

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 fashions in the Queen's 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!" "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.

"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!" 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.

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 Verasawaye, 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—"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 Darefield 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 cantonments as 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 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 Neighery 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

A TRUE STORY

By REV. RICHARD 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 whole-some conversion told me by a brother-priest a few months ago. He was the one who instructed and baptized these several converts. And then he said:

"Now what was the primary cause of all these conversions? Was it some well written book dealing with Catholic doctrine? No! For the miserable 'escaped nun' pamphlet was the first book that started the inquiry. Was it a powerful sermon—a series of lectures, eloquent and convincing? Was it even the instructions of the priest? No! For something had gone before, silently, powerfully—day by day! What was this influence? It was the good example of that poor Irishman in the mill, in his greasy overalls and his grimy hands and face. Had you asked him to give you a definition of the Infallibility of the Pope, or the Indefectibility of the

work hard, day by day in the midst of demoralizing influences brought forth the silent admiration of a fellow-worker, led to his conversion, his wife's conversion, and the baptism and restoration to the Catholic Church of their six children. How little did that "scandalous" man with her wretched falsehoods, dream that a poor Irishman in the mill would tear down, without a word being uttered by him, not only her shabby fabric of lies, but all the logic of the "elders of the church," and win to the sweet yoke of Christ eight precious souls, who were by his humble example to taste eternal salvation.

How many there are who could draw souls to the light as he did! How many, as he did, could exert silently yet surely, the tremendous influence of good example!

KINGSLEY'S "WATER BABIES"

To the Editor of The Halifax Herald: Sir.—That a mistake has been made in the selection of an edition of one of the books prescribed for home reading for the pupils of grade X, as was announced in your editorial of yesterday, is a matter which calls for prompt acknowledgement and some words of explanation, in order that those who are interested in the matter may be better able to judge what measure of blame should be meted out and who is entitled to receive the largest share of it.

First, as to how the particular piece of literature in question came to be selected. Quite a number of different books were proposed and discussed before this one was decided upon. The book which I proposed was Stevenson's "Treasure Island," a very excellent edition of which is amply annotated, well printed on good paper, and nicely and substantially bound in cloth, can be procured in "Longman's English Classics" series for the surprisingly small sum of 25 cents.

Some of the board, however, thought that some people might raise objections to this work, because of the amount of fighting contained in it, because a bottle of rum is found in it several times, appearing as the refrain of a song which one of the characters was fond of shouting, and because of one or two free and easy expressions of the author in a letter to a close friend, which letter is quoted in the introduction to the story.

Finally one of the board suggested Kingsley's "Water Babies," and the suggestion went through. I am inclined to think there were some other members of the board who were like myself—not very intimately acquainted with the contents of the book, and I should not be greatly surprised to learn that those who had made acquaintance with it had done so through the medium of some edition which had been specially prepared for school use of which special preparation they were not aware.

As I have said, my own acquaintance with the contents of the book did not go very far. Once while in the home of a friend I had picked up a copy of it and had read through the first fifty or sixty pages. I had strong reasons, however, for believing that the book had been found interesting by a very large number of young people. In the part of it which I had read I had not observed anything which could reasonably be regarded as offensive by any person or class of persons, while the idea that such a thing could be found in later parts of the book was absolutely precluded from entering my mind, by the knowledge that the book was prescribed for class reading in the courses of very many schools, I have just picked up the booklets containing the courses of study prescribed for the Public Schools of Chicago, of Los Angeles, and of San Francisco, and of one of the best of the private schools of the country, the Horace Mann school of New York. I took these because they were the first that came to my hand. In every one of them I find the "Water Babies" among the books prescribed for reading.

The Horace Mann school has prescribed it for class reading in Grade IV, while the cities I have mentioned have prescribed it for home reading in various grades. I find, moreover, that its use as a school reader has been endorsed by no less important a body than the National Educational Association of the United States. The book is also widely used as a reader in the schools of Great Britain. I think I have now shown that the board can furnish some grounds for its belief that in choosing this particular piece of literature, it was choosing a book that would be found suitable for use in our schools.

