

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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THE Y. M. C. A.

According to some Catholics the Y. M. C. A. is the one thing that stands between them and premature death. Without it they would become sickly, flat-chested, anemic. And so they circle the bar and punch the bag, and while they rest from their exertions, meditate on the poverty of the resources of Catholic organizations. These Catholics pay a big price for their athletics. For them they barter their self-respect and Catholic manhood. For the advantages alleged they plunge into a Protestant atmosphere and proclaim by so doing that the associations fostered and encouraged by the Church are too insignificant to merit their attention. They are not tolerated in the Y. M. C. A. No glory of office can come to them. They pay their money, and they remain outsiders, a constant source of wonder to the non-Catholic who knows that the Y. M. C. A. is a distinctively Protestant organization. But is the gymnasium the only fascination? In some cases we are inclined to think that it is but a pretext—that the real reason is snobishness. Some of these Catholics seem to think that membership in the Y. M. C. A. is a passport to social and commercial success and that our societies, frequented by those who are not conversant with the latest word in trousers, cannot possibly be of any assistance to them. He may, under the beneficial influence of the Y. M. C. A., become round-chested, but backbone is a better asset than lung-power. He may, from the lofty vantage ground of his membership view, and perhaps with contempt, the poor strivings of Catholics, but he will be looked upon with suspicion and pitying condescension by the Protestant. It cannot be otherwise. No sensible individual will believe that Catholics join the Y. M. C. A., which brands them as undesirable, takes their fees and does not grant them the privilege which it accords to its Protestant members, solely for athletic reasons. We notice that they wax eloquent on the advantages of the swimming pool. Great indeed is the swimming pool and necessary for that kind of Catholic.

THE "EFFICIENT" SOCIAL WORKER

We always like to hear the individual who goes in for charity, alms-giving and that sort of thing, talking about efficiency. He or she is very valuable, sincere, doubtless, and conversant with the latest theories. Their first principles are that other workers among the poor are very inefficient. They don't tabulate statistics, ask questions which border on the impertinent, and are prone to methods which breed pauperism. In other words, they are not scientific social workers. They are not blessed with a social bureau to which is attached a good salary. They have not the proper instruments to work, and hence pauperism grows apace.

With a social bureau in every community, the sky of poverty would be purged of its depressing color, and with the worker scintillating with up-to-date methods as to a well balanced and economical diet, and the making of something out of nothing, the problem of poverty would be easy of solution.

The Church has been in business as a social worker for some centuries. She also has rules made not on earth, but in heaven. And records show that she has been the asylum of every charity, and the altar of every sacrifice. What she has done in the past, she is doing to-day. The poor are her aristocracy. She ministers to their ailments, not trying to cure organic ills with a poultice of mushy sentimentalism; she loves them, because in the poor Christ appears personified. And in Catholic charity is the skill which comes from special training and long experience.

KINDNESS

The spirit of unwearying good-will is the great lifting power of the world. When we can do nothing else to right wrongs, lessen burdens, or mend life's hard places for weary

feet, we can at least be kind, kind in face, voice and deed. And how many dark places would brighten, heavy loads grow light, and new courage come to the heart, if only simple kindness were the rule of earth. Kind looks, kind words, kind acts, and warm handshakes—these are secondary means of grace when men are in trouble and are fighting their unseen battles.

SAY IT NOW

Praise may puff up a shallow nature, but it always brings something of humility to a deep one. Love and commendation are sweet, but just because they are worth so much, the true and earnest spirit is touched with a sense of its own unworthiness as it receives them and a longing to be better fitted for the trust reposed in it.

IRELAND'S SPIRIT IN PARLIAMENT OF NATIONS

From Mr. John J. Barrett's St. Patrick's day address at the Panama-Pacific Exposition.

It does seem more than a mere coincidence, doesn't it, that Ireland receives the sceptre of government just at the supreme hour of human history when the civilization of the ages seems breaking up? For a thousand years her bright light of freedom has been postponed, and now, in the midst of almost universal chaos, that higher Power which shapes the destinies of peoples as of men ushers in the newborn nation. Is there no meaning in this juncture of events?

What is the message that Ireland brings to the civilization of the world? What new spirit will she represent in the parliament of nations? What are the ideals that will dominate her national life? What will Ireland stand for in the brotherhood of States? The civilization that Ireland brings to the council chamber of States out of her splendid and historic past is a civilization that the world stands much in need of, and may well accept even at such humble hands as hers. For it is a thing entirely of the spirit, of the mind, of the heart, of the emotions, of the affections—of all the deep stirring idealism and higher aspirations of the soul. And it reaches back in unbroken continuity to ancient days. And it has been tried in flame and fire and devastation. And it has met the shock of other civilizations and absorbed them into itself. And it has not succumbed to invasion, and it has not been disturbed by wars; and on its fair escutcheon there is not the blemish of a single wanton act against any other race. Well did the historian exclaim in an outburst of admiration: "Chivalric, intellectual, spiritual Ireland!"—Philadelphia Standard and Times.

MACAULAY ON PROTESTANTISM

"We see that during the last two hundred and fifty years the human mind has been in the highest degree active, that it has made great advances in every branch of natural philosophy, that it has produced innumerable inventions tending to promote the convenience of life, that medicine, surgery, chemistry, engineering have been very greatly improved, that government, police, and law have been improved though not to so great an extent as the physical sciences. But we see that during these two hundred and fifty years, Protestantism has made no conquests worth speaking of. Nay, we believe that, as far as there has been a change, that change has, on the whole, been in favor of the Church of Rome.

"Within fifty years from the day on which Luther publicly denounced communion with the Pope, and burned the bull of Leo before the gates of Wittenberg, Protestantism attained its highest ascendancy, an ascendancy which it soon lost, and which it has never regained.

"The history of the two succeeding generations is the history of the struggle between Protestantism possessed of the north of Europe, and Catholicism possessed of the south, for the doubtful territory which lay between them. . . . At first the chances seemed to be decidedly in favor of Protestantism; but the victory remained with the Church of Rome. On every point she was successful. If we overlook another half century, we find her victorious and dominant in France, Belgium, Bavaria, Bohemia, Austria, Poland and Hungary. Nor has Protestantism, in the course of two hundred years been able to reconquer any portion of what was then lost.

"When the peace of Westphalia was concluded, it appeared that the Church of Rome remained in full possession of a vast dominion, which in the middle of the preceding century she seemed to be on the point of losing. No part of Europe

remained Protestant except that part which had become thoroughly Protestant before the generation which heard Luther preach had passed away.

"The geographical frontier between the two religions has continued to run almost precisely where it ran at the close of the Thirty Years War; nor has Protestantism given any proofs of that 'expansive power' which has been ascribed to it.

"We think it a most remarkable fact, that no Christian nation, which did not adopt the principles of the Reformation before the end of the sixteenth century, should ever have adopted them. Catholic communities have, since then, become infidel and become Catholic again; but none has become Protestant."—Intermountain Catholic.

THAT "THREADBARE LIE"

In the Supreme Court of Louisiana a decision has been rendered which has the effect of prohibiting the reading of the Bible in the Public schools of the State. There were two pleas in the case, one from the Catholics objecting to the King James Bible as a "sectarian book," the other from the Jews, against the New Testament, as "inculcating the Christian religion."

The Court rejected the Catholic plea and sustained the Jewish, declaring that "there is little difference between the Douay and King James Version of the Bible, but a vast difference between the Jewish religion, founded upon the Old Testament, and Christian faith, founded upon the New.

In the course of its judgment the Court took occasion further to declare that:

"From all the evidence presented before it there was nothing to indicate that the Catholic Church forbade the Bible to its children; but, on the contrary, all the evidence tended to prove that the Catholic Church enjoined and encouraged the reading of the Douay or authorized Version of the Scriptures among its adherents."

Commenting on this pronouncement, the Morning Star observes that:

"Thus an old and threadbare lie, that Catholics are forbidden to read the Bible, a lie which is the stock in trade among many Protestant ministers and publications, has been publicly exposed and declared false by the highest civil tribunal in the State."

Yet, the "threadbare lie" will live on among those who choose to forget or ignore that without the Catholic Church there would have been no Bible to read. For fifteen hundred years the Bible was read and circulated and preserved by that Church while the Protestant Church was not in existence.—N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

POPE'S SOLICITUDE FOR WAR PRISONERS

DECREE MAKING PROVISION FOR SPIRITUAL WELFARE OF SOLDIERS AND PRISONERS OF WAR ISSUED BY ROMAN CONGREGATION

The Sacred Congregation for Extraordinary Ecclesiastical Affairs has issued a decree declaring that the Holy Father, touched by the conditions of the soldiers in war, and particularly the prisoners, has given the following permissions and instructions:

1. Each Ordinary in whose diocese there are prisoners of war is to allot one or more priests, according to the number of prisoners, to look to the spiritual care of the prisoners, and if there be no knowing sufficient in the language of the prisoners, the Ordinary is to make application to those Ordinaries who can supply the priest required.
2. The priests are not to confine themselves to merely spiritual ministrations, but are also to look to the material needs of the prisoners, helping them in their necessities.
3. The priests are to find out whether the prisoners under their care have communicated with their friends, and in case they have not, they are to persuade them to do so, if only by means of a postcard.
4. Should the prisoners for any cause be unable to communicate with their friends, either on account of inability to write or because of sickness or wounds, the priests are requested to undertake the work for them in a spirit of charity, and when possible to secure the delivery of their correspondence.

Accompanying the decree of the Sacred Congregation of Extraordinary Ecclesiastical Affairs is a letter of the Cardinal Secretary of State, in which he expresses the solicitude of the Holy Father for the soldiers in the war, irrespective of religion or nationality. The letter is directed to the Cardinal-Archbishops of the belligerent nations, and requests them to transmit the decree of the Sacred Congregation for Extraordinary Ecclesiastical Affairs to all the Bishops in whose dioceses prisoners

of war may be, so that a faithful observance of the instructions be ensured. The attention of the Cardinals is asked to the fact that His Holiness by the use of the word "prisoners" in the decree means every prisoner no matter what may be his religion or nation, or what language he may speak. All are to be aided in the charity of Jesus Christ.—St. Paul Bulletin.

INCONCEIVABLE IGNORANCE

The most inconceivable thing in life around us is the incomprehensible ignorance men have of the teachings and purposes of the Catholic Church. This ignorance is not alone confined to the poor and illiterate, even the enlightened classes are apparently as little open to conviction on every subject of the truth as they are of the inner workings of Shintoism. On the face of it, it bears out the truth of the paradox, "The more you look at anything the less you see of it."

Since the days of Christ the pages of history are saturated with Catholic history. The remains of the historical Catacombs and the early Christian temples are but links that bring the modern church back to the days of the Apostles. Her undivided and undisputed sway over the lives of the world for centuries; the undying life of the Pope; her unbroken continuity back to the days of Peter; the unmistakable marks of Catholicity, unity, holiness and Apostolicity about her are in evidence and yet the world will not see. To-day witnesses Christianity separated into a thousand sects, all divided on the most essential teaching, yet all claiming to be the one true Church. To the non-Catholic world, the Catholic Church is a stumbling block. The very feature of her composition which they criticize most, and which they have the greatest mark of her Divine origin and that is, "She is too authoritative!" And yet this is the one great factor in her centuries of success.—Truth.

SHORTSIGHTEDNESS OF BIGOTRY

Rev. A. A. Berle, a Congregationalist minister of Boston, appeared before the Massachusetts legislative committee recently to argue against a proposed constitutional amendment prohibiting the granting of funds to religious institutions. Rev. Mr. Berle argued that the proposed amendment was unnecessary, and he called attention to the fact that during the addresses in favor of the bill nobody had called attention to a single instance of aggression on the part of Catholics, while it was shown that millions had been given to Protestant bodies. Continuing, he said:

"I protest with all my might against the Catholic and Protestant neighbors and friends against each other through secret political organizations, thereby furnishing a sound and intelligible excuse why Catholics should themselves similarly organize secretly for political reasons.

"I do not believe it lies in the power of any church of any name to make a political unit of all its members. And because I do not believe this I have no fear of Catholic domination in this state. People with historical sense must remember (I am a Congregationalist) and I can remember different history of this commonwealth when we had Church and State, and when the Congregationalist church was the established religion of this state, and sorry story it is. And there is no man knows the history of this commonwealth but knows what a pitiful story it has. You heard arguments of it the other day when a Baptist gentleman told you how Roger Williams had to flee in order to establish the commonwealth of Rhode Island.

"I want you to remember that nobody with an historical sense but knows that Catholics in this state have had to fight for recognition, and even tolerance, and in some circles. Mr. Chairman, they haven't received either of these yet, no matter what their merits are, and what their abilities happen to be. It is worth more in fairness and justice to recognize that fact, and the man who sets people against each other on account of the religion they profess and love is not a good citizen of this commonwealth, and I don't care what he pretends to be, Catholic or Protestant. I believe that most of the fear of such political domination in this state and the republic is a foolish fear, and I think I know the history of that Church and Christianity, too. It is reasonless fear which brings these things into the foreground of the stage of the world's life."

These words of the Congregationalist minister have the right ring. What a pity that more Protestant ministers have not the courage to denounce the attempt that is being made to stir up ill-feeling between Catholics and non-Catholics in this country! In too many instances

they abet by their silence the campaign of bigotry, where they do not actively encourage it. It is not the Catholics who will suffer most from this attitude, but the Protestant churches themselves will sink in the estimation of thinking men for lending countenance to bigotry and bad citizenship. Rev. Mr. Berle can see farther than many of his co-religionists.—True Voice.

WHY THE PREJUDICE?

That a certain sort of prejudice against the Catholic Church exists in the United States is a fact well enough known to every person who is at all interested in the religious welfare of our country, but the origin of the prejudice is not easy to locate. We are in hopes that the commission of inquiry instituted by the Supreme Council of the Knights of Columbus to study the matter will bear this in mind while making its investigation, and while suggesting to the public the remedies that will tend to promote a permanent feeling of mutual trust and respect. The American people are too far-minded to cherish for long a prejudice that is born in ignorance of the facts or that is engendered and kept alive by interested parties whose end is financial gain or sordid profit. It is barely possible that American Catholics themselves are not altogether blameless for the existence of a prejudice against the Church that seems unreasonable and without foundation, for we have sometimes permitted our neighbors to consider our Church as a foreign institution, represented in greater or less degree by the foreign colonies that people our great cities, instead of asserting in decided tones that the Catholic Church was universal, and that the presence of German, Irish, Italian, Polish, Ruthenian, and other foreign colonies, all of them attached to the Household of Faith, instead of contradicting, established that fact. Orestes A. Bronson was a convert to the Faith, a deep thinker, a wise philosopher, a devoted Christian. He said some things that are as true to day as they were when uttered. Concerning American prejudices he has expressed himself as follows:

"We have done much to confirm their prejudices against us and our Church. We have hardly presented them the Church as Catholic. Accidental circumstances have made it appear to them chiefly as the national church of a foreign immigration. In the parts of the country where the prejudices against Catholicity are the strongest, it has seemed to us Celtic rather than Catholic; and Americans have felt that, to become Catholics, they must become Celts, and make common cause with every class of Irish agitators, who treat Catholic America as if it were simply a province of Ireland.

"A considerable portion of our Catholic population have brought with them their old prejudices of race, national animosities and bitter arena for fighting out their old hereditary feuds. Our so-called Catholic journals are little more than Irish newspapers, and appeal rather to Irish than to Catholic interests and sympathies. Some of them team with abuse of Americans, and are filled with diatribes against the race from which the majority of non-Catholic Americans have sprung. Their whole tendency is to make Americans feel that practically the church in this country is the church of a foreign colony, and by no means Catholic.

"All this may be natural, and easily explained to the Catholic who is willing to pardon almost anything to a people that has stood firm by the faith during three centuries of martyrdom, but everyone must see it is better fitted to repel Americans from the Church than to attract to it—we must present the Catholic Church to Americans as the Church of God—not as a Saxon or a Celtic Church—before we can judge sanely of their dispositions towards Catholicity.

"We sometimes complain of Americans when we should rather commend their good intentions and consistency. We are often severe on them for making the Public Schools unfavorable to our religion, and for their pertinacity in getting possession of our children and bringing them up Protestants. But if we controlled the Public Schools, as they do, we can hardly think that we should make them less unfavorable to Protestantism. If we neglect our children, and by our improvidence or intolerance, leave them without a moral training save that of a religious education, are we to blame Protestants for not being contented to see them grow up rowdies, and become the vicious population of our towns, or because they do not see fit to take them and bring them up in the Catholic religion? How can we blame them if in view of our improvidence, drunkenness, quarreling, heedlessness and the neglect of the ordinary duties of parents, they are led to doubt the practical efficacy of our religion, and to smile incredulously when we tell them that Catholicity is necessary to save the liberty and morals of our country?"

