

# The Catholic Record

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

VOLUME XXXIV.

LONDON, ONTARIO, SATURDAY, JUNE 8, 1912

1755

## FEAST OF THE SACRED HEART

Two lights on a lowly altar;  
Two snowy cloths for a Feast;  
Two vases of living roses  
The morning comes from the east,  
With a gleam for the folds of the vest-  
ments  
And a grace for the face of the priest.

The sound of a low, sweet whisper  
Floats over a little bread,  
And trembles around a chalice,  
And the priest bows down his head!  
O'er a sign of white on the altar—  
In the cup—o'er a sign of red.

As red as the red of roses,  
As white as the white of snow!  
But the red is a red of a sorrow  
Beneath which a God's blood flows;  
And the white is the white of a sunlight  
Within which a God's flesh glows.

Al! words of the olden Thursday!  
Ye come from the far-away!  
Ye bring us the Friday's victim  
In His own love's olden way;  
In the hand of the priest at the altar  
His Heart finds a home each day.

The sight of a Host uplifted!  
The silver-sound of a bell!  
The gleam of a golden chalice.  
Be glad, and be glad!  
He made, and He keeps love's promise,  
With these all days to dwell.

From his hand to his lips that tremble,  
From his lips to his heart a thrill,  
Goes the little Host on its love-path,  
Still doing the Father's will;  
And over the rim of the chalice  
The blood flows forth to fill.

The heart of the man anointed  
With the waves of a wondrous grace;  
A silence falls on the altar—  
An awe on each bended knee—  
For the Heart that bled on Calvary  
Still beats in the holy place.

The priest comes down to the railing  
Where brows are bowed in prayer;  
In the tender clasp of his fingers  
A Host lies pure and fair,  
And the hearts of Christ and the Chris-  
tian  
Meet there—and only there!

Oh! love that is deep and deathless!  
Oh! faith that is strong and grand!  
Oh! hope that will shine forever,  
O'er the wastes of a weary land,  
Christ's Heart finds a heavenly heaven  
In the palm of the priest's pure hand.  
—REV. ABRAHAM J. RYAN

## DOLLARS VERSUS FAITH

On a former occasion we spoke of the proselytizing work carried on among non-English speaking Catholics in our large cities. The main reliance of the proselytizers is on the money which they are busily at work under the auspices of the Presbyterian Home Mission Board. They have established in one of the tenement districts what is called "The American Parish" financed by Presbyterian money. In the Examiner (New York) gives a description of the work done in this parish which was called into existence for the express purpose of winning away from the Catholic Church newly arrived immigrants. Within its area Protestantism had run to seed as is shown by this extract from the Examiner article: "It is a neighborhood from which Protestantism has definitely retreated, as is indicated by the fact that four years or so ago there existed only one English speaking (Protestant) Church, and that so rapidly on the decline as to be just about to close its doors when taken up by the Home Mission Committee two years ago. And it is also a neighborhood in which, on the face of things, Protestantism would appear to have had but a slender chance of success."

With faith in the German saying: "Money rules the world," proselytizers, relying upon the power of the dollar, have allied themselves to the task of filling up the depleted ranks of Protestantism with Catholic renegades. The solitary moribund Protestant Church was kept going by the money set apart in "The American Parish." We learn from the writer in the Examiner that the estimated cost of the work in the tenement is \$14,000 a year. He adds: "That the policy pursued by the American parish has found favor at headquarters is evidenced by the fact that last year the Church Extension Committee appropriated for its use in buildings alone \$108,000." It will be seen, then, that money considerations will not stay in the way of the Presbyterian attempt at undermining the religious faith of non-English speaking Catholics.

How that attempt has been systematized is shown by the sending at great expense bands of proselytizers to the lands from which these immigrants come. There they learn the language and the habits of the natives—knowledge which afterwards comes handy in the anti-Catholic propaganda in this country. The Rev. W. P. Shriver, Superintendent of the Immigration Department of the Presbyterian Home Mission Committee, is authority for the statement that three years ago a party of college men spent a year in the peasant districts of Hungary, Poland and Italy to fit themselves for this kind of work. The expenditure of thousands of dollars in the preliminary training of this nature, and the sending of the missionaries to fill the thinning ranks of Protestantism by an accession of Catholic renegades.

The whole movement is stamped with the dollar-mark. It proceeds on the principle that the religious principles of the impoverished peasantry are as meat, potatoes or other commodities offered for sale in the open market. Catholic priests stationed in districts where this anti-Catholic propaganda is in progress, could tell many a tale of the attempts to win away members of their flock by offers of worldly advantage as a reward

for apostasy. It is work from which strange of a sense of honor would shrink. It is bribing men and women to barter their religious convictions for temporal gain. It is a repetition, under another form, of the work done by the "Souperers" in Ireland during the time that an artificially created famine was claiming its victims by the thousands.

The non-English speaking Catholic immigrants who are exposed to this species of temptation are entitled to, and should have, the sympathy of every Catholic in the land. These our brothers are in a strange land amidst strangers with whose language and social customs they are not familiar. The religion of their fathers, the religion with which their earliest memories are associated, the religion that has cheered them in hours of despondency, the religion that has guided and shaped their lives, the religion that holds out to them that certainty and not doctrines of a chameleon character which take on the color of evanescent opinions that are about as lasting as the rainbow, the religion, in a word, that is their most precious possession is regarded by Protestant sectarians as something that can be bought for a sufficiently high price to be paid for it. A Catholic who would be unmoved by that sort of anti-Catholic propaganda would have no claims to be considered a loyal son or daughter of our Spiritual Mother.

Catholic Americans have a double reason for not being indifferent in regard to the lavish expenditure of money in the work of proselytizing newly arrived non-English speaking Catholics. As Catholics they know the nature of the loss entailed by everyone of these immigrants who may be bribed into becoming a renegade; as Americans they recognize that citizens in embryo who begin their career in this country by fore-swearing their religion for temporal gain are not the stuff of which good citizens can be moulded. "False in one thing, false in all things." If a person actuated by purely mercenary motives, as in the case of a renegade bribed by Presbyterian dollars, sacrifices his religion, he or she can never afterward be trusted in any walk of life. From every point of view, then, the anti-Catholic propaganda upon which vast sums of money is expended, is reprehensible. Catholics should stand loyal, and hierarchy and clergy in the fight they are making against it.—Freeman's Journal.

## METHODISTS AND THE BIBLE

### THE MOST REVEREND ARCHBISHOP REFUTES ASSERTIONS OF METHODIST PREACHERS

Catholic Bulletin  
The following article from the pen of Archbishop Ireland was published in the daily press of last Thursday:  
I regret that I must again break the silence I should have wished to have kept with regard to the Methodist Colporteur at the recent session in Minneapolis. Bellicose, assuredly, the Conference is proving itself to be: the same epithet I do not wish to merit for myself or for the Church I represent. But provocation is at times too strong even for a sworn friend of peace; and besides, truth and justice-head of Bibles into the city behind the troops, and since then the Bible has been in Rome."

"Since then the Bible has been in Rome"—not before, Dr. Clark would have us believe. There is here, I am compelled to assume, no ignorance of conditions in Rome either before or since A. D. 1870. Dr. Clark has been too late a resident in Rome, not to know conditions in the Eternal City, both before and since the arrival of Methodism. If not ignorance, what is it? Let the reader give the answer. Whatever the answer, the statement of Dr. Clark, in itself, is an outrageous violation of the truth.

### THE BIBLE IN ROME

I rehearse words of mine written two years ago in the North American Review, in reply to a statement then made by another Methodist missionary to Italy, Dr. Vernon, similar in terms to that made to-day by Dr. Clark. I then said: "Before the arrival of Methodism, very likely the Methodist version of the Bible, whichever that may be, had no admission into Rome; but the Bible, known to Christian ages, was in Italy in all the languages of the learned, and no less in that of the common people. Will Dr. Vernon dare tell us that before the arrival of Methodism in Italy before the Pope, Pius VI, prefacing with his blessing an edition of the Bible in Italian, wrote to the translator: 'You judge exceedingly well that the faithful should be excited to the reading of Holy Scriptures.' In 1838 the publishing-house of the Congregation of the Propaganda put forth at a price of fifteen lire (\$3), a printed edition of the Martin Bible in twenty-three volumes, and later printed several popular editions, to be sold at

smaller cost. Let Dr. Vernon question the bookstores, surviving in Rome from olden days, those of Saraceni, Marastretti, etc., and learn whether long before the arrival of Methodism, they were not accustomed to have on their counters the Bible in Italian, in all forms, at all prices. Those the open forum; and yet, in the North American Review, Dr. Vernon writes that before the arrival of Methodism the Bible was excluded from Rome! Wonders do not cease." The challenge to Dr. Vernon to deny my statements remained unanswered. I repeat the challenge to Dr. Clark.

The bald untruth spoken by Dr. Vernon and Dr. Clark with regard to the exclusion of the Bible from Rome before the arrival of Methodism, gives the measure of the credence to be allowed Methodist missionaries generally, when they talk of their experiences in Catholic countries.

Dr. Vernon and Dr. Clark misrepresent Italy; so does Dr. W. F. Rice misrepresent the Republics of South America. Dr. Rice fares no better. The Roman Catholic Church deprives its members of the right to read the Holy Bible." Will Dr. Rice dare tell us that he has visited the reputable bookstores of any city of South America and was unable to find there copies of the Bible? Will he dare quote a single ordinance of Catholic prelates in South America forbidding to Catholics the reading of the Bible? He tells us that Bibles were taken from Methodist Colporteurs and burnt. This may have happened. But were not the volumes that were burnt Bibles bearing the impress of Methodist publishing-houses, the acceptance of which should be interpreted as an act of adhesion to Methodism, an act of belief in the assertions of Methodist Colporteurs that Catholicism is a mass of superstitious paganism? To stand by the side of Methodist Colporteurs, were now and then thrown into the fire, that one of those Colporteurs, Rev. Samuel P. Craver, had stones pelted at him—this is quite possible. To South Americans, as to all Catholics, the Catholic faith is the most sacred of possessions. To stand by and hear it calumniated and vilified is to exercise over oneself a degree of self-control of which red-hot Spanish blood is not always capable, which, indeed, it has not been quite easy to the ordinarily cooled-headed Catholics of Minneapolis and St. Paul to put into practice beneath the torments of insult to their Church, of calumnious misrepresentations of its doctrines and practices, flowing daily, for the past few weeks, from platforms and benches of official Methodist meeting in Quadrennial Conference. Verily, if somewhere in South America a stone did not now and then fall on the head of a Methodist Colporteur, we might be tempted to believe other reports set forth by Methodist missionaries to South America that Catholic faith there is dead, that the populations with palpitating bosom and open hand are welcoming the arrival of the Protestant CONFERENCES.

