

The Catholic Record.

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

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Freeman's Journal

A LENTEN PRAYER

Christ, teach us each to live his part
With feelings near as man can know,
To those that stirred Thy sacred heart
In mortal compass here below.

That, when the palms of fame be spread
Before our paths, one thought of Thee
May bring us still to humbly tread
The ways of frail mortality.

That when men jeer our earnest deed
And us, again one thought of Thee
May only give the faith we need
To mount a lesser Calvary.

That, when earth's empty dreams are gone,
When earthly hopes can cheer no more,
We each in faith may lean upon
The cross that Thou hast borne before.

—CHRIS. A. SMACK,
Long Branch, New Jersey.

THE NEW CATECHISM

(Suggestions and criticisms are to be addressed to Rev. H. J. Canning, 5 Earle St., Toronto.)

X

JESUS CHRIST AS PROPHET

What is a prophet? A prophet is one who teaches truth, and foretells the future.

Did our Lord foretell the future? Yes; He foretold the manner of His death, His rising from the dead, the downfall of Jerusalem, and many other things.

How does He teach us the Christian religion? Through His Church. What help did He promise the teachers of the Church? He promised to be with them all days, even till the end of the world. (Matt. 28.)

Who were the first teachers of the Church? The Apostles.

Who have taken their place in the work of teaching? The Bishops of the Catholic Church.

Lesson Tenth

"Faith comes by hearing, and hearing by the word of Christ." So says St. Paul, and he says too: "How can they preach unless they be sent?" Our Lord sent His Apostles to teach and to baptize all nations, and said He should be with them, teaching and baptizing all nations, till the end of time. "As the Father hath sent me," He said, "I send you." And as the Apostles were sent by our Lord, so others were sent by the Apostles, and these in their turn sent others still. This sending or mission to preach the Gospel must be Apostolic, i. e., it must be such that it can be traced back to the Apostles, who were the first teachers of the Church and preachers of the Gospel, and who were sent by Christ. It is only in the Catholic Church that the mission can be traced back to the Apostles, just as it is only the Catholic Church that has preached the Gospel to all nations in every age since the days of the Apostles. But there is only one Bishop who is secured against error in teaching, and that is the Pope or Bishop of Rome. He holds the place of Peter, whom our Lord made the Rock of His Church, the Shepherd of all His sheep, the Confirmer of His brethren.

XI

THE MISSIONS OF THE HOLY GHOST
How is our Lord with His Church in the work of saving mankind? By His Spirit, the Holy Ghost, whom He sent down on the day of Pentecost.

What must we do to be saved? We must believe what the Holy Ghost teaches, and do what He commands.

Where is the sum of what we have to believe? In the Creed.

Say the Apostles Creed. (See Page 90.)

Where is the sum of what we have to do? In the commandments of God and of the Church.

What is the first and greatest commandment? Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with thy whole heart, with thy whole soul, with all thy mind, and with all thy strength.

What is the second great commandment, which is like unto this one? Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself.

Did our Lord do away with the decalogue or ten commandments given to Moses? No; He came not to do away with the law, but to fulfill it.

What is the fulfillment of the law? Charity, or the love of God above all things, for His own sake, and our neighbor as ourselves for God's sake. Say the ten commandments of God. (See page 90.)

Lesson Eleventh

Before He went up into Heaven from the Mount of Olives our Lord told His disciples to wait in the holy city of Jerusalem till they should be "clothed with power from on high." This power was the Holy Ghost. His coming was as the rushing of a mighty wind, and He rested upon each one of the Apostles in the form of parted tongues of fire. Our Lord came into the world to teach and to save us. When He left the world and went back to the Father, He sent His Spirit, His other Self, so to say, to carry on His work of teaching and saving. By the pastors of the Church, He teaches us, for our Lord said to them "He who hears you hears Me." What we are to believe He has summed up for us in the Apostles' Creed. What we have to do is summed up for us in the commandments, and the sum of it all is the love of God and our neighbor. To be saved we have to be freed from sin, to be born again, to put off the old man and put on the new, to walk in newness of life, and this new life of grace the Holy Ghost gives us through the sacraments. The Holy Ghost dwells in us as in His temple; for the living God, a living temple. "Know ye not," says the Apostle, "that you are the temple of the Holy Ghost?" Your body is the temple of the living God; how careful you should be not to soil it with sin!

XII

THE FIRST COMMANDMENT

What is the first commandment of God? I am the Lord thy God; thou shalt not have strange gods before Me.

What does this mean? It means that we are to worship God as the Sovereign Lord of all things.

How many kinds of worship are there? Three: private worship, family worship, and public worship. Mention some acts of private worship. Kneeling in prayer, visiting the Blessed Sacrament.

When is there family worship? When the members of a family join in the rosary or other prayer in the home.

When is worship public? When it is offered by or for all the people in a body.

What is the great act of public worship? The Holy Sacrifice of the Mass.

May we offer the worship of sacrifice to an angel or saint? No; that would be the sin of idolatry.

Are we forbidden to honor angels and saints? No; but we are forbidden to give them divine honor, which belongs to God alone.

May we honor statues and pictures of the saints? Yes; just as we honor statues and pictures of great men.

Why do we pray before the crucifix and images of the saints? Because they put us in mind of our Lord and of His friends.

Lesson Twelfth

"If you would enter into life," says the Lord, "keep the commandments." To be saved it is not enough to have faith, for "faith without works" as St. James teaches, "is dead." God gave the ten commandments to Moses on Mount Sinai. We must keep all of them, for the same Apostle tells us "whosoever shall offend in one shall become guilty of all." The first three commandments set forth our duties to God. The duty we owe to God, as set forth in the first commandment, is to worship Him. To give any creature the supreme worship which is due to God alone is the sin of idolatry. We honor the saints as the friends of God, and we honor the Blessed Virgin as the Mother of God. It is a sin against the first commandment to take part in any religious service other than that of the Catholic Church. We must worship God in the way He wants to be worshipped, and the Church alone can tell us what that way is. It is also a sin against the first commandment to put faith in fortune-telling, dreams, charms, or foolish signs of any kind. The first commandment bids us know God, believe in God, hope in Him, and love Him above all things.

CARDINAL GIBBONS ON "MANLINESS"

ANSWERS THE QUESTION WHAT IS THE GREATEST NEED OF OUR TIMES

Baltimore, February 3.

Cardinal Gibbons in his sermon in the Cathedral yesterday talked particularly to young men, and declared that the greatest need of the times is men of steadfast faith and fidelity to duty.

He asserted that the man who is of the greatest service in life is not the one who dashes to the cannon's mouth, but the one who takes the place in life assigned to him and fills it to the best of his ability and does what his conscience tells him is right, even in the face of criticism. "The slave of human respect," he said, "is detested or despised because he cannot speak or live up to his honest convictions."

The topic of his sermon was "Manliness," and His Eminence said: "In commenting on the life of our Divine Saviour we are usually inclined to lay particular stress on His tenderness of heart, His amiable disposition, His meekness of character and His compassion for suffering humanity. This is indeed as it should be, for these affectionate qualities shone forth conspicuously in the life of our blessed Redeemer."

BOTH LAMB AND LION

"But in gazing so intently on these sweet-tempered traits of our Lord, are we not apt to overlook His sturdy manhood and force of character? If Christ is called the 'Lamb of God,' He is also called the 'Lion of the fold of Judah.' If He exhibits the meekness of a lamb when He is led before His judges and His executioners, He displays the courage of a lion when He confronts the scribes and Pharisees. He rebukes their hypocrisy, and He tears off the masks and exposes them in all their hideous deformities. Those eyes that were moistened with tears of compassion at the tomb of Lazarus flash with righteous indignation when he denounces the desecration of God's temple. The hand that was habitually raised to bless innocent youth and repentant sinners is lifted up to smite the money changers that profaned His Father's house."

"I propose to speak to you this morning on the subject of the manliness of Christ. My remarks will be specially addressed to young men and women, though they will not be misapplied if the adults of both sexes are included."

"The question may be asked, What is the greatest need of our times for the betterment of Christian society? Is it churches? Temples of worship are, indeed, very necessary. The construction of elegant and well-adorned houses of worship is an evidence of the faith and devotion of the people, but they are not the most essential thing for our day. The primitive Christians paid homage to God in the catacombs, and some of our forefathers adored their Lord under the canopy of heaven in secluded mountains and in caves of the earth; and they were the best of Christians. Moreover, what would be the use of churches if we had no worshippers to frequent them?"

"Is it schools that are most needed? Christian schools are certainly demanded for the preservation of the faith and morals of the rising generation. A parish is not complete without a school. But they do not constitute the most essential requisite. There have been dark periods in the Church's history, when Christian schools were not tolerated, and their absence was supplied by heroic mothers who nourished the seeds of religion in the hearts of their children."

"Does the country need majestic and colossal State houses for our legislative bodies? This is the question that met in Philadelphia in 1787 to devise the most momentous Constitution ever framed for the civil guidance of man assembled in a hall not conspicuous for its majestic proportions, and they formulated an instrument which has revolutionized the world and conferred inestimable blessings on mankind."

"MEN—STURDY, CHRISTIAN MEN"
"What the times call for is manly—sturdy, Christian men—endowed with the courage of their convictions. We need men who are controlled by conscience rather than by expediency; men who are guided by principle rather than by popularity; men who are influenced by a sense of duty and not by self-interest; who are swayed by a spirit of patriotism rather than by a desire of political preferment. Above all, we need men of strong Christian faith, who are prepared to uphold their religious convictions in the face of obliquity and popular prejudice. In a word we need men and women of upright Christian character."

"If you disclose to me your character, I will reveal to you your destiny. If your character is above reproach, you will win in the battle of life. You may not attain distinction in the civil or political, the military or ecclesiastical walks of life, but the acquisition of these honors is

not a criterion of genuine success. The true test of ultimate triumph lies in the fulfillment of duty.

"If you are faithful at the post to which Providence will assign you, no matter what that post may be, you will be successful in life. You will enjoy the testimony of a good conscience. You will merit the esteem of your fellow-citizens, and, above all, you will have the approval of heaven. Your name may not be emblazoned on the fading pages of earthly history, but, what is infinitely better, it will be inscribed in the imperishable records of the Book of Life."

THE FRUIT OF INNOCENCE IS GLADNESS

"Young men, let me exhort you to be pure, chaste and clean of heart. Rise superior to your passions. Keep them under subjection. Then you will enjoy an habitual tranquility of soul, abundance of peace and joy of spirit, which is the fruit of innocence. Oh, how high will you soar above the slave of his lusts, who for a moment of sensual gratification is tortured with remorse, melancholy and despair. The fruit of innocence is gladness. The wages of sin is death."

"Be faithful in attending the house of God on the Lord's Day, to worship your Maker and to renew your strength. Do not be swayed from the path of duty by the words and example of dissolute companions, who may openly oppose you, but who in their heart will applaud your conduct."

"But this fidelity to religious and moral principles demands of us no small measure of heroic virtue. Many a soldier who fearlessly rushed to the cannon's mouth has quailed before the shafts of ridicule and the shouts of popular prejudice. The man who calmly fulfills a duty against public clamor displays a higher courage than the general who captures cities."

"Human respect is a vice diametrically opposed to the virtue of Christian manhood. It is a base condition, by which a man, either from the dread of offending others or from the hope of conciliating their friendship and goodwill, speaks or acts against his own intimate convictions. The slave of human respect is like the idol mentioned by the psalmist: 'He has eyes and sees not; he has ears and hears not; he has a mouth and speaks not.' Or rather he sees through others' eyes; he hears through others' ears; he is a mere puppet echoing their sentiments. He tries to please men, which is right, but at the expense of his conscience, which is wrong. 'If I would please men' (in violation of my conscience), says the apostle, 'I would not be the servant of Christ.'"

"SLAVE OF HUMAN RESPECT DETESTED
"The slave of human respect is universally detested or despised. He is odious in the sight of God, since he stifles the heavenly voice of conscience from a servile fear of men. 'No man can serve two masters, for he will love the one and hate the other, or he will sustain the one and despise the other.' We cannot at the same time serve the cause of righteousness and of self-interest. The slave of human respect is despicable in the sight of his fellow-beings, for how can they respect a man who has not the manliness to speak and live up to his honest convictions? And must he not be contemptible in his own eyes when he looks into his heart and contemplates his dissimulation and cowardice laid bare before him?"

"Look to-day on the face of Christ and let the conduct of our Lord inspire you to be a consistent Christian. Be ever faithful to conscience, to principle and to duty. Above all, be ever loyal to your religious convictions, through honor and dishonor, through good report and evil report, in acclamation as well as in time of study, under God's eye as well as before your prescript. This is the Christian manhood which distinguishes the hero from the coward, the follower of Christ from the obsequious slave of human respect."

"Be men. Cast off the fetters of bondage. Assert your Christian birthright to freedom."
"Whoever shall be ashamed of Me or of My words, of him shall the Son of Man be ashamed when He shall appear in His glory." "Every one who shall confess Me before men I will also confess him before My Father who is in heaven."

"I HAVE ALREADY CHOSEN MY OFFICER"
Governor Wilson's first official appointment is a proof before all the world; that neither Tom Watson's Magazine, the Appeal to Reason, nor The Menace nor any other un-American bile-rag has any influence on his mind or his action. Mr. Tumulty, whom he has taken to his confidence and his heart as his private secretary for the past two years, is a Catholic. Is this part of the grand conspiracy of Rome against the liberties of the American people? We have no doubt that it will be so described by the organs of "my dirt," but Governor Wilson does not care a filip for the barking of such mongrel whelps. He knows the man

whom he has chosen to be the President's secretary, and he knows not only his manhood and his honesty, but his business value as well.—Catholic Standard and Times.

A NONAGENARIAN CLERGYMAN CONVERTED JUST BEFORE DEATH

From England comes the interesting report of the conversion of a nonagenarian clergyman, the Rev. John Cooper, formerly rector of Beaumont-Cum-Mose, Essex, who was received into the Catholic Church a few hours before his death at Clacton. The report of the conversion caused great surprise, says the Catholic Universe and Weekly. The following statement was issued by the relatives:

"It was a great shock to his relatives and friends when, three days only before his death, he (the Rev. John Cooper) expressed a wish to be received into the Catholic Church. He had given no previous hint of this to any one, but had apparently arrived at his decision, in which he was firmly convinced he was right, solely on the question of authority, which, during his residence at Clacton, he had spent much time in studying in the writings of Cardinal Newman and others, and the left behind him the material for a pamphlet, which he directed to be printed and circulated privately among his friends, explaining his position and making it plain that the conclusion he had reached was simply the result of his own study of the subject. He was received by the Rev. Father Gane, O. S. C., a few hours before his death."

THE SPIRIT WORLD

There is no excuse, writes the Bishop of Salford, Dr. Casartelli, for Catholics falling into the power of Spiritism, inasmuch as the teachings of our own faith supply us with the most perfect, the most complete, the most logical and the most satisfying system of doctrine with reference to the world of Spirit and all that it implies in itself and in relation to man's life and destiny. The Bishop (who devoted a Pastoral to the subject during the closing year, the same being re-produced by the Catholic Truth Society) goes on to tell us what the Church teaches concerning the world of Spirit.

God, the Supreme Being, existing of Himself and necessarily existing from all eternity is by His own infinite power and free-will the Creator of all that exists, whether spiritual or material. His creation is thus of a double nature, the one material, the other spiritual. Of the spiritual creation the first and principal portion consists of angels destined for a supernatural end which they had, however, to merit by their free-will. Those who proved strong in temptation were not cast into eternal punishment but remain the servants of heaven. Again, the soul of man also belongs to the Spirit world, and like the angels is endowed with free-will and intelligence. There is by the dispensation of God a moment in the history of each human being, an epoch during which the spirit and the flesh are temporarily disunited. This epoch dates from the being's death till the last judgment day. At this day disembodied spirits will once again resume for eternity their bodily or material parts. This then is the teaching of the Church regarding immaterial beings or spirits of all orders.

The Church, however, goes farther and teaches not only of their existence, but of their association with ourselves during our mortal lives. Some of the Fathers maintain that God makes use of the agency of His angels (a Greek word meaning "messengers") even in the physical ordering of the powers of nature and the phenomena of the physical world. Beyond this we have the Church's teaching of a Guardian Angel. On the other hand, says the Bishop, there is no doubt that the lost spirits who went with Lucifer tempted Christ and as the Saints themselves have aspired. Concerning the disembodied spirits of the good, the Church teaches that God allows these blessed souls in heaven to know what passes on earth, and to be interested in the fate of those living, and so the manifold good offices which living men are constantly receiving from the world of holy spirits—whether from the angels or from the disembodied spirits—require from us in return corresponding offices. So, then, we pay to them homage, veneration and devotion.

