

The Catholic Record

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

1852

VOLUME XXXVI.

LONDON, CANADA, SATURDAY, APRIL 18, 1914

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THE BETTER WAY

When some rampant bigot, clerical or lay, violates every canon of social amenity and of truth, we are told that such action is regretted by "fair-minded Protestants." This we believe, because our separated brethren are, as a rule, too enlightened to heed the vapors of vulgar ignorance, but why do they not, instead of private regrets, give expression of their sentiments to the public? This mode of action would diminish the number of vociferous individuals and be a factor in the cause of peace and amity.

A SUGGESTION

We learn from the papers that a British suffragette has attempted to destroy the Rokeby Venus, a masterpiece by Velasquez. When brought to the bar of justice the virago flouted the law, to the amazement, we presume, of sober-minded and law-abiding Britons. The National Gallery has now been closed to the public as a measure of protection against frenzied women with hatchets. Perhaps it would be better to give the women the right to vote, and to appoint Mrs. Pankhurst Home Secretary.

PARNELL

In his book "Modern Parliamentary Eloquence," Lord Curzon says Parnell gave an impression of almost daemonic self-control and immutable strength. We once heard Mr. T. P. O'Connor say that his first impression of Mr. Parnell was one of surprise. Judging of him from the ferocious scenes in which he had taken part in the House of Commons I expected to find a man of some vehement exterior and manner. Instead of that I found the tranquil self-repressed, almost icy man who afterwards became so well-known a figure to all the world. I remember on one occasion when he was leading an attack on the Chief Secretary of the day on some points on which he felt very deeply, that one of his most ardent admirers, looking at that grim mouth and hearing that raucous note in the voice, and seeing the erect figure and menacing gesture, declared that he almost gave one the impression of being an invincible—ready to slay his enemies.

"I saw," said Mr. O'Connor, "Mr. Parnell in a restaurant in the Strand. There was a curious set-back on his face—a look brought out to my eyes by the strong chin and the stern mouth, which I observed closely, and understood for the first time. It was just at the moment when coercion was in the air; and when Parnell had to face the possibility of prosecution and imprisonment. That moment always lives in my memory as showing Parnell at his best at an epoch in his inner and outer history when he was still the fearless single-minded political fanatic. 'Yes,' he said in reply to my compliments on his strong appearance, 'I'm in excellent form, quite prepared for five years penal servitude from Buckshot. That was the name by which the late Mr. Forster, then chief secretary, was beginning to be known.'

"On two occasions afterwards I saw him. The one was when I was seeing him in the library of the House of Commons just before starting on his lecturing tour in the United States. He looked the picture of gradually returning health, and his spirits were as sunny as his looks. A few months afterwards, when the split had come, and when I had returned from America heart-sick and despondent, I saw him again in one of the lobbies of the House of Commons and spoke to him for the last time. The change was awful. The cheeks were full and almost bloated; all color had vanished from them: there was a dreadful look in the eye: the whole impression was of a man desperate, reckless, doomed. In a few months after the lonely, proud, unbending spirit was at rest."

SOME TESTIMONIES

Matthew Arnold has told us that Catholicism has, in his opinion, because of its unity, "a great future before it: that it will endure while all Protestant sects dissolve and disappear." Mallock asserts in his "Life

Worth Living" that "the Catholic Church is the only historical religion that can conceivably adapt itself to the wants of the present day without virtually ceasing to be itself. It is the only religion that can keep its identity without losing its life, and keep its life without losing its identity; that can enlarge its teachings without changing them; that can be always the same and yet be always developing."

Huxley regarded the Church as the one spiritual organization that was able to resist the progress of science and civilization—that is, the science and civilization championed by him. Another Protestant writer, H. G. Wells, says in "Anticipations": "There will be a steady decay in the various Protestant organizations. The rich as a class and the people of the abyss, so far as they move toward any existing religious body, will be attracted by the moral kindness, picturesque organization and venerable tradition of the Roman Catholic Church. We are only in the beginning of the great Roman Catholic revival." Draper in his "The Conflict Between Religion and Science," says: "Such is the authoritative demand of the papacy for supremacy that in any survey of the present religious condition of Christendom regard must be mainly had to its acts. Its movements are guided by the highest intelligence and skill. Catholicism has a unity, a compactness, a power which Protestant denominations do not possess. Unembarrassed by any hesitating sentiment, the Papacy has contemplated the coming intellectual crisis. It has pronounced its decision and occupied what seemed to it to be the most advantageous ground." And, as if answering those who, ignoring the deep learning of many of our converts, declare that the Church appeals but to the ignorant, another Protestant authority says: "It is not among the ignorant and vulgar but among the intellectual and imaginative; not by appeals to the senses in worship but by consistency and subtlety of thought, that in our day converts will be made to the ancient Church."

THE DEVIL'S MAXIM

In some of the novels written for an undiscriminating public there is always a hero—a picturesque personage who, clad in fustian or broadcloth, romps through the commandments with consummate alacrity and coolness. He may contribute to the train of impurity, but he shrugs his shoulders with a fine disdain for "conventions," and says airily that youth must sow its wild oats. And curiously enough, some of us who do not dwell in the land of fiction view that statement without any astonishment. Hence a man about town who treads the primrose path of dalliance, can, without protest, lead a virginal maiden to the altar. His money may dazzle the eyes of those who should be the girl's protectors, or, perchance, the girl herself may like any kind of a vicar-corroded husk that is gilded with gold. But, however, youth must sow wild oats as if youth had right beyond question to be free to indulge in iniquity and trample upon the visions, the generosity, the love of the good and beautiful which is the heritage of the young. They who sow in this fashion reap the harvest of tears and sorrow, and that harvest must, however disinclined they be, be garnered by them. They cannot sow shame and expect honor: they cannot sow the seeds of physical and moral degeneration and hope for the flowering of robust manhood. Sowing wild oats is but the maxim of hell to the undoing of many.

OUR CONVERTS

Holy Writ speaks of the little stream of water trickling down from the mountains and becoming a mighty sea without depth and without banks. We remembered the words as we read a letter from England giving news of converts from Anglicanism. But a little stream flowing from darkness to light, is but presage of the mighty river that must, and perchance at no distant date, bear thousands from bondage and disorder into the haven of liberty and peace. Five years ago, for example, the Annunciation Anglican Church in Brighton, England, was filled every Sunday with six hundred people—now it is

practically empty. The Anglican authorities sent one of their most brilliant men, Rev. Mr. Carey, to stem the Romeward tide, but the Annunciation is still empty—a monument to religious sterility and doctrinal mobility. Such a fact should trouble thinking Anglicans. When men of learning and of piety subscribe (and God alone knows at what cost) to the Catholic Church she cannot be the thing that blind zealotry would make her. Rev. Father Hinde stepped out of the pulpit of the Annunciation to find peace of soul in the Church. He is now in Rome making ready to do his part in bringing England back to Peter's House. Others of the Anglican clergymen, who came in with the Brighton movement five years ago, are Rev. Father Shebbeare, at Sutton, Father Prince, chaplain to the Little Sisters of the Poor at Brighton, Father Cocks, who is building a church at Hore, Father Henley, curate of Littlehampton, Father Evans, Rector of St. Joseph's, Brighton.

Converts are coming in, and among the latest is Mr. Arthur Parsons, churchwarden of the Annunciation, who was studying for the Anglican ministry.

THE REFORMATION IN ENGLAND

HEAD OF ENGLISH BENEDICTINES SAYS IT WAS DUE TO A "MERE LOVE AFFAIR" OF HENRY VIII.

Abbot Dom Gasquet, president of the English Benedictines and chairman of the commission appointed by Pope Pius X. to revise the Latin Vulgate, delivered the first of four sermons at St. Patrick's Cathedral, recently, says the New York Times, on "Catholic Principles Abandoned at Reformation." His subject was "The Papacy," and he said that the supremacy of the Pope had been firmly withheld in England, in common with the other countries of the western world, from the very earliest times. He added that, despite what "professional controversialists" might say, it was the love affair of Henry VIII, which made the break away from the Church of Rome. To prove the Pope until the time of Henry VIII, Abbot Gasquet pointed to a profession of loyalty to the spiritual jurisdiction of the Holy See made in 1417 in the Council of Constance by more than a hundred English and Irish bishops. A century before the days of Henry VIII, he said, the Archbishop Chicheley of Canterbury, conjointly with the University of Oxford, wrote to the Pope, "We profess without doubt and from our hearts (that you are) the first and Supreme Pontiff, the Vicar of Christ on earth, and the true successor of St. Peter."

"That this remained the firm and unshaken faith of the Church and people of England and Ireland right up to the final breaking away from Rome we have ample and positive proof," he continued. "Let me cite one testimony. When the teachings of the reformer, Luther, began to find adherents in other lands, King Henry VIII, with the help of the Bishop of himself, composed a book in defense of the sacramental teaching of the Church. This volume was taken to Rome by one of the English Bishops and presented to the Pope in full consistency on Oct. 2, 1521. On behalf of Henry, the envoy in the presence of all the Cardinals and ambassadors made public declaration of the entire loyalty of the English nation to the holy Roman Church and its Supreme Pontiff. 'Let others nationalities,' he says 'let others speak. But assuredly my Britain—my England—has never yielded to Spain, never to France, never to Germany, never to Italy, never to any nearer nation, no, not even to Rome itself, in the service of God and in the Christian faith and in the obedience due to the most holy Roman Church, even as there is no nation which more opposes, more condemns, more loathes this monster (i. e., the Lutheran apostasy) and the heresies which spring from it.'"

"It was for the volume then presented and for the declaration then made that Henry received the title of 'Defender of the Faith' from the Pope. GRAVE EVENTS FROM SMALL CAUSES. "Suddenly and almost as a bolt from the blue, difficulties between the King of England and the Pope began to show themselves. Grave events often spring from slight causes, and, whatever may be said by professional controversialists, there can be no doubt that it was a mere chance at no distant date, bear thousands from bondage and disorder into the haven of liberty and peace. Five years ago, for example, the Annunciation Anglican Church in Brighton, England, was filled every Sunday with six hundred people—now it is

he had had illicit relations, may appear to have been the height of wisdom. Certainly as a result it has had the most disastrous consequences to the English Church. "But this at least all must confess: That the Pope's courageous action is a manifest proof of the impossibility of ecclesiastical authority interfering without right reason with the indissoluble sanctity of a true Christian marriage."

"With royal hands on the throats of his ecclesiastical subjects, according to Abbot Gasquet, Henry VIII, extorted from convocation an unwilling recognition of him as "the protector and supreme head of the English Church." This, said the speaker, was the thin edge by which the cleavage from Rome and the Pope was subsequently effected. This was followed, he said, in 1532, by an act called, "The Submission of the Clergy," which deprived the action and made it promise not to legislate in convocation without the royal license. The next step was the statement of royal supremacy, and all the ecclesiastics were required to make oath that they accepted it. This time, said the speaker, the terms renouncing the Papal supremacy, were not ambiguous, and it was taken with few exceptions by bishops, monastic and capitular bodies and the act of schism was complete. After describing the spoliation of ecclesiastics who refused to sanction the break from Rome, Abbot Gasquet said that the reason that there was not a more radical reconstruction of the Catholic religion in England during the days of Henry VIII, was the fact that Henry was by no means disposed to go the whole way with the innovations of the German Lutherans.

Henry, said the speaker, curious as it may appear, never entirely lost his Catholic instinct and maintained with a strong hand the ancient Catholic teaching in regard to the sacraments and in particular as to the Holy Eucharist and the doctrine of transubstantiation. The reforming party, however, awaited the opportunity furnished by the king's death to make further changes.

"The branch was cut from the tree and disintegration was a matter of time," said Abbot Gasquet. "We, who look back over the centuries and can see for ourselves how the faith has gone on ever since that is still proceeding at a rate which is alarming to those who still cling to the shreds of the religious formularies evolved in the formation of the settlement, may well thank God that we maintain the principle of a supreme authority in religion."

CATHOLICS AT AN ANGLICAN EUCHARIST

The Anglican Bishop of Caledonia, whose diocese appears to be in the north of British Columbia, sends a letter to the Times under the title "A Canadian's View." The substance of the letter was decidedly Catholic, and ran thus: "Roman Catholics at an Anglican Eucharist." The Bishop explains that some years ago, finding himself in Prince Rupert, then a townlet just struggling into existence, he invited all and sundry to come and receive Easter Communion. "The scene on that Easter Day was a memorable one. Roman Catholics, Orthodox, Greeks, Lutherans, Presbyterians, Methodists, Baptists, as well as Anglicans, came. Together we sang most heartily 'The Church's one foundation is Jesus Christ her Lord.' Together we knelt side by side and partook of those sacred elements which, variously interpreted, meant for each and all the Holy Communion, the Fellowship Divine."

The sub heading of the letter told why it was valued. But what was the incident worth? Mgr. Moyes supplied the answer. "The following day in the Times," I presume that the very point which, in the eyes of the advocates, gives value and significance to the Kikuyu Communion is persons from various denominations took part in it while still remaining members—unchallenged and uncorrected—of the religious body to which they belonged. May I point out that from the nature of things this would be impossible in the case of Catholics? By a constituent principle, and by the public teaching of the Catholic Church, any Roman Catholic communicating at an Anglican or any other Eucharist outside the Communion of the Holy See would be guilty of apostasy, and would cease, by the very fact, to be a Roman Catholic. It would only be by repentance and abjuration of their act that they could be restored to membership of the Church's Communion. Moreover, as this is held to be matter not of mere disciplinary rule, but of essential Catholic principle, founded on Divine law, it admits of no interpretation which would allow of any exception in any place, any time, or any circumstances. Hence the effect of such a Communion, as far as a Roman Catholic is concerned, would be not to promote unity, but simply to sever him from the Church to which he belonged."—Tablet.

A ROCHESTER JUDGE'S FINE TRIBUTE

In Canandaigua, N. Y., Jan. 18, Judge John M. Murphy, of the Municipal Court, Rochester, N. Y., made an address before the Holy Name Society, in which he paid an eloquent tribute to the Catholic Church and urged his hearers to lead such exemplary lives that right thinking persons outside the Catholic Church must be forced by the example of Catholic men to realize that the continuous attacks upon the Church are not based upon facts. In part, Judge Murphy said: "The Catholic Church is the architect of all that is worth while in our social life. She is the one institution on earth which can look down the vanished centuries and, gazing upon the glorious memories of man's uplifting struggles, say with truth, 'these are mine.' From the day when she emerged from the catacombs to the hour when the blighting shadows of the Reformation crossed her pathway, she was the one influence in all the world which crushed the passions of men and restrained the ambitions of princes. She it was who found the Roman world two-thirds slave and made it wholly free. She it was who saved ancient learning from the ruthless hands of the barbarian and preserved it for the instruction and enlightenment of the world of to-day. She it is who covered the face of Europe with schools and universities and rescued men from the thralldom of ignorance and superstition. All that is pure, all that is holy, all that is uplifting and ennobling in human life may be traced to the teachings which she has ground into the very souls of men from the day of Pentecost to the hour in which we live. And as she has been in the past, so she is to-day. Look about you, read the story of our country's life in current literature and you will find that she and she alone stands as a well of adamant against attack on the God's sacred laws by the pagan brutality of the hour. But for her philosophy of the world would reign triumphant in America in less than a generation. But for her the philosophy of Voltaire and Rousseau and the time would now be shaping the conduct of men, and the ways of the barnyard and the pigpen would be substituted for the Divine message."

A CONVENIENT SYSTEM

The London Spectator, commenting on the great Kikuyu case, in the Protestant Church of England, says that: "A clergyman cannot make any inquisition as to the religious views of a parishioner who desires to receive a Communion. He cannot ask whether a man's views on theology or morals are consistent with Church doctrine. He cannot enquire whether he belongs to any other sect. All his points are at the world-be-communionist's own risk. The clergyman, again, cannot put him to the question whether he has received the sacrament of the Eucharist, but also to sever the connection with the State."

Which latter many of them are doing severing "connection with the State" and going for orthodoxy where alone it is to be found—in the one fold with one Shepherd.—N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

LO, THE METHODISTS VOTE

The Methodists have voted once again. They arose to do it. The Methodists rose. The Methodists voted. They should have arisen. Their vote called for this. It was a momentous vote, full of truth and charity. Every word of it was true. Every word of it was charitable. No wonder the Methodists rose to vote. The country will be eternally grateful to them. They saved it once again. They have warned Americans of their danger in the nick of time. They discovered America. They were the first to colonize America. What matters it that they did not exist in those days?

They wrenched victory from the British in the Revolutionary War. What matters it that they were a mere handful in those days? They shed their blood more profusely than others in the War of 1812, the Mexican War, the Spanish American War. What matters it that this could not be? They have just conquered a new foe, a new enemy of life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. They rose; they voted. Their vote? Ah! It is momentous; true, too, every syllable of it; charitable, too, every

word of it. Hearken, all! The Methodists rose and voted to depose President Wilson for his offense to Catholics. The Methodists rose and voted to condemn the Catholic press for presumption in putting forward the claim that the Roman Mass is the official celebration of Thanksgiving. The Methodists rose and voted that Catholicism is not an agreement with Americanism. Thus spoke the Methodists in solemn assembly at Ashbury Park, in the State of New Jersey of the United States of America, on the seventeenth day of March (of all days in the year), in the year of Our Lord 1914. The country is now safe. Frowns will disappear from anxious foreheads, wrinkles from wan cheeks. Sleep will become gentle; dreams, sweet.

The President will use his official axe on hapless Papias: the Papiasical press will weep over something it never said; Papias will begin to troop into the Methodists' ranks to put themselves in touch with true Americanism. The difficulty is solved. The Methodists did it. They rose. They voted.—America.