"There is no use in our attempting to conceal that quite too large a por-

tion of the vicious population of our cities have been born of Catholic parents and themselves been baptized by the Catholic priest. The fact is as glaring and well-known. The Catholic wards of our city can hardly be called model wards—wards with which the police are unfamiliar. It is all very well to charge this upon the poverty of the immigrants, or the Protestant atmosphere of the country but no small part of it is chargeable to the Catholics themselves.

"But, notwithstanding the much we have done to confirm the prejudices of the non-Catholic American and the little we have done to remove them, we are led to believe from our own observations, that the hostility of our countrymen to Catholicity is by no means so great as some of our Catholic friends pretend. They seem to have been far more deeply impressed by the conservative principles of the Church, the solid worth, the devoted piety, the ardent charity and edifying lives of a large number of Catholics in the country, than by the scandals to which we have referred. They seem to have remembered that Our Lord said: 'Scandals must come, but woe unto him by whom they come.' The American people have rather a fondness for the Irish, and tenderness of feeling towards them which they have not, and never will have, towards the English. The Irish commit a terrible mistake when they attribute to Americans of English origin the feelings towards the Irish race usually entertained, or assumed to be entertained, by Englishmen.

"The American people show their good dispositions also, by the liberality with which they, in general, treat Catholics. We know no American society in which a Catholic gentleman, whether priest or layman, will not be received and treated as a gentleman. We have travelled in all parts of the Union since our conversion, and we have been uniformly treated with civility and all the personal respect to which we could lay claim.

"We have rarely fallen into conversations with an intelligent stranger or fellow traveler, who did not express more or less regard for the Church, and intimate his persuasion that if Almighty God had founded a visible church, and has one now on the earth, it is the Church of Rome. Many and many is the man who has said to us that if he believed in any religion he would be a Catholic. We have found, generally, a great desire among people of all classes to learn something of our religion, and to have its principles and usages explained. They have always seemed to listen to us with pleasure, perhaps with the more pleasure because we were able to speak to them in their own language without a foreign accent. This may not be much; but we certainly regard it as indicating a favorable disposition, rather than otherwise, towards our religion.

"The very violence of no popery ministers, and their extraordinary efforts to inflame the old Protestant prejudices against us, prove, if rightly viewed, the good dispositions of the American people. These ministers are not such fools as to fear that the foreign Catholic immigration will take possession of the country and curtail the freedom of Protestants. What they fear is the Catholic tendencies of their own Protestant congregations. They see that Protestantism is daily losing its hold on the American people, that the Protestant congregations are dwindling, and the 'revival' machinery is nearly worn out; that many of the best minds and purest hearts in the country are going over to Rome, and multitudes are falling back on Nature, and becoming disgusted with all sectarian religion. They feel that Protestantism is declining, and as it declines the Church must gain, for the American people are not a people to remain long without a religion of some sort. They see that the American people are rapidly coming to the conclusion that the only alternative for the reasoning man is, either Catholicity or no religion. Here is the secret of the no popery violence and of those spasmodic efforts made by the ministers to put off the day of their dissolution, the day when Protestantism shall go the way of all the earth, and Catholicity shall take its place. We should find in them a ground of hope, not of discouragement."—The Missionary.

DUBLIN'S LORD MAYOR

The Lord Mayor of Dublin proposes to present in person the pious and devoted address of the city to the Holy Father. There was scarcely one dissentient voice when the resolution to convey the city council's loyal and loving wishes was put to a full meeting. Alderman Kelly said that the Lord Mayor must also congratulate His Holiness on his efforts for peace and for those ameliorations which had already resulted happily in the return of so many prisoners and was to be further extended to cover civilian invalids. The Lord Mayor said he would journey to Rome as soon as the war was over to lay the homage of Ireland at the feet of St. Peter's successor.—Intermountain Catholic.

CATHOLIC NOTES

The State of New York has approximately 2,885,824 Catholics.

In the last ten years 6,106 Jews have been converted to Catholicity. The late Count Mair, of Chicago, bequeathed \$30,000 to Catholic charities.

Thomas H. Miles of Denver was received into the Catholic Church recently by the Rev. E. J. Mannix of the Cathedral, who instructed him.

A class of 19 converts was recently confirmed by Right Rev. John D. O'Connor, D. D., of Newark, N. J., in the chapel of the home of the Little Sisters of the Poor in that city.

Mother Camillus, Superioress of the Convent of Mercy, Bermondsey, has completed her fiftieth year in the order. She worked with Florence Nightingale in the Crimea.

The Right Rev. Thomas F. Kennedy, Rector of the American College in Rome, has been appointed consultant to the Sacred College of the Propaganda.

In the German prison-camp near Wees, Masses are celebrated every day from 4.30 to 8.00 a. m. Every day 400 soldiers receive Holy Communion; 4,000 soldiers crowd the church.

It is estimated that approximately 1,000 Catholic churches have been destroyed in Poland during the present war. A committee has been appointed to consider means for their reconstruction and repair.

Sixty more altar stones for use by the chaplains at the front and in London military camps, were consecrated at Westminster Cathedral recently by Bishop Butt. Altogether about 130 of these stones have been consecrated.

The Austrian Ambassador at the Holy See has informed Pope Benedict of the arrest of 4 Catholic Bishops in Galicia by the Russians, and the compulsory conversion to the Orthodox Russian faith of the inhabitants of the several Galician villages.

An estimate of Easter Sunday church attendance in St. Louis quotes about 550,000—300,000 Catholics and 250,000 non-Catholics. There are many important lessons in the figures for that foolish portion of the population which is firing its popguns at the Catholic Church and the Catholic citizens of this city.

James Potter, brother of a Methodist Episcopal clergyman, was baptized into the Catholic Church recently by the Rev. Frederick A. Upton, of the Denver Cathedral. He had attended a school conducted by the Christian Brothers, and began to love our beautiful religion there. For the past two years he had attended Mass regularly.

A notable conversion was made at St. Joseph's Church, Grand Junction, Colo., recently when Miss Harriet L. Weir, only daughter of Rev. O. J. Weir, an active member of the Presbyterian clergy of that city, was taken into the Catholic Church. She was born and raised a Presbyterian and was a prominent member of the church.

One of the most extraordinary botanical gardens in the world is that laid out at an altitude of 6,930 feet, on the "Little St. Bernard," near the valley of Aosta. This garden in Northern Italy comprises specimens of practically all mountain flora of the Alps, the Balkans, the Carpathians, the Caucasus, the Pyrenees, the Himalayas, the mountains of America, Japan and New Zealand. It was begun in 1892.

One of the most beautiful sights in the "Wild Lands" of South Africa is the settlement of the Trappist monks. As usual with this community, the Trappists have transformed a wilderness into a paradise. The river, idle for centuries now works busy mills that grind corn and wheat, and saw the logs of the neighboring forest. An orchard is filled with fruit trees; there are bee hives and vineyards; and the black boys busy under the direction of the priests, are learning the useful trades and crafts of European youths.

The special novena for the conversion of England in the church which has just closed at Tyburn Convent, and in which thousands participated up and down the country, is usually followed by some remarkable results. One well known convert who has to be chronicled already is Mr. Compton Mackenzie, a brilliant young novelist whose books on life's problems have placed him in the front rank of the writers of today. Mr. Mackenzie was received into the Church at Venice.

The Dublin Weekly Freeman announces that the population of Ireland increased 5,000 last year. "This is the first year since the great exodus began at the end of the forties, in the last century, that the population has increased." Heretofore, for the past sixty-five years, the complete census has always shown a decrease. In the course of a very interesting article on the subject the paper quoted remarks that, if the number of those who returned to Ireland were included in the figures, the increase would be not 5,000 but 10,000.

BORROWED FROM THE NIGHT

By Anna C. Minogue

CHAPTER XVIII—CONTINUED

"Yes, I've seen him," replied the cautious older woman. "He was out to our house, an' stayed over Sunday, an' she remembered that Teresa was there at that time. She also remembered that she had seen him gazing at the girl with an expression on his face which in some way reminded her of her master, and straightway she had felt the secret hatred and suspicion she ever entertained of George Martinez extend to his guest and friend. She could not reason why this should be, she only knew that such feelings existed; and when the words of her visitor fell on her ears, a deep curiosity took possession of her mind.

"Miss Creasy wuz dah at de same time; but I didn't tink she liked him at all," said Dilsey. "N'm, she didn't," exclaimed Martha. "She jus' natch'y 'spised him, an' w'en he kep' a comin', she sed to me, 'Martha, t'oh dat gem'in, I doan kear to see him, ez I'es not feelin' well.' Dat wuz a 'cause, t'oh she wuz well 'nough to go down stairs, ez dah wuz anny body dah she liked."

"Did you tell him?" "Y's m'm, I did, an' 'cause I sed he wuz a mekin' Miss Creasy mad a comin' dah w'en she didn't want to go bothahed wif him, I'es mighty glad to hev it to tell," said Dilsey. "W'at did he say?" asked Dilsey in a sudden surprise, for it was to her an untried of experience for a servant to have to inform a guest that his presence was undesirable.

"Oh, h! he looked jus' awful. I tell you, Aunt Dilsey, I ain't evah seed a pa'r 's eyes to snap like his'n done, less'n it wuz a snake. He didn't say anny 'ting foh a minit; den he sed: 'Yoh kin tell yoh Missus dat I'll see h'm, w'ethah she wants it or not!'"

"Foh-evah-moh!" exclaimed Dilsey. "Did yoh evah heah uv such imp'tence!"

"I actually novah did!" returned Martha. "An' at'ah dat, Miss Creasy she 'peaked to be sotah skeert, an' I notice w'en she's 'way long wif h'm teachin', she's alius got somebody to come home wif h'm. But dat eben she wuz out alone, an' I doan know how it happend dat she went dah way, less'n 'cause it's c'losh dah enny uv de o'tahs. I wish to God, she could come to foh jus' a minit, an' tell us who hit Mr. Worwining, 'cause dah's goin' to be some innocent man kill, an' dat afho dis moon am wainin'. Dah's jus' awful 'titement. Missus is 'mos' a freed to let anny uv us go out."

Dilsey had now finished her tea and so returned to Teresa's bedside, but as she mused over the words which Martha had spoken she became convinced that the man who struck down St. John Worthington was none other than her master's one night guest. It became such an absolute certainty in her mind, and the knowledge hung so heavily over her, that she decided to see Preston when he next came and confide her secret to him. On the following morning she stole away from the room and waited for him at the gate. The sight of Teresa's nurse standing there seemed to give confirmation to the grave fear that she would not live until the day broke. He swung himself from his horse, and peered into the dusky face of the negro as he asked, "Has anything happened?"

"No, Marse Pres'un. She's jus' de same, no bettah, no worse. I've ben up since twelve wif h'm, an' now yoh muthah's asleepin' a little bit, Mis' Boyle's wif Miss Creasy, an' I kem out to meet yoh."

"O Aunt Dilsey," cried the young man, "can't you let me see her? Just for one little minute? I haven't closed my eyes in this long night. My soul was there crying at her door."

Aunt Dilsey's tears were brimming her old eyes, which rested on the grief wrung face of her young master, and they saw there the confirmation of the pain his words had betrayed. But she shook her head, although sadly, as she said:

"Mah po'r young Marse Pres'un! doan ax't old Dilsey to do dis! Doan yoh know, howev, dat de doctah he won't 'low nobody 't'ihn de room, 'ceptin' me an' Missus an' Mis' Boyle. An' w'en yoh ax't yoh muthah to let yoh go in, yoh know w'at she ses? 'No! No! yoh mustn't.'"

"But Dilsey, you will be kinder," he urged. "If some one you loved were dying, and you stood without praying to see her, I should not refuse you, though others would."

"Doan, Marso! doan!" she sobbed. "I won't harm her," he went on. "Oh! I wouldn't let a cobweb tangle her little feet, and do you think that I would do or say anything to hurt her when she is lying there helpless? I promise you, Aunt Dilsey, that I will not leave the doorway. All I ask is to look upon her living face once more. Just to her door, Aunt Dilsey, just to her door!"

He was beside himself with grief and anxiety, and worn out by his long vigils. He caught the old woman's hands and clung to them wildly; and she could not refuse him although she knew that she was breaking the doctor's most positive command. They went to the house, and entered by the side door which she had left open. With a soft creak Dilsey stole up the stairs, Preston following. The door opening to Worthington's room stood ajar, and as he passed, Preston caught the well-remembered Virginia accent, and the wounded man addressed his attendant, Teresa's door was un-

fastened, and Mrs. Boyle, sitting at the head of the bed heard nothing, although Dilsey entered the apartment and Preston stepped across the threshold. The beautiful dawn was finding its way into the sick room, and mingling with the wacher's low night-lamp, threw a peculiar light over the place. It seemed an unreal world into which he had entered, that room with its unfamiliar furniture, its solemnity, its silence; and of all this strangeness, the bed, with its white hangings and still occupant was the center. The black hair floated over the pillow, framing the beautiful face, and he could trace the lines of the slender figure under the light coverlid. Over still face and still form the angel of death seemed to be brooding in the unearthly quiet of that unfamiliar room. She was here yet, but in a very little while, he thought, the life frozen in that icy face and motionless figure, as he had once seen a blooming rose encased in a shroud of sleet, would be destroyed—and he would be alone.

He made no outcry, nor moved an inch from the doorway, he only reached out his arms to the unconscious figure. When she made no response to his great unuttered longing, when no warmth tinged the pale face, no fluttering breath stirred the seemingly pulseless bosom, he dropped his arms, and suffered Dilsey to take his hand and gently lead him away.

They went down the stairs, out into the morning's light and dewy freshness, the woman muttering, "Mah po'r boy! mah po'r boy!" When they reached the gate where his horse stood, she paused and said: "Marse Pres'un, I'es got somethin' to tell you. But yoh mus' promise me yoh's not a goin' to do nuffin' rash w'an yoh heah it."

"You can trust me, Aunt Dilsey," he said, in a listless voice. She began to repeat the story which she had heard from Martha, strengthening it by her own suspicions against the stranger, and as Preston listened his brow grew dark, and when he heard the message which the man had dared to send to Teresa anger leaped into his eyes like lightning from a cloud. When she ceased, he asked, looking down on the brown face, that wore the stamp of prayerful patience.

"I think you think, Aunt Dilsey?" "I think Marse Pres'un, dat dat wicket man met Miss Creasy in de day, an' w'en she sed him, 'bein' skeert, she holler't, jus' like a gal 'ud do; an' Marse Worwining heerd an' wuz to h'uh 'stiance; den, dat man runned his knife into him, ez Marse Worwining sez. An' I t'ink, honey, dat's w'at Miss Creasy wanted to tell yoh, at'oh she los'd de use uv h'uh tongue. 'Por, po'r chile! I n'eahly h'uh, out'eryin' ev'ehy time I look at h'm, sen'ce I heerd w'at Marth sed, 'bout dah bein' nobody to p'etech h'm."

"I am very glad that you told me this, Aunt Dilsey," said he, taking his bride. As he mounted, he said: "Tell my mother that I was here but did not want to disturb her."

"W'at's yoh goin' to do, Marse Pres'un? Is yoh goin' to tell yoh fathah?" "Yes, I am going to see my father first," he returned, and he thought that the brow of the woman showed disappointment. He knew that his negress did not like the man whom circumstances had made her master, yet she had no cause to fear him. George Martinez smiled himself upon a too fine, gentlemanly instinct to consider a thing so far below his position as the dislike of a slave, as he would likewise have scorned to punish it. The overseer was lord and ruler on the plantation, and as he had been appointed by Mrs. Martinez because of his known humanity and good principle there was no just cause for complaint among the Martinez slaves. It was with surprise, hence, that Preston saw the cloud darken Dilsey's clear brow as she received the answer to her question.

CHAPTER XVII

When Preston reached home that morning his father was rising. He knew the futility of asking for an audience until after breakfast, so despite his anxiety and impatience, he must perform wait his parent's convenience. He went to the breakfast room and after a cup of coffee, returned to the library, and began to pace his length until the appearance of his father, an hour later.

"Good morning, father," said he. "Good morning, Preston. Sam tells me that there is no improvement in Teresa's condition?" "None," returned Preston, throwing himself wearily into a chair. Something like a sigh escaped the father's lips, whether of relief or regret, it was hard to tell. He drew back his chair and took his place before the table. There was a perplexed expression on his well-masked brow as he began to arrange his scattered papers. He was busy with his thoughts, half-forgetting the presence of his son, until recalled by his saying abruptly.

"It has been conclusively proven that John Fribble was in Frankfort the night of the attempted assassination."