The constant communion between the Spirit world and mankind is a purely intellectual or non-material one, although God allows spiritual beings to make their presence known by impressions made on the senses of sight, hearing or touch. These are called "apparitions," examples of which the history of the Church is full. The essential and most pernicious element of modern Spiritism is precisely the unlawful trafficking with, or seeking to traffic with spirits, whether good or bad, or angelic, or human, or diabolical in their nature. It is begotten of a morbid and fearfully dangerous curiosity, and the

Church has in all ages sternly reprobated and forbidden all such unlawful commerce with the unseen world and has reckoned it as a grave form of that sin which is known as superstition.

There is no doubt, says Bishop Casartelli, that the pursuit of these practices has a deplorable effect upon the minds and even upon the bodies of their votaries, the most appalling of all effects being the weakening of the will-power, until the victim is reduced to almost hopeless helplessness. And since the loss of free-will, by which man works out his salvation, means the loss of will-power, it is the greatest loss that can befall a rational being, ending in lunacy and despair, as not only theologians but experienced scientific and medical authorities are full agreed. There is, of course, no doubt says the Bishop, that much, perhaps most, of the mediumistic seances of modern Spiritism are demonstrably made up of fraud. Yet, says the doctor, an admixture of mere charlatanism does not preclude the intrusion of the supernatural and even the diabolical. The specific danger, recollect, in Spiritism is the eventual subjection of the will-power to what is called "external control" be that control diabolical or merely human. This is the most baneful effect of dealings with the cult of Spiritism.

The Bishop concludes his pastoral by saying that in modern days everywhere this pernicious cult of Spiritism is spreading among all classes of people and even among Catholics. Even those who begin as "dabblers," just for a little light amusement, eventually finish by becoming the slaves of their cult, and the remedies he suggests against the vogue is public instruction and guidance from the clergy.—Freeman's Journal.

THE CATHOLIC VIEW

Monsignor John A. Sheppard, Vicar-General of the Diocese of Newark, in the current number of St. Michael's Parish Review, answers this question asked by one of his parishioners: "Is it wrong for a Catholic to advocate Government ownership of railroads, telegraphs, telephones, etc., so long as he does not believe in or advocate the public ownership of private property?" In answer, Monsignor Sheppard has this to say: "The Catholic Church leaves her members perfectly free to advocate anything that they think would better the condition of the country and the laboring men, provided there is no injustice or immorality in their action. The Catholic Church has always been, and now is, the friend of the workingman—this is the very reason why she opposes Socialism. We admit there are many and grave evils that must and will be reformed—but Socialism, as such, will not reform by destroying the present form of government, etc. There are some good features in Socialism—and these features the Church blesses and advocates. Whatever will lighten the burdens of the poor—whatever will benefit the laboring man—whatever will brighten life—all this the Church blesses and advocates. But all this must be done—will be done—without destroying the home, private property, or Christian marriage, which Socialism would destroy if triumphant. While our Catholic men may advocate government ownership of railroads, if they wish, still, we desire to impress upon them that if they associate with Socialists, read Socialist books and papers, or identify themselves with Socialists, they become contaminated and lose their faith, evil association corrupts good morals. We dare anyone to show us a so-called Catholic Socialist who goes to church and receives the Sacraments. We cannot understand how any Catholic man with the spirit or the spunk of a mouse can advocate Socialism when he knows that every Socialist paper is poisoned with vile slanders and hideous insinuations against the Church and her clergy."

SUFFRAGETTES WARNED IN LENTEN PASTORAL
Cardinal Bourne, Archbishop of Westminster, in the course of a Lenten pastoral read recently in the churches referred to the suffragettes, and issued a warning against excesses and possible faults which might easily be committed in pursuit of an object in itself legitimate.

"We most earnestly beg," says His Eminence, "the faithful committed to our care who have convinced themselves of the equity and expediency of the object which they are seeking to be ever on guard against any participation, direct or indirect, in any methods which are contrary to the law of God. We refer especially to those acts of violence to persons or property which have disgraced this movement, and which are manifestly contrary to justice and charity."

Thousands that are capable of great sacrifices are yet not capable of the little ones which are all that are required of them. A multitude of successive small sacrifices may work more good in the world than any large one.

CATHOLIC NOTES

For the first time in the history of Iowa, (according to the Catholic Citizen) the legislature was opened this year by a Catholic Bishop. The Senate was opened with prayer by the Bishop of Des Moines.

On the 11th February there died at Rome, Rosa Sarto, sister of His Holiness the Pope. Although expected her demise has caused the deepest grief to the Supreme Pontiff, who loved her dearly owing to her devout attachment.

It will interest Catholics to know, says the Catholic Citizen, that Mr. Alexis I. du Pont Coleman, formerly rector of St. Michael's Episcopal Church, Wilmington, Del., and a convert to the Church in 1896, is now a professor in the college of the City of New York, and head of the Newman Catholic club of that institution. Dr. Coleman is a son of the late Episcopalian Bishop of Delaware, and a graduate of Keble College, Oxford.

A press cablegram from Rome states that Pope Pius X. has sent a message to the ambassadorial conference of the great powers in London requesting them to exert their influence in behalf of Palestine in the Turkish-Balkan peace negotiations. He asks that the Holy Land either be wrested from Turkish control or that the powers undertake to guarantee the permanent sanctity of the holy places there and the protection of Christian pilgrims.

A new Normal school has been opened at Frascati, near Rome, for the special training of young men who are desirous of becoming school teachers. All the orphans taken to Rome after the Messina earthquake, to be brought up at the expense of the Pope, has been admitted to this school. The Salesian Fathers, who have been entrusted with the management of the new enterprise, report a contribution of \$6,000 from the Holy Father to aid the school's foundation.

The appointment of Prince Max Lichnowsky as German Ambassador in London, in place of the late Baron Marschall von Bieberstein, is one which will be hailed with general satisfaction, implying, as it does, the strengthening of conciliatory relations between the two countries. But in addition to this, Catholics will cordially welcome the appointment to the Court of St. James of a member of one of the oldest Catholic families of Silesia; as another proof that in diplomacy as elsewhere, Catholics are coming to their own again.

Sir Gerald Strickland, the newly-appointed Governor of New South Wales, Australia, is a staunch adherent of the Catholic faith. His wife was Lady Edeline Sackville, daughter of Earl de la Warr. She is a convert and with her four daughters belongs to the most practical type of Catholics, says the Catholic Press of Sydney. They are frequent communicants, receiving the Sacraments never less and generally more often than once a month. In West Australia it has been their custom to drive every Sunday to Mass at one of the churches adjacent to Government House.

Frank Spearman the novelist, in a personal account of his reasons for becoming a Catholic, mentions among a number of obstacles which he found in his path to Catholicity the fact that he was a freemason. To become a Catholic Mr. Spearman knew that he must of course give up his membership in that order. He writes: "From the Masonic side of the question in my case, there was no reason that I could see why I could not belong to the Church and to the Order. But what I realized instinctively was that Masonry was not vital in my life whereas the choice of an authoritative religion was extremely vital."

The Lord Provost of Glasgow, at a recent concert in aid of St. Andrew's Cathedral Schools in that city, said when he was informed that Catholics saved the rates to the extent of 66,000 pounds per annum, that it was a very foolish thing for them to do. This seemed at first sight; a very callous answer from the Lord Provost said Father Kelly, of Dumbarton, but he thought the Lord Provost was right. Catholics were not aliens in the country in which they lived. They were citizens of a free country with the same rights as other citizens. If they had the duty to contribute to the school rates, they had also the right to a fair share of what they paid.

During the year 1912 the Holy Name Society in the United States has had an unprecedented development. From January 1, 1912, to December 31, 1912, there were established throughout the United States 438 Holy Name Societies. In addition to these, at least 100 Junior Holy Name Societies were formed. Eighteen Diocesan Unions were founded. In many of these Societies the membership is from 900 down to 100 men. It is difficult to estimate the increase of members in the ranks of the Society during 1912. Certainly 100,000 is a conservative estimate. It is gratifying to all who have the responsibility of souls to read these encouraging figures in the interest of religion.

TALES OF THE JURY ROOM

By Gerald Griffin THE EIGHTH JURYMANS' TALE MR. TIBBOT O'LEARY, THE CURIOUS CHAPTER I—CONTINUED

One of his numerous daily practices was to walk down as far as the gate of his own avenue, which opened on the main coach road, at 9.30 every morning, and at 8.45 every evening, these being the two diurnal periods at which the coach passed, or ought to pass on its way to and from the nearest county town. And if he were too early for the coach (he never was too late) he would wait patiently with his back against the pier of his gate until the "convenience" made its appearance, and at the very instant draw out his silv'ry hunting watch and mark the time, and then leisurely walk home and compare his watch with the dial, and then compare the dial with the almanac, making allowance to the fourth place of decimals for difference of longitude, and thus discover exactly how many minutes, or fractions of minutes, the coach had been "behind time" in its progress for that day. Nor was he less disconcerted by observing, (indeed he did not observe at all that in progress of time the automaton-like regularity of his appearance and of his movements, the punctual apparition of his figure seen afar off leaning against the pier, the motion of the hand to the watch-fob as the coach drew nigh, the production of the time piece, and the glance at the coach, to observe the precise moment when they were in a direct line opposite the gate, all became matter of undisguised amusement to the coachman and his passengers, who might be seen looking back with laughing countenances, as he put up his watch with the air of a philosopher and walked up the avenue to complete the troublesome process which he had imposed on himself as a morning and evening recreation.

"Have you any news?" was at this time the second or third, and often the first question which he put to every acquaintance at meeting. Having, unlike busybodies in general, brought his own affairs into tolerable order, little remains for him to do besides interesting himself in those of his acquaintances, and his feeble mind, like a creeping shrub, unable to suppose itself, went throwing its tendrils about in all directions, seeking for events and circumstances to prevent it from falling back an inert mass upon itself. Fortunately his hunger for novelty was of a kind which was easily appeased. His more observant friends soon remarked that any answer satisfied him, except a direct negative, and that he was not so much interested in this as his aversion to dog-strayed or poisoned, a servant turned off, a leg of mutton spoiled in the cooking, anything was preferable to the barren and unweleome "No." Indeed, to those who knew him, few things could be more painful than its infliction; and, accordingly, where it was understood that nothing more was requisite than merely to keep the sense of hearing in play for a certain portion of time, there was scarcely any one who had not got some kind of fib to tell Tibbot O'Leary. Those who did not know him were not so well aware of the nature of the food for which he craved, and were not so prompt in satisfying his hunger, as was exemplified in his first meeting with his man, Tom Nash.

One morning Mr. Tibbot O'Leary arrived a few minutes before 9.30 o'clock at his own pier gate crossing the stile he was surprised and disconcerted to find his place occupied by a young country lad, who seemed to have made a long and wearisome journey, and was now resting in Tibbot's favorite attitude, and against his favorite pier. The lad touched his hat respectfully, but did not move. Mr. O'Leary began to grow fidgety, but felt as if it would be inhospitable to desire him to change his quarters; besides, that it would look somewhat ridiculous to turn him away from the pier merely for the purpose of taking the place himself, and the fellow had an arch eye which looked as if nothing ridiculous would be likely to escape it. The exclusive possession of the pier of the gate could hardly be an object of ambition to any being, except a cow to whom the sharp angle at the corner might be a temptation, or a human being inclined to indulge in the same pastime. Mr. O'Leary, however, had no such inclination, so on that morning, the coachman the guard, and the passengers were astonished to behold Mr. O'Leary for the first time go through his customary evolutions on the opposite side of the gate to that at which he was wont to stand. After the coach had passed, and the watch was put up, Tibbot glanced at the individual who ornamented the opposite pier, and said:

"Well, my man, who are you?" "A poor boy, please your honour." "Have you any news?" "Not a word I your honour." "No news! What's your name?" "Tom Nash, sir," (respectfully touching the leaf of his hat with the tip of his forefinger.) "Where do you come from?" "E'stwards, your honour." "And where are you going?" "Westwards, your honour." "And you have no news?" "Not a word, please your honour." "How far do you mean to go?"

"Why then, just until somebody axes me to stay." And who do you expect to 'ax' you, as you call it?" "Wisha, some gentleman that'll have an open heart and house by the road side. Sure 'tisn't any close fister niger I'd expect to ax me."

"Umph! And wh- do you imagine would give a night's lodging to a person like you, who hasn't got a word of 'news or anything to say that would make his company entertaining or desirable?" "Wisha, that's as it falls out. If they doesn't do it for God's sake, I don't expect they'd do it for mine. 'Tisn't any fault o' mine. If I had any news goin' I wouldn't begridge tellin' it."

"Did you didn't hear it?" "I did not." "Not a word?" "Not one."

"Don't you come from town?" "I does."

"An' didn't you hear any news there?" "I did not."

"That's very strange. They all most always have news in town of some kind or another."

"If they had it, they were very sparvin' of it this turn, for they didn't give me any."

"Did you ask for it?" "Wisha, then, didn't to tell your honor a lie, 'd didn't. I had something else to think of."

"What else had you to think of?" "Oh then, my poverty and my hunger an' the distance that was betwene me an' home."

of all his living friends,) began to steam backward steadily towards the past, and ceased to interest itself as much as before in the petty affairs of his contemporaries, on which his genius had been hitherto exhausted. It was hinted that it would have been happier for him had his inquiries taken this turn before his return from Dublin. The fair cause of his disappointment and retreat, had, it was said, no other ground of dissatisfaction, on her own admission, than poor Tibbot's ruling foible, which had become more and more intolerable as their intimacy increased. Many a characteristic scene, whether real or imaginary, was retailed among the fireside circles in the neighborhood, which exercised so strong an influence on Tibbot's subsequent fortunes. If poor Tibbot was fidgety and inquisitive with his acquaintances in general, there was no end to his queries in the company of one in whom he felt a particular interest, and without having a particle of jealousy in his constitution, all his conduct was like that of a jealous person. Now, without having anything the least in the word criminal to conceal, all ladies know, and gentlemen too, that a thousand things happen in the customary routine of life, which it may not suit one's purpose to speak of even to one's most intimate friend. Even the poet who insists most strongly, on the merit of confidential frankness, advises you, though in the company of "a bosom crony," to

still keep something to yourself. You'll scarcely tell to any. If Tibbot saw Miss Crosbie talking to a stranger in the street he should know who he was; who was his father and his mother; what was his business in town, &c., besides a thousand similar queries, the repeated answering or evading which was found so burdensome, that it finally outweighed all the good qualities of the querist. Among many appropriate speeches which were kindly ascribed to the hero and heroine of their fireside romance, by the tattling merrymongers in the country side, there was one which was said to have produced a powerful effect in making Tibbot look like a fool at the time it was uttered:

"If notes of interrogation were as current as other notes, Mr. O'Leary," said the lady, "what an immense capital you could set afloat!" Others averred that there was no such exclusive feeling of disappointment whatever on the part of the gentleman, and that it was quite as much in accordance with his desire as with that of the lady, that the affair ended as it did. However this might be, Tibbot did not seem to allow the event to weigh very heavily upon his spirits, and it was with much equanimity that he subsequently even heard of her marriage to another. His beloved studies supplied to him the place of all other domestic happiness, and but for one of those accidents, which so much more frequently determine the fortunes of men than any efforts of the intellect or foresight, he would have continued his solitary pursuits until he had become himself as venerable a relic of the past as any of the weather-worn dallans, or tridithons, or musty manuscripts over which he was accustomed to consume his youthful hours with all the devotion of an enthusiast.

It was late on an autumn evening, and throughout the lonesome apartments of Mr. O'Leary's dwelling, that interval of stillness reigned which precedes the hour of general quietude. Tibbot was raking the kitchen fire, and the huge ashpit. The proprietor of the mansion was in a distant corner of the building, with a chamber candle in his hand, looking over the precious antiquarian treasures contained in that apartment which he called his library, but which had much more the appearance of a museum, or the cabinet of a dealer in the black art. Here stood a jaw in the black art. Here stood a jaw in the black art. Here stood a jaw in the black art.

