

The Catholic Record

LONDON, SATURDAY, APRIL 2, 1910

A LITTLE PARABLE

Many years ago Geo. Wm. Curtis wrote a little parable which had a meaning for many. When requested to meet a rich man he asked one of his friends: "Will he give me any of his money?" To allay the perplexity of his friend he said that from the man of letters, the artist, the social leader, the reformer, he got inspiration, pleasure, the charm of courtly manners, information. In other words, every man gave him that which he had most. The rich man had only money, and that, thought Curtis, he would get from him. The essayist doubtless had in mind the rich who squeezed the dollar out of employees, or made it by means which are daily falling more and more into dishonour or deemed its quest the noblest that could enlist human endeavour. As a man who wrought in the things of the spirit he had a repugnance for the rich, who, bedizened with all that stood for money, strutted the world's highway, mistaking the cackling of the press for the voice of fame, and blind to the vulgarity of the performance. But the "money that is character" can tell stories of thrift, foresight, stern self-discipline—stories that, though lacking in brilliancy, are of permanent value and not without beauty. We have no respect for money that spells nothing that any right-thinking citizen can be proud of. A young man may seek it through saloon-keeping, but we pity him because he is thereby bartering his life with all its possibilities and dignity. He may be a worker instead of a dawdler, a contributor of good instead of ruin. However humble his lot, and however bereft of earthly goods, he can front the stars and feel that he has occasioned no tears. We are aware that there are estimable citizens in the business. But how they can be in it year after year passes our comprehension. It must be maddening betimes, a bar-room, reeking with the fumes of liquor and resonant with the sordid utterances of its supporters, to the man who owns it. It calls for neither brain nor brawn: it inspires no noble thoughts, and its memories blast and burn. Hence it is not surprising that the best friend of the saloon-keeper advise him to use his powers in other ways more befitting a man.

WE CANNOT SEE IT

We pay little attention to correspondents who lament the exodus of young men into the desert of infidelity. We admit that here and there there are some who have succeeded from the Church; but that they are so numerous as our correspondents declare, needs, so far as we are concerned, a more solid proof than mere assertion. We view with levity, pardonable it seems to us, the attempt to show that this is due to the inability of the Church to keep pace with the times. It is easy to give defection the veneer of apparent respectability, but it is difficult to make it stand the light of investigation. The experience of the past warrants us in saying that it is not the mind but the heart that is at fault. When the sixth commandment is forgotten the descent into hell is easy. The men who are seeking new lights and new skies need not argument but prayer, not books but the confessional, to take off the scales from their eyes and to cleanse and purify them.

THE MIDDLE AGES

A subscriber writes us about a lecture given recently by a professor on the Middle Ages. We may say that no reputable scholar calls them, at this day, "Dark Ages." It were impossible to even outline within the space accorded to us, the characteristics of the Middle Ages—their inventive genius and love of the fine arts—the skill with which they transformed rude dialects into polished and expressive languages. We know that for many these ages have been "a land of mist and darkness," but then, as a humorist says, "it is a good thing not to know many things than to know many things that ain't so." Professor Brewer and others have shown them to be what they were—ages of intellectual activity and enduring progress. There were abuses. We can hardly admire all that has been said and done, but taken in the aggregate, viewed by the light of all their difficulties, and judged by the standard of their day, they cannot but compel our respect. It should be remembered that the conditions of these times were far different from our own. Civilization had not as yet smoothed the coarseness of barbarism, and the hot blood inherited from Goth and Hun pulsed fiercely

through the veins of the men of these ages. True, they could not claim the material civilization which we possess, but the best test of civilization is not the crop or the census, but the kind of man the country turns out.

Dazzled by the glamour of material progress we are too apt to forget this, and hence to pay little attention to the constituents of national life. But we should not forget that neither in military power nor the trophies of the mart is the source of permanent nationhood, but in the honor and virtue of men and women in the impartial administration of and reverence for law. A nation poor in material resources may be in a high plane of civilization.

THE SUPREME AFFAIR

For the men of the Middle Ages religion was the supreme affair. The world beyond the stars was to them an ever present reality. Religion, says an old writer, was not separated from morality, nor science from life, nor were words from deeds. It brought joy and contentment to the heart even as it enhanced the clearness of the intelligence. This is why many a simple monk has given solution to world problems, has accepted as first principles truths which are to-day shrouded in obscurity by our "leaders of thought," and has written books which hold pent-up within them the life-blood of a master-spirit embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life. Because intellect and heart were illumined by the light of faith and purity they had the keen vision to see a defect and the judgment to know when and how to apply a remedy. They had the strength of a Gaius, because the pure heart penetrateth even heaven and hell.

TO BE REMEMBERED

We do not deny that many in the Middle Ages were illiterate. There were no Carnegie libraries in these days, no first and easy steps to knowledge, no over-stocked school programmes, but it is well to remember that many a peasant, though illiterate, may not be so ignorant as they who laugh at him. In the tenth and eleventh centuries, especially, men were too busy in defending their homesteads or following the standard of barons to give time to the cultivation of the intellect. But here and there in sequestered nooks, in mountain glens, the monks, writing chronicles and copying manuscripts, kept burning the light of learning. We need not dwell on the services of the monasteries to the cause of civilization. We have no space to point out that the twelfth century, with feudalism fast disappearing, and men freed from the exactions of the over-lord, opened auspiciously for the cause of education. The learning from the East entered into the soul of European society and worked the mind into enthusiasm. The increase of schools, the ever-growing knowledge of philosophical problems, the awakened sense of the power of human reason prepared the thirteenth century for a scene of unparalleled activity.

THE THIRTEENTH CENTURY

The distinguished English writer, Frederic Harrison, describes the thirteenth century as one of the most pregnant, most organic, most memorable, in the history of mankind. He writes of the great Pontiffs of this century and shows how they were ever the first to espouse the cause of social progress and to help the scientist and philosopher. This century saw the birth of the characteristic feature of modern society—the control of political power by representative assemblies. And he goes on to say that the secret of all this advancement and perfection was that all Europe was united together in one Church and one Faith. Mighty poets, like Dante, could not conceive poetry unless based on it and saturated with it. Creative artists like Giotto found in it an everlasting well-spring of beauty. The great cathedrals embodied it in a thousand forms of power and glory. To statesman, poet, thinker, teacher, soldier, it supplied at once instrument and inspiration. This age which was so fertile in political ideas and spiritual effort, so rich in philosophy and the germs of science, so celebrated for its Universities and the foundation of modern literature, for its architecture and art and sculpture, cannot with any propriety be termed an age of darkness.

A LESSON

In the "Chanteleur," a play lately produced with great success in Paris, there is a magnificent bird chorus in which that "Superior Race" express the contempt they feel for the poor bipeds

doomed to tread the solid matter. And it went on to show that the birds were beyond doubt the most gifted of all things living. They could dive or walk or run and find a door into universal space. And as to speech—their singing was superior to the utterings of men. To see men and women strutting about the stage, decked out as birds and barn-yard fowls, reminds us of the proverbial daw in borrowed feathers. If our feathered friends could philosophize their thoughts would run somewhat in this fashion. Poor, ridiculous, unenduring man is making desperate efforts to imitate us. He is falling about and getting killed in his endeavours to fly, which we are born to do, and he is spending many dollars in trying to act as birds. And he robs us, and seeks to sing as we do, and then shoots us out of jealousy. So in a dream do we seem to overhear the bird argument. And it seems to us that there is something in it.

A PLEA FOR THE MISSIONARY

The celebration last autumn of the sixtieth anniversary of the venerable missionary, Father Lacombe, was an interesting event, a linking of the past with the present. Since 1849 this pioneer priest has been engaged in a most effective missionary career at St. Paul and along the Red River valley. Two years later, he went west to the Upper Saskatchewan, and since then has traversed the plains and prairies, summer and winter, performing most valuable work as a civilizing and spiritual force. Now he is bent on establishing a House of Refuge for the aged poor and orphans of Alberta. During the recent tour of Lord Strathcona in the west the two aged men, who have been friends for decades, exchanged reminiscences of the old times on the prairie. The popular idea of a missionary is that of a man always journeying over hills and plains, in the heart of the bush, through distant valleys and trackless swamps, ever occupied in a holy pursuit of souls. In entering the Apostolate the missionary offered his life to God. To console the suffering or to save a soul he is ready and willing to brave all danger and weariness. But just because he has given his life to service he has not the right to squander or to endanger it. This is not simply human prudence; it is wisdom inspired by faith and charity. The longer his missionary career, the more abundant will be its fruits, for the results obtained are almost always in direct proportion to the experience acquired by a long sojourn in a country. But the missionary needs resources, and despite the most exacting economy, his expenses exceed his receipts. In contrast with the poverty of the missions consider the many gala occasions when money is recklessly squandered. The cost of a single banquet would found and support a mission during an entire year. The floral decorations for such an entertainment would ensure the missionary's bread for a like interval. The price of the raiment of the society people who grace these festivities would ransom many souls. There are many other obstacles only less impotent than the lack of funds. Is it not well to consider these things and to make friends of the mammon of iniquity while there is yet time.

What time did our Lord choose for the Institution of the Eucharist and the fulfillment of His promise? Was it on the day on which the multitude wished to make Him King? No. Was it on the day on which He entered into Jerusalem, amid the Hosannas of the populace? No. Was it when He manifested His Majesty to the Apostles on Thabor? No. He chose the saddest and most solemn hour of His mortal life—whilst the Scribes and Pharisees were compassing His destruction; whilst the Synagogue was preparing the Scaurges and the Crown of Thorns. He had gone up from Bethany to celebrate the Passover with the Chosen Twelve. He had long wished for this supreme moment: "I have longed to eat this pasch with you." He fulfilled to the letter "the law of Moses," and then: "He took bread into His venerable hands, and raising His eyes to Heaven, returned thanks to His Heavenly Father, He blessed and broke it and gave to His disciples, saying: "This Is My Body." Likewise, taking the chalice, He blessed it and gave to His disciples, saying: "Drink Ye All Of This: This Is My Blood Of The New Testament Which Shall Be Shed For Many Unto The Remission Of Sins. Do This In Remembrance Of Me."

Thus, beloved brethren, is the simple, yet solemn Gospel narrative of the Institution of the Blessed Eucharist—the Sacrifice of the New Dispensation. This is the basis of the Dogma by which the Church teaches us that, in the Eucharist, Jesus Christ is really present—True God and True Man, under the appearances of Bread and Wine. All the Evangelists proclaim this truth; the Apostles of the Gentiles confirm it; and the unanimous consent of the Fathers establishes it without the faintest shadow of doubt. Consequently, we must believe in the

THE BLESSED EUCHARIST

SERMON PREACHED AT ST. MARY'S CHURCH, HOLY THURSDAY, BY REV. P. W. BROWNE, OF OTTAWA UNIVERSITY

"Behold! I am with you all days even to the consummation of the world." (Matt. xxviii, 20.)
Brethren,—The history of God's relations with mankind is the history of God's love for His creatures: the creation, the Redemption, the Incarnation, are rather the fruition of that love than evidences of God's wisdom and omnipotence; for every external manifestation of the God-head was a step towards the object of supreme love—a sinful man. In the beginning God appeals to man's intelligence by the immensity of His works. He displays to the human eye the marvels of His power; and He strewn beneath man's feet the treasures of His goodness. Then He deigns to communicate directly with His creatures by assuming a visible form. He comes down from heaven to earth, and with ineffable familiarity, speaks to man as a father to his child. When the ungrateful child yields to a fateful passion, and by sin plunges into the abyss, the Almighty Father does not abandon him. He seeks the ingrate and speaks to him, not in tones of chastisement and severity, but in terms of tenderness and compassion. To repair the evil wrought by man's sin, God deigns to make Himself, in a measure a companion of human wretchedness, and is present even in the depths of misery, to enlighten man's mind, to fortify his will, and to govern his affections. To this end, He manifested Himself to the patriarchs under the guise of an angel. He appeared to Moses in a burning bush on Sinai, and He was visible to the children of Israel in their wanderings under the appearance of "cloud by day

and a pillar of fire by night." He directs the government of the "chosen people!" He fixes His abode in the Ark of the Covenant, and gives audience in the tabernacle, leads them to battle against their victory, or inflates defeat. They hear His voice, they feel His power, and "pass under the rod" of His justice. Prophets and judges speak, and kings rule in His name. But the loving heart of God seeks closer intimacy with mankind: "My delights are to be with the children of men." He assumed our nature: "The Word was made flesh and dwelt amongst us."

The Incarnate Christ leads a life of poverty and abjection. He evangelizes the poor: He heals the sick: He consoles the weary and the "heavy-burdened"; but Divine love demands more. The Justice of the Eternal Father raises Jesus on the Cross; and there mid the terrors of Golgotha, the Only-begotten Son paid the debt of Divine Justice and blotting out the "decease against us." But Divine love did not end there; Jesus would not "leave us orphans." He would remain with us to the end: "Behold I am with you all days till the consummation of the world."

He would become the food and nourishment of our souls—the words of the prophet would be fulfilled: "You shall drink of the Saviour's fountains." He would leave us a perpetual reminder of Calvary, a fount of mercy—a pledge of His undying love. This pledge of love is the Blessed Eucharist, whose institution the Church commemorates to-day. "O sacrum convivium," exclaims St. Thomas (the saint of the Blessed Sacrament), "in quo Christus sumitur, recolitur memoria passionis eius, mens impletur gratia, et futuri honoris nobis datur pignus!"

Centuries before its realization, the Royal Palmist foresaw this inestimable gift, and exclaimed: "He hath made a remembrance of His wonderful works, being a merciful and gracious Lord; He hath given food to them that fear Him" (Ps. exv). During the blessing of the palms on Sunday, we heard these words of Isaiah, proclaiming the advent of God to deliver Jerusalem: "Behold! thy King cometh, ye daughter of Sion; behold He cometh to thee in meekness." The echo of these words still resounds in our ears; but, this evening, these words have for us a meaning more expressive and personal. "Behold thy King cometh!" He comes to us,—not, as of old to the Jews on the first Palm Sunday, in human form; not in the garb of power, as on Sinai; not in the apparel of Majesty, as on Thabor; He comes to us under the lowly species of bread and wine in the Sacrament of the Eucharist. Jesus had foreshadowed this wonderful mystery a year before its actual institution. It was near the time of the Pasch, and an immense throng had followed Him into the desert. In their enthusiasm, they had forgotten their bodily needs; and "He had compassion on the multitude." He performed a miracle to sustain them. Grateful for this manifestation of such wondrous power, His followers "wished to make Him King; but He led into the mountain, Himself alone." Returning to Capernaum, Jesus again taught in the Synagogue. He rebuked the multitude because: "they sought only to go away!" Simon answered and said: "To whom, shall we go, O Lord!—Thou hast the word of eternal life, and we have believed and known that Thou art Christ, the Son of the Living God."

Whoever believes in the Eucharist believes, of necessity, in the Blessed Trinity, since we cannot receive this sacrament without confessing that He Who gives Himself to us is the Only-begotten Son of the Eternal Father, whose sacred humanity was formed by the power and operation of the Holy Ghost. Belief in the Eucharist also implies belief in the Church of Christ, because her priests are its ministers, because her tabernacles are its custodians, because her vigilance preserves its dignity and its integrity. Finally, the Blessed Eucharist sheds its divine rays upon all revealed truth. Remove it; and hope in a future life becomes uncertain; spiritual authority is repudiated; man's redemption is incomplete; the Incarnation is imperfect and God seems to us but a strange and mysterious being—the Jehovah of the Jews, a God of Justice without the attribute of Mercy.

The Blessed Eucharist is the Warden of Christian morality. Do you need proof of this? If so: I ask you, where do you find pure morals and innocence of life? Is it not within the shadow of the Tabernacle? The God Who resides there is the All-powerful agency which renders possible the exact fulfilment of our Christian duties.

The Blessed Eucharist is the very essence of Christian worship; this it is which gives religion its beauty, which preserves it, vivifies it, and ennobles it. Without the Eucharist, what were our Feasts ceremonies. What our Churches? Remove the Eucharist from them; and what remains? Nothing but void and vanity. Why is the Catholic Church so attractive? Because it is the Temple of the Living God—the new Bethlehem where God becomes Incarnate daily on the altar. The Temple of

Real Presence or eliminate the testimony of the Inspired Writers from the sacred page. But, perchance, you may ask, as did Nicodemus,—not yet strengthened in faith: "How can these things be?" We answer: "by the goodness and power of God: to Whom no word is impossible." Why should doubt be cast upon this mystery by heretics who readily believe in the Incarnation and the Redemption? Are not these also beyond the range of human reason? Aye, are there not myriad mysteries in nature which we cannot fathom? "Who hath known the mind of God, or who hath been His counsellor?" Then, let us not ask as did the unbelieving Jews: "How can He give us His flesh to eat and His blood to drink?" but rather let us say with the Royal Palmist; as did St. Ambrose: "Ipse dixit, et creata sunt; Ipse mandavit et facta sunt." The same omnipotent God Who created heaven and earth, Who wrought so much that is beyond the range of human comprehension, is the Power that changes bread and wine, in the Eucharist, into the Body and Blood of Christ.

This has been the teaching of the Catholic Church for nineteen centuries; she taught it in the Catacombs; she taught it in the days of persecution; she will teach it to the end; for Christ tells us: "I will be with you all days even to the consummation of the world." No doubt was ever cast upon this sublime truth till the eleventh century, when Berengarius, the minion of a faithless king, strove to formulate a new doctrine which would rob the mystery of its sanctity and grace. His heresy was condemned; and Berengarius died recanting his errors. In the sixteenth century an apostate monk revived the heresy of the Eucharist; and he, too, perished in a formidable array against the Church of Christ. Why did he deny the mystery of the Eucharist? Was it because he had conscientious scruples regarding it? No, beloved brethren, he denied the Eucharist because his Judas-like conduct demanded it. The Eucharist demands purity of morals in its priest-hood; but the monk of Erfurt had sacrificed his celebrity on the altar of passion; he had "eaten of the husks of swine." Succeeding Luther, we find another figure looming on the horizon—Henry VIII; he too became an unbeliever in the Real Presence, for reasons similar to the apostate monk.

