The Catholic Record

LONDON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 9, 1915

CARDINAL NEWMAN

The great note which attracted him towards a religious teacher, writes Wilfred Ward of his father, was personal sanctity. In Newman Ward found this great note. And Ward was at one time a Rationalist and refused to hear Newman sermons. But one day, finding himself at St. Mary's Church, was persuaded by a friend to enter. The sermon changed his whole life. From that time until he became a Catholic Ward's motive of faith was: "John Newman says it is so." Such was the magical influence of Newman's holiness.

AS A PREACHER

" It was not until after he became a Roman Catholic," says " Hutton's Life of Newman" "that Dr. Newman's literary genius showed itself adequately in his prose writings, and not until twenty years after he became a Roman Catholic that his unique poem was written. His first utterances after his conversion, the Sermons Addressed to Mixed Congregations" have a definite tone and genius of their own and contain the most elaborate and eloquent specimens of his eloquence as a preacher. They represent him more adequately as he was when he felt himself 'unmuzzled' (to use the phrase used by Mr. Gladstone after the University of Oxford had rejected him and after he was no longer bound by the special etiquette of a university representative) than any other of his writings."

Take as an instance of this a passage from the sermon on "Neglect of Divine Calls and Warnings," in which he delineates the agony of a soul which finds itself lost and what the world is now saying of the per son now no more. " Impossible ! he supposes the lost one to exclaim on hearing the judge's sentence I a lost soul! I separated from hope and from peace forever! It is not i of whom the judge so spake. There is a mistake somewhere Christ, Saviour, hold Thy hand one minute to explain it. What! Eternal pain for me! Impossible! It shall

And so he goes on describing in words of fire the awful fate of the sinner. That sermon is a terrible contribution to literature and he who reads it must needs do some spiritual accounting.

" Now take the suggestion of what the world may be saying about him who is thus helplessly wrestling against unendurable anguish and refusing to believe in its reality. The man's name perhaps is solemnly chanted forth and his memory decently cherished among his-friends on earth. . . . Men talk of him from time to time; they appeal to his authority; they quote his words or write his history. Never was his equal in society, so just in his remarks; so versatile, so unobstrusive or I was fortunate to see him once when I was a boy; or so great a benefactor to his country and to his kind : or his discoveries so great ; or his philosophy so profound, and vanity, vanity of vanities all is vanity. What profiteth! What profiteth! His soul is in hell."

And so Newman's voice, singularly sweet and rich in all the caden proper to the expression of pathos f wonder, penetrated the conences of men.

hat sermon grips the soul and ves it naked in the presence of the eternal realities. It makes it understand how contemptible is indifferentism, how blind is the worldling, and how foolish are they who for the things that pass renounce the things that endure.

THE GRAVE-DIGGER

The most charitable observer of human nature must admit that there are people who show perpetually an unkind disposition through a nasty temper. They drip ill humor. They do not like to see people too happy being exacting and uncomfortable. They love to break the bubbles of other people's pleasure and luxuriate in the indulgence of hurting Sun.

solely spoil sports and find more pleasure in seeing men fall than in eeing them rise. They are like the fractious and contrary child grown up and uncured. Their instructive attitude is that of the biting horse, but, unfortunately, there is no possibility of advertizing their disease by means of a warning muzzle. A negative form of this unsocial temper may be seen in the morose and melancholy individual. He does not bite but he goes through the world sullen and silent, recognizing no duty of pleasantness towards his fellow-men. The bed-rock of the character of this perpetual faultfinder is usually a confirmed selfconceit. The everlasting censor who is incessantly enapping about trifles has a cumulative effect which is far worse than the thunder-storm of explosive passion, for that at any rate clears the atmosphere. Besides, the boldly angry man repents, but the tantalising precisian never does. Unlike all other forms of human nature this variety allows no ground for hopeful appeal to those who cherish it. What is the use of warning people who are always shooting darts into their fellow creatures that they are hurting others? They take such comments as compliments on their markmanship. The only remedy in their case is the creation within them of a clean heart, the renewal within them of a right spirit. They should be builders and not grave-diggers.

THE HOPEFUL SPIRIT

Amid the thousand and one com plexities of our business and domestic life we stand perpetually in need of helpful counsel and kindly sympathy from those about us. If any of us, owing to exceptional good fortune, escape most of the ills to which flesh is heir that does but deepen and widen the area of obligation to be a source of strength to our weaker or less privileged neighbors. It is but bare justice to allow that in no class is there such a deficiency of eager and outreaching kindness to those in need as extreme observers imply when they are in a pharasaical mood. Heartsocial facts and tendencies account for much of the insensibility that hinders reform in so many ways. As for the poor is it not well known to those who interest themselves in their welfare that their constant willingness to share the little they have with others who are needier is a striking refutation of the shallow theory that poverty makes people callous to suffering? No matter whether our lot be cast here or there we shall not evade for long that the ner. first and simplest duties of our common heritage as beings bound to gether in the same bundle of life.

We are all tempted to look askanc at the affairs of those whose lack of power or means makes them troublesome. A gleam of faith in the hidden resources of the nature we bear will suffice to banish the gloomy predictions of those who have per suaded themselves that the wisest charity is but waste and that ingratitude is the congenital vice of the lowly. That a hopeful spirit is a helpful social force should be selfevident to all who would avoid the discredit of loose thinking.

READING

Why not read just a little more than you have been in the habit of doing? Why not forego the card game, the bowling alley and athletics generally for a little while and learn to love good books? You will not find such happy companions any-where. The mind requires cultiva-tion just as much as does the body. Physical exercise, we grant, is neces sary. But why overdo it to the exclusion of other good things?

In selecting reading matter care should be exercised. Much trash is being issued by book publishers to Writers of present day novels are not given much to thought.
Theirs it is to excite rather than to read everything that comes your but the quality must be considere and they miss no opportunity of rather than the quantity. There is plenty of good. Make your selections tion of the mind, not merely for en tertainment or to kill time.—Catholic

omebody. They are simply and ROOSEVELT ON MEXICO

The True Voice says : " We have read Colonel Roosevelt's strong presentation of the Mexican question in its relation to the Government of the United States. Colonel Roosevelt is no friend of the present administra-tion at Washington. But apart from this, his article sets forth unques-tioned facts to which the secular papers of the country have hitherto given as little publicity as possible.
Colonel Roosevelt could never be accused of lacking the courage of his convictions, and he arraigns the present policy of our Government unsparingly. There is nothing in Colonel Roosevelt's article with which the readers of Catholic papers are not already acquainted. It is a recital of atrocities so horrible that one can only marvel at the indifference displayed by Government offi cials whose attention has been called to them time and again. Colonel Roosevelt rightly says that men of any creed—or of no creed—must feel their blood tingle with shame and indignation at the thought that such crimes are possible through the guilty connivance of our Government. Colonel Roosevelt has verified the facts upon which he bases his article. He has alleged nothing for which he does not give the proof. His article will prove enlightening to thousands of non Catholics who have till now been kept in the dark as to conditions across the Rio Grande."

A GERMAN PRIEST

ON RETURN FROM NATIVE LAND TO HIS ADOPTED COUNTRY GIVES INTERESTING IN-TERVIEW

The following interview with Rev. Father Hilland, O.M.I., appeared in the Winnipeg Telegram on Dec. 12th: "What do the German people think about the war ?"

The question has suggested itself many times to thinking Canadians. Thanks to the strenuous efforts of the Bernstoffs and the Ridders the opinion of official Germany is already too well known to the public, but little has been said about the feelings of the mass of the German popula tion, who have really to bear the brunt of the struggle. The viewpoint of the man in the street was set forth yesterday to a Telegram re-porter by Father Paul Hilland, pastor of St. Joseph's Catholic church, who returned to Winnipeg from Germany

only Thursday morning. Early last summer Father Hilland left Winnipeg to visit his native town, Pommern, in the Rhine provlessness does not lie at the door of ince, and reached Germany less than the well-to do as a rule: want of a week before the outbreak of hostilithought and a short-sighted view of ties. The situation is best told in his own words :

"The German people did not wish for war and did not expect it. They knew that the situation between Austria and Russia was critical, but they had no concern, feeling that diplomacy would avert the conflict As for war with Great Britain, the idea was too fantastic to be enter tained seriously for a minute. They looked back toward the common that the small matters of friction would be settled in a friendly man-

A STUNNING BLOW

Great Britain's declaration of war. then, was a stunning blow. I was out walking with a friend when the news was received in the town of my family. My companion could not speak, and as for myself, I wept like a child. I was not ashamed of it, for in the crowds that thronged the streets there were many with less at stake than myself, who were affected to a like degree. If there had been time for an understanding the German people felt that a peaceful solu-tion of the difficulty might be arrived at. Even yet, when the armies of the nations are grappling with each other in the field of battle, the wish is common throughout the country that peace might be brought about without fighting it out to the bitter

A SAMPLE WAR RUMOR

"A letter appeared in the Cologne Gazette recently from a German subect, who had escaped from Winnipeg to Milwaukee. He said that all Canadians of German and Austrian extraction from the age of one to sixty, whether naturalized or not had been rounded up, and were imprisoned at Fort Osborne barracks I thought of all my parishioners in Winnipeg and could not believe that they had been so treated. But, lack-ing official contradiction, I was unable to quell my uneasiness. I deonce and, despite the pleading of my relatives, who felt that I was return ing to imprisonment. I obtained a pass to Holland, and eventually

arrived in this country.

"The first information I received bearing on the subject was on picking up on a train a magazine containing the regulations referring to the registration of aliens. My fears

fellow citizens of English speaking ancestry, I could have wept with joy. My intention? is now to write an article to that same paper setting forth the true state of affairs. As things stand now that story may do much damage, as intending emigrants from other nations of Europe might the risk? for in case of trouble with our native land and the country of our adoption, we are liable to be

thrown into prison.

"I have talked with German soldiers who have been at the front, and invariably they told me that the British soldier, both as to appearance, discipline and fighting ability ance, discipline and fighting ability was a completely different individual from what they had been led to believe. The British artillery, especially, was admitted to be good, while their clothing equipment and food allowance was first-class. The appearance of the soldiers made a good impression, and it seemed that the government that took such care of its men was well prepared for war, and would be able to stand a lot of

fighting.
"I wanted to visit the detention
"I wanted to visit the detention camps where the British prisoners were lodged, as I felt that my knowl sistance to them. However, they had been transported to another part of the country, and I was unable to locate them before leaving. I did, however, see a number of French prisoners. In the military hospitals the German French and Belgian wounded lie in cots alongside each other, and fraternize in a remarkable manner. They dress each other's wounds and pass around delicacies that might have been received from

PRISONER'S WELL TREATED

"The prisoners are being well as this incident will illustrate. The German soldiers' rations consist in part of black bread made from corn and rye. It is very whole some, but rather unpalatable to the unaccustomed stomach. At first the prisoners were being fed on this bread, but the French protested that prisoners were being fed on they were unable to eat it, without suffering subsequently. The mat-ter was investigated, and before I left they were being supplied with white bread, which, to the German

soldier, would be a great luxury.
"Citizens of neutral countries have visited the detention camps in England and France, and have pubpapers. Without exception they re-port that German and Austrian pris-oners are receiving considerate treatment. This helped to create a friendly spirit towards their enemies among the German people, though there was considerable animosity aroused at the time it became know that German subjects in England were being confined in detention amps. Just about the time that left Germany had adopted the same scheme, regarding British, French and Russian subjects in that country.

CANADA'S DUTY TO FIGHT Father Hilland stated that Canada's action in sending troops to Europe aroused little comment in Germany. as a part of the British Empire i appeared to the German people to be a duty on the part of Canadians to

take part in the war. When asked how the question of When asked how the question of for the Irish regiments. . . We Italian neutrality was received in have had great cold, with a corre-'At first there was some disappoint ment that Italy failed to live up to her obligations, but later the feeling is that she should be kept out of the conflict. The people believe that the national fued between Austria and Italy cannot be settled by a treaty, and that if Italy participates at all she would hardly support her traditional enemy.

Regarding the question of the vio lation of Belgium neutrality the im pression prevails that it was a mat ter of necessity. The general conviction is that with Russia mobilizing or one hand and France preparing on the other, had German mobolization been delayed eight hours, the country

Asked what view was taken in Germany regarding the project of invading England, Father Hilland said: "There is a difference of opinion. Some people say, 'Fine, but how are we going to do it.'

'In my native town, Pommern, it was known that I was a Canadian citizen, and as such I was compelled to register, and when I wished leave a pass was issued to me without hesitation. I am more than glad to get back to Canada. Though Ger-many is the land of my ancestors and of my people to day, I could not, once having lived in this country, content myself to remain there, and it was with a feeling of gladness that landed on Canadian soil.

DUTY TO CANADA

"Now regarding the thousands of Germans in Canada, the Government may feel assured. It is our sincere intention to remain loyal to our adopted country, and in my sermon next Sun-day I will speak about our duty to keep the promises we made in settling here. I am convinced that no trouble will arise, and we priests will were relieved at once, and when the do our best to promote a harmonious delegation of my parishioners that met me at the station told me that English speaking fellow citizens. It there had not been a particle of is the duty of us Canadians of Gertrouble between them and their man extraction to develop this coun-

try as much as it is that of Canadians of British ancestry. We hope, how-ever, that our fellow citizens will re-spect our feelings. We are torn by natural sentiment towards the land of our birth, and by our duty towards the land of our adoption. Let us make the situation no worse by indulgng in anything that would tend to rupture existing conditions so that no cause for friction between us.

"Industrially, Europe is now ruined, and America, including Canada, will feel the effects of a boom when the conflict is past such as she has never experienced before. Our hearts may bleed for the reverses which the country of our fathers has received at periods during this awful struggle, but while determined to emain loyal and peaceful we ask our English speaking neigbors to respect our feelings as we respect theirs.

SIDELIGHTS ON THE GREAT WAR

The Rev. Father W. Forest, chaplain with the forces at the front, in a letter to Mgr. Keller, P. P., V. G.,

of Youghal, writes:
I sometimes think that the people at home suffer more anxiety than those out here. We are so much engaged, and so many strange things are prowded into almost every hour that there is neither time nor room for imagination. I have had a big field since August 15th. The great re-treat was great indeed, but the close shave of the army in Belgium and France has yet to be written up. Our men were often dead beat, and I honestly think that no army in the world could equal the performance at the time. Even men on horse-back were absolutely "diddled," and while asleep in the saddle I saw visions which no one, I believe, ever has seen yet, nor shall see. I was not afraid, but I was four days and nights without a wink of sleep! Haystacks walked along with us owners' cottages became a foggy castle in the moonlight; trees walked and Uhlans closed in on every side. An unusually emphatic lurch, with the sudden stop of a twelve mile long column, woke me up, frequently in time to save myself losing my mechanical hold on the saddle flaps. And such were the little things. Now has begun the quasi-permanant phase—the fight of the trenches.

THE FAITH OF THE QLD CRUSADERS NOT IN IT

During all this there was plenty to do for the only one priest for the 25,000 men of the Fourth Division. But what a good work, and what an excellent soil! The faith of the old Crusaders was not in it, and where ever you went and while you re-mained with these faithful Catholic men, nothing else was anything to them. God bless them all, for they have given me more joy in these three months than the whole rest of my semi-wasted life has given me. It was worth waiting for. It is true to say that the German Kaiser is fighting a community of saints "conerted" if you like, but with scarcely a mortal sin to be found among them. Now we have a fairly full staff, one English Jesuit and two Irish priests Germany, Father Hilland remarked, sponding coat of ice. In spite of frost preparations with my horse. had a spill a few days ago; result a synovitis knee but with no bones broken. I am billeted for the pres ent with an Abbe, and in spite of his knowledge of wireless, of had two installations before the war. . . . This Abbe is hospitality it-self, and while I am with him nothing

is good enough for me. TO MAKE UP FOR NO MASS

In a letter from Private P. Costigan, Royal Dublin Fusiliers, to his mother at Caledon, Co., Tyrone, which has appeared in the Manchester Guardian is the following touching incident: There was a terribly sad thing happened here the other day. Two men of ours had got worried because they never had a chance of a Mass, and on they went out to a little place in the wood to pray by themselves.

The Germans started shelling the wood at that time, and a shell dropped right beside them. One was killed and the other is so seriously wounded that he will never be good for anything in this world.

A BAVARIAN'S GRIEVANCE AGAINST

From the same letter we take the collowing description of a surprise

We caught a couple of Bavarians the day before last. They started talking with us, and were greatly surprised to find that most of us were good Catholics like them selves. They couldn't under-stand Catholics fighting one another, and said that they had been told that the British troops were all Protestants and the French Atheists. They knew that Irish troops were out, but had been told that they would not fight. Somehow they think they have a grievance against us Irish because we have fought so hard against them in this war in-stead of going over to their side, as they thought we would just to spite England. They don't know how letin.

much the British Army relies on the

FRANCE - AND HER MILITARY CHAP-

LAINS AND SOLDIER PRIESTS LAINS AND SOLDIER PRIESTS
A'special correspondent in the Times
of Wednesday, Dec. 9th, writing from
Nancy, points to the change of feeling wrought by the work of the nuns,
chaplains, and soldier priests; it incidentally bears out our information
from other sources that the Catholic Joffre places the priest-soldiers on Ambulance Corps, Hospital Staffs, etc.

It seems to me that one of the

oddly unexpected results of the war

oddly unexpected results of the war is a growing tendency in the opposite direction (to that of religious in-credulity.) . . . It (France) has indeed begun to remember already (the religious work done by priests and religious.) Before the divorce between Church and State garriso chaplains, bearing duly specified military grades, were part of the regular equipment of the army. When the State refused to recognize them any longer at functionaries, all priests became at once liable with the rest of their class (the laymen that is to say, of their own year) to ordinary military service. Consequently in the present war priests of military age, either as men on the active list, reservists, or territorials are now serving with the Colors. Some are actually at the front, though as far as possible they are utilized in less advanced positions. But with the war, another class of soldier priest has again come into being, Once more aumoniers, or military chaplains, have been appointed to the troops. . . They are recognized by the State and the Army a constitutional functionaries, as regular military chaplains, liable only for an outward and visible sign of the partial closing of the breach between Church and State, which is part of the great national movement towards real fraternity and liberty brought about by the war. To a certain ex-tent it is possible that even from a military point of view the breach has in the past had unfortunate results. It is freely said, at all events, that the promotion of highly qualified officers has been unjustly delayed strong religious opinions. If such ases really exist, the present temper of the nation and the Army leads one to believe that they will promptly be put right. France wants the best soldiers that she has. She wants hem all, she wants them in their proper places, and she knows it. The general relations of Church and State fter the war are, of course, a much arger question. But, at all events, for the period of the war, as far as the question of military chaplains is concerned, the two bodies are loyally and happily agreed.

STRANGER THAN FICTION

A Belgian who had lived in Western Ontario for some years, came to London to enlist with the Canadians in order that he might return to take part in the defence of his country On the screen of a moving picture theatre, he saw his mother and sister and brother fleeing before the German wrath some distance from Ter monde. Such a thing never hap-pened before in the world, and it is probable will never happen again.

A GOOD RESOLUTION

The motto of the new pontificate to make every effort so that the charity of Christ may prevail amongst In other words, it is the de men. sire of Pope Benedict XV. to restore the reign of peace and goodwill upon earth. Each one of us can do his share to bring about this happy condition by avoiding all uncharit-able criticism of our neighbors and everything that would tend to disrupt the harmonious relations which should ever exist between individuals whether as members of a family or of society. Let us make the promotion of peace by individual effort the dominant note of our New Year's resolutions.—Catholic, Bulletin.

CHRIST'S LOWLINESS

Christ was rich but He became poor. He was exalted but He humbled Himself. There was a marvelous purpose in this—that all man kind through Him might become rich and be exalted. The lowliness of Christ is one of the most beautiful and impressive traits in His lovely character. Words cannot be found to describe it accurately. It has been truthfully said by someone that "the moral miracle of Jesus is in the divine greatness assuming the form of absolute lowliness." The wonderful humility of Christ should in-spire in us a like humble spirit.

IN PEACE AND IN WAR

Father Gushee, an Anglican clergy-man writes: "It is in times of peace you hear tirades against Catholic priests, the Sisters and the Monks. When war and times of suffering have come—these despised ones have changed into angels of mercy and of help."—St. Paul Bul.

CATHOLIC NOTES

The sword of St. Ignatius of Loyola, worn immediately before his conversion, is in the Sacred Heart

Rev. George Des Nazieres has been appointed to continue the work of the late Rev. L. L. Conrardy among the lepers at the Leper Island. Sheklung

the reception of wireless telegrams by a small pocketable apparatus is a success. The invention practically revolutionizes the reception of wireless telegrams.

Russia grows more and more Catholic. The last census shows 408 Catholic births per thousand to 519 Protestant. Thirty five years ago it stood 889 Catholics to 603 Protestants

W. D. Brady of Little Rock is the generous donor of a handsome statue of St. Benedict to the Benedictine Abbey at Subiaco, Ark. He is a non-Catholic, but his son is at Subjacco studying for the priesthood.

The Carmelite nuns of Philadelphia received a cablegram from Rome stating that the cause of Sister Therese, been formally introduced in Rome. thus beginning the second step in the process of her canonization.

Bishop Bertreux, of the Solomon attempting the conversion of the large island of Malaita, inhabited by 50,000 cannibals. Two priests are on the outposts exposed night and day to the attacks of the savages.

The Roman correspondent of the The Roman correspondent of the Liverpool Times is authority for the statement that "Rome," a weekly journal published in the Holy City, has resumed publication under the direction of its former editor, Mgr. O'Kelly. Its temporary suspension was due to conditions over which the editor and his assistants had no control.

The Rev. Edmond J. Fitz-Maurice. D. D., professor of dogmatic theology, Greek and French in St. Charles' Seminary, Overbrook, Pa., has been appointed Chancellor of the arch-diocese of Philadelphia to succeed the Right Rev. Monsignor Charles F. Kavanagh. The Rev. Dr. Fitz-Kerry, Ireland, thirty-five years ago. of a family noted for the numbers of its members in the priesthood.

Archbishop Ireland observed on Tuesday, December 21, the fifty second anniversary of his ordination to the priesthood and the thirty-ninth of his consecration as a Bishop. No formal ceremony was held, but the day was observed quietly. Arch-bishop Ireland is now the second oldest prelate in the United States in point of consecration. The other is Cardinal Gibbons, who was con-secrated August 16, 1868.

The war has claimed as victim a venerable ecclesiastic in the person of Monsignor Bethet, Bishop of Gap, who died from a chill contracted while visiting wounded French sol-diers in a hospital. Only three years ago the Bishop celebrated the golden jubilee of his pricethood, and, had he lived a few weeks longer, he would have also reached the silver ubiles of his episcopate. He was in his sixty-sixth year and was deepbeloved by his people.

A generation ago Dahoney was the most savage section of Southern Africa. It has now 12,000 Catholics Last year there were 92,600 Communions, an increase of 80,000 over those of 1911. Weekly Communion, writes Bishop Steinmetz, is responsible for a number of vocations the religious life, and he expects to begin the new seminary, now in the course of construction, with about twelve candidates for the priest-

In the village of Minori, Italy, a quaint and touching custom has isted from time immemorial. On Thursday evening everyone places a light in his window for a few minutes in honor of the Blessed Sacrament A traveler says: "It was pretty to see the little tremulous sparks appearing one after another in the windows of the humble dwellings, resting there for a short time and then disappearing again."

Sister Mary Catherine, a Benedic tine nun, received the highest honors ever conferred upon a woman, when recently she was made a doctor of philosophy at the Catho-lic University of America, Washing-ton, D. C. Sister Mary Catherine has been a member of the Benedictine Order for fifteen years. She will spend her future years in teaching the higher studies. She has been honored by an offer from the University of Iowa to become a cher of philosophy next year.

In the hope of alleviating the discomforts of prisoners of war and the anxiety of their relatives at home, Pope Benedict has instructed the bishops of all dioceses in which military prisoners are confined to ap-point as chaplains one or more point as chaplains one or more priests who are acquainted with the languages spoken by the imprisoned soldiers. These priests will be instructed not only to offer spiritual counsel but so far as possible to look after the material welfare of the prisoners, especially as regards communication with their families.

stroking the feathered bead. 'You' we'll take a look at your old roost Aud

SO AS BY FIRE

BY JEAN CONNOR

CHAPTER XVIII

together." And walking slowly, for he was still weak, Daffy was conscious of the invigorating thrill of his native air in every breath. For though the snowwreaths still lingered on the loftier heights, there was a whisper of spring on the Ridge, the bare boughs were swelling with tiny buds, there were soft twitterings and rustlings in the pine thickets, ventugesome vines were already green, and the "burn," fall-fed from the melting snows, was leaping joyously over the rocks. Honest Daffy was neither a dreamer nor poet, but something in the chill, pale promise of the wakening spring recalled the white-faced, gray-cyed girl of long ago, the girl who had never had "no chance"—the girl who, with all the sap of a glorious youth frozen in her veins, had turned so desperately and daringly to the sun and blossomed into the radiant vision that followed him now night and day. "SO AS BY FIRE" For three weeks after that wild idnight ride, Mr. J. Dafton Mills ays in his luxurious room at the lotel with two doctors and a white-apped nurse steering him through a ry narrow passage way between and death.