"Is your master at home?" "Will you tell him that his old friend Mr. Gunn is come to see him?" "He knows it already, please your honour. He hears your honour singin' on the aveny, an' he knows the voice. Tom Nash, says he (mainin' myself), that Mr. Geoffrey Gunn, my old friend, an' I'm very glad to meet him, says he, take care an' have supper ready when I call!"

"It appears to me, Tom," said the stranger, and he dismounted, and gave the bridle to Nash, "that you cannot be much troubled with visitors in this place."

"Only middlin', sir, of an odd turn. The last we had was Aisther two years, a very civil aisy spoken gentleman indeed. He stopped only one night, an' gave me a half crown in the mornin' when he was goin', although I never seen any one that gave so little trouble. I wanted not to take it, but he wouldn't be said by me."

"Um. And where am I to find your master?" "If your honour will condescend to take the light in your hand, an' go sithraut up stairs, while I'm takin' round the horse, you'll find him in the library. That's the place for you to visit. He has all the old rattle-thraps, an' curiosities up there, that ever was dug out o' the bowls o' the earth since the creation. That's the man that has the long head. Take care of the hole upon the first landing. You'll see yourself where there's a step wantin'—in the second flight. You can see the kitchen down through it. The gentleman who had here last was near breakin' his leg in it, comin' down stairs in the mornin'. We forgot to tell him about it."

Taking the candle in his hand, Mr. Gunn proceeded to ascend the venerable staircase, with all the caution which these hints were calculated to

excite. It is curious to think of what materials we are made, and how apt we are to consider an object rather as it appears to men, than as it really is in itself. The idea that there could be anything absurd or ridiculous in his present pursuits, had never once occurred to Mr. O'Leary, yet now that he found himself and them about to be subjected to the eye of one, who, whatever he might think of the present, or the future, did not, as he knew, or he as he felt, as he felt as much ashamed as if he were conscious himself that his life was spent in a very silly manner. Whether it was however that it is not so easy, or so amusing to quiz a man in his own house as elsewhere, or that the world had altered him, Geoffrey Gunn did not manifest the least inclination to turn his old companion or his "curiosities," as Nash called them, into ridicule. On the contrary, he even manifested a degree of interest about them, and after mutual and cordial inquiries had been interchanged between them, he had the civility to ask the names of two or three of the most fantastic-looking objects which he beheld around him. Charmed the more with his complacency, as it was so wholly unexpected, Mr. O'Leary explained their uses and history, much admiring the change which time had wrought in his old friend, since the period when himself was wont to form the target of his merriment.

"And that curious looking thing—that long spike with the ring and two heavy balls at one end of it. It seems of silver."

"The purest silver. It is a brooch."

"A brooch!" exclaimed Gunn, placing it on his shirt frill. "Why it weighs half a pound!"

"The more nearly resembling the mental, but necessary utensil, from which it derives its name," said Mr. O'Leary. It is the deal-fallain, or ancient Irish cloak bodkin, worn at the cosherings or feasts of the nobility."

"Bless me!" said Gunn, "who would have thought it! I say, O'Leary, what a figure a man would cut going to a subscription ball at the Rotunda, with such a thing as that stuck in his button hole! Well, you have a complete museum here, a second Noah's ark. What a time I must have taken you to get them all so packed up in your fingers end. (Here he yawned slightly.) Well it is all very curious I dare say, and very entertaining to those who have a talent for such studies. Besides it is so much more interesting and instructive to spend one's time amid the relics of the past—the memorials of the mighty dead, as somebody calls them, than amongst the frivolous beings, who usurp the name of men in our own degenerate time. As Tully says, 'Heu quante minus est cum vis versari quam te meminisse!'"

Mr. O'Leary made no reply, unwilling to interrupt a flow of sentiment which he could not sufficiently admire.

"Yes," said Geoffrey Gunn, "there is a grandeur about the past, which the more one thinks of it, makes him shrink with distaste from the pettiness and littleness of the present. There is a sublimity of feeling associated with the preterite which his fellow tense is can never produce. The very sound of the words 'Was, full-toned and broad, opens the whole mouth. It comes forth between the teeth, like the hiss of a goose. How pleasing to turn from the tiresome matter of fact illumination of dry practical knowledge, which takes away from learning half its importance, by removing its singularity, and contemplate the beautiful gloom of those majestic ages, when the very alphabet itself, to the mass of mankind was invested with all the interests of mystery!"

"My dear Geoffrey," said Mr. O'Leary, "I forgot to ask have you dined?" "Fsha, a fig for dinner or breakfast either," said Gunn, after an entirely stilled yawn, "I am not so entirely void of taste, as to think about eating, while such a mental treat as this is spread before me. And not to speak of the pleasure, the utility of such pursuits must be apparent to every body. For instance, but for the fortunate recovery of those silver bodkins, would not which the old O'Donoghues and their contemporaries fastened their cloaks be lost for ever to the world? Besides it is so much more useful to study, how people lived a thousand years ago, than it is to reflect, how we are to live ourselves. Any fool can know his own business, but it is only men of sense and understanding, as well as charity, who take an interest in that of persons who are no longer able to take care of it themselves." (Another heroic effort to suppress a yawn.) "You must be hungry however. It is a good step from Killarney here. (He rung the bell.) Besides we can so much more agreeably talk over old times at a supper-table by the fire-side."

female antiquarian, who lives in your neighborhood?" "Not I. Whom do you mean?" "Why, now, that's very odd. I have only come down to this part of the country, to snatch a peep at the lake during the vacation, and I know more of your neighbours, than you who live on the spot; but then, rogue as you are, I would be a fool to you, I warrant, if we came to question about the court of the Ptolemies or Pharnases. But indeed it was accidentally I heard of her first. She is a Miss Moriarty (a genuine west country stock), and a very witch at the books; knows Hebrew, and can even scrawl a hieroglyphic or two of the Chaldaic and such things. As for Greek and Latin, she makes no more of them than a squirrel would of cracking a nut."

"Is it possible? How odd I should never have heard of her?" "Not at all odd, my dear fellow, you were busy about more important things. It is only for us ephemeral beings to have our ears cocked for such every day novelties. But indeed you ought to know her. She lives not more than half a mile from here, on the Kenmare road, in a humble farm house, tenanted by the husband of a relative, where she has a couple of rooms filled with all the antediluvian rarities in the world. You should have heard her upon the round towers."

"You don't tell me so?" "She has a theory of her own about them. I had the full benefit of it, for, a few days since, I was compelled to take shelter in the house from a shower of rain, and had the honor and happiness of hearing, during the half hour I remained, more words I couldn't understand than I did the whole time I was in college."

A lady in his neighborhood who knew Hebrew, and had got an original theory upon the origin of round towers! Little more was said upon the subject during supper, unless that a particular description was given of the lady's residence; but Tibbot O'Leary was far from letting it slip out of memory. On the following morning, after Geoffrey Gunn had taken his leave (not forgetting the gentleman who had given Nash a half crown last Aisther two years,) he removed, as that faithful domestic silent though loquacious, indeed, was never amongst his failings. Let us however follow Mr. Gunn. He was one of a class of persons very common in Ireland—and for aught I know as common elsewhere. He was a liberal dealer in what might be called white lies. Dining out, or paying a visit, or breakfasting, or even meeting a friend in the street, he seemed to consider his time thrown away, if he did not leave a few such fictions behind him, nor was it necessary that they should be in any degree humorous, or have any particular object in view; it was quite sufficient if they had no foundation in truth. A foreign potentate dead—a coach brought to bed of twins—Mr. So and so killed in a duel—such were the species of inventions which rolled from his lips like a little torrent, whenever he found himself consulting a civil set of hearers, and in which he was encouraged by the laughter of some friends with whom he passed for a genuine wit. The instant he turned from Tibbot O'Leary's avenue, he trotted briskly away and slackened not his speed until he pulled bridle at the door of a Mr. O'Connor, who was not less a gentleman for being a farmer, and not less a farmer for being a gentleman. This gentleman farmer appeared to have observed his approach from the windows of the sitting room, for Geoffrey Gunn had no sooner pulled up his horse than the hall-door opened, and Mr. O'Connor appeared with outstretched hand and smiling countenance.

"Good-morrow, good-morrow! you are welcome. Well?" "I told you I'd do it."

"But have you done it? Have you seen him? If you see him not here before a month is at an end, I'll give you leave to say that he is good for nothing more than slashing wheat upon."

"You're a non-parigl. And is she to know anything about it?" "As much as your love of small talk may induce you to communicate; provided always, and be it excepted, that no mention be made of a pre-concerted plan. One word of that would ruin us for ever."

"I understand—trust me for the discreet thing. But come in, come in, we are just going to luncheon. Shall be delighted to see you."

"To tell you the truth," Gunn continued in a lower tone, as he entered the little hall and took off his great coat, "it is partly a matter of conscience with me, for I had a greater share than sits easy on my memory in that former transaction, so that I have something like a personal interest in seeing—Ah, Miss Moriarty, how dy'e do? &c. &c. and all sat down to luncheon. There is generally a degree of decorous silence attending the commencement of any serious meal (such as luncheon often is in a mountainous country), which gradually wears off accordingly as the motives diminished which stimulate to action rather than to dialogue. Accordingly for some time little was heard except the tinkle of knives and forks interspersed with an occasional sentence or two in the way of conversation. At length the attention of the company to the business before them appeared to relax, and conversation gradually became general.

"A shocking accident I witnessed this moment on the road, Mrs. O'Connor," said Mr. Gunn, "a child run over by a wheelbarrow—never saw such a spectacle—driven by a blind man. Unfortunately it was loaded with stones—saw the infant—the wheel passed over its neck."

"Had they medical aid in time?" asked Mr. O'Connor. "Why, no—unfortunately the doctor was out of the way, attending a lady who required his services, under very peculiar circumstances. She had taken her passage hither in the canal boat at Shannon Harbour, paying cabin fare for one of course, when, lo and behold you, before they had got half way she thought proper to fall ill and add two fine boys and a lovely girl to the number of her Majesty's subjects. However, all was well until she came to settle with the captain at parting, when he insisted on being paid his fare for the whole force. She refused—he insisted—and was for keeping possession of the three young defaulters until he should be paid. However, on second thoughts, reflecting that he would probably be no gainer by such an arrangement, he preferred suing for the amount. 'The case is to come on next term—'tis a very knotty question—'tis even upon it all over the country—the curiosity is most intense, Apropos of curiosity, Miss Moriarty, I saw a friend of yours lately."

"A friend of mine?" "One at least who ought to be so—as great an antiquarian as yourself—a terrible fellow for round towers—Mr. Tibbot O'Leary."

"Is it possible?" How I should like to see him."

"Like all very clever people, he has some oddities; amongst others I hear he can't bear the idea of a wig or a false tooth—has some extraordinary prejudice about them." Here the speaker and Mr. O'Connor exchanged significant looks, which seemed to indicate that their last remark had a meaning or a purpose beyond what it might bear upon the surface.

While this was passing, Mr. O'Leary continued silent and reflective as he had been ever since Geoffrey Gunn's departure. Days passed away, and the same moodiness of mind continued. Tom Nash knew not what to think of it. It was vain that he strove to draw him into a communicative humor, in vain did he even call the talismanic round towers to his aid. From the moment in which Mr. O'Leary first heard of this female Pundit he was smitten with a desire to hold some conversation with her, and matters before the good. It was not easy, however, to accomplish this, for there was nothing in the world, which he abhorred at any time, more than a visit of ceremony, and even if it were otherwise, what formal motive could be assigned for such a visit as this? Geoffrey Gunn however had thrown out a hint which recurred to the memory of the Irish antiquarian. For many days Nash observed him consulting the weather-glass with a frequency which betokened a secret solicitude of mind. It continued during the space of about a month, hovering between the degrees Fair and Set Fair, with a constancy which did not seem to afford his master any considerable degree of satisfaction. At length, about the end of the month, the mercury began to fall, and his master's spirits to rise in an inverse ratio, which was exceedingly puzzling to Nash.

"Tom," said his master, with a look of sprightliness and glee, such as he had not manifested before since the visit of Mr. Gunn, "Tom, I'm in hopes we'll have rain to-morrow."

"In hopes, masher? 'M sure 'twould be our ruination. Sure 'tis to-morrow we have men hired to have the potatoes dug in the next field."

"Hang the potatoes!" exclaimed Mr. O'Leary. "Hang the potatoes! Millia murder! I never heard so foolish a speech as that from him before. Hang the potatoes! The whole stock we have again! The winter! Lord send them old books an' round towers arn't makin' a whirligig of his brains," Nash muttered, as he left the room. "Wisha, we never heard more than that any way. Hang the potatoes!"

Early on the following morning, Nash went into his master's room, as usual to take his clothes to brush, while he emptied the pockets and laid the contents on the table. Mr. O'Leary, awoke by the jingling of keys and half-pence, turned his head and asked:

"Well, Nash, we are likely to have rain?" "I never seen such a mornin', sir. The sky is all one cloud from east to west, an' so low that I could almost tetch it with my hand. I don't know from Adam, what we'll do about the potatoes; that we won't be able to give half a day with the weather, a clean loss of half a guinea at the laste."

"That's delightful." "Delightful!" Nash repeated involuntarily, looking over his shoulder with surprise. "He's pursewarin in it, I see."

"Nash," said Mr. O'Leary, pulling back his nightcap and sitting up, "have both horses pulled and fed. I intend ring out immediately after breakfast."

"Is it in the rain, masher?" "It is. Make haste and do it as I desire you."

"Pursewarin' all through!" ejaculated Nash, as he waster's room and shut the door behind him. "A whole month of the fairest weather that ever came out o' the sky, he leaves the horses in the stable without stirring, an' now the first day he hears

of all his living friends,) began to steam backward steadily towards the past, and ceased to interest itself as much as before in the petty affairs of his contemporaries, on which his genius had been hitherto exhausted. It was hinted that it would have been happier for him had his inquiries taken this turn before his return from Dublin. The fair cause of his disappointment and retreat, had, it was said, no other ground of dissatisfaction, on her own admission, than poor Tibbot's ruling foible, which had become more and more intolerable as their intimacy increased. Many a characteristic scene, whether real or imaginary, was retailed among the fireside circles in the neighborhood, which exercised so strong an influence on Tibbot's subsequent fortunes. If poor Tibbot was fidgety and inquisitive with his acquaintances in general, there was no end to his queries in the company of one in whom he felt a particular interest, and without having a particle of jealousy in his constitution, all his conduct was like that of a jealous person. Now, without having anything the least in the word criminal to conceal, all ladies know, and gentlemen too, that a thousand things happen in the customary routine of life, which it may not suit one's purpose to speak of even to one's most intimate friend. Even the poet who insists most strongly, on the merit of confidential frankness, advises you, though in the company of "a bosom crony," to

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"It appears to me, Tom," said the stranger, and he dismounted, and gave the bridle to Nash, "that you cannot be much troubled with visitors in this place."

"Only middlin', sir, of an odd turn. The last we had was Aisther two years, a very civil aisy spoken gentleman indeed. He stopped only one night, an' gave me a half crown in the mornin' when he was goin', although I never seen any one that gave so little trouble. I wanted not to take it, but he wouldn't be said by me."

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Taking the candle in his hand, Mr. Gunn proceeded to ascend the venerable staircase, with all the caution which these hints were calculated to

"In rain" he orders 'em out for a ride. "That's a mighty fine guinea by the men. Hang the plackets!"

Some drops were just beginning to fall as Mr. O'Leary and his faithful squire set off upon their journey.

"Will you bring the umbrella, sir?" inquired Nash, as they were about leaving the hall-door.

"No, that would never do."

"This goin' to rain, sir."

"So much the better."

Nash opened his mouth as if to let his astonishment come forth.

"Wouldn't you take a cloak or a coat itself, masher, such a day as this?"

"No, no, 't would never answer."

"The lord betune uz and harm! A' why so, masher?"

"Wonder, Tom, is the child of ignorance, and experience the fruit of time. Be patient, therefore, and content yourself with doing as you are directed."

They rode on for something more than half a mile, at the termination of which space the rain began to fall in torrents.

Mr. O'Leary, now quickened his pace, and Nash followed his example, but their speed did not save them from a thorough drenching.

"Dear knows, masher," exclaimed Nash, who really feared that the antiquarian was becoming demented, "we'll be drowned this way."