The Quadrennial Conference has formally ratified and made to be its own the stilling assertions of its missionaries to Italy and South America as to the exclusion of the Bible from those countries. Its official resolution reads: "Whereas the Holy Bible, which forms a large part of the missionary field of the Methodist Episcopal Church, the teachings and practices of Romanism deprive the people of the Bible . . . So much the worse for the Quadrennial Conference as to the love it bears to truth plain and ostensible."

It is a surprise that the Conference did not tell us that right here in the United States, and in other English-speaking countries, the Catholic Church drives the people of the Bible. Once started into the race of calumny on the question of Bible exclusion, it has been hard to repress willing stepplings. The temptation, we may say, was there; but the peril of detection was too proximate. Perhaps, the Conference had some inkling of the testimony of Sir Thomas More, Chancellor of England under Henry VIII, that "the whole Bible was even before Wycliff's days translated by virtuous and well-learned men into the English tongue, and by good and godly people was well and reverently read with devotion and sobriety." Perhaps, too, the Conference was not altogether unmindful that the first family of Godhead of which the Duke of Devonshire is proud did not raise the Jolly Rover and take the chance of being hanged for piracy. His was the safer and more lucrative course. He accepted a commission from Henry VIII, to carry out a species of piracy which Chancellor Lloyd George describes in these strong terms: "These charges that we are robbing the Church ought not to be brought by those whose family tree is laden with the fruits of sacrilege at the Reformation. Their ancestors robbed the Catholic Church of the monasteries, and the altars, the altars, they robbed the poor. They robbed the dead. Then when we try to recover some part of this pillage properly for the poor, their descendants accuse us of theft—they whose hands are dripping with the fat of sacrilege."

It is times that the English people should hear plain talk of this kind. The story of how the founder of the Episcopal Church plundered the Catholic churches, monasteries, and convents is one of the blackest chapters in all history. The Newgate calendar cannot be too deep in sacrilege, and robbery perpetrated under legal forms framed for the purpose. The manner in which a clever lawyer, Russell by name, founded the family of which the Duke of Bedford is the head, illustrates what we have just said.

Henry VIII. desired to get possession

of the property of the Abbeys of Glastonbury, Reading, and Colchester. He had a law framed which converted the lands should be forfeited by attainder. The next step was to convict the three abbots of treason. That part of the business was assigned to the ancestor of the Duke of Bedford. How he carried it out is shown by the story of the arrest, trial, conviction and execution of the Abbot of Glastonbury. He was an old man, eighty years old. Officers of the law swooped down upon him, made him a prisoner, and searched his apartments for incriminating evidence which they failed to find. The aged prisoner's assistance did not avail. For very shame sake the Devonshire and the Bedford family were expected of him. The trial took place on one day and the execution followed the next. The abbot, bowed down with the weight of years, was bound to a hurdle and dragged to the top of a hill, where he was beheaded and haled before Russell, who knew what was expected of him. The trial took place on one day and the execution followed the next. The abbot, bowed down with the weight of years, was bound to a hurdle and dragged to the top of a hill, where he was beheaded and haled before Russell, who knew what was expected of him. The trial took place on one day and the execution followed the next. The abbot, bowed down with the weight of years, was bound to a hurdle and dragged to the top of a hill, where he was beheaded and haled before Russell, who knew what was expected of him.

## AN ULSTER PROTESTANT LASHES KIPLING

We are glad to note that the flippant Eurasian, Rudyard Kipling, has got his due from Mr. George Russell, an Irishman of Ulster and a Protestant whose religion does not debar him from being also a patriot and a lover of justice toward his long oppressed Catholic fellow-countrymen. Russell is an ardent lover of his country and her people, Catholic and Protestant, and he resents with burning indignation the insults which the sneering barack-room bard and Jingo flings at the people who refuse to sell their souls for gold and British favor and are fought for by the people of all nations. It is not only that he has deserved in now thinning grasp. Mr. Russell is both a poet and an historical student of no narrow range, and he is able to administer some very neat corrections to the mercenary Kipling, who proclaims that the possession of political rights by men is a matter of race, and that the more noble than that of Horace, who wrote for a wealthy patron rather than for the glory of a great patria. Kipling lately produced a turgid serech about Ulster, and he has had it copyrighted in the United States so that he can secure all the money that can be got from its sale for himself. Says Mr. Russell:

"I am a person whose whole being goes into a blaze at the thought of oppression of faith, and yet I think my Catholic countrymen infinitely more tolerant than those who hold the faith I was born in. I am a heretic judged by their standards, a heretic who has written and made public his heresies, and I have never suffered in friendship or found my heresies an obstacle in life. I found my knowledge, the knowledge of a lifetime, against your ignorance, and I say you have used your genius to do Ireland and the world wrong. You have intervened in a quarrel of which you do not know the merits like any brawling bully who passes and only takes sides to use his strength. If there was a high court of poetry and those in power jealous of the noble name of poet, and that none should use it save those who were truly knights of the Holy Ghost, they would have taken the golden spurs from your heels and turn you out of the court. You had the ear of the world, and you poisoned it with prejudice and ignorance. You had the power of song and you have always used it on behalf of the strong against the weak. You have smitten with all your might at creatures who are frail on earth, but mighty in the heavens, at generosity, at truth, at justice; and heaven has withheld vision and power and beauty from you, for this your verse is only a shallow newspaper article made to rhyme. Truly ought the golden spurs to be backed from your heels and you to be thrust out of the court."

This is only a small portion of the dressing which the indignant Irish Protestant laid on the back of the Jingo bull-terrier, and which The Daily News (London) seems to have had much pleasure in publishing. Ulster can "dig" heels and you to be thrust out of the court. This is only a small portion of the dressing which the indignant Irish Protestant laid on the back of the Jingo bull-terrier, and which The Daily News (London) seems to have had much pleasure in publishing. Ulster can "dig" heels and you to be thrust out of the court. This is only a small portion of the dressing which the indignant Irish Protestant laid on the back of the Jingo bull-terrier, and which The Daily News (London) seems to have had much pleasure in publishing. Ulster can "dig" heels and you to be thrust out of the court.

THE DEBATE IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS ON THE WELSH DISESTABLISHMENT BILL

## "DRIPPING WITH THE FAT OF SACRILEGE"

The debate in the House of Commons on the Welsh Disestablishment Bill has furnished Chancellor Lloyd George an opportunity for recalling the manner in which the Catholic Church in England was plundered to enrich the British aristocracy. The Duke of Devonshire had issued a pam-phet in which he charged those favoring the Welsh Bill with advocating a policy which would be "robbery of God." In answering that accusation the Chancellor of the Exchequer made use of this argumentum ad hominem: "Doesn't he know that the very foundations of his fortune were laid deep in sacrilege, and built on desecrated shrines and pillaged altars." The force of these words consist in their being literally true. The Duke of Devonshire himself bears witness to this in the history of his family which he furnished for the English "Who's Who." From it we learn that "the great peer of the family was a second son of a commissioner for visiting and taking the surrenders of religious houses in the reign of Henry VIII."

If one were descended from Captain Kidd, one would not set one's feet on the face of the world. The ancestor of which the Duke of Devonshire is proud did not raise the Jolly Rover and take the chance of being hanged for piracy. His was the safer and more lucrative course. He accepted a commission from Henry VIII, to carry out a species of piracy which Chancellor Lloyd George describes in these strong terms: "These charges that we are robbing the Church ought not to be brought by those whose family tree is laden with the fruits of sacrilege at the Reformation. Their ancestors robbed the Catholic Church of the monasteries, and the altars, the altars, they robbed the poor. They robbed the dead. Then when we try to recover some part of this pillage properly for the poor, their descendants accuse us of theft—they whose hands are dripping with the fat of sacrilege."

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## RED CROSS OF CATHOLIC ORIGIN

It is apropos of an interesting event, the International Red Cross conference, to recall allied with American history, Queen Isabella of Castile, our discoverer's generous patron.

There was fighting every day of Isabel's glorious reign, fighting with the infidel Moor who gave no quarter, and the great Spanish queen whose tenderness of heart is unquestioned, organized a corps of first aid for the wounded. The ladies of her court of Castile, whom she herself had trained, were in attendance in the hospital field-tents raised close to the battlefield. Crude, no doubt, was the surgery, but the nursing was gentle and sweet.

As the cross of Isabella the Catholic flew over those Spanish hospital field tents, so the same sacred sign continues to be the human emblem in use five centuries later. When the European powers determined upon organizing a common society to care for the wounded soldier, their representatives met in Geneva, Switzerland, 1864, and formed the first International Red Cross Society, taking for a device the Swiss flag reversed, a red cross on a white ground.

The grand old Church of Christendom has honored the cross since the first Good Friday. That coat-of-arms, a heraldry two thousand years old, has decorated many valiant men of arms, many brilliant men of letters. The world may strip of temporalities the Church which confers this cruciform decoration; it cannot destroy her inherent greatness of mentality as exemplified in her children, illustrious in every age. Again and again the world has had to fall back upon the Church's treasure-house—the able men of the cross.

For instance, the Italian government has had to have recourse to the Catholic Church in its present situation, the annexation of Tripoli. Italian troops must be conveyed with Arab guides to be found within Catholic colleges, and a Carmelite father has been appointed to the chair of Arabic in the Royal Academy of Milan. It is going back to the days of the great Bormio.

Coming within our own radius, we might direct attention to the fact that the text book used in the Y. M. C. A. for governing the popular boy scout movement is the work of a Jesuit Father Quinn.

