

The Catholic Record.

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

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OUR HOPE

The home that is not moored to solid principles will drift away on the tide of frivolity and indifference. Time was when the home was a sanctuary, fragrant with peace and blessing; today it is oftentimes a place to sleep in. It had its family prayer and was weighed in the balance of eternity; today it is filled with the sounds of ostentation, of foolish ambition, of things that are valueless, if not ignoble. And yet neither human society nor the Church can rise higher than the homes which constitute one and the other.

CHANGING VIEWS

What most people call progress is for the most part a process, as Mr. Leslie Stephen once wrote, "of finding the right path by tumbling into every ditch on each side of the way;" a thread of advancing knowledge and conscious conformity to higher law runs through the centuries. In the midst of the present ruin and confusion a new principle of order is becoming clear. For the first time the belief in war as a natural resort, if not actually a regenerative influence, is all but abandoned among thinkers. The notion that Capital and Labour must be always striving for the mastery is breaking down fast. Commercial wars still have their fierce advocates, but wiser counsellors are planning more intelligent methods of envisaging the diverse needs of related populations. Now that lords and right honourables are dying in the trenches (side by side with mechanics and miners and bank clerks, while highborn maidens are knitting socks and twisting bandages for the wounded of every class in the hospitals, it would seem as though life and health, work and wages, happiness and suffering, were acquiring new meanings for the later generations. The enforced intimacy of the dug-outs is a true leveller. There, in the tug of battle and when the harvest of death and disease is being got in, master and man get to know each other. Thus life swings round, the circle is completed, old and new join in reconstituting relationships which are vital to social harmony and progress. Armageddon may thus be the signal for a new gospel of human worth. The old values are being changed. Wealth is no longer reckoned in pounds or dollars; it is becoming synonymous with welfare, not of a favoured few but of the teeming millions whose toil and patience build up the fabric of our freedom and greatness.

MISFITS

Instances of misfits in life are innumerable. Indeed it is quite the exception to find an actor who will admit that he has been cast for the right role, and when he does it, it is generally a part he plays ill, and the admission is made by his stupidity. The explanation of some of this miscarriage of justice is quite simple. Some men aim higher than they can shoot. Others choose in the dark. All men in these times are in a hurry and that thrusts them in hot haste into some walk in life in which they may achieve some trifling success. If the success is seen and recognized the man is confirmed in his endeavors, and goes on getting more and more mechanical with every exercise of a faculty which is always running to seed in habit.

THE FAILURE OF SUCCESS

It is our successes spoil us, and not our failures. A man who fails in various attempts may at last chance upon his right place in the world, but this is a rare occurrence, and possibly his many failures may indicate that his real place is in the ward of an institution for incurables. It is partly because of the untoward trend of all our activities in this life that humanity has clung to the idea of all opportunity, and that there must be another world in which we may chance on the real career which is denied us here, and which yet in our

best moments is our highest ambition. And if there is such a place where we answer to the call upon us, where the best impulse in life can have its way, that place would no doubt be heaven.

But perhaps the truth is that men's feet never fit the shoe of this world, and that consequently there are points of pain in us, and that leads us to hope, which is always pointing to the ideal—an ideal which cannot be realized here, an ideal which, if it were realized, would cease to be an ideal, and would please us as little, it may be as the hard facts and pinch-ing shoe we know so well. If that is so, then the work we miss is the ideal, and perhaps it is well we miss it. The attained always disappoints. It is the unattainable that is "a kindly light which leads us on." It is for that we were "called," but not chosen. And we must, if we are wise, go on yearning, always yearning with a divine discontent in us, the very atmosphere of life—so long as we did not let this discontent spoil the performance of the humble duties which are the lifework into which by some mistake men have drifted and with which we are of course bound to grumble.

THE DURATION OF THE CHURCH

If you want an argument to confound an unbeliever, ask him how he accounts for the duration of the Church, if Christ was not divine. Why has she not disappeared? How is it that the Protestant historian, Macaulay, felt bound to say, after considering the terrible shock of the "Reformation," that "the Papacy remains, not in decay, not a mere antique, but full of life and youthful vigour." No mere man could have secured this preservation; nor would any human means have been sufficient to keep the Church alive. Every institution that is merely human dissolves. That is the history of the world. However great the mind that planned it; however powerful the human means that sustained it; every human institution of Christ's time has disappeared, or changed so radically as not to be recognizable for the same thing. But the Church remains. And so, apart from all the other evidence, we may infer the divine institution of the Church from the fact that she effectively unites three hundred million Christians in a solid phalanx; of every race and clime; divided from each other in all other things; distrusting each other in many other things; ignorant in respect to each other's ideas in other things; therefore not affected by each other's opinions; but forming one Church; believing the same doctrines and dogmas; having the same Sacrifice and Sacraments; and united under one visible head on earth as the Vicar of Jesus Christ. That is the Church. Intellectual Protestants when they are able to override prejudice sufficiently to look calmly at her, are astonished. They call her a wonderful work of human policy; but that does not explain her; and their astonishment remains; for they cannot point to any work of human hands of any such age as hers and any such state of health. Human explanations leave the Church unexplained. And there is more to be said; the Church has her human side; she is composed, conducted, managed, ruled on earth by men. And they are men as human as any other men. They fight and quarrel and argue, and even call names; and are jealous of each other. They disobey the Church to which they belong. They are vain and obstinate; they dislike restraint; they have the passions of youth and the vagaries of old age. In a word they are men. They speak different languages, they inhabit different climes; they have different blood; different ideas; different beliefs about all things but this one thing. But on this they agree; agree with never so much as one faint shadow of a doubt. Why? Well, the pagans of the Roman Empire said it was due to magic, and that explanation is as good as any that has been offered since by the antagonists of the Church. Indeed, the pagan explanation was a likelier one, in its time; for the Church was then young, and small, and weak, except for the strength to live which Christ gave her. She was young, and age and duration furnished her with no argument. She was small, and her claims lacked the strength of demonstration of effect on numbers. She was weak, and it was not clear to those who persecuted her that she could not be destroyed. And so, when the pagans cried "magic," they had a shrewd cry and one that had a certain appearance of possibility—to the people of that age. But when, in the twentieth century, people attempt to "explain" the Church by talking of "superstition"

and "deception," and of "fear," they ask the credulous to believe something that would be stranger, if true, than all the miracles that ever were believed in. All the miracles of all the ages, from Jerusalem to St. Anne de Beaupre are less strange, easier to believe than the proposition that superstition, fear or humbug, can have kept the Catholic Church going for nineteen hundred years kept; within her fold races so many and so various, and have left her at the end of that time, far the most vigorous, far the most coherent, far the most consistent, and, in fact, the only united Christian body in the world. If superstition and fear and humbug could do such things, then, indeed, the world would be faced with a puzzle, beside which all other puzzles would be the addition of one to one.—The Casket.

CATHOLIC PREPAREDNESS AT BAYOU LAFOURCHE

Race-suicide and birth-control have no votaries among the good Catholic people of Bayou Lafourche, in Louisiana, as the Rev. Albert Biever, S. J., can testify. Closing a mission with the usual blessing of the children of the parish, he promised a medal to each of the little ones and a rosary to every mother of seven children or more. "It is meet and just," he said "that the noble mothers of these numerous, beautiful and healthy children should also be publicly honored and rewarded. Let them come up to the altar and receive their rosaries as a memorial of this wonderful ceremony." The next moment the missionary, holding out a handful of rosaries, found himself standing bewildered before a throng of eager mothers crowding to the altar-rail. Says the Times-Picayune of New Orleans: "The mothers of seven children were few, but the mothers of twelve, fourteen, eighteen, nineteen and twenty children were in the great majority. One good lady asked for three rosaries, proudly proclaiming that she was the mother of twenty-one children. The missionary, not expecting such a heavy demand for his rosaries, asked Rev. Father Jan, the pastor, to take down the names of the children, promising to fulfill his contract in the near future. More than 300 names were written down and handed to Father Biever. From the figures recorded it was ascertained that 300 children were born to twenty-five families."

Here is a living refutation of much that for years has been taught by the Satanic school of modern birth-restriction. Fittingly Father Biever concluded his address with the beautiful words of the Psalmist: "Behold thus shall the man be blessed that feareth the Lord. His wife shall be as a fruitful vine on the side of his house and his children as olive plants around about his table." It is interesting to note that at Bayou Lafourche, not far from Larose where the mission took place, Chief Justice White was born.—America.

PRIEST SOLDIERS

MORE THAN 2,000 PRIESTS HAVE GIVEN UP THEIR LIVES IN THEIR COUNTRY'S CAUSE

Some of the finest and most thrilling deeds of the War have been performed by priest-officers, priest-soldiers, amoniers, orderlies and brancardiers who were in July, 1914, for the most part, quiet abbots, vicaires and cures of the country-side. As the records reveal, at a critical moment—when the sternest tests of character were demanded, some have, by their steadiness and contempt of death, saved a whole battalion from destruction. This happened twice at Verdun. Upwards of 2,000 priests have fallen in battle. A well-known amonier, of the Eighty-first Division, Abbe Salut, stated to me:

"If we cannot fight and die like men and show our people how to fight and die in a holy cause, what is the good of our religion and our training? A priest afraid to die? No, no, he would be afraid to live!" I was informed by a member of General Nivelle's staff that whereas there are undoubtedly shirkers (what the French call "embusques") in other callings the priest-embusque is almost unknown. Even ill-health is rarely pleaded as an excuse, and crippled priests have offered their services.

A typical citation, that of Abbe Humbert, amonier, has just been issued (December, 1916):

"Enlisted voluntarily at the beginning of the War, has not ceased by his presence continually in the trenches, by the moral ascendancy due to his devotion and courage, his audacity and contempt of danger, to stimulate the morale of the men and prepare them for any sacrifice. On August 14th, 1916, smitten with total deafness as the result of a heavy shell exploding close to where he was relieving the wounded. On the 4th and 6th of September he took part in the attack, leading the foremost company with the cry 'En avant! Vive la France!'"

This is the fifth citation in despatches of the valiant amonier of the Fourth Brigade, who for two full years has worn the cross of the Legion of Honor and on his Croix de Guerre three palms and two stars.

Amongst the latest Chevaliers of the Legion is the amonier Beaugard, who during the attack of the 24th of October last, having followed the waves of battle to their abb, remained in the first line for several days, under heavy fire, relieving the wounded, encouraging and exhorting the men "et exercent par son ascendant moral la plus heureuse influence aux tous les hommes du regiment," to quote the official citation. Another gallant amonier is Thellier de Poncheville, who has taken part in many hot engagements. For heroic conduct before Verdun in September last, he, too, has just been named Chevalier of the Legion.

Abbe Lignard, recently director of Lyons Seminary, afterwards Corporal of the Twenty-Eighth Battalion of Chasseurs Applins, before going into the action where he met his death, wrote:

"O that I might offer my life to remove the misunderstanding which exists between the people of France and the priests!"—Providence Visitor.

CARDINAL GIBBONS

ON SOCIALISM

Like her Divine Founder Who came to shepherds and kings in the form of a poor little Babe, the Church has the same message for all; great and humble, high and low, rich and poor. She has been from the beginning and will be to the end in an especial sense, and pre-eminently the Church of the poor. Within her sanctuaries the crowning evidence of the divine mission of her Founder continues to be as visibly and peculiarly her own as when John was in prison. "The poor have the gospel preached to them." She can never cease to be the Church of Christ, the Father of the poor.

She does not preach to them the gospel of discontent, of class hatred, or class antagonism. The gospel of the demagogue is not hers. She cannot for rich or poor rid life of its burdens, but she can teach men how their burdens may be made light, and be borne in patience. She encourages or indulges no vain delusion or idle dreams mainly calculated to make men dissatisfied with their lot in life. She knows that nothing this world holds, nor all it contains could satisfy one human heart; that its allurements and possessions are in the main,

Dead Sea fruits which tempt the eye But turn to ashes on the lips."

Hence her unceasing effort to direct men's visions heavenward, hence her constant cry to mankind, "Sursum Corda."

Yet the Catholic Church has done more than all other forces combined for the amelioration of the condition of the toiling masses of men. It was by the dissolving force of the great truths which she taught touching the dignity and rights of man, and which she enforced before her altars and in the administration of her sacraments, that slavery, the leprosy of ancient civilization, its inheritance from paganism, deeply rooted as it was in society as she found it, was wiped from the face of Europe. Catholic ideals of charity, Catholic doctrine inculcated the laws and customs inherited from Pagan times, and gradually but inevitably by their resistless force wrought the enfranchisement of the laborer. If we wish to know what Catholic ideals of charity have done for the masses of men, we must know the condition the world was found in when the first Christmas dawned. Listen to the words of Balmes, one of the greatest philosophers of modern times.

"When Christianity appeared society presented a dark picture, covered with fine appearances, but infected to the heart with a mortal malady; it presented an image of the most repugnant corruption, veiled by a brilliant garb of ostentation and opulence. Morality was without reality, manners without modesty, the passions without restraint, laws without authority, and religion without God. Ideals were at the mercy of prejudice, or religious fanaticism and philosophical subtleties. Man was a profound mystery to himself; he did not know how to estimate his own dignity, for he reduced it to the level of the brutes; and when he attempted to estimate its importance, he did not know how to confine it within the limits marked out by reason and nature; and it is well worthy of observation that while a great part of the human race groaned in the most abject servitude, heroes, and even the most abominable monsters, were elevated to the rank of gods."

