

The Catholic Record.

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

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LIVE AND LET LIVE

The longer we live the more surely is the truth driven home to us that we cannot take people in detail. None of us can successfully bear analysis of each and every characteristic and action. It is not given to any human being to be perfect. Our greatest happiness in our relations with our fellow-beings is to accept them for their best—and there is best in all—and in their largest sense. If here and there a flaw shows, it is just as likely to prove, not that the whole is necessarily bad, but that the rest may be good. "I take folks by and for," said our old friend, the Philosopher; and he was right. To take any one of us too closely and resent the little spots that we discover, is simply in the long run—to be minus a friend. "Live and let live" is the most difficult of all life's lessons to learn; but there is no other lesson that means so much happiness to the learner.

THE CELTS

Among the racial characteristics which the war has displayed afresh the Celtic genius has filled a notable place. Hundreds of thousands have left the mines of Wales, relinquished their happy homesteads and comfortable situations in Irish counties or towns, crossed the seas, to justify their citizenship as members of this imperial brotherhood of self-governing peoples. They have fought like heroes. Their chivalry has been as conspicuous as their daring. They have proved once more that their fine and splendid spirit is more than a match for a moulded human mechanism. As for the gay "Tipperary" note which exhilarates cooler natures like a mountain breeze, who can afford to despise it in the hour of trial when most are prone to passing moods of gloomy apprehension? We must, in passing, take a glance at the varied strength and sweetness of their eminent writers and orators, like Goldsmith and Burke, Sheridan and Steele—to say nothing of their great soldiers and leaders, whose fame is world-wide. As for the Gael in Scottish song and story, who would deny his surpassing charm? Versatility and adaptableness are the badges of his tribe.

George Meredith—a radiant example of the Celtic genius in full flower—makes one of his characters observe "the slow movement, the tardy development" of the English, adding that "without the Welsh, Irish or Scot in their composition there would not be much yeast ferment; but now these are largely of their numbers." As a result of such admixture "the taste for spiritual utterance, for song, nay, for ideas, grows among them," though not always palpable to alien observers. Shakespeare broods with kindly gaze over these children of Nature, so open to skyey influences, yet so much the victims of their own redundant humour that their more stolid neighbors find it hard to take them seriously.

THE ANGLO-SAXON HABIT

Shakespeare's hospitable mind takes in tolerantly both types; he does not spare the foibles of either, but balances their claims justly. We will not quote at length the lines in which he, through Mortimer's lips, paints the defect of the Anglo-Saxon habit of too absolutely ignoring racial peculiarities among subordinate peoples. If we have been rapidly outgrowing tendencies to "harsh rage, defect of manners, pride, haughtiness, opinion, and disdain," faults which "lose men's hearts, leaving behind a stain upon the beauty of all parts beside," let us be thankful, seeing in the Teutonic mirror, now held up for all the world to take warning thereby, the full-blown ugliness of courage without grace and neutral vigour unbalanced by the gentler virtues.

Lady Gordon has written plaintively about "The Tragedy of Being Irish," and truly the troubles of her long-suffering, patient country-folk have given rise to more vain disputations than any other racial burden

—not excepting that of the wandering Jew or the visionary Slav. Loyalty is a delicate plant and requires tender nurture. We are learning bitter but salutary lessons in this terrible time. When all the horror and ruin which now confront thoughtful men and women have glided into the past, it may be that provocative watchwords and inappreciative estimates of whole peoples will cease to form rallying forces in European and Colonial life. In that day history will be newly written and justly interpreted. It will be seen that every nation has been making its own contribution to the world's progress: that in the totality of human thought and work alone are to be found the materials for a real science of government, a balanced philosophy of conduct, a generous outlook upon the future, with its immeasurable possibilities of happiness for the unborn generations who shall inherit our hard-won suffrages and gains.

SOURCE OF JOY

No one will deny that money means most of the conveniences and modest comforts of life. It stands for likable surroundings, for books and pictures, travel and hospitality, the power to avoid meanness in our dealings with our fellows. No doubt its possession is to many a severe trial, but so is the want of it. The lack of coin vexes many a liberal nature. The man or woman who has never filled up a cheque or changed a twenty dollar note must needs be unacquainted with one of the happy experiences of the passing day. For there is a kind of magic that has only one "Open Sesame" to the sources of power and enjoyment; it is the fairy-force that cash liberates to effect wondrous changes in the outward circumstances of human life. A certain writer has exhibited his hero in a squalid environment; the pawnshop is his resource whenever he has to meet the lady of his choice, even when he is rash enough to hire a taxi for a day's outing, or engage seats at the theatre to complete his conquest. It is to be feared that there is a good deal of this unjustifiable extravagance in the pretentious world affected by such showy followers of the false goddess of Fashion and Frivolity. Meanwhile, the real poor are always about us, a vast army whose fight with the grim spectres of want, induced sickness and prostrating pain, transmitted weakness and economic failure, make up the most knotty problem of statesmanship and philanthropy. Much is being done to cure, much more to prevent, these sad evils—evils which sap the vitals of the nation and threaten destruction to our long-descended power and greatness. The tramp, tramp, of that gathering host of the miserable and discontented is plainly heard today; heard above the cheers of loyal subjects, the blowing of trumpets and the boom of cannon, the clash of contending factions. It should solemnize our thoughts and make us intent to catch the still small voice of humanity in its most gracious and sympathetic mood. Everything has its price in this world of causes and consequences. Butler's quaint couplet has a core of truth in it. When we see on all sides how quackery of all sorts flourishes, we may allow that

"Sure the pleasure is as great
In being cheated as to cheat!"

Giving and taking roughly balance the account until the day dawns when justice shall really rule, and love enrich hearts that cannot but starve without it, whether in palaces or cottages.

Would that parents oftener grasped this unerring condition of happiness. Then homes and families would be centres of radiating benevolence. No game of beggar-my-neighbor can issue in stable content. The current coin in the moral world is the mutual recognition of worth. All else is but fraud and folly, doomed to be nailed to the counter at last.

One wonders, sometimes, if we shall ever be able to spiritualize Christmas, making it a season for the interchange of gifts of mind and heart, reserving the material presents for coarser and less sacred seasons.—C. E. Jefferson, D. D.

FITZGERALD AND THE STATE

New York Times

The New York delegation in Congress is bigger and weighs less than that of any other State. New York is the Empire State, and is outweighed in the councils of the nation by sparsely populated sagebrush States in the West and tiny States in the East. The reason is that these States pay some attention to their Congressional representation and this State doesn't. Being a Congressman is a business, and it takes time to learn it. Other States first try to get men of the kind they want for the job, and then keep them at it until they have learned the trade and become useful. There was a time when Maine, with four Representatives, had more influence in Congress than any other State. New York, however, reserves all her scrutiny for Presidential, gubernatorial, and Mayoralty candidates and pays more attention to the nomination of a Sheriff or County Clerk than to that of a Congressman. If by accident she does get a good Congressman she does not display the pride in the fact that Delaware or Wyoming takes, and often she does not keep him at the job.

John J. Fitzgerald of Brooklyn is not only the most important figure in the New York delegation, which is saying little, but one of the leaders of Congress. He is Chairman of the Appropriations Committee, one of the greatest in the House. He won his place there by merit. He is the only Northern man holding an important Chairmanship, and he holds it because the Southern men who control the House recognize his abilities. His responsibility is great, and he has discharged the duties of his office with credit to his State and benefit to the nation. He is not merely the only New York Congressman who is a national figure, but he is a man whose loss would be felt by the nation.

In the East, South, and West, when they get such a man in Congress, they keep him there as a matter of State pride, if nothing else. Here it is actually an argument against him that he has been there so long; it is "somebody else's turn." Besides, Fitzgerald, in his faithful discharge of his duty as Chairman of the Appropriations Committee, has saved money to the country, even where that money would have been spent in his district. So there is a fight against him, and the politicians in the Seventh District are undertaking to deprive the State and nation of his services so that some one of his number may have the title of Congressman and \$7,500 a year for two years. No other issue is involved. The matter is one that does not affect alone the Seventh District or the Brooklyn politicians therein, but the nation and the State, and this ignoble attempt is directly against their interests. It should be defeated and if there is neither local pride or sense of responsibility in that district it will be.

[John J. Fitzgerald is a Catholic and has the reputation of being the ablest parliamentarian in the House of Representatives.—Ed. C. R.]

SHE IS FINED

ARMY NURSE CHARGED WITH WEARING RELIGIOUS SYMBOL

IS BROUGHT BEFORE FRENCH COURTS

Paris, July 7, 1916.—Here is another proof of the devotion of France. This time it is a woman who suffered much from the invasion and finds herself again persecuted by her fellow-countrymen because of her religion. A process verbal against Mme. P., nurse in a municipal hospital at Toulon, has been mentioned before.

She was charged with wearing on her breast a little tricolored ribbon embroidered with the Image of the Sacred Heart.

In 1915 she was acquitted by the Jude de la Paix in Toulon, but the Minister of Public Prosecution appealed to the Court of Cassation, which abolished the decision of Toulon and sent the case for retrial to the Court of Dragignan last December. The case only came up a week or two ago when the lady appeared before the Judge of Dragignan, supported by Maitre Vincent of Toulon.

So magnificently did this advocate of Catholicism bear herself before the court that her replies are worth repeating.

She was asked if she wore the ribbon as a protest against the government of the republic, and on replying in the negative, she was asked why she wore it. She responded thus: "I wear the colours of my France because I love her more I suffer for her, and I have suffered as you here have not, who have kept your homes intact. I wear her colours because my beloved Ardennes has been invaded, because an alien flag floats over my devastated house."

"Why," she continued, "have I added the Heart of Christ, who loves our France? Because if the soldiers

fight it is God Who gives the victory, as our national Saint, Jeanne d'Arc, says, and it is God Who rules these little things that a Catholic does not call chance, and I supplicate the Christ to make this flag soon completely victorious."

Mme. P. then protested energetically against the attack on her religious liberty, in the name of the rights of man and in that of equality. She pointed out that on the days of orphans, on the day of the 75, and on other occasions little tricolored flags bearing various emblems and inscriptions were sold and seen everywhere on all the buttonholes and the cosages. What then becomes of the judgment of the prefect? Maitre Vincent followed, and in an eloquent speech denounced the illegality of the judgment which would, if followed in principle, cause a protest against the flags of all the regiments, every one of which bears some emblem or inscription on the three colors. He pointed out it was not in conformity with article 7 of the Law of 1884, describing and defining the composition of the flag. And brought out strongly the fact that the prosecution was really directed against a religious emblem. He added that he hoped if the case was sent to a third court it would be tried before the tribunal of Rheims, where the majority of the citizens had the heroism to remain in the city, wearing freely and publicly the incriminated badge of the Sacred Heart, like many others on the front. The judge condemned Mme. P. to a fine of two francs and costs. She appealed, as she is out to demonstrate a principle of liberty. She appeals first to the Court of Cassation for an error in form, and secondly to the Council of State against the illegality of the prefectorial judgment, and she continues all the time to wear the tricolored badge of the Sacred Heart.—New World.

CATHOLIC PRINCE ALBERT OF MONACO IS RECEIVED BY PONTIFF

Rome, July 24, 1916.—On Thursday last Pope Benedict received, with all the solemnity due to a Catholic sovereign, Prince Albert of Monaco, who has been in Italy for the past few weeks, and who recently visited the Court of Rome. Afterwards he paid a visit to Cardinal Gasparri, the Papal Secretary of State, who noted the visit to Cardinal Gasparri as the customarily return visit. What added interest to this event was the fact that when the Prince was in Rome three years ago he paid a visit to King Victor Emanuel, but as he was then travelling unofficially, he did not ask the Pope to accord him an audience. The incident, however, occasioned considerable comment at the time, as it was incompatible with the traditions observed since 1870 in regard to Catholic sovereigns visiting the Eternal city. Diplomatic relations between the Holy See and Monaco were immediately severed. But they were re-established last year by the appointment of Count Capello as the Holy See's representative at Monaco. Thursday's official audience with the Pope restored Prince Albert's position as a Catholic sovereign.

ENGLAND IS ALARMED

The English people are becoming genuinely alarmed over the revelation that the birth rate is the lowest in the history of the country. Father Bernard Vaughan speaks in strong language of the great need of his country in this hour of awful trial, need of mothers.

I see everywhere on the arteries of our mammoth metropolis women defaced and bejeweled, in the daintiest of footwear—which you can see as far as ever it reaches—and the most perfect hats. In fact you would think that there was certainly money to throw away, and if you look a little longer you will find that there is a pet dog which could easily be replaced by two men in khaki as far as money goes. I do not complain about these things, but my country comes before the dainty wants of a frivolous class. The cradle is empty and the church bench is empty. The church bench is empty because the cradle is empty. We are a nation traveling to the cemetery. Never was the marriage rate so high; never was the birth rate so low, and that at a time when the cry is to replace the men we are losing. It is the mother we need to-day, and she need more, and more, and we want mothers in those wives whom God wants to become mothers.

The population of England has increased during the past decade, but it was due to immigration, particularly from Ireland. No nation can depend entirely on immigration for permanency. No people with a great history and a rich country can be satisfied by a gain attained by the influx of foreigners. The strength of a nation is to be found in its loyalty to those ideals which reach more and more, and England boasts of its progress. Progress is a desirable thing, but it must be made with due respect to tradi-

tions. An iconoclast will never make for real greatness. It is easier to tear down than to build up. The men who have accomplished things have only reached the goal of their boyhood dreams. We feed the patriotism of our children upon the stories of Lexington and Valley Forge. We are a young country and our traditions are of but yesterday, yet they are the hope of the future.

A man must grow strong from within. A crutch will not develop a limb. Our success with the stranger who comes to our shores lies in the fact that this is a new country. It is still in the process of development and the newcomer feels that he is taking an actual part in building the republic. In England conditions are different. The Irishman will never become genuinely English. It means that England is being ruled and dominated by men who have no interest in her ideals or traditions. It means that England must depend upon strangers to uphold her honor in the hour of danger. It means that the Hand of God will be raised against the very heart of the British Empire if England does not do penance in sack cloth and ashes.—Intermountain Catholic.

A UNITARIAN TELLS OF HIS CONVERSION

ARGUES WITH A HIGH CHURCH BROTHER AND CONVERTS HIMSELF

From the Catholic Universe, London

"Ex-Unitarian" writes: "From Unitarianism to Rome was not the long journey in my case as most people would infer, and I was not 'tossed to and fro and carried about with every wind of doctrine,' as St. Paul said, before finally taking the step which separated me religiously from all but one of my relations—and practically all my intimate friends."

"When I was a Unitarian I denied emphatically that the Bible was the Word of God, though I acknowledged that the life and teachings of the Christ of the Scriptures were a pattern to live up to and acknowledged that Christ was to the religious world what Shakespeare is to the literary world. But not accepting the Bible as the Word of God, I had serious doubts as to whether Christ lived at all, and I naturally worshipped God the Father alone."

"Taking up that attitude, naturally one would expect that if I ever came to see the error of my reasoning and embrace orthodoxy I would join one of the reformed churches, but now I come to the point where I stated that the road from Unitarianism to Rome in my case was not a long one."

"From my boyhood I have always felt or believed that if the Scriptures were the Word of God and that if Christ was God, logically I must accept the literal rendering of the Scriptures and acknowledge that the Catholic Church is the Church of the Scriptures."

"I can only acknowledge two logical schools of religious thought—Catholicism and Unitarianism. If I disagreed with the one I must embrace the other."

"I stuck fast to my Unitarianism (and strictly speaking, I did not consider myself a Christian at all), and I was quite content with my religious position as being a thoroughly logical one, until I was aroused by my brother, who joined the Church of England and became a member of the High Church party, calling himself Catholic and generally speaking, living a most deeply into Catholic religious and historical literature to enable me to shake him. To a certain extent I believe I did, but in supporting the claims of Rome I found that my reading was having a most disastrous effect on my Unitarian views, and within a very few months I not only confirmed my view that the alternative to Dr. Martineau's religion was that of Rome, but I convinced myself that my Unitarian views were all wrong and that the Scriptures are indeed the Word of God, and that Christ is my Saviour and God. And now that I have seen the light I thank God for His goodness to me."

POPE BENEDICT XV'S FIRST HOLY COMMUNION

Just half a century has rolled by since Pope Benedict XV. made his First Communion. By the Holy Father himself the event was recalled on the feast of St. Aloysius, June 21, when receiving a body of one hundred Roman boys who had that morning received Holy Communion for the first time and who were now being presented to the Vicar of Christ for a blessing. Speaking of the happiness which he experienced at being surrounded by children who had just received Holy Communion, the Holy Father said: "There is a very special reason this day for feeling moved and for joy at being before boys who have made their First Communion, because it is fifty years ago to-day since we had the happiness of making our First

Communion. You are more fortunate than we were, since by a providential and wise disposition by our venerated predecessor of holy memory you have been enabled to receive Holy Communion at an age which custom did not then concede. This morning we renewed the resolutions which we made fifty years ago, and we advise you not to forget the good resolutions which you made during these holy days." His Holiness, after recommending the boys to approach the altar for the Bread of Life frequently, blessed his young visitors and sent them away happily. Another interesting group received by His Holiness were the Pages of Honor of St. Aloysius, whom their director, Monsignor Vattuone, presented wearing their graceful costumes.

MEXICO

Father Gerardo Decorme, S. J., editor of the Revista Catolica, contributes a very interesting paper on "Catholic Education in Mexico" to the Catholic Historical Review for July. The writer covers the history of public instruction from the days of the Conquest to the Revolution of Madero. It is interesting to read.

"The education of women of all classes was perhaps the one to which most attention was given all over Mexico. The Presidents, Manuel Gonzales and Porfirio Diaz, brought over from France the Religious of the Sacred Heart, in whose Colleges of Guanajuato, Mexico City, San Luis Potosi, Guadalajara and Monterey, young girls were being educated in the sciences, social customs and domestic occupations, with as much perfection as in the most civilized nations. In this work the Carmelite Sisters, the Sisters of the Incarnate Word, and many others, were occupied in the higher branches of education as well as in the elementary schools, asylums, day nurseries, reformatories, etc."

Probably from 4,000 to 6,000 Catholic Colleges were in existence in Mexico, where the rising generation were being taught their civic, moral and religious duties; and their graduates were spreading over the country a social, intellectual and scientific culture with a success which the official institutions never succeeded in reaching."