O ye of little faith, so timid of declaring yourselves children of the great and high in station, yet held that title to be proudest of all!—Buffalo Catholic Union and Times.

## CATHOLIC NOTES

A skeleton, believed to be that of a sixteenth-century monk, in a stone coffin, was removed from the garden of the Protestant vicarage and reinterred in the Church at Caswert, Monmouthshire, recently.

As the first step toward securing funds for the new gymnasium at the new Boston College there has been arranged an elaborate production of "My New Curate," the drama from Father Sheehan's book.

His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons has requested that the fourth degree, K. of C., act as his escort on the occasion of the solemn military High Mass which is to take place Sunday morning, June 9, in the shadow of the Washington monument.

The convents, monasteries, etc., suppressed and sequestered by the French government and sold by it, realized \$6,000,000 instead of \$200,000,000 as it is expected. The government has still "on hand" 1,070 religious houses to be sold.

The apostate Verdel, sentenced last year in Rome to two years' imprisonment for libel and slander, created a disturbance the other day by attempting to speak at a public meeting. He is still under the protection of the Methodists, says Rome.

Very Rev. Abram F. Fairbanks, of Milwaukee, is a direct descendant of Jonathan Fairbanks, who built what is said to be the oldest inhabited dwelling in this country at Dedham, Mass., in 1636. He is a convert and descends from the Fairbanks, Coolidge, Jefferson, and Adams families in New England.

There were about 100 natives of Ireland among the immigrants on the "Titanic." Of these, 40 were saved. The Holy Rosary Mission, New York, took care of the survivors, presented each with a gift of \$25 from a fund of \$1,000 supplied through Mr. McDermott from the Irish Emigrant Society.

In New York the Dominican Sisters of the Sick Poor nurse the sick free of charge in their own homes, be their creed, race or color what it may. They nurse only those too poor to pay. Last year they nursed 578, involving 895 whole days nursing, and 58 entire nights. They made 4,117 visits to the sick poor.

Maryland, was lauded as a giver of great men to the Nation and her people were hailed as the leaders of religious toleration in America at the unveiling on May 4 at Georgetown University of the bronze monument to John Carroll, Archbishop of Baltimore, American diplomat and father of the Catholic Church in this country.

English exchanges chronicle the death of Father Charles Edward Ryker, of Smithwick, who included among his uncles Cardinal Manning and the 2 Wilberforces. Two of his brothers became priests, the late Father Ryder, of the Oratory and Father Cyril Ryder, C. S. R. Father Charles Ryker was educated at Oscott, and was ordained in Rome in 1867.

The Methodists have begun their proselytizing among the Italians of Denver. The work is in charge of one Rev. Francesco P. Leonetti, who converted the mission under the name of the "Evangelical Italian Church," and for the support of which the Methodists allow him \$1,490 a year. There are about 15,000 Italians in Denver and in a few years they will outnumber all its foreign-born citizens. It is proving a rich field for the proselytizers, who carry on their misrepresentations of the Catholic Church and destruction of all Christian faith in the hearts of these people.

Some sensational New York paper reported, recently that Father Conrardy, well known in this country for his devotion to Chinese lepers, had himself become a leper. But such is not the case. Recently a letter was received from Fr. Conrardy, which he states that he is in perfect health and hard at work among his unfortunate friends.

"There are several villages of lepers on Leper Island," he writes, "and no one who is not a leper lives among them except myself. A leper girl makes my clothes, keeps my house in every simple, does my cooking, which is very simple, as get no beef, mutton, bread, milk, or butter."

Confronting death with as much fortitude as his noted predecessor, word has been received in Boston that Brother Ira Dutton, of the Dominican Order, a former New England man, has been stricken with leprosy on the island of Molokai, in the Hawaiian group. He is the last of the pioneer nurses who first took care of those unfortunates of the islands in the North Pacific. Brother Dutton succeeded Father Damien, who made a name for himself by his segregation and care of the lepers in the Sandwich Islands. Father Damien contracted leprosy and died, but from the time he was stricken until he passed away he never complained of his fate, which he knew that he could not avoid.

When the learned Jesuit, John Bolland, of Antwerp, in the seventeenth century, conceived the thought of compiling a history of all the canonized saints of the Catholic Church, he knew that a gigantic task lay before him which could never be accomplished by one man or in one century. Since A. D. 1330, volume after volume of Bolland's proposed work—the lives of all the canonized saints, old and young, men and women, laymen and clergy, virgins, widows, married and single, martyrs, confessors and apostles—has been published, and no matter what order of the results were the volume or a part of it been given to the whole immense collection.

Paulist Chorists Gain Prize in Paris  
Paris, May 28.—The Paulist Chorist Society, of America, with a personnel of one hundred and fifty boys and men, here in charge of Fathers William Finn and Peter O'Callaghan, Paulists of Chicago, competing to-day in the great International Fete of Music, carried off the first diploma of honor and a magnificent Sevres vase and medal. Father Finn, who is in charge of the chorists, will be decorated with the Palmes Academiques.





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LETTERS OF RECOMMENDATION

Apostolic Delegation. Ottawa, June 23rd, 1912.

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

It strenuously defends Catholic principles and rights, and stands firmly by the teaching and authority of the Church, and at the same time more and more, as its wholesome influence reaches more Catholic homes. I therefore, earnestly recommend it to Catholic families. With my blessing on your work, and best wishes for its continued success. Yours very sincerely in Christ.

Yours very sincerely in Christ. D. FALCONIO, Arch. of Larissa, Ap. Deleg.

Mr. Thomas Coffey. Dear Sir—For some time past I have read your estimable paper, the CATHOLIC RECORD, and congratulate you upon the manner in which it is published.

Its matter and form are both good; and a truly Catholic spirit pervades the whole. Therefore, with pleasure, I can recommend it to the faithful. Blessing you and wishing you success, believe me to remain, Yours faithfully in Jesus Christ.

Yours faithfully in Jesus Christ. T. D. FALCONIO, Arch. of Larissa, Ap. Deleg.

LONDON, SATURDAY, JUNE 8, 1912

NOTES AND COMMENTS

IT IS ANNOUNCED by Sir Rodolphe Forget, that Bonar Law, Leader of the Unionist Party in the British House of Commons, will visit Canada in August and deliver a number of speeches on Imperial questions as they affect the Dominion.

As a native-born Canadian who has distinguished himself abroad Mr. Law will be welcomed by his fellow countrymen. But if he comes with any idea of influencing public opinion against the impending self-government of Ireland he will sadly waste his energies and his time. Canadians in the mass know too well the blessings of Home Rule and endure too much in the struggle to obtain it, to be swayed from their sympathy for Ireland in her century-long struggle for the same great blessing, by even so illustrious an individual as Bonar Law. And the Montreal financier, Sir Rodolphe Forget, might better consult his own interests than to identify himself with so reactionary a cause as that of the Unionists. He should not lose sight of the fact that the strength and the happiness of his own people in Canada are based upon the same great principle of Home Rule. What has proven so great a success in Canada can hardly prove anything less than a success in Ireland. It is too late in the day to preach any contrary doctrine on this side of the Atlantic.

IF ANY proof were needed to establish the utterly sectarian character of the Y. M. C. A., it is furnished by a recent incident in New York. We all know what strenuous efforts have been made in Canada to inveigle Catholic young men into the association on the plea of social or educational advantages. They have been assured that nothing would be done to impugn their faith or to place them at a disadvantage, because of it. Yet Catholics continue to be constitutionally disqualified from any voice in the government of the association, and, as press reports prove, to be singled out from all men, be they Jews, Mohammedans or Pagans, as objects of contempt and scorn. This fact of itself does not constitute the fundamental objection to the Y. M. C. A., but should be sufficient, nevertheless, to keep any self-respecting Catholic young man from allying himself with it in any capacity whatsoever.

THAT the association across the line does not, in this respect, differ from the Canadian contingent, the incident to which we have referred makes evident. At the recent Congress of the Holy Name Society held in Baltimore, a Boston priest raised his voice against Catholics joining the Y. M. C. A., and in the course of his address rightly characterized the efforts of the association as "insidious." In doing so he but voiced the universal judgment of well-instructed Catholics in regard to it, and was at the same time perfectly within his rights as a citizen. The rejoinder which his words of caution and protest evoked proved that his point was well taken. Stung to the quick the spokesmen of the Association in New York were thrown off their guard, and clumsily gave the whole case away. We are indebted to our contemporary America for particulars of the episode.

THERE IS a Y. M. C. A. publication in New York called "Twenty-third Street Men," which took upon itself the task of answering Father Fearing (the speaker at the Holy Name Congress),

America reproduces this precious screed in fac-simile. Had its promoters been earnest and sincere men some attempt would have been made to remove any doubts as to the character of the association, but they chose rather to indulge in a volley of coarse abuse, interspersed with semi-blasphemous allusions to the "Romanist Church." This word "Romanist" is indeed the sum and substance of the article. It is used five times within as many paragraphs. It speaks of the "Romanist Holy Name Society," of "Romanist priests" the "Romanist Church," and "Romanist brethren," and, alluding to the Church's condemnation of sectarianism, adds that "ecclesiastics have been more or less active in the condemning business ever since a group of them condemned Jesus to death two thousand years ago."

SOME APOLOGIES are due to our readers for reproducing these select effusions. But if they have the effect of unweittingly affiliated themselves with the Y. M. C. A., their reproduction here will not have been in vain. Father Fearing characterized the organization as "insidious." In its bearing towards Catholics heretofore, insidious it certainly has been. But if we may take the break of "Twenty-third Street Men" as an indication of a change of policy in this respect, the advantage will all be on the Catholic side. Scurrility is not an amiable quality. But in the present connection, as being at least open, it is to that extent much to be preferred to insidiousness.

