

The Catholic Record.

"Christianus mihi nomen est Catholicus vero Cognomen."—(Christian is my Name, but Catholic my Surname)—St. Pacien, 4th Century.

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LONDON, CANADA, SATURDAY, MARCH 17, 1917

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THE SPUR OF SUCCESS

Few of us, here below, have attained perfection, and all the best of us can do is to approach an excellence we will never be able to attain. Nothing is without a flaw, and to ascribe impeccability to anyone is only an indication of our own inability to detect the drawbacks. And it is the same with things as with persons. Youth may possibly labor under the delusion that the world is the best of all possible worlds, but experience knows its sorrow that it is not quite. Youth believes in love, but age has outlived its illusion and puts up with habit. Even our self-conceit deserts us, and every honest man will confess that although he started with high hopes and may even seem to the envious to have attained all that was most desirable, still he will admit to himself that he has fallen far short of his standard. The position he has attained is a poor reward. The wealth he has accumulated, while it brings a certain pleasure in doing good to others less favored, does not give all the enjoyment that was expected from it. The social triumphs are a hollow pageant. It is the same with all our efforts. We are ever dissatisfied with the very best that we have done. And yet this feeling is not only the pang of failure, but it is the spur to success. The man who is quite pleased with his performance, the man who is quite content with his lot in life, the man to whom his work is perfect and whose conscience has no reproach for him, the smug man who thinks he has achieved everything, achieves nothing. It is the man who feels the defeat, who suffers from the "little less" and knows that it is "world's away," that does, that achieves, because he is on the path, if not to the perfect, to the better, while the man who is satisfied is on the road to the worse.

DOING THE IMPOSSIBLE

Of course, if we had had the making of the human body, we could have done it a great deal better than it has been made, at least one feels drawn to such conclusions from the many doubting Thomases who go through life having no trust in others and commanding no trust in themselves. We would have probably done away with the external ear, and the appendix, and several other unused organs. And in the same way, if we had to arrange the mental equipment of men and women, we might dispense with this searchlight belief, which goes into space to find what is not visible to the eyes. But we are not convinced that the organs which seem useless may not have some purpose which we in our shortsightedness fail to perceive. But the question is not, is gossip bad, but how you take gossip. What is one man's meat is another's poison, and it is true enough that the food which one man goes to sustainance, in another of a morbid constitution goes to indigestion, or what the Elisabethans called "humours." It all depends on the soil, and the soil in human nature is the soul, and it is sad that in some men the soul seems to grow nothing but weeds, and these weeds are backbiting and calumny. The calumniator is a murderer with a furtive dagger that stabs in the back, but such crime cannot escape with impunity. The man who decries a neighbor, who would blacken another's fair fame, who would slander a friend or pour calumny on an enemy, while he may fall of his wicked purpose, has succeeded in distorting and wounding his own character. It is the gospel truth that the evil we do does harm to us, while the evil we suffer may be thrown off like an infantile disease, which arms the child with immunity against similar ailments.

Most any other crime may have some forgiveness in store for it in God's mercy. The man who uses violence may have a rough courage which defies the law and braves the consequences. The man who steals may have the excuse of poverty,

coward and the "impossible." That work is responsible for most of the shirking. A commander-in-chief in the present War, who gave a command to take certain trenches, was told it was impossible, and answered wisely: "It is generals who do the impossible I want."

EVERYWHERE

There are often mean motives entering into our admirations and affections, just as there is an alloy put with gold to make it wear in the currency from hand to hand and pocket to pocket. But when we find a man stooping in his affection, then the affection of the today and the snob is not there; and the bending down of the heart to low places may be an important recognition in this life of ours that there is merit in quite humble places, as there are violets under hedges. It requires a man of some discernment to detect human merit in the slums, and perhaps it might be better for all of us to recognize that the beauty of merit is not confined to high places, that there is no real distinction between "classes" and "masses," but only a distinction between the good and the bad. But in our time many of the "high" think the common and the low beneath them; and so some of the common and the low have in their hearts unreasonable enmity and bitter envy of those that are above them. Their envy and hatred makes them unjust to those who are in niches, just as the folly of those who are in the niches makes them despise the lowly. We can all have sympathy with the great and the grand, and the very fact of the sympathy persuades us that we too have something of the great and the grand in our nature, since like draws to like. This may be a genuine sentiment which Carlyle calls hero-worship, or it may be mere friendly folly. But such folly is wiser than wisdom, if wisdom is, as is thought by many nowadays, the successful worshipping of money, the fawning on power, or the purchase of honors.

THE DEVIL'S AGENT

Gossip is not an unwholesome form of literature, and there was a time when gossip bulked large in the world, for the "letter" was an important means of communication and occupied many very clever pens. The better means of communication, both of persons, by means of conveyances, and of news by telegrams and telephones, have put an end to the literature of letters. But when that literature had its vogue, it consisted mainly of gossip, well written and well read; and people were interested in the news these conveyed, the dits as to friends and acquaintances, the announcements as to births, deaths and marriages which happened in the neighborhood of the correspondent; and those who received these letters possibly replied in others which gave similar details of the comedy and tragedy of life in his or her immediate surroundings. But the question is not, is gossip bad, but how you take gossip. What is one man's meat is another's poison, and it is true enough that the food which one man goes to sustainance, in another of a morbid constitution goes to indigestion, or what the Elisabethans called "humours." It all depends on the soil, and the soil in human nature is the soul, and it is sad that in some men the soul seems to grow nothing but weeds, and these weeds are backbiting and calumny. The calumniator is a murderer with a furtive dagger that stabs in the back, but such crime cannot escape with impunity. The man who decries a neighbor, who would blacken another's fair fame, who would slander a friend or pour calumny on an enemy, while he may fall of his wicked purpose, has succeeded in distorting and wounding his own character. It is the gospel truth that the evil we do does harm to us, while the evil we suffer may be thrown off like an infantile disease, which arms the child with immunity against similar ailments.

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The man who embezzles may console himself that he is not injuring an individual, but a company or a corporation, and that seems a very different thing to the capitalist soul. But the man who calumniates does it by dispraise behind a man's back, by the mean weapon of the innuendo or the hint. He braves nothing by the smudging of himself with the black paint with which he is trying to bedaub another.

THE IRISH CRISIS

WIDE DISSATISFACTION IN ENGLAND OVER LLOYD GEORGE'S HANDLING OF THE MATTER

Special Cable to The New York Times

London, Friday, March 9.—British complacency endured a series of rude shocks yesterday. The Dardanelles report showing the haphazard fashion in which the late Government entered upon that costly adventure was one. The Irish Nationalists' appeal to another tribunal, consisting of the American President and the Premiers of Canada and Australasia, against an alleged breach of faith by the head of the present Government was another. Sir Edward Carson's ominous or lugubrious—both adjectives are applied to it—speech on the submarine menace and hints of famine was another. All three came at a psychological moment. Though criticism of the present Government is still restrained, dissatisfaction has been growing lately by leaps and bounds. The light cast upon the careless methods of the old Government may prevent an explosion of discontent at the impetuous methods of the new. But there are mutterings which some observers regard as indications of an approaching storm.

CABINET'S METHODS CRITICISED

James Myles Hogge, M. P., who has gained a great reputation in Parliament as a judicious critic in the House, yesterday suggested that there was more bustle than business about the new War Cabinet, and even The Round Table, a quarterly review which looks with very favorable eyes on Lloyd George, admitted that the new system of government left much to be desired, and that a good deal could be said in favor of the old procedure.

One sign of the times is that the Northcliffe press, which only a few weeks ago was clamouring for men for the army, is now demanding that men be put to the plow instantly. Neville Chamberlain's national service scheme is receiving hot shot from some of the newspaper artillery.

None of the Northcliffe papers up to the time of filing this dispatch has ventured to commit itself to editorial opinion on the Irish question. Lord Northcliffe presided at a luncheon at which Sir Edward Carson spoke yesterday, and the past relations of the two gentlemen lead to the assumption that when The Times "thunders" and The Mail "screaches," as an English writer recently put it, they will both ostensibly support the Ulster attitude. The betting last evening, however, was that Northcliffe's organs would not sing Lloyd George's praises for his handling of the situation.

Up to the present, at any rate, the Prime Minister has not got a good press. Sir Henry Dalziel's Pall Mall Gazette is cold in regard to Lloyd George, and commends Asquith's suggestion. The Evening Standard flatly says the Government made a mistake, calling Lloyd George's performance decidedly disappointing. To say that the public is disappointed is only to hint at its real feeling.

In some quarters it is considered a mistake has been made by the Irish Party in addressing its manifesto to President Wilson. An appeal to the Colonial Premiers would have been admitted, though grudgingly, and the Nationalist Party's prerogative to explain its attitude to Irishmen in the United States who have so largely contributed to its funds also is conceded. One suggestion made in the lobbies of the Commons to-day was that Redmond missed a golden opportunity when he failed to make an appeal to the people of England, Scotland and Wales.

A GALLANT DAUGHTER OF A GALLANT FATHER

"Blood will tell," it has told once again. On February 21 the daughter of a Civil War veteran happened in the vicinity of Madison Square Park, New York City and in the words of the New York Sun this is what happened:

"Stephen Kerr was haranguing a crowd in Madison Square Park recently on birth-control when a young woman passed, listened and stopped. When she had caught the full drift of Kerr's remarks, which included an attack on the Roman Catholic Church for its opposition to birth-control, she could restrain her indignation no longer. She demanded if there was not a good American

citizen present to stop Kerr. She was the daughter of a Civil War veteran, she said, and Kerr ought not to be allowed to talk like that. "Here is a poor deluded woman," shouted Kerr in scornful tones, pointing a finger of derision at the woman, and the crowd jeered. The woman, who said she was Miss L. M. Kenny of 194 Rodney Street, Brooklyn, promptly called a policeman and had Kerr arrested. Kerr, before Magistrate Cobb in Yorkville court, admitted that Miss Kenny's version of what had occurred was correct. He offered to apologize, but Miss Kenny said he would have to apologize to the millions of Catholic men and women in America and to the Stars and Stripes, which he had insulted. A \$5 fine was imposed, but Kerr said he would go to jail rather than pay the fine, which was immediately ordered."

No doubt there were Catholic men present in that group but apparently they played the gallant, and yielded the honors to Miss L. M. Kenny, of Brooklyn. So it happens that morality and the flag are honored in her. Congratulations are her due.—America.

IRISH NATIONALIST MANIFESTO

"The Premier, in his speech yesterday in the debate on Home Rule, took up a proposition which, if adhered to, would involve denial of self-government to Ireland forever. He laid down the principle that the small minority in northeast Ulster should have the veto so long as they chose to exercise it of self-government for United Ireland. That is a position to which the representatives of Ireland can never assent.

"He asserted that he had never changed his position on the so-called coercion of Ulster. That is not true. He was a party to the drafting of the original Home Rule bill, which applied to all Ireland. He was a party to the rejection in two successive sessions, in the face of a most vigorous protest from representatives of northeast Ulster, of amendments to exclude Ulster, and, when under pressure of threatened rebellion, he and the Government, of which he was a member, weakly yielded to the threats of rebellion hurled at them by Sir Edward Carson, at present the First Lord of the Admiralty.

"The Government of that day, through the present Prime Minister, appealed to us to consent to the concession of county option for a strictly limited period. We agreed on the pledge, repeatedly given by Mr. Lloyd George on his own behalf and on behalf of the Government, that if we consented to this concession we should never be asked for any further concessions and that the Government would undertake to see the settlement through at any cost. How, then, can Premier Lloyd George say that he never changed his attitude on the question of Ulster?"

"The manifesto sets forth that the negotiations undertaken at the request of the Government last July referred to a strictly War arrangement, with the understanding that a year after the ending of the War things would revert to the status quo ante, and that the attitude of the Prime Minister took last night showed a total change on the Ulster question and generally on the question of Home Rule for Ireland, and a breach of faith to the Irish Party and nation, and would tend to intensify distrust and pledges of British Ministers and have a serious effect in strengthening the power of the revolutionary movement in that country.

"In view of the terrible seriousness of the situation for Ireland and the empire created by this speech of the Prime Minister," continued the manifesto, "we felt it would be idle to prolong the debate and felt bound to mark in the most emphatic methods open to us our sense of the gravity of the situation and meet immediately for consultation as to the future policy of the Irish Nationalist Party.

KEEPING ORDER A HARD TASK

"The action of the British Government since the formation of the coalition in May, 1915, culminating in the Prime Minister's speech, has made the task of carrying on the constitutional movement in Ireland so difficult as to be almost impossible. The constitutional movement can yet be saved, but only by the active assistance of all level-headed Nationalists in Ireland and to a special degree by the millions of the Irish race in the dominions and in the United States.

"To them we appeal most earnestly to come to the aid of those who have rescued Ireland from being made the cat's paw and tool of Germany and who are struggling against terrible odds to keep open the road to Irish liberty through peaceful, constitutional means—a struggle in which we are hampered by the British Government, which plays into the hands of the Irish pro-German revolutionary party with stupid perversity worthy of the worst reactionaries of Petrograd.

"So far as Ireland is concerned the Government is doing its utmost to aid Germany's work, and so long as

this attitude is followed we, as Irish representatives, while retaining our attitude toward the War and remaining firmly convinced of the justice of the Allies' cause, and unchanged in our resolve to do all in our power to aid in bringing it speedily to a successful issue, are bound to oppose the Government by every means in our power.

"The Australian Senate has already spoken effectively in support of Irish freedom, and in behalf of the Irish nation we tender them grateful thanks. To the men of Irish blood in the dominions and the United States we appeal. They should promptly use all means in their power to bring pressure on the British Government to act toward Ireland in accordance with the principles which they are fighting in Europe, and we especially appeal to the American people to urge upon the British Government the duty of applying to Ireland the great principles so clearly and splendidly enunciated by President Wilson in his historical address to the United States Senate."—N. Y. Times.

ABSOLUTION BY FIRE

There are many things in the French army which most interest the non-Frenchman. To the Englishman the poilu is as much an enigma as the "tommy" to the Frenchman. They have both a high opinion of their own fighting, and for this reason, they tolerate each other's peculiarities. Both have an odd sense of humor, the worst circumstances being unable to quench it. To me the Frenchman's humor seems always to have a touch of the fatalistic about it. He does not mind what happens for it has to happen. The Englishman minds very much and frequently complains. But his complaints are the essence of humor, and when he grumbles he is always in the best of temper.

But few things have struck me more in such experience of the French army as I can boast, than the sense of religion. Not only in Paris and in the towns behind the lines are the churches filled with every kind of worshipper, but in the trenches themselves religion is active. Evidence of this can be found on every side. If you visit the French lines you may see Mass celebrated amidst the strangest surroundings. "I thank the good God," one wounded soldier told me, "that I didn't lose my religion. It has carried me through this," he pointed to his eyes; and then I saw that he was blind.

Many reasons may be given for the revival of religion. One cause is to be found in the mutilated churches where the Hun has been. Nothing has cut the Frenchman more to the heart than the wanton desecration of these places, the almost diabolical indecencies which some of the German regiments seemed to have practiced in them. One Frenchman, with tears in his eyes, told me how they had looted the church and fired at the high altar from the side when the walls were down. He was not a priest, but before the War, had been an energetic secularist!

Another factor which has told has been the fighting spirit. In France all men, cleric as well as layman, have been called to arms.

The priests are everywhere to be found in the French army, but entirely undistinguishable from their fellows. And not only so, but many of the exiled religious orders have voluntarily sent their members back to the land from which they were banished, their patriotism being greater than any memory of past differences. All this the Frenchman in his quiet way has seen and noted. "We came on a body of French soldiers one day, back from Verdun. They were stained with the marks of battle, very dirty and bedraggled, for they had only just come from the front. My companion and I stood at the side of the little road to see them pass, and he pointed out to me several of them individually. 'That man,' he said, 'is a priest.' I watched them all reverently, for Verdun is a magic name and I knew that they had come from the very jaws of death.

Later in the day we chanced to come across the same men. The draft was billeted in the town where we happened to be staying. And, also by a strange chance, we met the man who was a priest. My French is not so easy as I should like it to be, but by the help of his patience and my companion's interpretations, I managed to learn from him a few things which gave a graphic picture of his life. "It is a strange experience for you as a priest, Father," I said. "Ah," his reply was, "but it is full of opportunity." He smiled gravely. "It has enlarged my parish." He asked later if he was a curé, but apparently that was only his way of putting it.

"And you minister even in the trenches?" I asked. "Si," he answered courteously "sometimes I feel as though I have never ministered before."

Then his tongue was unloosed and he showed us the stole which he carried in his pocket, and which, in a moment he could put over his coat. He spoke of the visits he had paid to

dying men, often at peril of his own life—of Masses which he had said when not a word could be heard by reason of the thunder of artillery fire. I wish I could remember and repeat all that he told us. But one story stands out in my mind above the others.

"Since we came to Verdun," he said, there was one man who was great friends with me. Henri, I will call him. Henri and I lived together and slept next each other and we were friends. Then Henri learned I was a priest. I have been taught to hate priests," he said. "I was a Catholic once, but I have been driven away. I will not blame my friends for I am to blame." I asked him why he did not return. I told him the Church was a patient mother, ever ready to bless those who would come back to her embrace. Henri said, "Well, I will see what I do. I will think over it." He had been unfortunate, poor fellow, and his mind had been poisoned. I do not think he was as bad as he wished me to believe.