To social reformers of our day, and earnest and sincere men are not wanting among them, I would say, be not deceived. The ideals which wrought man's emancipation from the thralldom and degradation which paganism had imposed upon him, are as necessary to the preservation of

his dignity to day as they were to its successful assertion in the first instance.

The doctrine of the Incarnation, the great fundamental mystery of the Christian religion, carries in it and with it the only unassailable charter of the rational liberty, dignity and rights of man. The Magna Charta of the human race was proclaimed in Bethlehem.

All that men have since done, all the real advance that has been made in social or political science—remember I say real advance—may be traced to it as to its source. Wipe out all that social or political reformers and philosophers have ever written on the subject of man's rights and dignity, blot out every charter of human right ever wrung from the unwilling hands of unbridled power, and every declaration of that right ever made and we have still left in the great fundamental truth of Christianity the seed and source of all the real progress that has been or shall ever be made.

If the individual is no longer regarded as a mere atom which may be crushed at will by a colossus of society; if the lives of the weak or deformed or all who cannot be useful to society may not be destroyed; if abortion and infanticide may not be practiced with the approval of the state; if the doctrine of the slavery of races has been abolished; if human reason by the lips of its philosophers, of its Platos and Aristotles, no longer counsels or defends such crimes, or would make them virtues—it is because that reason has been illumined by the light which flows upon it from the Mystery of the Incarnation; the light which is in the very truth, "the life of men."

Indeed, all history attests that the so-called superior intelligence and refinement of nations give no guarantee of the triumph of justice over force, of right over might. The story of the abuse of superiority of intelligence or strength, both by nations and individuals, if it could be told, would form a sad chapter in the history of the human race. Who, throughout the ages has opposed that abuse with all the zeal and vigor that justice and prudence would permit? History makes answer: Christianity, and not disorganized, headless, fractional or factional Christianity, the Church itself, speaking by and with the voice of authority.

"The justification for this doctrine has frequently been set forth by representative Catholic writers in all ages, and may here be briefly recalled.

Let us look first at the individual. True he is a citizen with duties to society, but this does not exhaust his whole personality. He does not exist for the state; he is not wholly and in every particular subordinate to the state. As an individual, and as a member of a family, he has rights and duties which are independent of and prior to the state. He has an immortal soul directly created by God; he has a direct mission from God; and hence he has certain obligations and rights with which no state may interfere.

"Taking man as an individual, therefore, we find that he has certain needs and requirements, and hence certain duties. He is bound to preserve his life, for that life is not his own; it is only lent him; it is God's. Hence he has the right to acquire, keep, control and use whatever is necessary for the maintenance of that life.

"This is a primary right, before which all other rights must give way. The Catholic Church teaches that a man who is in extreme need, from whatever source, what is necessary to keep him from actual starvation. A starving man who cannot otherwise obtain food may walk into a baker's shop and help himself to as much bread as is necessary to support life. He may do so openly or secretly, and in neither case will his action be one of theft. What is more, the baker has no right to prevent him, for the starving man is taking what he has a right to; to prevent his action would be an act of injustice. It may be illegal, and he would be taken up for doing so, but though it might be a deed against law, it would not be a sin against God.

"This is the plain teaching of the Catholic Church enunciated by St. Thomas, and found in every Catholic text-book of moral theology."

The priest points out, that since man has a right to live, it is not wrong for him, therefore, to hold property, which assures him of the opportunity to meet his recurring needs. Pope Leo XIII. in his encyclical letter *Rerum Novarum*, said: "That right of property, therefore, which has been proved to belong naturally to individual persons must likewise belong to a man in his capacity of head of a family; nay, such a person must possess this right so much the more clearly in proportion as his position multiplies his duties. For it is a most sacred law of nature that a father should provide food and all necessities for those whom he has begotten; and similarly nature dictates that a man's children, who carry on, so to speak, and continue

his personality, should be by him provided with all that is needful to keep themselves honorably from want and misery amid the uncertainties of this mortal life. Now in no other way can a father effect this except by the ownership of lucrative property, which he can transmit to his children by inheritance. A family, no less than a state, is, as we have said, a true society, governed by a power within its sphere, that is to say, by the father. Provided, therefore, the limits, which are prescribed by the very purpose for which it exists, are not transgressed, the family has at least equal rights with the state in the choice and pursuit of things needful to it for its preservation and its just liberty."

It must not be thought, from this, that the Catholic Church does not protect the rights of those who have not reached a property owning stage. It is a favorite trick with Socialistic orators to claim that the practice among early Christians of holding property in common shows that Christianity is identical with Socialism. But they forget that there is no proof that it was ever intended that every Christian who ever lived should follow this custom. On the other hand, there is abundant proof that the contrary was true, and that the action of the early Christians was merely an exemplification of an ideal that is held in the Catholic Church to this very day. Members of Catholic religious communities, male and female (monks, sisters, brothers, congregations of priests, etc.) still own all their property in common, just as the early Christians did. If early Christianity abhorred private property to the extent that Socialists claim, why did some of the Fathers of the Church own it personally? There is no parallel between early Christianity and Socialism, which is an atheistic product pure and simple.—Catholic Sun.

DOUAI

The City of Douai, France, around which the European belligerents are now battling, has an interesting history. Its beginning goes back to Gallo-Roman times and during the numerous conflicts which decimated this section of Flanders in medieval days it frequently suffered at the hands of English, French, Spanish, German and Flemish armies. One of the most notable contests at arms in its history was the city's resistance to Louis XI. in 1479, an event long celebrated every year by the Fete de Gayant. Half a century after the French king was discomfited before its walls the place fell before the Spaniards. In 1667 it finally bowed to the forces of France under Louis XIV. Then came the Duke of Marlborough and Prince Eugene in 1710, but the English regime was short-lived, for three years later it became definitely a part of the French domain by the Treaty of Utrecht. Douai is celebrated in ecclesiastical history as a popular place of refuge for English Catholics, who fled from their native land during the reign of Queen Elizabeth. Cardinal Allen established a seminary here, where priests were educated for England, and it was here, also, that the text of the Old Testament was prepared and later combined with the New Testament previously translated at Rheims, the whole being published at Douai in 1609 as the English Roman Catholic Bible and known today as the famous Douai or Douay Bible.—The Missionary.

NOTABLE OF JAPAN BECOMES A CATHOLIC

Bishop Combar of Nagasaki feels justly proud of a new conversion in his diocese.

"The great event of the year for this congregation," he says, "was the baptism of Mr. Ono, professor of higher mathematics in the upper lycium of the city and the former collaborator of Father Raguet in editing the French-Japanese Dictionary. His family has long been Catholic, but he, although persuaded of the truth of our holy religion, was putting off until later the reception of baptism, confining himself to a regular attendance at Mass. On feast days, at the request of Father Cavaignac, he used to entertain the Christians by his agreeable talks, full of ingeniously deduced instruction. Moreover, he loved to explain to them the Gospel, which was his favorite book. Thus he presented the anomaly of a pagan who instructed Christians in the way of salvation and who did not follow it himself, like a sign post, perpetually fixed by the wayside. Finally grace overcame his resistance, and Father Raguet baptized him under the name of Paul. He will be a pillar to the little congregation at Kagoshima."

The Catholic Church will live on, till the pillars of the universe, palsied with age, begin to rock and tremble in space, and the last Pontiff of that long and glorious line of the Papacy will kneel on the ashes of an expiring world, and will give back to Heaven the keys of the kingdom of Christ.—Rev. John Gwynn, S. J.

CATHOLIC NOTES

Rev. Joseph H. Rockwell, S. J., president of Brooklyn College, has been elected president of the Association of College Presidents in New York State.

The Catholic Club of New York, numbering over 1,000 members, recently commemorated the twenty-fifth anniversary of the opening of its house at Central Park South.

On Sunday, April 15th, the seventy-ninth anniversary of the signing of the pledge by Father Mathew was celebrated in the Cathedral in Philadelphia, with fully 2,500 people in attendance.

A Government geologist recently found on a high hill in Medina county, Texas, miles away from any human habitation, a cross, perfectly formed, made of strange timber, with Our Lord's crucified image made of clays of various colors.

Few Catholics know that the Salt Lake diocese, of which Rt. Rev. Bishop Glass, C.M., is the head, is the largest diocese in area in America. Territorially it is as large as England, Ireland and Portugal, yet it has only a Catholic population of 15,000.

The new Cathedral at El Paso is now under roof and the exterior is practically finished. The building is of Romanesque architecture. Bishop Schuler, S. J., hopes to open the Cathedral on the second anniversary of his consecration, October 25th.

Colorado is now one of the four States in the United States where the Catholic population is larger than the membership of all the other religious denominations combined. The last census states that there are 110,384 Catholics in that State.

Bishop Shahan has issued a circular to deny a rumor that the Catholic University would suspend its sessions next winter because of the claims of military service on large numbers of the students. It will open at the usual time and continue its regular work.

St. Leonard's Academy, Brooklyn, for the second consecutive year has won the type-writing accuracy championship of the Metropolitan district. The contest was won against a dozen schools in New York City and New Jersey. St. Leonard's Academy is conducted by the Franciscan Brothers.

At the request of Right Rev. Bishop McDonnell, the Holy Father has again granted permission for the night-workers' Mass at Coney Island. Last summer's experiment proved so successful, that it was deemed advisable to ask the privilege for the current season. The first Mass was said at 1.30 a. m. last Sunday, at the Shrine Church of Our Lady of Solace, West Seventeenth Street.

What is said to be the oldest known Christian bell in the world is owned by an innkeeper of Riverside, Cal. The bell which was discovered in a London foundry and brought to this country, was cast at Santiago, Spain, in 1247 and bears a Latin inscription, which translated reads: "Jesus, Jesus Christ, Mary; Quintana and Salvador made me in the year of Our Lord, 1247."

The National Shrine of the Immaculate Conception, which will soon arise on the grounds of the Catholic University of America, is making excellent headway in the affections of our Catholic people. Already the sum of \$67,046.77 has been collected from all parts of the country. Large donations have been sent in, but the most of the offerings come from persons of modest means.

Juneau, Alaska, is to have an up-to-date parochial school and parish hall in the near future. The contemplated building will have every convenience pertaining to the most modern school buildings. The progress of the Catholic Church in Alaska has been remarkable. After years of hardship, what seemed insurmountable difficulties are fast disappearing till now may be found modern churches, up-to-date schools and fully equipped hospitals.

The tornado that recently swept through sections of Missouri wrought some of its most disastrous devastation in the little town of Advance, Mo., where it left the Church of St. Joseph a complete wreck, with all interior furnishings entirely demolished. The Tabernacle, however, was left intact, and was carried, with all its sacred contents, to a place of shelter, immediately after the storm had subsided. The priest's house was by a miracle spared.

An unusual religious ceremony took place in Chicago on Decoration Day. Archbishop Mundelein granted permission to hold a solemn memorial service in the open at Calvary Cemetery. This permission was granted for the first time, in view of the seriousness of the moment which sees American soldiers and sailors entering again upon the hazardous paths of war. The service was, of course, a requiem Mass sung in the open by the Rev. George T. Shanley, S. J. The Mass was offered for the repose of the souls of American soldiers and likewise for the Catholic dead of the present War. The altar was erected on the mound where many of the priests of the diocese lie buried.

TWO

AMBITION'S CONTEST

BY CHRISTINE FABER

CHAPTER XIX—CONTINUED
THE STRUGGLE OF FAITH AND INTELLECT

In her numerous thoughts and conjectures about her brother, Ellen gave little consideration to what arrangements she should make for her own future. All Anne had brought to her notice by a direct question; then she dwelt on the hope which Howard had expressed that her mother would join her.

"But if she should not come over," persisted Anne, in a tone which clearly indicated her own private knowledge that Mrs. Courtney would not come over; "and if she would send for us, which of course she will do, you will go home, will you not?"

"If mother requests my return, certainly; but she will hardly do that when she knows the contents of Howard's note," and, without saying more, Ellen turned away to give the subject grave and sad deliberation. Her heart yearned as it then, for she realized what the desolation of her life must be without Howard. But, even had he not expressed a wish to have her remain, the clause in his letter which said that were he to be again swayed by his old passions he would scarcely return home, was enough of itself to make her desire to stay—that, in the case of such a dread recurrence, he would, as he had promised, return to her. But she could form no decision till her mother should know all, and she wrote at once to Mrs. Courtney, enclosing Howard's note, and repeating all that her own full heart could say on the subject.

Anne Flanagan smiled grimly when she received the letter to take it to the post, and she muttered to herself, as she walked briskly down the leafy avenue leading to the road:

"Howard Courtney will never be what his mother prays to see him—this is the last blow to her hopes. He has taken himself away, because he hated his sister's influence, and he was afraid of it, and he is free now to go his own wild way. Bah! he became what his mother has been praying and wishing for this many a year! Never—never!"

There was a grim, and even malignant satisfaction in her utterance of his last words, as if she had a vicious triumph in their truth.

Mrs. Courtney, on the reception of that letter, was like Ellen, at first disposed to yield to but one wretched thought—that Howard was removed from his sister's influence, and as a consequence had lost the last plank which had supported his shipwrecked faith; but when the full contents of the letter revealed themselves, when Howard's own note breathed to her heart the hope and consolation with which it had inspired Ellen, then she, too, like her daughter, hastened to pour forth her joyful thanksgiving. Afterwards, as she was wont, she sought Brother Fabian.

His stern eyes carefully read Howard's note, and Ellen's longer missive; but when he looked up, after the perusal of both, there was little in his countenance to show that the reading had imbued him with any of the hopeful feelings which his visitor entertained.