CARDINAL GIBBONS' MESSAGE

The chief thought that should occupy our minds at the advent of the new year is to thank the Lord for the temporal and spiritual blessings that He has bestowed upon us during the last year, both as a nation and as individuals. We should thank the Lord that we are at peace with the whole world and particularly so within our own borders, as we are free from domestic strife.

We should thank Him for the temporal blessings that we enjoy, and for the prosperity that abounds throughout the length and breadth of this great land of ours. Above all, we should thank Him for all the spiritual blessings that He has conferred upon us individually, and it should be our principal resolution to manifest our thanksgiving by a determination to adjust our lives during the coming year according to the principles laid down in the gospel, and with a spirit of charity to all men and hatred to none.—Buffalo Union and Times.

CATHOLICS THE SAVING LEAVEN

Against that systematized, "deliberate propaganda of immorality, of evil and indecency, all presented under the appearance of good," that prevails so widely to-day the Catholic World for March calls upon "every clean, God-fearing soul" to battle valiantly.

"Catholics should be in the vanguard," says our contemporary, "and we may greatly pride ourselves that we have been for through the weekly and monthly press, from the pulpit, the confessional, through organizations of large membership, warning and protest and appeal are constantly going forth. No one has any doubt where the Catholic Church stands, and if any of her children fail in what she asks, they know at least that they are false to her and to her teachings. Publicly and privately Catholics ought to give the most eminent effective help of their personal example, by always standing for the good; by condemning with emphasis the evil. In this matter there is no compromise between Christ and the world. Catholics should generously support first of all those movements, headed by the Bishops of the country, that seek to promote a truer stronger sense of public morality and also as citizens they should give their assistance and active co-operation to all public movements, legislation, etc., which have a like end in view."

Our non-Catholic neighbors and the secular press, it is well to remember, understand far better than we think what position the Church expects her children to take regarding the vile plays, books, magazines and pictures now so lamentably common and whose object is proclaimed in the disgusting cant of the day, to be the "promoting of a right-sex knowledge," "saving the young from ruin" and "uplifting the people. Our best papers, for example, have nothing but praise for the "Catholic Theatre Movement;" they deplore the vogue that salacious literature is enjoying and they are looking forward hopefully to the restoration of the people's sanity with regard to "sex hygiene." If individual Catholics, therefore, are only true to themselves and to their Church's teaching, they will be the onepower in this country that can stay the progress of corruption and save our Christian civilization.—America.

PASTOR RUSSELL'S SERMONS

A daily paper in an Illinois city published for a long time sermons of "Pastor Russell," a quick Protestant minister. Protestant ministers who differed with Pastor Russell objected to the appearance of these sermons in their daily paper without avail. Then came the lectures of Father K. Ostenkoetter, a life patron of Federation, who pointed out to his hearers:

1. Our daily paper is a religious paper; 2. Our daily paper is a Protestant paper; 3. Our daily paper is a Russell paper. These lectures were effective. The editor of the daily paper recognized in Father Ostenkoetter's protest the protest of 15,000 Catholic citizens and the Russell sermons do no longer appear.

CATHOLIC NOTES

The total number of conversions in 12 dioceses in England for the year 1913 is officially given as 6,822.

The oldest academy in Manila was established by Spanish ladies of culture and wealth, in 1659, and is now in charge of the Sisters of Charity. Shortland is commonly considered a recent discovery, but it was taught as early as the fourth century by St. Cassian, Bishop of Bressano, and by St. Genesis of Aries.

A new club for women, and especially converts, started by the Catholic Women's League in Westminster, London, opened its doors at Christmas.

Emperor William of Germany has donated the sum of \$2,000 to the building fund of a church which is to be erected in Brussels, Belgium, for the special use of German Catholics residing in that city.

A church for colored Catholics has been in contemplation for some time in Detroit. A missionary from Africa interested a few people more than a year ago; between \$2,000 and \$3,000 has been collected.

Mrs. Henrietta Nichols Smith, widow of Charles Emory Smith who was at one time Postmaster-General and Ambassador of Russia has become a novice in the Institute of Our Lady of Christian doctrine in New York.

Making lace by hand is a well developed art in Paraguay. It was taught the natives two hundred years ago by the missionaries and has been transmitted from generation to generation until it is now quite general throughout the republic.

In a sermon of the delegates of the Newark conference recently Bishop Luther B. Wilson praised Catholic men for the public reverence they display in removing their hats as they pass Catholic churches. He urged the Methodists to adopt the same practice.

Nuns are following the classes at the great English universities of the Oxford, Cambridge and London. The Sisters of the Holy Child maintain a large house of studies at Oxford. A writer in the London Tablet states that the utmost deference and respect have been paid to nuns attending university lectures.

The Rev. Leonard Allan Corslie, an Anglican minister, who has been received into the Catholic Church, declares that his faith in the "continuity of the Apostolic succession in the English church was finally shattered by reading 'Lollardy and the Reformation,' a work by the late Dr. Gairdner.

Catholic churches, chapels and schools in China are filled with pagans eager to be instructed in the Catholic faith. Converts are counted by the thousands. In Peking last year there were 84,000 converts, and 32,000 pagans are now under instruction. There would be more were there more priests.

In his Lenten Pastoral Cardinal Bourne of Westminster cites the following statistics: The number of those who accept the teachings of the Catholic Church is approximately 301,000,000. Those who while rejecting the authority of the Apostolic See, still claim for themselves the title of Christian are computed at 320,000,000.—Protestants, 170,000,000; Schismatics, 150,000,000.

According to the London Catholic Directory for 1914, the Catholic population of the British Empire in Europe numbers 5,800,526; in Asia, 288,898; in Africa, 498,965; in America, 3,271,358; and in Australia, 1,184,500. The total of the British Empire is, therefore, 11,044,247. The general population is 417,148,000. The Catholic population of the world is estimated at 298,784,825.

Archbishop Riordan of San Francisco, in person formally presented the newly built Newman Hall in San Jose to the Catholic students of the State Normal school recently, and thus was realized a long-cherished ambition on the part of the young ladies, an ambition which but for the generosity of His Grace might have been delayed indefinitely. The structure cost over \$50,000.

The death mask of Robert Emmet, taken by his friend Dr. Petrie a few hours after the execution of the illustrious patriot, is the property of Dr. Thomas Addis Emmet of New York City. Dr. Emmet, a grand nephew of the martyred hero, is now in his eighty-sixth year and is a convert to the Catholic faith. His home is a veritable shrine of the relics of Robert Emmet. Among his treasures are text books used by the young patriot when a student at Trinity College, household belongings of his early home, personal trinkets, a portrait of Anne Devlin and the brief condemning the immortal patriot to death.

AILEY MOORE

SALE OF THE TIMES SHOWING HOW EVILIONS, MURDER AND SUGAR-LAKE PARTISANS ARE MANAGED AND JUSTICE ADMINISTERED IN IRELAND TOGETHER WITH MANY STIRRING INCIDENTS IN OTHER LANDS

BY RICHARD W. O'BRIEN, D. D., DEAN OF NEWCASTLE WEST CHAPTER IX—CONTINUED

Poor Doctor Whately, of the city of Dublin, consumer of £20,000 a year, and writer on many things of which he knows a little, and of some things (e. g. theology) of which he knows nothing, informed his "dear" and reverend friends the other day that his objection to invoke our Lady was not that she had been once on earth, because, he said, that would prevent people from asking one another's prayers—but because, to invoke her, would suppose she was omnipresent and make her a God. And so the angels, when they rejoice "at the conversion of a sinner," are necessarily supposed to be omnipresent; and the Scriptures, therefore, in so speaking of them, give them the attributes of God!

"O fie, Doctor don't attack the Scriptures!" The young peasant has been giving Father Mick strange news, and sad news indeed. He was just come from Kinnacarra, and has had, from sources of information that cannot be denied, the fact of Gerald Moore having been accused of murder, and privacy and complicity with and to the crime of burglary. Everything had been most silently concocted and secretly arranged. Up to the moment he spoke to Father Mick, only two constables had been made aware of the existence of the warrant. A strong guard had been summoned from the barracks at Kinnacarra. The soldiers were expected in two or three hours, and then the most public and most defamatory display was to be made in taking into custody Gerald Moore, of Moorfield. The leading malignant in this frightful movement was Mr. Joyce Snapper; but he was assisted by many as bad as himself. Mr. Salmer was engaged in the conspiracy, and so were Mr. Boran and a girl who had once been, and not long since, in the service of Miss Ailey Moore. Everything was planned most perfectly, and Mr. Moore could not escape a trial. But Mr. Moore had friends—friends that would save him, and could save him, if he liked, though not now. He (the peasant) came to tell the parish priest, in order that the old man's heart might be broken, and to his reverence to get Ailey—the poor child's Ailey—out of the way, when her fine brother would be taken.

It was not surprising that the old clergyman was solem.

Father Mick made a very poor breakfast, as may be very well supposed. Whatever was to be done should be done quickly; and his heart's most warm affection was concerned in the issue. Ailey was to be saved from the scene of arrest, Gerald informed, and the poor old man removed out of the way. So Father Mick brought forth his old mare. No one knew how old she was, not even Father Mick himself. But she had been blind of an eye, and of good sober age, when he bought her, from a widow, to whom he gave treble her price, and ever since, seven long years, the good "old Bess" had borne him, night and day, in rain and sunshine, and never fell or stumbled even once. Bess knew Father Mick, and would follow him like a dog, though she was a large-limbed heavy ungainly brute; and she would trot at the same pace any weather or any hour, and never one inch in a day faster. Bess had fixed the amount of her duty, and performed it; but, like other, strong-headed people whom we know, it was she herself fixed it. Be all this as it may, she matched Father Mick to a "T," and people never thought of stealing her, we feel quite sure, or of even borrowing her, which was some convenience, in fact, some people even talked to Bess, and thought she had a grain or two of sense.

Well, Father Mick gave many injunctions, very many more than usual, about the two altars, viz. the one in the church and the one in the dwelling house. The flowers were to be all changed, and the vases all polished. Then there was a piece of embroidery to be done, and ever so many things about the house, in fact, Ailey laughed outright, and most joyously, at the day's occupation which he gave her. She spoke of "home," but he replied her Father and Gerald should come ever and join them there; and he said, "the other house was her father's, but the house she was in was her own, and she should make Mr. Moore welcome." Many other things said old Father Mick in his own pleasant way, but certainly his voice had lost a certain ring of merriment, and his eye was not half so bright as his kind words; but Ailey did not notice this. For a moment only a moment—she thought he was unwell, and then he banished the apprehension by his leaving. She went on her knees.

"May the great God bless thee Ailey!" he said, "my own Ailey, and teach thee to love Mary thy Mother, and to follow her in everything!" "Amen!" answered the gentle girl. Here the little ones were all between his feet; even Peggy Hyne's baby was got upon its fat knees, and held perpendicular by its fat arms.

"Beneath, ahair!" said one of the girls, who knew how Father Mick loved his own Celtic.

"Oh! Calleen oh—benacht uriv go leir!" "Dear little children, blessing on all of you!" "And you," he said, taking up the little infant—he looked into its blue eyes—"Suffer little children," he said; and having kissed the baby, he left it. He mounted old Bess then, and proceeded on his journey.

It was an interesting thing to make a journey with Father Mick. As the old man jogged along, he had a good word or an inquiry for every one, and every one had a good word for him. The mother snatched her child from the cradle, to bring the wondering little thing to the saddle, and "get the sign o' the Cross" upon it. The little girls were right in the middle of the way, making their "churchys," and looking for medals of their "patroness;" and the men crossed the fields from their work to meet him—old Father Mick—as he passed to have a word of news and a good wish from "Ahair Michael."

As he did one's heart good to see "Ahair Michael," they said, "and there was luck in his word." Many a one would prefer Father Mick's touch on their journeys "to the station," to all the skill of Dr. Creamer, and all the physic in Kinnacarra; and many a one would swear to that same touch's healing efficacy. But of course this is all "superstition" to a body such as Dr. Whately, simply because he cannot comprehend anything, unless a nice house and a good dinner; it is all "folly" to him, as the Cross of Christ was to the Jews.

It was remarked that poor Father Mick was in rather bad spirits; he was kind as usual, but not so hearty. The men said some one in the parish had "gone astray," and the women were angry with some one—nothing to them who the individual might be that "crossed poor Ahair Michael."

The good priest soon arrived at Moorfield, and he was not obliged to await admission. The tread of the priest was familiar in the hall of Moorfield, and his voice was known to every living thing in the house. All the dogs started to meet him, and the servants stood in corners and at the stairfoot to wait his greeting. Old Mr. Moore used to say that Father Mick's visits to Moorfield did more to keep the house in order than all his own authority; for, although he never scolded, his presence preached duty.

As Father Mick trotted up the avenue, he thought of many a happy day, and many a gentle deed which the trees and shrubs had witnessed, and the people who passed that same road so often with joyful hearts and pure ones, and who, perhaps, should be soon "without a place to lay their heads." Poor Father Mick knew everything regarding the ability of the Moores and the turpitude of Snapper, and had done a little to meet the wiles of villainy, but what could he do?

Father Mick had a thousand welcomes from man and beast, and a thousand smiles and requests from the women of the establishment. Everything looked as usual, and poor Father Mick thought it ought not to look so. There stood the clean hall-table, on which lay a black straw hat with broad brim; the clothes-rack kept its place at the foot of the staircase, and the staircase, light-some and open, bore all the marks of care and taste. There is a bust of Gregory XVI. on the first landing-place—a very fine one, of composition, which a friend had presented to Gerald—Gerald was fond of Gregory XVI., in fact, he was proud of him, and the Holy Father was a theme and a hobby of his, for Gerald was a Catholic.

Old Mr. Moore was from home, and Gerald has just come in—how fortunate. The young man soon heard his visitor's voice, and the next moment was with him in the drawing-room. He gently led Father Mick upstairs to his "sanctum," opened the door and asked him in. Father Mick was astonished—everything was packed as for a journey! Gerald put his hands in a bosom pocket and took out a packet, which he placed in Father Mick's hands. He then flung his two young vigorous arms around the priest's neck, and kissed him as though he had become a child again, and embraced him tenderly. Gerald did not weep, nor sob, nor wring his hands; but he was pale, and solemn, and resolute.

"You see, father," he said, "I know all—I have known it for a day, mysteriously; and I could have gone easily gone away; but that would not do."

"No, no!" answered Father Mick. "Much better even to suffer innocently than to be disgraced and to scandalize the world. I may—"

"Oh! I don't talk of may suffer, or can suffer, Gerald, Providence will take care of that. Of course you may—I know you may, alas! I know it too well you may; but it is not God's usual mode of proceeding. The true philosophy, as well as true religion, is to seek for nothing in this world, and 'tisn't our world—our world is to come; but, still, it is not God's way always to put down the innocent under the feet of the guilty, nor even in most cases, and 'twon't be in yours, avic, sure it won't?" And Father Mick's voice was husky when he asked that childlike question.

"Father," said Gerald, "I have grown up at your knee, and so has poor Ailey. I—"

"And God's will be done!" answered Gerald. "My brave young man!" exclaimed Father Mick, passionately, and embracing his young friend.

In about one hour after this interview, Father Mick and Gerald Moore were seen riding side by side into the town of Kinnacarra. Of course the priest was often interrupted in his course, and Gerald, too, had many greetings. As we have said, Gerald was a magnificent young fellow; but mere personal appearance was not a large portion of his advantages. It was the soul which one saw and felt, and which felt—in everything, in every movement of his hand and glance of his eye, in every word and gesture, and which told you that there was deathless energy without passion, and irresistible force without impulse, in the man. Hence, Gerald Moore was a small man's horror—a small man shrunk from him; and he was for the same reason the pride of the noble-minded—they took him as a "representative man."

Kinnacarra was composed of two streets, one of which "fell perpendicularly" upon the other. The slated houses were the police barrack, the hotel, the police constables', and one public-house. The thatched houses were all the remainder. Dungeons were gathered at convenient distances, and a few pigs enjoyed themselves by a quiet roll in the sink; some half starved curs enjoyed their "hunger and ease" in the sun; and two or three cows, apparently without rhyme or reason, were here and there tossing up their noses and lowering, or occasionally charging, any of the curs that felt it a duty to bark at them.

There was a crowd in town to-day. The police-barrack is just midway in the street which has been said to close and cross the other at right angles. On the left, at some distance, is a long, melancholy-looking, hilly road, on the right, a small bridge, sunk in trees and sweet shade. The stream flows on between two woody banks to the sea.

On the bridge is a company of soldiers, and about twenty yards distant are a score of mounted police. The former have "piled" their arms, and are loitering about, but within reach of their revolvers. The latter are standing by the heads of their horses, ready to mount. Country people are in threes, fives, and tens, more or less, according to circumstances, up and down, and every where; while "the peelers o' the place" are stepping just as authoritatively as may be, among all parties and through all places, taking care that there be no "breach of the peace," and no ignorance of their "power and influence." The great crowd of all is at the police-office door, and they all seem waiting an eventuality.

In fact, it is petty session day, and litigants and litigators are waiting for the magistratus.

At a quarter past two o'clock in the afternoon, a carriage appeared in the distance; at the same moment, in another direction, a tax-cab, and shortly after came a gig, holding Joyce Snapper, Esq., attorney at law and land agent, and by his side, Mr. Forde, his familiar demon. Every likelihood possible was there that "justice would be done" that evening.

After a very moment, Mr. Joyce Snapper is deeply engaged with the officers commanding the soldiers and the police. He is impressing upon them, with energy, some duty, and laying down some plan. He stamps his foot, and strikes one hand against the other, and then makes a series of mathematical imaginary lines, not on the ground, but a few feet above the ground, in the air. Very important the looks, and the two officers look down, from under the shades of their caps, the smallest bit in the world of humbug in their attention.