"One day we stood behind the artillery positions, waiting to go up to the trenches. We had not been there yet. We were to take the places of the men who had been there as long as human flesh and blood will allow. We did not like the waiting. It is better to be on the move, and when you are in the trenches you leave your anxieties behind you. You have no time to be afraid. Here it was different,—shells bursting very near us sometimes,—expecting every moment to hear the order 'advance.'"

"Then Henri said to me: 'I would like to be received back before we go, is there time?' 'Yes,' I said, and put on my stole. He knelt before me and made his confession. It did not take long. I have become so used now to administering sacraments when one must not hurry and must not delay. Henri made a good confession. He had cleared his mind and his heart of a heavy burden. I lent to give him his absolution—and then, monsieur, I cannot describe it. The shell burst—we were blinded, and I thought all was over. But I picked myself up—God had yet work for me to do—and I saw that Henri was dead."

I did not make any comment. To speak suitably I felt it would have been impossible. The priest supplied the comment: "God had given him absolution," he said.

"LARGE AND HOLY FAMILIES"

All through the ages the Vicars of Christ have striven for the welfare of mankind. With supreme disregard for the clamors of sensuality they have steadily served the cause of humanity. All that is best in the world has patronage in them either initiative or patronage; all that is evil has met in them an impassable barrier. Storm after storm has swept over the earth, bewildering men's minds or terrifying their hearts, but through all the Popes have stood firm on the rock of truth, unperturbed and unafraid; and in the end they have led the world after its orgy of unbelief or immorality, back to principles of correct thought and to habits of right action. The stabilizing effect of their God-given wisdom has been simply incalculable. In the sand-pits and catacombs of Rome, on the throne of temporal power, from the prison-house of the Vatican, they have torn the mask from time-serving deceit and pointed the way to happiness.

What the Popes have done in the past, Pope Benedict XV. is doing today. The intension recommended by him for the month of March to the League of the Sacred Heart is another instance of the Papacy's unswerving adherence to truth. The Supreme Pontiff realizes that among the modern dangers menacing the health and happiness of mankind, one of the greatest is the advocacy of the practice of interfering with a fundamental law of nature which has for its clear purpose the perpetuity of the human race. To combat this growing perversion he has chosen to insist on the right rather than to thunder against the evil.

He has put before the millions of associates in the League as a rule for their personal guidance and as the goal of Christian hope, the very important intention, "large and holy families." Once more he has proclaimed the Christian ideal. The reason, the justification, the crown and the glory of married life is large and holy families. The official spokesman of Christianity has reaffirmed the truth. The matter, though there never was room for controversy, has been definitely and authoritatively decided. Let the Gentiles say what they will; birth-control is an abomination.—America.

It is impossible for a good man to lose faith in his fellowmen, since to lose faith in the goodness of trustworthiness of others commits him to the conclusion that God made an exception in creating him.

CATHOLIC NOTES

Through the good offices of the Holy Father, 11,823 French, 4,332 German, 1,607 Belgian and 1,183 English prisoners of War, have been sent to neutral Switzerland.

A son of Count Ostrowski, chamberlain to the Czars of Russia, has been ordained a priest at the Benedictine (Belgian) monastery, Edermine, County Wexford, Ireland.

By the will of Michael Zalchowski, late of Holyoke, Mass., a bequest of \$1,000 is made for the support of poor Polish children, and also \$1,200 to the Polish Catholic school at Holyoke.

The Very Rev. Nicholas J. Murphy, Provincial of the Augustinian Order in the United States, died on Feb. 19 in the rectory of the Church of St. Nicholas of Tolentine, New York City, where he had served as rector since 1910.

The great Cathedral of Verdun, France, perched on a hilltop and visible for miles, is but little damaged by the shells that have wrought desolation and destruction all around and below it. It is considered a wonderful preservation.

Announcement has been made that the Right Rev. Monsignor James P. McCloskey, Bishop-elect of the Diocese of Zamboanga, Philippine Islands, will be consecrated in the Cathedral on May 1. The Right Rev. Philip R. McDevitt, D. D., Bishop of Harrisburg, will preach the sermon.

In the old Cathedral of Vincennes, Ind., are preserved the original accounts of the voyages of Champlain in 1619 and of Fathers Hennepin and Charlevoix. On the walls of the Cathedral are paintings by Guido Reni and other masters.

Right Reverend Bishop Hennessey confirmed a unique case of one hundred adults recently at Pittsburg, Kan. The class consisted of sixty men and forty women. Of the sixty men, forty were converts, and of the forty women twenty-seven were converts, making seventy-six converts in all.

St. Anthony's church of Memphis, Tenn., has the distinction of being probably the only church in America with a congregation composed entirely of converts. A great and glittering significance lies in the fact that each convert is a negro. Truly the light of true faith is breaking over our Southern Ethiopia.

Emile Verhaeren, the Belgian poet, was crushed to death on November 27, at Rouen, France, while endeavoring to board a train. M. Verhaeren was born near Antwerp, Belgium, in 1855. He was educated for the bar, but like many celebrated literary men, never practiced his profession.

G. P. Bemis, one of Omaha, Nebraska's most prominent citizens, the son of a Methodist minister, embraced the Catholic faith a short time before his death, on Dec. 10th inst. He was twice Mayor of Omaha, and donor of Bemis Park to that city. Years ago he built the first tramways of London, England, and published the London American.

The Uruguayan Congress is considering a constitutional amendment providing for disestablishment of the Catholic Church as a state institution in Uruguay. The amendment, if adopted, will deprive the Church of future government support, but will leave it in control of all properties it now holds, placing all religious denominations on an equality and exempting them from taxation.

Rome, February 27.—The Catholics of several of the Allied countries are organizing a pilgrimage to the shrine of the Sacred Heart at Paray-le-Monial, France, to take place on March 11, when representatives of each nation will solemnly place its flag on the altar of the Sacred Heart in the famous basilica there. Cardinal Boireau, representing the Catholics of the British Empire, will take part in the ceremony as his way home from the Eternal City.

Paschal Sherman, full blood young Indian of the Okanogan tribe, has the unique distinction of being the only aboriginal American to enter the Catholic University of America through the scholarship donated by the Knights of Columbus. This talented young Indian won his scholarship at St. Martin's College, Lacey, Washington, where at the commencement exercise last June, he was valedictorian and sole winner of the B. A. degree.

Archbishop Mundelein has ordered that in all the churches of the Chicago archdiocese, an instruction, which will not extend over ten minutes, shall be given at each low Mass on every Sunday of the year. In this way the teaching of the Church will be systematically explained to the faithful, many of whom have not had the fundamental truths of Catholicity expounded to them since childhood. The Apostles' Creed will be taken as the first subject of these instructions, and it will be so divided as to cover the fifty-two weeks of the ecclesiastical year. It is estimated that it will require fully five years to complete the course of instruction outlined by Archbishop Mundelein.

THE WATERS OF CONTRADICTION

BY ANNA C. MINOQUE
Author of "Cardinal," "Borrowed from the Night"

CHAPTER XII—CONTINUED

"It troubled her, ever since I can remember, the fear that she would not have good clothes when she was dead," said Milly, in a driven voice. "She used to say that all her people had come to the grave decently clad, but she would have to wear one of those ugly shrouds they keep in the undertaking shops for the paupers. O, Mrs. Long! There have been some things so—so hideous!" cried the girl, swaying against the wall, her hands now clutched across her breast, her face haggard and old looking. "She would talk of that on spring mornings when the peach trees were in bloom and I had a freshly ironed frock to wear to school, and she would talk of it on lonesome, wet autumn evenings when everything was—oh!"

One hand went up to the throat, and Mrs. Long sank into a chair at the foot of the bed and began to weep behind her handkerchief.

"She had so little," continued Milly, trusting her emotions back into the cave in which they had hitherto been hidden, "and I believe that when she was a girl it was different. But she did not seem to mind her present loss so much as the fear of the greater loss, as she considered it, before her. I know her constant talk of it and the seeming certainty of its fulfillment made life more bitter for poor father. And so, when Miss Corn got the school for me the first term, I saved every cent of the money and bought everything she now has on for her, and that summer I made them up. She could not have been more grateful if I had given her a fortune. It brought father happiness, too, for he loved her more than himself. Of course her fear would not have been realized while I lived," concluded Milly, "but I could not make her think so, and so there was only this left for me to do. I have always since been glad I did it."

Mrs. Long said nothing. She had heard all of Milly's words, and was dimly conscious of their meaning; but what filled her mind was the cry of the misery of her whole life, which had been wrung from the ashen lips. Well she knew she was the first who had heard it, and in imagination she felt what this sublime repression must have cost the child, the girl, and the woman. No wonder, she thought, the human frame should stand there before her frayed, worn, fragile, with the soul constantly tearing against it for liberation from such a state of being; and less cause was there for surprise in the absence of all grief in the heart over the death of the woman she had earlier called her mother. Forgive her the girl might have done for the anguish she had helped bring her, but feel for her the sentiment that would call up a tear or a sigh, she could not without the bleeding corpse of her own happiness chained to her memory.

Becoming aware, after a while, of the silence in the room, Mrs. Long withdrew her handkerchief and gazed for a moment at the girl standing against the wall, her dark eyes fixed vaguely on the still figure on the bed.

"Milly," she then said, slowly, wonderingly, "is the story which she told Arthur true?"

"Yes," she answered, listlessly.

"Have you proof other than her words?" inquired Mrs. Long.

"I have the certificate of my parents' marriage, my grandfather's book containing the date of my birth, their death, the name and address of my uncle, Arthur. The paper written by herself confirming the story. There are some other things, among them the letter which she wrote to my grandfather on reaching Lexington, and which was sent back by the lawyer. Yes, I have sufficient proofs, and besides, father confirmed the story, and he would not tell a falsehood."

"Why then, Milly, did you continue here, living this miserable life, when you could have returned to your own station, put away forever the wretchedness of this?" asked Mrs. Long.

"The other children were married then—they would have been alone—they were poor—and father could not work—they needed me."

Her answer came in disjointed sentences, and after a fleeting glance at the questioning woman, the truthful eyes had been turned away.

"But Milly," pressed Arthur's mother, "had you gone to West Virginia and secured your property, you could have taken them here to live with you. You could still have been a daughter to them and given them more comforts than you were able to do here, and with less expenditure of your strength. At the same time you would have released yourself from an existence which I now see was terrible for such a nature as yours. Milly, have you truthfully answered me?"

The great dark eyes came back, wavered for a moment as they met the ones so like Arthur's; then the trembling knees sank under her frail weight. As she sank on the floor, she said brokenly:

"I have not."

"Can you not?" asked Mrs. Long, her motherly heart aching for the girl crouching on the floor. When no answer came, she said:

"Milly, will you tell me, his mother? is it because of Arthur?"

Her answer was the dropping of the thin brown face into the thin brown hands. A mother seldom meets such a confession with equanimity, especially when the child is her first born son. But all ungenerous feeling was swept from her heart, as she thought of the wonder of this girl's love; so perfect and pure it had never made one demand for itself, so silent that never once had the idea of its existence crossed the mind of its object, and yet so all-pervading and powerful that he had rested on it unconsciously and had never known loneliness, even though parted from her, his mother.

"Milly," she said, very gently, very tenderly, "come to me, little girl," and with a rush of the only happy tears she had ever known, Milly flung herself into the outstretched arms of Arthur's mother.

CHAPTER XIII

As the days following the funeral wore away, and Milly did not break the silence between them regarding the story of her birth, nor give any indication of intending to seek his advice regarding her inheritance, Arthur was at first surprised, and then perplexed. Thinking that her natural reserve withheld her from approaching the subject, he opened the way that must have led to it, but either through lack of perception or because of remarkable astuteness in avoiding it, she always missed the opportunity. When he heard from one of the trustees that she had applied for her former position in the school, he was driven to seek counsel with his mother.

Yes, Milly had spoken to her, Mrs. Long said. Her father shrank from leaving her, where his wife was buried, and as Milly could not go without him, she must perform her duty. It would not be for long that she would be detained here, for the old man was hastening to join his loved one. There was time enough for her own affairs, Milly had said. The least she could do for him was freely to give these days to him; and Mrs. Long bade her son not to trouble himself about the matter at present. If Milly's claims were what she believed them to be, a year could not make any material difference, and by that time she would be relieved of all obligations to those with whom fate had lot her.

Singularly enough Arthur found it not difficult to follow his mother's advice, for Milly and her affairs, unusual as the latter were, occupied a secondary place in his attention, for which fact blue-eyed Lucy Frazier was accountable.

His visits to her were being paid with a regularity that was driving Aunt Jenny to the verge of distraction because of the superstitious belief, as they were causing Mrs. Frazier an annoyance which threatened eventually to work more harmfully than the combined malice of the spirits whom the negroes feared. With the wit of an adept in the practice of feminine art, Lucy obeyed her mother in regard to Jasper, and at the same time secured her own pleasure by frequently seeing Arthur. While the latter was aware of the calls of the former and her frequent little excursions with him, Jasper was totally ignorant of the visits paid by Arthur. Had he not been thus ignorant, he would have withdrawn, for there was too little of his heart in this seeking of the girl's society, to permit him to assume the character of a rival to his friend, who, in addition, was bound to him by the ties of relationship. Lucy realized this, and felt there existed no demand upon her honor or friendship to enlighten him. Moreover, the old haunting scene of Arthur's hatred of her Yankee race and birth could not be entirely shaken off, and while it remained, always should doubt have a lurking place in her heart. When the awful time, of which this doubt was the foreshadow should come upon her, she could not be quite alone who had the unexpecting friendship of Jasper Long to turn to. Thus Lucy reasoned, as woman before and since have done, adding thereby to the world's misery.

Arthur appeared to divine this doubt and it always angered him. It was not what he wanted, and he was not to grow unresponsive when his desires were thwarted. If during this period he had once met conscience face to face, he would have admitted that Lucy was justified in so regarding him. He had entered on this friendship of later days at the instigation of the very hatred, in whose existence she held that lingering belief; nor could he, had such a moment of meeting been his, have truthfully declared that she had no ground for that belief to stand upon. In such periods, however, he guardedly kept out of the way of conscience, or promptly throttled her if she came upon us unaware. We are bent upon our chosen way, and come good, come ill, we will travel it to the end. Nor is such a course wholly blameworthy. Many so determined a soul thus snatches happiness from the hand of niggardly fate; or, failing, if fashioned of the best fibre, will find more joy from the ruins amid which he stands, than would have been his in the security of the fearful.

To Lucy as a human being Arthur would have been willing to accord the right to that feeling of distrust. It was as a woman, he denied it to her. Generations of fathers had handed down to him, strengthening it as it passed through their minds, the conviction that, though man may doubt everything science has told or God revealed, a woman

must doubt nothing. And, though as many generations of Lucy's mothers had ceased to veil their eyes, he was one of those who held they must still veil their minds.

Naturally the intercourse of two so divergent in almost every view, must have been tumultuous; and often Lucy, turning from the door through which he had passed, vowed never again to see him, and, as Arthur strode homeward through the starlight, he as often made the same declaration. The dawning of another sun, however, threw a different light upon the subject, the discussion of which had thrust them apart in anger; or the passage of days full of the ache of separation brought them to the realization of their folly in thus inflicting upon themselves and each other, because of a disputed theory whose existence or results in no way affected their lives.

After such a quarrel, whose violence was so great it might justly be regarded as fatal, Lucy came upon Arthur, standing by the white privet bush above the stream. It was late in the evening, that mystic, fleeting, unreal time when night stands tip-toe on the hills to unlatch the gateway of the stars.

Her father and mother had gone to the adjoining county to attend the fair, taking the two younger children with them. Joe, who had driven them to the train in the morning, had shortly after sunset departed for Beechwood to meet them. Half way there he had encountered a neighbor who told him the engine had been overturned as the train was leaving the fairground, entailing a delay of at least two hours. To save his Lil' Miss anxiety, Joe had turned back to relate to her what he had heard, then hastened to the town, for he had a countryman's uncertainty in regard to the arrival and departure of steam cars.

As she watched the carriage departing the second time, Lucy felt it was incumbent on her to carry the intelligence to Aunt Jenny, who was always uneasy when Joe drove the horses at night. She wore a simple white gown, caught at the waist with a broad blue sash, and thrust into her hair a spray of sweet verberna she broke from the border of the flower bed while passing. As she came down the hill the fragrance of the flower was borne to Arthur, standing by the brook.

All day he had been assailed by the thought of their estrangement, and, when evening sent him to the lonely house, the longing for reconciliation grew into a mastering force. He tried to read, but the stillness of the library was oppressive. He went to the parlor, but the grave or smiling faces of his ancestors, looking down on him from the wall, seemed to mock him.

"Fool!" they said, "to come here, of all places, with your misery! Here where we danced and sang and made merry, here we whispered words of love and plighted our marriage vows; here where our children played at our hearty heart-aches and where later we smiled upon their youthful loves."