"Wouldn't it be better turn into some house 'till it gets lighter any way?"

"I intend to you, Tom, that patience is the sister of content, and replied his master continuing his gallop."

"Oh, bother to herself an' her sister," muttered Nash, gathering the collar of his coat up under the lead of his hat so as to prevent the water running down his neck, and fastidiously, as well as he could, that side of his person on which the wind beat.

"I never had such a ride in my life. I wonder is he crazy in earnest, or is it a joke, if it wasn't that I'm dreading what might happen to him, I'd be apt to let him folly his course alone. This day flogs all I ever hear."

After riding about a quarter of a mile further, Mr. O'Leary suddenly pulled up his horse and said:

"Tom, isn't that the avenue leading to Mr. O'Connor's?"

"This, sir."

"I think we might as well turn in and ask for shelter there, until this shower passes, at an evening."

"The lord be praised, he's comin' again," Nash added to himself, as he alighted and opened the gate. They followed the windings of the path for nearly a quarter of an hour, amid the wildest and barest scenery, as the end of which time they reached a cottage somewhat superior in appearance to the general description of farm houses in the country, with at least a sufficient degree of decoration about the doors and windows, to intimate that the inmates were not compelled to live in times toiling at the spade or the plough-handle.

As the door, which was on that side of the house on which the wind did not then blow, stood open at the moment, our travellers alighted and entered the porch without ceremony. More they stood but a few moments, when one of the side doors opened and a hale looking man of respectable appearance presented himself before the visitors. Mr. O'Leary apologised for their intrusion, talked of the rain, and mentioned his name at the same time looking out and expressing a hope (which Nash could not help thinking either strangely inconsistent, or very insincere), that it would shortly clear.

"Mr. O'Leary!" exclaimed the host with an expression of great satisfaction, "the very man of all others who should be most welcome to this house. I can assure you you are no stranger here. Many a time your name is spoken of amongst us."

"Come in, come in, in the first place, you'll stop and dine with us—that's settled—not a word now. Hallo! Pat, take round those horses and see them well taken care of. But you are dripping wet!"

"Oh, 'tis nothing."

"Nothing? Why you couldn't do a worse thing than to sit in wet clothes—that and reading a wet newspaper. My poor father ought to know both, for he lost his eyes by one and his life by the other. The time of the election he used to be in such a hurry to learn the state of the poll, and to read the editor's remark's that he never would wait to dry the paper after taking it out of the cover. I used often say to him, 'now, father, mightn't you as well just hold it to the fire for a minute. You'll certainly lose your eyesight.' True for me, so he did. Come up stairs and change your clothes. Not a word now. I tell you 'tis madness not to do it. Peg, tell Miss Moriarity that Mr. O'Leary is come to spend the day with us. Step into the kitchen my good friend, (addressing Nash) and warn yourself."

There was no resisting, so that Mr. O'Leary abandoned himself into the hands of his host, and after the necessary change of attire, was by him conducted to the sitting-room, where he found the antiquarian lady ready to receive him. To his surprise there was nothing at all extraordinary either in her manner or appearance, except that she wore a profusion of very fine hair, which made some amends for a decidedly ordinary set of features. He had not however, much time to speculate on either, when the blunt and hospitable master of the mansion arose and said in his customary tone:

"Well, now, as I have a little business to do before dinner, and would

be only a blockhead in your company, I will leave you both to talk of all that took place before the flood and after, while I settle an account with one or two of my tenants in another room. Let me see now which of ye will puzzle the other."

One of the parties was already in this predicament. Mr. Tibbot O'Leary at this instant found himself in the condition of those unhappy individuals who rashly place themselves in situations for which they are wholly unfitted by nature, and only discover their want of capacity when it is too late to make a graceful retreat.

Not a word had yet passed between them, he had merely bowed to the lady seven yards off on being introduced, when they were left, as it were, caged together, with the pleasant consciousness that he was expected to entertain her. Had it been with a lioness, Tibbot O'Leary could not have felt a greater confusion of mind. Being totally unused to anything like strange society, he never until this moment became aware of his falling. Miss Moriarity, with a polite movement of the hand, invited him to be seated. He placed himself in a chair with the utmost celerity, then after a few minutes, perceiving that the lady was yet standing, he sprang from his seat with the greatest embarrassment, and bowed repeatedly by way of apology, without the power of uttering a syllable. After a time both obtained chairs, but without seeming to have approached the nearer to anything like a sociable interchange of sentiments. The longer the silence continued, the more difficult Mr. O'Leary found in breaking it, and yet the more embarrassing it became. It was not that he had got nothing to say, the evil was, that a thousand things occurred to him, but all were rejected as unsatisfactory. The lady, whether that she shared his awkwardness, or was resolved to enjoy it, was equally silent. At length when the chimney ornaments were beginning to dance before his eyes and the room to move slowly round, he ventured to stammer forth:

"P—p—prayer, ma'am, what is your opi—pinion of the r—round towers?"

"I can hardly say," replied Miss Moriarity, with a degree of ease which somewhat diminished the confusion of her visitor, "that I am satisfied with any of the theories which have been broached upon that most interesting subject. Cambrensis calls them 'ecclesiastical towers,' with some probability. Lynch attributes them to the Danes, as does also Peter Walsh, who are followed by Ladwick and Molyneux, but then, as Harris very properly asks, if so, why are no remains to be found in Denmark? As to Dean Richardson's conjecture that they were used by anchorites, I can hardly admit it, when I know that history furnishes but one instance of a Stylite monk in the Western Christendom, in the celebrated wood of Ardennes. Neither can I say that the ingenious but fanciful author of *Collectanea de rebus Hibernicis* has thoroughly convinced me, though I admit his conjecture to be plausible as his evidences are ingenious."

During the delivery of his speech Mr. O'Leary gazed from side by side, opened wide his eyelids in astonishment, and from time to time gradually moved his chair an inch or two nearer to the speaker.

"What a woman!" he exclaimed in his own mind, and then added aloud: "I cannot help thinking ma'am, that one who is so familiar with the theories of others, cannot but have formed some conjecture of her own upon a subject which has deservedly occupied so much of her attention."

"Why I cannot but say I have been thinking of it," said Miss Moriarity, "though I have not yet ventured to mention it to any one, there is such danger of a person's being anticipated. However, for all I have heard of Mr. O'Leary I am sure he would be incapable of taking so unhandsome an advantage."

"Mr. O'Leary acknowledged the exemption in his favour by a low bow, accompanied by a look of horror at the very idea of such baseness."

"My idea, then, is, that they were built for monks of the ends of the world," said Miss Moriarity, "You are aware that mankind have in all ages been remarkable for a love of the arduous, and that no pursuits have been carried on with greater zeal, expense, and perseverance, than those which held out least hope of ever yielding any profitable result; and the most important practical discoveries in science have often been attained in the pursuit of some visionary and unattainable end. The search after the philosopher's stone led to the discovery of Glauber's salts—the study of judicial astrology produced those elaborate calculations in old times which are of such importance to the astronomer—and the desire to effect a North-West passage conducted the voyages of England to the magnetic pole. Now my theory is, that some philanthropic patron of letters in old time, observing this disposition in his species, had those round towers built with no other view than that they should exercise the research and ingenuity of the learned, in succeeding ages, and, by furnishing an inscrutable subject of inquiry, perpetuate the study of Irish antiquities through all succeeding time."

The astonishment and admiration of Mr. O'Leary had been reaching a climax during the delivery of this ingenious speech, at the conclusion of which he again sprang from his seat, and seemed about to fling himself on his knees in an ecstasy of delight, but recollecting himself in

time, he drew back with a respectful bow and remained in his chair. At the same instant the master of the mansion returned in time to prevent any repetition of such ecstasies, and the conversation became more general and less abstruse. In some time after dinner was announced, and served up with a degree of comfort which made the recollection of his own solitary meals at Chore Abbey less tolerable in the comparison to Mr. O'Leary's inward eye, than they had hitherto been. The worthy farmer's family was numerous, and did cordial justice to the cheer which was set before them. After the cloth was removed, and grace said, Mr. O'Connor turned to his guest and made the following speech:

"I don't know what to do about it, Tom," he said, one day addressing Nash, who was the only person in whom he could repose a confidence. "She scarcely eats a morsel, and instead of going off, as I thought it would, it is only growing worse and worse every day."

"Ah, murther," said Nash, "don't be vexin' yourself about it. You don't know the women. They'd keep on dyin' that way from the age of fifteen to a hundred. The only way in the world is to let 'em alone and leave 'em to themselves. The more notice that's tuk of 'em, the worse they gets. They don't know their selves what it ails 'em half their time. Take it from me, 'tis never any good to be frettin', nor especially if you lets 'em observe it."

Mr. O'Leary adopted Tom's advice, and found his account in doing so. For a considerable time after, he observed that the less he appeared to notice the anxiety which preyed on Mrs. O'Leary's mind, the more visibly it diminished.

Years rolled away, and after a life spent in the most exemplary discharge of all her duties as a wife and mother, Mrs. O'Leary, by her death to be at hand. In disposing his mind with all the tranquillity which an untroubled conscience afforded, to enter on his final passage to a better world, her faithful spouse took notice that something of her long forgotten and mysterious melancholy, would occasionally cast a gloom upon her manner. At length, finding her end approach, she called him to her bedside, and after saying much to him in the way of consolation and advice, as to the care of the house and children, she added with an appearance of anxiety:

"I have now but one request to add. It is, that my head-dress, such as it is, be not removed after my death; that you will not yourself uncover my head, nor suffer any one else to do so. I have a particular objection to it. Great and good minds, my dear Tibbot, are always superior to the mean vice of curiosity. I am sure I need say no more to you, except to add, that the injury will be your own, if you neglect to comply with this, my last injunction."

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in horrified accents in his ear—"that my wife had two faces."

"Erra, how!"

"I often remarked some mystery about her on that point. However, I who have all my life been so free from this ridiculous foible, must not yield myself up to it now."

"Wisha, the dear knows," said Nash, whose curiosity was now wound up to as high a pitch as that of his master, "I wouldn't have the last scruple in life about it. If it was anything that would bring her any harm, or keep any good from her, the case would be different."

TO BE CONTINUED

Passing the woman's room we have mentioned, he found she had posted a nurse in waiting.

"Mrs.—wants you Father," said the nurse, as the priest passed the door. He halted and asked:

"She is not so well to-day Father" (in a low voice); "she is not going to improve. The case is hopeless. She wants to see you."

A quick look of comprehension answered the nurse, and the priest entered.

The lady held out her hand—"Oh! I am so glad to see you, Father! I have been watching for you every day. I am worse."

"Why, I thought the good minister brought you would have relieved your mind, and set you on the broad road to recovery!"

"Oh, Father, I told him everything and he listened and sighed, and talked about Our Heavenly Father's patience and ended by saying to have faith and trust, and then went away! And although I asked him, he never came back. Father, he can do nothing for me. What difference is there between the Catholic faith and the Ep

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LETTERS OF RECOMMENDATION Apostolic Delegation Ottawa, June 13th, 1905.

Mr. Thomas Coffey My Dear Sir—Since coming to Canada I have been a reader of your paper. I have noted with satisfaction that it is directed with intelligence and a strong Catholic spirit.

Yours very sincerely in Christ, DONOVAN, Archbishop of Ephesus, Apostolic Delegate

LONDON, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 22, 1913

WORLD'S DEBT TO IRISHMEN

Col. the Hon. Sam. Hughes, in an address in Montreal last week, said among other good things and true: "It had always been the united desire of the Irish to support right and law."

Wendell Phillips has graphically pointed out that it was Daniel O'Connell who gave to civilization the tremendous weapon of constitutional agitation which has so largely superceded armed rebellion as the means of furthering the cause of liberty.

G. K. Chesterton is immensely impressed with the fact that in the British Islands it was the Irish, poor, weak, oppressed, harassed by coercion acts, deprived of ordinary rights and liberties, who first forced a settlement of the question of the monstrous land monopoly that still obtains in England and Scotland.

As Colonel Hughes said, the liberties won by the Irish have been gradually extended to other parts of the Empire. So it will be with the land question; so, also, it will be with Home Rule.

SCIENCE AND THE NEWS-PAPERS

There may be superstition with regard to religion among certain ill-informed people, but it pales into insignificance in comparison with the enormous credulity of the average public with regard to science.

Three noted scientists, Professors Collie, Patterson and Sir William Ramsay, believe they have succeeded in generating under certain conditions some atoms of the gases neon and helium.

Forthwith the newspapers blazon forth the great triumph of science. "The Creation of Matter!" was one of the numerous startling headlines under which this presumably successful experiment was announced.

The Montreal Star had the opportunity and the good sense to consult Professor A. S. Eve of McGill University as to significance and bearing of the startling press despatches. Though the head liner got in his work the text is the same comment of a scientist who knows whereof he speaks.

Conservation of energy and conservation of matter, Professor Eve states, are fundamental principles firmly established both with philosophers and chemists. The results of the recent experiments will be found to conflict in no way with these principles.

"Past experience indicates that the majority of chemical elements consist of atoms which are stable. The discovery of radium, and some thirty or forty other radio-active elements in an unstable form. These spontaneously disintegrate or break up into lighter atoms."

"All efforts to accelerate or retard the spontaneous disintegration by artificial means have hitherto failed

or been open to criticism and suspicion.

"It is now announced by cablegram that Sir William Ramsay and Professors Collie and Patterson have subjected a region—in which the stable elements neon and helium did not exist, and to which region these gases had no access—to a bombardment by cathode rays which are electrons moving with a high velocity."

"Neon and helium were produced."

"If that is so, and if no accidental causes were overlooked, it indicates that by artificial means consisting of an electric discharge in a partial vacuum, under man's control, either the heavier atoms present were made to disintegrate or the lighter atoms of hydrogen present were built up into helium or neon atoms. Such a result would be unique in the records of science."

Unique in the annals of science and worthy of the attention of great scientists, it may be; but how infinitely it falls short of creating matter any child who has intelligently learned the first chapter of the Catechism can point out.

Time was when water was considered an element. When science succeeded in analysing it into hydrogen and oxygen the sky did not fall; but water was no longer considered an element. The synthesis of oxygen and hydrogen into water is not considered a creative act.

The recent experiment heralded so loudly as the creation of matter is interesting chiefly as illustrating the unscientific credulity of those who boast of living in a scientific age.

FARM RAISED MEN

"Every one of the twelve great preachers of Chicago was raised on the farm, according to Dr. Frank W. Gunsaulus, of Chicago, head of Armory Institute. All of the great journalists of that city were country bred and 86 of the 100 leading physicians were raised on the farm, he said. Further, that 81 of the 100 biggest corporation lawyers of Chicago were raised in the country and that 73 out of the 100 most efficient engineers were farmers' sons."

"I congratulate you that you are from the country," said Dr. Gunsaulus to the 800 farmer students whom he was addressing. "I, too, was raised on the farm. The greatest sailing that we know of is that of bringing from the earth the sustenance of life. You are the most fortunate among the great population of our land."

"Dr. Gunsaulus declared that Lincoln's supremacy over a cabinet of strong-minded members was due to the training which he received during his early life on the farm."

"When a boy has learned how to break a self or teach a calf to live after the unorthodox fashion of drinking milk, he has learned lessons that will be of great help in dealing with men in later life," said Dr. Gunsaulus.

"The farmers of this continent must solve all the great problems and more particularly the problems of the church. The physicians, the preachers and practically all the professions are recruited every year from the ranks of the plowboys and the farm today exerts its influence in every walk of life."—Winnipeg Tribune.

In terms of dollars and cents farming is far and away Canada's greatest industry. But the greatest crop is not measured in such terms. Though Canada ewesher prosperity in a greater degree to the farming industry than to all others combined, her greatest debt is to Farm Raised Men.

Some time ago we gave similar and more general statistics; but these given above by Dr. Gunsaulus serve to emphasize a fact not too well known and all too little realized.

Not alone the shining lights of the professions, the great successes in business and industry, come from the country; but the tendency to degeneration in the urban population is checked or ameliorated by the constant infusion of fresh blood from the country.

Nevertheless the rural population is constantly diminishing. In spite of its manifold advantages country life is becoming less and less attractive. Other causes there may be, but we reiterate that the question of farm help is the most vital. Without it the boasted independence of farm life is hard to impress on the victims of farm drudgery.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer declared the other day that English farm laborers should, and under the new scheme of land legislation fore-shadowed, would have a cottage and a plot of ground independent of the farmer or landowner.