"These be thy Gods, O Israel!" For more than three centuries the legions of hell have been arrayed against the Eucharist; and persecution, relentless and cruel, have been the portion of the worshippers of the God of the tabernacle; hallowed shrines have been robbed of their holiest treasure; the light of the sanctuary has oftentimes been extinguished; but the Eucharist has remained in vain. The Catholic priesthood—the ministers of the Eucharist were hounded to death like the wolf, in Ireland, in the days of penal woe; they were guillotined in France, in the days of the Revolution; they mounted the scaffold in England; but the God Who, of old destroyed the hosts of Sennacherib, and buried the armies of Pharaoh in the Red Sea is ever strong to save. "Wondrous are Thy works, O Lord of Hosts!" exclaims the Royal Prophet. Wondrous above all is the Eucharist which is the compendium of God's magnificent works, and the centre whence radiates all Catholic belief. Dogma, Morality, Worship, the Church—these are all reflected in the Eucharist like jewels of the Kingly diadem.

All Catholic dogma rests in it; whoever believes in this mystery makes an act of faith in the Atonement; because the Eucharist is its completion. The God of the Tabernacle is the Christ of the Precursor and Calvary. Faith in the Eucharist implies belief in the Incarnation of which it is the mysterious perpetuation. God becomes incorporated with us in Holy Communion because He became Incarnate in the chaste womb of the Blessed Mother. To give us His flesh to eat and His blood to drink, it was necessary for Christ to assume our nature. "O veneranda sacerdotum," exclaims St. Augustine "in quorum manibus velut in infero Filium Dei quotidie incarnatur!"

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Jerusalem was venerable and holy in the eyes of the Jewish people, because it contained the Ark of the Covenant, the Books of the Law, and the Manna of the Desert. But the Catholic Church is greater far than Solomon's Temple; within it are the Altar of Propitiation (of which the Ark of the Covenant was the figure), the Tabernacle of the New Covenant, and the Manna of Heaven, the Author of the Law, and an Eternal Priest. But this is not all, the Blessed Eucharist invests everything in the Catholic Church with a character of incomparable dignity. The pulpit is not a mere rostrum or platform; it is the Chair of truth; the Altar is not a mere table; it is the new Calvary whereon the Son of God renews daily the Tragedy of the Cross; the Confessional is not a mere judgment-seat; it is a tribunal where Jesus, in the person of the priest, receives sinners unto mercy and pardon. The Church itself is more than a Temple; it is the "House of God and Gate of Heaven."

It is the Eucharist which lends solemnity to Catholic ritual, gives dignity to our festivals, and adorns our Churches with the beauty of art and the grandeur of architecture. Why these graceful Gothic lines and vaulted arch which characterize this beloved House of Prayer? Why these beautiful windows which your piety and generosity have placed here?

Why these stations of the cross which adorn these hallowed walls? Why have you made such sacrifices to help your pastor render this Church so beautiful. Why these things, beloved brethren? Because this is the abiding-place—the home of Jesus Christ, the Eucharistic God. Then, may we not say, in all truth—the Eucharist is the soul of the Catholic Church—the grand secret of her sublime position? When the Ark of the Covenant fell into the hands of the Philistines, the Israelites wept and said: "Behold! God has withdrawn His presence from us." They spoke with truth; for from that hour misfortune became their portion; and "the glory departed from their midst." This was symbolic of other days when the new Ark of the Covenant—the Real Presence, was removed from the desecrated minsters and noble Cathedrals after the so-called Reformation, when private judgment—the precursor of rationalism—sapped the foundations of religious belief amongst the Teutonic peoples. The world to-day is reaping the harvest of those seeds of iniquity—the harvest of discontent, misery, strife and moral degradation. The only bulwark against these is the Catholic Church—the Church of the Eucharist. She has outlived these persecutions; she has weathered the storms of impiety and error; she is still as fresh and fair as when she emerged from the catacombs sixteen centuries ago.

What is the mystic tie that binds together the three great branches of the human family in the bonds of Faith, Hope and Charity? The Eucharist through it the Church Militant gains its victories, the Church Suffering gains its deliverance, the Church Triumphant enjoys everlasting peace.

How thankful we should be to Him Who has deigned to bestow such a gift upon us! "God," says St. Augustine, "though All-wise, knows nothing better; though All-powerful, can do nothing more excellent; though infinitely rich, has nothing more precious to give than the Eucharist." Then, let us resolve this evening to draw nearer to God through the Sacrament of the Altar. Jesus lovingly invites us: "Come to Me all you who labor and are burdened, and I will refresh you." (Matt. xi, 28.) Our duty towards Jesus in the Eucharist is briefly expressed in these words of Leviticus: "Reverence My Sanctuary." Let us adore the Eucharistic God; let us seek Him in our Churches when we are burdened with grief and sorrow; for He is ever present to aid and strengthen us. This evening let us thank Him for the ineffable favor which He has conferred upon us, and let us join with the angels who worship at the great white throne, and sing:

Genitori Genitque,
Laud et Jubilatione,
Sibus, honor, virtus quoque,
Sit et Benedictio,
Procedenti ab Utroque,
Compar sit laudatio.

The Prosperity of Nations
W. T. H. Lecky, in "The Political Value of History," has this to say, speaking of the prosperity of nations and the causes thereof as indicated by history: "Its foundation is laid in pure domestic life, in commercial integrity, in a high standard of moral worth and of public spirit, in simple habits, in courage, uprightness, and a certain soundness and moderation of judgment which springs quite as much from character as from intellect. If you would form a wise judgment of the future of a nation, observe carefully whether these qualities are increasing or decaying. Observe especially what qualities count for most in the public life. Is character becoming of greater or less importance? Are the men who obtain the highest posts in the nation, men of whom in private life and irrespective of party competent judges speak with genuine respect? Are they of sincere conviction, consistent lives, indisputable integrity? . . . It is by observing this moral current that you can best cast the horoscope of a nation."

If solitude is "the country of the strong," where a poetic soul may find nourishment, unknown to the general, it is rarely the case that it does not produce, when too prolonged, a funereal influence. Solitude, when it becomes isolation, is disastrous which corrupts, destroys, or weakens the better qualities.—An Awakening; Jean de la Roche.
When men die, they are often like a bar of iron covered with rust, which must be put into the fire.

CHINESE EPIGRAMS

(Translated by Joel Benton)

Some hunts are vain—no earthly gain has he Who searches for his needle in the sea. As the long string will let the kite go high, So a long purse a world of things will buy. Although the drum you carry be beaten in, Stick to your standard—do not yield to sin. An honest beggar is by far more fair Than the high minded, tricky millionaire.

CATHOLIC NOTES

Cardinal Gibbons has been appointed one of the electors in the Hall of Fame, to succeed Prof. George Fisher. There are 100 electors.

How Fordham University, the New York City institution of the Jesuits is forging to the front is shown by the fact that it now has in its various departments almost 1,000 students.

Spain's English convert Queen has recently consecrated her three children to the Blessed Virgin in the royal palace of Madrid and had them formally enrolled in the Society of the Holy Angels.

It is conceded on all hands that the Catholic schools in England will not be molested by adverse legislation during the present session of parliament, most of the Liberal members being pledged to let existing conditions obtain.

The Duke of Norfolk has two sisters who are nuns—Lady Minna Howard belongs to the Carmelite Order and Lady Etheldreda is a Sister of Charity. Lady Edith Fielding, sister to Lord Denbigh, is another Sister of Charity, who spends her days in a convent in Keoukiang.

Last year there were 1,500 men at the annual Lenten retreat held in Cleveland under the auspices of the local councils of the Knights of Columbus. This year there are 2,000, and there might be more if there were more room for them in the Cathedral.

The interesting announcement is made that the "Summa Theologica" of St. Thomas Aquinas is being translated into English by the Fathers of the English Dominican Province, under the editorship of Father Wilfrid Lescher, O. P.

The Knights of Columbus of Georgia are giving practical evidence of their zeal for the spread of Catholicism by volunteering to support one missionary priest who shall visit the outlying and unprovided districts of the Savannah diocese.

The magnificent church erected as a memorial to Cardinal Newwington is the scene of his most fruitful boyaars of work at the oratory of St. Philip, Edgbaston, Birmingham, England, was opened recently in the presence of a large and distinguished gathering of priests and laymen.

At the Masses in the different churches of Cork, Ireland, on a recent Sunday a note was read from the Bishop of Cork warning Catholics against the Mormons, who were holding meetings in the city with the object of inducing young girls to emigrate to their settlements in Canada.

A New York press dispatch says: "Accepted in a body by the Catholic church on October 30, 1900, the Society of the Atonement, once an Anglican Franciscan order, may lose its monastery, convent and grounds at Graymoor, Garrison, N. Y. The Protestant Episcopal trustees, under whom the organization came into existence, talk of disposing of the society.

Montreal is to have a public library, built and operated without government or municipal assistance. The Sulpician Fathers announce that they will begin next summer in St. Denis street, Montreal, between Ontario and Emery streets, the construction of a large free public library; provided with the most recent improvements and capable of containing two hundred thousand volumes.

The Vincentian missionaries, Revs. F. J. Maune, Joseph A. Deegan and John A. Garvin, are at present conducting a mission in St. Andrew's Church, Duane street, New York city, for the newspaper men of the great metropolitan dailies. The services are held at 2.30 each morning. It is indeed a most edifying sight to see these 700 men after a long night's labor attending Holy Mass and most eagerly drinking in the plain yet eloquent discourses of the good Vincentian Fathers.

The Rev. John H. Borsig, of Madison, Ind., who died a few days ago in Indianapolis, of blood-poisoning, contracted a disease while he was administering the Viaticum to a dying parishioner about one year ago. The illness was contracted from the inoculation on one of his fingers, which touched the dying parishioner's lips while the priest was placing the Host on the sick man's tongue. There was a slight flesh wound on the priest's finger, and through it his blood was tainted with the disease that ended in his death.

The Rev. W. B. Farrell, pastor of the Roman Catholic church of Saints Peter and Paul, Brooklyn, was commended in the Bedford court recently for capturing three rowdies on a North Strand avenue car. Each of the hoodlums got a sentence of six months on Blackwell's Island. The youths, according to Father Farrell's testimony, terrorized the women and children in the car. The priest remonstrated with them, but was threatened and told to keep quiet. Finally the gang attacked the priest, who proved a match for the rowdies. Right and left he dealt telling blows on the three. Several blows which landed about his neck and shoulders did not seem to disturb him.

LORNA DOONE

B. R. D. BLACKMORE. CHAPTER XXXIV

TWO NEGATIVES MAKE AN AFFIRMATIVE

There was, however, no possibility of depressing me at such a time. To be loved by Lorna, the sweet, the pure, the playful one, the fairest creature on God's earth, and the most enchanting, the lady of high birth and mind; that I, a mere clumsy, blundering yeoman, without wit, or wealth, or lineage, should have won that loving heart to be my own forever, was a thought no fears could lessen and no chance could steal from me.

Therefore, at her own entreaty, taking a very quick adieu, and by her own invitation, an exceeding kind one, I hurried home with deep exulting, yet some sad misgivings, for Lorna had made me promise now to tell my mother everything; as, indeed, I always meant to do, when my suit should be gone too far to stop. I knew, of course, that my dear mother would be greatly moved and vexed, the headship of Lorna Doone not being a very desirable one, in spite of that, and all disappointment as to little Ruth Huckleback, feeling my mother's tenderness and deep affection to me, and forgiving nature, I doubted not that before very long she would view the matter as I did. Moreover, I felt that, if once I could get her only to look at Lorna, she would so love and glory in her, that I should obtain all praise and thanks, perchance without deserving them.

Unluckily for my designs, who should be sitting down at breakfast with my mother and the rest but Squire Faggus, as everybody now began to entitle him. I noticed something odd about him, something uncomfortable in his manner, and a lack of that ease and humor which had been wont to distinguish him. He took his breakfast as it came, without a single joke about it, or preference of this to that, but with sly, soft looks at Annie, who seemed unable to sit quiet, or to look at any one steadfastly. I feared in my heart what was coming on, and felt truly sorry for poor mother. After breakfast it became my duty to see to the plowing of a barley-stubble, ready for the sowing of French grass, and I asked Tom Faggus to come with me; but he refused, and I knew the reason. Being resolved to allow him fair field to himself, though with great displeasure that a man of such illegal reputation should marry into our family, which had always been counted so honest, I carried my dinner upon my back, and spent the whole day with the farrows.

When I returned, Squire Faggus was gone; which appeared to me but a sorry sign, inasmuch as if mother had taken kindly to him and to his intentions, she would surely have made him remain a while to celebrate the occasion. And presently no doubt was left; for Lizzie came running to meet me at the bottom of the woodrick, and cried: "Oh, John, there is such a business! Mother is in such a state of mind, and Annie crying her eyes out! What do you think? You never would guess, though I have suspected it ever so long."

"No need for me to guess," I replied, as though with some indifference because of the self-important air which she took about it long ago. You have not been crying much, I see. I should like you better if you had."

"Why should I cry? I like Tom Faggus. He is the only one I ever see with the spirit of a man."

"This was a out, of course, at me. Mr. Faggus had won the good-will of Lizzie by his hatred of the Doones, and vows that if he could get a dozen men of any courage to join him, he would pull their stronghold about their ears without any more ado. This malice of his seemed strange to me, as he had never suffered at their hands, so far at least, as I knew. Was it to be attributed to his jealousy of outlaws who excelled him in his business? Not being good at repartee, I made no answer to Lizzie, having found this course more advisable to her than the very best invective; and so we entered the house together; and mother sent at once for me while I was trying to console my darling sister Annie."

"Oh, John I speak one good word for me," she cried, with both hands laid in mine, and her tearful eyes looking up at me. "Not one, my pet, but a hundred." I answered, kindly embracing her: "have no fear, little sister; I am going to make your case so bright, by comparison, I mean, that mother will send for you in five minutes, and call you her best, her most dutiful child, and praise Cousin Tom to the skies, and send a man on horseback after him; and then you will have a harder task to intercede for me, my dear."

done. But tell me, darling John, how you learned all this." "Never your mind," I replied, with a nod of some conceit, I fear; "I must be a fool if I did not know what mother is by this time."

"Now, inasmuch as the thing befell according to my prediction, what need for me to dwell upon it, after saying how it would be? Moreover, I would regret to write down what mother said about Lorna, in her first surprise and tribulation; not only because I was grieved by the gross injustice of it, and frightened mother with her own words (repeated deeply after her); but rather because it is not well, when people repent of hasty speech, to enter it against them."

"That is said to be the angels' business; and I doubt if they can attend to it much, without doing injury to themselves."

However, by the afternoon, when the sun began to go down upon us, our mother sat on the garden bench, with her head on her great water-skin waistcoat (which was water-proof) and her right arm around our Annie's waist, and scarcely knowing which of us she ought to make the most of, or which deserved most pity. Not that she had forgiven yet the rivals to her love—Tom Faggus, I mean, and Lorna—but that she was beginning to think a little better of them now, and a vast deal better of her own children."

And it helped her much in this regard, that she was not thinking half so well as usual of herself, or rather of her own judgment; for in good truth she had no self, only as it came home to her, by no very distant road, but by way of her children. A better mother never lived; and can I, after searching all things, add another word to that?"

"Indeed poor Lizzie was not so very bad; but behaved (on the whole) very well for her. She was much to be pitied, poor thing, and great allowance made for her, as belonging to a well-grown family, and a very comely one, and feeling her own shortcomings. This made her leap to the other extreme, and reassert herself too much, endeavoring to exalt the mind at the expense of the body; because she had the invisible one (so far as can be decided) in better share than the visible. Not but what she had her points, and very comely points of body; lovely eyes, to wit, and very beautiful hands and feet (almost as good as Lorna's), and a neck as white as snow; but Lizzie was not gifted with our gait and port, and bounding health."

"Now, when we sat on the garden bench, under the great ash-tree, we left dear mother to take her own way, and talk at her own pleasure. Children almost always are more wide-awake than their parents. The fathers and the mothers laugh; but the young ones have the best of them. And now both Annie knew, and I, that we had gotten the best of mother; and therefore we let her lay down the law as if we had been two dummies."

"Darling John," my mother said, "your case is a very hard one. A young and very romantic girl—God send that I be right in my charitable view of her—has met an equally simple boy, among great dangers and difficulties, from which my son has saved her, at the risk of his life at every step. Of course, she became attached to him—and looked up to him in every way as to her superior."

"Come, now, mother," I said; "if you only saw Lorna, you would look upon me as the lowest dirt." "No doubt I should," my mother answered; "and the king, and queen, and all of the royal family. Well, this poor angel, having made up her mind to take compassion upon my son, when he had saved her life so many times, persuades him to marry her out of pure pity, and throw his poor mother overboard. And the saddest part of it all is this—"

"That my mother will never, never, understand the truth," said I. "That is all I wish," she answered; "just to get at the simple truth from my own perception of it. John, you are very wise in kissing me; but perhaps you would not be so wise in bringing Lorna for an afternoon, just to see what she thinks of me. There is a good saddle of mutton now, and there are some very good sausages left on the blue dish with an anchor, Annie, from the last little sow we killed."

"As if Lorna would eat sausages!" said I, with appearance of high contempt, though rejoicing all the while that mother seemed to have her name so pat; and she pronounced it in a manner which made my heart leap to my ears: "Lorna to eat sausages!"

"I don't see why she shouldn't," my mother answered, smiling; "if she means to be a farmer's wife, she must take to farmers ways, I think. What do you say, Annie?"

"She will eat whatever John desires, I should hope," said Annie, gravely; "particularly as I made them."

"Oh, that I could only get the chance of trying her!" I answered. "If you could once behold her, mother, you would never let her go again. And she would love you with all her heart, she is so good and gentle."

"That is a lucky thing for me." Saying this, my mother wept, as she had been doing off and on, when no one seemed to look at her; "otherwise, I suppose, John, she would very soon turn me out of the farm, having you so completely under her thumb, as she seems to have. I see now that my time is over. Lizzie and I will seek our fortunes. It is wisest so."

frequent meetings and delightful converse was much impaired, at least for the present; because though mother was not aware of my narrow escape from Carver Doone, she made me promise never to risk my life by needless visits. And upon this point—that is to say, the necessity of the visit—she was well content, as she said, to leave me to my own good sense and honor; only begging me always to tell her of my intention beforehand. This pledge, however, for her own sake, I declined to give, knowing how wretched she would be during all the time of my absence, and on that account I promised instead, that I would always give her a full account of my adventure upon returning."

