

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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PARISH WORKERS

Whenever parish workers are touched with enthusiasm they can be depended upon to produce results. They will not be able to realize all their dreams: some of their plans may be doomed to inaction, but so long as they work unflinchingly, buoyantly, they are assured of having something to their credit. When, however, that spirit is lacking, apathy creeps on apace and places a corroding finger on organizations. The young who think that they know life, and the old who have not profited by their experience, laugh even scornfully at enthusiasm that sparkles like sunlight and fronts the world unafraid and untroubled. But the workers who are alive, and who, if they make mistakes, learn wisdom from their failures, are assets whose value is well known to pastors.

THE AGE OF THE LAYMAN

We hear frequently that this is the age of the layman. We know, however, if we read history aright, that the Church has ever invited the cooperation of the laity and that they have marched through the ages shoulder to shoulder with the priest. Their advice is betimes of moment, and their suggestions are of practical value. Knowing the man in the street, his needs, his viewpoint, seeing him at close range and hearing his opinions, they can evolve plans which may be very useful to the cleric. But there is at our doors, a work which we recommend to laymen. We refer to our Sunday schools. Very often they are served by the faithful few who are always in the breach, heedless of what time and toil may be expected of them. But the laymen, even they who talk of this age as theirs, ignore this duty. They assume that they have no responsibility toward their brethren. Their pleasures prevent them from giving a portion of their time to the instruction of the children of the parish. They may look upon it as something too insignificant to call into play the lay action of which they speak. And yet there is nothing more important, more pregnant with possibilities and more fruitful. So far as the stability, increase and permanence of a parish are concerned, the Sunday school is the factor that must not be overlooked. It is the source of the well-being of other parochial agencies. It seems to us, therefore, that laymen should not wait to be invited to lend their energies to its development and success. It is a duty that cannot be blotted out by either unwillingness or apathy. It is insistent in its demands upon them: and it is a poor contemptible Catholic who will refuse to do anything for souls redeemed by Christ. It may entail a little self-sacrifice; it may take an hour on Sunday; it may be irksome; but laymen who know their duty and whose feet are guided by the light of faith, will regard all this of little consequence. Instead of thinking that by so doing they are rendering a favor to the priest, they should welcome it as an opportunity of contributing their share to the upbuilding of God's kingdom upon earth. They should be grateful for the privilege of being able to handle souls and to guide them aright. Lay action given enthusiastically and with perseverance to our Sunday school would produce a wondrous harvest. No one can be a thorough Catholic who is not animated with this zeal for souls and ready to make sacrifices in the cause of the great Shepherd of souls. These things are not by any means exclusively the business of the priest.

THE ENEMY

Years ago the sophist, the special pleader, fought us with weapons forged in infidel workshops. The calumniator had a credulous public to arm with oft-repeated charges against us. But nowadays we are confronted with an enemy more dangerous than these—an enemy that weaves an influence out of books and papers, out of the drama and the myriad things that minister to pleasure and luxury, and which can beumb the spiritual faculties, make

us purblind and delude us into believing that eternity, shadowy and afar-off, need not be reckoned with. We refer to the danger of indifference. It is around us, saturating the atmosphere, coloring our lives, insidious in its approach and deadly in attack. When it grips a Catholic it transforms him into a worldly man. It fritters away his time on trifles and fills him with a consuming passion for place and pelf. It drives away the fear of God and His judgments, and softens the denunciations against those who serve the world. It dulls the glare of sin and strives to readjust our views according to its principles. In things that concern purity it is far from the teachings of the Church. It does not recognize as wrong many desires, situations and imaginations which the Church teaches to be grievously sinful. It looks with complacency upon books which pander to depraved tastes and upon variety entertainments, and dances which are not attuned to modesty. If a man fail to make practical use of the religion which Christ has left, this blight of worldly indifference will sap him of vigor and send him to stand in sorry plight before the tribunal of God.

A GOOD SIGN

We are told that many readers are getting tired of the "sociologists" and reformers who in fiction and essay treat persistently of social vices and crimes and fill page after page with descriptions of things which used to be left to the consideration of the police and physicians. So we may take heart of grace despite the critics who see beauty in moral filth and talk about it to the delight of the book publisher. It is always astonishing that some books should be published and more so that certain scribes should have a pitying condescension for old-fashioned people who believe that decency is decency; that the pure heart penetrates heaven and hell, and that whiteness of soul is a flower which ennobles life and gives it dignity and beauty. It must pay because there are so many of them, but it is a trade worthy only of the devil. The Catholic, however, who obeys his Church need have no fear of this kind of book. We are fond, remarked the Baltimore Sun some time ago, of talking about the conservation of our natural resources, but how far is modern education and modern training destroying what in a moral sense is more important than all the physical wealth of the earth? We deplore the senseless slaughter of birds of beautiful song and plumage, but are we not murdering something infinitely finer and more valuable when we eliminate the modesty and innocence of the young girl of the past and substitute for her a person who at sixteen has all the maturity and all the familiarity with the problems of life that belong to a woman of forty.

TO A SUBSCRIBER

To a subscriber who says that we are not fair to Socialism we submit what Edward Adams, author of "The Case Against Socialism," recently said: "I am opposed to socialism because of its inhumanity, because it saps the vitality of the human race which has no vitality to spare; because it lulls to indolence those who must struggle to survive; because the theories of the good man who are enthralled by its delusions are made the excuse of the wicked who would rather plunder than work; because it stops enterprise, promotes laziness, exalts inefficiency, inspires hatred, checks production, assures waste and instills into the souls of the unfortunate and weak hopes impossible of fruition, whose inevitable blasting will add to the bitterness of their lot."

As we have said before in these columns, no reform patched by atheists or naturalists, and no programme that is actuated by an unreasoning hatred of capital, will make the workingman's lot more bearable. As there are indications of a propaganda of anti-Christian socialism in Canada, it is the duty of intelligent workers to combat and refuse it support. Socialism in its origin, says Archbishop Spalding, was atheistic and materialistic, an enemy of the family and the Church. However it may change, the original taint will remain to vitiate it. Socialism is an impractical scheme. It

has failed in small communistic societies.

THE PROFESSIONAL AGITATOR

Our advice is to beware of the professional agitator who advocates extreme measures for the allaying of discontent and redress of grievances. The workingman has common sense, the ballot, the union, as weapons, and he may be sure that any legitimate use of them will be endorsed by the right-thinking people of Canada.

FOREIGN MISSIONS

MANY MANCHUS BAPTIZED.—We learn with interest of the great progress that is being made in the conversion of the Manchus, since the Revolution. Sister Marie de Lourdes writes that on the Feast of the Ascension a goodly number received First Communion in their new parish church. This church, by the way, is a dwelling house, once owned by a wealthy family. The Sisters rent it at a very high price and it serves them as a workhouse, a school for boys, also for girls, as well as a chapel.

On Sundays by opening the doors of the adjoining rooms a large congregation can be accommodated. On rainy days, however, umbrellas are found very useful, as in many places there is no roof save the sky. On Pentecost another group of Manchus received baptism, and at present several are preparing both for this sacrament and First Communion. "The our days pass almost imperceptibly," writes Sister Marie, "engaged as we are in helping these simple people whom God has given us and whom we love as His gift. Please pray that they may always continue faithful in the service of God, and pray for us too, that we may ever be the instruments of the Immaculate Conception, to bring souls to know and love our Divine Lord."

CHINESE MEDICAL SKILL.—Our Chinese missionaries, in spite of their scepticism and even horror at some of the methods used by native Chinese doctors, have to admit that they cure many diseases. One Father relates the following incident in regard to this: "On one of my mission rounds, I was accompanied by a native teacher, who was supposed to know something of medicine, and one day a Christian brought him a child to cure. He examined it, asked some questions, and then said, 'Get me these seven kinds of seeds—pepper was one of them—and I must have exactly seven of each kind.' 'Why not five or six?' I could not help inquiring. 'You will see, Father. I am going to crush the seeds into a powder and make a ball to put in the baby's hand. If he begins to perspire in five minutes, he is saved.' He did just as he had said, and after holding the ball five minutes, the child began to perspire copiously. I looked on amazed, while the schoolmaster cast me a glance of triumph. The next day the little one wholly recovered, was playing in the street with the other children."

A LEPER MARTYR.—The Foreign Mission Seminary at Maryknoll, Ossining, N. Y., has received word from Rangoon, Lower Burma, of the death of Rev. Father Edward Butard, a leper-martyr. Father Butard was stricken about nine years ago. After a residence of thirteen years on the mission, he had been allowed to return to France, and while conversing with his sister, a Madame of the Sacred Heart, now in this country, he discovered for the first time the fatal spots on the back of his hand. He immediately returned to Burma without visiting his family to say good-bye.

The disease gained gradually, but was occasionally retarded. Some eight months ago the Holy Father sent to Father Butard a special permission to offer the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass while sitting.

The priest's mother died a few years ago with no knowledge of her son's affliction, and now it is learned from Mgr. Cardot, his Bishop, that Father Butard had secretly prayed to be afflicted with the disease, offering himself as the victim for his own soul's welfare, and for the salvation of those to whom he had been sent. HOSPITAL FOR NATIVES.—There is urgent need for a Chinese hospital in Sister Catherine Buschman's mission. "The ground for this has been purchased, but as it is very marshy it will have to be drained before the building can be begun. Formerly there was a hospital for the natives, but after the massacre of the Sisters and the burning of the Mission in 1870, it was removed to the French concession. Then, as is usually the case, the delicacy of the foreigners would not admit of having the poor Chinese and their miseries so near them, so the hospital was reserved for foreigners only. We hope and pray," Sister Buschman concludes, "that God may inspire charitable friends to make it possible to care for the poor sick Chinese in the near future."

CELIBACY IN CHURCH AND WORLD

Consistency is an essential characteristic of truth. We find it perfect in the Catholic doctrine of which all the parts hold together like the well-fitting stones of a stately building. For instance, the Church holds marriage far more sacred not only than the world does, but also than does any of the sects, proclaiming its divine origin and its sacramental character. At the same time it invites its children to celibacy, as to a higher life. One might imagine some contradiction here. As a matter of fact, there is none. The two states correspond to the two general relations of God to man. He is our Creator, destined us to the supernatural, beatitude of heaven, providing us with the means to overcome the obstacles in our way, and to set the succeeding generation in the narrow road trodden by their fathers. Hence marriage divinely instituted, a sacrament in its formal contract. God is our Redeemer. "The Word was made Flesh and dwelt amongst us," not only to die for our redemption but to live His mortal life to teach us practical sanctification. He sets His life before us as the model imitable in various degrees, imitable not only in the secret of interior sanctification but also in the visible objectivity of the holiness of a perfectly consecrated life. The Church is the Spouse of Christ, fully conscious of His designs with regard to men. She must therefore have continually among her children those that lead this life. In Christ's name she invites to celibacy, and the grace of Christ enables many to accept the invitation. The two lives hold together perfectly.

What is the attitude of the world in the matter? The world is so kaleidoscopic that it must be said to have no attitude at all. One moment it denounces Christian celibacy as a crime against nature. In the next it clamors for a compulsory celibacy, violating the fundamental natural rights of men and women, in the vain hope of banishing all disease absolutely from the earth. The Church invites, as a loving mother; the world plays the tyrant, and would compel. Then a new fit seizes it. It imagines this world too small, its pleasures and comforts too few; and so it counsels men and women to profane the sanctity of marriage in a manner unspokeable, forgetting the amplitude of heaven, its store of perfect happiness inexhaustible for all eternity. Then it sneers its old denunciations of Christian celibacy embraced through perfect charity for God and man, ignoring entirely the vast multitudes who refuse to marry through selfishness and luxury, staining their so-called celibacy with shameful vice.

The fact is that social life is full of problems of which celibacy or marriage is but one. Of this the Catholic Church holds the solution. Perhaps one of these days the active sociologists will discover that it has the solution of all. In the meantime they will go on rebuking us Catholics because we are not more active in the cause. But there is a false activity as well as a true. This is real and efficient, because it is consistent. Had Protestantism not interfered with the real, efficient, consistent action of the Catholic Church, there would not be so many problems to-day. The former is apparent and inefficient, because inconsistent. It is found in the journeyings and clamors of conventions barren of results, in enterprises begun only to be abandoned, in movements taken up for a moment and then exchanged for others. It must exhaust itself eventually, and the world will be no better off than before.

PROTESTANT TESTIMONY

EDINBURGH REVIEW ON ABSOLUTIONS AND INDULGENCES

For the benefit of non-Catholics we sometimes cite Protestant writers, even when they do not correctly state Catholic doctrine or practice, in cases where they refute misrepresentations or set straight matters that have been misunderstood. The following extract is from an article in the Edinburgh Review: "With regard to the vendible absolutions and indulgences, with her traffic in which the Romish Church has been so long reproached, we do verily believe that there are not ten individuals who can read, that really conceive that anything so utterly absurd or abominable either is, or ever was, carried on with the sanction of the Catholic authorities. Dispensations from canonical impediments to marriage, which are not very different from our special licenses, and absolution from canonical censures, are issued, no doubt, from the chancery of Rome; but indulgences to sin, or absolutions from sins, neither are, nor ever were, granted by this court, or by any acknowledged authority. A fee, too, is no doubt, paid to the officer who issues these writs; but this is no more the price of the absolution or dispensation, than the fee paid to the clerk of a magistrate who administers an oath in this country is the price of the oath. Ecclesiastical penances, moreover, are sometimes commuted into pecuniary mulcts, at the direction of the proper authority; but these lines always go into a fund for charitable uses; and in fact a similar commutation is expressly authorized by the canons of our own church; vide Sparrow's Collection, Articuli pro clero, 1854; and Canon 1640 c. xiv, concerning Commutations. Such is the whole amount of the Romish doctrine and practice as to venial absolutions and indulgences."

FATHER FRASER'S MISSION

On March last the editor of Notes and Comments gave a summary of an interesting letter from Father John M. Fraser, the Canadian missionary to China.

There are but 2,000,000 Catholic Chinese in a population of 400,000,000. The recent mighty revolution has broken down the old superstitions and prejudices, and now the fields are white with the harvest.

Catholics of Canada have the opportunity and privilege of sharing in the great work of the conversion of China by helping spiritually and financially their fellow-Canadian, Father Fraser, whose missionary work has been signally blessed by God.

The CATHOLIC RECORD gladly accedes to the request to receive subscriptions, which will be duly acknowledged and forwarded to Father Fraser.

Here is an opportunity to discharge the duty of alms-giving, participate in a great spiritual work of mercy, and help to bring the Light of the Gospel of Jesus Christ to those who sit in darkness and the shadow of death. Do it now, in the name of God.

CATHOLIC NOTES

Rev. I. A. Corsbie, curate at the Anglican Church of St. Lawrence, Northampton, has resigned, with the intention it is understood, of seeking admission to the Catholic Church and priesthood.

The half-yearly Courts of Assizes are now being held throughout Ireland, and it is almost the rule for the presiding judges to congratulate the grand jury on the complete or comparative absence of any serious infractions of the law.

Eleven new parochial schools were opened in Greater New York this week. The attendance of pupils shows an increase of 12,000 over last year. Then 140,000 were registered. This week the registration reached 152,000.

Our Lord was fourteen years old when Augustus ordered his third and last census of Rome, which gave 4,937,000 Roman citizens. In 1901, Rome had a population of 462,783; its population to-day is probably 575,000.

In Spain, the Children of Mary have inaugurated a Christian Modesty Crusade against immodesty of dress. The Cardinal Primate of Spain says the crusade will not be efficacious until a national journal of fashions equal to the best foreign ones and directed by a spirit of Christian morality is published.

That the Catholic Church was established in this Western Continent nearly 1,000 years ago may be news to many of our readers. Search is being made in the Vatican archives for the reports of the Bishops who governed the Diocese of Gardar in Greenland from 900 A. D. to 1500 A. D.

Thirty thousand workmen marched in the great public demonstration of the congress of German Catholics at Metz on August 17. They were reviewed by a splendid company of Bishops, princes and other notables. Prince Aloye von Lowenstein, whose father after a brilliant career became a Dominican monk a few years ago, was elected president of the congress by unanimous vote. The congress, the sixtieth in succession, was a wonderful success.

Contractors have commenced work in repairing and putting in shape the former court house of city of Pembina, N. D., which will be opened as a convent school the first Thursday of September by the missionary Oblate Nuns. The place will be incorporated under the name of "The Academy of Mary Immaculate, Pembina." The property has been purchased by the citizens and Commercial club of Pembina and donated to the Oblate Sisters.

Father Benedict, C. S. S., of London, is pursuing his summer campaign of open air services on Sunday evenings, and intends to continue as long as the good weather lasts. On Sunday the service commences in the church, and a procession is then formed through the streets to a convenient spot, where a crowd is already waiting. Father Benedict's discourses are not controversial, or even exhortative. His idea is to expound doctrinal facts in simple language that may be understood by the popular mind.

A Catholic physician gives the following result of twenty years of investigation among unfortunates whom he has visited. "Out of 342 disunited families, I counted 320 whose members never attended Mass on Sundays; out of 417 young men who were the despair and dishonor of their families, twelve only were church-goers; out of 23 bankrupts, not one went to Mass; out of 40 stores which opened their doors on Sundays, not 10 of them were really prosperous; out of 25 children who had no respect for their parents, 24 had not made their Easter duty since their first Communion."

Rev. J. Phelan, Grand Junction, Iowa, has a unique plan for the conversion of America. It is simply that each adult Catholic select some one whom he or she wishes converted and pray for them during a year. At the same time give that person a copy of the "Faith of Our Fathers." "Appeal for Unity in the Faith," or some such book, having first read the book themselves. Also give their own Catholic newspaper to such person, say the Sunday following their own reading of it. It is an interesting plan, a cure for carelessness in religion, and the outsider's indifference, and ought to be given a trial.