With our millions for agriculture in Canada, and with the flood tide of immigration bringing in thousands of farm laborers, could we not do something to solve our agricultural problem?

A home for the farm laborer is the absolutely essential condition for the creation of a farm-laboring class. Without this immigration gives inadequate and temporary relief; with

this pre-requisite the whole problem could easily be solved.

SEPARATE SCHOOLS IN SASKATCHEWAN

Our esteemed contemporary America is not always accurate in its summing up of Canadian news.

Recently it gravely told its readers that the Saskatchewan Legislature amended the school law to the effect that those who establish Separate schools shall be exempt from the general tax; that Protestants opposed the measure bitterly, but Premier Scott assured them that it was in accordance with the spirit of the constitution.

As a matter of fact those who established Separate schools in Saskatchewan were always exempt from the general, i. e., the Public school tax, and were given this right by the Act which constituted Saskatchewan a province.

What the Scott government did was to make it compulsory for rate-payers of the same religious faith to pay their taxes to the Separate school where one was established. In Ontario the Separate school system is purely permissive. Separate school supporters may at any time elect to withdraw from the Separate school and support the Public school.

Protestants and Catholics are on precisely the same footing, have precisely the same rights and privileges with regard to Separate schools. True, Protestants seldom avail themselves of these rights and privileges, being satisfied, as a rule, with the Public schools.

Hitherto in Saskatchewan, as in Ontario, Separate school supporters might at any time transfer their taxes to the Public school.

There are Catholics as well as Protestants who are not enthusiastic tax payers. If the Separate School rate goes higher than that of the Public School, they become Public School supporters. Later if the Public School rate goes up they again become Separate School supporters. We have known cases where rate-payers have thus evaded their just share of the tax for school buildings both Public and Separate.

Then there are the little despots as to the efficiency of certain teachers, and the like, that assume undue importance in certain sections. Wrong-headed ratepayers who cannot at once have their own way transfer their taxes to the other school, Public, or Separate, as the case may be.

The amendment to the School Law in Saskatchewan affects practically only ratepayers of this class. It outlaws the privileges of the wrong-headed and penurious, and makes for the stability and efficiency of the School system.

WOMEN'S RIGHTS IN QUEBEC

They have a "Suffrage Exhibit" in Montreal where pros and antis may air their views. A Mr. Rufus Smith attended and delivered a suffragette speech. The women sought to keep him in the exhibit if he has a vote. He said:

"I have been studying the married women's property act of Quebec province, and if it is a sample of man's logic, then I prefer women's intuition. After reading that statute I am glad that I married outside of this province, and I intend to die outside of it. Quebec is the last section of civilization to allow such a law to remain in force."

All of which sounds very advanced and very enlightened.

We have not "studied" the statute, but this we know; where in Ontario the widow's dower rights are one-third life interest in realty, in Quebec her dower is one-half absolute ownership.

When Mr. Smith studies the Quebec statutes still more deeply he may find out that even if he should die in that province he may leave all he possesses to his widow, who would be fully protected in her rights by Quebec law.

OUR FIGHTERS IN DAYS OF PEACE

The Canada Gazette contains official notice that at any time now the harbors of Halifax, Quebec and Esquimaux may be closed to all vessels, and that in addition the right of examination may be exercised on all vessels attempting to enter those harbors. The notice is regarded in Ottawa as having connection with the international situation existing in Europe. In order that vessels approaching may run no danger from mines or other obstructions instructions are given as to the flags or signal lights they should display. What is all this nonsense about! There is now no more sign of war in

Europe than there has been for the past fifty years. This forcing of the war spirit on the industrious and peace-loving citizens of Canada is worse than foolishness. We have amongst us unfortunately a class who possess the war fever in time of peace and who would be found peacefully disposed in time of war. These gentlemen are somewhat of a nuisance in the community. Much better would it be for themselves and for the Dominion at large if they would go on the land and take hold of the plough share. By doing this they would become a valuable asset to their country. There is no war and there is no rumor of war. Save us from this boredom.

"ENLIGHTENED" FRANCE

The Paris correspondent of the New York Tribune gives us news that will once again remind us that the godless system of education introduced into France by the present infidel government, and which some evangelical bodies in this country so highly commended, is bearing fruit. In Paris there is an organization known as the "Framic Bandits." It is a syndicate or trust of crime. The system of the dealer on the part of the accused was one of pure and simple denial of all the charges and when cornered by the judge the prisoners burst forth in grandiloquent glorification of their mystic principles of anarchy. Even the Judge seemed surprised at the cleverness and intelligence of the replies made to the questions of the bench and the choice phraseology and wording of their answers denoted a high degree of education. During the "session" one of the prisoners, Raymond La Science, was absorbed by perusing a huge manuscript, being a treatise on practical anarchy. This young scamp, we are told, wore gold eye-glasses and had the appearance of a college professor. Soudy, another prisoner, wrote on scraps of paper and made some sketches of persons in the court-room while the frisky little Madame Matrejean gazed gaily about her and encouraged her fellow prisoners. The Church is making a brave fight to stem this torrent of iniquity, but it is an arduous task in view of the fact that the government itself, the army and navy, and to a large extent the courts of law, are debased through the influence of the Masonic Infidel sect who at present hold the reins of power.

LAW ENFORCEMENT

Many a time have we wondered why a certain class of criminals—highly educated ones too—have been permitted to ply their trade amongst the people of the country. It looks as if we had detectives who do not detect and crown prosecutors who are slow to prosecute.

A despatch from Saskatoon tells us that out of forty-four samples of butter examined in that place by the city bacteriologist only one has even approximated pure butter. The other samples are composed largely of lard, lard stearin and beef stearin, mutton fat, re-saturated butter, etc. Food Inspector Davis states that there are four or five firms either in Eastern Canada or Winnipeg shipping the stuff to Saskatoon. The Inspector is of the opinion that one gang of food fakirs is working in Saskatoon while another has its headquarters in Winnipeg or farther East. In Avalon, Saskatchewan, on the 6th instant two tons of butter were condemned and several tons more are to be examined. The despatch says that the names of the owners are withheld. Mark this! The names are withheld! Why should they be withheld? The food is declared to be so bad that Commissioner Clanders has described it to be merely raw material for soap. It is, he declares, the basis of palm oil, only it is not half so clean. He recommends mixed farming so that the people of the West would not be depending upon the people of the East for their supplies of butter. This is one remedy, but there is another which should be swiftly invoked, namely, the giving a long term of imprisonment to those engaged in this abominable traffic. The parliament at Ottawa is working overtime making laws, but of what avail is this if the provincial authorities will not administer them.

PREACHERS IN POLITICS

A word to our Ministerial brethren. The Ministerial Association of Winnipeg has had a strenuous time debating a question which most people will declare to be entirely without their province. Said Rev. Dr. Sinclair: "We are all agreed that there is no emergency." Said Rev. Dr. Crummy: "Everybody believes there is." We take it, therefore, that Rev. Dr. Sinclair, a stalwart Grit, and Rev. Dr. Crummy, an equally stalwart Tory, rode into the meeting of the Ministerial Association with their respective political war paint on. Having made the above mentioned solemn declarations, we are told that thereafter for some little time a singular lack of harmony prevailed. Later on a resolution was introduced which included a heroic clause, calling on the Dominion of Canada to take the lead in the inauguration of an international peace propaganda. This was laid on the table and the spirit of compromise took possession of the reverend gentlemen. A resolution was then introduced calculated to fit in nicely between the position taken by Premier Borden and that recommended by Sir Wilfred Laurier. It was such a cunningly worded production, having a velvety touch for people of all shades of political belief, that we give it entire: "That in the event of war becoming inevitable through the failure of all possible methods of settlement it would be the duty of Canada in defense of the empire to assume such responsibility as unimpeded by panic or passion may upon calm and careful inquiry seem to be consistent with the growing wealth, popu-

lation and political importance of the Canadian nation as a constituent part of the British Empire." Our only reason for referring to this matter is the fact that we wish to point out how frequently men of the cloth take excursions into secular pastures. We do not question their right to do this, but we think most people will agree with us that such conduct has a depressing effect on the proprietries. If our Catholic Bishops were to meet and launch upon the reading public their opinions pro and con upon the navy question, which, by the way, has become a bitter political tangle, there would be this declaration from sectarian bodies, and from that ridiculous humbug, Orangism: "Hands off, Rome; we will have no papal interference in our political affairs." But Catholic Bishops are not wont to act in this way. At their meetings they adhere strictly to the rule of minding their own business, which has always for object the promotion of religion and morality and love of God in the community.

AS IN DAYS OF OLD

On the Friday of last week the Most Rev. Dr. Mannix, the new Archbishop of Melbourne, and the Right Rev. Dr. Shiel, the lately consecrated Bishop of Rockhampton, Queensland, Australia, left Ireland for their distant sees. A few months ago Dr. Mannix, until then President of the great ecclesiastical college of Maynooth, in the presence of a distinguished clerical and lay assembly, was consecrated in the college chapel Archbishop of Melbourne, with the rights of succession to the present venerable occupant of that important see. A few weeks ago, in the same college chapel, another alumnus of Maynooth, in the person of Right Rev. Dr. Shiel, was raised to the purple as Bishop of Rockhampton. The two prelates are passengers by the same liner at present on the high seas en route for their new spheres of labor beneath the Southern Cross. The two more links are added to the long line of distinguished clerics that Ireland has given to the youthful Australian church. In this great new country to which divine Providence has called them they are sure of a hearty welcome, for the Australian church is as Irish as that of Armagh, practically the entire bench of Bishops and the overwhelming majority of the clergy being recruited from the missionary Irish church. For now, as in days of old, the sons and daughters of St. Patrick are the standard bearers of the Cross wherever the need is greatest. Now, as in days of old, Ireland is the fruitful mother of missionaries. New, as in days of old, "Nations far in undiscovered seas, Her stately progeny, while ages wait, The kindly ermine of her faith still wear."

Prince of the Church, or simple cleric, or exiled peasant, theirs was a divine vocation. Theirs it was to plant the good seed throughout the English-speaking world. Driven forth as so many of them were from their native land by cruel laws, they carried with them the living Faith of Patrick, and on far-flung prairie and lonely bush they raised high the Saving Sign that was banned in the land of their fathers. It is the proud boast of the Irish church that she has blazed the way for missionary endeavor. It is a long call from Columbia to Mannix and Shiel, from the sixth to the twentieth century, but the chain of Irish missionaries is longer still. To-day within the four seas of Ireland there are scores of youths undergoing the severe discipline of the seminary life in order to fit themselves to preserve unbroken this grand tradition. Every year there goes forth from the missionary college of All Hallows, Dublin, from twenty to thirty young priests to fill up the gaps in the Grand Army of Christ, and to blaze new paths for the Gospel of Redemption. And the colleges of Thurles, Carlow, Waterford, Wexford, Kilkenny, Mungret, and Maynooth, all contribute their quota of new recruits to the missionary ranks. Every one of these colleges, with the exception of Maynooth, was built, and are still maintained by the pennies of the poor. "By their fruits ye shall know them." Measured by this standard the Church in Ireland need not hang her head for shame, for to her credit in the divine record there is surely a splendid harvest of souls led to the knowledge of the Way and the Truth.

THE DISTURBERS

A despatch from Toronto to the London Free Press, dated the 13th advises us that two little girls were confined in a Catholic institution (name not given) and that their mother, a Protestant widow, made application for them but was refused. The lady (name not given) when her husband died found that she could not support the children and she placed them in the institution aforesaid. She married a second time and claims that then, being in a position to take care of the little girls, she demanded their release but the institution asked for a remuneration for their care. The Grand Orange Lodge of Toronto came to the rescue and subscribed half the amount, and the mother supplied the balance. Upon this being preferred the institution still refused to release the children. The authorities claimed that the little ones would not be cared for properly as their mother and step-father had only a three-roomed apartment. The Orange Lodge will take the matter before the courts and the Board of Control will be asked to take away the evic grant. Sir James Whitney, too, will also be requisitioned to deprive the institution of the government grant. We looked in some of the Toronto papers for confirmation of this supposed outrage but failed to find it. This little story of uncertain origin, and bearing the impress of untruth or exaggeration, was most likely sent up by that police-religious machine—the Orange Association. It is one of those little advertising schemes the recruiting sergeants of that body employ to make "brothers" for ballot-box purposes. The Ne Temere decree agitation is dead and something must be done from time to time to keep the yellow pet abelling. "No surrender." "Walls of Derry." "Creppie Lie Down." "The Bayne Water." A pity it is that our Canadian hemes are irritated by this nonsense, perpetual chicanery.

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NOTES AND COMMENTS

BEYOND peradventure the great question of the immediate future in Canada is Socialism. The circumstances of the time all point to this and the experience of other countries, where it is in a more advanced stage than here, lend confirmation. The late great Pontiff, Leo XIII., in his encyclical on Labor, with that presence of the working out of social problems which distinguished him even in his august line, predicted it, and those who have an eye for the signs of the times are able to discern that even now social order and political sanity are bidden to make ready for the onslaught that casts its menacing shadow before.

THE QUESTION as to what attitude Catholics may bear towards Socialism, as understood, at least, and, within the measure of legal suffering, acted upon by its more noisy advocates, has received the attention of many earnest-minded theologians. As pointed out by Father Joseph Husslein, S. J., there is the strictest line of division between the doctrine on capital and labor laid down with such clearness by Leo XIII., and that proposed by advanced Socialists. This Pope has thus defined the rights of labor:

"The first concern of all is to save the poor workers from the cruelty of greedy speculators, who use human beings as mere instruments for money-making. It is neither just nor human so to grind men down with excessive labor as to stupefy their minds and wear out their bodies. Man's powers, like his general nature, are limited, and beyond these limits he cannot go. His strength is developed and increased by use and exercise, but only on condition of due intermission and proper rest. Daily labor, therefore, should be so regulated as not to be protracted over longer hours than strength admits."

THIS IS THE teaching of religion and of common humanity. It is in perfect unison also with the *præfatio* of the Church through the ages; it dovetails closely with the Sermon on the Mount, and breathes a message of peace and good will not to man alone, but to every living creature. Against it, however, stands the Socialistic maxim of hatred and strife, the setting of class against class, and the kindling into flame the passions of men. Here again Pope Leo has spoken, and it is well that his words should not be lost to view, or his paternal warnings disregarded. The great mistake, says the encyclical *Reverum Novarum*, "is to take up with the notion that class is naturally hostile to class, and that the wealthy and the workingman are intended by nature to live in mutual conflict. So irrational and so false is this view that the direct contrary is the truth. Each needs the other; Capital cannot do without Labor, nor Labor without Capital. Mutual agreement results in pleasantness of life and the beauty of good order; while perpetual conflict necessarily produces confusion and savage barbarity."

FOLLOWING UPON this teaching Father Husslein proceeds to expose the fallacy of Socialism as insulating its opposite. Labor has its duties as well as its rights, and the Socialist tenet that the worker can never be wrong is the merest cant of demagoguery, which all true Christian labor will indignantly resent. It is the principle of Socialism to urge the worker to continue in his warfare with the employer regardless of justice and charity, and even of natural prudence, no matter what concessions may have already been wrung from him. These, the Jesuit theologian points out, are the natural conclusions of the Socialist first principles as outlined. In this light all agreements between employer and employed are but temporary truces in a warfare of annihilation. Only on accepting this principle can one be a true Socialist, and, it seems scarcely necessary to say, this makes Socialism impossible for a Catholic. One cannot be black and white at the same time.

IT IS DIFFICULT to understand the blindness of men whose cause is built on this principle. It is, as has been said, destructive of social order, and should it be for a time gain the upper hand, must lead to universal misery and degradation. Yet strange to say, this is the very end professed Socialism desires—wide-spread discontent and chaos, from which may arise a merciless revolution. Marx foretold that this would come in violence and bloodshed, leaving every country where it made

headway in desolation, and destroying its resources. What, that will benefit mankind, is to arise from such a state, the same luminary has neglected to tell us. But force is the very kernel of his religion, and to it Socialism is never opposed except as a matter of expediency.

THE CATHOLIC Church, on the other hand, has ever sought to draw master and workman together by the infusion into each of fundamental Christian principles. There is no intermediary so powerful as religion, and amid the decay of creeds amongst the sects, the Church stands alone as the interpreter and guardian of revelation.