AMONG THE heroes of humanity must be ranked the late Dr. James Francis Rymer, who after four years of devoted medical work among the Indians and Esquimaux of the Far North has passed to his reward. He was an Englishman by birth and came of an old medical family, his great-grandfather having been a surgeon in the Royal Navy. Dr. Rymer, himself, was a graduate of the Royal College of Surgeons, and before leaving England had officiated for eight years as physician-in-residence at the Carthusian Monastery, at Parkhurst, Sussex. He came to Canada in 1908, and immediately placed his services at the disposal of the Catholic missionaries of McKenzie River and Athabaska, where, "amid eternal ice and snow," as he described his surroundings in letters home, he gave his few remaining years to the welfare of the aborigines. The exhausting nature of his work contributed, no doubt, to his untimely death.

THE SCENE OF Dr. Rymer's labors is a territory as yet but little known to the outside world. It extends to within the Arctic circle, and has been visited only by a few priests, explorers, and employees of the Hudson's Bay Company. His journeys involved the passage of dangerous rivers and rapids, exhausting portages, and much hardship and exposure. On one occasion, we are told, his boat struck a rock in the Athabaska river, and the Doctor was only saved from drowning by the prompt help of some Indians in canoes. He penetrated as far North as Fort Good Hope, fourteen miles within the Arctic circle, where he treated the natives for their many complaints and distributed among them, gratuitously, large stocks of medicines. He died at Fort Resolution, on the Great Slave Lake, and left behind him, the missionaries at that isolated post write, a memory as "disinterested, patient, absolutely true—heart and soul—to the poor miserable Indians a man of rare abilities and sterling worth."

DR. RYMER had no newspaper syndicate to exploit him. He was not fitted out by friends and admirers with a sumptuous steam yacht, nor did he retire to civilization now and again to win fame upon the lecture platform. Rather was his life hidden from the eyes of men, and consecrated, with no hope of earthly reward, to the poorest and most despised of God's "little ones." But we may be sure that a life spent so generously for God has not been without its recompense, and that the hardships patiently endured here have won for him an unfading crown beyond.

CATHOLIC MISSIONARIES have never been in the habit of exploiting their labors. They are content to prosecute their "war from the eyes of men." They have the Divine warrant that "in quietness and confidence shall be their strength," and with no thought of the applause of men they go on to the end in holy obscurity. But from time to time some witness—a traveller or a government official—finds occasion to testify to their zeal, their practical wisdom, or their self-abnegation. Such an instance is reported from Belgium, where an American Governor of the Philippines, General Peck, had been sojourning for a few days, following upon a European tour. He had been received as a guest by the missionaries of the Immaculate Heart of Mary, and replying to their address of welcome,

paid a striking tribute to the Fathers of the same Congregation of whose work he had been a witness in the Islands.

"I AM A son of a Protestant minister," General Peck said, "I am not a Catholic. I therefore can form an unbiased judgment of missionary methods, and—without criticizing others—I must congratulate you Fathers for your admirable work. I am assured that your methods of evangelizing and your modes of living are the only ones that raise the Filipinos and make true men of them. We Americans wish to make of these people a clean, self-respecting race. The Catholic missionaries alone are able to accomplish this gigantic task. I speak from personal observation. I have seen your Fathers at close range there. I have slept like them upon the ground. They are men."

It forms an interesting addenda to these remarks that General Peck paid a visit to the homes of the parents of thirty-four Belgian missionaries in the Philippines, and officially congratulated them in the name of the Government of the United States upon "having given such brave and devoted sons to the cause of civilization in the Islands."

MODERN CATHOLIC NOVELS

LIKE discussing our neighbors it is a congenial occupation to talk about books; for to a reader books are his neighbors. The latter is a much safer employment, for we are less liable to be guilty of calumny or to get into hot water. Just as we are apt to be most critical of our Catholic neighbors, so we may be excused if we indulge in some criticism of Catholic books. Some people like to retail gossip about their Protestant neighbors, not because they find them particularly interesting, but because they happen to move in what is called society, and it affords them the opportunity of revealing the fact that they have a bowing acquaintance with them. For the same reason we find people who will gush over some volume that is all the rage, not because they enjoy it or know much about it, but because they fondly imagine that they must read it and enthuse over it in order to safeguard their literary reputation. Our Catholic friends, however, are good enough for us, and we will proceed to criticize them.

We will begin with that very interesting set, Catholic novels. There has been an amazingly large output of Catholic fiction during the last decade. Some of it is good, and some, to say the least, very indifferent. We have the religious novel, the historical novel, the romance and the children's story. In each of these departments we have writers who are making Catholic literature. In the first instance the author of the "Son of Siro" is a representative of those who have successfully interwoven the wool of fiction with the warp of the Bible story. Monsignor Benson stands out prominently among those who have succeeded likewise with the warp of the Church's history. It is no prophecy to say that his fame will rest on his substantial contributions in this line rather than upon his later ephemeral exaggerations. Among the authors of the third class, lady writers, as it is to be expected, are in the majority. Here there are so many worthy of note that to mention one might seem invidious. Yet we feel safe in singling out Christian Reid as a type of the lady novelists of today who possess all the faith and genuine piety of a Mrs. Sadler, with the culture and literary excellence demanded by a better educated class of readers. Father Finn and a few others little less distinguished in the juvenile department have endeared themselves to the American youth by a right adjustment of piety, instruction and adventure. They are worthy disciples of the amiable Canon Schmid, who more than a century and a half ago captivated, by his charming children's stories, the youth of Bavaria.

There are two classes of Catholic novelists against whom we have a grievance. The first are those who have no mission to write and who have nothing new to say. They are prompted solely by mercenary motives. With the increase of Catholic libraries there is a corresponding increase in the demand for Catholic books. Many take advantage of this to hang a new tale on an old plot and adorn it in the conventional manner. Such a book adds nothing to the value of a Catholic library. There are novelists trading on their Catholic names who without this passport would have little chance to dispose of their wares. It were far better to choose many of the excellent books really Catholic in tone though written by non-Catholics than the wispy-waspy stuff that is produced to supply the demand.

Another person with whom we have no patience is the lady novelist whose heroine invariably converts her fiancé. We know that in not a few instances, a good Catholic girl has been, in the providence of God, the instrument to bring the gift of faith to the young man with whom she has become engaged. For the majority, however, it is infinitely safer to admire her than to strive to imitate her in this regard. The trouble

is that the very ones who essay such a task are those who are least qualified to accomplish it. And here is the point. They are often prompted in this hazardous undertaking by the reading of just such romances as we have referred to. As little boys filled with valor after devouring a penny dreadful, sally forth to round up the Indians, so they, overflowing with zeal, set out to make a spiritual conquest. Happy for them if their mothers bring them to their senses before it is too late.

Writers of this class often dabble in theology, and a sorry mess they make of it. In morals they are governed more by sentiment than by reason, while in doctrine and practice they are frequently in error. An example will illustrate our point. Not long since we read a story that told how a young woman who was engaged to be married to a Catholic man made a solemn promise not to marry him until her dear lady friend, who was a Protestant, should receive the gift of faith. Notwithstanding the repeated appeals of her betrothed, whose patience was almost exhausted, she refused to reveal to him the nature of her promise. At last the young lady in question met with an accident in which she was mortally injured. To our heroine who was called to her bedside she expressed the desire to die a Catholic. No doubt to the pious admiration of all present, including her betrothed, she received her dying friend's profession of faith and baptized her. Then everything was lovely.

Now, we would like to ask the writer was this a prudent promise to make? Was it a just promise? Is it in accordance with Catholic practice for a woman to administer private baptism when there is a man present who is competent to do so? It is indeed well to mingle instruction with entertainment, but one should not assume the didactic role without having a fairly thorough knowledge of Catholic doctrine. "THE CLEANER."

WRONG HEADED BOYS

ORANGEMAN is a noxious weed in this Canada of ours and we hope the time will come when a healthy public opinion will pluck it up and leave it to wither and decay. There is also another organization somewhat akin to it. A number of young men have banded themselves together and are tagged "Young Britons." What a goosing is to a goose a Young Briton is to an Orangeman. Both are organized and kept in marching order, the pounding of the drum and the shrieking of the fife being used to perpetuate the martial spirit, by a set of political dictators who hold mastery over these foolish people. They are aiming, as it were, to form a trust of the Orange vote and they have pretty well succeeded. The Orange boss is somewhat of a swashbuckler, the manufacturer of acrimony based upon some little faction fights in the Ireland of ages ago. The curious feature is that we sometimes find gentlemen of the cloth wearing Roman collars taking the platform at Orange gatherings and giving vent to expressions regarding their Catholic neighbors characterized by much uncharitableness and an absence of common sense. The goings recently met in Brockville and taking their cue from their forebears, solemnly enacted a resolution protesting against the establishment of a Home Rule Parliament in Ireland. All they know about the question is what they have heard from the Grand Masters in the lodges and what they have read in the official Orange organ the Maria Monk. Poor misguided boys! What they have learned in their Orange primer will not be the sign manual of good citizenship when they grow to manhood.

AN UNBECOMING ESCAPE

The Christian Advocate is the name of a weekly published in Detroit. What particular denomination, of the half thousand in existence, which it represents, we know not. From a hasty glance at its contents, however, we judge that it is quite orthodox, as it expresses anything but admiration for "Romanism." We have no desire to enter into controversy with our good brother in Detroit. He will be dealt with at the proper time and in the proper place by our co-religionists in that city. Our time is fully occupied in the endeavor to keep on the straight path the preachers in Ontario who deem "Romanism" an ever acceptable text, alike for the strapping preacher and the white haired veteran who looks back with some degree of satisfaction upon the battles he has had with the "Man of Sin." But it is not in defence of the Catholic Church alone that we have to do with our Protestant contemporaries. That is only a part of the work. Setting them right in regard to the Catholic Church is a bootless task. They will still continue to rehash the old battle axes of sectarianism and make onslaught upon the Church of the ages regardless of the fact that proof has been furnished them times without number that their charges have no foundation whatever. We hope we will be more successful in another direction. Constantly there come to our pen utterances from the pulpit and

editorials in the sectarian press which reflect discredit upon our common Christianity. In the Michigan Christian Advocate of May 25 appears an article dealing with Evangelist W. A. Sunday. "He was not," we are told, "invited to speak before the general conference of the Methodist Church in session, but nearly the whole body, Bishops and all, turned out to hear him preach." And this is the man, as described by the Christian Advocate, whom the reverend gentlemen were anxious to see and hear:

"In a lifetime we never witnessed the like of Mr. Sunday's delivery. Such acrobatic feats we never saw performed in the pulpit. Such contortions of muscles of face and body, with gestures not unlike the agility of the prize ring, soon threw the speaker into a flush of perspiration, which wilted his collar, dampened his face like rain, and made auditors close by uncomfortable with pity for him."