"Indeed? Then I suppose we may expect another startling arrest in question is a Whig or Democrat, I cannot say. I can say, however, that no mistake will have been made this time."

"Who has made the important discovery?" asked he, the touch of the irony which his son detested, in his voice. "Aunt Dilsey"

The announcement took away George Martinez's breath. Aunt Dilsey had been Teresa's nurse before this time, and he knew that she possessed a remarkable shrewdness.

"Oh, h," he then said, recovering from the momentary surprise, and the irony of the voice was emphasized by the irony of a smile. It made his son draw himself upright straight and stern in his chair. Instinctively he knew that the hour which was to bring the certain and irrevocable severance between himself and his father had come.

"Yes," he said in his slow, dignified tones. "Aunt Dilsey's sentences has pierced the mystery in which Miss Martinez' illness and St. John Worthington's high sense of honor have enshrouded this foul attempt upon his life. I regret to say, sir, the man whom a singular train of circumstances points out as the author of this deed, which brought such suffering upon an innocent man and a delicate woman, such untold misery to us and others, threw such a cloud of shame and suspicion upon our honorable party, has been a guest in this house, in, I believe, your friend—Senator Rodrigo Martinez."

George Martinez heard the name without the quiver of a muscle or variation of color. He had felt, since the evening he had stood here with the bearer of that name, that the hour of his trial was near and he had been nerving himself to meet it, rising triumphantly out of it or perishing untriumphantly amid its wreck and ruin. Knowing that his enemy had only set himself to discover that cause. Perhaps his son's intelligence did not come to him wearing the face of newness. It may have been, further, that the arrest of the Spanish senator would conflict with some plan of his own; but of what he thought or felt, he gave no sign and merely said:

"Aunt Dilsey, being such a shrewd woman, has probably some ground for her suspicion. Am I asking you to betray any confidence, when I enquire what is the basis of her opinion?"

From another man tone and words would have been insulting. Preston Martinez remembered that the speaker was his father and so answered in his former undisturbed voice.

"Not at all! Aunt Dilsey felt that it was her duty to set some one on the track of this villain. She is too well-trained a servant to seek an adviser outside of her master's family." And then as calmly as he could, he repeated the story he had heard that morning by Mr. Boyle's gateway, and calmly his father heard it to the end. When his voice ceased a silence of several minutes hung between the two men. There was not the shadow of a doubt in the minds of either that the woman's story was untrue and both were thinking of that never-uttered message of Teresa's—"Tell Preston Martinez—"

"What had she to tell him, questioned the anguish-wrenched soul of the son, remembering her persecution and unprotectedness. "Ah! what had she to tell him!" cried the fear-tormented soul of the father, recollecting her unexpected companion's secret and knowledge. Then George Martinez said, the slightest assumption of authority in his voice:

"It may be true and it may not, but Senator Martinez persisted in seeing Teresa, and upon her refusal used those words. We have only a slave's word for it. It may also be true that he did wait for her and frighten her and it may not. We have only a slave's suspicion for this."

"You forget, sir, that you have my belief in the first slave's words and the second slave's suspicions," replied Preston Martinez, looking steadily across the table into his father's face.

"And believe, even of Preston Martinez, is—only, believe," returned Mr. Martinez, bowing his head slightly, with his winning smile, but the hearer caught the mockery under the words.

"That is all we have against any criminal when not an actual eye-witness to his deed," replied he; "but that belief draws out the chain of facts which is powerful enough to drag him to the scaffold. And, springing to his feet, "the one who brought Teresa Martinez to her death and St. John Worthington to pain and misery shall not go unpunished, while life is left me to seek for him and bring him to justice!"

Mr. Martinez made no reply beyond slightly elevating one eyebrow, and his son continued:

"I felt that it was to you I should first speak. Perhaps it was in the hope that I might have the assistance of your advice at least, in helping to bring to righteous punishment this persecutor of women and assassinator of men."

"My son is the first one yet to suggest to me that I should fail to assist in this duty which every citizen owes to the commonwealth," remarked Mr. Martinez, with the dignity which so well became him.

"I beg your pardon," said Preston. "Still, I cannot but perceive that you are not inclined to take my view of this matter—rather the contrary one."

"That he should express that intention to a servant?" "Is Senator Martinez a reasonable man?" quietly inquired Preston. His father shrugged his shoulders slightly and said:

"You should not allow national prejudices to fall into the scale when you come to weigh a man."

"I have no national prejudices, unless you so call our acceptance of history's verdict on the character of a people," he made answer.

"And your implication is that the Spaniards are an unreasoning race?" There was a shade of rallery in his voice, though in his heart he was glad that the drift of the conversation led away from the suspicious character of Senator Martinez.

"I imply nothing of the sort, although I doubt not Cervantes knew his countrymen," returned Preston. "But I question, is Senator Martinez a Spaniard?"

George Martinez felt his eyelids move, because of the unexpectedness of the question; but he returned indifferently.

"He says that he is." "Oh!" That was the reply his son made, but he recalled his own similar expression of doubt of the moment before.

"And his name confirms his statement, as does his personal appearance," continued George Martinez, more to draw out his son than to seek to overthrow the diabolical of the exclamation.

"His name proves nothing. It may not even be his name. Or it may be the English Morton or Irish Martin Spanishized. Nor does his appearance add to the truth of his statement. There is more red in his skin than olive; and not all the years of care, such as it is evident he gives it, can turn the natural wavy texture of his stiff black hair into the silkiness of the Spaniard's. He may be the offspring of Spanish and Indian, in which case, the boy out there walking upon my horse is more to be depended upon to act according to the white man's method of reasonableness, than is he, whom we know as Senator Martinez."

"Is he shooting at random?" asked George Martinez of his sinking heart, "or is hidden knowledge directing those shots?" But when he raised his eyes to the tall figure standing on the other side of the table, to the face, chiselled after the bold lines of Roman statuary, he knew that his lifetime estimation of the character of that son was correct. He was too proud to take advantage of an adversary; too brave to shoot from cover.

"You have not given me proof," he then went on, "why Senator Martinez may not do a thing contrary to what we expect of a reasonable man. I ask you now, does it appear reasonable to you that Mrs. Haglin's servant could manufacture a story which tallies so well with what Senator Martinez might be counted upon to do, when laboring under strong emotions? or that a woman of Aunt Dilsey's clear common-sense would accept that story as true?"

"You must remember the negro's imagination and unreliability," he said. "Permit me to recall to your mind your previous counsel to me about yielding to race prejudices when we come to deal with the individual. It is able to you that Mrs. Haglin's servant could manufacture a story which tallies so well with what Senator Martinez as we might expect to see him, when frustrated in his desires; a few days later, this lady who has refused to see him, is interrupted in her walk home by a man whose company evidently is so distasteful to her that she is forced to cry out for help; the man who goes to her rescue, familiar as he is with all the people of this community, states that the person who struck him down was not a negro, and yet was known to him. Mark Worthington has never said that he had never before seen his assailant, that he was an absolute stranger to him, but the qualified expression 'unknown' to him. This may simply mean that the man was personally unknown to him. I am of the belief that this is Mr. Worthington's meaning, and that his purpose in screening the criminal is because the similarity of their names, coupled with the circumstance of their being there alone, has led him into the delusion that Teresa and this man are related."

But the courtesy with them, and to hold them against him as evidence of his crime, until he has proven them to be false and groundless. Whatever responsibility comes with the performance of duty, I accept, nor do I ask another to bear for me."

A smile, not the familiar, winning smile he knew so well and which could soften the harsh sense of their separateness, but one, half-ironical, half-cunning and wholly hard, greeted the words; and Preston Martinez felt all his soul turn in revulsion from the soul of the man who was his father. This strange, powerful revision made him quit his place by the table and turn from the room. But the courtesy which was an inherent part of his nature, caused him to say, as he went:

"I know that you are busy, sir, so I will no longer detain you with this matter."

It is by little acts of our lives that character and disposition reveal themselves. A severe test is not at all necessary to find out the character of our companions—the slightest would do. Observe their common daily actions, and you will have all the evidence for safe judgment.

pleations which may arise, complications which may embarrass not only us, but the Government. We are not dealing with a countryman, but with the wealthy, influential subject of a nation with whom our relations have not been entirely harmonious."

"We do not know that Senator Martinez is the subject of Spain," threw in Preston Martinez. "But if he is, is that any palliation for his crime?" Are the people of Kentucky to see one of their best men struck down by a Spanish intruder, and a countrywoman brought to death by his savagery, and yet remain passive through fear of a tricky, unreasonable king? No, sir! The fate which we would mete out to a citizen, were he the perpetrator of this foul deed, we shall give to this claimant of Spanish protection, even, though the troops of His Catholic Majesty were marshaling against us on the shores of the Mississippi!"

"Yet have you forgotten, my son, that he is a stranger among us, far from home and friends? St. John Worthington is not mortally injured; his recovery is assured. Teresa is dead, nor do I think she will die. Shall we not wait until they, the sufferers from this act, can throw their voices into the scale for justice or forgiveness?"

"And in the meanwhile, permit him, this stranger who deliberately and unprovokedly lifted his hand against human life, to enjoy freedom and secure his escape, while our own innocent citizens are being arrested for his crime, honorable members of our party branded with contumacious, or being accessory to, this assassination? Never! If he were my own brother I would not spare him."

At the closing words, George Martinez' white hand, lying on his scattered papers, trembled perceptibly and a paleness showed for a moment on his brow. These signals of emotion did not escape his son, and the marvel of them, made him say:

"Father, what is this man to you, that you thus seek to screen him, even defeat the ends of sacred justice for his sake?"

"What I have been myself: a stranger in a strange land, without friends, unacquainted with its ways and its people."

George Martinez rose as he made that pathetic statement and gazed full upon his son.

"Again, he is the guest who has broken bread at my table—his claim on my hospitality being the claim of the son of one who was kind to me, when I was that stranger among strangers."

Dignity was now blended with pathos, and both sat well upon George Martinez. Words and voice and expression touched the noble heart of his son; but he did not hesitate to say:

"I am sorry that I cannot respond to the appeal of such sentiments which I appreciate and respect. But there are higher and holier sentiments; and the command of those admits of no wavering, no delay."

As he listened, the father rested his hand upon the back of the chair and thought of the other son who, not long since, had stood in this speaker's place also sending his defiance across the long table. With the thought there was borne in upon him with full bitterness the knowledge that the son he would not own would have been more loyal, more filial, more loving, had he the place of this one in his father's heart and home. He bent his head before the thoughts in his own mind not less than the words of the speaker. When he again raised it, he was the man who had entered the room half an hour ago, cautious, cold, ironical.

"Then, I have nothing more to say, except this: that you must do all this upon your own responsibility, as a private citizen and public man, refuse to be associated with the ferreting out of criminals, the ground for suspicion against whom are the words of a negro. I will have no part in preferring the charge of criminality against a freeman on the advice of a slave."

"When Justice selects her instruments there can be no question of high or low, bond or free," said his son. "The brute instinct has been set up against and has confounded the williness of the human intellect in her sacred cause. Here I again assert my belief in the slave's words, and the slave's suspicion, and resist the cry of criminals, and confront Senator Martinez with them, and to hold them against him as evidence of his crime, until he has proven them to be false and groundless. Whatever responsibility comes with the performance of duty, I accept, nor do I ask another to bear for me."

A smile, not the familiar, winning smile he knew so well and which could soften the harsh sense of their separateness, but one, half-ironical, half-cunning and wholly hard, greeted the words; and Preston Martinez felt all his soul turn in revulsion from the soul of the man who was his father. This strange, powerful revision made him quit his place by the table and turn from the room. But the courtesy which was an inherent part of his nature, caused him to say, as he went:

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SISTER HELEN'S BEADS

By Caroline E. F. Corbin in Extension Magazine

The night lamp was burning low in the convalescent ward, and the faint early light of day cast wavering shadows of the lace curtains outside the window against the pane. The day had dawned at last when Regnier Bachs must leave the hospital. For six weeks he had been its inmate during the lingering, half-delirious phases of a dangerous fever, and now he must rise from this white bed, and face the world once more. Just now his mind was going back over a scene of the past night, and he was trying to decide whether or not it was wholly a dream, like so many which had visited his pillow in the past weeks. Almost he believed that it might be, but the silent witness which he held in his hands, a rosary of olive-wood beads, with olive wood crucifix bound with silver, was not to be gainsaid.

He went back in thought to the silent midnight hour when lying half asleep, half awake, in that state of suspended consciousness which is the borderland of dreams, he had seen with half-closed eyes a slight white figure, that might have been a spirit, but was not, gliding down the aisle between the two rows of beds. It seemed a familiar wraith, he knew it well; the face was that of the angel of those torturing dreams that had seemed, but for her gentle presence to be wrenching him out of his earth life and bearing him away to regions which he knew not, which he had, indeed, a deadly fear of knowing. The vision thrilled him, but some power which seemed not of himself held him silent. He even closed his eyes and waited with bated breath her coming. For it was not her usual hour and he longed with a longing that was of the spirit and not of the inquisitive flesh, to know what should bring her to his bedside in the deep night watches.

For that she was coming to his bedside was soon apparent. She knelt beside his bed, holding in her hand—he saw it all through his half-closed eyes—the rosary which he had often seen her hold as she prayed beside some sleeping soul that hovered between life and death, as though fearing that the larger chaplet which hung at her girdle might make a disturbing click as the beads slipped through her fingers. For minutes that seemed to be hours she prayed in inarticulate, soundless, yet invoking a spiritual presence which it seemed to him might be felt. Then rising she laid her hand soft and cool as a blessing upon his forehead which did not thrill at the impact, so pure, so spiritual was it, and then, with the touch of the wraith she seemed, she laid the rosary softly in his hand opened palm and again with her gliding spirit like motion slowly vanished toward the door.

It was not till she had utterly disappeared that he found strength to clutch the rosary, and hold it eagerly to his heart.

And now he lay reviewing his own past life, and wondering what strange new influence had been this night brought into it. For the giver of the rosary was no stranger to him. All these weary weeks, weeks that no calendar could count, but which took hold upon eternity, Sister Helen had been his faithful nurse, and he knew by the fragments of memory which remained with him, that he had laid bare to her many of the secrets, much of the agony, of his past life, and he felt with unspeakable gratitude that it was her sweet and tender sympathy that had warded off those threatening demons that but for her would have carried him outward to his doom.

He was glad he had not spoken to her. A single word would have broken the spell of this transcendent scene. Doubtless she would come in as usual with his breakfast tray and then he would converse with her. He longed for that hour, but when with the clear sunshine of the morning it came it brought only Sister Agnes and her cheerful, wholly terrestrial smile.

"Why," he said, "where is Sister Helen?" "Did she not tell you? She sailed for South America in the early dawn."

"For South America? How long to be gone?" "For the rest of her life, no doubt. It is a new station established there, and she is not likely to be soon recalled."

"Did she want to go?" "She was not asked that," said Sister Agnes with a gentle, inscrutable smile, which might have meant any one or all of two or three things, and the sense of a sharp discipline which makes heroic souls passed into his consciousness.

Regnier was silent then, reverting to the interior speechlessness of the night-watches.

Regnier Bachs was of an old French Catholic family. Saint Bachs, of revolutionary times, had, however, followed the fortunes of Napoleon and imbued the radical sentiments of the day, to a certain degree. After Waterloo, he had emigrated to America, where he had prospered, leaving behind him, however, his Catholic associations and traditions. The women of the family remained true to the old faith, and Regnier, like his father, had been baptized and confirmed a Catholic. But his mother died while he was in his early teens, and thereafter he had gradually fallen away from all religious beliefs and practices. He had married, while quite young, a very attractive girl, just out of school, but

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CHERRY BILLS

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already absorbed in the glitter and excitement of fashionable life. To neither of them was marriage a sacrament, or indeed dowered with holy associations of any sort. To Regnier, however, it absorbed his whole love-nature; to Louise, it was simply the thing to marry.

But as Regnier sat in his own room on the day after he left the hospital, and read the letter which his wife had sent him from a fashionable resort in France, announcing her homecoming after an absence of several months, he felt that the beautiful fabric which that marriage had represented to him had tumbled about his ears and he was helplessly entangled in the wreckage:

Louise wrote: "Of course, we both thought we were in love when we married, but on my part it was because I was so little developed, had so little experience. The past year has done much to enlighten me. I have seen more men and different men from those I ever met before, and I feel sure that among them there are several—not any one in particular, I solemnly assure you—whom I could have loved just as well and been quite as happy with as we have ever been together, and with whom the complications of the past year would not have arisen. I feel, therefore, that our marriage was a great mistake, and I want to take my life into my own hands again, and make another trial of it on a different basis. Certainly neither of us can ever be happy again living in the way we lived the year before I left. I doubt if marriage is indeed my highest vocation.