Now my mother, as might be expected, began at once to cast about for some means of relieving me from all her peril, and herself from great anxiety. She was full of plans for fetching Lorna in some wonderful manner out of the power of the Doones entirely, and into her own hands, where she was to remain at least a twelvemonth, learning all mother and Annie could teach her of dairy business, and farm-house life, and the best mode of packing butter. And all this arose from my happening to say, without meaning anything, how the poor dear had longed for quiet, and a life of simplicity, and a rest away from violence! Bless thee, mother—now long in heaven, there is no need to bless thee; but it often makes a dimness now in my well-worn eyes, when I think of thy loving kindness, warmth and romantic innocence."

As to stealing my beloved from that wretched Doone, the deed itself was not impossible, nor beyond my daring; but, in the first place, would she come, leaving her old grandfather to die, without her tendance? And even if, through fear of Carver and that wicked Counselor, she should consent to fly, would it be possible to keep her without a regiment of soldiers? Would not the Doones at once ride forth to scour the country for their queen, and finding her (as they must do), burn our house and murder us, and carry her back triumphantly?"

All this I laid before my mother, and to such effect that she acknowledged, with a sigh that nothing else remained for me (in the present state of matters) except to keep a careful watch upon Lorna from safe distance, observe the policy of the Doones, and wait for a tide in their affairs. Meanwhile I might even fall in love (as mother unwisely hinted) with a certain more peaceful heiress, although of inferior blood, who would be daily at my elbow. I am not sure but that dear mother herself would have been disappointed had I proved myself so fickle; and my disdain and indignation at the mere suggestion did not so much displease her, for she only smiled and answered:

"Well, it is not for me to say; God knows what is good for us. Likings will not come to order; otherwise I should not be where I am this day. And of one thing I am rather glad; Uncle Reuben will deserve that his pet scheme should miscarry—he who called my boy a coward, an ignoble coward, because he would not join some crack-brained plan against the valley which sheltered his beloved one! And all the time this dreadful 'coward' risking his life daily there, without a word to any one! How glad I am that you will not have, for all her miserable money, that little dwarfish granddaughter of the insolent old miser!"

Again, when I told her my mother and Annie, as well as myself, longed to have her at Plovers Barrows, and teach her all the quiet duties in which she was sure to take such delight, she only answered, with a bright blush, that while her grandfather was living, she would never leave him; and that even if she were free, certain ruin was all she should bring to any house that received her, at least within the utmost reach of her amiable family. This was too plain to be denied; and bravely my dejection at it, she told me saying that we must hope for better times, if possible, and asked how long I would wait for her."

"Not a day, if I had my will," I answered, very warmly; at which she turned away confused, and would not look at me for a while; "but all my life," I went on to say, "if my fortune is so ill. And how long would you wait for me, Lorna?"

"I'll not wait, she answered slyly, with a smile which was brighter to me than the brightest wit could be. "And now," she continued, "you bound me, John, with a very beautiful ring to me; and when I dare not wear it, I carry it always on my heart. But I will bind you to me, you dearest, with the poorest and plainest thing that ever you set eyes on. I could give you fifty fairer ones, but they would not be honest; and I love you for your honesty, and nothing else, of course, John; so don't you be conceited. Look at it; what a queer old thing! there are some marks upon it, very grotesque and wonderful; it looks like a cat in a tree-almot; but never mind what it looks like. This old ring must have been a giant's; therefore it will fit you, perhaps, you enormous John. It has been on the front of my old glass neck-tie (which my mother and I found them give back again) ever since I can remember, and long before that, as some woman told me. Now you seem very greatly amazed; pray what thinks my lord of it?"

"That it is worth fifty of the pearl thing which I gave you, you darling; and that I will not take it from you."

"Then you will never take me, that is all. I will have nothing to do with a gentleman."

"No gentleman, dear—a yeoman."

"Very well, yeoman—nothing to do with a yeoman who will not accept my love-gage. So, if you please, give it back again, and take your lovely ring back."

She looked at me in such a manner, half in earnest, half in jest, and three times three in love, that I was fain to good resolutions, and her own faint protest. I was forced to abandon all firm ideas, and kiss her till she was quite ashamed, and her head hung on my bosom, with the night of her hair shed over me. Then I placed the pearl ring back on the soft elastic bend of the finger she held up to scold me; and on my own smallest finger drew the heavy hoop she had given me. I considered this with satisfaction, until my darling recovered herself; and then I began very gravely about it, to keep her (if I could) from chiding me:

"Mistress Lorna, this is not the ring of any giant. It is nothing more nor less than a very ancient thumb-ring, such as once in my father's time was plucked out of the ground in our farm, and sent to learned doctors, who told me all about it, but kept the ring for their trouble. I will accept it, my own one love; and it shall go to my grave with me." And so it shall, unless there be villains who would dare to rob the dead."

Now I have spoken about this ring (though I scarcely meant to do so, and would rather speak to myself than so very holy) because it holds an important part in the history of my Lorna. I asked her where the glass neck-lace was from which the ring was fastened, and which she had worn in her childhood,

and she answered that she hardly knew, but remembered that her grandfather had begged her to give it up to him when she was ten years old or so, and had promised to keep it for her until she could take care of it; at the same time giving her back the ring, and fastening it upon her pretty neck, and telling her to be proud of it. And so she always had been, and now from her sweet breast she took it, and it became John Ridd's delight."

All this, or at least great part of it, I told my mother truly, according to my promise; and she was greatly pleased with Lorna for having been so good to me, and for speaking so very sensibly; and then she looked at the great gold ring, but could by no means interpret it. Only she was quite certain, as indeed I myself was, that it must have belonged to an ancient race of great consideration, and high rank, in their time. Upon which I was for taking it off, lest it should be degraded by a common farmer's finger. But mother said, "No," with tears in her eyes; "if the common farmer had won the great lady of the ancient race, what were rings and Old-World trinkets, when compared to the living jewel?" Being quite of her opinion in this, and loving the ring (which had no gem in it) as the token of my priceless gem, I resolved to wear it at any cost, except when I should be plowing, or doing things likely to break it; although I must own that it felt very queer (for I never had thought of a finger before), and it looked very queer, for a length of time, upon my great hard-working hand."

And before I got used to my ring, or people could think that it belonged to me (plain and ungarlish though it was), and before I went to see Lorna again, having failed to find any necessity, and remembering my duty to mother, we all had something else to think of, not so pleasant, and more puzzling."

TO BE CONTINUED.

AN OLD COUPLE

The misfortune of John and Ellen Luff was that they had lived too long. Their mistress before she died had made provision for them, counting that they would live to seventy-five or so. But now John was eighty-six and Ellen eighty-two, and the provision had been spent ten years ago. During the greater part of these ten years they had been kept alive by the sixpences collected by a charitable soul who had come to be aware of their necessity. But now their benefactress was gone, and there was nothing at all between them and starvation."

They had covered up their poverty jealously. Little by little during these ten years they had parted with the pieces of furniture which old Mrs. Kynaston had left them as part of her legacy."

A young doctor had been very kind to them. He had given them medicine and nourishing things out of his own pocket, and had accepted with a delicate understanding the shillings the man paid him from time to time for his fees. To be sure, they found their way straight back to the fund collected for the old people by their benefactress."

The doctor was young and bright-eyed, with a kindly and humorous shrewdness of expression in his keen, clever face. He was on his probation down here in this slum that once was country. But presently he knew he would be among the great men in Harley street or Cavendish Square. He knew the things he had done and was capable of doing. Meanwhile he was poor and ambitious, a glutton for work and head over ears in love."

The thought of the old couple put a pucker between his brows, even while he sat by Margaret Steele's side at dinner that evening. He had no thought of keeping from her the thing that was worrying him. She had the key of his heart, and could wring from him every secret except one, if his love for her could really be called a secret."

He told her about John and Ellen Luff as he had seen them and as he imagined them. "Ah," she said softly once or twice, and there was a world of hurt pity in the exclamation. Looking at her admiringly, he thought she had the compassion of all the world in her face."

She said no more, as though he had discouraged her. They talked of other things, of the newest discoveries in science and medicine—the things that interested him most. She was delightfully intelligent. With such a woman for his Egeria what might not a man do?"

"Well," he said to the old couple next day, "have you made up your minds?"

"They seemed to him to lean a little closer together, and his heart smote him."

"I shouldn't be able to look after you much longer, for I think of joining an expedition to South Africa. Sister Gertrude in the infirmary has promised me to be very good to Luff. At your side of the house, Mrs. Luff, there is an excellent woman in charge. You'll be surprised to find how pleasant it all is when you get there, and will wonder why you ever dreaded it so much."

The old couple seemed as if they had not heard this well-meant consolation. "You'll be ready to go Friday, shall we say?" Dr. Saville said with a cheerfulness he was far from feeling.

"Oh, yes, it might as well be Friday as another day," John Luff said. "Might happen the Lord 'ud call us before Friday."

He had very nearly made up his mind to join the African expedition. The pursuit of the thing that caused one of the most horrible diseases into the deadly swamp where it lurked was fascinating to him. If he came out of it alive it meant reputation. If he didn't—Well, he couldn't go to Margaret now as he was. It was now Tuesday afternoon, and on Friday they were to go into the House. They had just three days to be together, three days in which the Lord might call them."

After a time they began to talk. They had the memories of very old people for things of long ago, while things of yesterday were dim to them. Old Madam and Miss Agatha and Miss Agatha's baby were in their talk."

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But if the Lord would call them before Friday was a sudden tapping at the door, and a lady came in bringing a smell of violets with her. The east wind blew ardently outside, and she was wearing furs over her purple dress. She glowed in them as palely warm as a white rose that has a flush in it."

Old Ellen got up and set her a chair. She flashed a quick glance around the room, almost empty of furniture. Her eyes took in the parcels on the table, then went on to the wondering faces of the old couple."

"Dr. Saville is a friend of mine," she said softly. Her voice was as sweet as her face. "He has told me about you. Your names are John and Ellen Luff. I think you must once have lived with my grandmother, Mrs. Kynaston, of Eastney Park, Hampshire."

"It isn't Miss Margot?" said John incredulously, while Ellen came nearer and peered with her blind eyes into the beautiful, delicate face."

"Yes, I am Miss Margot. I remember quite well how you taught me to ride, John. And I remember you, Ellen, displaying my grandmother's finery for my delight on wet afternoons. I liked you better than my nurse. And I remember once we had out all the furniture of my doll house and gave it a thorough spring cleaning. Do you remember that, Ellen?"

"For sure I do, Miss Margot. Many times me and Luff have talked about it." "I oughtn't to have lost sight of you," she went on, looking from one face to the other. "Only we spent so many years abroad. And I thought, 'I thought—'"

"We didn't ought to have lived as long, Miss Margot," cried John apologetically. "She laughed softly, and her eyes were dimmed."

"Ah, well, I am very glad you have lived," she said, "and most grateful to Dr. Saville for finding you for me."

"John wouldn't be here only for him. The bottles of wine he's sent and the medicines! We had no fire to-day till he sent it, and all these things from the store." Ellen vaguely indicated the table. "May the Lord reward him!"

Miss Margot glowed more than ever, and leant forward a little over her huge muff. The fire sparkled in the jewels that clasped her sable stole and set up other fires in the depths of her eyes."

"And now," she said, "wouldn't you like to come back to Eastney? The west lodge is empty, but it is in order, and you can come at once. I have a woman who will look after you both and see that Ellen hasn't too much to do. And we have all the summer before us. What do you think of it?"

"Oh, Lord," said John, "and we were to have gone into the House on Friday!"

"We thought we were to be friendless and forgotten—the doctor going off to Africa, where most likely than not he'll leave his bones," said Ellen. "We little thought the Lord was sending us you."

"Africa?" Miss Margot repeated in a startled way. "Who said he was going to Africa?"

"Himself, sitting in that very chair, this morning."

"I will come back and tell you what he says," said Miss Margot, rising up with a soft rustle. "A carriage shall come for you, so that you won't be exposed to the east wind. Now good-bye for a little while."

She was shown into the consulting room, where he sat writing busily at a table. The room was fundamentally dreary, with its dusty carpet, its heavy red curtains and wire screens to the windows, its fire almost out, its general air of neglect and dust, as dreary as the mean street outside swept by the east wind. Yet to her it was beautiful because it was there. It was enough for the moment that they were alone in such a solitude as they had never known before."

He sprang to his feet with a little cry of delight at beholding her. The white lids veiled her conscious eyes; the color flamed in her cheeks."

"You will wonder why on earth I have come," she said. "For the moment it is enough that you are come," he said, setting a chair for her with an exhilarated laugh. The smell of her violets was heavy, intoxicating."

RACE AND RELIGION IN CANADA

Mr. Francis W. Grey, of Ottawa, in the Month. During the past year, the Catholics of Canada have been exhorting, Sunday after Sunday, to pray earnestly that "peace and harmony amongst us. . . may happily result from" the first Plenary Council held in British North America. That there is more than common need for such a prayer, more, even, than such an important occasion inevitably demands, no one familiar with Canadian ecclesiastical conditions, and with the circumstances and questions arising out of them, can fail to admit. It appears, however, that certain explanations and statistics are necessary in order to render these conditions, circumstances, and questions, most of all the implied lack of peace and harmony, intelligible to English readers. They may, therefore, be briefly given here, and wherever in the course of this article they may seem to be required or called for."

The total population of the Dominion according to the last census, taken in 1901, is given by the Canada Year Book, 1908, as 5,371,315. The total Catholic population, according to the same authority, was at that date 2,229,600, or rather more than fifty per cent. of the whole. Of these, according to Le Canada Ecclesiastique, 1906, 1,649,000 were of French Canadian origin, those of all other origins, chiefly Irish, Scottish, and English, 580,000. This gives at once an overwhelming majority of French Canadian Catholics, a fact which must always be taken into account with respect to the subject to be discussed. With respect, moreover, to Ontario and Quebec, the two Provinces that chiefly concern us, the figures are not less noteworthy. The total population of the latter Province is given, as above, as being 1,648,000; the total Catholic population is 1,429,260; the French Canadians among these last numbering 1,322,110. Both the Protestant minority, therefore, and the English-speaking Catholic minority, form a very small percentage of the whole."

Coming to Ontario, we find the total population given as 2,182,947, with only 390,304 Catholics. Of these 158,670, somewhat less than half, are of French Canadian origin, chiefly, it may be said, in the archdiocese and city of Ottawa, and in the suffragan sees of Pontiac and Pembroke. Moreover, to complete these statistics, has a Catholic population of 70,000; the new Provinces of Alberta and Saskatchewan, 32,000; British Columbia, 31,000, the remainder being found in the Maritime Provinces."

The two Provinces of Ontario and Quebec, however, as already stated, the one as overwhelmingly Protestant as the other is Catholic, are those in which racial and religious problems would most naturally arise. That these questions, commonly known as the Race Question, do exist there can be no doubt at all. They are, indeed, at the root of all the political, constitutional, and educational questions affecting the Dominion; their chief interests for Catholics consisting in the fact that they affect no less seriously all matters relating to the Church in British North America."

In saying this as I do, with all the diffidence of a mere observer, and of a layman dealing with matters that trench very closely on the domain ecclesiastical, I am not unconscious of the fact that the friction arising inevitably out of the conditions above detailed has of late years appeared to lose, if it has not actually lost, much of its earlier acerbity and virulence, though it must not for that reason be by any means regarded as extinct. I mean that, taking the most favourable view possible of the actual situation, there can, I think, be no question that, whether as an active antagonism, as an uneasy consciousness of friction, or as a regrettable tradition, a certain racial difference, whether Church or State, does exist, and must be taken into account."

It is this difference, then, this friction between one race and another, and not merely as between Protestants and Catholics, as it concerns the growth, the welfare, and the good estate of Christ's Holy Catholic Church in Canada, that we are here to consider. And this because, strange as it may appear to readers of The Month, the division exists, racially, no less between those of the Household of Faith than between those whose creeds, as well as whose nationality, are as wide apart as they can well be. It is naturally a difficult matter to treat of, lest, all unwittingly,

Ordered to Hospital FOR OPERATION FOR ACUTE INDIGESTION—DID NOT GO AND WAS CURED BY DR. CHASE'S KIDNEY-LIVER PILLS

A medicine that will save one from a surgical operation must be worth while. The doctors seem to have the common mistake of dosing the stomach when the real source of trouble was with the liver and kidneys. Anyway Dr. Chase's Kidney and Liver Pills made a complete cure and here is the record:

Mrs. F. O. Bacon, Baldwin's Mills, Que., writes:—"I was very sick and the doctors said I must go to the hospital for a surgical operation. I had acute indigestion and the liver and kidneys did not act. I did not want to undergo an operation, so I began the use of Dr. Chase's Kidney and Liver Pills and have used them ever since."

"I am feeling well now and doing my own work for a family of seven. I think there is no equal for acute indigestion and liver and kidney troubles such as I had and they and nothing else made me well again. There is no medicine I like

offence should be given where none, as I need hardly protest, is so much as thought of. The mere statement of the case may, however, it is surely lawful to hope, in view of the recent Council, and of the Eucharistic Congress to be held this year in Montreal, put the whole matter in a clearer light, and help, if ever so little, to remove prejudices and misunderstandings.

Going back for the moment to the purely historical aspect of the question, it may be said without hesitation that the antagonism here referred to was, from the beginning of British Rule in Canada, as much a religious as a national one. Also, that the French Canadians, originally in a majority, but now a dwindling minority amid an alien population, have, from the Cession to the present day (since race and religion have always seemed to them inseparable if not identical interests) been forced into an attitude of not too hopeful defence, from which disloyalty to racial traditions, as they deem it, if not, indeed, to their most cherished spiritual heritage, has appeared the only and yet wholly impossible issue. The fact is worth noting carefully, as it accounts more than all else for a certain aggressiveness, "coming not all losing causes, of which the French Canadians have been, and still are, somewhat unreasonably and unjustly accused. The Conquest of New France, that is to say, while largely the outcome of New England's political jealousy of a formidable rival and fear of French and Indian aggression, was no less surely inspired by Puritan hatred and intolerance of Papists and Popery, a veritable Israelitish zeal for the utter destruction of the Canaanite and idolater who held the key to the fur trade of the North and West. The same hatred and intolerance it is safe to say, marked the attitude of the King's "old subjects" towards his "new subjects" for many years subsequent to 1760, and was a source of no little trouble and annoyance to the military governors, who, within their limitations as British churchmen, seemed to have striven honestly enough to interpret the terms of the Treaty of Paris with a reasonable amount of fairness, all things considered.