When he roused from bewildering When he roused from bewildering dreams of shricking winds and scurrying drifts, of long vistas of stately rooms ruddy with firelight, and of a girl who, with red gold hair and arms full of roses, smiled in mockery through all, he began to gain—in Western fashion—hard and

ctor," he said, to the first medical gentleman in command on his next visit, "how long before I am

out of this?" You have had a close shave with double pneumonia, Mr. Mills. You ought not to venture out for four

Four weeks!" echoed Mr. Mills "You may know your business, but not your man, doctor. I'm off, either in a Pullman car or an undertaker's casket, within six days. I'll never get my lungs clear in this consarned dry-rotting East of your, I want a breath of air from the mountain top

where the world is new.

"Six days! My dear sir, it will be madness," said the doctor. "You will have to take the consequent "You

"I will." answered Daffy, and he did, to the doctor's dismay. Six days later found him propped up with pillows in the drawing room of a

pillows in the drawing room of a palace car, speeding westward as fast as the Limited Express could fly.
"I have to get away from it all quick," was his mental soliloquy.
"If I should meet the Judge and her together again it might be too much for me. And I've got to stand by her as I swore. I've got to stand by mer as I swore. I've got to stand by Weasel to the death. I ain't ablamin' her. No, I ain't ablamin' her luck was too hard, Lord, Lord!" as the picture of the girl with the roses stood full again before Daffy's thought, "Lord but it took pluck and

Yet sturdy and steadfast as he held himself, it was rather a white faced Mr. Mills that walked in suddenly upon his manager, Jake Jones, at the quarry store, and dropping into the leather chair that had replaced the old stool, announced he was

'Money ain't give out?" asked

"Money and s give Jake, staring.
"No," answered Daffy, "it's piling up and running over, sonny. But this here part of the world is good enough for me, and I've come back to irrigate it with a golden flood. I've come back to make this here Graystone Ridge the toppermost

Graystone Ridge the toppermost notch of this county."
"You've been sick, haven't you?" asked Jake blantly.
"Yes. I've been sick, worse than sick. I've been dotty, loony. than sick. I've been dotty, 100hy.
I've had two doctors blowing gas into me to keep me alive and my veins pumped full of salt water. But I'm here to the good yet, as you'll see when I get to moving. How is business and what is the news?
Anybody dead or buried or married?"
"Yes I'm married," answered Jake,

rather sheepishly.
"You!" exclaimed Mr. Mills, staring. "You! Well, all the fools ain't dead

l about it," answered Jake. as nice a girl as you'll find things of life, in Elinor Kent's name "No fool about it," answered Jake.

in the Ridge."
"Oh, it's Grete Wonn, Fritzie's towheaded sister? I take back all personal remarks, Jake. As a married man your salary doubles from this date. Take your pick from the electro plated stock for a wedding present, and may you be happy Anything else happened of thrilling

"Buck Graeme," said Jake. "But you know all about Buck Graeme. You did the business for him, got

"Is he out?" asked Daffy, eagerly, for Graeme's fate had been lost like most other things in the blur of the last month.

the gulf between us which their pride can never cross. I have come back to my old home and life—to my "Out and dead," answered Jake, briefly. ad!" gasped Daffy.

"Didn't live a week," continued Jake. "Old woman hed been living close to the prison so that she could see him every day. She brought him home to the Road House and thought she could keep him alive there. But it was no good, too far gone, I guess. Died right off. Was buried more than two weeks ago. Folks was pretty nice at the last, chipped in and im a decent burial on his own lot, and stocked up the old woman with wood and groceries. They with wood and groceries. They tried to get her away, but she won't leave the place. Says she stood by her boy in life, and she'll stay by him in death till they lay her beside

in death till they
him."

"Tough," murmured Daffy, under
his breath, "It's been pretty tough
on all of them. And women do turn
into old catamounts when they're
robbed of their young, Jake. So we'll
have to look out for the poor old
have to look out for the poor old
"The girl standing on the thresh-

And with this kindly thought in hold drew a long, quivering breath his mind, Daffy turned his steps that as she heard.

evening toward the Road House. As "Grandmother!" she said, and there was a pitying tenderness in the tone that the Wessel of old had never breathed. "Poor, poor old

yore, fluttered to his shoulder.
"Hallo, old chap!" said Daffy,
stroking the feathered head. "You're
gloom within. stroking the feathered head. You're gloom within.
on the wing still, eh? Come on, then we'll take a look at your old roost And Daffy, turning away, cast a comon the wing still, eh? Come on, then

prehensive glance at house and porch and broken gate, and recalled the pictured walls and stately rooms still fresh in his memory, TO BE CONTINUED

ogether." And walking slowly, for he

harsh caw Rip suddenly fluttered

"Weasel! Lord! I'm seeing things

"Yes," she answered, "it is Weasel

"And—and—and," speech quite

and—and—ane, speech quite failed Daffy. He could only hold the little hand she extended to him and look up into the pale, shadowed face with eyes that mirrored his heart and

"Ah, Daffy, Daffy!" she said, read

and, Daily, Dany! she said, reading those honest eyes, "you know all.
And it is all—all over, Daffy. That wild, mad, wicked dream—that lying life—that—that you saw."

"Weasel, no!" oried Daffy. "I

didn't see nothing. I don't know nothing. I don't—don't ask nothing. Only—only—" and suddenly the tender lies died on his lips, and the

kind face darkened. "If anyone has gone back on you—has driven you

off—has hurt or shamed you, Weasel,

a fierce oath broke from the speak er's lips. "I'll have it out with him

if it was a king on his throne."
"Oh, Daffy! No, dear, good, true

poor, true self, before God and man."
But Daffy still stood with flerce eye

"Oh, Daffy, hush, hush!" she pleaded, "hush and listen to me,

believe me, for I speak the truth at last. I told all—all—by that old

man's deathbed to which you took me that awful night. Told all—how

I could not—I could not be the false, lying thing I had been all these years, any longer. And so—so I broke away from—from it all. I have put

old poverty and sorrow and shame

Ah. I know what you would say

Daffy. I know you would spare me from it all—but that — that cannot

be—that cannot ever be."
"I don't ask it," he said, huskily

for something in her voice, her look, had brought a choking sob into his throat. "I don't ask nothing, Weasel,

but to be your friend, your square, true, honest friend. And—to make

things a bit easy for you—in the dark rough way you've got to walk—

And they went on together through

the gathering shadows in silence. Tears were falling from the gray eyes

to speak. Under the black gloom of

the pine, through the broken gate, up the weed-grown path to the old rotten porch, they passed to the door that stood a little ajar. A sound of

ne knew, and could not trust himself

said Daffy, gasping for

again! It ain't ever Wease

BORROWED FROM THE NIGHT

> BY ANNA C. MINOGUE CHAPTER I

It was a day in April, toward th olose of the afternoon, in the year 1812. A narrow rim of the sun showed against the intense blue, and the light of the declining day glanced across a sea of woodland, vast, still, awe inspiring, then fell upon a log house in the clearing—an island made by the white man. At the door of this human habitation stood. At the door of this human habitation stood a woman, her eyes on the western sky, its glory on her face. That face was no longer young and fair, for life on the frontier had ravaged its youth and beauty, but it wore the race charm that perfect heart happiness bestows. The carmine was missing from the well-out lips, but in its place was a smile which grew more tender as the soft blue eyes lingered on the sky. She was looking into the glass of memory, and instead of the ocean of green surrounding her she saw the "But we'll stand by her, old boy, won't we?" said Daffy, scratching the feathers of the crow, who in the last three years had often been his companion and confident. "You companion and confident. "You and me will never crock her down, if she climbs to the stars. We'll just stand off and keep mum, though—What's the matter?" for with a loud, narsh caw Rip suddenly fluttered from his shoulder and flapped away on broken wing. And Daffy, looking up, startled at his quick flight, stood mute and breathless, indeed. A green surrounding her she saw the broad acres of her father's Virginian plantation, and the white house with woman was coming down the road— a woman whose heavy black garments could not hide the slender grace of its many columned portico. her eyes came from the sky to the great wood the smile faded, and she sighed, but instantly the light expression returned to her countenance as she said, half-aloud, "We her form, a woman with deep shad-ows of pain under her gray eyes, and a mourner's veil falling over the redwill make it more beautiful than even the old home, and I shall be happy here, which I was not there."

It was five years that day since she had stolen from her father's house, grown hateful under the ungentle rule of the woman who "Rip!" she cried, tremulously, as the bird fluttered to its old place in her arms. "Daffy and Rip!"

gentle rule of the woman who had come to reign in her mother's place, come to reign in her mother's place, to meet her young lover, who, with fleet horses, was waiting for her at the orchard gate. After riding for an hour they alighted before the door of the village church. The venerable clergyman, who had known the girl from childhood, was convinced that in choosing the young vinced that in choosing the young Irish land surveyor she had made no nistake; so he married them without nesitation. The newly wedded pair had started for Kentucky and through dangers and difficulties they made their way to Lexington, where the young wife found many old friends and acquaintances, who interested themselves in her future in the new country by securing for her husband a valuable tract of land, on which they helped him to build the humble log house. Then had begun that labor of which we, who are reaping the rich fruits, can form but a faint the rich trutts, can be to the conception. The young surveyor laid aside his chain and compass, and shouldering his axe, went forth alone to conquer that world of trees, while old Daffy, no, no, no. It was I—I—who broke—away. I who could live a lie no longer, Daffy. I who came back to be honest and true—my own the girl wife, whose hardest tasks hitherto had been the embroidering of flowers on silk and velvet, baked the corn pone on the rudely fashioned and lowering brow. "If he that dared call you sweetheart — wife, almost, Weasel, has gone back on you, I'll settle him for it—highly born gentleman that he may be. I'll treat him like the cur and coward he is."

"Oh Dagge hugh, hugh," she ne, washed the linen at the spring, and spun and wove during the long silent hours. Yet they were happy, and when a year later, a bab

came to them, life grew wonderfully rich and full of promise.

In her rude orib in the cabin that baby lay, chasing through slumber-land the butterflies of her waking world of green and sunshine. The flush that had brightened her cheeks an hour before as she crept wearily from play to her mother's arms, had faded, leaving an ivory paleness, which the face at the door also ness ceased, for the curls tossed and place. After three long, lying years I told all, Daffy. And though they were so shocked and hurt and shamed, they would have kept me over the pillow were black, soft and heavy, while the blue-veined lids were folded over eyes as shamed, they would have kept me there in my false place—kept me in pity, compassion — perhaps im—in love. But I would not stay. I would not stay, Daffy. I could not bear it, not even for all they could give. I need, only be silent they said—he said—only silent and hide all. But I could not—I could not be the false.

mingled above it two shades of brown. "She may be wearing the beauty o one of our Spanish ancestors" George Martins had said on one occasional visit to the log house. The mother had laughed at the remark of her husband's cousin, as she playfully counted the centuries that had elapsed since the Spanish Armad was swept from the seas by the Patitish pays and the winds of Heaven British navy and the winds of Heaven and a remnant of its wreck drifted into the friendly port of Galway. But the odd fancy often recurred to her mind. It came now as she stood in the doorway thinking of the beautiful home they would one day build for that child, and she wondered what long dead woman's eyes looked out from her daughter's face. It was then that a figure of a man loome up before her, on the path that led brough the green lawn to the wood. He was young, and tall and straight. A shirt of deer skin hung from the shoulders half-way to the knees; breeches of like material encased his legs; his arms were bare and, with his face, showed a light copper under the sunset light. He was coming to the cabin and spell-bound for a minute by the atrange sight, for the Indian had disappeared from his happy hunting ground, woman stood gazing at Fear roused her and she was tur nd she was turning rear roused her and she was turning quickly to the shelter of her home, when she saw the man stop and fold his arms. She paused, with her hand on the door, her face toward the in-

"I come not to harm the white man's squaw," he called to her across the green, level, strip. His

words reassured her.
"What do you want?" she asked.

"Your pale-face is dead out you-der," he replied, pointing toward the place where she knew her husband was working. "A big tree caught him. Ab! your pale-face will cut down no more of our big trees." His listener suddenly recollected that a short time ago she had heard

that a short time ago she had heard the great woods re-echo to a ter-rific crash, as the giant trunk and branches of one of their ancient com-pany had struck the earth, and that the sound of the axe, which had beaten cheerily on her ears all day,

was not heard again.

"My God! my God!" she cried tossing her arms toward the sky,
"Why did you not send me my death instead of this loss? O my love! my

instead of this loss? O my love: my love!"

She darted down the path, then thought of her child. The Indian had turned and was walking toward the woods with long, swift strides. Suppose he had told her a lie to lure her from the house that he might kidnap the baby. She would take it with her. But as she formed the determination the thought ran through her mind that if this were his intention he could easily accomplish it by tion he could easily accomplish it by waylaying her in the forest. She called after the retreating Indian, and when he paused, asked him to wait for her. She returned to the cabin, closed the door, and when the latch fell into its place, she pushed the leather string through the small aperture. Whoever would enter that cabin now must first break down the strong door, so the baby was safe. She stood for a moment on the step, hoping to hear the sound of the axe, but there was only the unbroken silence of the wilderness. She cried piteously. "Gerald! Gerald!
O Gerald!" but the echo of her words came back with a hollow sound. She clasped her hands, lifted them and her grief-wrung face toward the sky, then sped down the narrow white path to the waiting man, and with him passed into the silence and gloom of the woods.

CHAPTER II Ten minutes later a voice singing lighted, evening silence, at first faint, far-off, then growing clearer, fuller, as the singer neared the opening.

An' for bonnie Annie Laurie I'll lay me doon an' dee."

sang the voice, as the man emerge from the wood and followed the path leading to the cabin. One hand kept the axe in its place on his shoulder, the other hung by his side, clasping a bunch of violets which he had spent a full hour searching the woods to find. The song ended abruptly as the log step before the cabin door showed not the familiar waiting figure, and with a sinking heart Gerald Martins hurried to his home, to find it barred against him.

"Amy," he called, knocking lightly. There was no answer. He re-ceated the name and knocked more loudly. It awoke the child, who, finding herself alone in the dark, began to cry.
"Hush crying, baby! It's father.

Where's mother?"
"I aunno," sobbed the child. "I'm 'fraid, father! It's so dark! Come get me, father, p'ease: p'ease. Come

get baby?
"Nothing's going to harm the baby," replied the father, while his face grew white and his voice husky.
Where was Amy? Had any evil be fallen her? Hush crying, there's a good little girl, and let father in."

He heard the patter of the tiny bare feet and as it ceased at the door, he said :

Get on a chair baby, and pus the string through the hole."

The little maiden obeyed and in less than a minute she was in her father's arms. The room lay in darkness save for the faint glea thrown out by the fire, now dying down into the ashes. The kettle was suspended from the hook in the chimney, the iron oven was on the hearthstone; on the rude table stood ther vessels with the unprepar other vessels with the unfinished food, and the sight of this unfinished supper sent a chill into his heart. He threw a basket of chips on the embers and under their quick bright light he looked a second time around the room; but she was not there. He questioned the child but all she could tell him was that her mother had rocked her to sleep while it was still daytime. He ran out into the yard and called his wife's name until the great forest rang with the re-peated echoes of his words; but here was no answer. He hurried down to the spring that bubbled up at the foot of the oaks, but there wa no trace of her there. He plunged into the woods, shouting, calling, halloing, but there was no replying voice when his ceased. As he was running madly on, scarcely heeding in which direction, he thought of the child. Suppose she had attempted to follow him? With a frantic prayer to God to help him he hastened back to the cabin. The fire he had kindled was pouring out its red light through the open door, and as there came to him none of the expected cries of infantile fear, the cold perspiration broke on his brow His strong young limb grew un-steady and like a man smitten with palsy he crept to the threshold, and sunk on its step from the sudden reactionary emotion as he saw the child sitting on the floor gathering up the violets which had fallen from up the violets which had fallen from his unconscious hand. The kettle was now singing cheerily over the leaping flames, and all that the sight of the room recalled made the man lift his hand to his eyes, while the anguish that was wrenching his heart escaped in a hard dry sob.

"Yes," he returned. He walked across the room to the fire and from his place on the hearthstone said, as the father was lifting the child, ington is in Lexington?"

The tone in which the question was asked was peculiarly insinuating.

He rose and took the mother's shawl from its peg on the wall, intending to start to Lexington to place the child in safety and secure a party to search the wood for his wife. As he turned he saw a man standing in the doorway. There was a second's sur-prised silence, then the newcomer said: "Good evening!" and Gerald Martins recognized his cousin

George.

"I got back to day from New Orleans," explained the visitor, in peculiarly smooth, liquid tones, as he advanced and removed his fashionable hat, "and came out as soon as I could. Your part of my business trip was splendidly successful. Your tobacco brought a good price, and I've contracted with a firm for all you raise this—"

Then it occurred to him there was comething wrong in his cousin's home. He paused abruptly and

glancing around, asked, "Why, where's Amy?"

A second seb tore up from the husband's heart, and he answered in a husky voice: "I don't know. When I came from the field, about half an I came from the field, about half an hour ago, the door was bolted, the string inside. The baby helped me to get in. I found the house as it is now, except that the fire was partly out. All the baby knows is that her mother put her to sleep sometime during the atternoon. George, what can have happened Amy?"

The man addressed had dropped into the rude chair near the door and was staring through the soft fire-

and was staring through the soft fire-light at the grief-whitened face of

I've searched for her at the spring," went on the husband, " and in the wood. I've called so loud I thought they must hear me in Lex ington. There is not a trace of her anywhere.'

anywhere."
"Perhaps she went to Lexington,"
interrupted George Martins, in the
voice of a man whose suspicions
have been aroused, and as he spoke. looked from his cousin to the hat

he held in his hand.
"Why should she go to Lexington at this late hour? You can see she had begun to get supper?" asked the husband, in surprise

"Some one may have sent her an urgent message," suggested his cousin, and his voice was lower.
"She would have left me a note in that case," replied the husband.
"And do you think she would go
without the baby?" he added.
"It is strange that she did not
take the baby with her," remarked

George Martins, reflectively; but the husband did not hear, for he had astened to the bedroom adjoining. A moment later, he emerged from

heir eleeping apartment, saying : Her dresses are here except one she wore to-day, and here are her bonnet and shawl. No, Amy did not go to Lexington. George, what can have befallen her?" He crossed to the door and looked toward the forest, which now rose before him like an insurmountable She never ventured into the wall. woods alone—Great God! an Indian may have carried her off!" He was bounding down the steps when his cousin sprang up and caught his

There are no Indians in these parts," he cried harshly, then sub-duing his voice, he added: "except a few trusted and friendly ones, mostly

half breeds." This certainty of war with the British may have emboldened them to venture back,' cried the distracted nan; but he returned to the cabin, and picking up the shawl began to wrap it around the child, who still sat on the floor absorbed with her

give the alarm, George," cried the father, who was now fully convinced that his wife had been captured by some prowling savage. "Bring the some prowling savage. search party here. I will meet you. Take the baby to Mrs. Halpin's—"

At this juncture, the child sprang to her feet and flinging aside the shawl, cried, "I won't go wif tousin George! I won't! I won't!" and she emphasized the words with flashes from her great dark eyes. Why not?" asked George Martins

with a peculiar smile around his mouth. 'Cause you's a bad man. You frew a stick at my birds. I hate you

Father, p'ease, p'ease don't make me go wif tousin George!" and she flung erself against her father, in a pas sion of screams and tears.
"Say what you will," remarked
George Martins, folding his arms, but there is a spirit in that young one that you and gentle Amy can no more claim than you can claim her eyes and bair. Have a care, my Spanish beauty," he added mocking-ly to the child, who for the moment,

as much bitterness as it doubtless brought your great ancestress!" The father did not heed the remark, if he heard it, but coaxed the child to accompany her cousin. She pleaded against obeying, with piteous finally he desisted.

had ceased her sobs and was looking at him, "that it does not bring you

"I cannot understand her," he said, perplexedly. "She never acted like this in her life."

"There was never an occasion until now," remarked George Martins sententiously.

"I must go to Lexington myself," said the father. "You will wait for said the father. "You will wait for me here, George?"

"Yes," he returned. He walked

What is an Internal Bath?

By R. W. BEAL

have been written describing at length the many kinds of baths civilzed man has indulged in from time to time. Every possible resource of the human mind has been brought into play to fashion new methods of bathing, but, strange as it may seem the most important, as well as the nost beneficial of all baths, the "Internal Bath," has been given little thought. The reason for this is probably due to the fact that few people seem to realize the tremendous part that internal bathing plays in the acquiring and maintaining of health.

If you were to ask a dozen people to define an internal bath, you would have as many different definitions, and the probability is that not one of them would be correct. To avoid any misconception as to what constitutes an internal bath, let it be said that a hot water enema is no more an internal bath than a bill of fare is a dinner

If it were possible and agreeable to take the great mass of thinking people to witness an average post mortem, the sights they would see and the things they would learn would prove of such lasting benefit and impress them so profoundly that further argument in favor of internal bathing would be unnecessary to convince them. Unfortunately, however, it is not possible to do this profitable as such an experience would doubtless prove to be. There is, then, only one other way to get this information into their hands. and that is by acquainting them with such knowledge as will enable them to appreciate the value of this

Few people realize what a very little thing is necessary sometimes to improve their physical condition. Also, they have almost no conception of how little carelessness, indifference or neglect can be the fundamental cause of the most virulent disease. For instance, that universal disorder from which almost all humanity is suffering known as constipation," "auto-intoxication," auto infection," and a multitude of other terms, is not only curable, but preventable, through the consistent practise of internal bathing.

How many people realize that nor mal functioning of the bowels and a clean intestinal tract make it impossible to become sick? "Man of to-day is only fifty per cent efficient." Reduced to simple English, this means that most men are trying t do a man's portion of work on half man's power. This applies equally

to do this indefinitely must be apparent to all. Nature never intended the delicate human organism to be operated on a hundred per cent. overload. A machine could not stand this and not break down, and the body certainly cannot do more than a machine. There is certainly too much unnecessary and avoidable sickness in the world.

How many people can you no including yourself, who are physically vigorous, healthy and strong. The number is appallingly small.

They struck his listener's ears as

such, even in that hour of anguish. St. John Worthington had been

Gerald Martine' rival for the hand of

Amy Howard, but one night the young Virginian had ridden in wound-

ed pride and anger from the white

house because the love he would have died to win had been bestowed

upon a poor Irish surveyor, employed

"He may have been the bearer of

some news, some message from Old Virginia," went on George Martins,
" and Amy may be here before you

when you come back with your search party."

The voice had gone back to its

liquid smoothness which veiled the meaning of the words. If hint or

caution, or both, lay below them, the husband could not determine; but he felt a sudden, inexplicable revulsion

as he listened, such as he would have

experienced if a snake had dragged its slimy length across his flesh. He clasped the child closer to his breast

and without a word quitted the cabin. Half an hour's walk brought

groups of men ceased their discussions, and waited in breatbless ex-

pectation for the words this unex-pected visitor had to speak.

by the country to mark out the line of a projected roadway.

Much has been said and volumes | It is not a complex matter to keep in condition, but it takes a little time, and in these strenuous days people have time to do everything else necessary for the attainment of happiness but the most essential thing of all, that of giving their bodies their proper care.

> Would you believe that five to ten minutes of time devoted to system atic internal bathing can make you healthy and maintain your physical efficiency indefinitely? Granting that such a simple procedure as this will do what is claimed for it, is it not worth while to learn more about that which will accomplish this end? Internal Bathing will do this, and it will do it for people of all ages and in all conditions of health and dis-

People don't seem to realize, strange to say, how important it is to keen the hody free from accumulated body-waste (poisons). Their doing so would prevent the absorption into the blood of the poisonous excretions of the body, and health would be the inevitable result.

If you would keep your blood pure, your heart normal, your eyes clear, your complexion clean, your mind keen, your blood pressure normal. your nerves relaxed, and be able to enjoy the vigor of youth in your declining years, practise internal bath-ing, and begin to-day.