The second point which calls for a word of explanation is how the particular edition recommended came to be selected. This part of the business my colleagues, knowing that I had at home a considerable number of publisher's catalogues, left to me to look into and report upon. In looking over these catalogues I found, in addition to many other editions intended for ordinary use or for purposes of presentation, no less than ten different editions brought out by nine different publishers for use as readers in schools. Three of these publishers were in America and six in England and Scotland, and the prices ranged from 35 cents to 60 cents and from six pence to two shillings and six

pence. From other volumes which I had seen in the sixpence edition I concluded that this edition must contain only a small fraction of the complete work, and on the whole I came to the conclusion that the Ward, Lock edition at ninepence net (since altered to one shilling) would give us the best value for the cost.

That was how that particular edition came to be adopted. I knew that the Ward, Lock and Company's books were, as a rule, well gotten up and good value for their price. Their printed description of the get-up of these "continuous readers" read well, and their further statement that they were specially "issued for school reading" would have removed from my mind any doubt of the complete suitability of the books for general use in schools, if any such doubt had ever occurred. Such doubt, however, for the reasons mentioned above, never did occur to me, and it was not until a few hours ago that I learned that the edition which we had recommended contained some expressions which, to say the least, certainly ought not to appear in a school book. I greatly regret that I have thus unwittingly hurt the feelings of some. It would seem in this case that, by the iron of fate, in my anxiety to secure that which was best, I have succeeded in selecting the only edition among all the ten which could cause trouble, for I now feel sure that all the other nine editions must have been abridged and purged of all their objectionable expressions.

I think it is only fair to my colleagues on the advisory board that I should make the above explanation of how this regrettable mistake was made. The matter will be taken up of course, be rectified so far as possible.

HOWARD MURRAY, Member of the Advisory Board July 11th, 1918.

THE CHURCH

(Sermon delivered in the Church of Santa Maria del Popolo, Rome, on the Second Sunday of Advent 1865, by the Rev. J. N. Buse, O. P. Text—The Epistle of the day, Romans xv. 4-13)

Faith, as we have seen, is an absolute, firm, immutable belief in all that God has revealed, of which the sole motive is the truthfulness of God. Being such, it must, of necessity, as we have seen, be simple, firm, universal, and courageous; and in this day's sermon I engaged to prove that the Holy Roman Catholic Church was the only true messenger of God, in that in only do we find these four essential qualities of true faith.

But it may be asked, Where is the necessity of a Church at all? Have we not the Scriptures in which God has given us all that he has revealed? What do you mean by a Church? What are the duties and functions of a Church? What grounds have you for calling on us to admit the existence and authority of such an institution? All these questions must be answered before you say a single word on the peculiar claims or arguments of the Catholic Church.

First. What is the definition of a Church? A Church is a living body or congregation, united together by a common belief in the same doctrines, by having the same rites and usages, and by admitting the same government and authority. These three are necessary in the very idea of a Church. A common belief, else there can be no real and interior union. The same rites and usages, else there can be no exterior union; and one government and authority, without which no society, human or divine, can possibly exist. The definition of the Catholic Church is, "The congregation of all the faithful—believing the same truths—having the same sacraments and sacrifices, and under one and the same visible head."

Second. What are the duties and functions of a Church? They are, my brethren, principally to preserve unity of doctrine, that all "be of one mind"; holiness and purity of doctrine, "that with one mind and one mouth all may glorify God"; Catholicity of doctrine, which means universality—by teaching "all truth, and to all peoples, to Jew and Gentile, in every clime, from the rising of the sun unto the going down thereof, making known the name of Jesus Christ, and apostolicity of doctrine, i. e., doctrine handed down from the apostles in an unbroken chain, and guaranteed by their power and jurisdiction, equally and connectedly transmitted to their successors. The duties and functions of a Christian Church, if there be such an institution, are naturally and necessarily to teach men what to believe and what to do; what to practise and what to avoid; to prepare them for heaven and for God; to make them in mind and in action, Christians—friends of God, and worthy to be admitted into His Kingdom.