There are 17,945 priests in the United States, including Alaska—13,273 of whom are secular. There are 100 Bishops and 14 Archbishops, three of whom are Cardinals. There are 14,312 churches, 9,500 of which have resident priests. There are 85 seminaries, with 6,169 students. There are 230 colleges for boys and 684 academies for girls, and 5,256 parishes with schools, 283 orphan asylums with 47,415 orphans. One hundred and eight homes for the aged and there are 1,693,316 children in Catholic institutions. Still there are Catholics who think it necessary to refute the slander that the Church is opposed to education, that her membership is ignorant and alien to the country.

CONVERTED BY A LEAF OF CATECHISM

In a city of President Wilson's State resides a middle-aged man, Alexander Buchanan, a native of England, with no relatives in this country, so far as is known.

Recently, while seeking employment, Mr. Buchanan was struck by a street car near Dayton, N. J., and hurled from a bridge 50 feet high. When picked up he was unconscious. Among other injuries, it was found, that one foot was frightfully mangled, and one arm broken in three places. He was taken to St. Peter's Hospital, New Brunswick, N. J., an institution in charge of Sisters of Charity, where later he regained consciousness.

Soon after regaining the use of his faculties, the injured man stated that while he was not a Catholic, he did desire that a priest be brought to him, and the priest who gives the information on which this history is based, was sent for. He writes: "On reaching the injured man's bedside I found him well disposed to become a Catholic. I baptized him and at the request of the surgeon who was to amputate his foot, I prepared him for death, administering the last rites of the Church."

What was the mysterious power that brought about this conversion? What was the agency employed by Almighty God in giving the simple-minded, hard-working, middle-aged Englishman, the priceless gift? From this point we will allow the priest, who furnishes the information, to continue the narrative:

"On visiting the hospital the next day, one of the Sisters handed me a leaf from a Catholic primer. The Sister had found this in the man's clothing when trying to secure some means of identification for the purpose of communicating with relatives. This gave me an insight into matters supernatural, justified by a subsequent statement from the injured Buchanan.

"He had regained considerable strength at this time, and when I called to see him that day, I showed him the well-preserved primer leaf. He recognized it at once, and, by way of explanation of God's mercy to him, said: 'I picked up that little piece of paper in the streets yesterday, and after reading the printed matter at the bottom of the page, folded it up neatly and placed it in my pocket. When the car struck me, the first thought that came to me was the result of the printed words on the page: This is a priest. We need his aid all the days we live, and at the hour of death. The interval between the instant of injury and that of unconsciousness was very brief, but I had remembered the words. This remembrance was the only thing in my mind before I became unconscious. It was the first thought that came into my mind when consciousness returned, and believing it to be an indication of the will of God, I acted accordingly. The results have been truly wonderful. I am suffering pain, but I am calmly resigned. The doctors say that I will recover. Be this as it may, my mind is at peace. I feel that I have had given to me a treasure that is worth a life of suffering. If I survive these injuries I will do my best to prove that God's gift is appreciated by one of the least of His children.'—Syracuse Sun.

SHAKESPEARE: RECENT DISCOVERIES AND A REVIEW

To be sure there are at least a hundred labored volumes consorted to prove Shakespeare a Protestant and a Puritan, by means of passages, phrases or whole sentences, torn from their contexts throughout the plays. The very last of these volumes that has reached my notice is one by a Rev. Dr. Carter, which not only "proves" all it sets out to prove, but identifies the exact English translation of the Bible that Shakespeare used (the so-called "Bishop's Bible"). All these volumes are of course disposed of by such a timid suggestion as that, perhaps, even a Shakespeare was a dramatist! That even a Shakespeare would put into the mouth of a character what that character would be expected to say; certainly not what he would not be expected to say! Even the Rev. Dr. Carter would not argue that Shakespeare was a liar, a scoundrel, and a murderer because he made Iago talk like a liar, a scoundrel, and a murderer! No candid Protestant critic, whatever his zeal for tour de force, can read the old and later King John, and note the elisions made by Shakespeare (albeit he knew that the passages libelous of the Catholic Church were the very passages that would most appeal to his unspokeable audiences, the groundlings), and doubt what Shakespeare's religious attachments were! We have, I am beginning to think, almost enough of this sort of sign-post criticism, and about enough Dr. Carter's!

And again: There is that item which always intrudes itself just about here, viz., the famous entry in the Stratford Town records that John Shakespeare "cometh not to Church for fear of process for debt!" I have already stated in these pages that that entry was an evident subterfuge, since process for debt could not be served upon a Sunday; that according to the law of England (which is our Common law to-day in the United States too) Sunday was the only day when a debtor could safely stray beyond the portal of his house, which is his castle, without being served with process for debt (I don't want to be considered too invariable an inconsequential, and doubter of tales merely because they are accepted! But I might not be able to resist the temptation to ask what kept John Shakespeare owed that kept him away from church if he had wanted to go? We have the Stratford town records. Who has found in them any entries concerning John Shakespeare's debts?

The Rev. Richard Davies, in or about the year 1685, and using a substantive that betrayed himself, as no less than Carlyle, an unwilling witness, testified that Shakespeare "died a Papist." From the foregoing it appears that Shakespeare not only died, but was born and lived a loyal Catholic.—Appleton Morgan, in the September Catholic World.

PRETTY MISS NEVILLE

BY B. M. CROKER CHAPTER XXV

I DISTINGUISH MYSELF WITH THE MULKAPORE HOUNDS

"To turn and wind a fiery Pegasus, And witch the world with noble horsemanship."—Henry IV.

The reading-room at the club was a general lounge and rendezvous. When it was too dark to play tennis, and too early to go home to dinner, people flocked in, ostensibly to select novels and read the papers, but in reality to chat, gossip and flirt.

One evening Ellen Fox and I were turning over the newly arrived English and American papers, discussing the merits and demerits of some fashions in the Queen (a paper much affected by us both). The round table at which we were seated was pretty full; at least twenty chairs were occupied. Close to us sat my cousin Maurice, engaged in the Field, but occasionally raising his eyes, and glancing in our direction with open amusement, as he could not fail to overhear a warm argument as to whether a certain costume, which had mutually fascinated us, would look best made up in spots or checks.

"I hate checks!" I exclaimed emphatically. "Have you seen Mrs. Fleming's new frock? It makes her back look like a draught-board."

"It is too large a pattern; and then she is stout. Now, a small pattern on you—"

"Would be hideous. I have a rooted objection to checks!" I interrupted briskly.

"Well, they are going to be the rage," returned Ellen, with decision. "Look at Mrs. St. Ubes. She is always in the height of the fashion, and studies the becoming more than any one I know."

To look at Mrs. St. Ubes was easier said than done. She and Colonel Gore were almost completely concealed behind the broad pages of a mutual Times. Presently Mrs. Gower came in, and sinking into a place beside me, drew a paper toward her with what I am sure she deemed an indolent grace. After listlessly turning over the pages, she glanced round the table, and having taken a mental photograph of all the party, moved her chair a quarter of an inch toward me, and asked, in a loud stage whisper:

"Who is the woman opposite in the filthy white dress?"

"I had a perfect horror of Mrs. Gower's sotto voce remarks—especially in the reading room—and hunching up my shoulders, shook my head violently as a token of complete ignorance. Seeing that there was nothing to be had from me in the way of information or conversation, Mrs. Gower turned her attention to the general company.

"Who is going out with the hounds to-morrow?" she asked, raising her voice, and casting a comprehensive glance round the table. "First day of the season. Meet at Lungay pillay, and chotah-hazree at the gunners' mess."

"I'm going, of course," returned Mrs. St. Ubes, raising her eyes above the edge of the paper. "And I!" "And I!" chorused various treble and bass voices.

"You are not going, Miss Neville, are you?" said Mrs. St. Ubes, addressing me pointedly.

"Yes, I hope so, if Colonel Keith can take me. My uncle has an engagement for to-morrow morning."

"But, my dear girl," she exclaimed, with an air of affectionate patronage, "you have never ridden to hounds, and you won't be able to keep up on that tripping old gray of yours."

"Oh, I dare say I shall," I answered, with rising color. "He is much better than he looks."

"Your uncle really ought to get you something a *lectle* younger," said Mrs. St. Ubes, with the air of a person who was giving a piece of friendly advice. "I believe your old animal was all through the Mutiny, and probably present at the battles of Assaye and Plassy!"

A general smile was the result of this polite witticism.

"Then he must be quite a veteran," said Mrs. Vane, coming to the table, regardless of the cavalier she had suddenly deserted in an adjoining window-seat. "Age is to be respected, is it not, Mrs. Stubbs? I beg your pardon—St. Ubes, I mean."

"Now the weak point in Mrs. St. Ubes's armor was her age. She was keenly alive to any allusion to years, and dreaded the census no less than the Black Plague.

"In horses, certainly," she answered boldly, laying down the paper and facing her antagonist. "But Miss Neville's old Bucephalus is perhaps entering on his second childhood, and that is the reason he appears to be a reliable mount. Anyway, he is perfectly quiet, which is the chief desideratum. He goes in double and single harness, carries a lady, gentleman, or child; in fact, does everything but wait at table."

"Hear her! Oh ye shades of the Dardanelles!"

"Can you ride, Miss Neville?" asked Mrs. St. Ubes almost turning her back to Mrs. Vane, and speaking as if she were putting me on my oath.

"Of course I can," I replied, confidently.

After a pause of a few seconds, during which she and Colonel Gore were engaged in an animated colloquy behind the newspaper, Colonel Gore's head abruptly emerged, and said:

"I can lend you a gee for to-morrow, Miss Neville, if you like. A little hot-tempered or so, but—"

"Oh!" interrupted Mrs. Ubes, with a sneer! "If Miss Neville can really ride as she says she can, she won't mind 'Promotion.'"

"Well, at any rate, he has no vice; and if Miss Neville does not want a very quiet mount, and will honor me by riding him, I am sure I shall be only too delighted," added Colonel Gore, meekly.

"Thanks, very much," I murmured; "but my uncle does not like my riding other people's horses."

A glance of unspoken significance was here thrown round the company by Mrs. St. Ubes; it said most distinctly: "She is afraid!"

"I will be sure for your uncle's consent," said Mrs. Vane, nodding towards me; "so you can accept Colonel Gore's kind offer. In fact, I myself shall ride your despised old Methuselah, though I am no great equestrian. I too will come out and see this wonderful hunt. I shall, of course, provide myself with a pair of field glasses; and I dare say, with their assistance and if the old horse can gallop at all, I may be able to keep the stragglers in sight."

"Very well, then, Miss Neville; it is settled that you ride my horse to-morrow, and Mrs. Vane rides yours," said Colonel Gore, politely; "I will send down for your saddle this evening."

"Thank you," I replied, feeling a good deal of apprehension touching Uncle Jim's views of the arrangement.

"What is the name of your venerable animal?" asked Mrs. St. Ubes, with an air of affectionate interest.

"Oxford Gray," I answered, barely raising my eyes from my paper, and speaking in my shrillest tone.

"Oxford Gray?" I shrieked Mrs. St. Ubes; "what a name! Why not 'Turkey Red' or 'Green Baize,' or 'Navy Blue,' at once?"

"Come, come, come," expostulated Mrs. Vane, gaily, "I am sure you have all laughed at him quite enough; you have had a board on him, in military parlance, and he has been cast. What is the good of pouring water on a drowned rat? Are there any arrangements to be made about this hunt to-morrow?"

After some discussion, it was settled that we were all to assemble at the club, and go to the meet in a body, it being three miles from Mulkaapore.

"As we drove home Mrs. Vane said, 'I had no idea of letting that woman trample on you: what a spiteful little wretch it is! She has no special ill will toward you; merely dislikes you in common with the whole of her sex. But she hates me with all her heart; and knowing that you are my friend, and no match for her, she pays you out for my sins; you are my scapegoat.'"

Next morning, by dimmest daylight, a tall, rakish-looking chestnut horse awaited me at the mounting block, with "Colonel Gore's compliments." I did not like the look of his eye, nor the way he laid back his ears, but I had no time to take these details into consideration, as Mrs. Vane was mounted, and we were already late.

"Now, Noah," she said impressively, as we sallied forth from the compound, "mind you distinguish yourself; you look as if you could hold your own, and if you don't ride the head off Mrs. St. Ubes—in the vulgar idiom—I'll never speak to you again; so mind that!"

We then indulged in a mild trot, which brought us to the club enclosure, where nearly all the party were already assembled; Mrs. St. Ubes, on a pretty bay Arab, was the center of attraction to a laughing circle. Their mirth ceased with ominous abruptness as we approached.

"So you really have come," exclaimed Mrs. St. Ubes. "We began to think you had cried off—changed your mind at the eleventh hour! However, so far so good," she added with an air of supreme condescension, as she looked me over with a keen and critical eye. Happily there was nothing that even she could cavil at in my well-cut dark blue Wolmerhausen and "Terai" hat.

"You are quite sure that you feel up to it? You are not nervous, are you?" she asked, with a smile intended to be sweetly solicitous.

"Not in the smallest degree," I returned composedly. "Very many thanks, but you need not be anxious on my account," I concluded, with a spice of temper on my tongue.

"Well, recollect that Colonel Gore does not hold himself responsible for any accident that may occur."

This was certainly cheering intelligence. And with this parting thrust, Mrs. St. Ubes turned and trotted her horse away.

Maurice, who had been listening attentively to our conversation, now ranged up alongside on a fine gray Australian.

"Give him his head, Miss Neville, and he'll go all right, I dare say. At any rate, I shall keep near you and look after you."

A sudden move was now made, and we all found ourselves out on the green plain surrounding the club. No sooner had we set foot on the grass, than Mrs. St. Ubes and Miss Hudson passed me at a furious gallop, expressly with the intention of setting off my horse. Of this I am firmly persuaded. It answered the purpose admirably.

He immediately shook his great fiddle head, gave a loud snort and a squeal, and made a sort of extraordinary evolution impossible to describe; his head had totally disappeared between his forelegs, and I seemed to be riding a headless animal. Another acrobatic feat, and I still remained; but at a third I felt confident that I must go. Luckily for me he contented himself with these two awful buck jumps, and settled down into a tearing gallop.

"You sat him splendidly, Miss Neville," shouted Maurice, whose horse was stretching away alongside of mine. "He only wants a good breather now, and he will be all right. But he is by no means a mount for a timid elderly gentleman, and anything but a lady's horse. If Mrs. St. Ubes had been on his back just now, he would have 'promoted' her, to a dead certainty."

At the liberal pace at which we were traveling we soon distanced the others, and were among the first arrivals at the meet—a clump of toddy-trees at the side of a road. The hounds—poor exiles from their native land and drafts from many celebrated English kennels—were grouped round Verasewany, the Black Kennel huntsman, and the M. F. H. himself, most popular man—"A rare good sporting sort," to quote Maurice, was in the act of descending from his dog-cart as we rode up. The meet was not a lengthy proceeding. Soon we moved on to draw a favorite course—the bed of a river, where we beat for a "Jack," and he was almost immediately viewed away, nonchalantly cantering up the opposite bank as much as to say: "Don't you wish you may catch me?"

We lost no time in fording the shallow water, and in a very few seconds were speeding away across a flat open country, as fast as our horses could carry us, no obstacle to be seen, there was nothing to stop us. I let Promotion go his best, and rode him at the very tail of the hounds, a little in advance of Mrs. St. Ubes, who was riding, very jealous, I could see, and disputing every inch of ground with almost vicious emulation.

After about two miles of plain sailing the country became more intricate—paddy-fields were disagreeably frequent, and when we got among stony ground, Mrs. St. Ubes's cat-like Arab had decidedly the advantage of my big blundering horse.

After this, again open country, and the pace and distance now began to tell; and to keep the leading hounds in view was quite as much as most of us could manage; while many of the stragglers began to tail off. About a dozen still held gallantly on, including Mrs. St. Ubes, Miss Hudson, Maurice and myself; but he and I were gradually outpacing the Arabs of the party, and I was putting Promotion along at a pace that I flatter myself considerably astonished that ill-tempered, rawboned gentleman.

I was slightly in advance of Maurice when a shout from behind me—"Hold hard—dare nallah!" gave me a sudden start. Sure enough, right in front, at a distance of about thirty yards, a huge, yawning nullah, with ragged, broken sides, gaped before us. It was either in or over. To refuse it would have been to lose the rest of the run.

"For heaven's sake, Miss Neville!" shouted some one. I heard no more. My Irish blood was most thoroughly up, and I would have ridden at a stone quarry under the circumstances. With a tremendous cut of my whip I rushed Promotion at it, and landed safe and sound on the other side. I was instantly followed by Maurice, the master, and a little well known sporting major, and that was all! I had—oh, ecstatic thought!—pounded Mrs. St. Ubes, and cut down the rest of the field, I did not care for that so much; but to have left my rival planted on the other side—and that the wrong side—was indeed a most blissful reflection.

There was no going round possible nearer than half a mile, so we had an immense lead, a lead which we took good care to keep. The Jack was now nearly dead beat; but so were the unacclimated English hounds, and although Ganymede and Governor were within twenty yards of his brush, he made good his escape, popping into a hole among some rocks, almost under their disappointed noses. We had been running for nearly forty minutes, and were not sorry to turn our horses' heads in the direction of a small breeze off a neighboring tank, and to fan our heated faces with our handkerchiefs. As we moved off slowly toward home, Mrs. St. Ubes and the rest of the crowd came galloping up and included Mrs. Vane.

"Killed of course!" cried Mrs. St. Ubes. "My stupid Arab would not jump that nullah, and that threw me out completely. You would not have been up" (turning to me) "if you had not been so splendidly mounted."

This remark was evidently intended to repress any undue elation on my part.

"There I can't agree with you," exclaimed the master; "Miss Neville's riding is quite sufficient to warrant her being with the hounds in any country, and I never saw a more awkward brute to ride than that hard-mouthed old steeple-chaser. Honor to whom honor is due. Pray"

(turning to me gallantly)—"pray, Miss Neville, where did you learn to witch the world with matchless horsemanship?"

Could I say, "In the fields about Galloway, and with the Dardanelles hounds?" Most emphatically not, with Maurice among the audience.