Here his father had lain in the solemn state of death, and here, in so short a time afterward, his mother had given herself to another. Worse than the silence of the library were the memories of the long parlor filled with the rich sunset light from the many deep-set windows. Thought of his room, repeated him, while the rear veranda looked upon Milly's lowly home, on whose doorstep he knew, as was her custom, she was sitting.

Why should he not join Milly, he asked himself. Her low voice, responding to his words, would ally the fever of his heart, and her quiet presence subdue the tumult of his mind. He recalled her story and remembered that the girl sitting there in the former home of one of his father's slaves was like himself, the inheritor of an ancient name, and unlike him in this, heir to great possessions. Instead of returning to claim them, she kept her humble, painful position for the sake of a bereft old man. The heroism of the girl rose before him. He bowed before it, but notwithstanding his veneration, it could not draw him to her.

Then the dark beauty of her face and the unfathomable mystery of her gloomy eyes made appeal to him, and he vaguely wondered which parent in this did she resemble, the proud Virginian mother, or the father who had died by his brother's hand? Or was it the blending of races so dissimilar that had wrought this miracle on the countenance of their offspring? But though it seemed to be before him in the reality of flesh and blood, the beautiful face had not the power to move him.

Were they dead, he then asked himself, the uncle and aunt who had had the little child they had grown to love so strangely snatched away from them? If they were living, would they recognize her and welcome her when he took her home?

When he took her home? The words seemed to touch a spring that swiftly shut off his world of musing and left him thoroughly aroused. "When he took her home! Who had said he was to do this? Swiftly his thoughts ran over the past weeks, seeking the voice that had spoken them, the hour of their utterance. He could recall nothing, and yet they could not have come into his mind without having been suggested, could not have been accepted as a thing to be accomplished without long argument and convincing proof of the duty laid upon him to do so.

He take Milly home! What rank folly in the thought. What was to him that any one should ever have

entertained it? What was Milly to him? What had he said to his mother about owing her more than he could ever hope to repay? Did he mean these words? If so, why then should he not take Milly home? Rather, who but he should do it? Did others think so, too? Did she? Was that why she was waiting—for him to take her home?

There was a choking sensation in his throat, as surprising as the suggestions. Suppose she did, he was not forced to realize her expectations and she might live in that cabin until the crack of doom before he would do it. He to mix up in the affairs of that old mountaineer's daughter. Ah, he was not his daughter, but the daughter of a house as ancient, perhaps, as his own, and of one now far richer. She had suffered deep wrong, and in all the world there was no one to right that wrong for her but he, Arthur Stanton. Duty—was it not a privilege? That young poet Tennyson, of whose writings he was so fond, who were the heroes of his finest poems but those gallant knights of King Arthur's court, who rode about redressing human wrong? And had he not once complained to Lucy?

From the dark-faced Milly, his peer in birth and station, from the possible knightly task before him, and the English poet's lofty themes, his mind rushed to the blue-eyed daughter of the hated Yankee intruder. The defiant little figure appeared to stand before him, the flushed face laughed mockingly upon him, as it had done a thousand times that day; and it swept through the door of forgetfulness all the thoughts that had so lately filled his mind.

What was she doing now? Was she wishing he would forgive her and come back, or was she out driving with Jasper? The last question rankled like fire, because of its probability. Perhaps she was even entertaining him with the story of the quarrel. Perhaps the desire for reconciliation had no deeper hold on her than to bring him back for a renewal of the dispute. From the first day he had known her she had taken special delight in tormenting him, and then had laughed at his easily aroused wrath. And though she had been often the offender, she had always had to seek pardon. She had only to lift her penitent eyes—and how sincere was their penitence?—and he was back at her side. Was the play of childhood to become the earnest of maturity? He hung himself out of the house, not noticing Milly, in his blind wrath, as he hastened up the path to the orchard. He passed under its laden trees until he reached the wall, where he paused, and let his eyes wander over the hills and valleys settling into deep, wistful silence in which they await the approach of night.

The scene and the hour were not without their effect on him, and when some of their quiet was upon his young heart, he turned his eyes to the grassy path leading to the brookway under the foot of the hill, on the other side of which stood Lucy's home. Was she there and alone? Had the others gone to the fair, as they had intended? Then she would not go out driving. Perhaps she was on the veranda with her ears bent for the first sound of the home-coming horses' feet. If only he could stand before her for a moment—what would she do? Would she admit she had been wrong and ask his pardon? Ah, would she even accept his advances toward reconciliation?

Almost unconsciously he had crossed the wall, and was walking toward the valley. The doorkill from Aunt Jenny's old house caught his eyes and stopped him. He did not want to go to Lucy's home ever again—certainly not now, when any minute might bring the family back from their outing. He glanced over his shoulder, but the sight of the hall, standing ghost-like in the gloaming, and perhaps the recollection of Milly on the step, sent him forward.

He would walk a little further up the valley, which was so still, so soothing. Nowhere had he ever met such an odor as filled this hollow at eventide. As a boy, when playing here with Lucy, the strangeness of it had often brought a sensation of fear to his heart as he thought that Uncle Major's explanation might possess something of truth, and the spirits of the dead Indians were offering prayer and incense to their gods from the green knoll upon which the log house stood.

Though now he knew the natural cause of the refreshing scent which seemed to fill his being, he could not but wonder that it should be found almost overpowering in this spot, and be scarcely perceptible in other portions of the deep valley. From the recollection of Uncle Major's explanation to the legend connected with the place was but a step, and his mind, unloosed from the present, roamed freely through the past.

Was there a grain of truth in the story of this being the praying-ground of the Indians, he questioned. If it were, was his great ancestor aware of it, and to gain its possession, did he, as it was vaguely hinted by the blacks, kill the guarding brave he had found standing by the stream, where now the white privet grew? If he had done this, he had certainly done a sinful thing; and because of the poetical bent of his mind, Arthur felt that the God whom these untutored children of the forest worshipped, under however rude a form, by however rude a rite, might not have turned a deaf ear to their cries for vengeance upon the one who had stolen their temple from them and desecrated it especially when that

one stood higher in the scale of being and held truer conceptions of the Divinity that both acknowledged.

Well, if he had wronged his red brothers, he and his descendants had paid the penalty. While they had prospered in one way for a time, they had lost in others. Loved father and promising son had been suddenly called to fill untimely graves. Tender mothers and loving daughters had suffered the loss of these, and wees more deep. With every joy the house had known, there seemed to walk a deeper shadow. For long they had been regarded as a marked race, and now of it only he remained.

TO BE CONTINUED

THE PUNISHMENT OF TIM HART

On the top floor of the tallest tenement on Madison Street lived the family of Tim Hart. Seventy-six steps to climb from the street—that was enough to make the finest Marathon runner pant. The first day that I visited the Harts was one of those days when a tired doctor finds every call is on the top floor. Mechanically I counted the steps at every call and wondered how long a man could live who climbed over a 1,000 steps a day. I faced the last flight with a dogged desperation and an inward resentment against people who lived on top floors singling me out as their physician.

But I glanced upward as I was about to take the first step of the final climb. Nearly at the top was a small slender woman. She was guiding a boy about two years old, with one hand. On the elbow of the other arm she carried a heavy basket and against the shoulder of the same side she supported a child about one year old. I was carrying nothing upstairs except myself and a grouch. Instantly I thanked God that I was better off than the poor creature ahead of me and I ascended, out of breath to be sure, but resolved never to complain again about topstairs.

After all I did not live in the top floor of one of those tenements, and many a time, when I had climbed to one and, breathing deeply after the exertion, had taken in the combined odors of cooking, washing of soiled clothing, steam, and body odors, I was glad I did not live in such quarters.

When I reached the top floor of the Madison street tenement, I found the little woman unlocking a door and about to enter the room. I asked her in which part the Harts lived.

"I'm Mrs. Hart," she said.

So in I went. In the poorly furnished rooms there were the certain signs of poverty. The fire in the kitchen stove was hardly enough to take the chill out of the three rooms. The other children, five of them, were arrayed as if for the street. All had their heavy clothing on. The children were pallid and Mrs. Hart looked wretched. There was no doubt about the fact that these people were suffering. The frail little woman looked very worn and anxious. She was worried about the twin boys. They were three years old, and each had measles with pneumonia. A few questions brought out the circumstances.

Tim Hart was a drunkard. He worked along the piers, handling freight. He was a huge man, six feet tall, weighing much over two hundred pounds. His picture in the front room showed a man with very small eyes, a narrow forehead and heavy jaws. An amaranth was plainly written on the pictured face. He was a roaring drunkard, one of those unfortunates, who, when intoxicated, go through the streets roaring out denunciations, challenges or boisterous songs. Such a man of great physical strength, noisy, boisterous, rough and brutal, was a most unpleasant customer to deal with for even a few minutes. But to live with him was, indeed, a hell. Moreover, the excessive expenditure for drink meant the robbing of the family of needed comforts and living.

My heart went out to the little, tired and frail woman who had to live in terror and anxiety. I was astounded when she proffered me a fee. I did not see how she could pay any doctor's bills and told her so. But she declined to take up my time unless I were remunerated. I took the first fee, and hurried out for a nurse. I made arrangements for a visiting nurse to call and help Mrs. Hart. The children recovered.

During my calls I met Tim Hart. All that the picture promised of brutality in appearance was exceeded in the living flesh. His face was sullen. His eyes were bleary. His person was rank. But his manner towards me was respectful and his speech soft. He spoke of the difficulties under which his wife labored in dealing with seven children, all of them small, and his sorrow for her plight. This sounded good, but I felt that he was a hypocrite. He was putting on a mask of respectability and sympathetic tenderness, thinking that I knew nothing about him.

For years I knew the Harts. Of those who lived, some bore marks of inferiority. But there was one perfect child, a charming, sweet-faced little girl. Her mother idolized. All the other children were boys. Although on every occasion when any grave illness came Mrs. Hart would insist upon having me see the child, she would also insist on paying me. For minor illnesses she took the children to the dispensary and called in a dispensary physician. To avoid the expenses of a visit to her rooms she would bring the sick child to my office. A forlorn-looking group of Hart woman and her children

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In the passing years Tim Hart, big, rough and noisy drunkard, had not changed. His family was denied fully three-fifths of his income. The settlement houses, the St. Vincent de Paul Society and private agencies contributed to the keep of the family, although little Mrs. Hart had never sought public aid, except dispensary treatment. Gratefully she accepted those services, without which the home would have been broken up and the children placed in institutions. Johnny was fifteen now and ready to go to work. Billy was fourteen, and a place was open for him, too.

One day Tim Hart himself came in, the first time he had ever consulted me. He was very hoarse and moved stiffly. He told me that five days before, on a bitterly cold day, when he was "very heavily clad, with mittens on his hands, and partly intoxicated, he was trying to step on board of a barge at a pier where he was employed, when he slipped and fell in the water. A strong tide was running, and he was sucked downward and under the pier. He felt himself, going down, down. Then he came up, but completely out of sight of the men on the pier above, who were ready with ropes, watching for his reappearance. Again the mighty traction of the swirling water drew him under. Down, down he went until he realized he was about to drown. Suddenly he prayed, directly to the Lord. "Dear Jesus," he said, "save me and by the Holy Name I'll never drink again."

Instantly he felt a terrific force lift him up from the overwhelming water. He was fairly shot up from the depths and thrown partly out of the water, directly under where the men above were standing with ropes. Two lines were just at his hands. He grasped them, curled his arms around the lines and was hauled out of the water. Thus he was saved by his appeal to the Holy Name of Jesus.

Tim Hart told this to me, in a simple, convincing manner. The miracle had deeply impressed him. The tale impressed me, too. After his immersion he had suffered a chill and had stayed home for some days. Now he had come to see if the hoarseness portended any serious outcome.

But it did not. He had had no bad effect. He was a rugged giant, and really had suffered not at all as a result of his accident. I told him so, and then said:

"Hart, nothing but the direct assistance of Jesus Christ saved you. You realize that don't you?"

"Indeed, I do, Doctor," was the earnest reply.

"Then," said I, "remember that in your most awful moment of distress you made a vow, under the most solemn conditions. You were about to die, as you thought, and you then vowed, by the Holy Name, that you would never drink again, if you could be restored to your family."

"Well, remain," said I, "the circumstances of that vow were different from anything else that ever happened to you. Take care never to break that vow, for no one can tell, no one but He to whom you made it what your punishment may be for breaking that vow."

"I'll never break it," said Tim Hart, with every evidence of deep sincerity.

And Hart went away. A few months later I learned from a neighbor that Johnny Hart was working of six dollars a week, that Billy was employed at five dollars a week, that Tim was the joy of his family and his wife. He had been sober steadily. He turned in his money to his family. He was religious to a noticeable degree, and the family bore the usual marks of improvement and comfort. And of course, I rejoiced. Hart came to see me to secure a certificate for one of her children. She looked better than I had ever seen her. She told me that Hart was very good. He had not sworn in the house for months. He was as changed from the roaring lion of the drinking days as one could imagine.

But this did not last. In less than a year from the date of his miraculous rescue, Tim Hart began to drink. He was soon as violent, as rough, as noisy and as unpleasant as ever. Johnny Hart, now sixteen, came to ask me about having his father arrested. I advised Johnny to wait for a time. I thought Hart might stop drinking of his own accord. Moreover, the employers of Hart had no fault to find with him. He managed to keep sober at work. His strength was prodigious, and his ability to set the pace for other freight handlers made him valuable. Under the circumstances, I thought it best to delay before taking steps towards arrest and imprisonment.

One Sunday Tim Hart appeared. He was suffering from pains in the chest and shortness of breath. When I examined him I found him afflicted with incurable heart disease. The attacks were the beginning of angina pectoris, that terrible unendurable pain around the heart, accompanied by the sense of immediate and pain-

ful death.

Tim Hart died. He was buried in the St. Vincent de Paul Society cemetery. His wife and children were left to their fate. The story of Tim Hart's punishment is a warning to all who drink. It shows that no one can tell what the punishment may be for breaking a vow made to God. It also shows that a man can be restored to his family and his health, but only if he remains sober and religious.

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ful death. It is one of the most distressing maladies known to man. I told Tim Hart he could not do any more rough or strong work, that it might kill him. Sudden death might follow violent exertion. The most that medical treatment could do for him was to alleviate the pain of the attacks somewhat, and, if he had freedom from exertion and anxiety, perhaps, his life might be lengthened.

The man naturally said: "If I can't work, I'll lose my job. What will my family do?" "Well, you did not think much of the ease of your family during your years of drunkenness," I said, rather coldly, "and you thought mightily little of the family when you broke your vow and began to drink again."

Hart grew pale. "I'll lose my job," he murmured. But he took the prescriptions and went out. I wrote to his employers to tell them that if they could give him lighter work it would benefit him. I explained the case in the letter.

Hart was given the same wages as before, but he no longer had to do hard work. He supervises the other men and records their time. At the end of the week the cashier sends for Hart's wife and pays to her \$17.50, the weekly wages of Tim Hart.

Twice, three times, in some weeks and even oftener Tim Hart is seized with a terrible pain, a pain like a burning needle, that shoots through his left chest and seems to strike into his very heart. He turns deadly pale, he staggers with his hand against his breast. He feels the shadow of death upon him. He gasps for air, he murmurs faint prayer. And, after five to twenty minutes of intense agony, during which he would have welcomed death, the pain passes gradually, the death pall lifts and he is relieved. He does not know the hour or minute when this attack will come. It strikes him in the street, on the pier, in his house. Again and again he has felt death grasp him with deadly cold hands, take the breath from his body, make him cold, almost pulseless, slip him to the door of the great beyond, then slowly allow him to come back to life—and to terror.

Tim Hart's family is not suffering. His boys are working. His wages are given to his wife. Day by day Tim Hart drags on. Day by day he waits the hour of the summons. He goes to the pier, knowing that at any moment he may be stricken with death or the near death that he dreads worse than death. A hundred times Tim Hart has suffered and almost died. A hundred times Tim Hart has come back, gasping and suffering from the doors of death. And still he does not die.

Tim Hart broke the vow he made in the moment of supreme despair, when he appealed to the Sacred Name for rescue. And now, not Tim Hart's family, not any one else, but Tim Hart alone, suffers the penalties for the broken resolution.

That is the punishment of Hart.—Dr. S. Maccoil in Catholic News.

A SERMON ON SAINT PATRICK

PRAYER THE SECRET OF HIS STRENGTH

Far back, almost in the dawn of our era, when Theodosius ruled in imperial Rome, and St. Christian sat in the chair of Peter, a Christian youth of Roman parentage was seized by a band of Irish raiders, who had swept down on the coasts of Gaul, and sold by them as a slave to a chieftain in Ulster, Milcho by name. The leaven of the Gospel had not yet purged even Europe of slavery, much less of war. For six weary years he suffered and toiled, but his trust, and love, and deep reverence for God never flinched. He became a saint, and it is in his honor that we meet here today. The very existence of America was unknown in his day, yet, on its soil, from St. Lawrence to the Rio Plata, wherever a knot of Irishmen may be brought together, the name of St. Patrick is revered and blessed, in song and speech and prayer today. For no saint has left a deeper trace in the memory of the race he influenced than the apostle of Ireland. David in Wales, Andrew in Scotland, Augustin in England, are now mere shadows of a shade; whereas the name and fame of Patrick live, on Irish lips, and in Irish hearts, all over the world.