NO CLEARER, stronger, more just or impartial lines, says Father Husslein, have ever been penned in the interest of Labor than those of the encyclical *Rerum Novarum*: "Instead of widening the gap between class and class, as Socialism aims to do, to the common ruin, the Church ever strives to bridge the chasm and to unite all mankind in that charity which knows no distinction of rich and poor, but sees in the least as in the greatest the fellow-servants of God and brothers of Him Who preferred to the palace of Solomon the lowly workshop of the carpenter."

IN THE crisis, then, that faces us, a clear path of duty lies open to Catholic laymen. Another Jesuit, Father Playter, of Stonyhurst college, has recently been lecturing to English workmen on the progress of their Catholic brethren along true social lines in France, Germany and Italy. Circumstances differ somewhat in Canada for the one sufficient reason that in Canada Socialist principles have not as yet made the same headway as in European countries.

FATHER PLATER described the splendid organization of the Catholics of Germany and the marvellous revival during the last decade in France. Freed from the shackles of the State the French clergy are "going to the people," and the people are finding their way back to the Church. The number of practising Catholics in Paris alone has lately increased by over half a million, and the Catholic Association of French Young Men now numbers 120,000 members.

WHAT CATHOLIC organization has been able to effect in Germany is well known. From the state of oppression that obtained under the Kulturkampf, Catholics have come now to be a power in Germany and a factor in its imperial policy. How this has been brought about was outlined by a well-informed writer in a series of articles in the Dublin Review a year or two ago. To go into details is beyond our present purpose, but we will return to the subject again. Suffice it for the present to say that the battle was fought along the line of social action and that the results achieved have at once falsified Bismarck's prognostications, and vindicated the beneficence of Catholic principles.

MEANWHILE WE MAY note the death-bed conversion of one of the

most noteworthy leaders of atheistic Socialism in Italy, Andrea Costa, Deputy and Vice-Chairman of the Italian Chamber, and leader of the Socialist party. So violent and extreme had he been in his utterances in the Chamber and in the press that when his conversion was announced, the entire country, says a despatch, sat up and rubbed its eyes. His followers wrote angry letters to the press, called in question the genuineness of the conversion, and made angry threats in regard to the priest through whom this happy event was brought about. But that Costa's conversion was genuine and sincere has been attested by his widow and by two leading Florentine lawyers. In the presence of death he had repented of his apostasy, asked for the rites of religion, and being thus reconciled, died in peace. What effect the event may have on Socialism in Italy remains to be seen.

ARCHDIOCESE OF ST. JOHN'S, Nfld

MICHAEL FRANCIS By the Grace of God and Favour of the Apostolic See, Archbishop of St. John's, Nfld.—To all the Faithful, Clergy and Laity of the Archdiocese.—Health and Benediction. Dearly Beloved in Christ:

Once more as the Holy Season of Lent approaches, the duty becomes incumbent on us of addressing you in the form of a

PASTORAL LETTER

In looking abroad over the face of the world to-day, it is impossible not to be struck with astonishment and wonder at the vast strides that have been made by men in the regions of science and physical enterprise. Man seems to have grasped, and harnessed to his use, the most hidden and powerful forces of Nature. Time and space have been so minimized as to be almost abolished, and the most distant bounds of the world are brought together. The air, the earth, the sky; all are being dominated by the great powers of the human mind, and men have reason to be elated and to cry out with the Psalmist, "What is man, that Thou art mindful of him? Thou hast made him a little less than the Angels. Thou hast crowned him with glory and honour. Thou hast set him over the works of Thy hands. Thou hast subjected all things under his feet." (Ps. viii. 5-6.) But unfortunately, while men are so absorbed in the study and development of all these material forces and secret powers of the universe, they are apt to forget that there is another; a higher, a holier, a more sacred, side to human character, a more noble and exalted sphere of human knowledge, namely, the moral and religious. That region of human separations which stretches away beyond this present perishable world into Eternity. It is sad to note that this religious and moral side of man's nature has not advanced in proportion to his material and physical progress. Indeed we are sometimes inclined to believe that this better and more exalted aspect of man's character has not only not advanced during these latter years, but has actually retrograded; gone backwards, and sunk to a more debasing level than even in the days of paganism.

It is now nearly two thousand years since the saving and ennobling doctrine of Christianity was unfolded to the world, and the pure moral stream of the gospel-teaching was poured forth into the seething gulf of pagan depravity which then enveloped the whole human race. St. Paul in his epistle to the Corinthians (i. Cor. v.) gives us a glimpse of the horrible and unnatural state of immorality which existed among all classes, at the time of the introduction of Christianity. "But," he says, "you are washed, but you are sanctified, but you are justified, in the name of Our Lord Jesus Christ, and the spirit of our God." (ib. vi-11.) Ever since that day the warfare has been going on between virtue and religion on the one hand, and vice and immorality on the other. And sometimes, when the veil is for a moment raised over the depravity and infamy of the world, we begin to ask has Christianity made any headway at all against this dreadful torrent of iniquity?

Notwithstanding all the prayers that are being constantly poured forth in the choirs of God's churches, and the cries raised from the thousand cloisters of religious men and women, besieging the throne of mercy, for peace and good-will among men on earth; yet we behold at this present moment whole armies of men arrayed in warlike attitude, bent upon destroying each other and sending down to death in horrid carnage hundreds and thousands of their fellows, even innocent women and children not being spared, in this fiendish carnage. Again where men are not actually slaughtering and butchering each other, they are hating and persecuting each other. The spirit of disorder, irregularity and insubordination is abroad: the whole social and commercial fabric is unhinged and dislocated; mutiny and rebellion against all authority are rife; and the very foundations of the social system are in a state of upheaval. The spirit of anarchy and false equality is infused by designing men into

the minds of simple people; upsetting and destroying their natural sense of justice and Peace and Charity, and filling their minds with hatred and suspicion of their employers. Even the very women—the female portion of society—those whom God has created in a more fragile mould, and of a more delicate texture; and has destined to the peaceful circle of domestic life and family duties; they too, have become tainted with the foul spirit of the age, and have unsexed and degraded themselves, seeking to intrude into spheres for which God never intended them, seeking to fill the positions intended by God for the coarser and less sensitive portion of humanity. Thus have they been stripped themselves of all graces and charms, and refinements with which God has adorned them and made of themselves brazen, unattractive and revolting caricatures. How different is all this from the beautiful picture of the noble woman given us in God's inspired word! "The heart of her husband trusteth in her. She will render him good and not evil, all the days of her life. She hath opened her hand to the needy, and stretched out her hand to the poor. Strength and beauty are her clothing, and she shall laugh in the latter day. She hath looked well to the paths of her house, and hath not eaten her bread idle. The woman that feareth the Lord shall be praised." (Proverbs xxxi.) All this beautiful description has been perverted and corrupted by those modern undignified women who seek to assume positions and duties foreign to their sex.

Then in the moral life it would seem that all the sweet and chastening teaching of Christ has been forgotten and rejected, and that the world has gone back to a state of filthy and impure paganism. The sacred tie of marriage, of which our Lord spoke in these solemn and awe-inspiring words, "What God hath joined together let no man put asunder." (Matt. xix. 6.) This sacred and inviolable bond, the foundation of all society, has been ruthlessly torn to pieces and desecrated. The fatal blight of

DIVORCE; that sacrilegious undoing of the most sacred tie; that impious defiance of God's solemn command, has been now sanctioned legally in many countries which still call themselves Christian.

This fatal dissolution of the only bond which can keep society together, is now so universally sanctioned that all the safeguards of human society are broken down and the population in those countries is in a terrible state of confusion, immorality, and decadence. This curse of divorce is accountable for more desolate and orphaned children, which afflict the human race. In England alone during the past year the Divorce Courts have thrown upon the world no less than seventy thousand children, (70,000) orphaned; not by the hand of God; not by the death of their parents; but by the impious laws of divorce. The Catholic Church stands out to-day, alone, as she has always stood, as champion of the unity and perpetuity of the marriage tie. Another most shocking development of the spirit of immorality and lust for gain which has assumed most alarming proportions of late years is the horrible practice known as

WHITE SLAVERY It is nothing more or less than the trafficking in the virtue and purity and chastity of young girls, who are trapped and sold by human fiends for immoral purposes. Thousands upon thousands of innocent girls and young women are annually swallowed up in this dreadful vortex of vice in the large cities of Europe and America. They are ruined and destroyed body and soul: for Time and for Eternity.

We sometimes, dear people, are inclined to lament and complain of our isolation here in Newfoundland; our separation from all the excitement and movement in the world, our provincialism and lack of progress; but we should, on the contrary, thank God that we are saved from such contaminations and dangers as those. As far as we know these evils have not yet made their appearance among us, though some rumors have come to our ears that seem to point to the insidious creeping in among us of some of these enemies of virtue. We have heard that there are among us agents of this inhuman and fiendish traffic. Our Priests though always on the alert, have not yet reported to us the existence of any of these symptoms, but we cannot be too cautious or too vigilant, and it is better that this pestilence should be forestalled, than that we should wait till it has actually appeared among us, and then endeavor to stamp it out. We would suggest that action be taken immediately by our Local Authorities in this matter. Large numbers of our innocent girls leave our shores annually. It seems to us that the whole question of the emigration, and the engagement of these girls by agents, the methods made use of to entice them away from home, and the arrangements made for their reception and employment in foreign countries, should be made the subject of a thorough investigation by a Commission legally appointed for the purpose. We need not dwell upon the terrible responsibility resting upon parents in regard to allowing their children to go abroad.

In England at the present day the most drastic legislation has been passed against the agents, or, as they are called "procurers" of this immoral trade. The law inflicts the

degrading punishment of "flogging" upon the culprits, for it is acknowledged that such fiends in human shape are impervious to any moral punishment; and the only way to produce an effect on them is to treat them as we do the brute beast—with physical punishment.

In a country like ours where the greater portion of the people are engaged in nautical occupation, and spend the greater part of their time battling with the dangers of the ocean, few are the firesides which have not cause to mourn the loss of some loved one, swallowed up by the relentless sea. During the past year the "toll of the ocean" has been perhaps more heavy than usual; and while the generosity and charity of our people has been truly noble towards the afflicted survivors; yet the task of succouring all those in need is becoming almost too burdensome for private charity, and we hail with gladness, the report which we have heard, of the establishment of some permanent and official fund from which in urgent cases, the stricken ones may be assisted.

Coming to look more closely into the state of our own Catholic people, and the condition of our Church, we have reason to be grateful. In nearly all the outlying parishes the works of Religion and Education are being prosecuted with energy; new churches and new school-houses and halls are being erected. In St. John's during the past year the heavy debt contracted in the building of the new St. Bonaventure's College, is being rapidly paid off. In the connection, we feel it our duty to pay a special tribute to the untiring zeal of the Ladies Committee who have practically taken upon themselves the liquidating of this debt. During the past year large and expensive improvements have been made at

ST. PATRICK'S CHURCH, River Head. The committee formed among the leading men of the Parish pushed the work to completion with great energy. The whole of the heating system has been renewed; but the crowning work was the completion of the magnificent bell-tower and spire. This portion of the Church has stood there unfinished for the past half century an eyesore to the observer and a reproach to the Parish. It is now completed and is converted into an object of beauty to be seen for miles in all directions.

At the Orphanage, Mount Cashel under the energetic management of Brother Ennis and his assistants, the New Wing, (a magnificent building in concrete) has been completed, as also a large and commodious Boiler-House.

AT LITTLEDALE ACADEMY the splendid new Convent has been erected and is now in occupancy by the nuns. This is one of the most beautiful buildings in the vicinity of St. John's and the most perfect in all its equipments. Standing as it does in the midst of the Waterford Valley, on the margin of the rippling stream, and surrounded by wooded hills and pastoral fields, it would be difficult to find a more pleasing prospect, and our people may rest confident that within its walls their children will receive a most satisfactory training morally and intellectually.

While we contemplate with satisfaction all this development in church and school-buildings, there is still one very urgent need to which we desire to call your attention. We mean the creation of a fund for the education of Ecclesiastical Students. There are at present some fifteen or sixteen Newfoundland students in various foreign institutions studying for the Priesthood. Of these eleven are for the Archdiocese of St. John's. As there is no special fund for this purpose the burthen upon the Archbishop becomes very heavy. It is our intention then to call upon all members of the flock to help us in this most necessary work. We request every Parish-Priest to establish a Collection for this purpose. We leave it to the discretion of the Parish-Priests to select the day for making the collection in their parishes, but we desire that it be done as soon as possible, as a very large sum has been paid during the past year on this head. We intend this collection to be annual, so as to form a permanent fund which we hope in the course of time may enable us to find an

ade last summer We made arrangements for the holding of

during the present Lent, and We have succeeded in securing the services of four of the Redemptorist Fathers to conduct the Mission. It will open in the Cathedral on next Sunday, the first Sunday of Lent, February 9th, and will continue for two weeks till February 23rd. On that evening it will open in St. Patrick's and continue for two weeks more till March 9th closing on Passion Sunday. It is now eleven years since our people enjoyed the benefits of a Mission, viz. in the year 1902.

We exhort you, dear people, to dispose yourself by prayer and fasting and by attendance at the Religious Services, to reap the full benefits of this spiritual harvest. To stir up the Grace of God that is in your souls. Remember that during this time of Mission Almighty God opens up for you all the stores of His boundless mercy. He offers you a full measure of His Divine Love—and lays before the treasures of His Divine Charity. Remember that a great responsibility remains upon every one of you to avail of these gifts and prepare yourselves by the reception of the Holy Sacraments of Penance and the Blessed Eucharist to secure for yourselves the plenitude of God's Mercy and love.

"We give thanks to God always for you all, making a remembrance for you in Our prayers without ceasing." (Eph. i. 2).

M. F. HOWLEY Archbishop of St. John's Given at St. John's, this Quinquagesima Sunday, February 2nd, 1918

PROTESTANT PROTEST AGAINST CHARGE OF INTOLERANCE

A meeting of the Irish Protestants was held in Dublin recently, which affords a striking reply to the charges of intolerance which have been flung against Irish Catholics. Colonel Nugent Everard, H. M. L., who presided, described himself as a Communicant of the Church of Ireland. "This meeting," he explained, "has been convened for the purpose of giving Irish Protestants, irrespective of party, an opportunity of recording an emphatic protest against the reckless charges of religious intolerance levied against our Roman Catholic countrymen on English and Irish platforms, and also to protest against the introduction of religious differences into politics by either party."

It was safe to say that the crusade of calumny would react to the credit and honour of Irish Catholics. Having paid a warm tribute to Catholic toleration, Sir Nugent said it was the demand of common honesty and truth that they should pay this just debt to those among whom they lived and with whom they held daily social and commercial intercourse. Dr. Douglas Hyde, in proposing the first resolution, said: "We wish to dissociate ourselves from the lurid and blood-curdling pictures that all events have an unshakable belief, founded upon experience, in the sense of fair play, in the justice, in the toleration, and in the entire absence of religious bigotry on the part of my Catholic fellow-countrymen." (Applause.) This was not a political meeting, he said. If it were he would not be there. He mentioned the fact that twenty years he had been elected President of the Gaelic League, and never knew during that period the opinion of any member to be shaken or biased one iota by sectarian considerations. He believed that in almost any other country in the world similarly situated to Ireland there would not have been shown the same toleration to members of other religious persuasions as the Catholics of Ireland had shown. The idea of penalizing anybody for either politics or religion had always been repugnant to the Celt. It was not in the blood of the old Irish race to penalize anyone. "We Protestants," declared Mr. Barbour, "with our past history, should be the last people in the world to talk of persecution, and I would be worse than ungrateful if I did not bear testimony to the good feeling that exists in the County Kildare between Protestants and Roman Catholics and Unionists and Nationalists."

"We should be cowards," said Mr. Jonathan Finn, K. C., "if we did not come forward to deny the baseness and reckless accusations that have been made against our Roman Catholic fellow-countrymen." Mr. R. H. Tilson, High Sheriff-elect, Cork, spoke of the kindly feelings that had always existed between the Catholics and Protestants in the South of Ireland. The resolutions, which were passed unanimously and with enthusiasm, were as follows: (1) That this meeting earnestly protests against the suggestion that Irish Protestants would suffer any curtailment of their civil and religious freedom by reason of the granting of self-government. (2) That this meeting strongly disapproves of the efforts that have been made to identify the Irish Protestant Churches with a particular Party and its transitory interests. (3) That this meeting subscribes to the view that the clear verdict of the history of civilized nations in modern times is that the responsibilities of self-government and the growth of political freedom are the most powerful solvents for sectarian animosities."—London Tablet.