"As for the poor little kiddie—I never particularly wanted him, and he has been greatly in the way of my enjoyment. Still, I've always been a good mother to him by all ways of the word. I have loved him just as much as I could, and I have taken care of him in all the ways that I know. I have never particularly wanted him, and he has been greatly in the way of my enjoyment. Still, I've always been a good mother to him by all ways of the word. I have loved him just as much as I could, and I have taken care of him in all the ways that I know.

One can not analyze the man's sensations as he read and reread this letter. What he did at last, was to take Sister Helen's beads to the table in his desk, which he had been using to write his letter, and he placed them in a small, sharp-pointed envelope, and he put it in the middle. He had, among the trinkets which he kept in memory of his mother, a string of coral beads, which he had worn as a baby. From these he unfasted a tiny gold clasp, and with careful hand affixed it to the two ends of the broken chaplet. Then he clasped the whole around his neck as a talisman. He knew that according to all worldly estimates, it was a sentimental thing to do, almost childish, but he felt in that moment that the thing that his life had needed most for the past few years was precisely sentiment.

Of extravagance, frivolity, folly, both he and Louise had had more than enough. Of the emotions for which this rosy story, in his memory—gentleness, piety, spirituality, devotion—how little.

He thought much during the next few days, while the house was being put in order for his own occupancy and the homecoming of his mistress, which was to occur in the autumn. As the result of his study of the problems of his life, he went at last to see a wise old priest who had been his mother's friend in other days. The interview was long, searching, illuminating. The pith of all was this admonition from Father Juneau:

"I have had much to do with marital problems first and last, and I have never found a wiser rule for the solution of them than this, 'When you find a fault in your companion, look for the source of it in yourself.' Let us see if we can not work this one out on that principle."

Baché went home with a new sense of a man's responsibility toward wife and child. An immediate result of this awakening was the baby's baptism. Then he wrote to Louise: "The step which you propose is a very serious one. It must not be taken without due deliberation, if, indeed, by a careful consideration of all the circumstances it may not be avoided altogether. I am having some changes made in the arrangement of the house which, I trust, will meet with your approval, and make your sojourn in it during the time which must necessarily elapse before even a legal separation could be amicably arranged more comfortable than it otherwise would be. Be assured that I shall do nothing, insist upon nothing, which I do not feel will be for your good, even more than for my own."

The steamer, detained by a fog, did not come up the bay till late in the afternoon, and it was 10 o'clock before Mrs. Baché's trunk had been reloaded from the clutches of the customs officers and she had reached home. It was, therefore, at breakfast that she first saw the child. In fact, Regnier came into the breakfast room with the little fellow ensconced upon his shoulder.

"There," said Regnier, putting him down carefully upon the floor, "that is your mamma; go and speak to her."

carried in his nurse's arms when I left him."

When he reached his mother, the baby made a solemn little bow and kissed the hand held out to him, not indeed with quite the air of a French courtier, but still with wise and well-trained discretion.

Mrs. Baché laughed at the baby's salutation and exclaimed: "That is quite wonderful for an American child! Then, to Croisette: 'How did you manage to teach him? I did not suppose such graces could be made to flourish in the American climate.'"

Croisette smiled of the child's French inheritance. "Ah! I see," she said, "you think it is in the blood."

Reggie, feeling himself exalted during this dialogue, trotted off to his papa, and climbing into his lap kissed him eagerly, as though commending himself to the coolness of his mother's greeting. Louise watched the familiarities between the two, which, to her, were rather of an occult sort, with a glint of latent jealousy in her eye.

As the weeks went by, Mrs. Baché found herself occupying the position of a temporary guest, whom it was Mr. Baché's pleasure to treat with the utmost courtesy, but upon whom he made no demands whatever, except such as a guest might expect, while her privileges were much the same as they had always been. Croisette, who seemed to have been during her absence in a measure both housekeeper and nurse, with an additional servant or two, continued to exercise these offices with great discretion. At her bankers, Louise found her usual allowance awaiting her. No direct mention was made of a divorce or even a separation. Regnier was busy with his usual out-of-door avocations, and his leisure was measurably spent with little Reggie who adored him. For any gentlemanly service he was always at Mrs. Baché's command. As for Louise's relation with the child, they were what she pleased to make them. It was a peculiar position, but Louise could not complain, for it grew naturally out of what she had indicated as her pleasure to Regnier.

Gradually, however, and before she had quite made up her mind just how to approach the subject of the divorce she really the crux of the whole situation. In spite of herself she was attracted by him. His innocent graces, his quaint ways, even his pretty naughtiness and sometimes wilful but always characteristic badness, opened to her new conceptions and ideas.

"Do you know, Regnier," she said one day, "I think he is very like papa. I can see just those family traits in him, which always made the Maitlands so original."

"I've often thought of it," replied Regnier. So then, this tender bit of humanity, who was just entering upon the troubled life of this mundane sphere, was none of her bone, flesh or her flesh. In divorcing him she would be divorcing a part of herself. He was hers far more in reality than he was Regnier's. She had given far more to his being. It did not seem right that under any circumstances he should ever be taken from her.

Yet, if she kept him, who would be his father? And instinctively and overpoweringly she knew that no child can be rightly brought up without a father. The divorce did not seem, after all, to be so simple an affair, so "easily arranged."

It was about this time that Regnier began to observe certain well-defined attempts on the part of Mrs. Baché to win the interest and even the affection of the little boy. Coming in from a shopping expedition, she was quite likely to bring him nice candies, an attractive toy, or what pleased him quite as well, a pretty flower, and for these she often expected a kiss, although to tell the truth, the kiss was oftener bestowed upon her hand than elsewhere. If he had his choice, it was his habit to kiss his papa, rapturously, all over his face. Regnier made no remarks, but watched the little play go on, content that even the futile allusions which Louise had sometimes made heretofore to some indefinite time when she should leave her home for an "independent" existence grew less frequent. When, however, coming home one day, she met him in an unusually effusive mood, and exclaimed:

upon which she had been launched when she made her entrance into society. Even Father Juneau, who was watching her carefully—from a distance—was not surprised at this, nor did he really disapprove of it, if only she did not content herself with this first step, and shut her eyes to those higher roads of the evolutionary ladder which lay above her. Above the mind, lies the soul; above reason, Faith. And it was in the region of Faith that his soul dwelt. "Let them alone," he said. "A little child shall lead them."

IV The crisis came at last. Coming home one winter day, Regnier found Louise waiting for him with tearful eyes.

"Oh, Regnier!" she exclaimed, "the little kiddie is ill, very ill, the doctor says. It is scarlet fever, the most malignant kind, and Croisette says it is nearly always fatal. The precious little kiddie, we can not lose him!"

"Indeed, no," said Regnier, with alarm. "What has been done for him?"

"The doctor is coming back immediately to talk to you about it."

At that moment the doorbell rang, and Louise, with some lingering feeling of jealousy that it was not herself whom the doctor wanted to see, left the room.

It is a bad case," said Doctor Benoit, in reply to Regnier's earnest inquiry. "I have already engaged a trained nurse, one who will be a helper and not an autocatalyst. There must be no jarring, no conflict of authority. Of course there must be a strict quarantine. Mrs. Baché seemed to think that she should be included in it, and it is about that that I was to speak to you. I have already forbidden her to see the child again for the present."

Did she desire to remain with him? "She was very insistent, but I counseled her leaving the house. It will mean a month's seclusion if she stays. How would she bear that? Would she be amenable to rules?"

"Of course, if she were willing to go away I should make all possible provision for her comfort," said Regnier, "but if she elects to stay here, I think I can answer for her being a help and not a hindrance. She has at the bottom great good sense, and a temperament to which self-control is innate."

"Well, then, we will ask what is her second thought in the matter," and Louise was sent for.

though she had not dared to say it, that a softer ripple ran through the facial veins, a lessening shadow lay upon the clouded brain. The doctor looked long and carefully at the child, and then said:

"I think the battle is won, and it is love that has won it."

"Oh!" said Louise. "We owe all to God and to you, doctor. Simple love must yield the palm to science."

"Science is unstable as water. Its dictates change from generation to generation, from year to year. But mother-love is from everlasting to everlasting, the same yesterday, to-day and forever."

At that moment the little sufferer stirred, opened his eyes, and murmured:

"Mamma."

And Louise, throwing herself upon her knees, exclaimed through blinding tears:

"O, we never dreamed what love is till this moment, did we, dear?"

Some years afterward, as Regnier was clearing up his desk, he took out from a certain niche a folded letter and an olive-wood rosary.

"What is that?" asked Louise, who was sitting near.

such authority, then we cast aside its creeds, its dogmas and its formulas.

Is it fair for Mr. Cullen to turn away from the Church of Rome because 'it is said to be corrupt and a teacher of superstition'?"

When certain men asked, "Can any good thing come out of Nazareth?" the unanswerable reply was, "Come and see." Let Mr. Cullen seek out the Catholic priest in his neighborhood and lay before him his spiritual troubles as fully as he has done with his "Christian neighbors," and he will soon find that a merciful God has established on earth an authority whose mission it is to teach erring men the way of salvation.

There is no good reason why this anxious inquirer, or any other, should stumble helplessly in the dark (or in the twilight, for that matter), when help is close at hand.—The Missionary.

WHAT CONFESSION IS

How many are the souls in distress, anxiety, or loneliness, whose one need is to find a being to whom they can pour out their feelings unheard by the world? Tell them out they must; they cannot tell them out to those whom they see every hour. They want to tell them and not to tell them; and they want to tell them out, yet be as if they be not told; they wish to tell them to one who is strong enough to bear them, yet, not too strong to despise them; they wish to tell them to one who can at once advise and can sympathize with them; they wish to relieve themselves of a load, to gain a solace, to receive the assurance that there is one who thinks of them, and one to whom in thought they can recur, to whom they can betake themselves, if necessary, from time to time, while they are in the world. How many a Protestant's heart would leap at the news of such a benefit, putting aside all distinct ideas of a sacramental ordinance, or of a grant of pardon and the conveyance of grace! If there is a heavenly idea in the Catholic Church, looking at it simply as an idea, namely, next after the Blessed Sacrament, confession is in fact—the very act of kneeling, the low and contrite voice, the sign of the cross hanging, so to say, over the head bowed low, and the words of peace and blessing. Oh, what a soothing charm is there, which the world can neither give nor take away! Oh, what piercing, heart-subduing tranquility, provoking tears of joy, is poured almost substantially and physically upon the soul, the oil of gladness, as Scripture calls it, when the penitent at length rises, his God reconciled to him, his sins glitter less dazzling, his mind is cleared of the mists, which blur and darken the vision and blunt its perception of the realities of faith.

By such an exercise the fangs of earth, which shiver up and fade are seen in their full light and in their true proportions. Their fascination, their power to seduce, their false glitter, their vision and their false glare, their mists, which blur and darken the vision and blunt its perception of the realities of faith.

New motives for resisting the allurements of the senses and the vanities of the world are impressed upon our wills and these more promptly spring into action in the spiritual struggle, in the supernatural combat, that every man must daily carry on, if he is to live the true life.

Then the reading of pious books, especially of the lives of the saints, sets before us the example of those who have fought the good fight bravely and have won. It is no little encouragement to see that others, like ourselves, have battled and conquered.—St. Paul Bulletin.

TO WHOM SHALL WE GO?

"Look up! See how flooded with sunshine this beautiful world is when faced with smiling eyes. If you would win anything, do anything, be anything, don't whine.—Intermountain Catholic.

Virtue introduces man into the family of God.—St. John Chrysostom.

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LONDON, SATURDAY, APRIL 24, 1915

THE ONTARIO GOVERNMENT AND THE OTTAWA SEPARATE SCHOOLS

During its recent session the Ontario Legislature passed an Act giving the Minister of Education altogether unprecedented discretionary powers with regard to the Ottawa Separate Schools.

Appeals to passion and prejudice by Orangemen on the one hand and French Canadian extremists on the other have unfortunately tended to create a false impression as to the real question in issue.

"May I take this opportunity," writes Senator Belcourt, "to say that in my judgment the bilingual question is purely of a linguistic and not religious character, and so far as I am concerned it will remain a question of language and not of religion."

However, the fact that their dishonest tactics are repudiated by the intelligent men of their own party will not shame certain French journals into abandoning the broad appeal to prejudice contained in the charge that Irish Catholics are allied with the Orangemen against French Canadian co-religionists.

"Here," writes T. P. O'Connor, "for the first time in modern history, Catholic and Protestant bands marched side by side, and on the same platform there appeared Catholic priests, Protestant rectors, Presbyterian ministers and a Belgian priest, while the whole town turned out to cheer the Irish Fusiliers."

French Catholics of Quebec, for good or ill, are out of their language from the rest of the country, indeed from the rest of the continent. It is, perhaps, quite natural that they should desire to perpetuate as far as possible Quebec conditions in other provinces by segregating their people in French speaking communities.

With such widely differing points of view, with ideals of Catholic education so diverse, it is not surprising that French and English Catholics should fail to agree when obliged to use the same schools.

"Every Separate School in Ottawa," continues the judgment, "is closed, 7,000 or 8,000 boys and girls are without means of obtaining an education, and the vicious and perhaps criminal habits which some of them will inevitably acquire in a life of idleness will probably never be shaken off."

It is sometimes assumed that it is solely in virtue of giving financial aid to Separate Schools that the government has the right of inspection and regulation. This is by no means the case.

"The Roman Catholic Separate Schools (with their Registers) shall be subject to such inspection as may be directed, from time to time, by the Chief Superintendent of Education, and shall be subject, also, to such regulations as may be imposed, from time to time, by the Council of Public Instruction for Upper Canada."

The utter disregard for this section of the Act, and the open flouting of the authority of the Department of Education by the Ottawa Separate School Board are notorious.

The "Act respecting the Board of Trustees of the Roman Catholic Separate Schools of the City of Ottawa" merely re-enacts Section xxvi. of the Separate Schools Act and protects the English teachers from spiteful dismissal or reduction of salaries by requiring the written approval of the Minister of Education in such cases.

It will be seen, therefore, that the Act in question is merely a special provision to meet the exceptional requirements of a special case. Some such provision had to be made or the Government had to confess its incompetence to manage the educational affairs of the province; to acknowledge itself powerless when its authority was flouted and the regulations of its Department of Education derided.

AS SEEN BY A CONVERT

THE CHURCH AND A VISIBLE HEAD Sir Samuel Evans, who presides over the Divorce Court in England, has fallen foul of the Anglican Church Times because a few days ago he delivered himself of what that organ terms a gratuitous opinion of English Catholicism.

Sir Samuel might appropriately retort that Anglicanism is of itself an obvious and ominous example of what the Church on earth would become if it had no earthly or visible head. Indeed, he might fittingly point to the larger example provided by Protestantism as a whole.

"Travel Talks" is the modest title of a work that we have found entertaining as the most perfect novel. As the Globe's able reviewer so aptly reminds us, "this book is no mere casual account of the transient impressions of a tourist through the scenes and peoples described."

more than succeeded, and students of the future will utter his name with a benediction. He has rescued from oblivion priceless chapters of history Long after the very name of the primitive inhabitants of the Sonora, Arizona and lower California has faded from memory, when even the very face of nature will have undergone a change, will we turn to the pages of "Travel Talks" for a picture of the things that were.

TRAVEL TALKS BY DEAN HARRIS

The number of Canadian Catholic writers in English is so small that the appearance of a new volume by one of our own authors should be a noteworthy event to the Catholic reading public. But were the number fifty times greater a book by Dean Harris would still deserve attention at our hands, for the name of the veteran author on the title page is always a guarantee of "something worth while."

Of the author's style we will say but little, knowing that but little is necessary. To eulogize the Dean's phraseology would indeed be gilding the lily. Ruskin has not written more melodiously. Great is the treat in store for the reader of "Travel Talks." To the veteran author we extend most cordial congratulations, coupled with the hope that his book will have a large and ever increasing sale.

NOTES AND COMMENTS

REFERRING to the exclusion from the mails of such papers as the Menace the amiable editor of the Christian Guardian opines that "any bill aiming to exclude newspapers which contain bitter attacks upon the adherents of any religion would be certain to affect many Catholic journals both in the United States and Canada."

A SINGLE Catholic parish in Scotland—St. Joseph's, Dundee—has contributed close upon seven hundred recruits to the Army on the Continent. This is a record scarcely rivalled outside of the great metropolitan centres, and is more eloquent than columns of mere verbal declamation could be as to the quality of Catholic patriotism.

AN ITALIAN paper—the Corriere della Sera of Milan—recently commented editorially upon the investigations which within the past few months have been carried on by the German Government with a view to determining the exact amount of food necessary for the average individual to maintain reasonable health and strength, as well as the actual amount that has been consumed per capita in Germany in the past.