A man approaches Mr. Joyce Snapper—a man pretty well-subspectively dressed; that is, he wore a blue coat, with brass buttons, corduroy breeches, and gray stockings, and he had good brogues on.

"See yoursell the trouble," whispered the stranger in Mr. Snapper's ear. "See yoursell the trouble, hay's an toon. Hay's kem to gie imsell's oop."

"What? eh?" "Mr. Moore's jist gone into the magistratus," said the first speaker. "An' you've better hay'n to the court."

"Gobe!" said Snapper; "Gobe!" he said. "Some one has blabbed, and all that—I say, McCann, who was with him, with Moore?"

"The parish clergyman," answered McCann. "The priest?" "To the d—l with him, and so—" "Mr. Snapper," roared a voice from the police-office door. "Here!" cried Snapper. "I say, McCann," he said, turning to the showman, "keep close to me, every step." And, whispering in McCann's ear, he continued: "McCann, if this criminal get 'justice,' you'll get a golden guinea, and so on. Come!"

"I am with you," said the showman, whose brow bent fearfully as he turned to walk after the land-agent. There was great bustle, but no excitement. The priest and young Moore had gone into the "court;" and seldom they were there. Parson Salmer had gone in, and 'twas odd to see the priest and the parson together. The "sojurs" were in great force, without any apparent reason; and a strange man, or gentleman, a duke, they said, came down with the "Laird," and Mr. High-chin, as the peasantry learned to call the Honorable Hyacinth, whom we know already. These of

themselves created curiosity, but there was no excitement, until Mr. Snapper had disappeared from the street. The soldiers then peached, however. It became known that young Gerald was charged with murder, and that Snapper, McCann, and Forde were the evidence against him. In a few moments the news stole through the crowd. Hands and eyes were raised, and ejaculations and exclamations followed. Onward moved the feeling, and far on every side of the door, was one wedged mass of human beings.

Lord Kinnacarra was on the bench. Beside him, on his left, was Corkoran Kelly, Esq., and on his right the "strange gentleman."

The strange gentleman was fifty, grey-haired, hair closely cut, forehead noble, and appearing as if it would move forward from under the light silver weight. He "the strange gentleman," was pale, and had the most beautiful mouth, and most beautiful teeth, and most musical voice, that could be seen and heard.

The strange gentleman wore a light summer cloth coat with brown buttons, light neckerchief, and white trousers. The strange gentleman also had dark eyes—and, in fact, "struck" every one.

The Honorable Hyacinth was on the "bench," still engaged in curling the moustache—that was to grow—and he wore a glass to his eye; moreover, the glass had gold mounting.

Mr. Salmer was in a seat near the bench, and Mrs. Salmer near the seat, of course. Mr. Snapper was among the attorneys, and with him, Forde and McCann. Gerald and Father Mick were right against the wall, facing the whole assemblage.

There was an under moan—and move, and crush, occasional cries and occasional curses—every minute things were becoming worse, and the crowd more intolerable. The attorneys were writing away, and perspiring profusely.

At length there was a frightful silence—a policeman approached Father Mick—passed him by, and laid his hand upon the shoulder of Gerald Moore.

Gerald bowed—never changed the least in look or bearing; but Father Mick shook.

The court burst into a cheer—like nothing we ever heard; it was a kind of "We're here!" to the young favorite and the pastor.

"The court must be cleared!" cried an attorney. "Clear the court!" cried Snapper. "Anything dangerous?" asked Lord Kinnacarra. "Decidedly, my lord," answered Snapper in a whisper. "Pshaw! no; it's nothing," said the "strange gentleman."

"Why—a—a—really, you see—a—Snapper," cried his lordship. "Yes, my Lord—clear the court!" said Snapper. "O, you serpent!" said a voice. "Put him in jail!" said a voice. "Beauty! arrah! Beauty! sure you wouldn't hide your sweet face?" cried another.

"Jaypurs!" roared some fellow, like a Stentor. "A cheer for Gerald Moore," cried ten voices; and an immense cheer followed. "I shall—I say, Snapper—I shall read the—"

"Riot Act, my Lord!" answered Snapper. "Just so—a—" "Will you allow me, my lord and gentlemen," said the clergyman, stepping forward. Will you allow me to save your lordship and the others any trouble dangerous to you and to the people?"

"The priest—Mr. Quinlivan?" asked the "strange gentleman." "Yes," laconically answered the lord of the soil.

"Boys," said Father Mick, "don't fear for Gerald—God Almighty is with him, and He will bring him through the toils of the bad-minded and the misled. Let everything go on here—Providence will settle it when men are done, and while they're doing it. Pray for Mr. Moore, because I know you love him, and you have good reason; and pray for the old man at home, that never shut his door in the face of the poor; and pray for—"

The old man paused, but the crowd well knew, No one spoke the name aloud, but every one murmured "Ailey Moore."

"Go out," he added—"Go out, a dharvrahtin, every one!" The strange gentleman looked amazed; for in five minutes the court contained only the officials and witnesses, besides the accused and Father Mick.

The reader will not be interested in the details of the conspiracy, for he knows, almost, them all. A servant of Ailey Moore had, the night of the murder, opened the door for Gerald at a quarter before twelve o'clock. Mr. James Boran, who wore a new suit of black clothes, saw him a quarter of an hour before the murder, going in the direction of Lord Kinnacarra's domain. Forde was coming up to the lord's mansion to see Mr. Snapper, when he heard the report of a pistol, and saw a man flying in the dusk; that man he positively swore was Gerald Moore. He, Forde, did not give information before, because he was afraid, until his conscience overcame him, and he knew now that he would not be able to stand the country; and, finally, a handkerchief—a very nice cambric one—was found on the spot of the murder, bearing, in a beautiful lady's hand, the name—"R. Moore, 12," Gerald himself looked a little astonished, not at the charge, but at the individuals who supported it. He

asked himself how he had wronged them, offended them, or in any way crossed their happiness, but he could not remember. On the contrary, three of them he had often served; and the fourth had eaten of his bread for a year or two! 'Twas wonderful!—but "God's will be done!"

Of course, discrepancies and contradictions were found in the testimony; and likely a jury would "tear the web into a thousand fragments," as Father Mick said; but there was a case—a prima facie case—against the prisoner, and he should be sent for trial. The prosecutor (the police) even said, that at the assizes he could produce more, which was not now available; for the present, he thought, there was sufficient.

And so there was. Snapper looked triumphant. Lord Kinnacarra looked big with magisterial importance. Hyacinth looked through his glass. The "strange gentleman" looked flushed and thoughtful. Father Mick was shedding tears.

The multitude was outside the door, talking loud, some cursing, some abusing the court, and many—very many, solemnly anxious.

At length the door opened, and Gerald appeared inside. Perfectly awful was the cheering, and "Thank God! Thank God! Glory be to God! Mr. Moore!"

He bowed just as usual; full of urbanity and of dignity was Gerald's bow! There was another tremendous cheer.

"Friends," he said, aloud, "it is Father Quinlivan's wish, and my prayer, that you immediately disperse—every man, woman, and child. You don't serve yourselves, and you injure us. Let me see how you will obey the man who has been your servant since and before the most of us were born. Trust in God and in the Blessed Virgin Mary."

There was no cheer, but a deep low moan. The poor love God and the Blessed Virgin, His mother. "Now, every one to his own home," continued Gerald.

"Home! home!" cried a hundred voices together. "Thank you! thank you! God bless you; don't fear for me, pray for me!"

And looking behind them, occasionally stopping, but still moving, the mass began to break, and they fell off in little batches, as they were in the beginning of the day; and soon the streets were clear.

"Why?" said the sergeant; but before he could get an answer, little Ned had fallen like one dead at his feet. "Must get—" were his last words.

Little Ned realized his words, "I must get in." The gate has closed upon Gerald Moore.

TO BE CONTINUED

MARY, THE MOTHER OF GOD

A TRUE STORY By Rev. Richard W. Alexander

In my mail one morning, came the following letter addressed to "Rev. Richard Alexander:" Dear Rev. Father:

We are sending to your address a manuscript which was found amongst the papers of the late Rev. J. J. C., pastor of St. James' Church, who died January 11, 1912. Our convent is located in the parish, so they sent it to us, to be forwarded to you, as it was the evident intention of our Rev. Pastor that we should do so. It was written in lead pencil. We have taken the liberty of copying it in ink, and herewith transmit it to your care. That the contents is absolutely true, we know, and we wish to have it published only to show how tenderly God deals with upright souls, who sincerely desire to know the truth. Please do not mention our name, nor the town where the occurrence took place.

Yours in the Sacred Heart, SISTERS OF

I read this letter with interest, and then enrolled the manuscript, written by hands now moulding in the dust. It was with a feeling of reverence that I followed the record of a conversion so full of God's love and mercy, and thought of the joy this good priest felt when he met this ransomed soul so soon after he had brought her to God—so close together were their deaths. This good Father in the far West, remembered how the Missionary scattered abroad such soul stories, and wrote up the account for its pages, little dreaming that he would be among the dead when his true tale would appear in print. God rest his soul! and may this narrative touch many a doubting heart. Here is his manuscript exactly reproduced:

"It was in the afternoon on St. Patrick's Day, in the year 1909. I went to the barber shop for a shave, as I intended to spend the evening with a neighboring priest. While there, my housekeeper sent a messenger to me asking me to come home as soon as possible, as there was an urgent sick call by phone. The call came from a nursing sister of St. Francis, who was at the house of a sick lady, a non-Catholic. She begged me to come at once, saying that the lady was very low; she wanted to be baptized and become a 'Roman Catholic,' and die in the Faith; that this time was a favorable opportunity as her family was very prejudiced, and not thinking her condition as serious as it was, they were absent, leaving her to the nurse's care.

I hesitated a moment, because the location of the residence was beyond the limits of my parish, but the Sister urged me, saying that their parish was German, and that an English speaking priest could handle the case better. I consented, and went to the house, taking with me the Blessed Sacrament. Two Sisters met me at the foot of the stairs, kneeling for the blessing. They whispered to me, that the lady was entirely prepared; instructed, and ready for the Sacraments. I went into the room, and after some conversation, found all as the Sisters had said. The lady was a remarkably favored soul, full of faith, and yearning for the Blessed Sacrament. She was about forty-four years old; came from a wealthy Southern family, was highly educated and cultured, a graduate in music, art, etc. Her religious training was in the High Episcopal Church. She was a zealous church woman—the organist, and a Sunday School teacher. During her residence at times in a village where there was no church she would gather an assembly at her own house, read the Bible, and talk of God to them. She was careful to warn her audience against the superstition and idolatry of the Roman Church, which called her visitor here during her illness—bringing her much consolation, and the 'Lord's Supper.' She noticed that his services were not of the highest Episcopal Rites. Therefore, she suggested to him to bring some candles and 'wafers' from a Catholic supply house nearby, and said that she would be pleased to see her little son act as one of his acolytes. To all this the minister tolerantly acceded.

I asked her many questions; found her well instructed, and quite ready for conditional baptism, for Confession, and reception into the Catholic Church, all of which she ardently desired. Her firm belief in the Real Presence was most remarkable; her one desire was to be a Catholic and receive Holy Communion. When I told her that I had the Blessed Sacrament with me, her joy knew no bounds, and she implored me not to delay. I went to the adjoining room, where the non-Catholic nurse, the two Sisters, and her little son were, and brought them into the sick room, that all might witness the whole procedure. They heard her ask once more for the

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Sacraments, and witnessed my ministrations of the same. When I left her, after a long visit, her heart was full of joy, which manifested itself on her beautiful countenance.

As for myself, I was full of wonder and thanksgiving. When I left the room I asked the Sisters how this strange conversion occurred, and one of them replied as follows: "Father, I will tell you all about it. Surely it is God's mercy, and our Lady. It did not happen all at once. Last May there was a call by phone to our convent saying that at No. 1 on a certain street, there was a sick lady who wished one of the Sisters to come and see her and render her some service, as just then she could not get a suitable nurse. I was sent. At first went there three or four times a week. Soon she obtained a nurse. After that, I went only when she sent for me. She seemed to like me, and said she looked anxiously for my coming. Nearly always we conversed on religious subjects, especially on Holy Communion, and our dear Blessed Mother. I taught her the 'Hail Mary,' and gave her a medal. One afternoon she was very much depressed. Her minister had brought 'Communion' to her that morning. She had told him how devout her feelings were after receiving. To which he answered: 'You must not think that this is Transubstantiation, or what Romanists call the Real Presence; it means only a remembrance of the Body and Blood of Christ.' She was startled, and told him she always received fasting, because she believed she received Christ's true Body and Blood. Then he said if she believed that, she was very near being a Roman Catholic, and she would be a traitor to her Church if she ministered to her by saying that her minister told her truth: that what he brought her was not Christ's Body and Blood; that the Holy Catholic Church alone has the Real Presence of our Lord, and that our priests alone can give real Holy Communion to the faithful, and bring it to the sick, etc."

"For a moment, I felt that my emphatic words shook all the religious principles in my poor listener. She burst into tears, and said: 'Sister, you must tell me more; and I want her to hear what you believe about the Virgin Mary. I did not say much more, but we sent her Catholic literature. The Faith of our Fathers; Truth, and the Missionary from the Apostolic Mission House, Washington, D. C. She also read Rev. Richard Alexander's Note Book of a Missionary. The Missionary particularly penetrated her with the deepest reverence for Rev. Father Doyle and his noble missionary priest-writers. Still, human pride and prejudice would not yield to grace. She refused to open her heart to a Catholic theologian for fear he might convince her of the 'terrible truth!'"

"After she read those precious articles in Truth written by Rev. Wm. McGarvey in September and October, 1908, viz.: 'What is the real difference between Catholics and Protestants?' she became very uneasy, and consulted her minister. His answer did not satisfy her troubled soul. Shortly afterwards he was called to another pulpit, and he never visited her again.

"When her friends found our literature in her hands they said with horror that she was on treacherous ground. They begged her to throw away these books, as deadly poison; not to allow the serpent to tempt her from the religion of her youth, or she would lose God's grace and her immortal soul."

"Recounting this to me, she said that she was so full of doubt and anxiety that she could no longer pray, except the little prayer I taught her—'Hail Mary full of grace.' It is always sweet to her. She wanted to know more about the Blessed Mother, yet was afraid to give herself up to grace. She thought she would wait until her health improved. We redoubled our prayers for her in our convent, for we had become deeply interested in her."

"After Christmas she asked me to help her to prepare for a journey South to a private Protestant hospital to which her husband had been advised to take her, and place her under the care of a specialist. She wrote, and that evening, I complained to our dear Blessed Mother: 'Are you going to allow this soul to be lost?' I said to our Lady, 'Dear Mother Mary, we are praying our hearts sore for that soul, and you are allowing her to go to a Protestant hospital to die! Now, you must take care of her!' And our Lady surely did."

"After some weeks the patient was brought home. The special treatment was a failure. She sent for me at once, but I did not go until to-day—the 17th of March. I knelt at the side of the bed clasping her cold hands in mine, for I saw she was near the end—and she whispered this story to me: 'Dear Sister, you are right; you have been right all along. I believe in all the doctrines of your Church; I have long since known them, but my pride kept me back until our sweet Blessed Mother came to my assistance!'"

"I started; for devotion to Our Lady was one of the points that made her stumble. She went on: 'I don't know whether it was a dream or a vision, or what; but one morning about 9 o'clock, I was lying awake on my bed. I was alone, and perfectly conscious. The March sun was coming through my window, when all of a sudden a beautiful lady was standing close to my bed, leaning a little forward towards me, looking at me. I could not utter a word. Her eyes were like brilliant stars. It is impossible to describe her. She was more than beautiful—graceful,

majestic. Something that could not be imagined in this world. She said in a sweet, low voice, 'I am the Blessed Virgin Mary'; then: 'and I am the Mother of God! My Son does all things.' She paused—and I cried: 'Mother! Mother! I want to belong to you—but she was gone! She did not come in by the door, nor did she go out that way. I did not see her come or go.'"

"The patient then pleaded for me to send for the priest as soon as possible. She wanted to be baptized a Catholic and receive the Sacraments. Our Lady had extinguished her pride, and God's grace overflowed her soul. This is the way, Father, it all came around."

Thus ended the Sister's narrative. The priest's manuscript continued: "Now, Rev. Father Alexander, I need not tell you this was the happiest St. Patrick's Day of my life. This favored soul lived only a few days. I was called to her bedside once more and she breathed forth her pure spirit with these words on her lips: 'My Jesus, mercy!'"

WHAT KEEPS PROTESTANTS OUT OF THE CHURCH

PRIDE OF HUMAN REASON AND IGNORANCE OF CATHOLIC BELIEF AND PRACTICE SAYS ARCHBISHOP MANNIX

The Most Rev. Dr. Mannix, Coadjutor Archbishop of Melbourne, Australia, preaching recently from the text "and other sheep I have that are not of this fold; them also I must bring, and they shall hear My voice, there shall be one fold and one Shepherd." (John x, 16), said: "The Church of God was to be one fold. But outside the Catholic Church there exists, not the unity of a single fold under one Shepherd but the chaos and confusion of shepherds innumerable, calling to sheep that they will not follow. I speak not merely of the confusion and discord between the different sects of different nations but of that existing between the sects of the same country and between those who, because they were born into the same sect rather than from any unity of religious conviction, sit side by side upon the benches of church or chapel. They may be, and many of them are, earnest, zealous, pious people, but they are 'other sheep' who are not of the fold of Christ. That pride which prevents people from accepting the infallible authority of the Church instead of their own private judgment is one of the chief, if not the greatest obstacle, to conversion from Protestantism.