Now that your attention has been called to the importance of internal bathing, it may be that a number of questions will suggest themselves to your mind. You will probably want to know WHAT an Internal Bath is, WHY people should take them, and the WAY to take them. These and them to appreciate the value of this countless other questions are all anlong sought for health producing swered in a booklet entitled "THE WHAT, THE WHY and THE WAY OF INTERNAL BATHING," written by Doctor Chas. A. Tyrrell, the inven-tor of the "J. B. L. Cascade," whose lifelong study and research along this line make him the pre-eminent authority on this subject. Not only has internal bathing saved and prolonged Dr. Tyrrell's own life, but the lives of multitudes of individuals have been equally spared and pro-longed. No other book has ever been written containing such a vast amount of practical information to the business man, the worker and the housewife. All that is necessary to secure this book is to write to Dr. Tyrrell at Room 455, 280 street, Toronto, and mention having read this article in the CATHOLIC RECORD, and same will be immediately mailed to you free of all cost

Perhaps you realize now, more than ever, the truth of these state-ments, and if the reading of this article will result in a proper appreciation on your part of the value of internal bathing, it will have served its purpose. What you will want to do now is to avail yourself of the this book will give you that information. Do not put off doing this, but send for the book now, while the matter is fresh in your mind.

"Progrestination is the thief of time." A thief is one who steals something. Don't allow procrastin-ation to cheat you out of your opportunity to get this valuable informa-tion, which is free for the asking. If you would be natural, be healthy. It is unnatural to be sick. Why be unnatural when it is such a simple thing to be well?

"Gentlemen." he said, "I need your assistance !" and briefly he reated his sad loss. Before any other of that assembly could offer help, a young man stepped forward and with hand extended, stood in front of the bereaved husband.

"While I live, Gerald Martins, have a friend to aid you!" he cr and Gerald Martins looked into face of St. John Worthington wrung the outstretched hand. sleeping child was given to the win of the hotel-keeper, while a hastily collected band of men, well-armed and carrying lanterns, with the father to the little log house standing in the heart of the wooded country. An expression, too fleeting to be defined, crossed the dark, handsome and refined face of George Martins, as rising from his chair t fore the fire, he saw St. John Worthfore the fire, he saw St. John worth-ington enter with his cousin. After a few arrangements had been made the party left the cabin, separated, and went toward the forest in differ-ent directions. All that night they wandered through the vast woods and when morning broke they returned him to the village of Lexington, and still carrying his little girl, now fast asleep, he went direct to the principal had been found. A number of retavern. When the light fell on his face as he entered the room the nouse and after breakfast, which had been prepared and sent to them by the tavern-keeper's wife, a new and larger search party was formed. Among the late comers was an old trapper. He knew that forest as the others knew the streets of their town and it could hide no secret from his keen eyes. He stood apart from the company, leaning on his gun, his gaze sweeping the sky. Suddenly his hands fell from his weapon and the eyes fixed on one point of the blue yealt wore a look of anxiety or fear. For a moment he stood thus, then his glance came down to the young husband, and his eyes were now soft as a woman's. He again looked up as a woman's. He again looked up and several who were near him did likewise. They saw nothing at first but the cloudless sky; then they began to distinguish the faint outline of a moving object—some ambitious bird, perchance, that had mounted high to sing his song; and they brought back their looks, with their thoughts, to earth. But the trapper continued to gaze upward, sadness deepening on his countenance. After awhile he went to Gerald Martins and touching him on the shoulder, silently pointed a long, gaunt arm toward the cloudless heaven. Gerald Martias looked up and saw, circling lower, lower, lower, through the lower, lower, through the opalescent morning sky, a pair of broad black wings, a head from which protruded a crooked, flerce beak—and he fell on his face. Ah! the instinct of the bird of prey had succeeded where the effort of love had failed. St. John Wortbington went to the prostrate figure and gently as a brother would have done, assisted the smitten man to his feet. The trapper, with one more look at the bird, now poised low over the tree-tops, started for the woods, and in silence the others followed. For a short distance they went straight forward, under the whispering, wet boughs; then their leader turned toward the south, and a little later brought them to a sycamore, whose bole transformed the tree into a tent. The trapper and two other men ran forward, and found, as they first had expected, the dead body of the woman they sought.
Tenderly they bore her from this
natural lodge and laid her on the
ground, as the husband, with his
other friends, approached. With uncovered heads and saddened faces
the little group stood cover. the little group stood apart, while Gerald Martins bowed in uncontrollable sorrow above the form of his George Martins had not been separ

ated from St. John Worthington during the night's search, and they had walked together as the trapper led the way to the sycamore. The eyes of both saw a small dark object fall from the fold of her dress, as the dead woman was carried from the tree. It lay on the ground now befree. It lay on the ground now before them, a purse of alligator skin,
ornamented with pearls which
gleamed and glowed from their blooddyed background. When at length
the husband lifted his face from the
dead, the men went forward to offer their sympathy; but two hung back, St. John Worthington and George Martins. The former moved toward the place where the purse lay, stooped and picked it up. As he was slipping it into his breast pocket he glanced around, and started to meet the eyes of George Martins fixed on him with an expression he

could not fathom.

The examination of the body showed a cruel knife wound above the heart, the thumb and index finger of the right hand clutched a gold hoop, seeing which the men muttered, in horrified tones, "Indians!"

TO BE CONTINUED

A STATE UNIVERSITY

THE CATHOLIC DEPARTMENT OF SUCH

Dr. Richard E. Delaney, of Edmonton, who spent last summer in San Francisco doing post-graduate work in medicine, sends us this article which touches on educational problems which everywhere more or less insistently demand solution. One solution as seen in its concrete working by a thoughtful post-gradu. ate Catholic student cannot fail to throw light on similar problems else-

As the New England States are famous the world over for progressive and modern seats of learning no doubt there are many people in the East who would be glad to learn something about one such institution on the other side of the continent, and particularly of the Golden

To begin with few people in the East seem to know that the largest undergraduate university and one of the most thoroughly equipped in all the two Americas is now the University

of California Located at Berkley, which is across the bay from the city of San Francisco it probably enjoys one of the most luxurious climates in the world the whole year round. Such a thing as a know but what the name of Father complaint of heat during the hot Woodman, one of the chaplains, is well the of summer elsewhere is never heard of here, and to see a woman using a fan in church or theatre or at evening entertainments would be a curiosity in this part of the coun-Strange to say, during the month of July, furs are more common here than fans. And what a sight it would be to one accustomed to the winters of the East who would visit here during that season and see such luxuries of flowers, green lawns and wide spreading palm trees every

It is about the Catholic department of this modern seat of learning, then, I wish to offer this sketch to the Pilot. The Catholic Church in the far west, like anywhere else in

he world, is ever watchful for the protection of her children in the true Faith. And the new Catholic spartment of this State university which (department) was founded only some seven years ago, is a splendid illustration of that fact. While located at the university grounds it must be understood that this institution is not a part of the university as far as receiving state support. Its work is carried on entirely through the generosity of His Grace Archbishop Riordan of San Francisco and other friends.

When as many as seven hundred Catholios, including men and women, out of seven thousand students, representing almost every part of the lobe, attend this university during the scholastic year, and as many as three thousand men and women, in-cluding eighteen nuns, took advanage of her summer school which has just closed, then I say, some idea may be formed as to what this institution means for the future of the

To help one to realize the ideal of this Catholic department, not only in this but in nine or ten American State Universities to day, I will quote or the two chaplains at Berkley.

"Judging from the number of Catholic students in those universities, for which we have atteined.

ties, for which we have sta it is probable that there are at the present time more than twenty thousand Catholic students attending the large non - sectarian universities in this country. Year by year those students are graduating and taking prominent places in the social, political and industrial world. They become doctors, lawyers, editors, eachers, mining or mechanical engineers; experts in one or other of gineers; experts in one or other of the many modern industries. Often-times they attain distinguished leadership in their chosen work. Unfortunately it too often happens that while absorbed in the prepara-tion for their particular profession, they neglect their study, and in some cases, the practice of their religion. Receiving little spiritual instruction they depend almost entirely on the knowledge of Christian doctrine, which they acquired in childhood This knowledge proves inadequate to the needs of mature professional life, and in some instances, the Church has to witness the unwelcome spec-tacle of her children, though leaders in their particular field of labor, be-coming unfaithful to their religious duties.

To offset this danger, then, is the ideal of the Archbishop of San Francisco, and of Bishop Hannah, and others of the clergy and laity who have been most generous in the founding of this new Catholic institution.

Although not having special chapels, nor libraries, nor lecture hall nor Catholic lectures like the Newman Hallat Berkley, itis gratifying to learn there are Catholic student societies connected with 79 secular colleges in the United States and Canada. A list of them has already appeared in the Pilot of Boston, Mass. Of these 79 Catholic student organization it is interesting to note that 28 of them are called Newman club.

As a loving memory of one who As a loving memory of one who did so much for the cause of letters, philosophy, and Christianity, and whose searchings for the True Faith are being copied to day by so many non-Catholics every year at this State university, it is most fitting indeed that the new edifice of this young department at Berkley should be called after Cardinal Newman, namely Newman Hall. And to keep up with this most appropriate name on the university grounds nothing could be more English gothic in can fathers. rchitecture than this group of build rooms. Not only is the appropriate upholstery and furniture in the lib rary and reception rooms and also the large fire places on main floor and basement English in tone, but as I watched the audience on Sunday I ought I saw more types of English faces than I ever before witnessed assembled together. Perhaps the good number of non-Catholics who attend High Mass and sermon every Sunday in Newman Hall is an ex-planation of these English faces or call them native Americans if you

From the good influences and reigious instructions of this institution many of the non Catholic students of the university become converts every year.

And this brings me to the point of explaining why so many non Catho lies to day attend divine service in prominent Catholic churches through. out America. The Church in her wisdom is very searching in her choice of scholars and theologians for the position of chaplain most anywhere. And the two chaplains in charge of Newman Hall at Berkley are no exception to this rule. I don known to the readers of this paper as he formerly belonged to the Catholic University of America at Washington, D. C. His name and style in full is; Rev. Clarence E. Woodman. C. S. P., Ph. D., Sc. D., Litt. D., and resident lecturer. As you cannot help but notice it, Father Woodman not only belongs to the Paulist Order, famous for scholarship, theology, and for bringing searchers after truth to the Catholic Church, but his accomplishments are such as to guarantes his splendid fitness for the

another Catholic Chaplain who used to be connected with this same State university. A most interesting and venerable priest who did much for Newman Hall and the university in general, both intellectually and re-ligiously, previous to the coming of Father Woodman, is the Rev. George M. Searl, C. S. P., former Superior General of the Paulist Fathers, an General of the Paulist Fathers, an astronomer of international reputation and the author of many works on mathematics and religion. It is this popular priest's sermon, on the "Unknown God," I am offering this paper for publication under a separate heading. The writer had the pleasure of being present on that occasion. The readers of the Record will find it a pare intellectual treat occasion. The readers of the RECORD will find it a rare intellectual treat and a good example of sound and convincing reasoning. This is one explanation again for the existence of Newman Hall. What helped to make that sermon doubly eloquent was not so much the venerable priest's manner of delivery, but the great esteem in which everybody present held this great scholar, who is still active at the good old age of seventy-five the good old age of seventy-five

vears The influence of such priests in a large secular university like this is greater than is commonly under-stood. The following letter on this point of fact from President Wheeler of the University, who is himself a non-Catholic, will speak for itself. It was addressed to Father O'Neill,

'Newman Hall, has proved a veri table shelter and home for the student of the University of California, who has been fortunate enough to enjoy its privileges. I count it as a distinct addition to the resources of the university. It means first of all social opportunity, that is, an opportunity for students to meet each other under clean and kindly auspices and in groups of manageable size. In an institution as large as the University of Califor-nia there is always the fear that many students may find no real and Social opportunities. Newman Hall has furthermore provided much needed religious opportunities. The university cannot do this though it recognizes keenly and fully the need in this direction. It can only recognize with thankfulness the provision which the different religious bodies of the State are able to make for the students of their own household of Faith. Such observation as I have made leaves with me the strong impression that Newman Hall has been most efficiently conducted as regards the purpose it has in mind and that it constitutes a distinct benefit to the students of the university and to its

social and moral life."

Due to the influence of such priests as I have mentioned not only is Newman Hall respected by all the non-Catholic products of the control of the fessors of the university but they give it their attendance and moral support. And they are glad to have the use of Newman Hall library to consult Catholic authorities on religconsult Catholic authorities of Felig-ion, history, philosophy, and similar subjects, as they frequently do. Re-cently a publication detrimental to Catholic faith, and containing uncalled for bigotry, was found circulat ing in the library of the university. No sooner was this fact brought to the attention of the proper author-ities than this book was immediately destroyed. Such a thing as anti-Catholic spirit will not be tolerated for a moment by the authorities of this State university.

This is certainly in keeping with the tradition of this State. Long before the thirteen colonies were united in the present United States the true faith of Christ had been established in California by the Spanish Francis-

Recently a non-Catholic student of the university who had been attend ing divine service in Newman Hall was dying in a remote part of California. In the absence of a priest he had his nurse baptise him, and he died in the Catholic faith. As a result of that his little brother recently offered to receive instructions in Catholic doctrine. "These are a few instances of many," said one of the chaplains to the writer.

The library of Newman Hall now contains 3,000 volumes. Complete author and title card catalogue have been made for this library. In adlition to the volumes mentioned 69 standard periodicals have been on file in the reading room. They are trying to have the library increased to 10,000 volumes.

Besides attending to the spiritual need of the university, these Catho lic Fathers assist the students in selecting their courses of study, in securing suitable boarding places and for those who desire, in obtain ing profitable employment. Upward of 1,500 students, partly through this bureau, earn their way through college during the session.

An attempt is also made in the office to keep an accurate record of the addresses of all Catholic former students as well as those in the university at present. This is accomplished by a system of alphabetical card catalogue. It entails a good deal of labor, but once done the chaplains can answer questions of reference among so many students in the quickest possible way. The office serves also as a bureau of information on Catholic questions.

Although the social advantages offered by Newman Hall are many, the intellectual and spiritual privi-leges enjoyed by the students connected with itare far greater. Every important position he fills at this State university.

The writer has particular reasons, as you will see farther on, for mentioning a few of the qualifications of sermon preached at each. Every important position he fills at this important position in the year Holy Mass is Catholic religion to degenerate into Catholic religion to degenerate

Sunday afternoon there is Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament.

About once a month throughout the year the students, with the as-sistance of professional friends, pre-sent a musical or reading or a character sketch from some standard author. Twice each month the women members hold informal aftermoon teas, and once or twice each month the men hold a smoker at which some member of the faculty which some member of the radulty usually address them. At some of the larger functions, such for example as the reception given to President Wheeler and Archbishop Riordan, there have been present

guests.

Probably the most important gathering of the year takes place on the morning of Low Sunday when the members of the club receive Holy Communion in a body, and take breakfast in the club room. An edifying tradition and custom of former Catholic graduates and others is to unite on this religious occasion every year, some of them travelling long distances to meet again and to

receive Holy Communion together.

There are at present 574 members in the club; 266 men, 313 women; and a systematic effort is made to have all Catholic students in the university. sity take advantage of the opportunities offered by the club. There more women than men at the summer school by three to one, which counts for the above figures in the

Some of the students have already graduated from Catholic colleges, and are pursuing courses that are given the tuition is free. . Catholic women students have an additional reason for attending the State universities in the fact that there are but few Catholic colleges open to them that afford the same opportunities. It is certainly a pleasant sight to see so much wholesome activity in the cause of higher and professional education and technical training as is taking place on the beautiful grounds of this university winter and summer.

The ground floor of Newman Hall is devoted to a reception room with vestibule, a large library and reading room tastefully and priately appointed with quiet alcoves for undisturbed study, and a private

reading room for women members.

The principal room in the building is devoted to the chapel and auditor-ium. The room on the second floor is most artistically furnished and has a seating capacity for about 450 people. Although no students live in the hall, there is provided a small kitchen in which they may prepare for themselves teas and light lunch. eons. This convenience, as well as the piano and open fire place, contribute to make the hall attractive and home-like. The basement is chiefly taken up by a large recreation room.
This room contains bowling alleys, billiards, pool and chess tables. It possesses also an open fire place, imilar to those on the floor above Several series of public lectures are offered in the auditorium at different times. These lectures are given by men eminent in the diferent department of learning and are attended not only by members of the club but by the university public

generally." generally."

The people of the East who read this, when coming to the Panama Fair during 1915, would do well to visit the University of California. Besides the mechanics' hall, the Hearst Institution of Technology and agricultural building, you would see one of the most magnificent college ibraries in the world. This building alone has cost so far some \$800, 000, and when fully equipped some \$1,500,000 will be spent on it. Up. been invested in college buildings, in laboratories and in beautifying the

Geraniums here grow so profusely outdoor winter and summer that the sidewalks and gardens everywhere are a panorama of flowers as gated colors. The university has also the first and only open air the atre in America. It is entirely sur-rounded by tall encalyptus trees which make a magnificent back-ground. With hundreds of electric lights strung from tree to tree, its illuminating effect in juxtaposition with the green leaves over head at night is indeed beautiful. The auditorium is built of solid concrete on the side of a slope beneath the trees, and has a seating capacity for 8,000

In conclusion when all is considered the University of California in points of equipments, in the beauty of its location and splendid park-like surroundings at the foot of high hills, can well compare with the best seats of learning in the East; it is all the more pleasing to find that Catholic effort both intellectual and spiritual is so worthily and effectively made to safeguard and extend the knowledge and practice of our holy re-ligion.

REBUKING BIGOTRY

The "good Quaker poet" Whittier s probably not so familiar to present-day Americans as he was to their fathers and grandfathers; but he left in both his poems and his prose messages as pertinent and timely to day as in era of abolition-ism or that of the Know Nothing party. Here is one of them:

"Many people in this country have allowed their disapprobation of the Catholic religion to degenerate into

lies for relief from grievous disabili-ties and unjust distinctions as ties and unjust distinctions as a struggle merely for supremacy or power. In our country, it would be well for us to remember that at the very time when in New England the Catholic, the Quaker, and the Baptist were banished on pain of death and where some area suffered that and where some even suffered that dreadful penalty, in Catholic Mary-land, under the Catholic Lord Baltimore, perfect liberty of conscience was established, and Papist and Protestant went quietly through the same streets to their respective altars."—St. Paul Bulletin.

> THE SIGN OF THE CROSS

An errand boy stepped out of a doorway just as a violent storm broke with a terrific roll of thunder, and a flash of lightning that lit up the street in the evening dusk. The boy shifted his basket to his left arm and looking up at the sky, made the sign of the cross, then went on his way whistling. The act was a pro-fession of faith not often seen in our city streets-more's the pity. An American woman, a Protestant, returning from Europe with her hus-band, told with admiration of Mon-signor Benson's unfailing habit of making the sign of the cross when he came to the table. He travelled on the same ship with these tourists, on his trip to America, and they dined at the same table. guests noted the daily performance of this act of belief, and were deeply edified by it. "My husband said that some of the gentlemen, when " My husband said they got a chance in the smoking-room, put many questions about religion to Father Benson," she re-lated, "but they always came away laughingly acknowledging that the Father got the best of them."

There was a time when the sign of the cross was frequently and freely made in public. A man in the thir-ties recalled the practise of his boyhood to make the sign of the cross at every undertaking. "We made it every undertaking. "We made it when we had an examination paper, and we made it when we started a sport, such as jumping from a height into the sea. The wildest one among us never forgot to bless himself be-fore taking the jump," he added. "I often think our faith saved us

nany a mishap."
"I never remember my father leaving the house in the morning without making the sign of the cross as he tepped out," said a listener, my mother taught us to make it when we were setting off to school."

The late Rev. Matthew Russell,
S. J., in one of his "Pigeon hole

Paragraphs" recorded the practise of Daniel O'Connell at public dinners and public breakfasts—then in vogue and public breakfastsfor political and charitable purpose to make "a huge sign of the cross" in saying grace. In the Notre Dame Cathedral Father Ravignan began a sermon by making the sign of the cross so devoutedly that a person in the audience re-marked "He has preached already." Father Russell commented as follows

on this beautiful practise: Happy they be who try to make the sign of the cross piously every time. Do people say anywhere but in Ireland, when they bid children sign themselves with the cross: "Bless yourself." Pius IX. granted an Indulgence of fifty days as often as we make the sign of the cross, a hundred days if we do this with holy water, but each time we must repeat the words: "In the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost." The readers of this paragraph will, if they are wise, determine to make the sign of the cross often, and always with faith and piety. Father Schouppe says it is at once s

of faith. It is strange that even heresy could be so perverse as to let this become exclusively Catholic, seeing the place it holds in Christian tradition and literature. St. Jerome counselled Eustachius at every act to make the sign of the Cross, and Tertullian was even more minute in his instruction.
"Coming in and going out, putting

on our clothes, putting on our shoes, washing, sitting down to meals, what ever social duty engages us we make the sign of the cross on our fore-Let us not forget to make the sac

red sign, and place ourselves under the protection of the cross.—Sacred Heart Review. A DUTY OF CATHOLICS

Religion is unquestionably the

strongest and the most vital of all

the powers operating in our world, says the Bombay Examiner; and it may be questioned whether, since the foundation of Christianity, religious activity was ever greater than it is at present. It is manifested in a thousand ways, and opportunities for its exercise are continually in creasing. The cries, what is truth? and where is truth to be found? are heard everywhere outside the pale of the Church. Thousands are groping after a firm and sure creeding everywhere but in the right place for the lost groat of faith. Now as everybody in these days reads and wants to read, it is easy to see how much may be affected by disseminating printed matter calculated to dissipate the prejudices or dispel the ignorance of Protestants in regard to the doctrines of the one true Church. Whatever can be done by zeal and charity, enlightened and guided by discretion, should be done by every Catholic individual in the by every Camone individual in the great cause of the conversion of souls. We are in duty bound to pray for, edify, and instruct our non-Catholic brethren. NOTES

Abbe Feval, cure of Vendre, sergeant in the Eighty first Territorials, seeing that one of his parishioners was being sent to the front, leaving his five children in danger of hunger, took pity on the poor father. Abbe—or rather Sergeant—Feval volunteered to take the good man's place, and accordingly he has already gone to the battlefield.

A cantain stood threatening of

A captain stood threatening s parish priest with death on suspicion of having made signals to the enemy. But the battlefield was nigh, and when a shell came it spared the priest and killed the aggressor. And as the captain fell to the ground the priest gave him absolution. Habit, pure force of habit, he explained

Beautiful Rosary Complete with Orucifix



each, we will give you one of these be absolutely free.

Our Pictures are all reproductions of Famous Paintings and sell regularly in Art Stores at 50 cents each, so that at our wholesale price of 15 cents, you can sell the entire lot in an hour. Order today. When pictures are sold, remit us the amount of your sales \$1.80, and your Rosary will be sent you by return mail. Address:

COLOMAL ART CO., Besk R2., Terente, Ont.

J. J. M. Landy Everything in Catholic Church Supplies

Special Sale of Vestments 405 YONGE ST.

Long Distance Phones
Main 6555 and 5499
Toronto, Ont.

"POULTRY AND LIVESTOCK" FREE WE WILL GIVE FREE TO ANY one of our 80 repron interested in stock or poultry, one of our 80 reger literated books on how to feed, how to build hen houses; tells the common disease of poultry and stock with remedies for same; tells how to cure roup in four days; tells all about our Reyayl Purple Stock and Poultry foods and remedies. Write W. A. Jenkins, Mfg. Co., London, Canada."

CATHOLIC **Home Annual** 1915

Should be in Every Catholic Home

Contains a calendar of the Feasts and Fasts, a splendid picture of His Holiness Pope Benedict XV., and the following excellent articles and Short Stories by the

Pope Benedict XV. Our Lady of August. Lourdes, with illustrations. Brother Jocelyn.
Pope Pius X. A sketch of his life. Pope Pius X. A sketch of his his.

A Mother's Wooing.
How the Pope is Elected.
A complete list of the Popes.
Marcella Blake's European Trip.
Manresa, the Cradle of the Society
of Jesus.
The Beg ar in the Corner.
Le Moyne Therville.

Le Moyne l'Iberville. Terry's Vocation. St. Rita of Cascia. Notable Events of Year 1918-14.

PRICE 25C. POSTPAID The Catholic Record LONDON, CANADA

O. M. B. A. Branch No. 4, London Meets on the 2nd and 4th Thursday of every mont at eight o'clock, at their Rooms, St. Peter's Paris Hall, Richmond Street. P. H. Ranahan, President.

A BOOK BY "COLUMBA"

"At the Gate of the Temple"

"People's" Book of Irish and Catholic Poems by "Columba" (Rev. D. A. Casey.) AN IDEAL GIFT BOOK. Bound in cloth with portrait.