"At home long ago; all Irish girls can ride," I returned evasively, endeavoring to change the conversation, to which Mrs. St. Ubes had been listening in disdainful silence, and with a face expressive of the deepest mortification she could not conceal. She was certainly in a very bad humor, and no wonder; she had intended (if I did not break my neck) that I should furnish forth excellent sport for the Philistines; and behold, I had cut her out completely, and, in spite of my rough-and-ready mount, the honors of the day were mine.

We rode slowly back toward the camp, the sun was rising and the day was getting hot. Maurice had constituted himself my escort, and kept at my side until a long expanse of wet paddy-fields compelled me to mount on a single file (like a string of ducks) along the very slippery causeway or bund, that was the only visible pathway.

Not one European out of a hundred has seen an Indian paddy-field; truly no very lovely sight, especially at the time of year to which I am referring. The young grain was buried in at least a foot of muddy water, which had been turned on to irrigate the coming crop. Here and there, the muddy expanse was crossed and recrossed by narrow little banks of slippery gray mud, whose use was twofold, as a means of keeping in the water and as a mode of transit.

Along the very narrowest of these the whole hunting party were cautiously navigating their horses. One was literally between Scylla and Charybdis; a slip on either side would entail the most unpleasant consequence.

Our procession was headed by Colonel Gore, followed by Mrs. St. Ubes; then came Miss Hudson (whose face was flushed to a rich beet root color), then I came, then Maurice.

The two ladies in front were discussing and laughing in a very high and scornful key, and comparing the latter to various former ones much to its disadvantage; when, unluckily, Miss Hudson's horse made a stumble and, on recovering himself, caromed violently against Mrs. St. Ubes's Arab, who, in spite of frantic exertions to keep his footing, slipped off the narrow causeway and fell back into the muddy, greasy, paddy. What a scene of excitement ensued, although there was no danger whatever incurred by the unfortunate rider, beyond a muddy habit. The horse persisted in making the most valiant efforts to right himself, and dashed up the mud in a manner fearful to witness, much less experience and for once, his mistress had a complete ducking. First, she was fished out; then her steed. What a spectacle she presented! I could compare her to nothing but myself on the day of my disastrous drive in the mule cart.

How angry she was! though too much a woman of the world to give full expression to her feelings. Her eyes were actually blazing and I think she favored Miss Hudson with a few private but pungent remarks of anything but an agreeable nature. As we emerged into the road once more, we left Mrs. St. Ubes standing under a toddy tree, with two eyes in attendance, busily rubbing her head with wisps of grass, while Colonel Gore stood by, superintending the performance with grave solicitude. We walked our horses slowly on, to enable them to overtake us, and Maurice again resumed his place beside me, and took up the thread of our late discourse.

What a difference there was in our relative positions since we had last ridden together (at Galloway)! Then I, the ugly little hoyden, was deeply penetrated by the very honor my cousin did me in permitting me to accompany him; and I eagerly picked up any stray crumbs of conversation that my reluctant escort condescended to throw me. Now, the position was reversed. I, the grown up young lady, the Diana of the day, was good enough to allow Captain Beresford to ride at my right hand, and he bore himself as became the grateful recipient of a considerable favor. We were not altogether alone; Mrs. Vane completed our trio. Radiant with satisfaction, she tapped me on the shoulder with her whip.

"That's what I call swift poetical justice," she exclaimed, indicating with a backward jerk of her head the deplorable figure under the toddy tree. "She wished to make you ridiculous on that great rawboned brute," glancing contemptuously at my mount, "and instead of that she has been 'cut down,' to use a hunting phrase, and after her experiences in the paddy, she will certainly have to be 'hung up to dry.' She has been 'hoist with her own petard'—ha, ha, ha!" Here Mrs. Vane's joy was so exuberant that she lost all recollection of where she was and clapped her hands, in maneuver that had the effect of starting off Oxford Gray at a round center. Seeing that "forward" was the order now passed on, we immediately followed her example, and were soon scattered over the plain, racing and chasing in the direction of our well-earned cotahazree. We found our goal, laid out under an immense banyan tree, in the Artillery mess compound. A snowy table, covered with fruit, flowers, cold fowl, ham, and game pieces, was a welcome sight to many; a dozen busy servants came swarming round with hot dishes, tea, coffee and cold iced drinks. Most people were

thirsty, and the latter were in great demand. Maurice walked on Mrs. Vane and me most assiduously, and did the honors well. In vain he pressed us to take some claret and water; we both declared for a good strong cup of Neigherry tea, but I saw Mrs. St. Ubes, who sat immediately opposite, consoling herself with an iced brandy and soda. Having supplied our wants, Maurice had leisure to satisfy his own. "I'm dying of thirst," he observed, taking up a long tumbler and quaffing its contents. "Ah!" he explained, "putting down his glass reluctantly, "on such a hot morning as this I'm inclined to agree with an old poacher at home who used to wish that his throat was half a mile long, that he might taste the drink all the way down."

A roar of laughter greeted this reminiscence, and, completely off my guard, I muttered, "Poor Gilligan!"

"What did you say, Miss Neville?" asked Maurice, eagerly.

"Oh, nothing—nothing at all!" I returned, greatly confused, and assuming a sudden and energetic search for my whip and gloves.

"Nothing," he echoed, looking at me steadily. "Oh, well, I really thought I heard you mention the fellow's name. But of course it must have been imagination," he added still looking intently at me, with his earnest dark gray eyes. I think it was his eyes with their thick black lashes and straight well-marked eyebrows, that lent the great charm to Maurice's face. A chiseled nose and heavy mustache are not an uncommon sight; but such eyes as Maurice's were certainly not to be met with every day.

"Do you know, Miss Neville, that I have only seen one girl ride like you in all my life. I did not think she had her equal until now. She was a little cousin of mine, and you remind me of her in other ways besides your riding."

"What was she like?" I asked, audaciously; "was she pretty?"

"No—o, certainly not pretty," he answered, slowly; "but you know that plain people do resemble pretty people sometimes," he concluded, impressively.

"In what way do I resemble her?" I inquired, with bold persistence; "admitting that we are both plain."

"There is a look in your eyes when you are excited or amused—"

"I declare," interrupted Mrs. Vane, impatiently, "you have a regular monomania on the subject of family likenesses." (She was seated at the other side of Maurice.) "First, Miss Neville is like your grandmother. Now it is a little cousin. The next time it will be some one nearer and dearer—your lost fiancée, for instance," lowering her voice to a whisper.

At this remark my cheeks outbraved the traditional cherry. I bent my head, and busied myself intently on peeling a plantain; and Mrs. Vane, having assumed the reins of conversation, gaily drove away in quite another direction, thus avoiding all dangerous topics and delicate ground.

TO BE CONTINUED

THE IRISHMAN IN THE MILL

By REV. TRUOD W. ALEXANDER

Flaming posters were visible all over the little town. At the corners, small boys with bags slung across their shoulders were thrusting big-lettered dodgers into the unwilling hands of the passers-by. Some looked at them curiously, and put them in their pockets; some flung them into the gutter after tearing them to shreds. They were of the style of the Menace of to-day: "Escaped Nun will give a Lecture! Horrors of Convents Told! Wickedness of Priests Exposed!"

Such was the purport of the posters and dodgers that flooded the little borough of M'K—, one autumn day in the year 19—.

Many of the townsfolk were disgusted, but many more, through curiosity, went to the lecture, and listened to the fraud-in-woman's clothes who dared to utter the nameless falsehoods that over and over again have been relegated to the dwelling of the father of lies. Among them was a curious married woman who had been persuaded by a friend to hear what the creature would say; it would pass an evening anyway, as amusements in the place were rare. She listened, aghast and open-mouthed, to the lecture, and, of course, brought home one of the slanderous pamphlets always on sale at such gatherings. Next day the so-called "escaped nun" had vanished, but the husband of the woman we have mentioned, hearing his wife speak in horror of the iniquitous priests, and the Catholic Church in general, took the pamphlet and read it as far as his disgust permitted. Flinging it down, he cried out:

"It is all a damned lie—a base lie!"

"Why, how do you know?" said his wife.

"Know? I know this. In our mill I have worked for years beside a man, a Catholic Irishman. I know him intimately. He is a clean, honest, industrious, upright man. I know all his opinions, and I know if he thought the Catholic Church was like this filthy trash he would not stay in it one hour. He hasn't a great amount of education, but he has a lot of keen, common sense, he has good ability, and is a sober, pure, religious man. I tell you I have watched him all day long for years, and I know it! If the Roman Catholic Church was what is represented here he would not hesi-

tate a minute to stand up and denounce it, aye, and leave it instantly. That's what I know," said the excited man.

"Perhaps," argued his wife, "he does not know all the inside work in his Church; you know the priests are very clever, and it is their business to keep the people in ignorance."

"Well, they would not keep me in ignorance long," thundered her husband. "I'd get it all out of them. I'd now I think I'll try it. I'll go to that Catholic priest and take him unawares, and if he and the Irishman are right, I'll give in to them. Where does the priest live?"

"Good gracious!" said the wife, "you wouldn't speak to a popish priest?"

"That's just what I'm going to do," said her husband. "I don't believe a word that she-devil said, and no decent people would believe her book. I am going to headquarters to find out a few things for myself. I can soon see where they pull the wool over your eyes."

"Do think about it first, and be careful," said the wife regretfully, knowing by experience that arguing with her spouse was a fruitless effort; "people will think you are turning Catholic, if they see you."

"People be hanged! Let them think what they please. I believe in a square deal; I bet on my Irishman every time," he finished smiling grimly. So he went that night to the Rectory of the Catholic priest. He told the priest the circumstances of the morning of his argument with his wife, of his disgust with the "escaped nun" pamphlet, and of his friend the Irishman in the mill. On mentioning his name the priest smiled and said, "I know that man."

"His example has taught me more than twenty sermons could have done, sir."

"He is just a consistent Catholic," returned the priest. "but I am glad to see you, will answer every question, and will put all the information you wish in your hands. There is no inside track in the Catholic Church. Priest and people are bound by the same laws. They are an open book to all, and no effort is made to keep the people in ignorance. Suppose you come to my office. There are two good men there who visit me regularly in the evening for the purpose of being instructed, preparatory to their admission to the Catholic Church."

"But," quickly said the visitor, "you must not misunderstand me—I have not the slightest desire or intention of being a Roman Catholic—in fact nothing would induce me to be one. I am simply a lover of truth, and I want to know if those things I mentioned are false, and if my friend at the mill is deluded." "Just as you say," said the priest. "It is not all necessary for you to come, but I thought you might take a seat and listen to their questions being answered for this evening. Afterwards we could talk it over. You see I have an appointment with them just at this time."

"That is another side of the matter," said his visitor; "I have no objection to listening to them, for perhaps they have the same questions to ask that I have, and I don't forget that I am asking a favor. I will go with you, sir, for this evening." And so the priest led the way to a smaller room where two respectable men were seated at a little table. The priest gave a kindly nod to them, handed a chair to the visitor, and going to the table sat down with the two men. In a short time all three became oblivious of the stranger, who, however, had become extremely interested in the instructions of the priest and listened to every word. After about an hour the priest arose, appointed another meeting, and dismissed the two men.

"Now, sir," he said pleasantly, "let us have our little talk." "Not to-night, Father," said the man. "I have heard enough to think about for a while. I will thank you if you will allow me to come back the evening you appointed for those two men, and if you will also allow me to put some questions, and join in their controversy."

"With the greatest pleasure," returned the priest. "I was going to suggest that very thing."

"I wish you would let me buy one of these little pamphlets," he said, pointing to a pile of catechisms on a table near by.

"Please accept one," said the Father, "I would not think of selling you a catechism. This is the first book of information about the Catholic Church—although you say you never intend to be a Catholic."

"You are right," said the visitor, "A Roman Catholic would have no show in my house."

"Well, you are honest and square," said the priest, "and I admire those virtues heartily. But come the next evening without fail, and prime yourself with all the objections and questions you can hold. We'll answer them all. Good evening."

The priest pleasantly showed the visitor out, and he went away quite satisfied that he was going to be treated squarely, and no effort would be made to "turn" him.

His wife was curious, but she had to be satisfied with his answer that he was going to sift the thing to the bottom, and was going again, as he wasn't through. He dropped the subject, and nothing was said about it, until at last his wife forgot it completely. He left the house certain evenings of the week, but always returned in an hour or so. His home life became pleasanter than before.

"Where did he go?" For three months he went to that rectory. He listened to the priest, he joined in the questions asked by the two men

who were always there, he started objections, he pointed out parts of catechism that he wished explained, and when the priest said to the two men that he thought they were sufficiently instructed in the faith, they answered that they were fully convinced, and were ready for the next step. Then, said the priest, "I will baptize both of you next Sunday, and may God bless you and give you perseverance!"

"They rose and said, 'Good night.' But the visitor lingered. When the two men left he said:

"Father, why didn't you ask me what you asked them?"

"You?" said the priest in assumed surprise; why you told me you would never be a Catholic. That was the positive understanding. You came simply out of curiosity to learn the truth—not to join the Church."

"I must join it now," said the man, "since I am convinced it is the only true Church."

Needless to say he was gladly welcomed to the Church, was baptized, and received the sacraments. His changed appearance could not keep the secret long, and when his wife heard he had really become a Catholic, her indignation, and even fury, knew no bounds. Not content with upbraiding him, she brought the elders of her Church to expose to her poor, benighted husband the awful errors of Romanism, and to remove the spell the priest had laid upon him. They came and surrounded his chair when he sat down to rest after his hard day's work in the mill. Kneeling on the floor they lifted up their hands and voices in most piteous appeals to the Heavenly Father to break the shackles of Popery that bound him, and "peel the scales" from his eyes. Their efforts were entirely unsuccessful. The good man went his way, happy in his new found faith, and more than ever friendly to the good Irishman at the mill, who had not the least idea that he was in any way the cause of this remarkable conversion.

At home he parried the ridicule, and then the distress of his wife, so pleasantly that she stopped allusions to the matter for she was really devoutly attached to him. She was watching him closely, however, and saw how his new religion had made him a better man. As no remarkable excitement occurred in her own place of worship, in fact, after a week the "defection" was not noticed even—she began to take courage; and she realized that a Roman Catholic especially when he was one's husband, was just as noble and devoted a man as any one else.

A year passed by. The husband was a fervent convert, and all words about religion had ceased between him and his wife. He prayed as he waited, but he said nothing. One Sunday afternoon they passed along the streets taking a walk together, and found themselves in the vicinity of the church of his baptism.

"You have never shown me the inside of a Catholic Church yet," said the wife, "are you afraid?"

"Why, my dear," said her husband in surprise. "It never occurred to me that you would be interested. Will you come now?"

"To be sure," was the answer; "as well now as any time!"

They crossed the street, and entered the vestibule of the church where they found the pastor in cassock and biretta, walking up and down reading his breviary. He stopped, held out his hand to the lady, and welcomed her cordially; they were evidently well acquainted.

On seeing the amazed look of the man, both laughed, and the wife said joyously: "Do you think you are going to heaven without me?"

"Don't you think the example of your Catholic life has had some influence on me? Still the man stared, without a word. The priest explained: "Mr. X—, this is an appointment with your wife. I have been instructing her for some months, and as she begged me to keep it secret to surprise you, I complied with her wish. She is to be baptized this afternoon, and be received into the Church. Everything is ready; come let us go into the Church." The delighted husband was almost moved to tears. He could only look his happiness; words seemed to be denied him. Silently he followed; and surely that day there was joy in heaven when husband and wife knelt before the altar—now one in faith, and love, and one in heart. Their children—and the family was large—followed them after some time, and soon all were baptized Catholics.

Such was the story of

The Catholic Record

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LETTERS OF RECOMMENDATION

Mr. Thomas Coffey Ottawa, June 13th, 1905. My Dear Sir—Since coming to Canada I have had a reader of your paper. I have noted with satisfaction that it is directed with intelligence and ability, and, above all, that it is imbued with a strong Catholic spirit. It strenuously defends Catholic principles and rights, and stands firmly by the teaching of the Church, at the same time promoting the best interests of the country.

LONDON, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 27, 1918

SOME SCINTILLATING SCIENTIFIC TRUTHS

The outcome of the deliberations of an ecumenical council could hardly arouse more interest in the Christian world than is manifested by the disciples of Science in the pronouncements of famous scientists at the meetings of the British Association. Last year Professor Shaffer read a paper on the Origin of Life on the Globe. Forthwith it was announced that Creation was a myth. Ex Cathedra and in terms of withering scorn our own Professor McCallum of Toronto University told theologians to readjust their views and get rid of miracles if they would keep even their present tenuous hold on the man in the street.

This year, discussing some statements on "potential living matter," not theologians but scientists at the British Association assembled, flatly stated that we know no more of the origin of life than was known a thousand years ago! We ventured to suggest to Professor McCallum last year that the readjustment of religious truth to bring it into harmony with demonstrated scientific certainties was not really so pressing as he seemed to think. Now that scientists, with as much right as Professors Schafer and McCallum to speak in the name of Science, tell us that science really knows nothing of the origin of life, the despised theologians may hope to retain, if not the respect, at least the intellectual tolerance of the man in the street.

This year the piece de resistance was the inaugural address by Sir Oliver Lodge. He noted four modern scientific tendencies: "A marked feature of the scientific era is the discovery of an interest in various kinds of atomism—so that continuity seems in danger of being lost sight of. "Another tendency is toward comprehensive negative generalizations from a limited point of view. "Another is to take refuge in rather vague forms of statement and to shrink from closer examination of the puzzling and the obscure. "Another is to deny the existence of anything which makes no appeal to organs of sense and no ready response to laboratory experiment."

Which we might sum up as the tendency of second rate scientists to dogmatize about matters on which there is no scientific certainty, or, sometimes, even probability. The Times, (London, Eng.) has this comment on Sir Oliver's address: "The whole discourse is a protest against arrogance. In recent years science has been asserting its claims against a dogmatic theology. Perhaps some over-assertion was necessary, but over-assertion there certainly was. The public awoke to find that they had only exchanged one priesthood for another. The laws of science were more sacrosanct than Holy Writ. Nothing which could not be weighed or measured was allowed any validity. In the midst of this bigotry called itself agnosticism."