It has taken only four years to destroy libraries, scientific laboratories, museums, works of art, and all educational equipment built up through the centuries under the care of the Church that has always blocked progress and tabooed science." The Catholic teachers have been imprisoned, robbed, exiled or killed, and their teaching forbidden. It has not been reported what the armies of progress now running riot across the Rio Grande have done to further culture or learning or virtue. Perhaps the much-desired information will be forthcoming in the First Chief's next note to Washington.—America.

PERSECUTION IN SYRIA

APOSTOLIC DELEGATE INSTRUCTED TO INDUCE TURKS TO STOP IT

By Catholic Press Association Cable

Rome, July 20.—The Holy See continues to receive reports of the persecution of Christians in the Turkish dominions, especially in Syria, and has instructed Mgr. Dolci, Apostolic Delegate at Constantinople, to do all he possibly can to induce the government there to put a stop to it. It should be remembered, however, that, even if it were animated by good will in this serious matter, the central government is not always able to exercise control over the governors of distant provinces.

HOMAGE TO SACRED HEART

MIGHTY STATUE TO BE BUILT ON TOP MOST SPUR OF THE MOUNTAINS

Spain is offering her homage to the Sacred Heart this month by a novel and magnificent idea. At the shrine of Santa Maria de los Angeles, which stands on a mountain ridge in the very center of Spain, the foundation has been laid for a mighty statue of the Sacred Heart which will be erected on the topmost spur of the mountains with arms outstretched in protection over the whole country. The idea emanated from a pious Spaniard who was prepared to pay the whole cost and offered the princely sum of 400,000 pesetas for that purpose. But when, after being approved by the Primate, the Papal Nuncio, and the Bishop of Madrid, the project was mentioned to certain leading laymen and women, they begged so hard that all Spain might be permitted to participate in this act of homage that it was decided to decline the generous offer and build the statue from small offerings gathered in from all parts of the country. Thus the poorest gives his mite, equivalent to a half-penny, and the richest may not give more than a peseta. It is anticipated that the statue will be completed and ready for consecration by the middle of September.—The Monitor.

CATHOLIC NOTES

In the Gilbert Islands, the Sacred Heart missionaries have converted nearly 20,000 persons.

A recent convert to Catholicity is David Devant, the famous London illusionist.

Of the 270,000 Indians in the United States, about 100,000 are Catholics.

At the grand "Procession of Penance" held in St. Peter's Church, Rome, 100,000 persons participated.

The appointment of Msgr. Thomas Dunn, canon of Westminster Cathedral, England, as Bishop of Nottingham, is officially announced.

The American College, Rome, has grown up under four Pontiffs: Pius IX., Leo XIII., Pius X., and Benedict XV.

In the United States to-day the Society for the Propagation of the Faith numbers about 600,000 members.

The late Alexander Campbell, a Presbyterian, head of a large milk concern in Brooklyn, N. Y., left \$1,000 to the Little Sisters of the Poor.

St. Thomas' College, at St. Paul, Minn., has been admitted into the North Central Association of Colleges comprising 1,200 educational institutions.

Borneo, a great island in the South Sea, has about 5,000 Malay Catholics. It is on both sides of the equator. The Catholic missions there began about sixty-two years ago.

The Rev. Father Joyce, Chaplain of the Fourth Field Artillery, has been with General Pershing's expeditionary command since the soldiers entered Mexico.

Abbott Amelli, of the Benedictines of Monte Casino, has succeeded to the practical work of Cardinal Gasquet in the correction of the Vulgate of the Sacred Scriptures.

The art treasures of the Louvre, Paris, valued at \$200,000,000, were removed for safety from Paris to Toulouse in the south of France in the beginning of the war.

The great Benedictine order, the oldest in the church, has 600 of its members in the service of the European Armies. Fifty of them have fallen in the war.

The appeal to aid the stricken people of Poland has had prompt and magnificent response in the Diocese of Dublin, where \$5,750 was subscribed.

News has been received from Brittany of the death of Count Couessin, second successor of General Charette as commander of the Papal Zouaves.

According to the Matin of Paris, the belligerent governments have agreed to Pope Benedict's proposal that all shall pledge themselves not to compel prisoners of war to work on Sundays.

During the Easter vacation 500 Catholic University of Michigan students raised \$20,000 for the proposed \$100,000 Catholic chapel and clubhouse for university students at Ann Arbor.

Henryk Sienkiewicz, who is at the head of the relief fund for his suffering fellow-Poles, is generally known to English-speaking people as the author of the famous novel, "Quo Vadis." He is now in his seventieth year, and has been a prominent figure in social literary life since his youth.

Pope Benedict recently received the Rev. Charles Heath, former Secretary of the Papal delegation at Washington, and Harold Woodbury Parsons, of Boston, and granted them the use of the magnificent headquarters of the Benedictine Order on the Aventine Hill for a convalescent hospital for Italian soldiers. It will be managed entirely by Americans.

Hon. Richard E. Burke, chief justice of the criminal court of Chicago, died June 17. His death is believed to have been caused in a measure by the poisoned soup served at the dinner to Archbishop Mundelein on February 10. Although a reward was offered for the poisoner, Cronos, he has not yet been apprehended.

Mrs. Barbara Givernaud, widow of Etienne Givernaud, a wealthy silk manufacturer, who died in 1908, is to give her mansion in Homestead, New Durham, Hudson County, N. J., to St. Joseph's Orphanage, Jersey City, as a home for orphan children. The children of the orphan house have been praying for such a gift, it is said, for a long time, and now their prayers are about to be answered.

As an aftermath of the recent wreck on the New Haven road at Milford, Conn., comes the conversion to the Catholic faith of Miss Margaret Fenton, one of the young women who was injured in the wreck. Miss Fenton was received a few weeks ago into the Church. She has always been a Protestant, but was so impressed by the self-sacrifice and devotion of the Sisters of Mercy at the convent in Laurelton Hall, to which the injured persons in the wreck were taken, that she expressed a desire to become affiliated with the Church, which had produced women of such devotion.

MOODYNE JOE

THE GOLD MINE OF THE VASSE

IX.

MR. WYVILLE

At the hotel, Sheridan found a note from Lord Somers, requesting him, if disengaged, to call upon him that afternoon. Half an hour later, he and the Colonial Secretary were riding together toward the West End.

"By the way, Mr. Sheridan," said Lord Somers, "there is a gentleman in London I want you to meet, who knows a great deal about the Australian Colonies, and especially about the West. He is our chief adviser on the proposed reform of the Penal System."

"Indeed," said Sheridan, interested at once. "This is the second time to-day, I surmise, that I have heard of him. Is his name Wyville?"

"Yes; do you know him?"

"No," answered Sheridan; "I have never heard of him. Sir Joshua Hobb does not like his reformatory ideas which incline me to think Mr. Wyville must be a superior man."

Lord Somers laughed. "Sir Joshua Hobb is indeed, a strong counterblast," he said; "by nature, two such men are compelled to antagonize each other."

"You admire Mr. Wyville, my Lord?" asked Sheridan.

"Thoroughly," answered Lord Somers. "He is a most remarkable man—a man of exalted principles and extraordinary power. His information is astonishing—and what he speaks about he knows absolutely. I fancy he has lived a long time in the colonies, for he is enormously wealthy."

"Is he an old man?" asked Sheridan.

"No, I don't think he can be forty—certainly not more—but a person of so much force, and with a manner so impressive, that really one forgets to think of his age. He is altogether a notable man—and I may say, in confidence, that even the Prime Minister has more than once consulted him with advantage on Colonial affairs."

"You interest me exceedingly," said Sheridan. "Such men are not common in Australia."

"We are beginning to think otherwise," laughed the Secretary. "And yet you Australians seem to learn everything without newspapers. I remember, when Mr. Wyville first appeared here, some years ago, he might have dropped from the moon, so obvious was he of the doings of the European world."

"He must have lived in the bush," said Sheridan, smiling.

"Why, he had never heard of the Crimean War," said the Secretary; "and when I mentioned the Indian Mutiny to him, one day, he gazed, stared, and asked, 'What mutiny? Are you so utterly removed from civilization, from news, from your bush?'"

"Well, Mr. Wyville must certainly have had the minimum of society," responded Will; "we usually get a report, however vague, of what your civilization is doing."

"Shall we call on Mr. Wyville?" asked Lord Somers; "he lives in Grosvenor Street."

"I shall be delighted to meet him," said Sheridan, and a few minutes afterward they stopped before a large and handsome mansion.

Mr. Wyville was at home. A colored servant showed the gentlemen into a rich reception room, in which Sheridan's quick eye noted many Australian features of decoration.

The colored servant seemed a negro of the common African type to the superficial eye of Lord Somers. But there was an air of freedom about him, an uprightness in the setting of his head on the neck and shoulders, the effect being heightened by blue-black hair, that stood straight out like a handsome and very soft brush, which at once attracted the attention of Sheridan.

"Australian?" he thought, half aloud; "it is possible that a bushman may be trained in this way?"

He smiled at the absurdity of the thought; but was struck once more by the man's air as he turned to the door.

"Mir-ga-na nago mial Vasse!" said Sheridan in a low voice—"Mir-ga-na," a common name among bushmen; "you have known," or "you belong to the Vasse."

The black man turned as if a shot had struck him, and stared at the gentlemen, not knowing which had spoken.

"Nago mial wan-sur Vasse!" repeated Mr. Sheridan.

"Tial, lung nago Vasse! Guab-ha-lecth!" answered the man, the look of amazement slowly changing to one of deep pleasure and curiosity. "My mouth knows the Vasse! That is good!"

"By Jove!" said a pleasant voice from a window recess in the room; "please ask what was the prince's name in his own country?"

There came from the recess a handsome, well-set man, who greeted Lord Somers in a familiar manner.

"O, my dear Hamerton," said the Secretary, "I have great pleasure in making you acquainted with another Australian gentleman, whom you will find as interesting as Mr. Wyville."

The gentleman bowed. Sheridan liked him from the first look. An aristocrat, stamped; with a broad open forehead, clear, honest eyes, a firm mouth and jaw, and a manner above trifles, and careless of form.

"Mr. Hamerton is a priest of the new order," said Lord Somers to

Sheridan in mock-earnest; "he is a journalist and book maker—hungry for novelty as an epicure."

The black man had remained in the room, statue-like, his eyes fixed on Sheridan's face.

"Mr. Sheridan, will you please ask his royal name?" said Hamerton.

"Wan-gon-di?" said Sheridan to the man.

"Ngarra-jil," he answered.

Mr. Sheridan motioned him to go.

"He is Ngarra-jil, a native of the Vasse country," said Sheridan.

"Is this really a language, with even an approach to regular formation, or the local gibberish of incoherent tribes?" asked Lord Somers.

"I have not studied its form," answered Mr. Sheridan, "but it certainly is not a mere local dialect. The same things have the same names all over the continent, with only a slight difference between the Swan River and Sydney—two thousand miles apart."

"How did you guess this man's particular nativity?" asked Hamerton.

"I have lived at the Vasse many years," said Sheridan, "and have grown familiar with the people. I believe the Vasse natives are the most superior tribe in Australia."

"You are right, sir," said a deep voice behind them; "the Vasse people are the parent stock of Australia."

"Mr. Wyville!" said both Lord Somers and Hamerton, with sudden gravity and respect.

Sheridan turned, and met the eyes of him who had spoken—deep, searching eyes that held him strongly for a moment, then passed quietly to another direction.

Never, among all the men he had known, had Sheridan seen such a man as this. The head, with all its features, the eye, the voice, the whole body, were cast in one mould of superb massiveness and beauty.

There was no point of difference or weakness. Among a million, this man would not have merely claimed superiority, but would have unconsciously walked through the opening crowd to the front place, and have taken it without a word. Before him now stood three men least likely of any in London to be easily impressed—a young and brilliant statesman, a cynical and able novelist, and a bold and independent worker; and each of these felt the same strange presence of a power and a principle to be respected.

Nature, circumstances, and cultivation had evidently united to create in this man a majestic individuality. He did not pose or pretend, but spoke straight the thing he meant to say; yet every movement and word suggested a reserve of strength that had almost a mysterious calmness and beauty.

He was dressed in such a way that one would say he never could be dressed otherwise. Dress was forgotten in the man. But he wore a short walking or shooting coat, of strong dark cloth. The strength and roughness of the cloth were seen, rather than the style, for it seemed appropriate that so strangely powerful a figure should be strongly clad.

His face was bronzed to the darkness of a Greek's. His voice, as he spoke on entering the room, came easily from his lips, yet with a deep resonance that was pleasant to hear, suggesting a possible tenderness or terror that would shake the soul. It was a voice in absolutely perfect accord with the striking face and physique.

"Mr. Sheridan," he said, holding out his hand, which the other took with a feeling of rare pleasure, "we should not need a formal introduction. We are both from a far country, where formality is unknown; and I have been quite intimate with your plans and progress there for several years."

Sheridan could hardly stammer a reply, he was so profoundly astonished. He could only recall the wild nature of West Australian life, and wonder how it could have contained or developed this important man.

"You have studied with some effect," continued Mr. Wyville with a smile, "to have learned the language and discovered the superiority of the Vasse tribe."

"My life for nine years has been passed among them," answered Sheridan; "but the possibility of training them to European manners I should not have thought possible."

"Oh, civilization is only skin deep," said Mr. Wyville, pleasantly. "The gamut of social law is not very extensive; and a little skill, practised with kindness and attention, will soon enable one to run over all the keys."

"You really think it possible, Mr. Wyville," asked Lord Somers, "to transform the average savage into an obedient footman?"

"Yes, my Lord, I know it is possible—and I have seen stranger things accomplished with little difficulty. Refinement and gracious intercourse, even according to the natural character. We assume that to be savage which is no proof of inferiority. Degraded civilization is brutal, indeed; but the natural or savage life is not."

"Then," said Mr. Hamerton, "why can't we put all our savages in Australia through your civilizing process, and do away with savagery at one stroke?"

"Why not begin at home?" quietly asked Mr. Wyville.

"Ah, just so; I hadn't thought of that!" and Hamerton lapsed into listening, with a shrug.

"Have you actually civilized your savage servant?" asked Lord Somers.

"I don't think I quite know your meaning, my Lord," answered Mr. Wyville. "All my people are Australians, taken from the bush. I am well served, and honestly; and I have no gossips in my household, for no one in Europe can speak to my people—except Mr. Sheridan here," he added smiling.

"But how have you changed the nature of the bushmen?" asked Lord Somers, very much interested.

"I haven't changed it; my men are bushmen still. I have attempted no change whatever, and that is the secret of my success. It is true, I have asked Ngarra-jil and the others to wrap some warm cloth round their bodies while we live in this cold climate; to open the door when the bell rings; and to drive slowly and carefully in the streets. This was learned easily in a week or two."

"The bushmen are natural horsemen, trained to riding through close woods. We have no collisions with other carriages, I assure you. Then, again, my men, being savages, never lie and never steal."

"But is not this actual civilization?" asked Lord Somers.

"I really don't know," said Mr. Wyville.

"Ha, ha!" chuckled Hamerton. "I really think it is!"

"Yes, you may laugh, Hamerton; but this is very interesting," said Lord Somers. "Have your men retained any of their savage ways, Mr. Wyville?"

"I think they have kept all their natural customs, which people in England call savage ways. They eat and sleep in their own fashion—I do not see any reason for imposing my way upon them, if they prefer theirs. Mine is on itself, no better, except as it pleases me. They even keep their familiar implements, if they please."

"What, for instance?" asked Lord Somers.

Mr. Wyville touched a bell. Ngarra-jil appeared at the door.

"Yanga dan-na wommer," said Mr. Wyville.

The Australian disappeared, and in a few moments returned to the door, holding three or four long and slender spears in his hand, and the wommer or throwing stick in the other.

Lord Somers and Mr. Hamerton examined the weapons with great interest vainly trying to draw a word from the observant Australian; while Mr. Wyville took Mr. Sheridan aside, and conversed with him for several minutes.

On taking their leave, Mr. Wyville gave Sheridan a cordial invitation to come and see him soon, as he had much to say to him.

"You will find me at home almost always," he said.

"And if Mr. Wyville is absent, you will certainly find Mr. Hamerton," said Lord Somers, jestingly.

Before they parted, Lord Somers informed Mr. Sheridan that Hamerton was a wealthy gentleman, who had refused to adopt his hereditary title, and who had also decided to earn his own livelihood, making a yearly division of the profits of his estate among his farmers and tenants. This had earned him quite another kind of title amongst the upper classes; but he had gone on working in his own way, and had already won for himself an honorable name as an author.

"Hamerton is a Republican now," said Lord Somers, after a pause; "he was a Socialist in the University."

Mr. Sheridan remarked that he seemed quite to agree with Mr. Wyville's opinions.

"Yes," the Secretary said, "he has been much attracted to this remarkable man—more so than to any one he has ever known." Lord Somers also mentioned that the Government was about to introduce a sweeping reform of the entire Penal System, and that the Australian colonies offer a profound problem. If possible, we are bound, he says, to use the convicts not merely as slaves, preparing the way for civilized life, but to transform them gradually into a healthy basis of population.

"It certainly is a wide field, and a grand undertaking," responded Sheridan, and it is terribly needed. But Mr. Wyville is an uncommon mind. I trust his views will be largely heeded by the Government."

"He has the matter in his own hands," said the Secretary, confidentially and earnestly; "the Prime Minister has asked him to draft the entire bill."

THE UPAS-TREE

In a few days, as soon as he could do so without apparent haste, Will Sheridan visited Millbank again, and was escorted by a varder to the governor's office, where he was graciously received by that dignitary. Very soon, Sheridan adroitly turned the conversation on the transport service, and the class of prisoners to be transported in the next ship. The governor, who was a portly old army major, was willing enough to talk on this subject.

"The Government has no special ships for transport," said the governor; "we charter a large merchant vessel, and fit her up for the voyage. The *Houguemont*, which will sail in April, is now lying at Portland, under preparation."

"The convicts to be transported you select from those who are best

conducted, do you not?" asked Sheridan.

"No," said the governor, "only the women. These are the healthiest and best among their class; because they are soon released in Australia, and get married to liberated men, or go to service in settlers' houses. But the men who go to Australia are the opposite—they are the worst criminals in Great Britain. They are first selected for their sentence; men imprisoned for life, or for twenty years, are sure to go. Next we take them for re-conviction; we want to send away as many professional criminals as possible. Then we make up the number with strong young fellows, who have never been in prison before, but who are able to do a good deal of hard work."

"I presume the Australian authorities soon give this last class their liberty, and encourage them to become settlers?" said Sheridan inquiringly.