The shamrock we wear in his honor today is an emblem of our love and fidelity to the faith he planted and the fatherland he may be said to have thereby founded and united. A race, like an individual, is judged by its ideals, i. e., practically speaking, by its creed. The Irish are said to be moody and fickle as their ever-changing skies; yet for more than fourteen centuries they have clung with unshaken tenacity to the standard of belief and duty preached by St. Patrick. And what nobler higher was ever put before a people?

His name (Latin for nobleman, as he truly was) and fidelity to his teaching are often flung in contempt at his children. But it is their glory, not their shame. To the Jew and Greek the world owes its highest form of religion and civilization; yet, on account of the oppression to which they were subjected, those grand old names are now often synonymous with usurers and chief, whereas, the worst reproach that can be made against Ireland as a nation is her lack of worldly goods and worldly wisdom, to both of which for centuries she was denied access.

Whence, it may be asked, the influence of St. Patrick? How comes it that a Roman stranger is so

lovingly enshrined in the hearts of the people of a land where he once lived and toiled as a slave. No doubt it was partly due to his own character, and partly to that of the people he turned to Christ. The laborer and the soil were matched. The reaper was strong and the harvest was ripe. Saints are God's agents in doing God's work, but the message they carry must be freely received. On both sides we see "the finger of God," and "his wonder in our eyes." No philosophy, no form of human wisdom, or merely human religion, produced a saint or converted a race, in the true sense of the word. Saints grow on one soil only, and nations are gathered by their influence into one fold only, that of the true Church. God equips the saints, His messengers, with gifts and graces and similarly fits the people to receive them. But both must respond to God's call. Both may fall away. Neither and neither are from God. Now, the duty of a saint, as of all, is to cultivate personal holiness first, ere attempting to raise others to their own height. This is what St. Patrick did. He first, and indeed all through life, perfected himself, and next, he tried to lift up the Irish race toward his own moral level; and succeeded in doing so; in other words, we have to see God's work in his own soul, and next, God's work, through him, in the souls of others.

I do not in the first place, mean to catalogue his virtues, natural or otherwise; but rather touch briefly on the spirit of St. Patrick that made these virtues grow and expand. Two leading characteristics marked this spirit, viz., love of prayer and the love and practice of penance. They are more needed today than ever. For want of them holiness is everywhere shrinking in the heart of man. Grace abounds, it is true; opportunities for piety lie in abundance at every one's door; yet few approach God in fervent prayer, and many try to forget, doubt or disbelieve in Him. The craving for bodily comfort and gross material pleasures is "extinguishing the spirit." Selfishness in its worst form often rules us. Hence the lesson of St. Patrick's life.

He first comes into view in the year 387, when, with "thousands of others," he was taken captive and sold as a slave. The iron grip of imperial Rome was relaxing and in the border provinces ordered life appeared doomed. Raiding bands, by sea and land, had it all their own way. Human life, property and honor lay at their mercy. Patrick's parents were both probably slain, his two sisters made prisoners and himself a helpless victim in the hands of pirates.

Nowadays anyone may lead a holy and virtuous life, if he chooses; then it seemed impossible, humanly speaking. It was a time to try one's faith in God. He seemed to have forsaken the world and given it over to evil fiends. God appeared to be far away in the heavens. The devil was free. But Patrick's piety was neither selfish nor superficial. It was deep and solid. He had lost his father on earth, poor youth, but he clung all the more hopefully to his Father in heaven. Earnestly and heartily his soul rose to God in prayer. Day and night the pious youth sought and found help, light and comfort in this holy practice. Prayer was his sole resource, even spiritually. There was no church, no Mass, no sacraments, no priest, no fervent crowd of fellow-worshippers, or even fellow-believers. He was alone among scoffers and idolaters. But he felt that God was near, and in mind, and heart, and voice, he "rose up and went to his Father." On the cheerless slopes of Slernish, or the dismal swamps and miry bogs around, in foul weather or in fair, by day or by night, his trustful spirit communed with God. In those cruel days labor had no rights, masters no duties. His work was hard and unceasing, his fare the coarsest, his garb torn, thin and scanty. His sad and cruel lot would have driven most souls to despair, or brutalized and degraded them. But it only served to urge St. Patrick to pray and have recourse to God all the more fervently. To whom else could he go? "On whom else could he cast his care?" save on Him who has care of all? Hear how he describes his daily life on the barren uplands of Slernish. "On coming to Ireland I was daily tending sheep, and many times in the day I prayed, and more and more the love of God, and his faith and fear grew in me, and the spirit was strengthened, so that in a single day I have said as many as a hundred prayers, and in the night nearly the same. And I dwelt in the woods and on the mountain, and before the dawn I was summoned to prayer by the snow and the ice and the rain, and I did not suffer from them, nor was there any sloth in me as I see now, because then the spirit was burning within me."

Prayer ever is and must be a marked feature in all souls that "walk with God," but it was especially characteristic of St. Patrick. Nay, it is a gift that he seems to have handed down to his children, as anyone can testify who has heard them pour forth their souls to God in country chapel or moorland cabin, or when sickness or sorrow fall in their families.

Prayer made our saint a giant in spirit. It was the source of his strength, the secret of his success as a saint and an apostle. Quite as much as he we need to "put on this armor of light." The gloom and darkness that shroud the spirit world is as dense as in his day. The

mysterious problems suggested by nature, by life, by death, by the mind and heart of man, are still unsolved. Light must come from above and in prayer we seek to get it. Apart from this soul without prayer is a soul without God. St. Patrick was a man of God "fistula Spiritus Sancti," "an organ of the Holy Spirit," because he was "a man of prayer." When thwarted, or sorely tried, or puzzled at God's strange ways, he did not rush, as so many nowadays, into unbelief or despair, but cast himself on God, and in prayer, "cried all the more." Prayer was to him life, and in death, as it should be to all, an "opening of the heavens and drawing down into the troubled soul the peaceful dove of the Holy Spirit."

The next great feature in his character was his spirit of penance. Self-denial is the very basis of piety, but in St. Patrick it rose to the highest pitch of asceticism. Man is a blend of matter and spirit, body and soul. Both are from God, and one would think they should act in harmony, each with its rights and claims, duly ordered. But we live in an anomalous world. There is a divorce between pleasure and virtue. Ease, indulgence, comfort mostly go with sin and luxury; whereas virtue is often left out in the cold. Nay, pain and grief and sorrow and self-restraint are usually the condition of its practice. Life does not always bring the good a pleasant saunter "through the real," but a hard and weary exile. We know, it is true, that virtue will one day have its reward; but meanwhile "the kingdom of heaven suffereth violence and the violent only bear it away." "Unless you do penance," says Our Lord, "you shall all likewise perish." The world is out of joint with its Maker, as we may see in ourselves and observed in the sin-tossed world outside of us, where "every creature travaileth" in pain. Man revolted from God, and our own bodies revolted from their guide in reason. We can only make our way back to God by repentance, i. e., by repentance interiorly, and keeping the revolting flesh in subjection to the spirit. We have all in some measure to cultivate "a spirit of compunction," and so create "a new and clean heart within." In the case of St. Patrick, as I observed, the practice of penance, inward and outward, rose to a heroic degree. Indeed, measured by our standard of sorrow for sin and bodily austerity, it was carried to the verge of folly. His cheeks were furrowed by tears shed for what we should deem the indiscretions of youth. He was reckless, we should say, in his austerities. Night, that usually brings to the toiler, rest and refreshing sleep, was, in his case, harder than the day. Part of it he spent in prayer, immersed in water to the chin. The little he gave of it to the body was spent on a bare rock, with a stone for a pillow, often exposed to the fury of the elements. A rough haircloth, worn next his skin, added to his bodily discomfort.

All this no doubt is meant more for admiration than imitation; but shame on us if it does not urge us to practice at least the self-denial involved in a virtuous life and in keeping the commandments of God and of Holy Church.

Slernish in the north was his hill of prayer during slavery. Croagh Patrick in the west his favorite resort when free. It was the scene of visions and austerities, his Alverno and Horeb. There, following his divine Master's example, he fasted rigidly for forty days and nights—like Jacob, "wrestling in prayer with God." It is supposed that on this occasion he obtained from God the single grace that the lamp of faith should never burn low in the land he loved.

Then Patrick knelt and blessed the land, and said, Praise be to God, who hears the sinner's prayer! (De Vere)

And now I ask did his work for others suffer in consequence of his lifelong practice of prayer and penance? Were the long hours thus spent taken away from any useful service to his fellow man? On the contrary, it was the personal holiness thus acquired that made his work so fruitful. Where is the life of such a record of unselfish devotion to his kind? "The service of man," it is said, "is the service of God." Truth lies also in the converse. If we do not first serve God, aught else avails nothing. Herein lay the secret of the saint's—personal holiness and unselfish service.

Even bodily St. Patrick was no loser by his austere and prayerful life, as his hundred and twenty years prove. Old age was his sole malady. He was hale in body and sound in mind to the end: "He who loses his life" for God "will find it," in spite of worldly wisdom. His spirit still haunts the land. For well nigh fifteen centuries pilgrim's feet have trodden the rugged sides of Croagh Patrick and the rocky shore of Lough Derg, showing that prayer and rigid austerities are not a dead letter in the land that St. Patrick converted.

So much for the character of the laborer. A word next on his work and the field in which it was carried on. Be it remarked that the ground in which he was called to labor was neither stony, nor thorny, nor rocky, but "good soil and meet withal for the seed of God's word." In nature not all grounds are fitted for all growths; no more is every race fitted for gospel teaching. A certain tone or elevation of character, a certain degree of culture in short, is a necessity. "Nihil per saltum" in grace or in nature. Rough human virtues prevailed in the island, and predisposed to ready acceptance of St. Patrick's message. There can be no doubt that conjugal

fidelity, maiden modesty, respect for women, and a fairly well-ordered social life were the rule and not the exception. The Brehon laws, lately unearthed and published, show that justice prevailed between man and man, and had already taken concrete shape in a code. The ornaments and weapons so numerous in Irish and other museums, war, and slavery, and piracy no doubt existed as in the rest of Europe but less common and not so ruthless. This existence of bards—a class devoted to the cultivation of music and poetry, softened the rude, warlike manners of the race. The country, too, under the predominant tribes of the "Scott" was rapidly advancing to political unity.

Hence the glad acceptance of the word and St. Patrick's triumphant march through the land as herald of Christ. He might also have said, with Caesar, "Veni, vidi, vici." The best proof that the field was ready for the sower is the number of holy priests, monks, and nuns that he consecrated to God even after the first year of his mission, showing, to Tertullian's phrase, that the "soul" of the country was "naturally Christian." The difficulty, or rather moral impossibility, of training a native clergy in newly converted lands is well known; yet in Ireland, within a very brief period of St. Patrick's death, we find her missionaries and scholars the teachers not only of Ireland, but of Europe.

The crowning glory of St. Patrick is to have been God's instrument in raising the ideals of Celtic Ireland up to the standard of the gospel; and the spirit he infused still broods over the island. His deep faith in the living God, his keen sense of justice, his love of prayer, his utter carelessness of wealth and bodily comfort are still marked features of the race. He prayed that "gold and silver might never fail in Ireland," and it was in this shape God answered his prayer. What wealth can be compared, after all to a sunny mind and an easily contented heart? From a Christian standpoint, surely, in the words of St. Vincent of Paul, "Man is never so rich as when he is like Jesus Christ," or as the poet expresses it:

"If thou art rich, thou art poor; For, like an ass whose back with in-

Thou bear'st thy heavy riches but a journey, And death unloads thee."

Though St. Patrick's work was rapid, it was thorough. After the lapse of fifteen centuries of storm and flood, and with a hostile garrison entrenched in her midst, and enriched from her spoils, the Church in Ireland, the building reared by St. Patrick, shows no signs of decay. The light of the faith he planted burns as brightly as ever. There has been no wilful apostasy. He still holds his people in the hollow of his hand. "Though dead, he yet speaketh."

Few apostles live to see the full results of their labors. They plow and sow, while others reap the harvest. In faith and love, they tread their lonely furrows, trusting to God to "give the increase" in His own good time. Not so with St. Patrick. Under his magic hand Ireland grew up in his one lifetime into an island of saints. On reaching Ireland he found the land "in darkness and the shadow of death." Long before his death he could say, in the words of Isaiah, "The earth is filled with the knowledge of the Lord, as the covering waters the sea" (Isaiah xl. 10.) He thus writes in his "Confessions": "Wherefore in Ireland they who hitherto had no knowledge of God, and up to this time only worshipped impure idols, have lately become the people of the Lord, and are styled the sons of God. The sons of the Scots and the daughters of princesses are seen as monks and virgins of Christ" (ch. iv. sec. 8.)

Toward the close of his life he saw in a vision "the whole land, as it were, like a great furnace, whose flames reached to the sky, and he clearly heard the voice of an angel saying: 'Such is now the state of Ireland in the sight of the Lord'" (Life by Morris, page 261.)

"Before long," says Jocelyn, "there was no desert, no spot or hiding place in the island, however remote, which was not peopled with perfect monks or nuns," so that throughout the world Ireland was justly distinguished, by the extraordinary title of the Island of Saints.

Such was the influence of this meek, gentle, holy man of God that he became an uncrowned king as well as chief prelate of the Irish people, "a very Moses in Israel." His word was law, and he spoke out fearlessly to princes and people alike.

In the year 455 he resigned the See of Armagh, yet outlived its four succeeding occupants, and died in a monastery at Saul, in Ulster, on the 17th of March, 492, in the words of St. Erin, "a just man indeed; with purity of nature, like the patriarchs; a true pilgrim, like Abraham; gentle and forgiving, like Moses; a praise-worthy palmitist, like David; in wisdom, like Solomon; a chosen vessel, like the Apostle Paul; of a man full of grace and knowledge, like the beloved John," etc.

Since St. Patrick breathed his last, some fifteen centuries ago few countries were subject to so many vicissitudes as Ireland; but his work remains. All else has gone, yet the Church of Christ is still there, fresh and young as ever. Wave after wave of invaders, Danes, and Normans, and Saxons, have swept over the land, destroying or changing all, but the fabric reared by St. Patrick abides. Every vestige of her promising institutions have disappeared—laws, languages, political hopes; yet his voice is still heard and his work still goes on in her midst.

Let us hope that this influence and prayer will keep Ireland one in nationhood as it made her one in religion. In life he welded her warring clans into one united spiritual commonwealth, that grew into, as it has ever since remained, one of the fairest provinces of God's kingdom on earth. Peacefully, and unitedly, and tolerantly it has managed ecclesiastical affairs. Is there any reason to suppose it should act less wisely or less justly in civil? Let us pray God that all this may come about peacefully, harmoniously, speedily. And while praying that the nation may be restored to its God-born rights, let us not fail to take to heart individually the lessons taught by St. Patrick's holy life.

He died a saint, because he lived a saint. A lesson and a warning to us all in this trite truth, "Qualis vita, finis ita," i. e., "as our life, so our death." Next, he was personally good, pure, holy; therefore, was his work for others blessed and powerful. He sanctified his own soul, therefore did God through him sanctify others. We are not meant to live for ourselves alone. Whether we wish or no, we profoundly influence others, few or many, for good or for evil. We are all "sowers of seed." We are all moral magnets. "Virtue" or "vice" goeth forth from us. Let us, then, like St. Patrick, do God's work and not the devil's. Let us build up the Church in our own souls—sanctify ourselves by use of means at our disposal. By prayer and self-denial St. Patrick kept the grace of God alive in his soul, even in a pagan land. Let us do so in a Christian manner, and thus live and die worthy children of St. Patrick.—Rev. William Graham, in the Homiletic Monthly.

Truth is always veiled in a kind of mystery.—Henri Fabre.

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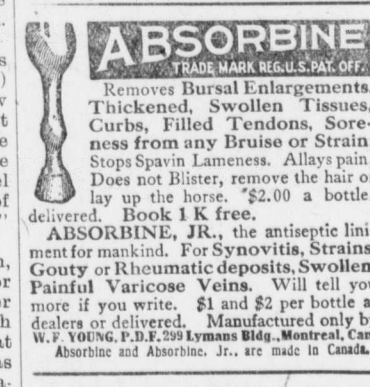
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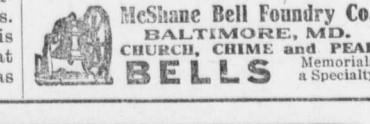
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LONDON, SATURDAY, MARCH 17, 1917

HOPE DEFERRED

Once again Irishmen at home and throughout the world will celebrate the feast of Ireland's apostle and patron saint with good reason to remember the long black record of English misgovernment. That great Irishman, Sir Horace Plunkett, gave the sound and statesmanlike advice that "Anglo-Irish history is for Englishmen to remember, for Irishmen to forget." A section of Englishmen, still of great influence in the Government, do not remember—indeed have never learned—and seem fawnfully determined not to allow Irishmen to forget.