WE ARE indebted to the Edinburgh Scoteman for a translation of the Corriere's article, and as everything bearing upon the great conflict is of universal interest just now, it may be worth while summarizing the Italian estimate of the food situation in Germany. It has already transpired from the investigation that there has in the past been an excess of consumption over the real need of fully sixty per cent.

NOW, THE Germans, he proceeds, have been informed of two facts—viz: that hitherto they have consumed more than was good for them, and that, secondly, according to that standard they have to go short in the immediate future. It has been calculated that if the customary consumption were to continue and the War, as seems probable, goes on, the pinch will make itself felt within eight months, so that Imperial regulations as to what each individual may eat and drink becomes an immediate and pressing necessity.

Now, the Germans, he proceeds, have been informed of two facts—viz: that hitherto they have consumed more than was good for them, and that, secondly, according to that standard they have to go short in the immediate future.

already been acted upon. Breakfast, lunch, dinner and supper are all being legislated for, and in particular, minute instructions have been issued for the benefit of housewives, teaching them how to proceed when boiling potatoes, peeled and unpeeled. And so on, ad infinitum.

A MERE cursory acquaintance with the German character and with the high and mighty spirit of the war lord will suffice to appreciate the galling nature of what, were times normal, would be petty and extremely humiliating restrictions. "The grease, crumbs, etc., from dirty dishes," reads one of these regulations, "must not, as hitherto, be thrown away, but must be kept for use by boiling the dishes. The fluid thus produced must be used in the making of soups and farinaceous dishes." Such precautions are vitally important in made evident by the care that is being taken to apply them universally throughout the country.

WE HAVE recently been reading some interesting particulars of the excavations which for some time have been carried on at Ostia, the seaport of ancient Rome. Dr. Caiza, the inspector of the work, who lectured on the subject in England a year ago, has in the interval drawn up a summary of the results that have thus far been obtained. To classical students especially, these results are of interest as illustrating afresh the manners and customs of the ancient Romans—that remarkable people which subdued the whole world to itself and by its genius for law and order providentially paved the way for the higher genius of Christian civilization.

THE LATER excavations have lain between the Theatre and the Temple of Vulcan and have resulted in the uncovering of the Republican Decumano, or chief street; the locating of a number of shops; the placing of the Imperial Forum; and the unearthing of two important groups of houses of the Middle Empire. The Decumano lies at a depth of about 2 feet, exactly under the Imperial one, and consists of irregular blocks of tufa, with a deep furrow in the middle caused by the traffic. It is not supposed to date back to the early days of the Republic, or it would be at a much deeper level, traces of other roads of the early Republic having been found at Ostia more than 8 yards below the present soil.

THE SHOPS, which are situated to the east of the Temple of Vulcan, are situated at a depth of 6½ ft. lower than the Imperial City. It is to be regretted that fuller information is not given as to the character of these shops. From the Roman correspondence of the London Standard we gather only that they consist of 4 rooms measuring about 13 ft. square, and are of great antiquity, being believed to date back to the times of the Gracchi (between 200 and 100 B. C.) or even earlier. In the Pompeian excavations shops were found fully stocked with wares and their occupants, keepers and customers, in their places caught with appalling suddenness and buried by the flowing lava and falling ashes. The cases are, however, entirely dissimilar.

IN A FINE street, 16½ feet wide, running parallel to the Decumano, are to be found two groups of houses with their second floor still standing. The thresholds of these houses were about a yard above the level of the street, and were reached by an outside staircase of which traces have been found. The facade had 5 entrances and many windows, the central and largest door measuring 10½ feet by over 8½ feet high. In the houses nearest to the Temple of Vulcan the entrance staircase is perfectly preserved, the steps being of marble and over 5 feet wide. Three apartments open upon a landing from which three are staircases to the floor above. The rooms, identical in all the houses, are somewhat small, with strong walls covered with plaster, on which are to be found rudimentary paintings—a common characteristic of Roman habitations.

EACH APARTMENT, it is further stated, had its balcony overlooking the street, joining that of the next flat, so as to make a kind of corridor on the outside of the second floor. We can picture to ourselves these balconies filled with gay Roman ladies, gathered to gaze upon the passing pageants, so essential a feature of the ancient city. These Ostia buildings, adjacent to Rome proper, which are preserved to a height never before found anywhere, in the unity of their design and arrangement resemble the modern flat, and are the first to give us an idea of how the middle classes were housed under the Roman Empire. The more we know of these ancient civilizations the more is it brought home to us that amid all the mutations of time human nature in the concrete remains the same.

ON THE BATTLE LINE

BATTLE OF THE CARPATHIANS

The Battle of the Carpathians which Berlin describes as "the most gigantic battle in the world's history" and Petrograd characterizes as "stupendous" dwarfs all other operations. Despite the optimistic reports of its progress which prepared us to hear any day that the Russian army was marching in force through the plains of Hungary having swept up like chaff the shattered remnants of the Austrian forces, there is yet no assurance of the ultimate outcome. Following are the official statements:

The Petrograd correspondent of The London Daily Telegraph cables: The stupendous battle in the Carpathians apparently is rapidly approaching its climax. During such a crisis in the interests of military operations it is the custom of the Grand Duke, Commander-in-chief, to reduce to a minimum his communications to the public.

Sectional counter attacks, particularly in the hills overlooking the Uskok road, have ended in another Austrian defeat with heavy losses. The Russians on Tuesday got to the rear of the Austrian position south of the main ridge near Volosate. The Austrians on Wednesday and again yesterday attempted to change front, but the Russians attacked and drove them some miles to the southwest. There is now considerable artillery fire across the Dunajec.

Russian movements in Poland have established the fact that at several points, especially on the left bank of the Bzura, the Germans are numerically weak.—Globe, April 17.

BROKE THROUGH WITH BAYONET

Petrograd (via London), April 16.—The official communication of the Russian War Office this evening says: "In the Carpathians our troops, noiselessly approaching the enemy's barbed-wire entanglements between the villages of Tolpocza and Zuelta, broke through and after a brief engagement, gained possession of two heights and took numerous prisoners. The enemy sent the 121st Reserve Regiment to make a counter-attack, and the fighting continues."

"In the direction of Rostok the enemy made fruitless attacks near the village of Oroszpatan against the heights occupied by us."

"On Wednesday we successfully repulsed persistent attacks by the enemy in the direction of the Stryj."

"Reports arriving from various sectors of the Carpathian front show that everywhere the roads are in a bad state, owing to the thaw and the swollen rivers."

"On the rest of the front there is no change."

"Yesterday in the Black Sea, our destroyers sank, off the Anatolia coast, four steamers, two of which were laden with coal, and several sailing vessels, and also exchanged fire with the Sunguldaik (Asia Minor) batteries."

GERMAN OFFICIAL STATEMENT

Berlin, April 16.—The official statement issued here says: "According to a report from Austrian headquarters, the four weeks' battle in the Carpathians is the most gigantic battle in the world's history. Not less than three and a half million men are taking part in it. The battle reached its climax several days ago, the report states, when the Russian offensive was stopped and driven back with most appalling losses."

"Large numbers of trains are daily carrying the wounded back to the interior of Russia. The field hospitals are overcrowded with wounded and sick, thousands of whom succumb without adequate medical attendance."

"Captured Russian officers describe the conditions as terrible and unbearable."

"On the eastern front the situation is unchanged. In skirmishes near Kalwary (Russian Poland) in the last few days 1,040 Russians were taken prisoners and seven machine guns were captured."

AUSTRIANS CLAIM VICTORIES

Vienna, April 16.—The following official communication was issued today:

"In Poland, near Blotze, east of Piotrkow, a Russian attack has been repulsed."

"On the lower Nida our artillery set fire to a Russian ammunition

store. Several trenches within effective range of our artillery were quickly evacuated by the Russians."

MAGAZINES YOUNG PEOPLE READ

There never was a time in the world's history when so much reading was being done by so many people as now. Presumably this ought to be an index of the deep intellectual interests of our generation and of its ardent seeking after knowledge. A friend of mine to whom the aphorism "Reading maketh a full man" was quoted to prove that "the masses" are profiting wonderfully by the reading habit they have now contracted, shrewdly remarked: "But, Bacon, observe, does not say of just what material reading maketh a man full. That depends on what the reading is. Much of the light reading done nowadays makes our young people full of nonsense, while much of the serious reading others indulge in fills them with conceit."

One thing our modern passion for reading does not do is to make people full of thought. There are many things connected with educational institutions in this country which aver that there was never a time when people did less thinking than now. The dean of the literary departments in one of our leading universities said, not long ago, that if the present craze for reading cheap, trivial stuff was not halted soon there would be no one left in this country who could do real thinking. As for the taste that is being developed by all this reading one needs only to see the "shows" that our people attend, the cheap, catchy music that they delight in, the cartoons and "comics" that hold their attention, to find a very serious indictment of our modern intellectual life. This generation that does more reading than any other in the world's history, has more trivial interests than any other of which we have any record.

The reading the older people indulge in perhaps does not matter much. They have decided that they are not going to use their intellects in life for any serious purpose, so I suppose they may be permitted to use them only for furnishing themselves with cheap amusement. It is different, however, with the rising generation. There is still some hope of promoting the intellectual life of the young, for they are extremely susceptible to suggestions received from their reading. Young people are inclined to think that anything that is printed must be true, and that a writer who gets into print is wiser than any one in their own environment, no matter how much experience or education he or she may have.

Now I venture to say that the greater part of our young folk's leisure hours is used reading the magazines. A great French teacher once said that it does not make so much difference what a man does with the hours in which he has to work, but the best possible index to his character, and usually the best hint as to his future, is to be found in what he does with his leisure. But I fear no one would value highly either the present or the future of young folk who read our present day popular magazines.

These popular magazines used to be rather instructive and, as a rule, quite harmless periodicals, which gathered together articles, on a number of interesting topics and stories that sometimes had distinct literary merit, but were generally chosen with an eye to their absolute innocuousness, for it was felt that the slightest infraction of decency in any way would ruin the circulation of the magazine. They were meant to pass from hand to hand in the family. But in the effort to increase their circulation, they have now changed their character very materially. It was soon found that appeals to the sensual side of humanity were very attractive to young readers having an insatiable curiosity in such matters, and so it was not long before a serious degeneration took place in the character of even the magazines that used to be quite free from such undesirable matter. The instructive articles have nearly all disappeared, or, if printed, they prove to be some scientific sensation that is a travesty on real science.

No one accepts the "feature-writers" magazine articles as serious contributions to knowledge. The latest solution of the mystery of life, the latest nonsense about hypnotism, the weight of the soul; "twilight sleep" and its vagaries; sex hygiene and eugenics; these are the so-called instructive articles of the magazines. They give young people the idea that they know a great deal more than their elders about things in general, and thus increase that lack of respect for the opinions of others that is so striking a characteristic of our generation. Information obtained in this scrappy way from magazine articles, even when it is quite correct, does not really educate or develop the mind, because it fails to show the relations of the knowledge thus acquired to other knowledge, and is usually, therefore, worse than useless.

The "magazine habit" ruins power of concentration; it has another and more serious result. In recent years the popular magazines have become

purveyors of very undesirable ideas for young people. I fear few parents realize how unsuitable for young folk's reading many of the most popular magazines have become. It requires only an occasional dip into them to find that while they are of no usefulness except as a cheap pastime, they frequently contain stories that are well calculated to do a great deal of harm to young minds. Let me illustrate what I mean by some concrete comments.

In one of the popular magazines, which a few years ago used to be, perhaps, the most widely-circulated magazine in the country, and whose name was a guarantee of reasonable freedom from anything objectionable there appeared not long since a story that for unspeakable viciousness is almost unparalleled. I do not say this of myself, the story was called to my attention in a group of men who had all been for more than twenty years in newspaper work, from reporter to editor, and who were not likely, therefore, to be prudes. They agreed to a man that they had never read anything that was quite so vile and vicious in its suggestion as was this story. It was literally a tale of animal lust. It appeared under the name of a man who belongs to an old American family, and who has, on occasion, turned out good work. That it should have been published in a magazine that was freely sold on our newsstands and should have been widely read by young folks shows to what a pass license in the publication of evil suggestions has come.

The suggestive form of story in practically all the cheap magazines just now is one that, I suppose, is meant to make its appeal to the young girl. These are the most numerous readers of magazines, and evidently they are interested in this type of story. Hence the uniformity with which it is found in practically all the cheap magazines. It is the tale of the young girl yearning for experiences in life, and somehow or other getting away from social conventions and having "adventures," sometimes with low sailors in some Eastern port; with Chinamen in San Francisco; or with prize-fighters and questionable characters in Paris, yet somehow escaping unscathed and marrying some one who has rescued her from some especially thorny situation and, of course, living happily with him ever after. She has kept her virtue but oh, the knowledge of men and of the world that she has gained from her experience, and the breadth of view of life! "Real Life"—only capitals express it adequately—that has been obtained from the risks through which she has passed!

These stories are meant to show that even the men of the brutal classes are at once converted from the error of their ways and put off their brutality in the presence of the pretty American girl who is out seeking adventures. The lion being led home by the Virgin Una in the fable is as nothing compared to the way in which these young women, with a glance of their eyes and the wonderful influence of their maidenly presence convert hardened sinners and old rogues into the gentlest of protectors of maidenly virtue and innocence.

I doubt if fairer views of life can possibly be found than those given in these stories. Yet this is the principal reading of large numbers of our young women, and particularly those whose occupations take them away from home and into association with men of all kinds. They are tempted to see adventures that are very alluring to youth, and are told that this is the only way to get all there is in life and to be broadened and educated and rendered experienced.

Now, let us not forget that the magazines which contain such dangerous nonsense are selling by the hundreds of thousands in this country. One is said to have a circulation of more than 1,000,000 a month. Advertisers are willing to pay for advertising on the basis of those figures. It is computed that each magazine is read on the average by, at least, three persons. It is the girls, moreover, rather than the boys, who are reading very much of this. Therefore we should not be surprised to hear almost daily of elopements, hasty marriages, seductions, and worse, for our magazines are preparing the young for these things. Youth always takes what is suggested to it, if the suggestion is frequent and positive enough, unless by chance there is character, environment and training to safeguard the young from temptation. Even these fail, however, to be of service against the constant suggestion of evil, foolishness and worse. For the fascination of trifles," says "Holy Writ, "obscureth good things."—James J. Walsh, M. D., Ph. D., in America.

AN ELOQUENT TRIBUTE

The Rev. R. J. Cambell, an Anglican Divine, in the course of a sermon preached in the City Temple, London, took occasion to make the following friendly allusion to the Catholic Church:

"I wish—oh, how earnestly I wish—all members of all churches, and of no church, could come to think of human society as Christians once thought of the Church universal and undivided. I never go into a Catholic Church without catching something of the spirit of that older day. In the silence of the kneeling worshippers; in the lamp that burns before the high altar; in the pictures that adorn the walls, showing the Stages of the Cross on which the life of Christ was sacrificed, that He

might draw all men unto Himself, I see symbols of the vaster unity that is yet to be achieved. There is a solemn stillness, a suggestion of heaven and unseen helpers, in that earthly temple made with hands. It is impossible for any man with reverence in his soul to stand in that silence without feeling that it is the speech of God."—The Lamp.

SIDELIGHTS ON THE GREAT WAR

A CONVERSION BEGUN IN THE TRENCHES

In a Paris hospital, served by nuns, a young soldier of twenty two has just been baptized, writes a correspondent of the London Catholic Times. He is the son of a French Freemason, and of an English Protestant, and was brought up without any religion in a distant colony. He is naturally of a frank, open and thoughtful temperament, singularly intelligent and has been well educated in the Government schools. On the subject of religion only his mind was a blank. He was brought in a dying condition to the hospital to which I allude; later he expressed a wish to learn something of Christianity, and gradually, of his own free will, he acquired a knowledge of religion that has enabled him to receive the sacraments of baptism, penance, Holy Communion and confirmation.

His first religious impressions came to him in the trenches on the line of fire. One day an order was given for the men to charge "a la baionnette." A soldier-priest was in the trench. "You have a dangerous task before you," he said. "Kneel down and I will give you a general absolution." The soldiers, one and all, knelt and bowed their heads; our unbaptized lad did like the others, but the thought of this mysterious rite haunted him afterwards and paved the way to further discoveries. He seemed at that minute to have realized for the first time the existence of another life above and beyond the life threatened by bullets. The seed had fallen on good soil, and later, in the peaceful atmosphere of a hospital that is directed by nuns, the young soldier followed up the light that had been sent to him at a tragical moment of his existence.