Third. But it may be said Where is the necessity of this Church, or living teaching authority, as you call it? Have we not the written law and word of God, preserving His revealed word, and pointing out the path of holiness and salvation; in a word, doing the very things that you say fall within the duties and functions of the Church? To this I answer. True, we have the written word of God. But no society is or ever has been founded on a written code, without a living authoritative voice to explain and enforce it. The written word does not explain itself. If left to itself, it is interpreted according to the different judgments, whims, caprices of its readers, and being thus varied and

changed, it practically ceases to be the voice of God, which is unchangeable—the way of salvation, which is one and not many—the rule of faith, which must be firm and authoritative. God has, therefore, placed this written revealed word in the hands of the Church, lest "the unlearned and unstable wrest it to their own destruction." Again, although all that is in the Scriptures is revealed truth, still it is not the whole truth. It pleased Almighty God to reveal many truths to the Church, which are not found expressly stated in the Scriptures. Hence, although the written word is the principal portion of the Christian's rule. The true and entire rule of faith, is the word of God revealed—written and unwritten; for we are told by the Apostle (2 Thess. ii. 14) that "we must stand fast, and hold the traditions which we have learned, whether by word or by epistle," i. e., writing. All that is written in Scripture is good and true, "profitable to teach, to reprove, to correct, to instruct in justice," (1 Tim. iii. 16) and to justify us in asserting that word alone is the rule of faith. The existence of the Christian Church, therefore, is a necessity. First, to preserve and interpret the written word, to teach men its true meaning, which is one, holy, unchangeable, and the mind of God, which it expresses. Second, the Church is a necessity, to preserve and teach us the revelation which we have received, not by writing, but by word; to guard in all their purity, those sacred traditions and truths which she received from her Lord and His Apostles, "which, if they were written, every one (says St. John), the world, itself, I think, would not be able to contain the books that should be written." For, as we are told in the Acts of the Apostles, our Lord continued "for forty days appearing to them and speaking of the Kingdom of God," whereby is meant the Holy Church.

But if we had no other proof of the necessity of an authoritative voice to explain the sacred word, how is this necessary? Behold the numberless opinions, and religious sects, and absurd systems of belief and practice which have sprung up wherever the voice of the Church is not heard and received. So great is their number, so bitter their mutual hatred, so absurd their pretensions and practices, so miserably vain and narrow-minded their spirit, that they would bring Christianity into contempt, if they were not confronted by the true Church, the only Catholic mother of the faithful, who upholds the divine word in all its unchanging majesty of truth, and in all its beauty of holiness.

Having thus seen what a Church means, what are its duties and functions, and what its necessity, we come to the grand question, Is the existence of such a Church—One—Holy—Catholic—Apostolic—contemplated in Scripture, and where is she to be found? The answer, that such a Church is clearly recognized in Scripture, and that she is to be found only in that congregation which has never changed her faith nor failed in doctrine; which teaches all righteousness, to the exclusion of the least sin which is to be found everywhere, and which can trace her power and jurisdiction to the Apostles; that is, the Holy Roman Catholic Church.

The unity of the Church is recognized in Scripture, for, says the Apostle, we have "one Lord, one faith, one baptism, one God and one Father of all"; whereas he commands them to preserve the unity of the spirit in the bond of peace. Here, St. Paul compares the oneness of faith to that of God, and as God is necessarily and essentially one, so faith is also one. And in the wonderfully beautiful and touching prayer of Jesus Christ for His Church, the first grace He asked of His Father was this unity. "These things Jesus spoke, and lifting up His eyes to heaven He said, . . . Holy Father, keep them in My name whom Thou hast given Me, that they may be one, as we also are. . . . I have given them Thy word. . . . I have manifested Thy name to the men whom Thou hast given Me. . . . and they have kept Thy word. . . . Sanctify them in truth. Thy word is truth. As Thou hast sent Me into the world, I also send them into the world. And for them do I sanctify Myself, that they also may be sanctified in truth. And not for them only do I pray, but for them also who through their word shall believe in Me. That they all may be one, as Thou, Father, in Me, and I in Thee, that they also may be one in us; that the world may believe that Thou hast sent Me. And the glory which Thou hast given Me, I have given to them, that they may be one, as we also are one." (John xvii.) Now, it cannot be argued that Christ here prayed only for the union of charity amongst all who profess Christianity, for He speaks of being one in truth—i. e., in faith. Here, the Apostle speaks of those who profess Christianity, and yet are to be shunned. "Now, I beseech you, brethren, to mark those who make dissensions and offences, contrary to the doctrines which you have learnt, and to avoid them," "for your obedience is published in every place. I rejoice, therefore, in you." Now, if we are told to avoid a man, how can we be said to be one with him? Nay, more, the Apostle, in the same place, calls those heretics who, "by pleasing speeches and good words, seduce the hearts of the innocent" from the one doctrine, Satan, for he says, "May the God of Peace crush Satan under your feet