"What do you intend to do?" he asked; "yield to the whim of this foolish boy, and join your daughter in Ashland Manor?"

The question was asked with apparent carelessness, but the expression of his countenance betrayed the eagerness with which he awaited her reply.

"Why do you torture me by suggestions which you are already aware I cannot follow?" was her answer. "You know I cannot go."

"Ah! you still hold to that pledge?"

"Still! always! till death takes Howard, and there is no longer a chance of being restored to happiness!" She spoke passionately, as if from the very sharpness of some inward suffering.

The religious bent to her: "If one or both of your children were dying abroad, would you keep this absurd pledge then, and still refuse to go to them?"

A stifled cry broke from her lips, and her face became livid—as if there had been laid bare some nerve which thrilled with unendurable pain—and even he started, appalled from the sight of the suffering he had himself engendered.

"God help me!" she at last ejaculated; "in that case I would have to break my promise. But they are not dying," she continued, wildly; "they will not die; they will live; and he will know at last how faithfully I have kept my word."

The religious turned aside, as if he would no longer look into her heart-broken countenance, and when her disjointed sentences had terminated in a sob, he said, still without looking at her:

"You will at least, then, recall your daughter. Her stay can scarcely be of benefit to her brother now."

"My heart is bursting to recall her," she answered, "but I will not yet. Howard desires to have her remain, and that portion of his letter which contains his promise to return to her, in the case of his being swayed again by any of his old desires, is sufficient to make me consent to a longer separation."

But something tells me that I may, as he requests, trust him as I have not done before, and perhaps all will yet be well."

The brother turned to her, shortly. "What security is Howard's mere word for the course he intends to pursue—he who has so lightly thrown aside the very first principles of his faith—what guarantee can he give that we ought to accept?"

"Pshaw, woman! this note—lapping Howard's missive—is only sham, to make you less solicitous about more free to pursue his own wild will. He is of age now, is he not?"

She bowed her head, being too terror-stricken to speak.

"This is the manner in which he has chosen to assert his independence. He would be free—he would shake off the trammel of a sister as well as that of a mother, and he has done so. Your son will be lost in the vortex to which he is hastening."

"No, no, no," she cried, "retract what you almost shrank to retract. God is too good!"

And, kneeling at his feet, she essayed to catch his gown, as if, in the extremity of her misery, she imagined that that act must move him to retract his harsh words. But he plucked his robe away ere her hands could grasp it.

"Recall your daughter—expose her no longer to the dangers of a life abroad, and leave your son to the fate his pride and ambition merit."

"Never! no religion to counsel me to such a step! Your garb—she pointed to his gown—only covers uncharitableness and coldness."

His face slightly flushed.

"The mother who refuses to seek her children, alone is heartless."

She raised her clasped hands to Heaven.

"God, who knows the anguish which it costs me to persevere in my sacrifice, will not reproach me as you do; and He who rewards faith and patience will restore my son to me yet."

Her face, so worn and tear-stained, her voice so replete with emotion, seemed to have some softening effect on the stern religious—his features relaxed their harshness:

"Recall your daughter," he said. "It will be cruel to prolong her stay now."

The tears streamed from Mrs. Courtney's eyes.

"For Howard's sake, not yet. I can trust Ellen abroad, and she has already formed friends in Ireland who will gladly supply, as far as they can, my place to her; and there, if my son's her voice was choked for a moment by a sob—is what you say, her influence may again sometime reach him; while, should she return to me, it would indeed seem as if my hope was completely shattered—as if the heart from which I have been so long estranged could never be won back."

The brother averted his face, as if to conceal the tender expression which suddenly flashed into it, and after a few moments, during which Mrs. Courtney's grief, utterly beyond her control, had sometimes audible vent, he said, quietly:

"Neither faith nor duty demand the sacrifice you are making. You have dwelt on the requirements of that unreasonable pledge till you have become morbid. You are courting your griefs. Bear them."

He went out hurriedly, and without an adieu, as if he would escape all further sight of her suffering; while she, faint from sorrow, was obliged to wait, in order to recover sufficient strength for her departure.

On her arrival at home she was met by a domestic bearing the card with the singular inscription—

Mrs. Courtney pressed the card to her lips, and hurried to the parlor.

The same dark-complexioned individual who had always been the bearer of the card, rose on her entrance, saluting her with the profound salutation with which he invariably met her.

"Again you come," she cried; and burying her face in her hands she gave vent to low but passionate sobs.

The dark, peculiar eyes of the singular visitor shone with sympathetic emotion, but every trace of such had disappeared when Mrs. Courtney, having calmed herself, lifted her flushed and tear-stained face.

"Tell," she said brokenly, "that you have found me this time plunged in unutterable woe. My son has separated himself from his sister to go I know not where. My daughter is in Ashland Manor—the home of my girlhood—and I cannot go to her because of that pledge."

Again the man bowed, placed his finger on his lips as was his wont, and signified his desire to depart.

She accompanied him to the door, watched his figure, with its snake-like gait, pass down the street, and then turned inwards to wring her hands and murmur:

"How long, O Lord—how long?"

In the servants' hall gossip was rife about the mistress of the mansion. The domestic who had admitted the strange visitor reported that fact below stairs, and many and various were the remarks which ensued.

O'Connor gravely shook his head: "It passes my comprehension the way those children are let to stray abroad without mother or father's care. Mrs. Courtney always says they're well, but I doubt whether one of them is as well as she'd have him. Howsomever it's not my place to pass remarks, only I'm afeard they'll never be the happy home it once was."

CHAPTER XX
AN UNHAPPY MEETING

Dick Monahan had returned, but he had nothing to communicate further than that Howard had called upon Malverton Grosvenor in London, having learned in Dublin that the latter could be found in his English residence.

Ellen's heart bounded at that news. She fancied that Malverton might know what her brother intended to do; but then the remembrance of her promise to Lord Grosvenor made her heart as suddenly sink. What avail could Malverton's knowledge be to her, who had pledged herself to hold no intercourse with the poor's son? And her spirits sank still more when she found there was not, as she had fondly anticipated, any message from Howard. She had expected something that would, at least, breathe tenderness and remembrance of herself—but there was nothing, and for a moment she was tempted to distrust the contents of the note he had left. But her Faith came to her aid, and once more hope asserted its sway.

Not so, however, with Anne Flanagan, who learned that Howard had transmitted no message, she shook her head sadly, and muttered to herself:

"It's just as I thought—he has taken himself further from them than ever."

Malverton Grosvenor had been requested by Howard to afford such protection to Ellen as she might require in any decision at which she might arrive, and he was speedily on his way to Ashland Manor. Surprised that Ellen had returned no answer to his valise, he was anxious to hear her explanation from her own lips, and anxious, also, to urge her to return to her American home. Much as he desired to have her remain, where he could sometimes see her, still he would forebear to yield himself that gratification in order to have her safely where a mother's tenderness might soothe her to rest, she so much required after her many fatigues and trials, and where, ere very long, he hoped to follow her. But what was his wonder and dismay when he learned that Miss Courtney could not see him. Anne Flanagan, who had borne him that message from Ellen, was equally surprised, and it was with an exceedingly perplexed face that she had delivered the answer. He refused to credit the statement, and, insisting that Anne must have mistaken the reply she had been commissioned to bear, he sent her back to say that Howard called in obedience to her wish, and she returned, and for a long time he stood silent, and filled with wild and anguished thought, from which at length he appealed to Anne for some explanation of her young mistress's unprecedented conduct; but the woman was as impotent as himself to render one.

"What have I done?" he ejaculated wildly. "To merit such treatment?" and then the agonizing conviction burst upon his mind that perhaps, after all, Ellen Courtney was only like so many of her sex—false, or fickle, or both. The thought was madness; he seized his hat and strode rapidly to the door.

"Tell Miss Courtney," he said, turning upon the threshold, that any message she may desire to transmit to me will find me at my father's residence in Dublin, where I shall remain sufficiently long to give her which her mission to utter, full confidence to explain her singular conduct." Despite his intense grief there was a tinge of haughtiness in his tones, as if his native pride was trying to assert itself.

Anne Flanagan held up her hands when the door closed upon him, and she heard his rapid step through the hall.

"It beats all!" she murmured; "from father to son, from mother to daughter, they are all alike, past understanding."

Fiercely the tempest of anguish swept across Ellen Courtney's soul. Never were pangs of sorrow keener or more hopeless; and even her face, which she sought to utter, felt back-dry and dull on her aching heart. Now she realized all the agony which her promise to Lord Grosvenor involved; but, bitter as it was, she would not gainsay it—she would not wish it otherwise were she but sure that it had tended to the reclaiming of Howard; and again she offered to heaven her present suffering, her past trials, her dreary future, that her brother might be surely reclaimed to the course from which he had so sadly strayed.

Anne Flanagan certainly expected some private explanation from her mistress, but the latter made not the slightest allusion to her mysterious refusal to see Malverton—making no reply when Anne repeated the young man's message; and the maid grew secretly indignant, muttering, when she could do so without being overheard:

"Her mother trusted me!"

Mrs. Courtney's letter, so impatiently and anxiously looked for, arrived, but it contained not the tidings for which Ellen had so ardently hoped—that her mother would join her. It gave, as the young girl had anticipated, a full consent that the latter should remain in Ireland, and presumed that she would at once seek a residence with some of her friends, as Ashland Manor must henceforth be too lone some and melancholy a place of abode. But every line of the missive, every word breathed the anguish which that consent had cost the writer, and Ellen's tears fell as she read it, more

for her mother's sorrow than for her own.

Anne Flanagan's astonishment on learning that Mrs. Courtney did not desire her daughter's return, exceeded any wonder by which that erratic spinster had yet been possessed. She gave vent to it in the presence of Dick, and even in the hearing of Ellen herself; but the latter was too much engaged in her own troubled thoughts to heed it.

Ashland Manor was not forsaken. Lonesome and melancholy as it threatened to be, Ellen preferred it to a residence in which it might be impossible to lead the life of retirement she desired, and she commissioned Dick to effect all arrangements by which she could continue to retain possession of the old homestead. She had already begun a life of singular seclusion and good works when Malverton Grosvenor, despite the pride which he summoned to his aid, unable longer to endure the suspense of Ellen's protracted silence, again presented himself at Ashland Manor. Again was he denied the interview he solicited, and, without deigning to appeal to Anne Flanagan, he left her, done before, or waiting to show the stormy agitation of his feelings, he strode haughtily from the house.

Naught but benevolence—and that of the most active kind—could suffice to fill Ellen's dreary life. Steadily but gently resisting the kindness which would have made her one of many a happy home circle, she narrowed her own existence down to a monotonous tedium of distributing alms, and tending to the sick, by that very course of action enhancing the interest which already attached to her. It was reported that her brother had been obliged to leave the country, and rife were the conjectures as to why Ellen herself should remain in Ireland unattended by brother or mother. Some deemed the isolated life which she led very erratic, and evidence, perchance, of a mind unsettled by the trouble in which her brother had been involved, but the pious girl, little caring for the observations which her conduct might excite, pursued her unselfish work, as if her sole duty was to do good, and she was not aware of the fact that her life one entirely of good works, all of which should be offered to Howard's spiritual benefit, she filled her days, and sometimes far into the night (when she attended the deathbeds of the poor) with such. She taught catechism in the little parish chapel, and her ragged pupils listened with love and awe to the lessons of piety which fell from the lips of the "angel lady."

Her mail she dispatched a letter to, or received one from her mother. Mrs. Courtney had urged no objection to Ashland Manor as a residence, when she learned that Ellen preferred it; but, beyond the interchange of their own loving thoughts, either had little comfort to give the other.

Vainly did Malverton Grosvenor seek to treat Ellen Courtney's inexplicable conduct as he imagined it deserved. He plunged into the distracting cares of his own profession, and his home haunted him; it drove him back from London, whither, in his wild and painful excitement he had hurried, and it impelled him to make one more and last trial for an interview at Ashland Manor.

It was Sunday afternoon when he arrived, and Granny Cleary hastened from the lodge to open the gate for the "bonny gentleman," who always left a handsome *douceur* in her hand. He had a kindly greeting for her as was his wont, and in return she endeavored to inform him of the charitable errand on which Miss Courtney had a few minutes before departed—to teach catechism in the parish chapel. He held the bridle of his horse for a moment, as if irresolute in which direction to proceed; then, saying that he would defer calling at the house just then, he turned his horse about and returned to the road.

Inquiring his way, he rode leisurely along till he came in sight of the little cross-arched structure which announced the place of Catholic worship; then, finding a secluded spot in which to tie his animal, he proceeded, after that had been performed, to the entrance of the building. The door was partly open, and in such a manner as to shield him from observation, while it permitted his own unobstructed view.

Ellen was seated near the centre of the room, her little class about her. There was a soft flush on her thin cheeks, arising from the earnestness with which she was seeking to explain the words of the little book in her hand, and the afternoon sun shone with a mellow light on her hair and face. Her face! the cautious observer without the door fancied he had never beheld so pure, so heavenly a countenance. His heart softened; the feelings with which he had been wont to regard Ellen Courtney came back fourfold—surely, one who could engage in so lovely and so lowly a work of charity could neither be fickle nor false. It must be that she had resolved to give her heart to God alone, he thought; but why, even in that case, should she refuse to see him? He stole softly away, and back to his horse, resolved to wait till Ellen would come forth, when he should insist upon an explanation.