It would take volumes to relate the cases of the conversions wrought by the war; the presence of danger and of death, joined to the influence and example of our soldier priests, is working spiritual wonders among the fighting men of France. "Life in the trenches is the best of retreats," said one, and another added: "The cannon is more eloquent than any preacher."

ORDINATION ON THE BATTLEFIELD

How the life of the Church goes on in the midst of the death and destruction caused by the most terrible war in history is shown by a touching ceremony which took place on Belgian soil a few days ago. In a fold of the sand dunes, not far from La Panne and within sound of the sea, there is a small chapel served by the Oblates of Mary which has so far escaped the ravages of the human tempest. At 7 o'clock the other morning a long procession of priests and seminarians, with a Bishop bringing up the rear, left the neighboring convent for the little chapel. The latter building was filled with officers of all grades, soldiers and some poor refugees civilians. It was an ordination. Six young deacons were to be raised to the priesthood by the Coadjutor Bishop of Nancy, himself a soldier, to fill the gaps made by the war in the Diocese of Namur. The six young priests are all brandardiers, the assistant to the French Bishop is the divisional chaplain of the fourth section of the Belgian army; the acolytes are all soldiers also. The Mass is celebrated in the accompaniment of a military band. In a beautiful address at the close of this elevating ceremony the Bishop said: "Never has the beautiful definition of the sacerdotal life been so well verified as now. It is the immolation of man joined to that of God."—Standard and Times.

MR. DILLON AND THE WAR

In the final appeal for recruits Mr. Dillon set forth the reason why England and Ireland were fighting together. After pointing out the great change which had come over the country indicated by the right of the Volunteers to drill and carry arms, Mr. Dillon said:

"For the moment, the great war has suspended politics, to a large extent—I might say almost entirely—in Ireland, and with the practical common-sense of Belfast Nationalism, which has so often in the past taught a lesson to the South of Ireland, you have realized what was the most urgent duty that lay upon true Nationalists who mean business in the National cause. The National Volunteers of Belfast have not been content with drilling here in Belfast on Irish soil. They have set an example to the rest of Ireland by sending their best and bravest in hundreds to prepare to go to the front, to fight in Flanders and in France for the liberty of Europe."

To day, as Mr. Devlin has said, England and the Empire are fighting on the side of Freedom. England occupies a great position before the world. She has come forward as the champion of small nationalities and of oppressed peoples; but how could she have assumed that position, how could she have dared the public opinion of the world if she had not placed upon the Statute Book the Home Rule measure, and if she had

not given liberty to South Africa, following our policy and our advice in that respect? . . . That is why England is able to take her stand in the proud position she occupies, and because she has had the courage to do these things she is able to go before Europe and say, "I am the champion of human liberty." In spite of all the grievances we have got against England in the past we, the Nationalists of Ireland, have never yet turned our backs on a good cause, and in this cause, when it is clear that England is fighting on the side of liberty and justice, Nationalist Ireland is with England in this fight, and I am proud and glad that the Nationalists of Belfast have had the good sense as well as the courage to show to the Nationalists of Ireland one more good example in the conduct of this struggle.

CORSICA OR CALVARY?

Not by the Sword, though men it might acclaim; No shouting cohorts can from Earth expel Hate's monstrous brood, the progeny of Hell, That feast and fatten on the sickening shame Which men call War; no arm of flesh can tame Those pampered fiends which in Man's bosom dwell, But only His Who doeth all things well, And in His Cross, by His Almighty Name. That Cross by Roman legions unwithstood, Chastening to silence the loud hosts of strife. Shedding glad visions on each heart that grieves; For by the dewfall of its Victim's Blood That sapless Cross became the Tree of Life. The healing of the nations in its leaves. —GEORGE BENSON HEWATSON

On Christmas Day the British and German troops in the trenches agreed to a truce for the day, and fraternized as though there were no war, groups of them being photographed together.

AN ANGLICAN EDITOR ON THE BELGIANS IN ENGLAND

It is with the Belgians chiefly that we have been brought into sweet and wholesome contact. The emigration of the French clergy at the end of the eighteenth century did much to soften the sour Protestantism of the English people, and the present Belgian emigration has done much more. It has done more, because contact with the refugees has been more general. It is by no means the case that all Belgian refugees are good Catholics, or that all those who are good Catholics present their own specific variety of Catholicism in the most favorable light. But they are satisfactory enough in general to break down prejudice. There is a well-authenticated story of the two old ladies in the Midlands, of pronounced Evangelical views, who were dismayed to find that some Belgians hospitably entertained by them were Papists. After some days, however, they told their pastor with surprise, "But they are Christians! In fact, they are better Christians than we are, for they have no bitterness or hatred in spite of all they have suffered." The discovery of Christian virtues in a Papist is disconcerting to some minds, but the disturbance caused is a wholesome stirring of the waters. The terrible insularity of English religion begins to give way, and English Protestantism is often nothing else but insularity. Many who would regard an English or Irish Papist with incurable distrust are drawn out to a loving sympathy with suffering Belgium, and where there is loving sympathy Christian charity cannot be far distant.—Church Times (Anglican)

AND THEY WERE NOT INSPECTED

Here is another glimpse at the doings of those uninspected religious who are giving such concern to the evil-minded busybodies. "Don't ask me what I think about them or what they are doing; it will take me two or three days to get over my astonishment," exclaimed a non-Catholic merchant who had just returned from an unintended visit to a house of the Little Sisters of the Poor, and had seen something of their noble charity. The Ave Maria, narrating this incident, gives another illustration—the case of a friendless Jew who the Alexian Brothers in Chicago cared for during a long illness. So great was his gratitude that he expressed the hope that some day he would be in a position to benefit every Catholic institution in the city. Furthermore he declared that he would never miss an opportunity of defending the Catholic Church.

A probation officer in St. Louis, Missouri, wrote to Father Dunphy, the Working Boys' Home to tell him what he thought of that institution as a boy savior. He stated that the Home had an unusual place among institutions, particularly from the Court point of view. Hundreds of cases had to be dealt with quickly, and the willingness of the Home to receive Catholic, Protestant, or Jew afforded the opportunity to care, "for boys in the most homelike way," for boys

who needed a temporary home, pending some permanent arrangement. Said this officer:

"The Home is indeed the refuge of many a youngster refused by other institutions—too old for the Orphan Home and too good for the Industrial School. You seem to have a place for all the odd pieces of the boy puzzle. Better yet, all the 'fifty-seven' or more varieties of boys, nine times in ten respond unconsciously to the principle on which the Home is based,—of bringing out by the honor system for each boy every bit of his pride and self-reliance, by making him feel that he is the boy for whom the Home exists. . . . We congratulate ourselves on the benefit the Home is, and has been, to the juvenile Court; and I congratulate the boys in having in a man such a Home can turn out. A priest, travelling east, had as his chance companion a well set up man in the thirties, evidently educated, evidently prosperous. 'Whatever I am,' he said, 'I owe to Father H—'. He took me off the streets, a poor, ragged, starved little newsboy; gave me shelter in the Home, at first free of all charge, then as I earned more, a tiny sum was charged for board; he taught me to read and write, and better still how to live a clean, upright life; he put ambition into us boys, and I am only one of many he started on the highway to success. I have a good business, a home of my own, with a good wife and four fine children in it—and all that I owe, under God, to Father H—.'—Sacred Heart Review.

IT HAS SLAIN ITS TEN THOUSANDS

Irony is the well dressed and comparatively harmless brother of sarcasm. Irony smiles; sarcasm is sardonic. Irony may in its wildest moments wield a lance or a rattan, medical, menacing; the rough-handed brother is a bludgeon and a buzz-saw. Sometimes, indeed, sarcasm is a means of defense, but so, too, is a sting, a fang, a claw, or the snap of sharp teeth. Unhappily, behind these weapons there is an irresponsible agent, and that it is which makes them formidable. So it is with sarcasm. The man who takes a pride in the glitter and edge of the dagger he loves to what will be tempted to display its burnished brightness and experiment with its sharpness. Sarcasm forgets the woes of its victim, while it exults in its own keenness and brilliancy. It assumes a superiority, which is maddening; and it will not only pierce its victim, but turn its weapon in the wound. Should it then be surprised if it roils the springs of human kindness and draws to the turbid surface the refuse and mean sediment which virtue keeps suppressed. There is something of the strong man beating a woman, or of an angry man kicking a horse in the ungoverned sallies of sarcasm. The ocean travelers may admire the white splendor of an iceberg floating majestically on the waves; but it would be expecting too much disinterestedness in mankind to think that the travelers will turn and bless this icy brilliance when their vessel has been dealt a mortal wound, and they are engulfed in the chilled waters. The cold, sharp edges of sarcasm numbers more victims than have gone down before the icebergs of the sea.

UPON THE CROSS

Metethinks the cross that consecrated Calvary, Its arms outstretched in blessing, Like its Victor gone, Caught first upon its crest, exultingly! The first triumphant flashes of the Easter dawn. —MABEL BOURQUIN, FOSTER, O.

FATHER FRASER'S CHINESE MISSION

Taichow, China, June 7, 1914. Dear Mr. Coffey,—When I came here two years ago I only had five catechists, now I have twenty-one. I owe this rapid progress principally to my dear friends of the CATHOLIC RECORD. God bless them and your worthy paper! It takes about \$50 a year to support a catechist and for every such sum I receive I place a man in a new district to open it up to the Faith. During the past few months I have opened up quite a number of new places and the neophytes are very pious and eager for baptism. You will appreciate the value of my catechists when I tell that I baptized eighty-five adults since the beginning of the year as a result of their work. I have even brighter hopes for the future if only my friends abroad will continue to back me up financially. J. M. FRASER.

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Juggler whirling sharp knives cannot expect you to shake hands with him or, without fear of dire consequences to your nose, approach to kiss him. Imagine a man and wife or two sisters trying to embrace when both parties were keeping a dozen edged blades in the air. If you will be sarcastic, make up your mind to be a heart-berit. The delicate bloom of confidence and loving trust will never grow on the red-hot coals of a furnace.

The teacher, the superior, the wife, the husband, the older brother or sister, the human being who impales his victim on the cross of sarcasm and then shouts, Vah! at him, will be eventually forgiven, it is to be hoped, but the high degree of virtue required for such forgiveness is not at present a drug on the market. To expect conversion of any kind from sarcasm, displays in the user exceptionally rare faith. Since the time Adam got sarcastic with Eve, or vice versa, sarcasm has made almost as many converts as there are moons to the earth or suns in our planetary system or Christmases in one year. The sarcastic Herod did not deserve a word from Christ. Some Christian legends have canonized Pilate, but the devil's advocate had no trouble in excluding Herod from the roll of Saints.—F. P. Donnelly, S. J., in "Mustard Seed."

FIVE MINUTE SERMON

BY REV. F. FEPPERT

THIRD SUNDAY AFTER EASTER

"A little while and now you shall not see Me." John xvi, 16.

In the Gospel that we read to-day our Lord foretold to the Apostles His approaching death, and their hearts were filled with sorrow at the thought of soon losing Him. He comforted them, however, by assuring them that they would see Him again ere long, because after three days He would rise from the dead in order to ascend to heaven. For a short time the Apostles were to lose Him, and after a short time they were to see Him again. Everything here on earth, whether sorrowful or joyful, lasts but a little while. We ought to take this truth to heart, for it conduces to our eternal salvation.

The life of man is short, and, as the Psalmist says, passes away like a breath. When we look forward to the future and make plans in our imagination, life seems long, but year follows year in rapid succession, and soon the man who looked forward to a long future has to look back upon a long past. He has grown old unawares; he is on the brink of the grave and cannot account for the years that are past. An old man, however long he may have lived, thinks that his life has been short; and yet, as he looks back, he seems to see here and there the graves of those with whom he once lived, played, worked, suffered and quarreled. All have gone before him, and life, so short in itself, is shorter still in their case. We do not know whether our companions to-day will look back on our graves or not. Whether we are to die first, or to outlive them, life is always short, and it behooves us to make a good use of it. The time of youth is short. How soon does it become too late to make good all that has been neglected in one's early years! There is no need of death to convince us of this fact; it is enough to reach a more advanced age. Negligence in training the hearts and minds of the young often makes them incapable of doing right in later years. The short period of youth often decides whether the rest of life is to be happy or miserable. Remember that, as you grow older, it will be useless to lament over the time wasted in your youth, and that all such lamentations are nothing but so many charges brought against yourselves. It is sad to have to confess: "I am to blame for all my mistakes; I would not listen to any well-meant advice or warning; I wasted every opportunity of doing right; I threw away all my youth and with it my whole life." You should often renew your resolution by God's grace to spend your youth in doing your best to acquire training in piety and useful work.

Life is short, and short too are all our efforts to do much good and to adhere firmly to what is right. It is often a hard matter to do right, and it is no easy task to persevere and to accomplish this or that good work. But our efforts will not last forever, and the days of toil, exertion and struggle pass, and when they are gone we shall indeed be happy if we can say to ourselves: "By that short struggle to please God I have won eternal merit and a reward that will never perish." Many people tell us that life is short, and therefore we ought to enjoy it while it lasts; but this is a foolish remark, for what they call enjoying life is really frittering it away unprofitably. Just because life is short we ought to work with redoubled energy and try to lay up a store of everlasting merit. Just because life is short we ought to suffer with redoubled patience whatever let us never forget that the days of agony will pass. The days of our Lord's passion, death and burial passed, and what had gone before added to the glory of His Resurrection. Under every cross, if it is to win us merit, we ought to call to mind the words: "You now indeed have sorrow, but your heart shall rejoice, and your joy no man shall take from you." (John xvi, 22.)

Life is short, and it would be the height of folly to cling to it. Of course we may enjoy the good things of this world, but it behooves a Christian to act, as St. Paul says, and delight in the things of earth as if he did not delight in them; he ought never to set his heart upon them; he may make use of whatever is permitted, not becoming a slave to it, but always thinking of what is eternal. Whoever clings too much to the pleasures and joys of this world is preparing for himself a very sad and painful departure from them; for everything here lasts but a short time, and sooner or later he will have to give up all to which he is now attached.

Whoever sets his heart on the things of this world must look forward to a sorrowful death, for the more his heart clings to earth, the more painful will be the wrench, when, after a little while, God requires his soul of him. Life is short, and yet this short time is often long enough for us to insult God by committing many grievous sins. In a short time we earn for ourselves an eternity of pain. How foolish this is! The pleasure afforded by sin lasts so short a time, and yet we prefer it to everlasting happiness. When we are tempted to sin, let us ask ourselves what it will profit us to enjoy a deceptive happiness in sin for a few moments, hours, days or even years. The excitement of

OWES HER LIFE TO "FRUIT-A-TIVES"

Cured Both Stomach Trouble and Headaches

PALMERSTON, ONT., June 20th, 1913. "I really believe that I owe my life to 'Fruit-a-tives'. Ever since childhood, I have been under the care of physicians and have been paying doctor's bills. I was so sick and worn out that people on the street often asked me if I thought I could get along without help. The same old Stomach Trouble and distressing Headaches nearly drove me wild. Some time ago, I got a box of 'Fruit-a-tives' and the first box did me good. My husband was delighted and advised a continuation of their use.

Today, I am feeling fine, and a physician meeting me on the street, noticed my improved appearance and asked the reason. I replied, 'I am taking Fruit-a-tives'. He said, 'Well, if Fruit-a-tives are making you look so well, go ahead and take them. They are doing more for you than I can'.

Mrs. H. S. WILLIAMS. "Fruit-a-tives" are sold by all dealers at 50c. a box. 6 for \$2.50, trial size 25c. or sent postpaid on receipt of price by Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.

sin soon ceases, the false dream vanishes, and nothing remains but unending misery and lamentation. Time is short, therefore let us live mindful of eternity. "Let us lift up our hearts above what is earthly and temporal; and as time swiftly passes, let us pray to him, who never changes, to give us grace to keep from sin and to make us persevere in what is right. Then we, too, shall be able to say with joy: 'You will see me no more, because I go to the Father.' Amen.

TEMPERANCE

WOULD HELP TO KEEP THEM SOBER

By the Very Rev. M. A. Lambing

It may be true that an act of the legislature can not make men temperate, but perhaps it would help to keep them sober. There are no doubt very many erroneous notions about what may be accomplished in the way of sobriety by the legislature. There is perhaps much ill advised liquor legislation; and many are at a loss as to what they should hold and do in the matter.