speedily." But are we to be one with Satan? Certainly not. Therefore, I conclude that, although we are to hate no one—may, we are bound to love all men as our neighbor, even though they differ from us in faith—still, the unity which God must be one with them in God must be founded in the truth—i. e., in the unity of the one true faith. Thus do we clearly see that the Church recognized in Scripture has the mark of unity set upon her, whereby men may know that she is from God.

The next great feature of the Christian Church, recognized in Scripture, is holiness. Holiness is twofold—holiness of doctrine, and holiness of life and practice. Both belong to the Church or Her teaching must be holy. Now, holiness of doctrine means, first, the exclusion of all that is sinful, even in the least degree; second, the inculcation and enforcing of all that is most perfect in holiness. The Church cannot tolerate, much less teach, the least thing that is sinful, for Christ, says the Apostle to the Ephesians, "loved the Church and delivered Himself up for it, that He might present it to Himself a glorious Church, not having a spot, or anything of the kind, without blemish; as was intended of this spouse of God, "Thou art all fair, oh, my beloved, and there is no stain in thee." The Church must not only be free from the least sinfulness in her doctrine, but she must also teach and inculcate all that is most perfect in holiness. "Be ye perfect, even as your Father in heaven is perfect," for, says the Apostle, "We preach, admonishing every man, and teaching every man in all wisdom, that we may present every man perfect in Christ Jesus." (Col. i.) No feature, therefore, of holiness, can be neglected or put aside in the teaching of God's Church. But that which she teaches she must also exhibit in her life, for Christ our Lord describes her to us as the "salt of the earth and the light of the world"; and He continued: "A city seated on a mountain cannot be hid, neither do men light a candle and put it under a bushel, but upon a candlestick, that it may shine to all that are in the house. So let your light shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father who is in heaven." (Matt. v.) The mark of holiness must therefore be found, not only in the teaching of Christ's Church but must also be found embodied in her life, cherished in her, and made a part of her visible self. She must be not only the preacher of sanctity, but the mother of saints. All that is high and heroic and most perfect must be found only in her teaching, but must be born in her life and form her spirit. She must "minister in her faith, virtue, knowledge, and in knowledge, abstinence, and in abstinence, patience, and in patience, godliness, and in godliness, love of brotherhood, and in love of brotherhood, charity"—"in all manner of conversation holy, because it is written, you shall be holy, for I am holy." (Peter, i, 16.) Thus do we behold how the Church of Christ is to be found in her teaching, in her doctrine, and in her life.

The Church contemplated in Scripture must, moreover, be universal. The Jewish Church was founded for a particular people; it might be called a national Church—the Church of Israel. It, moreover, was not destined to last forever, but only for a time. The Church described by our Lord in the new law was a contrast to the Jewish Church in both these respects. It was to be universal as to place and perpetual as to time. Its doctrines were for all mankind. "And this Gospel of the kingdom shall be preached in the whole world, for a testimony to all nations." (Matt. xxiv, 14.) "And He said to them, Go ye into the whole world, and preach the Gospel to every creature." (Mark xvi.) Behold, again, from St. Matthew, the Church's Catholicity—i. e., universality of doctrine: "And Jesus spoke to them, saying, All power is given to Me in heaven and in earth. Going, therefore, teach ye all nations, baptizing them in the Name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost. Teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you. And behold, I am with you all days, even to the consummation of the world." In these words of Jesus Christ the Church is described as universal in place, in doctrine, and in time.