A generation or two ago the members of the English House of Commons were wont to adjourn to witness a prize fight or the Derby races. Here in America we have an assemblage of grave Evangelical churchmen deserting the business for which they had assembled to attend something akin to a circus performance. It would have been much more becoming had they adjourned to attend a baseball match. But then perhaps they concluded that the performance of Mr. W. A. Sunday was far more interesting than the base running of Ty Cobb. In all seriousness we desire to admonish our separated brethren to have greater regard for the proprieties as preachers of the gospel.

A ROYAL VISIT

ON Wednesday of last week His Royal Highness the Duke of Connaught, Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Connaught and Her Royal Highness Princess Patricia paid a visit to London, Ont., the guests of the city. We need scarcely say that they were received with acclamations by the entire population, and the proceedings at the different functions at which they assisted will be long remembered. Of particular interest was their visit to the Sacred Heart Convent of this city. Their welcome at the institution on the part of the Religious and pupils was not only sincere and enthusiastic, but was accompanied by that grace of manner and refinement, which is ever to be found in the institutions of that order throughout the world. The royal party were pleased beyond measure, but they were not surprised at the beauty and good taste of everything they saw and heard—they were not surprised, we say, because of the like receptions in the houses of the Order there. The Mother House of the Sacred Heart at Rochester has been well-known to the members of the royal family for generations, and their visits have not been far between. From out its portals come year after year young ladies belonging to the noblest of the noble families of England's aristocracy, who bring into the highest and best social life of the mother country a charm, a sweetness, a culture, a dignity of deportment that serves to adorn assemblies of the greatest and noblest in the land. Whilst the intellect is cultivated with thoroughness and care, the heart is made to respond to that only which is sweetest and best in life. The royal party were not then, we repeat, surprised at what they saw in the study hall of the Sacred Heart Convent of London, and the warm words of praise which at the close fell from the lips of His Royal Highness came from one who already well knew what splendid work these cultured Christian ladies are performing for the good of humanity and for the bringing of all things to Christ.

MILLIONAIRES BY TELEPHONE

WINNIPEG Telegram:—But heavy crops do not necessarily mean lower prices. Over-production generally brings about this result in other commodities. But wheat is the opportunity of the grain manipulator. Big crops or little, it is all the same. Corners can be made to depress prices to the grain-grower and increase them to the consumer. How to remedy this scandalous condition of things will cause many a political economist to rub his head. The blame lies primarily with the electorate. When election time comes that great big booby baby the public is wheedled by the get-rich-quick trust magnet, and the free and independent elector goes to the poll to cast his ballot either for that individual or for the candidate whom he owns body and soul. In the canvass for votes two expedients are brought into service. If the elector is not one of the "susceptibles" who will accept a price for his ballot there will be flattery and coaxing and perhaps an appeal to his religious prejudices. He will, too, at times be admonished to stand by his brother of the lodge. The devices of the past master in electioneering tricks are all brought into play and the free and independent is made to discard both his conscience and his common sense when marking his ballot. When we send to Ottawa men who themselves are engaged in constructing, corners, or trusts or mergers, we need

not be surprised if these same men will, when occasion arises, vote in the direction pointed out by their own interests—a vote for the continuance of a system which will make some people, without the expenditure of any labor, rich in short order, and make the working man's wife's food-basket still more skimpy when she goes to market to provide for her little ones. So long as we have a goody part of the electorate not using their intelligence at the ballot box, and another part of the same electorate accepting money for their votes, we will have corrupt representatives and corrupt representatives will legislate not for the public weal but for their own special benefit. In this connection we deem it timely to quote a recent utterance of a great Catholic Churchman, the Bishop of Northampton, England. It is a salutary warning. Said His Lordship: "In the measure in which the Money-God becomes the object of worship, Money-worth the measure of national esteem, Money—value the goal of national policy and money-making the chief object of national education, in such measure the nation is doomed. The more it succeeds the more it will be found to fail. Material prosperity is purchased at the ruinous cost of moral and social bankruptcy. England has long been the proud Apostle of Mammon. She is faced with the prospect of an ignoble martyrdom."

These be weighty words. Canadians should ask themselves how far have road of our people gone upon this same road of crazed ambition to become inordinately wealthy. Combination of capital to crush out competition, and put the financial weakening out of business, the charge of exorbitant prices for the necessities of life, enabling men in a short space to count seven figures in their bank balance, is the curse of our day. A remedy is well-nigh hopeless. The enforcement of the law of the land is but a poor expedient to convert the heart of a rogue. In his impressive years the law of God was not permitted to be taught in the schools. We are reaping the harvest. Fears have we that it will be an abundant one.

AN EVER NEW SUBJECT

ON Wednesday of last week there gathered in the Western University of this city a very large audience, comprising the most representative ladies and gentlemen of the city of London. The occasion was the graduating exercises of the class in arts. Year by year more interest seems to be taken by the people of the western district in the success of this admirable institution of higher education. The public are heart and soul with it, but those from whom it might expect better treatment, the Premier and government of the Province of Ontario, turn upon it the cold shoulder, all their affection being centred about Toronto University, and, not only this, but there is given each year to that institution a princely gift approaching the million mark. For our Western University we hope for better things very soon from the hands of the powers that be, but if there is not a change the people of Western Ontario at the proper time will know the reason why.

The baccalaureate address was delivered by Right Rev. M. F. Fallon, Bishop of London, who spoke on "Education." This is an old subject, and yet ever new. The large audience may have expected the Bishop to traverse the well beaten path that has been gone over times without number. Over this road he went, but he traversed other paths also, giving his theme a beauty and a freshness which kept the attention of his auditors, from beginning to end, firmly riveted upon his every word. The great strength of our Bishop's discourses lies largely in the fact that he very wisely builds them upon fundamentals. He lays deep and wide and strong his foundation and upon this he raises the structure of his argument. To Canadian institutions of higher learning he gave a note of warning. "Over the portals of every university," said His Lordship, "should be written, 'God is the Lord of all Science,' but in the present materialistic and skeptical age, it was appropriate to write over the doors of modern universities: 'All who enter here leave hope behind.'" If there were any of the higher criticism people in the audience they must have spent a very uncomfortable hour. His words were a rebuke to the "heavy thinkers," whose training in the schools left God out of reckoning and whose after life, pouring over their tomes, discarding the guiding hand of their Maker, have become a reproach to our age. Pride of intellect without the divine ideal always leads and ever will lead to all that is most unlovely and unlovable in this world of time. Discarding our obligations to the Eternal God on the part of those who occupy professors' chairs is a black spot on our Christian civilization. In this connection all those without the portals of the old Church—even all those who retain even a shred of Christianity—must admit that Catholic thought and practice, from the Pope to the humblest peasant,

is the only safe bulwark behind which they may take refuge in the coming storm of materialism and socialism which threatens our Christian civilization. But there is another consideration. If we will have "God as the Lord of all Science" written upon the portals of our universities we must lead up to this practice by having the same glorious motto upon the portals of the public schools. It is now on the portal of every Catholic school. If we imprint this motto upon the hearts of our children when the mind is plastic we will have a generation who will demand it on the portals of universities in later years. President James and Chancellor Meredith and many others present at the function warmly congratulated the Bishop of London on his splendid address. His appeal to the hearts and to the intellects of all those present to work to the end that the ideal may be reached in educational methods will, we firmly believe, be not in vain.

MGR. MAHONY

THE CATHOLIC RECORD sends greetings to that noble priest of Hamilton diocese whom we will now recognize as Right Rev. Mgr. Mahony, Vicar-General. The great honor has come to one who highly deserved it. In the Catholic homes of Hamilton, Father Mahony's name has been, since his ordination, a household word. He possesses the true and warm affection for his flock so becoming a priest of Holy Church. Long may he be spared to make the burden of his good Bishop lighter and to make the hearts of the faithful glad. Nor do Catholics alone hold Mgr. Mahony. Those outside the fold highly regard the man for his sterling worth. The Toronto Globe thus refers to him:

This honor to Dr. Mahony is one that will be appreciated by all classes in the community, for although a staunch churchman the Vicar-General is tolerant to others, and has won the respect of all classes in the community. He was born in this diocese forty-nine years ago, and was educated in the separate schools and collegiate institute of this city, the Ottawa Normal School, St. Jerome's College, Berlin, the Grand Seminary, Montreal, the Law University, Montreal, and the highest place in canon law and theology in the latter institution, and about a year ago underwent examination at the Apostolic University at Rome, and there received the degree of doctor of canon law with honors. Bishop Dowling ordained him priest at St. Mary's Cathedral in 1894, and he has been attached to the Cathedral staff since then. For three years he was assistant, and after that was appointed rector. During his term there he has succeeded in freeing the Cathedral from debt, and it was consecrated with fitting ceremonies in 1906 in the presence of the Apostolic Delegation, and a number of Archbishops and Bishops of Canada.

Dr. Mahony was sent to Rome by Bishop Dowling in 1904 to make a visit ad limina, and at that time he had a private audience with Pope Pius. That year he was made Dean of the diocese, and two years ago Bishop Dowling honored him with the highest place in the Church can give a priest, that of Vicar-General of the diocese. Dr. Mahony represented His Lordship at the Plenary Council at Quebec, and also at the Eucharistic Congress at Montreal, and on several occasions has visited Europe as confidential secretary to His Lordship.