Catholics need not be of that number. When Saul, stricken down on the way to Damascus, cried out: "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" he was told to go into the city and there it would be told him what he should do. The Council of Baltimore warned Catholics as to the dangers of the liquor traffic, and called upon pastors to get such of their flock as were in the dangerous business out of it. And practically the entire hierarchy of the country has approved and blessed the clerical and lay Catholic organized total abstinence movement; and from the "City" the Sovereign Pontiff has expressed the hope that not only Bishops, priests and religious, but the laity as well, will become members of the Catholic Total Abstinence Union, to check intemperance and promote sobriety. This is what the Church has proclaimed should be done, but she has given no instruction about the danger attending legislation for the control or abolition of the liquor traffic. When what she advises has been fully accomplished, then, if there is time, what is not of obligation may be taken up. But stolen water is sweet. There are those who do not with the Apostle ask: "Lord, what wilt Thou have me do?" but "how much of what is commanded or advised can I get rid of doing?" Because it is not a command sanctioned by an apathetic they consider themselves free to interpret it all away if possible. How

different this from Him Whom they call Master. "Behold, I come to do Thy will, O my God," not to seek a loop-hole of escape from it. A bar or beer bottle should not be set before the crucifix, or one's own will before that of God made known by His Church. Let us not try to find out to how small a minimum we can reduce what we may do or omit without grievous sin, but how much we can get an excuse for doing through obedience. The obedient man shall speak of victory. Instead of finding fault with the extent to which the radical prohibitionists have gone in their liquor legislation, and blaming them with an anti-Catholic bias in the matter, and posing as martyrs of bigotry, let us rather blame ourselves for not going to the lengths which the Church advised. Then, we should be speaking of victory.

Let no one who has not done so deceive himself by thinking he is a martyr. God does not call the coward and disobedient to martyrdom. If Catholics had done in the matter of temperance what the Church advised, there would have been no call or excuse for the legislation some of them bewail and suffer from. In what things a man sins, in the same shall he be tormented.—Pittsburg Observer.

A CHURCH FOR RELIGION ONLY

Such is the title of a strong plea made in one of the non-Catholic weekly papers, which laments the decadence of spiritual life in the churches of to-day—which, of course, must be the churches he is acquainted with. The author of the article says:

"When all this destructive work throughout the world is finished, and the vision of Europe is clarified, and sanity resumes its place in the councils of States, and despotism with all its attending evils is relegated to oblivion, and men are freed from the slavery of war (the world's worst form of slavery), then possibly, yes, necessarily, the Church will begin its work of reconstruction. Already there are signs that this work of reconstruction has begun. For a generation past, every artifice and enterprise that could be laid hold of has been employed to draw men and women to the Church. Musical services, with much of the music artistic but not devotional, entertaining but not inspirational, classical, but not intelligible; moving pictures, lectures on subjects literary, historical, political, etc.; forms of entertainment that smack of vaudeville; receptions, dances, concerts, and an endless chain of social entertainments; these have been the bids the Church has made for the place of popularity in the mind of the people. To accomplish this new twentieth-century enterprise, the Church has built vast mechanical and financial resources of the people to create and maintain them, and have so far depleted the physical and mental strength of the clergy that nervous exhaustion and the relegation of the preaching office to a place of unimportance have been the results.

We do not believe that institutionalism has failed, except in part. It is our best judgment that in the extensive reconstruction period that is to come presently, the Church will learn, and her officers will learn, that it cannot compete with secular agencies nor is it its business to do so in endeavoring to win popular favor. Men and women to-day, as yesterday, and forever, want their religion to be higher in tone.

From all of which is seen the strong trend there is toward the Catholic Church, the one that our Saviour established "for religion only." Men and women who want their religion "to be higher in tone" will seek it in a church that will have nothing to do with vaudeville, receptions, dances, concerts, and an endless chain of social entertainments." They will seek it in the Catholic Church.—The Missionary.

MISUSE OF CATHOLIC CHURCHES

The Rev. Headley Brown wrote to the Church Times, London, about the use of Catholic churches in France for Protestant services. A Catholic chaplain bears witness that the statement is correct, and he says, according to the London Tablet:

The French curés are misled by English High Church chaplains who go to the curé and give themselves out as Catholics.

Thus when the curé has been unaware of their real religious status, it has happened that the Anglicans have been allowed to use the Lady Chapel. But upon the arrival of a Catholic chaplain, the curé has the facilities given to the Anglican and to be shown the Westminster papers. At Angers, the curé allowed a chapel to be used by the Anglicans. At Nantes, they came on the same errand, but the V. G., forewarned, asked them why they did not use the "simple Protestant." "Oh, we do not approve of it, it is so low Church?" "Anyway, they got no further. The whole trouble has arisen from the civilian chaplains, who have swarmed out here, hold services in the wards against all military regulations, and the so-called Catholic and to be shown the Westminster papers. At Angers, the curé allowed a chapel to be used by the Anglicans. At Nantes, they came on the same errand, but the V. G., forewarned, asked them why they did not use the "simple Protestant." 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CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

THE DISSATISFIED MAN
You are not altogether satisfied with yourself, with others, with your environment, with conditions. Nobody is satisfied.

Regulated dissatisfaction, dissatisfaction based upon fact, is a forerunner of success.

There is, however, a wide gulf between legitimate dissatisfaction and that which consumes the chronic complainer, the disreputable knocker, and the everlasting kicker.

Life is made up of affirmatives and negatives. One without the other is incomplete. The two properly blended are part of the composition of success.

The habitual complainer is an enemy to himself, and he is despised by all with whom he comes in contact.

Conversely, the complete optimist is dangerous to himself and a menace to society, because he does not know enough to get out of the rut or to keep from stumbling into holes.

Dissatisfaction has a value only when it spurs one on to better effort. When it deadens one's faculties, as it often does, and takes the gimp out of him, so to speak, it is an evil of the most virulent form.

Nobody likes the constant complainer. He has no friends. He does not occupy any position of responsibility, and he never will. He cannot manage himself or command others.

Keep your troubles to yourself or confine them to your immediate friends. Ninety per cent. of trouble doesn't appear. It exists wholly in the mind.

Don't make a specialty of worrying. There is real trouble to worry about, and enough to keep you busy. Kick when there is something real to kick at.

THE INFLUENCE OF THE CROWD
Many a lad excuses his shortcomings and failings by saying "the crowd is doing it."

Whatever goes wrong in his system, according to him, must be attributed to the crowd. What he says to a great extent is true but however not wholly so, for he can be independent of that crowd if he only has the desire, if he has a backbone of sufficient strength.

It is the nature of the boy to love companionship, to have not one but many friends. For a good game of ball, for a lively snow fight a number is required and so the boy must seek for others if he wishes to enjoy the finest and happiest period of his life.

Now in his neighborhood he will meet with boys of many varieties. He will meet the lad whose parents allow him to do pretty much as he pleases. He will meet the lad who prides himself on his ability to lie and who is not afraid to emphasize his remarks with an oath and who doesn't hesitate to repeat filthy stories.

Let him join company with the first few mentioned lads and it will not be long before his own character will be formed in the same fashion. He may remain pure and good but the nature of a boy is very plastic and frequent association with bad company will work havoc with his soul and character.

It is not too late to pull out, so I've got to stick." A little reflection on his part would show him it is not too late. A little good will on his part and a rejuvenation of his dormant moral courage would soon set him on his feet again and make him bid a final adieu to the "crowd."

A crowd has a strong influence but it can never force one to lose his own self respect, his own purity, his own integrity unless that one obeys its dictates and allows himself to be enslaved by it.—Sacred Heart Review.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

"TIME"

"Waste not moment, no, nor hours, For they are as the opening buds of flowers."

How regardless of the value of each golden moment are some of we poor mortals.

How many of those priceless jewels are daily lost, never to be restored to the loser, no matter how great a reward he offers. Alas! that so many little boys and girls, never dreaming of the consequences which they have to suffer for having abused one of the greatest gifts which our bountiful Creator has bestowed upon us.

God has given us "time" in which to prepare ourselves for the future.

MAGIC BAKING POWDER advertisement featuring an image of a tin and a tray of baked goods. Text includes: 'We unhesitatingly recommend Magic Baking Powder as being the best, purest and most healthful baking powder that it is possible to produce. CONTAINS NO ALUM. All ingredients are plainly printed on the label.'

BELGIAN REFUGEES

RESPONSIBLE FOR MANY OF THE GREAT INDUSTRIES OF ENGLAND
Lloyd's Weekly

(The problem of the Belgian refugees is very much to the front just now. The following article tells how in days gone by, similar influxes of more or less destitute aliens have been fraught with the best possible consequences for British workpeople, instead of being embarrassing, as might perhaps have been not unreasonably expected.)

One summer eve, as the sun was setting, there anchored off Sandwich a battered-looking craft, queer shaped with bulging bows, a high, ungainly poop, and brown patched sails.

The townsfolk gathered on the front and eyed her curiously, wondering whence she came, and what kind of cargo she had thought it worth her while to bring to their—at the time—decayed and poverty-stricken port.

Their curiosity was quickly gratified. "Live stock, egad!" cried one of the burghers, pointing to a boat that was putting off for the shore.

And live stock it was. Human live stock! Men, women and children, huddled together, ragged and hungry, wan, terror-stricken, and tear-stained.

In other words they were Belgian refugees, for the Walloons and Flemings were dwellers in the country we now call Belgium; and though the scene set forth above was enacted more than three hundred and fifty years ago, its counterpart has been witnessed over and over again any day during these past few terrible months. So does history repeat itself.

Then, too, as now, our people took pity on these poor stricken folk, giving them shelter and food, and such clothing as they could spare.

There are men who fail in all they undertake; "behind time" being the reason of their failures; there are others who defer reformation year by year till death seizes them and they die unrepentant because they were "behind time" in balancing their eternal accounts.

Five short minutes in a crisis are worth years and although it be but a short period yet many a people and fortune have been redeemed in that tiny interval.

Boys, when tempted to idleness recall to mind the saying of Poor Richard, "Never put off till to-morrow what you can do to-day."—True Voice.

A WISE SAYING
Henry, a rich boy from the town, took a walk one day in spring to a neighboring farm-house, bought a bottle of milk for himself, set down on the grass under a shady tree, broke his bread into the milk, and made a most hearty meal.

Charley, a poor boy from the next village, who looked very thin and pale from sheer want and misery, was standing not far off, looking sadly on; he would gladly have had a share of it, but he was too modest to ask for any.

It occurred, too, to the rich Henry, that he ought to leave a little for the poor boy; but he turned a deaf ear to the good suggestion of his heart, and greedily ate on. When he had swallowed the whole of the milk, he observed a rhyme at the bottom of the bottle. He blushed as he read it, got the bottle filled again, and made them add to it a large piece of bread. He then kindly called poor Charley to him; broke the bread into the basin for him with his own hands and cordially wished him a good appetite.

"The saying," observed Henry, "which is in this bottle, ought to be inscribed in all the vessels of the rich." The saying read thus: "He who is deaf to other's woes, deserves not happiness to know."

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Rye in Sussex, and along the East Anglian coast, at Farnmouth and Lowestoft, at Aldeburgh and Cromer; at Walton, Sharnburgh, and Hunstanton, they landed by scores and by hundreds from crazy caravels, leaky luggers, and ancient bluff-bowed craft of every kind. And wherever and whenever they landed their first act was to fall down upon their knees on the sand or shingle, and give thanks to Almighty God; their second was to set to work at their trades.

This continued, at intervals, for the space of, perhaps, a century and a half, until the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, and for some forty years afterwards. In all probably between four and five hundred thousand refugees found permanent asylum in England, and by degrees penetrated to the remotest corners of the kingdom and settled there.

Their influence on working class England was profound. Indeed, it is scarcely an exaggeration to say that the foundations of our modern industrial supremacy were laid by these poor, despised folk. It was they who introduced into Canterbury and Norwich the manufacture of silk, continued afterwards for many years at Spitalfields, in London, where some of their old, dry lighted looms remain standing to this day.

Many were attracted to London, in and about which they formed separate industrial communities. Thus, at Mortlake the refugees introduced the manufacture of arras, and at Felham of tapestry. At Clerkenwell, one of them was called then and up till comparatively recently, "Dutch clocks," for which there presently sprang up so great a demand that about twelve hundred persons, more than half of whom were Englishmen, were employed upon this one industry.

The art of printing paperhangings was introduced by Huguenot refugees from Rouen, where it had been originally invented. They established at Bow the first dye works in England.

A workman refugee from Lyons, named Mongeorge, brought to London the secret, then recently discovered there, of giving lustre to silk taffets, with the result that Spitalfields soon became even more famous than the French town itself for the manufacture of this, at the time, universally worn material. Mongeorge took up his abode in Spital square, and planted in his garden, in order to feed his silkworms, the first mulberry tree seen in England.

Other refugee Huguenots taught us how to make tannin—a dress fabric consisting of a silk warp with a worsted yarn. This enjoyed enormous popularity up till, as all events, the middle of the reign of Queen Victoria, being cheaper than silk, and far more durable.

Another French Huguenot refugee, named Briot, set up a coinage, or stamping press as it was then called, and was promptly appointed chief engraver to the Royal Mint. Yet another, Henry Portal by name, started making paper in Laverstock, in Hampshire, and made it so well that the Bank of England granted him the exclusive privilege of manufacturing that upon which his notes were printed, a monopoly which a descendant of his exercised to this day, and on the same spot. Flemish refugees also started mills for the manufacture of a fine paper at Maidstone, along The Darent, and in other parts of the south of England, and for many years they had the trade in their hands. Indeed, at the present time, the trade terms used in Kent by the workmen employed in the manufacture of what is still technically called "hand-made" paper, are of French or Flemish origin. Thus, for example, the man who lays the sheets on the felts is the coucher; the fatman, or vatman, is the Flemish fassman; and the room where the finishing operations are performed is still called the salle.

Nothing seemed beneath the notice of these newcomers in our midst. They were continually springing fresh surprises on the natives amongst whom they lived. For example, one day a refugee came to a wood in Hampshire, accompanied by two strange looking dogs. The dogs snarled and poked about the man dug. Soon he had a basketful of black fungi, worthless-looking to the villagers, but the stranger explained that these particular fungi—truffles, he called them—were greatly esteemed as an article of food by his countrymen. The villagers took the hint, and soon truffle hunting became a recognized industry in Hampshire, as well as in Wiltshire and Dorsetshire, and parts of Surrey and Sussex. The English truffles, it is true, were neither so large nor so well flavored as those from their own beloved Perigord, but they were good as a substitute when the others were unobtainable, and they found a ready sale.

Another surprise was sprung upon the Kentish folk at Bourne, near Canterbury, by a family of Walloon refugees from Artois. These had with them slips of a strange plant, which they explained were "very good for the bittering of beer." They were given a plot of land wherein to plant their slips, which they did, thereby laying the foundation of the Kentish hop industry. Another family group of Flemings travelled south as far as Honiton, in Devon, where they taught the people to make the lace which has ever since been associated with the town.

Other refugees, ironworkers from Liege, went north, and established themselves at Shotley Bridge, near Newcastle-on-Tyne where they started to make fine cutlery and edge-tools of all kinds. Their skill attracted the attention of the people of Sheffield who offered some of them an asylum, on condition that they should take their sons as apprentices and instruct them. This they willingly did, and from these humble beginnings sprang the vast iron and steel industries of the northern shires. At Newcastle, too, yet another Flemish family set up a glassworks, and soon even comparatively humble householders were able to have glazed windows for their houses.

What this meant can be gauged from the fact that, prior to their advent, glass was so rare that people used to come from all parts to gaze in curious amazement at the precious glazed windows in Alnwick Castle, the residence of the Duke of Northumberland. They had to come when His Grace was in residence, however, for directly he left his steward was under strict orders to remove the windows from their frames and stow them carefully away until his return.

The association of Yarmouth with blowers is due to the advent there of a party of Flemish fishermen refugees. Before their arrival the people along the east coast caught herring, it is true, but they did not know how to cure them, this being a monopoly of the Dutch, who used to take the fish to Holland salt and smoke them, and then bring them back again for sale in the English market. But the East Anglians proved apt pupils under the tutelage of their new-found friends, and soon the harvest of the North Sea, properly cured, salted, and dried, was being exported from England to the Continent, instead of vice versa.

Nor was this the only benefit the refugees conferred upon the East Anglian natives. Fresh from their

own low-lying country, they knew none better—the value of dykes, and ditches. They looked out over the drowned fen lands with the eyes of experts, and soon set to work to reclaim them. The fowlers were the only people who protested, and even they became reconciled when they beheld, as they presently did, thousands of acres of watery waste transformed into fine ground, fit for permanent occupation, and for the growing of crops and the raising of fine sheep.

Similar instances to the above might be cited almost indefinitely, for it is, indeed, difficult to put one's finger on any ancient craft or art now practiced in the United Kingdom that did not owe something to refugee strangers seeking sanctuary amongst us. They even crossed to Ireland, where they founded the linen industry with flax seed brought from Flanders, and established the famous factories that made the name Irish poplins famous throughout Europe.

At Lisburn, too, they set up looms for the weaving of silk and cambric, and they introduced the manufacture of broadcloth into Bandon, Cork, and other towns.