Finally, the Church of Christ is described to us in Scripture as having power and jurisdiction. As the Father sent Me, so I send you," says Jesus Christ; but the Father sent Him with power: "the people were in admiration at His doctrine, for He was teaching them as one having power, and not as their Scribes and Pharisees;" therefore He also sent His apostles with power: "and having called His twelve disciples together, He gave them power;" and St. Luke: "then calling together the twelve apostles, He gave them power and authority." And what power did He give them? Even His own power. My brethren, "the Son of Man hath power to forgive sin," and to them He said, "Whose sins you shall forgive, they are forgiven; and whose sins you shall retain, they are retained." But, my brethren, power and authority are commissions from God. They must, therefore, be transmitted by the act of those who have received them from God. There must, therefore, be in the Christian Church an actual, clear, living connection with the apostles. The power which the Son of God received from the Father,

He gave to these apostles for the salvation of men. It did not expire with their apostles (else the work of salvation would have been interrupted and destroyed), but was handed down by them to their successors in the ministry, as we gather from many parts of the Scripture (notably from St. Paul's first epistle to Timothy, chapters iii, and iv.) It is, therefore, absolutely necessary that the men who exercise that power and jurisdiction to-day, be able to prove to us that they are the legitimate descendants of the apostles; that they come down from them in unbroken line, of succession uninterrupted, of doctrine unchanged, of power always exercised, and jurisdiction always claimed. If the line be broken, even in one single point, the high spirit, the sacramental power, is gone, even as the electric flash dies, and is lost forever, when in one smallest point; if one link in the chain of apostolical succession be wanting, heaven and earth are separate once more; the man who teaches and guides is only a vain pretender; he who says that he can forgive sin is a blasphemer; "the silver cord is broken, and the golden fillet shrinks back. . . . the dust shall be blown into its earth whence it was," "powerless for sealing and divine power;" "and the spirit," "once so fully and freely poured out," "returns to the God Who gave it."

We thus clearly see that a Church, one, holy, Catholic, and apostolic, is contemplated, recognized, and described to us in the Scriptures.

CATHOLIC DUKES AND "A PROTESTANT MOVEMENT"

"A great impending disaster"—that is what Sir Edward Carson called Home Rule in one of his speeches during his recent "civil war" campaign in Ulster. He denounced Home Rule as a "disaster," but he did not say in what way it would be so. What disaster could or would Home Rule bring upon Ireland or any part of Ireland? What injury, what evil, what wrong, what injustice, could or would be inflicted on any class or creed, on any man, woman or child in Ireland through Home Rule?

These questions stand as pertinent and proper, but they are not answered by the people who talk about Home Rule as a "disaster." Nothing in regard to this is heard from the Orange Tory Party, except reiteration of the phrase "civil and religious liberty"—the religion meant being, of course, the Protestant religion, as Sir Edward Carson gave assurance of in the speech referred to. "Never," said he, "was there a moment in Ulster in which men of all classes and all grades and all denominations of the Protestant religion were absolute hand to hand, shoulder to shoulder, and heart to heart in their determination to defeat the Home Rule Bill."

The movement is, therefore, a Protestant movement, which by the way ought to be interesting information for the Duke of Norfolk and his fellow English Catholics who are such staunch supporters of the Carson Party. The Carson movement is Protestant, and by the cry of "Civil and religious liberty" its leaders mean that they fear danger to their religion under Home Rule.

But the Home Rule Bill contains special provision against any such danger. It provides that "the Irish Parliament shall not make a law directly or indirectly to establish or endow any religion, or prohibit the free exercise thereof, or give a preference, privilege or advantage on account of religious belief or religious or ecclesiastical status."

This bars the Irish Parliament from interfering with anybody's religion, though they should be so disposed, which, needless to say, is far from being in the least likely. Even Sir Edward Carson has admitted that he has no fear of "religious persecution" from an Irish legislature. He does not fear that an Irish Parliament would make any laws against any one's religion or religious rights.