"Each generation of Englishmen," John Redmond wrote in 1911, "have comforted themselves with the reflection that they were righteous men, though their ancestors governed Ireland infamously. No Englishman justifies the government of Ireland in the sixteenth, seventeenth, or eighteenth century, and even the Englishman of the latter part of the nineteenth century condemns the government of the men of the earlier part. But the truth is that no generation of Englishmen can plume themselves on their administration of Irish affairs. Ignorance and ineptitude are the characteristics of the English rulers of Ireland of every generation; yet Englishmen talk of Irish ingratitude and sneer at Irish grievances. What does Ireland now want? Pitt asked Grattan in 1794, and 'What does Ireland now want?' is the stock question of English statesmen of the twentieth century. Englishmen constantly forget that they are the original wrong-doers, and that they have never acted so as to obliterate the memory of their misdeeds. Englishmen love national independence, but cannot conceive how other people should have this feeling too."

But England was in the relentless grip of a comparatively small privileged class who practically monopolized the functions of government and ruled the people of England as well as the people of Ireland always with an eye, first of all, to their own interests and privileges. The English people have been slowly but steadily emerging from this modern phase of serfdom and with the powerful, generous and sustained aid of Ireland's representatives in Parliament have put themselves in the way of achieving democratic self-government. The aid generously given by the Irish was essential to the success attained. Lecky says: "A majority of the Irish members turned the balance in favor of the great democratic Reform Bill of 1832, and from that day there has been scarcely a democratic measure which they have not powerfully assisted. When, indeed, we consider the votes they have given, the principles they have been the means of introducing into English legislation, and the influence they have exercised upon the tone and character of the House of Commons, it is probably not too much to say that their presence in the British Parliament has proved the most powerful of all agents in accelerating the democratic transformation of English politics."

Since Lecky wrote, that influence has been intensified and multiplied. And to crown their work in this respect their help was decisive in passing the Parliament Act by which a Bill passed in three successive sessions by the House of Commons becomes law in spite of its rejection by the House of Lords. Up to this time the House of Lords was the

impregnable fortress of English class privilege, the insuperable barrier to democratic progress and social reform. By virtue of Parliament Act this oligarchical institution will no longer thwart the public will and make representative government a sham.

And all this time what was the part played by North East Ulster? Ever since the foundation of the Orange society the passions and prejudices of these unfortunate people have been pandered to and played upon by the Ascendancy class, that ugly, parasitic growth on the national life of Ireland. And they, in turn, served their political masters faithfully, yes fanatically. As the Globe aptly remarks:

"From the first Reform Bill down to the controversy over the veto of the Lords this Ulster minority has been the tool of the feudal classes and the persistent foe of democratic progress."

In the face of all this, in the midst of the struggle of democracy and liberty against junkerdom and despotism, while the greatest of Wars is being waged for the rights of small nationalities against brutal imperialism, England's radical Prime Minister and central figure of the War tells the House of Commons, tells Ireland and the world, that the Irish Self-Government Act, which has been approved over and over again by a majority of the people of Great Britain as well as of Ireland, which has received the royal assent and bears the King's signature is only "a scrap of paper," until the petted Irish tools and dupes of the feudal classes consent to its adoption! Thank God there are men in England and throughout the Empire who feel keenly the shame and dishonor thus forced upon them.

Here we shall quote The Globe not only because it puts the case tersely, clearly, fearlessly, but especially because we believe it reflects the sentiment and convictions of the great majority of the self-respecting people of this self-governing Dominion:

"As the London Liberal newspapers point out, in offering a truncated Ireland the Premier was offering something the Nationalists could not possibly accept. Equally unanswerable is the contention of The London News that the responsibility for a settlement of the Irish problem rests on the Government and not on the Irish people. The question of Ireland is not a problem of Empire only. In these days of War the fate of the smaller nationalities of Europe has become a world issue. Britain cannot, even if she would, avoid the judgment of other nations and other peoples on the results of her rule in Ireland. So long as Ireland is governed from Westminster so long must Britain bear the responsibility for the condition of Ireland."

"Britain must go into the coming Peace Conference with clean hands and a clear conscience. The Irish question must be settled before the Allied powers discuss with Germany and Austria-Hungary the future status of the small Slav nationalities now under Teuton rule."

"What stands in the way of a just settlement of the Irish question? It is idle to talk of the partition of Ireland when neither party will accept this solution. On this question Sir Edward Carson is hopelessly at variance with his own consistency, Dublin University. It is irritating to suggest that Ireland must wait for the fulfillment of British promises until the Ulster minority gives its assent, unless the same principle applies to British legislation. Did the Unionists consider the Nonconformist minority in England and Wales when they forced upon it the iniquitous (?) Education Act of 1902 and filled the jails with passive resisters? Did Mr. Lloyd George listen to the objections of minorities when forcing through his social reform legislation? What is the complaint of Nationalist Ireland? It is one that affects the honor of British statesmen. The complaint is that by the aid of Irish votes the Liberal party carried through its monumental schemes of social reform; that by the aid of Irish votes it invaded Wales and disestablished the State Church; that by the aid of Irish votes it destroyed the veto of the Lords and removed what Mr. Asquith declared to be the last obstacle to the granting of Irish self-government; that, having made use of the Irish vote in British domestic politics to effect a social and political revolution, Mr. Lloyd George now tells Irish Nationalists they can get no help from him or from his Government in fulfillment of British pledges."

"The situation in Ireland has not been improved by Mr. Lloyd George's speech. He has laid down the principle that no minority must be forced to submit to a form of government of which it does not approve. He asks Ireland to accept principles of government which he himself has denounced when applied to British affairs. To the veto powers of the hereditary and unrepresentative Peers Mr. Lloyd George opposed the inalienable right of a free people to govern themselves. Shall less be done for Ireland than

has been claimed and successfully asserted on behalf of the British democracy? "The solution of this question of Ireland must not be subject to the reactionary doctrine of minority rule or the veto of a governing class. Britain must set her house in order. The settlement of the Irish problem is too closely bound up with fundamental issues in this War to be side-tracked or ignored."

Some time after the formation of the late Coalition Government a Canadian, prominent in public life, shrewdly wondered whether Lloyd George was robust enough a radical to withstand the atmosphere and influences of the social classes who were beginning to lionize him, and who would with equal readiness adopt or destroy him; or whether, like Chamberlain, he would succumb to their blandishments. Perhaps it is too soon yet to answer; but if the radical Premier feels his present thick coat of pharisaism at all comfortable or supportable, even as a "war measure," he is ripe for adoption.

Had Lloyd George, dictator by the will of the people, had the courage and the statesmanship to use his exceptional powers boldly, to set right an age-long wrong, he would have achieved the master-stroke of the War and enlisted unreservedly on the side of the Entente Allies the unconquerable moral force of the civilized world. As it is, the hope deferred that maketh the heart sick is the portion of Ireland; but it is infinitely more desirable than that apparently chosen by the man who spurns the ladder by which he climbed to the premiership of England.

Ireland will recover, Ireland will win; that unconquerable spirit which has sustained her for centuries leaves no room for doubt as to her final triumph. But instead of the glorious page of history that Lloyd George could have been largely instrumental in writing there is left for posterity to explain away an ignoble page stained with ingratitude, treachery, and that shameful and cynical inconsistency which we try to convince the world is exclusively Prussian.

THE CAPITAL LIFE

The Banks, the Insurance companies and the Trust and Loan companies control practically all the accumulations of capital in the country. In round numbers, but well under the actual figures, the Banks have at their disposal a billion dollars, the Insurance and Trust companies two billions. To this vast reservoir of capital countless Catholic streams contribute their quota; but Catholics have an infinitesimally small voice in its control.

Mature consideration of this condition of things suggested the obvious remedy. Catholics of high standing, great influence and wide experience in the business and financial world felt impelled, in order that a reasonable proportion of the country's capital should be under Catholic control, to establish the Capital Life Assurance Company and the Capital Trust Company. In this there was nothing to which non-Catholics could reasonably object; and as a matter of fact no such objection, reasonable or unreasonable, has ever been made by them. As well might they object to Catholics entering into competition with others in any line of business, great or small.

We are not, however, far enough removed from the time of the odious penal laws against Catholics not to feel some lingering remnants of their degrading effects. So—however incredible it may appear to self-respecting Catholics—we occasionally find that such commendable enterprises as the Capital Life and the Capital Trust represent are regarded with a certain amount of disfavor by timorous co-religionists whose forefathers must have had more than the ordinary unhappy experience in penal days. The children of even such as these must be taught that they are free men in a free country. The success of the Capital Life, besides the attainment of the objects in view as its foundation, may have no small influence in this direction.

From Canadian Insurance, a journal devoted exclusively to insurance matters, and one, therefore, whose expert opinion carries weight, we clip the following editorial comment: "That excellently managed company—the Capital Life—had a good year in 1916. It increased its net premiums by \$16,261; it reduced its expenses by \$6,969; it increased its new business by \$81,378 over the 1915 figure. The actual new business was \$810,596 in sums assured, and the increase in business in force was \$389,756, which is better than the

average experience. The total assets were \$388,428 at the end of the year invested to produce 6.22% interest. It would be difficult to find a company which has had such an excellent record as the Capital in the same stage of its career, and we cannot but think that its management is extraordinarily capable."

THE SUPERANNUATION OF TEACHERS

We have at different times very strongly supported the proposal to form a superannuation fund for the teachers of this province. Now that the Bill is before the Legislature it may be useful to say that maturer consideration, and fuller discussion but deepens our conviction that the proposed action is wise, useful, necessary. Any such measure at this date in the history of insurance can not fail to be placed on a sound actuarial basis both as its provisions and its administration. It will therefore provide safe insurance against old age or incapacity to a body of men and women whose services it is almost insulting to praise. In grateful recognition of those services the Government, by the proposed act, will pay half the premium necessary to establish the superannuation fund. The measure should receive the unanimous support and assent of the Legislature.

THE CATHOLIC HIGHLANDS OF SCOTLAND: THE WESTERN HIGHLANDS AND ISLANDS

The author of this very interesting book has already two valuable works relating to the history of Catholic Scotland to his credit; and by the publication of this third volume he has put Scottish Catholics and their descendants under a further great obligation. The author is a monk of the order of St. Benedict, and before the outbreak of the War was stationed at Fort Augustus in the Highlands. He is now a chaplain with the Fleet, and the prefatory notice is dated on H. M. S. Agincourt.

Two impressions to be gathered from a perusal of the little book are: first, the part which the Irish missionaries took in spreading and keeping alive the faith in Scotland, for to them is due in large measure the success of missionary effort in this rugged out of the way country; and secondly, the steadfast way in which the people kept the faith in the face of fierce persecution. The book is compiled largely from original letters and reports in the Archives of the Propaganda, and at Blair's College, Aberdeen. The districts dealt with are: Barra, South Uist, Knoydart, Morar, Arisaig, Moydart, Glengarry, and the Lesser Isles. The adoption of these names for so many places in the New World shows that there was a large emigration from the districts named to America; and the descendants of the early emigrants will find in this book a history of their fathers of which they may well feel proud.

The first Vicar Apostolic for Scotland was Bishop Nicholson, whose episcopate began in 1695 and continued for many years with much success. Bishop Nicholson said of the Catholic Highlanders that they "were of very lively spirits and were wonderfully successful when they had a little education." The Bishop made a visitation to Strathglass in 1700. Father Blundell says of that visit:

"On 27th May the Bishop and his party arrived in Strathglass, which is described as twelve miles from Lovat. He greatly admired the valley of the Glass river, one of the most beautiful in all Scotland, with its fine arable land along the river side and the wooded hills rising on either bank. Timber was then in such abundance that all the houses were built of it. They are called Creil houses, because the large timbers are interlaced with wicker-work in the same way that baskets are made. They are covered outside with sods, or divots. All the houses on the mainland, wherever we went, are built after this fashion, except those of the lairds and principal gentry. Strathglass is partly inhabited by Frasers, whose chief is Lord Lovat, and partly by Christolms under the Laird of Strathglass. These latter are all Catholics."

It will be of interest to learn that as early as 1661, St. Vincent de Paul sent missionaries to the Hebrides, and that the great saint took a very deep interest in the spiritual welfare of the Catholics of the far-away islands on the west of Scotland. Among the most notable of the missionaries was Father Robert Munro, who reconciled the Chief of Strathglass to the Church. Father Blundell speaks of him as a man "whom no adversity could conquer. He was three times imprisoned and

sentenced to death if he again returned from his banishment; but on each occasion he at once came back to his field of labour. In 1704, whilst lying prostrate with fever in a miserable hut in Glengarry, he was discovered by some English soldiers, who carried him off to the Castle, where he was thrown into a dungeon, and where, after receiving the vilest treatment, he was allowed to perish. He had been thirty-four years on the Highland Mission, and during the greater part of that time his principal residence was Glengarry and its neighbourhood."

As to Arisaig, Father Blundell says: "Justly have the priests in more recent times loved to be buried at Arisaig; there is probably no church in Great Britain which has such Catholic associations."

One cannot leave this most interesting work without a reference to the charming but altogether too brief sketch of Father Allan Macdonald, the apostle of Eriskay, as his people loved to call him. His parish was the little island of Eriskay, whose population was in his time about four hundred. Father Blundell truly remarks: "There is indeed a great attraction about the island and its people. It has no road at all, all traffic such as carrying peats, etc., being done by creels on the backs of ponies. Fishing is the chief means of livelihood, and this, in addition to the crofts, gives the people all they require. They are indeed remarkably happy and contented. There is no licensed house on the island, and woe betide the fisherman who in Father Allan's time brought spirits to his beloved island home."

This gifted and lovable man was cut off at the early age of forty-six. No man of his day was so well versed in the folk-lore of the Scottish Celts; and scholars frequently sought him in his almost inaccessible retreat. Neil Munro, the famous novelist, has written a beautiful account of his visit to Father Allan, and has paid a deserving tribute to his rare gifts. One can well regret with Father Blundell that an extended biography has not been written of the apostle of Eriskay, who, scholar as he was, might have moved, had he wished, among the most cultivated circles, but preferred to live his life among his fisher-folk in a lonely wind-swept island in the Atlantic ocean.

There are many other portions of "Catholic Highlands of Scotland," on which we would like to dwell; but it is better that the reader should go to the book direct. It can be procured by applying to The Procurator, The Abbey, Fort Augustus, Scotland. Price, five shillings and four pence.

—The Catholic Highlands of Scotland, by Dom. Odo Blundell, O.S.B., F.S.A. (Scot.) Edinburgh, Sands & Co.

PERPETUATING NATIONAL SENTIMENT

Saturday will be St. Patrick's Day. The shamrock will, of course, be in evidence; for the wearing of the green is becoming quite popular now. There will be plays and concerts, some Irish and some a poor imitation.

There will be an interchange of picture post cards whose technique is scarcely suggestive of the artistic temperament of a nation that produced the Book of Kells. "All Praise to St. Patrick" will be sung as usual and there will be eloquent orations; but we fear that the one word perfunctory will, in many places, properly qualify the outward celebration of Ireland's national feast day. We cannot, it is true, expect the present generation to be as interested in matters pertaining to Ireland, or to be as profoundly stirred by emotion on her Saint's day as were their grandfathers and grandmothers to whom the sight of the little shamrock or the sweet notes of Irish melody recalled memories of the past, brought back the lights and the shades of other days.

There are those who contend that it is better for Irish Canadians to disassociate themselves from the traditions of the past and to devote all their affections and energies to the land of their birth. Canada is our native land in the sense that we were born here; but it does not conform in all respects with the definition of Lacordaire. "Our native land," says he, "is not its government. It is the soil that saw us born, the blood and the homes of our fathers, the love of our parents, the souvenirs of our childhood, our traditions, our morals, our liberty, our history and our religion." In the case of the French Canadians, Canada supplies all these motives of devotion; for they have a glorious history of over three hundred years,

replete with traditions of valor and self-sacrifice, missionary zeal and martyrdom. But we are but of yesterday. Our traditions, our morals, our history and our religion are more closely associated with the native land of our forebears than with the land of their adoption. As Canadians and Catholics, our loyalty and our piety will be all the more unwavering and ardent in proportion as we treasure an abiding and grateful remembrance of that land that gave us our love of liberty and our faith.

As we write, a picture comes back to us of a representative Catholic home of a quarter of a century ago. On the mantel stood a crucifix around which was twined the rosary. On the walls hung pictures of our Lord, His Blessed Mother, St. Patrick, Daniel O'Connell and Robert Emmet. There was no mistaking the faith or the nationality of that home. They stood four-square to all the winds that blew. What a contrast to this is presented by some of our Irish Canadian homes of to-day! In the latter there is no evidence of the nationality of the family, and evidences of their faith are relegated to the bedroom; for the pictures of the Madonna that appear in the parlor are not so much objects of devotion as copies of paintings to which Protestants have been pleased to give their sanction.