"Quite the contrary," answered the governor, very gravely, as if he, subordinate though he was, could see the wrong of the system. "These men, who should be punished lightest have the heaviest burden in Australia. The professionals escape hard tasks, by knowing how; but these poor fellows, being strong, and ignorant of the rules, are pushed into the quarry gangs. The change of Fremantle, of which you have heard, is filled with these men. Very rarely, indeed, does a really dangerous criminal get heavy punishment in prison. As a rule, the worst characters outside are the best in prison."

"It is a bad system," said Sheridan. "Does Mr. Wyville's plan propose a reform?"

"Mr. Wyville," said the old governor, walking toward the door, which he closed, then, sinking his voice almost to a whisper, "Mr. Wyville is a man and a Christian, sir. I have heard him say that the true penal law should be filled with the spirit of Christ, and that our present code had none of it. He is going to change the whole machinery. He knows more about humanity and reform than a regiment of your K. C. B.'s."

The bluff old major mopped his face with his large handkerchief. He was excited.

"Pardon me, Mr. Sheridan," he continued, "I speak too quickly against my superiors, perhaps. But I don't do it often; and I think you Australian gentlemen may have a good deal of influence in making the new law."

"You know Mr. Wyville intimately, Major?" asked Sheridan.

"I have known him for five years, sir," answered the governor; "since first he visited the prison with an order from Lord Palmerston. He has done more good to convicts in that time than all the men in Britain—I'm free to say that," added the major emphatically. "Four years ago, I called his attention to an extraordinary case among our female convicts—the very prisoner you saw the other day. She had never prayed, and had hardly spoken a word for five years after she came here. Mr. Wyville took an interest in her, and he has changed the whole manner of her life."

"By what means?" asked Sheridan, profoundly interested.

"Means?" repeated the governor, again resorting to his sail-like handkerchief; "it was done in his own way—unlike any other man's way. That poor girl's life was saved from insanity and despair, by what do you think? by a poor little flower—a little common flower he went and pulled in my garden, down there."

Sheridan was about to hear the story of this strange event, when a low knock came to the door. The governor opened it, and there entered and stood near the threshold two ladies, dressed in black, with snowy head-dresses. They were the Sisters of Mercy, who attended the female school and hospital. They had come for their ward keys, without which it was impossible to pass through the pentagons, each ward or passage ending with a door.

The governor treated the ladies with respect and courtesy. He handed them their keys with a knightly bow, and, as they retired, he bowed again, and waited until they had reached the end of the passage before he closed the door. Sheridan, who was a Catholic, was gratified and much surprised at seeing all this.

The governor turned to him with a radiant face. "God bless them!" he said, earnestly; "they may believe in the Pope of Rome, but it doesn't prevent them spending their lives for the love of God."

"Are they constant attendants in the prison?" asked Sheridan.

"Yes; they might as well be penal convicts, for all they see of the outside world. It was through these ladies, and the little flower spoke of, that Mr. Wyville did so much for the poor girl. I'll tell you that story some day. Just now I have to make my rounds of inspection. Will you join me?"

"With pleasure," said Sheridan; and they passed into one of the male pentagons.

TO BE CONTINUED

ETERNAL LIGHT

Father Charles used to say that only once did he meet any man, excepting some very holy religious, who expressed himself as wholly contented, and it is worth while to see what sort of earthly blessedness that man enjoyed. As a condition of contentment, we ask at least a "modest competence;" but Father Charles' contented friend was penniless, a pauper living on New York City charities. Happiness spells home, practically homeless, and the "City Home" that sheltered him on hospitable Blackwell's Island, together with some 8,000 or more other paupers, was hardly a substitute, despite the unselfish devotion of nurses and matrons. It is hard to say what goods of life David Dwyer possessed that could give him much happiness; youth, it is true; but what is youth without health? What is youth when you are paralyzed, and wasting away in anguish?

A feeling of awe came upon Father Charles, who was then Catholic chaplain of the City Home, the first time he stood before that stranger and had to tread down the steps to David Dwyer, and when the nurse pointed him out, you were shocked to notice that he could not enjoy the comfort of a bed. He was fitted in some peculiar way to the queerest sort of wooden rack; and on that rack he had lain eight years—from 1902 to 1910. Before you lay a living skeleton, immovable, as if dead, except for the keen Irish eyes that gazed gravely from the upturned face, the face that still showed a ghost of David's old self, when he was "as nimble a lad as ever walked down Broadway"; when he exulted in his strength, and had been a structural iron and caisson worker, fearless and invaluable. As he lay there helpless, he recalled, with humorous irony, how he had once balanced himself over the abyss of Niagara, when he helped build the famous Suspension Bridge. He had worked, too, as deep as high, and it was down in the compressed air chambers under the North River that he had contracted this mysterious affliction, which had baffled all medical knowledge. Photographs and clear vision, reports of his condition were sent to the greatest physicians of the world, at home and abroad, yet his disease remained an enigma.

Except for a slight sideward turn of the head, he had never moved from one position, nor seen even his own hands; though after five years, on his instant prayer to his beloved St. Rita, he was rewarded with a slight motion of his finger-tips, so that at least he could again recite his Rosary, next after Holy Communion the greatest solace of his life. But the helplessness was not the only trial; there was a deeper vale of suffering, for it had been eight years of torment, often of agony.

His strange affliction, while it withheld clear vision, brought with it the slightest touch or change of temperature brought unutterable suffering, for which all that medical skill could suggest brought scant relief.

As Father Charles saw him there, in the noisy, draughty corner of that great ward, surrounded by rough and uncouth companions, and lying with knees drawn high upon his wooden rack, kept alive by the merest ghost of a diet, he seemed to see a life on which all the sunshine of human happiness had set forever. To visit such a place was depressing, to live there was a trial, but to be paralyzed and in daily and nightly agony there for eight years! Yet the sun had not quite set on that life. The soft light of prayer beamed from that pain-worn countenance. Every hour in the day was apportioned with its holy duty. The Sacred Heart, our Blessed Mother, St. Joseph, St. Rita, the Holy Angels, each had their own time of praise and thanksgiving and petition. The beads moved ceaselessly through the stiffened fingers. Not only prayer, but labor, too, found place in that strange day. From the frame of gas pipethat surrounded his wooden rack hung a French grammar that David studied faithfully two good hours daily; and it was with mischievous delight that he sprang his self-taught French on the unsuspecting visitor. Nor did he stop with bringing happiness into his own life. A warm heart beat in that withered frame, a heart for his fellow sufferers, for the wayward and the afflicted. If you told him of some poor fellow in need of advice or warning, "Look in the little drawer under my head," he would say, and you found there David's spiritual dispensary—his pictures and leaflets and booklets, sedulously gathered from friends and visitors, to be distributed in an unceasing apostolate. All was a matter of concern to him; his visitor's health, the improvements in the hospital, the poor lad in the next ward who wouldn't make his Easter duty, the Protestant inquirer after religious truth, the Sisters asking for prayers. He had a remedy, a suggestion, for all.

So when the 4th of March, 1910, came around, the time for the Novena of Grace in honor of St. Francis Xavier, Father Charles' first thought was to enlist good David's prayers. A specific intention that year was recommended by the Jesuit Fathers all over the world, the cure of a young Religious who had been struck blind by a painful accident. How ready were those hundreds of poor, devout souls in the City Home to join in the great world wide plea for clemency! Their simple faith

shames our all too frequent skepticism. There was, of course, no trouble in enlisting David. He was eager at the very scent of the spiritual chase. The famous little drawer had to be stocked with extra Novena leaflets, and before night had set in, old Tommy, David's secretary and companion, as faithful as he was named and half himself, had sent them speeding to everyone whom David's active mind could designate.

But Father Charles valued David's prayers too much to run even the chance of his relaxing in fervor.

"You haven't forgotten the Novena, David?" he asked, when happening by the next day.

"No, Father," but then David stopped, as if embarrassed.

"You haven't any difficulty in making it?"

"Not exactly, your reverence, but there is something which I should like to ask you before I continue the Novena. It was a thought that came to me of a sudden last night, as I was lying there awake praying to St. Francis Xavier. It is a thought that gives me the greatest happiness you could think of; yet I don't like to trust to it until I have asked your reverence's advice."

"Go ahead; what was your thought?"

"I thought that it might please God if I were to ask St. Francis in this Novena to take away my own eyesight and give it to the young Father who has been struck blind. You see, your reverence, he went on to-day with more than his usual animation, 'what is my eyesight compared to his? I am only a poor laborer, good for nothing in the world; and his eyesight will help him to save thousands and thousands of souls. If I am blind, nobody suffers but myself; but if he is blind, thousands suffer besides.'"

For a few moments Father Charles was too much moved to reply. His heart spoke only compassion for poor David's miseries and yet something whispered to him that here was the triumphant humility of the saints, which glories in infirmity. Still hesitating to answer, he asked further:

"Can you think of any other reason, David, why you should wish God to transfer your eyesight to Father H.?"

Beside the good to souls, do you look for any spiritual benefit to yourself?"

"I surely look for it, Father," David replied. "You see my eyes. They are the only comfort I have left. They are strong and fine as ever. I can read all day without fatigue, and I can watch a fly crawling up the wall over on the other side of the ward. I should have been crazy long ago if it hadn't been for my eyesight."

"Well, then, why do you want to lose it?"

"To be more like our Blessed Lord on the cross. You see, Father," he continued with the air of a boy explaining some cherished plan, "there is nothing whatsoever for me to look for except a big share in Christ's cross. He had no comfort at all. He had nothing but suffering. Now, if God takes my eyesight from me, I shall lose all comfort, as our Blessed Lord did; and, Father, that thought makes me happier than anything else in the world. But, of course, Father, I shouldn't care to make that offering without your permission. Will you, grant it to me?"

"Granted!" said the chaplain, feeling himself about as humbled as a man can be. "If God does not accept your offering, you have all the merit, and no harm is done. If He does accept it, that will be a sign of His good pleasure."

All that day David was jubilant. He lived and planned only for that Novena, trying by every device of pious ingenuity to wrest this unique favor from God. The rest of the week Father Charles was called away to a neighboring institution; but when he could pay a flying visit to David's ward, he was greeted by words of jubilant satisfaction.

"Eight years ago," said David, "I should have gone mad at the thought of such sufferings as mine have been. Father, now I would never pray to get well. Sure," he added with an air of unearthly conviction, "I am ready to lie here for thirty years more, and suffer all that I have had and more, too, if it would be pleasing to our Blessed Lord."

The Novena was concluded and David received Communion that morning. God had apparently not granted David's prayer. His eyes were as bright as ever, and gazed in peace upon his Lord in the Blessed Sacrament, whom he was trying so closely to follow. "But there is still time," he repeated. "I'll keep on knocking, and God may give my eyes away yet."

His prayer, however, was being heard in a different way. Father Charles did not hear, in his absence, that David had suddenly sickened and weakened near to death, and had been anointed on Wednesday by another visiting chaplain. Sunday night Father Charles happened by and heard the news.

"But don't worry," David said. "I can't tell you what peace I have. I am perfectly happy. Never in my life have I had such peace. Oh, God be praised!" And he repeated: "I am perfectly happy. I wish only for the cross of Our Lord."

"Thank God for the graces He has given you, David," said Father Charles, "I'll be back tomorrow early."

And early the next morning Father Charles kept his promise. He hurried to the familiar corner, but was bewildered when he saw there was no sign of David.

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"Where has he been moved to?" Father Charles asked in astonishment.

The old men around the ward were still, as if they, too, were bewildered. Then the nurse explained.

"Mr. Dwyer is gone," she said. "He died at 2 in the morning; a most peaceful and effortless death."

David's prayer was answered in God's own way. His eyes were at last closed to the light of the earth; but they were already opened—so was Father Charles' conviction as he knelt that morning in prayer for David's soul—to the unutterable glory of the Eternal Light.—John La Farge, S. J. in *The Messenger of the Sacred Heart*.

ON READING ALBAN BUTLER

By Redfern Mason

Did you ever dip into Butler's "Lives of the Saints"? If you did, you must have been at once fascinated and overwhelmed—fascinated by the magnificent company whose tale is told in those portly volumes, overwhelmed by the thought of the many-sidedness of the problem which that tale unfolds. And yet the basic idea of all lives of the saints is simple enough. It is the setting forth of the struggle between the powers of darkness and light in the souls of those men and women whose death is "precious in the sight of God." These are the men and women who fought the good fight and won. Their story is of infinite diversity. Whatever the trials with which we are beset, we shall find them illustrated. Have we fallen into the quagmire of sin, the saints will show us how to extricate ourselves and, in the words of Tennyson,

"Rise on stepping stones
Of our dead selves to better things."

It was the reading of the "Lives of the Saints" that brought about the conversion of the wounded soldier Ignatius of Loyola; St. Augustine blushed to think that tender youths had achieved a mastery over self which, willing and yet not willing, as he expresses it, he long found impossible. Sometimes a word of the Holy Scripture set them on the true way, as when St. Anthony heard Christ's counsel to sell all and give to the poor; an appeal to the mercy of Our Lord turned the vengeance of St. Gualbert into pity and won him from the world to the monastery.

Is it heroes you love? Turn to the saints. See St. Felicitas encouraging her seven children to give up life rather than deny Christ; see the tender Agnes display a fortitude beyond the force of strong men. Every saint, indeed, is a hero; but every hero is not a saint. Which is the greater, he who by sheer animal courage slays hundreds in battle, or he who, like St. Thomas of Canterbury bows his head to the murderer's axe rather than betray the rights of the Church; or, like little Tarcisius, gives up his life to protect the Blessed Host which he carried concealed in the folds of his garments?

The world may laugh, indeed, when it hears how St. Simeon Stylites spent thirty odd years on the top of a column, fasting and praying. "What a waste of a valuable life," men will exclaim. A waste, indeed, if the measure of success is the heaping up of riches or the winning of temporal honors. But God has another standard and it is by that standard that St. Simeon, St. Francis, St. Thomas of Aquin, St. Teresa and their glorious fellowship are to be judged.

If St. Thomas had chosen a worldly career, he might have risen high in the world of affairs. But he chose to perfect the intellectual armour of the Church. His inspiration was not the hope of kindly favour; he found it in the contemplation of the crucifix. "Thou hast written well of me, Thomas," said Our Lord, "what shall I give thee?" "Nothing else but Thyself," replied St. Thomas.

But a blind world misconceives the saints. It thinks of them as being so out of touch with life as ordinary folk think of it that no real sympathy between us and them is possible. Never was greater error. The saints were people "of like passions with ourselves." St. Catherine of Sienna was tortured by thoughts of impurity. She battled against them with all her might and, when, at last, the fiend was put to rout, she said to Our Lord: "Where wast Thou, Lord, all this dreadful time?" "Never nearer to Thee, daughter, than then" was the answer. "He treats you as a valiant soul," said St. Teresa to one in trouble. If we could see things in their eternal aspect, we should rather rejoice than repine when we are called upon to suffer.

Wherein does the secret of the triumph of the saints consist? That is the important question. Is it to be found in some virtue of their own, or do they win the fight in spite of a hundred frailties that forever conspire to drag the soul downward? If there is one note of sanctity which stands out in higher relief than all the rest, it is distrust of self. "St. Teresa and three ducats are good for nothing," said the great contemplative; "but God, Teresa and three ducats can do all things." If St. Paul had confided proudly in his own will-power, the demon that God gave him to buffet him would have won the day. But he trusted in Him Who can convert our weakness into strength. It was not the saints acting by their own unaided virtue

who overcame the powers of evil. They placed themselves in the hands of God; weeping, they confessed their own nothingness; weak in themselves, God was strong for them. How otherwise could St. Lawrence and St. Sebastian and a thousand others have stood the torments to which they were subjected?

So far from being of an inhuman aloofness from flesh and blood, the saints are of all people the most human. If they had been immersed in a triple wall of unsympathetic sanctity, how could they have won friend and enemy to Christ? All they did, whether it was a great thing or a small, they did to the greater glory of God, and, because they felt that even the poorest living creature was still the image of the Maker, they felt a sympathy for fallen humanity so intimate that mere philosophic philanthropy can not form an adequate idea of it. "When thou seest a poor man," said St. Francis, "thou oughtest to think of Him in whose name he cometh, to wit Christ."

Yet these humble great ones—and no proud man was ever a saint—stood in the courts of princes. St. Leo faced Attila and turned him aside from Rome; the courage of St. Genevieve saved Paris from the destroyer. St. Ambrose valiantly withstood the Empress Justina in defense of the churches of which he was the guardian. St. John Nepomuk suffered a martyr's death rather than betray secrets confided to him under seal of the confessional.

Do you want a rule of life? Imitate the saints. Their sole desire was to do the will of God. "Only he of good cheer," says St. Basil; "for nothing is lost. Every palm thou singest is recorded; every marriage duly observed is recorded; but the first crowns in record are those of virginity and purity, and thou shalt shine as an angel. But, as thou hast listened to the good things, listen without shrinking to the contrary. Every covetous deed of thine is recorded, every fleshly deed, every perjury, every theft, every murder. All these things are henceforth recorded, if thou do these after baptism: for thy former deeds are blotted out."

To tell the tale of the saints would be a task like numbering the sands of the sea. Like a gorgeous masque they pass by, fulfillers of God's will in manifold ways. Where would be the culture of today if St. Benedict's monks had not transcribed the deposits of the classic past in the scriptorium, or if St. Ignatius had not elaborated a system of education with which modern theorists feebly seek to vie? It was the monks who drove leprosy out of Europe, a Damien who grappled with it heroically in the isles of the Pacific. Doubtless I shall be told that it was the Crusaders who brought leprosy into Europe. But how then is it that there were leper hospitals in England before the first Crusade?

The saints are no opponents of progress; they have never stood in the way of culture. But their conception of progress includes the Christ ideal, and culture to them, without the illumination of the Gospel is a mental darkness compared with which the mind state of the illiterate peasant who believes in noontday light.

Their joy was to live in the continuing presence of God and the feeling that their slightest acts were done to His greater glory gave a transcendental significance to drudgery itself. The very brute creation testified to their sanctity. The fishes listened to St. Anthony; wolves forgot their wildness in the presence of St. Francis; the very birds joined in the chanting of St. Rose of Lima. Nothing seemed impossible to them; for, of themselves they did nothing, but God did all things through their instrumentality. The prayer of St. Gregory Thaumaturgus removed a mountain; the relics of St. Bonaventura, borne in procession, arrested a plague at Lyons; they raised the dead; they healed the sick; they saved their clients from violent death.