"Of course, there are other obstacles, and very serious ones. There is among Protestants an appalling ignorance of what Catholic belief and practice is. We live in the midst of them, and for the most part they are good neighbors, as we say, and friendly. But they know very little about our religious belief. They see that we go to church more regularly, indeed, than they do, and that we abstain from meat on certain occasions, and that we are, therefore, troublesome guests to provide for on a Friday or a fasting day. They know very little else about our faith. With many of them, almost all, the rest is mere suspicion and error. They have an uneasy feeling that we give divine worship to the Blessed Virgin Mary, to the saints and even to images; that we buy pardon for sin in confession; that we can take out a license to commit sin by paying for indulgences; that we immure nuns in prisons which we call convents and keep them there against their will; that we believe that the Pope cannot commit sin, and that he can bind us to accept any teaching he pleases in religion, astronomy, politics or any other science. Is it any wonder that they do not flock into the Church? If the Catholic Church were what they think it to be, they would assuredly be bound to keep far from it.

BORN WITH THEM, AS IT WERE "But, you will ask, why do they not seek information? Why do they not open their eyes to facts around them on every side? In many cases not in all, it is because prejudice against the Church has been born with them, as it were. From their very earliest years many of them have been taught to distrust and hate priests and nuns and to abhor what they think to be Catholic faith and practice. Very often, apparently, that is the only religious instruction which children are started in life. That is a definite creed, easy to teach and to learn. Other teaching in the sects is not so readily formulated or assimilated. When these children grow up the case against the Catholic Church is already prejudiced, and finally decided. It seldom occurs to them to examine the ground of their preconceived view, or to hear what the Church has to say for herself. Or, if such a thought does enter their minds, they at once banish it as a temptation or a foolish suggestion. For we can only pray that the blindness of time may be hastened, that the light may shine in darkness, that the Church may be seen in her own

colors and that within her fold all those who seek the truth may at length find the peace and joy and rest that belong to the true believer.

THE PROTESTANT MIND REBELS AGAINST AUTHORITY

"Even though the mists of prejudice and ignorance regarding the Church were dissipated, there would still remain the difficulty of submitting to the authority of the Church. The revolt in the sixteenth century began in pride, and its strongest bulwark to-day is in the unbending pride of human reason. Men will not humble themselves to hear the Church. Religion, they say is a matter between each man and his Maker. They can, they say, judge for themselves. They do not object to listen to the discourse of a preacher in a Protestant church. He may have strong, definite views and he may try to enforce them with argument and eloquence. But there is no binding or compelling authority; it is understood on both sides that each member of the congregation is free to accept as much or as little as he pleases. With the Catholic Church it is quite different. She does not commission her spokesmen to teach a number of doctrines which men are free to reject, or from which they pick and choose as they might choose from the programme of an absolute party. She demands an absolute, unquestioning assent to each and every truth which she teaches to be a part of the divine revelation. This is what the Protestant mind rebels against.

THE ESSENTIAL DIFFERENCE

"I will allow no man, the Protestant says, no priest, or Pope to come between me and God. The Bible is enough for me. This attitude brings out the essential difference between the Catholic and the Protestant system. Is every man to go direct to the Bible and spell out his own creed or is he to go, rather, to the Church and sit at her feet, while she teaches him revealed truths, not merely from the Bible, but from the traditions that she claims to have brought down without a break from the days of Our Divine Lord and His Apostles? The Catholic Church merely continues teaching the gospel which Christ and His Apostles followed at the foundation of the Church and in the early years of Christianity, and her system is not merely consistent with what we read in the Bible and with what we know of the method used by Christ and the Apostles, but it has been proved by nearly two thousand years' experience to be the one and only system that could maintain intact that purity and unity of doctrine which was to be the mark of the true Church in all ages, and even when it had spread among the nations of the earth.—St. Paul Catholic Bulletin.

THE SAINT OF LISIEUX

THE CONVERSION OF A PROTESTANT MINISTER THROUGH THE "LITTLE FLOWER OF JESUS"

Few of the many conversions attributed to the influence of *Sœur Therese*, the "Little Flower of Jesus," are more striking than that of Rev. Mr. Grant, formerly United Free minister of Lochranza in Argyre. The clergy of the Established and Episcopal Churches of Scotland have already contributed their distinguished quota to Rome; but between the Free Church and the Catholic Church the gulf is deeper, and no one had dared to cross. It was therefore no small triumph for the Little Flower that she should open the eyes of a member of the United Free ministry, says the *Louisville Record*. Mr. Grant is far from young, and is also a scholar, circumstances which enhance her victory. His letter is addressed to Mother Agnes of Jesus, the Prioress of the Carmel of Lisieux.

Warrender Park Terrace, Edinburgh, April 23, 1911.

Dear Reverend Mother:—It is now some eighteen months since I first made the acquaintance of an English translation of the Autobiography of Sister Teresa of the Child Jesus. I opened the book here and there, and was at once arrested with the beauty and originality of the thoughts; I found there had fallen into my hands the work of a genius as well as of a theologian and poet of the first order. Returning to the first page, I read the book from cover to cover. The impression proved as lasting as it was extraordinary. Although at this time and for months afterwards, I was diligently exploring the fog-land of rationalism, my mind being steeped in its literature, this sweet and beautiful soul refused to quit me. She would hang lovingly about my path, and when I still persisted in pursuing this perilous course, she would raise the alarm, saying: "This is the way to the Abyss. This way leads to death." How often during those dark and lonely and hopeless days, in which the supernatural was fast fading from my mind, would she plant herself in my path and demonstrate, while repeatedly thoughts of her own lovely character would flash upon me, and the words ring through my soul: "Can rationalism be true, and a life of such beauty and sweetness a lie? My inmost soul recoiled with a negative. I felt that if human life had any meaning and purpose, the life of this saintly Carmelite must have its meaning and goal.

This was, I believe, the turning point in what I slowly realized to be a most dangerous journey. After traveling for months through the quagmire of scepticism, I began at the appealing voice of the saint of Lisieux to withdraw from its unhealthy atmosphere. I gradually lost confidence in its reckless conclusions: its doctrines became more and more distasteful to me, especially after reading the complete French life of the Little Flower. It was while working my way back to something like solid ground that a new edition of *L'Histoire d'une Ame*, had been issued. I at once procured a copy, and as I afterwards learned, this turned out to be on the very day a novena to *Sœur Therese* had been finished by some friends on my behalf. I read the book, and found myself as deeply fascinated as when I first perused it. Never since my boyhood, when I conversed one night with God, did I experience "the powers of the world come," as I did when going through that wonderful autobiography. On that occasion, I will remember, while thus occupied, the veil of the Unseen seemed as if suddenly drawn aside, and I experienced an indescribable sense of some one very close to me. No language can express the consciousness of the moment; it was so vivid, so delightful, and withal so unexpected and mysterious; but I could as little doubt that this was the angelic Saint of Lisieux as I could doubt the fact of my existence, I almost worshipped her; she seemed to me so amiable, so beautiful. Then I would thrust away from me every thought of her, accusing myself of superstition and idolatry. It was in vain; she would return, and I was refusing to quit me, and saying: "Choose my little way, for it is sure." "Well, Little Flower," I replied, "I will try to follow your counsel, if you help me; for never, since the day I knew you, has my soul ceased to sigh after your way, so beautiful and so divine."

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a most dangerous journey. After traveling for months through the quagmire of scepticism, I began at the appealing voice of the saint of Lisieux to withdraw from its unhealthy atmosphere. I gradually lost confidence in its reckless conclusions: its doctrines became more and more distasteful to me, especially after reading the complete French life of the Little Flower. It was while working my way back to something like solid ground that a new edition of *L'Histoire d'une Ame*, had been issued.

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This brief sketch but very imperfectly expresses the impression which your angel produced on my heart. It is sufficient however, I hope to explain why it was that from this time the Communion of Saints, as a grand and inspiring reality, became with me a settled conviction. From this date, I began to ask her intercession in my behalf, though at first, being a Protestant minister, I had to battle with my prejudices. One day at my morning devotions when about to invoke her, she said to me abruptly: "Why do you ask me to pray for you while you ignore the Blessed Virgin?" The words surprised me, as I was not at the moment thinking about the Blessed Virgin; but I saw the inconsistency at once, and invoked her also. The promptitude of the response astonished me. Instantly my soul was flooded with a love for the Mother of God as unexpected as it was extraordinary. My prejudices vanished, and I no longer doubted it was right to treat Our Lady as a child caresses her mother.

Not yet, however, did I contemplate entering the Catholic Church. At this date—I think some time in February of the present year—such a step was far from my intention, for many reasons, and among them this: that I was yet crassly ignorant of the teaching of the Catholic Church. Moreover, there was every prospect that but for "The Little Flower of Jesus" I should remain in this ill-informed state of mind; for though I sometimes dipped into Catholic books, it was not with the object of discovering the exact nature of its teaching, but only to find matter for arguments against it. The influence of *Sœur Therese*, however, awakened in me a genuine interest in the whole question of Catholicism, setting me to the study of it with an open mind and with no little seriousness. The result was that at last the light of conviction dawned, and I was constrained in the teeth of life-long prejudices and many dislikes to bow to an authority which I felt to be Divine.

It would be beside the purpose to recount the arguments through which this conviction came. It must suffice now to say that, after a short period of instruction, I was at length received into the Church on April 20, taking for my baptismal name that of my celestial guide and saviour under Christ—Francis Maria Teresa. Meanwhile, how can I ever sufficiently prove my gratitude? To her I undoubtedly owe the joy of the faith. But for her I should still be an unhappy Protestant wandering in the night. But for her I should never have lent an ear to Catholic truth, and never have considered it deserving of a clear and immediate mother for protection and direction. As a valuable aid in the study of one's vocation, it is suggested to all desiring to enter the religious state to

I should esteem it a great favor, dear Rev. Mother, if you would be so good as to publish the immense grace of which I have been the recipient, so that the necessary power of the Saint of Lisieux may become still more widely known, and that others may by her means be led to a knowledge of the faith. Be so good also, dear Reverend Mother as to accept my most grateful thanks for your kind interest and prayers. Continue to intercede for me that I may be able to understand more and more the doctrines of my heavenly Guide and follow in her "Sure Way" to the happy goal. F. M. T. GRANT.

On May 21, 1912, Mr. and Mrs. Grant—likewise a convert to the faith—left Edinburgh to settle in Alencon, in the house where their benefactress was born, 42 Rue St. Blaise.

THOUGHTS ON ONE'S VOCATION

Many a boy and girl, bright, happy and good, as well as excellent young men and women, become a prey to anxiety, doubts and annoyance when confronted with the question, "What is my vocation?" Generally, this is a consequence of misplaced confidence. These promising young people, blessed with pure and generous hearts—ready to respond to every noble impulse of their nature—repose a child-like confidence in the direction of elders and frequently submit their troubles to persons unqualified to direct, not knowing the ways of God, and possibly controlled by selfish motives and oblivious to the sacred rights of friendship. As a result they are placed upon a wrong road of thought and aspiration; life is rendered for them unhappy, aimless, dangerous; they are rendered "fit for nothing," a drag and a drudge for a time, and possibly lost for eternity.

For the benefit of such, the writer requests the pleasure of presenting a few thoughts, thoughts that may be most helpful and suggestive. God, as a most loving Father, takes an interest in the welfare of His children, and has determined the part every one is to hold in this world. This part is to be recognized by certain signs or marks. When God calls a person to the religious state He in infinite goodness gives him the necessary physical, intellectual and moral qualities required to accomplish the end for which He calls. Thus if the person desires to enter a teaching order, he should possess the capability of acquiring to the desired instruction and training; if he exists, he may be assigned to one of the many temporal employments connected with the teaching orders, where valuable service may be rendered to the community.

With the possession of professional qualifications, a person called to the religious life must have a desire and inclination for that state; the general current of his feeling and affection should drift toward a particular institute; he must desire to lead there a holier life; to please God, save his soul, do more good, avoid the dangers of a worldly life. The religious state is not to be entered to comply with the desire of parents or in search for honors, pleasures and wealth. A wavering in one's desire or intention to enter a brotherhood or sisterhood, as well as a want of money, is no indication that the call does not come from God. Certainly, legitimate doubts may arise, as the care of aged parents, personal debts, ill health, weak minds and too scrupulous conscience. By referring the case to the confessor, accompanied with a sincere prayer to the Sacred Heart, one has every reason to presume upon receiving consolation in troubles and wisdom in direction.

Some chosen souls fear to annoy the confessor with such matters—matters unhappily, which they underestimate as to consequences for themselves and others. They hesitate to approach a devoted teacher, an affectionate parent, a zealous priest on the subject of their vocation, anticipating that they may be considered as over-rating their worth, their piety or goodness of heart, aiming too high in their aspirations. To act in such a way would decidedly be a great mistake and a very false step, a step that might work irreparable ruin to one's future happiness and deprive the religious state of a very efficient member. Helped by the prudent and wise direction of a confessor or, some great sinners were converted, became the chosen flowers in the garden of sanctity within the monastic or convent walls. Parents and Catholic teachers are most happy, when consulted, to give the encouraging word, the honest advice, to the young so willing and generous for the interests of the Sacred Heart, the Catholic education of youth. It is of special importance in consulting the confessor to make a clear and honest statement of facts. It is advisable not to make many the repository of one's motives, views and intentions respecting the religious state under consideration; better consult the few, well informed and well capable of giving proper direction.

Pre-eminently necessary is earnest and fervent prayer in this most important affair—one should go often to confession, approach the holy table frequently with the permission of his confessor, and beg the Sacred Heart and our dear Mother for protection and direction. As a valuable aid in the study of one's vocation, it is suggested to all desiring to enter the religious state to

write to a member representing the community of one's choice for a small book of instructions—many sisterhoods and brotherhoods are provided with booklets of this nature.

A piously inclined person, with a cheerful disposition, happy heart, disposed to obey and having the desire to enter the novitiate upon trial, will certainly receive a warm and gracious welcome to any religious community—the religious state is not intended to be the anchoring ground for the world's wrecks and hard to please," for the sour hearts and gloomy faces.

If it be a noble calling to educate the heart and intellect of the young, to shape the future of a country by molding youth according to the principles of religion and morality, preparing the young for the responsibility of life and happiness beyond the grave, it is pre-eminently a calling most pleasing to God and one of merit and glory for heaven.—Catholic Bulletin.

AN EVIL HABIT

(Excerpted by Editorial Writer.) "Prominent church worker." That was a conspicuous subhead in a news article about a trusted official who went wrong. Somebody had taken a copy of the newspaper and had drawn red lines about the item. "The church is full of hypocrites" the red lines said, in a nasty effort to spread the old slander. The church is not full of hypocrites. For every "prominent church worker" who goes wrong, there are a hundred—yes, five hundred—crooks and criminals who hardly know what a church is, and who have been battling against religion all their miserable lives. Religion, be it Catholic, Protestant or Jewish, does not make malefactors. If, here and there, a church man does go wrong, it is in spite of the religious influence. Besides there is no organization on earth devoted to good works which can guarantee the character of all its members. There are wolves in sheep's clothing everywhere.

It is a sorry weakness of the human being that he "falls for" such attempts to besmirch good institutions and good men by holding up the good pretensions of men who go wrong. Dr. Toqueville, the famous Frenchman whose travels in America are still fine reading, spoke of a "depraved passion for equality in this country, which vented itself in trying to bring other people down to the level of those who were not their equals." There is a good deal in that. And that is a good deal the trouble with those slanderers who are forever trying to ridicule a good cause, or good professions, or to bring reproach upon associations, or communities, or races of people.

It is not only the church that suffers. Frequently we see items in the newspapers that a "prominent Mason" has gone wrong or a "prominent Elk," or a "prominent Pythian." If a German, or an Irishman or a Jew who has been prominent, or a "prominent county official," or a "leading charity worker" does something wrong—there is a disposition to pronounce upon everybody connected with his good works and to endeavor to reflect some of his blame upon his associates.

It has got to be second nature with some newspaper men, more's the pity. They set down his good associations as they can, out of regard for the old habit. They do it without thinking. And yet they are doing it because there has always been a yellow streak in human nature. That is why some people rejoice in the downfall of other persons who have by word or deed made some pretension of doing good.

It is about time to call a halt on this barbarous attempt to besmirch good organizations and the good people connected with them. There is no demand for it any more. Nobody in his right mind wants to see the church or any of the lodges, or the nationalities of our people made to suffer for the misdoings of an unworthy person.

Are we not big enough to stand upon our merits without trying to drag somebody down? Let us lay down a general proposition: The man who is forever crying "hypocrite" and trying to bring some good person or organization into disrepute is himself pretty low in the scale of life, and is trying to make himself the equal of his betters by pulling them down to his plane.—Dayton News.

A SEASONABLE HINT

"Christian people," says the Catholic Columbian, "give something to God in the person of the poor. Put a quarter, or a dollar, or a dime, or a nickel into the poor-box every Sunday. Give according to your means but give regularly, every week, as a matter of duty. What you give to them for God's sake, you give to Him. He will take it as if given directly to Himself and He will repay you. He is a generous Master and He will not be outdone in liberality."

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LETTERS OF RECOMMENDATION. Apostolic Delegation. Ottawa, June 15th, 1905.

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

University of Ottawa, Ottawa, Canada, March 7th, 1900. Dear Sir—For some time past I have read your estimable paper The Catholic Record, and congratulate you upon the manner in which it is published.

LONDON, SATURDAY, APRIL 18, 1914

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS

Subscribers will please take notice that hereafter, by order of the post-office department, letters containing currency of any kind, silver or bills, must be registered.

THE POWER OF THE PRESS

The popular limitation of the term "press" to the daily and weekly journals is, of course, not strictly correct. But in a sense the popular instinct is accurate enough.