POST FREE, \$1.00, from The Catholic Record, London, Ont. W. E. BLAKE, 123 Church St., Torente, Ont. or The Author, Bracebridge, Ont.

Solid Gold Plated Beautiful Rosary



Complete with satin-lined box, in
Amethyst, Emerald
Topaz, or Ruby, 16
inches long, open
link chain. This is
not to be confused
with the ordinary
Rosary advertised,
but is a beautiful
Rosary, suitable for
Christmas Gifts or
for personal nas

Price \$1.00, Post Free Cash to Accompany Order

W. E. Blake & Son, Ltd. 123 Church St. Toronto

AUTOMOBILES, LIVERY, GARAGE

R. HUESTON & SONS Livery and Garage. Open Day and Night.
479 to 483 Richmond St.
Phone 423

St.
Phone 441

THE ONTARIO LOAN & DEBENTURE CO'Y Capital Paid Up. \$1.750,000. Reserve \$1.450,000 Deposits received, Debentures issued, Real Estate Loans made. John McClary, Pres.; A. M. Smart, Mgr. Offices: Dundas St., Cor. Market Lane, London.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS

FOY, KNOX & MONAHA Hon. J. J. Poy, K.C. A. E. Knox. T. Louis Monah B. L. Middleton George Keogh Cable Address: "Foy" Telephones Main 794 Main 798 Offices: Continental Life Building
CORNER BAY AND RICHMOND STREETS
TORONTO

TOHN T. LOFTUS, BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, NOTARY, ETC., 712 TEMPLE BUILDING

TORONTO P. J. O'GORMAN ARCHITECT

FRANK J. FOLEY, L.L.B. BARRISTER, SOLICITOR
The Kent Building
Corner Yonge and Richmond Streets
TORONTO, ONT,

Loretto Ladies' Business College 385 Brunswick Ave., Toronto

MUSIC STUDIO ATTACHED

ST. JEROME'S COLLEGE Founded 1864 BERLIN, ONTARIO

Excellent Business College Department. Excellent High School or Academic Department. Excellent College and Philosophical Department.

REV. A. L. ZINGER, C.R., Ph.D., PRIS

Funeral Directors

C. A. CONNORS Undertaker

505 Yonge Street, Toronto Phone - North 1680

John Ferguson & Sons 180 King Street Leading Undertakers and Emba Telephone-House 373 Factory-543

E. C Killingsworth **Funeral Director** Open Day and Night 491 Richmond St. Phone 3971

THE MARVEL OF THE AGE LUMINOUS CRUCIFIX



This Crucifix is indeed a beautiful and strangely marvelous work of art.

By means of a wonderful and secret preparation, the body of this figure is made to absorb the rays of light during the day and at night these rays will shine forth a brilliant light showing the Christ Figure in almost startling relief continuously throut the darkest night. The darker the room, the better the result. The luminous effect is everlasting. When darkness first comes on, the light is blue at first, and gradually changes to a bright ivory light. This wonderful Crucifix is especially useful and comforting in a sick room. One can imagine the company and soothing effect to a sick person lying restless in the darkness of the night.

This Crucifix makes an ideal gift for Christmas, Easter, company and soothing effect to a sick person lying resuless in the darkness of the night.

This Crucifix makes an ideal gift for Christmas, Easter, Thanksgiving, Birthdays, or any special occasion. This Cruifix has been highly praised by Clergymen, Schools, Convents and Hospitals through the world. The size of the Cross is 144 inches high by 8 inches wide and is made of a fine grain chonized wood, producing a beautiful smooth black effect. The Body four Lord is made of unbreakable material richly finished in imitation of fine marble.

We recommend these beautiful Crucifixes which were made to sell at \$5.00 each. Cheap at offering them now at \$3.00 each. We will send them securely packed—postpaid to any place in Canada. This is a real bargain and we know the wonderful Luminous Crucifix will delight you.

WRITE US a Postcard TO-DAY and sak for OUR SPECIAL OFFER TO AGENTS COLONIAL ART CO. DESK R.O., TORONTO, Ont.

The Catholic Record

Price of Subscription—\$1.50 per annu United States & Europe \$2.00 ditors { Rev. James T. Foley, B. A. Thomas Coffey, LL.D. Editors {Rev. D. A. Casey.

LONDON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 9, 1915

LIFE INSURANCE IV THE PREMIUM

In reading the history of mortality tables one can not fail to be struck with the slow progress made through out the ages, as well as with the inaccuracy of the results of intelligent effort. Two explanations will suggest themselves. In the first place, life insurance is quite a modern institution so that it is not surprising in the absence of a great impelling motive that our forefathers should fail to ascertain facts and principles which were of comparatively little importance to them. And some at least in our day will unhesitatingly attribute their failure to the general ignorance prevailing before our en lightened age. Both explanations are, however, entirely inadequate baseless and misleading. A fact unfortunately, which would no pre vent their ready acceptance by the average man of our day suffering as he does from the prevailing superficial knowledge with its attendant ill-informed or mis-informed self-

As a matter of fact the intelligent management of the discount and sale of life annuities requires precisely the same knowledge as is required for the intelligent accumulation and management of the life insurance fund. And Governments, three hundred years ago as well as to-day, were keenly interested in this form of finance. The motive was there then as now. Moreover Sir Isaac Newton and Edmond Halley are names mentioned with grateful and reverent respect by the greatest scientists of the present time. Though actuarial science now has in its service many of the keenest minds in the world it is doubtful if a single one is as competent as Edmond Halley who, two hundred years ago, published the first mortality table mpiled on a scientific basis. Nevertheless Halley's table, as we have seen, was grossly inaccurate. Why? For the simple reason, as shown in our last article, that the were wholly inadequate. Just try to realize the fact that in all England no record was kept of the age at which people died. In his diligent and conscientious effort to collect the necessary data he had to get the registers of Breslau-the War will have extended everyone's geograph. ical knowledge to this city to dayand instead of the accurate census information so easily accessible now he had to estimate as best he could the population.

All this enables us to realize the stupendous distance that separates Halley's age from our own in which accurate vital statistics are available for the whole civilized world. We may now know exactly the death rate for any country, for any city, for any district, and for any period of time. We insist on this because it is of vital importance if we would grasp the significance of mortality tables. We can calculate with marvellous accuracy the number of deaths that will occur under normal conditions in any country or city, or district, five years hence, twenty years hence.

But there is another step to be taken. Every one is not insured. Every one is not insurable. Only such as pass satisfactorily a medical examination can be insured. If such examination reveal any of safety. thing in the applicant's physical condition, or habits, or family history he is either rejected altogether or is obliged to accept insurance on con- for life insurance, a premium which ditions which make the amount he has to pay and the amount payable to him or his heirs commensurate with the risk. Evidently the death rate of insured persons will differ from that of the whole community. able

And hence we have mortality tables for insured risks. Millions are insured. The statistics of the various companies doing business for fifty or sixty years past are kept with abso curacy. On these the mor tality tables used by insurance com panies are based. Men keen and com petent have studied the data thus supplied and we have as a result what is called actuarial science. In the strict sense of the word it is properly called a science, for these men know precisely how many deaths have occurred in a thousand insured persons of any age. They know no nore than anyone else when any particular person insured or uninsured will die. But they can fore ast the general death rate with scientific accuracy. They can, there-fore, determine the number of death claims which an insurance company will be called on to pay in any and every year.

Now let us get back for a moment to the central, essential and constituent factor of insurance - the common fund.

Let us take an example. acilitate clear thinking we shall discard all non-essential details.

Farmers suffer occasionally from fire. Let us supposed that, impressed with the hardship and loss sustained by certain victims of this calamity, a thousand farmers agree to distribute the burden amongst them. Farmers are much more intelligent, business-like and clearthinking than some people give them credit for being. So we shall assume that they agree to create a common fund from which unfortunate sufferers will be reimbursed in case of fire. They agree to pay \$5 each into this fund. The first year there is no fire; there are \$5,000 in bank Next year a member is paid \$1,000 for the loss of a barn, another \$1,500 for a burned house. They have now \$7.500 in the fund not counting interest. Let us assume that the fund grows, that the surplus is invested in farm mortgages at five or six per cent, instead of resting in the bank at three per cent. It reaches \$100,000. That fund assures these farmers against loss by fire. That fund is fire insurance. Properly managed, the amount paid in may be reduced may even cease in time altogether. The invested fund remains grows perhaps, the interest more than paying the fire claims. It may even pay a dividend to the farmers who created it. It is entirely their business, but it requires business management. Their shrewd common sense will tell them that what is everybody's business is nobody's busi ness. They will engage one of their own number, or someone else, to give it the necessary business attention And they will pay him well for work well done.

Here we have insurance, a c non fund, which distributes amongst all the members of a group of persons the loss sustained by some

Now fire-insurance has its statis tics, but we are not concerned with

We have taken fire insurance in the example so that pet life insurance prejudice may not obtrude itself.

Life insurance differs in this some buildings will burn, but all men must die. It is the unexpected death, the premature death, the untimely death, that causes loss and suffering. To distribute this loss and suffering, in so far as money is concerned, is the business of life insurance. To do this a common fund must be formed ; that common fund is life insurance.

Now the question arises : How much should each pay

into this common fund? That matter is determined by insurance mortality tables. The amount is called the premium. There is no guess work about it: it is no hanhazard hit-or-miss affair. The pre cise amount can be determined and is determined by the information available in insurance mortality tables. To this net cost must be added an amount sufficient to cover salaries, rents and other legitimate charges connected with the collection, investment and management of the fund, and furnish a fair margin

Anyone who has followed our remarks will have perceived that there is such a thing as a correct premium is adequate for the risk assumed and to cover expenses. There is a standard by which to judge premiums. If premiums are charged which fall below this standard to any consider-

they are supposed to cover must be unsound. Those who buy any article with the sole consideration of its cheapness must expect often to get a worthless article. Life insurance is no exception to the general rule. The common fund must be sufficient or there is no insurance. Nothing comes out of the common fund that is not put into it. Therefore the amount to be paid by each one—the premium—is all important. It it is adequate, the common fund—life in surance—is absolutely as safe, stable and permanent an institution as it is possible for human wit to devise. And the amount of the premium can be determined with an accuracy im possible in most of the safest busigess affairs of human life.

HOW LONG WILL THE WAR LAST?

Patient and conscientious reader of our censored version of the War news must be able to forget quickly in order to preserve their faith. It is now several months since the Austrians were beaten, smashed, completely annihilated; early last fall Przemysl could not hold out s week; a great and decisive battle was to take place at Cracow months ago which would clear the way for the march on Berlin. The very latest news is that the Russians are just going to demolish the Austrians again. Let us hone a specimen or two may be preserved for some favored ethnological museum. for the Germans there are still left some military-mad officers, and some but not so many, flends incarnate the mass of the able bodied, peace loving, deluded, German soldiersfor whom we entertain kindly feelings of respect—we have killed off. Their fighting forces now are mostly boys and old men. Germany is bank rupt and her people are starving And it is painfully, piteously funny to read the impossible official news the German Government feeds them up with. But they must soon find out the truth; some German will see it in any one of our patriotic papers and write home. Then all that is left to do will be done by the man makers.

The thought struck us the other day that perhaps some of our readers would like to see what the military critic of the London Times has to say in answer to the universal question. How long will the war last? Like Cæsar's wife, the London Times is above suspicion; still its patriotism s of a different type from that of the average Canadian newspaper; not better, because the Canadian news paper patriotism is unquestionably the best of its kind, but different. Of course this writer, on account of his military knowledge, traditions and prejudices, cannot be expected to take quite such a cheerful and unbiassed view as our own newspaper men especially the headliners, interpreters and prophets; besides he is rather too near the dust of the con-However that may be, this is the way the Times' military critic writes for

the Times' readers : "This war is the biggest thing in the way of wars that has ever hap-pened to the old world since the dawn of history. It transcends all thought imagination and reason. We little creeping things cannot see more than a fraction of it. Even if we climb painfully to the top of the highest ladder of thought we are still pyg-mies; and the war still towers above ns. We see the raging torrents at veiled in impenetrable mist. Try as we may to preserve a distinct unbroken view of the scene before us, the clouds of suspicion, prejudice ignorance and optimism constantly obscure our vision. We look, gasp wonder and are dumb. This war for once, is bigger than anybody No one dominates it. No one ever

understands it. Nobody can." After saying that no one can nswer the question, How long will the war last? he points out the much more useful and practical question which each should ask himself, What can I do to bring the war to a speedy conclusion? And he continues:

" All this means a certain amoun of plain speaking which frightens our invertebrates. (He evidently has some readers who would prefer our Canadian newspapers). For Heaven's sake don't talk of a long war! Allow people to think the war will be over soon and lead them on from stage to stage, dangling con-stantly before each man the speedy conclusion of the war like a carrot before an ass to make him move.

"All this is part of the grand motherly system of dealing with free peoples, born of a totally false and dangerous view of the situation. We which to judge premiums.

allies are men, not infants. We resent it when disasters are secreted and casualties are doled out in home.

Catholic names. In his tury of military service and casualties are doled out in home.

Catholic names. In his tury of military service and casualties are doled out in home.

Catholic names. In his tury of military service and casualties are doled out in home.

good children and swallow our pill secause it is a little one."

Speaking of faults he says our chief fault was " lack of preparation on land and sea," which is some what surprising so far as the sea is concerned. After the war there will be investigation " and if some people get their deserts they will be hanged." He praises Kitchener's "prodigious activity," but "he is no magician." In view of the varied and conflicting reports of the strength of the British orces in France this statement is interesting: "Practically the only roops we have been able to use vet are those of the army as it existed before the war." And yet "we are turning out troops as fast as our actories can clothe and arm them, and there is no material possibility of going faster than we are going

"The organization, enthusiasn and conduct of the French Field Armies are spledid," but " while the exact figures are not known France has never had in the field the number of troops commensurate with the number of her trained men." The Times' critic throws some light on conditions in France by suggesting that "perhaps she is husbanding her resources until the supply of boots, clothing, equipment and artillery enable her to add to the number of Army Corps at the front.' Which recalls Clemenceau's indignant outburst at the beginning of the war, and does not help one to believe that the grafting atheists who plundered the religious orders and squandered the proceeds were strictly conscientious in the matter of war supplies.

Russia's failure in Poland he at tributes to bad communications and nggests how much worse things will be " when the Russians are on the German frontier and exposed to the full effects of the German Railway system." The only remedy he an see is for Russia to build railways which, to strengthen her trans-Siberian line in 1904 5, she showed herself capable of doing at the rate of 10 or 12 miles per day.

Concluding the Times' military critic thus answers the question, How long will the war last?

"The measure of time which the war will last is the measure of the energy which we display in shortening it."

> GENERAL SIR THOMAS KELLY.KENNY

After a distinguished military career General Kelly-Kenny died on Christmas day at his home, Doolough Lodge, County Clare, where he lived since his retirement from active service in 1907.

Born in 1840 and educated at Carlow College he entered on his chosen profession at the early age of eighteen. And so long ago as the China War in 1860 he saw active service and was mentioned in despatches for valorous action in the taking of Tangku and the Taku forts : for this he was presented with the service medal. In the Abyssinian war, 1867. 68, he was mentioned in despatches and again received a similar honor.

A long period of home duties followed during which he passed through the various steps until he became Assistant Adjutant-General and Inspector General of Auxiliary Forces and Recruiting, a dual post he relinquished at the outbreak of the South African war in 1899 to take temporary chief command at Aldershot; later he commanded the 5th Division during this war and was promoted Lieutenant-General of the staff for the distinguished services in the field. He was twice mentioned in despatches for services in this field. He was knighted in 1902 while Adjutant-General of the Forces, which position he held from 1901 to 1904. He enjoyed the high regard of the King, and in 1905 accompanied Prince Arthur of Connaught on a special mission to the Mikado, from which he received the Grand Cordon of the Red Eagle and Grand Cross of the Rising

It may be interesting to note a fact mentioned in The Catholic Who's Who. General Kelly-Kenny was the son of Matthew Kelly of Treaumannagh, County Clare. He added the surname Kenny in 1874. Though the reason is not given, presumably he was sufficiently proud of his maternal ancestry to desire to add the name to that of Kelly-a name by the way which fills several pages in the Catholic Who's Who. At any rate they are both good Irish and We Catholic names. In his half-century of military service General Sir Thomas Kelly-Kenny earned dis"SOGGARTH AROON"

Reading in the Tablet Father Ring's appeal to the women of his parish we were so struck with the evidence of those qualities which have endeared the Irish priest to the Irish people that we feel sure our readers will be glad and grateful for the opportunity of reading it. English papers, it may be useful to men tion, are discussing the temperand question as it concerns the enlisted men. Saddest of all that is said are the charges of drunkenness which are brought against soldiers' wives. Father Ring's appeal to the women of his parish runs thus : "May I remind you that over three hundred Catholic men of our parish

of the country? They are your husbands, your sons, your relatives or Some have already died in wounded, all are suffering, and are prepared to suffer hunger, cold, and sickness unto death to protect you and the children from oppression. What can you do to help them and the cause they are engaged in? Are you powerless and unable to them any help? No, you are You can render mighty aid b your prayers and self sacrifice is one heroic act which you can do to bring God's blessing on them and on yourselves and on the children. It is to promise and to pledge that you will not touch or taste intoxicating drink for one year ours to find fault with others, or to blame the poor creatures who spend time and money around public houses. I ask the Catholic vomen who will hear my voice most of them the children of faith ful Irish mothers—to turn to God and to His blessed Mother with this generous act of sacrifice on their lips. You will set an example which will lift others up. You will honor the Church and the faith to which you belong, and you will express devotion to Him whose thirst on the Cross was endured to encourage you. year's self sacrifice is not much. what this means in the festive times of marriages and christenings and in the hospitals do not complain ardships untold me ask you to sign the annexed slip, so that I can tell His Eminence the Cardinal that the women and girls of Commercial Road are, the men of the Guild, a credit to themselves and to the Church.'

The slip is this : "With the bless ing and help of God I promise not to taste intoxicating drink for a year at least from this date."

In the first place can you fail to appreciate the simple, direct, and effective way in which Father Ring deals with his problem? It ought to make good Sunday reading for social unlift workers" if these good people could be induced to read with interest and reflection any thing so much at variance with their up to date methods.

The opening sentences remind one of the sermons in the Monday morning papers—they are so different. No boasting, no suggestion of self-praise, and thank God, no suggestion of rancor or hate, no grandiloquence : simply a reminder to the women that three hundred of their menfolk, their have offered themselves to the service of their country. They are suffering, dying for our sakes. He dwelling on this suffering-too well no need: vet his pitving, paternal ove is akin to the pitiless kindness of the surgeon.

How he compresses a whole ermon on Charity into the sentence: 'It is no business of ours to find fault with others, or to blame the poor creatures who spend time and money around public houses." Just a matter of course with them, so well does the heart of the people understand the priest, and so well does the priest-heart understand the people. But he tells them what is their business - self denial, selfsacrifice; the old uncompromising vet sweet story that Jesus preached by word and example. The story of Him was the Truth the Way and the Life. Sure its just what they expect. it is quite a matter af course. God bless them, priest and people; and God pity the Irish man or woman who does not understand. But does he denounce and terrify? Not Father Tim, soggarth aroon. But mind you its self sacrifice he is preaching—not hygiene or self-interest-and he would never degrade the things of the soul though he puts the sympathy and understand ing of his priest-heart into what he says: "I ask the Catholic women who will hear my voice-most of them children of faithful Irish mothers-to turn to God and to His blessed Mother with this act of self-sacrifice on their lips." Oh the heart-searching force of such an appeal-the menace of it even—to people to whom

Reality." They would hardly dare pray for their loved ones if they did not heed it.

Then remembering the hardness of the life of the London poor, their few opportunities for joy or merrymaking-indeed the memory can never be very far away from the priest of the poor in the greatest of the world's cities-with the soggarth aroon's own understanding sympathy he tells them; "I know what it means-it is a sacrifice, especially at weddings and christenings;" but with the surgeon's unflinching steadiness, the priest's tender severity he adds : "but the poor soldiersyour husband, your son-." And finally, — "Come now sign in God's

name and God bless you." Read over Father Timothy J. Ring's appeal again. It is, in its way, a masterpiece. Yet it is not art-unless, indeed, a specimen of the art of arts, the cure of souls. And as every artist leaves the unmistakable impress of his own individuality on his work, so Father Ring unconsciously gives us a picture of the Irish priest and his people, the reverence in which both priest and people hold the priesthood of Christ, and all lit up by the mutual love and mutual understanding, so hard to express, so easy to feel, that make the Irish priest of Irish people sui generis.

Can you wonder that the Irish though they have forgotten the speech of the Gael, have everywhere preserved one Gaelic term for which the speech of England, or any other country has no equivalent—Soggarth

THE PASSING HOUR

In that delightful book, "The Lectures of a Certain Professor, within whose covers are recorded the philosophic reflections of gentle Irish curate, there is a thought-compelling discourse on Life" from which we quote the following seasonable lines : " If I were asked what is the most

plastic of all things, I would answer

-hours. They pass, one by one,

through our hands, and, as modellers

in clay mould images, so we, whether

consciously or unconsciously, mould

each hour into a miniature likeness

of our present selves; and these

likenesses, be assured, will remain

to confront us long after we have forgotten all about them. The hours are visitors from heaven, each with a gift in hand, but it hides the gift under its grey robe, and needs to be importuned, nay to be forced into giving it. Bringing possibilities a hundred fold, yet seeming as if it grudged them all, it will not bestow one unless under pressure of compulsion. The hour loves to be treated as the mother is treated by the children who dive into her pocket for the treasure of sweet stuff which she longs to give but will not give till she makes it all the sweeter by the enhancement of discovery and surprise. Of old the gods came in humble guise, hiding their majesty and if overlooked or insulted, went does not harrow up their souls by away leaving no boon. Only to those whose eyes were keen enough to the Irish heart of him knows there is pierce through their disguise, and still more to those whose simple wont it was to treat God and guest to like hospitality, did they reveal themselves by their benefits. So it is with the hours. They come, silent ner and the I. W. W. disturbers, guests, one now, another again, never two together. They look on us with eyes that beseech us to ask their secret; unquestioned they will not speak. All absolutely alike, yet each wearing a new face—for the hour is the veritable Proteus-we, poor mortals, think each so unlike the other-This hour is so commonplace, some hour that has passed was, by comparison, so full of interest. Above all, the great hour has not come yet. But remember, if it ever be to come, great hours must lead up to it. And after all, when it does come, it may steal by in shoes of list, and mock us across the great gulf impassible, with airy phantoms of 'things that might have been.' We should hold each hour as Jacob held the angel, and refuse to let it go until it bless us."

Beginning a new year this extract from Father O'Farrell's too little known book supplies a very profitable subject for reflection. It is indeed true that each man makes his own life to his own likeness. That blessed, but terribly responsible gift dustrious family and be worth far of choice makes each one of us the architect of his own destiny. Time is the clay; we are the immigration to this country for ten moulders. Let us resolve to use wisely the hours that God is now tries would be paralyzed, as Young giving into our hands, so that we may America is not inclined to work at make of our lives a thing of beauty anything that would soil his hands.

'spiritual things are the supreme | that shall be worthy of a place in the heavenly treasure house. COLUMBA

NOTES AND COMMENTS

THE NUMEROUS projects under way in Canada and the United States for the relief of Belgian sufferers, for Red Cross work, and for other purposes incidental to the War are entirely creditable to their projectors and to those who out of their poverty or their abundance have become contributors to them. If there is no other bright side to the conflict there is at least this, that, over-riding all other considerations, the inherent charity and brotherhood of the race has been indicated in no uncertain way. Applying the words of St. Paul to this great international crisis "The charity of everyone abound-

IT IS TO be feared, however, that the occasion is also being made use of by unscrupulous and designing people for their own base ends, and that, under the guise of patriotism or philanthropy, money is being diverted from its proper channel and going into the pockets of a class of social highwaymen or women. One such case has come under our own observation in which an individual was going from door to door selling an article for the benefit, it was claimed, of the homeless and destitute in Belgium. A little cross-questioning put the plea in a very questionable light, and further enquiry clearly demonstrated its fraudulent character. The worthiest of pleas was being prostituted to private

THIS MAY HAVE been an exception. al case, but we have heard of others. It would be well therefore when confronted with such a plea from strangers to demand credentials and to scrutinize them closely. In a crisis like the present there is no place for wolves. Nor should pleas of the "endless chain" variety which have shown themselves be treated with more ceremony. There is an abundance of legitimate Funds before the public upon which to expend one's benevolence, and no need to dally with doubtful ones. A dollar wrongfully diverted is a dollar lost to the homeless and the suffering.

