

The Catholic Record

"Christianus enim nomen est Catholicus vero Cognomen" (Christianity is my Name and Catholic my Surname)—St. Pacien, 4th Century.

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LONDON, CANADA, SATURDAY, JUNE 13, 1914

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TIRED TO DEATH

Over the border we hear a voice declaring that what we are suffering from is a chronic epidemic of shams, not sham virtues but sham vices and sham alarms expounded and exaggerated by sham radicals, sham socialists and sham reformers. As a remedy he advises the real men to take an interest in public affairs, and until the business man is willing to leave his fireside one or two evenings a month for political meetings and do it all the year round he will not get any substantial improvement either in the character of the laws that are passed or in the way they are administered. Some business men, we imagine, would find congenial company in ward politicians. They might also discover that experience and sanity are betimes not regarded as assets of value by the practical politician who depends upon his own peculiar methods to make the wheels go round in approved fashion. He might also be allured by promises of pelf or place into the regions where the party is sacrosanct and its leader infallible. But the business man who knows what he wants and is ceaseless in endeavor to obtain it can have effect on legislation. He can be a factor in the formation of public opinion, and he may be a kindly light to those who are in the morass of blind obedience to party and who but echo the cries of its leaders. He may suffer because he is not "one of the crowd," but he will have the approval of his conscience.

TOO BAD

Rudyard Kipling has written a poem on Ulster. Just what it means we don't know, but we presume that Mr. Kipling wrote it to divert the Ulsterites from thinking too deeply on how and when to disrupt the British Empire. We are sorry for Mr. Kipling. He has lost his grip and is floundering on the waters of very cheap platitudes. He should go back to Mandalay and hear the temple bells and stroll around the bazaars — he should do anything rather than impress upon us that decrepitude has settled upon him.

VERY EASY

Anyone can be a reformer of a certain type. There are evils, of course, but we do not think that a stream of talk, however limp, can wash them away. A little sympathy conjoined with good advice, a little action supplemented with a little money can always put the reforming on a business basis. When sane reformers are put through the alembic of selfishness they reveal but words clipped out of books or fashioned in dreams. Two men who say their prayers, whose hearts are fired with enthusiasm, who do not claim to be supernally wise and are impatient when confronted with conditions which are far from being ideal, can revivify a whole community. It is the cold hammer that fashions the hot iron.

THE PARTISAN PRESS

We have remarked more than once that some partisan newspapers seem to have no conception of the canons of social amenity when dealing with men in authority. They make comment, crude and frivolous, on their actions. They wield the coward's club of personalities. They run the gamut of insinuation and abuse because by some strange mental process they think that only by such methods can political opponents be effectively opposed. It is bad enough to have editors contributing to the stream of corruption, but their greatest crime is to impose upon the gullible their estimate of public men as accurate portraiture, and hence to lessen respect for authority.

GOOD ADVICE

At the annual meeting of the Catholic Reading Guild in England Mr. Philip Gibbs, the distinguished author, reminded us that our Catholic literature has nothing in it of which we need be ashamed. Catholic literature should be placed more on a level with non-Catholic literature. That is to say it should be obtainable

at the same bookstall. There is no "dead prejudice" against literature of the kind, and the public is not only willing to read the Catholic point of view but anxious to get it. This point is not new to our readers. We have our own writers who have been accorded high rank by competent critics. But strangely enough they are unknown to many Catholics who addle their brains with the "best sellers" and seem to think that from the household of faith nothing can come of literary value. They should read just their point of view and get the habit of becoming acquainted with pens which are dipped into the wells of purity and truth.

THE OLD STORY

Some time ago the Bishop of London presented a petition to Convocation asking the bishops to take action against Rationalism in the Church. The Archbishop of Canterbury made some vague comment and solaced the consciences of his auditors with a declaration that the danger of unbelief is really less than many think. The prelate knows his limitations and is in accord with the compromising manner in which Anglicanism holds all truth and which is uncertain in doctrine as it is feeble in action. How true are the words of Cardinal Newman. Speaking of the Anglican church he said that "it agrees to differ with its children on a thousand points: on one dogma it may surely rest without any mistake, that the Bishop of Rome hath no jurisdiction in this realm. What- ever befalls here is sure footing. Heresy and scepticism and infidelity and fanaticism may challenge it in vain; but fling upon the gale the faintest whisper of Catholicism and it recognizes by instinct the presence of its connatural foe."

ROOM FOR THEM

To-day, in our Sunday schools, there is a very general need for fit teachers. From long experience we know how the efficiency of the classes is often crippled by the lack of competent teachers. There are, it is true, many able men and women who, year after year, freely sacrifice themselves in a task that is very trying. But it is not always the able men and women who offer themselves; and in the absence of a sufficient number of these it has been made necessary to have recourse many a time to young boys who under proper conditions ought themselves to be in catechism classes. But these have been put in charge of classes because nothing better could be done. This condition of things should not exist. There is no parish where there should not be a sufficient number of efficient teachers. Where are all our clever young men, our college products, who are loud in their protestations of loyalty to the Church? They are ready enough to pass resolutions, but where are they in the active working of the faith? Surely there is no better place for their zeal to spend itself than in the benches of the Sunday school, spreading the knowledge of their religion in the hearts of those little ones upon whom, under God, the future of the Church is to depend. It is not an heroic work as far as external glory is concerned. It is hard, prosy work. But there is no work more important and more vital to the Church than this teaching of catechism?

THE INFLUENCE OF OUR EXAMPLE

The notice that a Methodist Bishop lately took of the practice of Catholic men to raise their hats in honor of Our Lord in the Eucharist whenever they pass a church is an evidence of the influence that our conduct has on our neighbors.

The behaviour of Catholics is one of the factors in the conversion of 30,000 Protestants every year—their fidelity in going to Mass on Sundays rain or shine, their abstinence from meat on Friday, their sacrifices for the religious education of their children, their avoidance of immodest dances, indecent dress and obscene plays, their scrupulous honesty in the payment of debts, their truthfulness, their horror of blasphemy, their reverence for the holy name of Jesus, etc., etc.

We are like a light set on a hill and we shall never know, until the Day of Judgment, how much we have helped and hindered others by our behaviour.—Catholic Columbian.

'ROMEWARD DRIFT

ANGLICAN JOURNAL'S REMARKABLE ADMISSION

In its leading article the Church Times of March 8th acknowledges the Romeward drift of the Church of England, and says: "This movement is real. It began many years ago, and it was in full tide before it was definitely perceived. It has never ceased. There are superficial disturbances of the water, ripples or waves which cause an appearance of contrary movement. Single vessels and whole convoys manage with a considerable head of steam, or by skillfully setting their sails for transient breezes, to make headway against the current. But the movement of the deep is unbroken. It may well be called a drift. This movement is not the work of leaders, or organizations, of calculated policy. All these are conspicuously wanting. Superficial critics call attention to the lack of intellectual distinction among those most concerned in it; the movement, they say, has thrown up no great writers, no masters of thought. Nothing could be more true, if it meant that such men have not taken charge, or lent their force to accelerate the movement. But they are carried in the drift. It is oceanic, and none can escape its influence. Even those who stem the tide are affected by it; their course is a combination of its onward sweep and their own proper motion.

We are content. For in the force directing the mass we recognize the hand of God. We are, therefore, not much troubled about superficial or local disturbances, eddies, and backwaters. Individual influences may cause these, and they may appear to individual observers as if they were permanent. The deep drift goes on. Its true character and its direction are being recognized. It is bearing the Church of England onwards—not a mere party in the Church, or groups of individuals, but the whole Church, and even the most reluctant members of the Church—towards the full enjoyment of those Catholic beliefs and practices which the Church of Rome, for all its faults and errors, has never lost. In that sense we have no objection to saying that the movement is Romeward. And it is a drift, a massive movement independent of human will. We owe thanks to the Bishop of Hereford and the Dean of Canterbury for a phrase in which the facts are crystallized.—The Missionary.

SOCIETY'S BEST

BULWARK

The allocation delivered by the Holy Father at the recent Consistory points the way for the securing of the world-peace so necessary for the welfare of mankind. A spirit of unrest broods over the world. Nations are arming as they never did before, in the expectation of being soon involved in a life and death struggle. Great navies have been called into existence to meet a possible emergency. Armies that in size dwarf all previous military organizations are awaiting the word of command to begin the long protracted and much dreaded war, which, when it does come, will change the political character of Europe. The real creators of wealth, who in all countries have to pay the cost of these war preparations, are staggering under a heavy load of taxation that year by year is growing more onerous.

Whilst international relations are extremely threatening, the internal affairs of all lands are in a most unsatisfactory condition. Labor and Capital are at hand grips and strikes, lockouts and riots are of frequent occurrence. In our own country a spirit of civil war exists in one of the States of the Union. Whilst we are assembling a fleet in the Gulf of Mexico, prepared to land armed forces on the soil of a Sister Republic, United States soldiers have been sent to Colorado to maintain order after the Executive of that State had avowed his inability to preserve it.

All these evidences of discontent are indications of the diseased state of Society. It is a vital question whether the body politic can be purged of this disease without the application of violent remedies. The Father of Christendom suggests a remedy, which unfortunately is not likely to be acceptable to a generation more or less under the domination of the rule of materialism. He would have the precepts of justice and Christian charity take deep root in the hearts of men. It is the ignoring of these by nations, as well as by individuals, that has brought about present conditions.

Brute force as represented by armies and navies in the case of Nations, and by exorbitant wealth in the case of individuals, has pushed Justice from her seat. The immoral doctrine, might makes right, dominates. It is the doctrine that the labor organization known as the I. W. W. practices; it is the doctrine to which Mr. John D. Rockefeller, Jr. subscribed when he proclaimed that he would spend the last cent of his vast fortune before he would submit to the demands of the Colorado

miners for fair wages and decent living conditions; it is the doctrine many American newspapers indirectly endorsed every time they published editorials favoring an invasion of Mexico and the seizure and retention of Mexican territory; it is a doctrine that traces its paternity not to Christianity, but to Paganism: it is a doctrine that is big with danger to the future of Society. In condemnation of it the Successor of St. Peter raises his voice.

This evil doctrine, as Pius X. points out, necessarily is the product of teachings more or less anti-Christian, which have been instilled into King Demos who to-day is the real master of the world. Speaking of his Majesty's present frame of mind, the Holy Father says: "To-day the question whether the State or civil society shall be at peace or in turbulence is in the hands of the peoples instead of those of the rulers. If the peoples' minds be robbed of the truth imparted by Divine revelation, and if their will be unaccustomed to the restraint and discipline of Christian law, what wonder if, consumed by blind passion, they rush headlong to the common ruin to which they are driven by cunning demagogues seeking only their own profit?"

This description of existing conditions is applicable to all countries, and to none more so than our own. We have but to look at what is taking place about us to be convinced of the accuracy with which the Sovereign Pontiff depicts the unrest and discontent everywhere in evidence. The Catholic Church, with the experience of centuries behind her, would be capable of rendering invaluable service to modern society, if she had free scope to exercise her beneficent influence. But unfortunately she does not enjoy that species of freedom. The Holy Father, referring to the lack of it, said in his allocution: "The assistance of the Church as the guardian of justice and charity and the mistress of truth is, therefore, the most efficacious for the common weal. It is so regrettable that often the opposite occurs. The Church, like Christ, does good and receives injuries in return. The divine help will never fail us. We have Christ for a pledge, and his glory for a witness." Such is the moral bulwark that stands between society and the onswamp of destructive forces that have been generated by the revival of the spirit of ancient paganism under modern forms.

PROGRESS IN CHINA

The revolution of 1911 brought about many important changes for the better in China. From a religious point of view not the least remarkable is the larger spirit of tolerance which now prevails among the governing classes. Formerly the privileged classes and the notables offered the greatest opposition to the labors of the missionaries—preventing them from settling in the principal towns, circulating false rumors with reference to their form, fomenting disturbances, and in other ways showing their hostility to the Christian propaganda.

Consequent on the revolution and with the liberty of worship proclaimed by the Constitution, quite another temper is being generally displayed, which gives a well-grounded hope for the steady advance of Catholicity in the early future. No better illustration could be afforded of the new spirit obtaining than the regulations recently published by Tehang Kien, Minister of Industry and Commerce, for the management of a hospice he has founded in his native city. Tehang Kien is one of the leading notables of the country, and his popularity is such that it is he who receives the greatest number of suffrages in the vote of the Senate ratifying the composition of the present Cabinet. The following is an extract from the rules and regulations he has drawn up for his new hospice. It is interesting as revealing how an intelligent and thoughtful observer has been impressed by the zeal and abnegation of the devoted Sisters who are pursuing their apostolic ministrations among the poorer class of Chinese.

"We had formerly," says the Minister, "no asylums for the aged; now that some exist, we are at a loss how properly to conduct them. Some Catholic virgins, to the number of twenty, have had pity on our aged Chinese reduced to extreme poverty and, having made the vow to maintain them, have established a convent for this purpose to the south of Shanghai. Their mission is to direct and care for the aged; they procure for their old people all they need, even giving beyond what they desire; they labor to please them, they go from house to house to collect money, rice, and clothing materials. Such is the work of these twenty Sisters of Charity. Among our compatriots we see pious sons and grandsons, respectful to their parents, but these holy daughters surpass our most renowned examples of filial piety. I have been to visit their convent; all is in perfect order, and everything is carried on therein without the least trouble or confusion. It is the Catholic religion which has induced these good Sisters

to come to China; it is their faith which is the mainspring of their devotedness. I would have wished also to have Catholic Sisters for my hospice, but I have not been able to obtain any. Conformably to what I have seen and to the reflections I have made thereon, I have drawn up the following regulations. The 31st article runs as follows: "Fervent and charitable Catholics may be chosen for the direction of the establishment, and all that is necessary shall be procured for them."—The Missionary.

A WORLD IN TEARS

Are the lessons of Eternity being painted on the feverish heart of an ever restless universe, as though to remind us of our littleness, and of the nothingness of time? Have men so swelled themselves with the imaginary might of their own powers as to have virtually joined in the conspiracy of Lucifer? Have the nations in their lust for wealth and conquest so far forgotten God, that not even five righteous can be found to save the twentieth century Sodoms, in which the only gods enthroned are the deities of ambition, pleasure and lust of gain? Nation vies with nation to achieve the mastery of the seas. Britain vaunts herself as ruler of the waves. Germany lays burdens unbearable upon the backs of her sons in the hope that Britannia's trident may yet be transferred to her own eager hands. The peaceful republic of the United States has become transformed into a colossus of Empire, whose far stretching limbs are reaching every corner of the earth. To the loudly vaunted but imaginary conquest of the sea has been added that of the air. Time and distance have been almost annihilated by man and everywhere metaphorical towers of Babel are raising their unending crests towards the deriding skies. Man has lost that wholesome sense of his littleness in which alone lay safety. Lessons of the long ago are forgotten; men have bitten deep into the forbidden fruit and the branches of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil have been laid bare. Again and again have come arresting reminders of man's pettiness but a few hours or days pass, and—on with the dance, let joy be unconfined. We refuse to learn. Is it too much to say that man and modern methods are endeavoring to banish God Himself, from the world of his creation and that His place therein is being usurped by the creatures he has fashioned? The supreme Arbitrer speaks in thunders, in lightnings, in flood, and flame and earthquake on land and sea, in revolution and war in disaster and loss. With what object lessons has the world been faced? To a seafaring country like Newfoundland, with what eloquence speak the voices of those who perished in the Titanic, the Volturo, the Erna, the Southern Cross, or who died out yonder on the icefields. Whether the sacrifice of their lives formed a part of the Divine plan or not, we leave for theologians to discuss, but that these tragedies are the world's schoolmasters, and that the lessons taught must be learned if the human race is to be saved from its own arrogance and insufficiency, few will question. Those on whom the towers of Sileam fell were the preachers, eloquent preachers, whose sermons have been rich in harvest. Whether willingly or not, they gave their lives for the regeneration of the race. And so the victims of the long succession of world tragedies, which have been inseparable from these twentieth century years, gave their lives to bring their brothers to a proper conception of the puny nature of man in rivalry with his Maker, and those great Natural forces which he alone controls. We mourn for those who have been taken from the hearts and homes of their loved ones, but what is our life, after all? A few years more or less out of an Eternity is but a moment. May it not be that in the very surrender of their lives has been accomplished an act of renunciation, and devotion,—in itself, has won the well done of Him, whose purposes are mysterious and often unintelligible to the intellect of man but whose wisdom is proclaimed by every blade of grass, every leaf and feather and life. And now comes the story of the Empress of Ireland, over one hundred thousand buried beneath the waves,—another Titanic, another Southern Cross. Out of the floodgates of the world's sympathy has flowed a stream of love and kindness towards the widows and orphans in many a home in Newfoundland. That same sweet sympathy will go out in one huge river in their loss and sorrow, and amid the tributary streams, there will be none more deep than that which flows from this sore stricken Island of Newfoundland, for as out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh so out of the fullness of gratitude comes that fellowship in suffering and sorrow, which alone can make of the world a family and interpret the Divine meaning of those too often misconstrued or forgotten terms—the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Man.—The Daily News, St. John's, Nfld.