Theology may smile at her ill-bred and wayward little sister, Natural Science; some of the abusive epithets that in her ill-tempered self-assertion she used to hurl at Theology are now applied with more reason to herself: "Arrogance," "dogmatism," "bigotry!" The burden of Sir Oliver's thesis was the continuity of personal existence after death. He is convinced

by strict evidence that this is a scientific truth, or at least a justifiable scientific belief.

To those who walk in the light of Christian faith, Sir Oliver's profession of scientific belief and the scientific sceptics' "comprehensive negative generalizations" are alike indifferent. The one does not add to our faith in the immortality of the soul; the others detract nothing from it.

Indeed we regard Sir Oliver as something of a glorified scientific spiritualist; but his standing in the scientific world is unquestioned, and he has done a service to dogmatic sceptics. These had rejected the immortality of the soul as a relic of superstition, a theological myth. Now that materialism is going out of fashion, they can save their faces by scientifically believing in the continuity of personal existence after death; they have thus in dignified scientific language what children learn in the Catechism about the immortality of the soul.

Another great scientific truth that was flashed over cables and wires to a waiting world was that if we could discover the real cause of the differentiation of the sex organs in plants we might have some clue to the reason why some human beings are born boys and some girls! No one will be inclined to dispute that.

The importance attached to Sir Oliver Lodge's address made the comments of the English newspapers worth cabling to the ends of the earth. We have already given the Times' impatient expression of resentment at the arrogant and bigoted dogmatizing of those who presume to speak in the name of science.

The Daily Telegraph says: "If there is a constant and identical personality running through one's experiences, we get a very fair definition of what a soul means as distinct from its material embodiment."

Well, well! Here we have, as though suddenly brought into light by modern science, an undeniable fact of universal experience that received full consideration from philosophers and theologians ages before Sir Oliver Lodge was born or the Daily Telegraph was founded. The Telegraph continues: "We are guided by the president of the association from a discussion of atoms and ether, electricity and radiation up to that final hypothesis which seems so astounding to the judgment of ordinary men of the world, that the dead can communicate with the living."

This final hypothesis has been held in theory and practice by some millions of men and women who call themselves spiritualists; a better term is spiritists. But it is only when the doctrine of spiritism follows "a discussion of atoms and ether, electricity and radiation" by a scientist addressing the British Association that it loses all traces of vulgar superstition, audacious imposture or demonic intervention, and emerges clothed with all the scholarly respectability of a demonstrated truth, or at least a profoundly scientific hypothesis.

Gentlemen scoffers at religious credulity, excuse the irreverent smile of those of us who find it hard to sit at the feet of the scientific Gamaliel of the moment and receive the latest scientific lessons with the reverent gratitude of the disciples of Science.

MIRACLES AND MIRACLES

The "man of science" does not believe in miracles. Creation of life is a miracle. Theology postulates creation. Therefore theology must be revised and brought up to date. Otherwise "the man in the street" will lose all respect for and confidence in religion.

That is a fair summary of Professor McCallum's commentary on Professor Schafer's address last year before the British Association. Why was Professor McCallum so scornfully intolerant of all theology—with the possible exception of Scotch theology? Why, because Professor McCallum believed with a joyous faith in Professor Schafer's "miracle," that is, the production of life from inorganic matter by natural forces. Last week this "scientific miracle" was utterly discredited by the scientists of the British Association. There are miraculous cures at Lourdes. If one of these reputed cures, on investigation, turned out to be so wholly baseless in fact, and so entirely attributable to religious credulity, that even the most friendly Catholic believers freely admitted that the reputed miracle was no miracle at all, we should have something very similar to the reputed scientific miracle of Professor Schafer that was so widely and triumphantly heralded less than a year ago.

If, moreover, a Canadian Catholic bishop, let us say, had made the reputed Lourdes miracle the occasion and the basis of an intemperate and contemptuous attack on the scientific department of the University of Toronto, then, as Professor McCallum would probably admit, the analogy would be fairly complete. And if this hypothetical case had actually occurred within a year we imagine Professor McCallum would get much more fun out of it than the bishop.

In such a case we should scarcely have ground for serious complaint if some sceptics should say some hard things of credulous people and priestcraft. Priestcraft is an ugly word, but, like jesuitical, another ugly word, its meaning is none the less clear even though the very term be a calumny. The psalmist said in his anger, "Every man is a liar." The London Times, in its disgust, says scientists are as bad as priests. "We have only exchanged one priesthood for another." True, The Times was thinking of the final, incontrovertible, irrevocable dogmas of scientists that become discredited, are discarded and give place to others quite absolutely final, incontrovertible and irrevocable—for the time being. But The Times' remarks have suggested to us the priestcraft of science, and the Mail and Empire furnishes an illustration of our meaning.

The Mail and Empire, Sept. 17th inst., has the following by way of headings: "Life will come from Laboratory." "Science now has apparently the Substratum for its operation." "A Great Achievement."

"When Potential Living Matter is produced, as it will be." The text does not bear out the headings; but suggestion is helped out by judicious suppression.

To realize just how jesuitical the priestcraft of science may be we give below the same news as reported in the Globe the same day. The Globe's headings are: "Scientists discuss the origin of Life."

"Problem as baffling as it was a Century Ago—Many Views Expressed in a Debate that was Marked by great Animation."

The Globe's headliner is evidently not a reverent scientific believer, who believes it incumbent on him to assert or boldly suggest that the Schafer miracle after a year's investigation is accepted with reverent awe by the hardheaded scientists of the British Association.

"Birmingham, Sept. 16.—Members of the British Association to-day pursued the question opened by Sir Edward Schafer last year regarding the origin of life. Several solutions were volunteered and many differences of opinion were revealed in the debate, but on one point there was complete agreement. It was that we are no nearer a solution of the origin of life than they were a thousand years ago."

"On one point there was complete agreement. It was that we are no nearer a solution of the origin of life than they were a thousand years ago!" Lucky we did not revise theology last winter.

It is true that Professor Bernard Moore talked learnedly of "potential living matter," but he said nothing that impressed his audience. "Sir Oliver Lodge was the first critic. He described Prof. Moore's formaldehyde as potential living matter."

"When you have got potential living matter, life makes use of it," he remarked. "What life is I do not know. I suppose it provided parents and passed on. Formaldehyde would not be the origin of life, but the physical and chemical vehicle which can be made use of by life."

"The discussion was animated, but Sir Oliver Lodge refused to accept the title of the debate, declaring that the meeting was not discussing the origin of life at all, but a laboratory synthesis of some material that might possibly be come endowed with what we call life."

"I regard life itself," said he, "as something not of the same order as matter, but of a higher and different order. By having a molecule sufficiently complex, sufficiently unstable and supplied with the energy of sunlight you have apparently the physical and chemical substratum for the operations of life; you have potential living matter. I do not say that we have that potential living matter yet—that will be a great achievement—but I have little doubt that it may be done."

And when you have "potential living matter," (that is matter that may become alive) then something outside of it, "something of a higher and different order,"—life—may make use of it.

No wonder Sir Oliver objected to the title of the paper—the Origin of Life—as a misnomer.

"Prof. H. E. Armstrong, the famous chemist, said he was not for one moment prepared to accept Sir Edward Schafer's contention that it was probable, even possible, that they would ever arrive at the chemical production of life. The word colloid, which was so often used in these discussions, was, like so many words, only used to wrap up ignorance."

When we recall Professor McCallum's childlike scientific faith, we cannot help saying that there are miracles and miracles, credulity and credulity. And with the Mail's bold headline before us—"Life Will Come From Laboratory"—that there is priestcraft and priestcraft; also that we ought to have in the English language some unobjectionable word for jesuitical.

Just a serious word about science and scientists. What God has written in the great book of Nature, what He has inspired in Holy Scriptures, and what He teaches through His Holy Church can never be mutually contradictory. Apparent contradictions will disappear with deeper knowledge. Therefore the Catholic Church is the greatest friend and promoter of true science. Many of the greatest scientists have been and still are Catholics. Others are sincere and humble Christian believers outside God's visible Church. Only a small and noisy minority are unbelievers; but it is this small and noisy minority that furnish the newspapers with sensational headlines. Unfortunately the most arrogant and insolent sceptics get all their "science" from the newspapers; many of them get no farther than the headlines.

Natural science, which in popular language has usurped the name of Science, is dangerous in small doses. Here shallow drafts intoxicate the brain, and drinking deeply sobers us again.

HOME RULE BY CONSENT

The proposal that all parties get together in a round table conference and settle the vexed question of Home Rule by consent has called forth much editorial comment in Canada. The Montreal Star of the 15th inst. has the following: "The present Home Rule Bill is a compromise. Some of its details could easily be amended. We suggested some time ago that the post office and customs regulations might well be changed. But the principle of a local Parliament, sitting in Dublin, could not be amended out of it without destroying the life of the measure. And it is precisely that principle against which Ulster is up in arms. It is not an easy question; but it is a question which we have answered in Quebec to the eminent satisfaction of everybody concerned. Here we have a small Protestant minority living in one corner of a Catholic Province, and affiliated with a Protestant majority in the whole country, precisely as is the case in the United Kingdom. The Catholic Province has local self-government—not as extensive as is asked for Ireland, but that, again, is a matter of detail and hence open to compromise—and the Protestant minority is safeguarded by guarantees. But so general has been the treatment of the minority by the majority that we are hardly conscious of our guarantees at all."

The Star recognizes that Ulster's sole and insuperable objection to Home Rule is not political but purely religious. Singularly appropriate and reassuring is the testimony which it bears to the religious liberty and peace of the most Catholic province of Canada, a province which enjoys a measure of Home Rule greater in some respects, if more restricted in others, than that proposed to be conferred on Ireland. If the conditions in Ulster were not hopelessly abnormal, Quebec's example should have great weight with the Ulster Protestants in the consideration of the question of Home Rule. To understand Ulster's politics it is necessary to understand Ulster conditions.

Harold Begbie, a Protestant of Protestants, writes thus about Belfast: "Two principal delusions exist about this great and loyal city of Belfast. One that it is religious, the other that it is rich. I do not think I exaggerate when I say that a man would have to travel far before he found a city where the foundational principles of the Christian religion are more perfectly ignored, and where the labor of the poorest people is more inadequately rewarded."

"There are men in Belfast who are very rich; but the vast multitude of the city is horribly, wickedly, and disastrously poor."

Fully to realize the condition of Belfast, it is necessary to visit the slum quarters, to enter the kennels of the poor, to examine the wage-books of the home-workers, and to make a study of the ragged, barefoot children in the streets. No honest man who has conducted such an investigation can doubt that the condition of Belfast is a disgrace to civilization and a frightful menace to the health and morals of the next generation. The heavy scowling faces of the poor, the stunted anemic bodies of the children, haunt the soul of an observer with a sense of horror and alarm.

"That Belfast is rich except in poverty is a delusion; it remains to consider whether the city is religious. "If Belfast did not advertise itself as the most religious city in Ireland, I should refrain from making this charge against it. If clerical politicians did not vaingloriously and most odiously trumpet from pulpit and platform the commercial prosperity of Protestantism, I should not make war on them."

"There is excessive religion in Belfast, excessive religious activity, but I declare that it bears but little resemblance to the religion of Christ. It is in some cases at least a religion of organized self-righteousness from which the ministering spirit of Christianity is lacking. It is a religion of large and comfortable churches, prosperous and well dressed congregations, cheerful and well satisfied tertiaries, Bible-classes for the saved, meetings for the elect, and gatherings for the oiled and bland. "Penetrate to the individual soul, and you find that the religion is hard, repellent and Pharisaical. It breeds bigotry, self-esteem, and a violent intolerance. The large and liberal spirit of charity is wanting. Meekness and humility are excluded. Only here and there you meet a gentle and sweet-minded man who has escaped from the iron vice of this hideous ideology."

"Under the very eyes of the rich and respectable as they go to church are swarms of half-starved, ill-clothed, and barefoot children playing in the gutters of the streets. Throughout the city from one end to the other, and spreading even from the city to the villages beyond, such sweating of women and children is practiced as must wring the soul of heaven. And these religious people raise no protest. They never ask themselves whether Christ, if he came to Belfast, would attend Protestant Churches and listen to violent denunciations of Popery, or whether he would go into the tragic streets seeking the lost, comforting the unprosperous, and blessing the neglected children. They seem to think Christ would even like Belfast."

The Ulster Guardian, commenting on Mr. Begbie's description of Belfast, says: "In one respect, Mr. Begbie has placed his finger upon a cankerous growth in the religious life of this city, the incessant preaching of politics and denunciation of Popery in our pulpits. Political sermons, Unionist Club church parades, anti-Home Rule religious conventions, what room have these left for spiritual growth or the uplifting of the masses? Are there a dozen churches left in Belfast where a Liberal can worship without having his political principles attacked. "The exceptions, who try to be pastors instead of politicians—take their careers in their hands. Their very silence makes them marked men."

Yes, Home Rule is a religious not a political question with those poor people. God pity them. With such hawks of swine for spiritual food, this "flesh and blood sludge of sweated humanity" may riot in drunken fury over the passage of Home Rule; but the unscrupulous politicians, lay or clerical, who would represent them at any conference of all the parties know that they have aroused passions they cannot allay; and that any semblance of reasonableness in discussing Home Rule would be regarded by the ignorant, bigoted and debased rabble of Belfast as a betrayal of their interests, religious and political.

No round table conference which includes the Ulster Orange Protestant party can hope for the smallest measure of success. Though if the unfortunate rank and file could get rid of their "religion" they would probably admit that Home Rule would not seriously imperil their "prosperity."

KINGSLEY'S WATER BABIES Some time ago we protested against the selection of Kingsley's "Water Babies" for work in public schools. If we remember aright we said that the inclusion of the work objected to must have been done without the advertisement of Nova Scotia School authorities who are fair-minded and intent upon propagating the Canadianism that stands for amity and self-development. That we were right is evident from a letter by Professor Howard Murray in the Halifax Herald. Professor Murray is an educator of acknowledged prowess and a citizen whose conduct is a source of edification and inspiration to many in the city of Halifax.

Professor Murray's letter is published in another part of this issue.

MAKE A FRIEND OF JESUS

If there is one thing we can boast of as a redeeming quality in our poor human nature it is that we are faithful and true to our friends. There never yet was a man worthy of the name who would go back on his friend.

We select for our friends those whom we believe to be good and generous and true, those who can sympathize with our sorrows and rejoice when we are glad. And how we take thought for our friends? We consult their interests in everything. We study how to make them happy. Nothing is as unselfish as friendship. Nothing helps us so to realize that it is more blessed to give than to receive. It is essential to true friendship that we think more of the person loved than we think of ourselves—that we be prepared to give up anything that interferes with our friendship—that we like the things he likes, and wish what he wishes.

"Without a friend," says Kempis, "one cannot very well live," and at one time or another we all feel the need of the strong hand-clasp of a brother. We crave some ear into which we can pour our griefs and sorrows, knowing that it will be sacred as the sacramental seal. A true friend is the dearest gift of God, "and," says Stevenson, "if we can find but one to whom we can speak out our heart freely we have no ground of quarrel with the world or God," for true friendship, like everything else that is valuable, is rare.

For us it ought not to be hard to find that one friend. For there is One that always comes at our call—One Who will never go back on us—Who will never turn us down for another, Who always has time for us, and is never too busy to see us. The test of friendship is sacrifice, for love is not joy but suffering, and this Friend made a sacrifice at which all others would draw the line. Amid the horror of Calvary He sealed the covenant of His friendship. He wrote its Testament in His Blood.

We may have friends who would make sacrifices for us, but had we ever a friend who would die for us? Had we ever a friend who loved us entirely for ourselves? Had we ever a friend whose friendship would stand the test of perjury and betrayal? Just One, and this One Whom we thought less of than we did of the least of our friends. We treated Him badly and we scarcely gave it a thought. And all the time He waited our return, arms outstretched to receive us, no reproach, but a welcome, upon His lips.

Do we ever think how we have squandered the precious friendship of Jesus? Are there no tears of compunction for our forgetfulness? Behold He stands at the gate and knocks. Let us open to Him now, let us take Him in with us and give Him a place at our fireside. Let us make a friend of Him in life, so that when the time comes for us to go out across the boundary into eternity He may take us with Him up into that land where Love reigns and where Friendship is crowned with the roses of Everlasting Life.

COLUMBA

NOTES AND COMMENTS

AFTER ALL HIS PALAVER ABOUT MISSIONS, Catholic and otherwise, the editor of the Christian Guardian can find nothing better to say in answer to the array of facts and figures set before it by the CATHOLIC RECORD than to term them "jesuitical." That is, of course, the time-honored Methodist way of backing down. The issue, in the present instance, was of the Guardian's own raising. It asked for facts and figures and we gave them. Out of the mouths of its own oracles it was condemned. Comment upon these, says the Guardian, is not necessary. Not necessary, of course, therefore not attempted. That may, in the Guardian's estimation, have been the easiest method of retreat. It is a pity it could not see that it was also the most contemptible.

AS ONE MEANS OF commemorating the centennial years of the War of 1812-15, Mr. Barlow Cumberland of Toronto has published an interesting pamphlet on "The Battle of York." To those to whom one of the lesser events of that memorable conflict is unfamiliar under that title it may be explained that the reference is to the taking of York (Toronto) by the Americans under General Pike, on April 27th, 1813. The event was of little importance in itself, and had no effect, whatever, either one way or the other, upon the fortunes of

the war. True, York was the capital of the Province, and the half-way house between Montreal and the settlements on the Detroit River. But the country all about was a dense forest, still unsettled, and the trouble and cost of holding it would have been out of all proportion to its value to the United States at that time. But the assault was doubtless intended by the Americans as a demonstration of strength and determination to reverse the disastrous results to them of the campaign of 1812.

BE THAT AS IT MAY, York was evacuated and left to its fate, after four short days of occupation. The net result to the invaders was the capture of the Duke of Gloucester, a brig converted into a troop-ship, which had wintered in the harbor. This was burned, however, by Sir James Yeo, when he attacked the Americans in Sackett's Harbor three weeks later. So that to them the one event which makes the capture of York memorable, is that General Pike and two officers were killed, and two hundred and fifty of their soldiers killed or wounded by the premature explosion of the magazine as they were taking possession of the fort.