A RIGID CALVINIST

Rev. Dr. Milligan, Presbyterian and strong Calvinist as he declares himself to be, still retains in his old age the fire of youth, and launches into a Covenanting crusade betimes. A week ago he made a scathing denunciation of all things that were fast, including steamships, the race track, etc. He is courageous, is Dr. Milligan. We must give him his due. Falling foul of the race track, knowing that royalty had patronized it, required not a little sturdiness of character. He became inspired with the suffragitism of Jenny Geddes and hurled a stool at the Woodbine. Whenever Dr. Milligan is militantly inclined discussing in heated fashion all manner of secular subjects—strange topics indeed in a Christian pulpit—he never misses the opportunity of throwing a boulder at the Vatican. He said he had visited Rome and saw and studied the Roman Catholic Church and the more he studied it the less he thought of it. The Roman Catholic Church, he added, was mistaking uniformity for unity and regarded its Church as dear as God. We beg to inform the venerable gentleman that he is in error. The Catholic Church does not mistake uniformity for unity. It possesses both in an eminent degree. Our Divine Lord promised that He would be with it until the end of the world. If, as the doctor believes, unity is non-essential, why is there such a brave effort made by our non-Catholic brethren to get together? So far, however, they have not been able to form a creed acceptable to all vagaries of thought, and they never will be able, because they are outside the pale of the Church founded by our divine Lord upon Peter the Rock. As this eminent Presbyterian divine solemnly tells us that the world is going headlong to destruction he must, as a consequence, admit that the upheaval of over three hundred years ago has given us a remnant of a system which has been a sorry failure in promoting Christian ideals.





CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

DO IT TO A FINISH

Years ago a relief life-boat at New London sprung a leak, and while being repaired a hammer was found in the bottom that had been left there by the builders thirteen years before.

The history of the human race is full of the most horrible tragedies caused by carelessness and the inexcusable blunders of those who never formed the habit of accuracy, of thoroughness, of doing things to a finish.

How many have lost their lives because of dishonest work, carelessness, criminal blundering in railroad construction? Think of the tragedies caused by lies packed in car-wheels, locomotives, steamboats, boilers, and engines; lies in defective rails, ties, or switches; lies in dishonest labor put into manufactured material by workmen.

How many serious accidents have occurred because of lack of care in the casting of steel girders and all sorts of iron building material! Even before they are completed, buildings often fall and bury the workmen under their ruins.

Everywhere ever this broad earth we see the tragic results of botched work. Wooden legs, armless sleeves, numberless graves, fatherless and motherless homes everywhere speak of somebody's carelessness, somebody's blunders, somebody's habit of inaccuracy.

The most crimes are not punishable by law. Carelessness, aliphodness, lack of thoroughness, are crimes against self, against humanity, that often do more harm than the crimes that make the perpetrator an outcast from society.

Everybody put his conscience into his work; did it to a complete finish, it would not only reduce the loss of human life, the maiming and maiming of men and women to a fraction of what it is at present, but it would also give us a higher quality of manhood.

It takes honest work to make an honest character. The habit of doing poor, slovenly work will, at a while, make the worker dishonest in other things.

The man who habitually slights his work slights his character. Botched work makes a botched life. Our work is a part of us. Every botched job you let go through your hands diminishes your competence, your efficiency, your ability to do good work.

Nothing kills ambition or lowers the life standard quicker than familiarity with inferiority—that which is cheap, the "cheap John" method of doing things. We unconsciously become like that with which we are habitually associated.

On the contrary, doing things in a loose-jointed, slipshod, careless manner deteriorates the whole mentality, demoralizes the entire mental processes, and brings down the whole life.

Every half-done or slovenly job that goes out of your hands leaves its trace of demoralization behind, takes a bit from your self-respect. After slighting your work, after doing a poor job, you are not quite the same man you were before.

the best of himself—would not accept his second best in anything. The thought of slighting his work was painful to him, but his mental processes have not deteriorated, and he has become so demoralized by the habit which, after a while, grew upon him, of accepting his second-best, that he does it now without a protest, seemingly without being conscious of it.

One's ambition and ideals need constant watching and cultivation, in order to keep the standards up. Many people are so constituted that their ambition deteriorates and their ideals drop when they are alone, or with careless, indifferent people.

How quickly a youth of high ideals, who had been well trained in thoroughness, often deteriorates when he leaves home and goes to work for an employer with inferior ideals and slipshod methods!

The introduction of inferiority into our work is like introducing subtle poison into the system. It paralyzes the normal functions. Inferiority is an infection which, like leaven, affects the entire system.

The human mechanism is so constituted that whatever goes wrong in one part affects the whole structure. There is a very intimate relation between the quality of the work and the quality of the character.

A prominent business man says that the carelessness, inaccuracy, and blundering of employees cost Chicago \$1,000,000 a day. The manager of a large Chicago house says that he has to station pickets here and there through the establishment in order to neutralize the evils of inaccuracy and the blundering habit.

Many an employee who would be shocked at the thought of telling his employer a lie with his lips is lying every day in the quality of his work, in his dishonest service, in the mispent hours he is slipping into it, in shirking, in his indifference to his employer's interests.

To the good priest's intense thankfulness, he had, before the year was out, the happiness of receiving the entire Hammond family into the Church. Thus the Indian boy, by his brave deed, had brought about the conversion of the whole family.—True Voice.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

THE INDIAN BOY

The small tattered town of Bournley in California, lies close to the desert which stretches at the base of the San Jacinto Mountains. Not far from this town is an Indian reservation; and the children of the orphan asylum and industrial school for the Indians, conducted by Sisters.

One day during recess some of the boys of the Bournley school had gathered round a little Indian boy who was doing some garden work for a teacher. They had begun by teasing him; and one of the pupils, the bully of the school, had gone so far as to insult the poor boy, whose eyes flashed with anger, though he managed to answer in a steady voice.

"I'm no coward, though I am an Indian, and I'd soon show you, too, only the Father has forbidden us to fight, especially with white boys." "I should think he would! You are an ignorant little coward all the same."

Just then a pretty, fair-haired girl came up and put her hand protectively on the Indian boy's shoulder. "It's you who are a coward, Harry, to insult Tomaso just because you think he would not dare to pay you back. And as for being ignorant, you needn't talk; for you are always at the foot of your class, and Tomaso knows lots of things that you don't."

Harry flushed scarlet with anger; for Irene Hammond was the girl of all others in the school whom he admired, and whom he particularly wanted to be in favor with just then, as he knew she was about to give a birthday party. "I didn't mean anything, he growled, as he retreated shamefaced to the other end of the playground with some of his chums; while Irene, after a smile and a few kind words to Tomaso, went to join the girls who were preparing for a game of basket-ball.

A little while later, Harry had edged up to her and was vainly trying to win back her good graces by exaggerated praises of her playing. Suddenly there was a shriek of terror among the children and all sprang back in horror, as they saw a large rattlesnake which had somehow made its way into the playground, and was preparing to strike Irene, who stood as if petrified, gazing at it with blanched face and dilated eyes.

Without even attempting to drag her with him, Harry had sprung away with a yell of fear; and all expected to see the poor girl bitten by the venomous reptile, when Tomaso rushed past the children, and, springing between Irene and the snake, struck it with his rake and killed it. "O Tomaso, how could you do it! It was so dangerous!" exclaimed one of the younger teachers.

"I had to save the little Missie," said the Indian, quite simply. "Indian or no Indian, you are a hero, my lad," said the head master, who had beheld the scene from the window and hurried to join the group, "and I feel sure you will get your reward. Who was the ignorant coward this time, Master Harry?" he asked, with a twinkle in his eye. "Let this be a lesson to you, my boy, not to think yourself better than others because they happen to have been born in less fortunate circumstances. Tomaso has not had as much schooling as you have, it is true; but he is desert-bred and knows many useful things of which you are quite ignorant. He is a brave boy, too. You might have made an effort to protect the girl you were standing by, but you thought only of yourself."

perfect image, exquisitely beautiful in tint, and giving off an odor that no perfume could imitate. It was for its resemblance to the emblem of the Third Person of the Blessed Trinity that the devout Spaniards gave it so beautiful a name. The native Indians worshipped it as an idol and would not touch it nor the ground upon which it grew.—Catholic Telegraph.

PERILS OF SOCIALISM

Rev. M. I. Stritch, S. J., has been recently delivering a series of able lectures on "Socialism" in St. Peter and Paul's Church, Detroit. The following is his closing lecture, his subject being, "Perils of Socialism."

"Socialists have tried scores of experiments in this and other countries. They have all failed because members of such communities have found the life unbearable. Idleness, jealousy, favoritism, dishonesty, tyranny have led to quarrels, dissensions, desertions, starvation and final dissolution.

"Socialists attribute these failures to hostile capitalist environment. The members found it too easy to escape the socialist conditions and return to capitalist society. But let the world be organized on a socialist basis and then socialism will succeed, for although there will be idleness, jealousy, quarrels, slavery and tyranny there cannot be any escape or desertion. There will flourish a social regime from which every man will be able to escape, but there will be no place to escape to.

"If a majority of the people of Detroit were to vote to-morrow for social democracy the men of ability, enterprise and capital would shake the city's dust from their feet and betake themselves to other communities where their talents and services would be appreciated. Detroit would languish for a while then starvation would bring a change of heart to the majority, the capitalists would be invited to come back on their own terms and it would be a long time before the honest and industrious worker would hearken to the call of the Socialists.

"This is the way that the socialists follow in cities where the socialists have captured the city government? There is such a city not a thousand miles from Detroit. Here are some of the results reported to me by a man who has had every opportunity to learn the truth. Domestic servants in said city have become indolent and dishonest; piece workers in the factories have an understanding with their socialist foreman whereby they receive pay for more work than they turn out; and the excess of pay, frequently taken from their employers' pocket is divided among the workmen and foremen; checks on the banks are freely forged and all this is justified by the Socialists on the ground that they are only taking what is right belongs to them.

"But why do they not proceed openly and introduce socialist democracy? For two reasons: The shrewd Socialist politicians know that such an experiment would reveal the hollowness of their promises and pretensions and ruin their success as a political party; secondly, if they dared to confiscate private property the state and federal arsenals would soon lodge them behind the bars.

"For this reason all the Socialists have done in Milwaukee is to oust honest men from public employment, fill their places with incompetent, socialist loafers, raise the salaries of the latter and compel the citizens to foot the bills.