The sound, of children's voices soon told him that the little school had been dismissed; he hurried to the road to find an urchin or two with whom he might trust his animal. That done, he waited at a

distance that he might not startle her by his too abrupt appearance when she should come forth. She soon appeared, her little scholars clustering about her, proud and happy to be permitted to attend her part of the way home. He would not intrude upon her then, and he quietly followed, hoping that soon her young companions would leave her. His wish was gratified—the little ones said their adieus where the road diverged into narrower and more secluded paths, and Ellen was left to pursue her way alone.

Then Malverton permitted himself to overtake her. He murmured her name and she turned; but it was only to recoil from him with sudden terror, while her face grew as white as the snowy lining of her bonnet.

From the tender emotions of the lover, his heart fired with the indignation of the insulted and injured man.

"What means this, Miss Courtney? Why this repugnance to my presence? I must—I will have an explanation."

Her promise bound her to silence; she could not speak; and, still pale, she sought tremblingly to resume her way.

He sprang before her, the red flush of passion mantling his cheeks.

"Stay, Miss Courtney. I will not intrude again!"—his voice took a bitterly sarcastic tone—"and since it is the last time I will force my presence or my voice upon you, you must listen. Is this the interpretation I am to put upon your conduct—that you are not alone false, but heartless? Was yonder work of charity—still in sight—but a sham to cloak a life that is full of hypocrisy? If not, how am I to reconcile such apparently holy deeds with the ruthless manner in which you are trampling on my heart? Speak!"

He added, in louder and more passionate accents, as during the whole of his appeal she had not once lifted her eyes from the ground, and she raised her eyes and fixed them full upon his face, in an expression at once so appealing and so full of anguish, that his passion calmed. With the sudden reasoning of the lover, he imagined he had been mistaken, and so had been unduly harsh; all the tenderness, the love of his nature broke forth again.

"Forgive me, I alone am to blame. I have offended in some way by my rashness—my impatience, and you have been justly angered; but tell me that I am forgiven, and you will admit me to the place I once fondly fancied I occupied in your affections, at least let the old childish friendship still exist between us."

He held out his hand.

She turned away, faint and dizzy, fearing every moment that she should fall prostrate on the road. She essayed to hurry from him—for another instant in proximity to that passionate face, and pleading voice, and she felt that her promise to Lord Grosvenor would be broken.

He did not attempt to restrain her this time. His power of motion seemed paralyzed—his heart was frozen; and he looked after her till her trembling, uncertain steps had borne her from his sight. Then he rushed back to where he had left his horse, vaulted on the latter's back, and flinging an extravagant *douceur* to the urchins with whom he had left the animal, he dashed wildly in the direction of Dublin.

TO BE CONTINUED

THE HOUR BEFORE DAWN

For several minutes Mrs. Rutherford had stood, shivering, on the street corner before she found courage to stop a man and timidly ask her question.

"Harcourt place!" he echoed impatiently. "No, it's not here. This is University avenue. Better wait for a belt line car. It passes every ten or twelve minutes, and goes within two squares of Harcourt place. It would take you an hour to walk so far in such weather as this."

Mrs. Rutherford had hoped she would find a man who had been performed, to the entrance of the building. The door was partly open, and in such a manner as to shield him from observation, while it permitted his own unobstructed view.

On she walked—on, on, finding even her small handbag a burden. She had been tired when she started, and every minute her feet grew heavier until sheer weariness made her forget the cold, and at times even drove from her mind the anxieties which haunted it. Two or three times she tried to beguile the seemingly endless way by forming hopeful little plans, reminding herself that she was certain, or almost certain, to make some sales that afternoon, and deciding what she would do with her money.

A woman, more generous with her friends' purses than with her own, had given Mrs. Rutherford the names and numbers of three wealthy

women who lived in Harcourt place, and she was counting on their buying her lace. She dared not imagine what would happen if they did not. Her money was gone—every cent of it; she had nothing more that she could dispose of; she owed \$5.00 rent for her room; and her courage unconquered by years of trouble, had failed her at last. It was dead—quite dead. If she sold no lace that afternoon—but she dared not look beyond the hour. Those rich women could buy—surely they would, they must. The good Lord knew her need: He would take care of her! He always had. She must have hope, and oh, she would! So she struggled on, through the snow and against the wind, all the long and weary way, thinking her disjointed thoughts and murmuring her disjointed prayers.

She had left her lodging place at 1 o'clock: it was 2.30 when, at length, she passed between the big stone gates that guarded Harcourt place from the contamination of a vulgar world. Consulting a list which with infinite care she had drawn from her bag, Mrs. Rutherford found that Mrs. Tillston lived in the first house, a great stone mansion, in the center of a wide, snow-covered lawn. Slowly and timidly she made her way to the door; hesitatingly she rang the bell; and when a small maid appeared it was very apologetically that she asked to see Mrs. Tillston.

"Yes, she's in," the girl said crisply.

"Where's your card?" And she smiled, knowing that Mrs. Rutherford had none.

"I have no card," Mrs. Rutherford faltered; and shamefully told her name. As soon as the maid went away she sank on one of the stiff, high-backed chairs, and dropped her bag into her lap, ill at ease, but thankful for the chance to sit, and reveling in the warmth of the overheated hall.

The girl soon reappeared.

"If you're begging or soliciting or have something to sell, Mrs. Tillston hasn't time to see you," she said.

Mrs. Rutherford rose without a word; and in every inch of her trembling, poorly clad figure there was a simple dignity that Mrs. Tillston herself could not excel. As for her face, it was tragic. Deeply humiliated, she was even more deeply disappointed.

The girl could not but see the change in her face, and she understood a little now. Her pert smile faded. She was not hard-hearted, only thoughtful.

"I'm sorry," she said, as she opened the door. "I'm real sorry."

And Mrs. Rutherford went out into the wind and the snow and the cold.

Mrs. Smith was second on her list. She was not at home; she had gone south a month before, the man said; and he slammed the door in her face.

Very, very slowly Mrs. Rutherford crept on, brushing the tears from her eyes again and again, and rubbing her hands together—they were almost frozen in their cotton gloves. Before Mrs. Pierce's house she paused, tempted not to go in. She shrank from another rebuff; but if she did not go there, whither should she turn? The poor house was the only alternative. She was sobbing softly when she rang the bell—sobbing and trying to pray.

A plump, rosy, round-faced maid opened the door; and, having led the way to a small reception room, placed a chair close to a radiator.

"You're cold! Why, you're very cold!" she said in a friendly, sympathetic way.

Mrs. Rutherford hastily dried her eyes and tried to smile, as she looked up into the girl's kind face and answered:

"I was out of doors for a long time, and the wind and cold are cruel to us old people."

They are cruel to everybody. Our butcher's boy was so cold we had to give him two cups of coffee before he was fit to go back on his wagon," the girl said. And, having solicitously pushed Mrs. Rutherford's chair close to the radiator, she crossed the hall and entered the big room opposite. Mrs. Rutherford heard every word she said to her mistress, though she spoke in a low tone.

"There's an old lady waiting to see you in the reception room. I took her there because it's the warmest place in the house, and she seemed cold—almost frozen."

Mrs. Rutherford listened breathlessly for Mrs. Pierce's reply.

"Did she give her name or any message? I am busy this afternoon," a voice said—a voice so sweet so marvellously sweet, that Mrs. Rutherford's face brightened, and instinctively she straightened herself in her chair.

"She did not give her name, and I forgot to ask," the girl replied. "She has a little satchel, so I imagine she wants to sell something. She is poor, I can tell."

"Thgn, of course, I will see her," the gentle voice said.

An instant afterward there was a step in the hall, and the rustle of silk petticoats—and Mrs. Rutherford was looking timidly, appealingly, but not servilely, at the woman, still young and very beautiful, who cordially shook her hand, and, finding it cold, began to rub it gently with her own. Mrs. Rutherford had thought to meet an old lady; deep kindness being ordinarily the fruit of many sorrows.

"You must have a cup of tea. It will warm you. Why, you are very cold! You are shivering!" Mrs. Pierce exclaimed; and, ringing the bell, she ordered tea and sandwiches.

Ten minutes later they were drinking their tea and chatting

and Mrs. Rutherford found that she was not alone false, but heartless? Was yonder work of charity—still in sight—but a sham to cloak a life that is full of hypocrisy? If not, how am I to reconcile such apparently holy deeds with the ruthless manner in which you are trampling on my heart? Speak!"

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pleasantly. There was no trace of patronage in Mrs. Pierce's manner, and Mrs. Rutherford forgot that they did not meet on an equal footing. A few minutes had wrought a great change in her. She had forgotten the cold she had forgotten her poverty. She looked younger—years younger. Her natural wit, asleep for many a day, asserted itself unexpectedly; and she said such piquant, clever things that the room rang with Mrs. Pierce's low laughter.

Then, suddenly, her forgotten bag slipped from her lap and fell with a thud to the floor, reminding her of her errand. Her short dream was ended. At once the haggard look returned to her face, and the pain in her heart awoke. She was poor again—poor as of old.

"But, I am forgetting my errand, Mrs. Pierce," she said in a changed tone, after she had hastily picked up her bag. "I came here to—well, not to beg, but to try to sell you some hand-made lace."

"Drink your tea and take another sandwich," Mrs. Pierce urged. "After that I'll be glad to look at your pretty things."

But Mrs. Rutherford would not. The tea had grown tasteless; she had remembered that she was not a guest. Replacing her cup on the tea table, she opened her bag, and, drawing forth carefully-folded pieces of lace, began to spread them out as enticingly as possible, with her thin and trembling hands. As she did so Mrs. Pierce was looking not at the lace, but at Mrs. Rutherford's sweet, mobile face. It seemed to interest her deeply.

"This piece is a dollar and a half a yard," Mrs. Rutherford said in a businesslike tone, which she had been at pains to cultivate; "and this is seventy-five cents; and this other one, a dollar."

Mrs. Pierce took the first piece between her fingers.

"What lovely work!" she exclaimed. "I'll take all you have of this; and I must have some of that."

"How kind you are!" Mrs. Rutherford answered, and for very joy her lips quivered and tears poured over her cheeks. She had always kept her sorrows to herself, but, meeting Mrs. Pierce's tender smile, as she hastily wiped away her tears she said, half-sobbing:

"You are so kind! I—oh, I'm lonely and hungry! I've been hungry for many a day. I haven't a dollar in the world; I have no home. It's hard when a woman is as old as I, and all alone. I lost my husband many years ago, and my daughter died when she was little—only five years old. I've tried not to complain. I might have known that God would not forsake me. He didn't. He sent me to you, and you are buying my lace."

Mrs. Pierce gently stroked her hand. She waited until Mrs. Rutherford was calm again before she began to speak. "Listen to me," she said. "I am not being kind. The lace is lovely. I am glad to have it, and I can always buy whatever I like. I wish I were making some sacrifice to take it—I wish it with all my heart. I wish—"

She broke off abruptly—she who was never abrupt—and added significantly, after a pause: "You know, sometimes people give away what they really need."

"Sometimes," Mrs. Rutherford agreed wonderingly. She could not imagine what was in Mrs. Pierce's mind; but agitated as she was, understood that some special meaning lay hidden under her words.

"I know what it is to be poor—I know so well!" Mrs. Pierce went on, looking away from Mrs. Rutherford, as if she were speaking to herself rather than conscious that she had a listener. "I was once friendless and penniless in New York. When I was eighteen I went there to study art—went there with all a young girl's rosy dreams of success and of happiness. But I did not succeed. I grew poor and poorer. I was starving. I was growing desperate. The day I spent my last cent—it was the 8th of December, I remember—I stopped in the church on my way back to my cold attic room. I suppose my face told a story for as I prayed a woman, whom I had long admired from a distance—touched me on the shoulder. I see you are in trouble," she said. "Is there anything I can do to help?"

"She spoke so sweetly that before I knew it, proud as I was, I had told her all. She gave me a \$20 bill. Somehow I did not mind taking it from her. And she gave me what I needed quite as much: tenderness and encouragement."

Mrs. Rutherford had dropped her lace. She clasped her hands together and looked into Mrs. Pierce's averted face.

"The next day," Mrs. Pierce continued, "I took my best water color from one dealer to another. I did not have to sail for France. I had placed it before noon, and it was sold a day or two later. The buyer asked to see more of my work, and my day of bitterness was past. He, the buyer, was Mr. Pierce."

She smiled, looking again at Mrs. Rutherford; then added quietly:

"All that came long afterward, but it was only a little while before I was able to save \$20, and then I began to watch for my benefactor to repay her. Day after day I watched, Sunday after Sunday, but she was never in the church. At length I went to see the pastor, and asked him for her address. He could not give it to me. She had left the parish and (he thought) New York. He, being comparatively new there, had not known her well; but this he did know: that on the very day of which I spoke she had lost every-



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thing in the failure of the Mutual Trust Company. She had gone to see him on her way to the church he remembered, and had told him that the only money she had in the world was a \$20 bill in her purse. And—that was the bill she gave me."

There was a long, long silence before Mrs. Pierce leaned forward, and, taking Mrs. Rutherford's hands in hers, said very softly:

"You will let me pay my debt—my great debt—won't you?"

For a moment Mrs. Rutherford hid her face in her hands. When she tried to speak she could not say a word; but, before Mrs. Pierce could prevent it, she had slipped on her knees beside her, and, clinging to her, she wept aloud, because her joy was too great for her heart to hold.

"You were so sweet and good I couldn't help it!" she murmured at last.—Florence Gilmore, in *Ave Maria*.