IN MR. CUMBERLAND'S pamphlet the story of the eight hours' skirmish which preceded the capture of Fort York is told succinctly and well. The affair scarcely merits the title of "battle," though to the few hundred inhabitants of the infant capital it was momentous enough both in its operations and its impending consequences. The troops at the disposition of General Sheaffe, who was in command at York, scarcely numbered six hundred, mostly untrained. In addition, there were a few Indians. To them was opposed the comparatively formidable array of 1,800 Americans, who are described as "trained soldiers." The latter landed at the east side of what is now known as Humber Bay, and the fighting, such as it was, took place largely on the site of the present Exhibition Park. That under such circumstances it took the Americans almost eight hours to reach the Fort, a distance of a little more than a mile, is certainly creditable to the defenders. That, moreover, the skirmish was no mere walk-over is evidenced by the fact that there was considerable loss of life on both sides. Of the Canadians at least two officers and several men were killed.

WE ARE NOT pretending to give the history of the event or to moralize upon its results. Its chief consequence to the inhabitants of York and to the embryo government of Upper Canada was that, perhaps as a reprisal for their loss at the explosion of the magazine, the invaders set fire to the Parliament buildings and Court House, and with them were destroyed what was of far greater consequence, the earliest parliamentary records of the Province of Ontario. If this was an act of reprisal it was really unmerited. The explosion was not designed to annihilate the invaders. The best proof of this is that many of the defenders who had not withdrawn from the fort were among the slain. The act, though intentional, was designed merely to prevent the large store of ammunition from falling into the enemy's hands. The explosion was premature, and the American fatalities were due altogether to falling stones.

THE PUBLICATION of such a pamphlet as this we are reviewing is timely and serviceable. We are these three years celebrating not only an important period of our history devoted to armed conflict, but also the hundred years of peace which have succeeded. Both have had their influence in the determination of our character as a nation. And, whatever the future may have in store, the effect of both will remain. The war of 1812 taught the first serious lesson of self-reliance and gave that touch of romance to our early history which is in itself an asset. The succeeding century of international harmony, with its amazing material developments, should not fail of its lesson that when all is said and done, the greater glories of a nation centre in the arts of peace.

HOWEVER THE politicians of France may regard the secularization of the hospitals, there can be no doubt that the policy has proved disagreeable and unsatisfactory to the people at large. There is, in fact, a growing

hostility to the state of affairs which now obtains, and an active if unobtrusive agitation in many places for the restoration of the Religious Orders. A writer in the Tablet recently gave an interesting summary of the widespread character of this movement. In Cherbourg, Toulouse, Ancey, Avignon, Roenne, Clamancy, and Grenoble for instance, to name only a few places, the nursing Sisters have already been restored, and it would seem that such a disposition in that direction is growing even in Paris, for the question has already been brought, or is shortly to be so, before the City Council by one of its members, M. de Puymaigre. Another, M. Alpy, moved some time ago that in every hospital a ward should be set aside for the admittance of Sisters at the request of patients. In doing so he was, he stated, actuated by motives of efficiency, economy and justice.

IT IS INTERESTING to note that in this action M. Alpy had behind him various medical associations representing some twenty thousand physicians. The medical profession is in a better position than others to realize the need of the hour in this respect. One reason given for the support of the doctors to this demand is because they are harassed by the laws in regard to the personnel of private nursing homes. Another, we may be sure, is that they, better than others, know the effect of a religious atmosphere upon the occupants of a sick room. Whatever may be the immediate outcome of the agitation we may predict with confidence that the rank and file of the French people will not be satisfied until the present condition of affairs is terminated in at least recognition of the right of religious persons to minister to the wants of those whom sickness or misfortune has overtaken. That France should accord interminable predominance to the Masonic clique, under whose iron heel she at present writhes, is unthinkable.

YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION

The following from the pen of the Most Reverend Archbishop Ireland appeared in the first number of the Catholic Bulletin. There have been so many requests for copies of that issue—long since exhausted—that we deem it advisable to reprint the article for the benefit of all who have expressed a desire to re-peruse it and keep it for future reference.

Beyond question the Young Men's Christian Association has succeeded in making itself a power in America, and, we may add, in the world. In every city, almost in every town, in the United States, it erects its costly buildings and gathers to itself crowds of patrons and of clients. It reaches into our colonial dependencies—the Philippine Islands, Porto Rico, the Panama Canal Zone. Far beyond lands over which flutter the American flag, it has its social centers, its edifices, its groups of workers. It is in Cuba, in several large cities of South America; it is in Europe, in Asia. Immense sums of money are needed to sustain it in this wonderful expansion; but those scarcely await an invitation to rush into its agencies, in ambitious plans, and, we must add, in efficiency of methods in practical work, the Young Men's Christian Association stands without a parallel among American social institutions of present times.

An interesting study it were, to examine in detail the Young Men's Christian Association in its opportunities and in its methods, and read out the causes, remote and proximate, of its growth and power. Credit would at once be attributed to America itself—first, to its genius or organization and its management of projects, and next, to its lavish generosity in aiding movements believed to be philanthropic and humanitarian. In no other country could the Young Men's Christian Association have waxed so rich and strong as to-day it looms up in America. And, then, we should have to note the opportunity set before the Association by circumstances in our modern social organisms. In cities and industrial centers, the young men are legion, whom no well-constituted home, no immediate parental control, guards from peril or guides to safety along the pathway of sound morals and good citizenship. To harbor young men, bring them within reach of wise counsel, procure to them innocent recreation seasoned with encouragement to Christian manhood, must be taken as a most needed, a most praiseworthy work. To a work of this kind thousands of well-meaning people will contribute promptly and liberally; and thousands of young men will readily put themselves more or less under its protecting wing.

Caring for unprotected youth is a blessed benevolence, to which none object, to which many are strongly drawn. Right here, however, enters the criticism we feel bound to make with regard to the Young Men's

Christian Association—a criticism from which in its present form of organization and methods it cannot escape. The Association in organization and methods is sectarian—Protestant. It is, in essence and in fact, what its authorized sponsors call it. Evangelical Protestantism. This is why it is not patronized yet more extensively than it is—why large numbers of young men hold themselves aloof from its class rooms and recreation halls; why many, as deeply concerned in the welfare of young men as any of their fellow citizens can ever be, refuse it encouragement and pecuniary aid. Worse yet—the Association because of this sectarianism is compelled, in the carrying out of its work, to mis-state before the public its character and calling—let us speak plain words—to mislead and deceive.

In appeals for contributions, in invitations to young men to take advantage of its hospitalities, the Young Men's Christian Association is a large, minded, unsectarian, philanthropic, social institution—aiming to afford homes to homeless young men, to guard them from evil, to uplift them in morals and good citizenship. To put its evangelical Protestantism into the foreground would wondrously restrict the power of the appeal; and so, for the time being, Evangelical Protestantism is bidden into obscurity. This is what happens, in continental America; this is what happens, to a yet greater degree, in our colonial dependencies and the republics of South America, where Catholicism is dominant, where an institution avowedly Protestant would be doomed to quick failure. To insist only on a few recent instances: In the Philippine Islands, in the Panama Zone, in Cuba and Porto Rico, in South America, the Association proclaims in loudest tones its utter unsectarianism, and expresses surprise when the single-mindedness of its benevolence is brought into question, when Catholics make opposition to it on the ground of its opposition to their Catholic faith. In Porto Rico, where the Association is confronted by special difficulties on account of its sectarianism, it has gone farther than elsewhere in its professions of large-minded unsectarianism, and actually, we are told, has admitted Catholics into its local directorship. But in these professions of unsectarianism, the Association is honest and truthful? Are not those professions the ruses of old-time Greece, perfidy before the walls of besieged Troy?

A strict ruling in the constitution of the General Board of Government of the Association is that only Evangelical Protestants may be permitted to hold office of any kind in its directorships. A few years ago a few well-intentioned delegates to a General Convention of the Association, in an almost unanimous vote defeated their efforts. In practice, universally so, in the books and pamphlets laid on its tables, in the Bible classes it organizes, in the whole atmosphere of its halls and class-rooms the Association is Protestant, a teacher and propagator of Evangelical Protestantism. Visitors and pupils may be urged, by word, to be loyal to their several church affiliations; but at the same time the association offers religious services of its own—an obvious temptation to the belief that those exercises suffice, that the Association is of itself a church, simple and undogmatic, yet all-sufficing to the requirements of Christian living.

In Catholic countries the methods of the Association are particularly dangerous. With Bible-reading and hymn-singing, with the ever present and insidious appeal to individualism in religion, the dogmas and the discipline of Catholicism are made to appear as an unnecessary burden, unauthorized additions to the pure Gospel. And what is worse, in those countries, the religion of the Young Men's Christian Association is put forth as the religion of America—the religion of America emblazoned by the splendors of the liberty and the material aggressiveness with which the name of America is so easily associated.

Catholics should have nothing to do with the Young Men's Christian Association. Now and then we hear the promise that the Association will alter constitution and methods; but the promise is not being fulfilled. When this is done, if ever it is done, the attitude of Catholics towards the Association may also be altered.

Meanwhile the question rises before the Young Men's Christian Association: Does it ostensibly sail under its true colors? Are its professions free of fraud and deceit? Should it not be candid and frank and openly declare that it is in all its parts, Evangelical Protestantism—this and nothing else; that it expects patronage, whether in money, or in frequentation of its halls, from Evangelical Protestants, not from others—especially not from Catholics?—Catholic Bulletin.

CAPTAIN SET PRIEST ASIDE

CONDUCTED INFANT'S BURIAL AT SEA DESPITE MOTHER'S DESIRES

When the Cunarder Carpathia, the vessel which rescued the Titanic survivors, arrived from Naples and other Mediterranean ports recently, some of the passengers, telling of the burial of an infant at sea, said that Captain Prothero, the commander of the ship, had refused to permit a Catholic priest to conduct the service despite the fact that the infant was the child of Catholic parents. Cap-

tain Prothero, who refused to comment on the matter, insisted upon conducting the service himself, according to several of the passengers. The child, Sandor Oroz, eleven months old, according to P. Y. Gilkyson, of Boston, who was one of the Carpathia's passengers, died on last Friday morning. His mother requested that the burial service of the Catholic Church be read when the body was consigned to the sea. There were two Catholic priests on board—the Rev. Charles Macksey, S. J., and the Rev. William Bush. Mrs. Oroz requested that one of them conduct the services. Father Macksey, the senior of the two clergymen, agreed to read the service. When the Carpathia had stopped at 8 o'clock on the next morning, Captain Prothero, it was said, refused to allow the priest to proceed with the Catholic service. Saying that as a British subject, and a member of the Church of England and commander of the vessel, he alone had a right to read the service, Captain Prothero read the Church of England service, despite the mother's desire that the priest should officiate. The child's body then was sent from the grating over the stern into the ocean. Five minutes later the Carpathia resumed her voyage.—N. Y. Times.

WHY I AM A CATHOLIC

I can not answer as an old-time Democrat did, and say I am one because my father and grandfather were, says W. G. Hume in the current number of Extension Magazine, for my paternal ancestors were Presbyterians and my great grandfather was a Presbyterian minister.

I am a Catholic, first, because I could not be anything else. By the process of elimination after investigating all the other creeds, the Catholic Church is the only existing religion that possesses the marks or attributes of the one true Church founded by Christ.

Every earnest Christian must admit:

First—That Jesus Christ founded some Church.

Second—That the Church of which He was, and is, the head was to last for all time and therefore must exist on earth to-day.

Now, according to my premises, the One Church of Christ can not be divided into many branches teaching different doctrines. Many good Protestants say that if we believe in Christ and keep His commandments, it matters not with what denomination we affiliate, unless—Oh, shades of logic—we are Catholics! If Presbyterians are right, then Baptists and Lutherans are wrong, for each sect teaches different things; and Unitarians certainly can not be included in a church of which Baptists and Episcopalians claim to be branches.

The usual argument on this point is: "Yes, we admit that during the seven or eight centuries after Christ there was a Church which was founded by Him and which taught truly the things He told His apostles to preach. But in the course of time errors crept in and a large part of the Church became corrupt. Then the good members of this Church withdrew and united together to continue the early Christian Church and perpetuate Christ's original commandments as laid down in the Bible."

Without admitting the accusation, I will acknowledge that if all Protestants had united together and formed one Church, and if all the members of this Church believed the same things, their position would at least be more tenable. In this respect the Greek Church has an advantage over Protestants.

Following their argument, however, there is on earth to-day one Church, one form of divine worship founded by Our Lord Jesus Christ, and only one. Which is it? If it is not the Catholic Church, which Church did He found? Which of the many creeds and "isms" is the one true branch that perpetuates the early Church which is to continue until the end of time? Unless a Protestant can answer this question positively and at least to his own satisfaction, he has no excuse for remaining what he is.

The Episcopalians, I believe, are the only Protestants who seriously even claim a direct succession from the apostles, but they are obliged to trace through the "Roman Catholic Church," and they themselves in so doing admit that during a certain period the Roman Catholic Church was the true Church. "The gates of hell shall not prevail against her." If once the true Church, she is bound to be so still, otherwise hell has prevailed. If Episcopalians could show a true succession (which they can not), how can they reconcile high and low church, one claiming to acknowledge the Real Presence, and the other denying it. Can Christ's Church be divided against itself?

The direct apostolic succession has always seemed to me the simplest and at the same time the most vital test of any Church's claiming divine authority. Strange to say, most Protestants admit the claims of the Catholic Church in this regard.

One thing has always impressed me. There are, of course, exceptions, but in almost every case of which I have had personal knowledge this rule will apply. Lukewarm or bad Catholics are the ones who leave the Church, but our converts are good, earnest Protestants who are seeking truth and their eternal salvation.

Again, "By their fruits you shall know them." Look back through the pages of history and count, if you can, the mighty names upon the roll of the Catholic Church—just to

mention a few—St. Vincent de Paul, St. Francis Xavier, St. Ignatius Loyola, Thomas A Kempis, Fenelon, Michelangelo, Raphael, Dante, Dryden, Newman, Manning, Spaulding. Is it not a privilege to be brothers in the Faith to such as these? Is it possible for such men to have been wrong in their method of serving God?

Protestants sometimes say: "I can not understand how Catholics believe this or that." Of course they can not; otherwise, if in earnest, they would become Catholic. Right here we come to the main point: Faith is not understanding, but believing what we can not understand.

Help Thou our unbelief, And give us grace to say Like the repentant thief, "Have mercy, Lord, to-day." Yea, help us to believe And hope—to love Thee, too; Lest we at last ourselves deceive, Our failing faith renew. We do not ask to see, Enough that Thou hast said, The path that leads to Thee. The way that we should go, Enough that Thou hast said: Believe, believe in Me, And ye shall even raise the dead, Cast mountains in the sea."

As a rule, non Catholics do not seem to realize that if one acknowledges a Church of God through which He still speaks and teaches, that whatever His Church teaches, His divine truth and, even if certain doctrines can not be entirely understood by men's finite minds they must accept them, and Faith says "I believe." On the other hand, however, many of the devotees and practices of the Catholic Church help to strengthen our belief in her divine institution. I have always found that, even from a human standpoint, the more we study and investigate the Church the more we see how logical and reasonable, and how more natural and beautiful than we believe that the Mother of God was the ever Virgin Mary? The mind revolts at the non-Catholic attitude toward the Blessed Virgin. Again, how can Christians dislike the Crucifix emblem of Christ's death for sinners? What a consolation to mankind is the Sign of the Cross, the pledge of our salvation. Or take the Sacraments, viewed merely as temporal benefits. Like a loving mother the Church takes us in infancy, and from the day the waters of baptism are poured over us she never relaxes her watchful care. She leads us gently along the path of life, ever ready with a shield in each emergency, and a balm for every pain. Are we wounded? She offers us the sacrament of penance, in which we may be healed. Then she strengthens us with confirmation and the Holy Eucharist. When we are grown and choose our state in life, there, awaiting our coming, are holy orders or the sacrament of matrimony. And at the end when the light begins to fade, when the weary spirit falters and we long at last for rest, then, when Death approaches and the demon of discouragement strives to claim us for his own, does our Mother forsake us then? Nay, she stands by our side, gives us the Bread of life, anoints us with holy oil, and she has led us from the cradle to manhood, and from youth to old age, she now leads us to the gates of that heavenly city which she has taught us to seek. Believing, therefore, that Our Divine Lord established a Church which exists to-day, I must either believe in and accept her teachings, or doubt the truth of Christ's own words.

So if you ask me why I am a Catholic, I answer: "Because I must be either a Catholic or an atheist."

"THE ONE SCOTTISH CARDINAL"

By the Rev. Henry Grey Graham, M. A.

The appearance of the fourth volume in the series of "The Archbishops of St. Andrews," by the Rev. Dr. Herkless and Mr. R. K. Hannay, places before the public a very different view of Cardinal Beaton from that which has hitherto prevailed, especially in Scotland. Dr. Herkless is Professor of Church History in the University of St. Andrews, and Mr. Hannay is Curator of the Historical Department of H. M. General Register House. They have compiled this biography of Beaton from original documents and State papers, and as a result of their calm and well-digested researches the Cardinal stands forth as an ecclesiastical statesman of the first rank and as an illustrious patriot, who by his commanding genius overcame Henry VIII. at every turn, and staved off the Reformation till the hand of the assassin put an end to him.

It was more than time that justice should be done to the memory of "the one Scottish Cardinal." Both in popular and in serious works of history people have been taught for centuries without check to execrate his name as a monster of debauchery and a fiendish persecutor without one redeeming virtue. The falsifications of Lindsay, and Knox, and Buchanan, and all their school have been greedily and unquestioningly accepted. Beaton has ever been, in Knox's words, "that bloody wolf of the Cardinal," a "vicious priest and wicked monster, which neither God nor care for man," who slew the saints and spilt the blood of the martyrs. But now a change has come. Sober and impartial students of the original sources of history, winnowing out truth from fable, and separating contemporary and reliable evidence from the fictions of

hostile romancers, have arrived at a correct estimate of this remarkable man as is ever likely to be obtained, and the result is that they present him to us as a giant towering above all in political genius and statesmanship, the unwearied and incorruptible defender of his country's liberty and independence, who, in spite of the weakness and inferiority of the resources at his command, yet humbled the pride and baffled the ambition of the English Sovereign, and "yielded at last," as Mr. Lang says, "only to that ultimate argument, the dagger."