HOLY SHROUD DISPLAY BRINGS UP ARGUMENT

SCIENTIST AND ARTIST ARRIVES AT CONCLUSION THAT IT POSSESSES THE TRUE LIKENESS OF THE SAVIOUR

Rome, May 6.—The display of the "holy shroud" at Turin during Easter has again brought up the question of its authenticity.

Two men, one a scientist and the other an artist, have arrived at the conclusion that the shroud possesses the true likeness of Christ. Dr. Paul Vignon, a Frenchman, after long investigation, declares that the "holy shroud" bears a picture of a man, caused by vapors from the body acting upon the stuff impregnated with oils and aloes.

Sir Wyke Baylis, president of the Royal Institute of British Artists, is convinced that the portrait of Christ in the catacombs of San Callisto, here was made by a contemporary artist that is, (one who had seen his subject) and, as the faces on the shroud and the catacombs are the same, it might be concluded that the "holy shroud" really inclosed the body of Christ.

It was taken from Cyprus to Chambery (then part of Italy) in 1452 and since has been in Turin. The Lancet, the British medical journal, said at the time that Dr. Vignon brought out his theory:

"There seems to be little room for doubt that M. Vignon has established that the outlines on the shroud are due to the emanations of vapors.

"He certainly seems to have proved that the material must have been the shroud of a crucified person, and one who underwent scourging and the other accompaniments of death which, by both the Scriptures and tradition, are ascribed to the passion of Christ."

BIGOTS MUTILATE

POEM

Despite the "Romeward drift" in England, bigotry is by no means dead. A well known Catholic singer has just made a public protest against a specimen offered by the Anglican dean and chapter of Peterborough Cathedral. The protest uncovers the facts. For some time it has been arranged to give a festival performance of Newman's "Dream of Gerontius" set to music by Sir Edward Elgar, another Catholic, in Peterborough Cathedral. The principal part in the "Dream" has always been taken by Mr. Gervase Elwes, an accomplished singer who comes of an old Catholic family, has a brother a priest, and a wife, Lady Winifred Carey Elwes, who is well known in connection with Catholic charitable functions. The dean and chapter of the cathedral have now notified their intention of using only what they call an "expurgated" version of the great Catholic poem, the expurgations being those parts which are peculiarly beautiful and devotional and which express Catholic sentiment. They even go so far as to put a black bar through the name of Our Lady whenever it occurs. Mr. Gervase Elwes has announced his intention of refusing to sing unless the poem is given in its entirety. To this the dean and chapter reply that the performance must be considered as a religious act and therefore the religious susceptibilities of the congregation must be protected against offense. It is strange that the dean and chapter should choose a Catholic poem by a Catholic composer, made famous by a Catholic singer as a religious act. Mr. Elwes certainly did not bargain for anything but a professional engagement when he agreed to sing.—Church Progress.

THE KIND OF CATHOLICS

WANTED

What are needed are intelligent Catholic men who know their religion thoroughly and can give the reasons for their faith; who have read the history of their Church and the history of its enemies; who can speak out in meetings; who can write an article for the press; who live up to their religion; and who have zeal for the cause of Christ.

Catholics are wanted, too, who are interested in education, in medical ethics, in social welfare work, in Christian principles of law, and in efforts for the purification of politics. They are needed to work with similarly-minded non-Catholics, so that the Catholic point of view may have representatives.

Catholics are wanted on the daily press, in public office, and wherever else there is work to be done of wide influence and prime importance. They are needed there in order that Catholic truth, Catholic rights and Catholic principles may have their fair share in moulding opinion and in shaping the future of our country.

These Catholics should be men of the highest type of intellect, virtue, personality, breeding, manners and habits—Christians, gentlemen, scholars, patriots, friends, and lovers of their fellowmen!—Catholic Columbian.

CATHOLIC NOTES

In Australia to-day there are about 1,500 Catholic churches.

The total Catholic population of the Sandwich Islands is 42,000.

On the 2nd of June, the Holy Father entered upon his eightieth year.

In Alaska there are 4,000 Catholic Indians. Last year 341 Indian children were baptized there.

Catholics in the German empire now number about 26,000,000. This figure represents an increase of 3,000,000 in the past six years.

Miss Jessie Southwell of Zanzibar, Africa, for several years secretary for the Anglican "Universities Mission" to Central Africa, and a distinguished lady, was received into the Church in Rome, March 5.

The announcement is made of the reception into the Church, at Farm street, London, by Father Considine, S. J., of George Henry Boynton of Twyford Abbey, son of the late Captain G. H. L. Boynton, 17th Lieutenant of Haithorpe Hall, Yorks.

The Rev. Dr. Henry Koch, S. J., who died recently at Valkenburg, Holland, was among the foremost Catholic sociologists of Europe. Father Koch was born at Meschede in 1870, and his premature death was caused by tuberculosis.

St. Bride's Convent of Benedictine Nuns, associated with Caldey Abbey, near Milford Haven, South Wales and brought into the Church at the same time with the Monks, has received its first novice from America. Formerly she was a member of a High Church sisterhood in this country.

A thousand people knelt in the streets of an Eastern city the other day while a priest administered the last rites to a youth dying under a street car. What sane American can believe that the possessors of a faith like this can be false to their country?

On the island of Sancier, where St. Francis Xavier, died, the sub-fossil has with his own hands destroyed the idol which has been adored for centuries. This act has influenced many of the inhabitants towards conversion to our faith. Already 350 have been baptized, while about 2,000 more are preparing to receive the Sacrament.

A most unusual incident occurred in St. Joseph's Church, Denver, Colo., a few Sundays ago. Mass was celebrated by Rev. Henry Ver. Darley of Denver and the sermon was preached by Rev. Christian Darley of Detroit, a member of the Redemptorist order. These two priests are brothers and are converts and come of a family of converts.

The Rev. J. K. McDowell, B. A., until recently Vicar of Barrington, England, recently was received into the Catholic fold at the Church of Our Lady and the English Martyrs, Cambridge, by the Very Rev. Monsignor Barnes. Mr. McDowell was educated at Trinity College, Cambridge, and at Ely Theological College. He was ordained in 1894 by the Protestant Bishop of Liverpool.

Peter Heialein, the inventor of the pocket watch, was accused of witchcraft when he withdrew from his companions to work on his invention. Finally he was cast into prison where the watch was perfected. After some time he retired to a monastery, where he continued manufacturing watches, giving the proceeds to the Order. He died in 1540. At Nuremberg, the scene of his troubles and success, a monument has been erected to him.

Lieutenant Ralph Fane Gladwin, of Seven Springs, Cheltenham, England, has been received into the Church by Father Sebastian Bowden at the London Oratory. Mr. Gladwin is an officer in the Scots Guards, and in 1911 was married at Broughty Ferry to Isabel, second daughter of Colonel Douglas Dick of Pitkerro. Mr. Gladwin's sister and younger brother, Frank, are also converts, the latter taking the step only a few weeks ago.

From the Southern Messenger of San Antonio, Texas, we learn that on a recent Sunday William Henry Reno, a prominent business man of Kerrville, Texas, was received into the Catholic Church. Mr. Reno had been a Baptist all his life. The same paper records the fact that Miss Thelma Redmon, another of the Baptist flock, is under instructions and will be received as soon as prepared. With her will come a medical friend and another acquaintance, who formerly was an ardent Campbellite.

The following indicates the scientific scrutiny to which the miracles at Lourdes are submitted before being admitted authentic by the Church. In 1896, 27 doctors went to Lourdes to investigate the cases. In 1900 there were 216 doctors; in 1908 there were 624; and in 1913 there were 670. Dr. Boissarie, the president of the Medical Bureau at Lourdes, waited fourteen years before deciding in favor of the miraculous character of a certain cure. The Medical Bureau never uses the word miracle. It confines itself to declaring that such a cure, either by its nature or manner, can not be accounted for by purely natural causes.

AILEY MOORE

SALES OF THE TIMES SHOWING HOW EVILIONS, MURDER AND SUCH-LIKE FASTIMES ARE MANAGED AND JUSTICE ADMINISTERED IN IRELAND TOGETHER WITH MANY STRIBING INCIDENTS IN OTHER LANDS

CHAPTER XVII SHOWING HOW AILEY MOORE GOT ANOTHER "OFFER," AND DID NOT ACCEPT IT

Old Daddy Boran's house was on a gentle rising ground, and looked very cheerless and lonely. It was not a small house; on the contrary, it was very large, or at least very tall. Its high-pitched roof cut the air long and sharply; two became windows showed how the high-pitched roof had been economized, and useless "garrets" excluded; there were four windows in the front, tall and narrow like the house itself; and there was a very large hall door, thick enough for a jail, and painted some color which was neither black nor brown, but which was the color employed to paint the gates of penitentiaries. Before the door was a large semi-circular space covered with finely brown limestone, and from the semi-circular space to the public road there ran a way coated with the same material. The field in front of the establishment bore, at this period, a very plentiful crop of "late potatoes," and the remotest corner of the demesne presented the agreeable view of a lime-kiln; and that the house was white-washed, and that there was a pump and stone-trough near the door, and you have a fair idea of the residence of Mr. Boran.

There were no houses near Mr. Boran's—all of them seemed to have moved off, as if Mr. Boran's house was a martinet, and the others were not ambitious of near-neighborhood. And Mr. Boran's house, looked too, as if it had the authority which would make a martinetship rather more than an admirably name. The hedges were so caped kept; the stone-work was capped by thick perpendicular slates, from which not a single slate noran ounce of mortar was absent; Mr. Boran's cows were the fattest and most sleek, and his sheep and lambs, and all his live stock, were of the best breeds and most "generous natures"; in fact, words are wanting in power to convey our idea of the perfection of all the appointments of Mr. Boran's farm—only it wanted trees; for Mr. Boran declared trees near the sea to be a nuisance, that kept away the sun and never could be sold.

The reader will understand why we suppose Mr. Boran's house to be a "house" in authority, because it had the appearance of being the capital. We hold that to be the crowning line—the signature to a man's charter for local influence—to need nothing.

Ye patriots of the nineteenth century!—Ye patrons of progress and loyal lovers of an "emancipated humanity," behold! give the people purse, with something in them—give them commerce and land, and letters, and religion to teach the employment of wealth; and governments will be ruled by reason, because reason will hold the capital. Wrong will never yield to the hand which trembles with hunger; and right in these degenerate times will not associate with rags. We do not mean that right disdain weakness, but that strength will keep it in bondage, until weakness holds the purse-strings and becomes "respectable."

Do not cry "heresy against the power of ideas—insensibility to the force of strong will." There is no power in "ideas," when the "ideas" are not there, and people have a "strong will," until they have a "cash-box" to guard, and see a fair way to increase it. Give us, O ye philosophers, a few dollars in every man's pocket, and teach us the "Christian brother's course of education," and we shall have made the opinion of legislation before the Speaker puts on his wig and gown! Give us time—give us "industry," and "order," and the hope which springs from success, and we can spare you infinite speculation, diplomacy, and humbug.

On the left hand side of that passage, called by old Daddy Boran "the entry," and called by aspiring gentility "the hall," there was a room in Daddy Boran's house a room—a room like Daddy Boran, and like the house, and like the farm. It is sufficiently commodious, and very neat, though coldish. The boards are fairly sanded; the grate and fire-irons are so polished, that they seem never to have been used; a red deal table is in the middle of the floor—a broad strong table, with "falling leaves," fourteen red deal chairs, stationed like places for immovable things, are around the room; there is a "low-boy," a glass case of books, and various prints of varying merit are hanging on the wall. At this table, sitting Mr. Boran, senior, on the right side, and Mr. Boran, junior, on the left.

As the reader already knows, one seems merely a reflection of the other—the wig and the stick excepted. We may also remind the reader of two most interesting qualities of young Nicholas Boran—he never looked any one in the face, when he could help it; and when he did look, it cost him so awful an effort to be civil, that he "grinned horrible and ghastly smiles," all the time he spoke.

So Forde has escaped to America, you say, eh? and Snapper's gone to the—?" remarked old Daddy Boran.

"Yes, I heard he escaped: an' Shanah Dherk said Snapper was turned out o' the drawin'-room be the lord," answered young Nick looking over toward the glass case.

"The Moores can't be well off now?" asked the old man, a little thoughtfully.

"They were allowed a trifle for the house," was the reply, "but the stock went for nothing."

"How much did they get out and out?"

"Four hundred."

"Ould Forde is in the jug?"

"He is." And young Nick grinned, and grinned, while his eyes shot from side to side, wondrously.

"Safe in this world!" exclaimed the old man. "You must marry her," he continued.

"Without nothing?" demanded young Nick.

"Pshaw! pshaw! pshaw!" was the polite, but half-indignant reply.

"Can't you do as you are desired?"

"Be course I can; but I suppose there's no threason in asking a question."

"Well, hould your tongue, now."

And old Mr. Boran commenced to fill the table in two or three gentle bony knuckles, because his mind was very much engaged, although the twinkle of his gray eyes showed that the engagement was resolute success, and not painful anxiety.

"You must marry her!" he again added, stopping suddenly, and looking his son in the face. Mr. Boran's wig did not stop though, by any means; on the contrary, it went up and down, like a boat pitching in the sea.

"Well, where is the use in saying it, a hundred times over?" very properly asked, the docile and gentle Nick, junior.

"I must," he most philosophically continued.

"Augh!" was the beautiful rejoinder.

Gerald Moore, as the reader is aware, was proved to be innocent; but innocence was no protection against ruin. His enemy was proved to be a villain; but Mr. Snapper's malignity lived longer than his character. We don't mean to aver that Mr. Snapper, J. P., continued, after his detection, to exercise his revengeful influence, but only that the effects of his villainy were allowed to take their course; and, therefore, when Gerald Moore came from prison, he found himself homeless and a beggar.

This is the comfort of justice under the reign of Hibernian landlordism.

The simple fact was, that the Moores, by a legal fiction and legal-ized robbery, were supposed to have deserted their home, and, besides losing the land which they had enriched by money and labor, they lost the mansion which had absorbed a thousand for every hundred which they received as "compensation."

Such are the "land benefits" of our "incomparable constitution!" May justice be added to the other qualities of our noble laws!

The little ready money which the family now possessed should be carefully economized, for it was the only support of a sick old man and an unprotected girl. Apparently, Gerald's father would not long need sympathy for his suffering—mind and body had bent under the stroke of injustice; but his many infirmities required more attention, and his imbecility rendered him quite insensible to expenditure. The poor man often called for indulgence which he never enjoyed in the days of his competency; and he would complain even at necessary delay in obtaining all he desired. But gentle Ailey was his nurse, and she loved with a real love, the bedside of infirmity; even had it been a stranger's she would have loved it, because she thought of His words—

"I was sick and you visited Me."

Something should be done, and soon, by Gerald Moore, and Gerald Moore was just the young man to see it should, and not to hesitate in the presence of duty. In the shadows of the night he came from the jail to his father's humble lodging, and he kissed the old man's brow; and he almost thanked God, through his tears, when he found that the sick man welcomed him "home,"—hoped he had a good day's hunting, and expressed some anxiety about the "stock." The poor man added, "that he was not able to rise for a few days, because there was something the matter with his heart," but he said, "Ailey was a very kind and obedient boy, and he prayed that Gerald would not allow any one to take her from him." And then old Mr. Moore desired Gerald to kneel down beside the bed, because he thought it was "long since he had blessed him," and because there was "something on his heart," he said. Then the sick man was "sorry that Ailey was not there," and he besought Gerald to love Ailey, because she was "an angel, and he felt a kind of reverence when she sat by his head, so beautiful and so innocent." He was afraid he sometimes allowed her to sit too long there, for "poor Ailey had got pale of late," he said; and he was "quite sure," he added, "that Ailey grieved when Gerald remained out too long." Ailey stood during this conversation, on the opposite side of the bed, and looked at her father through her tears, dear child,—but Ailey bowed under the Cross,—for she remembered the Cross was the truest portion of innocence, and the surest. She always lived in the presence of God—and, as we said long ago, "God's presence measures the reality of things. How large things lessen, when viewed with God in our company, and how small things vanish! "Whoever wants to give true joy to a new life," old Father Mick used to

say, "and to give sorrow a death-blow, let him live in the presence of God, and love the children of suffering!"

Never was there a time, apparently, more propitious for wooing; the lady was poor and helpless, and the "gentleman" had more wealth than he could count. Moreover, he came with sweet Moorfield in his hand, and opened the door of "home" to a falling father. "He cannot be refused," thought the old gentleman, Mr. Nick Boran, senior.

Why on earth he had been so beleaguered by his father, and so wantonly taken from a "hoth" of things at home, to go seek a wife who had no money, was, on this occasion, the puzzle of Mr. Nick Boran, junior.