WHY PARISH SCHOOLS ARE THE BEST

"Evidently Catholics are determined to have their children educated in the Catholic way," wrote Cardinal Farley, in a New York daily paper. After giving a summary of the parish schools in New York, the cost of maintenance, etc., His Eminence proceeded to show what "the Catholic way" is.

To begin with the Catholic child in the parish school is taught his religion, and the precepts of Catholic morality. "The Catholic idea is not that religion should accompany secular training and stop there, but that the secular studies should themselves be pursued under the aegis of Christianity, so that at no time during the session should the pupil be removed from its sanctifying influences." The symbols of religion—the crucifix and sacred pictures—are among the fittings of the classroom. They are constant reminders of the value God placed on the soul.

And the prayers recited at the beginning and the end of the day's work and at frequent intervals between the children are imbued with the idea that obedience to civil rulers is a religious duty since back of the civil authority is the authority of God. Moreover the teachers themselves are in the most cases men and women who have given up the world to work for God in the instruction of youth, and the very sight of their habits serves as a constant example of that self-renunciation which is at the root of true character-training. And when such a teacher demands the obedience and respect of his young charges his demand is enforced by the fact that he himself is living in a state of constant obedience to his own superiors.

Every patriotic citizen, no matter what his creed, ought to thank God that in a land where reverence for law is none too common there are schools where submission to authority, civil as well as religious, is insisted on as a religious duty, and that not by words only but by the immeasurably more eloquent voice of example. Then again the children are brought regularly to the parish church for confession and Communion, for Sunday Mass and other devotional purposes, and in some cases they have Sunday-school as a supplement to the regular religious training of the week or they are required to hand in a synopsis of the sermon. In short, the whole school is permeated with the atmosphere of religion, not a religion of mere pretty phrases and weak sentimentality, but one that has definite and clearly grasped doctrine for the basis of its moral teaching. Is it any wonder that children so trained grow up to become useful law-abiding citizens, loyal to their God and to their country?

The Cardinal meets the objection that the time given to religious instruction must be taken from the other studies, by pointing to the records of examinations in which parish schools and Public schools took part, side by side. To see the religious teachers in session each year at educational conferences and summer schools is to be convinced of the efficiency of such teachers.

And lastly, (continued His Eminence) the Catholic schools, having behind them the sound traditions of

centuries, have been notably free from those hasty experiments with novelties that have done so much to impair the efficiency of other educational establishments. Not all movement is progress, and while we are glad to improve in every possible way, and are not wedded to a blind conservatism, we have never suffered our schools to be converted into experiment stations for inflicting on the bewildered and mystified children the latest pedagogical fads.

And now, before concluding, I would like to indicate another field in which the parish school has wrought a blessing. It has frequently happened that a pastor sets up a school in a district where poverty and ignorance walk hand in hand. The children are gathered in and gradually through them there is introduced into the homes a leaven of true culture which could not otherwise have been imparted. Without any officious meddling with the private lives of these people the Church becomes a source of betterment even in the things of this life, the parents benefitting as well as the children, and an acute observer might after a few years recognize the Catholic Church at her old but never abandoned task of healing the nations, as though the ancient days were come again, when Goth and Saxon and Celt were Christianized and civilized by the missionaries that went out from Rome. This is no fanciful picture but a fact of actual experience.

Such is in brief the principle on which the parish school is based. It rests on the firm foundation of Christ's command, which the Church through long ages has ever striven to fulfill until she has accumulated a store of experience that places her far beyond all possible rivals. She knows the human nature with which she is dealing, its capacities and its limitations. And with these in mind she knows that the only way to train up good citizens, good fathers and mothers, is through the teaching of the faith once delivered to the saints. All other methods are sadly inadequate. For man needs to learn to bear the yoke from his youth if he is to grow up a useful and law-abiding member of society; and that process of subjecting the intellect and the will to the higher law can not be accomplished by any means that has not back of it the sanction and authority of religion. In the words of Cardinal Newman: "Quarry the granite rock with razors or moor the vessel with a thread of silk; then may you hope with such keen and delicate instruments as human knowledge and human reason to contend against those giants, the passion and the pride of man."

Nor will it be denied that the large measure of individual liberty enjoyed by citizens of our republic calls for higher motives of conduct than any man-made methods of control of human actions can furnish. Monarchies, it is said, largely rest on the honor, but republics on the virtue of their subjects. Taking this for granted, it applies more pertinently to the people of this nation than to any other living under a kindred form of government. The vastness and variety of our population gathered from the ends of the earth within the brief span of little more than a century, of every and no form of religious belief, call loudly for the religious training of the rising generations.—Sacred Heart Review.

A MAN'S BELIEF

By William H. Sloan, M. A., in the *Missionary*

In regard to the physical economy of the globe, does it make any difference what a man believes? Would it make any difference to a machine whether he thought lead was as good for tools as steel? Would it make any difference to a man in respect to the industries of life, if he thought that a triangle was as good as a circular wheel in machinery? In respect to the quality of substance, the forms of substances, the combinations of substances, and the nature of motive powers, does success depend upon sincere believing or on right believing? Suppose a man should think that it made no difference what he believed, and should say to himself, "I wish to raise corn, but I have not the seed; so I will take some ashes and plant them; and I believe sincerely that they are as good as corn"—would he have a crop of corn? What would his sincerity avail? The more sincere he was the worse it would be for him; for if he were not sincere, he might slip away in a lucid interval and get a little corn, and plant that. In all material things, the more sincere our readers are, if they are right, the better; but the more sincere they are if they are wrong, the worse they are off. In the latter case, sincerity is the mallet that drives home the mischief.

How is it in respect to commercial matters? Just now a great many are manufacturing weapons and supplies for the embattled hosts of Europe and Asia. Does it make no difference whether a man thinks that wool that is mere dust and sweepings of wool is as good for blankets as honest wool? Does it make no difference whether a man thinks that corn-stalks and sticks are as good as machine guns and rifles? Does it make no difference with the sale of a man's goods, whether they are manufactured of one material or another? If a business man believes right in respect to his business, he prospers; and if he believes wrong, he does not prosper, however sincere he may be.

How is it in respect to navigation? Does any man say, "I have my own

theories about astronomy, and I will sail my ship according to them. I do not believe the talk of the books on this subject; and it does not make much difference what a man believes respecting it." Does it make no difference what a seaman believes about charts? Suppose the captain of a ship should say, "I know the chart says that here are three fathoms of water, that here are two, and that here is one, but I do not believe it; I know that my steamer draws thirty feet of water, but I believe that I can run it over a twenty-foot bar"—does it make no difference what he believes? It makes all the difference between shipwreck and safety. Throughout the whole realm of physical truth, a man is bound to believe, not only sincerely, but correctly. In business, in manufacturing, in navigation, in all things that relate to the conduct of men in secular affairs, men must be right—not merely sincere.

Take one thing further. There are affectional and social truths. Does it make no difference what a man believes in respect to these? Is there no difference between pride, vanity, and selfishness, on the one hand, and tenderness, sympathy and love, on the other? If a man has social intercourse, does it make no difference what view he takes of these things? Will it make no difference with his conduct, if he thinks that pride and love are about the same thing, and that one is a proper substitute for the other? His sincerity makes the mischief worse, in such a case.

It is only when we come to moral and religious grounds that men begin to urge the maxim that it makes no difference what men believe, with any considerable degree of confidence. They reject it in its application to material truths, to physical sciences, to business, to social intercourse in life, and in all this they hold to the necessity of correct belief. It is not until they come to religious truths, like the difference between Catholicity and Protestantism, that men begin to say, "It does not make much difference what a man believes."

Let us take the lower forms of moral truth, and see if it is so in our daily intercourse. A non-Catholic who has a sick son at home, goes to church, and he hears a minister preach about the necessity of believing only certain great doctrines, and on his way home he says, "It is not so much importance what a man believes, if he is only sincere in it." When he gets home, he finds there has been an altercation between his sick son and the nurse. There is a lie between them somewhere. And the child calls back his father's theory, and says in respect to the sinfulness of lying, "Father, I do not think it makes much difference what one believes if he is only sincere." What will our non-Catholic friend think about it then?

Our friends of other faiths are trying to bring up their children to follow in the footsteps of the fathers in regard to a virtuous life. Do they not desire to bring them up to believe that honesty is the best policy? Do they not desire to bring them up to believe that purity stands connected with their prosperity in after life? Do they not feel the greatest solicitude about the teachings they are receiving? Are they not determined that they shall be brought up to distinguish between truth and falsehood, honor and dishonor, purity and impurity, temperance and drunkenness, nobleness and vulgarity? They do not look for a special providence of some kind to overcome in later life, erroneous education. As John Ruskin says: "If you prepare a dish of food carelessly, you do not expect Providence to make it palatable; neither, if through years of folly you misguide your own life, need you expect Divine interference to bring around everything at last as if you had done right." How particular men are when it is moral truth that is applied to the reasoning of their children. How long would they keep a Sunday-school teacher in their Sunday school who held, in respect to these subjects, as they hold in respect to doctrinal matters, that it does not make any difference what a person believes?

As it is with the lower forms of moral truth, the Catholic believes that both experience and Revelation teach us it is so with the higher forms of moral truth and religious doctrine. There is a definite and heaven-appointed and vital connection between the things a man holds to be true, and the moral and spiritual results that follow in that man's life.

The Catholic believes that all truths are important, especially those that bear upon a man's eternal salvation, and all such truths show with equal rapidity the effects of being believed or rejected. There are many doctrinal truths that bear such a relation to our everyday life that the fruit of believing or rejecting appears almost at once. These

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are Spring truths, that come up and bear fruit early in the season. There are other truths that require more time for working out their results; these may be called Summer truths, and their result does not ripen till July or August. Other truths, in respect to showing the results of belief or disbelief, are like late Autumnal fruits, that require a whole winter to develop their proper juices. But in these last the connection between belief and conduct is just as certain although it is longer in making itself appear.

On this subject the Pittsburgh Observer wisely discourses:

"It has been truly said by a recent anonymous writer that the pessimism and weariness of life from which our age is suffering so severely is due, not so much to any one of those minor causes to which the wise ones of the world are so apt to refer it, as to the absence of that strong and all-conquering faith in the existence of God and in His constant guidance of the individual life which Christianity emphasizes and confirms so strongly and without which human nature at best remains sadly imperfect and incomplete."

"How often in these days of doubt and uncertainty, of wavering and wandering, one is reminded of that faithful saying of the great Cardinal Newman—'Either the Catholic religion is verily the coming of the unseen world into this, or there is nothing positive, nothing dogmatic, nothing real in any of our notions as to whence we come and whither we go.'"

What our Lord does is well done; we have but to submit. Do not complain of trouble, it will be well repaid, a rich recompense awaits you in heaven; let this thought encourage you.—Sister Louise, S. N. D.

Let us take courage until the end, and let us not grow weary of thanking our Lord for so many favors, graces, and—crosses!

If I can not yet bear my cross joyfully, at least I will bear it willingly, since God has laid it on my shoulders.

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LONDON, SATURDAY, AUGUST 18, 1917

DEMOCRACY

We have heard so much of democracy in this War that thinking people are beginning to ask what it all means and if it is worth while.

Nonetheless we have preserved our faith in democracy. The power of the people under a democratic form of government, if not always actual, is something potential.

In a powerful article in Land and Water Mr. Hilaire Belloc indicates this fact as one of the most important considerations of the War.

In the article referred to Mr. Belloc says: "But if there is no punishment then war has changed into a much more evil thing than our race ever knew before, and into a thing that will be wholly destructive to our civilization."

"Consider for a moment what will follow if these things do become precedents, and if the future regards what has been gradually imposed upon modern war by Germany as actions normal to all war."

"Of the effect upon this country there can be no doubt. It will be at the mercy of constant immediate unforeseeable attack upon its merchandise by sea and upon its civilian population by air. The strain of preparation against such attack, awful as it was before 1914, will become far greater than ever it was before."

"We can, if we will, but only by a complete victory, eliminate the thing for good. We can make it impossible for it to enter the mind of the European that he should torture or should enslave, that he should murder upon the high seas, that he should break a treaty with impunity."

Here follows a reference to what we believe is the very kernel of democratic government:

"It is perhaps wise to conclude such a survey with the most intimate question of all—a question that has exercised the mind of every

thinking man in our generation: I mean the relation between the few who possess and the many who work for them.

"What does a Europe in which Prussia is the model promise to those who are most concerned with this most vital matter?"

"The Prussian attitude towards this tremendous business of domestic or social organization is well known to us. We have seen it, not only in the Prussian losses, but most strikingly in the attitude of the Prussian Socialist party and in, I do not say the unwillingness, but the incapacity of the Prussianized German to act save under orders. His inability to organize from below."

"The modern German conception—the Prussian conception of a settlement in this vast affair, is that the proletarian majority shall be given a certain security and sufficiency by law, but that all power and direction, and enjoyment for that matter, shall remain with the possessing few. What we have copied from Prussia in recent years in our legislation is precisely that idea."

"No scheme which leaves power—especially economic power—in the hands of the populace has any meaning to the Prussian mind. It conceives of the mass as a herd—to be kept efficient, ordered, trained to work for masters. And the Prussian herd agrees. Well, in the strictest sense of the term that idea means servitude. It means, using the words in their most accurate sense, without rhetoric and without violence, the return of slavery in Europe."

"The thing is so great, the two spirits engaged so over-shadow all mankind that one hesitates to write it thus in an ephemeral article lest we should seem to be debating too lightly things upon which the future of mankind must turn."