His life may be very briefly outlined. Born in 1494, of an old Fifeshire family, the Beaton or Bethunes of Balfour, he was educated at Glasgow and St. Andrews's Universities, and trained in Canon and Civil Law at Orleans and Paris. In 1519 he was appointed Scottish Envoy at the French Court, and entrusted with several diplomatic missions. His uncle, James Beaton, Archbishop of St. Andrews and Primate of Scotland conferred upon him the rectories of Campsie and Cambuslang, and later the Abbey of Arbroath. In virtue of the latter dignity David Beaton took his seat in Parliament and in the Privy Council. In 1528 he was one of the judges who condemned Patrick Hamilton. From this moment he rose to be the favorite and all-powerful adviser of James V., Henry's nephew. The King commissioned him to negotiate both his French marriages the first with Magdalene, only daughter of Francis I., and the second with Mary of Guise, who became the mother of Mary Queen of Scots. After James' death, Beaton and Mary of Guise were united by an unwavering friendship in their defence of the Catholic Church, their favor of the French alliance, and their resistance to English domination. One after another honors fell to the Churchman. He succeeded his uncle in the Primacy. He received the Bishopric of Mirepoix, a suffragan See of Toulouse, as well as considerable heritable property in France. At the solicitation of Francis and James he was created Cardinal by Paul III. Later he became Lord High Chancellor of the kingdom, and in 1544 the same Pope made him Legate a latere in Scotland. Short of being King or Pope, Beaton thus rose as high as it was possible for man to rise. "He stands in history," says his latest biographer (p. 28) "as the one Scottish Cardinal. Towards the close of the fourteenth century Walter Wardlaw, Bishop of Glasgow, was created a Cardinal by Clement VII, the first antipope of the Great Schism; but antipopes have not been recognized in the Roman succession, and their Cardinals have not been numbered in the Sacred College."

After his rise to power in the government of the realm, Beaton's life may be said to have been devoted wholly and solely to three great ends: securing the Church from her enemies, cementing the French alliance, and preventing Henry from capturing Scotland. With regard to his measures for the defence of the Church, perusing the dispassionate account of his activities by Dr. Herkless and Mr. Hannay, we find it difficult to realize that we are dealing with the same man as the Beaton of popular tradition, the ecclesiastical butcher finding his delight in wholesale slaughter of inoffensive victims. He put in force, indeed, the laws which never been handed over to the secular arm. The Scottish Parliament had passed acts requiring Bishops to make inquiry concerning the spread of heretics, and proceed against them according to the law. It was the accepted ethic of the age, and all authorities, both ecclesiastical and civil, and whether Catholic or Protestant, did it. But anything like the wanton cruelty and arbitrary butcheries for selfish ends which characterized the policy of Henry can never be justly laid to the charge of Beaton. Mr. Hossack, advocate, in his defence of Mary Stuart, does not hesitate to say (Vol. I, p. 13): "Compared with the innumerable victims of religious tyranny who perished under horrible tortures in England under Henry VIII. . . the persecutions of Cardinal Beaton sink into insignificance; and considering the age in which he lived and the power that he enjoyed, he probably deserves rather to be commended for his barbarity." Beaton has earned peculiar abhorrence for encouraging the execution of Knox's "blessed martyr of God, Maister George Wishart"; but if death in the last resort was ever to be visited upon heretics at all, Wishart could not possibly expect to escape. That he was directly a participator in the plot to murder the Cardinal has not, it seems to me, been conclusively proved, although there are good authorities (e. g. Principal Cunningham in his "Church History," and Dr. Herkless, in his earlier work, "Cardinal Beaton: Priest and Work," who incline strongly to the belief that he was. But his crime as an open, and it must be added successful, preacher of the new opinions, leading to attacks on religious houses, marked him out as a dangerous rebel who must sooner or later be reduced to silence. Even he was not committed alive to the flames, and there are other evidences of Beaton's tenderness of heart, especially towards the poor.

That David Beaton was a saint no Catholic has ever ventured to claim (although his heresy-hunting would be no bar to his sanctity). Even after making every allowance for the

exaggerations and inventions of his enemies, it is difficult to resist the conclusion that he shared in some measure the irregularities which were all too common among his class at the time. Morals were relaxed, and it were no marvel if even a prelate failed altogether to escape contamination. But that he was the profligate portrayed by the Knoxian school of writers can no longer be maintained, for there is simply no evidence to prove it; and it is satisfactory to note that such matters find very little place in the latest biography of the Cardinal.

But it is as the statesman and the patriot that Beaton appears most truly great. His life, especially after the disgraceful rout of Solway Moss and the consequent death of the heart-broken King, was practically a duel with Henry, Henry's all-consuming ambition to win over Scotland not only to the Reformation, but also to the English Crown. To attain this end he left no stone unturned, no means, fair or foul, untried. He plotted and bribed, cajoled and threatened by turns. He proposed marriages, sent ambassadors, posted spies. He endeavored to separate Scotland from the friendship of France. He tried to Protestantize his nephew James, to kidnap him, to make him plunder the religious houses. He worked hard to get possession of the infant Queen Mary. He fought, invaded, and ravaged Scotland. Worst of all, he approved and encouraged the murder of Beaton, and rewarded the assassins. All this is writ plain in history. Yet at every turn he was met and outwitted by the superior statesmanship of "the great Cardinal."

It is amazing to read of the ingenuity, the astuteness, the determination, and the vigilance with which the Archbishop of St. Andrews baffled the designs of the English monarch and his pensioners in Scotland. For Beaton had to deal not only with English arms and diplomacy, but with a body of Scottish nobles unscrupulous, self-seeking, and shiftless to the last degree. Some of them were directly in the pay of Henry to further his interests; others were weak, vacillating, and unreliable. Many professed the Reformed creed with an eye upon the monastic wealth, and all were jealous of the clergy. After Salway Moss, for example, the nobles whom Henry had captured—Cassilis, Glencairn, Maxwell, Angus, and the Douglasses—contemptuously known as the "English lords," or the "assured Scots," scrupled not, with unparalleled treachery, to enter into an engagement with Henry that they would deliver to him the baby Queen, the principal fortresses, and the Cardinal, and secure for him the lordship of Scotland. To defeat this combination of his country's enemies, Beaton devoted his commanding talents with magnificent skill, sleepless activity, and with a resourcefulness that has compelled admiration even from the most hostile writers. And not content with the arts of diplomacy, he again and again summoned his clergy, and together they subscribed thousands of pounds for the national cause, and offered to melt down their own plate and the Church plate, and even to fight, if need were, for their hearts and altars. The Cardinal himself fortified his castle, polished his swords, and headed the troops.

It is no wonder, then, that Beaton was everywhere hailed among the people as the champion of Scotland's liberties and independence, and that his imprisonment roused such a storm of indignation that he was quickly set free. He was the one man whom no power could crush and no money purchase. "In contrast" (to the traitors), write his latest biographers, "stood Beaton, who, even though the interests of the Church were his first concern, never, from the first day to the last of his public life, dealt treacherously with the independence of the realm." How gallant a fight," says Mr. Lang, "Beaton waged against adversaries, how many and multifarious, how murderous, self-seeking, treacherous, and hypocritical, we have seen. . . . Henry's failure was due to the genius and resolution of Cardinal Beaton, heading the Catholic party" ("Short History," pp. 90, 97).

But even the greatest patriots are not immune from the dagger of the assassin. Beaton was in Henry's path, the one insuperable obstacle to his ambition, and so he must be removed. By the bloody deed of May 25, 1546—a deed long meditated and finally accomplished by men whose plans were known to and approved by the English Sovereign—there fell within the Castle of St. Andrews the fearless champion of Scotland's ancient Church and the invincible defender of her liberties. David Beaton, as his sympathetic biographers have written in their concluding paragraph, "was an ecclesiastical guardian of an institution with centuries behind it, a prince under the imperial sovereign at Rome; but he was also a statesman by the sanction of a custom which jealous rivals among the nobles resented. England was strong under Henry's rule, while Scotland, with political factions, was weak. In spite, however, of the divisions and jealousies of the nobles, independence was maintained by the resolute and incorruptible statesman who was a priest, the Church was not reformed after the English fashion, the French alliance was not broken, and the freedom of Scotland was not destroyed because the Cardinal of Scotland was the careful and skilful opponent of the King of England. The Cardinal was slain in his Castle of St. Andrews, and the King soon followed him by

another road into the darkness of death. Henry had failed in his Scottish policy, and David Beaton was the man against whom in the last years he had matched his strength."—Tablet.

TOUCHING EXPERIENCES OF A CONVERTED MINISTER

In the Irish Rosary, the Rev. Father J. H. Steele, formerly Protestant chaplain to the Earl of Erne, gives an account of the causes which induced him to leave the Protestant Church and become a priest of the Catholic Church. In his article he says:

"But the great crisis of my life was approaching, a combination of circumstances, wholly unlooked for, leading up to it. Among those circumstances, the foundation of a religious house by the Passionists in the County of Fermanagh, in the heart of the district in which my school days and early ministry as a clergyman were passed must be mentioned. The buildings were erected on lands which had formed a part of the inheritance of the abbots and monks of Devenish, and were situated within view of the sacred island.

"The resurrection of religious life in a region of such holy memories stirred me deeply, though at the time the Holy Congregation was only known to me by its beautiful name, and by the fact that J. H. Newman had been received into the Church by one of its Fathers.

"I read accordingly with great interest the reports of proceedings connected with the new foundation, named 'The Blessed Gabriel's Retreat' which appeared from time to time in the country newspapers, and in this way was introduced to that glorious young saint. Such imperfect sources of information only stimulated a desire which they could not satisfy; so I provided myself with a copy of his life by Father Ward, C. P., and a most charming volume it proved.

"The Blessed Gabriel soon became for me a 'stella rutilans,' shedding the sweetest influence from its fixed center in the firmament of the Church. If there had been no other light to lead me but that afforded by this star, I should have been guided out of the 'encircling gloom' by its light alone, to find my feet planted in the way of peace. In addition to the holy memories, upon which I had all my life been feeding my soul, I now found myself brought within the reach of a Living Voice ever and anon sweetly whispering 'Follow the gleam!'"

HOW CARDINAL MANNING BECAME A CATHOLIC

In a private conversation this great prince of the Church himself related the following:

"I was in Rome, visited the museums, the churches, and viewed the city from all points. I had never had the shadow of a doubt as to the truth of Protestantism and had not the slightest notion of changing my religion. Nothing of all that I saw had made an impression upon me, and I was as far from Catholicism as I was at my departure from England.

"One morning I entered the Church of St. Louis of France. The blessed sacrament was exposed on one of the altars, probably on account of a novena. There was nothing out of the ordinary; a few candles were burning, the priests, vested only in their surplices, knelt in the sanctuary; and a few of the faithful were praying in the church. Nothing of the pomp of St. Peter's was there, but it was God's time. I felt in my heart a mysterious emotion, partly illumination, partly attraction. For the first time in my life it appeared to me that truth might be here, and that possibly I might one day become a Catholic. But I was not yet converted. It was merely the call of God and I was still far from the truth. I did not reject the call, but I prayed, I sought and studied with all the sincerity of which I was capable. Light increased from day to day, and grace accomplished the rest."

Considered from a temporal point of view, no conversion could have been connected with more disadvantages. There was for a clergyman and a scholar no more agreeable position than that of Archdeacon Manning. As a dignitary of the Anglican Church he possessed riches, influence and a prominent position; genius, fame and friends were his. These were all lost on entering the hated Church of Rome; but, as he said, he hearkened to the voice of God, calling him.—Mainz Kath. Viktbl. 1880.

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FIVE MINUTE SERMON

REV. J. J. BURKE, PHOENIX, ILL. TWENTIETH SUNDAY AFTER PENTECOST

THE DOUBTER

Unless you see signs and wonders, you believe not. (St. John IV, 18)

These words spoken by our Lord to the ruler of Capernaum, are applicable to many of the present day. They are doubters. They believe not. They expect to see signs and wonders. They will not accept the testimony of ordinary witnesses. They want something extraordinary. And even if our Lord Himself came again upon earth and performed great wonders, many would not believe. There would be no doubters even then. No one is so blind as he who does not wish to see, no one so great a doubter as he who does not wish to believe.

Deluded by his passions, deceived by his love of self and led astray by worldly motives, he shuts his eyes to the light of reason and will not notice anything that does not pander to his passions, minister to his self-love and further his worldly interests. Hence he tries to persuade himself that there is no supernatural, that there is no God. But, do what he may, he cannot fully stifle himself that feeling natural to man that there is a Supreme Being, that there is a God, the Creator and Lord of all things. Whose will must be done if we would be saved.

The idea of God is natural to man: Cicero tells us that even in pagan times there never was a people in whom this idea did not exist. Man's reason leads to the knowledge of God. For order and harmony suppose an intelligent cause, and the order, harmony and beauty of the works of nature point to an intelligent author of all this beauty, order and harmony. This intelligent author can be none other than God.

Jews believe in God, pagans believe in a Supreme Ruler of the universe; Christians believe in God; it is only the fool, the Bible tells us, who says in his heart there is no God.

As reason rightly used leads to God, so reason likewise tells us we must obey God's will, if we would be saved. We must obey God strictly, uncompromisingly, unhesitatingly. We must not through idle curiosity try to dive too deep into the ways and mysteries of God. It should be sufficient for us to know that God commands a thing. Knowing that God commands something we should obey the divine command without turning back like Lot's wife and be lost when almost saved.

She had almost gained the mountain of safety. Had she not doubted and broken God's command, she would have been saved. Had she persevered a few minutes longer, she would not have been handed down to us as a fearful example of those whose curiosity prompts them to doubt God's word and disobey His commands.

She was already on the road to salvation. She had led a good life. She was selected by God as one of the very few just people in the wicked Cities of the Plain. Relying on her past good deeds, she thought she was sure of salvation. She thought God was certain to save her. Hence, she looked back to see if God had kept His word. Alas! He kept it too well for her future happiness. Hundreds of Christians imitate Lot's wife. Remembering their past real or imaginary good lives; recalling to mind the fact that God's grace has led them to the true Church or caused them to be born of Catholic parents; they rest secure without making proper use of the sacramental aids furnished by the Church.

Many, persuaded that the Catholic Church is the true Church, come to its threshold, doubt, look back and see lost.

Oh how dangerous it is to doubt God's existence or His word! It is terrible to hesitate, to look back when our salvation is at stake. Let us never doubt God's existence. Let us never hesitate to do His holy will. Let us persevere in well doing to the end and merit the crown of glory.

TEMPERANCE

HOME RULE MAY REMEDY THIS

There is a custom connected with the drink evil that we only heard of recently. It was referred to in a case at Ennis Petty Sessions when a father and son were prosecuted. One of the magistrates said it was a farce to be fining some of these drunks, as it had no deterrent effect on them, and he was for sending the younger man, whom he described as "one of the worst boys in Clarecastle," to jail. When some blackguards were fined," said this magistrate, "it was the decent people of Clarecastle who were paying their fines for them. They always went round with a book collecting money to pay the fines, and it was usual for them to have a surplus left after paying it to make a good 'booze' for those blackguards." A policeman said, "I am aware that it is usual for these fellows to go around collecting money to pay their fines." Certainly this is an extreme example of trading on the misguided sympathy of the public. One of the most demoralizing results of English misgovernment in this country has been the sympathy it has naturally tended to create against even classes of law-breakers who deserve no sympathy whatever. We can well understand a low ruffian who has been fined for

HE NOW BELIEVES IN "FRUIT-A-TIVES"

Because He No Longer Suffers With Headaches

TAYLORVILLE, ONT.

"I was a sufferer from Fearful Headaches for over two years. Sometimes, they were so bad that I was unable to work for days at a time. I took all kinds of medicine, was treated by physicians, but yet the Headaches persisted. And even if our Lord Himself came again upon earth and performed great wonders, many would not believe. There would be no doubters even then. No one is so blind as he who does not wish to see, no one so great a doubter as he who does not wish to believe.

A short time ago, I was advised to try "Fruit-a-tives" and I did so, with I must confess, very little faith. But after I had taken them for three days, my Headaches were easier and in a week they left me.

After I had taken a box of these tablets, my headaches were quite cured. My appetite was always poor and my stomach bad—and now my appetite is splendid and my digestion excellent.

I had become thin and weak from the constant Headaches, but now not only have I been cured of all these awful Headaches, but my strength is growing up once more and I feel like a new man.

BERT CORNELL. Take "Fruit-a-tives", 50c a box, 6 for \$2.50—trial size, 25c. At dealers or from Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa

drunkenness and bawling going round with a collecting book and a whine and imposing himself on ignorant and soft people as a victim of the law. In some cases he might be able to add a little intimidation to his appeal. One of the many solid advantages of Home Rule will be that the law will be put into its normal place.—Leader, (Dublin, Ireland).

AN IMPERATIVE CALL

"A man staggering down the railroad that passes a couple of saloons," writes Father Lambing in the Pittsburgh Observer, "escaped the locomotive of the oncoming train, but lost his balance and fell under the passing cars, which cut off both his hands and his head. It was not at the wrecked victim did not belong to his congregation. He had told his people just the day before that an intemperate Catholic did more harm to the Catholics of a community than all the 'Menaces' that could be circulated in it, and more harm to the cause of Christ; for he was right there and his conduct could not be denied nor explained away. But the bell in the poor fellow's church did not toll for prayers for his soul after the Angelus, as is the custom; that would have been too scandalous. So would it be to have the usual procession from the dead-house to the church and a requiem on the occasion of his funeral. But it was not considered a scandal for members of the congregation to sign petitions for licenses for these saloons instead of trying, as the Church directs, to induce them to withdraw from the dangerous business and betake themselves to a more becoming way of making a living. Comment would be useless;

HEAVY DRINKER CURED

SAMARIA CURED HIM AND HE HELPS OTHERS

A man who has been released from the awful cravings of drink, and whose first thought is to help others, shows the spirit of true brotherhood and philanthropy. Read his letter: "The Samaria Remedy Co., Toronto, Ont. 'Will you please send me book on drink, also circulars relating to your valued remedy for the drink habit. I wish to hand these to a friend who is going to ruin through drink. You will remember that I have taken your remedy, and I find it all you claim it to be. I never think of taking or using strong drink in any way, as all desire for it has left me. I cannot speak too highly of your wonderful remedy. You may use my name in any way you wish in public. H. Lilywhite, Bridgen, Ont.'"