THE LITERACY test for immigrants which is now under consideration in the Senate at Washington has drawn out many timely protests against a measure which, if enacted, would, in the estimation of thinking people, spell retrogression in the United States. It would also mean the practical deification of literacy, a tendency towards which has been growing more and more pronounced in recent years. No one will gainsay the value or desirability of the spread of elementary knowledge in regard to letters but to make it the final test of virtue, manliness or goodcitizenship is to perpetuate a falacy Christian morality. A man may be wholly ignorant in the matter of "book larnin." and vet in the essen. tials of good citizenship far outshine his educated neighbor.

IT is pointed out that the most vociferous advocates of the measures now before the Senate are the loudmouthed Socialists of the street corwhose sole object is to corner the labor market and by squeezing honest men out of the Unions make them vehicles for propagating unhindered their dangerous doctrine. It is well known to those who have had any experience on this question that there is little danger to this continent or its institutions from the able-bodied illiterate immigrant but rather from the fellow who has a little education and has been caught up by the Socialist shibboleth of the hour. It is very seldom that the anarchist is an illiterate man in the sense usually applied to that term.

A RECENT EDITORIAL in the New York Times headed "Pushing the Immigration Bill," has occasioned many interesting comments. One correspondent writes: "As a large employer of labor for forty-five years I know that the illiterate, able bodied immigrant will make a safer citizen and be more likely to bring up an inmore to this country than the mouthing Socialist." Another says: "Stop years and nearly all our great indus-

His education is in the wrong direc tion. He is being taught to start a the top and not at the bottom."

THESE UTTERANCES may be open to the objection from some quarters that they represent capitalistic sentiment only. Perhaps far more to the point as touching directly the ques tion of illiteracy whether on this continent or abroad is the following description of a group of Russian peasants from Europe migrating to far Siberia. It is taken from an article on Russia in the November issue of the National Geographic

were lost in obscurity. One altar was decorated for Christmas with its images of the stable of Bethlehem arranged about it, and here the younger Belgian soldiers gathered in reverent groups, while a priest chanted a Christmas Mass "of peace on earth, good will to men.'

Priests came and went, townspeo-ple hurried to early Masses, then went on their way, while the ex-hausted soldiers slept on. Now and then a non-commissioned officer would arouse a few men, and they would slip quietly away with their bicycles on one of those expeditions which for daring has made the cyclists corps the most famous section of the Belgian army.

As the rising sun drove the deep

Austria Hungary and Turkey can give to the maintenance of the Ger-manic campaign. The Globe be-lieves that both Austria-Hungary and Turkey will be out of action before midsummer, and that the Balkar powers and Italy and Russia will be carving up their territories before the Allies have made much of an impression upon Germany. Fighting on their own soil for the detence of their hearths, the men of Germ will be subdued only by the mos strenuous effort. The Globe believe that collapse will come not so much from inability to put men into the field as from inability to provide them with munitions of war. There may be no sign of this till the unex plained silence of German guns ar

demands for the execution of De Wet | and other Boer rebels. ON THE WESTERN LINE

I believe I am not claiming to The allies have made distinct gains much to say that our army saved in several places though some re verses have been sustained. A dis Dunkirk and Calais at the battle of the Yser."

THE FIGHTING KING

OF THE BELGIANS

Hall, from which he is directing

under German shell fire the resist

however, was very fluent.

PRAISES HIS SOLDIERS

Modestly he praised the courage of

"I believe," he said, "my army is

however

courageous. My people, however are too demogratic for the same dis

cipline that prevails in the conscript

are, concerned only for the loss

GRATEFUL FOR UNITED STATES AID

King Albert also requested the

Associated Press to convey to the people of the United States his deep

ratitude for their efforts to feed his

subjects now under German military

GENEROSITY TOUCHES KING

He then wrote in English the fol-

lowing message :
"The magnificent generosity of the

American people in forwarding im-mense quantities of gifts of food-

stuffs to my suffering people affords

ne intense satisfaction and touches

"In this, my country's hour of trial, nothing has supported me more than the sympathy and the superb generosity of those who have assisted in materially lessening the

assisted in materially lessening the same, and I desire to offer my deep

est thanks and at same time to convey a message of good will for the New Year.

SEVEN HUNDRED KILLED IN ONE DA

of their own country, turned at bay

Germans there at frightful costs in

by its owners of the most valuable

A TERRIBLE DAY

"In one of those terrible days in

the trenches along the Yser," the

agricultural part of the country.

(Signed) Albert, King of the Bel

me very deeply.

gians.

causes them great grief."

atch from Paris, Jan 1st, says : It becomes daily more and more evident that the next importan Grand Headquarters of the King the Belgians in West Flanders algium, Dec. 20, (via London, Dec move in the war, so far as France is 3, 8.10 p. m.)—In the Council namber of an ancient Flemish Town

concerned will come here.

In this particular field the French have the fighting to themselves, the British and Belgian forces being concentrated on the left wing.

Because of this, and the desire to the "lest provinces" there is

retake the "lost provinces" there is more anxiety felt here regarding the operations there than has been in evidence since the Germans were checked in their advance on Paris. But there is the utmost confidence expressed in Gen. Pau, who is in direct charge, and Gen. Joffre already has made arrangements to furnish him all the men he needs for the hand the deliver which he has started. northern drive which he has started.

The fighting in Flanders and Northern France has been confined Northern France has been confined largely to artillery engagements, except near Bethune, where the Germans claim they have taken a British trench. They admit, however, the loss of St. Georges, near the Belgian coast, which the official report from Berlin says it was decided at the matches with the contraction. decided not to retake owing to the high level of the water there.

AUSTRIA'S OFFICIAL STATEMENT

Vienna, Jan. 1. - An official an nouncement on the progress of the war was given out in the Austrian capital to day. It refers to events of yesterday, and is as follows:

"In Bukowina and the Carpathi-

ans the Russians developed great activity. Our troops are holding their positions on the Suczewa River in the Upper Cseremosz territory, also farther west on the ridges of the Carpathians in the valley of the Nagyag where yesterday, near Ockoei mezoe, an attack of the enemy were repulsed with heavy losses to them in the Upper Latorcza district and north of the Uszok Pass. To the west of this pass all other passages over the Carpathians are occupied by

our troops.

"In the district of Gorlive and to the northeast of Zakliczyu deter-mined Russian attacks were every-

where repulsed.
"On the Nida everything is quiet Further to the north the attacks of

our allies are progressing.

"The enemy's attacks, both day and night at Biala and south of Tarnow (both in Galicia) have been repulsed, our troops inflicting heavy losses and taking 2,000 prisoners and six machine guns.
"North of the Vistula fog hinders

the operations, but slight progress has been made there. "In the southern war theatre how his troops, demoralized and dis-organized by their disheartening renothing has happened.

FROM PETROGRAD

London, Jan. 1-Dispatches to night from Petrograd say that the Germans having found it impossible to get across the Bzura and Rawka rivers and equally unsuccessful in advancing along the Pilica River and are said to be digging themselves in prepara tory to remaining until the hardening of the ground by the frost, maker the movement of troops less diffi-

The Russians, according to advices are bringing up great bodies of rein-forcements and the Germans, it is predicted, will find it impossible to advance. Large numbers of heavy saw.

GERMANY'S SIDE

Berlin, Jan. 1. - The following official communication was given

out to day:
"In the western theatre of war nothing of importance has happened near Nieuport. The idea of retaking the hamlet of St. Georges, which had been completely demolished by the enemy's artillery fire, was abandoned

the canal, we captured an English

further progress. Another 400 prisoners, 6 machine guns, 4 mine throwers and numerous other arms and quantities of ammu-nition fell into our hands. A French camp nortewest of St. Mihiel was set on fire by our artillery Attacks at Fliery and west of Senuneim, which were repeated yesterday

"In the eastern theater, the situa tion on the East Prussian frontier

GREAT INVENTOR WAS LOVER OF CHURCH MUSIC

hich marks his whole manner of

the Yser.' dicted that you will re-enter your capital within three months," the correspondent said.

The king shook his head sadly, say

shall ride into Brussels at the head of the Belgian army."

Bidding the correspondent good night with a warm handshake, the king ended the interview.

THE COUNTRY'S LEADER King Albert is the commander of his army in fact as well as in name. Its reorganization into a compact fighting force of less than half of its former size, but infinitely superior in sheer efficiency, is due principally to the king's work and inspiration He has surrounded himself wit young and enthusiastic officers, who already are veterans in experience and this new personnel works with nce of his war-worn little army blocking the road to Dunkirk and Calais, King Albert of the Belgians the utmost harmony.

The king's chief support is Queen Elizabeth, who lives only a few miles away at a place also on Belgian soil, where she has complete to day told the Associated Press of the stand his soldiers are making gainst the German invaders. The King's headquarters is located on one of the remaining dry areas of that small corner of Belgium left charge of one of the military hosnitals. No other women except trained nurses are permitted to approach the Belgian lines. Even the under his rule.
In manner he is decidedly shy, and wives of the highest officers are not allowed to pay brief visits to their ne apologized for his English, which,

King Albert is living as simply as any subaltern of his staff. In the entrance of the town hall a rickety his soldiers speaking of them with great kindliness—as though he were talking about his own children. army cot, on which he seeks shor when occasionally the Germani relax their efforts against the thir Belgian line. When a few leisure hours permit, the king and queen meet, but they are living virtually European armies. You will see something of the bravery of my people when perhaps you shall have under campaign conditions. queen is the patron saint of the Bel-gian wounded, who prefer her hospitals located on safer beds. The queen occasionally goes to England to see her children, but lately she has devoted virtually her every the chance to witness the peasants working in their fields under shell their homes, the destruction of which wakeful moment to her hospital.

Neither the king nor the queen has their usual personnel with them. King Albert's aides are working staff fficers who serve 24 hour wa while the queen's ladies in waiting are trained nurses serving on her hognital staff.

The correspondent dined to-night with a Belgian army surgeon, who said: "Before the war I was an ardent republican. I still dislike the ordinary type of kings, but I am with King Albert to the end. Even if Belgian should become a republic he is the man for president.

BE PATIENT

Be patient with these stumbling feet That walk beside you. Ah, could yo Uncouth they be, how thankfully

On loving errands for you; counting

Fatigue itself, if only it might meet The smile that costs so little, means so much. Be patient, too, with hands that

King Albert also was anxious to have the American people know, as he put it, the facts of the story of blunder so. Yet rest upon your own with lingering touch nd ache for your warm clasp : all, treat almost across the entire limits could you know.

Be patient, etlll, with hungry lips along the Yser and held back the that make Mistakes so soft, and give the heart

killed and wounded to their army and of the almost incalculable loss Though often times discordant notes suffered in the deliberate destruction they take : The silences will claim them by and Beyond your tardy praise, at last

awake. -MABEL BOURQUIN, Fostoria, Ohio

morbid side of your mind. It speaks to your reason and to your soul. It stands pointing the way to the Church where what the press talks about in the marketplace becomes the living reality by which your soul—you, the immortal part of you, teeds its hunger for real joy,

real life, real peace and happiness.
And as you read it, and awaken a real interest in your press, you will think of ways and means by which is can be helped and improved."

FATHER FRASER'S CHINESE

Taichowfu, China, June 7, 1914.

Dear Mr. Coffey, — When I came here two years ago I only had five catechists, now I have twenty. one. I owe this rapid progre principally to my dear friends the CATHOLIC RECORD. God bless them and your worthy paper!

It takes about \$50 a year to sup-port a catechist and for every such sum I receive I will place a man in a new district to open it up to the Faith. During the past few months I have opened up quite a number of new places and the neophytes are very pious and eager for You will appreciate the value of my catechists when I tell that I baptized eighty-five adults since the begin-ning of the year as a result of their work. I have even brighter hopes for the future if only my friends abroad will continue to back me up J. M. FRASER.

financially. Previously acknowledged... \$4,702 98 D. J. Murphy, Marysville... Subscriber, Vancouver..... Mrs. J. McNeil, Glace Bay... 1 00 50 1 00 1 00 May McGarvey, Orangeville K. A. F..... 5 00 1 00

Thos. Heffernan, Charleston J. F. White, Ottawa...... Mrs. Jno Quinlan, City View Subscriber, Kenilworth J. O'Halloran, Bloomfield Stn

PROTESTANT'S TRIBUTE TO BELGIAN PRIESTS

200

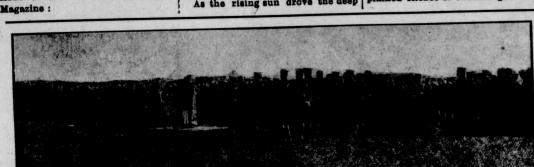
In a letter which has appeared in a Nottingham, (Eng.) paper Mr. E. C. Price, a member of a well known Nonconformist family, who has just

returned from Belgium, says:
"If it had not been for the great number of priests, who have indeed been God's good messengers far beyond what will ever be known in this world, the misery would have been much intenser than it has been, and though, as many of your readers will know, my early days were spent in Nonconformist circles, when turn to Belgium I shall never, to my dying day, pass a priest without the very humble lifting of my hat."

CANNOT BE SHIRKED

Here is a challenge to the issue of truth coming from a source which cannot be lightly regarded or disregarded. The words are from the ddress a few weeks ago by Cardinal O'Connell at a meeting of the Feder

ation of Catholic Societies in Boston:
"When the truth is known, then all the world will realize that for the sake of our public honor as a nation we must put an end to the Masonic conspiracy which has for two years deluged Mexico with blood, drained the material resources of that coun



Open Air Mass, Pond Farm Camp, Salisbury Plains, England, Sunday, Nov. 8, 1914. Captain, the Rev. Father E. G. Doe, preaching at the Gospel to the Catholic men of the 4th Brigade. Photograph sent to the Right Reverend Bishop Fallon. Rev. Father Doe says: "I preached on the Seven Sacraments, especially Penance, Eucharist and Extreme Unction."

"Such people as these undoubtedly will prove to be the progenitors of a race that will compare with our own sturdy farmers of the Northwest. A group of Russian peasants emigrated to Siberia with nothing but the clothes on their backs, a little flour, some home-tanned leather, and a fev some home tanned learner, and a tools for carpentry and blacksmith-ing. The first day they made two sets of ovens out of brick they pre-ared from a clay bed near by, and pared from a clay bed near by, and the men burned charcoal while the women made bread. Within two ays after their arrival, they had six blacksmith's forges going, and inside of ten days they had built themselves rude houses, made wagons, manufactured spades by the dozen, and reshod their horses, all the iron used being forged on the ground ; yet none of them could read or write."

Would it be an act of wisdom, it may well be asked, to shut out such men from citizenship on this continent? They do not belong to the class that fills either our jails or our alms houses.

THE CABLE despatch in the daily papers a week or more ago, describing a bivouse of Belgian soldiers in one of their churches and the impressive mixture of war and religion illustrated by the bearing of some of the troops during the celebration of the Divine Mysteries, will have been read with deep and pathetic interest by earnest - minded people. The des patch referred to the long row of bicycles stacked down the centre of the church ; to the process of repairing many of the machines which went on despite the Masses which others of their frugal breakfast of and at night is to be the were in progress; to the eating by black bread, oblivious of their sur. grandest performance of of soldiers who slept, lying upon the stone flagging of the floor, undisturbed by the sonorous notes of the great organ as it pealed forth the solemn strains of a funeral Mass. Some people, unable to put themselves in thought outside their own environment, of ease, comfort and decorum, may have thought such attitudes incongruous (we have heard expressions to that effect) and irreverent. Deeper penetration would testify rather to the practical character of the Catholic religion and to the very real sense in which its adherents regard the house of God as in very truth their home.

NEWSPAPER correspondents are not often either well-informed or equitably minded in their comments upon Catholic faith and practice. They seem too often disposed to make them the butt of their misdirected ridicule or to insinuate into the Church's administrative activities sinister designs which exist only in the correspondents own brains. The writer of the following paragraphs is evidently not of this class, and we reproduce his words both for the benefit of those who may not already have seen them, and as bearing out what we have just written regarding our religious reality and the impression its offices, in the incident in question, made upon a seriously-minded beholder.

"The scene was almost overpoweringly impressive in its mixture of war and religion, and yet their existence side by side in this region where religion in the historic past has been so intimately connected with war did not seem incongruous. The great tapers at the altars provided the only light beyond the grey streaks of dawn which filtered through the oaken doors, and the ancient gargoyles on the open beams

shadows from the church the roar of German guns beginning an attack on Nieuport awoke the sleepers, and the great church became an animated cene of military activity. The religious services, however, went on as

THIS DESCRIPTION recalls a wellknown passage in one of Cardinal Newman's lectures on "Anglican difficulties." He is speaking of the religious state of some Catholic countries and of the intimate bearing towards holy things which has sometimes been the occasion of scandal to Protestant travellers, bound irrevocably to traditions which, to speak mildly, have cut the ground from beneath the supernatural. The passage from Newman referred to does not deal with so impressive a sight as the correspondent describes but rather with the habit of religion and the reality of faith common to Catholic countries, even in the case of individuals whose lives, lacking love, are not conformable to their belief, from the like of which no country and no creed unfortunately is, in man's fallen state, wholly free.

"You go forward," writes Newman of the Protestant traveller in a Catholic country, and you find preparations, in progress for a great pageant or mystery; it is a high festival, and the incorporated trades have each undertaken their special religious celebration. The plumbers and glaziers are to play the Creation the barbers, the call of Abraham the Resurrection and Last Judgment, and blacksmiths. Heaven and Hell are represented,—saints, devils and living men; and the chef d'oeuvre of the exhibition is the display of fireworks to be let off as the finale. How unutterably profane!' again you cry. 'Yet, profane to you, my dear brother-profane to a population which only half believes; not profane to those who, however coarse minded, however sinful, believe wholly, who, one and all, have s vision within, which corresponds with what they see, which resolves itself into, or rather takes up into itself, the external pageant, whatever be the moral condition of each individual composing the mass. They gaze, and, in drinking in the exhibition with their eyes, they are making one continuous and intense act of

ON THE BATTLE LINE

HOW LONG WILL IT LAST

On this first morning of the New Year the writer of the (Globe) War Summary wishes to say a word in answer to many inquiries regarding he probable length of the war. No one can speak with assurance of s matter so complex. Lord Kitchener, upon taking office in August, said he had agreed to serve for three years as War Secretary. Denial has re-cently been made of a report that he expected the war to last for three years. He is raising, training and arming a British military force totalling over two and three quarter million men, and has given an assurance to Parliament that this num ber will suffice, in co-operation with the armies of France and Russia, to destroy Germany's power of resistance. There is on record no statement by Lord Kitchener as to the probable Kitchener as to the probable length of time it will take to do this. Much will depend on the help

the increasing use of the bayonet tell the story. That at the earliest will not become a possibility till a year of war has been experienced. Which we are sorry to say we re

gard as unduly optimistic. It may be interesting just here to insert a Russian military opinion. The Russians have had a better opportunity of judging the value of the Austrians as a fighting force :

Under the caption "Austrian arm; a surprise," the Army Messenger dis-cusses the Galician campaign at some

length.
"The stubborn defence of our Austrian opponents in Western Gal-icia has been the greatest surprise of the war," it says. Beginning with the battle of Dukla Pass, it has shown aresourcefulness and strength wholly unexpected in view of the early

events of the war. Though we won at Dukla, taking several ammunition wagons and more than 2,000 prisoners, the Aus-trians inflicted severe losses upon us. They contest bitterly every foot

THE DEADLY SUBMARINE

Germany has done much since this war began to place Sir Percy Scott amongst the prophets. Her daring and death dealing submarines never give us time to regain our old con idence in great battleships and many of them. Of course it is not officially admitted yet that the Audacious or the Bulwark were torpedoed. Neither is the last disaster known definitely to be due to a submarine.

THE FORMIDABLE SUNK

The sinking of the pre-Dread-nought battleship Formidable in the English Channel yesterday morning was a serious loss to British naval strength, because the Formidable carried with her to the bottom almost 700 brave, hardy and highly. trained men, who cannot be replaced readily. Britain's loss of seamer since war began has been relatively much more serious than her loss of soldiers. The great bulk of the losses recorded in land operations are men wounded or captured. The killed in action, or the fatalities from wounds received in action, have probably not totalled more than 20,-000 for the entire British army. The few engagements at sea and the ex-plosions which destroyed the Bulwark, the Formidable and other vessels sunk by mines or torpedoes have cost at least 7,000 lives. The result of a fleet action in loss of life to both Britain and Germany is alost too horrible to contemplate. In such a combat it would seem entirely possible that 40,000 or 50,000 lives might be lost in a few hours. Germany has lost more heavily in men relatively to her naval strength than Great Britain. At least 5,000 German seamen have gone down with their ships since the war began.-Globe Jan. 2.

SERIOUS IN SOUTH AFRICA

A bit of far from pleasant news is the official announcement from Pretoria that the Government of South Africa intends to commandee men for service within the Union and in German Southwest Africa, "as the situation cannot be adequately met by depending upon the volun-tary recruits." General Botha has stamped out rebellion, but he is disliked by the labor men of British birth because of the arrest and dertation of their leaders a year ago and the loyal Boers do not seem keen to take part in the invasion of Ger-man territory. It is regrettable that in any part of the Empire there should be need to call out men ather than depend on those who come forward of their own free will. -Globe Jan. 1st.

If British South African labor men we should refrain from bleedthirsty | Visitor.

in view of the high level of the water "East of Bethune, to the south of

trench.
"In the Argonne our attacks made were repulsed.

and in Poland remains unchanged A heavy mist is preventing all opera

In the person of Paul Mauser there passed away recently one of the best known inventors of modern times. lauser was a noble and modest personality, a self-made man, who from simple conditions to a high rung on the ladder of fame.

In spite of many disappointments and reverses, he patiently improved crowned his efforts and the Mauser rifle was introduced in most armies of the world. For over sixty years he belonged to the choir in his native his gun inventions until success are to be excused at a time like this because "they do not like Botha," the heart of Pope Pius X.—Providence



Fourth Brigade, Canadian Overseas Force. Headquarters Staff at Pond Farm Camp, Salisbury Plains, England.

To the right of picture, standing, Captain, the Rev. E. G. Doe, of the Diocese of London, Chaplain.

king said, I know that seven hundred of our brave Belgian soldiers were killed outright." With the modesty and shyness

address King Albert continued : believe I am not claiming too much to say that our army saved Dunkirk and Calais at the battle of

The king spoke with the warmest affection of his soldiers now in the trenches, praising their good spirits.

"Your majesty, it has been pre-

"You can work for it (the Catholic Press) best of all by reading it," says the Monitor. "Turn some of your the Monitor. "Turn some of time and interest away from press which caters to the world, the flesh and the devil. Remember that the mission of the Catholic Press is to deal with the things that matter to the minds, and the souls, of those to whom God is a reality and not a vague word veiling nothingness. The Catholic press can not shock you within three months," the ondent said. king shook his head sadly, say." Not so soon; but some day I but some day I but some day I but some day I but so whom God is a reality and not a vague word veiling nothingness. The Catholic press can not shock you into momentary attention with violent words about deeds of violence, lust, orime, baseball, puglism and politics. It does not appeal to the to whom God is a reality and not a

THE MISSION OF THE CATHOLIC try and spread atheism and anarchy over a land once happy and industrious. Let us tolerate no further even a suspicion of what has been more than once openly asserted, that the leaders of this anarchy are receiving under hand support from this country; but let our Catholic men continue to investigate the truth of conditions and then stand for that truth in all their might until every word and sentence of its revelation is heard at Washington."

FIVE MINUTE SERMON EPIPHANY OR SUNDAY WITHIN THE OCTAVE

And entering the house, they found the child h Mary. His Mother, and falling down, they red Him. And opening their treasures, they red Him gifts, gold, frankincense and myrth." tt. II, 11.)

The Church, my dear friends, in her series of festivals, desires to appeal to the heart as well as to the intellect of her followers. Beginning with the birth of the Son of God on Christmas day, she follows Him in her festivals step by step until His tragic death on Mount

Calvary.

If we learn from the Divine Infant, lying in the stable on Christmas, the virtues of poverty, humility and mor tification; we likewise, learn obedi-ence to the laws of our Church and of our country when we see Him obey the law of circumcision eight days after His birth. In other festivals in His honor we have presented to our consideration charity, forgive-ness of injuries and all other virtues. To day we celebrate the feast of the appleary.