"That is the truth. If Prussia comes out of this War unconquered, slavery will re-arise in Europe," concludes Mr. Belloc.

Mr. Belloc sees the limitations of democracy as clearly as any one. But he sees also that there is a stupendous truth in President Wilson's statement of the issue of this War; that it is to make the world safe for democracy; that society shall retain the power to reorganize from below.

LAW

It is curious to note that in these days, when we are very busy in making laws, there is a widespread contempt for and resistance of the laws which are so tumultuously promulgated. Time was when people were content to live quietly under the law, with some thankfulness that there was such an umbrella between them and the pitiless pelt of crime, and in those old days "lawlessness" was a term of reproach. The laws are being changed in fundamental particulars, and the party in the State that does the most in that regard gets the highest praise and harvests the most votes. Office is at an auction, and those who bid the highest get the post.

LAW'S SANCTION

That the laws have somehow lost their sanction cannot be doubted. It has all along been a creed of both parties that men ought to be prepared to dare and suffer in resistance of tyranny, that men ought to be prepared to resist to the death a foreign conqueror and there has always been a feeling amongst men that the doctrine of passive submission under all conceivable circumstances was a foolish doctrine. But while holding this as a creed, men have been slow to define when it became a duty to defy a tyrant, or under what circumstances passive resistance to law was justifiable. If the conscience is to be above the law upon certain occasions, what are these occasions? And if you define the occasions are you not pulling a law upon conscience, which is by the hypothesis to be above the law?

AN INSTANCE

This matter has been brought into prominence in recent times by the attempt of one set of statesmen to pass a Home Rule Bill for Ireland. This is no common juncture. It is asserted with some color of truth that this measure is being forced through Parliament—by a Government which can only remain in power by the favor of Irish Nationalists—as the price and payment of their support. It is asserted that

the people of Great Britain are opposed to this measure now, that they twice rejected a similar proposal in the past, and that it is being forced on an unwilling Britain and a resisting Ulster by an unauthorized and obsequious House of Commons, which has by the same ministry, with the assistance of a lapse of time, been made omnipotent by the Parliament Act. It is under these circumstances that certain statesmen have used language which upon other occasions would have seemed uncalled for and exaggerated. We have seen Sir Edward Carson threatening to go over to Ireland and break every law he could lay his hands on, a somewhat miscellaneous threat; and Mr. Bonar Law saying that he "could imagine no length to which Ulster will go in which he should not be ready to support them"—which is certainly a more guarded utterance. But these things raise the whole question—how far must passive submission go—when is passive resistance to laws a right and a duty?

THE MILITANTS

We know, for instance, that the militant Suffragists refuse to obey man-made laws, and, in an explosive way, not only passively resist but actively rebel, and break windows and other silly things—Are they justified? How far is this sort of defiance to go? Is every man or woman to be a law to him or herself? Is not the real fact this, that our representative system is breaking down under the strain that is put upon it and that it has become an exploded bubble. We have, too, been encouraging this defiance of the law in many directions and in many cases this has been suffered and winked at and allowed by Government. Why should men respect law when the makers and administrators of law treat it as a dead letter in the London docks, but as a living letter in the Belfast shipyards? They treat the Statute Book as if they were above the law, and they have taught others to regard the law as anything but sacred, and the people have learned the lesson and show their contempt for its ordinances upon almost every occasion. It is not every man, of course, who can distinguish between a robbery and a tax, but it is well to remember that what some men call a tax is nothing short of robbery. What then is our duty?

NOTES AND COMMENTS

THAT THE Oxford University Press should be printing Mormon literature, and issuing the same bound up with what is popularly known as the King James Version of the Bible, is one of the significant signs of the times.

IN THE famous Uffizi Gallery at Florence a tourist, armed with a guide book, went up to the curator and flippantly asked: "Are these your Great Masters? I certainly don't see much in them myself." "Sir," was the rejoinder, "These pictures are not on their trial. It is the visitors who are on their trial." A similar rejoinder might fittingly be made to critics of Catholic Christianity. It is not the Church that has weathered the storms of twenty centuries that is on trial but the bewildered adherents of the modern sects of yesterday!

IT IS a pleasure to be able to commend the sentiments of our contemporary, The Presbyterian, in regard to the attitude, so much discussed in the past few months, of French Canada towards the War. Its leader of July 19th on "Canadian Loyalty" might be read and pondered upon with profit by every normal English-speaking citizen of the Dominion. It is sane, and just, and displays a sympathetic understanding of the average French Canadian's point of view. Its purport may be summed up in one or two excerpts. "He is out and out a Canadian. In loyalty to the Dominion no one has anything to teach him. He was born here, and his father, his grandfather, and his great grandfather before him. This is his fatherland, his motherland. To die abroad would be to die in exile."

OR THIS, after contrasting his origin and his family affiliations with those of his English-speaking brother:

"Notwithstanding what we have said, it would be wrong to suppose that the French-Canadians are entirely wanting in British loyalty or that they recognize no obligation as British subjects. The events in

connection with the present War throw light on the matter. The French-Canadians have assented to large taxation for war purposes and they have enlisted in considerable numbers because they have a measure of British loyalty and do recognize a certain obligation. They are not willing to go as far as other Canadians and they have enlisted in such smaller numbers because their loyalty in that direction is not so intense nor their sense of obligation so keen. If they were convinced that the safety and well-being of Canada were directly involved in the War their response would be much more hearty."

Which well considered and judicious observations give point to the doctrine so consistently preached editorially by our contemporary throughout this momentous War, that the first duty of every Canadian whether of French or English origin is to aim at understanding and appreciation of his brother's point of view. There should be no room in Canada for racial incendiaries or fomentors of religious strife.

MR. ED. HARPER WADE, of Quebec, who describes himself as a lineal descendant of several generations of Ulster Protestants, writes to the Montreal Star a strong appeal for unity and harmony between Nationalists and Unionists in Ireland. As indicative of what we trust we may without exaggeration call the growing feeling of sympathy and confidence between the two great sections of Irishmen to which soldiers as brothers-in-arms on the battle-field have so largely contributed, Mr. Wade's letter is worthy of more than passing notice. It is something to have divested one's self so far from inherited prejudices as to give expression to sentiments such as these:

"The Roman Catholics of Ireland have always been exceedingly tolerant and liberal. In the time of Queen Mary persecuted English Protestants found a safe refuge and kindly welcome in Roman Catholic Ireland. Religious persecution is unknown outside Ulster. There is not a Roman Catholic county in Ireland that the Protestant minority do not hold positions as paid officials greatly in excess of their numerical proportion."

In contrast to this Mr. Wade cites existing conditions in Ulster:

"I would the Protestants of Ulster, the stock from which I am lineally descended, added to their numerous other virtues, tolerance and liberality in such matters. Roman Catholics form nearly one-third of the population of Belfast, but no Roman Catholic has ever been allowed to become Mayor or Lord Mayor. The Corporation pays annually £68,728 in salaries, of which only £765 goes to Roman Catholic salaried officials, 9 out of 487."

THE GENERAL recognition of these indubitable facts by any considerable section of the Unionists of Belfast, and the consciousness that in the breasts of their Catholic and Nationalist countrymen there smoulders no feeling of hatred or distrust because of the past, which circumstance The Convention can hardly fail to demonstrate to their satisfaction, surely gives promise of a happy outcome to that memorable gathering.

"THE MOST encouraging thing one hears about the Irish question in these times," says a writer in the Westminster Gazette, "comes from the fighting front. A friend wrote to me the other day that if it could only be referred to a mass meeting of the Irish regiments, North and South, he verily believed it would be settled in a few hours. From the beginning of the War until now there has been the best feeling between Nationalists and Ulstermen, and the fact that they are both Irish is a bond against all comers. I have heard both Nationalists and Ulstermen say that, if their own drafts failed them, they would rather be recruited from each other than take English recruits. A little of this spirit is wanted in Ireland"—another manifestation of the truth that knowledge and understanding furnish the truest basis for reconciliation and unity.

HOW MANY OF US realize the prodigious expenditures entailed by the conduct of the War? An enumeration of some of Great Britain's purchases, putting aside other nations concerned, may help us to form some idea. According to official statistics the value of purchases for the British Army has exceeded 700,000,000 pounds sterling, or over 3,409,000,000 dollars. The value of purchases for a single year has now reached the prodigious total of over 1,700,000,000 dollars. If these figures be translated into items we have the following (to enumerate only a few): 220,000,000 yards of cloth and flannel;

400,000,000 pounds of bacon; 167,000,000 pounds of cheese; 260,000,000 tins of jam; 500,000,000 tins of preserved meat; 95,000,000 pairs of boots, and 25,000,000 smoke or gas helmets.

THE ARMY contracts department in England utilize three methods of purchase for these huge supplies: competitive tendering, requisition of output, and control of material. Skilled investigators visit contractors, work and check details, and considerable savings sometimes result. In one instance in a twelve months contract totalling 8,500,000 pounds sterling reductions were made amounting to 400,000 pounds.

ON THE BATTLE LINE

ALLIED FORCES ARE again on the move on the western front. General Haig reports the completion of the capture of Westhoek by the British and the remaining positions held by the foe on the Westhoek Ridge. The troops also established in Glenroose Woods, where there was heavy fighting. Some 250 prisoners were taken. The French have made progress around Bixchoote. These positions are northeast and north of Ypres, and the fighting was of a stubborn nature. Correspondents with the British armies describe the attack as gaining virtually all the ground to a depth of several hundred yards on the German forward positions east of Hooge, between Frezenburg and the Ypres-Menin road. General Haig speaks of it as a "successful local attack." Farther south the British raided foe positions on a wide front east of Monchy-le-Frenx, smashing the defences, killing a number of Germans and bringing back some prisoners. Berlin pictures the raid at Monchy as an attack on a large scale, made by deep masses of troops, on which the destructive fire of the Germans "fell with overpowering effect at the points where they (the British) had assembled." The report adds that the British were everywhere repulsed. In dealing with the fighting around St. Quentin Berlin reports an advance which gave them French trenches on a front of twelve hundred metres and a hundred and fifty prisoners.

IN THE Lens fighting zone Canadians, consisting of Ontario men, made raids on a front of over two thousand yards right to the enemy's support trenches, which we found to be lightly held. They report that the trenches have been badly battered by shell fire, and say that they could easily have pushed forward into the streets of Lens itself. It was wise leadership that did not allow such a move, as the raid was carried out with very small losses, and the taking of the coal city might have proved a very costly business, as the enemy artillery would have the range, and there are no doubt many strong points in the place. It is possible that another big drive in this vicinity is contemplated, though for the moment the odds seem to favor a renewed big advance from Ypres as soon as the ground is dry enough for operations on a large scale.

HEAVY losses were inflicted upon the Germans, who made attacks on a mile and a half front north of St. Quentin, obtaining possession of a few points in the advance trenches. On the Aisne a German offensive was also undertaken, ending with hand-to-hand fighting, in which a few of the foe who reached the French trenches were all killed or captured. The policy of the Germans on the West front seems to have definitely settled itself into attacks on the Allied line at points removed from areas in which the British and French advances are taking place, with the idea of weakening the force of Allied blows. It has not been successful so far, and it would appear that the Allies are not afraid to run the risk of losing unimportant ground on sections of the battle-line if they gain important victories when they strike at positions of their own choosing.—Globe, Aug. 11.

CATHOLICS ARE MADE MORE LOYAL BY PERSECUTION

By Rev. H. C. Henzell, Madison, Wis. Our Lord, Jesus Christ, Himself misunderstood, hated, and crucified, predicted that His Church would also be misunderstood, hated, and crucified by worldly and bigoted fanatics. That suggests one of the many methods of finding in our day of numerous conflicting Christian sects the one true Church established and chartered by Jesus Christ. Simply find the Church which always has been and which still is consistently misrepresented, hated, and persecuted. Evidently it is none other than the Catholic Church.

What a campaign of bigotry, slander, and vilification has been waged against the Catholic Church! Think of the vast amount of ignorance and anti-Catholic prejudice existing in our own free United States! Vicious and libellous publications are able to boast of a circulation of over a million copies a week. The existence of such publications is a blight upon our American culture and civilization.

These anti-Catholic publications feed their scandal-hungry millions upon the hanks of swine and moral sewerage. Most of their stories of scandal involving Catholic laymen and churchmen are invented in the diseased imagina-

tions of those who write them or tell them.

I recall reading in a copy of the —, which was forced upon me through Uncle Sam's mail service, the salacious story of a scandal involving an alleged priest in Philadelphia. On the face of it the story looked authentic. Detailed details were set forth, the priest's home, his street and number, and the name of his church. It occurred to me, however to look up the church and that priest in the official Catholic Directory. Result? I found no such church and no such priest in it. By writing up a story about a purely fictitious priest the vile publication bluffed its readers and at the same time avoided the risk of having to defend a legal action for libel. Sometimes, of course, such publications deal partly with facts, but even then they twist and exaggerate them in the most dishonest and uncharitable manner. Occasionally, too, the whole scandal story is true, but the inference drawn from it, either expressed or implied, is vicious. The whole Catholic Church is condemned because even today an occasional Judas betrays Our Lord and proves false to his vows and perhaps even to his manhood. These will attacks upon the Church only serve to make honest and intelligent Catholics more loyal to their faith. They have a harmful effect only on those poor ignorant persons who feel inclined to believe everything they read in print.—Our Sunday Visitor.