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CONVERT MINISTERS

Two clergymen of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the vicinity of New York, have recently left that communion and entered the Catholic church. One was the Rev. Edmund S. Middleton, for the last seven and one half years master of Greek in Trinity School for Boys, in West Ninety-first street. He is now a Catholic layman.

The other is the Rev. William Henry Junney, until recently a curate in one of the Episcopal churches of Brooklyn. He is now in St. Mary's Seminary, Baltimore, training for the priesthood of the Catholic Church under the personal direction of Cardinal Gibbons.

Both Mr. Middleton and Mr. Junney were instructed in the Catholic faith and baptised by the Very Rev. John J. Hughes, pastor of the Church of St. Paul the Apostle, Columbus avenue and Sixtieth street, and Superior General of the Paulists Fathers. Both went to Father Hughes of their own free will and asked for instruction, and when they had qualified they requested him to baptize them.

Mr. Middleton was formerly deposed from the ministry of the Episcopal Church by Bishop Greer on October 25 last, at the Diocesan house, 416 Lafayette street, in the presence of Canon George F. Nelson and the Rev. Dr. George Alexander Strong, rector of Christ Church. The official notice of Bishop Greer's action, which has just been mailed to every bishop of the Episcopal Church, states that the deposition of Mr. Middleton was "made at his own request and for causes not affecting his moral character."

Mr. Middleton is fifty years old. He was born in New York City and was graduated from Harvard in 1885 and from the General Episcopal Theological Seminary, in 1889. He resigned his position in Trinity school last spring.—The Missionary.

SAYS MOVING PICTURE HABIT SPELLS RUIN

BALTIMORE PASTOR WARNS OF EVIL OF UNRESTRAINED INDULGENCE OF CHILDREN

Preaching in St. John's Church, Baltimore, of which he is pastor, Right Rev. Mgr. George W. Devine impressed upon the parents of the congregation the imperative need of restraining their children in the matter of attendance at moving picture shows.

"The prevailing laxity in the matter of the censorship of such pictures," said Monsignor Devine, "has already reaped its fruit, but the worst is yet to come. It was hard enough in days gone by to shield the young and the innocent from the poison of impurity and the tendency to dishonesty and other vices that was instilled into them by some glaring, fascinating pictures that engulged vice. But what are we to say when such vices have the added attraction of action, when they are become more real, so to speak, and are clothed in such a way as to more easily lure too susceptible boys and girls?"

"The very cheapness of this amusement makes it all the more terrible and the harder to check. Immorality that has a heavy price attached to it is often beyond the reach of those whom it might most easily hurt. The child with his nickel and his dime, however, finds ready admittance to these breeding places of immorality, conducted by avaricious men who are willing to trade away the innocence of the young for the sake of the dollar."

"Not only do the suggestive pictures that are thrown upon the screen warp and degrade the mind of the child, but they foster in the heart dishonesty and unbridled desires. Often unable to obtain the necessary money, the child steals the price of admission and thus begins in early life to sow the seeds that will have bitter fruit in after years."

"There, too, is a tendency on the part of the young, and even of the elders who need the money, to run about from one moving-picture parlor to another, squandering their nickels and their dimes, when they should be saving them to make the dollars that should help to beautify their homes and prepare them for a rainy day."

"The moving-picture habit has become a mania with them that spells ruin, but ruin."

"All our protestations against the staging of immoral plays and the laudation of vice will amount to naught if we do not apply the remedy at the time and in the place where it must be applied."

"The home training is of prime importance. If children are allowed to run around unrestrained; if they are not guided wisely as to the choice of amusements, then their sins will not only be upon their heads, but will visit with fearful consequences the parents who are morally responsible for the spiritual development of those under their care."

"An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure. Train the children properly now, and in after years they will know which places to patronize and which to leave severely alone."

MY ROAD TO THE TRUE CHURCH

The need of a trustworthy and authoritative guide for oneself and for one's children, in facing the daily problems of life in all its relations, led me, at first by slow, unconscious degrees, but later by rapid strides, to the following conclusions, writes Mrs. E. Scott Stokes, in Truth.

Faithfully expressed I know them to be, but they are the convictions by which I hope to stand and to be judged, not here alone, but hereafter also. They are these:

The Catholic Church has the longest and widest experience in philosophical and practical dealing with every problem of human life, public and private. To briefly substantiate this assertion it needs only to be pointed out that the theologians of the Church have for centuries been occupied with the philosophical aspects of faith and unbelief, of holiness and sin, as they affect the intellect and as they influence the heart. The Catholic clergy, regular and secular, undergo a severe training, based on the teachings of these centuries, for their duties in the confessional—a training without parallel elsewhere. These duties bring them in contact with all the so-called modern problems of the day—the innumerable difficulties, for instance; that beset the married life, the celibate life, and the much trodden yet unmapped country that lies between.

The uncompromising morality of the Catholic Church, encompassed and pervaded at all costs by the broadest and humblest charity, appears to my judgment, to be nearer to the spirit and teaching of Christ in the gospel than that of any other Christian communion.

The ceaseless war with sin, the lifelong endurance, shown perhaps more often in sustaining a dread siege against temptation from without and within, than in pitched and eager battle against the invigorating foe—this on the one hand, and the meekness of charity to sinners, well-nigh beyond and against all reason, on the other—these are characteristics of the men who have the cure of Catholic morals which can hardly be known till the convert has spent some time

DISLOYAL

The Liverpool Catholic Times, commenting on the disloyalty of some Protestant persons to the cause of Ireland, says:

"The attitude of the Protestant Episcopal church in Ireland at present is in keeping with its whole history. There have been Irish Protestants who were patriots, but if they had yielded to the influence of that Church, their hands would have been raised against their country instead of for it. The prelates and clergy of the Church under the Union regime which was brought about by bribery and fraud, flourished. Amongst the privileged who secured spoils purchased by the earnings of the Catholic workers they have been the most privileged. The price paid for this has been the conversion of what is nominally a religious body into a time-serving political organization. Whenever the Tory drum has sounded the bishops and parsons of the Irish Protestant church have been on the alert to render service against Ireland. They are now the faithful camp followers of the play boys—lawyers and lords—who act as leaders of the Unionist forces. When the Unionist ruffians are maiming humble workers with bolts and bricks but they are dumb. They have not enough of the Christian spirit to condemn the barbarism, but when the playboy generals, the lawyers and lords; wished in the interests of their political tactics to pose as warriors, Dr. Crozier, the Protestant Primat, drew up a formal appeal to the Almighty to help them in the game, and a recent Sunday was fixed as a day of intercession" on which a special collect was used for the same purpose. What fearful blasphemy—to call upon God to aid the Unionists in a piece of artificial political dodging, the object of which is to preserve their privileges for a favored class and to defeat the legitimate aspirations of the people of Ireland."

under their rule. But these become sufficiently discernible to make a mother recognize that the hearts and minds of little children may here best find both grace and discipline. And so it is. The joy of Christians, the glory of Easter, the wonders of the Incarnation, the unbounded generosity of the Passion—imprinted by the use of the rosary and by the habitual practice of other devotions flowing straight from the fountain-head of faith—evidently stir and expand many a childheart with quiet and simple enthusiasm which outlasts the changes and chances of life, and is often only brightened by the fires of temptation.

Nor is this all. The foundations of the family life, and its very existence, depend upon our fidelity to the teachings of Christ Himself.

Many among those who are not Catholics cling, thank God, no less firmly than ourselves to Christ's doctrine. But they cannot make a lasting and effectual stand (neither can any save the infallible Church) against such infringements of God's law as man by custom or enactment chooses to sanction. For the children's sake and for our own, it is good to embrace and to hold fast by that religion which ennobles and sanctifies love in every relation, and which raises aloft the standard of modesty, simplicity and charity. The Catholic Church holds the estate of virginity to be holier and higher than the estate of marriage; but none the less she holds the estate of marriage holier and holier than do any outside her communion who profess and call themselves Christians, or who aim at ethical perfection.—Catholic Bulletin.

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CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

SUCCESS AND HAPPINESS ARE FOR YOU

No man has a right unless he can help himself, to remain where he will be constantly subjected to the cramping, ambition-blighting influences and the great temptations of poverty. His self-respect demands that he should get out of it. It is his duty to put himself in a position of dignity and independence, where he will not be liable at any moment, to be a burden to his friends in case of sickness or other emergencies, or where those depending on him may suffer.

There are plenty of evidences in man's construction and environment that he was made for infinitely grander and more superb things than even the most fortunate of men now possess and enjoy. There is plenty of evidence that we should all be happier than the happiest of us now. Want, lack and unhappiness do not fit man's divine nature. The trouble with us is that we do not have half faith enough in the good things that were intended for us. We do not dare to fling out our whole soul's desire, to follow the leading of our divine hunger, and ask without stint for the abundance that is our birthright. We ask for little things, and we expect little things, pinching our desires and limiting our supply. Not daring to ask to the full of our soul's desire, we do not open our minds sufficiently to allow an abundant inflow of good things. Our mentality is so restricted, our self-expression so repressed, that we think in terms of stinginess and limitation. We do not desire with that abundant faith which trusts implicitly and which receives accordingly.

We are not dealing with a Creator who is impoverished by granting our requests. It is His nature to give, to flood us with our hearts' desires. He does not have less because we ask much. The candle loses nothing of its light by lighting other candles. The rose does not ask the sun for only a tiny bit of his light and heat, for it is the sun's nature to throw it out to everything which will absorb it and drink it in.

One of the great secrets of life is to learn how to transfer the full current of possible divine force to ourselves and how to use this force effectively. If man can find this law of divine transference, he will multiply his efficiency a millionfold, because he will then be a co-operator with divinity on a scale of which he has never before dreamed.

When we recognize that everything comes from the great Infinite supply and that it flows to us freely, when we get into perfect tune with the Infinite, when the brute has been educated out of us, and the dross of dishonesty, selfishness, impurity burned out of us, we shall see God (good) without the scales which make us blind to good, for only the pure in heart can see God.

Do not be forever apologizing for your lack of this or of that. Every time you say that you have nothing left to wear, that you never have things that other people have, that you never go anywhere or do things that other people do, you are simply etching the black picture deeper and deeper into your consciousness. As long as you recite these unfortunate details and dwell upon your disagreeable experiences, your mentality will not attract the things you are after; will not bring that which will remedy your hard conditions.

The mental attitude, the mental picturing has to correspond with the

reality we seek. The vision is incomparable to the architect's plans which must precede the building.

Prosperity begins in the mind, and is impossible with a mental attitude which is hostile to it. We cannot attract opulence mentally by a poverty-stricken attitude which is driving away what we long for. It is fatal to work for one thing and to expect something else. No matter how much one may long for prosperity, a miserable, poverty-stricken mental attitude will close all the avenues to it. The weaving of the web must follow the pattern. Opulence and prosperity can not come in through poverty-thought and failure-thought channels. They must be created mentally first. We must think prosperity before we can come to it.

How many take it for granted that there are plenty of good things in this world for others, but not for them—the comforts, the luxuries, the fine houses the good clothes, the opportunity for travel, leisure. They settle down into the conviction that these things do not belong to them; that they are in a different class from the fortunate ones.

But why are they in a different class? Simply because they think themselves into another class; because they think themselves into inferiority; because they place limits for themselves. They cut off abundance, make the law of supply inoperative by shutting their minds to it. They work for one thing but really expect something else. And by what law can they expect to get what they believe they can not get? By what philosophy can they obtain the good things of the world when they are thoroughly convinced that these things are not for them?

One of the greatest curses of the world is to believe in the necessity of poverty. Most people have a strong conviction that many must necessarily be poor; that they were made to be poor. But there was no poverty, no want, no lack, in the Creator's plan for man. There need not be a poor person on the planet. The earth is full of resources which we have scarcely yet touched. We have been poor in the very midst of abundance, simply because of our own blighting limiting thought.

Resolve that you will turn your back on the poverty idea, that you will vigorously expect prosperity, that you will hold tenaciously the thought of abundance, the opulent ideal, which is befitting your nature; that you will try to live in the realization of plenty; to actually feel rich, opulent. This will help you to attain what you long for. There is a creative force in intense desire.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

HER REWARD

It was the 30th of September. Little Mary Granger, just ten years old, came home from school with a look of eager excitement shining in her blue eyes and an unusual color in her pale face. Mrs. Granger said nothing as she pushed back the hair from her child's forehead and gave her the "angel kiss" that Mary loved; but she had not long to wait for the cause.

"O, Mother," Mary exclaimed, "Sister Anastasia told us to-day that tomorrow will begin the month of the Rosary, and the month of the angels. Every day we are to go to the chapel and say the rosary together—that's for the Blessed Virgin. Then, what we never had before, Sister gave each of us a country or a state, and as many times in the day as we can remember, we are to say,

"I salute all the guardians angels in and around me, and then name our state; and, Mama, what do you think? I got Arizona."

The mother drew the child closer to her with a hand which trembled slightly, and Mary continued,—"and Sister Anastasia didn't know either; and I'm sure it was God sent it to me, and I know the angels will find Frank. Mama, don't you love the angels?"

"Yes, dear, how could mama help it? You know she has a little angel of her own," Mrs. Granger sighed as she looked at the beautiful little face so close to hers and at the frail little form which her arm encircled. Mary had, even from babyhood, an unearthly beauty about her, a spiritual something in her fair face, and a far-off look in her blue eyes; but since her first Communion, which she had made in the previous month of May, this look had been more noticeable, and Mrs. Granger had sometimes wondered if Mary saw what they did not. Now the thought came to her, "What if the little girl were to be taken from her?"

It really seemed that she belonged to the angels rather than to this world. Mrs. Granger felt a cold chill run through her. It was just a year since God had taken her husband from her. Would He ask another sacrifice?

Mary seemed to feel something unusual in her mother's manner, and kissing her gently, she said: "Are you tired, Mother dear, or are you thinking of Frank? I know the angels will bring him back now; I never thought of asking them before." Making a strong effort to appear natural, Mrs. Granger said: "Yes, dear, I know they will; we must both ask them very earnestly."

Francis, or Frank, as he was usually called, was the eldest son of the Granger family, just twenty-five years of age. But where was he? Was he even living? His family could answer neither of these questions. Five years ago he had left home after a quarrel with his father, and for the first year afterwards, his mother had had an occasional letter. Then more than a year had gone by without a word. Then another letter came, saying that he had gone to Arizona and had a good position there. The letter was now three years old and no other had followed it, though she had repeatedly written to the address he had given.

Within those three years how much had happened! The father's health had begun to fail, and after a long illness he had passed away, leaving his wife to the care of their second oldest boy. Charles had striven hard to take the place of father and oldest son in the family, but it was a heavy burden for one so young. They had never been rich as the word is commonly understood, but they had enjoyed all the comforts that belong to a moderate income. The father's death, however, had made a great change, and after all expenses had been paid and his business affairs settled, it was decided best for them to remove to a smaller house. Charles was received into the office of an old friend of his father, and this same kind gentleman also furnished writing to an older daughter, Margaret, who was thus enabled to remain at home as companion for her mother, and yet furnish a small contribution to the slender income of the family. Three children between Margaret and Mary had died, and thus the little one became the darling object of each one's love and devotedness. She was attending as a day pupil the Academy of the Sisters of Notre Dame, a few blocks from her home.

It was just three weeks after Mary had come home happy in the thought that "Arizona" had fallen to her share, and ever since she had been most faithful to her practice. Morning, noon, and night, going and coming, studying or playing, she did not forget to salute the guardian angels of Arizona.

"I salute all the guardian angels in Arizona, and won't you please bring Frank home to me?" had grown so familiar to her, and was so often on her lips that sometimes she said it in her sleep; and often in the day-time her mother saw the little lips framing the words though no sound came.

This afternoon Mary had remained at school after the other children, in order to make a visit to the Sisters' chapel, a permission which was freely given to the children in the afternoon. The kind portress was always on the watch for those who came from the chapel and saw them safely started for home with a fervent, "God bless you, child." Her salutation was even more tender when it was the blue eyes and pale face of Mary Granger that were lifted in response, for as she said to the other sisters: "I always feel nearer to God when I see that child."