What, then, is Sir Edward Carson afraid of? The administration of the law by Irish Nationalists. That an Irish National Executive Government, in which there would be Protestants as well as Catholics, would so administer the law as to be a "disaster" to Protestants. Such is what Sir Edward Carson would have people believe is the fear of himself and his party in regard to Home Rule.

But, of course, nobody believes anything of the kind. On the contrary, everybody knows and believes that the real fear of those people is quite the opposite—not that Protestants will suffer any wrong under Home Rule, but that under Home Rule there will no longer be such a system in Ireland as Protestant Ascendancy. That is what Sir Edward Carson really fears, and he indicated as much in explaining what he and his friends are "out for" in their anti-Home Rule campaign. "After all we are not out for conquest. We are not out for ascendancy, but we are out to maintain what we have got and we are going to maintain it."

There it is. They are going to maintain what they have got. And what is that? Ascendancy. But they "are not out for Ascendancy." Of course, not. They don't need to be, since they have got it already, and they are "out to maintain what they have got."

Very plain and candid talk. The opposition to Home Rule for Ireland, demanded by four-fifths of the Irish people, sanctioned and supported by the democracy of Great Britain, and approved by all the self-governing communities in the civilized world—the opposition to this Irish National claim, so supported—is Protestant Ascendancy, and to maintain it Sir Edward Carson and his friends "are out."

WHAT THEY HAVE GOT

And Protestant Ascendancy in Ireland, what is it in fact? The thing is known to all. In a recent speech Mr. Thomas W. Russell, M. P., a Protestant and a Scotchman, described it briefly. He said: "They (Protestant Ascendancy Party) have had a long run of good luck. They have had the command of everything in the country. The judges have been of their faith and since the Union, the entire Government in the Castle, no matter what party has been in power, has been of their kind (Protestant Ascendancy.) They have had everything practically at their command."

And Mr. Russell further remarks as to the Ascendancy party that they are "people who having been beaten all along the line in argument, take refuge in the assertion that the Irish Government of the future would not play fair with the minority, which means that they would not give them (the minority) all the jobs—because that is what it really means."

It really means that; it means "what they have got," which, as above quoted, Sir Edward Carson and his campaigners are "out to maintain."

Even the weakest mind can be dissatisfied but not everyone can be contented and happy under all circumstances. It requires the eyes of wisdom and bravery to see the radiance of a dark day, and impart its brightness to the world.

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Letters of Recommendation. Apostolic Delegation. 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.

Mr. Thomas Coffey. Ottawa, March 7th, 1900. Dear Sir—For some time past I have read your valuable paper in the manner in which it is published.

Mr. Thomas Coffey. Dear Sir—For some time past I have read your valuable paper in the manner in which it is published. I am glad to see that it is directed with intelligence and ability, and, above all, that it is imbued with a strong Catholic spirit.

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.

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.

"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."

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 sceptic's "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.

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.

"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.

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 Shaffer'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 Shaffer's "miracle," that is, the production of life from inorganic matter by natural forces.

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.

phantly 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 reverential 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 become 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 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 advertence 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, Toulon, Ancey, Avignon, Roanne, 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 is the Association 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 attempt to effect the elimination of the Evangelical services from the constitution, but 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 conduct 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 devotions 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 are her doctrines 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 every emergency, and a balm for each 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 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 by the occasions on which the offenders were 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 procuring 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 was 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. There would be no one 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. There would be no one 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 I am not only 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 brawling 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 all the wretched 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

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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 whisky always invites another. The inflamed nerves and stomach create a craving that must either be satisfied by more whisky 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, excommunicating 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 violation of the suzerain's 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.

PIIONEERS 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.



Advertisement for President's Suspenders, None So Easy. The advertisement features a graphic of a man wearing suspenders and the text 'PRESIDENT'S SUSPENDERS NONE SO EASY'.

THE IMPORTANCE

of a high medical standard is not always fully appreciated by the average man. It constitutes one of the elements of a successful Company. It means a low mortality ratio and larger surplus for Policy-holders.

The North American Life has ever maintained a high medical standard. A most careful selection of risks has resulted in the death rate of this Company being considerably below the expected. Share the benefit which our Policy-holders enjoy by insuring in the

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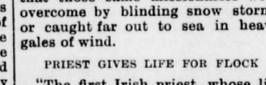
HEAD OFFICE, TORONTO, CANADA

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.