Besides, Mr. Nick, junior, never met Ailey Moore that he did not wish himself a thousand miles away. He would go the opposite side of the road to avoid meeting her. She was not like any of the people he had known, and "she spoke so," and "glided along so," and "one felt ashamed so," near her, were the comfortable reflections of the son and heir of the old miser.

At all events, both of them, father and son, ascended a huge yellow gig, something like a travelling tub, and each looking in a different direction, they commenced their journey to Clonmel, where they knew the family still resided.

Very little conversation took place between the Borans in their journey to town, and as the way was sufficiently long, there was plenty of time for meditation. In the earlier part of the afternoon, old Daddy Boran's reflections were frequently quickened by the wayside commentaries of the younger portion of the population.

Whether he would "sell his wig," and whether his "gold was in good health," were interrogations; while a few of the bolder and older wanted to know whether he was going to sell his wig, or to "back office," and in the banker's chest, and said, as substantially as Horace's miser, "Let the ragamuffins shout—I have the rhino!" And let it be said to his credit, that on this day he gave a beggarman fourpence "for luck," he said, because, though Daddy was no niggard in giving food, he rarely gave money, and even the food was given with so bad a grace, that poverty felt in its soul more than the body was relieved by his benevolence.

Why is this? God knows the poor are our brothers and sisters, are they not? They suffer enough in being refused, or in being obliged to beg; why should we add biting words and bitter bearing to our refusal? or why destroy our little aims by them? Ah! how happy a smile or a kind word would often make an old breaking-down spirit, that carries its bag to the open grave! Let us make up our minds to be gentle to the poor—God's poor!

"That hotel—at Clonmel—I know well!" was a favorite piece of rhyme with travellers who looked for a blazing fire of a cold winter's evening, or hot buns and a strong tea, after a night outside or inside "the Dublin mail coach!"

Daddy Nick could say the same, though he never had been guilty of the imprudence of sitting outside or inside the mail coach, and never had travelled very much further than he did on the day of these presents; for Daddy Nick always saw his "room," and he felt the sheets (by no means a foolish thing) to ascertain if they were damp; and he saw his horses fed, "the master's eye" having a most "fettering" effect on horse-flesh, as he declared; and he saw and laid by; and he went to "speak particularly" about the "time of breakfast," and what he would "have for dinner," and so forth. So that he knew "the hotel very well."

The candles were lighting when he came; and having entered, he found in the coffee-room a gentleman with green spectacles reading the newspaper. The face of the stranger was turned from him, but his hair was gray, and Mr. Boran thought he should know the look of him, when turning round the gentleman at once revealed Father Mick Quinlivan.

An old clergyman started up at once. Some of the old light in his eyes, and the hand stretched forth in love. Why don't the world give way a little more to the heart?

"Mick! Nick!—old friend!" cried Father Mick; "and your son, too, I declare!—well, well! I am glad to see you."

"You're here too, Father Mick," answered old Boran, giving his hand as warmly as old Boran could. "Come here, you," Mr. Boran, senior, said, addressing his son. "Why don't you come and speak to the priest, you 'kealon,' you?"

"You'll both eat a bit with me?" said Father Mick.

"Throth, 'tisn't the first time," answered the old man, who saw a saving in the matter.

"We'll have Gerald Moore—an old friend."

"Gerald Moore?"

"Yes."

"Fortune is in my favor, anyhow," answered the old gentleman. "Come, you wished to see him?"

"Come, in throth, all the way to see him."

"You're just in 'the nick of time,' the family are going by easy stages to Limerick to-morrow; going for the present to a sister of the old man—a widow pretty well to do."

"An' has the sister children?"

"No."

"Then I suppose she'll leave her share to Ailey?"

Father Mick looked at the old miser, for Father Mick saw something in the question.

"Oh, her money is not much, but 'his steady, and she can give Ailey a home."

"Ailey can have a home, if she please," said the miser—"She—"

Mr. Nick Boran, senior, was interrupted by the arrival of Gerald, who just entered the room. He was grave as usual, and held the evening paper in his hand. He was startled by the presence of old Mr. Boran and his son; for so many strange events had recently occurred, that every strange face looked like an indication of a new trial. However, he welcomed old Mr. Boran cordially, and shook hands with young Mr. Boran, and asked and answered all the questions which such an occasion is sure to produce. Although a few sentences sufficed to show the object of Mr. Boran's visit to town, Gerald did not openly advert to it.

Gerald opened the newspaper.

"Justice has seized upon wrong," he said, addressing Father Quinlivan.

"How?"

"Snapper has been discovered in something which gravely compromises him."

"Eh?" cried the Borans together.

"He has been seized in Dublin, and is in prison."

"Who told you?" cried Father Quinlivan.

"This here," said Gerald, pointing to the newspaper.

"Who accuses him?" continued Father Mick.

"John Murtagh."

"Shaun a Dherk!" cried all, with one voice.

"And Forde has made full confession," Gerald continued.

"Eternal praise to the God of justice!" cried the priest. Gerald took the old man's hand.

"Father," said Gerald, "you told me of the day I went to jail, that I was among the arrangements of Eternal love and justice. You were right!"

The priest flung his arms around Gerald and embraced him.

"Tisn't our country at all, agra! 'tis bad world—we are going home."

Quando fiet illud quod tam sitio Ut, te revelata cernens facie, Visu sim beatus tue glorie!

"When will my heart-wish be given, That, beholding thy beauty unveiled, I may shine mid thy glory in Heaven!"

There, at all events, will be found even-handed justice agra, won't it?"

"I have more news," continued Gerald: "we have letters from the Tyrrels."

"The young lady that gave Ailey her Madonna?"

"And her brother."

"Oh, yes, of course; Frank, they called him."

"And the strange handsome gentleman that shook hands with us in the police-office—"

THREE BLESSINGS

"May God's blessing attend you, and when your blessing comes, may you not pass out of this world without the assistance of your clergy."

It was the first time Hugh L'Estrange had come in contact with anything Catholic. He laughed to himself—the idea of either death or clergy seemed incongruous in connection with his vigorous life. But he did not forget the blessing that the old Irish woman at the corner of a Liverpool street had bestowed upon him. A gust of wind had sent her battered bonnet flying, and before her old limbs were set in motion she stepped out into the road and recovered the truant headgear. Re-turning it, with something in addition to replace the mud-stained trimmings, he noted anew her patient, poverty-worn face. In return she again called the blessing of heaven upon him.

On Sunday when he sat decorously in his pew while the clergyman of his parish read the prayers in a monotonous voice, the Irish woman's words recurred to his mind. He repressed a smile at the thought of how much he would prefer Mr. Drake's absence to his assistance, even when death should come to him.

For an instant, too, the thought flashed across his mind that a religion of the clergy were a vital part might hold something worth having for the poor and the dying.

At this juncture Mr. Drake's high-pitched call to prayer brought him back to the duty of the moment and he rose to his feet with his neighbors.

Though he did not know it the blessing of God was attending Hugh L'Estrange. For after this, often in contact with things Catholic; possibly it was only some reference to a church which he had never forgotten.

Perhaps the second direct contact that Hugh L'Estrange became aware of was on a day at a meeting of the board of charities. The case of a Catholic boy was brought forward on account of some oversight in his registration on the workhouse books. He was to be brought up nominally in the Church of England; practically, according to the views of those with whom he was to be boarded out.

The child, a sturdy young Lancastrian of eight or nine years, was standing near Mr. L'Estrange while a heated discussion went on between the other guardians. Touching the boy on the shoulder, Mr. L'Estrange spoke to him in an undertone.

"What do you think you are yourself, eh?" he asked with a movement of the head to show that he referred to the theme of his guardians' conversation.

The boy looked at him squarely. Without hesitation he answered, "I am a Catholic."

Then he added, "If you weren't a Catholic what would you be?"

A Baptist, a Methodist and a Congregational home were being discussed in turn.

"If I weren't an," replied the boy sturdily, "I'd be one."

"By Jove, so you shall!" exclaimed L'Estrange, throwing himself into the discussion in which heretofore he had taken no part. So conscientiously did he press his point declaring his intention of calling in legal opinion if necessary to support his claim, that before the meeting rose the boy was inscribed a Catholic on the books and handed over to the manager of Mr. L'Estrange's home.

Mr. L'Estrange noticed the boy pointing him out to the priest, who was losing no time in freeing him from the workhouse.

"Young George here tells me what you have done for him, sir," said the priest, as Mr. L'Estrange passed him. "God will reward you for this."

That was the second Catholic blessing he received.

The third blessing came through no act of his own. He was only a spectator of a scene, and that, it seemed, by chance. Afterwards he understood that God's blessing was attending him.

The instinct of Isaac Walton was strong within him, and the yearly holiday was always spent where fishing might be had. It was only natural therefore that the west of Ireland should attract him. There, late in the autumn season, he found himself in a primitive riverside inn. During his stay the equinoctial gales changed the Atlantic into a gray, cruel sea, (fill rising in mountains of water and foam it seemed like a huge wall of roaring liquid rushing against the sky.)

A pier to make safe harborage for the boats coming in for the islands had been built in the congested districts, but on this night the little gray wall was one mass of seething whiteness which seemed to offer neither shelter nor safety to any craft. Yet here it was Hugh L'Estrange, watching the storm with Barble Joyce, his boatman on the lakes, his self-constituted guide along the river, saw, hardly believing his own sight, a small craft cresting huge billows for an instant, then falling away out of sight. It reappeared at intervals, however. Each time it took more certain shape in the fitful light of the fleeting moon.

"A boat! God help them this night!" cried Barble, steadying himself against the pier, and straining his eyes to see when the black oblong shadow rose again on the waves.

"Never can they live at the pier end there till the priest gets out to join them."

"The priest!" repeated the Englishman, thinking the wind had mis-carried his companion's meaning.

"Aye, the priest," returned Barble. "What else would bring ten men in their senses over from Irishberg this night?"

He turned quickly and disappeared in the darkness, and L'Estrange guessed that he had gone to where the parochial house stood in some pretense at shelter. He had learned long ago that Catholics wish for the presence of the priest to help a passing soul into eternity. But he never realized before how universally, even in the face of almost unsurmountable difficulties, that presence was sought.

It seemed madness even to try to reach the boat that tossed just beyond the pier, much less to board her and turn again into the storm. Yet sooner than he would have thought possible, Barble, with half a dozen others, were back at the pier head again, and from the lanterns some of them held he could see a tall figure in black tarpaulin and close fitting sou'-wester standing while a rope was firmly fastened round it. L'Estrange knew intuitively it was the priest. A momentary lull enabled the little band to make their way to where the boat tossed and strained against the determined efforts of the rowers to keep her from destruction.

Coming nearer, they threw out a line. The priest took it, winding it around his body. Then he dropped down as the boat waited for him. He loosened the rope afterward and the men on the pier would have hauled it in, only there seemed some hitch or delay. Then they saw that one of the boat's crew was coming ashore in place of the priest. As he reached the pier L'Estrange, by some act of Providence being nearest the boat, heard a groan of pain, and the hands of the sailor as he grasped them were wet and warm with blood. L'Estrange understood then that this man, hurt by some accident, was of no use in the boat, and that they were waiting because they needed another rower.

Barble the next man to L'Estrange, was the father of a family; so, too, was the next beyond. L'Estrange was not a good seaman, but he was as strong a rower. Further, he had neither wife nor child to leave.

There was hardly time even for this to shape itself in his brain. He scarcely knew that he had decided to go, when he felt the rope in his hands, saw for an instant the tossing depths beneath him. Then strong arms caught and held him, and he was in the boat.

The priest facing him was young, boyish, almost too young, too boyish, he had carelessly thought, to be the pastor of strong men's souls. But his face was white, determined, and his jaw was set. In his eyes was a strange light—excitement, perhaps, but certainly not fear; young as he was, this was not the first midnight struggle he had had with the sea, but to night as before he carried his passport of safety on his heart.

Down went the boat, green walls of water before her and behind her appeared, and nothing was left of black sky but a narrow ribbon of black overhead.

The Englishman, straining every nerve at the clumsy oar which he shared with one of the islanders, had no time for thought. Even afterwards, everything seemed to him like a shapeless dream. Once, even the helmsman faltered. The last wave nearly swamped them with a return of foam and a rower from either side was forced to abandon his oar. From the white faces and distended eyes of the men about him L'Estrange realized that this was a greater peril than they had ever braved before.

"Steady, boys!" above the storm the priest's voice rose. Then he pulled himself upright and even now no fear was in his eyes, though his face was white. "Remember we cannot go down. Have you forgotten we are not alone?"

All except L'Estrange understood. With a stifled sob the helmsman turned again to crest the breaker. For an instant they spun up in the air a blurred black mass, then a collection of moving lights appeared in the darkness ahead and was near, and they felt assured of safety now, though only certain knowledge and skill could have taken the boat up to the only possible landing place.

But before they touched the land twenty men were in the water at their sides, half drowned by the swirling foam, to meet and welcome the priest. They seized the boat and the exhausted rowers sat at rest. High up onto the shingle they dragged her and suddenly Hugh L'Estrange was aware that he alone of all those present was not bareheaded and on his knees.

Between two rows of kneeling figures, women bowed down and men bareheaded, the priest passed up to the rough built quay. He was in any case, told him. Some impulse bade L'Estrange follow him to the house of the man who lay dying. They said that for hours he had been calling in agony for the priest. Now he was calm and content; his prayer had been answered.

L'Estrange saw the priest bend over the bed, saw those who had been waiting keep back until he drew himself pressing forward, kneeling himself the others, saw the flash of a silver case, as the priest drew something from his breast.

"Corpus Domini nostri Jesu Christi, custodiat animam tuam in vitam eternam. Amen."

Then Hugh L'Estrange understood. It was not for the priest alone, it was for what he brought with him, for



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TO BE CONTINUED. The deepest truth only blooms out of the deepest love.—Heine.

the Master, in Whose name he had power to forgive sin, that Catholics pray all their lives long. The dying man was at rest, and half turning to those who had risked their lives to secure for their comrade what he had so passionately craved, the priest raised his hand in a final blessing.

Thus a third time a Catholic called down the blessing of God on Hugh L'Estrange.

Those of his colleagues who were present when George the Lancastrian had been allowed to keep the faith of his fathers, declared themselves not in the least surprised when they heard that Hugh L'Estrange had been received into the Catholic Church.

MODERN MYSTICISM

"With the exception of man," says the Rev. Dr. Gibbons, quoting Schopenhauer, "no being wondrous at its own existence, and if anything in the world is worth wishing for it is that a ray of light should fall on the obscurity of our being."

The world, says Dr. Gibbons, has gone crazy on Psychology; it is an epidemic found not only in novels and monthly magazines, but also in the daily press. The teaching of this new "ology" is that the soul is nothing but a matter of molecular mechanism.

The new mysticism is really a reaction against this "cellular" materialism, and to reactionary causes must we attribute the revival of occult sciences which abound everywhere throughout the world.

to the souls of little children on the strange ground (as these Indians thought) that having been barked off life at the beginning, the children would try it again as animals.

All these schemes of re-incarnation in one form or another, have always been attractive to the mystics. Here is however, this difference between Philosophic mysticism, and Christian mysticism, namely, that the philosophical or pagan mysticism is based on the natural cognition (or realization) of the soul with the Deity; while Christian mysticism is founded on the supernatural union with Christ by His Spirit.

THE POWER OF CATHOLICS

Boasting is childish, offensive, unprofitable, and there is nothing except perhaps, eating, drinking and sleeping. No great gift or power of any kind is required for boasting. A glib tongue, a wild imagination, a shallow intellect are quite sufficient to accomplish it.

The daughters of Catholic fathers and mothers, who wear the livery of Christ's virgins, the purest of God's children, women consecrated to the poor and unfortunate, are harried day in and day out by the vicious, scurrilous pens of scribes too cowardly to sign their names.

Did a Catholic editor calumniate a rabbi or a Methodist preacher one job or title, did he review one article of Jewish or Methodist belief, the whole machinery of state and nation would be set on foot to suppress it.

Congressmen, national Senators? Every week some Catholic paper or another contains a partial or full list of them. What then? Our shame is not increased. If our votes are numerous enough to send these men to our legislative halls, why is not our influence strong enough to prevent the daily injustices to which we are forced to submit.

There is to be an exposition in San Francisco. From one foreign country there lately came a delegate who has revealed our faith; insulted the Holy Father in odious terms; sneered at Catholics as dupes, obscurantists, fools who cannot measure up to a man's height.

The spirit which prompts such words reveals one of the chief reasons for the weakness of 16,000,000 Catholics. They lack power because they lack union.

PROTESTANT LOSSES IN GERMANY

One of the best known Protestant pastors in Germany, whose name is not given, however, but the authenticity of whose declaration is absolutely guaranteed, declares very emphatically that "vital religion is ebbing from among the Germans and every detail of statistics proves to me that Protestantism is markedly on the decline."

This has, of course, been obvious for a considerable time, but Protestants, at least the Protestant clergy, have been very slow to acknowledge it. Now they can no longer evade it.