There would not be as great reason for regretting the passing of Irish sentiment if the faith of our people suffered nothing by it. We must admit that there was a class of Irish emigrants, in whom ignorance of the teachings of their faith and neglect of their religious duties, coupled with anything but an edifying life did not inspire in their children sentiments of attachment to Irish traditions. Some of their offspring have been lost to the Church, and others, whose lives are a striking contrast to those of their parents, are among its most zealous members. But when we find the sons and daughters of honorable and faithful Irish parents not over anxious to proclaim their nationality and seeking associations with its historic enemies, it would not be safe to bank too much upon their allegiance to their faith. "Catholicity," says Dr. Cahill, "is almost natural to an Irishman. He is, as it were, a Christian before he is baptized; you can efface every feeling from his heart but Catholicity; you can crush out every sentiment from his mind but the love of his altar; you may break him into pieces and crush him into the dust, but, like the diamond in fragments, the faith shines in him to the last." Had that distinguished writer and eloquent advocate of Ireland's cause lived in our day he would have seen the sad divorce of religious and national sentiment, the forgetfulness of the centuries throughout which our sires in the land beyond the sea fought and suffered for the substance of things to be hoped for, for that reward that God will give to those who change not their faith from Him.

The original purpose of the Sinn Fein society was to revive the Irish language, traditions and customs, to build up the industries and the self-respect of the nation, so that when she should have a university and a parliament of her own, she would have a population to use them and a spirit to guide them. Its leaders feared nothing so much as that Ireland should become a well-to-do province or shire of England, and that her national aspirations and her religious fervor would be stifled by worldly prosperity and the materialistic influence of the dominant nation. It were well for the Irish race in Canada if we had a movement along the same lines, an effort to keep the younger generation informed of the events of Irish history and the traditions of the past; at least until such time as we will have created local history and traditions that will afford noble ideals of loyal citizenship and devotion to our holy faith.

THE GLEANER.

NOTES AND COMMENTS

THE QUESTION: Was Dickens a bigot? Will receive a variety of answers according to the point of view of the spokesman or his conception of the meaning of the word. We have ourselves heard the novelist very strenuously and very eloquently defended against the imputation, and on the other hand, we know of at least one individual, of very wide acquaintance in literature too, who will not, to use his own phrase, "soil either his hands or his mind with a Dickens' novel." We must own at the outset that while we cannot go the full length with the one advocate we certainly cannot join hands with the other.

THAT DICKENS was a thorough-going Protestant no reader of his novels will care to deny, and that at times, in his writings, he gave color to the charge of narrowness and bigotry, must be admitted by even his most loyal defender. Let us take a glance at this aspect of the man first, and then see if we can find lying about in his books or in his life any evidence that will tend to mitigate the charge.

THE ONE phase of Dickens' character is that, perhaps, in spite of the "Child's History of England," with which his latter-day readers and admirers are least familiar. His animus against the Catholic Church is such that it may be called, came out most strongly in the monthly supplement of Household Words, i. e., the Household Narrative, in the years 1850 and 1851, which together formed one of the most critical periods to Catholics in England in modern times. They were the years of the "Gorham Judgment," the re-establishment of the Hierarchy, with the "Durham Letter" and the "Ecclesiastical Titles Bill." The latter was also the year of the famous Achill v. Newman trial, in which every dreg of anti-Catholic and anti-Roman bitterness that had existed in England for three centuries was stirred up from the bottom, and men's judgment clouded like the waters of a muddy pool.

It is difficult at this day to realize the turmoil and the bitterness that was called forth by the restoration of the English Hierarchy in 1850. The generality of Englishmen of the present day look back upon that period with some degree of shame and confusion. The country was practically called to arms against the handful of Catholics then in the country; the Pope and Cardinal Wiseman were burnt in effigy up and down the country; Catholic churches and presbyteries were wrecked or burned, and many poor priests had to escape by back door or roof to save their lives. Let any of our readers who wish to have an idea of the lengths to which public feeling was excited consult Newman's "Present Position of Catholics in England," first published in 1851.

DURING ALL this excitement the most virulent and inflammatory leading articles against the Pope and Popery appeared in Dickens' Household Narrative. Readers of that periodical were told of the "most insolent claims of the Roman Catholic Church"; of "Popish domination," of the "serpentine cunning of the school of Loyola"; of "Pio Nono's old childish treble about miracles and mothers of mercies," and about the "two renegade priests—Aehili and Newman." Certainly, if Charles Dickens were to be judged by his ephemeral writings of that period his most ardent champion would have to seek safety in silence.

THERE ARE the "Child's History of England," and "Pictures from Italy," compilations which are one with any pretensions to historical knowledge nowadays can for one moment take seriously. The Catholic Church therein is the "fruitful mother of ignorance and tyranny"; there is an abundance about "lazy monks," and "drivelling superstitions" and the like. And yet, a Catholic writer of name, the Rev. W. H. Kent, whose contributions to the Tablet have an international reputation, acquits Dickens of bigotry nevertheless. For, as he holds, Dickens' prejudice was born in ignorance, not of malice. He hated what was mean and tyrannical, and with his limited historical knowledge, thinking he discerned these things in the Catholic Church, he was not sparing in his denunciations.

OVER AGAINST the indictment that has not unfairly been levelled at Dickens, stands his unequivocal and undoubted friendship for many Catholics. We cited the instance two weeks ago of Adelaide Procter, and we may now add Charles Kent, the poet and essayist (father of the Rev. W. H. Kent already mentioned,) of Charles Stanfield, the artist, and of Percy Fitzgerald, the man of letters. The latter in his "Fifty Years of Catholic Life," speaks of the many acts of kindness shown to himself and to other Cath-

elies by "Box." It must be remembered too, that in "Barnaby Rudge" Dickens has given to the world for all time what someone has called a "classic memorial of Catholic sufferings," during the incendiary Gordon Riots. In that book the author makes clear that he has no sympathy with the hounding of Catholics or of others on the ground of religious belief. His tribute to St. Elphege, the martyr, and to St. Charles Borromeo, the social reformer, should also be remembered to his credit.

ABOVE AND beyond all this, however, is the service Dickens rendered to the Little Sisters of the Poor. Upon the invitation of Cardinal Wiseman the Sisters had settled in his diocese and were devoting themselves as they have everywhere, and through their entire career, to the relief of the poor and suffering. This was in 1851, the very year of the fierce anti Catholic excitement we have been describing. Their early experiences in London, therefore, were not happy. They were jeered at in the streets, and at the height of the turmoil were obliged to disguise themselves when going abroad. It was some six months later that Dickens, during a sojourn in Paris, visited the Little Sisters in the Rue St. Jacques and on his return to London he wrote and published in Household Words, a glowing tribute to them and to their work. The whole article, as illustrative of his receptivity to good impressions of this character, and of his genuine sympathy with the poor and with those who ministered to them, would repay re-publication, but space forbids. Suffice it to say, that the tribute in Household Words, coming at such a time, was of great service to the Little Sisters. For Dickens was then at the height of his fame, and what ever he wrote was widely copied and quoted. When we feel incensed, therefore, at the crude expression in his novels, reflecting upon our mother, the Church, or upon her ministers it will be worth while to recall this incident of the Little Sisters, showing as it does, we think, that Dickens' errors were of the head and not of the heart.

ON THE BATTLE LINE

IN ASIA

The advance of the British in Mesopotamia and of the Russians in Persia is the welcome war news the importance of which it would be difficult to exaggerate.

Russians are closing in on the Ottoman forces in Asiatic Turkey. A Russian force is now moving westward on Bagdad from Sakkiz, which is within twenty-five miles of the Mesopotamia border. Advancing southward from Turkish Armenia, another Russian force attacked the Turks twenty-five miles northwest of Erzingan and captured the enemy's fortified positions. Blowing these up, together with Turkish ammunition supplies, the Russian raiding party returned in safety with some prisoners. Erzingan was captured by the Russians in July last. It was a place of some military importance to the Turks, with large barracks and army stores. It is connected by road with Trebizond, the Russian base on the Black Sea.

The Mesopotamia advance has been assisted materially by the breach between the native Arab tribes and the Turks. The quick advance on Bagdad by General Maude's forces and the demoralized retreat of the defenders of Kut-el-Amara are attributed in private advices to New York to the wholesale desertions of the Arab auxiliaries. The Turks are now menaced not only by the British and Russian advances, but also by strong forces of Arab cavalry, who are harassing the ranks of the retreating Turks. These Arab forces have been organized by the British as their allies, a fact of tremendous significance in its bearing on the future of Asiatic Turkey. Various tribes, under the leadership of the Grand Sheriff of Mecca, have united their forces against Ottoman rule. Mecca is now in their possession.

THE SUBMARINE

The British food situation is really serious, according to Sir Edward Carson, who forecasted still more drastic restrictions on imports. "Stick it out" is the motto set before the country by the First Lord of the Admiralty. "The people's food is really threatened," was the opening note of his speech at the Aldwych Club, London.

GERMANY'S FOOD PROBLEM

The food crisis in Germany is more serious than Berlin is willing to admit. In the Prussian Diet a Socialist member, Herr Hofer, stated that "the mortality among elderly people is increasing at a terrible rate." He also declared that epidemics are spreading, owing to the lowered vitality of the underfed people, that suicides are increasing, and that parents are killing their children rather than see them suffer

the pangs of unsatisfied hunger. These conditions are due largely to the unfair distribution of food, and to a great extent must be attributed also to the necessity imposed upon the military authorities of keeping the armies supplied. At all hazards German rulers will avoid famine conditions in the trenches. Few soldiers will fight on empty stomachs.—Globe, March 10.

T. P. O'CONNOR'S LETTER

THE IRISH QUESTION

OPINION OF HOUSE AND PRESS FAVORS IN UNIONIST CIRCLES FAVOR IMMEDIATE SOLUTION

Special Cable to the CATHOLIC RECORD (Copyright 1917, Central News)

London, March 10.—The greater part of public attention has centered during the past few days on the Irish question. Never since the early days of the War has an internal political question so greatly puzzled the thinking men of the United Kingdom.

The uncertainty of the decision of the Government in regard to the Irish has kept the greater part of the English press dumb and this uncertainty has been prolonged by the illness of Premier Lloyd George, who, standing amid the cold blasts, alternating from sea and mountain, beside the grave of his old uncle, caught a bad chill and was confined to his bed for a couple of days.

Further uncertainty was caused by the visit of the premier to France in preparation of the great new offensive on the Western front in the Spring and other overwhelming cares of government, which prevented Lloyd George from the serious tackling of the question.

Up to the last moment, the realization of the gravity of the situation and the uncertainty of its issue has compelled that almost unbroken reticence upon the part of the newspapers, which was so remarkable a fact in this phase of the Irish struggle for freedom.

However, a few days before the advent of the parliament debate on the question, Liberal papers began to break their prolonged silence and with one accord pressed the Government for an immediate settlement of the problem.

The opinion of the House of Commons also steadily grew in favor of a settlement, once and for all on this great question, and even Unionist circles and Chief Secretary Duke was known to be strongly of the same opinion.

At a meeting of Mr. Asquith and his colleagues, the same view was expressed, Asquith holding strongly that without an immediate solution things were bound to go from bad to worse, in Ireland's affairs as placed in relation to the welfare of the United Kingdom.

Irish members of the House of Commons, returning from Ireland, brought back the same tale of country seething with discontent and for the moment chiefly concerned in hitting back at the Government in return for the horrors attending the executions of several of the leaders of the masses.

The situation has been further complicated by the prolonged illness of Leader Redmond, who has suffered a serious relapse from an attack of influenza and only managed to return to London from Brighton, with great difficulty. He insisted upon being present at the debate on the Irish question in spite of the remonstrances of his friends.

In the meantime there has sprung up a suggestion which emanated from a member of the ministry some months ago which intimates that the question is impossible of solution in Parliament owing to the insuperable division of opinion between the Irish parties and the aggravated temper displayed upon both sides.

In Ireland itself, it is proposed to overcome this difficulty by lifting it out of Parliament and transferring the decision to a strong body of men, consisting of the great figures in the British Empire, including some of the Colonial Prime Ministers and men like Lord Shaughnessy.

To put the Home Rule act into immediate operation, after making such modifications, apart from the Ulster difficulty, as required to meet the present conditions, is now necessary because of the entire change in the financial situation, which has been created by the great sums spent by Ireland since the outbreak of the War which has transformed her deficit of peace time into several millions, contributed to the Imperial taxation above the cost of the services of the Imperial Government in Ireland.

This idea has caught on with extraordinary rapidity and after days of secret consideration by various groups, has begun to be circulated by the newspapers.

The Irish party, however, has remained entirely outside of these conversations and has refused to take any responsibility for such a course, or, indeed, for any policy, except that of immediately putting into operation the Home Rule act.

It is reported that the Carson group had adopted a similar policy and that some of their party gave a strong negative to the question, so that finally it proved an obstacle to the settlement of the problem at this moment.

This failure was regarded justly by Ireland as another example of the refusal, so often repeated in the history of England, to fulfil her pledges.

This has added to the feeling of exasperation which is felt all through Ireland, and the executions which have recently occurred have added fuel to the smouldering flames of discontent; and the Irish party, though it has carried out its pledges at great personal political risk, against overwhelming odds, has shared in the general loss of prestige that comes from failure, even though that failure has been created by others.

In fact, the whole policy of partition has become more and more discredited and thus has made it impossible for any Irish Nationalist to accept the terms which were made last July. Indeed, those terms were killed and buried by Asquith's and Lloyd George's failure to carry them through to completion last year.

This is an attempt to explain the extraordinary tangle into which the vicissitudes of the British parties, and the weaknesses of the successive British ministries, as well as unrest in Ireland, have brought the Irish problem.

These entanglements have rendered difficult, if not impossible, the settlement of the problem at this moment, but still I do not abandon the hope of reconciling Ireland and strengthening the position of this country in the peace conference which will come after the close of the great War, in which, with the assistance of the President of the United States, the map of Europe will be so changed as to recognize the rights of the weaker nations.

And in the meantime two other great problems which are gradually solving themselves are being watched with the closest interest by all the United Kingdom.

Of these two, the one in which Great Britain, and through her the others of the British Isles, is more closely concerned in the immediate present, is the gradually weakening of the German U-boat panic. Despite all of the assurances of the Admiralty that Germany would not succeed in her threat to "starve" England, the masses were fearful.

This feeling, however, is being daily dissipated through the reports of the sinking and capturing of the enemy's submarines by England's navy and by the great number of vessels, carrying both supplies and passengers, which daily enter and depart from British and Irish harbors.

Then too, the feeling of confidence that the threat of a blockade was mostly "bluff" has been increased by the remarkably small average of vessels destroyed by the heralded great fleet of German U-boats, all of which leads one to believe that the number of submarines possessed by Germany was far less than thought at first.

The second great question here is when will the actual opening of hostilities between the United States and Germany occur. Everywhere one hears this question brought up as a topic of the liveliest interest.

The failure of the United States Senate to pass the "armed ship bill" is viewed by thinking people in Great Britain as an almost unbelievable thing. Astonished and dumbfounded we can only wait, trusting in the ability of the President of the United States to steer his country clear of the obstructions thrown in its way by a few men.

THE SPIRIT OF SERVILITY

The Catholic Register

THE CATHOLIC RECORD, of London, Ont., has an editorial contributor whose articles are signed The Glencor. They are the work of a keen and shrewd observer of life among our Catholic people, one who has evidently given much thought to their needs, and who is zealous for their best progress.

He has lately been discussing some of the obstacles to that progress; and in an article in last week's issue (March 5) he deals with two that are very deep-seated and very deplorable. Those which he discusses in the article just referred to are the spirit of servility and the tendency to individualism—the latter as manifested in "parochialism," or that spirit which is the reverse of Catholic, and again in the failure of parents to encourage, and of sons to undertake, the duties of marriage and the establishment of a home.

All that he says on these subjects is timely and vitally important. For the present we wish to refer to the first of the obstacles dealt with—the spirit of servility—of which the writer says:

It is a spirit that has been bred in the bone through long centuries of persecution in which our forebears were deprived of their civil and religious rights. We are only beginning to adjust ourselves to the more favorable conditions in which we live. In many communities Catholics are manifesting a more manly spirit of independence and a sense of civic responsibility; but evidences of the cringing attitude are yet, alas, only too numerous. How often it happens that when a family meets with prosperity and gets, as the saying is, 'a little up in the world' they ambition to get into Protestant society? We might excuse them for striving to gain admission to a social set that could lay some claim to blue blood and culture; but not unfrequently the new circle that they have entered is in point of intelligence and refinement, not to speak of morals, much inferior to their former associates.

"If a Catholic offers himself for some public office, his laudable ambition is apt to be frustrated by the votes of his co-religionists who resent the audacity of his thinking himself fitted for the position, for which he is perhaps better qualified than any who are opposing him. Apart from the spirit of jealousy, there is manifested here a lack of the spirit of public responsibility."

We suppose there is not a village, town, or city in Canada having a mixed Catholic and Protestant population, in which the social tendency of Catholics referred to in the first of these paragraphs is not manifested. It is a great evil. It is not only that it is a source of serious disaffection to those Catholics who rightly regard their religion as the greatest of all possible honours, but that in those addicted to it it utterly kills, or at least reduces to a state of feebleness scarcely distinguishable from death, all zeal for the faith, all interest in Catholic progress or Catholic activities of any nature. If the hearts of Mr. and Mrs. X. are set upon being recognized by Mrs. A., who is away up in society, and whom they regard as their superior just because she is not a Catholic, what room is left in those hearts for any real devotion to Catholic activity? They may possibly preserve some semblance of interest in it for appearance sake; but the Catholic charitable or missionary meeting, for example, that happens to coincide with Mrs. A.'s party will certainly not see them, even, in all probability, if the season be Lent. Nor could you interest them in a Catholic Truth Society; their minds are on something else.