There can, at all events, be no doubt as to the existence in Quebec, no less than in Ireland, of a vehemently attempted, and not wholly unsuccessful Protestant ascendancy, tempered, in this instance at least, by the authority of a country which was about to show so generous a hospitality to the exiled Bishops, priests, and Religious of revolutionary France. It was an ascendancy, moreover, shaken, if not overturned, by the loyalty of the French Canadians to their new allegiance at the outbreak, and during the course of the American Revolution, a loyalty which must, unquestionably, be placed to the credit of their religion, and of their submission to their clergy. Nor was it unnatural, under the circumstances, that an ascendancy, so attempted, and so resisted, should breed a racial and religious antagonism between French Catholics and English Protestants which is only now, if at all, beginning to lose its bitterness.

But it is of the essence of this question, as it affects the Church in Canada, that Catholics of English speech, commonly spoken of as "English Catholics," have, for the most part, ranged themselves according to language, rather than according to creed, socially speaking, that is to say, and, to some extent, politically, although not in matters distinctly affecting religion or education. To the Irishman in Canada, his Saxon oppressor is so little obnoxious that he is not averse, as above indicated, to be classed as an "English" Catholic; much less so, apparently, than as a "Frenchman," when he is indeed, to judge by his speech and manner, he holds as in some sense a "foreigner." That the compliment is returned with interest goes without saying. The feeling, as the expression of an underlying antagonism, extends, in certain spheres, even to the clergy, and is most noticeable, perhaps, in matters relating to education. Hence one finds English and French churches in one and the same parish, as well as in the same city, each served by clergy of its own speech, accompanied, as might be expected, by a similar distinction between French and English schools.

These distinctions, it cannot be too often insisted on, do not extend to matters of faith. But if only, so to speak, surface irritations, they point unmistakably to real want of harmony and unity, and there can be no question, unfortunately as to their bearing on the welfare of the Church in Canada, of the Catholic population, concentrated, as statistics show, principally in Quebec and Ontario, and only there, perhaps only in Quebec, able or likely, in the future, to hold their own against a rapidly increasing, and not too tolerant non-Catholic majority.

I have been careful, in the last paragraph but one, to make special reference to the Catholic school, since education has in Canada not only the importance it has for the Church everywhere but is also closely allied to that race antagonism which so seriously complicates all Canadian problems. It may be said, indeed, to lie at the very root of them, since it is on this point, more than on any other, that the Church's claims and those of the State are most hopelessly and irreconcilably at variance. And this, on the matter, on which, it may be truly said, all else depends, consists, humanly speaking, in the racial conservatism, the traditional distrust of English Protestantism—of English influences generally—which characterize the French Canadians, which make an apparent over-zeal concerning race, speech, and customs as excusable as it is natural.

It is for this reason, if for no other, that the Catholic from the Old Country, resident in Canada, has cause to regret the sharp and, as it seems to him, unnecessary, distinctions maintained between French and English Church schools, as complicating a problem already more than sufficiently involved, because political, and as tending to weaken a position of ever increasing difficulty of tenure, even in Quebec, still more so where the Catholic minorities are small to insignificant and widely scattered, and in face of the gradual, but inevitable, "Americanization"—"nationalization," if you prefer it,—of the West, in this matter of "one people, one school."



spread on brown bread makes the most delicious sandwiches. A teaspoonful of OXO to a cup of hot water makes an appetizing, nourishing drink. Children love OXO.

Why this division of Catholics on lines of race and speech in respect of this vital issue should be cause for regret is plain from the fact that it engenders rivalries that are not merely disedifying but fruitful sources of still greater weakness. A division which leads to discussions as to methods of management; to comparisons as to the generosity, or otherwise, of the financial support given to the schools of one speech or the other; which makes race and literary attainments, apparently, of more importance than a sound training, as Catholics understand it, is surely something to be regretted, even if it be, as many claim, unavoidable under the conditions actually existing. It has at least caused, so far as the observer is in a position to judge, an all too general forgetfulness of the axiom that it is the teaching that matters, not the teacher's nationality. "Search not who spoke this or that, but mark what is spoken."

Here again, I write with the utmost diffidence, weighing to the best of my ability, every word, and rather seeking to give the personal impressions of a writer connected by the closest of ties with both parties concerned, than attempting to draw any conclusions. But in this vital matter of education, this struggle, as between the Church and the State, for possession of the child, this question on which, in the newer provinces especially, the whole future of the Church, again humanly speaking, seems to depend, a racial antagonism of this sort, for that is what it comes to between French and English Catholics must be taken into most serious account. And this, just because it tends inevitably to weaken the Church's position, if it be not rather a symptom of a weakness already existing. The mere statistics of Catholics and non-Catholics, in Ontario and the West, are sufficient proof of the seriousness of the situation, and give better than all else, an estimate to the probable security of any agreement in favor of Catholic schools to which the New Provinces have been constrained by Federal legislation to give an unwilling and reluctant consent. The question, where such conditions exist, is not or so it seems to me: Shall the Church schools be French or English? but, rather: Shall the Church retain or lose the children whom God has given into her charge to keep for Him?

In a matter of this kind, and without, of course, attempting to apportion the blame where both sides are in fault, it is evidently better, though by no means so easy, to cite concrete instances, than merely to refer to general principles and circumstances. This division, then or antagonism, between French and English Catholics, does exist, not only in respect of primary, but also of secondary and of University education. Herein, manifestly, any weakening of the Church's divinely-inspired claim to secure and promote the religious education of all her children without exception, and therefore to have a voice in determining how, where, and in what manner they shall be educated, becomes of more, rather than of less vital import, and for sufficiently obvious reasons. Now, the conditions which make the presence of Catholic students at Oxford and Cambridge possible and tolerable, literally do not exist in Canada. Outside of certain distinctively and aggressively sectarian "Universities," there is a marked absence, in such institutions, of even that formal profession of Christianity which still lingers at the two first-mentioned seats of learning. The provincial Universities are, that is to say, as distinctly anti-Catholic, indeed, as distinctly anti-Christian, understanding Christianity in any real, dogmatic sense, as they are, professedly, non-sectarian. Except in very rare instances, therefore, and under stress of very urgent necessity, these institutions are wholly unsuited to Catholics.

It follows, evidently, that it is to the Church's interest, and, consequently, to the interest of all Churchmen, to provide the best possible secondary and University education obtainable anywhere, if only to remove even an apparent justification of Catholic attendance at provincial universities. This provision, moreover, would seem, to an impartial observer, most easy of attainment by means of concentration and harmony of effort rather than by disintegration, certainly not by rivalries and jealousies

such as, unfortunately, exist at present. There appears to be, that is to say, a certain "localism" of spirit in respect of Catholic university education in Ontario, especially, a tendency to put diocesan, and still more, racial interests before wider and more general ones. The following statistics will show, with sufficient clearness, to what extent this spirit of localism prevails, and, at the same time, what provision is made, first, in Ontario and Quebec, and then throughout Canada generally, for the secondary and university education of Catholics.

To begin with Quebec, where, as already indicated, the French Canadians form an overwhelming majority, both of the population, and of the Catholic community. The province is divided with two universities, Laval at Quebec, and its autonomous "succursale" at Montreal, both, as is natural, distinctively French. In addition, there are forty-two colleges and "academies," classical and commercial, under the management, for the most part, of various religious orders. There is, of course, very little room for racial rivalries in a province where those of one speech number 1,322,110, as compared with 107,150 of all other races, chiefly Irish.

Coming to Ontario, we have, in the city of Ottawa, one University, in the archdiocese, one classical college, and nine academies. In Toronto, one college, St. Michael's, affiliated to Toronto University. In Kingston, one college, possessing a university charter; for the rest of the province according to Le Canada Ecclesiastique, two colleges, one in Hamilton, and one in London. The Catholic population, it may be as well to repeat here, number 390,304, of whom 153,870 are French Canadians, living especially in Eastern Ontario. There is a university at Antigonish, Nova Scotia, and a college at St. Boniface, Manitoba, affiliated to the provincial University, and four other colleges complete the list given.

As the race antagonism is unquestionably more acute in Ontario than in any other part of Canada, it may be well to confine our attention to the conditions affecting the influential Catholic minority there, fairly evenly divided, so far as numbers go, between English and French. We note first, then, that as compared with the primary, secondary, and University education provided by the Province of Ontario, forming inseparable parts of one system with the advantage of lavish State support, Catholic education, even though enjoying a most favourable status, secured to it by legislation, labours from the outset under a most serious disadvantage. How serious, the contrasted positions of Ottawa University and of Toronto University are more than sufficient to show. The latter has all the prestige and glory that wealth and State support can give it; the former, built up by the labour and devotion of the Oblates of Mary Immaculate, is entirely dependent on the voluntary support of the Catholics of Ontario.

That, one would imagine, is a sufficiently serious handicap for any Catholic place of education to be burdened with, and one calling for the loyal and chivalrous support of all the Catholics of the Province, at the very least. They are not, one may venture to suggest, numerous enough or wealthy enough to support three Universities, when two suffice in the Province of Quebec for the needs of more than three times their number, members of what is practically a State Church. The situation calls for such support, irrespective of theories as to the advantage of affiliation to the provincial University, a question concerning which there may be diversity of opinion. Still more, it calls for support that shall rise above racial jealousies and merely local interests; most of all above any question of control by secular or religious, whether by "a close corporation"—the Oblates,—or by any other form of government. Yet it is in this, of all instances, that not only the localism referred to, but in even greater measure the race friction and misunderstanding which so vitally affect the welfare of the Church in Canada, make themselves most plainly and most hurtfully felt. The situation of the Capital, at the meeting point of two provinces, of two races, and many creeds, of conflicting interests, and keenest

rivalries and jealousies, is one of peculiar difficulty, even politically speaking. If, in addition to what may be termed their political and social activity, these rivalries and jealousies are found to exist in the ecclesiastical and educational spheres as well, it needs no very close study of them in order to estimate their evil effects in both.

This, briefly, is the situation of the Church in the capital of the Dominion in that which relates to the most vital of all her interests, the right and efficient education of her growing sons, their being made fit, whether as priests or as laymen, to take their due place in the life and energies of the nation at large. The race question, if it arises no where else, arises here; not merely in respect of English and French primary schools but in respect of English and French parties in connection with the University. Again, it is impossible to apportion the responsibility where all are in fault, but the fact remains that there are rivalries and contentions and even unseemly recriminations, as to what may be called the "race complexion" of an institution intended, so it is claimed—and the distribution of population bears out the claim—from its very inception, and by the very terms of its charter, to meet the peculiar local conditions; to be bi-racial and bi-lingual; to favour neither French nor English but to give equal opportunities to both.

The claim is, of course, denied as strenuously and as persistently as it is made, to the manifest detriment of the University itself. It would not, it is true, be in human nature, clerical or lay, to carry out such an ideal in an atmosphere tainted by political, and social and racial rivalries, without some apparent lapse to one side or the other. The mere neighborhood of the Province of Quebec, the concentration of a large French population in and around Ottawa and the numerical preponderance of French Canadian Catholics over all others in the Dominion, tends inevitably to a marked disproportion—though a perfectly natural one—between French and English speech. The facts, however, must be taken into account, and to say that the French should go to Laval and leave Ottawa to the English Catholics of Ontario is as little reasonable as would be a counter claim on the part of the French Canadians. Yet, notwithstanding the transparently honest endeavour of the University to give the widest and fairest interpretation possible to their Charter, as it appears to them, a large, prominent, and wealthy section of English Catholics, both in Ottawa itself and throughout the Province of Ontario, characterize the University as "French," than which no more serious mark of disapproval can in their minds be passed upon it. It is a charge, moreover, which by a parallel, and possibly more "social" line of reasoning, justifies not only their unwillingness to send their sons to be taught by Frenchmen, but what is obviously of vastly more importance, a total abstention on their part from all financial assistance except on their own unreasonable and impossible terms.

The secular clergy of the Province, so far as I have been able to learn, justify their non-support of the University on the grounds that it is "controlled by a close corporation," meaning, as above stated, the Oblates of Mary Immaculate; and further, by "a corporation which is to all intents and purposes French," meaning European. The localism, amounting, one might almost venture to say, to parochialism, which inspires such an attitude towards existing facts and crying necessities, is too evident to require pointing out.

Into the accuracy, or otherwise, of these statements, there is no apparent need to enter here, since any decision one way or the other must evidently be a mere *ipse dixit* on the part of a writer situated as I am. My aim, as I have already explained, has been to set down certain impressions of the situation which it seems to me, confronts the Church in Canada, in Ontario especially. The most vital point of that situation as exemplified in the conditions obtaining at Ottawa is, I am convinced, the existence of certain racial rivalries, jealousies and misunderstandings which appear to divide even those who possess a common faith as well as the closest of common interests. These causes of disunion and friction, moreover, while not extending to matters strictly religious, do affect matters educational, which are only of lesser importance because they are not of the first. These conditions, it must be further observed, as they obtain in greater or lesser intensity, between French and English come into contact, eventually affect the Church in Canada as a whole. They are caused, not by evidences, of weakness and disunion where strength and unity are most needed, in a country not as yet actively hostile to the Church, but yearly with the increased American immigration less and less in sympathy with her, least of all, as Manitoba and the New Provinces have clearly shown, with her system and methods of education; a system and methods looked upon as "unpatriotic," as "tending to keep up unnecessary divisions," and as "retarding the growth and unification of the Canadian nation."

It is a situation which affects first, and most seriously, that element in the Catholic population which, as the largest and most homogeneous, has been and must always be the mainstay of Catholic education, as it is of conservatism in the wider and better sense, the French Canadians, whose very loyalty to race and speech, intimately interwoven as both are with their loyalty to their faith, has unquestionably been to their serious detriment in worldly prosperity and advancement, and has underlain the antagonism they have endured and still endure, from their English fellow-citizens, even those of their own creed. But it affects still more seriously the English Catholic minority, to an extent, indeed, of which they seem to be by no means aware, their position being, in fact, very similar to that of British Catholics in relation to Irish. Their strength, would they only see it, lies in unity with the French element, not in jealousy, recrimination, and charges of aggression.

That there are faults on the side of the French majority as well goes without saying; a certain restless assertion of indisputable, but not always attainable rights; a certain suspicion of encroachment and of unworthy motives on

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the part of our Irish; a tendency to aloofness and to ultra conservatism; a possible unreadiness to concede to minorities that which they demand for themselves when the situation happens to be reversed. Yet, even admitting these short comings, which are, I think, not to be denied, the French Canadian side of the matter has, I venture to think, hardly received fair consideration. It was they who for a century and a half under the lilies of France, made Canada a Catholic country; who for many years after the Cession, bore the brunt of Protestant assaults against the Church's faith, against her claim to educate her children in her own schools. If, finding themselves slowly but surely outnumbered by "aliens" in race and speech in all domains except the ecclesiastical, they cling in that sphere especially all the more closely and tenaciously to their old religious traditions, claims, and the natural privileges of a majority and of priority of tenure, it is certainly not becoming that their fellow-Catholics of English speech, who owe them so great a debt, should judge them harshly, still less uncharitably.

Whatever of shortcomings, therefore, may exist, or be supposed to exist, in the educational facilities afforded by the Church in Ontario, whether in primary school or university, the remedy lies obviously in harmony of effort on the part of all the Catholics of the province. If objection is taken to a supposed predominance of French influence in education, it may fairly be pointed out that the numbers in Ontario being so nearly even, a like zeal in the matter of vocations (information as to the relative numbers of French and English clergy in Canada is, I regret to say, not obtainable, but it may safely be said that the numbers correspond approximately to those of the two elements, two and one half to one. Indeed, the proportion of French clergy is unquestionably larger, if anything, than such a comparison would seem to indicate) on the part of English Catholics to that shown by the French Canadians would speedily redress the inequality complained of. Again, if it be said that the rank and file of the clergy do not receive the mental training called for by present day conditions, it is once more no less easy to urge that the rule enforced by the Irish Bishops requiring a secular degree as a preliminary to entrance at Maynooth, would, if applied in Canada, and especially in Ontario, raise both the standard and efficiency of priesthood and universities alike. Such a rule would also, incidentally, banish effectually that narrow localism to which allusion has been made.

In the meantime, however, while devoutly hoping for some such solution of present difficulties, whether as the result of Canada's first Plenary Council or as the fruit of this year's Eucharistic Congress in Montreal, the immediate duty of Canadian Catholics, is, if one may presume to say so, clear enough, the ultimate issue resting, of course, as it must do, with the hierarchy. If it is not possible to have things as we would wish them to be, it is possible to better those that exist, not necessarily by our own efforts or by our own methods, but by rendering the task of those in charge of Catholic education as little difficult as may be, remembering always that the teaching is of infinitely more importance than the teacher. This can be still less by any means by criticism and jealousies for which both sides must be held responsible in a matter of vital import not merely to the welfare of the Church in Canada as a whole, that of Christian education, but of equal import, as I honestly believe, to her very existence in the future.

It is in the hope of making this situation, lying as it does between the two great events above referred to, in some measure plain to Catholics in England, that these notes, faulty and inadequate as I know them to be, have been here set down.

CONVERSIONS

It is interesting to read the story of a conversion to the Catholic Church. The things that influence the minds and hearts of people are naturally of interest to others, especially when membership in a body of importance is concerned; and then there is such an infinite variety in the ways of approach to the Catholic Church. But it is more than all else our own loyalty to the Church that excites a sense of satisfaction when we read of the reasoning of converts and their success in overcoming obstacles. Of course the great majority of converts never take the world into their confidence. They cannot put into it words or they see nothing to be gained by publishing accounts of their conversions. A few feel obliged by the positions they occupy to justify publicly the step they have taken. One of the latest is Professor Albert von Ruville of Halle University, Germany. One of the things that first influenced Professor von Ruville is what we call the note of holiness in the Church. There is something in Catholic churches that touches many people in a mysterious way. If you never feel it you may be lacking in spiritual vitality. It is told of a company of sight seers who were doing a certain city that one day, after visiting some large Protestant churches, they went to see what was to be seen in a Catholic church. When they came out of this church one of the company remarked: "Did you notice the difference? In the other churches we talked and chatted as we do in the street; but in this church we talked in whispers when we talked at all." Professor von Ruville expresses this in a striking way. Dead things effect us in various ways. A dead tree does not excite a feeling of awe, but a dead man does. In the case of the tree it is only vegetable life that has departed; in the other case it is a human soul. Similarly, the ancient Catholic churches which were taken from us in the sixteenth century are felt to be the remains of some holy departed life. The Professor says:

"There is something funeral about these churches. Even long before I had an idea of the nature of Catholic worship I could not shake off this impression when I found myself in some ancient, formerly Catholic, cathedral. Perhaps I instinctively felt that something sublime, something holy, had once dwelt within these halls, with those passing their souls had, so to speak, passed away."