"When the Socialists are carrying on their propaganda among workmen they enumerate the evils of society, with eloquence and represent them as a thousand times worse than they really are. They know that a large proportion of these evils came not from social but from individual causes; from laziness, unthrift, drunkenness, dishonesty and other vices; yet they mendaciously ascribe them all to the capitalist system of economy. They see no redemption in the capitalist. They are ever indulging in gross and criminal vituperation against the men who, more than all others, are responsible for the magnificent economic progress of the past hundred years.

The energy, enterprise and genius of the leader have filled the world with every description of economic goods that heart can desire. The Socialist is only too willing to admit that capitalists have been in control for the past hundred years, but he does not dwell upon the undeniable truth that during the reign of capitalism the face of every industrial country has been changed, the schools, the children of the poor and educated free of charge; that the poor man to-day can travel to any part of the earth more conveniently than the prince could travel formerly; that the poor man to-day can load his table with food that the precapitalist nobleman could not afford; that great cities have grown up with paved streets, electric lights and all material conveniences; with public libraries, law and order and police protection; with homes

Secured Prompt Relief From Severe Neuralgia of Eight Years' Standing Mr. James Tait, of Westmeath, Ont., writes: "I have been a dreadful sufferer for the past eight years. The doctors said I had neuralgia of the muscles of my back; the pain was so great it would draw me all up. I tried different doctors, but could find no cure until I used Egyptian Liniment, which was highly recommended by Mr. Fraser, of this place. It had the desired effect, and I secured prompt relief and have had no relapse in over 15 months. I only use one bottle, and can now load my own produce, pressed hay, etc. myself. Egyptian Liniment has made my old days brighter, and I trust others may be benefited through the publication of this letter."

You will find it splendid for rheumatism, sciatica, and all bruises, sprains, burns and frost-bites. 25c. at all druggists. Free sample on request. Douglas & Co., Napanee, Ont.

One of the rarest and most wonderful orchids known is a native of the Isthmus of Panama. The early Spanish settlers there named it Flor del Espiritu Santo (Flower of the Holy Ghost), and those who have seen it readily understand why. It grows in marshy places from a decayed log, or sometimes from the crevice of rock. The leaf stalk ranges several feet in height, and the flower stalk, which grows from the bulb bears twelve or fifteen bulbs. The flower is pure white and is shaped something like the jack in the pulpit. Inside the flower, right in the heart of it, is a perfect image of a dove with drooping wings, snowy breast, golden head and crimson neck. It is a

perfect image, exquisitely beautiful in tint, and giving off an odor that no perfume could imitate. It was for its resemblance to the emblem of the Third Person of the Blessed Trinity that the devout Spaniards gave it so beautiful a name. The native Indians worshipped it as an idol and would not touch it nor the ground upon which it grew.—Catholic Telegraph.

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MAGIC BAKING POWDER THE STANDARD AND FAVORITE BRAND



for the deficient and the old. GO HAND IN HAND

Democracy and constitutionalism in government have gone hand in hand with the predominance of the capitalist class. Never in the history of the world has there been more pay, shorter working hours and more solicitude for the rights and comforts of the working classes. Suppose there are some heartless capitalists and monopolists; the political power at present in the hands of the people can bring such within the bounds of justice and compel them to carry on their great social functions and at the same time be fair to their competitors, employees and the consumers of their products.

"Shame on the intelligence and veracity of the people if they cannot discriminate between beneficial and tyrannical capitalism. Same principles and methods of reform can cure our social maladies without blindly rushing into Utopianism which stands condemned before the bar of reason and experience alike.

"Do I expect the Socialists to accept these statements as true? No. The confirmed Socialist is like a confirmed lunatic, his brain is seething in morbid disorder; his imagination is running riot with no control of reason; lurid visions are looming all around his horizon. I write not for diseased imaginations, but for the people who have not yet taken leave of their senses; who have not yet learned to take appetitions for predestinated realities.

But did not Karl Marx, the prophet and apostle, the father and founder, the genius and inspirer, the philosopher and scientist of Socialism, did he not see this vision, and is not this vision therefore real? Yes, Marx saw visions, but they were not real. He saw the materialistic conception of history which has been discarded as a mental nightmare by the great thinkers of the world. He saw that God was nothing more than a fabrication of the superstitious imagination of ignorant men; and all that is noblest in humanity; from the greatest philosophers to the humblest peasants have turned in astonishment to pity or despair the impious imbecility of the prophet of socialistic democracy.

He saw that the dream of social democracy would be realized before the end of the nineteenth century and we all know how admirably true was the inspired revelation of the preternatural insight of the seer. He saw that there was no unchanging principle of morality; and lo, the Ten Commandments are still written as indelibly as ever on the consciences of men; at least of men who have not put socialistic theories in the place of the light of reason and the aspirations of the heart. He saw the speedy crumbling of the Catholic Church that had weathered the storms of nineteen hundred years and the Catholic Church still stands mightier than ever before and venerated as a bulwark of justice and civilization even by millions of men not members of her communion.

Marx and his followers have chosen to attack Catholicity and Christianity as well as capitalism. The capitalists may fight their own battles, but Catholics and Protestants alike all that know it to be their solemn duty to defend, to extend and to secure the triumph of Christian truth, Christian precepts and Christian conduct must oppose with all energy and earnestness the progress of the Socialistic movement.

PERILS OF SOCIALISM

But if Marx is thus glaringly false in his moral, religious and metaphysical theories, he is not less so in his social and economic teachings. Marx based his economic doctrines on the theory that all commodities derive their exchange value exclusively from the amount of labor embodied in them. From this principle he drew the conclusion that employers gain all their profits from the surplus value created by the employees. There is not a scholarly economist in the world to-day who does not see that fatality and the absurdity of both the conclusion and the premise.

"Das Kapital," the work of Marx and the Bible of Socialists was thus built on a foundation of quicksand. The rain and the wind have come and great has been the fall of the House of Marx. If it be said that in this paragraph I have given mere assertions not arguments, I answer that I have stated patent facts admitted by all economists, even by educated Socialists. Still if anybody cares to hear the argument in clear and forcible form, he will find in the Detroit public library a little volume written by the foremost authority of our time in economic science. I refer to the volume entitled, "Karl Marx and the Close of His System," written by no less a scholar than Bohm Bawerk.

CROCODILE TEARS

A detectable feature of Socialist argument is as follows: When you quote the doctrine of their chosen and trusted guides, their Bible writers, they repudiate the doctrine and grow pathetic over all the iniquity the Catholic Church has experienced at the hands of renegades. Then they appeal to us not to treat Socialism in a like unfair manner, not to rely on the testimony of traitors or enemies of the Socialist movement. This has a soothing sound in the ears of Catholics who stand on the dividing line between Socialism and Catholicism. Catholics who wish to calm the clamors of a conscience that accuses them of treason to the Church of Christ. But these same Socialists are most eager to take advantage of the services of every renegade they can find from the ranks of Christianity.

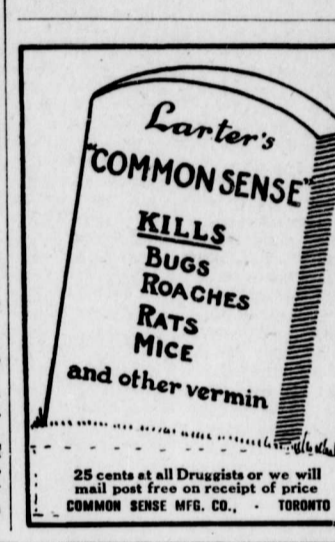
"We return due thanks to the Socialists for their crocodile tears of sympathy and we assure them that we quote not from renegades, but from the great authorities and cherished masters. We quote from the very works most zealously published and distributed by Socialists themselves as the most effective instruments for propagating atheism, materialism, class conflict, confiscation, the subversion of individual liberty, the integrity of the family, the destruction of Christianity, and the other choice principles elaborated in their philosophy embodied in their action."—Michigan Catholic.

THE MESSAGE OF THE LILY

Hurrying along one of the busiest streets in a great city, I chanced to glance at a florist's window, and was surprised to find there a single lily, tall, slender, exquisitely beautiful. Its spotless petals were as pure as the virgin snow, its golden heart a flame of love. As I stopped to admire, I could almost scent its sweet, chaste fragrance through the dividing window pane. On the two succeeding days I looked for my lily and found it still there to welcome me. But on the third day, I found that its splendid head was drooping, its beauty and purity on the wane. Snatched from its home where all was lightness, sweetness and beauty, it had been transplanted to a place where things were less pure. On the fourth day, as I passed, I found its place filled by a jaunty marigold, and I experienced a sense of regret and loss.

As I stood there by the window, the shop door opened, and a small boy appeared carrying in his chubby hands the dead litter of a day's sales. As he passed me, something eluded his grasp and fell at my feet. It was my lily, but now withered, yellowed and quite dead. Robbed of its youth and beauty, stunted and crumpling, it had been cast aside as useless.

How many flowers there are in our great cities, fresh and pure from fragrant fields, who get contaminated by the impurity of the streets. They have lost their freshness, bloom and beauty, and are cast aside as worthless? Has it been carelessness? Has it been ignorance? Virgin Mother, thou upon whose obsequious bosom the Saviour rested, protect and help them well!—Paulist Calendar.