Is anyone surprised to find jealousy treated as a manifestation of this spirit of servility? A little reflection will remove his surprise. Jealousy is one of the most common vices of the servile; and it may remain long after the spirit that has given it birth has itself been driven out. Catholics suffer severely from its outcroppings. Who has not observed the frequent difficulty of harmoniously conducting a Catholic society? The antagonism of some two men or some two women will upset things. Persons each really desirous of doing good will refuse to work together. One will oppose any project that the other suggests. From the lowest to the highest we find this wretched spirit in operation. Even a little business enterprise will furnish endless instances of its action.

"We know that we have passed from death to life because we love the brethren." Do we ever pause to ask ourselves how we stand this test? See how those Christians love one another! Do we furnish like edification to those whose eyes are so keenly directed upon us? Our examinations of conscience ought surely not to neglect this important matter.

NOT NEW

The papers of the central west have lately carried glaring headlines announcing that the Catholic Church was to take a stand on divorce and birth control. If an outsider knew nothing of the doctrine and morality taught by the Church in such offenses against the moral law is quite unintelligible. Possibly, upon the sup-

posed and that former legislation was to be modified, if not entirely abrogated. Going no further than the headlines, the reader would be tempted to suppose that divorce and the other iniquity had previously been tolerated in our circles.

By way of diversion, we once heard a sincere member of another community argue that many of our practices were modern perversions because there was no mention of them in the early history of the Church. When the mother of St. Augustine was passing to her heavenly reward, though her son details in his "Confessions" the circumstances of her demise, he does not allude to an administration of the sacrament of extreme unction. Hence the objector concluded that sacrament was unknown to the gifted child of Monica and its adoption by the Church was an indefensible corruption of the teachings of Jesus.

Logicians tell us that from a negative argument one may not draw an affirmative conclusion, which only means that because it was not mentioned by Augustine it does not follow that some sacrament now known to us was entirely unknown to him. The reception of extreme unction was the natural preparation of the soul for an eternal journey, and, not foreseeing that the spiritual world would later be split into conflicting camps, the great doctor took it for granted that everyone would know without being told that the mother of the writer was fortified with such grace. A common illustration that may be more convincing to present readers is supplied by any of our daily papers. In the religious announcement, printed usually on Saturday, our Protestant neighbors of certain denominations make announcement that communion will be administered on the following day at a stated hour. We are not conceding that communion, as we define the word, is really administered, but using the published announcement as it reads and taking into consideration the absolute silence of the Catholic Church in the same connection, we are creating a situation which our foes attempt to turn to their purpose when the practices of the early members of the fold are under discussion. None ever reads in any daily journal that the Catholics are to receive Communion at stated times. A thousand years hence some remote descendant of this generation may come across a preserved issue of one of our contemporary publications and immediately he will be driven to conclude, following the course of reasoning accepted by our critics, that in this age the Catholic Church did not believe in the Real Presence, because no item is found bearing upon the reception of Communion. In other words, our general practice forbids special announcement. We do not parade our religious acts because everyone should know, who pretends to any enlightenment in matters of faith, that such things are common with us.

We return, then, to the lately heralded policy of the Church against divorce and birth restriction. Why any managing editor should have allowed his reporter and his headliner to set in large type, as if a new sensation, the undeviating conduct of our Church in such offenses against the moral law is quite unintelligible. Possibly, upon the sup-

position, that the world has run mad over such subjects the papers may have regarded as worthy of special emphasis the time-hallowed stand of the Church for purity of family relation. But Catholics are well aware that no innovation has been introduced, for the Church has set her face as flint against the filthy demands of corrupted humanity, demands which are now smiled upon by many who claim the name of Christian.—F. in The Guardian.

CARDINAL MERCIER

MANIFESTS HIS INTEREST IN THE SCHOLASTIC PHILOSOPHY OF ST. THOMAS (C. P. A. Service)

Brussels, March 1.—Cardinal Mercier has written an interesting preface to an English edition of his "Manual of Philosophy," which is to appear in a few days. After thanking the translator for his labors, he says that the formation of a philosophical course has been one of the chief objectives of his professional career, and present events have only increased its importance in his eyes. "The Anglo-Saxon countries have submitted to the influence of empiricism and numerous are the spirits which cover, in the name of agnosticism, their disdain for the realities of metaphysical order. Others, disciples of Kant, seek in a nebulous idealism, tinged with subjectivism and monism, a limit to the aspirations which raise them above the region of pure sensible experience. The events of the last two years have shaken souls, and caused the need of the ideal to become more imperious."

MISSIONARY PRIEST IN AFRICA LOSES HIS LIFE BY DROWNING

From Brazzaville, French Congo, comes news of another sad drowning accident by which a missionary priest lost his life.

One morning some natives came to ask Father Herjean, Superior of the Liranga mission, to visit a man dying of the sleeping sickness. As he had some distance to go, the Father made ready his little motor boat and all embarked. The journey was made in safety until near the landing place, where the boat struck a half buried tree trunk and leaped heavily to one side. In a panic of fear the natives leaped to the opposite side, completely capsizing the craft.

Everyone tried to save himself. Father Herjean, a good swimmer, gained the shore. He then saw that one of the natives was still struggling in the current, and leaping back into the water sought to save

the poor man. But the latter, clutching his rescuer in a frenzied grip impeded his movements already made difficult by the clinging soutane. Both disappeared in the current not to rise again.

The natives rushed to the spot and endeavored to find some traces of the pair, but it was not until four days later that the bodies were found caught in the roots of a tree.

The loss of this good priest and incidentally of the boat is a severe blow to the station. Father Herjean was an indefatigable worker, and in his little motor boat carried help along the Congo and up its numerous tributaries. The region is infested with the tse-tse fly and the wretched victims of the sleeping sickness depend on the ministrations of the priests.—True Voice.

FATHER FRASER'S CHINESE MISSION

Taichowfu, China, Nov. 26, 1916

Dear Readers of CATHOLIC RECORD: That your charity towards my mission is approved by the highest ecclesiastical authorities of Canada let me quote from a letter from His Excellency, The Most Rev. Peregrine E. Stagni, O. S. M., D. Apostolic Delegate, Ottawa: "I have been watching with much interest the contributions to the Fund opened on behalf of your missions by the CATHOLIC RECORD. The success has been very gratifying and shows the deep interest which our Catholic people take in the work of the missionary in foreign lands. . . I bless you most cordially and all your labors, as a pledge my earnest wishes for your greatest success in all your undertakings." I entreat you to continue the support of my struggling mission, assuring you a remembrance in my prayers and Masses. Yours faithfully in Jesus and Mary, J. M. FRASER.

Table listing donors and amounts: Previously acknowledged \$9,832.45, A. Well-Wisher, \$1.00, Miss Dorothy McCusker, \$1.00, Parks, \$1.00, D. J. S., North Bay, \$5.00, Mrs. M. E. Furell, \$2.00, Astoria, N. Y., \$25.00, P. McNaughten, \$5.00, Miss Margt. McNaughten, \$5.00, Guelph, \$1.00, Mrs. (Dr.) Jones, Avondale, Nfld., \$1.00, John P. Flynn, St. John's, Nfld., \$5.00, A. Friend, Judique, N. S., \$14.00, A. Friend, Highland Park, \$3.00, A. P. Junney, Osgoode Stn., \$1600, A. Friend, Port Hood, \$1400, Subscriber, Baird, Wash., \$5.00, "Lochael", \$1.00, In memory of little Nancy, St. John's, \$1.00

Merchants Bank of Canada ESTABLISHED 1864 Paid-up Capital \$7,000,000 Reserve Fund and Undivided Profits 7,250,984 GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS 216 Branches and Agencies in Canada Savings Department at All Branches Deposits Received and Interest Allowed at Best Current Rates Bankers to the Grey Nuns, Montreal; St. Augustine's Seminary, St. Joseph's Academy, and St. Michael's Hospital, Toronto

BRITAIN—CALLS TO CANADA— THE FACTORY THE FARM She must have Food— for her Armies in the Field—for her Workers in the Factory—in the Munition plant—in the Shipyard—in the Mine. THERE'S DANGER IN SIGHT—BUT YOU CAN HELP DO YOU KNOW— YOU CAN— that the rapidly rising price of food stuffs means that the World's reserve supply is getting small? help thwart Germany's desperate submarine thrust on the high seas. DO YOU KNOW— YOU CAN— that a world-wide famine can only be averted by increasing this supply? do this by helping to make every bit of land in Canada produce—the very last pound of food stuffs of which it is capable. DO YOU KNOW— AND REMEMBER— that a "food famine" would be a worse disaster to the Empire and her Allies than reverses in the Field? that no man can say that he has fully done his part—who having land—be it garden patch, or farm, or ranch—fails to make it produce food to its utmost capacity. BRITAIN APPEALS TO CANADA THE NEAREST PRODUCER OF STAPLE FOODS India and Argentina are more than twice the distance away and Australia more than four times. Canada to Britain 2625 MILES India & Argentina to Britain 6000 MILES Australia to Britain 11500 MILES INFORMATION BUREAU DOMINION DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE OTTAWA "No matter what difficulties may face us, the supreme duty of every man on the land is to use every thought and every energy in the direction of producing more—and still more." Martin Burrell—Minister of Agriculture. The Department invites every one desiring information on any subject relative to Farm and Garden, to write—

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

SAY IT WITH A SMILE

If you're worried over something, And your temper's sorely tried; When with cares and tribulations You seem overwell supplied, Don't fret and fume and sputter, With a rise of angry bile, But when you speak, talk softly, And say it with a smile.

There may be moments, some times, When bowed with weight and care, A visitor who bores you, For hours will linger there; Don't rage with inward anger; You'll live a longer while If when you're talking with him You say it with a smile.

If people come to ask you For charity or aid— To help into some brother Who 'neath a shroud is laid— Even if you can't afford it, Don't argue and revile, But if you must refuse them, Why, do it with a smile.

The world is full of shadows— Don't add unto its gloom— But try and light with gladness 'E'en the shadow of the tomb. If you've little luck or money, High your're worth of joy will pile, If when you speak you always Will say it with a smile.

"YOU CAN'T DO IT"

Don't be discouraged by croakers who, without wisdom or experience, tell you that a certain thing cannot be done or that you are sure to fail if you attempt it. Don't let them bluff you. Get the advice of people who know, take every care to insure to success, and then, if the venture looks good, try it. It is usually better to try and fail, than never to have tried at all. And usually, if you have used good judgment, you will not fail, the croakers to the contrary, notwithstanding.

Many people do not have enough confidence in their own judgment to back it vigorously, courageously. They allow every adverse criticism to unsettle their decision and turn them from their course.

Multitudes of men to-day who are either utter failures or only half-way successes, plodding along in mediocrity, might have done splendid work if they had only learned to trust their own judgment.

No matter what you do, some one will differ with you, criticize, find fault, or tell you that you should have done just the opposite.

I never knew a person to get very far in any direction who never dared to act upon his own judgment, who was always consulting others, relying on other people's opinion as to what he should or should not do, what he could or could not accomplish.

"You can't do it," has made more men with good ability fail, or kept them in mediocrity, than almost any other thing.

"You can't do it," will meet you everywhere in life. At every new turn you propose to take you will find some one to warn you away, telling you not to take that road, that it is "impossible" to go over it, or else that it will lead to failure.

Depart from precedent in any line; try to do things in a new way, to adopt new methods, new machinery, new devices, and the slaves of precedent, worshippers of the old and the tried, who are always in the majority, will tell you not to do it, that it is a foolish expense, a doubtful experiment.

Whenever an employe decides to start out for himself "You can't do it" will be dinned in his ears by those who really believe they are his friends.

"You can't do it," said young Wanamaker's friends when he proposed to start into business for himself, giving half of his entire capital as salary to one first-class clerk. "You can't do it. It is not business. You will fail."

"You can't do it," confronts the ambitious struggler whenever he attempts to get ahead, to better his condition. "You can't do it," has kept tens of thousands of poor boys from getting a college education; has kept innumerable men from developing their inherent strength and measuring up to the limit of their natural ability.

"You can't do it," has immeasurably retarded the progress of the human race. All the progress that has been made was made in spite of the "You can't" philosophy. The "impossible" has been accomplished by those who scouted it, trusted their own judgment, and fared boldly forth on their own strength.

THE EXPRESSION ON OUR COUNTENANCE

Our face is the index to our character, our thoughts, our interior self. We gradually come to resemble our ideals, the things which most occupy our minds. Hope or fear, joy or sorrow, success or failure eventually reproduces itself in our expression of countenance, in our manner, in the atmosphere we carry about with us, in our personality. The thoughts we habitually harbor, whether optimistic or pessimistic, hopeful or despairing, sad or merry, will write their record in our faces, exactly in accordance with their nature.

What sort of stuff you are made of, whether you are the master or the slave of your passion or moods. They can tell whether you are an optimist or pessimist, whether you have been in the habit of winning or of losing in life's battle. They can tell by the hope or the despair in your look which way you are headed. If you are looking for a position, or struggling to get on your feet again after some great loss or misfortune, look in the mirror and study your expression. Try to realize how much it has to do with your chances of success. Picture to yourself the effect it is going to have on the people you interview, whether it is going to prepossess them in your favor or cause them to dismiss you without even giving you a hearing. Even though you may have cause to be sad, chase away your sadness with a smile. Win back your own confidence, your courage, your self-reliance by a brave, sunny, smiling face. Your appearance will affect yourself in the same way that it affects others. You cannot afford to allow courage and confidence and cheerfulness to be eclipsed by your sadness.—Catholic Columbian.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

A LITTLE KERRY SONG

There's grand big girls that walks the earth, An' some that's gone to glory, That have been praised beyond their worth To live in song and story. O' one may have the classic face That poets love to honor, An' still another wear the grace O' Venus' self upon her; Some tall an' stately queens may be, An' some be big an' merry— Och! take them all, but leave for me One little girl from Kerry!

Sure, Kerry is a little place, An' everything's in keepin': The biggest heroes of the race In little graves are sleepin'; An' little cows give little crams, Fur little fairies take it, An' little girls think little shame To take a heart an' break it. Och! here's a little Kerry lad That would be O! so merry, If but your little heart he had, O! little girl from Kerry!

THE BOY WHO WAS READY

The boys' line was perfect. With heads erect, chins tucked in, and backs as stiff and straight as broomsticks they turned a splendid square corner and filed triumphantly into Room Five. Sunshine Miss Fay did not smile at her faithful little pupils, however. Her dimples were all irked out, the twinkles in her eyes had vanished, and worst sign of all there was a genuine criss-cross frown between her eyes!

"How many boys are ready to do something hard?" she demanded. Twenty-four hands flew up. (There were just twenty-four boys in the school.) "Good!" exclaimed Miss Fay. "We can't play in Mr. Foster's field any more, boys. The principal got a letter from him last night. Now I want you boys to remind the little fellows to stay in the school-yard. I haven't forgotten how you stopped the snow balling last winter, and I shall count on you to help me."

The boys of Room Five tried to smile back loyally, but it was hard work. There wasn't any playground near the school, but for years the boys had spent their recesses in Mr. Foster's field, which was big enough for two baseball diamonds with room to spare for other games.

Everybody was unhappy the first recess. The children were crowded in their own yard, and all they could do was to sit or stand around. Phil Rice, Bob Lowe, Tom Whitney, and several other boys sat on the steps and looked longingly at the woods in the distance.

"Let's go for a walk right after school," proposed Phil. "Let's," agreed everybody in the group. Phil, Bob, Tom and Jamie were the first boys out that night. They waited a moment for Chester who always mixed the "e" and "i" in receive. As soon as he had written it ten times in yellow chalk on the blackboard he joined them and the little troop started off.

They followed Parker's Brook for half a mile. Phil gathered specimens of any flower he didn't know, and Bob picked an armful of black elder berries for the painting lesson the next day. Tom tried to catch a fish with his hands and tumbled in head first. He was used to ducklings and laughed the loudest of all.

Suddenly Phil stood still. His head was thrown back and he sniffed the air like a hound. "I smell smoke," he announced. "The others shook their heads. But Phil stood his ground. 'It's up in Mr. Foster's woods. Let's run up and see.'"

"Don't bother," argued Chester, "if we go up there we won't have time to go through the cave." "Mr. Foster is as mean as dirt," sputtered Tom, "and I'm not going on his land for one."

Phil didn't say a word, but sniffed the air again and started to make his way through the tangle of vines and bushes. The other boys looked after him a moment and then followed on. It was hard climbing. The bank was steep and the way was obstructed by a growth of briars and brambles.

Phil kept on doggedly and the others pressed on after him. They stopped a minute at the summit to get their breath, but Phil's eyes shone like lamps. "There it is," he shouted, "come on, boys!"