Another recent account is that of a lady in London who wrote at the request of a friend without any idea of publication. What first influenced her was the note of Catholicity. She says:

"From the first I realized that Catholicism was quite different from any other religion with which I had ever come in close contact—different not only in degree but in kind. . . . There was in Catholicism a strange, unearthly something that both attracted and repelled me, and I determined to learn the mystery. And the more I learned concerning it, the more wonderful it seemed. Remember, I had wandered through many systems, and had seen how powerless they were to maintain their hold on the mind of man, or to maintain in unity of thought a single family. When, therefore, I saw the vast, world-wide unity of the Catholic Church, I realized that He Who founded it could not have been as other men are,

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and that some power will be at work which was more than human."

Go back in thought nearly two thousand years. Think of Him kneeling and praying:

"Father, I pray for the apostles whom I send into the world, and for all those who through their word shall believe in Me, that they may all be one, as we are one, that the world may believe that Thou hast sent Me."
Then think of people to-day, like this London lady, coming to Him in the very way He prayed for, believing Him to be the Father in heaven because we are one, because we could not of ourselves be one in faith all over the earth, and because this gift of world-wide unity implies the presence of something more than human. We safely place our hopes in One Who thus reaches across the ages with prayer and prophecy and divine provision for mental and spiritual needs.—Casket.

TOO MUCH LIBERTY

"Some parents give too much liberty to their children," said a priest recently. "For instance, when a son has reached the wage-earning years a mother often believes that he should be allowed a great amount of freedom. As a result he goes out into the world, is attracted by sin and drifts with the tide of the night until sometimes he becomes a libertine and a drunkard."
"Not long ago I walked down the street at night and, passing two immoral theatres, found a group of boys and young men around the gallery entrances waiting to pay their dime for admission to the places where the elemental inclinations so strong in them at this period of life would doubtless be increased."

"The same principle of parental supervision holds good with girls. Too much liberty is often given them, with the consequence that shame and ruin descend upon some. A good way of keeping your children away from dangerous ways is to make home happy and comfortable. A taciturn, grim, tyrannical father at home and an unthinking mother often force their sons and daughters to seek amusement outside that is detrimental to their advancement in virtue. Mothers should also watch the company their daughters keep and find out what kind of men it is with whom their girls associate. In this way danger will be averted."—Sacred Heart Review.

Emporia Editor's Solliquy

William Allen White of Emporia, Kan., on his return from Europe, presented in the paper that he publishes this thought concerning the Catholic Church, for the consideration of his fellow Protestants that should be useful to them all:

"The Holy Roman Catholic Church whether we like or dislike it, still must be admitted by serious-minded persons of every faith to be the cement that is holding civilization together. For if the influence of the Catholic Church were removed, barbarism and anarchy would arise rampant in the world. . . . The debt of civilization to the Catholic Church is the greatest single debt in the world. . . . Reverence is due to this great fundamental force in modern civilization working toward the common coming of the kingdom for which every earnest man and woman is striving, each in his own way, and by striving, becomes the brother of all men."

Sure Cure for Thrush

WORST CASES YIELD TO DOUGLAS' EGYPTIAN LINIMENT

Mr. J. L. Boyes, Secretary of the Napanee Driving Park Association, has had a good deal of experience with thrush on horse's feet, and has tried various remedies. He writes: "I have cured bad cases of diseased feet or thrush on horses, with Egyptian Liniment, with two or three applications, after calomel, salt, coal oil, etc., had completely failed to do the work. I consider it a waste of time to use anything but Egyptian Liniment for thrush."

Such an emphatic statement, from an experienced horseman, speaks volumes for Douglas' Egyptian Liniment. Another man who has found it most effective, is Mr. John Garrison, Morven, Ont. He says: "One of my horses had thrush so bad that his feet became offensive, and the neighbors advised me to shoot him. Before doing so I decided to try Egyptian Liniment, and in a short time my horse's feet were as sound as ever."

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The Catholic Record

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THOS. COFFEY, LL. D., Editor and Publisher. Advertisement for teachers, situations wanted, etc., 50 cents each insertion. Resubmission to accompany the first.

Approved and recommended by the Archbishops of Toronto, Kingston, Ottawa, Montreal, and the Bishops of London, Hamilton, Peterborough, and Ogdensburg, N. Y., and the clergy throughout the Dominion.

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

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

Mr. Thomas Coffey. 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.

LONDON, SATURDAY, APRIL 2, 1910

RACE AND RELIGION IN CANADA

We acknowledge with thanks the receipt from the author of a well written article upon the above subject. The writer is Mr. Francis W. Grey, of the Archives' Department, Ottawa. It was first published in The Month for Feb. of the current year and is since reproduced in pamphlet form.

PROTESTANT TEACHING

In our notice of the Protestant Magazine we referred to the dangerous teaching in non-Catholic Universities. Today we return to the point. We cannot say that Canadian institutions are so seriously affected. Their difficulty will be to keep out of the current.

tion is doomed; that there are no absolute evils; that immorality is simply an act in contravention of society's accepted standards. What is to be thought of these lessons? "Conceptions of right and wrong are as unstable as styles of dress."

ANNE BOLEYN

A correspondent wishes to know if there is any authority for the statement that Anne Boleyn was related to Henry VIII. in the direct line of consanguinity. The only evidence we can find is a quotation in Cobbett's History of the Reformation.

TWO GOOD POINTS

In his address at Toronto on the Feast of Ireland's patron saint the Hon. Chas. Murphy, Secretary of State for Canada, won laurels for himself by the talent and taste he displayed.

moral virtues are the tests which to a great extent decide these matters, due observance being had to the reasonable demand that Catholics shall have a fair share of the honors as well as the responsibilities of the public life of the country.

PROTESTANT MINISTERS

A friend called at the office the other day, and in the course of conversation remarked that the great majority of young Protestant ministers were really Unitarians.

THE LONDON MINISTERIAL ALLIANCE

Some of the addresses at the late meeting of the London Ministerial Alliance are not unworthy of notice—this not on account of their forceful truth but on account of their imbecile novelty and unrest.

great apostle which are as practical in this century as they were in the first. Dr. Manning facetiously remarks that Christ was neither artist nor inventor.

THE TWO WILLIAM O'BRIENS

Twenty years ago the name William O'Brien was one to conjure with in Irish politics. When, however, the history of our own times is written as regards Ireland, a blue pencil will be drawn over the name of William O'Brien.

PROTESTANT MINISTERS

A friend called at the office the other day, and in the course of conversation remarked that the great majority of young Protestant ministers were really Unitarians. They do not believe in the divinity of Christ.

two were closely entwined. To admit tradition, either in the Councils or in the Fathers or in liturgy, would involve submission to authority, against which the pretended reformation was a rebellion.

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PROTESTANT MINISTERS

One other thing that he said was shockingly mischievous and unpatriotic. It was that we could not have fought the last election but for American dollars, and that Ireland did not subscribe anything for the support of the Irish party.

A DISCUSSION on the "cost of dying" as contrasted with the cost of living has been receiving some attention of late in America exchanges. It is a timely topic surely, and especially so to Catholics, who are supposed to possess a clearer apprehension than others of the unreality of material things in presence of death.

PROTESTANT MINISTERS

THE CURRENT number of the Missionary furnishes a set of diagrams illustrating the religious condition of some of the Southern States as contrasted with New York, Massachusetts and Rhode Island.

PROTESTANT MINISTERS

BUT, TURNING to the Southern States, the balance is mostly the other way. Strange as it may seem 'tis the Baptist and Methodist of all sects that preponderate.

PROTESTANT MINISTERS

NOW, PUTTING aside for the time being the mystery how it comes that a brave and chivalrous people like the Southerners, with so much in their make-up akin to a Catholic people, and with such ideals as existed at least before the war,

children about her and making ready to go forth with sickle and pruning hook to gather in the harvest. The time and the opportunity are hers.

PROTESTANT MINISTERS

THAT THE missionary spirit of the Americas is at length aroused signs are not wanting in the great Republic and in Canada. Some there are, unfortunately, who look askance at it and under the selfish pretext of "duties nearer home," throw cold water on every impulse to go to the help of "strangers" in their midst or across the seas.

PROTESTANT MINISTERS

ONE of the most striking as well as most hopeful manifestations of the new spirit that has taken hold on American Catholics is the fact that last year the Archdiocese of New York contributed \$80,000 to the Society for the Propagation of the Faith, and that other dioceses have followed in its wake.

PROTESTANT MINISTERS

IN CANADA up to the present time we have heard but little of foreign missions. The Church here has had to battle for her very existence, and our people have in consequence been absorbed in their own affairs.

PROTESTANT MINISTERS

WE HAVE received the initial number of a periodical, published in Ottawa, with the pretentious title: "The Dominion Sentinel." It is published in the "interests of religious freedom" and seems to have as its cardinal principle the separation of Church and State.

If by any chance, in any quarter, it should gain credence as an exponent of Christianity, Christianity would, in the current vernacular, be "up against it."

One omission we have noted in the Dominion Sentinel: it has no motto. It certainly should have a motto, concise and pointed. The soap-box-label of a wrapper needs it. If, then, we may be permitted the intrusion, we suggest as a suitable one: "Anything is good enough for God."

THE EIGHTY-FIFTH anniversary of the birth of Bishop Cameron of Antigonish certainly merits more than a passing remark, and we join with his people in felicitations upon the event. Bishop Cameron is a typical representative of the Highland pastor—a class of men who not only saved the Faith in Scotland but bore so large a part in transplanting its vigorous roots to this continent.

METHODISM IN ROME

WHY IT IS DISTASTEFUL TO CATHOLICS IT DENOUNCES THE CHURCH AND ITS HEAD AND IS STRIVING TO DRAW AWAY THOSE BORN IN THE FAITH

An American Visitor to the Eternal City, in the Ulica Gioi

The presence of Methodism in Rome has been displeasing to the Catholic hierarchy and laity since it began its work there two score years ago. First, because its preachers make a practice of denouncing the Church and the Pope; secondly, because it strives to wean Catholics away from the faith of their fathers and induce them to accept the tenets of a foreign religion.

The struggle for the unification of Italy ended with the taking over of the papal states and Rome, the seat of the Catholic Church for the ages, was included in the absorption. The Pope's temporalities were taken away and his territorial limits reduced to the Vatican. Over this area, merely a park for the most part, and St. Peter's Church, did the Pontiff exercise undisputed sway.

AN UNWISE POLICY Differing from the others, the Methodists signalled their advent by unsparingly denouncing the Pope and the Catholic Church and making uncomfortable the position of both as far as it lay in their power. This irritating and unchristian policy has been maintained until the present time. Coincident with the abusive propaganda were the reckless predictions indulged in by their spokesmen and writers.

THE ROMAN ATTEMPT A FAILURE The impression must dawn upon the impartial seeker after facts that the followers of John Wesley have utterly failed in the proselytizing of Rome. For one thing, in their shortsightedness in not according to the Pope his due as head of 280,000,000 Catholics while his detractors stand for 19,000,000 followers. His age, the traditions which go with his exalted office, the scene of his temporal and spiritual rulings for centuries ought to exempt him from abuse. The unwritten law of diplomacy should be as binding in religious as in civil things and more particularly in this era of toleration and good will.

A COSTLY EXPERIMENT What a waste of time and energy the Methodists have to show for the Roman propaganda! With \$20,000,000 and the work which they have brought to bear with characteristic fervor they could have brought ten times as many converts into their communion among the heathens of Asia, Africa and Australia as they have succeeded in gaining in Rome. If the leaders had been properly animated with the conquest of souls instead of showing their

hostility to the oldest church of Christendom how much stronger would Methodism be to-day, how much more good it would have done, how much suffering it would have saved the human race!

APART FROM what it might have achieved in this way its violation of the procedure which goes in a capital city deserves criticism. The Pope, stripped of his temporalities, was still the head of the largest body of Christians, and his residence in Rome, sanctioned by the ages, should have entitled him to the respect of every one, more particularly a foreigner. This is the unwritten law of every civilized country. Methodism in Rome rudely set its aside. It was in a defiant mood and in its hostility to Romanism, as it termed it, was bound to show its teeth, come what would. Its policy provoked Protestants not of its belief as well as Catholics. It stood alone in its rancor. Protestants of other denominations were content to open places of worship and provide services for those of their belief and if Romans saw fit to abjure their belief and join them, well and good. But proselytizing was not resorted to. The number of American and English Protestants visiting in Rome, and those dwelling there, in form a considerable element and during the season runs into the thousands. For the spiritual benefit of these Protestant churches and chapels to the number of a dozen have been erected. Rev. Dr. Niven, who spent nearly all his life ministering to Episcopalians, was on friendly terms with the prelates of the Catholic Church. He deemed his mission in Rome to be to cultivate friendly relations with the Christians of every shade of belief who had abiding place in that city. When he died a few years ago the Catholic papers of Rome eulogized him as a man and as a clergyman.

WHY NOT CONVERT PROTESTANTS? If Methodism is so intent upon winning foreigners, Catholics ask, why do they invade Rome when the Protestant churches afford such an inviting field for conversions. Why not try Berlin, where 99 out of 100 are born Protestants and where only 3 out of 100 attend church? Are the souls of unchurched Protestants of less account than the souls of non-church-going Catholics? Or if it is too difficult to master the German tongue, why not try the English cities? Only one man in ten in Protestant London is identified with the church. Is not the missionary needed alongside the Thames as well as by the side of the Tiber? London ought to be easy. Its vast irreligious population is English-speaking and therefore the more readily reached.

METHODISM AN EXOTIC Methodism has little in common with Italians. First of all it insists on total abstinence as a condition of membership. How can it receive Italians and be true to its principles if it allows them to drink wine while prohibiting its use among American Methodists? I have been in Rome several times, have passed months among its people, and I never knew or heard of a voluntary total abstainer. I believe there are such, but they are following the doctor's prescription. When it comes to wine, Methodism is certainly an exotic in the land of vineyards.

DANGERS FROM UNLEASHED ANARCHY In Rome, as in all the great cities of continental Europe, anarchy has a foothold, and its twin sister, Socialism, has a great following. These elements of unrest and envy are hostile to the present order of things. In Italy they want to do away with the King and the Government and they are most embittered against the Pope. Just why no one seems to know, for the Holy Father has been without civil jurisdiction for forty years and has seen fit to immerse himself in the Vatican, as a protest against Italian occupation and as a measure of safety—for the bloodthirsty thousands in the city would not hesitate to assassinate him if he walks the streets of the city. There are more than one hundred thousand of these apostles of discontent who are only prevented from wrecking Rome by the presence of twenty thousand soldiers in and near that city. If they had the upper hand the property of the Methodists would be confiscated and the members driven from the city. Yet, unconsciously, in their attitude against Catholicity, the Methodists are giving moral support to the enemies of society and their horrible propaganda.

A SUGGESTION AND A WARNING Catholics recognize in the Methodist Church a powerful division of Protestantism and one which has wrought incalculable good, but they see in its Roman mission intolerance, abuse, misrepresentation and an ally of the forces of evil and of chaos. In warring against the latter, Methodism should be hand in hand with the Catholic Church and therefore on the side of moral righteousness, and, in thus coming together, the hatred for Catholics would disappear. If the forces of confusion should ever gain the ascendancy in the capital of Italy the Methodists would be treated like the Catholics in confiscation and destruction of property, in banishment, in insult, etc. What Methodist wants this to happen? And yet what else could be if anarchy ever was permitted to get into the saddle?

SPASMIC well-doing never gains anything in any line. To be a constant Christian on Sundays only is as bad as being an out-and-out pagan, for this will accomplish nothing for the good of the individual or the mass. But to keep everlastingly at it, for God through men, this will win freedom.

IS FREEMASONRY RELIGION OR IS IT ANARCHY

In support of the stand taken by His Honor Justice Beck, at a meeting of the Catholic Literary Society of Edmonton, the following letter from Dr. L. Hacault, of Brussels, Man., is most lucid, and worthy of careful reading:

To the Editor of the Central Catholic, Brussels, Man., Mar. 16, 1910. P.S.—I would highly recommend the book of Dr. Preuss to lawyers, jurists, and magistrates—even if amongst them there should be Masons—they would learn a lot.

THE TRIUMPH OF FAILURE STRIKING PARADOX OF THE PROGRESS OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH Father Robert Hugh Benson, well known writer and convert son of an Anglican Archbishop, preached a noteworthy sermon at the recent opening of a magnificent new Jesuit church in Glasgow, Scotland. Father Benson pointed out with great force and clearness how the Catholic Church exemplifies in its history the great paradox of St. Paul: "As dying, behold we live."

"We live in days," he said, "when great attention is being drawn towards the Catholic Church. We have from every possible quarter, from every class and temperament, accusations of every kind cast against it. We are told by one man that she is too holy for human nature, that she holds up a morality which it is impossible to comply with, a sanctity which it is impossible to attain; that she preaches a perfection which human nature will never hope to attain. We are told she is not holy enough, that she is too kind to sinners, that she is like her Master Himself—she is too friendly with publicans and sinners. We are told by the Rationalist that she is too credulous. We are told by the non-Conformist that she is too reasonable.

THE CHURCH'S FAILURE "Now, perhaps the commonest accusation against her at the present day—that accusation which we hear most often from the class of person who can be summed up in the phrase, 'the man in the street'—is that she is not abreast with modern thought and modern movement. Putting all other questions and considerations aside, we are told that the best proof against her success is the fact that she does not succeed. Look at the way she refuses to move with modern thought, the way she is left behind by thinkers and scientists, and the way she has failed in every country where she once reigned! See the pathetic relics of by-gone days! See how she takes her stand upon the past and how she is trading upon her reputation in the past. See how she does not produce one leader or one thinker at the present day! Country after country on the continent where she is still strong is going downhill! Look at France in the very forefront of civilization, the eldest daughter of the Church, has cast her off altogether. See how on every side and in every quarter the greatest argument against her success is the fact that she has not succeeded! Has there ever been in the course of history such gigantic and appalling failure as the failure of so-called Catholics?