"Democracy" is in so large a measure a delusion that it gives point to the cynical sneers of some writers; it is, however, in spite of its obvious limitations, a tremendous fact and a stupendous force.

In spite of appearances and popular beliefs the Catholic Church is the greatest friend of democracy; in fact the greatest democratic influence; in fact the Catholic Church is the author of real democracy.

Gladstone is dead; but the great majority of the reading world feel themselves contemporary with the great statesman whose life filled so large a part of the last century.

Just think of it. The press, the defender of public rights as well the moulder of public opinion, controlled by a man who is vitally interested in this franchise!

Le Devoir consistently advocates a law compelling newspapers to publish the names of its stockholders. Perhaps it might be possible to evade such a law.

imposts was to make it difficult for anybody but a capitalist of great means to produce a paper at all. No journal could come into existence until it satisfied the authorities that it was able to meet the enormous taxation imposed.

Gladstone in 1860 abolished the duty on paper. But the "gigantic innovation" brought his dwindling majorities in the final stage down to nine.

Our school-day conception of the history of England is a good deal like our misconception of the struggle of the "Plebs" against the "Patricians."

Naturally the Lords rejected Gladstone's measure. Cheap paper, they declared, would flood the country with abominable newspapers spreading everywhere the doctrines of anarchy and profligacy.

But this little retrospect is only to bring our readers to look on present day conditions with understanding sympathy. If you are of those who believe that "the people" really rule, that democracy is such an established and incontrovertible fact.

Do you not see that very similar conditions obtain to-day as obtained a half century ago?

The municipal elections in Montreal were illuminating. Our readers know how one man has dominated the newspaper situation there. It really does not matter whether it is true or not that he is interested in the Tramways—the Montreal Street Railway situation.

Just think of it. The press, the defender of public rights as well the moulder of public opinion, controlled by a man who is vitally interested in this franchise!

The people of Montreal, all things considered, did well in the recent elections. But why? Because they knew the newspaper situation. Doubtless thousands were influenced by the papers they read in spite of the fact that they should have known better.

That is not our point. It is plainly and vitally important that the reading public—everybody—should know who are behind the papers which largely form their opinions on matters of public interest.

But let us know who are behind our newspapers so that the people may judge of the value of their advocacy of certain projects. Democracy will become a mockery and a sham if the privileged few are allowed to deceive and humbug the busy, reading people.

We are struck with the absolutely logical argument of Le Devoir that if a law be necessary to make public the subscribers to political campaign funds, a thousand-fold more necessary, advisable and desirable is a law to make public who control the newspapers which imperceptibly but inevitably fould their boasted mission of "moulders of public opinion."

THE TREND OF THE TIMES

London, April 3.—George Bernard Shaw thinks that child bearing ought to be a paid profession. He told a meeting of the Fabian Society to-night that if he were a woman his fee for becoming a mother would be £2,000 (\$10,000).

On the stage, in the press, on the platform, in books, everywhere, we hear such utter and nauseating rubbish as the foregoing. It is literature, it is art, it is advanced thought.

One alarming feature of it all is the revival of the pagan idea of the "State." If the "State" has such absolute rights as some of our non-Catholic writers are willing to concede to it, nay, pugnaciously claim for it, then when the Socialists are in the majority we may have a law which will give practical effect to the ravings of a George Bernard Shaw.

THE UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO

Toronto University has an emergency. It wants another million. It is not about time that the people of Ontario asked themselves if it is wise to try to concentrate all higher education in the University of Toronto? We have again and again pointed out that in secondary education class did better work than a neighboring 30,000-dollar Collegiate Institute.

"THE ULSTER SCOT"

"Scotch-Irish" is a term pretty nearly laughed out of existence. But ignorance is a hardy perennial. A word or two about the "Scotch-Irish" or "Ulster Scots" may be instructive to some of our readers. Ulster was "planted" by English and Scotch in the reign of James II. The "Plantation of Ulster" is an historic term; it is more, it is an historic fact.

But the Scotch were the descendants of the Irish who, many generations before, had emigrated from Ireland, indeed from Ulster to Scotland. Read Mrs. J. R. Green's historical Irish studies. She is the widow of Professor John Richard Green. An impatient subscriber some time ago wanted to know all about Mrs. Green and where he might procure her books.

The Earl of Dunraven, a decent Protestant Irishman, says in an article in the Nineteenth Century:

"The sense of affinity of race was so strongly felt that when in 1641 a desperate effort was made by the dispossessed to recover their lost lands, discrimination was made in favor of the Scotch" (the descendants of the Irish emigrants).

In England, a man is English, even though he be descended from the Danes, or the Normans, or the Saxons, or the Celts. But in Ireland the returned Scot is Scotch Irish

after three centuries of Irish residency!

The "Ulster Scots," the Protestants of the North, the "Scotch-Irish," are our brothers. And old men will live to see that orange and green, North and South, will "brithers be for a that."

"TWO AND TWO MAKE FOUR"

Mr. Bird S. Coler, the author of "Two and Two Make Four," said recently in regard to Dr. Elliot's new creed: "What effect on so moonshiny a thing as Dr. Elliot's most recent day dreams have on the heart of a man? What moral value has it? Can you take it among the gangs that infest our city and teach it to them? Can it restrain a single evil possession or quicken into beneficial activity a single generous instinct? Will it make the oppressed less sullen and revengeful or the oppressor less cruel and grasping? How can he prove it; how can any one of these system makers prove his system? By no test imaginable does it show value. Strike the old faith on human conduct and it rings true; but this base amalgam of pseudo-science and sentimentality rings in life like a ten cent piece."

When a Catholic editor ventures a word of advice or arraigns a tendency that some people would have sacrosanct he is designated as hopelessly out of date. For instance, we sometimes call attention to the ever-increasing number of undisciplined boys and girls. No one can deny the fact that many children are permitted to be guided by wayward fancies, to be the victims of self-will and to have their pertness and disobedience, mis-called independence, condoned and overlooked by parents who seem to have parted with common sense.

Ulster is not the educated province despite our correspondent's contention. The percentages of persons over five able to read are (1901 census) Leitner 83, Munster 81, Ulster 78, Connaught 72. In 1910 the number of illiterate voters in Ulster was 12,995 as against a total for the other three provinces of 9,510.

Neither is Ulster the wealthy province. It is poorer than Leitner, and very little richer than Munster. The rateable valuation per head is higher in no less than 13 counties in Leitner and Munster than in the highest county in Ulster (Co. Down). By provinces the figures are Leitner £4. 8. 9. Ulster £3. 9. 8. Munster £3. 4. 8. Connaught £2. 5. 1.

Ulster is not the prosperous province. Belfast has increased in population, the 9 Ulster counties have decreased over a million in fifty years. The diminution of population, strange to say, is greater in Ulster than in the other 3 provinces, and greatest in the Unionist counties, of Antrim and Down.

We have no further time to devote to Mr. Heeslip. His entire letter is nothing but a collection of like inaccuracies. So here we leave him happy in his hallucination. Some day he may wake up to the fact that Ulster means nine counties, five of which are intensely Catholic, two about evenly divided, and only two intensely Protestant, and that a majority of the elected parliamentary representatives of Ulster are Home Rulers. It is no use arguing with fanatics of this kind. The only thing to do is to follow Cardinal Gibbon's example, and pray for them.

ULSTER AS SHE IS—NOT

Our attention has been drawn to a letter in the Vancouver Daily Province purporting to tell the truth about Ulster. Perhaps the writer believes it to be truth, for there is no limit to the credulity of the average Orange fanatic. Ireland has been so much in the limelight of late that one would naturally expect a little glimmering of the truth to have penetrated the most dense, but apparently Wm. J. Heeslip of Vancouver has so far learned nothing—and forgotten nothing.

Ulster, says Mr. Heeslip, refuses to be placed under the despotic rule of an Ancient Order of Hibernians' Parliament created by legislation which has not behind it the authority of the majority of the electors. If the majority of the electors of the United Kingdom are not in favor of Home Rule, then the major-

ity of Englishmen, Irishmen, Welshmen and Scotchmen must be fools, for at the last election the Unionists proclaimed from the house-tops that the first use the Liberals would make of the Parliament Act would be to pass Home Rule over the heads of the House of Lords.

Ulster will fight. So they told us before Catholic Emancipation, before Disestablishment, before the revision of the Coronation oath. If we can only judge the future from the past it looks more likely that Ulster will not fight. As far as our knowledge goes the only time Ulster was serious about this fighting business was when they wanted to exclude Victoria from the throne in favor of their own Grand Master. Why should Ulster fight when she can vote herself out of Home Rule? Does Mr. Heeslip think that four counties have a right to impose their will upon twenty-eight? It is not that Ulster will not have Home Rule for herself—she declares that Ireland must not have it. Imagine the Catholic minority in Ontario presuming to decide what laws were to be passed in the Legislature?

Ulster has always been the most law-abiding province in Ireland," says Mr. Heeslip. Here are the figures for 1909 (the latest available): Indictable offences, Leitner, 4534; Ulster, 3182; Munster, 1516; Connaught, 641. Compensation claims for malicious injury to property, Ulster, 329; Munster, 286; Leitner, 159; Connaught, 107. Statistics cannot lie—we wish we could say as much of Mr. Heeslip.

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NOTES AND COMMENTS

THE ACTION of the Catholic Board of School Commissioners of the city of Montreal, (if correctly stated by the daily press) in advertising for tenders on bonds which they had no immediate intention of selling, but for the mere purpose of "feeling the market," is rightly characterized by the Financial Times as very much like obtaining money under false pretences. The expense attendant upon the preparation of tenders for large blocks of securities—to say nothing of the depositing of a certified cheque as a "guarantee of good faith"—is by no means inconsiderable. When undertaken with the assurance that one at least of the tenderers will be rewarded with the right to purchase the securities offered, this trouble and expense is a legitimate and proper charge upon the bond-dealing business. But for a public body to subject a lot of tenderers to such expense with no serious intention was an act entirely unworthy of its members, and not at all flattering to either their sense of honor or their common sense. It is greatly to be regretted that any Catholic body should have been placed in this invidious position, and neither the Catholics of Montreal or of Canada at large are likely to thank those who were responsible for it. The public had a right to look to this Board of School Commissioners for a higher standard of ethics, and it is to be hoped that some explanation which will place the matter in a more favorable light will be forthcoming.

A GERMAN scientist has unearthed in German East Africa the skeleton of a man the age of which he pronounced to be about 150,000 years. The remains were found with mammoth fossils, of which one is a tooth 3.18 m. (10 ft. 5 in.) long and it is on comparison of this with other fossils in a Berlin museum that Dr. Reck bases his estimate as to the age of the human bones. We have not heard that his conclusions have been questioned, but since the skull only has arrived in Europe, and anthropologists have thus had no opportunity of examining the skeleton as a whole, Dr. Reck's conclusion would seem to be somewhat premature. The precipitancy with which scientists of a certain school jump to conclusions and proceed to dogmatize upon the most superficial research is not a little remarkable. Here, if anywhere, one would think, is an occasion for the exercise of modest reserve. If the past century has demonstrated anything conclusively it is that there is nothing more variable than scientific theory. The skull in question, it may be added, is pronounced "unmistakably human."

Whether it be 150,000 years old or 5,000, it is something at least to know that at the former period no less than at the latter, according to all scientific deductions, man was still man.

THE HON. Joseph C. Maxwell, Scott of Abbotsford writes to the London Times to assure the electorate of Great Britain that "as a member of one of the old English Catholic families," he, with "many of his co-religionists," is "entirely in sympathy with Ulster" in the present crisis. It would be useless to attempt to elucidate or understand the mental make-up of these English Catholic Tories in regard to their Irish brothers in the faith. Personally, we gave up such attempt long ago. If so exalted a personage as the Duke of Norfolk was not ashamed to range himself with the representatives of Orangeism on a public platform, when said representatives were venting forth their traditional hatred of the Catholic faith, and heaping maledictions upon the head of Christ's Vicar, we need not be surprised at lesser individuals courting the same company. As Lord Dundreary says, "there are some things that no fellow can find out."

It is satisfactory to know, however, that the sentiments expressed by the big fellows such as the Premier Duke and by the little fellows such as Maxwell-Scott, are not general among the Catholics of England. There is a very large percentage of them—we believe the great majority—who are entirely in sympathy with the Irish aspiration to self-government. The feeling of these is voiced, in rebuttal of Mr. Maxwell-Scott, by Mr. W. Vance Packman, a convert from Anglicanism of over thirty years' standing, who characterizes the Maxwell attitude as an "impudent assumption," and gives the counter assurance that the rank and

file of English Catholics, together with very many of their most prominent men, indignantly repudiate the Catholic Unionist platform. Mr Vance Packman concludes his letter with this caustic reminder of the traditional subservency of the element he is denouncing:

"Anyone who is not hopelessly obsessed by political partisanship is aware that the bedrock foundation of the Orange and Tory opposition to a separate legislature for Irish affairs is hatred of the Catholic Church and her earthly ruler the Vicar of Christ. If the Protestants had been the majority in Ireland Home Rule would have been willingly granted by past Tory Governments, and in such an event, I am quite sure that neither yourself nor the rest of the old English Catholic families" would have ventured to put in a plea for the Catholic minority."

THE DENOMINATIONAL weeklies and denominational representatives through the daily press continue to express concern over the shrinkage of their statistics and the very serious conditions that prevail as regards themselves in the rural districts of Canada. The Globe in an editorial on "The Church Situation," is the latest exponent of this concern. Commenting on a statement issued by the Presbyterian General Superintendent, it epitomizes the situation as "stupendous, serious, critical, alarming," and the Superintendent himself, whom the Globe assures us is "neither a visionary or a weakling," describes it as "almost overwhelming." What is it that has elicited these strong expressions from men who are presumed to inherit the caution and reserve of their spiritual forbears?

THE PROBLEM is thus stated by Dr. Andrew S. Grant, the General Superintendent referred to:

"Investigation covering eight congregations and five mission stations in the southern part of this Presbytery, made by members of the Presbytery, after consultation with Methodist brethren, has convinced them that in the event of union between Presbyterians, Methodists and Congregationalists it would be possible, without injury to the work, to close eleven churches and dispose of five mansees, also that five ministers and three student preachers could be released from work in the district referred to, and further, that the estimated value of property that would not be required and could be sold is \$10,500, also that there would be an annual saving of stipend amounting to \$4,300."

FROM THIS it will be seen that "union" is regarded as the healing balm for the undeniable evils with which our Protestant friends are confronted. But "union," most desirable of aspirations among Christians, is not to be attained by the mere dilution of denominational differences, nor can the closing of a dozen churches to fill one by a combining of resources, be looked upon in the light of progress. The "re-union" of Christians can be accomplished in but one way, and it is much to be regretted that those who recognize the evil of divisions cannot also recognize the remedy. It would appear as if the process of dissolution set in motion at the "Reformation" must work itself out in its victims before the process of reconstruction can really begin. All signs point, however, to the near approach of the end. We can but pray that when it comes faith shall not have altogether perished from among them.

THE FLEETING character of human greatness is pointedly exemplified by the discovery in a London workhouse of a man whose claim to be a descendant of George III. is not without foundation. The claimant is a man of about sixty years of age named Augustus West, whose grandmother, Mrs. Lavinia Ryves, claimed to be the Princess Lavinia of Cumberland. Mr. West has a clear recollection of the death of this Princess in 1871, at which time he was articulated to a solicitor. Subsequently, however, he abandoned the law to take charge of a publishing business carried on by his father in St. Martin's le Grand. Fortune did not smile on him evidently, for the publishing business slipped for the publishing business eventually fell back upon a little registry business in North London, and afterwards at Ealing, then at Balham. An illness brought him to the verge of destitution, then his wife died and being left alone he was driven finally to seek refuge in the workhouse. Such a history recalls once more Shirley's celebrated lines:

"There is no armor against fate
Sceptre and crown
Must tumble down
And in the dust be equal made
With the poor crooked scythe and spade."