Epiphany means manifestation. It was on this day, the 12th after His birth, that He manifested Himself to the Gentiles. It is sometimes called Little Christmas, or the Christmas of

The first adorers of our Lord in the stable of Bethlehem were Jews— shepherds who were led thither by the angels singing "Glory to God in the highest and on earth peace to men of good will." The Gentiles were likewise led to adore Him in the manger in a miraculous manner. For Christ was the Saviour of all-of Jew and Gentile. And if the Jew was led to the Infant Jesus by an angel, the Gentile was led by a mir-

At the birth of Our Lord this star appeared in the East. Many saw this wonderful star. But three wise men followed it. Thus "Many are called, but few are chosen." The star went on before them and direct ed their steps. When they came near Jerusalem, the star disappeared. They entered the city, and, not being ashamed to confess Christ, asked Where is He who is born King of the Jews? We have seen His star

in the East and have come to adore Him." Herod asked the scribes and nd was told that it was in the city ise men to go and search for this child and bring him word. And when they were outside the city Behold the star which they had en in the East went before them until it stood over where the Child was. . . And they going in saw the Child and Mary His Mother. And falling down they adored Him. And opening their treasures they offered Him gold, frankincense and myrrh."

And being admonished in their sleep

not to go back to Herod who wished to kill Jesus, the wise men returned

Thus we see, my dear friends, that he birth of Jesus Christ was a subject of joy both to Jew and Gentile. Both were invited to come and par-take of the common blessing. For at the time that the angel called the Jews in the persons of the shep-herds, the star called the rest of mankind in the persons of the three Holy Kings. Jesus Christ was born for the salvation of all mankind. Hence He wished that all would begin to know Him in the infancy of His humanity. The rich and the goor, the Jew and the Gentile, the ignorant and the learned, the king and the subject were all called to Bethlehem to adore the Divine Infant lying in the manger. Lying there on that bed of straw who would suspect Him of being the God of heaven and earth? No external sign of His Divine character could be seen. He appeared to the senses to be a child of misery, fliction and tears. Everywhere in His surroundings was poverty and want. But the Magi did not doubt. They saw with the eyes of faith. Under the form of a neworn infant they believed the eternal God to be present. They were con ed that the child they beheld was their God, the long expected Saviour and Redeemer of mankind.

Knowing this, they fell down and adored Him. Then opening their treasures they offered Him gold, frankincense and myrrh. Gold is the tribute usually paid to kings. Jesus Christ was the King of kings, hence in this light gold was offered Him.

Frankincense was offered to God the temple morning and night. The smoke of the incense represents the prayers ascending to the throne

Myrrh was used by the Jews in embalming. Hence as offered by the Magi it represents the humanity

Gold was offered Him as king, incense as God and myrrh as man; jointly offered by the Magi they represent the two natures of God and man in the person of Jesus Christ.

The Magi worshipped God in spirit and in truth. The same spirit must animate every true follower of Jesus Christ. We have been called to the true faith as the Magi were. This faith has been announced to the faith has been announced to the world by Jesus Christ Himself; it has been sanctioned and confirmed by miracles; it has been handed wn to succeeding generations by inspired Evangelists; and it has been preserved in its original purity by the infallible teaching of the Catholic Church. This great gift has been bestowed upon us. Hence we owe God a debt of adoration for so

singular a mercy.

The tribute of love, the tribute of devotion and the tribute of self-

denial are the three acts of homage signified by the gold, frankincense and myrrh of the Magi. This homage of love, devotion and self denial God xacts from every Christian

Let us my dear friends, endeavor to render God this homage. Let us follow the teaching of the Church, the star of Bethlehem for us, that bright and evening star that will lead us to Jesus; it will guide us through all the trials of life; it will the star of life; it will the trials light us in the darkness of the valley of death, and it will lead us safely to the other shore into the haven of

TEMPERANCE

ALCOHOL AND WAR (By Sir James Chrichton-Browne, in the Observe London.)

When the history of the present great and terrible war comes written it will, I believe, be found that alcohol has had a not inconspicuous part, both actively and negatively, in its progress and final issue. It has been responsible, I believe, in some degree for the hideous cruelties and barbarities perpetrated in Belgium and France by the soldiers of Germany, cruelties and barbarities which have deprived her of the moral

support of the civilized world.
On the other hand, the withdrawa decree prohibiting the sale of vodka a fertile source of demoralization and disease, will be found to have strengthened her arm and helped her to those victories she is achieving and to that sustained resistance necessary to conduct this atrocious war to a triumphant finish in Berlin. We have innumerable substitutes that possess some of alcohols at tractive qualities without its draw

backs. Look at tea. I sometimes think that teetotal should be spelt with an A instead of two E's, for tea has been one of the saviors of mankind. I verily believe that but for the introduction of tea and coffee Europe

I recollect a great surgeon, Mr.
Lawson Tait, telling me: 'I always
operate at 9 o'clock in the morning, and I find that if I take wine at dinner the previous evening, even only a pint of claret, my fingers are not just as exact and nimble as they are when I have had no wine at all, and so I never take wine or any stimulant when I have to operate.'

Well, the handling of a magazine rifle is a very delicate operation, and those men will perform it best who have had no alcohol.

THE WATER WAGON

I've seen the circus wagon pass with stately horses hitched in line, all bright with shining paint and brass-it sent a thrill clear up my spine. I've seen the rich man's motor car that cost him many thousand bones; it burned the road up near and far and honked in loud Caruso tones. I've seen all things that go on wheels, whatever may be the motive power; and, viewing them, a fellow feels he's living in a modern hour. Of all the vehicles that roll along the ribe from yet. that roll along the pike from sun to sun, of all that stir me to the soul, the water wagon takes the bun. The water wagon has no gilt, nor is it water wagon has no girt, nor is it hauled by circus span, and all its seats and springs are built upon a stern, old-fashioned plan: methinks its wheels are needing grease; and one can hear them squeal and grind, but those upon it ride in peace and leave the Land of Grief behind. Hang on, hang on, O thirsty boys, be not dismayed by jests or sneers; your headed now for saner joys than you have known in many years !"— Walt Mason.

BEST THING HE EVER DID angles, I am convinced that the best sees. Piety had given place to hypothing I ever did for myself was to crisy, and the power that of old was quit drinking, I will go further than that and say it is my unalter-able conviction that alcohol, in any form, as a beverage never did anything for any man that he would not have been better without.

I can now sit back and contrast the old game with the new. The physical gain is so obvious that even those who have not experienced it admit it, and those who have experienced it comment on it as some miracle of health that has been at tained. Any man—I do not care who he is—who was the sort of a drinker I was, who will stop drinking long enough to get cooled out will feel so much better in every way that he will be hard put to give a reason forever beginning again.—Samuel G. Blythe, in Saturday Evening Post.

LIBERTY OF CONSCIENCE

In "The Faith of Our Fathers." says The Freeman's Journal, Cardinal Gibbons gives a very clear exposition of the points on liberty. There in he quotes from a letter written by Archbishop Fenelon to the son of King James II., of England. That letter gives the Catholic view. It is worth producing here :

"Above all, never force your subjects to change their religion. No human power can reach the impene-trable recess of the free will of the heart. Violence can never persuade men; it serves only to make hypo-crites. Grant civil liberty to all, not in approving everything as indifferent, but in tolerating with patience whatever Almighty God tolerates, and endeavoring to convert men by

mild persuasion The history of Spain furnishes us with a good commentary as to the correctness of this view. That kingdom, whose "Inquisition" has furnished much of the stock in trade for

WORLD'S **GREATEST KIDNEY** REMEDY

"Fruit-a-tives" Have Proved Their Value In Thousands of Cases

WONDERFUL RECORD OF A WONDERFUL CURE

Only Remedy That Acts On All Three Of The Organs Responsible For The Formation Of Uric Acid In The Blood.

Many people do not realize that the Skin is one of the three great eliminators of waste matter from the body. As a matter of fact, the Skin rids the avertee of more than the sastement of more than the sastement. As a matter of fact, the Skin rids the aystem of more Urea (or waste matter) than the Kidneys. When there is Kidney Trouble, Pain In The Back and Acrid Urine, it may not be the fault of the kidneys at all, but be due to faulty Skin Action, or Constipation of the bounds.

'Fruit-a-tives' cures weak, sore, aching Kidneys, not only because it strengthens these organs but also be-cause "Fruit-a-tives" opens the bowels, sweetens the stomach and stimulates the action of the skin.

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

anti-Catholic platform lectures, is a land in which the Church has always battled for freedom. The historian Prescott, non-Catholic as he was, eulogies the Spanish Catholics for liberty.

ARCHBISHOP GLENNON

ON ST. JOHN THE BAPTIST St. Louis Church Progress

In his sermon at the new Cathe dral Most Rev. Archbishop Glennon took the life, the character and the work of St. John the Baptist for his text and eloquently pointed the ap-propriate lessons to be found in the same. His Grace said :

character unique and picturesque in St. John the Baptist—the relative, the early companion, and the pro-phet of the blessed Lord. The Gospels, especially that written by St. Luke, have much to say concerning the birth and antecedents of St. John and his mission, and in later years, also, the tragedy that terminated his life. For the rest, we have only allusions made, for which, however, the outlines of his exalted and spiritual character may be determined, a study of which is most opportune in these days when life with so many these days when life with so many lacks simplicity and purpose, and is blurred by luxury and wasted on trifles. St. John the Baptist, child himself of prophecy, given to his parents in their later years, and de-clared by Christ that amongst those born of women none was greater, did from his earliest years dedicate his whole life to the mission that him a waiting and a doubting world Looking at the matter from all its filled with its Sadducees and Phariheld for the Lord was now wielded in the interests of the Roman Cæsar. Striving for place, anxious for power, greedy for money, the world, including the chosen people, had yielded to a large extent to the world-spirit. There was luxury and the pride of life stalking forth; but there was death following in the wake. From under the pall some did still lift their eyes; and voices were heard from out the darkness, praying for the redemption of Israel and the world.

And now St. John the Baptist leaves his home and friends, set behind him the cities with their pride and luxury, seeks the higher atmos-phere of the mountain side, the clearer view of the desert, there to commune with nature and with God—there to listen again to the voice that was calling him, and to read the prophecies that were written in all

But more definire still was the thought that over at Nazareth there was One for whom the world had waited so long, and yet knew not, Who was come to be the redeemer of Israel and the glory of His people. That thought filled the soul of John, so that the desert living was not a place of solitude, but peopled with mighty thoughts of what was, and what was to be.

The Scriptures tell us of the simple life of St. John in the desert; how he was clothed in camel's hair with a leathern girdle, and that his food was locusts and wild honey. They tell us, too, not only of the example he gives of the homely fare, but also his abstinence from wine should be found the idea of the total abstinence as encouraged and fos-tered by the Catholic Church. We have in St. John the example of one who himself abstained from intoxi-cants; but when it came to denuncia-

tion, all he denounced was sin. In other words, by his example he would lead all to perfect and saintly living, and by his denunciation he would limit the same to what was definitely wrong and sinful.

Such a picture is easily brought before the mind: The desert with its long line of light, deepening towards the horizon, with its simmering heat, its brilliant coloring, its vastness, and over against it, the figure of the simple, brave, clear visioned Baptist, simple, brave, clear visioned Baptist, who as the lion stood full of energy, fearless of fate: or like the pyramid unmoved amid storm and stress, a witness of misery and impotence down below—while its summit stands crowned amid the stars. St. John went to the desert to fast

and to pray, and to make prepara-tion for his mission as the forerunner of the Christ. And the Church in holding up the life of the Baptist also commends to its children this example that he has given, namely, that they should from time to time retire to where, the world forgeting. they may have companionship and direction of the spirit of God. Few realize how helpful, and in a certain sense how necessary such retreats are. Bound up with the things of earth, they tell you they have no time to change their ways, to halt their course, nor otherwise to think than according to the way, the course and the thought their business deand the thought their business demands. And yet to know ourselves, to see our duty in that only true light, namely, the light of God's presence, to hear His voice without distraction, and to understand and face the mission that is ours without hesitation, the retreat is the ordinary and the necessary way.
We do not know how long St. John

spent in the wilderness; but we do know when he returned; when, as St. Luke tells us, the word of the Lord came to John in the desert, he comes in response with a willingness and a consecration that soon was felt throughout all Judes. He came preaching penance—"Do penance, for the Kingdom of Heaven is at hand." They must be sorry for the sins, they must be baptized and purifled, they must prepare, for the King dom of God is at hand. They ask the prophet who he is; he answers, it matters not. He came from the desert. From the solitudes he came as the messenger of good tidings, he himself answering nothing but only the voice of one crying in the wilder ness, makes straight the way of God.

When our Blessed Saviour made His entrance into public life, it is by His being baptized by John in the Jordan; and it is by commending the ministry of John and his pro-phetic mission; but when the Blessed Master arises, then St. John disap-pears until he explates that life of simplicity and purity and devotion by the martyrdom that marks the end. He was beheaded by the master of Judea, Herod, because he de-

nounced the profligacy of the ruler. We especially note in the life of St. John the simplicity of his living; and our day with its luxuries and refinements and debaucheries and cruelties may well take to heart the lesson of John, living in the desert, pure of mind, clean of hand, exalted of character, devoted altogether to the mission that was his to perform.

St. John not only lived the simple tion or pride because of his mission entered his soul. When our blessed Saviour sought baptism at his hands he said, "I ought to be baptised by thee, and comest thou to me." And again, not only did he declare himself to be but the voice of one crying in the wilderness: but he who would come so far surpassed St. John that he was unworthy to loose the latchet

St. John the Baptist showed great moral force. He feared neither the Pharisee and Sadducee were alike de nounced because of their hypocrisies and sins. A race of vipers, he called in the coming wrath.

St. John's course is clear. He will be the voice proclaiming right, he will be the voice denouncing wrong until that voice is hushed in death. He goes bravely to die, muttering no complaint, showing no fear; steadfast to the cause of virtue, he gives back his soul and his mission to his Master remaining for all time an example of simple faith, holy hope firm resolve, the friend and companion of Jesus, the prophet of his mission; and after the holy inno-cents, the first of those to die in the knowledge and profession of the advent of the Saviour.

Swollen, Aching Veins A Common Cause of Discomfort

The army of people troubled with swollen veins is a large one and was stead-ily on the increase until the discovery a few years ago that a germicide-liniment of marked value for other ailments gave prompt relief from this aggravating trouble.

prompt relief from this aggravating trouble.

Since this accidental discovery hundreds of sufferers have proven its efficiency—it has made good even in cases of long standing.

Mr. R. O. Kellog, Becket, Mass. before using this remedy, suffered intensely with painful and inflamed veins; they were swellen, knotted, and hard. He writes: "After using one and one-half bottles of Absorbine, Jr., the veins were reduced, inflammation and pain gone, and I have had no recurrence of the trouble during the past six years."

This germicide-liniment—Absorbine, Jr. is made of herbs and safe and harmless to use, which in itself makes it distinctive. Most druggists have it or send \$1.00 to the manufacturer, W. F. Young, P. D. F. 299 Lymans Bldg., Montreal, Canada, and a bottle will be mailed to you promptly. Safe delivery guaranteed.

IT DOES MAKE A DIFFERENCE

Those persons who have had experience in discussing religious questions with the world at large, soon arrive at the conviction that there is an easy going set of people whose aspiration seldom rise above the material; while there are others who pretend to be seekers after truth with such avidity that they like to be known as religious reformers. Beyond the multiplicity of beliefs they assume to have ar-rived at the one true religion of rived at the one true religion of feeling as opposed to faith. They talk much of "getting back to Christ," of "shaking off dogma, which is always indicative of bigotry," and of hating "fanaticism," a term they apply to the defense one makes of time honored doctrines. Their fundamental principle is, that one religion is as good as another. This ion is as good as another. This means, of course, that falsehood is as good as truth. A somewhat intoler ant affirmation, the non - Catholic urges. But truth is always intolerant of error. It is, in a sense, un-yielding in character. Let our read-ers consult St. Paul regarding the armor the Christian is to wear in his conflicts with unbelief and unfaith The description is given in the sixth chapter of his epistle to the Ephesians: "Stand, therefore, having your loins girt about with truth, and having on the breastplate of justice. and your feet shod with the prepara-tion of the gospel of peace; in all things taking the shield of faith, wherewith you may be able to extinguish all the flery darts of the most wicked one. And take unto you the helmet of salva-tion, and the sword of the Spirit (which is the word of God.)" Notice, that in all this armor, the Christian Even the belt of truth about his loins is covered with metallic scales, as we learn from the Greek word that describes it. This is to be unyielding in character. It savors of intoler ance, but truth must necessarily be intolerant of everything that would destroy truth. Concerning this matter we would recommend what Rev. Bernard J. Otton, S. J., says in his work, "Does it Matter Much What I believe?"

On the supposition that one religion is as good as another, it must needs be admitted that falsehood is as good as truth. For of the hunds of existing religions there cannot be found two that agree in prinas true, others reject as false : what one commends as holy, others con-demn as impious. According to Anglican, for instance, Christ is a divine person; according to Unitarians and Socinians he is a mere man. By Lutherans infant baptism is con-sidered valid; by Baptists it is rejected as invalid. Catholics hold that Bishops were divinely instituted to rule the Church; Presbyterians teach that Bishops were not so instituted. And so all along the line, when one re-ligious body teaches a certain doctrine, others almost invariably deny it, and hold the contradictory as true. Yet it is the very first principle in philosophy, and of common sense as well, that two contradictory statements cannot both be true at the same time. If it be true, for example, that two and two make four, it cannot at the same time make four. And so also if it be true that Christ is a divine person, or that infant baptism is valid, or that rule the Church it cannot at the a divine person, or that infant bap-tism is not valid, or that Bishops were not divinely instituted to rule e as existing religi ous systems teach de facto opposite and contradictory doctrines, some of them must necessarily be false; conse-quently, if it is true, as Indifferent-ists hold, that one religion is as good as another, it must also be true that a false religion is as good as the true one, or that falsehood is as good as truth, unless, indeed, we are prepared to maintain that no religion is good which is the very opposite of what Indifferentiets have been holding heretofore.—The Missionary.

A SOUND REBUKE

"To what religion do you belong?" a minister of State in Holland asked a minister or State in Holland asked a young man who had applied for a government office. The minister, though a Protestant, had a great re-spect for the Catholic belief, and was greatly surprised when the candidate answered: "I am a Catholic, but I do not much care whether I continue to be one or not." "I have no appointment for you," said the min-ister. "You were born and brought up in the greatest institution in the world, and yet you betray your cause! A Catholic who does not love and esteem his faith as his great ice, since he knows not how to serve his God."—Sacred Heart Review.

NO CLAIM

Pastor Russell, of the Russellite Church, in a recent sermon in the City Temple, New York City made remarks on the Catholic Church in the course of which he said: "I am discussing the Church of Rome only because for a time there was no

Here is a noteworthy admission. There was a time when there was only one Church and that the Church of Rome. What then of the other bodies claiming to be Churches, and Christian and Apostolic? Did the

"Gates of Hell" prevail against them? Manifestly so, according to Pastor Russell.

Pastor Russell.

For a time, he allows, the Church of Rome was the only Church in existence. It follows that it must have been and is the true Church. For Christ would not leave the world for any time without a Church to preach the company to the His Gospel to all nations as He com-manded—Going, therefore, teach ye all nations.

The Church existing all the time.

to do that work was therefore, all the time, the only true Church as it continues to be. The Church off the record for any period has no claim. -N. Y. Freeman's Journal

FITS CURED By TRENCH'S REMEDY

The Famous Home Treatment for Epilepsy and Fits . . .

CONVINCING TESTIMONY Has been given by people in every walk of Those interested should write at once.

Trench's Remedies, Limited 415 St. James' Chambers TORON
Sole Proprietors Trench's Remedies Limited,
Dublin, Ireland.

BELLS, PEALS, CHIMES Send for catalog.
Copper Rad East India Tin. Famous for full
Copper Rad East India Tin. Famous for full
City tones, volume and durability.—Guaranteed.
E. W. VANDUZEN CO., Proj's Backey Bell Feendy
Estab. 1837). E. Secoed St., CIKCINANI, G

The year upon which we are enter-ing is dark with mystery—we cannot forecast the events of a single day of it.

Is it not important that exposed to these uncertainties we should protect our households with "the one thing sure"—a life policy?

For if the future is dark to the supporter of the family, what would it be to his dependents if death should

There is no bond or treaty in the world more binding than a life insurance policy—no policy more immutable than the one issued by

Mutual Life

Assurance Co. of Canada

Waterloo, Ontario

FOR ROUGH SKIN, SORE LIPS, OR CHAPPED HANDS

Oampana's Italian Baim is soothing, healing and pleasant. Send 4 cents for sample — 27 years on the market. E. G. WEST & CO., 80 GEORGE ST., TORONTO. **CHURCH ORGANS**



If You Have Rheumatism

And send to Frederick Dyer. Dept. Px2, Jack-son, Mich. Return mail will bring you This Book and My \$1.00 Drafts to Try FREE as explained below.

CUT OFF HERE



Send Today for this FREE BOOK

Tells how to get rid of Rheumatism, no matter where located or how severe, with-out Medicine My method has created such a sensa-tion all over the world by its extraor inary simplicity, as well as by its certainty to

should learn about it at once. Men and women in every civilized country and in every climate are writing me that my Drafts have cured them, some after 30 and 40 years suffering—a whole lifetime of pain—cured even after the most expensive treatments and baths had failed. No matter what your age, nor where or how severe the pain, I take all risk of failure and send you the drafts right along with my Book, without a cent in advance—To Try Free.

Free. Then after trying my Drafts, if you are fully satisfied with the benefit received, you can send me One Dollar. If not, Keep Your Money. You decide

fied with the benefit record bollar. If not, Keep and I take your word. Send above coupon TODAY and get My Drafts and My Illustrated Book, by return mail oregain.



Made in Canada by Lever Brothers Limited, Toronto.



New HOTEL TULLER

Detroit, Michigan Center of business on Grand Circus Park. Take Woodward car, get off at Adams Avenue

ABSOLUTELY FIREPROOF

200 Rooms, Private Bath, \$1.50 Single, \$2.50 Up Double " 2.00 " " 2.50 " 3.00 100 100 " 3.00 to 5.00 " 4.50 Total 600 Outside Rooms

Two Floors-Agents'

ALL ABSOLUTELY QUIET New Unique Cafes and

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

KEEPING HIM DOWN

Many men are "kept down" in the way in which the man in the collowing story, told by J. L. Har-tom, was kept from "amounting to

anything."

A gentleman was travelling in the South on horseback, when he stopped for a drink of water at a little log cabin in the backwoods. A long and very lank man, with a thin, straggling beard and weak blue eyes, was sprawling under a tree in the dooryard. A slatternly woman in a faded calico gown was dozing in a rocking chair by the door. Two boys of about sixteen and eighteen years of age were lying face downward in a fence corner where there was a little grass. Five or six dogs were scattered about the yard, and only one of them had life enough to rise to its forefeet and life enough to rise to its forefeet and give a spiritless bark to announce stranger's approach. The man slowly raised himself upon his elbow, the boys turned on their sides, and the woman, with a little womanly pride still left, began to twist up her back hair.

Could I get a drink here ?" asked

"Why, yeas, certainly," drawled the man. "That's the well; help yourself. Maw, can't you get a glass to drink out of?"

"Thar's a gourd hangin' on to the well-curb," replied the woman. "Do not let me trouble you in any

way," the stranger made haste to say.
"I can drink out of the well bucket." Wal, that's the way we do." said

After satisfying his thrist the have my horse put up and fed while I walk, to the summit of that hill onder, where I could perhaps get a good photograph of the valley below.

good photograph of the valley below.

I will pay you 50 cents for caring for
my horse while I am gone."

"You hear that, Jake?" said the
man, rising to a sitting posture. "He
says that he'll give 50 cents to have
his hoss fed. Thar's your chance to earn money enough to buy that spotted dawg of Hen Turner's."

"There ain't no cawn husked to feed the critter with," replied the bey called Jake, as he turned over and buried his face in the grass.

"Wal, Lute, you whirl in an' look after the critter. Fifty cents will buy a pile of shot for your new gun."
"Let Lem do it," replied Lute

and he yawned a tremendous yawn.
"Lem! O Lem!" called the man.
The sandy head of a youth of about
twenty years was thrust out of a window in the gable of the house and a voice said, sleepily:

"What you want?"

"Here's a man wants his hoss watered and fed, and he'll give 50

Let Luke or Jake do it." "Wal, if you ain't too triflin' to live!" exclaimed the man, with some show of irritation. Then he asked: "Whar's Lyddy? I reckon she'll do it. She's got more get up than any of the rest of you. Whar's Lyddy,

I dunno. She said she was going off somewheres and take a nap 'cause she was off to that dance down in the holler all night. Like enough she's snoozin' some place over in the big

After screeching several times for "Lyddy," and failing to get any reply, the man turned appealingly to his wife and said:

"Wal, why can't you do it, maw? Think of all the terbacker for your e that 50 cents will buy !"