"In every accusation that is brought against us there is always a certain amount of truth. It is perfectly true that again and again the history of the Catholic Church is a history of failure. It is perfectly true that the Catholic Church does not move with the times. She does not capture every modern movement and every modern tendency of thought and proclaim it as the wisdom of all the ages. She does not believe that the whole truth can be contained in little journalistic paragraphs or in little tentative truths at which scientists arrive.

REFINEMENT AND RELIGION IN IRELAND In a recent discourse in Manchester (England) Father Bernard Vaughan, S. J., referring to the refining influence of religion said that he had seen men and women of the smart set who were the vulgar, the dullest and stupidest people on earth, and why—because they were without religion. They had nothing to refine them, and they had become materialized. They talk, he said, about people being dull, but they are the dullest themselves.

"If you go back even nineteen hundred years, to the very life of the Divine Founder of Christianity Himself, you will find that same charge brought against Him—that He failed to accomplish His mission.

A COUNTER CHARGE "Here, then, is the first accusation. The Catholic Church cannot be what she claims to be because she has not succeeded. But now you find your friend, the man in the street, in another mood. He will tell you his chief charge against the Catholic Church is precisely the opposite to what we have been considering. His chief charge is that she succeeds too well. Have you not heard it said to you again and again against your religion that the Catholic Church makes too much of worldly success, that she is too obstinate, too long-lived, that she never knows when she is beaten? Have you not heard it cast against you that the Church to which you belong cannot be the Church of Jesus Christ, for the whole essence and the spirit of Jesus Christ was one of quiet, retiring humility? He always repudiated worldly success. And yet, says the man in the street, look at this Catholic Church of yours, which professes to be the Church of Jesus Christ, nay, professes to be the very mystical body in which He dwells and see how utterly unlike it is to that spirit we find in the gospels. It is true that there are monuments to your success in the past, but there are also a great many monuments to your success in the present. For every religious house that has been thrown down, one more religious house has raised its head instead. For every church that has been alienated another church has been built. For every priest driven out and

His Honor Justice Beck has a very solid ground to stand upon, that is to say the authority of the "Supreme Council," of the most illustrious BB. Pike and Mackey of the "General Grand High Priest of the General Grand Chapter of the United States." What kind of authority, then, have the gentleman and the Journal of Edmonton?—Zero.

Truly yours, L. L. HACAULT, LL. D., Brussels, Man., Mar. 16, 1910.

P.S.—I would highly recommend the book of Dr. Preuss to lawyers, jurists, and magistrates—even if amongst them there should be Masons—they would learn a lot.

THE TRIUMPH OF FAILURE

STRIKING PARADOX OF THE PROGRESS OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH

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martyred ten priests have sprung up in his place. For every layman who has had his heart broken there are a thousand laymen who have had their hearts strengthened.

"It is for this reason, says the man in the street, that I cannot believe you, the Catholic Church, to be the real Church of Jesus Christ. You have failed too much to be the real Church of Jesus Christ. You are succeeding too much to be the real Church of Jesus Christ.

A MARVELOUS SUCCESS "Just as there was a certain amount of truth in the first charge brought against us, so there is a certain amount of truth in this second charge. It is perfectly true that from a worldly point of view we are succeeding as no other society in the world ever has succeeded. There is in the Catholic Church an extraordinary reserve vitality and power, a reserve the secret of which no other society seems to possess. It is perfectly true we are succeeding in a marvellous manner; that whereas three hundred years ago we lost all real power in the ordinary affairs of man, at the present day we have won back much of that power. We were driven from the councils of kings. Three hundred years ago we were driven out of the legislature of our country. Now it is the Catholic party that holds the balance of power in this legislative assembly.

"Not only in these islands but throughout the whole civilized world so far as we know it, there is an equal success. If you turn for example to America, the very type of the modern country, the very type of a country that is in the forefront of the movement of the world, you find the success of the Catholic Church in a marvellous degree. We cannot be the Church of Christ because we failed so much, and we cannot be the Church of Christ because we succeeded so much. In other words this is one of the supreme marks of the Catholic Church placed upon her by the lips of St. Paul in the words of my text, 'As dying, behold we live.' It is the more remarkable that in the life of Our Blessed Lord it is the very mark which He claims as a sign of His own Divinity.

DAILY DEATHS AND DAILY RESURRECTIONS "Look back again once more to the history of the Catholic Church, and see how it has failed before your eyes. See how the intellectual movement and the secular powers have laid her to rest and have sealed the tomb, and the whole world had risen up over this impostor; how every time the Catholic Church rises once more upon the Third Day.

"Has there ever been any society calling itself Christian that has passed through such torments and such vicissitudes as we have gone through? Is there any other society against which the whole world has again and again risen? Is there any society in existence at the present day that has passed through nineteen hundred such years as we have passed through—that has died daily again and again, and yet lives today as vital and as energetic as ever? "This Church, too credulous for the rationalist, and too reasonable for the non-simple; too holy for the impatient sinner, and too unholy for the pharisee; too active for the slovenly, and too contemplative for the busybody; too much of a failure for him who judges by externals, and too much of a success for him who thinks religion should be quiet and non-interfering. Is there any Church which has gone so far on this side and on that side, which is so broad in the right sense and so narrow in the right sense? Is there any Church which is such an incarnation of the love of God as this? Is there any society human, or claiming to be divine, of which it is possible to say: 'I will go up to Heaven and thou art there, and I will go down to hell and thou art there?' Oh, this glorious Church of Christ! She alone dies daily, and yet behold she lives."

REFINEMENT AND RELIGION IN IRELAND In a recent discourse in Manchester (England) Father Bernard Vaughan, S. J., referring to the refining influence of religion said that he had seen men and women of the smart set who were the vulgar, the dullest and stupidest people on earth, and why—because they were without religion. They had nothing to refine them, and they had become materialized. They talk, he said, about people being dull, but they are the dullest themselves.

"If you go back even nineteen hundred years, to the very life of the Divine Founder of Christianity Himself, you will find that same charge brought against Him—that He failed to accomplish His mission.

A COUNTER CHARGE "Here, then, is the first accusation. The Catholic Church cannot be what she claims to be because she has not succeeded. But now you find your friend, the man in the street, in another mood. He will tell you his chief charge against the Catholic Church is precisely the opposite to what we have been considering. His chief charge is that she succeeds too well. Have you not heard it said to you again and again against your religion that the Catholic Church makes too much of worldly success, that she is too obstinate, too long-lived, that she never knows when she is beaten? Have you not heard it cast against you that the Church to which you belong cannot be the Church of Jesus Christ, for the whole essence and the spirit of Jesus Christ was one of quiet, retiring humility? He always repudiated worldly success. And yet, says the man in the street, look at this Catholic Church of yours, which professes to be the Church of Jesus Christ, nay, professes to be the very mystical body in which He dwells and see how utterly unlike it is to that spirit we find in the gospels. It is true that there are monuments to your success in the past, but there are also a great many monuments to your success in the present. For every religious house that has been thrown down, one more religious house has raised its head instead. For every church that has been alienated another church has been built. For every priest driven out and

THE URIAH HEEP MISSIONARY

In advertising recently to the reproduction in the Literary Digest of that musty fabrication relative to the Pope and the Chilian Bishops we promised to return to the subject in the next issue, and we have a fresh incentive to lay bare the infamies of the Uriah Heep kind of missionary in the trouble that has arisen over the refusal of the Holy Father to receive Mr. Fairbanks in audience. The missionary who has unearthed the bogus encyclical is the leader of the Volunteer Students' movement, Mr. Robert E. Speer. In making this onslaught on the morality of South American Catholics generally Mr. Speer picks out the Chilians especially. The clergy of that country are more specifically accused of being evil teachers by living more like pagans than Christian priests. He is described by the Digest as quoting from the Pope in condemnation of their scandalous lives. The name of the Pope is not mentioned; neither is the name of the Bishop of Caracas, who is also quoted by Mr. Speer as leoturing his clergy on the same subject. The Pope is said to have written these words:

In every diocese, ecclesiastics break all bounds and deliver themselves up to manifold sensuality, but no voice is lifted to impetuously summon the pastors to their duty. It is sad to reflect that prelates, priests and other clergy are never to be found doing service among the poor, never in the hospital, never in the dwellings of the afflicted or the distressed, or engaged in works of beneficence; that they are always absent where human misery is, unless paid as chaplains or a fee is given. You, as clergy, are always to be found in the house of the rich, where gluttony is to be engaged in and where good wines are to be obtained.

Almost in the same vein are the words of the Bishop of Caracas, taken from a pastoral letter. The scandals in the parish or town take on unmeasured proportion. The enemies of the Church triumph because of the shameful lives of the parochial priests, and good souls retire to groan in secret. It is revealed in the deserted churches. We should know that the one cause of this humiliating delay is none else than the hidden corruption of the heart and life of the priests.

Mr. Speer said that in Valparaiso he was told that "only one-half of the priests in Chili were men who were leading clean moral lives." Upon asking a priest in Columbia, he was told that "out of eighteen priests who were his own intimate friends, there was only one who was leading a clean, moral life."

The passage attributed to the Pope in this fine specimen of Christian charity is almost word for word with the opening sentences of the "Encyclical to the Cardinal Archbishop and clergy of Chili" forged by the Paris Figaro and copied in New York by The Independent about fifteen years ago. If they be not the actual words, they are a very good paraphrase. As for "the Bishop of Caracas," the omission of name or date suggests a new forgery.

No Catholic Bishop would have recourse to a pastoral letter if he had orderly priests to deal with. They would soon find that this is not the way in which the Catholic Church enforces discipline. We have, happily, some means of offsetting these grotesque and monstrous libels on priests and people in Chili, from sources not personally interested in the vile game of holding them up to the world's contumely, as the Uriah Heep sort of missionary is.

In the National Magazine three years ago a writer signing himself "Sandy Brood"—it may be a real name or a pen name—who does not appear to write by any means from a religious point of view, speaks thus of the social life which these demoralized priests have been the chief agents in moulding down in Chili.

A good-looking young American in walking the streets of Santiago, was met by hundreds of beautiful and well-grown young women, but he will look in vain if he is stranger, for the slightest token of recognition or evidence that he has been seen by the fair ones. To one accustomed to the free manners of many American and European young women in the large cities, the staid sense of propriety and womanly reserve manifested by the Chilian young women is something quite noteworthy. Always quiet in their demeanor, low-voiced and gentle, they impress the visitor with a sense of feminine superiority that is quite refreshing.

The sanctity of the marriage relation is respected among Chilians to an extent that surprises Americans. Families are usually very large. Ten and twelve children are quite common, and the family with only five or six children young women, but the case of a married couple without any children is so rare as to excite comment. Society, both in the upper and lower ranks, is permeated by a genuine respect for woman which makes itself felt everywhere. On the street, at the theatre, in public places, the spectacle of the loud-voiced flirting young woman is absolutely missing, and the public conduct of the women of all classes is above reproach. Outrages against women and girls, such as shock the sensibilities of decent people in Chicago, New York and other American cities, are unheard of in Chili.

In America, of January 22nd last, Mr. Charles Joseph Creamer, who has lived for ten years in Chili, makes some striking commentaries on social and religious conditions as he found them there.

I have lived in Chili for ten years, and it gives me much pleasure indeed to testify to the high intellectuality and morality of the Chilian clergy and people. Indeed, I have been edified by what I have seen and heard there, and I really think we, in the United States and Canada, could learn some salutary lessons from our noble Chilian brethren. One thing which has attracted my attention and admiration very much are their Houses for Spiritual Exercises (Casas de Ejercicios). These are found not only in the cities, but even in the country. They are very large; some receive as many as one thousand retreatants at a time. The spiritual exercises last nine days, during which time food and lodging are provided gratis to all the poor in attendance. * * * It is a grand sight to see so many thousands of the descendants of the aboriginal Indians everywhere present in these Latin Republics. They are all baptized, all instructed in their religion, all receive the holy sacraments. Many have Spanish blood in their veins. What a sad contrast to what we see in these United States and in some provinces of Canada!

There is no divorce in Chili. Family life is really beautiful in its patriarchal simplicity. When speaking of their father the children say: "Mi senior padre" (my lord father), "mi senior madre" (my lady mother). Children consult their parents even in trivial matters. Never, in any other country, have I seen such mutual respect and love between husband and wife and children and parents.

Mr. Speer would travel very far in the vastly more civilized United States ere he would find any social condition analogous to that domestic picture. Mr. Speer has a good deal to say about illiteracy and illegitimacy in the South American Republics, based on the same burning desire to enlighten and convert and speak the truth as the quotation from the imaginary Pope and the innominate Bishop of Caracas exhibit. He is one of the group who presently occupy the centre of the stage, with an obliging press for megaphone, shouting for help for the benighted Catholic aborigines in many lands, while fifty millions of their own countryfolk here turn a deaf ear to any blameworthy of theirs and regard them as so many professors of the confidence game.

Another member of that eminent "battalion of testimony," the Rev. Homer G. Stuntz, got a stinging rebuke from Mr. John Barrett, of the Central American Republics Bureau, recently. He wrote to the members of the Newman Club of the Ohio State University, the members of which had very properly called his attention to some wild charges of the reverend sensationalist, given out at the Presbyterian convention in New York recently (as reported in The Pittsburgh Observer).

I beg to acknowledge the receipt of your esteemed note of January 13th, 1910, and to express my profound surprise that anybody should have made the remark you quoted in regard to the morality of the Latin-American students. Probably no one in this country is better acquainted with the standard and quality of Latin-America than myself and a number of members of our staff. We entirely, absolutely and unqualifiedly disagree with any statement to the effect that "those (Latin-American students) who live a moral life can be counted on the fingers." I cannot understand how any intelligent man could make a statement of this character.

It was Disraeli, as we believe, who once described the Turkish Government as "an organized hypocrisy." The definition seems from what is now going on with regard to missionary enterprise of the Uriah Heep character, to fit the present phase of it with remarkable felicity.—Philadelphia Catholic Standard and Times.

PNEUMONIA CURE Saturate a ball of cotton as large as a one-inch marble, with spirits of alcohol, add three drops of chloroform, to each ball of cotton, place it between the patient's teeth, and let him inhale the fumes in deep long breaths for fifteen minutes; then, rest for fifteen minutes, or longer, if needed; then inhale again for fifteen minutes, and repeat the operation as directed, for twenty-four times, and the result will be that the lungs will expand to their normal condition and in twenty-four hours the patient is out of danger and in forty-eight hours he is cured, although weak.

Cotton should be changed twice in fifteen minutes. Another method of inhalation for elderly people without teeth, or for patients in last stages of pneumonia: Get a small heating lamp, or any other heating apparatus, and a porcelain cup, make a one-inch thick cover of wood for the cup, but four small nails under the cover to prevent sliding off; bore a one-inch hole in middle and insert in the cover a one-half inch rubber tube, long enough to reach patient's mouth, then boil alcohol diluted with water, 5 per cent, or plain, half and half (no chloroform needed in this method), and let patient inhale through tube, the fumes of the boiling alcohol in deep long breaths for fifteen minutes.—Exchange

The Larger Life Brother, your mistake is to live alone in the crowded world; to think of yourself and your own belongings, and what is the matter with you and what may befall you, instead of trying to realize, what is the fact that you are a member of a great human society, and that your true interests are one with those of the world, which will go on much the same, however it fare with you. Live the larger life, and you will find it the happier.

The selfish life is unnatural to man, and he is constrained and sad in it, just as a wild animal taken from the herd in which he has been born and which his nature is adapted to, and kept in loneliness.

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FIVE-MINUTE SERMON
LOW SUNDAY

HOW TO USE GOD'S GIFTS

"If ye be risen with Christ, seek those things which are above, where Christ sitteth on the right hand of God." (Eph. Colos. iii. 1.)

The feast of to-day, my dear brethren, brings to a close the solemnities of Easter; and it was the practice, in the early ages of the Church, for those who had been baptized on Holy Saturday to put off, on this day, the white garments which they then assumed, and to resume again their accustomed occupation. The white garments were but an external sign of that internal purity and cleanliness which the soul received in the waters of holy baptism, and the soul, thus purified and strengthened by God's grace, went boldly forth to the battlefield of life, to meet again its three great and deadly enemies: the world, the flesh, and the devil. So we, who, during the penitential season just closed, have faithfully observed the laws of holy Church, and, by fasting, have brought the flesh under subjection to the spirit; by foregoing our accustomed pleasures and amusements have brought the world under our feet, and, by a good confession and Communion, have again enlisted in the ranks of Christ, and thus declared ourselves eternal enemies of sin and the devil, start again to-day with renewed strength to follow our Leader, the risen Christ, to certain victory.

St. Paul, in the Epistle from which the text is taken, reminds the Christians at Colossae that, if they be risen with Christ, their thoughts must now be turned to where Christ is—sitting at the right hand of God. "Mind the things that are above," he continues, "not the things that are upon the earth; for you are dead, and your life is hid with Christ in God."

Brothers! I would that Catholics did but realize this great truth! Would that their thoughts and affections were directed towards their eternal destiny! Absorbed, as they are, in the sordid pursuits of this life, they cannot be too often reminded that we are here only on trial. An almighty and merciful God has, with a lavish hand, surrounded us with the means of gratifying our reasonable desires and appetites. But alas! the very gifts of God serve not infrequently to make us forget the Giver. Look around you and see what is the object for which this noisy, bustling world is striving; what the end for which most men seem to exist. The fact is, brethren, that Mammon, the heathen god of riches, has disputed Christ's sovereignty over the hearts of men, and has actually erected his altar in those very hearts where the grace of Christ once reigned. The only conception men seem to have of this present life is this: that it is a place where we are to strive to become wealthy in the shortest possible time, without being over scrupulous as to the means, and then to retire from active pursuits, the better to indulge our sensual appetites. They thus invert the order of Divine Providence, and make an end of that which was intended only as a means to enable us to attain our eternal destiny.

Everything in this world, my dear brethren, was intended by God for our happiness here and as a pledge of an eternal and infinitely greater happiness hereafter. It is a great mistake to suppose that Christianity requires us to ignore these and to forego all the pleasures of this life. No, not at all! Indeed, we are absolutely obliged to make use of many of them if we would maintain our very existence.