PRESBYTERIANS PRAY FOR THE DEAD

SCOTCH KIRKS MAKE A "FRESH START"

By L. C. M. in Edinburgh Herald

AMONGST the remarkable results of the War is the acceptance by many non-Catholics of certain Catholic doctrines and practices which Protestantism long condemned. Now, even in the land of Knox, several Presbyterian ministers have publicly expressed approval of prayers for the dead. As reported in the Aberdeen Daily Journal, (April 24th, 1917), the Rev. J. Steele, in course of a sermon, said that "it was highly significant that numbers of devout members of their own Church, to whom three years ago the very thought of such prayers would have savoured of Romish superstition, were to-day regularly praying for their beloved dead." He also stated that "the time had come when a fresh start might be made in the preaching of a truly believable doctrine of the life beyond. Regarding the conditions of the life after death, a marked change had been stealing upon Christian opinion."

He attributed this change to "atmosphere," quite regardless of the fact that centuries before the War and the resulting "atmosphere," the Christian Catholic faithful prayed for their dead just as do their spiritual descendants at this hour. Unlike Presbyterianism, or Protestantism in any form, the Catholic Church has no need to "make a fresh start," for her faith has been fixed since the beginning of the New Law, and she has preached a doctrine not only "truly believable," but truly believed by all her children, rich and poor, high and low, learned and unlearned, in every generation; they have always had something more definite and certain, less variable and less subject to change than "opinion," regarding the life beyond, being taught with unerring certainty by the divinely-appointed teacher, who neither leaves them in doubt nor leads them astray. Presbyterianism declares that it may teach error, and obligingly proves the truth of the statement by doing so. (Much fault is found with Rome's "claim to be the one true Church; it is not clear why we should have reverence or regard for a conglomeration of admittedly more or less false churches, nor why we should trust to such for guidance in matters of eternal life and death. That by the way.) After throwing a sop to the Knoxian Cerberus of surviving bigotry by stereotyped allusions to "sordid traffic in Masses and Indulgences," Mr. Steele went on to say that "it was time to ask whether, in their zeal for the truth!" the Reformers did not unconsciously sacrifice a part of the truth itself. One agrees with a Catholic priest, quoted in the same paper, that it is very welcome to find Protestants recognizing that while at the Reformation, it was only necessary to sweep the chimney, the Reformers actually burned the house down. What became of the divine guidance if, even unconsciously, they sacrificed a part of the truth? We know that they foisted their own weird private interpretations of Scriptures upon the people, and penal laws were passed to compel acceptance thereof. The official creed of the Kirk erected a grim and dreadful idol, on which it bestowed the Holiest Name. Was it not Principal Story who said that he would "rather be a pagan suckled in a creed outworn than bend his knee before such a monstrous travesty of the Deity" as is presented by the Confession of Faith. The same Confession was for many a long day praised as the essence of Bible, and our Catholic forefathers in Scotland were persecuted for declining to accept it. Wisdom is justified of her children; the admissions of her children; themselves prove that Catholics were right in refusing to accept that compound of false doctrine, the Confession of Faith. Mr. Steele's query as

to whether the Reformers sacrificed "a part of the truth" is decidedly belated. Another Presbyterian minister, discussing the case of persons bereaved by the War, said: "If hope and fear are struggling for mastery, is there anything wrong in a prayer of faith that the beloved dead will be forgiven, and that the sacrifice of the yielding up of the young life in a just cause will be remembered in expiation of neglected grace?" (Ibid.) And he added that the Kirk "has to revise its creeds and its doctrinal systems, or reconcile itself to the scrap-heap." Just so. All the Reformation creeds and doctrinal systems are the results of individual private judgment, or of votes in Parliament, and were formed by mere human authority to fall in with the tastes, prejudices and peculiarities of the times in which they were enacted, consequently are subject to, and undergo variations and change. Catholics cannot understand how any Christian can regard as Divinely instituted a church whose creed is being continually altered by a doctrine it approves in the next, and vice versa, whose "faith" is "a rainbow, the product of a storm," and whose sacraments are not content with their position, nor satisfied with the meagre fare on which the sects starve devout and holy souls, and they discern, however dimly, that to satisfy the aspirations of the human heart Catholic doctrine is needed, and to console and strengthen the sorrowing, struggling soul Catholic faith is essential. We are witnessing a slow, step-by-step restoration in Scotland of Catholic institutions—the observance, though limited, of Christmas Day, for example, and of Easter, which gives us hope that the religious significance of Good Friday may yet be discerned; the opening of churches on week-days is another innovation as far as Protestants are concerned. Prior to the War, there were Protestants who followed their own hearts, and prayed for the dead, and advocated the practice. Thus Dr. Walter C. Smith, of the Free Kirk, in a beautiful poem, asked if God would be angry if we called on Him to bring our dearest home, and cleanse their sin, sin remained, and answered his own question with:

"Nay, I will not believe it. I will pray As for the living for the dead each day, They will not grow Less meet for Heaven when followed by a prayer To speed them home, like summer-scented air From long ago." "Thoughts and Fancies for Sunday Evenings." And the Anglican Thorn-dike wrote: "The practice of the Church in interceding for them (the dead) at the celebration of the Eucharist is a general and so ancient, that it cannot be thought to have come in upon imposture, but that the same aspersion will take hold of common Christianity." ("Just Weights and Measures.") And during the War the Rev. R. J. Campbell expressed himself strongly in favour of prayers for the dead, and candidly confessed that Protestantism in general has had little comfort to give to mourners, whilst hoping that the War "would bring us back in more definite and helpful fashion to the doctrine of the Communion of Saints." Bishop Brent, Episcopalian, speaking at St. Louis, U. S. A., said that "Heresies and isms began with the separation of a truth from the truth. Roman Catholics teach invocation of the saints and prayers for the dead, and a leading Canadian Methodist Episcopal minister told me as a result of the War, thousands of Methodists in the Dominion have been praying for the dead, an innovation for that denomination." (Sunday Visitor, October 29th, 1916.) As already said, the Catholic Church has no fresh start in doctrine to make, because she has always taught the truth, whole and entire; she has destroyed none of the Christian heritage, so has nothing to restore; she has not to revise her creeds, since these are not mere human productions, adapted to changing "atmospheres," she has ever been faithful to the teaching of the apostles, and in every age has left records of her beliefs. To read how the early Christians prayed for their dead is to read how the Catholics of today remember their departed. Tertullian advises a widow to pray for the soul of her deceased husband, entreating repose for him, and making oblations for him on the anniversary of his death, and there is a passage in St. Ambrose's funeral oration on Theodosius which appears on Catholic "In Memoriam" cards at this hour. And from the same oration it is clear that the "Month's Mind" common amongst Catholics now was common to them then. "Lately we deplored together his death, and now we celebrate the fortieth day. Some observe the third and the thirtieth, others the seventh and the fortieth.—Give, O Lord, rest to Thy servant, that rest which Thou has prepared for Thy Saints." "Forgive her sins, O Lord, I beseech Thee, forgive them," prayed St. Augustine for his mother. The Sacrifice of the Mass was offered up for her eternal repose, and St. Augustine concludes the ninth Book of his "Confessions" by asking all who read it to remember his mother at the altar. Over and over again you will find the same in the Catholic Church; and there is not a Catholic child today who mourns the death of a mother

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but can find comfort, expression for his grief, and fulfillment of sacred duty in acts and words like those of the great Bishop of Hippo centuries ago. Thus does the Communion of Saints show itself to have been and to be a reality in the Holy Catholic Church, and not because of any war, but because of Christ, her Founder and her Teacher.

REFORMATION IN ENGLAND UNDER NEW LIGHT

THE RELIGIOUS CHANGE OF THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY RESENTED AND RESISTED BY THE COMMON PEOPLE

The latest issue of the Dublin Review brings an extensive analysis of the valuable contribution to historical research on a very interesting and important phase of the Reformation in England. "The Pilgrimage of Grace and the Exeter Conspiracy," by Madeline Hope Dodds and Ruth Dodds. Besides shedding light on a little known, though important phase of the Reformation, the book in question and so ably studied in the Dublin Review, is of particular value in this, that it is the product of non-Catholics who have, as the writer states, treated the pilgrimage, with which we are now so closely engaged, in a fair and even judicial manner.

The usually received idea of the Reformation is that in all the countries affected it was solely a movement of the people for emancipation from the galling fetters of an unendurable ecclesiastical bondage: an uprising for freedom of conscience and purity of doctrine and practice, initiated by the reformers. The work under discussion gives the lie to this theory and bases its conclusions on facts gathered from documentary evidence. In the beginning of the Reformation movement in England the people or commons, as they were called at that time, did not appreciate the full meaning of the changes proposed and under discussion and the object of controversy in the ranks of the clergy. For as the authors remark: "The Papal authority was not always popular in England, men sneered at the Pope, grumbled at him, criticized him; but that he was the only supreme head of Christianity was as firmly believed, and as confidently accepted, as that the sun rose in the East."

The more discussion, therefore, of the King's supremacy did not touch the common people to the quick. When, however, theory was put into tangible practice, and the commons were given tangible proof that Henry meant what he assumed; when the feasts, so dear to the people were abolished and the monasteries suppressed and plundered, and the villages and countryside thus deprived of their best friends and supports, sullen discontent was slowly transformed into active resistance. This resistance took tangible form in the Pilgrimage of Grace in 1536, led by Robert Aske and Lord D'Arcy, men, as the authors of the new work picture them, of truly heroic and knightly mould. Indeed, it was their very chivalry and honesty that led to their undoing and to the failure of the uprising against the wanton tyranny of the royal blue-beard. Esteeming Henry as sincere as themselves they were no match for the man of whom the noted American author, Brooks Adams, in his "The Law of Civilization and Decay," says: "Cruelty was one of Henry's most salient traits, and was, perhaps, the faculty by which he succeeded in imposing himself most strongly upon his contemporaries. He not only murdered his wives, his ministers, and his friends, but he persecuted those who opposed him with a vindictiveness which appalled them." Nor could they cope against a leader like Howard, of whom the same non-Catholic author says: "He never wearied of boasting of his lies and of his cruelty. He wrote no pains to entrap them (those taking part in the uprising) and would esteem no promise he made to the rebels, "for surely I shall observe no part thereof, for any respect of that others might call mine honor destined."

The movement known as the Pilgrimage of Grace, inaugurated by the commons, was espoused by a majority of the nobility of the North, not so much from conviction as from a fear of the power of the people. Henry at first did not realize the full extent of its strength, but when he did so and found himself unable to meet the situation by fair means he had recourse to that base dissimulation, which promised pardon to the leaders and redress to the masses, gaining time by parley until by sowing distrust between the nobles and the commons he had paralyzed their strength and ensnared them into his royal web of treachery. The commons dispersed, thinking themselves safe. Henry who never meant to keep his pledges, ignored them; uprisings followed, but when the country had again been tranquillized he issued the following instructions to his leader: "Our pleasure is, that . . . you shall in any wise cause such dreadful execution to be done upon a good number of the inhabitants of every town, village and hamlet, that have offended in this rebellion, as well by the hanging of them up in trees, as by the quartering of them, and the setting of their heads and quarters in every town, great and small, and in such other places, as may be fearful spectacle to all others hereafter . . . which

we require you to do, without pity or respect, according to our former letters . . ."

Norfolk, a man after Henry's heart, who had taken sides with the commons at first but soon turned traitor on seeing their undoing, carried out his instructions faithfully. Aske was enticed to London and slain; D'Arcy, after being pardoned, was sent to Tower Hill. The Pilgrimage of Grace thus smothered in blood and treachery, was as its name implies, not only a battle for the religion of their fathers, but as the terms of their demands made to Henry clearly show, a formidable movement for political freedom. The 12th article of the Pilgrims' petition contained the following points: (1) The King should not interfere in elections; (2) complete freedom of speech should be enjoyed in the House of Commons; (3) Additional representation should be given in Yorkshire; (4) Spiritual matters should be dealt with in Convocation; (5) The House of Lords should be supplied with copies of Bills about to be proposed. Thus early did the staunch Catholic patriots in the third clause enumerated demand what was attained only in 1832, adequate representation.

"I cannot, therefore," as the Dublin Review aptly says, "think that the Pilgrims were behind their age in constitutional matters. They certainly wished England to remain Catholic; but they also desired England to be free. The Pilgrimage of Grace was, indeed, a popular movement in the best sense of the word." This study of the Pilgrimage of Grace sheds a very clarifying light on the methods employed to spread the blessings of the "Reformation," and should but whet our appetite for further study in the fruitful fields of historical research. The result will be but a greater devotion to the ancient Faith so staunchly championed by the sturdy English commons in the Pilgrimage of Grace. —C. B. of C. V.

DANGERS TO FAITH

AT OUR SECULAR UNIVERSITIES BY Rev H. C. Hennell, University Chaplain, Madison, Wis.

It is generally understood that Catholic students attending state and secular colleges and universities encounter grave danger to their religious faith. It is unfortunate that so many Catholic students who are poorly instructed in their religion attend these institutions. These students have no adequate comprehension of their religious beliefs. Consequently it takes little to upset them, to make them doubt. One of the chief sources of religious doubt is obscurity of faith. Persons who are poorly instructed in religion do not perceive how vain and superficial are the current attacks upon religion. They fail to realize that for every difficulty advanced against the Catholic faith there is a complete and satisfying answer, that unbiased history, true science and sound philosophy splendidly support the teaching of the Church.