How often have we heard of late of our numerous Catholic Governors, pastor at the graveside and do not consider it at all necessary to have any formal religious service in connection with the burial.

becoming "truly religious." After receiving this "touch" they are to become, for the first time in their lives, truly religious, although in their Italian homes across the Atlantic they as children lisped their prayers at a mother's knee and later on knelt at the altar rail to receive the Body and Blood of Christ Himself.

Here is the way this "conversion" is to be brought about: "Inasmuch as the Latin Church prohibits the circulation of the Bible there, it is incumbent on us to see to it that these, our missionaries to Italy, are equipped with a supply of Italian Bibles.

ANOTHER MOTU PROPRIO

The latest "Motu Proprio" from our Holy Father relates to the establishment of "A College for Missionaries of Emigration," which will have particular care of Italian emigrants.

Meanwhile, we pray the Bishops of Italy, especially those who have numerous emigrants in their dioceses, to send to this institution such of their priests and clerics as they think suited.

This regulation will no doubt redound to the great spiritual benefit of the Italian immigrants in this country.—Intermountain Catholic.

WHOLESALE PROSELYTIZING

Some comments in the Word and Way, a Baptist Organ published in Kansas City, help illustrate the need for the new missionary college that is to be established in Rome in the interest of Italian emigrants to this and other countries.

Apollate Italians who have abandoned the Catholic Faith for worldly gain, are expected to act as Protestant Proselytizers. We quote: "Perhaps 60 per cent. of the members of these churches (the 400 Protestant Italian churches and missions in the United States) were brought into their present relations by other home missionaries."

What we have quoted this stuff for the purpose of calling attention to the Protestant Propaganda carried on for the purpose of winning away our Italian brothers from the Catholic Church. Something can be done to offset this propaganda if non-Italian Catholics take a sympathetic and active interest in the plans formed by the Holy Father to prevent the great loss to the Church which would result from neglecting to provide for the spiritual needs of the Italian immigrants who are landing on these shores in ever increasing numbers.

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LONDON, SATURDAY, JUNE 13, 1914

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

The Fortnightly Review thus quotes from a pastoral letter of Archbishop Ireland:

"We plead with very particular emphasis in favor of Catholic youths, boys and girls, who, emerging from the grade or grammar school, are to be sent to a high school or a college. There is on the part of some parents the illusion that the religious instruction given in lower schools is adequate to all requirements, that children armed with it may in safety be exposed to the secularism of the higher schools. The contrary is the obvious truth. In the grade or grammar school, pupils are yet immature in mind and are, to a great degree, incapable of the deeper and more thorough instruction in religion which they should be possessed of. As they leave the lower schools they are of the age when their mental faculties lead them to think and reason, as heretofore they could not have done. This is the time when they take to themselves the more serious studies in worldly branches of learning—the time consequently, when religion should be presented to them in its deeper and broader aspects—and it is at this most critical period of their intellectual development that they are withdrawn from the guidance of the Church and placed within an atmosphere not merely negative in its influences, but frequently tainted with direct and positive anti-religious and anti-Catholic teaching. It is in the time when these themes of study are made their daily occupation, which lead to the teacher the opportunity of easier divagation from the principles of sound Catholic thought and conduct. I might go further and remark upon other perils of non-Catholic schools—so-called co-education, wild fads proposed as substitutes for religion in the domain of morals—from which tender consciences outside the Catholic Church shrink in fear, which Catholic parents should never allow to cross the pathways of childhood and youth.

"I am not unaware that now and then in quarters otherwise sincerely Catholic, the notion is entertained that fashion and social ambitions advise certain non-Catholic schools, public or private, rather than Catholic. What the dictates of fashion or social ambition are I do not know, nor do I care to inquire. For this I know, that fashion and social ambition, running counter to the dictates of religion, are as the kingdoms offered from the mountains of adoration given to Satan—that the answer to fashion and social ambition in opposition to religion must be none other than the answer of the Saviour to the tempter: 'Begone, Satan; for it is written: The Lord Thy God Thou shalt adore, and Him only shalt Thou serve.'

"To Catholic parents I repeat: A Catholic education for the Catholic child. Were I to say less, I were betraying the responsibilities of my sacred office: I were the unworthy guardian of the faith of holy Church. In many parts of this province Catholics attend the local high schools. When living in the immediate neighborhood and no alternative of a Catholic institution presents itself this condition of things is for many unavoidable. Nor is it so dangerous to faith or morals where the pupils are still subject to the holy influences of home life and the watchful supervision of intelligent parents and pastors. A great many, however, are so situated as not to be able to attend the high school from their own homes. These immature boys and girls of unformed habits must be sent away from home at a very critical period of their lives. For the girls there are many convent schools which take up and teach very efficiently the high school course. The boys are not so well provided for. True we have several colleges which admit boys who have passed the high school entrance examination. Although some of the colleges take up the high school curriculum and prepare some of their students for the regular High School examinations such as matriculation and Normal Entrance this is not, with a few exceptions, their regular course of studies in the lower forms.

A young man intending to study for the priesthood spent seven years in a Catholic college. He then decided he was not called to the priesthood. His friends complained rather bitterly that when he left college he was not qualified to teach even a country separate school. He could not begin the study of law or medicine, or even dentistry or pharmacy, because he had never passed the matriculation examination. It may be urged that all this is beside the purpose of the Catholic college. It would seem that our Holy Father Pius X. does not share that view. It will be remembered that he ordered the Italian Catholic colleges to prepare their students for the state examinations for the reason that many who entered on a course of study for the priesthood later abandoned the intention of their earlier years. It was important that these should not be handicapped in the battle of life through not having taken the examinations that would permit them to study for other professions.

If our Catholic colleges made the high school curriculum their regular course for the first four years, obliging all the students to prepare for and write on the matriculation examination, it seems to us that the benefits would far outweigh any possible disadvantages. It would offer to those parents who have to send their boys away from home for secondary education the alternative of a Catholic institution that does precisely the same work as the secular high school. In addition there is the priceless advantage of the Catholic religious atmosphere and Catholic discipline. In such circumstances many Catholic parents living under the shadow of the local high school would, if they could afford to do so, send their boys to the Catholic college for their high school work. The sphere of influence and usefulness of the college will be very materially widened just as soon as it becomes generally conceded that college does the work quite as efficiently and prepares for the examinations quite as successfully as the best high school or collegiate institution. Some of the convent schools have already earned that reputation. With a uniform secondary course the later years in college would be likely to attract a larger number of students also. Of those who matriculate in the colleges many would remain to complete the course. Those who matriculate in the various high schools would find themselves on entering college classified with college students who had taken up precisely the same work and had passed the same examination. With this common standard for entrance, the collegiate course proper could be made available and attractive to many Catholic matriculants from the high schools, whose parents are financially unable to send them to college for seven or eight years. We are quite convinced that this comparatively slight but very important modification of the course of studies in our Catholic colleges would result in a very much larger number of our boys making their high school course under the conditions so eloquently and earnestly advocated by the venerable and enlightened Archbishop of St. Paul; and what is of equal or even greater importance, materially increase the number of those who will enjoy the inestimable advantage of higher Catholic education.

DISCRETION

At St. Mary's Cathedral, Hamilton, the Paulist Fathers recently conducted a very successful two weeks' mission. This was followed by two weeks devoted to the explanation of Catholic doctrine and practice addressed to non-Catholics who were invited to attend and indicate by means of the Question Box any thing and everything of which they desired to have an authentic Catholic explanation. From the numbers of non-Catholics in attendance and the interest manifested in the Question Box this mission also was a pronounced success. Persistent and virulent misrepresentation of the Catholic Church doubtless impelled many fair-minded Protestants to take advantage of this means of hearing the other side. It is unnecessary to add that nothing offensive to any one was said or suggested. After it was all over a couple of Protestant ministers broke the discreet silence they maintained during the month the Paulists were in the city and valiantly defended Protestantism by attacking Catholic doctrine. Just how impressive was their defense may be gathered from a letter from

Mr. William Strong (a strong Protestant we are told) to the Herald. Discretion may be the better part of valor but in this case Mr. Strong seems lacking in appreciation: "We might also, in an incidental way, intimate that when the Paulist fathers retired to a considerable distance and could not hear the report of the Protestant guns, one or two very feeble shots were heard from behind a Protestant fence."

THE WHIRLIGIG OF TIME

Some years ago when Irish Members set out to force Parliament to discuss the Irish question they were roundly denounced for disturbing the dignity of the august Mother of Parliaments. But under the rules Parliament had to listen; the rules were amended by the introduction of the Closure; the Closure made the passage of Home Rule possible. The Irish Members in years gone by were decorous compared with the Gentlemen's party at various times during the last two years. Everything is topsy-turvy. The Loyalists solemnly declare that rebellion is the only loyal course open to them. Mr. F. E. Smith, one of the Unionist leaders, and their most brilliant speaker, recently declared in the House of Commons: "Whatever the consequences—civil war or any other calamity that may dismember the whole Empire—the Unionist party will support Ulster, whatever the consequences may be."

"Unionists" willing to "dismember the whole Empire" reminds one of Sir Boyle Roche's readiness to sacrifice the whole constitution to save the remainder. The whirligig of time brings its revenges. The Tories have appropriated the language and methods of old-time Irish physical force advocates, and it looks as though even the Irish bull will be pressed into Tory service. Some one sent us the following skit:

THE COVENANTER

"Full armed he executes a peaceful mission, 'Tis love of order makes him stir sedition. In the King's name he fights against the Crown, And for the law's sake breaks the law in Down. How shall we treat this Ulster Volunteer In whom such weird antitheses appear? Must he provoke a smile or draw a tear. This brawling saint and loyal mutineer? Be humble towards him while his wrath endures, Respect his feelings while he rails at yours; Though in religion's name he should employ The blustering language of a 'corner boy.' Utter no approval or complaint, But praise his moderation and restraint. And thank the gods, as on your knees you fall, That he admits your right to live at all."

THE EMPRESS OF IRELAND

The people of Canada, indeed the people of the civilized world, will heartily approve of the action of Parliament in effectively providing for a searching and impartial inquiry into the cause of the awful disaster in the St. Lawrence. Pending that inquiry it is idle to speculate on degree of culpability, if any there be, attaching to the captains who so flatly contradict each other in their accounts of what occurred. Horror and sympathy fill all hearts; but as the acute emotions, excited by the shocking news, subside people are beginning to have an uneasy feeling that in many respects the loss of the Empress of Ireland is a darker tragedy than the wreck of the Titanic. The following despatch appeared in the daily papers: Boston, June 2.—"It was not weakness in the construction of the Empress of Ireland nor too few life boats—it was poor seamanship that caused the loss of nearly a thousand lives in the sea burr of last Friday," declared Andrew Furuzh, of San Francisco, president of the International Seamen's Union of America, which opened its annual Convention last night. "Ever since the liability of the ship owner has been limited, releasing him from responsibility in case of mistakes by a crew, there has been less concern about the safety of passengers," Mr. Furuzh said. As president of the International Seamen's Union Mr. Furuzh may be assumed to know whereof he speaks and it is difficult to doubt his good faith. That the Captain of the Empress with his own hand should have loosed the grips of the only life boats that were set free from the doomed

ship seems to give point and force to Mr. Furuzh's remark: "More than half of those who perished could have been saved if the crew had been efficient and organized for action in an emergency." Of the 452 saved 283 were officers and crew. While nothing reflecting on the personal courage or the devotion to duty of the ship's officers or crew is anywhere alleged, neither does it appear that anything occurred in the fifteen minutes that elapsed between the collision and the sinking of the Empress to indicate that the crew had been efficiently organized for action in an emergency. But these are mere impressions which the human mind forms in the attempt to find an adequate cause for a shocking calamity which our fathers would unhesitatingly call a visitation of God. A visitation of God it undoubtedly remains, even when the fullest investigation reveals the secondary causes. The self-sufficiency of the present age groping with the tallow-dip of science through the darkness of Creation because some little progress is made in tracing secondary causes rejects the full sunlight of revelation vouchsafed us by the First Cause. An over-ruling Providence sends us from time to time such a lesson as is taught by the wreck of the Empress of Ireland which shocks us into a realization of man's pettiness and powerlessness. May God rest the souls of those who were called so suddenly and peremptorily before His judgment; seat, and may He graciously vouchsafe that we who live may in all humility profit by His striking lesson.

BY THEIR FRUITS

Tehang K'ien, Minister of Industry and Commerce, China, in drawing up regulations for the management of a hospice which he founded in his native city inserted this article: "Fervent and charitable Catholics may be chosen for the direction of this establishment, and all that is necessary shall be procured for them."

In giving his reasons for preferring the Sisters he says: "Among our compatriots we see pious sons and grandsons respectful to their parents, but these holy daughters surpass our most renowned examples of filial piety. . . . It is the Catholic religion which has induced these good Sisters to come to China; it is their faith which is the mainpring of their devotedness."

Read the article "Progress in China" in another column. THE ROMeward DRIFT It is extremely difficult for Catholics, perhaps especially so for Irish Catholics, to get a sympathetic understanding of the mental attitude of sincere Anglicans with regard to the Church Catholic. We reproduce in part an editorial of the English Church Times, a journal intensely loyal to the Anglican establishment. This High Church organ is speaking of the Romeward Drift. "This movement is real. It began many years ago, and it was in full tide before it was definitely perceived. It has never ceased. There are superficial disturbances of the water ripples or waves which cause an appearance of contrary movement. Single vessels and whole convoys manage with a considerable head of steam, or by skillfully setting their sails for transient breezes, to make headway against the current. But the movement of the deep is unbroken. It may well be called a drift. This movement is not the work of leaders, of organizations, of calculated policy. All three are conspicuously wanting. Superficial critics call attention to the lack of intellectual distinction amongst those most concerned in it; the movement, they say, has thrown up no great writers, no masters of thought. Nothing could be more true, if it meant that such men have not taken charge, or lent their force to accelerate the movement. But they are carried in the drift. It is oceanic, and none can escape its influence. Even those who stem the tide are affected by it; their course is a combination of its onward sweep and their own proper motion. We are content. For in the force directing the mass we recognize the hand of God. We are, therefore, not much troubled about superficial or local disturbances, eddies or back waters. Individual influences may cause these, and they may appear to individual observers vastly important. The deep drift goes on. Its true character and its direction are being recognized. It is bearing the Church of England onward—not a mere party in the Church, or groups of individuals, but the whole Church, and even the most reluctant members of the Church—towards the full enjoyment of those Catholic beliefs and practices which the Church of Rome, for all its faults and errors, has never lost. In that sense we have no objection to saying that the movement is Romeward. And it is a drift,

a massive movement independent of human will. We owe thanks to the Bishop of Hereford and the Dean of Canterbury for a phrase in which the facts are crystallized." Time and again we have believed that we understood Anglicanism in all its multifarious phases. Time and again we have felt that we were on the outside and could no more understand Anglicanism than honest Protestants understand the beauty and consistency of Catholic doctrine. The English people were robbed of their religion. To some it would appear that it is being surreptitiously restored to them.

OUR "MISSIONARY" MANNERS AND METHODS

The Southern Cross of Buenos Aires protests against the campaign of lying indulged in by those who are interested in converting South America to one or more of the Protestant views of the Bible. It is interesting to get a glimpse of these apostles from the South American viewpoint. "Courty and broad-minded North-American statesmen, such as Mr. Root and Mr. Barrett, are working earnestly in the cause of Pan-American friendship and unity. Those men are gentlemen, and they mean well; but their work is hampered and neutralized by colporteurs and swaddling preachers who are constantly maligning Latin America. Those ignorant bigots are intolerable."

We recently gave ex-President Roosevelt's impressions of the Argentine people as contained in an article in the Outlook where he vigorously insists on certain vital lessons that the North must learn from the South or the end of the century will see the positions of North and South America reversed. The Southern Cross continues: "We have just received some North American papers with lurid reports of superstitious and non-Christian South America. We read this, for instance: 'Bishop Homer C. Stuntz of South America told an anecdote which filled Smithfield Methodist Episcopal Church last night that South America morally was the rottenest country in the world.' In the first place there is no such country as South America, and, in the second place, if we take as a criterion the foremost Latin American country, the Argentine Republic, of which we are in a position to speak, we know to say that either Bishop Stuntz knows nothing of Argentine society or else he is a conscious liar. In direct opposition to the declarations of education in the Argentine Republic there is no Lynch Law, and we have not yet advanced as far as the 'rotten' divorce court which is eating into the heart of North American society."

The Argentines are a remarkably long-suffering, patient, liberty-loving people or else they regard the insolent intruders with good-natured contempt. "Those men are given a free hand here to preach in their churches and in the open streets. They are never molested by word or deed although the offences against good taste of which they are guilty in this city would bring a blush of shame to the cheek of the Parisian apache. We have seen them distributing tracts and vilifying the religion of the country at the church doors, and at the gates of the cemeteries on the Day of the Dead."