SOME OF FATHER FRASER'S YOUNG CONVERTS

GLORIOUS CLONTARF

A NOTABLE IRISH ANNIVERSARY
On the 23rd of April in this year of grace, 1914, Ireland celebrates the nine hundredth anniversary of what is, in some respects, the most glorious event in her history. Clontarf was not the first place where Christian Celt and pagan Dane met face to face. For more than a century and a half previously there had been many fierce struggles between the northern invaders and the native clansmen. Sometimes victory was with the one, sometimes with the other, but try as they might, the Danes never succeeded in bringing any considerable portion of Ireland under their sway. A few seaport towns were held by them, but even these, at the time of which we write, were permitted them only on their consenting to pay tribute to the high king Brian. Ireland, alone of all the nations upon which they had made war, called a halt to their onward march of conquest. But one year before Clontarf a Danish sovereign had been set upon the English throne. A Danish dukedom of Normandy had been established in France. But they had never yet been able to subdue this coveted western isle, and never once had they given a monarch to its line of kings. They were a fighting race, these northern sea dogs, and knew not the meaning of defeat. Clontarf was their supreme effort. Much depended upon the outcome of the conflict. Old defeats to be avenged, new glory to be achieved, priceless booty to be reaped, and their hold upon western Europe to be made secure forever. Hence they put forth their utmost strength, until the news of their mighty preparations filled Europe, and a hundred harbors in Norway, Denmark, France, England, and the Channel Isles resounded day and night with the bustle preparatory for the coming war. Well might the aged Brian quail before this gathering thunder cloud. Here were the unconquered Northmen, the scourge and terror of Europe, the conquerors of Britain, Normandy, Anglesia, Orkney, and Man, now concentrating the might of their whole race, from ford and haven, from the Orkneys to the Sicily Isles, to burst in an overwhelming billow upon Ireland. England went down before a less formidable assault, but yet the old warrior king was not daunted. He resolved to meet force by force, preparation by preparation, combination by combination, to defy the foe, and let them see what the Fighting Race could do. All Ireland answered to his call, and the die was cast. We have said that the Danes had everything to gain at Clontarf. On the Irish side, too, there were not wanting motives to call forth all that was best in this supreme moment. Before them they saw the serried ranks of the pirate marauders who, in many a fray, had wrought ruin and destruction upon the fairest portions of their beloved country. Churches and monasteries razed to the ground, sanctuaries defiled, sacred treasures ruthlessly destroyed, women and children put to the sword. They had marked the passage of the barbarians in the clouds of smoke from burning homesteads, in the red trail of innocent blood shed wantonly, in the maddening evidences of a vandalism that laid furious hands on all that they held sacred. All this rose up before their eyes, filled their ears, and burned itself into their hearts, until with one voice they demanded in a frenzy of rage and indignation to be led against the authors of such barbarities. In their leader, Brian, they felt, moreover, that they had a certain presage of victory. They remembered how from being a mere ruler of a petty principality he had risen to the proud position of High King of Ireland. And such a king, brave, chivalrous, magnanimous, firm in friendship, strong in battle, holding by personal loyalty what he had won by the sword, and animated not by a desire for personal glory, but by a high and noble patriotism that would unite all Ireland under one supreme head the better to with-

stand the onslaught of external foes. Such, then, were the combatants, and such the motives that inspired them as they faced each other in the dawn of that fateful Good Friday morning, April 23rd, 1014, and foolhardy, indeed, would be the prophet who would hazard the outcome of the titanic conflict. The city of Dublin was then altogether south of the Liffey, and on the sloping plain, north and east by the river Tolka and the sea, extending to Clontarf and beyond it, the Danish army encamped on Holy Thursday evening. On the rising ground, near the present Vincentian Church of Hhaborough, was a wood called Tomar's wood, and in front of this and facing the Danes, the Irish army encamped. It is commonly computed that there were about 20,000 men engaged on either side. Brian, we are told, was very reluctant to fight on Good Friday, thinking it almost a profanation to engage in combat upon the day on which our Lord died for man's redemption, and begged that the engagement might be postponed for even one day. But the Danes were determined to fight on that day, for, says an old legend of the battle, the pagan oracles had foretold that if they gave battle upon the Friday Brian would fall, but if on any other day his foes would all fall, and so Good Friday was fixed upon. All being ready for the signal of battle, Brian himself, mounted on a richly caparisoned charger, rode through the Irish lines, as all the records are careful to tell us "with his sword in one hand, and a crucifix in the other," exhorting the troops to remember the momentous issues that depended upon the fortunes of that day—Religion and Country against Paganism and Bondage. It is said that on this occasion he delivered an address which moved his soldiers, now to tears, and anon to the utmost pitch of enthusiasm and resolution. And we can well imagine the effect, upon an army drawn up as they were for the onset of battle in defence of "Faith and Fatherland," of such a sight and such an appeal their aged and venerable monarch, his white hair floating in the wind, riding through their lines, with the sacred symbol of Redemption borne aloft, and abjuring them, as the chronicles tell us, to "remember that on this day Christ died for us on the Mount of Calvary." Moreover, Brian himself had given them an earnest, such perhaps as monarch had never given before, of his resolve, that with the fortunes of his country he and his sons and kinsmen all would stand or fall. He had brought "his sons and nephews there," says the historian, who might have added, and even his grandchildren, "and showed that he was prepared to let the existence of his race depend upon the issue of the day." It was a brave and right king's act, but one that cost Ireland dearly. It proved an all powerful incentive to the valor of the Irish forces. It gave force to every word of the old king's address. He recounted all the barbarities and the sacrileges perpetrated by the invaders in their lawless ravages on Irish soil, the shrines they had plundered, the holy relics they had profaned, the brutal cruelties they had inflicted upon unarmed non-combatants—nay, "on the servants of the Altar." Then, raising the crucifix aloft, he invoked the Omnipotent God to look down upon them that day, and to strengthen their arms in a cause so just and holy. "They have razed our proudest castles—spoiled the Temples of the Lord—Burnt to dust the sacred relics—put the Peaceful to the sword—Desecrated all things holy—as they soon may do again, If their power to day we might not—if to day we be not men. On this day the God-man suffered—look upon the sacred sign—May we conquer 'neath its shadow, as of old did Constantine; May the heathen tribe of Odin fade before it like a dream, And the triumph of this glorious day in our future annals gleam? God of heaven, bless our banners—nerve our sinews for the strife Fight we now for all that's holy—for our altars, land, and life—For red vengeance on the spoiler, whom the blazing temples trace—

For the honor of our maidens and the glory of our race?" Who can be astonished that, as he ceased, a cry wild, furious, and deafening burst from the Irish lines, and they demanded to be led at once against the enemy. The aged monarch would himself lead the van of battle in person had not his sons and all the attendant princes and commanders prevailed upon him, because of his advanced age, to let the chief command devolve upon his eldest son and heir, Morrogh. Brian then retired to his tent and there spent the day in prayer before the crucifix. From time to time he asked his attendants how the battle went. He was told that all was confusion, that there was a noise as if seven battalions were cutting down Tomar's Wood, but that Morrogh's standard still floated and that heads were falling wherever it was borne. "While Morrogh's standard floats at the head of his forces all goes well with the men of Erin," the valiant warrior, king answered, and knelt again in prayer. Again, towards the close of the day, he inquired, and was informed that it looked as if Tomar's Wood was on fire, the brushwood destroyed, a few stately trees only remaining—the soldiers had fallen, a few only of the chiefs were left, and Morrogh's standard was down. It was a doleful news, for the old king had centered the hopes of his house in Morrogh, and when he was dead he protested he himself did not wish to survive. His wish was soon granted. The conflict of heroes," as the historians call it, was over, and the Danish forces were in utter rout. Brian's bodyguard, anxious to have a personal share in the glorious victory, and thinking all danger to their illustrious charge was over, joined in the pursuit of the fleeing Danes. The Danish chief Brodir and a few followers, hiding in the wood, noted the unprotected tent, rushed in, and with a single stroke of his battle-axe clove in the king's skull. "Now," he said, "let man tell man that Brodir killed Brian." The guards returned in time to avenge his death, but too late to save a life upon which so much depended. Morrogh and his son Turloigh had both fallen in battle, and now with the death of Brian the entire reigning family was wiped out. Clontarf was for Irish arms a glorious victory, but for the hopes of Irish nationalism a most overwhelming calamity. Never again did the Danes attempt the conquest of the country, but the seeds of destruction had been sown in the extinction of the reigning house, and it only waited another such attempt at invasion from whatsoever source to pass under the yoke of the conqueror. Eminently tragic as were its consequences to herself, Ireland sheds no tears over Clontarf. The defeat of the Danes ultimately cost her national independence, but it saved Christianity, and as she gave of her holiest and best to repair the ravages of Hun and Vandal, so she gladly sacrificed her bravest and noblest to stem the onrush of pagan savagery that threatened to engulf all Europe in its devastating course. Clontarf is a typically Irish anniversary. "The smile and the tear" that are inseparably blended in her history are no where more in evidence than in the story of this fateful day which was once a victory and a defeat. The dream of a Danish world-empire was dispelled for ever upon the plains of Clontarf, but at a terrible price. The cutting off at once of the old king Brian, his son Morrogh, and his grand son Turloigh undid in one black day the patient work of years. Brian was undoubtedly the greatest high king that ever sat upon the Irish throne. He had drawn order out of chaos, had welded the warring clans into genuine unity, and had taught Irishmen to think nationally. The cursed provincialism that had ever been the bane of Irish nationalism was giving way to a broader concept of patriotism under the wise rule of the old Dalcassian warrior king. Had he survived, Clontarf the glory of his great achievement, would have still further endeared him to his subjects, and the continuance of a strong central government would have been secured. Had even his heir Morrogh been spared to take up the sceptre native unity and strength

might have been maintained. But with the ruling house wiped out at one fell blow the rival ambitions of numberless petty princes blighted the hopes of a united Ireland. Unity had gone for ever. The reign of discord and chaos had begun, and the way was prepared for the final conquest of the island. Ireland lost everything at Clontarf save the imperishable memory of a victory that dispelled the fear of a pagan conquest of Europe. She paid the price in centuries of blood and tears, but civilization reaped the fruits of her sacrifice. As the monks chanted the hero-king's requiem in the cathedral of Armagh, whither they carried his body for burial, the banshee's wailing woke the echoes of Craigea above his palace of Kinvara. It was a fitting ending to the life of the greatest of the Irish kings—the Church he loved and the country he ennobled united their tears above his ashes. Many long years have passed out into eternity since he died a hero's death at Clontarf, but the ideal to which he consecrated his life still moulds the career of Ireland's noblest sons. "Ireland a Nation" was the dream he sought to make a reality. Throughout all the centuries since then that dream has never been abandoned, and in this year of grace, 1914, other men are striving by other methods to bring it to a triumphant issue. And in the dawn of that brighter day we may well rejoice for Ireland, faithful Ireland, that sacrificed everything for her fidelity to truth and justice, will utilize the larger powers that shall be hers in the cause of that truth and justice that has ever been her inspiration and guiding star. REV. D. A. CASEY (COLUMBA)

fathers used to have for womanhood is not apparent in the present output of our Public school. The religious school is a necessity. The Roman Catholic Church has done great good in teaching, through its schools. Its religious schools teach manners. I often meet small Roman Catholic boys on the street. These boys always tip their hats to me and are glad to assist me in any way, thinking that I am one of their fathers. The Catholic Church has better educated, in manners and morals, the children in the Latin countries than have the Public schools we have today. It is a very grievous thing to think our Public schools are producing no such results as to warrant the abandonment of religious or secondary schools. And this is the country where John Winthrop said that the cornerstone of the state was religion. The necessity of the hour is to know how to get ethical instruction in our schools without religious teachings. Religion is at the bottom of education. The fear of the Lord is the start of wisdom. These are noble and strong sentiments from a Protestant Bishop, and they go to show that the Catholic Church is right in teaching and following out the truth that children who receive no religious training are but half-educated and that they are being poorly equipped for the battle of life and for civic righteousness, let alone the consideration of taking care of their souls for time and eternity.—Intermountain Catholic.

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however, an explanation. This does not lie in lack of work nor in lack of bed or board. The explanation is found in the hearts of these men. Their hearts are godless. Their souls, not their bodies, are starved. They know not God to submit to Him. Not submitting to human authority. They will not respect human law, nor the State, nor anything else which checks their wild individualism, their license. Here is the real difficulty. There is but one hope of escape from it. This hope may not be realized in this generation. It can be realized in the next. Put God in the hearts of the children. Seat Him strong there. Order will then flow from within, not be imposed from without. Then, and only then, will law, order and the State, instruments of God for man's welfare, be respected. Here is the only hope. Reject it and the future will be more ominous than the present.—America.

FATHER FRASER'S CHINESE MISSION
The noble response which has been made to the CATHOLIC RECORD's appeal in behalf of Father Fraser's Chinese mission encourages us to keep the list open a little longer. It is a source of gratification to Canadian Catholics that to one of themselves it should have fallen to inaugurate and successfully carry on so great a work. God has certainly blessed Father Fraser's efforts, and made him the instrument of salvation to innumerable souls. Why not, dear reader, have a share in that work by contributing of your means to its maintenance and extension? The opportunity awaits you: let it not pass you by.
Previously acknowledged:
Memory of father and mother, Port Hope 1.00
John Brock, Fisherville 2.00
Donald McCormack, Leitches Creek, N. S. 5.00
A. Reader, Chatham, N. B. 2.00
A. Well-Wisher, Brockville 2.00
Ronald McDonald, Springfield 2.00
E. A. E. Detroit 2.00
Margaret Mary Ottawa 2.00
In Memory of Dan. H. Gillis 1.00
Three Readers, Hespeler 1.00
Mayo, Que. 1.15

WHEN IRELAND'S DREAM COMES TRUE
Denis A. McCarthy, in "The Columbian"
When Ireland's age-long dream comes true,
When, after all the years
She's worn the myrtle and the rue,
God wipes away her tears,—
The winged word of joy will speed
O'er oceans broad and blue,
And hearts around the world take heed,
When Ireland's dream comes true.
Yes, all around the word will run
The sympathetic spark,
The Frank, the Teuton and the Hun
The thrilling word will mark:
For, whose hates unrighteous laws,
Whatever his race or hue,
Must wish success to Ireland's cause,
And hail her dream come true.
And we, whose vital stream flows straight
From Ireland's tender heart,
Will flout, that day, the frowning Fate
That bids us walk apart;
And feel for that dear mother-bread
From which our lives we drew
A richer joy than all the rest,
When Ireland's dream comes true.
When Ireland's dream comes true at last,
God grant she still may hold
In loving mem'ry, firm and fast,
Her exiled sons of old;
Fond, faithful hearts who scorned to hide
The old love in the new—
Who toiled for Ireland, but who died
Ere yet her dream came true.

POOR SORT OF RELIGION
John Ayscough says of one of the characters in one of his short stories: "Any religion she had was a singular mixture, picked up out of all sorts of books, a kind of bric a brac, not at all useful and not worth very much. But she was ready for any superstition. She would not believe anything because God had revealed it, but she would believe any old story told on the authority of somebody's aunt or somebody's cousin's gamekeeper."
This is not a bad picture of the dabbler in religion, who is strong on superstition and weak on the essentials of religion. Even some pseudo-cultured Catholics are afflicted with this species of self-delusion. They are inclined to criticize and to sneer at Church stories at every opportunity, but ghost stories are "perfectly lovely." And they accept these superstitions as if they were a part of religion. Perhaps they are a part of the religion of such persons, but it is a mighty poor sort of religion. They need instruction; yes, and most of them need a little common sense.—True Voice.
A Catholic who tells you, "I don't read a Catholic paper," is apt to have a son who will say, "I don't go to church."
Only a truly virtuous person can be happy, for happiness is a virtue, and there is no virtue in long faces even when pulled by pious people.

NOT TRUE CHURCH
Father Bernard Vaughan scored a good point in connection with the Kikuyu affair answering a person who wrote him that it was a cowardly thing to have preached on the controversy, as he recently did, in Manchester—cowardly to bit a man when he was down. In reply Father Vaughan told his correspondent that "if his Church (the English Protestant State Church) was down, it could not be the true Church, and he was only showing up a Church in which people could do what they chose in matters, appertaining to religion. Moreover, the Bishop of Zanzibar invited criticism by writing an open letter on the subject, and if people of all creeds and politics could discuss the question, he would not keep out of it."
This correspondent was very unlucky if not unhappy in his quotation of the old proverb. Clearly a Church "down" cannot be the true Church. The true Church, having the Divine promise, can never be down.—N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

LETTER FROM FATHER FRASER
Taichowfu, China, Feb. 19, 1914.
Dear Mr. Coffey.—Our fears have only too truly come true with regard to Confucianism becoming the official religion of China. However the people and students are allowed full liberty to profess any religion they wish.

RELIGIOUS TRAINING VINDICATED
With much satisfaction we note that prominent churchmen of our dissenting brethren are rallying to the support of religious training for the children and youths of the country's schools. They are sounding the tocsin because of the startling lack of real education that is found there, and with much alarm are they looking forward to the inevitable depravity of our future generation. The New York Christian Advocate, one of the leading organs of Methodism, sounds this warning: "These Roman Catholic teachers are at large sacrifices doing precisely what they ought to do, if they propose to give the last ounce of their loyalty to the Church. The thing that makes us glad is the possibility that their action will stir up Protestants to realize how superlatively stupid they have been concerning religious instruction of children. The Roman Communion is always setting us an impressive example in this respect, which the blindest of us cannot fail to note, but which the majority of us treat with amazing disregard. Under the limitations of our Public school system religious instruction as a part of the curriculum is impossible. The consequence is that the majority of Protestant children, especially in the great cities, receive very inadequate religious training, and many of them do not have any which is worthy of respect. Religious teaching in home is by reason of our complex and rapid life reduced to a slender amount and thinned to the consistency of gruel. Our children spend an hour and a half at Sunday school once a week. Other agencies are employed by the Church to reach such children as are committed to its care by that very small proportion of our people who take any interest whatever in giving the Church a chance at childhood. Earnest pastors supplement the regular activities in behalf of children with such special attention as they are enabled to bestow upon this vastly important matter. But Protestant children as a whole, counting them, as the Catholics enumerate theirs on the basis of a traditional but usually loose association of their parents with the churches, are to a very considerable extent without efficient religious instruction." Bishop Hamilton of the Methodist Church points to the dangers of a lack of religious training, and incidentally pays a high compliment to the children of Catholic schools. His words are: "It has been said that it would be well to disorganize the educational institutions conducted under religious auspices and founded upon religious principles. I want to speak of the secondary or religious school and its relation to the Public high school. There is absolutely no argument that warrants the substitution of the high school for the religious school. The Public school is not producing good morals or good manners. The respect that our

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FIVE MINUTE SERMON

Rev. J. J. Dugas, F.R.C.M., L.L.
FIRST SUNDAY AFTER EASTER

THE SACRAMENT OF Penance

When sins you shall forgive they are forgiven.
John 22: 22
Leprosy has always been considered a figure of sin.

But should we not go directly to God, since He alone has power to justify us?
His true, God alone can effect our justification.

Let us for a short time consider the sacrament of penance and the principal duty of the penitent.

Penance is, as you know, a sacrament in which the sins committed after baptism are, by the power of the priest, forgiven those who confess them with true repentance.

Properly speaking, Jesus Christ alone can forgive sins. But He communicated this power to His Apostles, charging them in turn to transmit it to all priests by means of the sacrament of holy orders.