God acts towards us as a kind and affectionate father acts towards his child. The father knows that his child loves him, and he feels confident that the little presents he makes the child from time to time will only serve to strengthen the fond affection which nature has implanted between them.

But what would you think if those gifts of the kind father served only to estrange from him the heart of his child? You would, undoubtedly, say that such a state of things was unnatural. Well, so it is, my dear brethren, with us, who, after all, are only children of an older growth. God, our Creator and Father, has given us life and all the things in this beautiful universe to enjoy. And all He asks in return is our love—our hearts. But, remember, He is not satisfied with an imperfect and partial love. He is a jealous God, and will allow no one to share our hearts with Him. So that when men fix their affections on the things of this world without referring them to God, and use these gifts without regard to the Giver, they too are acting in an unnatural or, at least, in an irrational manner. Give your whole heart to God, brethren, and then you will enjoy His gifts, and, as St. Paul says, "When Christ shall appear, Who is your life, then you also shall appear with Him in glory."

The Catholic Against Injustice

"The great Catholic Church has always stood against injustice and rapacity; nothing more, nothing less," says the New World. "She thus stood for more than eighteen hundred years before Socialism was born; she is so standing to-day, and will be so found standing two thousand years after Socialism is forgotten. We need not go back to St. Ambrose of Milan to find the rapacity of the rich flayed in thunder-tones. We so find it in the sermons of Father Bernard Vaughan and Cardinal Gibbons and Archbishop Messmer and every other Cardinal, Archbishop, Bishop and humble priest throughout the world. In his masterly Encyclical on labor Leo XIII. vigorously condemns unjust lords and masters, as the Pope has done in all ages; and yet, with their eyes wide open to the myriad injustices that obtain, it is a startling fact that Leo XIII., Father Vaughan, Cardinal Gibbons, Archbishop Messmer, et al., are strong adversaries of Socialism. They regard it, and justly, another huge injustice. They do not believe in swapping the devil that exists for a demon that threatens to establish conditions even more terrible. They know that the only cure for existing evils must be brought about through Christianity; not through irreligious Socialism, and so must every one know who has given the subject proper thought."

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THE PRIEST AT THE SICK BED

EMINENT PHYSICIAN ON THE PHYSICAL BENEFIT TO THE PATIENT OF SPIRITUAL MINISTRATIONS

Occasionally—though fortunately very rarely—one hears of a clash between the doctor and the priest in the sick room. On this subject Dr. Charles W. MacCarthy, the eminent physician of Sydney, Australia, has written the following interesting letter:

"I cannot understand how any section, however limited, of those in charge of the sick, should be so lamentably ignorant of the physical benefit to the patient which naturally accrues from that peace of mind brought about by the services of a priest at the bedside. But if this benefit arises, the converse is also clear, namely, that physical harm may result from the denial of such services. Let us suppose a religious person who, during illness, craves inwardly for spiritual comfort, or, on the other hand, a patient overburdened with the weight of wrong doing, and who longs to be relieved. In either case it is not right and reasonable that the wish should be gratified, and, if not gratified, can be expected that mental disquietude and resultant physical harm? Without considering spiritual benefits, in which all Catholics have a right and reason to believe, the psychological aspect alone is of sufficient import, not in some but in all cases of illness, to claim our attention. I speak absolutely from conviction, the result of thirty years' experience of all phases of illness. Everyone nowadays knows of the effect of mind on body—how for good or ill, the various bodily functions are influenced by the mental condition. Removal of appetite by the reception of bad news at meals, are instances showing the effect of mental disturbance. Examples of the converse are also frequently seen. But not only every vital and physiological, but also every pathological process is impressed by the mental state. To detail how this happens would be to write pages, and then, perhaps not to make oneself quite intelligible except to the trained medical mind. I may explain, however, that the first and chief factor in the cure of disease or, which is practically the same, in the process of repair in surgical conditions, is efficient nerve action. The great sympathetic nerve chain plays an important part in this regard. Any hampering of the action of these nerves has a retarding effect on the process of cure. The special mental disquietude caused, we will say, by inability to obtain needed spiritual relief, produces that retarding effect. Just as the removal of mental disturbances will bring back appetite and normal digestion or will induce needed sleep, so a relief from spiritual perturbation will also go, and go a great way towards enabling the immensely sensitive clockwork of nature, aided or unaided by medical science or surgical art, to proceed normally in effecting a cure.

"It might be urged that over-sensitive patients may take the presence of a priest as an indication of approaching dissolution, or, on the other hand, that at a time when the powers need sustaining, the exertion necessary on the part of the patient to comply with the spiritual duty will bring down the balance. But surely no tactful priest will unwisely and obstructively force his way to the bedside or, when his services are desired, will tire out the patient by ill-directed zeal. Undoubtedly, therefore, the serenity of mind resulting to the patient from priestly administration is a blessing from a physical standpoint. I have known instances of unexpected and rapid recovery after extreme unction. This is also, I believe, the experience of other doctors. Such discoveries can hardly come within the domain of chance. Possibly some priests might ascribe such happy results to spiritual agency alone. That you consider there is also a medical psychological aspect is evidenced by your writing to me. Some doctors, on the other hand, might say it is merely a matter of hypnotic suggestion. But there is more in it than mere suggestion. I think it was Martin Tupper who said: 'He that commeth with himself and doth not impart his sorrow to others, corrodeth his own heart-strings.' The priestly balm which can remove this corrosion removes also an imposing factor to the serene action of the delicate and nicely-balanced mechanism which is concerned in the healing process.

"No doubt some medicines nowadays are inclined to pay too much attention to the material and too little to the psychological aspect of cure. The latter is essentially within the domain of medicine and should never be lost sight of by the wise physician or surgeon.

"For the reason stated, therefore, and others, as well, I should certainly join issue with those who would hold that the exercise of the priestly function at the bedside is otherwise than salutary to mind and body as well as to soul."

WHERE IS THE SECRET OF LIFE?

"Secret of Life to be Sought Here"

caught our eye lately in a New York newspaper. It interested us, as we had seen similar headings in San Francisco newspapers some years ago when the University of California drew Professor Jacques Loeb from Europe to its faculty. On reading further we found the same gentleman to be about to migrate again, having been appointed director of experimental biology in the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research. The too sanguine hopes of California, it appears, have been disappointed. The secret of life is still to be found. But there can be no doubt of Professor Loeb's ability to find it; for the newspaper alluded to tells how he asserted that he had fertilized artificially the eggs of sea urchins and has expressed repeatedly his belief that life is only a matter of chemistry. Evidently, therefore, he is on the very threshold of the great discovery. Let anyone should hesitate to admit his sufficiency, it closes its panegyric with these words: "In a recent utterance he said: 'Living organisms have the peculiarity of developing and reproducing themselves automatically, and it is this automatic character of reproduction and development which differentiates them for the time being from machines made of inanimate matter.'"

This is profound, truly worthy of being called an utterance. The utterances of sibyls and prophets may be forgotten, but this deserves to stand forever by that of the Butcher solving the problem 2 plus 1:

"Take 3 as a number to reason about, A number convenient to state, Add 20 less 3, then multiply out By 1000 diminished by 8. 'This product we next will proceed to divide By 900 plus 90 plus 2. Subtract 17, and it's easily seen The answer can't fail to be true."

By the way, what does "character" mean; and what is an "automatic character?" Can a professor have a character, automatic or otherwise, of talking nonsense; and if he can not, how can a living organism have a "character of reproduction and development?" As this character is only temporary, "for the time being," like a footman's "three years good character," does the living organism in losing it become a machine? Suppose a cat should lose it during sleep. When it wakes up and begins to wash its face, is the action something altogether different from that of all previous face-washings? Is it now made of inanimate matter? What is inanimate matter? How does it differ from animated matter? The professor seems, like the butcher, to leave us at the point we started from. But the butcher understood the meaning of the words he used.—America.

FATHER DOYLE AND PREACHER

Here is a good story about Father Doyle, the Paulist orator, now giving missions on the Atlantic coast. In one of the inland towns of North Carolina there lives a very worthy, earnest and hardworking Methodist preacher. He is a good man and a good pastor in many points, though not a very wise one. He has a monomania. He has, or did have, an idea that the Pope of Rome is anti-Christ, and that he (the preacher) had a special mission to denounce him and the Catholic Church. True it is that the members of his congregation are simple Methodists; they had never seen a priest, and had no more idea of Transubstantiation or a Sacrament than they had of the Binomial Theorem. This was no fault of his; and thus year after year did this good man fulfil his mission. Sunday after Sunday, did his anti-Romish thunder shake the walls of his little church; ah! if the Pope had only heard him!—out the Pope lived in Rome, and in the meanwhile

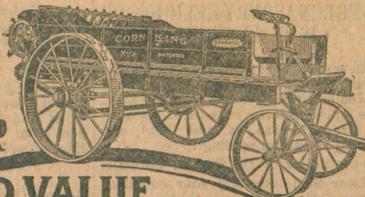
"He was Sir Oracle; when he opened his mouth No Popish dog dared bark."

There was no Popish dog there to bark. Whether the people profited by all this, or whether they went home

"Compounding for sins they were inclined to, By damning those they had no mind to," is impossible to say. "Thus happily the days of Thababra went by," till on one unlucky Sunday morning, in the porch of his church, and in the presence of his own elders, and fully half of his "respectable congregation," who had assembled here for their Sunday's gossip, he was accosted by a well-dressed, muscular and gentlemanly stranger in a dark-colored suit.

The gentleman congratulated the minister upon his sermon, said he was much edified by his powerful discourse, for he must confess that hitherto he had held the doctrines of the Romish church. There were, however, a few questions which he wished to have explained, and

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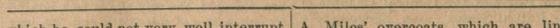
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which he could not very well interrupt the sermon to ask in church; would he kindly meet him at 7 o'clock the next evening in the town hall, where they might each explain to the other the doctrines of their respective faiths. The gentleman was so respectable in appearance, so engaging in address, and so persuasive in his manner, that the good preacher was flattered by the invitation, and in an evil hour consented. The result may be easily imagined. They met in the presence of half of the town; the poor preacher, versed perhaps in the Bible so far as mere texts were concerned, but very doubtful about the doctrines of his own church, immeasurably ignorant about the religious tenets held by the stranger, hazarded wild assertions, which were disproved; maintained impracticable points, which were turned against him; got confused, got angry, began to be abusive and finally started for home, leaving the stage in quiet possession of his self-possessed and smiling adversary.

People wondered who the stranger was, but when he was leaving on the train the next morning a commercial traveler shouted from the hotel "bus: 'Hello, Father Doyle, how are you?' The same Father Doyle is one of the greatest controversialists in the United States.

And the moral of all this is, that whenever we talk big against any man or class of men, even though it be against the Pope of Rome and his doctrines, it is well to have some knowledge of the subject on which we talk. The most effective weapon against our adversary is plain truth when we possess information; when we do not, prudent silence.—Intermountain Catholic.

HOSTILITY TO CATHOLIC CHURCH

How is the fierce hostility displayed towards the Catholic Church throughout the world to be accounted for? People who profess other creeds are not thus hated. The antagonism shown towards the different forms of Protestantism and the schismatic churches of the east is mild compared with the opposition offered to the Catholics obedient to the Holy See. There is nothing else in the world like this, and the only explanation to be found for it is the strange and remarkable assurance of the Holy Spirit that the world would abide His disciples because of their being His. Strange, too, it is that the incessant attacks made on the Catholic Church appear not to have made any injurious effects upon her, but rather to benefit her. Dr. Albert von Ruville, professor of modern history, at the Protestant University of Halle, has just become a convert. He did not come in contact with Catholics, and no Catholic influence was brought to bear upon him. He was at first attracted to the Catholic Church by the enmity she seemed to arouse. Some time afterwards, as he explains in "Back to the Catholic Church," a work just published for him by Herman Walter of Berlin, he studied Harnack's book, "Das Wesen des Christentums," and this impelled him still further in the same direction. He now regards the Papacy and the Blessed Sacrament as the Church's two great pillars of strength.—Liverpool Times.

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"He was Sir Oracle; when he opened his mouth No Popish dog dared bark."

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practical Catholic until the definition of the dogma of Papal Infallibility was promulgated. Influenced by what he read at the time, he found it impossible to accept this article of faith, although he sincerely wanted to do so. Once out of the Church, he became a Presbyterian minister and preached for years, but he never found any peace or happiness outside the Catholic Church. Now, influenced by this providential mission, the prodigal son begged to be received once more into his Father's house, after forty years of wandering. Nothing can describe his happiness when, near the close of the mission he made anew his profession of faith and received the sacraments of Christ.—Sacred Heart Review.

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NOT A CHEAP TASK

THE MAKING OF AN ITALIAN INTO A METH- ODIST—SOME INTERESTING REVELA- TIONS BY BISHOP BURT

From the Catholic World for March. The Fairbanks incident comes opportu- nely to add interest to a little volume just recently published, on "Europe and Methodism." The author is Bishop William Burt, of the Methodist Episco- pal Church, who entered Italy as a missionary in 1886, took full charge of the Methodist propaganda a few years later, and erected the imposing build- ings in Rome of which his co-religion- ists are so proud. Since 1904, when he was elected Bishop, he has had nearly all continental Europe for his diocese. His work, then, gives an authoritative but very summary survey of Methodist labors in Europe and of their results.

The results of thirty-five years' labors we give, as taken from the (latest) official report of 1907. The "members and probationers" number 3,689. We are not told how many are probationers. There are 1,922 "Sun- day school scholars and teachers." The average attendance is un- stated. These figures net a total of 5,111 who may be called converts. Dr. Burt had stated eleven years before that the missions might, with careful management, become self-supporting. Our report shows that the converts con- tributed \$450 to the "missionary collec- tions," or an average of about 8 cents each for the year, and for "self-support"—that is, of the Italian missions—\$4,096, which would mean 73 cents a head for the year. It appears something also is received in fees from some chil- dren in their schools and colleges, but the amount is not given. These sum—\$4,000 and a little more—go to the support of forty-three ministers, numer- ous teachers and assistants of various kinds and to the maintenance of several charities and institutions, churches, schools, colleges, etc. Their property is valued at \$565,000. If Bishop Burt still hopes that the Italian missions will become self-supporting, he is undoubtedly a man of unconquerable hope. He does not tell us a fact we should like to know—we presume it is published some- where—which is the annual cost of sup- porting those Italian missions. At any rate, it is no cheap task to make an Italian into a Methodist. Whether in the process he loses his faith or "super- stition" we doubt, but one thing is quite clear, he doesn't lose his money.

NO HIGH OPINION OF CATHOLICITY

Meagre results, some might think, but Bishop Burt, who, as we have seen, is a man of great hope, expresses his en- couragement. "The present success gives great hope for the future," he says. "Italy needs us so much. The Italians on both sides of the ocean need us. In view of the past and in hope of the future, Methodism has no more important mission than to Italy." We may add that the Bishop entertains no high opinion of Roman Catholicism. While "the Greek Church has become degenerated and corrupt * * * pagan in all but name," its evils "are multiplied and emphasized in Romanism, but with this difference, that the latter is 'Jesuitically aggressive.' From sundry hints we infer, by the way, that the Bishop does not like the Jesuits. Another drawback in Italy is "an army of intriguing priests, monks and nuns," who are doing their utmost to keep the people in ignorance.

Under the circumstances one might expect a greater "revival of soul-stir- ring, science-awakening, joyous Metho- dism" than the report indicates, yet we wonder if it has been as great. Dr. Stackpole, to whom we referred above, in his book on "Four and One Half Years in the Italian Missions," which was reviewed in the Catholic World several years ago, revealed to us the old-time methods of rolling up a good Methodist report. As the salaries and grants were proportioned to the church membership, and ministers simply doctored the reports, at least if we are to believe this former president of the theological seminary in which Italian Methodist preachers were trained. It appears, too, that on the occasion of a visit from the presiding elder the ministers would pack the mission, borrowing members from the neigh- boring missions so as to make a good showing, somewhat, if an example from a profane source be permitted us, after the method of practical politicians, who vote "floaters" in different polling booths. As the presiding elder, on whom this method was practiced, was our present author, Bishop Burt himself, we cannot expect any record of so painful a memory in his little book. At the same time his reticence does not serve to remove our suspicion that the same method of com- putation is still followed by those who are "winning Italy to God."

FROM TWEEDE-DEE TO TWEEDE-DEE

Some Catholics are offended that the Methodists should send missionaries to convert our co-religionists; but we have no reason to complain. The report shows that in 1907 there were 488 Metho- dist ministers evangelizing the continent of Europe, exclusive of those engaged in Austria, Hungary, Russia and France, whose number is not given. Of these, over four hundred are striving to convert Protestants to Methodism, which would seem to indicate that the Protest- ants of Europe are judged to be about seven times as much in need of Metho- dism as the Catholics and Greeks to- gether. The missions to Protestants are incomparably more fruitful. While they count only 1,100 Greeks—including mem- bers, probationers, Sunday school scholars and teachers—and 5,000 Catholics, they gained over 165,000 Protestants, or twenty-four times the given number of Greeks and Catholics combined. The value of their property in Europe is more than four and a half millions. The cost of supporting their numerous struggling missions must be enormous. Do the American Protestants, who sup- ply the money, realize that it is ex- pended almost entirely to convert peo- ple from one form of Protestantism to another—from tweede-dum to tweede- dee? But Methodism, a this little book reveals, is very self-confident and—may we say?—Methodistically aggressive. With the only pure, primitive Christianity, its contempt for con- tinental Protestantism is only surpassed by its hatred for "superstition, Greek and Rome."

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HENRY R. SARGENT STUDYING FOR PRIESTHOOD

ADOPTED BY THE ARCHDIOCESE OF BOSTON —INTERESTING ADDRESS TO CATHOLIC CONVERTS' LEAGUE OF NEW YORK

Mr. Henry R. Sargent, formerly a member of the Episcopal order of the Holy Cross, has been adopted as an ec- clesiastical student for the Archdiocese of Boston, and is now studying for the priesthood in St. John's Seminary, Brighton, Boston.