Imagine Catholics, say in Toronto, going and doing likewise. "Now, the truth of the case is that those canting hypocrites are a complete failure. The results of their proselyting work in Latin America are practically nil, and the world would be deceived. Besides, those people are producing a very bad impression of the U. States and of the Protestant Church in general, in Latin America. In our opinion the whole campaign of calumny is a sordid money-making business. The whole thing is absurd and ludicrous, and transparently mendacious. For instance, in 'South America,' the organ of 'The Evangelical Union of South America,' there is a story of a Catholic Bishop who 'was converted to the spot' when he was shown some Biblical pictures. In 'South America' there is a continual whine for money to convert the benighted people—one thousand pounds per month are required to keep the work going." Again: "Who will see to it that no labourer lacks the hire of which he is worthy?" We do not object to those men asking money from their co-religionists, but we do object to the lies about Latin America which they disseminate over the world. And in the long run they do nothing except waste time and money and bring discredit on their own countries."

MOTHER MABEL DIGBY

BY ANNE POLLEN, LONGMANS GREEN & CO. \$3.50

This volume is "the history of a personality striking to an unusual degree from the force of her character, the sanctity of her life, and her astonishing power of organization and control." She came of a very remarkable family. Her father's cousin was the author of "Mores Catholici," a book which should be treasured by Catholics. Mabel Digby, however, was born and bred a Protestant. Her mother's conversion to Catholicism was a severe shock to her, and she resented it by aligning herself with her father. Her biographer speaks of her high principle and frankness and of her aversion to things which in after years she recommended to her spiritual children. She remained firm in her allegiance to Protestantism until the day she entered a Catholic Church at Montpellier when Benediction was being given. At the moment of Benediction her face seemed to be illumined, her eyes were fixed upon the Host. After Benediction she said to her sister Geraldine: "I am a Catholic. Jesus Christ has looked at me. I shall change no more." Her surrender was complete. She determined to give herself wholly to Christ and to have herself enrolled among the religious of the Sacred Heart. Her family was amazed at the decision; her father, still a Protestant, could not brook the idea of parting from his comrade, confidant and idolized daughter. But she had heard the call and nothing could prevent her from obeying it. And with her mind made up she knocked at the door of the Convent in Rue de Valenciennes. The Superior Mother Prevost being a plain blunt woman deluged her with words that were icy enough to dampen resolution. "We have had enough of these converts," she said, "giving no hope of perseverance and hardly instructed in their religion. Worse still you have no health. We want no persons to edify the infirmary."

Here was rejection clear and emphatic. She had no health; she was wanted neither in the house nor in the infirmary and there remained for her but to fall in with the ideas of her family. But Mabel Digby persisted in her resolution to become a nun. Mother Prevost could not blind her to the light which illumined her pathway and was showing her the goal, and her confidence was rewarded by Blessed Sophie Barat, Superior General of the Society of the Sacred Heart, who threw open the doors and welcomed her as a postulant. From the first year of her life in the Sacred Heart she gave evidence of earnestness and devotion to duty. She grew in strength and nobility of soul, and the Foundress seeing her aptitude for command, her frankness and directness, entrusted to her posts of trust and responsibility. In 1865 she was Superior of the house at Marmoutier, about nine years after her reception. In 1870 she set apart a place in her convent for the wounded during the Franco-Prussian War and was warmly commended for it by the Red Prince. In 1872 we find her Superior at Roehampton. Cardinal Manning, who had no love for the Jesuits, or for any community under their direction, would not permit her to have a foundation in the Westminster diocese. But under Cardinal Bourne's rule her daughters are doing the very work which the great Cardinal had done his best to prevent. In 1895 she was the Superior General of her Society. It was a time of stress and storm. The agitation against the congregations in France was taking definite shape and form. The Catholic body was sluggish; its leaders were delivering speeches which but disturbed the atmosphere. Arrayed in unity and cohesion were the hosts of irreligion; and opposed to them were units who had no plan of attack, no policy, no strategy—nothing but attempts here and there that were pathetically futile. Had they but a tith of Mother Digby's courage the tide of irreligion might have been rolled back or at least might have had its powers of destruction lessened. Mother Digby was not daunted by the dangers that confronted her. In her keeping were the rights and property of forty eight houses and two thousand religious, and she determined to protect and guard them. The story of those anxious days shows, says Cardinal Bourne in his preface to her life, how she accomplished this fresh God-given task. For every house closed in France a

new house was opened elsewhere, so that when the work of destruction had been accomplished across the channel, the Society as a whole could count a larger number of centres than it had possessed in the days of peace.

This Life of Mother Digby will enlighten many who were misled by a hired press as to the designs of the French Government. We have heard it said that the originators of the iniquitous law were inspired by their love of democracy. The religious were conspiring against the Republic. They were drones and anything else that could be invented by hate-warped minds; and these charges were trumpeted throughout the country by the infidel and the bigot. It mattered not what was done, what desecration and robbery were set afoot so long as it was directed against the Church. The champions of M. Combes, etc., threw over him a cloak of gaudy rhetoric, and ascribed to him but the highest motives. But Combes was brutally frank about his purposes. When accused of anticlericalism he retorted "that was my sole object in taking office." In this he was no hypocrite. He wished to destroy conventional life altogether. He was guided by no love of democracy but by bitter-mindedness that impelled him during his day of power to harry and to kill. He would grant the religious no rights. It is written, said M. Solosse in an address to some expelled nuns, "that property is inviolable and that no one can be expropriated without a just indemnity; and to morrow this house will be put up for auction; to morrow will begin the operation called in the language of the law 'liquidation' but termed by a minister of justice 'legal brigandage.'" Mother Digby was the last to leave the Mother House in Paris, but before doing so she had painted in black letters in the vestibule a few words which showed her courage and her consciousness of her responsibilities. "The Superior General of the Religious of the Sacred Heart," ran the words, "expelled by force from the houses of which she is the legitimate protector, and despoiled of all the goods which belong to the Congregation, protests with all the powers of her soul against this sacrilegious violation of her rights. She reminds whosoever it may be that shall take possession of this property that, by the mere fact he falls under the sentence of major excommunication, which cuts him off from the body of the Church, and that absolution from this penalty can be granted to him only by the Pope after restitution of the goods usurped and reparation of the harm effected."

We might go on so interesting is the career of Mother Digby, but we have said enough to recommend it to our readers. It is a portrait of finely-balanced womanhood—wise and saintly and strong—of a religious who led her daughters to the heights, and whose life is the example and emulation of the Society of the Sacred Heart.

SIR EDWARD CARSON, PATRIOT

At first sight it would seem very easy of absurdity to claim Sir Edward Carson as an Irish patriot. And yet, of all the brilliant galaxy of pure-souled men who, within their lives to the service of their country, no one has done more to make the ideal of "Ireland a Nation" a living reality. A country unarmed and defenceless, let its people be free as heaven, is at best but a nation in name only. It is one thing to win national recognition; it is quite another matter to be able to hold the measure of freedom thus obtained. Redmond has succeeded in winning national self-government for Ireland; Carson has forever prevented its withdrawal. Without a citizen army trained to defend it Home Rule would rest on no solid foundation. Had Carson not conceived the idea of a volunteer force to resist Home Rule Irish Nationalists would not have dared to raise a force in its defence, and even had they done so the British government would have suppressed the movement in twenty-four hours. But once the Ulster Volunteers had been tacitly recognized England was left without an excuse for proclaiming the National Volunteers. Hence we take off our hats to Sir Edward Carson, the man who made it possible for Ireland to undertake the primary duty of nationhood—the defence of its dearest won liberties. History has a strange habit of repeating itself. Grattan won legislative independence through the

menace of the Volunteers. The National Volunteers of to-day guarantee Ireland in the possession of the measure of liberty granted in the constitution of 1914.

One of the most noteworthy incidents of the present political situation in Ireland is the wonderful rapidity of the growth of the National Volunteers. Without any official sanction from the national leaders the manhood of the entire country is rushing to be enrolled.

The inauguration of the Volunteer movement opens the brightest chapter in Irish history since the Invasion. When the King opens the old House on College Green the heart of the nation will beat all the faster from the knowledge that no earthly power can ever repeat the tragedy of 1801.

more kindness and there is a larger faith, and at the same time there is more sin. And let me add that sin is more masterful, more artful, more persuasive than ever before.

DR. MORGAN also placed himself on record as a "Bible-Christian" of the old-fashioned sort, and a firm believer in the "fundamentals." Are, he may well be asked, the wholesale explaining away of the Scriptures so rife in Protestant theological seminaries of this generation, and the world-wide renunciation of dogma so characteristic of the world those seminaries represent, to be taken as evidences of the "larger faith" of which he speaks?

OUR PRESBYTERIAN contemporary of that ilk, which has all through the union movement been its ardent champion, is disposed to lay great stress upon the incident related by the Anglican bishop residing at Prince Rupert, in regard to an Easter communion service held under his auspices a few years ago, in which, upon his invitation members of all denominations, including even "Roman Catholics" and "Greek Catholics," participated.

THE USE of the terms "Roman Catholic" and "Greek Catholic," by the prelate in question, and by his Presbyterian commentator, is but an illustration of the time-worn conspiracy to claim the title "Catholic," for other than the one Catholic Church. The well-informed writer, "Alfonso," in the Glasgow Observer and other Catholic periodicals in Britain, had recently some timely comments upon the countenance ignorantly and unwittingly given to this conspiracy by poorly instructed Catholics themselves, a fact of which they cannot too often or too forcibly be reminded.

THE HABIT of Catholics alluding to themselves as "Roman" Catholics is un-Catholic and indefensible, and leads often to deplorable mistakes. The Church certainly is "Roman" in that the city of Rome is the centre and seat of her authority, but she is first of all Catholic, and to that august and venerable name no other body on earth can rightfully or reasonably lay claim.

THE REV. G. Campbell Morgan of London, England, whom a writer in the Mail and Empire apostrophizes as "the greatest living preacher," was recently asked if the world was getting better or worse. His reply in part was as follows:

Eastern Church (its official title) is not a Catholic under any qualification, but a schismatic and, it may be, a heretic, material if not formal. For the Greek Church, by its separation from Rome, has deprived itself of that guiding and infallible authority which is the prerogative of the See of Peter and of none other however ancient or venerable.

IS AN EASTERN REUNION POSSIBLE?

What hope is there, asks Adrian Fortescue in his volume entitled "The Lesser Eastern Churches," that the schismatic churches of the East may again return to the true fold? There is, he answers, an element which makes for our cause, namely, the growth of the Catholic ideal as opposed to nationalism; that is to say, the increasing conviction that things are not right as they are and that what Christ founded was one visible united body of all His followers.

But with a wider consciousness of Christendom, this position becomes impossible. One tiny minority, existing in one district only, cannot go on in the comforting conviction that it alone is the Church of God on this earth. So, then, there must grow up the consciousness of a really Catholic, or universal Church, of a vast union of faithful throughout the world with which their fathers were once in union.

THESE broadminded people, continued Mr. Benson, had no enthusiasm apart from being against enthusiasm. They were to be met everywhere. They granted that there were two sides to every question, and that a great deal could be said for either, but they could not make up their minds about a conclusion.

THE ANSWER of the broadminded man of the present day in reply to the question: "Whom do men say that I am?" was the same as the reply given in Our Lord's time. With them He might be Elias, St. John the Baptist, or one of the prophets, but they would not grant that He was the Christ—Son of God.

THE FURTHER practice of alluding to members of the Russian or Greek Church as "Greek Catholics" is also to be deplored. A Greek Catholic is one who is already in the True Church, for he is an oriental in communion with the Apostolic See, although using a Greek liturgy. A member of the Greek or Orthodox

judged, their glorious confession shall weigh heavier than their schism? Who can doubt that those unknown thousands and tens of thousands will earn forgiveness of errors of which they were hardly conscious, when they show the wounds they bore for Christ? When that day comes I think we shall see that in their imperfect Churches they were more Catholic than we now think.

REUNION of these Churches with the West would mean books, education, better training of their clergy, help and protection in many ways. As it is, the Uniate clergy are in intellect and morals far above the others. And there are better reasons for refusing this reunion? The one real reason is their national feeling. The Church is the nation, the only nation to those under the Turk. To this nation all cling with pathetic loyalty, all the more since they are ruled by a tyrant who is at once an infidel and a foreigner.

"BROAD-MINDED" PEOPLE

In a recent sermon entitled "Questions and Answers," Mr. Benson based his "discourse on the text 'Whom do men say that I am; and whom do you say that I am?'" It was quite plain, he continued, that Christ, in the first part of His question, was not speaking of His friends or His enemies, but of the great mass of people who were neither His friends nor His enemies. He was speaking of the "man in the street," to use modern, homely language; of that great mass of people which the Scriptures call "the world."

ENTHUSIASTIC AGAINST ENTHUSIASM These broadminded people, continued Mr. Benson, had no enthusiasm apart from being against enthusiasm. They were to be met everywhere. They granted that there were two sides to every question, and that a great deal could be said for either, but they could not make up their minds about a conclusion.

AFRAID OF DOGMA AND FERVOR They also met these people in regard to religion. Catholics they regarded as too dogmatic, and the Salvation Army as too fervent. Ask these people, continued the preacher, to find a substitute, and they will always tell you that that is a very difficult question.

WILL NOT GRANT THE DIVINITY The answer of the broadminded man of the present day in reply to the question: "Whom do men say that I am?" was the same as the reply given in Our Lord's time. With them He might be Elias, St. John the Baptist, or one of the prophets, but they would not grant that He was the Christ—Son of God.

THERE was a very extraordinary phenomenon in England at the present time, continued Mr. Benson, and that was the Catholic Church. Fifty years ago the Catholic Church was scarcely known in this country. Somehow, she had again come forth, and therefore, like every strong personality, produced three kinds of people. First, there were those who, by God's grace, had been called to her fold. Secondly, there were a great number of enemies which every strong personality creates. It was so with Christ Himself. Catholicism produced friends and lovers on the one hand and enemies and fighters on the other.

There was no nonsense about the Catholic answer, concluded Mr. Benson. Every Catholic had been instructed by his experience over

and over again, and they knew that Jesus Christ was God Almighty. Jesus Christ was not one of the prophets.—N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

GIVE ME THY HEART

With echoing steps the worshippers Departed one by one; The organ's pealing voice was stilled, The vesper hymn was done; The shadows fell from roof and arch, Dim was the incensed air, One lamp alone, with trembling ray, Told of the Presence there!

In the dark church she knelt alone; Her tears were falling fast; "Help, Lord," she cried, "the shades of death Upon my soul are cast! Have I not shunned the path of sin, And chosen the better part?"— What voice came through the sacred air?— "My child, give me thy heart!"

"Have I not laid before Thy shrine My wealth, O Lord?" she cried; "Have I kept aught of gems or gold, To minister to pride? Have I not bade youth's joys retire, And vain delights depart?"— But sad and tender was the voice,— "My child give me thy heart!"

"Have I not, Lord, gone day by day Where Thy poor children dwell; And carried help, and good and food? O Lord, Thou knowest it well! From many a house, from many a soul, My hands have bid care depart;"— More sad, more tender was the voice—"My child, give me thy heart!"

"Have I not worn my strength away With fast and penance sore? Have I not watched and wept?" she cried; "Did Thy dear Saints do more? Have I not gained Thy grace, O Lord, And won in heaven my part?"— It echoed louder in her soul,— "My child give me thy heart!"

"For I have loved Thee with a love No mortal heart can show; A love so deep, my Saints in heaven Its depths can never know; When pierced and wounded on the Cross, Man's sin and doom were mine, I loved Thee with undying love, Immortal and divine!"

"I loved thee ere the skies were spread; My soul bears all thy pains; To gain thy love my Sacred Heart In earthly sufferings remains: Vain are thy offerings, vain thy sighs, Without one gift divine; Give it, my child, thy heart to Me, And it shall rest in Mine!"

In awe she listened, and the shade Passed from her soul away; In low and trembling voice she cried— "Lord, help me to obey! Break Thou the chains of earth, O Lord, That bind and hold my heart; Let it be Thine, and Thine alone, Let none with Thee have part."

"Send down, O Lord; Thy sacred fire! Consume and cleanse the sin That hangs still within its depths; Let heavenly love begin. That sacred flame Thy Saints have known, Kinde, O Lord in Me, Thou knowest all the rest forever, And all the rest in Thee."

The blessing fell upon her soul; Her angel by her side Knew that the hour of peace was come; Her soul was purified; The shadows fell from roof and arch, Dim was the incensed air,— But Peace went with her as she left The Sacred Presence there!

TRAINS THAT TRAVEL AT 300 MILES AN HOUR

A new and wonderful system, which, it is claimed will revolutionize high speed traction throughout the world, was demonstrated in London on Thursday before mechanical experts of several of the most important English railways.

This new system, the invention and discovery of a French scientist, M. Emile Bachelet, has at once elicited the offer of a great railway chief to lay down within five miles of London a circuit in order that the enormous speed claimed for it—300 miles an hour—may be tested. On Thursday the system, as demonstrated by a model of large size, did all that was claimed. Among its achievements were:

A registered speed of 300 miles an hour was attained. Automatic propulsion and stopping of the car were secured. The position of the car at any point during its journey was indicated by electric signals.