The sacrament of penance considered with regard to the penitent contains three parts: contrition, confession and satisfaction.

Contrition is the first place among the acts of penance, says the Council of Trent, "is sorrow of soul and a sincere detestation of the sin committed, with a firm determination never more to commit it."

After exciting in his heart a sincere sorrow for sin and a firm determination never more to commit it, after a thorough examination of conscience on the commandments of God, of the Church and the capital sins and the duties of his state and after making an act of faith, of love, of hope and especially of contrition, the penitent enters the confessional and confesses his sins.

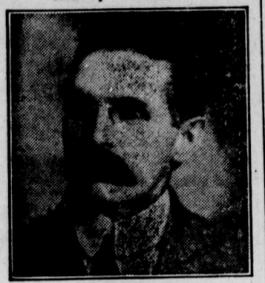
Without waiting to be asked any questions he tells how long it has been since his last confession and whether he received absolution and whether he confessed his sins, beginning with the most grievous, or following the order of the commandments. When he has told all his sins, he concludes by saying: "For all these sins and for those I have forgotten I ask pardon of God and of you, father, penance and absolution."

To the truly humble and sorrowful sinner confession is not a punishment, but a remedy for a tortured conscience. The most painful secret to be kept by a heart not yet corrupted by disease is the secret of sin and crime. The soul that loves God hates sin and desires to separate itself from it.

wrongdoing to the judge who interro-

REMARKABLE CURE OF RHEUMATISM

Supt. of Sunday School in Toronto Cured by "Fruit-a-tives"



R. A. WAUGH, Esq.
TORONTO, Ont., Oct. 1st, 1913.
For a long time, I have thought of writing you regarding what I term most remarkable cure effected by your remedy "Fruit-a-tives".

"Fruit-a-tives" is sold by all dealers at 60c a box, 6 for \$2.50, trial size 25c. Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.

gates the robber, recognize in spontaneous confession an expiatory power and a means of grace.

Confession is necessarily accompanied by shame and humiliation; but this shame, this humiliation is diminished by the fact that eternal silence is divinely imposed upon him who receives it.

A short time ago the papers gave us an incident of how confession is abused outside the Catholic Church.

The humiliation connected with confession is nothing to the insupportable confusion, the bitterest torture endured by him whose guilty conscience tells him that he is continually in the presence of the God of Justice and Holiness Who is the unavoidable witness of his many sins.

After exciting in his heart a sincere sorrow for sin and a firm determination never more to commit it, after a thorough examination of conscience on the commandments of God, of the Church and the capital sins and the duties of his state and after making an act of faith, of love, of hope and especially of contrition, the penitent enters the confessional and confesses his sins.

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TEMPERANCE

A SALOON KEEPER'S OPINION

From an article which appeared recently in the Kansas City Star, and which was written by a saloon-keeper, we take the following passage:

"I have been a saloon-keeper in Kansas City twenty-two years. My place is centrally located, elaborately fitted up, completely stocked, and is well patronized. The saloon is for sale—at a bargain, appraised by the usual standards, as I am going to retire from the business."

"My reason for quitting the liquor trade is not that I am old, or rich, or troubled by my conscience. I simply have decided to get out while the getting is good, for I believe that I can read the handwriting on the wall. I believe that the finish of the boom business in this country is in sight, and I prefer to step from under before the roof falls in."

"I would not undertake to say when nation-wide prohibition is going to arrive, but it is coming as sure as fate, and it is not many years away. It is coming not so much as a result of feverish and hysterical agitation as a result of a majority of the voters of the country making up their minds that boozing is a criminal waste of time and money and a nuisance and a dangerous drug."

The writer gives from personal observation a number of signs which convince him that the selling of liquor is going to be a very unprofitable business. He says:

"Social and business conditions have changed until booze and booze-fighting have no place in the present-day scheme of things. The ability to carry a jag gracefully is no longer esteemed as one of the polite accomplishments of a gentleman, and business life is too strenuous these days for a man to hamper himself with a fuddled brain. And with the realization that they can't drink themselves and remain at the top notch of efficiency, business men are demanding that their employees let booze alone. Corporations and firms are not hiring drinkers, and they are getting rid of old employees who persist in drinking."

"It's the same thing all over. 'Banquets' and formal gatherings of all kinds where cocktails and wines used to be freely served have become 'dry' affairs. Social and fraternal orders and business men's associations starting on railroad excursions used to fortify themselves against a wreck in a desert with a commissary car loaded with liquors and a corps of bartenders. Now the majority of them have developed a sentiment against the booze-van—too many of the old-time cut-ups have quit drinking, even at play."

"All these things point in just one direction, to my way of thinking. They mean that the men of this country are making up their minds that drinking is bad business, and doesn't offer compensations sufficient to offset the toll of time and money and health it takes. Drunkards there are and will be so long as there is booze to be had, and they are panic-stricken at the suggestion that country-wide prohibition may prevail. But the self-respecting and social drinkers, the real dependance of the liquor traffic, are preparing to banish booze."

"And take it from me, when that time comes, booze will be banished effectively and completely. A lot of liquor dealers and saloon-bums are fond of 'kidding' themselves with the argument that universal prohibition would only result in wholesale bootlegging, more vicious secret drinking and other evasions. I know better. When it becomes a serious offense against the Federal law for a man to manufacture, import, sell, handle, or possess intoxicating liquor, booze-drinking will cease."

"And I don't know but every one will be glad of it in the long run. I've never been proud of being a saloon-keeper, and I don't believe any other self-respecting man can be. We 'jolly' ourselves along with the argument that it is legitimate, recognized by the national Government, the State, the county, and the city, but we know in our hearts that it is a rotten business."

"Anyhow, good or bad, I am going to get out of it before the fireworks begin, and I'd advise every other man with money invested in it to do the same. John Barleycorn has had his day."

ANTI-CATHOLIC LECTURES

REPUTATED BY PROTESTANT MINISTERS OF TECUMSEH, MICH.

A series of lectures was announced in Tecumseh, Mich., L. J. King and one Hendrickson of Toledo. They call themselves "former Romanists," and their lectures are stated to be an attack upon the Catholic Church.

The lectures have been advertised over the name of "Protestant committee," which would lead the public to infer that they had some support from the Protestant churches or clergymen of Tecumseh, but inquiry discloses that this is not the case.

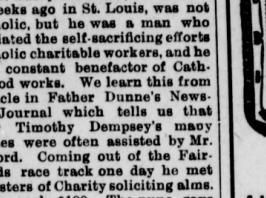
Rev. W. B. Hartzog of the Congregational Church, Tecumseh, stated over the telephone that he had interviewed the Episcopal and Methodist pastors, that none of them knew anything about the Toledo men, that

their churches had nothing to do with the affair, and did not intend to have anything to do with it. Mr. Hartzog added that he personally deprecated such methods as being ill advised and altogether uncalled for in Tecumseh.—Michigan Catholic.

found there at his death.—Sacred Heart Review.

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SPECIAL PRICE to Readers of the "Catholic Record"

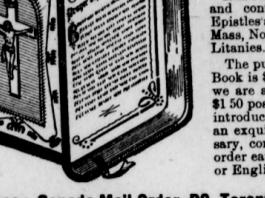


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found there at his death.—Sacred Heart Review.

Don't Cut Out A SHOE BOIL, CAPPED NOCK OR BURSTIS

FOR ABSORBINE



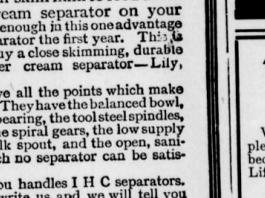
It drives out the cause and eliminates the pain. It prevents the suppurating process and the use of inferior preparation.

Common Sense Exterminator KILLS RATS AND MICE



Common Sense Exterminator kills rats and mice. It drives out the cause and eliminates the pain. It prevents the suppurating process and the use of inferior preparation.

Prove It Yourself Without Cost



I will send you a "1900" Gravity Washer for 30 days FREE TRIAL

Three Reasons in Three Words HOME

When this word is mentioned, a plea is set up for Life Insurance, because in the event of death a Mutual Life policy will keep the home intact.

WIFE To manage the house, and at the same time provide for the support of the household, is an appalling task. A Mutual Life policy will protect the widowed wife from this bitter necessity.

CHILD Health, freedom, a good education, and even a good character may depend upon the child being shielded from poverty by a Mutual Life policy.

SIMMERS SEEDS USED BY SUCCESSFUL PLANTERS FOR 60 YEARS. WRITE FOR CATALOGUE. J. A. SIMMERS, LIMITED TORONTO - ONT.

International Harvester Cream Separators

PIGS and calves thrive and grow fat when fed with warm, skim milk. You cannot get warm skim milk to feed them unless there is a cream separator on your farm.

Just "Alabastine" - a Brush and Pail. And - you may have an artistic home. The old way of decorating the walls with paper, paint and kalsomine was always expensive, often unsanitary and never artistic.

Church's Cold Water Alabastine

Crucifix Edition PRAYER BOOK. SPECIAL PRICE to Readers of the "Catholic Record".

Common Sense Exterminator KILLS RATS AND MICE.

Prove It Yourself Without Cost. I will send you a "1900" Gravity Washer for 30 days FREE TRIAL.

Three Reasons in Three Words HOME. WIFE. CHILD.

Just "Alabastine" - a Brush and Pail. And - you may have an artistic home.

Church's Cold Water Alabastine.

Beautiful Rosary. Complete with Crucifix.

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

WAKE UP! YOUNG CATHOLICS OF CANADA

Are the Catholic boys and young men of to-day taking advantage of the opportunities at their disposal to acquire an education. No doubt the majority find it an impossibility to avail themselves of a college training, but with a little extra effort on their part, the number who do so might be greatly increased.

A great many of the world's prominent men have done so and found in it the keynote of their success. In a young and growing country like Canada, having a population made up of all creeds and nationalities, it is not important that at least a large percentage of our politicians, literary men, labor leaders, etc. should be members of the only true Christian organization on earth.

WHY HE WAS DISCHARGED

A pleasing disposition is an asset in business as well as in social relations: "I was the most efficient man they ever had on the job over there," says a young man who one year before had been fired from the job of which he speaks.

"When I left that position," he continued, "my boss in a good, frank way told me just why he was letting me go. He told me that I was on the job all the time and that my work was all that could be desired, but that my personal influence on the other employees was not a good thing for the organization in general.

"I just kept cheerful all the time, and during that same first month I also gained a reputation as being a man of great self-control. I was on the job actually looked up to in a friendly way, and that's the reason why I got up, where I am in the short span of one year. Yes, sir, chronic good nature was the biggest factor that helped me to make good in a big way. Now I have the good nature habit, and its no effort at all."

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of these treasures. Everyone has a right to his own opinion provided it is an honest opinion and formed according to his best light; but just how far he has a right to insist that it shall be the ruling power when it runs directly against a neighbor's opinion which is just as honest and legitimate, is a question that affects all our Christian living. A principle we may not sacrifice, but a majority of the opinions for which we are so ready to enter into hot combat involve no principle; they are matters of taste, comparative wisdom or advisable methods. They concern our pride of leadership, or our desire to have our own way because we believe it to be the best way, but they do not really touch upon conscience at all.

To concede, not grudgingly, but with cheerful grace, and in practice as well as theory, that other people may know as much as we, is a fine acquirement of common sense and peaceful living.—Catholic Columbian.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

AT SCHOOL

Always start early so that you may never be late for school. Punctuality helps the teacher and the other pupils as well as yourself.

Remember that it is in the school-room that you learn how and what you will have to do when you have to go into the business world. If you are not punctual in school you will not be in business, and then your life will be more or less of a failure.

Always be ready to do everything suggested by the teacher. To do this means that you will have to prepare all lessons beforehand. Minutes lost in school are never regained.

Remember that the teacher takes the place of your mother, and therefore all her commands must be obeyed at once.

Remember that you are sent to school to study.

Never copy in school. To do so is to cheat and do an injury to yourself. The teacher is there to teach. If you do not understand a lesson tell him, and she will explain it to you.

To ask questions when one does not understand is not a sign of ignorance but rather a sign of intelligence.

Remember that there is no royal road to learning. If you wish to learn you must study, and study means work.

Knowledge is no burden. All the knowledge that you can acquire may be easily carried.

Always do your very best to have a high place in class. Strive to lead if it be possible for you to do so.

It is a custom for polite children to say "Good morning" on entering and "Good afternoon" when leaving the classroom. If the teacher should feel called upon to ask you to do any little service do it cheerfully and do it quickly, but above all, no matter how slight the service do it well.

When a principal or a visitor calls to the class, rise and remain standing till told to sit. This is a little thing in itself, but it is an act of politeness that is fully appreciated by your elders.

If spoken to by your teacher, or by a visitor, always stand before attempting to answer.

There may be things in the class room which are for general use. These may be used at times by order of the teacher or with her consent. Everything else in the class room is the property of some individual and should not be used without permission of the owner freely given—Intermountain Catholic.

FREDDIE'S RESOLUTION

On New Year's day Fred got a sheet of paper to write down his resolutions for the next twelve months. He covered the whole page and laid down fourteen rules of conduct for himself. When his mother happened to see what he was doing, she said:

"If I were you, Fred, I wouldn't make so many resolutions, but I'd make one and keep it. Take my advice: Tear up that sheet of paper; get another one; on it write only this: 'I will not try to be selfish.' Then try and try until you succeed."

Mother knew Freddie better than he knew himself.

So the boy took his mother's advice. He tore up the paper on which he had written his fourteen resolutions, got another piece, and on it he printed: I will try not to be selfish.

Then he looked at it with admiration and felt proud of himself, as if he had already acquired the virtue of generosity to an heroic degree.

All morning nothing else of note happened, but in the afternoon Fred's sister, Kate came in where the boy was in the library, and said:

"O Fred please let me and Agnes have your sled. All the other girls are out coasting, and we'd like to join them for about an hour."

Now, that sled had been brought to Freddie at Christmas by Santa Claus and was the present joy of his life. It was a flexible flier, had steering gear, was painted a brilliant red, and had the words "Fred's Own" painted on the seat.

The boy was quick with his answer to his sister's request:

"Indeed, I'll do nothing of the sort. I don't want my sled broken by you. Girl's can't manage a sled."

"O do, Fred, please," his sister entreated.

He was just about to say "No" with a big N, uttered in a loud voice when he happened to look at the sheet of paper on the library table before him, and these words stared him in the face: "I will try not to be selfish." His good angel must have helped on the effect they made on him, for he hesitated a moment, then changed his tone, and said hurriedly:

"If you'll promise to take good care of it and bring it back in about an hour, you may have it."

"O you dear boy," said his sister, "I told Agnes you were too nice to refuse us."

Kate's praise made Fred feel good and drove away the last bit of feeling that lingered in his heart caused by this anxiety about his sled.

The girls took the sled, kept it about an hour had a royal good time with it, and brought it back safe and sound.

That night when the Recording Angel was balancing his books for the day, he said to himself:

"Well, that was one victory over selfishness, and so there's one good mark for Freddie."—True Voice.

A FLAW IN HIS CHARACTER

I had known him for about four years. He had seemed to me to be a boy of good principles, a hard worker and dependable. I grew to like him very much. I met him a few days ago. He was with me within a few feet and heard him speak to his father in a disrespectful manner. I saw the face of the father and the face of the mother—though they did not see me.

What pain shot across their faces in that instant! Down, down, down, went the boy in my estimation. I fought hard to retain my respect for him, but there always came back to my ears those ineffectual words to his father, and I could never forget the pain which his insolence had caused.

Now this is a poor son who will cut to the heart those nearest and dearest to him. I am sure that he never would have allowed himself to speak to me that way. Yet, at best, I am only a friend. I wonder why he allows himself to speak in such a way to his father?

It certainly is a puzzle, when you stop to think about it isn't it? How much better it would be if we would stop and think about it—not after it is done, but in time to prevent it.

A boy's true character isn't to be measured correctly by his company manners. I like to see a courteous boy. It goes a long way toward making him a successful man. But I want to know whether all his courtesy is spent on strangers or friends away from home, or whether he is just as courteous at home as he is elsewhere.

Real courtesy is an accomplishment worth acquiring. And the best place to practice it is at home. The boy who forms the habit of being courteous is not likely to forget himself as to answer his father with cruel and sharp words, as I heard this boy do. His very courtesy, often practiced, helps him to respect those who are nearest to him in the home; and that very respect holds back the words which hurt.

Do you know what I've found out? Well, it's worth passing on. The boy who always says "Good morning" to the home folks in a cheery way, as he sees them for the first time, and the boy who invariably says "Thank you" for every courtesy shown to him in the home, has half success. Try it.—Eugene C. Foster in True Voice.

THE TANGO

The story that the Tango was recently danced in the Vatican before the Pope has had a long start, and is now far advanced in its journey round the world. The tale has proved so attractive that the Daily News gives a portrait of the lady. The whole thing is a journalistic fable. Those who are interested in its origin will find all they want to know

in our letter from Rome this week. For the rest our readers may accept as a safe working rule this simple statement—events of interest at the Vatican which are recorded by our Rome correspondent do not happen.—Tablet.

THE CHURCH'S ACCUSERS

A recent issue of a French diocesan weekly quotes from that distinguished writer F. Brunstierre the following pointed and pithy characterization of the kinds of people who go to make up the main body of the critics and accusers of the Church:

Who, then, are they who reproach religion with being too wearisome? Those who do not practice it.

Who are they who reproach the Church for exacting faith in her revealed doctrines? Those who believe in the worst fables and in the most absurd superstitions.

Who are they who reproach the Church for not recognizing the dignity of man? Those who claim the monkey for their father, chance for their law, annihilation for their end.

Who are they who upbraid the Church with being a religion of money? Those who despoil her of her goods with the utmost cynicism.