"It sin't any use, mister. They won't one of 'em lift a hand. Air it any wonder I ain't ever got along in the world? You kin ride from Dan to Beersheby and you won't find another such shiftless lot as I have to support. I reckon they'll feed your nag down the road at Hank Green's. His folks have got some None of mine have. Nothin like a shiftless family to keep a man down," and he dropped backward with his hat over his face and went

THE DIRTY STORY

It advertises your own ignorance It displays your lack of a sense of

ecency. It indicates the state of your inner naracter. It exhibits the nature of your inner

It shows your better self is being

suppressed.
It illustrates the sordidness of your

It typifies the meagerness of your resources of entertainment. It proclaims the coarseness of your

ideas of humor. It tells of the inadequacy of your means of expression.

It reveals the depth of defilement

you have already reached.

It proves to your friends how greatly they may be disappointed in

you.

It stultifies the testimony of those

who said you were a good fellow.

It soils the imagination of your

It hangs vulgar pictures on the inner chamber of the imagination of other men from which they cannot

It disgusts men of finer sensibilities who care for the clean and wholesome things of life.

The description of the clean and they were accustomed to do when wholesome things of life.

It nauseases good men who love thought sullenly, that she didn't care fun but hate dirt.

It dishonors your parents, and your wife and your children, and your friends and your home and your busi-

ness and your God. It proves nothing but your own un-

It accomplishes nothing but your own undoing.

It convinces others that you are a good man not to do business with.

S. W. McGill, in Association Men.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

"THE GUIDING STAR"

It was the hour for the writing lesson in Room No. 5. Thirty heads were bent low over the desks, and thirty unskilled little hands were guiding the pens, unsteadily, across the white pages.

Little Elizabeth Moore, in the very least seat of the third you was a seat of the third you

last seat of the third row, was strug-gling with the capital "Q." The first one had been too slanting, the second resembled a leaf on a tree, rather than a letter of the alphabet,

and the last was entirely too flat.

"Now," Lady Dear" was starting down the aisle to inspect the work. She moved softly, stooping over each desk, with a word of criticism here, a suggestion there, but always, everywhere, a smile and a word of encour-agement. The fourth "Q" was a beautiful success, almost as good as the model itself. "Lady Dear" would admire that. She would be there, too, soon. Even now she had stooped at the next desk. The hem of her brown skirt touched Elizaof her brown skirt touched Eliza-beth's foot. Her golden head was bent low over that of the occupant of the seat, and her hand rested on the back of the desk, directly in front of Elizabeth. How could one think of writing lessons, with their trouble-some "Q's" when "Lady Dear" was so near, and one might look on

so lovely a vision? Elizabeth's gaze wandered from Lady Dear" to a picture of Saint Cecilia, on the wall opposite. Had the man who painted that picture known "Lady Dear?" He must have been thinking of her as he worked, only, of course, the picture was not nearly so beautiful as "Lady

It was then, just as Elizabeth was enumerating the many points of superiority in "Lady Dear's" ap-pearance over that of the picture,

pearance over that or the picture, that the inevitable happened. Elizabeth never knew how it came about, but when she looked down, "Q." was a generous drop of ink, slowly making its way down the page. Elizabeth's cry of dismay brought "Lady Dear" to the rescue-By quick, skillful manipulations with the blotter a practice accurred by the blotter, a practice acquired by experience in many like emergencies, the havoc was stopped, but the "Q" was ruined.

As usual, "Lady Dear" under-

"What a naughty drop of ink, to what a naughty drop of link, to spoil such a pretty letter. The rest of the work is very neat, Elizabeth. We'll master those "Q's" yet," and with a smile, she had passed on. Of course, "Lady Dear" was not her real name. She was Miss Allen, to the other children, but in the heart

of this, her most obedient pupil, she was loved and revered as "Lady Dear." Miss Allen herself did not know of this other name, for it had never passed Elizabeth's lips: somehow it seemed to her too sacred for utterance. Miss Allen was loved by all her pupils, but with Elizabeth this love amounted to adoration. Perhaps the chief reason for this was that the child had so little else to love. Left an orphan in early life, she had the face again, and, in the absence "Yes, an' have you an' the boys smoke the heft of it up. No, I thank ye!"

The man turned toward the stranger in disgust and in despair and said.

that she was one of them.

It had always been hard for Elizabeth to be good, as might have been expected, from her lack of home training. She had been wilful and disobedient, and in former years had given her teachers more trouble than any other pupil in the room. But those days were before she had known Lady Dear," and now, though Eliza beth herself scarcely realized it, an entire transformation was taking place. If one found that doing cer-tain things gave "Lady Dear" tain things gave "Lady Dear" trouble why then of course, one wouldn't do them, and it was worth the effort expended in properly pre-paring a lesson to win "Lady Dear's"

smile of approval. To be sure, there were times when Elizabeth lapsed back into the old ways of carelessness and willfulness, but those occasions were growing less and less frequent, and gave prom

ise of soon disappearing altogether It was the next day that the crisis came. For when the schoolbell rang and Room No. 5 assembled for the morning session, alas! there was no "Lady Dear" to welcome them; but in her place stood a tall, majestic looking person, as different from "Lady Dear" as a tiger lily is from a lily of the valley. Oh! what could be the matter with "Lady Dear?" Perhaps she was ill, perhaps she had resigned. resigned, perhaps — oh, terrible thought—perhaps she would never come back. Elizabeth's loyal little heart was filled with a wild, anxious fear, which was only partially quieted by the tail personage explaining that she was Miss Brown: that Miss Allen had been suddenly called out of town: that she would take her place for the day; that she hoped they would get along nicely together, and the children would do just as they were accustomed to do when Miss Allen was there. Elizabeth thought sullenly, that she didn't care whether they got along together_at. You know that was a very, very

all or not: nothing mattered now, since "Lady Dear" was not there. What was the use of study, if there was no "Lady Dear" to approve of your work, and what was the use of trying to be good if there were no "Lady Dear" to please? But how she did want "Lady Dear." How long the day would seem without her! Elizabeth brushed away the hot tears, as she opened her reader at the morning's lesson. But somehow, she could not study. The letters all ran together to spell the one name, "Lady Dear"; and try as she might, she could not keep her thoughts on the lesson.

When the reading class was called things went no better. She could

things went no better. She could not, or at least did not, listen to the not, or at least did not, listen to the others read, and when Miss Brown unexpectedly called her name she had no idea where to begin. She hesitated, stammered and finally commenced, two paragraphs ahead. "You've made a mistake, I think; the last paragraph on the last page, please." Miss Brown's tone was kind, if somewhat annowed.

if somewhat annoyed.
Something like the old time spirit arose in Elizabeth's heart: her lips moved, and framed the words, "I don't want to read that."

Elizabeth, you may be seated."
Miss Brown's voice was stern and
commanding: "and you may remain
in at recess, Elizabeth. I wish to

speak to you."

But at recess Elizabeth's mood had not changed. Her mouth was set in firm, determined lines, and her eyes met Miss Brown's with no signs of yielding in their blue depths.

yielding in their blue depuis.
"I didn't read it because I didn't
feel like it," was the only explanation
which Miss Brown received, and, indeed, Elizabeth told the truth. Miss Brown at last decided that the child was ill, so dismissed her without further punishment.

That day was the longest which Elizabeth had everknown. At the end of the period which was supposed to be spent by the class in preparing their geography lesson, but during which Elizabeth had sat, with her book open and her eyes on the big maple tree by the window, Miss Brown surprised the class by announcing a wristen lesson.

Elizabeth's heart gave a great leap Why, oh why, hadn't she studied that lesson? She might have known that something like this would hap pen. But it was too late now. worse came to worse—well, she would see. The first question related to the lesson of the day previous, and this she knew fairly well, but after this she could go no farther. She knew absolutely nothing of the subject. Miss Brown was busy writing, and seldom looked up; writing, and seldom looked up; Elizabeth's seat was in the back part of the room—and, her book was in the desk. Five months ago, and such a suggestion would have seemed a perfectly natural one. Now, as though by second nature, she slipped the book out and softly opened it. It was so easily done, so unable over with when Miss. nuickly over with, when Miss Brown came down the aisle to collect the papers, Elizabeth had a neatly the papers, Elizabeth had a neatly written paper ready for her. It was then that her eyes happened to fall upon the picture of St. Cecilia. What, oh, what was "Lady Dear" doing now? Was she thinking of her, Elizabeth? Then, for the first time, the light broke, and an awful realization came over her. What if "Lady Dear" knew? Elizabeth heattated. Should she keep the paper, now at the last moment? But already Miss Brown had taken it out of her hand and had turned away.

Elizabeth grew sick at heart. How could she ever look "Lady Dear" in "Lady Dear." how could she look at the picture, which reminded one so strongly of her? And she, Eliza-beth Moore, had thought she would grow up to be like "Lady Dear!" This looked like it! Had kind, beautiful "Lady Dear" ever done any thing like this? Oh, if only she had studied that day, it only she hadn't been so rude! If she could be good when "Lady Dear" was there, could she do better than this, for her sake, even though "Lady Dear" her-self were absent? And what would "Lady Dear" have her do now? Eliza beth knew what she would do if "Lady Dear" were there. She would lay her head on the sympathetic shoulder and sob out all the sad little story, and "Lady Dear's "arm would tighten round her, and that sweet, sorry look would come into "Lady Dear's" eyes. Well, for "Lady Dear's" sake, she would have to tell Miss Brown, and then, to morrow she would tell "Lady Dear" too.

And so it came about that, after school had been dismissed that afteroon, a trembling little figure stood before Miss Brown's desk.

Well?" Miss Brown gave a smile of encouragement—and waited. Elizabeth twisted a corner of her apron. It was going to be harder than she had thought.

"I didn't know my geography les-son—I hadn't studied it, and—I opened my book when I wrote it;" the words came tumbling one after

another.
Miss Brown was surprised. This was not what he had expected. Why, Elizabeth, what made you

do that?"
Elizabeth shook her head."
Elizabeth shook her head."
"I don't know," she replied, meekly. "I suppose it was because I forgot that "Lady Dear" said it was
got that "Lady Dear" said it was



TO GUARD AGAINST ALUM IN BAKING POWDER SEE THAT ALL INGREDIENTS ARE PLAINLY PRINTED ON THE LABEL, AND THAT ALUM OR SULPHATE OF ALUMINA OR SODIC ALUMINIC SUL-PHATE IS NOT ONE OF THEM. THE WORDS "NO ALUM" WITHOUT THE IN-GREDIENTS IS NOT SUFFI-CIENT. MAGIC BAKING POWDER COSTS NO MORE THAN THE ORDINARY KINDS. FOR ECONOM BUY THE ONE POUND TINE

E. W. GILLETT COMPANY LIMITED TORONTO, ONT. WINNIPEG MONTREAL

naughty thing to do. But you did right in telling me; that is the best thing you could have done, Eliza-beth. You did wrong on the spur of the moment, without thinking, but when you stopped to think you de-termined to right the wrong, even if t caused you to suffer pain and numiliation. That shows that your humiliation. That shows that your heart was right. Next time you will be strong enough to resist the temptation. I'm very glad indeed that you were strong enough to tell me. Elizabeth, but you know, of course, I can't give you a grade for to day's lesson"

Elizabeth turned away, Ther were tears in her eyes, but a great load had been litted from her heart. She was not thinking of grades, then. Her eyes sought the picture.

"I told her, "Lady Dear," " she whispered. "Oh, "Lady Dear," "Lady Dear," it's so hard to be good, but I'm never going to forget again, never— as long as I live."—Georgia Gladys Williams, in Ladies' World.

THE CHURCH'S DEMOCRACY

Despite the fact that in the great democracy of the United States the Catholic Church flourishes beyond all other communions, superficial think-ers are wont to charge the Church with being reactionary, feudalistic, conservative and "hierarchic" in the aristocratic sense.

This calumny, says Father Day, S. J., in his work of Catholic Sociology entitled "Catholic Democracy" (Longmans), dates back to the days of the French Revolution. That event proved then, and has doubly proved since, says the Jesuit, that on the whole, the Catholics pointed the moral of their own essential demo-cracy by accepting the French Revo-lution and its best principles for the liberal views it, in many ways, con

It is not to be denied, however that some Catholics favored the re actionary and retrograde cause which became possible after the downfall of Napoleon and the re-establishment of the Bourbons. 'The action of such Catholics resulted in great part in the propaganda of anti-Catholic calumny and denunciation which for the past three generations has tinged the history of politics. The Church, it was declared, was ever intriguing against the State; religion was essentially anti-republican; it wanted feudalism back; it opposed the rights of the people, and so

Father Day is willing to admit that there existed a small conservative entirely Catholic, and whilst embrac-Catholic minority, who, by their ing the whole of Catholic theory and action, were responsible for this condition of affairs, which, he says, was simply a gross caricature of the real Church that was founded upon the essentially democratic or humani-

tarian principles of Christ. The reaction against the demo-cratic notions of the French Revolution gave birth in France to several parties which constituted themselves the advocates of the "rights of the advocates of the "rights of man" for Catholics as for all other men. The representatives of these parties are living to-day in the leaders of the Sillon which was condemned by the late Pius X on the general ground that it placed liberty as the positive foundation of everyas the positive foundation of every-thing and shelved entirely the ques-

tion of authority.

Each political revolution, as 1830 and 1848, which advocated the notion of liberty as a right, produced a corresponding reaction on the part of successive minorities in the Church and the result was a severe colitico religious conflict which laste through the reigns of Pius IX. and Leo XIII., a pivotal point in the whole polemic being the question of the temporal power—whence its origin and its justification.



DESCRIPTION OF THE PROPERTY OF The modern intervention of the Church in the economic crisis, on anything like a world-compelling scale, may be said to date from May 15, 1891, with the appearance of the famous Encyclical "Rerum Novarum," which, says the Jesuit, is per-

CONTAINS NO ALUN

haps best known as Leo XIII's 'Letter on the Condition of Labor." This document dealt fearlessly and trenchantly with the popular aspects of the social question from the point of view of Catholic ethics and reeived, as it deserved to receive, al most universal applause.

hers and writers Politicans, preachers and writers of various sects were enthusiastic in its behalf and the Anglican Bishop of Manchester declared that either the Pope's words would have to be listened to, or else the world would have to expiate its neglect by ter-

rible calamities.
Anti Catholic politicans and writers Anti Cabinolic politicans and writers declared that the effect of the Pope's letter really was to alter the mental outlook on the old social forms of Europe, as Barrés and Leroy-Be lieu admitted. The famous Socialist paper of Germany, the Vorwaerts, of which we hear so much in these days of war, declared that Pope Leo had gone in advance of all princes and all tatesmen in his attempt to settle the social question

As to the effects of the letter upor the Catholics, Father Day states that they were immediate in the activities and enthusiasm which the evoked. The Catholics were, how ever, lacking in practical agreement says the Jesuit, although the disagreement in all cases was confined to matters of minor importance Though the principles laid down were entirely accepted, a difficulty arose says the Jesuit, in applying them.

In the Church there were two opposite tendencies in evidence in (1) the Catholic Conservative party and (2) the Catholic Progressive party. Both accepted the cardinal principles laid down by Leo. The Conservatives leaned, however, towards in-dividual liberty while the Progres-sive took the side of authority and state intervention. In Belgium and Germany, in those days, great efforts were being made to settle economic questions, and the division of view threatened to be exceedingly hurtful to the Catholic cause. At this junc-ture appeared the Encyc. "Graves de communi" (Jan. 15, 1901), dealing with the question of Christian Demo cracy. According to the Pope, Christian Democracy is an organized social movement based on the principles and ideals of Catholic faith and action and conducted under the guidance of ecclesiastical authority It is exclusively social and classes. tice, it has no extension into the field of purely party politics. The Pope then defined the difference between Social Democracy and Christian Democracy in these words: "Social Democracy, more or less

extreme, is by many carried to such wicked extravagance as to reckon human satisfaction supreme and to acknowledge nothing higher, to pursue bodily and natural good only and to make the whole happiness of man consist in attaining and enjoying them. Such persons would place the supreme power of the State indiscriminately in the hands of the people, would abolish all private ownership and socialize the instrunents of labor. Christian Demo cracy ought to have as its foundation he principles laid down by divine faith, having regard to the temporal advantage of the poorer and less educated, but with a view to the salvation of their souls. Nothing is more sacred to Christian Democracy than law and right—the right to have and the right to hold. Social Democracy and Christian Democracy can have nothing in common."—N. Y. Freeman's Journal

SACRED NAME OF MOTHER

"Some of us," Father Matthew Russell, S. J., says somewhere, "would do well to make in our hearts a ver fervent act of thanksgiving to God for having given us really good mothers—mothers who loved us, not too well, or at least not too weakly, but wisely; mothers who showed their love by firmness, by restraint, by denying us partly to habits of ease and self indulgence and training us to habits of conscientiousness, punctuality, uprightness, obedience and sundry other humdrum but solid virtues," And again: "May God bless and reward all the millions of good women, in all countries and in all classes, who are at this moment exercising the immense patience and self denial they must needs exercise in order to deserve the sacred name of Mother !"

MAKING INFIDELS

College circles have been some what stirred up over an editorial in the Presbyterian, the official organ of the Presbyterians in which it is asserted that infidelity is being taught at Princeton. The editorial runs:

"Those who join in the class of Prof. Miller will be instilled with infidelity, both as to the Scriptures and the Lord Jesus Christ. He believes in the divinity of neither, and has publicly declared his unbelief. We

publicly declared his unbelief. We know that to such teaching the money and energy of Princeton is devoted and the sons of evangelical

"If the university cannot be freed from its infidelity then the other Christian denominations should ar range to follow the example of Trinity Episcopal Church at Prince-ton and take care of their own boys. This is no light matter. Parents who send their sons to Princeton for its high intellectual advantages are much concerned about the religious and moral influence to which they

"The breaking out of a flood of heathenism in the nations of Europe is awakening our American people to the cause of danger. Bad instruction in European universities is the real cause of the European Company of Canada universities will end in some similar preakout in our own land.

"The trouble with the religious and biblical work of many of our universities is that it is put into the hands of young and inexperienced men, who either treat it as a matter of experiment or a field for the dis-play of novelties.

Princeton also seems to become the stamping ground for Union Theological Seminary. With this repetition of Union Seminarism at Princeton evangelical Christians will have to take a choice of the tril-emma; either send their boys elsewhere, forbid them to take the Bible course at Princeton or yield them up to the baldest infidelity both with regard to the Bible and Christ.'

What is said of this university is all too true of many another. Higher learning [with many professors is synonymous with freethinking. The Bible has lost it sacredness, and is used as an instrument with which to cut from the heart of the youth his religion just at the time when to cope with the temptations of youth he needs every possible help.

Knowing with what suspicion the secular university is rightly regarded the wonder is that Catholic parents can with equanimity send their boys thither. It is playing

What makes it so reprehensible is that it is not at all necessary. Our own universities are wholly as competent, to say the least, to give a thorough education, with the added advantage beyond price that in them the youth is taught the real value of things and led to seek first the kingdom of God.—Pilot.

THE OLD, OLD LIE

The Protestant Bishop of Carlisle England) recently asked to be referred to "any authentic declaration in the writings of the Jesuits which makes the aunouncement that 'we should not do evil that good may

STAMMERERS

The methods employed at the Arnott Institute are the only logical methods for the cure of stammering They treat the CAUSE, not merely the habit, and insure NATURAL SPEECH. If you have the slightest impediment in your speech, don't hesitate to write us. Cured pupils everywhere. Pamphlei particulars and references sent on request.

THE ARNOTT INSTITUTE, Berlin, Ont., Can.

New_

not killed out and out. The liars

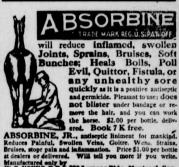
will be "up smiling," as usual, on some future occasion or opportunity. —N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

Telephone Directory

A new issue of our Official Telephone Directory is now being prepared and the copy will close within the next few

Orders for new connections, changes of name or address, should be reported to us at

Company of Canada



Manufactured only by W. F. YOUNG, P.B.F. 299 Lymans Bldg., Montreal, Can

Useful

Enables Anyone to Play Piano or Organ Without Lessons

A Detroit musician has invented a wonderful new system which en-ables any person or little child to learn to play the piano or organ in one evening. Even though you know absolutely nothing about music or have never touched a piano or organ, you can now learn to play not know one note from another are able to play their favorite music with this method without any assist ance whatever from anyone.

This new system which is called the Numeral Method, is sold in Canada by the Numeral Method Music Co of Canada, and as they are desirous of at once making it known in every locality, they are making the follow-ing special free trial and half-price offer to our readers.

You are not asked to send any money until you have tried and are satisfied with the new method. The come." Replying to this request a correspondent in the Tablet quotes it to you on one week's free trial, the following passage from "The Catholic's Manual," a prayer book published by the Jesuits:

"We ought rather to suffer death than incur the guilt of one known and deliker the suffer death than incur the guilt of one known and deliker the suffer death than incur the guilt of one known and deliker the suffer death than the suffer death the suffer death than the suffer death th than incur the guilt of one known mail. Simply write a letter or post and deliberate venial sin — it can card to the Numeral Method Music and deliberate vental sin—15 can never be authorized by any pretext of doing a greater good."

Thus is nailed once again the old, old lie against the Jesuits. But it is seven days free trial." If you are satisfied after trying it, the Method and fifty different pieces of sheet music will cost you only \$5, although he regular price of these is \$10 ould not delay writing, as the Numeral Company will not continue this special half-price offer indefin-itely. Later on, the Method and fifty pieces of music will be sold at

The Best Place to INVEST in Real Estate in the Dominion of Canada

OJIBWAY will be, in the very near future to the Dominion of Canada what Gary, Ind., is to the United States: one of the greatest steel centres in the country.
OJIBWAY is the townsite of the United States Steel Corporation, located

the regular price.

n the Detroit River, one and one half miles below Sandwich, Ont., and directly across from one of the suburbs of Detroit, Michigan, namely: Delray. The great work has begun of diverting from what is nearly a wilderness to what will be one of the greatest manufacturing centres in Canada.

Main Street, which is 3½ miles long, has been graded 100 feet wide, and paving will be started in the early spring. The Essex Terminal Railway, connecting with the Grand Trunk Railway at Ford, the Pere Marquette at

Walkerville, the Canadian Pacific Railway and Michigan Central Railway at Windsor, has been laid into the townsite. According to the charter granted to the Steel Corporation by the Car adian Government, they are capitalized at 20,000,000 dollars, an according to the statement made by Judge E.H. Gary, Chairman of the Board of Directors, in New York, Jan. 1st, 1913, they will spend 20,000,000

dollars and perhaps more, in developing this town.

The Steel Corporation have aquired 1,100 acres for plant site at Ojibway. Real estate has already advanced, but nothing like it will raise to when paving, putting in sewers, building of the docks and mills begin.

I have the best located lots for sale at OJIBWAY—the property adjoining the plant site—located within 500 feet of the Detroit River, and between OJIBWAY and the City of Windsor at the first subdivision prices. Business lots in Bedford Street (which is 100 feet wide) at \$75 per foot. Other lots at \$500 each; corners 61x110, \$1200. TERMS—One quarter of purchase price to be paid at time of purchase; balance quarterly or monthly; interest 5% per annum for two years. 5% discount for spot cash. Begin the New Year right by purchasing a lot in OJIBWAY. Any further information

cheerfully given. Come and investigate. IT WILL PAY YOU. Ask for or Address CHAS. F. COLE

Desk 2, No. 3 Oulette Ave. Windsor, Ont. REPRESENTING HEALY, PAGE AND CHAPPUS.

The Thornton-Smith Co.

renew their previous offers of accepting contracts for the

Interior Decoration of Churches

at but a small percentage above the costs of labor and material, so as to their present highly skilled and trained staff.

Correspondence Invited Il King St. West, Toronto

A NEW CANADIAN POET

BY DR. WM. J. FISHER

Lovers of poetry will welcome at this season of the year, when gift-giving seems to be one of the supreme joys of the hour, the appearance of Rev. D. A. Casey's exquisite book of lyrics, entitled "At the Gate of the Temple" (William Briggs: Toronto.) This volume, daintily bound in red and gold, is, we daintily bound in red and gold, is, we believe, the first offering from the inspired pen of "Columba" who graces weekly the pages of The CATHOLIC RECORD. His many friends —and they are legion—will be pleased that the gentle poet priest has gathered together the stray fledglings of his fancy and housed them per-manently between covers.