One of the open secrets of their sanctity was the serious consideration of what the world deems trifles. "Shrink from the beginnings," said St. Augustine, speaking of sin. "It is necessary to mortify one's self in things which seem trifles to us," said St. Philip Neri: "it is in that way we accustom ourselves to conquer in great combats."

The fellowship of the saints is the only true democracy. None so poor in this world's goods that he may not put on the royal robes of sanctity. No condition of intellectual eminence is imposed, only the higher eminence of holiness. Slaves have been saints; one was a beadle, another a shepherd, a third a beggar. St. Yves was a lawyer and pleaded the cause of the poor for nothing. Nor are princes and emperors denied their part in the glorious company. Every child born into the world may be a saint, if he or she will listen to God's voice and let the divine virtue operate through him. "No sinner so base that he might not have been a saint," says Cardinal Newman; "no saint so holy that he might not have been a sinner."

Would you read history through a glass that does not distort its perspective; would you see what this lowly human nature of ours is capable of under Divine guidance; would you have a lamp to guide you to the port of eternal salvation? If you would do these things, then read with loving attention, asking Almighty God to read with you, the lives of the saints.—The Monitor.

HOW A GERMAN SOLDIER BOY DIED

Monsignor Bickerstaffe-Drew, an English army chaplain, tells in *The Month* how a dying German soldier boy called him to receive the last sacraments.

One day the chaplain was summoned by a series of nods and beckonings to a mere boy, pathetically childish-looking, who was sitting up, the better to attract attention, in the middle of his stretcher. He was badly shot in the head, and his bandage had a queer, caricature-like resemblance to a turban. Coming down a little over one eye, it caused him to hold his head sideways, and peer up sideways in an inquisitive, alert fashion that was like a starling. There was not much of him; and what there was, was very lean.

"Kommen Sie hier," he kept calling, with volleys of smiles. "Ich wunsche sprechen zu Ihnen. Sie sind Katholisch? Ja! Pralat Ja, ja; ich verstehe."

He was full of impatience. He had been, he said, looking out for a priest, and offering all the money he had to the orderlies to bring him one. They had assured him that he would soon get one for nothing, but he had not been quite ready to believe. He thought they might only want to save themselves trouble. He said he was not quite sixteen, and he certainly looked only fifteen, —a most merry creature, though he fully realized that he was probably going to die.

"Now," he cried triumphantly, "I'm going to confess!"

And he did so, in no subdued tones, with extraordinary preparation, and with a most touching boyish simplicity and devotion. All the time he knelt up in the middle of his stretcher, his little face full of "recollection," his small, thin hands clasped, the bright black eyes tightly closed.

"Now," he said decisively, when he had been absolved,—"now that part's done. Now—anoimt me please!"

He stretched himself out flat, and eagerly turned to the priest each part that was to be anointed.

"And now," when that was finished,—"now, my Father—give me Our Lord!"

"Yes, dear little son; but I must go to a church and—"

"Well, go,—go, Father! Be quick! It wouldn't do to die till you come back."

He did not look like dying so soon; but still there might be no time to lose; and the priest went, bringing back with him more than one Host, as there were several terrible-looking cases.

When the little lad had received the Holy Viaticum, he smiled and said:

"Now it's all right. . . . Auf wiedersehen, mein Vater!" —The Monitor.

HOMEWARD TREND

AMONG ANGLICANS

We saw the other day, a letter from an Anglican layman in England to a Catholic priest in this country, who is laboring for the return home of the "Other Sheep." The writer will not, I am sure, object to a quotation which sets forth admirably the present feeling among Catholic-minded Anglicans. "The striking failure of Protestantism in general and of Anglicanism in particular—especially at the seat of the war—will cause all men of good will to look more and more towards the Centre of Unity. The future lies with the Catholic Church and yours is much needed steady work. I cannot help thinking that the near future holds great developments."

A remarkable article in *The English Church Times*, from a Missionary, entitled *The Standard of Revolt*, says many things and says them well, for instance:

"I write from a corner of the mission field in which to sit still just at present is to learn the hardest lesson of renunciation yet. I write to plead we mission priests may not be forgotten 'after the war.' We expect to be forgotten a little bit just now; it is inevitable. . . . Very well, then, when you wake up at home, as never before, to the failure of ordinary Anglican religion, wake up, too, to the fact that it is that miserable failure of a religion that we are offering, all too often, to Africa, India, China and Japan. If the Church of England has been perilously near 'moderating' itself to death or to an explosion at home, it is no less near doing the same thing abroad. And the danger is even growing more vital here. We are training native ministries in that deadly 'ordinary Anglican religion'; we are offering it, on the veldt and prairie, to the young men who swarm out to the wider lands of the Empire in every year of the world's peace. And those of us who try to do otherwise, are isolated nine times out of ten, or are rebuffed and combated by the 'Churchmen' we meet who tell us (and tell our native converts) that we are disloyal and untrue. What we want is a place in the program 'after the war'; we want a say in those Public school missions, that when 'Dignified Anglicanism' is smashed, the new wine may not all be run into home bottles; and we want an organization that will help us to get for our starved flocks something like Tomlinson's little book, 'My Prayer Book,' in a native language, instead of the exact copy of

the Book of Common Prayer with which we are now almost solely provided.

"What can you expect the boys in the mines at Johannesburg to make of our arrangement of Old Testament Lessons and long Psalms, of the State prayers and our official Catechism? They are designed as if their hearers and disciples were all of the moral and mental calibre of Dean Church or Bishop Paget." God only knows why priests cannot see it! At home I believe people think we exaggerate when we write of it, but I will give an instance. When this war broke out it was thought that a native dependency, genuinely loyal and owing everything to Britain, might be taught to pray for the cause of the Allies, the more so as it lies cheek-by-jowl with a province that seethes with more rebellion than the English papers are allowed to print. So with what were we provided? At considerable expense, and by an individual effort entirely praiseworthy for its intention, with a copy of the Archbishop's Special Prayers literally translated in its entirety, I experienced despair once more at the mere sight of it. Of course, I didn't use it; I went into church and my black children of Mary said the Rosary with intention instead, and we were called Roman Catholics for our pains. Not that that matters.

"To enlarge the matter. We were told, you may remember, that the Church of England quite distinctly offered the Holy Sacrifice on behalf of the Departed, since it is written, 'We and all Thy whole Church.' Well, no one doubts it, but—good heavens! O, you Anglican priests! do your housemaids know it? And does anyone think native converts, savages and heathen yesterday, know it? Or do you think they will ever learn it so long as they are only taught it when the occasion arises, and never have it impressed upon them in every Mass they hear? Or take another instance. I dare say that the great majority of priests in the Province of South Africa honor the Mother of God. I dare say most of the bishops of the Province add the 'Hail Mary' to their private devotions. Here and there, where there are little books of devotion (usually printed by very great individual effort and expense) the words appear in the light of day. But where are the native converts to whom the Communion of Saints is a joy and a strength, who have the childlike faith of old England when they join with the whole company of heaven to pray, who look for a Madonna among the peach trees, and think of her when an African moon is at its height? And why not? Because we are tied and bound by the formal prayers of the Prayer Book, because of the 'heavy teaching,' the 'unillumined' exhortations to a dreary morality, here as you are at home. . . . A blind man could foresee the end. The Church of England in the mission field is slowly leading a few souls, here and there, out into the religions of the honest Catholic.

"But it is spreading far and wide an atmosphere which carries no courage, no conviction, that will never produce saints or save souls or build up native races."

This is certainly plain writing, and for a good summing up I can do no better than quote the following from the *London Catholic Times*:

"The Church of England is trying to beat a retreat from Protestantism. Gradually a number of the clergy and their flocks have been revolting against it. At first they met with stern opposition from the Bishops, but they persisted in their renunciation of Protestant theories and have impregnated some of the episcopal body with their spirit. To-day the Church of England, though a Protestant institution by law, is no longer a bulwark of Protestantism. . . . Gradually a more correct idea of the Church has been influencing Anglicans and leading to conversions; it is now beginning to enter the minds of Free Churchmen (i. e., Nonconformists). Perhaps the time will come—it is, no doubt, yet distant—when all the Christians in this country will again profess the same faith and work hand in hand for its promotion. What a magnificent triumph that would be for Christianity and what developments would follow to the advantage of the population of the Empire."—The Lamp.

THE REAL PRESENCE

Besides the prescribed Liturgy of the Church, by which her children pay eternal honor and reverence to the God Who created and redeemed them, there are many forms of public prayer, instituted or approved by the Church, which are commonly called devotions, says the Brooklyn Tablet. These pious practices depend upon, and are centered about some doctrine or dogma of our faith, of which they are indeed a practical manifestation. They have a threefold purpose: (1) to teach and instruct the faithful; (2) to serve as a means by which the faithful may give evidence of their internal belief and devotion; (3) to increase the piety of the faithful.

The greatest of all Catholic devotions is that which has for its object the abiding presence of Jesus Christ in the Blessed Sacrament. The Council of Trent speaks of it in the following words: "There is, therefore, no room for doubt, that all the faithful of Christ, according to the custom ever received in the Catholic Church, should venerate this most Holy Sacrament with the same supreme worship which belongs to

the One True God. Nor, because it was instituted by Christ, our Lord, to be received as food, ought it on that account to be any the less an object of adoration. For we believe that in it is present that same God of Whom, when the Eternal Father brought Him into the world, He said, 'Let all angels of God adore Him,'—Whom the wise men, falling down, adored,—and Whom, lastly, the Apostles, as the Holy Scripture testifies, adored in Galilee."

What a price we once in a while see paid for so-called fame; not in silver or gold—far beyond, often the joy of life.

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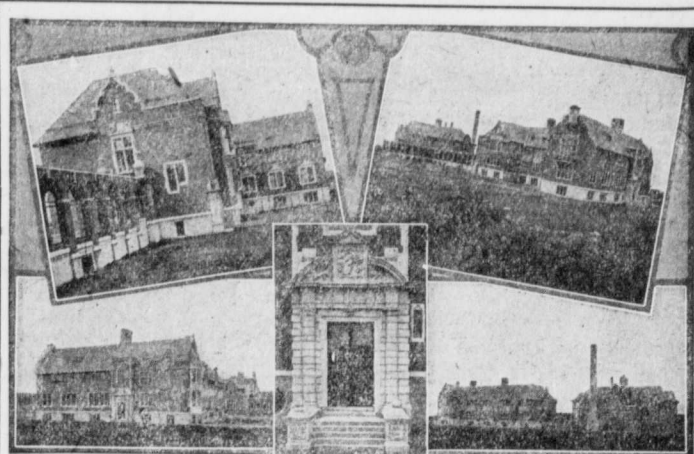
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LONDON, SATURDAY, AUGUST 12, 1916

THE NATIONS' PROBLEM OF THE EMPTY CRADLE

While the vast wastage of human life on the battlefields of Europe continues at a rate unparalleled in all previous history, it is no wonder that some are viewing with alarm the declining birth-rate among the great nations of the world. No longer is it the problem of excessive fecundity that confronts the Western World. Race suicide is the trouble to-day, and on a scale to make men think. Most significant is the fact that among the most prominent in the path toward extinction are three of the great nations pouring out their lifeblood in the present war. In Germany, in 1876, the birth-rate was 40.9 per 1,000; in 1912 it had sunk to 28.2. In France the population has been practically stationary for many years. Its birth-rate is low and still sinking, being 18.7 in 1911. Striking, too, is the decline in the United Kingdom, where in 1876 the birth-rate was 36.3 per 1,000, but where it was in 1914 reduced to 23.8, the lowest on record.

The recent report of the national birth-rate commission in Great Britain is full of food for thought. The commission included Monsignor Brown, Vicar-General of the Catholic Archdiocese of Westminster, the Duchess of Marlborough, Lord and Lady Willoughby de Broke, the Anglican Bishop Boyd Carpenter, Dean Inge, of St. Paul's, Dr. T. H. C. Stevenson, Superintendent of Statistics for the Registrar General, a number of Nonconformist ministers and also of leading medical men and women. The evidence heard by the commission was taken from all classes—clergy, doctors, social workers and specialists in various lines.

Striking were the statistics given by Dr. Stevenson. He stated that from the date of the institution of compulsory registration of births in 1840, the birth-rate gradually rose from 32.3 per 1,000 to 35.5 in 1871-75. It reached its highest point, 36.3 in 1876 and then began steadily to decline, falling to 26.3 in 1906-10, and 23.8 in 1912.

Few whoknow the old country will be surprised to learn from the birth-rate commission's report that the poorer the man, the larger, as a rule, is the family. It is the man on the verge of starvation who rejoices in a numerous family. Fertility decreases, says the commission, as the size of the tenement increases. Among the factors stated by social workers to be responsible for the declining birth-rate is the difficulty of finding room for large families, and the objection of landlords of working class tenements to admit tenants with large families.

The increased age at which children leave school is also an important factor towards smaller families. In the days before compulsory education and the factory act, children were regarded by working class parents as a valuable investment. At ten or twelve years of age their earning career began. Now they must remain at school till fourteen, so the working man shuns the expense by limiting their number.

The empty cradle is no factor of prosperity. The commission declares there is no reason to believe a further reduction in the British birth-rate would at the present time give a larger yield of wealth per head. It would, on the contrary, attract foreign labor to that country and would diminish the migration of labor to the overseas dominions.

There are some points in the commission's report which show how necessary is Catholic teaching on

the morals of the marriage state. The report records as sufficiently well established the fact that "conscious limitation of fertility is widely practised amongst the upper and middle classes, and there is good reason to think that in addition to other means of limitation, the illegal induction of abortion frequently occurs among the industrial population."

The prevalence of the above crime is doubtless in many cases due to defective information, but the fact remains that as a formal act, abortion is a mortal sin.

Among the reforms advocated by the birth-rate commission are:

- 1. A living wage. 2. A state bonus, by means of insurance, for children of parents whose earnings do not exceed £120 a year. 3. Separate treatment of husband's and wife's means in computing income tax, and further remissions on account of children. 4. Improved facilities for secondary education, with special aid for large families. 5. The provision of adequate housing at reasonable rents. 6. Full development of the natural resources of the mother country and the dominions, by the reform of land tenure and the improvement of agriculture.

Finally, the commission draws attention to the appalling infantile and child mortality, which must be ascribed to preventable causes; and urges that if it is desirable that children should be born, it is no less, if not even more desirable that the children born should have a chance of life and health.

THE RUTHENIAN RITE AND ITS ORIGIN

What is the Ruthenian rite and what was its origin? asks a correspondent.

With the heat nearly 100 in the shade the above question is refreshing. It involves an historical story that should help us to forget the dog-days.

The Ruthenians are Slavs from Austro-Hungary. The Holy See employs the word Ruthenian to designate those Russians who followed the Greek rite in unity with the Holy See in order to distinguish them from the northern Russians, who adhered to the schism. Later on, those Russians who joined the union under the Polish kings received the same name, and the name Ruthenian is today used exclusively to denote the Russians of Austro-Hungary.

Now for the historical side. After the schism of Constantinople (1054) most of the Russians became estranged from the unity of the Church. In 1595 the Russian bishops of Lithuania and Little Russia determined to return to unity with the Holy See. They declared that they desired to return to the full unity of the Church as it existed before the schism of Photius and Michael Cæularius, so as to have in Russia one united Catholic Church again. No change in their rites or their calendar was required by Rome, and the whole of the ancient Greek liturgy, service and discipline (excepting a few schismatic saints' days and practices) was to go on as before. In 1596, the union between the Eastern and Western Churches was proclaimed and ratified in the Russian part of the Kingdom of Poland. A large number of the Russian bishops immediately went over to the union. In Galicia, however, the union was slower. While priests and congregations became united, the bishops of Przemyśl and Lemberg stood out for nearly a century. In 1691, however, they took the oath of union with the Holy See. From that time till now the Russians on the northern slopes of the Carpathian mountains and on both sides of the river Dniester have been united with Rome. On the Southern side of the Carpathians, the Russians also accepted the union. In the year 1636, Vassili Tarasovitch, Bishop of Munkacs, acknowledged the Pope as the head of the Church and for this he was persecuted, imprisoned and forced to resign his see. But union with the Holy See could not be stayed by such means, and on 24th April, 1646, it was accomplished in the city of Ungvar by Peter, Bishop of Munkacs and George, Bishop of Agri. These two bishops, in solemn council with 63 priests, abjured the schism and confessed themselves Greek clergy, holding the Faith of St. Cyril and Methodius in union with Rome. Since that time, the Ruthenian people (including the Greek Slovaks) in the kingdom of Hungary have acknowledged the Pope as the visible head of the undivided Catholic Church.

DOES INFALLIBILITY DESTROY LIBERTY

"I would like to join the Catholic Church if I felt sure that by joining that Church I should not surrender my intellectual liberty."

So writes a non-Catholic in an interesting letter. Seeing that the Catholic Church is the mother of true intellectual liberty, there is certainly no reason to anticipate that entering her fold will interfere with intellectual progress and development. On the contrary, it is only within her fold that a man can hold the truth without fear of contradiction from the central authority, in its official interpretation of the voice of God. The doctrine of infallibility is opposed to the false liberty of thinking error, but not to the true liberty of thinking the truth. There is no real liberty in thinking falsehood. A man has no more right to think what is false than to do what is evil. Christ plainly tells us that error and sin imply not the liberty but the slavery of the intellect and will. "You shall know the truth," says Christ, "and the truth shall make you free." (John viii. 32). "Whosoever committeth sin is the servant of sin." (ibid 34). Universal liberty of thought is nothing but a dream. Every principle and fact of reason or revelation must necessarily destroy the liberty of thinking the opposite. Once we have learned that two and two make four, we have lost the liberty of declaring that two and two make five. A man is not held to lose his liberty of thought because he believes in the existence of God and in the truths

"Catholic Encyclopedia." The word Ruthenian is derived from the later Latin Ruthenia, the former name for Russia, and in fact the Ruthenians might well be called Russians. Indeed, the present Ruthenians declare they are the original Russians, and that the present Russia and Russians owe their name and nation to the accident of successful conquest and assimilation.

There is, properly speaking, says the Catholic Encyclopedia, no separate and distinct rite for the Ruthenians, but inasmuch as the name is often used for the modifications which the Ruthenians have introduced in the Byzantine or Greek rite as used by them a brief account is needed. These modifications have come about in two ways. In the first place, the ancient Slavonic missals used in Russia and Little Russia (Ruthenia) differed in many instances from the Greek as used at Constantinople, and the correction of these differences by the Patriarch Nikon gave rise to the old Ritualists. When the Ruthenians came into union with the Holy See in 1595, they brought with them in their liturgical books several of the usages and formulae which Nikon afterwards corrected at Moscow. Where these differences presented no denial or contradiction of the faith the Holy See allowed them to remain, just as she has allowed the rites of many religious orders. In the second place, after the union had become a fixed fact, numbers of the Polish Latin clergy and laity seemed to find in the Greek ceremonies and forms of language some apparent contradictions of the faith as more fully elaborated in the Roman rite. This seemed to them to indicate a lack of unity of the faith, and the Greek Ruthenian clergy in the synod of Zamose (1720) made a number of changes in the Byzantine rite, particularly that of the Mass, so as more clearly to express the unity and identity of their faith with that of their brethren of the Roman rite.