Who are they who accuse the Church of being intolerant? Those who cannot allow anyone to hold an opinion differing from their own.

Who are they who charge the Church with being an enemy to light? Those who, despising liberty, have closed Catholic schools and driven out the nuns and religious teachers.

Who are they who reproach the Church with being the enemy of the people? Those who, ignorant of history, are persecuting the charitable institutions established by religion (hospitals, creches, workshops, etc.).

Who are they who indulge with the utmost audacity in violent tirades against the Church and her teachings? Those who know nothing whatever of religion or what its precepts require.

We are not afraid then either of the number or of the fury of those who attack us and dare rather to congratulate ourselves. They know what they are doing, and that we are what the world calls "a force." Their anger is aroused by the knowledge that they are able neither to slight, nor to despise, nor, above all, to ignore us.

We overawe them by our number, our doctrines, our ideas, the progress we are continually making, the fear they have that we shall achieve even greater things, by our confidence and our hopes. Out of reach as we are of their anger, it is their indifference we have to dread.

Born under persecution, growing up amidst heresies, strengthened by controversies, if the Church had no longer adversaries she would need to despair of the promises of her Founder. But as long as struggle and opposition continue, she will live.

MEN AND FREQUENT COMMUNION

Some very practical instructions to men, on frequently receiving Holy Communion, are given by the Rev. Adolf Chawla, O. M. I., in the Homiletic Monthly. He shows how necessary it is for them to receive often, and he reviews the reasons why they receive so seldom. The man living in the world is confronted by temptation, bad examples, influence him, and if he is to make a brave stand against sin he needs the strength that frequent Communion gives him.

He also should set a good example to his family, and he can do this in no better way than by going often to Holy Communion. Other men, as well as his family are induced to communicate often, and so the parish is helped in its work. Another good result is the feeling of unity that obtains where many gather at the altar—all being God's children, brethren of Christ, and joint heirs of heaven.

How to approach it? Holy Communion has more influence on the world than most people suppose, says Father Chawla, and he relates, by way of illustration, an incident that happened in Paris, after the revolution of 1848. Some eminent statesmen called on the priest in charge of the Church of Notre Dame des Victoires and asked if he knew how the tide of anarchy could be checked. He answered decisively, after a moment's reflection: "Gentlemen, go to Communion every week." He saw in this practise a complete transformation of society. When men fall off from receiving the sacraments, the bonds of family and social life give way.

The reasons why men communicate seldom are weakness of faith and human respect. "Surely, the men of the present day are poor creatures!" exclaims Father Chawla. "Look at the early Christians, who often went to Holy Communion at the risk of their lives!" He continues:

Is it a disgrace to be considered a good Catholic? If not, why be influenced by human respect? If you were invited every week to a royal banquet, would you not feel honored and accept the invitation willingly and gladly? But when God, the King of kings, does you the greatest honor conceivable to man here below, and invites you to His banquet, and although to be present at it and although to be present at it would be most profitable to you, you shrink from accepting His invitation. Human respect makes you injure both yourself and your neighbors. Be zealous communicants and the world will respect you.

Useful New Invention Enables Anyone to Play Piano or Organ Without Lessons



closing the doors of the chapel, they took matters in their own hands and coughed down the preacher. It was their method of showing that they concurred in the opinion of Mr. Andrew Carnegie, who, by a method of indirect bribing, has undertaken to divert religious teachings out of American Universities and colleges. They probably will treat with contempt the criticism of the Daily Princetonian, a University publication, which thus characterizes their shamelessly irreverent conduct: "Yesterday's asthmatic affliction of the Sunday consensives was a deliberately irreligious act of consummate profanity to their God. It was a discourteous piece of premeditated insolence toward the University preacher."

A few years hence the young men who were guilty of that insolence, will be in the midst of the battle of life. The contempt they now display for religion is far from being a guarantee of their conducting themselves in that battle as Christians should. The decrease of religious sentiment in our educational institutions, which is due largely to teachings exposed in all their moral hideousness in a series of magazine articles, a few years ago, is a serious menace to the future of the country.—N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

Useful New Invention

Enables Anyone to Play Piano or Organ Without Lessons

A Detroit musician has invented a wonderful new system which enables any person or little child to learn to play the piano or organ in a short time. Even though you know absolutely nothing about music or organ, you never touched a piano by this method. People who do not know one note from another are able to play their favorite music without any assistance whatever from anyone.

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

You are not asked to send any money until you have tried and are satisfied with the new method. The Numeral Company is willing to send it to you on one week's free trial, and you will not have to pay them one cent unless you desire to keep it. There are no express charges to be paid, as everything will be sent by mail. Simply write a letter or post card to the Numeral Method Music Co. of Canada, 1138 Curry Hall, Windsor, Ontario, saying "Please send me the Numeral Method on seven days' free trial." If you are satisfied after trying it, the Method music will cost you only \$5, although the regular price of these is \$10. You should not delay writing, as the Numeral Company will not continue this special half price offer indefinitely. Later on, the Method and fifty pieces of music will be sold at the regular price.

AN OMINOUS INCIDENT

An incident which has occurred at Princeton University is deserving of notice not because it was of great importance of itself, but because it indicates a spirit that unfortunately is too much in evidence in many American educational institutions, in which religion and religious practices are at a discount. Recently the Rev. W. G. Thayer was preaching a sermon to the Princeton students. The preacher had scarcely begun to speak when coughing was heard in every part of the chapel. It continued uninterruptedly till the voice of the speaker was rendered inaudible by it. Finally the clergyman was obliged to stop and leave the pulpit before concluding his sermon. Then the students filed out of the chapel, chuckling over their success in putting an end to the religious services.

For some time they have been objecting to Sunday chapels, because compulsory attendance at it interfered with their plans for converting Sunday into a day of pleasure. As their opposition did not succeed in

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Advertisement for Sovereign System and Readicut Homes, featuring a house illustration and text: 'Write for Book of Plans Free! Your Home Is Within Your Reach. Sovereign System. Readicut Homes. \$2,313.00 Buys A Palatial Residence. A Comfortable Dwelling \$196.75. Your saving on the house will pay for furnishing it. Sovereign Construction Co. Limited. 1316 C. P. R. Building, Toronto.'

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Advertisement for United Typewriter Co. Ltd., featuring a typewriter illustration and text: 'A Business for Boys and Girls. THERE is one business which young people have appropriated to themselves. It is a big business—that of the stenographer. It is a good business. The Stenographers of Toronto are paid over five million dollars a year. Most Stenographers use the Underwood Typewriter. Our Employment Department is a big factor in their success. In this city alone we supply stenographers for 500 positions a month. The Underwood stenographer is in demand everywhere and all the time. Write for a copy of "Speed's the Thing" United Typewriter Co. Ltd. Adelaide Street East TORONTO. Offices in all Canadian Cities.'

Advertisement for SALADA tea, featuring a tea box illustration and text: 'Your Guarantee of Goodness. The name "SALADA" on the sealed lead packages is your strongest guarantee of all that is best and most fragrant in tea. "SALADA" IS

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THE SACRAMENT OF CONFESSION

Preaching in St. John's Cathedral, Salford, Monsignor Benson dwelt on the attitude of Protestants towards the sacrament of penance. His sermon is briefly reported in the London Catholic Times.

Out of every hundred Protestants bordering on Catholicism, said Monsignor Benson, ninety-nine of them found their greatest difficulty in the confessional. He supposed there was no doctrine of the Catholic Church so attacked and spoken against as this sacrament of confession. If ever his congregation heard a Protestant lecturer speak against Catholicism they would sooner or later hear him attack confession, and so strong was this Protestant feeling with regard to confession that sometimes the most appalling things were said. Foul and filthy stories were told by men who were paid to preach against the Catholic Church and the sacrament of confession.

Let them consider how to answer those Protestants who say there is no need to go to confession when they could confess their sins to God and obtain forgiveness in that way. First of all, let them remind themselves that every good thing which they had come from God, and from God only. It was God, and God only, who created them; and every single thing they needed to keep alive—their daily bread, their very necessary food and drink—were the gifts of God. And when their bodily life was in peril of perishing it was God alone who could restore it. There was not one thing they possessed, whether in body, mind or soul, which was not the gift of God. Had it ever occurred to them that every one of those gifts of God came to them not from God direct, but through the ministry of man? It was God only who created them, yet it was through the ministry of their parents that they came into the world. Their daily bread was not handed down from heaven, but God gave them the power to obtain it from one of His ministers—the baker. Of course, it was perfectly true that God could give them their daily bread without the ministry of the baker, and thousands of years ago He did feed His people. But would that fact justify them in refusing to order any more bread from the baker?

The Protestant was always telling them something they agreed with—that the Bible was the written Word of God. If, therefore, God gave them knowledge of Himself through the Bible and through the preacher, why, in God's name, should He not grant forgiveness of sins in the same manner? If God answered their other prayers through the ministry of man,

why should He not answer their prayers for forgiveness of sins through the ministry of man? The Protestant also claimed that the Catholic could not point to any text in the Bible which showed that God had appointed any one to be His minister for the forgiveness of sins. He would advise that Protestant to go home to his Bible, lift off the antimacassar that covered it, open it and in the twentieth chapter of St. John he would find that God had appointed ministers for the forgiveness of sins. Some of these Protestants said that what Our Blessed Lord meant was that the apostles were to go into the world and preach the Precious Blood, through which all sins are forgiven. He would ask, with all reverence, if He had meant that, why did He not say it?

The preacher likened the priest to a messenger from the King carrying a pardon to a condemned prisoner. If the prisoner refused the pardon because it was brought to him not by the King himself, but one of his ministers, then he must necessarily remain condemned. If the Protestant refused absolution because it was given by one of God's ministers he must likewise remain condemned. It was very much easier and less humiliating for the Protestant to persuade himself that there was no need to confess his sins.

DIOCESAN EUCHARISTIC CONGRESS

On the invitation of Mgr. Aylward, Rector of St. Peter's Cathedral, London, the third Diocesan Eucharistic Congress and the 14th annual conference of the priests will be held in London on the 6th and 7th of the coming May. The programme, which will be announced shortly, includes Solemn Pontifical Mass, by His Lordship Bishop Fallon at 9 o'clock on the 7th, a procession of the Blessed Sacrament, a sermon for the occasion by one of the diocesan priests and exposition of the Blessed Sacrament during the entire day. In order to permit the faithful attending the Congress to receive Holy Communion consecrated on the afternoon of the 6th and early Masses will be celebrated on the morning of the 7th. The first Diocesan Congress was held in St. Mary's Church, London, October 10, 1911, at the request of the Rev. Father McKeon, the pastor. The second was held in Holy Angels' Church, St. Thomas, at the invitation of the Rev. Father West. Previous to these Congresses there existed among the priests the society of the "Priests' Eucharistic League" which owed its establishment to the Fathers of the Blessed Sacrament of Montreal. This society was formally approved by Bishop McEvay and for eleven years the priests of the League, who counted in their ranks nearly all the clergy of the diocese, held an annual Conference during the annual Retreat and closed the Retreat with the Holy Hour.

The great Eucharistic Congress in Montreal in 1910 gave an impetus to local congresses and His Lordship Bishop Fallon proposed the holding of Congresses in which the faithful should participate. The Congress is diocesan in scope. In order to enable the faithful in different parts of the diocese to share in the celebrations it is the intention to arrange for the holding of Congresses in different centres throughout the diocese.

INFLUENCE OF THE MADONNA

To the common Protestant mind the dignities ascribed to the Madonna have been always a violent offense; they are one of the parts of the Catholic faith which are openest to reasonable dispute, and least comprehensible by the average realistic and materialistic temper of the Reformation. But, after the most careful ex-

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amination, neither as adversary nor as friend, of the influences of Catholicism for good and evil, I am persuaded that the worship of the Madonna has been one of the noblest and most vital graces, and has never been otherwise than productive of true holiness of life and purity of character. * * * There has probably not been an innocent cottage home throughout the length and breadth of Europe during the whole period of vital Christianity in which the imagined presence of the Madonna has not given sanctity to the humblest duties and comfort to the sorrest trials of the lives of women; and every brightest and loftiest achievement of the arts and strength of mankind has been the fulfillment of the assumed prophecy of the poor Israelite maiden. "He that is mighty hath magnified me, and holy is His name."—Ruskin.

BISHOP SCOLLARD WAS MISREPRESENTED

After all the fuss raised in the press of old Ontario and the protest published by the Orangemen of the Soo relative to the alleged statement made by Bishop Scollard to the effect that Public school teachers were lazy and conscienceless, it transpires that His Lordship did not say that at all. The Sunday following the visit of Bishop Scollard to the Soo to open the New Separate school in the west end of the city, Father McMenamin referred to the false report of the Bishop's address which appeared in the Toronto Globe and other eastern papers. But it was not the newspapers fault, the one responsible for the incorrect statement of Bishop Scollard's remarks was the person who sent out the garbled news item from the Soo. Now Bishop Scollard because of the widespread circulation which the story has received through the press has been fit to make denial through the CATHOLIC RECORD, as Father McMenamin had done from the pulpit in the Soo some weeks ago. A false story always travels faster than the truth.—Sault Ste Marie Express.

DAY BY DAY

Let me be a little kinder, Let me be a little blinder To the faults of those about me; Let me praise a little more; Let me be, when I am weary, Just a little bit more cheery, Let me serve a little better Those that I am striving for.

Let me be a little braver When temptation bids me waver, Let me strive a little harder To be all that I should be; Let me be a little meeker With the brother that is weaker, Let me think more of my neighbor And a little less of me.

Let me be a little sweeter, Make my life a bit completer, By doing what I should do Every minute of the day; Let me toil without complaining, Not a humble task disdain; Let me face the summons calmly When Death beckons me away, —Detroit Free Press.

DIED

GILHULY.—In Wallaceburg, Ont., March 27th, 1914, Timothy Gilhuly. May his soul rest in peace!

McKENNY.—At Athens, Ont., on March 31, 1914, Mrs. John McKenny, aged fifty-five years. May her soul rest in peace!

McLAUGHLIN.—In Detroit, Mich., March, 29th, 1914, James McLaughlin. Interment in Corunna, Ont. May his soul rest in peace!

McDONNELL.—At his late residence, Caniffon Road, Belleville, Ont., on Wednesday, February 11th, 1914, Mr. James McDonnell, aged sixty-seven years. May his soul rest in peace!

McKENZIE.—At Port Hood Mines, N. S., Thursday Nov. 27th, Isabella McKenzie, daughter of the late John McKenzie and Teresa McDonnell. May her soul rest in peace!

"THE MENACE"

To the Hon. Postmaster General, Ottawa, Canada. Dear Sir:—The officers and members of Division No. 7, Ancient Order of Hibernians, at their last regular meeting held on March 25th, 1914, passed unanimously the following resolution: Resolved, That we, the Officers and members of Division No. 7, Reserve, N. S., tender our sincere thanks and approval for the action he has taken in forbidding the transmission through the Canadian Mail of a paper called "The Menace," on account of its offensive contents. Further Resolved, That a copy of this resolution be forwarded to the Honorable Postmaster General, our sincere thanks and approval for the action he has taken in forbidding the transmission through the Canadian Mail of a paper called "The Menace," on account of its offensive contents. Signed on behalf of Division No. 7, A. O. H., JAMES A. McDONNELL, President. STEPHEN MCCORMICK, Rec. Sec.

A NOVENA TO SAINT BENEDICT

Price, 1 penny post, 1 penny; 6 pence per dozen; post 3 pence comes to us from Ampleforth Abbey, England and is the price of one of the monks of that well known Abbey school. The book, attractively bound in blue cover and in good print, opens with a frontispiece of St. Benedict. Then the author gives us suitable passages from the Life of St. Benedict with corresponding spiritual thoughts for each day of the novena, which can be made at any time by congregations or at private devotion. The hymn to St. Benedict is also included. The book is available at purchase, as also the Benedictine Almanac (with a plate of modern English Abbots. Price 1 penny, from the Rev. Editor, O.S.B., Ampleforth Abbey, Malton, England.

"THE TOWN OF ASBESTOSLATE"

This title in red, on a sketchy cover of Scotch Grey introduces one of the most attractive novenas we have seen in a long time. By way of describing a thriving little Canadian town, whose real name we will leave you to find out, it illustrates some charming homes and attractive public buildings. These and dozens of others in this embryo city, are rooted with Asbestoslate before the name. The exceptionally artistic tone of the Booklet does not prevent it from giving valuable suggestions and much useful information to intending builders, to whom the publishers will be glad to send it on request. Write to The Asbestos Mfg. Co., 30 St. James St., Montreal, for a copy of the "Town of Asbestoslate."

NEW BOOKS

"Religious Indifference." A Lenten course. By Rev. Andrew Hangerle, C.S.S.R. Published by Joseph F. Wagner, New York. Price 30c. net. "Short and Practical Funeral Addresses." By the Rev. Anthony Hayes. Published by Joseph F. Wagner. Price \$1.50 net. "The Word of God Preached to Children." A course of sketches for sermons, on the creed, the means of grace, and the commandments. By the Rev. Ferrol Grandey, C.S.S.R. Published by Joseph F. Wagner, New York. Price \$1.50 net.

TEACHERS WANTED

WANTED FOR THE OPENING OF CLASSES Sept. next. A principal for Plantagenet High school. Apply to J. W. Desjardins, Sec., Plantagenet, Ont.

WANTED, MALE OR FEMALE NORMAL school teachers for special folder and full particulars. Duties to commence immediately. Salary, \$600 per annum. Apply, giving references, to Dan Duggan, Sec. Treas., Mount St. Patrick, Ont. 1852-3

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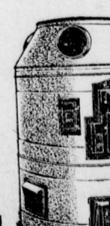
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