Poets generally carry in their hearts an abiding love for the noble mother who first taught the baby-lips to lisp in numbers—a strong, vital, all-absorbing love that outlives the years and is never cold. Father Casey is no exception, for on his title page appears this affectionate trib-nte:

To My Mother, whose good opin ion I value above aught else that earth can hold, this little volume is lovingly dedicated. It may be that the critic will find much to censure, and very little to commend, but the pleas-ure it will bring you is sufficient instification for its publication."

After reading the book the critic in a vast sea of verse, even though encompassed by strong metrical tides. The author has wisely sifted out the wheat from the chaff and included in his book only those of his poems which show his talent at full maturhe has produced a profound, physchological volume of verse he has, at least, given us a chaste, wholesome one, heralding rich, gray beams of promise. Father Casey has dipped his poetic pen deeply into his own heart's blood and writes with sincere and deep feeling. His uplifting heart-songs carry many cheer; winged messages to the earth-worn weary children of men. His "My Prayer For You" makes a swift and sure appeal. The poem is exquisitely wrought and has strong bones in its We gladly quote the opening

"What shall I ask for you, Dear priestly hands and the Blood the chalice dyes? For the gifts of earth—the Dead Sea

fruit that ever is void and

Shall this be my prayer for you, Dear Heart, as I kneel at the altar

Earth's honors and wealth and beauty rare - ah, what do they all

For the purple trappings of pomp and power but aching hearts entail!
O Friend, shall I sak a part for you in the things that are defiled?
Would you build your throne in the hearts of men or the Heart of

And over the waste of days, Dear Heart, there comes to my listening ear— the Voice that I loved in the

Golden Past-in accents loud and clear,
The empty gifts of the changing hour are but for the worldly

wise.
Do but ask for me through the age the Light of a Baby's

For the shadow love of the human heart - forever craves for change,

infant reaches its tiny hands for toys that are new and strange; The idle laughter of yesterday gives

place to the saddening tear; The floral gifts of the birth hour gay look withered and old on the bier.

Love's summer days at best are brief. The shadows grow space. For each brief moment a bleeding heart and the Memory of a Face The fairest works of our human

hands shall fade with the fleeting day, Eternal Faith and Eternal Love are the things that will last for

The Muses seem to have showere the lines in "Passing By "—an Irish legend of All Soul's Eve — with whitest star-dust. The poet's powers here strike twelve:

'The raindrops patter against the

pane, The wind moans by the door: Herself, she sees that the fire bright. And then sweeps up the floor;

Himself, he tells the beads, the while The others answer low,
"God pity the souls that are out to-

night, And rest the dead we know!"

So wise are we in our own conceit, So versed in learned lore, We smile to think that the holy sould Should wait there by the door, In that old-time land where the

things of Faith Are part of the woof of day, Where, though there's always bread to win,

Yet so there's time to pray. For us, who measure the things of

By scientific brief, A superstition, a fairy-tale, We hold such vain belief. We sift, we measure, we weigh, w

We hold the balance straight. We war on the idols of yesterday, Our creed is up to date,

And yet, sometimes, to our smug con ceit,
There comes a jarring thought,
That this, our boasted liberty,

Has been too dearly bought, For better than all philosophy And analytic art
Is the gift denied to the worldly-

wise A child-like faith and heart

The post loves to sing of the Ireland of his youth and paints glorious pictures of Rosary time when

a grey haired mother and her beads rebuke a creedless age."

He seems happiest when he threads at shall I ask for you, Dear is in the air and the hawthorn heart, at the altar of Sacrifice, the White Host rests in the loves these winding reads and little wonder when he tells us they

" Lead up to the throne of God."

As an exile his heart is filled with rapturous longing and he tells us, though ours is a land of plenty, there are many things that gold can not buy.

"The lilt of the birds in Ireland, The grey of an Irish sky,

Merchants Bank of Canada

ESTABLISHED 1864 \$7,000,000 Paid-up Capital Reserve Fund and Undivided Profits 7,248,134 217 Branches and Agencies in Canada

Savings Department at All Branches
Deposits Received and Interest allowed at best current rates

Bankers to the Grey Nuns, Montreal; St. Augustine's Seminary, St. Joseph's Academy, and St. Michael's Hospital, Toronto.

Capital Trust Corporation, Limited Authorized Capital \$2,000,000.00

BOARD OF DIRECTORS:

G. McPhillips, K.C., Vanco. C. H. Lang, Berlin. J. Seitz, Toronto. J. J. Seitz, Toronto.
A. E. Provost, Ottawa.
Hon, R. G. Beazley, Halifax.
W. P. O'Brien, Montreal.
Mor.

BOARD OF DIRECTORS:

President: M. J. O'Brien, Renfrow.

Vice-Presidents: Hon. S. N. Parent, Ottawa; Denis Murphy, Ottawa;
R. P. Gough, Toronto; A. E. Corrigan, Ottawa.

McPhillips, K.C., Vancouver.
C. H. Lang, Berlin.
Seitz, Toronto.
Provost, Ottawa.
Provost, Ottawa.
P. G. Beazley, Halifax.
P. O'Brien, Montreal.
Abre Surveyer, K.C., Montreal.
Abre Surveyer, K.C., Montreal.
Michael Connolly, Montreal.
Michael Connolly, Montreal.
Lt.-Col. D. R. Street, Ottawa.
C. Connolly.

Offices: 29 Sparks St., Ottawa, Ont.

DO THIS WITHOUT FURTHER DELAY. If your will is not made, consult a lawyer without delay, draw your will and make provision for the perfect administration of your estate by naming as your Executor the Capital Trust Corporation, Limited.

The smile on the cheerful faces, The hearts that are quick to pray. God keep you and guard you, Ire-land!

My heart is with you to day." One of the sweetest poems in the colume is the deserving tribute to the Sisters of St. Joseph, that loving, self-sacrificing army of courageous women—the sunshine of our Catholic life—

Who are passing through the portals to the day's appointed task, (Sombre black the outer garment

Not to tread the path of Pleasure, Not to garner Dead Sea treasure, But to war for souls with Satan and the luring call of sin.

in the watches of the night, Soothing some poor tortured body in the healing homes of pain,

By the bedside vigil keeping, Guardian angels of the sleeping, While from hushed lips up to heaven steals the Ave's sweet refrain.

Tenderly in crowded hospice grey haired derelicts they tend, To the world's flos and jetsam they have thrown their portals wide.

For these vestal virgins holy, To do good to all their life's work, same as writ of Him who died.' The present regrettable war seems to have inspired many poems. Noyes, Kipling, Hardy, Newbolt and Mass-field, who wrote the deathless "Aug-

ust 1914" which appeared in the English Review, have been spilling streams of rich poetry down the glorious hills of England. The spirit and the times have also stirred our own Father Dollard and Dr. O'Hagan into the singing of delight ful measures. We have not seen a truer canvas of poor, mutilated, bleeding Belgium and her noble, Father Casey's brush—the lines fairly glow with life and pathos:

'Pity the martyr dead? Nay, rather praise, (They need not pity who so nobly dies.)

If coward choice assured them length of days
Then Shame might weep; now

Nay, shed no tears, though mothers hearts do break, Though Belga's plains hold heta combs of dead; Oh, let no sounds of grief their slumbers wake, But place the laurel wreath above

Crown them as victors in the fearful strife (A hero's death can never spell

defeat.) One only gift had they, and e'en their life, Ne'er questioning, they laid at Free dom's feet.

They knew but little of the art o war, But much of Honor, so they made their choice—
The treacherous bait of Empire to

abhor-They made it freely, and they paid

In roofless firesides and in rifled shrines, In bloody corpses that a burial seek, In outraged victims of the fell designs Of monsters wreaking vengeance on

the weak.

Aye, it were pitiful did we but know That Right shall victor be though stars do fall ; In blood and tears a fruitful crop they

Their deeds shall live until the Judgment Call."

The religious throughout the book sing themselves sweetly into one's ears. The tributes to the Virgin recall the lovely songs

of Father Faber and Father Blunt. The poet is equally successful when he tunes his harp and sings for us a genuine Irish lyric as in his "Bereft." It is worthy of Yeats and Moira O'Neill. One cannot help feeling for the kindly, old Irish mothers whose prayers are ever calling the children nome from the four corners of the

earth. It's me that's sad and lonesome since the white ship sailed away; I miss the red veins o' me heart, my

youngest, Willie bawn; Myself here by the fireside all the long hours o' the day,

Me thoughts in foreign places, or beyant wid him that's gone.

When first the ocean called to thim although I missed thim sore Yet whilst himself was left to me

wasn't all alone, But since the day whin, cold and stark, he passed beyant the door.

There's none but God an' Mary left to spake to now, asthore. praised be God, He's sleepin

there beside the abbey wall;

'Tis lonesome by the winther's fire,
but why should I complain?

For lyin' there so nigh to me I think I hear Him call, But ne'er a whisper comes to me across the cruel main.

'Tis sad to see, above the grave, a weepin' mother kneel; To know her heart is breakin' at the

rattle o' the clay;
But ah, my grief, though death be
hard, 'tis more than that I feel, A hundred times the lonesome night, a thousand times the day.

For Death is kinder than the ships that bear thim o'er the foam; The grave is nearer than the land that lies beyant the West ;

And though they're gone yet, praised be God, there're sleepin' near to home, And 'tis no sthranger's hand, asthore, that lays thim down to rest.

If only Willie bawn were here to lay

me in the clay,

To place me poor old bones to rest
along side him that's gone,
His hand in mine—I'd welcome thin
the breakin' o' the day,
An' I'd not fear the long boreen that
leads beyant the dawn."

This is real poetry. It touches the human heart and sinks in deeply. The posms. "My Prayer," "His The poems, "My Prayer," "His Mother's Rosary" and "An October Thought" all possess elements of

There are also Christmas po plenty among the poet's wreath— clustering blooms that shine out re-splendent—but we have space only for "An Irish Christmas Legend."

" Pile high the turf upon the fire And make the cabin bright And put no bolt upon the door This blessed Christmas night;
For if so be they pass this way,
And she in trouble sore,
They'll know an Irish welcome

waits Beyond the open door. Now place the Christmas candles

Put one for every pane— That they may see the blessed light Ashining through the rain; The curlew calls across the sky, The winds are keening low, Who knows but here they'll rest a

while, As on the way they go?

On Christmas Eve long, long ago, The doors were bolted fast, And in the dawn's grey light they found

Their footsteps as they passed; For this the Christmas lights are set, The doors are open wide, That in her travail she may know

The inns were full, but there room, This blessed Christmas night,

For Mary and her Holy Child Where shines the Christmas light? Then set a candle in each pane, That, passing, they may know A welcome waits the Holy Child Where Christmas lights bright glow.

RELIGIOUS RECEPTION AND PROFESSION AT "THE PINES"

Quite in harmony with the joyful festivities of Xmas tide was the double ceremony of religious recep-tion and profession at "The Pines,"

Chatham, Ont., on the morning of Monday, Dec. 28, at 9.80 a. m.

At the hour appointed, the convent chapel of the Holy Family was filled with interested relatives and friends of those taking part in the ceremony Soon the solemn procession of clergy, religious, novices and postulants, gowned in beautiful bridal costumes and attended by daintily attired little flower-girls, entered the chapel where Mass was celebrated by Rev. Father Doyle, C. SS. R., of London.

His Lordship Right Rev. M. F. Fallon, D. D., officiating.

After the four novices begged admission to holy profession, and the five postulants asked to be received into the Ursuline Order, His Lordship Library and Agents. ship delivered a deeply impressive sermon, taking as text the Yule tide canticle of the Angel, "Behold, I bring you tidings of great joy." And in his own graceful style, he applied the day, impressing with heartfelt emphasis the minds of his listeners with the wonderful mercy and goodness of God towards those to whom He extends the loving invitation to follow Him. "No work," he continued, "however laborious no trial however heroically received, no talents or mental culture, however splendidly applied, can ever begin to repay the grace of a call to serve God in the safer precincts of the cloister. . Let those of you," he said, "who are being received as novices to day, and those of you who are assuming the responsibility of the religious vows, be thoroughly imbued with the feeling that you are giving absolutely nothing in comparison to that which you will receive. True, you are making the grandest sacrifice a human being can make; you are voluntarily giving up family and friends, but the Ursuline Order is proffering you a blessed privilege denied to thousands just as worthy. Be proud and grateful, therefore, that you are to belong to the Order of the Ursulines, to that grand old Order of the Church of God, the saintly found ers of which have long since gone to join the band of Virgins about the

keenly jealous of and sensitive to the interests of Christ and His Church. The religious admitted to Holy Profession were Sister M. Angela, Sister M. Rose, Sister M. Isabel, and Sister M. Miriam. Those taking the white veil and habit were Miss Mary Beatrice Major, Leamington, Ont., formerly of London, England, in re-

throne of Him Whom you must try to serve as they have done." His Lord-

Trudell, Tilbury, Ont., Sister M. St.

The clergy present were, Very Rev. Father James, O. F. M., Chatham; Rev. Father Hanlon, St. Michael's, London; Rev. Father Robert, Windsor; Rev. Father Parent, Tilbury; Rev. Father Ford, Maidstone; Rev. Father O'Reilly, C. SS. R., London Rev. Father Solanus, O. F. M., Cin cinnati; Rev. Father Pitre, Stoney Point; Rev. Father Hermengild O. F. M., Chatham; Rev. Father Cote, C. S. R., Sandwich; Rev. Father Laurendeau, St. Martin's, London Rev. Father Prosper, O. F. M., Chat ham; Rev. Father Neville, Windsor Rev. Father McCarthy, Ridgetown Rev. Father Corcoran, St. Mary's, London; Rev. Father Brisson, Leamington; Rev. Father Powell,

IMPORTANCE OF BIBLE STUDY

The importance of Bible study among the laity has always been re-cognized and recommended by the Church, and especially so where religious discussion or conflict has brought any important dogma into controversy. As a repository of Christian truth it has always been given the highest place in the Church, which is itself "the Pillar and Ground of the Truth" (1 Tim. iii, 15). Distorted and misunder stood, it will lead souls astray, but when interpreted by the living Church to which it was committed by the Almighty, and used for edi fication and spiritual culture, its value to the Christian is very great. As to the grounds special to Catho lies in favor of its inspiration, we know of nothing better than what is said by Rev. Francis E. Gigot, S., D. D., in his "General Introduction to the Study of the Holy Scriptures," Page 539:

are common to Protestants and Cath

olics, there is the distinctly Catholic argument, which rests the belief in the inspiration of the Bible directly on the divine authority of a living Church. It is plain that whatever difficulties may be raised against the doctrine of Biblical Inspiration, in the name of History, of Higher Criticism, of Geology, etc., Catholics will ever find a solid ground for their faith on this point, in simple consideration that the inspired character of the Bible is certain beyond all doubt, since the Church, speaking with divine, and consequently infallible authority, teaches it as a truth revealed by God. This is the ground which Catholic theologians and ecclesiastical writers naturally appeal to after they have established the right of a living Church to teach Revelation with divine authority and it is the proof upon which St. Augustine -and no doubt countless minds after him—felt necessary to fall back upon, when he said: "I would not believe the Gospel, unless the authority of the Church moved me thereto." Finally, according to many polemical writers among Catholics, it is the only adequate proof that can be given of the inspiration of Sacred Scripture, because, viewing it as a divine operation, not necessarily known even to the mind that is acted upon, they hold that the testimony of God Himself is required to make men perfectly sure of it, and that this divine testimony comes to our knowledge only by the voice of the Church which He has command-

ed us to hear.

When Our Blessed Lord, after His Resurrection, walked with the two disciples to Emmaus, and talked with them concerning the kingdom of God with subdued and solemn tones they asked each other: "Was no He spoke in the way, and opened to us the Scriptures?" (Luke xxiv, 32.) This would seem to show the need of a living teacher or authority to unfold the meaning of the profound truths of Holy Writ. This teacher s needed, too for inspiration. Even the best of books will often be a dead letter till some earnest and farseeing soul opens it up to the heart. It is not so much the "leaves of life" as laborers that are needed in the he vineyard-men who shall be "burning and shining lights" in our day as John the Baptist was in his day. The Bible must be opened up to us by an authoritative teacher in order that its deeper thoughts and truths may be apprehended. The kingdom of grace, like the kingdom of nature, has not its richest treasures lying on the surface. As our fathers pas over the plains and mountains of our States, never dreaming of the mines of light and heat buried beneath their breast, so men may glide across the sacred page without find-ing their heavenly fires. Eternal stores of truth are hidden in the Word to meet the needs of all the ages. The Berean searcher who, with docile mind and teachable spirit, looks into the sacred volume, shall never walk in darkness, but shall have "the light of life."

ship's sermon was one not soon to be forgotten, one which all present felt to be the sentiments of a noble heart The Bible is the only book as wide as human nature. All volumes of Bible's teachings include all progress. No possible development of the race can leave its revelations in the distance. Like the great Church in whose bosom it has been sheltered since it was given to men, it always faces humanity at the angle where formerly of London, England, in religion Sister M. St. Michael; Miss Ont., Katherine Toohey, Lucan, Ont., Sister M. Mercedes; Miss Mary Restrict Connor, Washun, Wis. ligion Sister M. St. Michael; Miss Katherine Toohey, Lucan, Ont., Sister M. Mercedes; Miss Mary Beatrice Connor, Waapun, Sister M. St. Thomas Aquinas; Miss Mary Kilgallin, London, Ont., Sister M. Madeline Sophie; Miss Ida Mae

gave its brightest beams to bring wise men to bow before the Babe in Bethlehem, so when all the stars of science and discovery reach their meridian they will stand over Jesus. In Him natural and revealed religion will find their everletting here. will find their everlasting harmon-

If the lay laborer, in his efforts to

convince men of the proper relation of the Bible to the Church, cannot open the Holy Scriptures to the in-quirer's heart and explain its deep meaning, he can open the inquirer's heart to the Scriptures, and make it responsive to Bible teaching concerning Christian doctrine. mission many times is to open the heart to the book. We may lead earnest souls into the presence of the treasure, even if we be unable fully to explain the nature of the treasure. There are others who can do that. The soul, as well as the Scripture, must be earnestly studied by the worker. If all the approaches to the spirit were carefully sought, there would be fewer abandoned wrecks of humanity. We must wrecks of humanity. We must measure men from the sympathetic "burned" on the way to Emmaus opened to Our Blessed Lord's divine words, because as a friend and brother He talked to the two disciples "by the way." Simple, solemn, holy words, spoken here and there, may lead a soul into the treasure house where riches may be gathered that will made opulent soul that is perishing in the sterilty of the world's deserts.-The Mission

NOT IGNORANT SUPERSTITION

The late Stanley Matthews-a jurist of much power-Senator from Ohio and an Associate Justice of the States Supreme Court, in 1869, while one of the counsel for defendants in the case of John D. Minor against the Board of Educa-tion of Cincinnati, Ohio—case about the Bible in the public schools made use of these words in his ad. dress to the court.

"I will say that from the study which I have made, as time and opportunity have been given me, of the doctrinal basis of the Catholic aith. I am proud to say that it is not an ignorant superstition, but a scheme of well constructed logic, which he is a bold man who says he can easily answer. Give them one proposition, concede to them one single premise, and the whole of their faith follows most legitimately and logically, and that is the fundamental doctrine, the doc trine of what the Church is, what it was intended to be, by Whom it was founded, by Whom it has been perpetuated, being the casket which contains to day, shining brightly as before the ages, the ever living, actually present body of God teaching and training men for life here and life hereafter."

It is interesting to note that the Rev. Paul Matthews of Faribault who has been named Protestant Episcopal Bishop of New Jersey is a son of the Stanley Matthews referred to in the foregoing.-Church Pro-

DIED

O'BRIEN.—On Thursday, Dec. 10, 1914, at the Water Street Hospital, Ottawa, Mr. W. J. O'Brien, of Erinsville, Ont. May his soul rest in

peace ! BULGER. - At Cobourg, Ont., or Saturday, Dec. 5, 1914, Miss Agnes Jane Bulger, youngest daughter of Mr. James Bulger, Customs Inspector. May her soul rest in peace!

MORNING SALUTATION TO THE SACRED HEART

The following prayer is found among the writings of St. Gertrude: I adore, praise and salute Thee, O my most sweet Heart of Jesus Christ; fresh and gladdening as the breath of spring, from which, as from a fountain of graces, sweeter than the honeycomb, flows evermore all good and all delights. I thank Thee with all the powers of my heart for having preserved me throughout this night, and for having rendered to God the Father praises and thanksgiving on my behalf. And now, O my sweet Love, I offer Thee my wretched

STAINED GLASS

and worthless love as a morning sacrifice: I place it in Thy keeping, be-seeching Thee that Thou wouldet deign to pour into it Thy divine in-spirations, and to enkindle it in Thy

TEACHERS WANTED

WANTED FOR S. S. NO. 6, HUNTLEY, a second class professional teacher. Salary a second class professional teacher. Salary \$450. Duties to commence Jan, 5. Apply to W. J. Egan, Sec., Treas., S. S. No, 6, Corkery, R. M. D.

A QUALIFIED NORMAL TRAINED CATH-

1890-2 A QUALIFIED NORMAL TRAINED CATHO-olic teacher for Separate school. Duties be-ginning after Christmas holidays. Apply stating salary, to W. Ryan, Box 22, Charlton, Ont.

WANTED NORMAL TRAINED TEACHER for Bogart school. Apply to P. Kinlin, Bogart

WANTED A QUALIFIED TEACHER CAPA-ble of teaching English and French for school No. 11, Lancaster, Apply to Armand Prouls, Sec., Treas., Green Valley, Ont. 1889 2 WANTED FEMALE TEACHER FOR C. S. S.

No. 5, Raleigh, holding first or second class professional certificate, Duties to commence after holidays. School well located and boarding house convenient. Salary \$575 to \$600. Apply stating experience to L. Waddick, Sec, R. R. No. 6, Chatham, Ont.

WANTED FOR C. S. S. S. No. 1, Stanley, professional teacher. Salary \$400 per aunum. Duties to commence Jan. 4th. Apply E. J. Gelinas, Zurich. R. R. No. 2.

WANTED A CATHOLIC TEACHER FOR the bilingual Separate school No. 2, of Massey, Ont. Apply to Rev. Ed. Prouix, S. J. Sec., R. S. O., No 2, Massey, Ont.

TEACHER WANTED, HOLDING FIRST OF second class certificate, for Catholic school second class certificate, for Catholic school, for William, Ont. Salary \$600 per year. Duties to commence Jan. Apply to G. P. Smith, Sec., 114 Simpson street, Fort William, Ont.

EXECUTORS SALE OF STOCK AND GRAIN farm, in Oxford county, 233 acres clay loam; solid red brick house, basement barn 65x40; cement hog pen 50x20; cement silo 14x35, near cowns, villages, depots, schools, churches, creameries, condencers (bordens) hydro power, telephone and rural Mail installed. Within easy driving distance of three Catholic churches. Write for printed description and price to J. J. McNally, executor, Otterville, Ont., R. R. No. 1.

Cruel Piles

Never Self Cured You Must Act Promptly Write today for this valuable, illustrated



PILE BOOK FREE

Describes a sim

sufferers from this malignant disease have found relief and happiness at little cost.

The information given in this Free Book has saved hundreds from costly operations and years of cruel pain. It is illustrated with color plates and describes in detail a subject little understood by most, yet of untold importance to anyone having any kind of reatel trouble.

having any kind of rectal trouble. Dr. Van Vleck, ex-surgeon U. S. Army, after forty years study found a method of treatment which brings prompt relief to sufferers from Piles, Fissure, brings prompt relief to sufferers from Piles, Fisuure, Constipation, and all Rectal Troubles, no matter how severe. No knife, no pain, no doctor bills—just a simple home treatment which can be tried by anyone without risking the loss of a penny. The publishers or this little book have received hundreds of letters telling of cures by this remarkably effective system after everything else, including costly and dangerous operations, had failed, even after 30 and 40 years of suffering. The milder cases are usually controlled in a single day. Send the coupon today for this Book and learn about these valuable truths for yourself.

FREE BOOK COUPON Fill in your address and mail this Coupon to Dr. Van Vleck Co., Dept. Px2, Jackson, Mich.

Return mail will bring you the Illustrated Boo free and prepaid, in plain wrapper.

Begin the New Year Aright

BY PLACING a policy on your life for the protection of your NO OTHER SECURITY can approach a life insurance

policy in a sound company. IN NO OTHER WAY can you make sure that a fixed sum will be available at your death.

THE ANNUAL COST will be trifling compared with the benefit. You can provide for it out of the odds and ends which you spend every year. THIS WILL BE taking a definite, practical step towards making 1915 a better year for yourself and those dependent

WRITE US ABOUT IT.

The Capital Assurance Company of Canada Head Office