It was only a little fire, but it was burning brightly. In a few minutes it would have been beyond the boy's control. Now they ground it under their heels, and soon the bright flames were conquered and only a heap of black ashes remained.

"Good for you," said a gruff old voice, and Mr. Foster came in sight. "I smelled that fire a mile away, but my legs aren't as good as my nose. I thought the woods would be gone when I came."

He looked at the boys keenly. "I didn't know boys were so useful." He fumbled in his pocket and drew out a stabby old purse. "We didn't want any money," Phil said promptly, "but we'd like the right to play ball in your lot again."

"You've earned it," said the old man. He scribbled a few words on his pad and gave it to Phil. "Give this to your teacher tomorrow." So at the next recess all the boys of the school got together. "Hurrah for the Boys of Room Five!" they shouted.

Every boy cheered until he was obliged to stop for breath, and then Chester climbed the fence and waved his hands. "Three cheers for the boy who was ready and saw his chance," he shouted.

So the boys started cheering all over again until Phil sensibly reminded them that the recess would be over and the new football tried. —Mary Davis, in S. S. Times.

"CATHOLIC PROTESTANTISM"

Brother Gregory, T. S. A., in The Lamp How Protestants of the more deeply-thinking and more spiritually-minded type long for Catholicism is being attested more and more every day by their utterances. One of the latest of these has recently appeared under the above caption in the Constructive Quarterly, written by the Rev. Dugald Macfadyen, a prominent English Congregational Minister.

And whilst he tries to find this "Catholic Protestantism" in his own denomination he fails to see that the Church he is identifying as most nearly approaching his ideal is not Protestant at all, but that he is describing, as though it were something not yet attained, a condition which is really a commonplace to every practising Catholic. In describing his ideal of worship he says it "should be an intense and concentrated expression of a church's belief that it is then and there in the presence of God and that its worship is a real transaction between the people present and the God in whom they believe."

Everything we know of God should be in the light of His character of worship. If God is a God of order, it should be orderly. If He is a God of infinite Love, worship should be cheerful as when children come to a Father. If He is waiting to give us all the gifts of an infinite Lover and Giver, there should be opportunity for receiving such gifts and bearing witness to their reception. If He is a Holy God whose wrath rests on wrong doing, there should be room for confession and penitence. If He is full of intelligence and thought, there should be enough stimulus for thought to make men intelligent."

Could any Catholic describe what he has when he attends Holy Mass in any better terms? Why then, with able and intelligent Protestants earnestly searching for what we possess, hindered only from finding it oftentimes by the fact that we do not seem to know our own possessions or by our failure to proclaim them to the world at large, should we not more earnestly endeavor to spread our Faith?

Centuries of separation and of great prejudice have alienated us from our brethren, but let us not lose any opportunity that comes our way to dispel that prejudice or to point the true way to Him Whom their souls so earnestly desire to know and serve. A great responsibility rests upon us, and while our gifts may not be great, even the man of "one talent" was condemned for his failure to use it, and when we stand before our Judge we may be called into account very seriously if we have neglected to "let our light shine."

"Let none whom He hath ransomed fail to greet Him Through thy neglect, unfit to see His Face."

THANK GOD FOR EVERYTHING "If we only could realize it," says the able editor of the Bombay Examiner, "we ought to thank God for everything that happens, whether good fortune or bad fortune. The Irish peasant habitually do this, for they see God's will in everything, and are thoroughly convinced that it is a benevolent will; and they recognize fully God's mastery. An amusing story illustrates this point. An Irish farmer who had to struggle with a wet harvest season, tried week after week to get his hay dry. But always down came the rain again and again, till the whole crop was beginning to rot. 'It's raining again, praised be God,' was his constant refrain. At last he paused and thought a little, and looked at his rotting haycocks. Then he said: 'Blessed be God. Sure enough I see now it's manure He would be making it!' and so he cheerfully raked it into the dump-heap."

Oh, how good and how peaceful is it to be silent about others, and not to believe all that is said, nor easily to report what one has heard.—J. Kempis.

Here we have two instances of simple Catholic faith in the efficacy of prayer, and in the protecting influence of religious emblems that are blessed by the Church for the use of the faithful. In hours of danger, spiritual or physical, there is no stronger rescuing power than the earnest, heartfelt "bit of a prayer."—Sacred Heart Review.

THE SINGING OF OLD IRELAND

The singing of old Ireland—I hear once again In the kiss of Irish sunshine and the lit of Irish rain, The smell of Irish roses, and the dreams of Ireland there, With the sorrow in her old heart and the ashes in her hair, But her smiling lips so bonny, and her twinkling eye so bright— The singing of old Ireland, that has always sung of light, And always sung of courage and hope and love and cheer, And helped the Irish nature to forget the Irish tear.

The singing of old Ireland—the shamrock's in it, too, And the sunny vales of Ireland and the hills of Irish dew, The vision of her hardship and her clinging through it all To the memory of the Taras and the harp upon the wall; The spell of Irish places and the sweetness of the breeze That comes o'er all the turmoil from the lovely Irish seas— The singing of old Ireland, and how fine it is and sweet With the laughing heart of Ireland and the reel of Irish feet!

The singing of old Ireland—and how beautiful she sings! You hear her in the sagas of the old Northumbrian kings: You hear her in Killarney and the byways of Athlone, And on the road to Blarney when you lean to kiss the stone, And when'er you scratch a patriot till his soul begins to grin You'll find the mark of Ireland somewhere underneath his skin, You'll find the minstrel music of the old harp of the bill Somewhere to guide the singing of the lips of Ireland still.

It has helped us fight our battles, it has helped us have our fun, It has helped us melt the races that have settled here in one For the cause of human freedom and the joy of things to be When the woes of Ireland vanish and God's justice sets her free; It has helped us build our cities, it has helped us win our race, It has helped us with its courage to rise up and take our place, And we've felt in all the battles and the things we've had to do The strength of the amalgam of its spirit and its thew.

THE SINGING OF OLD IRELAND

The singing of old Ireland—and it's singing us to-day The Ireland of wild roses and the health bloom in May, The strength of hearts come o'er to be hearts of ours awhile And help our own land blossom with the golden Irish smile; The hearts, indeed, you're helping, through your more than hundred years, To look beyond the shadows and take hold and leave their tears, And to show us, as the alien from old Ireland always shows, That he's the loyal citizen, whatever land he goes.

The singing of old Ireland—ah, the rose is in it, men, The moors are bright with blossoms and the seas are sweet again; The lakes are shining clearly in that Irish sunshine there, While the feet of Ireland jingle to an old-time Irish air; The primrose dots the borders of each little Irish lane, And how sweet the Irish sunshine and how sweet the Irish rain— The singing of old Ireland, that can take us back to-night To the Irish homes of beauty and the Irish hearts of light, To the Irish soul of splendor, that no soul can match on earth When it comes to meeting shadows with the lit of Irish mirth!

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THANK GOD FOR EVERYTHING "If we only could realize it," says the able editor of the Bombay Examiner, "we ought to thank God for everything that happens, whether good fortune or bad fortune. The Irish peasant habitually do this, for they see God's will in everything, and are thoroughly convinced that it is a benevolent will; and they recognize fully God's mastery. An amusing story illustrates this point. An Irish farmer who had to struggle with a wet harvest season, tried week after week to get his hay dry. But always down came the rain again and again, till the whole crop was beginning to rot. 'It's raining again, praised be God,' was his constant refrain. At last he paused and thought a little, and looked at his rotting haycocks. Then he said: 'Blessed be God. Sure enough I see now it's manure He would be making it!' and so he cheerfully raked it into the dump-heap."

Oh, how good and how peaceful is it to be silent about others, and not to believe all that is said, nor easily to report what one has heard.—J. Kempis.

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First Announcement

We have in preparation a new book under the suggestive title:

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which will be ready for the market about October 1st, 1916. The work is written by the Rt. Rev. Mons. P. F. O'Hara, LL. D., who is well known as a writer and lecturer on Lutheranism. The object of the volume is to present the life of Luther in its different phases as outlined in the contents.

- 1. Luther, his friends and opponents. 2. Luther before his defection. 3. Luther and indulgences. 4. Luther and justification. 5. Luther on the Church and the Pope. 6. Luther and the Bible. 7. Luther a fomentor of rebellion. 8. Luther, Free-will & Liberty of Conscience. 9. Luther as a Religious Reformer.

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MARY PROTECTED THEM

At Trafalgar, when the English fleet was going into action, two Catholic bluejackets stood together while waiting orders to open fire. One sang out to the other: "Bill, let's kneel down and say a 'Hail Mary'; we shall do our duty none the worse for it."

And forthwith amid the scoffs of their messmate, these two gallant tars knelt down and greeted Our Lady with the Angelic Salutation.

Twice during the action was a certain gun manned, and each time every soul attached to it was sent into eternity with the exception of Our Lady's clients, who came out unscathed.

Not wanting things material is better than having them.—Anon.

THIS WASHER MUST PAY FOR ITSELF

A MAN tried to sell me a horse once. He said it was a fine horse and had nothing the matter with it. I wanted a fine horse, but I didn't know anything about horses much. So I told him I wanted to try the horse for a month. He said "All right, but pay me first, and I'll give you back your money if the horse isn't alright."

So I paid him the money. I was afraid the horse wasn't alright and that I might have to waste my money. So I once parted with it. So I didn't buy the horse, although I wanted it badly. Now this gets me thinking. You see I made Washing Machines—the "1900 Gravity" Washer.

And I said to myself, lots of people may think about my Washing Machine as I thought about the horse, and about the man who owned it.

But I'd never know, because they wouldn't write and tell me. You see, I sell my Washing Machines by mail. I have sold over half a million that way. So, thought I, it is only fair enough to let people try my Washing Machine for a month, before they pay for them, just as I wanted to try the horse.

Now, I know what our "1900 Gravity" Washer will do. I know it will wash the clothes, without wearing or tearing them, in less than half the time they can be washed by hand or by any other machine.

I know it will wash a tub full of very dirty clothes in six minutes. I know no other machine ever invented can do that without wearing the clothes. Our "1900 Gravity" Washer does the work so easy that a child can run it almost as well as a strong woman, and it doesn't wear the clothes, fray the edges nor break buttons, the way all other machines do.

It just drives soapy water clear through the fibres of the clothes like a force pump might.

So, said I to myself, I will do with my "1900 Gravity" Washer what I wanted the man to do with the horse. Only I won't wait for people to ask me. I'll first, and I'll make good the offer every time.

Let me send you a "1900 Gravity" Washer on a month's free trial. I'll pay the freight out of my own pocket, and if you don't want the machine after you've used it a month, I'll take it back and pay the freight, too. Surely that is fair enough, isn't it?

Doesn't it prove that the "1900 Gravity" Washer must be all that I say it is?

And you can pay me out of what it saves for you. It will save the whole cost in a few months in wear and tear on the clothes alone. And then it will save 50 to 75 cents a week over that on washwoman's wages. If you keep the machine after the month's trial, I'll let you pay for it out of what it saves you. If it saves you 50 cents a week, send me 50c a week till paid for. I'll take that cheerfully, and I'll wait for my money until the machine has-off course the balance.

Drop me a line to-day, and let me send you a book about the "1900 Gravity" Washer that washes clothes in six minutes.

State whether you prefer a Washer to operate by hand—Engine Power—Water or Electric Motor. Our "1900" line is very complete and cannot be fully described in a single booklet. Address me personally, M. D. MORRIS Mgr., Nineteen Hundred Washer Co., 371 Yonge St., Toronto, Ont. (Factory: 79-81 Portland St., Toronto.)



Our "Gravity" design gives greatest convenience, as well as ease of operation with quick and thorough work. It is an excellent detachable tub feature.

DEATH OF RELIGIOUS

At Inverness, Nova Scotia, the death occurred last week of Mother St. Mary Georgina (nee Mary Josephine Clarke) superior of the Congregation de Notre Dame convent in that town. The deceased was born at Orwell, P. E. I., in 1832, and was professed in Montreal in 1856. After spending some time teaching music in Montreal and New York, she was appointed superior of the Inverness Convent where she remained for twelve years until her unexpected demise last week. The fatal illness was of short duration. A severe attack of the grippe was followed by pneumonia and despite the greatest efforts of doctors and nurses she passed away. Her peaceful death, for which she was prepared by a reception of the last sacraments, was a fitting reward for her useful life.

The funeral was one of the largest ever seen in Inverness—an immense crowd having assembled to pay tribute to her whose labors so frequently edified them. Solemn Requiem Mass, at which Rev. A. L. MacDonald, the pastor, was celebrant, was offered up for the repose of the soul of the late superior. The funeral sermon preached by Rev. R. L. MacDonald was a masterpiece. He reminded his hearers of the conflict between the world and Christ, and extolled the work of those who die to the world by religious profession, and follow in the footsteps of the Master. He paid a touching tribute to the worth of the deceased religious, and pointed out that even though the noble and charitable heart was still forever, her works would live as an example and an incentive to others.

The burial took place at Inverness. Among her near relatives are Brother Elias of Montreal, Sister St. Denis of Toronto, and Mrs. J. A. Macdonald, Cardigan. May her soul rest in peace.

Resignation is the footprint of faith in the pathway of sorrow.—Anon.

The sufferings borne in setting up a good work draw down the graces necessary for its success.—St. Vincent de Paul.

Prayer is the wing wherewith the soul flies to heaven, and meditation the eye wherewith we see God.—St. Ambrose.

DIED

FALCON.—At Westford, Ont., Feb. 4th, 1917, Miss Sarah Fallon, after a few days' illness, aged sixty-eight years. May her soul rest in peace.

LUNNEY.—At Chippewa Falls, Wis., on Monday, Feb. 12, Mr. Patrick Lunney, formerly of Pakenham, Ont., aged eighty years. May his soul rest in peace.

Dead. Feb. 27th, at Ridgewood, N. J., Sister Rose Bernard, in the twelfth year of religious life, sister of Father Ryan, of Whitby. May her soul rest in peace.

Died, at St. Joseph's Hospital, London, March 8th, 1917, Sister Doakthea (Margaret Meehan) of St. Joseph's Community, in her sixty-fifth year and in the forty-sixth year of her religious life. May her soul rest in peace.

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W. H. Hearst, Minister of Agriculture
Parliament Buildings Toronto 11

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30 " 15th May, 1917;
26 " 15th June, 1917.

The total allotment of bonds of this issue will be limited to one hundred and fifty million dollars, exclusive of the amount (if any) paid for by the surrender of bonds as the equivalent of cash under the terms of the War Loan prospectus of 22nd November, 1915.

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This loan is authorized under Act of the Parliament of Canada, and both principal and interest will be a charge upon the Consolidated Revenue Fund.

Forms of application may be obtained from any branch in Canada of any chartered bank and at the office of any Assistant Receiver General in Canada.

Subscriptions must be for even hundreds of dollars.

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When the scrip certificates have been paid in full and payment endorsed thereon by the bank receiving the money, they may be exchanged for bonds, when prepared, with coupons attached, payable to bearer or registered as to principal, or for fully registered bonds, when prepared, without coupons, in accordance with the application.

Delivery of scrip certificates and of bonds will be made through the chartered banks.

The issue will be exempt from taxes—including any income tax—imposed in pursuance of legislation enacted by the Parliament of Canada.

The bonds with coupons will be issued in denominations of \$100, \$500, \$1,000. Fully registered bonds without coupons will be issued in denominations of \$1,000, \$5,000 or any authorized multiple of \$5,000.

The bonds will be paid at maturity at par at the office of the Minister of Finance and Receiver General at Ottawa, or at the office of the Assistant Receiver General at Halifax, St. John, Charlottetown, Montreal, Toronto, Winnipeg, Regina, Calgary or Victoria, or at the Agency of the Bank of Montreal, New York City.

The interest on the fully registered bonds will be paid by cheque, which will be remitted by post. Interest on bonds with coupons will be paid on surrender of coupons. Both cheques and coupons, at the option of the holder, will be payable free of exchange at any branch in Canada of any chartered bank, or at the Agency of the Bank of Montreal, New York City.

Subject to the payment of twenty-five cents for each new bond issued, holders of fully registered bonds without coupons will have the right to convert into bonds of the denomination of \$1,000 with coupons, and holders of bonds with coupons will have the right to convert into fully registered bonds of authorized denominations without coupons at any time on application to the Minister of Finance.

The books of the loan will be kept at the Department of Finance, Ottawa.

Application will be made in due course for the listing of the issue on the Montreal and Toronto Stock Exchanges.

Recognized bond and stock brokers having offices and carrying on business in Canada will be allowed a commission of three-eighths of one per cent on allotments made in respect of applications bearing their stamp, provided, however, that no commission will be allowed in respect of the amount of any allotment paid for by the surrender of bonds issued under the War Loan prospectus of 22nd November, 1915, or in respect of the amount of any allotment paid for by surrender of five per cent debenture stock maturing 1st October, 1919. No commission will be allowed in respect of applications on forms which have not been printed by the King's Printer.

SUBSCRIPTION LISTS WILL CLOSE ON OR BEFORE THE 23rd OF MARCH, 1917.

DEPARTMENT OF FINANCE, OTTAWA, March 12th, 1917.