Almost absolute absence of all vibration was obtained. The new system is described as "a railway that runs on a road bed of invisible impulses." The model, erected on four trestles, consisted of two pairs of rails one to demonstrate the use of the railway for mail or merchandise and the other for passengers.

THE LONDON (Eng.) Standard describing the invention, says: "A steel cylinder in the one case and a cigar-shaped carriage in the other rested on each pair of rails, which were grooved. Above and in the centre of the rails ran a single-grooved rail in which rested a pair of guides. M. Bachelet switched on an electric current, and the machine in each

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case, rose some eighth of an inch from the rails, and ran along at a tremendous pace. As soon as the current was switched off the cylinder and the carriage came to instant rest. At regular intervals the rails were spanned by a solenoid, or electric-pulling magnet. Along each side of the track was a series of levitation coils, or bobbins, on which, when not in motion, the vehicle rested. It is in these levitation coils and the solenoids that the secret of this, one of the greatest of modern inventions in locomotion rest. M. Bachelet after experiments and research extending over a score of years, has succeeded in lifting steel resting on a basis of aluminum—though, copper, gold, and silver are equally effective as bases—while brushes running in the grooved rails serve to pick up the electric current. The solenoids or electro-magnets which are to be erected every 25 feet—attract the steel-wrought vehicles, which are thus drawn to the magnetic arches, speed through by their own velocity, and thus come within the attraction of the succeeding solenoid. "To discard all technicalities," explained M. Bachelet, the rapid movement of the train is controlled by the laws of attraction and repulsion."

FLYING THROUGH THE AIR But the most extraordinary feature of this most extraordinary invention is the process of levitation, by means of which the vehicles fly through the air without check or hindrance. Never before has it been possible to lift by magnetic waves bodies of enormous weight. As a side experiment, M. Bachelet set a steel disc over an isolated coil and challenged any 4 men to lift it while the current was on. Yet this same steel disc was easily raised by a sheet of aluminum one-eighth of an inch in thickness. The real key to the "mystery" lies in a weird looking box, which M. Bachelet styles a "synchronizing interrupter." By means of this instrument—which has several times nearly caused the inventor's death—the summit and foot of electric waves are cut off, and a current which enters at 250 volts reissues at a voltage of 3000 or more.

The estimated cost is surprisingly low. M. Bachelet places it at 1 1/2 per pound of merchandise for 300 miles, or one hour's journey. The construction of a line for mail purposes—the object to be first achieved—will be less than £5000 per mile, while power houses—one every 100 miles—are estimated to cost about £12,000 each. But the system is intended after further experimental work, to be utilized for the carriage of passengers. It is claimed that it can be adapted to existing railway lines for the conveyance of people "with perfect safety and at lightning speed."

The cigar-shaped model, which demonstrates this, includes two aluminum plates, from which is suspended a long carriage. From one end propellers are to revolve, thus embodying something of the principle of the modern airship. Safety is ensured by the control of the electric current, which can be cut off instantaneously, and the graduation of the pull of the solenoids, so that the cars may glide by their own impetus in the case of curves on the railway track.

REMARKABLE TIME TABLE Without entering into scientific details, practical illustrations of what it is believed can be done by this system carry their own explanation. The conveyance of the mails, which are often congested, would be accomplished in the following times: London to Manchester or Liverpool 1, 48 minutes.

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London to Fishguard or Plymouth, 45 minutes. London to Glasgow, 1 hour 15 minutes. London to Birmingham, 25 minutes. Calais to Brindisi, 9 hours. Paris to St. Petersburg, 10 hours. Local services could also be arranged by control of the electric current. Mails would in all cases be packed in a tube, locked and sealed, and delivered at their destination. "Thus," said the inventor, "a business man would not be kept waiting for his letters, cheques and bonds could be forwarded without irritating delay, and a vast amount of unnecessary and trouble avoided." In the new railway there are no locomotives, no engines, no wheels, and practically no friction.

FATHER FRASER'S CHINESE MISSION

The noble service which has been made to the CATHOLIC RECORD's appeal in behalf of Father Fraser's Chinese mission encourages us to keep the list open a little longer. It is a source of gratification to Canadian Catholics that to one of themselves it should have fallen to inaugurate and successfully carry on so great a work. God has certainly blessed Father Fraser's efforts, and made him the instrument of salvation to innumerable souls. Why not, dear reader, have a share in that work by contributing of your means to its maintenance and extension? The opportunity awaits you: let it not pass you by.

Table with 2 columns: Name and Amount. Includes names like L. P. O. Noel, E. Olmstead, Mrs. M. McCallister, Dan J. McDonald, Mrs. A. A. Kennedy, Alonzo Foster, Zurich.

It is an awful thing to reflect that the outcasts, they at whom the world points the finger of scorn, witness for God and His kindness every time they do or say something that makes for righteousness—and the elect—who they so call themselves and are called so by others, witness against all that Christianity means and teaches every time they hurt one of these little ones." And we are all little ones even as our individual lives are small and bounded by small horizons.—A Looker-On, in the Pilot.

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FIVE MINUTE SERMON

Rev. J. J. HUSA, PHOENIX, ILL. SECOND SUNDAY AFTER PENTECOST

"Take ye and eat, this is My Body. And taking the chalice, He gave thanks and gave it to them saying, Drink ye all of this, for this is My Blood of the New Testament which shall be shed for many, for the remission of sin." (St. Matt. xxvi, 26, 27, 28)

The mysteries of our holy religion, my dear friends, have always been subjects of ridicule to the sceptic. The Holy Trinity is boastfully declared to be contrary to reason; while the Incarnation of Jesus Christ is called an impossibility, an absurdity.

But perhaps no mystery of revelation has been so universally attacked as the Real Presence of Jesus Christ in the Blessed Sacrament of the altar. You know from your catechism what is meant by the Real Presence. You firmly believe, because the Church which is the pillar and the ground of truth teaches it, that Jesus Christ is really and truly, Body and Blood, soul and divinity, present in the Blessed Sacrament under the form and appearance of Bread and Wine. The Church in teaching this dogma asks us to believe nothing that is contrary to Scripture, to tradition, or to reason. In fact, if the Church could teach anything contrary to Scripture, tradition, or reason, she would cease to be the true Church, and the promises of Christ would fail to be fulfilled. It follows from this that, when any teaching of the Church seems to any one to be absurd, false, or unreasonable, it is because he does not properly understand it.

Let us then for a few moments examine this teaching of the Church—the Real Presence of Jesus Christ in the Blessed Sacrament—and see if it is not in perfect agreement with the Holy Scripture, tradition and reason.

If anyone will take up his Bible and read carefully the sixth chapter of St. John, the twenty-sixth chapter and twenty-sixth, twenty-seventh and twenty-eighth verses of St. Matthew, the fourteenth chapter and twenty-second verse of St. Mark, the twenty-second chapter and nineteenth verse of St. Luke and the tenth chapter of the first Epistle of St. Paul to the Corinthians, sixteenth verse, he will certainly see that the Catholic dogma of the Real Presence is founded on Scripture.

In the sixth chapter of St. John we learn that our Saviour before instituting the Blessed Eucharist, wished to announce, to promise it solemnly to His disciples in order to prepare them for it. He first presented them with a type of the Eucharist in the multiplication of the five loaves by which He fed five thousand persons. After this miracle, He told them that He would give to them bread superior to that which they had eaten and that this Bread was His own Flesh and Blood. "The Bread that I will give is My Flesh for the life of the world." "He that eateth My Flesh and drinketh My Blood shall have everlasting life." "For My Flesh is meat indeed and My Blood is drink indeed." These words it is almost impossible to understand in any other than a literal sense. We find that He was thus understood by His disciples, and many of them left Him because they could not understand how He could give them His Flesh to eat. Now if Jesus Christ did not speak literally, would He not have told His disciples so, rather than have them withdraw from Him?

This promise which was so difficult to be understood by those who heard it, was to be fulfilled at the Last Supper. On the eve of His passion our Saviour and His disciples assembled in a large room at Jerusalem where the paschal supper had been prepared. After eating of the symbolical lamb and washing His disciples' feet, Jesus took bread in His sacred hands and lifting His eyes to heaven gave thanks to His Father, blessed the bread, broke it and gave it to His Apostles saying, "Take ye and eat. This is My Body which is given for you; do this in commemoration of Me."

And taking the chalice, He gave thanks and gave to them saying, "Drink ye all of this, for this is My Blood of the New Testament which shall be shed for many unto remission of sin."

These are substantially the words of the three evangelists, Matthew, Mark and Luke, and of the Apostle St. Paul. Again St. Paul in his first Epistle to the Corinthians, chapter tenth, verse sixteenth, says: "The chalice of benediction which we bless is it not the Communion of the Blood of Christ? And the Bread which we break is it not the partaking of the Body of the Lord?"

Any one of these texts I have quoted abundantly proves the Catholic dogma of the Real Presence of Jesus Christ in the Blessed Sacrament.

Reflect upon them. Reflect especially upon the words of Jesus Christ, "This is My Body. This is My Blood." Think what an insult it is to the divinity and veracity of Jesus Christ to doubt His words simply because you cannot understand how what appears to be bread is in reality the Body of Christ. There are many things in the world around us you cannot understand. Do you understand how the bread you eat becomes part of your own body?

If we only remember that Christ had the power to change bread into His Body, that He really did it when He said, "This is My Body," since He did not say this is the figure of My Body, nor this represents My Body; that He could confer this power upon others as upon the Apostles and their successors, the bishops and priests

of the Church, and that He in reality did so when He said, "Do this in commemoration of Me," if we only remember this, I say, then we will never have any difficulty in believing in the dogma of the Real Presence of Jesus Christ in the Blessed Sacrament.

This dogma which, as we have just seen, is so clearly taught by Scripture, has been the belief of the Church of Christ in every age from the time of the Apostles to the present. Instead of quoting from the fathers and doctors of the different centuries in proof of this, I wish to call your attention for a few moments to what we call in theology the argument of prescription.

Prescription is defined to be a title acquired by long use or custom. This is what prescription means in law (a title acquired by long use) and it means about the same thing in theology. The argument of prescription, then, is an argument for a doctrine, showing that it has been in use, been believed, from time immemorial, from the time of our Saviour.

Now if the doctrine of the Real Presence of Jesus Christ in the Blessed Sacrament was not believed in every age since the time of the Apostles, somebody ought to be able to find out and tell us: who was the author of the new teaching; what time it began to be believed; in what place it was first taught; what occasion gave rise to it; who were its opponents, its adversaries at its birth and when it was condemned by the Church. But no one has yet been able to show us the man who was the author of this doctrine; the time, the place or the occasion of its birth; its adversaries and condemnation. And hence we cannot but conclude that it was believed in every age and had Christ for its author.

Such in brief is the argument of prescription for this doctrine, but that you may the more clearly see its force, a few words of explanation are necessary.

History records the names of the author of every new teaching of importance that has been introduced since the time of Christ. It not only records his name but also the time, place, occasion, adversaries and condemnation of the new teaching. Thus it is with regard to Arius, Pelagius, Nestorius, Berengarius and others. Do you think it would be different in this case? Is not this a doctrine of vital importance? Would not the people have arisen against such an innovator? Suppose some one would attempt to teach in our day a new doctrine that was difficult to understand. Would the people believe him? Would they follow him, or would they not revolt against him? So it would have been in every century; for the people had the same passions and the same feeling at all times.

Besides, no one would ever have thought of inventing such a doctrine. When men invent new doctrines they are shrewd enough to bring forward those that are easily understood and that pander to the passions. That is the secret of their success in gaining a large number of followers. They understand the evil propensity of human nature. Study the history of any of the innovations and you will see the truth of this.

Not so the doctrine of the Real Presence. It checks our pride, restrains our passions, and although humanly speaking it is hard to understand, it is easy to faith; for we have but to believe, as did all the early Christians, the Word of God when He says, "This is My Body." "This is My Blood."

But I cannot understand it, some one may say, and therefore it is contrary to reason. Did the consummate puerility, silliness, foolishness of this objection, my dear friends, ever present itself to you? You cannot understand it and hence it is against reason. Do you understand the Blessed Trinity? And is it against reason? No, although above reason it is not against it. Do you understand how Jesus Christ is both God and man? Do you understand any mystery? No, if you did, it would be no longer a mystery, for a mystery is something above human intelligence. It is something incomprehensible to us, for it pertains to the divine nature. And as well might you attempt to ladle the ocean into a cavity on the shore as attempt to comprehend with your weak intellect the unfathomable ocean of Divinity.

The proper office of reason is to examine the evidences of revelation and see if God has spoken. But it constitutes no part of its office to dispute the Word of God. That God has spoken is evident from the fulfillment of many prophecies and the authority of numerous miracles. That these prophecies were fulfilled and these miracles performed is a matter of testimony. In proof of it we have the testimony of a large number of illustrious persons of all nations, professions and ages. Many of these were eyewitnesses to the fulfillment of the prophecies and performance of the miracles. Their testimony has been handed down to us by authentic

LIQUOR AND TOBACCO HABITS

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References as to Dr. McTaggart's professional standing and personal integrity permitted by: Sir W. R. Meredith, Chief Justice; Sir Geo. W. Ross, ex-Premier of Ontario; Rev. N. Burwash, D.D., Pres. Victoria College; Rev. J. G. Shearer, B.A., D.D., Secretary Board Moral Reform, Toronto; Right Rev. J. F. Sweeney, D.D., Bishop of Toronto; Hon. Thomas Coffey, Senator, Catholic Record, London, Ontario; Dr. McTaggart's vegetable remedies for the liquor and tobacco habits are healing, safe, inexpensive home treatments. No hypodermic injections, no publicity loss of time from business, and a certain cure. Consultation or correspondence invited.

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TEMPERANCE NOTES

Catholic total abstainers do well, in my estimation, to join themselves to those who, no matter what may be their philosophical or religious opinions, bring to the International Anti-Alcoholic Congress, the combination of their knowledge, their experience and their devotion. In our European nations thousands are poisoned by the social plague of alcoholism, and there is need of the co-operation of all men of good will to stay the progress of the evil.—Cardinal Mercier.

Intemperance is one of the most prevalent and destructive evils of our time and country. It is the cause of manifold sins and of much of the poverty and misery which afflict society. The priests and laity who are laboring with the Diocesan Union to suppress the evils of drunkenness, and to spread the practise of total abstinence, are worthy of special praise and honor. They are striving to save, whilst the agencies of drink never cease their work of destruction; they are laboring to repair and build up what drink and drinkers have ruined; they are an honor and a blessing to society, and all good men and women wish them God speed in their beneficent work.—Bishop Canavin.

THE "NEW THOUGHT" WOMAN

A recent editorial in the Public Ledger (a well-written, thoughtful editorial it was) on "The Real Woman" set us to thinking. That editorial, plus religion, ought to be read in every home. Perhaps it might set others to thinking, and perhaps the "real woman" who has been submerged by the waves of vote gathering, public lecturing, club meetings, and so forth, would raise her graceful head and stamp that expression of editorial wisdom with an imprimatur that would impress her neighbors and friends. All women should have good sense in various quantities as one of their physical and mental constitutions—it is a gift of their Creator; but some of them aspire to such wild heights of absurdity that a man gasps as he vainly tries to follow them. Talking with a valued friend the other day, a learned Jesuit, he gave me an experience of his that is too good to keep. This gentleman is a brilliant, witty, never-to-be-floored talker, as wise as he is witty, whose head is full of all sorts of knowledge, whose society is sunshine for the weary and comfort for the distressed, a man of unbounded zeal for souls and a veteran worker in the Church and pulpit, enthusiastically loved by many and revered by all. He said to me we sat together talking of the "New Thought Woman."

"I was on the Fall River boat this summer, on deck, and lo! She flattered along. She looked at me, noted my Roman collar, and noting a vacant chair asked me if it was 'occupied'." "The word struck me curiously, and I smiled. Then I raised my hat. 'No, ma'am, I said; 'not if I can see well. May I offer it to you?'" "She fluttered into it, and with a fetching smile volunteered the information that she had been to New York shopping. I bowed, glancing at her little reticule she carried (about three inches square), but, of course, I believed her! Then she volunteered another confidence, impelled no doubt, by my elderly presence and tell-tale garb: "Reverend sir, do you know that I was an inmate of a convent for nine years? As a pupil, of course!" "Indeed, ma'am! In your green salad days, no doubt!" "She smiled and resumed: "I hold the same views as you do; in fact, I am a woman of advanced ideas, quite up to-date. To tell the truth, sir, I run a church myself, and am on my way to Omsent, Mass., to conduct a service the coming Sunday. I am an Apostle of the New Thought. Of course, you too, are an educated gentleman."

"For a certainty, ma'am! I replied. "I was on the Fall River boat this summer, on deck, and lo! She flattered along. She looked at me, noted my Roman collar, and noting a vacant chair asked me if it was 'occupied'."