The chief modifications introduced were the addition of the Filioque (i. e. of the Creed, and the commemoration of "the holy universal chief bishop N. the Pope of Rome, in the Ekstene, and in the general commemoration at the Great Entrance; while the emphasis laid on the words of Consecration rather than on the Epiklesis (invocation) may be said to constitute another difference from the Schismatic Church."

The Ruthenians differ from the Schismatic churches in many peculiarities of rite. Communion is administered under two species. The Ruthenian immigration has solidly established itself in the States and in Canada. In the States they have built many fine and flourishing churches and have established schools. Some of them are becoming wealthy and in some places in Pennsylvania are reckoned a factor in American politics. Many of the Ruthenians have settled in the Canadian Northwest.

LESSER POETS

It is in this category, we suppose, that the official biographer will place the names of T. D. Sullivan and James Whitcomb Riley, two noble souls that have recently passed away. When glancing over an old scrap book lately—and, by the way, how dear that little collection of odds and ends becomes to us as the years roll on—we came upon a poem that had pleased our boyish fancy. It is familiar, no doubt, to many of our older readers, in whose hearts it touched a responsive chord. It begins thus:

Deep in Canadian woods we've met From one bright island flown; Great is the land we tread, but yet Our hearts are with our own. And ere we leave this shanty small, While fades the autumn day We'll toast old Ireland! dear old Ireland! Ireland, boys, hurra!

We had thought the author of the "Song from the Backwoods" long since dead; for there is a tradition that the soldiers of the Irish Brigade in the American Army sang it the night before the bloody battle of Fredericksburg. There is one verse in that poem that gives us a picture of Irish faith and Irish sociability that should not be lost but should find its replica in every parish:

And happy and bright are the groups that pass From their peaceful homes, for miles O'er fields and roads and hills to Mass. When Sunday morning smiles! And deep the zeal their true hearts feel When low they kneel and pray O dear old Ireland! blessed old Ireland! Ireland, boys, hurra!

We wonder how many more years of waiting shall pass before that Isle "shall be a nation free and grand." When we consider the latest trickery of Lansdowne and Smith, and their disregard for a scrap of paper, the words addressed to the British Commons by the late Edward Blake, on the occasion of the Colonies' approval of the Home Rule measure, seems so apropos that we take the liberty to quote them, although not quite germane to our subject: "Look at Ireland. I know all here don't share my views. I respect their opinions. But you will allow me, standing here, an Irish member, and proud of it, to declare that I believe with a passionate intensity of conviction, whereof I have given some proofs, that the true cure for her ills and for those weaknesses of the empire which her ills create is to apply courageously to her the same great principles, which with such signal fortune you have applied elsewhere. Sir, I believe that no such object lesson has ever been presented to this people as that shown by the great Colonies this month. I thank God for it, and I humbly pray that they may take to heart the lesson. To me it seems truth. I make no apology for stating it. Had I failed I should have justly come under the censure of those noble lines with which I close:

Think you truth a farthing rush-light to be pinched out when you will With your deft official fingers and your politician's skill? Is your God a wooden fetish to be hidden out of sight, That his black eyes may not see you do the thing that is not right? But the destinies think not so! to their judgment-chamber lone Comes up noise of popular clamor, there Fame's trumpet is not known. Your majorities they reck not—that you grant, but then you say That you differ from them somewhat Which is stronger? You or they? Patient are they as the insects that build islands in the deep,

which God has revealed through the medium of His Church.

The submission of the Catholic to the Church means no degradation of the intellect. It is the assent of faith to a divine authority. It is the logical outcome of active reason. A man knows by reason that God has spoken to mankind, and he believes by faith what God has said. Far from being an impediment to progress, infallibility is a promoter of progress, inasmuch as its province is to clear the way for the spread of truth by the removal of ignorance and error. As Cardinal Newman once wrote: "It is a supply for a need, and it does not go beyond the need. Its object, and its effect also, is not to enfeeble the freedom or vigor of human thought, but to resist and control its extravagance."

THE EXECUTION OF SIR ROGER CASEMENT

THE EXECUTION OF Sir Roger Casement has necessarily aroused conflicting emotions in many breasts. By some it is regarded as a blunder, by others as a crime. Whether the one or the other, or on the other hand, an act of justice, we do not take it upon ourselves to say. But the one impression it cannot fail to have made upon the world at large is that his eleventh hour conversion to the Catholic Faith taught him how to die. And the world will not fail to note the contrast of this man's bearing in presence of death with that of the presumptuous bravado of the many who have stepped off the scaffold into eternity certain that they were to enter immediately into the abode of the Blessed. To thoughtful minds the "Lord have mercy upon me," of Sir Roger Casement will prove, in itself, a sermon.

THE LITTLE BAND of American Jesuits which, a few months ago, went to China to take up the work laid down by French and other missionaries at the call of patriotism, may well prove to be the pathfinders of that great host upon whom the task of Christianizing that vast country is likely to fall in the near future.

The foreign-missionary spirit is now abroad on this continent and the results of its stirring no man can foresee. But like the mustard-seed of the Gospels it is certain to grow and to spread and with the vast resources at its disposal in the two Americas, there is abundant room for optimism. The early explorers looked upon the new continent as the gateway to the East. It was the ambition of finding it that inspired Columbus in his venture into the unknown, and when he planted the standard of the cross upon the little island of San Domingo, he thought he had already attained the goal of his hopes. That America will yet prove to be the real gateway of the Orient and that through its portals will pass the glad tidings to the teeming millions of China, Japan and the Indies is scarcely too much to hope from the missionary development of the past few years especially in the United States. To our own Father Fraser, true son of Canada, may be accorded the honours of the pioneer.

ONE OF the little group of Jesuits to whom we have referred has had an interesting history. Father Denis Lynch was some twenty-five years ago a secular priest in the Diocese of Burlington, Vermont. He was then teaching in St. Joseph's college there, but, fired with zeal for the propagation of the Faith, had long desired to consecrate himself to missionary work in the Society of Jesus. He used to spend his summer vacation at the Jesuit Novitiate at Sault-au-Recollet, where, while sojourning there for a short time, we first met him. Diocesan ties had prevented him thus far from carrying out his desire, but a year or two later we received a letter from him in which he said: "Hurrah! The net is broken and I am delivered. Tomorrow I start for the novitiate at Frederick."

THAT WAS the beginning of Father Lynch's career as a foreign missionary. After the conclusion of his noviceship he was engaged for some time in educational work in New York and vicinity. Then, upon the termination of the Spanish-American War, and the cession of the Philippines to the United States, he was sent out to that distant possession. There he labored with much success for many years, all the while retaining the habits of the student and the man of letters. From time to time there appeared in the columns of America and other periodicals, the results of these studies and graphic accounts of his work among the

They hurl not the bolted thunder, but their silent way they keep. Where they have been that we know! Where Empires towered that were not just. Lo the skulking wild-fox scratches in a little heap of dust.

Space will not permit of any extended reference to the "Hoosier Poet." He will be remembered especially for his affection for children and his intelligent appreciation of their joys and dreams. He put into practice the axiom "Magna reverentia debetur parvulis"—Great reverence is due to youth." Of him could be said, what he himself wrote of Longfellow:

Awake, be loved their voices And wove them into his rhyme; And the music of their laughter Was with him all the time.

Not children alone but those who, though their hairs be white with age, still retained the heart of a child, enjoy his poems; for they carry them back to the days when the circus was to them a dream of grandeur, when "The rattle and the rhyme of the tenor-drummer's time Filled all the hungry hearts of us with melody sublime."

Society owes Whitcomb Riley a debt of gratitude for his delineation of the virtues of the domestic hearth. In this age of divorce and marital infidelity, his sketches of the ideal home life are indeed refreshing. These two little etchings, the first a verse from the poem entitled "A Boy's Mother" and the second "That Old Sweetheart of Mine" will reveal something of this phase of the author's works:

She loves me when she cuts and sews My little cloak and Sunday clothes; An' when my Pa comes home to tea She loves him most as much as me.

Then again, As one who cons at evening o'er an album all alone And muses on the faces of the friends that he has known, So I turn the leaves of fancy, till in shadowy design I find the smiling features of an old sweetheart of mine.

'Tis a fragrant retrospection, for the loving thoughts that start Into being are like perfumes from the blossoms of the heart; And to dream the old dream over is a luxury divine, When my truant fancy wanders with that old sweetheart of mine.

Though I hear beneath my study, like a flickering of wings, The voices of my children, and the mother as she sings, I feel no twinge of conscience to deny me any theme, When care has cast her anchor in the harbor of a dream.

But, ah! my dream is broken by a step upon the stair, And the door is softly opened, and my wife is standing there; Yet with eagerness and rapture all my visions I resign, To meet the living presence of that old sweetheart of mine.

We do not claim that this is great poetry, but it breathes an atmosphere of sweetness and purity; it rings true to our best instincts, and will live in the hearts of the people, when many great poems will be but gathering dust on library shelves. THE GLEANER.

NOTES AND COMMENTS

THAT THE Catholic colleges and schools of Great Britain have contributed their full quota to the army fighting in France and other fields of the War, and to the Navy, is seen by the Roll of Honor of Holy Cross Academy, Edinburgh, which institution has sent 73 young men from its current classes into the fighting line. Of these six have paid the full penalty, while a full score have been wounded or taken prisoner. This is but one out of many. A full roll of students from the Catholic colleges of England, Ireland and Scotland would run into many thousands.

BISHOP CHISHOLM, of Aberdeen, with that tact and whole-hearted appreciation of every good work which has always characterized him, has published a letter of praise for the part the women of Scotland have played in the War. "And what of our women?" he writes. "They are not a whit behind the men. What more can one say than that? But what have women to do with war and fighting? They have shown that they have a lot to do with it. I do not believe there is a woman in the land who is not willing and ready to do her bit. And a big bit it is, 'What bigger bit could she do than take a man's place—to let him go to the front and fight for her and for the country they both love? Women have shown that they can do a lot in upholding their country. They have

earned the right to have a fitting share in its administration when they want it. I beg to take off my hat and lay my tribute of admiration and acknowledgment to our women, our fighting men, and to our working men—our strength and our triple shield." It is evident from this that patriotism and devotion to public duty is not monopolized by the splendid women of France.

ONE OF the Globe's numerous advertisements for "Protestant" Public School teachers is signed by a "Murphy." One more evidence of the leakage from which the Church in this country has suffered in the past! Is there any satisfactory evidence that the leakage has been stopped?

T. P. O'CONNOR'S LETTER

Special Cable to the CATHOLIC RECORD (Copyright 1916, Central News)

London, August 5.—The Irish settlement has been killed but before dying it inflicted a deadly wound on its destroyers. The whole face of the House of Commons has changed since its destruction. The forces arrayed against the Ministry, which formerly were weak and scattered, are now firmly welded together. At no moment did the prestige of the Ministry stand at a lower point since the beginning of the war. There were no passages in the brilliant speech of Devlin's more vociferously cheered from all parties in the House of Commons, than those fiercely attacking the Ministry. The opposition to the Ministry, which was confined a short time ago to irresponsible and unofficial critics, has now been formed into a compact and numerous body and has found leaders of power and position in Sir Edward Carson and Winston Churchill.

The breakdown of the settlement has been aggravated by the appointment of a Unionist Executive, and the attempt to bolster up again the universally repudiated rule of Dublin Castle. The Irish Party, which has never obstructed or embarrassed the Ministry by a single criticism on the conduct of the war; is now openly against the Ministry and has already dealt it some blows that very shortly may bring it down.

In Ireland in the meantime the vigorous and prompt action by the Irish parliamentary party has silenced for the moment much of the unjust criticism it has been subjected to by factionists, extremists and German agents for the last year, and it returns to Ireland confident in a prompt return of its supporters to their old faith and unity. But things are not going to stand still even during the few weeks of the Parliamentary vacation. The passions of the people are still aroused in Ireland over the executions and other operations incident to military rule, but everything will be done by the Irish representatives to maintain the sanity of Irish politics.

In the meantime much ground has been gained which no Irish Party will allow to be lost. For the first time in history there is good feeling between leaders of Irish Nationality and Irish Orangemen. Devlin threw out the suggestion that the Irish leaders themselves should settle their differences and bring the Irish problem to a satisfactory conclusion, and then force their conclusion on the British parties in the Commons.

Among the English people the regret over the settlement failure is very strong, indeed, universal. A new chapter, it is soon to be opened, and if Lord Lansdowne or men like him stand in its way, they will be swept aside.

Lord Lansdowne is the last man in the world you would pick out as the stormy petrel of a grave political upheaval. He is a thin man, just about middle height, with a thin, rather frail body. In fact, his ancestry, which is partly French, is shown in his physique. The thin, hatchet face, the rather beaked nose, the high cheek-bones, and the body alert and sinewy, but not fleshy, are rather of the French than the English type. His French ancestry also displays itself in a certain simplicity and lucidity of language, his English style, in fact, is rather the style of the French classic. There is a certain romance of which he shows a very little sign, entered into this ancestry, for one of his near ancestors was the Comte de Flahant who counted, among the other impressionable female hearts which he conquered, Queen Hortense, the Queen of Holland, step-daughter of Napoleon Bonaparte and mother of Louis Napoleon. The offspring of this union was the Duke de Morny, half-brother of Louis Napoleon, and as many people thought, far and away a more effective, fearless and ruthless creator of the Empire than Louis Napoleon himself. Lord Lansdowne, however, has plenty of Irish blood in his veins, and indeed, I think is a landlord on a much larger scale in Ireland than in England. He has a perfectly delightful place in the County of Kerry, that most picturesque of all the Irish counties. He rushes there whenever he can, and speaking to an Irish Nationalist member the other day in the very confided to him he was longing every hour to get from London to the sea and mountain breezes of the Irish country. This slight, alert, hatchet-faced man has considerable firmness of character, a narrow though clear intelligence and very reactionary opinions on all things

Irish. I remember as far back as the year 1860 his leaving the Gladstone Ministry of the time because Mr. Gladstone brought in a trumpery little Bill to stop evictions which, in Gladstone's words, were falling like snowflakes all over Ireland and at a time when Ireland was just emerging from a threatened famine. He was one of the inflexible figures in the Land war. Tenants by scores were evicted from their holdings and their places were taken by settlers from the North. In fact, he kept one county in a state of almost perpetual disturbance till the Purchase Acts came and brought peace where there had been chaos. The part he played in the Irish negotiations was rather peculiar. It has been stated in the papers that Mr. Lloyd George took him into his confidence at an early stage of the negotiations and showed him the draft agreement which was to be submitted to Mr. Redmond and Sir Edward Carson, and by them to their followers. Apparently, though Lord Lansdowne gave no assent, he did not dissent from the proposals. Anyhow he allowed them to be brought before the people of Ireland. It was only when a certain amount of opposition was started among the Tories in the House of Commons and the House of Lords that Lord Lansdowne went back to his old reactionary principles and led the revolt. For some weeks it was uncertain whether he would remain in the Ministry or not, and as he did remain in the Ministry, it was pretty clear from his subsequent utterances that he did so in the hope either of destroying the settlement altogether, or by so pottering it down as to make it quite unacceptable to Irish opinion. The comments which are attributed to some of his Liberal colleagues in the Cabinet when they read his speech delivered in the House of Lords would have made his ears tingle.

This was the situation which Mr. Redmond suddenly had to face. A hurried meeting of his colleagues was held immediately, and though their point of view with regard to the settlement was not altogether the same, they were quite unanimous in thinking such an utterance required immediate repudiation. The whole tenor of the Liberal press of England was to be once more resorted to in Ireland, that even if the Home Rule settlement was passed and Home Rule itself brought into existence military government with coercion were to exist by its side. In other words, there was to be a phantom government, the real Executive being military. Home Rule on sub-conditions would be a mere shadow of Home Rule, and nobody of rational or self-respecting men could be expected to take the responsibility of such a settlement. The Liberal press of England were just as vehement against Lord Lansdowne's speech as there is in the meantime, Lord Lansdowne, with his alert step, his hatched face, calmly passes between the House of Lords and Mr. Asquith's room, a curious survival of that insane French aristocracy which saw the Revolution rising for centuries and never attempted to realize or to meet it until Robespierre and Marat began to dispute the question through all the horrors of the Reign of Terror.

CARDINAL O'CONNELL
ADDRESSES ANCIENT ORDER OF HIBERNIANS

At the close of the Solemn High Mass, with which the Convention of the Ancient Order of Hibernians, held in Boston, beginning July 18, was opened, His Eminence Cardinal O'Connell delivered the sermon. In stirring words he paid tribute to Ireland's fidelity to the ideal of the supernatural; he recounted the unmeasured injustice inflicted on her by England and he prayed that never losing the fidelity to the faith that raised her high above all other nations Ireland should in God's Providence receive the material prosperity to which she had a right a thousand times over.

His Eminence said: "Beloved children in Christ, sons and daughters of the great St. Patrick, we welcome you here with a truly Catholic and Irish welcome. The children of St. Patrick have a right to that welcome in this See and in this city. We may look around and see the works which the Church has accomplished in this diocese and province, and if we follow the history of those works we find that they have all, practically all, been accomplished by dint of the enormous sacrifices and sublime faith of the Irish people of Catholic faith."

"Therefore, as head of the diocese, from my heart I heartily greet you and bless you from the beginning. We had invited to address you today a very well known preacher, Father Livingstone of New York, but at the last moment, last night, I was informed that he could not come. It was too late for me to provide another preacher and too late for me even to clear my own thoughts upon a subject which deserves sublime and profound consideration. But after all, the thoughts and the sentiments of a lifetime crowd into my brain and into my heart every time that I stand before a gathering of Irish men and women. Indeed, what I always need is not a stimulating glory, but a repressing one."

HIGH CHARACTER OF IRISH RACE

"The Irish race, (here let me say I am stating simply historic facts), the Irish race from the very beginning has exemplified and demonstrated in

the most sublime way possible its right to the greatest nobility of character the world has ever seen among the children of the earth. I am not talking as the son of an Irishman or because I have the same blood in my veins that causes love for that race and soil, but simply as would an historian of the human race.