Mr. Sargent, whose conversion to the true faith is regarded by his former co-religionists as a great and serious loss, was received into the Catholic Church at Downside Abbey, England, on Nov. 6 last. "We will not pretend to minimize the fact," says The American Catholic (Anglican), "that here we have sus- tained a great and serious loss, and we sympathize most deeply with the order of the Holy Cross in the departure of so important a member of their community. The loss must be felt all the more from the fact that it is the first time that any one of the fathers has left the ranks of the order for the Roman obedience. That Father Sargent is entirely sincere in the motives that have prompted this act we have no doubt whatever, and we are glad to hear that the method of his departure has been absolutely straight- forward, and that every possible consid- eration has been shown for his friends at West Park. The order of the Holy Cross has lately gathered in many re- cruits, but they will not easily fill the gap made by so serious a loss as that of Father Sargent."

STORY OF HIS CONVERSION

In an address delivered at the annual meeting of the Catholic Converts' League of New York, on January 31, Mr. Sargent gave a brief description of his "journey to Rome," spoke of the good-will he had experienced from An- glo-catholics since his conversion and sketched the Anglican body as he knows it in England and America—"a refined and cultured democracy." As reported by The Catholic News, Mr. Sargent said: "I began as a Unitarian, and remained in that Church up to my twentieth year, when I was half way through college. During a summer vacation I went into an Episcopal church. I felt lonely, and thought I could find rest for my soul. After my ordination to the Anglican ministry there was within me a constant feeling that 'I may not be right,' but I defended my creed with a sense that I was in the right. But yet I had the thought that God was calling me to something else. Finally, after many years, I felt that I was doing just as I had been doing in the beginning—cele- brating my Holy Communion with a doubt.

"As I came to the end of my service one day the thought suddenly seized me, and I said as I put away my vest- ments: 'This must be the last time.' So, leaving aside my vestments, never to use them again, I asked myself the question boldly: 'Now, are you ready to enter the Catholic Church?' Last September I went to England to spare my friends pain—although I would re- mark that such a course is not the duty of every convert—and there met a very dear old friend, upon whose advice I acted and entered St. Gregory's Bene- dictine Abbey at Downside, Bath. The liberal spirit of the Benedictines, the sincerity and kindness of these dear monks cannot be spoken of too highly. They took me, stranger as I was from a strange land, never having seen one of them before, and treated me excellently. The gentleman whom I sat opposite at table could not very well call me 'father,' so he made me 'reverendissime.'

"Well, I studied my penny catechism for a week at the abbey, and was re- ceived into the Catholic Church. And now I am seeing things from the inside. The light and atmosphere comes with God's grace—I felt that when I joined the Church—and grace and light only come with perseverance.

"It is impossible, indeed, to under- stand the Church from the outside: the only way to comprehend it is by being one of its fold. And the best way for a non-Catholic to be among the fold is to jump into it. Of course, there are ques- tions for every non-Catholic to con- sider first, such as apostolic succession, 'Has the Holy See a claim on my abso- lute obedience?' "In dealing with converts infinite patience and charity must be used, and we must think of the enormous difficul- ties they have to overcome. Remember they must have time to decide the question which I myself spent twenty- three years trying to settle. Sometimes the temptation comes to grow impatient

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and to resist God's grace, but we should think that if God is content to wait, we, too, should be content to wait. God answers our prayers, and you will help your friends to the Catholic Church by prayers when you will help them by controversy. You must be good children and pray to God Almighty. I seem to be preaching a sermon now, but I cannot help it; I'm so used to it. We should always think that God loves a soul much better than we do, for His precious blood was spilled for souls.

"I am in a position to speak on the condition of the Anglican Church of to- day, as I have followed its course with interest. Now I can see it practically dividing into two schools, a division between broad and Unitarian, or advanced or Catholic. The man who wants to follow either school must feel his Roman Catholic tendencies, and therefore he becomes unhappy and nervous. It is perfectly fair to say that in the Anglican Church there is a con- stant sense of unrest. Men are looking and looking earnestly toward Rome. Within the bounds of moderation I say there is a larger number of clergy and laity of the Anglican Church who think they ought to make their submission to the Holy See. And if their conversion is to be accomplished we must pray for them. The Anglican feels a deep regret over a convert, regarding such a one as lost, and in my own case, since my reception into the Church on November 6, a large amount of correspondence has reached me. All of the letters were very beautiful, including one from an Anglican minister which brought tears to my eyes; but only two of the letters were bitter.

"There is a small body of Anglicans who are bitter, unkind and dishonest, who, because they have no case to plead base their argument on gossip of private affairs. It is like the Eton College boy who wrote this little rhyme, and the ladies will forgive me for quoting it. It is on woman, and runs this wise: "She's the gladness of all gladness when she's glad; She's the sadness of all sadness when she's sad; But the gladness of her gladness, And the sadness of her sadness, Is nothing to her badness when she's bad.

"So with a small party of Anglicans. When they find you won't come back, you're bad. But, after all, we must pray for them for the unrest and unhappi- ness that throbs them will surely, sooner or later, give them courage to follow us. We must not give them the impression that Catholics are individually infallible. I have found in three months that not all Catholics are infallible. To encourage our non-Catholic friends we should be willing to hear every argument from them, and say we don't believe in their collective infallibility. We must deal with them with absolute courtesy in what we say and what we write. For many years I have read Catholic papers and oftentimes was annoyed to find sting- ing little pieces about outside churches. It really doesn't pay to be so antagonis- tic, and that's the message for my converts.

"I know there are many outside the Church who are anti-Roman who are desirous of hearing us. I wanted to be an eye-witness to the lessons of the Church, and God gave me a surpassing grace—not an enthusiasm, for I haven't yet felt the convert's joy. But I didn't yet feel the joy of God to secure peace, since 'his peace, joy and righteous- ness once you surrender to God's will. Then the joy will come."

THE CHURCH AND THE LIQUOR QUESTION

London Advertiser, March 21.

Rev. Father Tobin of St. Mary's Church, London, on Sunday night gave the reasons why the Catholic Church cannot and will not join hands with the secular temperance bodies of London in the effort to suppress the liquor traffic. "It is not because the Church is opposed to such work," said Father Tobin, "or because the Church does not recognize the fact that liquor, when drunk to excess is a curse. The view of many of these temperance societies is heretical, because they claim that liquor in itself is bad, whereas we know that it is not. It is one of the works of Almighty God. It is the abuse of liquor that is bad. Back in the third century, and again in the thirteenth, we find sects arising who claimed that the use of liquor and of flesh meat was sin- ful. But the Church combated this view, and showed that it was only the abuse of liquor that was to be con- demned. The Church cannot help but take cognizance of the fact that many of the men who are prominently en- gaged in the work of temperance are also men who make it a habit to take part in demonstrations against the Church, and sit on platforms where the Church is slandered and abused. Con- sequently the Church cannot join hands with these men who are her traducers. But, "it must not be for a moment thought the Church does not recognize and appreciate any good work these societies may do in the propagation of temperance. The Catholic Church fully recognizes the dangers of liquor, and would warn young men especially to avoid the curse of drink. The bar- rooms are made attractive with plate glass mirrors, electric lights, music and tempting liquors, but the curse lurks there like the snake in the rose bush. The barrels which are labelled whiskey, wine, beer, etc., should be named palsy, paralysis, consumption, degradation. Look at the businessman who drinks! Look at the laborer! They are going down financially, socially, morally. No matter what a man's vocation in life, he cannot be a drunkard and succeed. When a boy starts out in life he drinks to be a good fellow, imagining that he is a man if he can appear a bit tipsy. Later the demon of drink takes hold of him and he goes down to a drunkard's grave. If I had the money that is spent by the men of this congregation in the barrooms in a few years, I could wipe out the church debt."

USELESS COMPLAINTS

Dr. F. P. Ramsay, a Presbyterian minister, laid the charge of pantheistic teaching against every university of this country and most of those in Europe, except those controlled by the Catholic Church, in a lecture delivered before a church society in Chicago recently.

Dr. Ramsay traced the evolution of Protestant doubt about the Bible lead- ing up to its final rejection as an inspired book—and even as a trustworthy histori- cal record—by the professors in the Protestant universities. The result has been a destruction of belief truly appall- ing as the teaching of these professors percolated down through its various Protestant pulpits to the pews.

Dr. Ramsay does not find a similar condition in Catholic seats of learning. There the Bible holds its place as the Word of God. The reason is very simple. The Catholic Church teaches authorita- tively that the Bible is inspired. No Catholic can doubt or deny that truth without ceasing to be a Catholic.

He founded on the Bible. It took the Bible that the Catholic Church had preserved for fifteen centuries and whose inspiration she had guaranteed with her infallible authority. Protestan- tism took this book and claimed to base on it a new set of doctrines. As everyone claimed the right to interpret the Bible as he saw fit, the doctrines of one Protestant body did not suit all and new sects were formed and multiplied like flies in summer. Yet all claimed to get their beliefs from the Bible. It was no longer the Catholic Bible, however, but a book distorted and mutilated. Once the authority of the Church was rejected there was nothing to guarantee inspiration. No Protestant could ever prove his Bible to be inspired without going to the Catholic Church for his proofs. What wonder that the Bible itself began to be questioned among thinking Protestants. The result was chaos. We see now the pulpits of the very sects which once made a fetish of the Bible, filled by men who smile at the "myths of Moses" and ridicule the div- inity of Christ. That is the logical development of the Protestant idea. It is sad to see so many rejecting the fun- damental truths of Christianity. But the foundation for this condition was laid at the very beginnings of Protestan- tism in the sixteenth century. It is idle to find fault with it now unless the fault finders are willing to seek the only refuge from infidelity—and that they will not do. Few of them ever think of be- coming Catholics. —Omaha True Voice.

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THE MOST VENERABLE CHURCH

To think of the Roman Catholic Church is to think of the oldest, the most venerable, and the most powerful religious institution existing among men. I am not a churchman of any kind; but I am conscious of a profound obligation of gratitude to that wise, august, austere, yet tenderly human ecclesiastical power which self-centered amid the vicissitudes of human affairs, and provident for men of learning, imagination and sensibility throughout the world, has preserved the literature and art of all the centuries, and made archi- tecture the living symbol of celestial aspiration, and in poetry and in music, has heard and has transmitted, the authentic voice of God.

I say that I am not a churchman; but I would also say that the best hours of my life have been hours of meditation passed in the glorious cathedrals and among the sublime ecclesiastical ruins of England. I have worshipped in Can- terbury; in Lincoln and Durham; in Ely, and in Wells. I have mused upon Netley, and Kirtstall, and Newstead, and Bolton and Melrose and Dryburgh; and at a midnight hour, I have stood in the grim and gloomy chancel of St. Columba's Cathedral, remote in the storm-swept Hebrides, and looked up- ward to the cold stars, and heard the voices of the birds of night, mingled with the desolate moaning of the sea.

With awe, with reverence, with many strange and wild thoughts, I have lingered and pondered in those haunted, holy places; but one remembrance was always present—the remembrance that it was the Catholic Church that created those forms of beauty and breathed into them the breath of divine life, and hallowed them forever; and, thus think- ing, I have felt the unspeakable pathos of her long exile from the temples that her passionate devotion prompted and her loving labor raised.—William Winter.

MISSA CANTATA

[A party of anglers, including two priests and three others, with two guides camped on Triton Brook, Gampo, the past summer. They had grand fishing—salmon, sea-trout and omacanth. They were in a beautiful place—perhaps one of the most beautiful in Newfoundland. On Sunday morning Father A. said first Mass on a temporary altar which had been brought along for the purpose. The altar was decorated with cabbages, fire-flowers and wild foliage. Dr. W. sang the second Mass—Missa Cantata, while Father A. and the others sang the responses. As an offertory selection, they sang "Nearer My God to Thee." Father A. leading with his beautiful tenor voice, as the sacred chant rose through the trees and out over the waters on the peaceful sunny Sabbath morning, amidst the beautiful surroundings, the scene was impressive beyond description.]

The Triton waters had the rising sun. With clearer sweetest shout, this summer's morn. As I lie breast the shadows, one by one. Give place to tints this dawn in heaven born.

The grassy clearing by the Gampo's water Gleams gloriously as Youth'neath Love's first kiss. And as we look we thank the God Who gave Our Newfoundland so fair a scene as this. Italia's skies ne'er wore a deeper blue, Nor Northern hills a charm more rare. Than looks to-day in Gampo's waters to Behold their beauties full reflection there.

Laden with scent of fir and grasses sweet, Our camp-fire's smoke, like Israel's incense floats About the trees, as loath to seek retreat, They "Nearer My God to Thee" the full-toned notes Of feathered choristers their matins pour. Till in us wakes the whisp'rings of the Word: The rites of Moses pleases Him no more. Melchisedech is chosen of the Lord.

Then lo! I from out the tent that fronts the suns, Slowly a priestly form is seen to pass. O'er the hills and over the woods and maze, He sets the sacred chalice of the Mass.

Then all the camp moves towards the lake-side shrine— Here in the woods the soul harks near to God— And all seems prayerful, willow, ash and pine. And the low grasses bend along the shore.

"Laudamus te," the canticle of praise The songbirds gather round the shrine, The whisp'ers responsive voices raise, While fern and orchid tilt their heads to hear.

The lake with golden light is all aglow, And wailets from its breast by soft winds fanned Now reach the margin bright with murmurs low, "I'll sing the psalms of the strain."

"Credo," entones the priest, and from the grove The songbirds gather round the shrine, "I believe, I believe in Him the God of Love." They sing: "the earth and heaven the chorus join."

For here, while Nature pours her heart in praise, The consecrated Host is raised on high; Rays and awe thrill thro' the woods and maze, And deeper splendour spreads along the sky.

A deeper splendour falls on all around; The hills afar like prophets old appear: The spell of Tabar fills the calm profound— All things attend His white-robed Presence here.

That hymn whose lofty strain so oft has rolled Thro' grand cathedrals of the earth, and stirred The hearts of multitudes within the fold, Now rising on the breeze of morn is heard:

Full from the souls of those assembled here: It bursts, and from the sedges dreamily, A whisp'ring echo trembles to the ear, "Nearer my God," in mystic melody.

"Nearer my God to Thee," rings loud and clear Above the diapason of the stream, Adown the woodland sides the echoes hear! And softly wake, like voices in a dream.

How lovely now each wildwood blossom seems— The purple dandelion list all thrill; A white cloud lit with morning's lustre gleams Like host angelic hovering 'round the hills.

Yes, here in time the pillared fane may rear Its graceful spires, that wealth and art adorn: Shall there be this excel in fervent prayer, The woodland worship of this Sabbath morn? —Newfoundland Quarterly.

A PROSPECTOR'S LUCK

HOW TWO TRAIL BLAZERS LIVED IN THE VIRGIN WILDERNESS WITHOUT MEAT

Winter sends acute hardships to the prospector who leaves civilization to draw conclusions with- out the aid of the prospector. He is obliged to get supplies, obliged to draw loaded toboggan for miles through bush, snow four or five feet deep, thirty-three or more miles from settlement, carrying only tent, prospector's outfit and grub for thirty

At St. Mary's, Newfoundland, Father O'Driscoll recently saved a boy from drowning. While reading his office he heard a scream from the pond in front of his house. Without waiting an instant he rushed to the place and throwing himself flat on the ice succeeded in bringing the boy to safety. In this heroic act he nearly lost his own life and would have done so had not other men come to his assistance.

LET US GENTLY ACQUAINT OURSELVES TO LOVE OUR POSITION, OUR WORK, AND TO BEAR WILLINGLY WHAT IT LACKS, PEACEFULLY SAYING, "GOD'S WILL BE DONE"

Half-heartedness is the rankest and most destructive weed in the garden of work, and like-warmness is the boll- weevil of life.

There is always a certain slowness about the saints. They are active, in- dustrious, enterprising, yet they always and in all things act with reflection. "The saints never do anything by halves. "The movements of grace," says Fen- elon, "are simple and peaceful."—Golden Sands.



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Very truly yours, MERRY P. CHRISTMAS.

The above letter came entirely without sollicitation and is left to speak for itself.

Bright Prospects in Alberta

Editor Record:—Dear Sir,—I notice by Eastern papers that a number of people are coming to this part of Canada from other countries with the object of making homes for themselves. Please permit me to say a word to them through the columns of your paper. Vegreville, Alberta, is located on the case of Corn Flakes, and one of our purchases was another. It is a favorite article of diet in our camp and we will always recommend it to others. In a country like this, Kellogg's Toasted Corn Flakes are worth more than their weight in gold. We are pleased to sing their praises, as we benefited greatly by them and at a time when it meant much to us.

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The above letter came entirely without sollicitation and is left to speak for itself.

FARMS FOR SALE

THREE HUNDRED AND SIXTY ACRES IN THE Township of Emily 12 and 13, in the 9th concession, two hundred and twenty-five acres cleared, and in a high state of cultivation; remainder pasture and wood, chiefly maple and beech. The above mentioned farm is well adapted to the growing of clover and is most conveniently situated. Separate schools, church, general store, blacksmith shop, post office, etc. On the premises are first class buildings and never failing wells. Farm may be sold in two pieces to suit the purchaser. Terms easy. For further particulars apply to Wm. O'Brien, Downeyville, Ont. 1656-6

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CATHOLIC LADY TEACHER WANTED FOR Careyville school, district 2041. Duties to start the 1st of April, or as soon as possible. Salary \$55 per month. Salary \$50 per annum. Address, Joseph McGuire, Sask. 1659-4

CATHOLIC TEACHER WANTED FOR THE U. S. Andrew Catholic school. Teacher to hold a first or second class certificate. Address D. Morrison, St. Andrew's, via Wapella, Sask. 1640-2

QUALIFIED TEACHER WANTED FOR R. C. S. S., No. 34, Malden, must be able to teach French and English. Duties to commence after Easter. Apply, stating salary and qualifications, to John Dufour, Sec. Treas., North Malden, P. O., Ont. 1642-2

TEACHER WANTED FOR S. S. No. 2, Curd. Roman Catholic. Duties to commence on the 4th April. Salary \$50 per annum. Address, Joseph Boller, Granite Hill, Ont. 1659-4

WANTED FOR SEPARATE SCHOOL SEC. No. 8, Hunter, a teacher holding a qualified certificate. Duties to commence April 4. Apply stating salary, experience, etc. to L. J. Curtin, Sec., Powell, Ont. 1659-3

EMPLOYMENT WANTED THREE Irish boys (brothers) expecting to arrive with their parents in London about the first of May, will be open for situations in office or store. French and English. Duties to commence after Easter. Apply, stating salary and qualifications, to John Dufour, Sec. Treas., North Malden, P. O., Ont. 1642-2

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