"The word struck me curiously, and I smiled. Then I raised my hat. 'No, ma'am, I said; 'not if I can see well. May I offer it to you?'" "She fluttered into it, and with a fetching smile volunteered the information that she had been to New York shopping. I bowed, glancing at her little reticule she carried (about three inches square), but, of course, I believed her! Then she volunteered another confidence, impelled no doubt, by my elderly presence and tell-tale garb: "Reverend sir, do you know that I was an inmate of a convent for nine years? As a pupil, of course!" "Indeed, ma'am! In your green salad days, no doubt!" "She smiled and resumed: "I hold the same views as you do; in fact, I am a woman of advanced ideas, quite up to-date. To tell the truth, sir, I run a church myself, and am on my way to Omsent, Mass., to conduct a service the coming Sunday. I am an Apostle of the New Thought. Of course, you too, are an educated gentleman."

TEMPERANCE

THE CASE AGAINST ALCOHOL Three-fifths of all the crimes are traceable to the use of alcohol. The drunks, the disorderlies, the assaults, the quarrels and the murders are the criminal spawn of liquor.

All the vice commissions agree in reporting that the saloon and the social evil are closely related, the former everywhere aiding, abetting, supporting and shielding the latter. Half the divorces and more than two-thirds of the marriage failures are traceable to alcohol. The most effective course of sermons against the divorce evil is a course of temperance sermons.

The case against alcohol is a strong one. Alcohol is not yet condemned and executed or outlawed, as is opium or morphine, because with a large element of the population, it is still the source of convivial pleasures. But we reach stages in the progress of thinking democracy where the pleasures of the many are weighed against the miseries of the many, and found wanting—found deficient in countervailing value. When the conscience of democracy is thus thoroughly informed, what think you it will do with alcohol?—Catholic Citizen.

"If so, as our service consists chiefly on the exchange of new thoughts, maybe you can give me a new thought," she said, beaming on me.

"Well, ma'am, I'll give you an old thought dressed up in a new way. Perhaps it may serve you!" "She did not notice the sarcasm in my tone, so I continued: "Yesterday I was preparing an old man for death. He was disquieted, troubled in spirit. He said he had three enemies—his relatives, the devil and the worms!" "She gave a little shudder as I mentioned the last, but I kept on. "His relatives did not care for his body or soul; they wanted his money. The devil did not care for his money or his body; he wanted his soul. The worms did not care for his soul or his money; they wanted his body!" "How quaint!" she exclaimed: "Why, that is a New Thought, indeed!" "Well ma'am you are perfectly free to exchange it with the members of your new church! Sorry, being a priest, I can't give you my arm to the dining-room. Good evening!" "She looked at me and fluttered off without a word. And that was the 'new woman.' Very advanced! Half-fraud and half-fool! Making a penny by playing at progressive religion!"

"Can it be possible?" the reader will ask. Quite possible! Such women live! Let the nobler of the sex assert themselves in the face of such absurd choices. Let them proclaim their choice of the antithesis of such beings by being content with home and husband and children and befriending all that is worth while in this too progressive age.—Rev. Richard W. Alexander, in Catholic Standard and Times."

AN ITALIAN P. E. PERIODICAL

Protestant Episcopalians are in the habit of saying that in their work among Italians they have no idea of making proselytes. They merely step in to help those who have dropped out of the Catholic Church. One may presume this to be the position of Dr. Greer, Protestant Episcopal Bishop of New York, and, therefore, may take it to be an act of charity to call his attention to the violation of that principle by some who cover themselves with the authority of his name.

There is a petty monthly, La Croce, circulated to some extent among the Italians of New York. On its first page it claims to be "approved and recommended by the (sic) Bishop Greer of New York." Its editor, Carmelo di Santo, B.D., is, it appears, one of Bishop Greer's clergy. Its gospel contains two doctrines: Italians must be Americanized in their religion; and, the clergy must be married. Its April number contained an Easter address proclaiming the first, calling on all Italians in America to rise to the new life, by casting off the old superstition. Moreover, it is constantly insinuated that this apostasy is expected from them by the American people; that here all religions are the same; that there is "only one God in all the Churches." How the conclusion is reached that Italians should become Episcopalians is not clear. The question is, however, does Bishop Greer stand officially for the premises? If he does, he should for himself and for his denomination repudiate openly the principle quoted above. If he does not, he should silence La Croce.

To help on the conversion of Italians to an American religion, the same number pretends to show that all Italians are not Catholics, even in Italy. It might have attempted to prove this by enumerating the Waldensians, Methodists, and other Protestants there. But such a method would have grave disadvantages. It, therefore, tells how a religious procession was fired on and the priests and acolytes wounded. Evidently the assassins were not Catholics. If La Croce wishes to claim them as Episcopalians it is welcome to them. It tells of two cases in which the people came to blows in quarrels over their places in Easter processions. Their conduct is not to be praised, but they cannot argue from it that they were not Catholics. On the contrary, a Protestant preacher should naturally find in evidence of their popish blindness. The same must be said of the last case quoted by La Croce, that of a mob in rebellion against their Archbishop because he tried to suppress certain local customs involving the use of pagan symbols. Supposing the insinuation to be true, does La Croce wish to claim people tainted with paganism as Christians after their own heart? One may well ask whether Bishop Greer approves and recommends "such stuff."

In support of the second doctrine, La Croce asserts the practically universal corruption of the Roman clergy from the Pope downward. To spread this odious calumny it devotes a story in three columns, a dialogue in two, not to mention brief paragraphs. These cannot be reproduced in English. Here is a specimen from the dialogue put in the hands of men, women and children to be, as Mr. di Santo says in a circular, "the helpful exponent of all that is the doctrine of our Church with the peculiar method of educating our Italians."

"Tu sai niente perchè vuoi saper niente. Quel che saprai è che un bel giorno vedrai tra figlia gonia como un bamburo. ed allora il tuo Parrocchiano ti dirà che è opera e virtù dello Spirito Santo. Hai capito?"

"I was on the Fall River boat this summer, on deck, and lo! She flattered along. She looked at me, noted my Roman collar, and noting a vacant chair asked me if it was 'occupied'."

"The word struck me curiously, and I smiled. Then I raised my hat. 'No, ma'am, I said; 'not if I can see well. May I offer it to you?'" "She fluttered into it, and with a fetching smile volunteered the information that she had been to New York shopping. I bowed, glancing at her little reticule she carried (about three inches square), but, of course, I believed her! Then she volunteered another confidence, impelled no doubt, by my elderly presence and tell-tale garb: "Reverend sir, do you know that I was an inmate of a convent for nine years? As a pupil, of course!" "Indeed, ma'am! In your green salad days, no doubt!" "She smiled and resumed: "I hold the same views as you do; in fact, I am a woman of advanced ideas, quite up to-date. To tell the truth, sir, I run a church myself, and am on my way to Omsent, Mass., to conduct a service the coming Sunday. I am an Apostle of the New Thought. Of course, you too, are an educated gentleman."

"For a certainty, ma'am! I replied. "I was on the Fall River boat this summer, on deck, and lo! She flattered along. She looked at me, noted my Roman collar, and noting a vacant chair asked me if it was 'occupied'."

"The word struck me curiously, and I smiled. Then I raised my hat. 'No, ma'am, I said; 'not if I can see well. May I offer it to you?'" "She fluttered into it, and with a fetching smile volunteered the information that she had been to New York shopping. I bowed, glancing at her little reticule she carried (about three inches square), but, of course, I believed her! Then she volunteered another confidence, impelled no doubt, by my elderly presence and tell-tale garb: "Reverend sir, do you know that I was an inmate of a convent for nine years? As a pupil, of course!" "Indeed, ma'am! In your green salad days, no doubt!" "She smiled and resumed: "I hold the same views as you do; in fact, I am a woman of advanced ideas, quite up to-date. To tell the truth, sir, I run a church myself, and am on my way to Omsent, Mass., to conduct a service the coming Sunday. I am an Apostle of the New Thought. Of course, you too, are an educated gentleman."

"For a certainty, ma'am! I replied. "I was on the Fall River boat this summer, on deck, and lo! She flattered along. She looked at me, noted my Roman collar, and noting a vacant chair asked me if it was 'occupied'."

This is truly a "peculiar method of educating our Italians." Is Bishop Greer aware that his name is used to cover such blasphemous abuse of the mystery of the Incarnation? It has been said that some Episcopal clergy members are active in circulating the Menace and such like periodicals. We do not know how true this is; but we would be glad to believe that when Bishop Greer learns that his

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name is being used to give authority among Italians to a similar sheet, he will take steps to stop such abuse of spreading a religion calling itself his, among Italians.—America.

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CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

THE PURCHASE MONEY OF AN ETERNITY

How few of us appreciate the value of time! We allow hours to go by every day in idleness; we engage in useless gossip; we seek distractions. We fail to realize either the eternal or the temporal value of time.

Time is the purchase money of eternity. Our eternity will depend on how we have used the time which God has allotted to us. We owe God worship, reverence, faith and obedience. Does the shuttle weave these duties into our daily life? The Sunday belongs in a very special manner to God. And there are Catholics who do not even hear Mass on Sunday! Thousands upon thousands of them! How few they are who hear daily Mass. Swarming around the church, there are hundreds who, by a slight self-denial, might assist at daily Mass; they are content, if they catch—and "catch" is the word—a low Mass on Sunday. They make sure that they will hear no sermon. The word of God has no attraction for them.

Even in large parishes, Vespers on Sunday afternoon are poorly attended. There seems a determination to give God as little as possible.

Here are the three important principles which should rule our life:

Keep in God's grace.
Perform our religious duties.
Offer up all our thoughts, words and deeds to God.

If we pass our life in God's grace and offer all our actions to Him, our life will be a prayer. In the spiritual life, there is no indifferent action; every act puts us nearer to God or farther from Him.

Most of our readers have heard the story of the dying lay-brother. He had passed many years in religion and it came his time to die. As he lay on his death-bed, his brethren gathered around him to pray for him and to bid him a last farewell.

Turning to them, the old lay-brother said to them: "Bring me my key of heaven." He had piously received the Sacraments of the Church. What did he mean? Was he beginning to rave? What could be his key of heaven?

They brought him his crucifix. He kissed it devoutly and laid it beside him on the bed. "Bring me my key of heaven," he insisted. They whispered to one another and then a brother brought him his habit. But the dying monk shook his head. "Bring me my key of heaven." They brought him a copy of the rule—their rosary. But he rejected all. "What do you wish," the Superior asked. "What do you mean by your 'key of heaven'?"

"Bring me," said the aged brother, "my needle. For forty years I have been the tailor of the monastery. I have made the habits of the brethren and my needle was never idle. Now the sands of my life are fast ebbing away and soon I must appear before my God. All these years I have offered up to God every stitch I took. My needle has decided my destiny; my needle has made my place in eternity; my needle is my key of heaven."

They brought him his well-worn needle. The old man lovingly glanced at it and his face lit with a smile. "My key of heaven," he whispered and he breathed his last.

No matter how humble our work, if we persevere in God's grace and offer it up to Him, it will be our key of heaven.

In earthly affairs, time is the purchase-money of success. The laggard never arrives. It is the boy and the man who utilize their time, the time, rather, of their employers, who succeed. There is no more fatal defect in character than that which leads us to undervalue time. The successful man is the man who is "up and doing." He never comes late, he never wastes time in preparation, he never lounges time away during work hours; he always finds something at hand to do or he makes it; his eye is not glued on the clock lest he work a minute over.

Prosperity and wealth only render such a man busier and time more precious to him.—Monitor, Newark, N. J.

PLODDING AND THINKING

The principle of "just plugging along" is well illustrated by the tale of the tortoise and the hare, and a great many men have seemingly learned the plain lesson taught by the patient laborer of the tortoise, while missing entirely the finer point that the hare could have won if. That "if" is responsible for so many failures. Rather than make the same mistake as the hare, so many men emulate the patient plodding of the tortoise that they overlook the good qualities of the hare, and never try to adapt themselves to the hare's pace and eliminating the hare's weakness, which in the human kind is properly called procrastination.

tion. The plodder eventually will win over the procrastinator, but the fellows who can emulate the hare's pace and overcome the hare's weakness will travel a great deal farther in a day or a year, or a lifetime.

There was poor old Paley, whom Penderennis could not help comparing to Warrington: The one could afford time to think, and the other never could. The one could have sympathies and do kindness, and the other must be always selfish. He could not cultivate a friendship, or do a charity, or admire a work of genius, or kindle at the sight of beauty, or the sound of a sweet song—he had no time, and no eyes for anything but his law books.

There are too many men like Paley—the most faithful fellows in the world, who work the ends of their fingers off, doing the same thing in the same old way, with never a thought to improve their methods or to shrink. There are others who find time to think, whom the faithful plodders despise in their hearts, who manage to get along and keep moving forward, or upward on the ladder. Most men who get ahead of others usually do so by pushing themselves along. Of course a few are dragged up, but the man with ideas is the man who usually lands at the top.

Aside from the failure of the plodder to get ahead, he misses much along life's highway for lack of time to enjoy. He gets on an endless track and follows it faithfully in the hope of finding its end. If an obstruction appears, he needs help to remove it or he bumps into it with a resultant wreck. If he gets off the track some one must set him right or his life's work is done. The man who is able to combine the qualifications of plodder and thinker doesn't need a track to guide him.—Intermountain Catholic.

IN LOVE WITH HIS MOTHER

How beautiful it is to see a big son in love with his mother!

In former days that sight was not rare. Whether mothers have become less lovable or sons have degenerated, it now is extremely exceptional. The rule is for a youth, as soon as he begins to earn enough to support himself, to have little use for his parents and no use for their home except as a place to sleep.

Even now, however, occasionally you may see a young man who is fond and proud of his mother. He likes to take her out. He is happy in her company. He thinks of her comfort. He plans pleasant surprises for her, like tickets for the theatre or a trip to the seaside. He makes her frequent little gifts. He loves the soft touch of her hand on his head and the sound of her voice in music in his ears. She is his one "best girl" always.

O what a blessing is such a son! How a mother rejoices that he is hers. How glad she is that she bore him! How dear he is to her! How she watches his departure in the morning and listens for his footsteps at night! How devoutly she blesses God daily to bless him in every way!—Catholic Columbian.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

WHAT TIME IS IT

It was just a little before lunch in the offices of a great railroad. Some of the clerks were putting on their coats, some leaving for the washroom; some consulting the clock; some were still busy. Suddenly the "boss" entered. He glanced about him, and then approached the young book-keeper.

"What time is it?" he asked. The young man kept on figuring, and the boss put a hand on his desk and repeated the question.

Instantly the other looked up surprised to see the chief at his elbow. "I beg your pardon, were you speaking to me?" he asked.

"Merely inquiring the time—that was all," said the other.

The bookkeeper glanced about the room, located the clock; and said: "It's ten minutes to twelve."

"Thank you," said the general manager and vice-president, and strolled out.

That conversation cost the young bookkeeper his place—in the passenger department—and put him under a higher officer. Nine years later he was assistant general manager, and while still in the thirties became a general manager, full fledged.—Sunday Companion.

WHAT CURED MADELINE

She was not an attractive girl in any way, and she knew it. She was restless and cross, and unhappy, and growing more unattractive in looks and manners as she became older. Then an aunt, visiting at her home after a long residence in a distant city, sized up the situation and out of pity for both the girl and everybody with whom she came in contact, undertook to prescribe the cure.

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"Madeline, do you want to be a torment to yourself and everybody about you all your life?" was the blunt and astounding question that she put to her niece one day.

"No, of course not," was the prompt and half frightened reply from the astonished girl.

"You'd rather be sweet and lovely and happy?" came the next question this time. The aunt handed her a folded paper and smiled as she said, very kindly now: "Follow this magic prescription, and you will be what you want to be," and she was gone.

Madeline read: "Every time you want to frown smile. Every time a cross thought comes, think a pleasant one. Every time something nice is done for you, do something nicer for some one else."

For a few minutes she was crosser than ever. Then common sense saved the day. She tried the cure—honestly, sincerely, prayerfully; and to her own lifelong joy—and to the joy of everybody else—soon there was no happier, more attractive, more lovable girl in the place than Madeline.—Sunday Companion.

POLITENESS

Never try to look in the open door of a private room.

It is unpardonable to try to peep through the crack of a door to see who is passing, or to listen to what may be going on in another room.

Leave your wraps and overcoats in the hall. Take your hats to the visiting room, unless you are old friends.

Do not knock, or ring the bell too loudly, or more than twice.

Never try to open an outside door until you are told to "come in."

Remain standing until you are invited to be seated.

Sit erect with both feet resting on the floor.

Do not lean your head against the back of a chair, or against the wall.

Never tilt your chair.

Do not drum with your fingers upon furniture.

It is impolite to scrutinize everything in the room, especially bric-a-brac.

Do not fail to rise when a hostess enters a room and stand until she is seated.

Never be a thief by stealing your friends' time with useless visits.