Samaria Prescription is tasteless and odorless, and dissolves instantly in tea, or coffee or can be mixed with food. It can be given with or without the patient's knowledge. It removes the craving for drink, builds up the system and restores the nerves. Drink becomes distasteful and even nauseous.

Drink is a disease, not a crime. One drink of whiskey always invites another. The inflamed nerves and stomach create a craving that must either be satisfied by more whiskey or removed by a scientific treatment like Samaria Prescription. Samaria Prescription has been in regular and successful use by physicians and hospitals for over ten years.

If you know of any family needing Samaria Prescription, tell them about it. If you have a husband, father, or friend that is drifting into drink, help him save himself. Write to-day. A FREE TRIAL PACKAGE of Samaria Prescription, with booklet giving full particulars, testimonials, price, etc., will be sent absolutely free and postpaid in plain sealed package to anyone asking for it and mentioning this paper. Correspondence sacredly confidential. Write to-day.

THE SAMARIA REMEDY CO., Dept. 11, 142 Mutual street, Toronto, Canada.

facts should speak with more persuasion than words. But to rise, to answer such a call, from reading an account of one of a party of three drinking men being burned to death when a burning lamp set off a can of powder is pretty shocking even to the hardened nerves of an old pastor. Is there not an imperative call for something more being done to check the ruthless march of soul-destroying alcoholic drink? Have you done your whole duty in the matter?"

MORE POWER TO BISHOP CONANTY

The Tidings of Los Angeles, Cal., tells of a strong effort which has been made of late to place a cafe and dance hall, in which intoxicating liquors would be sold, under the shadow of the San Gabriel Mission school, and beside the Mission Play House. The application was under consideration by the Trustees of San Gabriel, and an ordinance was in preparation that would permit of such an institution, but as soon as it became known a very general outcry on the part of the citizens was raised against the proposed action.

The Tidings says that the Right Rev. Bishop Conanty, in the interests of the Old Mission Church, the parish school and the Mission Play, protested at once, in the strongest possible manner, and in this protest he was joined by a majority of the citizens of San Gabriel. At a meeting of the trustees a large number were present to voice their opposition to the plan of modernizing San Gabriel by the way of the cafe and the dance hall. The opposition caused the trustees to order a special election on the proposed ordinance to take place some time in September. It is certain, that greater opposition will develop before the time of the election, and the citizens in San Gabriel will then give evidence of their strong disapproval of any plan that would in any way endanger the good name that the Old Mission town has enjoyed since the days of the Padres.

WEATHER WISDOM

Don't let the weather tempt you to take any sort of alcoholic concoction to keep cool. Even a moderate use of alcohol lessens the body's power of resistance. The United Kingdom Temperance and General Provident Institution of London has published a chart showing its experience with moderate drinkers and total abstainers from 1866 to 1910. The mortality among abstainers was 27.4 per cent. less than among non-abstainers. These non-abstainers were of course moderate drinkers; they were carefully selected, high-grade risks. The experience of the New England Mutual Life Insurance Company for the past sixty years shows the mortality among abstainers has been 12 per cent. less than among those who use alcohol rarely and 25 per cent. less than among those classed as temperate users. Other records covering hundreds of thousands of cases and extending over a long series of years give similar results. It has almost become a medical axiom that any man who uses alcohol at all as a beverage uses it to excess.—Sacred Heart Review.

WHAT WAS "MAGNA CHARTA?"

A correspondence in the New York Herald on the claim some Protestant Episcopalians make to be called Catholics, has given certain of their controversialists the opportunity of betraying their lack of history. One of these gives the following reasons for denying the fact that Henry VIII. was the originator of the existing Church of England: "During the Middle Ages the English communion yielded an enforced obedience to Rome, which the English clergy were glad to throw off when Henry repudiated the Papal claims. The Pope had granted the King a dispensation to marry his deceased brother's wife, and afterward, when Henry asked the Pontiff to declare this no marriage, the Pope refused, giving the clergy the opportunity to reaffirm the dogma of magna charta." Magna Charta was not a collection of decrees. We presume, therefore, that by "the decree of Magna Charta" he means its first chapter: "The Church of England shall be free, etc." That famous document is one of those things which many speak about without having any acquaintance with them. It is a royal instrument recognizing existing rights, or conferring privileges. Let us say a few words to explain what the Great Charter was, how it originated and what its first chapter really means. It is commonly held to have been the foundation stone of English liberty. In a sense this is true; for it was a royal acknowledgment of rights never to be infringed again by royal tyranny. Still, were one to seek in it any specific mention of what are understood as an Englishman's rights, he would be disappointed. Though some of its articles are of great constitutional value, such as the fourteenth, which undertakes that the Great Council shall be summoned whenever there is question of extraordinary aids; the seventeenth, which fixes the Court of Common Pleas at Westminster, so that suitors shall no longer have to follow the royal court from place to place; the eighteenth and nineteenth, which regulate the itinerary courts and order that in minor, as well as in major matters, there must be a proportion between the crime

and its punishment; and the thirtieth and fortieth, which provide for everybody judgment by his peers and according to the laws of the land, and prohibit the selling, delaying, or denial of justice; the greater part of its articles, nevertheless, regard the feudal relations of the times.

The origin of the Charter of the tyrannical of the Angevin Kings, of whom John was the worst. They tyrannized over barons and churches alike. In the present article it will suffice to consider their lawlessness in matters ecclesiastical. They had a habit of keeping sees and abbeys vacant, so as to appropriate their revenues. When they consented to the filling of the vacancies they would take away all liberty of election by presenting their nominees to the chapters, a practice confirmed by Henry VIII. when he gave, as Protestants Episcopalians imagine, liberty to the Church of England, with this addition, that to refuse to elect the nominee was to incur premonition, virtual outlawry, a law existing to this day. They infringed upon the jurisdiction of ecclesiastical courts and were guilty of other excesses. In July, 1205, the Archbishop of Canterbury died, and a part of the chapter, to forestall a royal nomination, met by night and chose in his stead their superior and sent him to Rome for confirmation. Some days later John appeared with his nominee, John de Grey, and forced the chapter to go through the form of election, and sent him to Rome on the heels of the superior. Innocent III. solved the difficulty by rejecting both and consecrating for the vacant see Cardinal Stephen Langton. John refused to allow the new Archbishop to land, and the Pope, expostulating in vain, laid England under the interdict. This lasted for five years, until in 1213, the Pope deposed John, giving him to the first of June of that year to make his submission. He yielded, and on the fifteenth of May, having sworn to receive Cardinal Langton, to annul every injustice and to make restitution for all wrongs, in the midst of his barons and the bishops of the realm, who approved the act as their best security for the future, he surrendered his kingdom to the Legate Pandulf, and received it again as the vassal of the Vicar of Christ.

In 1214 was the battle of Bouvines. On this decisive field the King of France crushed his barony utterly. John returned from it a beaten man at the mercy of his. This the barons recognized; and towards the end of the year they drew up a list of the grievances of Church and State demanding a reform. John appealed to the Pope, who, considering only the fundamental relations of suzerain and feudatory, forbade the barons to take action, but promised to obtain for them satisfaction. In this the Pope acted as a temporal sovereign, not as the spiritual head of Christendom. The barons would not submit. Langton here made his great mistake. He knew the justice of the demands on the King. He knew, too, that they were in the main according to the Pope's mind. He looked upon the appeal to the suzerain as a mere subterfuge; for of all the Angevins none was more wily and astute than John. He persisted in opposition, and joined the barons who had proclaimed themselves the army of God and of Holy Church, to extort at length the charter of Runnymede. But, contrary to the common idea, this was not the Great Charter of England. John appealed again and the Pope annulled it on the ground that the mode in which it was obtained was a degradation of the royal dignity. What would have happened had John survived it is useless to attempt to settle. But this is certain, that the place of the Charter in the British Constitution is due directly neither to Langton, nor to the barons, nor to John, but to the Holy See. A little more than a year after Runnymede John passed from earth, and was succeeded by his son, Henry, still a child. The Papal Legate, Gualo, was one of the guardians, and with his approval, a second charter was granted freely, which contained all the substantial clauses of the one extorted at Runnymede. A few years later the King reissued the Charter, with a few slight alterations, and in this form it is the authentic constitutional document.

Hence, the meaning of the first chapter providing for the freedom of the Church and the freedom of election is clear. It was not directed against the Pope's jurisdiction, or the "encroachments of Rome." The whole history of the Charter proves that it was directed against royal aggression. To Langton who, as Archbishop of Canterbury, was a vis-

ible testimony in favor of Papal jurisdiction against royal supremacy, and Gualo, the Legate, more than to any others it due the fact that it ever became a reality. It was, therefore, a vindication of the rights of the Church and of the Holy See. So far, then, was this charter from being reaffirmed at the Reformation, that the assumption of the supremacy by Henry VIII. was an open violation of it, as has been every act of his successors exercising their usurped supremacy. Episcopalians profess an anxiety to have real English history taught. Let them begin with Magna Charta.—Henry Woods, S. J., in America.

CATHOLIC PIONEERS OF NEWFOUNDLAND FOREMOST IN EVERY BRANCH OF TRADE AND INDUSTRY—IRISH PRIESTS MINISTERED TO THEIR RELIGIOUS NEEDS AT RISK OF LIFE

In a recent issue of the Chimes, of St. John's, Newfoundland, H. F. Shortis had an article on "The Irish in Newfoundland." The writer, who is a Waterford man, describes how he has traced many a family of Irish exiles, from 1760 onwards, by perusing and copying the inscriptions on timeworn tombstones in Newfoundland. In part he says: "It is a well known fact that the religious requirements of these Irishmen were attended to by the priests of their own nationality. These priests were few in number. From bay to bay they had to proceed, often in open boats and when sailboats were not procurable, the hardy fishermen would row the clergyman miles along our coast, until he arrived at his destination and administered the comforts of his holy religion. It often happened that those pioneers of religion and civilization were driven upon a lee shore, and their escapes from death were most miraculous. And it also happened that those same missionaries were overcome by blinding snow storms or caught far out to sea in heavy gales of wind.

PRIEST GIVES LIFE FOR FLOCK "The first Irish priest, whose life was lost in carrying out his sacred duties along our coast, was Rev. Patrick Phelan, whilst en route in a boat along the shores of Conception Bay, on September 3, 1799. His body was found, floating erect in the middle of the bay, with his breviary under his arm, and I have heard it stated by very old residents (handed down from their predecessors) that the leaves of the book were barely damp with the salt water, and that it was kept in the succeeding priest's house for many years afterwards. The Irish pioneers in Newfoundland were engaged in the cod and herring fishery, with which they combined farming. As time went on they became possessed of schooners and went as far as the coast of Labrador in search of seals and cod. One has only to look up the past records of our shipping fleet, to find the names of the Walshes, Burkes, Houlahans, Ryans, Fitzgeralds, Lynchs, O'Briens, Morans, Gernans, Murphy, etc., whose thorough knowledge of their dangerous avocation placed them in the front rank and who were the means of placing Newfoundland in that position which she holds to-day—the first fishery country in the world. Until the end of the sixties Irishmen commanded the most expensive and well-built vessels in the seal fisheries.

PIONEERS OF TRADE AND INDUSTRY "In another branch of trade and industry Irishmen were found prominent. As mechanics, their work lives after them, and the various public buildings, as well as private residences, which have been placed under the master-hands of these workers, the early Irish masons, carpenters, etc., are there to-day, the stone and brickwork especially, as firm and intact as it was seventy or eighty years ago. In every branch of the public service, as well as trade and commerce, Irishmen took a most prominent place. It is to them in a very large extent, that we owe the political and religious liberty that we exercise to-day—the former won by the untiring exertions of such men as Kent, Morris, Little, O'Brien, etc., and the latter, by the firm stand taken by Right Reverend Michael A. Fleming, fourth Bishop of St. John's.

The Irishmen of this colony never forgot their Motherland, although commencing in the early days of the past century was confined entirely to the summer months, or to the happy arrival of some ship engaged in trade between Waterford and Newfoundland. To give some idea of the size of those ships, the writer mentions that his ancestors came to Newfoundland from Waterford over a hundred years ago in a brig called the "Daphne," after a passage of thirty-four days. He pays a tribute to Right Reverend Dr. Mullock, fifth Bishop of St. John's, who amidst his other achievements, was foremost in getting the first cable communication between St. John's and the Old Country on July 27, 1866.



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Advertisement for Eddy's "Safeguard" Safety Matches, in special convertible box. good matches always ready at the bottom. burnt sticks are dropped in the top. noiseless; heads do not glow. and absolutely non-poisonous. For Safety's Sake—Eddy's "Safeguard" Matches—ONLY—should be in every home.

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Advertisement for Kellogg's Corn Flakes, READY TO SERVE There's no fuss or bother about getting a meal, with Kellogg's Toasted Corn Flakes in the house. Always ready to serve, fresh, tasty and nutritious. Sold by all Grocers at 10c the package. Look for this signature. Kellogg's CORN FLAKES

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CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

THE GAME OF MAKING GOOD

In the game of making good there's a time limit.

When we were seventeen the future to us was a world unexplored, with time unlimited.

But at thirty-seven or forty-seven or perspective has changed.

We look into the future through wiser eyes and are startled—time has acquired boundary lines.

We look back at opportunities lost—at things done which we ought not to have done—at things left undone which we ought to have done—at long hours and well-meant labor which proved profitless.

And it shows in our score.

We stand at the crest of the hill—the game is half over—to win we must capitalize the future with experience gathered from the past.

But we cannot afford to put off till to-morrow.

There is a limit—a time limit—and every day, every hour, every minute is reducing just that much our chance of rolling up a good score in the game of making good.

We can't afford to go through the year not knowing whether we are winning, playing even or going behind.

A year is 365 precious days—8,760 hours—the best days and hours of our life—and we can't coax them back.

If we are losing we want to know to-day, so that to-morrow we can "change the trump."

And next week we want to know how much we profited by the change.

If we investigate we find that a large percentage of all failures are due, not to lack of ambition, ability or hard work, but rather to each man's ignorance of the actual condition of his own particular business.

Further investigation convinces us that the great majority of small retailers are capable, hard-working business men, working in the dark, waiting for the end of the year to find out if their score has gone up or down in the game of making good.

But we find the man who is making a "killing"—the man with the best score—is the man who labors less and thinks more, the man who systematizes, who installs a proper accounting system, the man who knows which clerk deserves a raise and which should be fired, who knows which lines should be discontinued and which pushed.

He is the man who knows this week what he made last week.

He is managing.

We have the same opportunity.

What he is doing we can do; we have the same ambition, ability and energy.

But we must be up and doing; we've reached the crest of the hill, and—

In the game of making good. There's a time limit.

THE LOST TRAIL

A writer familiar with hunting and camping in the western wilds says that a party of strangers in the wilderness country are almost certain to have the alarming experience of some man lost. Occasionally one may wander so long and far as to perish, but the chief danger in getting astray in unknown territory is the lost one's own panic.

When he finds himself alone and astray, missing all familiar landmarks, he becomes terror-stricken, loses his poise and reasoning power. A sort of wildness madness seizes him, he takes no account of time or direction, and hurries blindly forward in what is

very likely to be the wrong way, often growing too bewildered to recognize the trail when he comes to it.

Numerous instances of persons in this condition and their strange wanderings are related, and the writer concludes with some sensible advice to those who are lost:

"Stop and build a fire and wait to be found. Try to think it over and let the reasoning, civilized man overcome the terrified cave man that lurks in all of us under such conditions. Don't brood, keep busy gathering the wood you are sure to need, whistle occasionally and study your compass."

YOU'VE GOT TO LEARN

Glen Buck tells about the young man who came to his office and, after talking about some printing, said as he was about to leave, "I will submit this to the office and let you have the price and the information you desire by phone in the morning."

But the order was given that afternoon to a young man who could figure the price and could give Mr. Buck the information wanted, without delay or parley.

Folks who sell things must know really all there is to know about the goods they offer. And, as you may know, it doesn't take many years for a man to become a master of one subject. It is to the true specialist, the man who knows and never guesses, that the big rewards always go.

It is because he is a master-mining engineer that John Hays Hammond has become internationally known. Ten years of study and practice will make you a master of the work you most love to do.

Learn one thing through and through. Know it by heart in all its details. The world will hear of your special knowledge and will reward you for it.

TO CHANGE HIS WAYS

Every man—unless he is intentionally evil, and few are that—has a vague purpose of becoming better than he is. He expects to improve in character, to give up his evil ways, to forsake his vicious companions, and to reform. But this vague hope deludes him to put off the day of repentance. Now is the only time we surely have. Next week may be too late.

CHEERFULNESS

What, indeed, does not that word "cheerfulness" imply? It means a contented spirit; it means a pure heart; it means a kind, loving disposition; it means a generous appreciation of others, and a modest opinion of self.—Thackeray.—Catholic Columbian.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

SMALL OBSERVANCES OF SOCIETY

While there are many small observances of the rules of society, some need but little consideration, while others, seemingly of almost no importance, take their place as a necessity, and their observance marks the difference between those who know and those who do not know the "proper thing" to do.

Among these the apparently simple matter of learning never to stare at those passed in daily going about is perhaps one of the easiest yet most neglected. It is exceedingly poor taste to turn about staring at any one after passing; also to stare at a deformed or otherwise crippled person met at any time or place. Such as these are exquisi-

tively sensitive, and to stare at them or to make remarks, even if in a low tone, is the height of impoliteness. To be impolite is to be rude; rudeness is evidence of lack of good breeding; therefore it is a breach of etiquette to let any one that is lame or in any way afflicted bodily feel that he or she is being commented upon.