EDDY'S Matches are the only NON-POISONOUS matches manufactured in Canada.

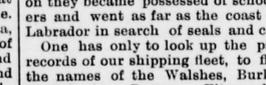


Looks Like Home Denver, Five Rooms, \$983

A pretty little home always seems more home-like than an ordinary house—and it need not cost more. We can show you how to build a cosy, attractive home (not a sectional, portable house), designed by clever architects, without a cent of expense to you for designs. And at a price fully 20% less than building in the ordinary way. The plan is so simple that it is no wonder hundreds of homes are now being erected the Sovereign way. We apply the modern sky-scraper construction idea to home-building. All expensive finishing is done at our mills by time-saving machinery. The material is cut in exact lengths to fit into place. Everything needed to complete the house is supplied by us, even to the nails and paint. Everything except the masonry.

With a little inexpensive assistance anyone can erect a beautiful home, warm and substantial, on the modern plan.

SOVEREIGN Readi-cut Not Portable HOMES

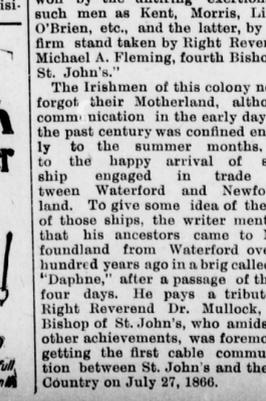


4 rooms, \$395.00.

YOU should have a copy of our Catalogue showing photographs of a great variety of homes built on the Sovereign plan. Floor plans and full information, price—everything to help you in choosing a home you will be proud of. Sovereign Construction Co. LIMITED 1316 C.P.R. Building, TORONTO

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.



Advertisement for President's Suspenders, None So Easy. Includes a graphic of a man wearing suspenders and the text 'PRESIDENT'S SUSPENDERS NONE SO EASY'.

Advertisement for Eddy's "Safeguard" Safety Matches. Features a list of benefits: '-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.' and the slogan 'For Safety's Sake---Eddy's "Safeguard" Matches --- ONLY --- should be in every home.'

Advertisement for Sovereign Readi-cut Not Portable Homes. Includes an illustration of a house and text: 'Looks Like Home Denver, Five Rooms, \$983. A pretty little home always seems more home-like than an ordinary house—and it need not cost more. We can show you how to build a cosy, attractive home (not a sectional, portable house), designed by clever architects, without a cent of expense to you for designs. And at a price fully 20% less than building in the ordinary way. The plan is so simple that it is no wonder hundreds of homes are now being erected the Sovereign way. We apply the modern sky-scraper construction idea to home-building. All expensive finishing is done at our mills by time-saving machinery. The material is cut in exact lengths to fit into place. Everything needed to complete the house is supplied by us, even to the nails and paint. Everything except the masonry. With a little inexpensive assistance anyone can erect a beautiful home, warm and substantial, on the modern plan. SOVEREIGN Readi-cut Not Portable HOMES. YOU should have a copy of our Catalogue showing photographs of a great variety of homes built on the Sovereign plan. Floor plans and full information, price—everything to help you in choosing a home you will be proud of. Sovereign Construction Co. LIMITED 1316 C.P.R. Building, TORONTO'

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Many other uses and full directions on large sifter can be found in the enclosed leaflet.

PRESENTATION BROTHERS IN CORNWALL

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.

SANOL not only cures Gall Stones, Kidney Stones or Gravel, but will strengthen the Kidneys and build up the system as the above letter shows. Price \$1.50.

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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.

While finding consolation in these results, Archbishop Whiteside contemplates the decadence among non-Catholic denominations with some regret, "both for our own sakes and for the sake of the country to which we belong." An increase in the number of those who are hostile to the Christian religion may

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 Catholic Church herself would say that, ultimately, the secret of her success, if it be a secret, is that she strains every nerve, to have in her own hands the spiritual formation of the child, and that its spiritual and secular education must go hand in hand in her own schools.