In short, the settlers proved themselves industrial missionaries to the people amongst whom they settled. And as it was then, so it is now.

It is not a temple which virtue needs; she desires the heart for a sanctuary.—Lactantius, after Cicero.

It is our daily duty to consider that in all circumstances of life, pleasurable, painful, or otherwise, the conduct of every human being affects, more or less, the happiness of others, especially of those in the same house, and that as life is made up, for the most part, not of great occasions, but of small, everyday moments, it is the giving of those moments their greatest amount of peace, pleasantness and security that contributes most of the sum of human good.—Leigh Hunt.

Flowering Bulbs advertisement for Gladiolus and Dahlias. Includes prices for various varieties and contact information for John A. Bruce & Co., Limited.



Safford Boilers and Radiators advertisement. Text includes: 'Kicked off the Blankets Kant Katch Kold', 'WHEN mother leaves her infant asleep in the crib she feels easy in her mind if the house is heated by the Safford hot water system.', and 'Safford Boilers and Radiators are the right kind of protection for the children.'

THE C. M. B. A.

Springhill, N. S., Mar. 1, 1914. To the Officers and Members of the Catholic Mutual Benefit Association:

Barn Roofing

Fire, Lightning Rust and Storm Proof Durable and Ornamental Let us know the size of any roof you are thinking of covering and we will make you an interesting offer.

Metallic Roofing Co. Limited MANUFACTURERS TORONTO and WINNIPEG

of Fra Girolamo Savonarola. The marks of a very vivid intelligence shine forth in it.—Intermountain Catholic.

DEATH OF SISTER M. FAUSTINA

After five days of intense suffering, borne with marvellous patience and resignation, was ended, on March 25th, a life precious before God and admirable in the eyes of man.

The fatigues of a day's teaching were not sufficient for this servant of God. After class hours she would visit a family in need or a sick mother, bringing to all consolation and making poverty or illness lighter by her kind words and pleasant smile.

Her generous soul made her find time to think of others than the children, the poor and the sick. Solicitous for the moral and intellectual welfare of the young ladies, she gave them some of her most precious hours; teaching them a sincere devotion to the Virgin and urging them to spend their leisure hours in some intellectual work.

His Lordship Bishop Scollard presided at the funeral services at North Bay and spoke at length of the virtues practiced by the departed Sister. The entire parish paid a last tribute of homage to her by accompanying the remains to the station, whence they were taken to Peterborough for interment.

Sister M. Faustina is mourned by three sisters; Mrs. E. McDonald of Portage du Fort, Mrs. C. Hughes, and Miss Turcotte of Ottawa, and one brother.

Eternal rest grant unto her, O Lord. And let perpetual light shine upon her.

INTERESTING PEN PICTURE OF HOLY FATHER

The well-known sculptor Raffaele Romanelli, who has been commissioned to execute two busts of the Holy Father, and who has already been privileged with two sittings gives us an interesting description of the head and face of Benedict IX.

HIGH COMMENDATION

Madame Lohmann, the well known Dutch historian and rationalist writer, gives the following high commendation of the Catholic missions:

surpassed in heroism everything imaginable in that respect, holding an unique place in the world and in history.—Providence Visitor.

SOME RECENT CONVERTS

Compton Mackenzie, of London; author of "Youth's Encounter," "Sinister Street," and other novels. Rev. O. L. Harbord, Campbellite preacher, Kansas City, Mo. Rev. Frederick Schuchard, a Lutheran minister of Dubuque, Ia., his wife and family. He was converted by investigating anti Catholic slanders against the Church.

J. C. Alexander, Hartford College, Oxford University. Judge Kimball, Stamps, Ark., late of Texas, his wife and family. They were formerly Baptists who were converted by alumnae against the Church which they investigated and found to be lies. One of the daughters has entered a convent.

Miss Harriet L. Weir, daughter of Rev. O. J. Weir, of the Presbyterians, Grand Junction, Colo.

Ripley Dunlap Saunders, dramatic and literary critic, St. Louis Post Dispatch, Spanish American veteran and author of "Col. Todhunter of Missouri," and other novels; received from Presbyterianism on his deathbed.

Dr. David Roberts, London, whose family established Calvinism in Wales; nephew of Sir William Roberts; received on his deathbed.

Miss Georgia Hammond, daughter of the late Rev. George Hammond, and granddaughter of Rev. John Lancaster, of the Methodists, New York. A well known member of the United English Society, and author of stories in Protestant magazines.

Mrs. McAteer, wife of Vincent McAteer, editor of the Comfort, (Texas) News; sister of Miss Thelma Reed, also a convert and niece of a Baptist minister, St. Louis. Mrs. McAteer's husband and two sons are also under instruction.

Lieut. H. G. V. Roberts, of the Eighth Battalion Middlesex Regiment, England.

James Potter, brother of Rev. Mr. Potter, of the Methodists, Denver. Rev. Alfred Plescia, an Italian Baptist minister connected with the Italian colony of Winsted, Conn., and with Colgate Seminary, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Miss Vera Bergen, daughter of Conrad Bergen, Boulder, Colo. Gus. G. Gesler, assistant manager of the King Furniture Co., San Antonio, Texas.

Mrs. R. T. Hagen, Grand Junction, Colo., received on her deathbed. Roy Gedney, Albany, Ore. Thomas H. Miles, Denver.

Miss Maude Lillian Innes, daughter of Charles W. Innes, Frederickburg, Va.

Miss Pearl Adams, Astoria, Ore. At the recent mission held by Father Conway, C.S.P., at St. Mark's Church, St. Louis, 70 converts were made.

The Bishop of Newark recently confirmed 19 converts in the chapel of the Home of the Little Sisters of the Poor, Newark.

Thirty-five adult converts were received by the Apostolate Fathers as a result of a recent mission in St. Malachy's Church, Philadelphia. The Archbishop of Philadelphia, on a recent Sunday, confirmed 12 adult converts at St. Alphonsus' Church, Philadelphia.

Fifty-one converts were received at the Detroit Cathedral last year. Among the dioceses making reports of converts received last year in the Official Catholic Directory are the following: Milwaukee, 580; New Orleans, 402; Columbus, 381; Fall River, 129; Harrisburg, 179; La Crosse, 412; Lincoln, 112; Mobile, 108; Rochester, 445; San Antonio, 219; Seattle, 320; Wichita, 129, and the Vicariate of North Carolina, 77.

SCANNELL O'NEILL.

DEATH OF THE REV. BROTHER PAUL

On Thursday, the 8th instant, Rev. Brother Paul, one of the oldest members of the Order of the Christian Brothers in Toronto, passed to his reward in the sixty-eighth year of his age. Deceased had been suffering for some time and about a month ago was obliged to give up teaching. Soon after it was deemed advisable to remove him to St. Michael's Hospital where a paralytic stroke hastened the end for which he prepared with true Christian patience and resignation.

The Choir

No Choir can do themselves justice with a poor Church Organ. A

KARN Church Organ

will help your Choir immensely and will also please the congregation and managers. You get lasting satisfaction in a Karn.

The Karn-Morris Piano & Organ Co., Limited Head Office, Woodstock, Ont. Factories, Woodstock and Listowel

ly remembered by the many boys and young men who came under his influence.

The funeral, which took place from St. Mary's Church on Saturday, the 10th instant, was attended by all the members of the Christian Brothers' community of Toronto and by a large number of the city clergy, of the reverend Sisters, and of the friends and pupils of the deceased. The Mass was celebrated by Rev. E. J. Kelly, P. P., Thornhill, Ont., a former pupil of Brother Paul. Rev. Melville Staley acted as Deacon, and Rev. Aloysius Clancy as Sub-deacon.

Right Rev. Monsignor Whelan, V. G., represented His Grace the Archbishop. The family was represented by Mrs. Hoyle, Troy, N. Y., a sister, and Miss Hoyle, a niece.

The choir which rendered the beautiful Gregorian Chant with remarkable ability, was composed of students of the Christian Brothers' Training College.

Interment took place at Mount Hope Cemetery, Rev. Father Kelly officiating at the grave.

THE CREATOR

Thou mighty Lord of all immensity The rolling worlds to Thee but playthings are; Creator theirs, they are alike to Thee, A humble violet, or flashing star.

—MARIE BOURGAIN, FOSTORIA, O.

MULTUM IN PARVO

According to the Official Catholic Directory, just issued by P. J. Kennedy & Sons, for 1915, the Catholic Church in the United States shows a gain in membership for the past years of 241,825.

In the United States proper there are 16,809,310 Catholics, showing a gain of 3,846,517 in the last ten years and a gain of 7,321,445 during the past twenty years. According to the editor, at least 10 per cent. should be added for "floating" Catholic population of which no record can be kept.

There are 18,994 Catholic clergymen in the United States. There are 14,961 Catholic churches, showing that 310 new Catholic churches have been established during the past year.

The statistics for New York State are as follows: Catholics, 2,895,824; churches with resident priests, 1,120; missions with churches, 311; secular clergy, 2,041; priests of religious orders 687; seminaries, 8; seminarians, 1,051; parochial schools, 606; pupils, 235,569; colleges and academies for boys and girls, 184; students in colleges and universities, 17,710; homes, asylums and charitable institutions, 192.—The Lamp.

RELIGIOUS PREJUDICE

Former President William H. Taft recently delivered an address on "My Visit to the Vatican" before the National Geographical Society in Washington, D. C. He went to Rome in 1902, when he was Secretary of War, to get the influence of Pope Leo XIII. to promote peace between Church and State in the Philippine Islands. He praised that Pontiff as "one of the great figures in the latter part of the nineteenth century. That Pope," said Mr. Taft, "enabled us to settle substantially all the questions pending between the Church and the Philippine Government."

Mr. Taft next spoke of the absence of hostile comment on his mission to the Pope by Protestant denominations. Then he made this notable declaration: "I cannot but regard this aspect of our dealing with the Pope as a most important one in showing that the period of great intolerance as between the sects has largely passed away."

"The churches to-day are not wasting their efforts in a discussion of difference in creed, but they are standing shoulder to shoulder in a struggle to help society and its members to better lives."

From time to time a revival of religious prejudice occurs, and an effort is made to inject into political controversies this odium theologium I greatly deprecate the organization of parties on religious lines, because I think it bodes no good for the republic. No Church is so strong that its intervention in politics will not ultimately defeat its purpose therein.

and no reason for voting against a man is so narrow and unrepulsive as that he differs from the voter in religious belief. The formation of societies or parties to give effect to a movement in favor of the members of any Church should be frowned on by every friend of democracy and every friend of religious liberty. Such movements usually are conducted under the cloak of secrecy and are almost always by reason of this perverted into an instrument for some body's ambition or to achieve some political revenge."—Intermountain Catholic.

THE TABLET FUND

Toronto, April 1, 1915.

Editor CATHOLIC RECORD: I thank you for giving space to the Appeal for the Tablet Fund for the Relief of the Belgians. So far have received because of the appeal:

- Previously acknowledged.....\$438 24
Friend, Ouellet..... 1 00
Sister Superior, Hobbs..... 2 00
Mr. & Mrs. J. Dowdall, Shelburne..... 5 00
Katy M. Lalonde, Cobden..... 5 00
Catholic Literary Society, Collingwood..... 121 67
Mr. & Mrs. J. Dowdall, Shelburne..... 5 00
Mr. H. Clancy, Winnipeg..... 5 00
Miss McCormack, Winnipeg..... 1 00
Aloysius Carey, Winnipeg..... 3 00
Rev. O. M. Tarahan, Trinity, Nfld., Collected..... 5 00
John Joyce, Norwood..... 1 00
Mrs. J. P. Schnitzler, Walker, Ont..... 1 00
Mr. & Mrs. Wm. O'Connor, Toronto..... 10 00
Mrs. J. Neville, Almonte..... 2 00
Mrs. J. S. Moore, London..... 2 00
A Friend, Thamesville..... 1 00
A Friend, P. E. I..... 1 00
A. G., Reader of the CATHOLIC RECORD..... 5 00
A Friend, Seaford..... 1 00
F. Cleary & Family, Windsor A Reader of the RECORD, Stratford..... 5 00
A. M. L., Seaford..... 1 00
Patrick Casey, Tweed..... 5 00
A Friend, Cause, N. S..... 1 00
Jos. Copland, Belleville..... 2 00
A Friend, Thornburn, N. S..... 1 00
A Friend, Osgoode..... 10 00

It would be good enough to acknowledge publicly these amounts in the columns of the RECORD I would be very grateful.

Respectfully yours, W. E. BLAKE, 98 Pembroke St.

ONE CONVERT'S TESTIMONY

Writing to the Denver Catholic Register, Dr. Victor McKee, formerly a Baptist, says: "The General Baptist Messenger has come forth with a statement which is as extraordinary as it is lacking in truth. It reads in part as follows: "Catholics of this country are trying to have publications which criticize that Church excluded from the mails. Of course, Catholic papers that criticize Protestants are all right."

"The truth is that Catholics are not nearly so deeply concerned in the matter of publications which criticize the Church as in the matter of unprincipled lines who not only criticize the Catholic Church, but who misrepresent Catholic belief and who assail the good name of exemplary Christian individuals. "I have never seen a malicious attack upon the moral character of a Protestant minister or layman in the columns of the Catholic paper. I have never seen the virtue of Protestant womanhood questioned therein. But during the twenty years that I occupied a pew in the Baptist meeting house I heard the Catholic Church accused of almost every offense imaginable, and not always in language most choice or in a spirit most charitable. In fact, it was Baptist abuse of all things Catholic that aroused within me a desire to learn something of a faith so heartily despised. And since becoming a Catholic I can truthfully assert that I have not seen Baptist scandal aired in the Catholic press."

"Anyway, it might be well to remind the General Baptist Messenger that the Catholic people are desirous of excluding from the mails only those papers which are obscene, low, lascivious and filthy." If Baptist publications do not come under this head, the Baptist editors have little to fear in the way of a curtailment of the freedom of their press."

DIED

BARRETT.—At her late residence Waterloo avenue, Guelph, Ont., on April 8, 1915, Mrs. Bridget Barrett, widow of the late Edward Barrett, aged seventy-seven years. May her soul rest in peace!

O'NEIL.—At Enfield, Hants, Co., N. S., on March 25th, Thomas O'Neil aged forty-four years and five months leaving a sorrowing widow and ten children to mourn the loss of a kind and devoted husband and father. May his soul rest in peace!

The Creator has felt the exile of the creature a burden, if I may dare to say so, as well as the poor creature itself. Like other fathers, He wants His children home.—Father Faber.

C. M. B. A. Branch No. 4, London Meets on the 2nd and 4th Thursday of every month at eight o'clock, at their Rooms, St. Peter's Parish Hall, Richmond Street. Frank Smith, President.

TEACHERS WANTED

A QUALIFIED NORMAL TRAINED CATHOLIC teacher for Separate school. Duties beginning after Christmas holidays. Apply to W. Ryan, Box 33, Charlton, Ont. 1914-15

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St. Martin's Court 1698 C. O. F. will hold A Social Evening At St. Martin's Parish Hall Thursday Eve., Apr. 22 Dancing from 8 to 12 o'clock

While They Last! LISHEEN By Canon Sheehan CONVENTIONALISTS By Mgr. Robt. Hugh Benson 73 cents postpaid

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M. C. Yarmouth, North, N.S., says: "I sold all in 45 minutes. Please send 40 more. I would like to try 100." A. B. North Bay, Ont., says: "I sold the 20th 3 hours, and could have sold as many more. Please send me 40 more." J. B. Ottawa, Ont., says: "I just had your pictures 2 hours when I had them all sold. They are a great seller in Ottawa. I would have no trouble in getting 20c each." S. F. Russell, Man., says: "I sold the \$3.00 worth in 3 hours. Send me another \$5.00 worth."

North Bruce, Ont., says: "I received your pictures last night, and have sold them all to-day." C. M. Wingham, Ont., says: "I sold the pictures in 1 day, and got orders for more." D. McL., says: "I received your pictures last night, and have sold them all to-day." F. W. B., Earl Grey, Sask., says: "I took me only 2 hours to sell your pictures."

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APPRECIATION A prominent Canadian Insurance Periodical, under date March 10th, 1915, says of the Capital Life Assurance Co.

Capital 1914 Figures The CAPITAL makes that sound progress which those who recognized its admirable start quite expected. The assets have increased to \$289,895, from a little under \$200,000; and the surplus, excluding capital, is \$147,085, plus \$7,780 reserves held above Government basis of valuation, making a total surplus of \$154,765. As this is very little less than the surplus last year, it means to say that the Capital has been able to maintain itself in its third year with the expenditure of very little capital. This is in some ways a really wonderful achievement.

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