DON'T RIDICULE

Cruel, ridicule, the "making fun" of people's peculiarities, is not in accord with the love which Christ calls for. It hurts severely and discourages, and when much indulged in, it lowers the character of the one who uses it, and may lead to many excesses. We must have a respect, a reverence, a kindly feeling for men, and try never to hurt anybody's feelings. Some people are more sensitive than others, but all have some sensitiveness and things hurt at times more than we realize. A kind, sympathetic, appreciative word will do wonders, and the one who speaks it is blessed as much as the one who hears it. It creates a love which is akin to the nature of God. Who overlooks our poor human weaknesses while He encourages us in all good things.

REVERENCE IN CHURCH

One of the distinguished marks between Catholics and our separated brethren is the reverence which we show in church. Not only is the Catholic Church a place wherein to worship God, it is the abiding place of Jesus Christ in the sacrament of love. When, therefore, we enter a church, however humble and unpretentious it may be, we forget its poverty and remember only that within its tabernacle dwells the sovereign Lord of heaven and earth, the God Who made all things out of nothing, the Redeemer, Who offered up His awful sufferings and death to save our souls from eternal damnation. Yet, sometimes in church we act as if we forget in whose presence we are. It is not an uncommon thing to witness people indulging in gossip, smiles, and other indications of levity. In all our churches these regrettable incidents may be witnessed. Ladies in leaving church after Holy Mass gossip and nod to friends while walking down the aisles, and recently in a local church an usher might have been observed chewing gum while taking up the collection. Actions like these display gross disrespect for the house of God, where only the greatest reverence should be manifested. In the church friends and acquaintances should be ignored. We should come with but one purpose, to adore and glorify God in the sacrament of the Holy Eucharist and all persons and worldly,

affairs should be blotted from the mind. Another unseemly sight may be frequently observed at the termination of the Mass. A number of people are invariably on their feet, ready to rush out of church even before the priest has left the sanctuary. It would seem as if such people be grudging to God the one hour in the week in which they are bound to serve Him under pain of mortal sin. No Catholic should leave his seat till the priest has departed from the sanctuary. This unseemly haste is not a matter of urgency, for the hurried ones may be later found on the sidewalk, pipe in mouth and deep in Catholic show by his or her reverent demeanor in church that there is a strong realization of the presence of Jesus on the altar. Let them all wait till the celebrant has left the sanctuary before rushing out from the house of God.

THE STRENGTH OF THE CHRISTIAN POSITION

Whether men agree with the defensive arguments or not, says Father A. B. Sharpe, M. A., in his expository essays on Christian principles, they must agree that the Christian religion is a very strong case, and that the strength of it lies in the natural sequence of the arguments one from another, almost as much as in the arguments themselves. The system is an organic whole, not a mere conglomeration, and one conclusion leads to the next, much as a primordial cell builds up a living structure from itself, or as every part of a building requires and implies the existence of its structural supports. Thus, the reciprocal support of the various doctrines of the one faith constitutes in itself an evidence of its inherent vitality and its unity of design. You cannot take away one doctrine without endangering the whole, and it is proximately to this logical compactness that the acknowledged strength and durability of the Catholic Church must be attributed.

The arguments by which the main positions of Christianity are supported are manifested subsequently to the establishment of Christian truths themselves. Christianity, in other words, has not been arrived at by arguments, but precisely the reverse: the religion came first and the arguments afterwards. It did not come into the world as a philosophy or a science, but as the revelation of a way of life, and those who embraced it at first were unconscious of many, if not all, of its necessary implications. They "knew nothing but Jesus Christ." All that was implied in that knowledge has been gradually worked out under the pressure of every kind of hostility and the process is still going on. The successive developments of human thought have each contributed something to the progressive result, and the enduring part of each has ultimately found its abiding place in the intellectual system of the Church, and very frequently after a period of suspicion and even hostility on the Church's part.

Thus new lines of evidence have been struck out from time to time according to the intellectual temper of the age which demanded them. Each in turn represents the high-water mark of Apologetic; each, in turn is overpassed by a succeeding wave, and each is adequate to the need which called it forth. Times change and the methods of one age, while holding their value as applicable to that age, may not be suited to the needs of another age, thought having run in many new channels since their day. The Apologetic of no period is final, though each is sufficient for its own purpose.

It follows that belief must ultimately rest upon some other basis than argument. All that argument

can do is to remove obstacles. No knowledge of financial principles will of itself make a millionaire, nor can a treatise on political economy produce a patriot. As scientific discovery is the result, not of scientific learning alone, but rather of the "scientific imagination" which transcends knowledge, so faith belongs not to the sphere of pure reason, but to that of the higher and nobler qualities which anticipate and transcend the reason—in which they, nevertheless, find ultimately their justification. It may, indeed, be a subconscious ratiocination (i. e. process of reasoning), or "illicitive sense" that prompts man to love or to be heroic; if so, it will be the same sense, or ratiocination, that disposed them to Faith. But the result in any case is the same. To be convinced is one thing, to be converted is another; one may be convinced without being converted, or converted without being convinced.

It must be noticed finally that the demands made upon Faith by Christianity are really very small. The Church, far from encouraging credulity, she has always been accused of doing, really teaches an enlightened agnosticism. Her very belief in revelation implies, it has well been said, an acknowledgment of inability to know anything of its subject matter without it. The Church condemned the Gnosticism of her early days, as she still condemns the crude speculations of Theosophy and Spiritualism. Theology, as such, has no quarrel with even the most advanced theories so long as science refrains from setting up opinions unsupported by evidence in opposition to revealed facts. What Theology does is to oppose the false gnosis (i. e. deeper wisdom, or knowledge) which would, for example, attribute to matter or "substance" an eternity and infinity which cannot possibly be proved or disproved; or which would deny the existence of the immaterial human soul on the strength of an extreme theory of evolution in which immaterial being can have no place, and which can rightly have nothing to say as to the existence or non-existence of that of which it can take no account. To the irrational the Church is ever opposed.

The Christian intelligence deals with facts rather than with opinions and with positive rather than with negative quantities. It regards the contemplation of human ignorance as a mere waste of time, and desires to face the order of existence rather than from the point of view of the Creator than that of creature. It therefore prefers to speak of the mysteries of the Divine Wisdom rather than of man's incapacity to penetrate them. Its attitude is rather that of reverence towards what is greater than itself than of criticism towards what is smaller. It knows that the small measure of absolute truth that is within human reach is to be found in the Divine Revelation.—N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

A STRANGE OBJECTION TO HOME RULE FOR IRELAND

Bishop Vaughan of Manchester (England) remarks interestingly, and gives some hard facts, as to a strange objection to Home Rule for Ireland: "One of the strangest objections," he says, "to Home Rule in Ireland is that, when the Catholics get into power, they will persecute the non-Catholics. Now as a purely historical fact, persecution has always been a much greater characteristic of Protestantism than of Catholicism. If we look over the world, we shall find that in every Catholic country the creeds of non Catholics are respected. Austria and Bavaria and Belgium are Catholic, yet Protestants residing within the dominions of those kingdoms enjoy just as much liberty as the rest of the inhabitants. In Italy, Portugal and Spain, where irreligion rather than Catholicism is rife among those in authority, it is not Protestants but Catholics, and more especially Catholic religions, who are denied justice, and persecuted and fined. If we wish to seek examples of intolerance and unfairness towards others, we must go to Protestant countries. England herself accords us a striking example, if we look back even but a few centuries. Holland and Prussia and Denmark and Sweden are Protestant and they have all been guilty of intolerance and injustice towards the Catholic Church, in times past."

ORANGE RELIGIOUS DEVOTION

The devotion of the Belfast Orangemen to religion, about which they often raise rioting and "Civil War" in the streets, is not of much practical account, judging by the testimony of some of their own clergy, from whom complaints come as to the difficulty of getting the Protestant people to attend Church. One minister, Rev. David Steen, is quoted as saying that: "One of the most difficult problems for the Church to solve is how to reach the non church-going and get them interested in religious influence. The different reports specify some of the causes, but nothing in the nature of a remedy is suggested.

In connection with the same subject the Belfast Morning News states that "not 80 per cent. of Belfast people who are nominally Episcopalian Protestants ever enter the doors of a church, and that the church attendance of the Presbyterians is not over 40 per cent.

Such is the piety of the people who proclaim themselves ready and eager to die for religion in "civil war"

against Home Rule, "Rome Rule" and "Pope and Popery."—N. Y. Freeman's Journal

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CUBA

Halifax, May 30th, 1914.

The Editor of THE CATHOLIC RECORD, London, Ont.:

Sir,—I have read with interest the article which under the heading of "American Clergy in Cuba" appears in the issue of THE CATHOLIC RECORD of May 8th.

After reading same, I find myself under the imperious necessity not to contradict the opinion imparted by the person signing under the name of "The Gleaner," for it is always my aim to respect the different views of others, even if they are not in accord with mine, but that it is not true cannot be overlooked without a protest, so that the truth will be re-established, a thing that I desire to do, not only in the legitimate defense of my country, but so that the numerous readers of your paper will not be misled.

Certainly, it is a regrettable error when he states that "the present Government does not give promise of much stability." The Cuban people and foreign countries have never shown so much confidence regarding the stability of the present Government, not only on account of the honesty and morality of the administration presided by General Menocal, but it is also shown by the spirit of peace which reigns all over the island and the unlimited credit enjoyed by the Republic at the present time.

It is entirely untrue his version that "Ex-president Gomez plays to the gallery by declaring: 'We are all colored people.'" There is not a particle of truth in such a ridiculous statement. General Jose M. Gomez is a direct descendant of Spaniards, so he is as much of the white race as any one could be and like him there are 70 per cent. of the population of Cuba. The balance or 30 per cent. are colored. This is fully verified by the last census taken in the Republic.

In conclusion, please allow me to state that the article in question contains many inaccuracies and shows

that the writer of same has a very narrow knowledge regarding Cuba, its people and its traditions.

Hoping you will have the courtesy and kindness to publish this letter in an early issue of your paper, I take the occasion, Mr. Editor, to offer you the testimony of my highest esteem and consideration. N. PEREZ STABLE, Consul General for Cuba in Canada.

ST. PETER'S SEMINARY

On Saturday, June 6th inst., in St. Peter's Cathedral, London, His Lordship the Right Reverend M. F. Fallon, D. D., conferred the following orders:

PRIESTHOOD.—Rev. Charles Augustine Fallon, O. M. I., Tewkesbury, Mass.; Rev. Andrew Parnell Mahoney, Dresden, Ont.; Rev. Thomas McCarthy, Monkton, Ont.

SUBDEACONSHIP.—W. Frid Langlois, Windsor; Joseph Bell, Blyth; Frederick Costello, London; Hubert Dignan, London; Arthur Finn, Windsor.

MINOR ORDERS.—Francis McCarty, Kinkora; William Moran, Kingsbridge; John Young, Loyal.

TONSURE.—Leonard Forriat, London.

Bishop Fallon was assisted by Rev. D. O'Connor, archdeacon; P. J. McKee, assistant priest; J. Harding, master of ceremonies.

In the sanctuary were: Right Rev. Mgr. Aylward, Rev. T. West, Rev. J. Fallon, O. M. I., Rev. J. Ronan, Rev. M. J. Brady, Rev. Father James O. F. M., Rev. Father Howard C. S. B., Rev. Father Powell C. S. B., Rev. J. T. Foley, Rev. J. Hanlon, Rev. F. X. Laurendeau, Rev. F. Valentin, Rev. John Hogan, Rev. James Hogan, Rev. T. J. Ford, Rev. W. J. Kelly, Rev. J. Dantzer, Rev. D. Forster, Rev. J. Stanley, Rev. F. J. Brennan, Rev. J. G. Labelle, Rev. A. Furth, Rev. E. Goetz, Rev. A. Siroder, Rev. A. Goodwin, Rev. D. J. Egan, Rev. J. Gleeson, Rev. T. Corcoran, Rev. J. Quigley, Rev. P. Maiorana and Rev. F. Crociata.

FUTILE WORK

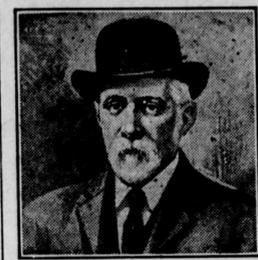
What chaff is fed humanity by heresy, is evidenced every day by its pronouncements on Catholicism. Lately we read of a celebrated preacher who interested his auditors with this bit of ignorant interpretation. In a certain town, he was attracted by the crowd around a home. On entering he found a priest whom a dying man sent for, before he lapsed into unconsciousness. The priest "oiled" him and sent him all unbeknowning to heaven. The audience gave a pitying smile at the absurdity of the procedure and the preacher scored one on his cleverness.

Now this waggishness at the expense of truth is as false in fact as it is wrong in its deduction. The priest does not send any one to heaven except himself; the subject of the sacraments does that if it be done, as the result of personal sanctity. This loose expression about a most solemn hour, in order to "tickle the ears of the groundlings," has made the Pro-

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PORT BURWELL, ONT., May 8th, 1913. "A man has a poor chance of living and enjoying life when he cannot eat. That was what was wrong with me. Loss of appetite and indigestion was brought on by Constipation. I have had trouble with these diseases for years. I lost a great deal of flesh and suffered constantly. For the last couple of years, I have taken "Fruit-a-lives" and have been so pleased with the results that I have recommended them on many occasions to friends and acquaintances. I am sure that "Fruit-a-lives" have helped me greatly. By following the diet rules and taking "Fruit-a-lives" according to directions, any person with dyspepsia will get benefit." H. SWAN

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testant pulpit a travesty on conscientiousness. Man's own will, aided by the sacred agencies that the Church generously furnishes saves a man's soul; these, and nothing else. All things beside are outside of him; his good will and the enrichments that it appropriated, are what counts in the hour of death and judgment. This, regarding the question of fact.

Now as to the right involved in the story. Would this minister, who is supposed to cater to principle, delude his hearers into the belief that, because the man was unconscious, therefore he could not receive the sacrament of forgiveness and unction? If so, he is to be pitied for not knowing what he is talking about. The sacraments of the Church operate from the sacramental, work done altogether in the dependent of the consciousness of their subject. The priest interprets the mind of the person to receive the sacraments, and this he can readily do from precedent, or purpose, and as a result, he gives the graces that Christ's blood purchased. The sacraments are for men and men's wish for them, expressed or understood, is the angel that leads their bestowal.

In the case of the baptism of a child, the infant does not know anything about the ceremony that is opening for its sweet soul on life's morning, the gates of heaven, and is making it relative to Christ and a participant in His benefactions. Why? Because the minister of bap-

tem interprets the babe's wish and acts thereon. The babe is a creature of God, fresh from the fingers of the Omnipotent that fashioned the little life, and so as a creature has no choice whatever to do anything save what God wishes it to do. Thus interpreting the situation, the priest gives the sacrament and the babe receives all the graces just the same as if he knew their fruits as grandly as did the generous Christ who saw them blossom on His redeeming Cross.

Is it possible that there should be found no one in the sneering assemblage who was sufficiently sensible to say to himself and then to his friends that the minister was foolish in believing that a man's will died when he lapsed into a state of coma. How about the document, called a "testament," that is formally probated and legally respected even when the hand that traced it is dust? Would the preacher have us understand that in mere temporalities the will of a man moulds the purposes of the living, even after he has gone to the grave, but in spiritualities, the dearest of all goods, his will dies with his understanding?

Why this abbreviation in the greater question, and why this lengthening in the lesser one? For shame that knavery should share with folly heresy's platform where ignorance insults its auditors by believing that he, the preacher, adroitly twisted to look like common sense, can be palmed off upon the gullible and the thoughtless! For shame that recklessness of expression is undoing the dictionary and that sophistry is applauded as logic!

Protestantism is resorting to the trick of the cuttlefish, believing that the best way to hide its own ugliness is to muddy the whole stream. It tries to look truthful, interesting and logical in the same degree in which it defames Catholic truth, debases Catholic practices and slanders Catholic premises and conclusions. It has only the power of contradiction; it has no creative force. Catholicism creates, and Protestantism like a babbling youngster says, "I say no," and its work is done.—Buffalo Catholic Union and Times.

DIED

COLLINS.—At Moira, Ont., on May 26, 1914, Mr. Charles Edward Collins, aged eighteen years and eleven months. May his soul rest in peace!

MCDONALD.—At Ayton, Ont., on May 28, 1914, Mr. Alexander McDonald, native of Inverness, Scotland. May his soul rest in peace!

Give us a man, young or old, high or low, on whom we know we can thoroughly depend, who will stand firm when others fail; the friend faithful and true, the adviser honest and fearless, the adversary just and chivalrous, in such a one there is a fragment of the Rock of Ages.—Dean Stanley.

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Several days will be spent in London and Paris before proceeding to Lourdes. After the Congress, Toulouse, Marseille, Nice, Venice, Lucerne, Milan and Rome will be visited. Bookings for the Pilgrimage should be made as soon as possible, in order that the organizers may be enabled to complete necessary arrangements for accommodation at Lourdes and Rome.

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