Another breach that is very often committed without the realization of its impropriety is pointing at objects when passing along a crowded thoroughfare. To walk abreast when on a crowded street often gives inconvenience to passersby. Therefore it is incorrect, as the perfectly bred and innately polite person makes it an imperative rule never to inconvenience anybody. The man who steps aside for a conductor or any official that is pursuing his duty is the well bred man. He does not stop to think of his own social position, but follows the proper instincts of propriety and politeness by not hindering the person who is about his business.

A lady bows first to a man, thereby showing him that she chooses to recognize him. If by any chance she fails to do this a man may quickly see that it is not intentional, and he should not take offense. In meeting it is considered better form to turn and walk, if but a few steps, with a friend in the direction he or she is going rather than to stand where the sidewalk may be obstructed. In fact, it requires all the smaller, apparently insignificant things to make life in a crowded place worth while at all. There is so much traffic, so many people, all bent upon their own special errands, that to forget and stand in the way, to stare or to talk loud and to point are all breaches to be avoided.

COURTESY

Courtesy is a fine possession. It wins friends. It obtains advancement in business. It blesses those who have it and those to whom it is shown.

In a New York publisher's office there is a certain young girl who has been called its finest advertisement. She is not remarkably beautiful, nor extremely talented, either. But her manners are invariably delightful. She greets each visitor graciously, finds out what is desired by him or her, and seeks to attend to the matter immediately. Before she goes off, she brings a paper or a book for the visitor to look over while waiting for her to return.

As one man said, after visiting the office, "She makes you feel as if you were the one person in the world that they are glad to see there," and he added, "You go away with very fine impressions of that office!"

Of course you do. You feel that courtesy and friendliness reign there. That pleasant young woman is a "living epistle," communicating welcome to all who enter. She is an example of what the apostle meant when he urged his converts to be that sort of living epistle for Christ and for His Church, so that they would be "known and read of all men."

Courtesy personified—that is what this girl is to all who come into the office. Goodness personified—that is what every Christian should be to all those he meets. Goodness in the abstract is a colorless thing. Not till it speaks from a human face does the world notice it or feel its attraction. The man who steps inside a church door and finds kindness, friendliness, courtesy, brotherhood, there, does not forget it. He goes away with fine impressions of that church. Every Christian can thus help to take forward the kingdom of God, by personally embodying its spirit—that spirit which attracts all hearts, because it is love and joy and cheer incarnate.—Catholic Columbian.

OUR FATHER KNOWS

In one of the schools of a large city, while the school was in session, a transom window fell out with a crash. By some means the cry "fire" was raised, and a terrible panic ensued. The scholars rushed into the street shrieking in wild dismay. The alarm extended to the teachers also, one of whom, a young lady, actually jumped from a window.

Among the hundreds of children with whom the building was crowded was a girl, one of the best in the school, who through all the frightful scene, maintained entire composure. The color, indeed, forsook her cheek, her lips quivered; the tears stood in her eyes; but she moved not. After order had been restored, and her companions had been brought back to their places, the question was asked her how she came to sit so still, without apparent alarm, when everybody else was in such fright.

"Because," she answered, "my father, who is a fireman, told me to sit very quiet, if the cry of 'Fire' was raised, and my father knows."

What a beautiful example of faith! Our Father has told us what we must do, and our Father knows.—Young Churchman.

LEARN TO SAY PLEASE

"Let me see how she treats a servant," said a mother to a son about the girl with whom he was in love. "I will tell you what kind of a girl she is." And never did a mother point to a truer and surer index to character. The girl who scorns to say "Please," and who will not even grant the pleasant human tone to the one who serves her, is the type to whom, in large part, we are to-day indebted for our mixed up and harrassing "servant problem" and our unjust world-wide reputation as a people without manners.

ALLOW ME TO PRESENT MY BEST FRIEND ROYAL YEAST CAKES. IN BUYING YEAST CAKES BE CAREFUL TO BUY ROYAL YEAST CAKES. DECLINE SUBSTITUTES. E. W. GILLET CO. LTD. TORONTO. MONTREAL.

AN ESCAPED NUN

The short story has not yet escaped from the escaped nun. Surely that elusive figure must fade out of even the cheapest of ready-made fiction; and it is with a double surprise that we find her, more unconquering than ever and quite as flat and undramatic, in the September Cornhill Magazine.

In the first place it was astonishing to find her there at all; and in the second place to find that we were asked to take her as (fictitiously speaking) a real nun. The ironies, the disillusiones, the cleverness of the twentieth century author, suggested to us, until the very last page, that we were sported with; that the author, Miss Jane Findlater, intended finally to turn upon us with a laugh and throw back such sentiment as she had raised within us in our faces, with a revelation of some kind; the nun was not a nun, but something unexpected and no more improbable the chivalrous chimney-sweep who had carried her out of her convent in his bag of soot, had carried away the convent plate also, or something gay and up-to-date of that kind. But now it is all quite heavy and dull and "pathetic," and we accordingly close the magazine baffled.

One may suppose that anyone except the readers of antiquated Scotch or Irish Protestant fiction has learnt—though against an old tradition—that it is much more difficult to remain in a convent than quit it. The very conspicuous and notorious convent case, in the late sixties, was that of an inmate who brought an action against the convent authorities for sending her away. But so possessed was the public mind of long ago with the idea of entrapping and imprisoning that no doubt many a puzzle-head to day retains the impression that a nun had escaped, and not that a nun had been dismissed. In Miss Findlater's "horrid story" (we use a popular phrase to describe her little bit of fiction) the nun in question relates her life: "I did not enter the Order of my own will. . . . and just did as I was told without any question; "I was too young to know my own mind; and so forth. Thus she ran to the man who was sweeping the convent chimney, and he carried her across his shoulder in his sack with the soot! He carried her to a very saintly old lady, who thought that Papists were "all damned." "At first I thought her a wicked old woman, because she called the Pope anti-Christ, and now I found out that she was wonderfully holy." And so on to the jog-trot end, when "the nun," having married the saving sweep, dies in child birth. Good literature has no fashion; but very minor fiction is the better for fashion and the fashion of this story is as bygone and as bad as it can be.—Tablet.

REVELATION AND CREEDS

St. Thomas Aquinas says that if the discovery of God were left to human investigation and reason that the knowledge of God would be confined to very few, writes the Rev. Dr. McIntyre in the Catholic series known as the Westminster Lectures. And cosmic students, Huxley among them, have asserted often and often that religion was made possible in the world because thinking men realize the sorrowful condition of existence and, therefore, imagined a future state where men should be entirely happy.

If Huxley, says the Doctor, applied this kind of reasoning to the Catholic Church, or the Christian Church, he was entirely wrong, for there was no poetic sorrow in the creation of his theological scheme, but on the contrary, the actual presence of Christ upon the earth to justify its claim to have based its teaching, indeed, its very existence, upon the Revelation that came from on High. By this Revelation is primarily meant the act whereby God immediately makes known certain truths to man, whether those truths, like the broad principles of morality and religion fall within the compass of man's own power of intellectual discovery, or

whether, like the faces reserved to itself by the free and secret will of God, they are altogether beyond the reach of man's observation.

By the term Revelation is also meant the sum of the truths made known by God, and this sum of Divine truths is called a creed. Therefore, without a creed a Divine Revelation is unintelligible, for a creed is only the sum of the truths revealed, which for the simple reason that they have been revealed, are to be believed. We cannot regret the creed without rejecting the truths revealed; but if the revealed truths are rejected, what becomes of the Revelation? It is as though it had never been.

Current theories of "comparative religion" are, says Dr. McIntyre, too commonly based on the assumption that Christian Revelation is one with what is called Biblical Religion. Now, he says, that is an assumption against which the Catholic Church fights and has always fought. She maintains that no one can properly understand the Christian Revelation without understanding her, and that the Sacred Books must be taken together with her and only in living revelation to her. She is older than her books, as the books themselves testify says the doctor, and they are but one element in the fullness of her religious life.

Judaism also is much older than its sacred literature. About the Catholic Church the first thing that strikes us is that she does not base her appeal to the world on any theory or speculation or hypothesis of her own concerning the unseen world. She is not the creator of the truth she teaches, but its witness and

accredited guardian. Her creed is not authoritative as being the fruit of her religious genius, but because she herself has historically received it. Her method lies in an appeal to fact; her very existence is to bear witness to a fact—the appearance upon earth of the Son of God in human form.

"It is of what we ourselves have heard," says St. John, "of what we have seen with our own eyes, and touched with our own hands . . . that we now tell you" (1. John, i.) The facts of Christianity were so real, so solid and so evident to those who had experienced them that they could brook no contradiction, even on the authority of an angel from heaven. So certain were the witnesses of their facts that they gladly laid down their lives for the truth of their testimony.

They died, not as men sometimes die, for their right to hold their opinions, but as martyrs, that is as witnesses. Now that a man should die for his opinions is no proof that his opinions are true; but that a man should die for the truth of his testimony is a proof at least that he is a truthful witness. For myself, says Dr. McIntyre, I must say I find the surest ground of faith in the sublime obstinacy of the Catholic Church. Her revelation is contained in facts, not in theories.—Freeman's Journal.

Liberty must be limited in order to be possessed.

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IT MUST BE WOODWARD'S!

Benenden, Kent, November, 5, 1912. From the Rev. A. Harwood Field, B.D.

I have great pleasure in sending you my testimony to the value of Woodward's Gripe Water, which I recommend to all parents for their children.

Our baby boy was troubled much with weak digestion, and after trying various remedies we were advised to obtain Woodward's Gripe Water, and right glad we are for such good advice. Wherever the remedy is tried it recommends itself. It is quite safe and harmless to the child. We would not be without it in the house; we have not had one bad night with the boy since his birth, thanks to your remedy. Wishing you all success with your preparation, yours faithfully, A. HARWOOD FIELD, Congregational Minister.

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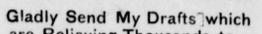
They die, not as men sometimes die, for their right to hold their opinions, but as martyrs, that is as witnesses. Now that a man should die for his opinions is no proof that his opinions are true; but that a man should die for the truth of his testimony is a proof at least that he is a truthful witness.

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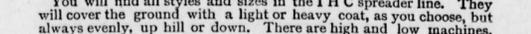
are built to suit you, to do best work for the buyer in every case, to convince him that he has made the wisest purchase. Every detail in the construction has a purpose for which it was made after thorough tests and experiment. They have the maximum of strength and endurance, and their construction bristles with advantages.

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The advent of the Presentation Brothers to Cornwall marks a new and important departure in educational matters in that town.

Such a great demand has been made for these Brothers that the Cork Institution is unable to supply the demand and in consequence a novitiate and training school will be established in Montreal.

A musical programme admirably carried out ended the day's festivities. The CATHOLIC RECORD firmly believes that wherever the Presentation Brothers establish a home in Canada they will be as welcome as the "flowers in May."

ENGLISH AND SPANISH AMERICA

Catholics generally have probably heard many stirring remarks recently as to the status of the Spanish-American countries, their lack of progress, their frequent revolutions, their ignorance and barbarism all with the recent troubles in Mexico to point the lesson.

For those who have any such thoughts it is well to recall just what the conditions are in the Spanish American countries and in our own as far as regards the condition of the people.

It is these people that constitute the great bulk of the inhabitants of the Spanish-American countries. They are very different from the descendants of Europeans that we have here in English-speaking America.

New Life GAINED BY SANOL

Dear Sirs,— SANOL not only cured me, but it put new life in me, and no one but a person who has suffered with their kidneys like I have, could appreciate what it is to take a medicine that is a cure after years of tortures.

I will be very pleased to answer enquiries from anyone who writes me; Yours gratefully, G. DENBIGH, 83 Lansdowne Ave., Winnipeg.

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The real comparison that should be made in order to show the place and the civilization of Spanish-America and English America is that between the treatment accorded the Indians in the two parts of the continent. That is the true indication of the civilization of the two peoples.

Our poor Indians used to go on the warpath because of the awful conditions. They know how hopeless this is. Just now they are being treated so awfully that we ought to have plenty of revolutionary mutterings among them.

"BACK TO THE CHILD"

In a recent pastoral letter the Most Rev. Dr. Whiteside, Archbishop of Liverpool, England, dealt with the recent census of church attendance in Liverpool and the general question of public worship, and offered an explanation of "the outstanding fact of the increase of the Catholic Church attendance amidst the decrease of the other denominations."

According to the official returns of the diocese, the attendance of Catholics at divine worship on Sunday mornings in the city of Liverpool last year was on the average about 70,000. The census put the figure at 22,000, but this was for one Mass only. In 1902 the attendance was 63,000, so that there has been an increase in ten years of 20 per cent., although the population of the city of Liverpool has increased by only 6 per cent.

The advance in church attendance finds its counterpart in spiritual progress in other directions. The Catholics in the whole diocese have increased in ten years from 334,000 to about 372,000. This increase includes nearly 10,000 converts. Infant baptisms have risen by about 500. The Catholic birth-rate per 1,000 of the population in the city of Liverpool was 48, whereas the birth-rate of the whole of England does not exceed 24 per 1,000 of the population.

eventually prove a menace to ourselves, who represent dogmatic Christianity in its most uncompromising form.

"Might we not expect that there is some feature in her (the Catholic Church's) method, the presence of which explains her success, and the absence of which, in other denominations, explains their comparative failure?"

The true explanation of the decline in religious worship must be sought in men themselves—in the decay of what is called the religious sense. Ignorance of the divine fundamental truths in stifling that sense in so many outside the Catholic Church.

"The great lesson of the census of church attendance," concludes Archbishop Whiteside, "is the necessity for Catholics and for non-Catholics of their having denominational schools if, as a religious body, they are to continue to exist."

ORDINATION AT ST. PETER'S SEMINARY

On Ember Saturday His Lordship Bishop Fallon ordained the Rev. James Harding of this city to the priesthood; and the Rev. Thomas McCarthy of Logan, and Parnell Mahoney of Dresden, to the diaconate.

Following are the names of the priests present in the sanctuary: Monsignor Aylward, Rev. Fathers West, McKoon, Forster, Hanlon, Egan, Brennan, Stanley, Ford, Halligan, Nagle, Goetz, Goodwin, Laurendeau, Doyle, C. S. R., Corcoran, McCullough, Valentin, Labelle, Petre, Quigley and Majorano.

CARNALITY IN MANY WAYS

Carnality in song, dance and dress is growing apace. Social morals are visibly on the decline. There ought to be established a legal censorship of songs. The immodesty of women's dress is another thing to be censured—as well as the immoral dances, such as the Tango, the Turkey Trot, and half a dozen more.

A writer in the New York Musical Observer comments on the present-day songs as follows: "Is it not pitiful to look upon a little girl, perhaps seven or eight years old, snapping her fingers, swaying from side to side, and lustily singing as if her very heart were in every note, 'Everybody's doin' it, doin' it.'"

"Ben Bolt," or "The Last Rose of Summer?" No; you see "The Devil's Ball," "The Dippy Rag," "The Baboon Baby Dance," and "The Tango Twist," each one with a title page picturing contorted dancers partly clothed, and the printed words, "The reigning success of the day." And the worst of it all is that these songs appeal not only to the low and vicious-minded, but the great majority of our church-going, pious-minded people pay out their money to attend theatres in order to hear and applaud them.

George Hamlin, the tenor, says: "The average American song is drivell, if not something worse. This could not be true if it were not for the fact that both composers and the purchasing public will consent to accept drivell. The young people of this country should be familiarized with good poetry. If better songs are to be the by-product of deeper culture, hasten the day!"

In regard to the modes of to-day the Kansas City Catholic Register says: "There is no artistic excuse for some of the costumes to be seen in public places," and it classifies certain garments as "designed to compel instant attention to their indecency."

It is learned from the secular press that women's dress models this summer are "the most audacious since the Directoire," and the explanation follows: "The Directoire audacity is understandable. France had been having a debauch in the name of freedom, religion had been insulted, anarchy had just been quelled, and in the slow process of restoration of law and order old conventions had been

nearly obliterated, morals were at a low ebb, and the social condition was exactly expressed in the dress of the women. But that social condition surely does not exist now.

Therefore fashions, to express the new sense of the alarming development of evil and the need of suppressing it, should become more formal and modest, not take on the aspect of the bacchanalia. There is no accounting for the extravagance of the prevailing Parisian mode."

It is a fact that immodest dress is responsible for many a young girl's ruin and downfall and every medical man of large practice and experience knows only too well the fires kindled by the present dress of young females.

The immodest dances are still greater agencies for the purposes of the devil. But there is a reaction on hand. Let us hope that the reaction will ever be on the increase, and



that these dances will never more be tolerated in decent society.—Intermountain Catholic.

If you are desirous of convincing anyone of error, first discover his own point of view; make the most of such truth as there is in it, and then put the other side before him.

It is a world we need be careful how we libel. Heaven forgive us, for it is a world of sacred mysteries, and its Creator only knows what lies beneath the surface of His lightest image.

When Raw Winds Blow— NA-DRU-CO Cucumber and Witch Hazel Cream. Na-Dru-Co Ruby Rose Cold Cream. NATIONAL DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO. OF CANADA, LIMITED, MONTREAL.

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That we may achieve true manhood in all its fulness, let us seek chastisement of the passions, discipline of the intellect, subjection of the will; the fear of inflicting and the shame of committing a wrong; respect for all who are in authority, and consideration for all who are in dependence; veneration for the good, mercy to the evil, sympathy with the weak; watchfulness over all thoughts; temperance in all pleasures, and perseverance in all toils.

DIED JEFFS—In Port Arthur, Ont., May 28th, 1918, Thomas Jeffs, formerly of Chelsea, Que., aged sixty-four years. May his soul rest in peace!

TEACHERS WANTED WANTED TEACHER QUALIFIED FOR High School work and of some experience. Apply stating experience and salary required, to Regisopolis College, Kingston, Ont. 1823-2.

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