Advertisement for Na-DrucO Royal Rose Talcum Powder. The image shows a woman sitting at a vanity table with a mirror, applying powder. The text reads: 'NA-DRUCO ROYAL ROSE TALCUM POWDER. THERE is no dressing room so refined but Na-DrucO Royal Rose Talcum Powder adds a touch of luxurious comfort. There is no home so humble but the whole family will enjoy the relief which Na-DrucO Royal Rose Talcum brings from all sorts of skin irritation and discomfort. Its wonderful fineness, its healing, antiseptic qualities, and its refreshing odor of roses make Na-DrucO Royal Rose Talcum a toilet delight. 25c. a tin, at your Druggist's—or write for free sample to the NATIONAL DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO. OF CANADA, LIMITED, MONTREAL. 193'

Advertisement for Kellogg's Toasted Corn Flakes. The image shows a box of the cereal. The text reads: 'Kellogg's TOASTED CORN FLAKES. You will never realize how much ten cents can buy until you taste'

It is astonishing how completely a slovenly habit will gradually, insidiously fasten itself upon the individual and so change his whole mental attitude as to thwart absolutely his life-purpose, even when he may think he is doing his best to carry it out. I know a man who was extremely ambitious to do something very distinctive and who had the ability to do it. When he started on his career, he was very exact and painstaking. He demanded

Advertisement for Pease Economy Furnace. The image shows a furnace. The text reads: 'MANY EXCLUSIVE FEATURES. One of which is—AIR BLAST—an ingenious device by which a continuous current of air is brought into the combustion chamber—mixed with the gases liberated from the burning coal, causing their complete combustion and conversion into heat. These gases in ordinary furnaces go up the chimney and are wasted, or leak into house and are poisonous. ASK THE MAN WHO HAS ONE. Our books, "The Question of Heating," or "Boiler Information" sent free on request. PEASE FURNACE COMPANY. TORONTO, ONT. ONLY THE BEST BY THE COAL IT SAVES'

METHODIST TRIBUTE TO CATHOLIC ACTIVITY

On the second Sunday in April the Rev. Dr. Lee of St. John's Methodist Church, St. Louis, spoke as follows: "Take the Catholic Church in St. Louis. Go around the city and count its orphanages, its asylums, its hospitals, its houses of Good Shepherd, its hundreds of forms of organized beneficence. I do not know what the figures are, but I venture the assertion that the Catholic Church in St. Louis has actually done more social service in one year than all the godless, Christless social service experts have done since the foundation of the city of St. Louis.

EXPLAINING USE AND ABUSE OF SACRAMENTS AND SACRAMENTALS

In his Pastoral Letter at the beginning of Lent, Most Rev. Dr. Whitehead, Archbishop of Liverpool, gave some good instruction on the Sacraments and Sacramentals, emphasizing the misunderstanding and misapprehension of the latter, even by some Catholics. There are (the Archbishop said) two mistakes which Catholics do not infrequently make. The first is made by those who disdain to use Sacramentals at all. The Sacramentals are seemingly so trivial and insignificant in themselves, their use not necessary, that they are regarded as a means of grace. On the other hand, a much more common mistake is the mistake of those who attach to Sacramentals an efficacy they do not and cannot possess, degenerating at times almost into superstition. Amongst these there are some who regard a Sacramental in the light that regard some non-Catholics regard and use a charm or talisman—namely, as something that will protect the wearer from all sorts of harm. It is such as these who, receiving by post a copy of an unauthorized prayer to which is attached a variety of blessings for those who refuse, with nervous superstition will obey the behests of the sender rather than commit the prayer to the flames, its fitting destination. Or, again, some will have a crucifix blessed, as they term it, "for a happy death," and will lie not simply that the person carrying it devoutly may obtain a plenary indulgence at the hour of death, but hope that by virtue of the crucifix, whatever lives they may lead, they will in the end obtain final perseverance, and die in the friendship of God.

AVOID BOTH EXTREMES It is well, then, that the faithful should avoid both extremes by clearly understanding the mind of the Church with regard to her sacramentals, the use of which as a means of grace is optional, but which as a matter of fact always have played, and always will play, a large part in the daily life of most Catholics. Impressions are made on the soul through objects which appeal to the senses. Honors and rewards are conferred through external symbols. Royal personages are made Sovereigns through the Crown, the distinguished citizen is knighted by the sword, the citizen raised to the magistracy by receiving the chain of office. The same holds good in the sphere of the supernatural. When Christ the Messiah wished to work miracles to prove His divine mission, He could have produced these effects simply by willing them, as in fact He did in the case of the servant of the centurion. But, generally, He performed these wonders through the medium of something appealing to the senses. The Church has from her Divine Founder some limited power to convey to her children graces and blessings, and she is naturally expected in imitation of her Divine Spouse to attach such favors to the use of some material object which appeals to the senses. She undoubtedly possesses the power of the keys, enabling her to draw upon the treasury of the merits of Christ and of the saints, and bestow indulgences for the remission of the temporal punishment due to sin, after the sin has been forgiven by the Sacraments.

Time for a Spring Tonic

In the spring we suffer from the bad effects of the winter living. During the winter the clear, cold weather is a powerful germicide, and keeps us up, but when the spring breaks-up comes, myriads of disease germs are let loose and the run-down system falls to fight them off. The enormously high death rate in spring proves this. Almost everybody needs a spring tonic to help him over this trying time. Otherwise he loses much valuable time in fighting off "spring fever," or contracts serious disease. Nothing will so certainly help you as Dr. Chase's Nerve Food. This food cure is a true tonic. It actually forms new, rich blood, strengthens the nerves and puts new energy and vigour into mind and body. It is not a stimulant to whip up tired nerves, but by its upbuilding effects affords lasting benefit. Keep well this spring by using Dr. Chase's Nerve Food.

Him is the influence of her prayer. One truth He impressed on His Apostles in life was the power of prayer of even one individual provided it be the right conditions. These conditions are never wanting in the case of the Church. On the other hand, the need the faithful have of actual graces is very great. The Sacraments can do much, for they confer not only sanctifying grace, but also actual graces at certain times during life according to the nature of the Sacrament and the need of the recipient. But the faithful stand in need of actual graces not occasionally only, but almost at every hour of their daily life.

WHERE THE SACRAMENTS HELP It is just here that the Church enters in with the help of her Sacramentals. She is not content to offer in her liturgy and her office her own public prayer for the needs of her children. She wishes to occasionally only, but at every moment of their lives, the influence of her powerful intercession with God. Accordingly she sets apart a variety of

readily accessible material objects, and to the devout use of these she links, as it were, her own intercessory prayers. The faithful then know that the devout use of any one of these objects is equivalent to presenting to God the prayer of His Church uttered when she specially set apart and blessed that particular Sacramental. Some of the Sacramentals in more frequent use are: Holy water, blessed candles, ashes and palms, or again the Sign of the Cross and the use of the Holy Name. Their number may be increased or diminished as the Church thinks well. Each has its own special graces and blessings attached to it, and what they are may be gathered from the prayer used by the Church in blessing it.

Do not wear a scowl on your face. The skies are not only blue above you, but all the way down to earth. Wear a smile, and see how readily your prayer will pass will respond to the radiant joys of a hopeful and trustful presence. Plant the seeds of courage in human life each day.

Every Housekeeper is Interested in knowing how to make good bread. One of the secrets is using good yeast, White Swan Yeast Oakes—50 package of 6 cakes. Sample sent on request. White Swan Spices & Cereals, Limited, Toronto, Ont.

Converted Students Baptized The three former students of the General Theological Seminary of the Protestant Episcopal Church, Chrises Square, New York, whose conversion was announced recently, have been baptized in the church of the Paulist Fathers.

"The change of faith of the three seminarists was prominently noticed by the daily press of this city," says the Catholic News, New York, "but at the house of the Paulist Fathers the reception of the converts into the Church was regarded as nothing unusual for, as a matter of fact, during the past year one hundred and forty-five non-Catholics, including a number of ministers and laymen, were received into the Catholic Church by the Paulists at their own house in this city."

THE BELLS OF SHANDON

Published by Request With deep affection and recollection I often think of those Shandon bells. Whose sounds so wild would, in the days of childhood, Fling round my cradle their magic spells.

On this I ponder where'er I wander, And thus grow fonder, sweet Cork, of thee; With thy bells of Shandon that sound so grand on The pleasant waters of the River Lee.

I've heard bells chiming full many a clime in, Tolling sublime in cathedral shrine; While at a shrill rate brass tongues would vibrate— But all their music spoke naught like thine.

For memory, dwelling on each proud swelling Of thy bell knelling its bold notes free, Made the bells of Shandon sound far more grand on The pleasant waters of the River Lee.

I've heard bells tolling old Adrian's Mole in, Their thunder rolling from the Vatican; And cymbals glorious swinging uproarious In the gorgeous turrets of Notre Dame.

But thy sounds were sweeter than the dome of Peter Flings o'er the Tiber, pealing solemnly; Oh, the bells of Shandon sound far more grand on The pleasant waters of the River Lee.

There's a bell in Moscow, white on tower and knoll; In Saint Sophia the Turkman gets, While and shrill rate brass tongues would vibrate— From the tapering summits of tall minarets.

Such empty phantom I freely grant them; But there's an anthem more dear to me; The bells of Shandon that sound so grand on The pleasant waters of the River Lee.

—REV. FRANCIS MASON (Father Prout)

FAVORS RECEIVED A subscriber desires to publish the receipt of temporal favors through the Thirty Days prayer to the Blessed Virgin and the Sacred Heart of Jesus, M. P. A. Clinton, Ont., reader wishes to return thanks to the Sacred Heart for a very great favor received.

A subscriber wishes to return thanks to the Sacred Heart for a very great favor received through the intercession of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, the Blessed Virgin, St. Joseph, the Holy Souls in Purgatory, St. Anthony, St. Rita and other saints; and asks the pious prayers of the readers to obtain many other graces and favors; also the restoration of health and promises to have Masses for the Holy Souls if granted and promises great devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus.

A reader urgently asks the prayers of the faithful for a special favor with promise to publish and a Mass for the faithful departed.

A subscriber wishes to return thanks to St. Anthony for favors received through intercession of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, the Blessed Virgin, St. Joseph, the Holy Souls in Purgatory and promise to publish; also to give an offering to St. Anthony's poor.

New Food for Animals. Large Cash Prizes at Toronto Exhibition Stock Breeders and Agriculturists will be pleased to learn that the famous animal food that has been used for many years with such success in Great Britain can now be obtained all over Canada.

We refer to Molasses Meal which is being introduced to Canada by the L. C. Prime Co. of Montreal. This meal is a scientifically prepared combination of molasses and wheat meal, and is a most valuable food for all animals.

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The L. C. Prime Company have adopted a unique method of introducing this feed in Canada by offering very generous cash prizes, which will amount to several thousands of dollars to every first prize winner at the Canadian National Exhibition in Toronto this year, that was fed on Molasses Meal. See their advertisement on page 3.

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