"Never once through all the centuries of time, once she received that sublime gift of supernatural faith, has she for one moment failed in her conception of it, her guardianship of it, her treasure of it and her conservation of it. Indeed, it seems that the Celtic race is endowed by Almighty God, and especially above all other Nations with fidelity to the ideal of the supernatural."

MARK MY WORDS! YOU MAY SEARCH THE WORLD, FIND IF YOU CAN, LET THE HISTORIAN FIND IF HE CAN, ANYTHING COMPARABLE WITH IT. EVEN BEFORE THE GLORIOUS ST. PATRICK CAME TO US, THE CHILDREN OF ERIN LOVED THE SUPERNATURAL. THEY SEEMED TO HAVE BY THEIR VERY NATURE AND BLOOD A DISTINCT AND CLEAR PERCEPTION ABOVE ALL OTHER RACES OF THE SUPERNATURAL. EVEN AS PAGANS, THEY WERE NEVER PAGANS IN THE SENSE OF BRUTE FORCE, OR THE MERE POSSESSION OF TEMPORARY OR MATERIAL THINGS. EVEN IN THOSE TIMES HISTORY DEMONSTRATES THEY SHOWED THEMSELVES SUPERIOR TO ALL THE NORTHERN RACES, ISOLATED AS THEY WERE, IN THEIR PERCEPTION OF A GREAT AND SUBLINE IDEAL.

GAVE UP EVERYTHING, BUT KEPT THE FAITH

"St. Patrick came to preach the faith of Christ to them. He found them ready as no other Nation was. The purity of their hearts gave them the right to see God, and it seems that from the life of St. Patrick all leaf from the earth and they understood at once the sublime mystery of the Trinity, the vision of the supernatural which purity of heart alone can give. Once they grasped that lesson they gave their blood, they gave their lives, they gave everything that they possessed, they gave up even the human honor among Nations, they became, as it were, the outcasts of the earth, but they have never even by the force of arms, yielded that vision of God, that vision of Christ, the vision of the supernatural, the vision of the Trinity."

"That is by all right and title the most sublime character that can stamp the human race. Ah, we know full well that the world has other interests, with which they are trying to indoctrinate us—the low-down banners of materialism, but they will never succeed. They have spurned the family of Ireland because she clung to God. They have desecrated her temples because within them they reared the sacredness of their souls. They tried to make a laughing stock of the greatest names of history—Patrick and Bridget—all to no purpose. We love them more than ever."

HEART QUIVERS FOR IRELAND'S WRONGS

"Tell me if you can, tell me critically, tell me cynically if you will, if you truly love the Irish race is not the most sublime title to nobility the world knows. Oh, we know the cant of hypocrisy, we know all the sources by which they would blind us. They have robbed the Catholic peoples of all the treasures of the world and then called them ignorant."

"But the world is waking up, and even the children of the very race that for three centuries has brutally crushed the finest, the flower of any race on earth, are opening their eyes. The democracy of England will finally pay the debt of Ireland. One has only to read cursorily, as I do frequently, an epitome of the story of those three tragic centuries, and if there is red blood in a man's heart, it quivers, it quivers and revolts at the story."

"But remember, children of St. Patrick, God is over it all. Let us make no mistake. I solemnly conjure you here in this temple of the Holy Cross this morning to remember the gift of that sublime inheritance—your faith. Of course, we are not unconscious or indifferent to the things of the world. We have a right to. Of course, we are not indifferent even to material prosperity, to which we have a right a thousand times over, but God forbid, I dread it from my heart, God forbid that even the Irish people would forget that nobility and trait of character which seems to have been theirs from the beginning and sell even the smallest jot or tittle of their faith for all the goods of the world."

"There is our fight. When the years have passed away our glorious patron, St. Patrick, and the glorious patron saint of the women of the Irish race, St. Bridget, will show you the fruits of your lives and the sacrifices you have made. Why are all the peoples of the world shedding each other's blood? It is precisely on account of the lack of the trait of the Celtic nature, they are greedy for more and more, insatiably greedy until now they are willing to commit suicide, homicide to get more and more from the martyrs of materialism."

"Ireland stands by and says: 'I have been bound to three centuries of suffering and I have given up all that you are fighting for, for nothing. I have suffered three hundred years for an ideal. Children of the Gaels, sons and daughters of St. Patrick, never forget that lesson. For my part, of course, I want our race to grow in prosperity, especially here in this blessed land which God has given us as we prepare ourselves to deserve it. God has given great and noble opportunities for our people, race and blood.'

"Little by little the Irish people, the victims of centuries of wrong, have come into their own. But let us never forget, whatever may be the purpose of others to mislead and to draw us away from the true ideals which you have learned as Catholics. Never forget. Rather let us constantly remember, let this convention draw more and more closely to our hearts the lesson, 'What is it for a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?'"

AND NATIONS HAVE SOULS. WHAT GOOD IS ALL THE MODERN, SO-CALLED MODERN PROGRESS FOR MATERIAL GOODS, IF IN THE END THE NATIONS HAVE LOST THEIR OWN SOULS. KEEP THE SOUL OF IRELAND ALIVE WITH THE LOVE OF LIBERTY. KEEP IT CLEAN SO THAT WHEN THE SOULS OF NATIONS COME BEFORE THEIR MAKER TO ANSWER FOR THE RIGHTS AND DEEDS OF THEIR NATIONS, IRELAND CAN STILL STAND WITH PURE HEART BEFORE HER GOD AND SAY 'I HAVE FUGHT THE FIGHT UNDER THE RULES OF HEAVEN, UNDER THE LAWS OF GOD. I HAVE KEPT THE FAITH.' MAY GOD BLESS YOU AND HELP YOU TO PREPARE IT.—N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

LONELINESS

The news contained in the scant half-dozen lines at the bottom of the back page of the daily paper was not, in all probability, read by more than a tenth of the regular subscribers. The write-up was insignificant—just an account of an elderly woman who took her life and left behind her a note which gave loneliness as the reason for committing the dreadful deed.

There are a lot of lonesome folks in the world. We need not wait for suicides to be apprised of the fact. Young, old, middle-aged—they are all about us. There is the fellow who works side-by-side with you in the office. Have you ever noticed a wistful look upon his face when he puts on his hat and coat at the end of the day's toil? Do you happen to know that the only place he can call home is a hall bedroom in the house of strangers; that he is hungry for a taste of congenial company; and that if you don't make up to him he will seek companionship in places that are dangerous or doubtful?

Do you, Mrs. Catholic Wife and Mother, know anything of the environment, longings or temptations of the little sewing girl who comes to you two or three times a year and spends long hours in fashioning clothing to deck you out attractively? Is your knowledge of her confined to the excellence of the stitches wrought by her nimble fingers, or have you taken pains to ascertain if she has friends in the city with whom she is privileged to spend a pleasant evening occasionally? If she has not, then put yourself in touch with a club which she might join, a club that will fill a place in her life that is now empty, and that will mean a couple of weeks in the country, for the bringing back of the roses to cheeks that are beginning to fade.

MAKING DOGMA USELESS

Edmund T. Shanahan, S. T. D., in the Catholic World

The idea that dogma is superfluous erudition was first broached in 1637 by René Descartes, the founder of modern philosophical method. In 1798 Immanuel Kant, the creator of modern philosophical criticism, devoted a special volume to the subject, in which he elaborately sought to establish the contention of Descartes. This volume, "Religion Within the Bounds of Pure Reason"—is the classic source of modern religious indifference. Almost from the day of its publication the axiom began to circulate, that a man's creed has no influence whatever on his conduct.

What value, from an historical point of view, did this volume of Kant's possess? Were its conclusions the result of painstaking investigation and inquiry, or downright prejudgments, that set history aside? And did either Descartes or Kant, at a time when passion clouded judgment, save the requisite scholarship and openness of mind to pronounce decision on so momentous a matter, world-concerning in its settlement, soul-risking in its sweep? Let the reader judge for himself from the tale we are about to tell, unfortunately all too briefly, but we hope, with fair-mindedness enough to let the truth that is sometimes crushed to earth rise again and recover its pristine stature.

A man's fitness as a judge—we are speaking only of philosophers—depends upon his ability to approach the evidence without any set purpose or performed idea. This requisite Kant did not have. The supreme passion of his life was to prove that knowledge did not exist for its own sake, but for the sake of action and conduct. The judgment he pronounced on the dogmas of the Christian religion was simply the application of this prejudice, and his conclusions were all accordingly foregone—they were not the decisions of an unbiased judge. Not only did Kant have this prejudice of view

and purpose himself, he impressed it on the subsequent course of modern philosophy, though the writer must confess that the usual way of designating it is not "prejudice," but "progress." This prejudice—to put it plainly—dogmatically declared, in advance of all investigation and in general, that knowledge exists for acting, not for knowing, and that the worth of Christianity consists, not in the new and uplifting ideas which it brought into the world, but in the program of conduct and the plans of action which it suggested. The categorical imperative of the moral law. Thou shalt do this and thou shalt not do that, was for Kant the pure essence of religion, and the sole reliable kind of knowledge to which it may attain.

When the Catholic Church bids men believe that if they separate their own individual interests from those of their fellow mortals they are forfeiting that personal relation of union with God through Christ in which the meaning of life consists, she is offering a motive and a sanction for social morality which can be found nowhere else. And when she tells the faithful that their good is not to be sought individually, but in union with God and their fellowmen, she is preaching a religious truth, it is true, but one that has positive social effects lurking in it, more potent than your "pure morality," or "a fellow feeling for one's kind."

SPIRIT OF CHRIST

GREAT NEED OF TWENTIETH CENTURY

Lecture by Bishop Schrembs

The annual lecture for the benefit of the Day Homes in San Francisco of the Sisters of the Holy Family was given by Right Rev. Bishop Schrembs of Toledo, Ohio, at St. Mary's cathedral before an audience that filled the church to the doors. Bishop Schrembs, who is noted as one of the leading pulpit orators of the United States, chose as his subject, "Christ in the Twentieth Century," and he made a deep impression on his audience by the beautiful diction and powerful delivery of his lecture.

I OFTEN WONDER WHY 'TIS SO

Some find work where some find rest,
And so the weary world goes on;
I sometimes wonder which is best;
The answer comes when life is gone.

Some eyes sleep when some eyes wake,
And so the dreary night-hours go;
Some hearts beat where some hearts break;
I often wonder why 'tis so.

Some wills faint where some wills fight,
Some love the tent, and some the field;
I often wonder who are right—
The ones who strive, or those who yield?

ANTI-RELIGIOUS TENDENCY OF AGE

This anti-religious tendency is seen also in the great schools and legislatures of the modern world. The motive of much of the higher criticism is to undermine religion, and many laws are passed which threaten to bring down the props of the moral fabric and against these misguided efforts of the age the Church, the custodian and organ of divine revelation, must set her face as flint and vindicate the ways of God to man.

ANTI-GOSSIP CRUSADE

A young girl recently killed herself in an English village. The coroner's jury, however, brought in the verdict: "Killed by idle gossip." The girl had been guilty of nothing actually wrong, but "the gossip disseminated by the women of the village blackened her name until she could bear the suspicious looks and spoken taunts no longer, and so she ended her life." The event caused an anti-gossip crusade, an account of which appears in Pearson's Weekly (London) and is reprinted in The Literary Digest.

WORLD NEEDS CHRIST AND CHURCH

Our Lord is the founder of all that is great and good in modern civilization. He established the Christian Church, He emancipated the slave and woman, He inspired all modern forms of charity, He founded the Christian home and Christian education. He lifted men's hearts and minds above material things and taught them to seek first the Kingdom of heaven. He pointed to a supernatural destiny to gain which they must stand ready to forfeit all things rather than to lose their souls.

Christ has once more become the storm center of the age. He has become a myth or the attempt is made to bring the Saviour of the world down to a natural level. The modern age would reject all supernatural religion and try to get along without God, the Creator and Master of the universe.

The Church, too, must suffer with her Lord and Saviour. The enemies of true religion crucified her Divine

"If we pick up mud and throw it on a fashionably dressed lady and spoil her clothes she can get redress through the law; no well brought up woman, however, ever dreams of throwing mud at her friends."

"If, on the other hand, we imagine that she is too flighty in her behavior, and in order to strengthen our belief, we repeat all her trivial little indiscreet actions, we are flinging mud at her character, and she can get no redress unless it should happen to interfere with the earning of her livelihood or can be proved a malicious act."

"Idle gossip does more harm than anything else in the world, and if the organizers of the antigossip crusade have only the perseverance and courage to make it universal they will do inestimable good for the general happiness of the community."

DOES THIS GUARDIAN GUARD?

Under this heading The Hutchinson Leader, Hutchinson, Minn., in its issue of July 14, pays its respects to an anti-Catholic lecturer who tried to foment sectarian bigotry in that city recently. The Leader refused to print handbills for him and excoriated him and his efforts to destroy the religious peace and harmony which prevails among the people of that city. We quote the editorial:

"A young man claiming to be a minister of the gospel and whose only visible employment is lolling around town smoking good cigars daytimes and working his mouth overtime nights has been stopping in Hutchinson and issuing frantic warnings to crowds in public places of the calamities threatening our beloved country at the hands of a certain religious organization. He claims to be a 'Guardian of Liberty' or a member of some such organization and is making it his holy mission to arouse the stupid people of Hutchinson to a consciousness of what may happen to them if they don't sit up and take notice. There are vast potentialities for trouble from even a young hair-brain like this. People here of all and of no religious beliefs have lived together in peace and friendship for fifty years, affiliated in business and society and sympathizing with each other in their trials and misfortunes. But history will cease to repeat itself if such a disturber fails to arouse hatred and suspicion and make enemies of life-long friends. Is that for the good of a community? As to his allegations of misdeeds and vaulting ambition on the part of the religious organization which is the target for his attacks, concede if you choose, that they are true wholly or in part, there is still the outstanding fact that from this organization have come some of the country's greatest soldiers, statesmen, patriots and philanthropists and some of this community's best citizens. There are said to be some thirteen million members of the organization in the United States out of a population of over one hundred million. After the thirteen million have grabbed all of the offices and legislatures of the modern world, free thinkers—some eighty-five million—we shall begin to think that the young 'reverend' with the cigar sticking out of his face is an eighteen carat prophet and we'll regret that we didn't sit up and take notice for we'll be among the massacred. Lord help us."—St. Paul Bulletin.

HONOR TO WHOM HONOR

In the search after funds with which to aid the Red Cross work on the battlefields of Europe several lecturers in the Southwest have taken occasion to speak slightly of the sacrifices made by Catholic nuns in their ministrations among wounded soldiers, and in several instances have offended to such an extent that public protest has been made in the newspapers. One of these speakers, a Mrs. O'Gorman, in an address lately delivered in Dallas, Texas, stated that at the outbreak of the war all of the nurses were nuns, but that later two-thirds of them had left France.

Now we do know, and the same is a matter of published record, that before the outbreak of the war France, and not the war itself, drove the teaching Sisters from their homes, convents and schools, and that they found refuge in America, England, Germany, Mexico and South America.

At the outbreak of the war, when people were hurrying from the countries involved in the impending struggle, these same Sisters were seen going quietly and unassumingly into the heart of the war zone, and no one has yet heard (except for the information imparted by Mrs. O'Gorman) that they have ever left. The Sisters of St. Vincent de Paul alone have three thousand Sisters on the battlefields of Europe, to say nothing of the various many other religious orders who have contributed their staffs to aid suffering Europe.

They will be found bending over the wounded binding up their wounds, giving drink to the thirsty and food to the hungry; kneeling beside the dying, whispering words of consolation to the departing soul; gathering up the orphans and giving them shelter; turning their great institutions into hospitals and relief stations for the amelioration of human suffering, aye, giving up their own lives, if need be. Theirs is the hand extended at all times,

Founder and to-day they would blot out His Church. But as in past ages the Church of Christ has been opposed by Neroes and Julians, Arians and Huns, and the most powerful enemies in this world, and has gloriously triumphed over them, so she ever lives and works in the hope and the faith and love of Christ who promised to be with His Church till the end of time. The Catholic Church to-day sets herself as a wall of steel against the evil tendencies of the day that would rob man of his religion and faith in God, of his strength and courage in life, and of his comfort and consolation in death. To the question of Christ, Whom do men say that I am, the Church replies with Peter; Thou art the Christ the Son of the living God. Thou hast the words of eternal life.—The Monitor.

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whether in times of peace or war, to those that need aid and succor. They go through the world unheralded, unsung, without self-praise, and when the struggle is over and peace restored they will begin the rehabilitation of their institutions, rebuilding institutions for the care of the orphans and the wreckage of humanity caused from terrible war. Their duty in one regard being done, namely, the nursing on the battlefield, they turn to other duties which follow in the wake of others, staying always with duty, which is their watchword, and never seeking the lecture platform to solicit aid or incite ill-feeling against any nation.—The Missionary.

CARDINAL GIBBONS AT EIGHTY-TWO

Sunday was the eighty-second birthday of the Cardinal Archbishop of Baltimore. The occasion has an interest beyond the borders of his diocese or the obedience of the great Church of which he is one of the most distinguished prelates. Cardinal Gibbons is one of the men whom all humanity is proud to claim. He has been a great figure in American life. Creed or sect has not limited his energies for the common good. He has done his duty as citizen no less conscientiously than his duty as churchman. Without any compromise in matters of faith, never forgetting the heavy spiritual burden laid upon him he has shown a loyalty to the obligations of his nativity which might well be more often emulated. There are few men whose devotion to good causes has been so sincere and persistent, whose judgment has been so sound and impartial. Thus he has all that should accompany old age, as honor, love, obedience, troops of friends.—Public Ledger.

THE HIGH COURT OF LONDON REBUKES ANTI-CATHOLIC BIGOTS

Catholic Press Association

London, July 6.—Sir William Dunn, a well known Londoner, who will one day be Catholic Lord Mayor of London, has done a service to his co-religionists by successfully contesting a bigoted decision on the part of a well known charitable body. The "Blue Coat School," properly styled Christ's Hospital—an old Catholic foundation, by the way—has a governing body, one member of which the Court of Aldermen of London have the right to nominate. At the last vacancy Sir William Dunn was chosen, but the governors of the school refused to accept the nomination on the ground that Sir William is a Catholic. The candidate immediately procured a writ of mandamus to show cause why his appointment should be refused. The case was heard in the High Court a few days ago before three judges, who unanimously decided that the government could not penalize Sir William on religious grounds, and that they must accept him as one of their number. Sir William Dunn's only child, Queenie, is married to a well known Irish judge, Mr. William Law Smith. Sir William was visiting his daughter during the recent outbreak in Dublin, and both narrowly escaped being shot, having to leave their carriage and run for their lives through a cross-fire between military and Sinn Feiners.