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. But if the manhood and womanhood of the country are to have a familiar knowledge of their duties to God, to their neighbors, and to themselves, a beginning must be made in childhood. The watchword of missionaries and reformers of every denomination, in every century of the world's history, has been "back to the child." And if religious truths are to become settled convictions, painstaking daily instruction is necessary.

"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. The denomination that ceases to have its own schools will soon cease to worship, and the denomination that ceases to worship will soon cease 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. The Rev. Denis O'Connor, Rector of the Seminary, was archdeacon and the Rev. Father Downey of Windsor master of ceremonies.

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.

The Rev. Father Harding has been appointed to the Seminary staff, where he will teach Canon Law and Liturgy.

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.'"

"She hears her big sister sing it; her big sister hears it at a show; and her beau buys it for her. Glance at the sheet music displayed on the piano in the 'front parlor of nearly every home in the country. Do you see any songs like 'Annie Laurie,' '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.

PIANO SNAPS The Sherlock-Manning Piano Co. London - Canada. Offer the following list of Pianos, while available: WEBER SQUARE PIANO, EMERSON SQUARE PIANO, R. S. WILLIAMS & SONS PIANO, BELL PIANO, OLASSIC PIANO, HEINTZMAN & CO. PIANO, HEINTZMAN & CO. PIANO, LANGSDOWNE PIANO, SHERLOCK-MANNING PIANO, SHERLOCK-MANNING PLAYER PIANO, THREE ORGAN SNAPS, DOHERTY ORGAN, BELL ORGAN, DOMINION ORGAN.

THE HOME BANK OF CANADA ORIGINAL CHARTER 1854

One dollar a week deposited with the Home Bank will amount to Fifty-two dollars at the end of the year, with full compound interest to be added. How many wage-earners can say that they have not wasted, or lost, fifty-two dollars during the past year from the habit of carrying money carelessly in their pockets?

HEAD OFFICE AND BRANCHES IN TORONTO JAMES MASON GENERAL MANAGER BRANCHES AND CONNECTIONS THROUGHOUT CANADA 394 Richmond Street, London BRANCHES ALSO AT ILDERTON, THORNDALE, DELAWARE, KOMOKA MELBOURNE, LAWRENCE

Charity begins at home and often ruins its health by staying there too much.

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 JEFFES—In Port Arthur, Ont., May 28th, 1918, Thomas Jeffes, 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

WANTED FOR THE PEMBRROKE SEPARATE school, an assistant teacher holding a second class Normal certificate to enter on duty immediately. Applicants to state salary, experience and furnish testimonials to A. J. Fortier, Sec. Treas. Pembroke, Ont. 1823-3

EXPERIENCED CATHOLIC TEACHER second class professional certificate, for school section No. 1, Rutland, Salary \$150. Duties to begin immediately. Apply P. R. de Lamorandiere, Killarney, Ont. 1823-2

HOUSEKEEPER WANTED WANTED, HOUSEKEEPER, MUST BE GOOD Cook, with best references. Apply to Rev. John O'Gorman, 459 McLaren St., Ottawa. 1823-2

WANTED—SMALL FARM SUITABLE FOR bees and poultry. Must be within one-half mile of Catholic church and school. Send full particulars to M. Beninger, Grand Valley, Ont. 1823-2

HOUSEKEEPER WANTED HOUSEKEEPER FOR FAMILY OF four near city of Guelph. Address Box 41, Guelph, Ont. 1823-2

HOUSEKEEPER WANTED IN A SMALL village, south east of Windsor, Essex County, to take charge of infant five months old and assist with house work. Family of four. Middle aged woman preferred. Catholic church in village. For further particulars address Box Z, CATHOLIC RECORD, London, Ont. 1823-2

Agent Wanted

Canvassing Agent for Eastern Ontario for weekly family paper. Apply stating age and experience to

BOX A, CATHOLIC RECORD LONDON, CANADA

LEARN ALL ABOUT A GAS ENGINE

Practical instruction on Stationary and Portable engines for Farm and Factory use, Automobiles (Shopwork and Driving lessons) Motor Boats. Write today for illustrated Booklet and full particulars. Educational Department

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