The door had just closed behind her and Mary started down the stone steps, when seeing that it was beginning to rain, she endeavored to raise her umbrella. It stuck, somehow, and in her efforts to loosen it, her school-books slipped from her arm, fell down the steps, and reached the pavement in wild confusion. In her anxiety to keep her new books clean and neat, Mary ceased to concern herself with the umbrellas and hastened after her treasures. But some one with a heavily bearded face was bending over her "English Grammar"; the cover of which had opened and disclosed on the fly-leaf in childish hand, the name "Mary Granger." Underneath this was "250 Maple Street."

In a second the man had read the words and by the time Mary had reached the foot of the steps, he was gather-

ing the books together. Only then did he glance at the child, but Mary was astonished at the look as he handed her the books and yet spoke no word.

"Oh, thank you," she said in her gracious little way; "I am so sorry to give you that trouble, but I could not get my umbrella open."

"Can I open it for you?" he said eagerly, and something in his tone made her look at him again.

"If you please," she said more shyly, beginning to think she ought not to talk to a strange man.

In his strong hands the umbrella was soon open and restored to Mary, who with another "Thank you," hurried on her way. She had been taught not to turn round to look behind her on the street; but had she done so, she would have seen that the man was standing just where she had left him, and that he had, as she afterwards remembered, no umbrella to protect him from the rain. He did not think of this, however. He knew that he had just seen his sister and that she was most probably going home to the mother who had always loved; but now that he knew where to find her, he had not the courage to follow the child. There was not the least doubt in his mind. Mary's blue eyes had his mother's look, and there was the name on the fly-leaf of the book. Only the address "250 Maple Street," was unfamiliar, but there was no likelihood that he would forget it, for it furnished him with the reason why on the day before, when he had gone down the street past his old home, there was nothing of the familiar look about it.

When Mary Granger reached home she told her mother of the accident and of the man who had assisted her; but she seemed to be much more interested in examining her beloved books to see whether or not any harm had come to them. Her mother, of course, attached no importance to the incident; but Charles who liked, once in a while, to tease his little sister, told her that maybe it was a disguised prince who had come to her assistance.

"Rather," said Margaret, "it was one of Mary's angels who took human form."

But Mary only laughed good-naturedly; she did not mind their teasing. The next morning when she was starting out to school, her mother accompanied her to the door, as she always did, when she did not actually go with the child. Just as Mary reached the pavement and turned to wave a last kiss to her mother, she saw going down on the other side of the street, the man who had come to her assistance the day before.

"Mother," she called softly, "that is the man."

The mother looked down the street, but no glimpse of the face could be seen. Yet there was something strangely familiar in the man's walk, and without being able to account for it, she was all in a tremble when she closed the door and returned to the breakfast-room.

That day Mary remembered even oftener than before to salute the guardian angels. Perhaps it was because of her sister's teasing about the angel in human form, or perhaps it was because Sister Anastasia had reminded the children that the month was drawing to a close; however it was, the thought of the angels and of her brother was constantly with her. When she reached home in the afternoon, there, standing near the house was the man, and to her astonishment and even terror, he addressed her.

"Mary," he said, "I know your brother Frank. Do you remember him?"

That was enough. Mary's voice rang out in glad surprise, "Oh, come and tell Mother. She will be so glad. I knew the angels would find him."

The brother hesitated, for he felt sure his mother's eye would know him in spite of his changed appearance, and he feared the shock it would be to her. His sister's joyful exclamation, "Mother will be so glad," had removed his last fear of the reception his pride dreaded he would meet, though his heart had always told him that nothing but love would be waiting him.

"Mary," he said, with almost child-like eagerness, "you go in and tell your mother that there is somebody downstairs who knows Frank, and ask her to come down."

Mary entered the house by the side way, and then returning, opened the front door, admitted the visitor, and left him in the reception-hall, while she went to tell her mother. It was an eagerly expectant woman who greeted the stranger a few minutes later; but only for one moment was he a stranger. The next instant his arms were round his mother, who could only say, "My boy, my boy."

THE STANDARD ARTICLE USED EVERYWHERE

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Long they sat and talked, forgetting time until Mary, wondering at the length of the visit the stranger was making, ventured near the door. Her mother, catching sight of the white dress, and reminded of her to those innocent prayers they owed this return, called her.

"Come, dear, here is a surprise for you, and for Charles and Margaret when they come home."

Mary entered, but when she saw her mother's hand clasped in the stranger's, and the look of joy on her face, she understood.

"It is Frank!" and with one bound she was at his side and her arms were round his neck.

"I knew the angels would bring you."

That evening when the family gathered round the grate fire for a happy reunion, Frank told the story of those five years. He had indeed gone to Arizona and secured a good situation; but he was taken ill with fever, was removed to a hospital, and for months was unable to do anything. Meantime he had lost the situation and being alone and unknown, as well as physically weak, he had never succeeded in getting anything again that seemed to him worth while. It had been his ambition to make a fortune and then come home, and it cost his pride very much to return even poorer than he had left. But somehow, he said, for the last weeks he had been, as it were,

forced to return, his longing to see his mother had been so great.

"I know," said Mary, "it was your guardian angel who made you come."

Even after reaching the city, however, he hesitated. Then he had gone to take a look at the old home and found that it was no longer his home. It was just after this that, wandering aimlessly along, he passed the convent and little Mary's books fell almost at his feet. Then he learned where home was, and that night after a struggle with himself, he made up his mind what he would do.

"And to think, Mother," said Mary, "if I had not stayed that afternoon to say my rosary in the chapel, I would not have been there when Frank passed, and he would not have found us."

"But the angels were fixing matters, weren't they?" said Frank.

"And Our Blessed Mother was watching over us," added the happy mother.

"After all, Mary," said Charles, "was it the Blessed Virgin or the angels who brought Frank home?"

"It was both," Mary unhesitatingly answered, and with a happy little laugh she nestled closer to her mother while Frank's hand still clasped hers. Who will say she was not right?—Sunday Companion.

The stayer wins whether the weapons be drawn or brains. The best work is done by hard work.—Archbishop Spalding.

The tepid Christian is spiritually blind, like one walking in his sleep or standing on the brink of a precipice ready to topple over at any moment from the dizzy heights into the frightful abyss below, and all the time wholly unconscious of his danger and thoroughly satisfied with himself and his position.—Rev. John E. Graham.

The man who lives without ideals can hardly be said to live at all. The man who does not strive after the unattainable will never gain the attainable in the highest perfection. It is the men of ideals who have accomplished the highest in the world—the dreamers, those who imagine almost impossibly great things and then accomplish them.—Rev. M. J. Riordan.

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THIS WASHER MUST PAY FOR ITSELF

A MAN tried to sell me a horse once. He said it was a fine horse and had nothing the matter with it. I wanted a fine horse. But, I didn't know anything about horses much. And I didn't know the man very well either.

So I told him I wanted to try the horse for a month. He said he'd let me try it for a month. I'll give you back your money if the horse isn't all right."

Well, I didn't like that. I was afraid the horse was "all right" and that I might have to buy the horse. I'll give you back your money if the horse isn't all right."

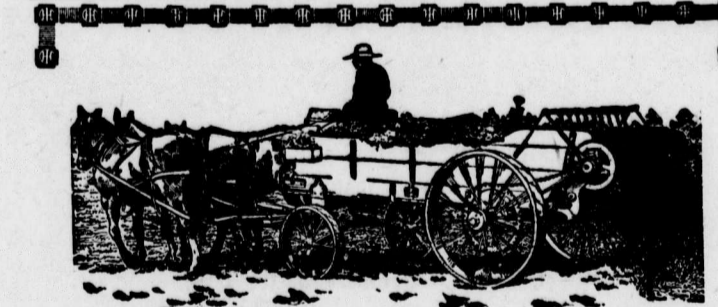
So I said to myself, I'll do with my "1900 Gravity" Washer what I wanted the man to do with the horse. Only I won't wait for people to ask me. I'll offer first, and I'll make good the offer every time.

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

Drop me a line to-day, and let me send you a book about the "1900 Gravity" Washer that washes clothes in 6 minutes. Address me personally—C. E. Morris, Manager, 1600 Washer Co., 357 Yonge St., Toronto.

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is often better than a cheap new one. We have all makes in those slightly used instruments taken in part payment on Pianos. Send for list and bargain prices. The Bell Piano and Music Warerooms, 110 KING STREET, TORONTO.



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EIGHT years ago the farmers in a central state raised average crops that ran three bushels less to acre than they now get. Suppose each acre of farm land in this country were so tended that it produced an equal increase. How much more money would farmers have, with which to buy the luxuries of life that they earn and deserve?

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Manure cannot be spread as it should be unless a machine is used. An I H C spreader covers the ground with an even coat of light or heavy as may be needed, and pulverized so that the plant food elements in the manure combine with the soil to best advantage. The spreader that does this work as it should be done must have many excellent mechanical features. The apron should move without jerking; the beater should meet the load at exactly the right point to pulverize the manure without too greatly increasing the draft of the machine; the speed changes of the apron should be positive whether the spreader is going uphill or down, otherwise the spreading will be uneven. All these features are provided for in the construction of I H C spreaders.

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ARCHDIOCESE OF KINGSTON

NEW CHANCEL AND VESTRY OF ST. PATRICK'S CHURCH, NAPANEE, COMPLETED AND DEDICATED

The improvements to St. Patrick's church, Napanee, begun in July last, have been successfully completed and the new portion of the edifice dedicated on Sunday last.

The plans for the work were prepared by Mr. H. P. Smith, architect, of Kingston, who at various times came to direct and overlook the construction.

The contract for the masonry and plastering was fulfilled by the firm of Alex. McCartney of Kingston: the carpenter work by A. S. Raymond, Napanee; and the heating by Boyle & Son, Napanee.

The magnificent stained glass windows, which are so greatly admired by all who have seen them, were furnished by Mayer & Co., Munich, Germany.

The work was materially interfered with at times by inclement weather, and delay in the arrival of material.

In connection with the church improvements mention might be made of the parish hall which has also been erected on the church property.

The new chancel was dedicated on Sunday last by the Most Rev. M. J. Spratt, Archbishop of Kingston, before a congregation of both Catholics and non-Catholics.

High Mass was celebrated by the pastor, Rev. Father O'Connor. The choir, lately organized under the direction of Mrs. Jas. McGrath, rendered the Mass with good effect.

As the sun, rising in the morning, shines into thy house if thou dost but open thy windows, so God the unsleeping Keeper of Israel, will shine in upon the emptied soul, and fill it with good things.

DIOCESE OF HAMILTON

GRADUATION EXERCISES AT ST. JOSEPH'S HOSPITAL, GUELPH

Many of the citizens, including the rev. clergy, city doctors, and members of the Hospital Board, visited St. Joseph's Hospital on Tuesday evening, February 4th, to witness the closing exercises of the sixth graduating class from the Training School and to congratulate the following young ladies who have completed the three years' course:

At the completion of the musical programme, which was tastefully arranged and executed under the supervision of Mrs. A. Kennedy and Miss T. Coffey, Rev. Father Doyle, S. J., presented the Hospital Medal and briefly addressed the young ladies, pointing out to them the necessity of keeping in mind their religious training at all times, and particularly in the practice of their duties as trained nurses.

The Gold Medal presented for general proficiency by the Rev. Mother Superior, St. Joseph's Convent, Hamilton, was won by Miss Clara Buckel.

THE DEAD SOUL AND THE LIVING

Dead in the lonely wood the black pool lies; Into its fetid heart no graces stray Of healing light; thick brambles give no way To balmy winds; gross vapors hide the skies.

—REV. M. EARLE, S. J.

BLAMES COURT FOR THE DIVORCE EVIL

"Marriage and Divorce," was the theme of Father James J. O'Brien, pastor of St. Margaret's Catholic Church, Flad avenue, on Sunday night, January 5. Father O'Brien delivered to his congregation a series of striking thoughts on the divorce evil, and on choosing a mate.

DIVORCE PERCENTAGE HIGH

Father O'Brien declared that the United States leads all Christian nations in the divorce evils. Seventy-three couples out of every 1,000 are divorced in the United States, he said. Japan alone surpasses the United States in the percentage of divorces to marriages.

RENNIES SEEDS. RECOGNIZED BY HIGHEST AUTHORITIES AS THE BEST GROWN IN CANADA. WRITE TO DAY FOR CATALOGUE STORES IN TORONTO, MONTREAL, WINNIPEG-VANCOUVER.

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should never keep anything from each other.

CHILDREN HOLD PARENTS

The speaker emphasized the fact, as he understands it, that there seldom are divorces in families where there are children in the home. The gospel of forbearance finds a prominent place in the advice of the pastor.

FROM A SEPARATED BROTHER

An honest, though separated brother of ours, addressing recently a congregation assembled in a public theatre, gave striking and even pungent expression to certain truths which no doubt it was good for that congregation to hear.

TEACHERS WANTED

WANTED A TEACHER HOLDING A SECOND class professional certificate, for senior room in Kinkora, S. S. State salary expected. Duties to begin Jan. 2nd. Apply giving references, experience and qualifications to John Walsh, Sec. Treas., Kinkora, Ont.

WANTED A TEACHER FOR ADVANCED classes of Separate school, Cache Bay, Ont. French and English. Salary \$400. Apply to Rev. Thos. H. Trainor, Sec. Treas., Cache Bay, Ont.

HOUSEKEEPER WANTED WANTED FOR A COUNTRY PARISH, priest's housekeeper. Apply stating age, experience, and references. Box W, CATHOLIC RECORD, London, Ont.

SITUATION WANTED AS PRIEST'S HOUSEKEEPER by a capable person, can give reference. Apply Box A, CATHOLIC RECORD, London, Ont.

RESPECTABLE MAN WANTS WORK AS school janitor or cleaner. Apply Box V, CATHOLIC RECORD, London, Ont.

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20 Lovely Post Cards No. 2 10c. Vernon Sales Co. Box C, Chattanooga, Tenn.

Do not give way to cynicism—that is the peril of American life. Do not think there is no use—there is always use. We can have what we want, and the way to get it is to keep at it faithfully and impartially.—Justice Hughes.

FAVORS RECEIVED

A reader wishes to return thanks to St. Anne for a miraculous cure.

A Parkhill subscriber wishes to publish thanks for great favors received after prayers to the Sacred Heart, Blessed Virgin and St. Joseph.

A subscriber wishes to return thanks for a favor received through the intercession of St. Anthony and donation of bread.

A subscriber wishes to return thanks for a favor received through prayers to St. Joseph, with a promise to publish in the CATHOLIC RECORD.

An Algoma subscriber wishes to return thanks to the Sacred Heart, through the intercession of the Blessed Virgin and the Souls in Purgatory, for financial aid.

A subscriber wishes to return thanks to the Sacred Heart, Our Blessed Lady and St. Anthony, for favors received. A promise to publish in the CATHOLIC RECORD.

A subscriber asks the prayers of the faithful for a special request. If granted within six weeks will have a number of Masses said for the suffering souls and publish in the CATHOLIC RECORD.

DIED

MCGILLIS.—At Lochiel, on January 20th, 1913, at her father's residence, Annie R. McGillis, aged twenty-six years. May her soul rest in peace!

KELLY.—At Uxbridge, Ont., on Monday, Feb. 10, 1913, Charles Kelly, aged fifty-eight years. May his soul rest in peace!

ALEXANDER.—At Missoula, Montana, on January 11, 1913, Mrs. S. W. Alexander, nee Miss Josie Jones of Goderich, Ont. May her soul rest in peace!

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Barrister Wanted AS PARTNER

Catholic. No capital needed. Mutual references very high. Apply with details to FRANK BEINARD, Notary Public, Trochu, Alberta.

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Marriage Laws

A Brief Explanation of the Decree "No Tere" It embodies all the Decisions of the Sacred Congregations up to December, 1912, besides giving a clear and definite commentary on each Article of the New Laws on Engagement and Marriage.

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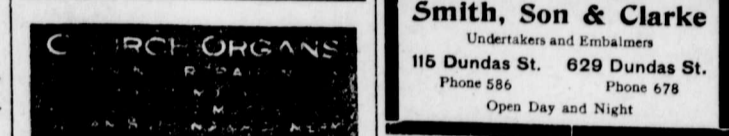
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