FATHER FRASER'S CHINESE MISSION

Taichowfu, China, Dec. 11, 1915.

Dear Readers of CATHOLIC RECORD: It may be a little surprise to you to learn that it takes \$100 a week to keep my mission going. I am glad when I see that amount contributed in the Record, but when it is less I am sad to see my little reserve sum diminished and the catastrophe arriving when I must close my chapels, discharge my catechists and reduce my expenses to the few dollars coming in weekly. I beseech you to make one more supreme effort during 1916 to keep this mission on its feet. You will be surprised to learn what a great deal I am doing with \$100 a week—keeping myself and curate, 30 catechists, 7 chapels, and free schools, 3 churches in different cities with caretakers, supporting two big catechumens of men, women and children during their preparation for baptism and building a church every year.

PREVIOUSLY ACKNOWLEDGED

A sincere Reader of The Record, Berlin.....	1 00
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FIVE MINUTE SERMON

By Rev. N. M. Redmond
NINTH SUNDAY AFTER
PENTECOST

THE REASON OF OUR LORD'S TEARS
OVER JERUSALEM

"When Jesus drew near to Jerusalem, seeing the city, He wept over it." (Luke xix. 41.)

The tears of our Lord were not shed because of the calamities He foresaw would befall the material city. Compared with the objects whose eternal destruction—notwithstanding His labors, instructions, miracles, sufferings, and death—He bewailed, material Jerusalem was of little value in His sight. The sad state of the souls of the inhabitants of the city, and their future ruin, caused His tears. He saw that all which He had done, and would do and suffer to save them, would prove so many eternal curses rather than blessings to the greater number than that His blood, which He was about to shed, and His life which He was about to give for them, would cry out against them both in time and eternity. Could not our Lord find the same reason for tears in this town—in this parish in which we live? Are there not those in our community, who, if they continue in the future as they have lived in the past, will set at naught all the blessings which will come to them, will change them into so many occasions of their greater torment for eternity? This is quite the case of those whom we never see to have lost all relish for matters spiritual. No doubt, like so many others before them, they occasionally resolve some time in the future, to sue for peace with God by repentance. But forgetting that, though God has promised to forgive those who repent, He has never promised time for repentance to those who defer their repentance from year to year; most of them die impenitent. The voice of conscience, the voice of our Lord in His word, and from His priests, telling them of the awful fate that awaits them if they delay to repent, they allow to be offset by the counsel of the devil assuring them that they need not be alarmed, for they will have ample time to repent. He knows that it would not work to try to deceive them, as he did our first parents, by telling them that they would not die. But he makes the nearest approach to it possible, by keeping the thought of death far from them, even when death has actually seized them, and by representing repentance a matter so easy that they can have it in their power at any moment. Quieted by this counsel of the arch-enemy, alas, how many go to hell without time for even a semblance of repentance; or how many continue to the very door of hell, and then go through the ceremony of repentance in such a fashion, as to leave it a matter of grave doubt that they have the dispositions for forgiveness! Great God! how many in this way throw their souls to the devil to be his infernal slaves forever! Aye, men who are noted for their prudence in the affairs of this world. The world's troubles are the fruitful means of the enemy. He succeeds in attaching men's hearts to them with a selfishness that is the strong offspring of an all-consuming self-love, and thus destroys all concern and relish for matters of the soul and salvation. This is to-day, as it has ever been, the great basis of his sway over men, aye, even over men whose religious instruction has not been neglected. The disease is as wide as the world, and large numbers of the household of the faith, notwithstanding their knowledge to the contrary, fall its victims. The world, first, seduces the soul, salvation last, never, is their solution of the problem of life. Impenitence is the awful price which, alas, too many pay, and thus reserve eternity to bewail the folly of their few years on earth. Will it pay us to imitate their example? No one is so bereft of sense as to say that it will. In order, then, must be reversed. Instead, as they do, following the counsel of our blessed Lord. All of us know what that is, but the unrepentant make ill use of their knowledge. With them it becomes forgotten stock, because, forsooth, they studiously avoid the occasions that would call it back to profitable remembrance. Sermons they seldom hear; for religious reading they have no taste, and God-fearing people are not the associates whom they most appreciate. Piteable indeed is their case. What can be done for such people? They will do nothing for themselves. Neither the spoken word, nor the written word, nor the word in the heart of the good and the God-fearing can reach them, for they prevent the opportunity. The enemy of their souls makes them, as it were, run from the occasions of good. Under the circumstances, what can be done for people thus perishing? We must go after them to their homes—we must for God's sake, and the sake of their poor souls, force our society on them. We should make them feel that we are attractive to them, and thus disabuse them of all suspicion of our motives. But it may be asked, strong to go to all this, who is obliged to do so? All who have the laws of God and His Church obliging them to do so. What is the obligation of charity to what the laws of God and His Church obliges us to do? All who can, have an obligation of charity to what the laws of God and His Church obliges us to do. What is the obligation of charity to what the laws of God and His Church obliges us to do? All who can, have an obligation of charity to what the laws of God and His Church obliges us to do.

TEMPERANCE

DISQUALIFICATIONS OF DRINK

Intoxicating drink disqualifies. From what? From almost everything that requires reason, talent and effort. Men who pay for labor or for effort recognize the disqualification of drink almost as clearly as they recognize the disqualification of bad health. The man who needs stimulants to perform his work confesses to his evident weakness. The free horse is more desirable than the one that requires the whip before he will work. The necessity of the stimulant and of the whip increases with use or habit. This is evident. Public service corporations realize drawbacks of drink and legislate against the users. A railroad in Chicago lately posted the following notice:

"No employee is allowed to use liquor in any form when on duty, and no employee will be allowed to work when there is any indication that he has used liquor in any form before coming to work, and the smell of liquor about him will be sufficient. Employees who are noted as having used liquor when on or off duty, or who are found to frequent saloons when off duty, will be deemed habitual users of liquor and are subject to dismissal from the service. Employees who go into saloons when on duty in any capacity will be discharged."

This is not an isolated case. It is a policy in force on all the lines that enter Chicago, and that enter other cities, for that matter. There are many manufacturing establishments and stores and shops that adopt the same policy. The policy may not be published, but they all have the "dead line" established in practice. The breezy agent, drummer, engineer, clerk, and so on, who need stimulants to smile and to work and to think, are soon numbered among the missing and the dead in the "battle for business success. There are not many of the "old guard" left on the field, and none of them are selected to lead a charge. "Eye openers," "bracers" and "night caps" ought to be discarded by those who enter the race to win. No one goes to the saloon to look for men reliable, strong and alert. A steady hand and a clear head are not the products of the bar. "He drinks" is a whisper that upsets many a young man's prospects.

The most popular society ought to be the total abstinence one. It may not assess for weekly benefits, but it will safeguard position and health, and assure dividends in respectability and happiness.—The Catholic University.

A PRACTICAL EXPERIENCE

A food factory in Boston employing eight hundred to a thousand men and women, largely unskilled labor, retains the services of a trained nurse all the time and a supervising surgeon who spends an hour and one-half at the factory three times a week. He gives an account of the work in the Boston Medical and Surgical Journal, April 6, 1916. Employees are thus under frequent health inspection and supervision with certain very definite advantages.

For the employer there is increased good-will on the part of staid and more contented employees. There is greater cleanliness of shop and product. Conditions are sufficiently improved to entirely justify the outlay. Freedom from disease in the food manufactured is assured. Thus the employers, employees and the consuming public gain from this work.

Any person found to be suffering from vice diseases is discharged absolutely and never re-employed.

All employees addicted to the habitual immoderate use of alcohol are excluded. To keep such persons near high power machinery, says the physician in charge, is to court disaster, not only to them, but also to other workers.—St. Paul Bulletin.

MODERN SUBSTITUTE FOR RELIGION

Dr. Jefferson of New York who has kept his faith in many fundamental dogmas, including the Divine inspiration of the Sacred Scriptures, is not afraid to strike out at certain Christless creeds of our modern day. "Modern civilization is full of improvements on religion, such as ethical culture, economics, science, philosophy, social service, art. The greatest English painter, Turner, once pointed to the sun and said, 'There is my God.' The hero of a recent and much admired book, 'The Leaves of the Tree,' is beloved by his community, though an unbeliever. Contrast with the spirit in which the Society of St. Vincent de Paul receives the needy the modern social service spirit shown by the workers of the Associated Charities. It is now the fashion to sneer at dogma and make fun of theology."

Dr. Jefferson sees a great national disaster as the one thing certain to bring the people back to God. He says: "In every hamlet in Europe in the sections where anti-clericalism was strongest, people are to-day crowding the churches. The greatest missionary is Death."

"Science deals with things seen and temporal. But the unseen things are eternal, and when they break in on our preparations, we turn to God and to the Church."

"If your education is real you know that the highest intellectual development comes only when we give ourselves to Christ, that a mind fed only on art and science is barren, that the age-long learning of the scholars, accumulated through centuries of research, is as nothing when in true wisdom the heart cries out for God."—The Monitor.

RECRUITING THE PRIESTHOOD

ARCHBISHOP IRELAND DEPLORES LACK OF VOCATIONS

In a pastoral letter on vocations to the priesthood Archbishop Ireland of St. Paul calls attention to the dearth of vocations in his diocese. The same task is becoming more apparent every year in other sections of the country, so that the need of a faith grasping in its narrow range of vision the fullness of the responsibilities that a plenary loyalty to the Saviour imposes upon His followers—a faith prompt to the call of those responsibilities, ready in generosity of soul and willingness of sacrifice to obey their every behest? At first sight, this, I confess, would seem to be the cause. Where Catholic faith reigns supreme, youths not all too ready should be to rise in aspiration and self-consecration to the mountain-tops where the rays of the supernatural shine the brightest and unfold in clearest light the splendors of divine life. Youths not the few there should be to instantly answer the call from on high? "Speak, O Lord, for Thy servant heareth Thee."

CAUSES OF THE LACK OF VOCATIONS

To what shall we attribute the absence of vocations to the priesthood, of which we are compelled to make complaint? Is the cause in the absence of vigorous Catholic faith—a faith grasping in its narrow range of vision the fullness of the responsibilities that a plenary loyalty to the Saviour imposes upon His followers—a faith prompt to the call of those responsibilities, ready in generosity of soul and willingness of sacrifice to obey their every behest? At first sight, this, I confess, would seem to be the cause. Where Catholic faith reigns supreme, youths not all too ready should be to rise in aspiration and self-consecration to the mountain-tops where the rays of the supernatural shine the brightest and unfold in clearest light the splendors of divine life. Youths not the few there should be to instantly answer the call from on high? "Speak, O Lord, for Thy servant heareth Thee."

THE CALL OF HEAVEN

"I address the youths in whose hearts the wish has been born to love the tabernacles of the Lord and offer themselves as candidates for the holy priesthood. The wish may be the call of Heaven—a singular grace too precious not to be instantly heeded. Let such youths take counsel with their spiritual director and frequently pray for further light, with the sincere will to do the behest of Heaven, whatever this may be. Should counsel and reflection confirm the desire, let the word be spoken joyfully and resolutely. 'Lord, I am Thine, today and all the days of my life.'

WORKING IN HARD LINES

A London correspondent says: "Journalists all over the world will admire the tenacity, bravery and wit of the little paper La Libre Belgique which for over a year has defied all efforts of the invading authority to suppress or capture it. It has just celebrated its first anniversary, and its cover shows the Governor of Brussels, General von Bissing, surrounded by the copies of the audacious little journal which is regularly sent him, and scowling at some of his numerous orders for its extermination. Above is a statue of Henry Vesale who was denounced as the editor, and below is a little feet of automobiles which are believed to shelter the editorial office, the printing press and the reporters' room of this brave little journal as well as supplying the means of distribution. Again and again the authorities have thought they had snared La Libre Belgique but never has it missed a number, and often has it been distributed under the very eye of the soldiers." This is, no doubt, a triumph in journalism. Has it served the cause of Belgium? Will the promoters work with equal ardor when reconstruction begins?

THE LITTLE FLOWER

Thanks to the pious initiative of some of the valiant soldiers of Flanders, as soon as the process of Sister Teresa's beatification shall be completed at Rome, there will be erected her first public statue in one of the provinces of Flanders.

EXCELLENCE OF THE PRIESTHOOD

"Outside the priesthood there are vocations to which belong, assuredly, merit and value. But, all things said, such vocations are of earth, while vocations to the priesthood are for God and for immortal souls—of Heaven in their immediate origin. Outside the priesthood aim at charity, follow the accounts as high and lowly men into flights of charity and benevolence, the rescuing of the fallen and the lowly from ignorance and suffering. To such aims refined minds and valiant hearts readily soar; deservedly we reward them with tribute of esteem and admiration. But are not all such aspirations equally the goal of the priesthood, and there so much more in their effective reach, that in the priesthood the divine closely cometh with the human, to the effect that the aspiration is the purer and the more intensified, and the result is the surer and the more plenteous. And, then, in the priesthood, in addition to achievements for the welfare of men on earth, there are achievements for their welfare in eternity. It is the grandeur of the priesthood that, as the goddess of which St. Paul has written, 'it has within its works and its hopes the promise of life that now is and of that which is to come.' Verily, a vocation to the priesthood is the gift the most exalted, the most fruitful within the bestowal of Him Who is Master of earth and of Heaven. To youths whose minds are illumined with the rays of faith, whose hearts burn with the ardors of charity, a vocation to the priesthood is 'the pearl of great price,' which the best of the children of men should covet to possess—the pearl, which once found, they should, at all cost, at all sacrifice, buy and clasp to their bosom."

HOME THE NURSERY OF VOCATIONS

"I appeal to parents in whose son a probable vocation to the priesthood is unfolding the promise of coming maturity. Bending over the privileged youth, they should ask: 'What as one, think ye, shall this child be? For, the hand of the Lord was with him.' Gladly should they

make the offering of him to the Lord; gladly should they make whatever sacrifice this offering may imply. The ripening of a vocation is in the hands of parents rather than in those of any others. Here in the hands of the chief impact in vocations—the lack of Christian faith in father or in mother, the worldly ambition of either in directing the steps of their son to other pathways in life, whither beckon visions of material comfort and worldly allurements. It is the call of earth in opposition to that of Heaven, the call of nature in opposition to that of grace. To such promptly deny a hearing, seeing in God, rather than men, sees them, as eternity, rather than time, adjudges value to them. "The blessing of Heaven upon a Christian family is the gift of a priestly vocation to one of its children. It is the reward of fidelity to God; it is a sure mark of such fidelity. There are families, where, short of a special miracle of grace, a vocation never germinates, or if somehow it is there born, it quickly withers and dies. Those are the families, where the usual atmosphere is repellent to the sweetness and comeliness of Christian life, where the example of parents so lowers the spiritual tone of the child, that it banishes from his mind all supernatural thought, from his heart all freshness of grace and purity. In quest for vocations, we must first discover the Christian home, the Christian father and mother. Granted to a parish, or to a diocese true Christian families, vocations will not be wanting. They are the choice flowers of the well cultivated garden, whose soil is rich, whose nutriment is the descending dew of the skies. The Christian home is the nursery of vocations; other agencies—presbyteries, colleges or seminaries—are the mere helpers to growth and development."—True Voice.

"Beauteous the vision of a dawn-journal participation in the priesthood of Jesus Christ! Blessed the youth, to whose soul the vision of those of whom the Saviour said: 'I will not now call you servants, for the servant knoweth not what the Lord doth. But I have called you friends, because all things whatsoever I have heard of my Father, I have made known to you.' The mission of Jesus Christ on earth is the mission of the priest—to teach the truths of eternity, to redeem men from sin, to pour upon their souls the graces of the Incarnation, and to lead them by step into the Kingdom of divine felicity. Priests are doved with the mysterious powers of Jesus Christ. As Christ once did, so today the priests—they preach 'as having authority,' they baptize, they forgive sins, they change bread and wine into the body and blood of the Incarnate One. As Christ once was, today the priests—they are the heads bringing Heaven to earth and earth to Heaven. 'Other Christs,' an authorized pen has called them—and so far as agents represent the principal, and, within the limits of their commission, are the principal, so far priests, verily are 'other Christs.'

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THE ONLY MEDICINE THAT HELPED HER

'Fruit-a-tives Again Proves Its Extraordinary Powers

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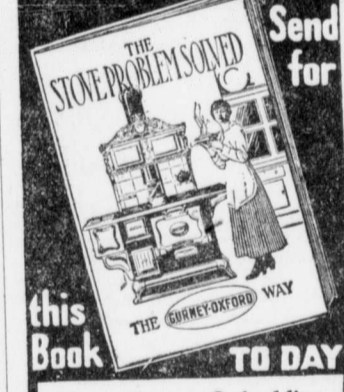
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CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

THE CATHOLIC YOUNG MAN AND HIS GOD

It may be well to observe right at the outset that the important point for every boy and young man is to get a job just as soon as his school-days are over. Don't be a drag on father or mother (or any other relative.) Young man! They have done their duty by you in raising and giving you an education. Go to work!

Be it ever so humble, any job is better for the moral and physical well-being of a young man than loafing and depending on others. To have a definite aim and intention to follow a certain trade or profession is a splendid thing, but an ambitious boy will not consider himself too good to perform the most menial service if it is to be the means of accomplishing his fixed purpose.

Driving a grocery wagon is not a romantic nor remunerative occupation, but it may be the stepping-stone to a great business career. See the roster of any chamber of commerce in our large cities for striking examples. Then again, driving a grocery wagon at \$12 or \$15 a week may prove more alluring to a boy than an apprenticeship at some good trade at \$4 a week—a thing that he may regret greatly in a few years when he will still be a driver at perhaps \$18 a week, whereas he might be earning twice that amount at a machine or bench.

A good trade is a strong safeguard against idleness and poverty. A glance at the help wanted pages of any city daily is convincing proof of that statement. Skilled laborers are always in demand. High-class, trained men are needed in every branch of industrial activity at all times, especially those having executive ability. It is the young man who has fitted from one position to another—jobs that can be filled by the first untrained man that happens along—who looks in vain through the classified ad. columns for a place that he can fill. A canvass of the tramps who mar the landscape along our railroads during the summer months would probably reveal a very small percentage of skilled mechanics.

Personally, I have heard a great deal of romantic nonsense about the skill of tramp printers as compared with that of the steady, home-loving kind, and I have also employed a great many of the "wanderers" and am prepared to say that the experience has shot the theory full of holes.

Every Catholic young man should try to fit himself for some trade or business. Our Lord Himself Who has given us in His own life a complete code for right living, though His mission on earth was to teach and preach, did not sit idly by and wait for His time to come, but busied Himself with the lowly work of carpentry.

Failures in all lines of industrial endeavor are largely due to a wrong choice; consequently the young man should earnestly try to place himself in the job for which he is best fitted, physically and mentally. We have a great many doctors and lawyers who ought to be using a saw and hammer, and a great many carpenters and drivers, who, with a strong injection of the virus of ambition, might have been most successful in the professions.

But success is, after all, only a state of mind, and a man who finds contentment in his life's work is not a failure. He may even have stuck to the delivery wagon, saved his money, paid for his home, and raised a fine family, and, though his granite shafts will be erected in his memory, he will have achieved more than thousands whose opportunities were vastly greater.

We should not, however, confuse contentment with a foolish self-satisfaction and egoism so frequently found among young men who talk blithely of the shortcomings of their foremen or employers, and are convinced that it is only accident that has kept them among the workers instead of placing them in positions of ease.

It is easy for a man in the ranks to pick flaws in the executive ability of an employer or a foreman, but if the egoist were suddenly raised to either position he would be dazzled by the multitude of duties and the maze of detail that would at once assail his mind, and would quickly formulate a superior respect for the ability of his superiors. Merit rarely goes unnoticed.

The employee who will approach his superior respectfully but fearlessly with suggestions for the improvement of production or service, is the kind of man that is wanted in every business house and industrial plant, and his promotion will come. If instead he simply criticizes those over him for their failure to see the possibility of improvement, he will remain in the ranks of the workers, if, indeed, he is fortunate enough to hold his job.

The man who does his work conscientiously, gives his employer all of the time for which he is paid, and applies his powers of observation to the end that waste may be checked and time saved, will make his way perhaps slowly but with certainty, to the top. Employers will not purposely keep down a man whose ability is marked, and a foreman who does so will not long survive the test of time.

The importance of giving an employer all of his time during working-hours is a point which a careless,

indifferent man will overlook. Fifteen minutes are wasted without a thought. What does that mean to the employer?

If the 33,000 employees of the Ford Motor Co. at the main plant at Detroit, would each waste fifteen minutes some day, the loss in the aggregate would amount to all of the working-hours of three men for a year and one man for 108 days. Astonishing, isn't it?

Of course every employer hasn't 33,000 men working for him, but the principle is the same, and the man employing a dozen men would be just as hard hit proportionately under the same circumstances.

What an example is the life of this employer of 33,000 men for the young Catholic mechanic who may be inclined to believe that the golden days of opportunity are over. Henry Ford's career is of the present day and age. Fifteen years ago he was no better off financially and as unknown as the average Catholic young man. Today the main plant of the Ford Motor Co., of which he is the principal owner, is valued at \$200,000,000, and the personal yearly income of Henry Ford is reputed to be \$29,000,000.

A few weeks ago there died at St. Paul a man whose life-work won for him the title of Empire Builder. James J. Hill, the personal friend of Archbishop Ireland, a man whose death was mourned by the entire nation, came to America a poor emigrant boy. What an advantage over James J. Hill has the average Catholic young man in starting his life's work!

It is faith in one's self, confidence in ability, determination to do things well and overcome obstacles, and an unbounded ambition, that will make the Catholic young man stand high in his career today. The gigantic figure looming over the heads of the rank and file a few years hence. The highest place within human attainment is within the reach of the most lowly. Last month we read in Extension the beautiful story of Giuseppe Sarto, the poor peasant lad, who became Pius X., ruler of the Christian world. Father Sarto did not mean to be Pope. He just fitted himself to be a worthy priest of God, all unconscious that in so doing he was making himself eligible to the Chair of Peter, and none was more astonished than he when the College of Cardinals made his choice.

It's a far cry from the Vatican to the store or workshop, and the young man for whom this article is intended probably hasn't any great ambition to be Pope, but the thought that the foregoing paragraph is intended to convey is that by fitting himself thoroughly for the position in life in which he is cast, the Catholic young man also prepares himself for the higher and highest places of his trade or profession.—John A. Homan in Extension Magazine.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

IS YOUR NOTE GOOD?

A Boston lawyer was called on, a short time ago, by a boy, who inquired if he had any waste paper to sell. The lawyer had a crisp, keen way of asking questions, and is, moreover, a methodical man. So, pulling out a large drawer, he exhibited his stock of waste paper.

"Will you give me 25 cents for that?"

The boy looked at the paper doubtfully a moment, and offered 15 cents.

"Done," said the lawyer, and the paper was quickly transferred to the bag of the boy whose eyes sparkled as he lifted the weighty mass.

Not till it was safely stowed away did he announce that he had no money.

"No money?"

Not prepared to state exactly his plan of operations, the boy made no reply.

"Do you consider your note good?" asked the lawyer.

"Yes, sir."

"Very well; if you say your note's good I'd just as soon have it as the money; but if it isn't good I won't want it."

The boy affirmed that he considered it good; whereupon the lawyer wrote a note for 15 cents, which the boy signed, and, lifting the bag of papers, trudged off.

Soon after dinner the little fellow reappeared, and, producing the money, announced, that he had come to pay his note.

"Well," said the lawyer, "this is the first time I ever knew a note to be taken up the day it was given. A boy that will do that is entitled to note and money, too," and giving him both sent him on his way with a smiling face and happy heart.

The boy's note represented his honor. A boy who can keep his honor bright, however poor he may be in worldly things, is an heir to an inheritance which no riches can buy—the choice promises of God.—Catholic Bulletin.

WHAT OUR CHILDREN SHOULD KNOW

Catholic school children will be interested to know how many familiar personages in American history professed the same faith as they do.

Christopher Columbus, a Catholic, is the marvelous link in the chain of time which connects the history of the old world with the new. John de la Cosa, a Catholic, was a famous companion of Columbus. He acted as his pilot. Americus Vespucci, from whom America accidentally received her name, was a Catholic.

The discoverer of the Pacific Ocean was a Catholic, the renowned Vasco de Balboa.

The discoverer of Florida, John Ponce de Leon, was a member of the same Church.

The commander of the cavalry in the revolutionary war was Stephen Moylan, a Catholic.

The first newspaper in America that gave accurate reports of the legislative debates was established by Matthew Carey, a Catholic.

Thomas Fitzsimmons, Pennsylvania's signer of the Declaration of Independence, was a Catholic.

Charles Carroll of Carrollton, whose signature on the same document bespeaks sterling courage and unselfish patriotism, was a Catholic.

The discoverer of California and conqueror of Mexico was a Catholic, Fernando Cortez.

De Soto, a Catholic, conquered Florida and discovered the lower Mississippi.

The discoveries of the mainland of North America were the Catholics, John and Sebastian Cabot.

The founder of the oldest city in the United States—St. Augustine, Florida—was Peter Melendez, a Catholic.

A Catholic, Sir George Calvert (Lord Baltimore), was the founder of Maryland.

The discoverer of Lake Huron was the Catholic monk Joseph Le Caron, O. S. F.

The founder of Quebec and discoverer of Lakes Champlain and Ontario was the Catholic Samuel de Champlain.

The missionary of the Iroquois was the Jesuit, Isaac Jogues, and the Jesuits are Catholics.

The first missionary of the Hurons was John de Brebeuf, Jesuit.

The first governor and chief justice of Maryland was Leonard Calvert, a Catholic.

The first missionary in Maryland was Andrew White, Jesuit.

The discoverer of the upper Mississippi and the apostle of the valley of that river was the Jesuit, James Marquette.

The Ohio River was first discovered by De La Salle, a Catholic.

The first Catholic governor of New York was Thomas Cogan, an Irishman. His commission bears date of September 30, 1682.

The founder of San Francisco was the Catholic missionary, Junipero Serra, a Franciscan.—The Monitor.

WHAT IT REQUIRES TO BECOME A NUN

Extension Magazine

A somewhat persistent legend prevails among many non-Catholics who gather their notions about nuns, convents and convent life from reading doubtful novels and silly romances, that most women who enter upon convent life do so because they have been disappointed in love. To these let me say that every well-informed Catholic knows that the convent is rather a poor shop for fixing broken hearts; and that a shattered romance is a rather poor asset for convent life. And while it may happen that occasionally a woman who has experienced untoward events in her life may finally choose "the better part," you may rest assured that she enters the convent without the taste of ashes in her mouth; and with the consciousness that she has chosen a more enduring earthly happiness. But these cases are so exceptional as to be negligible here. The average nun is simply a normal, happy, healthy woman who has heard a Voice calling her to a higher perfection, and who has found her happiness in following it.

There are certain requirements necessary for one to become a nun, the first and foremost being, of course the Vocation or the Call to the religious life. Many Catholics cling rather tenaciously to a pet idea of their own as to what manner of girl should become a nun. I do not know the source of this, but I do know it is utterly foolish. A girl who appears to us meek and demure, who goes by with downcast eyes is bound to have thrust upon herself what is mistaken for a compliment: "she ought to be a nun." Meekness, modesty and downcast eyes have their good points, but strange as it may seem they are by no means a conclusive proof of a religious vocation. Statistics, and in this case they lack their usual colorless stupidity and are amazingly interesting, go far to assure us that it is the girl who looks you straight in the face with bright eyes, full of the gaiety of life and who holds her head high, who most frequently opens her ears and heeds the call. It is rather a stupid mistake to think that the girl who wholesomely and harmlessly enjoys all the good things of this world, who is capable of great love and attachments, and who knows all the claims of her own nature, is unfitted for conventual life. Only a large heart is able to contain large things. There would be no aching void in such a heart. It would be filled by better loves and better interests. It is an exchange of man for God. Proverbially it is the girl who has seen and knows the world, who makes the better nun. She more readily adapts herself to the mold of the novitiate, to its obedience and its sacrifices. The seemingly meek and humble are too often welded to their own small schemes, and prove much more difficult to shape into the perfect nun.

A true vocation is always beset with obstacles. The surmounting of these obstacles is necessary, and

some have called it the proof of a vocation. Frequently it happens that only a daughter is the support of her parents in their old age. Common sense, not to mention spirituality, will of course decide for her that she is needed there, and that her duty is right at hand; but to those who persevere in the desire, God is generous in providing some way or means for them to enter the convent, when His time comes.

Another obstacle is parental objection. This obstacle is usually the fruit of selfishness. It does not take into account the happiness of the child but only the gratification of the parent, and should be given small consideration. Disregard for such objection can not be said to be disobedience. All theologians agree that children, when they have reached the age of discretion, are perfectly free to follow the Call and the promptings of religious vocation, irrespective of the wishes, or even of the commands, of their parents. It is rather difficult to discover the logic in the attitude some parents assume toward the daughter who desires to become a nun. They would not presume to object to the marriage of a daughter; then why should they object if the daughter chooses the higher life? Beyond a doubt, a girl who has reached the age of eighteen has the right to marry or not to marry, or to enter the convent if she chooses; and the parents have no right to say here. St. Teresa had to run away from her father's house to enter the Carmel. St. Stanislaus and St. Aloysius entered the Society of Jesus contrary to the wishes of their respective families, but they loved Christ more than father or mother or sister or brother, and hence hesitated not to follow Him.

But there is another parental interference that merits some consideration. The objection that only seeks to put off the time of entering may be both safe and sane. The Church herself safeguards this by delaying the perpetual vows of nuns to a day when there is no longer doubt as to the stability of the candidate's desire for religious life.

In addition to the call and the overcoming of obstacles, there is another matter to be considered, and this is the question of health. The health of the body should be maintained in order that God may be more perfectly served. Moreover, the life of the modern nun is made up of a vast amount of work—hard and trying work. It is no wonder, therefore, that a certificate of health is demanded of her. At any rate, she must have health with which to start out on her religious life; and it is a pleasure to be able to record here that the conservation of the health of the nuns is among the big modern endeavors of the various Orders.

Another necessary requisite for the successful nun is common sense—the rarest of qualities. If a girl has this "gift" she has many and favorable chances of passing through the trying training of the novitiate. It will insure her real value to her community, and it will save much worry and trouble for herself.

A temper is not a serious objection; in fact it is not an objection, but with a temper should go the ability to control it. People of strong characters are generally possessed of strong tempers, and above all people, a nun should be possessed of a strong character. It is most desirable, and the training of the novitiate aims at forming strong character, which it is evident should be the natural fruit of a strict rule and self-denial.

Sometimes a girl who is no longer young, wishes to devote her life to God. St. Francis de Sales, the founder of the Institute of the Visitation of Holy Mary, declared that no life was too old to be consecrated to God, and following out the sentiments of the holy founder, the Order of the Visitation makes no age limit. In common with all other religious congregations, however, it prefers young subjects. The reason for this predilection is apparent. The younger a girl is, the more easily she can be molded to any particular system of thinking and accomplishing things. The, too, it is the work of the teaching sisters, hoods to teach, and the ministering sisterhoods to minister, and when a woman is advanced in years it is not difficult to understand that her usefulness is not as great as if she were young. There is already no dearth of middle-aged and old nuns who entered a community when they were young.

The Daughters of Charity of St. Vincent de Paul want postulants younger than twenty-eight years of age. Twenty-eight years is the age limit of the community, but that does not mean that a woman past twenty-eight years will not be admitted. The thing for a girl past the age limit to do is to lay the facts before the Superior and abide by the decision. A woman still in her prime, whether or not she has passed the age limit of any community, has a good chance of being admitted if she possesses the other necessary requirements. While many of the religious orders have limits these restrictions may be, and are, set aside in individual cases.

It is sometimes asked, "May a widow become a nun?" Many communities will accept widows. The Sisters of the Visitation were founded by a widow, St. Jane Frances de Chantal, and widows are received among them. The Daughters of St. Vincent de Paul were also founded by a widow, venerable Louise La Gras, and widows are also welcome into that community. One of the cele-

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brated French Sisters of Charity, Sister Blanche, was a convert and also a widow. Widows are received among the Carmelites, and the Poor Clares. The Sisters of Charity of the Blessed Virgin Mary also receive them, as do some of the other communities.

The girl who is contemplating entering religious life should consider not only the question of whether or no she likes it, but whether or no she is fitted for it. In general, the requirements set forth here apply to most candidates for the religious life. She who has them need not doubt that she has truly been called to the better part, and the presence of the various qualities herein enumerated but help to verify the call.—Rev. T. V. Shannon, in Extension Magazine.

A USELESS SIN

A notorious criminal who shocked the nation by his admission of murder on the wholesale and who is soon to pay the penalty for his crimes assures us that now he has taken to religion and the reading of the Bible. He has been reading the Ten Commandments, he says, and finds that he has broken all of them save one; he has never used profanity.

The first thought is to sneer at the pronouncement. A man has lied, and robbed and murdered. In the face of all these crimes it sounds like sarcasm for him to take any pride in the fact that he has not blasphemed the name of God. It recalls the proud mother who gloried in the fact that her son did not smoke, though his life was an epitome of vices. But in the murderer's admission there is more than appears at first sight. He went about as low as man can go; but—he never blasphemed.

Now we are not condoning this man's crimes just because there was one other crime that he did not commit. Doubtless he would have committed that crime, too, had it served his purpose. But this is just the point. It did not serve his purpose; therefore he did not indulge in it. There was some reason for robbing other people of their property; there was some reason for committing murder; there was none for the sin of profanity. It was a useless sin, so useless that this criminal ignored it.

It is a useless sin to everybody. In sins of passion there is present a human element, the alluring temptation. In the sin of blasphemy there is no temptation like to these. So certain spiritual writers have called it a sin wholly inspired from Hell. It is the choice sin of the devil who fell, through his crime of blasphemy against the very throne of God.

Many can take a lesson from the above confession. They may flatter themselves that their hands have not been stained with blood; that they are not like the rest of men, unjust, adulterers and this, that, and that; but they will indulge in a sin that has no rhyme or reason for existence—they will blaspheme the name of God.

Thank God, the vice of profanity is becoming less popular. It is no longer considered the smart thing to be able to blaspheme. And when all is said, when a man comes to face eternity and calls for mercy to His God, it is consoling to him even while his many sins are before him to be able to say that he has never reviled the name of the Boston Pilot.

CONVERT NAVAL OFFICERS

The long list of officers on the Union and on the Confederate sides who were converts to the Church makes interesting reading for the Catholic patriot. Here is a list of naval officers, compiled by Scannell O'Neill, which will show what our American navy thought of the Church:

Rear Admiral William Shepherd Benson, U. S. N., chief of the bureau of naval operations; Rear Admiral William H. Emory, U. S. N., (retired); Rear Admiral Franklin J. Drake, U. S. N., (retired), graduate of Annapolis, 1868, became a Catholic in 1912; Rear Admiral Benjamin Franklin Sands, U. S. N., (1811-1885), father of Rear Admiral James Hoban Sands, U. S. N.; the late Rear Admiral William Judah Thompson, U. S. N.; Rear Admiral Stephen Rand (1844-1915), pay director, U. S. N.; Rear Admiral Francis Munroe Ramsay (1835-1914), superintendent United States Naval Academy, Annapolis, (1881-86); chief of the bureau of navigation, (1887-97) etc.; Rear Admiral Andrew Allen Harwood, U. S. N. (1802-1884), great grandson of Benjamin Franklin; Rear Admiral Augustus Henry Kilty, U. S. N., (1807-1879); the late Rear Admiral William R. Kirkland, U. S. N.; the

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late Rear Admiral Samuel Rhoades Franklin, U. S. N.

Commodore Commodore Theodore Hunt, U. S. N., who served under Bainbridge in Tripoli; Commodore John G. Beaumont, U. S. N. (1821-1882); Commodore John Guest, U. S. N. (1821-1879); Commodore Benjamin Franklin Bache, U. S. N., great grandson of Benjamin Franklin, professor of chemistry at Kenyon College, etc.

Other Officers—Captain William W. Low, U. S. N., who became a

Catholic in 1886; Captain Joseph Tarbell, U. S. N. (1773-1815); Commander James Harmon Ward, U. S. N. (1806-1861), instructor at Annapolis, first officer killed in the Civil War; Lieutenant Commander Henry Dinger, U. S. N.; Lieutenant Commander Francis H. Sheppard, U. S. N., graduate of Annapolis, 1863.

The beginning of pride was in heaven; the continuance of pride, is on earth; the end of pride is in hell.—Newton.

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