At all secular universities the students will encounter instructors who go out of their way to make sarcastic and sensational attacks upon religion in general and upon the Catholic Church in particular. Perhaps they like the notoriety that comes from professing odd and sensational opinions. At any rate the poorly instructed student who doesn't know enough to read the Catholic Encyclopedia or to consult a priest intelligently is apt to conclude that such an instructor has grasped the absolute final word on the subject and that at last after nineteen hundred years the Church together with her great theologians and philosophers and scientists must be relegated to the fossils of the past.

Another spiritual danger for our students is the irreligious, materialistic environment. An atmosphere of religious indifference prevails among the majority of students. The Protestant Reformation of the sixteenth century has nearly reached its logical outcome, the complete disintegration of the Christian religion and the substitution of talk about humanity for the worship of God. Outside the Catholic Church and even among would-be Catholics there is a widespread indifference to religion. Everything is important except that which really matters and transcends this dream world; God, Christ and the Church. Religious indifference is not the result of thought and study. It is the result of thoughtlessness and gross ignorance of sound philosophy. More frequently is religious indifference the result of a corrupt heart. The head has nothing to do with it, until the heart has yielded to the line of least resistance, indulgence of the passions. Thereupon the head sometimes seeks to justify the heart's surrender to religious doubt and indifference. Have you ever noticed how prone atheists and agnostics are to talk against religion? They are strangely anxious to win converts to their way of thinking. This fact proves that it is for them a matter of the heart rather than of the head. They doubt their own doubts and wish to confirm them by the experience of as many others as possible. Catholic students will do well to avoid or at least to neutralize by prayer and study the irreligious atmosphere of a secular university. The writer speaks from an experience of ten years as spiritual guide to Catholic students placed in such an atmosphere.

WHEN A CATHOLIC IS NOT A CATHOLIC

"Do not go into your house, shut the door, pull down the blinds and hang your religion to yourself," begged Monsignor Benson in the last sermon he preached in Chicago. "Open the doors and windows and let the light of faith shine out." When is a Catholic not a Catholic? When he's a miser. When, as Monsignor Benson indicated, he is content to sit in comfort in the light and warmth of his own religious home, and displays no desire to share it with those who pass without.

The large-heartedness of the true Catholic is the theme of "The Catholic Apostle," by Walter Elliott, C.S.P. This pamphlet, quoted in part below, is published by the Paulist Press, and may be found in some church bookshops. "There is no meaning of the word Catholic that does not apply to me." Such was the boast of a friend of ours, made many years ago, and not untruthfully. A public spirited man uttered it, one looking for opportunities to do good, one who had been concerned in making many converts.

"What kind of Catholics do we need today? We need that kind. We need energetic men and women, seeking new means of doing good without despising the old ones; quietly at peace with God interiorly, strenuously at work for their neighbor exteriorly; easily joined to others in organized works of zeal, yet as quickly venturing all alone upon approved activities. Such a one says to himself: Think of all the sin around me! the ignorance, the misfortune; can I sit down comfortably and never offer to help it? To him the profession of piety is a mockery, unless his soul rises superior to self, especially in matters of race and family and class. "These words, mine and thine (to quote St. Francis de Sales), have little significance to a true Christian in any order of existence; but in religious matters they are positively hateful to him. When he goes to confession, his joy is shadowed by the thought of the multitudes absent from this holy shrine of pardon and peace. The joy of his communications is tinged with self-reproach, because he has not sufficiently heeded the injunction of the Master of the banquet: "Go out quickly into the streets and lanes of the city, and bring in hither the poor, and the blind, and the lame . . . go out into the highways and hedges, and compel them to come in" (Luke xiv., 21-23).

Spiritual writers tell us that the heart of man is great enough to contain the infinite God. If my heart contains only a handful of God's creatures; merely my own family and a little circle of friends, surely it is not a Catholic heart.

"There is no Sleepy Hollow in the Vineyard of the Lord," a zealous priest once exclaimed to his people. Yet some Catholics think the vineyard of the Church is a quiet out-of-the-way nook for peaceful repose. Such souls are often shaken out of their religious torpor by the onset of passionate temptation, and are carried away into the captivity of the evil one. There are many Catholics who make their faith a sort of hammock under a shady tree in mid-summer, in which they swing comfortably, viewing complacently, the wayward travelers along the hot and dusty road of error.

Little do these laggard Christians dream that every spiritual good is first their own to enjoy and then the property of others, to be imparted to them freely and generously. "Freely (that is to say, gratuitously) you have received, freely give" (Matt. x. 8), was the Master's charge to all His disciples. The heritage you enjoy so selfishly is the common property of all men, primarily of those within reach of your voice, your pen, your example. No man can claim to be a brother of Jesus Christ to the exclusion of the rest of the divine brotherhood which includes every human soul. The Catholic who hugs the truth up to himself alone, is not worthy of it.

We read with surprise in Newman's autobiography, that when he was ordained an Anglican minister he had a distinct intention to devote his life to missions among the heathen—that powerful intellect, that leader of men. He was at that time a young scholar at the University of Oxford, a fellow of a famous college, already a brilliant writer, a resistless persuader of men. If this be laudable, this longing of Newman's heart to save the outcast members of the human race, this zeal in the soul of one of the greatest men of his age, it is also suggestive of his final vocation. We sincerely believe that to reward him for that self-denying love of mankind God gave him the true faith, and made him, personally [and by his writings, the foremost missionary to non-Catholics since the days of St. Francis de Sales. He longed to bury himself for Christ's sake among the lowest grades of men, that he might save them. God placed him upon the highest plane of Christian civilization, that he might lead the way for the conversion of the imperial races who speak the English tongue.

In order to save oneself it is necessary to be concerned with the salvation of others. "Hast thou saved a soul?" exclaims St. Augustine; "then thou hast predestinated thy own soul." There is scarcely a grown-up Catholic in America of whom it may not be truly said: If he be worthy of a happy death he will secure that unspeakable favor for others. Of course, this is primarily true of all

parents and teachers, masters and mistresses, brothers and sisters, as well as of many others who have close and loving friends. But it is also true of the whole multitude of the faithful, though in a remoter degree. For who that lives among unbelievers but may often command their attention to a strong word of Catholic doctrine? Who that is no more than an Easter communicant but can find some darkened soul ready to listen to the joyful tale of the peace and joy in the Holy Ghost, born of a worthy Communion? Who that is more than a nominal Catholic can turn his kindness to the poor, his compassion for the sick, his sympathy with the bereaved, into apostolic channels? All that is necessary to make a good Catholic a zealous one is a clear understanding of brotherly love. How pitiful to behold really good, living Christians quite ignoring the eternal downfall of their close acquaintances, and neither by prayer nor word nor work intervening to save them from hell.

What matter of thanksgiving it is to have a mind so enlightened as to understand God's miracles of mercy in the life, death and glory of His Son, and to believe in them without a single misgiving: "Giving thanks to God the Father, Who hath made us worthy to the partakers of . . . the saints in light" (Col. i. 12). Cardinal Newman speaks of "the dismay and disgust which I felt in consequence of the first dreadful misgiving" that Anglicanism was not any part of God's true Church. But after he had become a Catholic, indeed many years afterwards, he speaks of the peace and joy in the Holy Ghost that had been continuously granted him with the true faith: "I have had perfect peace and contentment. I never have had one doubt . . . It was like coming into port after a rough sea; and my happiness on that score remains to this day without interruption" (Apologia, Part vii).

So says every convert. It is not so much that he has gained peace and possesses it, but rather that peace has gained him and taken possession of his peace surpassing all understanding and overflowing all measure of joy.—The Catholic Bulletin.

THE FOSTER-MOTHER OF CIVILIZATION

O'Dell Travers Hill, in "English Monasticism: Its Rise and Influence"

"It is a remarkable fact in history that it was nothing but Christianity saved Rome from utter extinction. Had she not been the chosen home of this rising faith and new glory, the barbarians would scarcely have left one stone upon another: she would have been to us what Nineveh, Babylon, Thebes, and many other cities are a tradition grand, yet almost beyond conception. As over the great solitudes of the sites of those mighty cities, wild beasts wander and howl by night, so it would have been with Rome when her glory fell, had not another and brighter glory settled upon her ruins. In fact, the remains of her ancient social life were never completely dispersed; and when the first dawn of the new religion appeared, and the old luminaries of pagan night receded, before the rays of a brighter day, its votaries instinctively settled at Rome. Popes followed in the wake of Caesars; the glory of the Flavian amphitheatre gave way before the new splendors of a Vatican; gladiators and games were supplanted by religious processions and Masses; unable to destroy feudalism, it created chivalry; in its contours persecuted innocence always found an asylum, and against the ambition of tyrants it opposed the power of its thunders. But it was at Rome that the vicarial head of the Church had taken up his abode; towards Rome were bent periodically the footsteps of thousands of pilgrims; and from Rome as from a centre emanated all the influences which the new religion exercised over the nations who had enlisted under the cross. That every stage of her history, and more especially of her future destiny, should be intensely interesting to Europe and all the outlying colonies, the rising new worlds of European planting, is not to be wondered at, for she is the foster-mother of modern civilization. When the wolf and the hybrid roamed over the very sites of our proudest cities, when offerings were made to strange gods by a Druidical priesthood, and the inhabitants of this country were but a band of painted savages, Rome was in the very zenith of civilized life. When the migration of the northern hordes toward the South, extinguished the just kindling torch of civilization, and overwhelmed in its dark flood all the evidences of refinement in Europe, Rome suffered last and least; in her temples were gathered, as in a sanctuary, learning, science and art; there was kept burning, dimly enough, yet still cherished with tender care, the trembling lamp of genius, until the better time should come when it

might be reproduced and its genial rays diffused; and when the time did come and the nations awoke from a long slumber to a new life, it was from Rome and Roman traditions that the new order of things drew its laws, its language and its faith. In nearly every part of Europe traces are to be found of Roman life; it has permeated through the very aspect of the country, the blood of the races, their thought, their laws, their idiom, so that civilization seems to have been concentrated into a focus at Rome and thence radiated over all the world. It is from the fountains of her lore that all modern law has been derived and she may well be called the lawgiver of Europe.—Our Sunday Visitor.

MONSIGNOR O'BRIEN

A SIGH FOR THE DAYS OF OLD

Many will mourn with the staff of the Sacred Heart Review, Boston, Mass., the death of the editor-in-chief, the Right Rev. Monsignor John O'Brien, who died, July 19, aged seventy-nine years. In the preceding pages we have tried to give an idea of the work accomplished by Father O'Brien, as priest, editor and citizen. Such work may not be hidden. It is its own herald. Among those who read this too inadequate account, many will be able to supplement it from their own knowledge of Father O'Brien's acts in his long pastorate. There are men and women happily established in life today who owe their success to the training they received from him in their early years. He taught them to value work and to be thorough in the doing of it, to be steadfast in faith, in integrity and honor. Father O'Brien had a deeply religious nature. He was a true priest, loving to offer the Holy Mass, and to expound the Word of God. A feature of his zealous labors not generally known, was his deep interest in converts. We venture to take, without the writer's permission, these words from a letter just received: "Father . . . told me of Monsignor's death. He has been the Father of my life in the Church for twelve years now. In my ignorance and loneliness it was to him I appealed. His care and patience were unflinching. I have just been re-reading the many long letters of instruction written me years ago by Father O'Brien's dear, tireless hand. Now he has gone to his reward. Blessed be God in His saints!"

Father O'Brien used to say with conviction, that if Catholics were better there would be no Protestants. Charity to the poor and love of children were beautiful traits of a strong, many-sided character. No one will ever know the extent of Father O'Brien's private charities. His hand was ever ready to relieve distress, and the fact that he was imposed upon often did not lessen his zeal in giving. The most impressive lesson of all taught by the aged priest in his closing year was his heroic endurance of suffering. He suffered intensely through long days and nights of pain, bearing it all with the fortitude and resignation of a soldier of the Cross. In youth and manhood and age he spent himself for the faith. The span of years was long between the time the eager hearted youth went out from the mills at Mittineague on his Father's business to the day when loving hands bore back the venerable priest to lay him among his kindred, his task accomplished. Well had he done his work—this good and faithful servant. "Grant him, O Lord, perpetual light, eternal rest with Thee."—Sacred Heart Review.

HOW THE WAR STARTED

It was on June 29, 1914, that Archduke Ferdinand, heir-apparent to the Austrian throne, was assassinated, with his wife, at Sarajevo, in Bosnia. This was the cause of the war that now rages in Europe. On the flimsy pretext that Serbia was implicated in the assassinations and that the catanastrophe was due to the machinations of Serbian patriots who menaced the Hapsburg Empire, Austro-Hungary delivered an ultimatum to Serbia on July 23, 1914, which contained drastic demands that the Serbian Government acceded to with one exception. The other nations endeavored to avert hostilities by diplomacy. Austro-Hungary was urged to submit the dispute for arbitration, but refused, and on July 28, 1914, declared war on Serbia. Sympathizing with Serbia, Russia ordered the mobilization of the Russian Army, and despite protests from Germany, refused to countermand the order. Thereupon, the German Government on August 1, 1914, declared war against Russia. On August 3 Germany declared war against France, which was Russia's ally. Even before the invasion of France, Germany had sent troops to the neutral Duchy of Luxemburg, and on August 4 the invasion of Belgium began—an invasion that was furiously contended by Belgium's plucky little army. Then it was that the British Government, construing the invasion of Belgium as a cause of war, threw its gage of battle into the arena and declared war on Germany. This was on August 4.

England, France, Russia, Siberia and Belgium were thus warring against Germany almost simultaneously, and on August 7 Montenegro joined the Entente Powers. Montenegro was followed by Japan, whose declaration of war against Germany

was made on August 23, 1914. Italy went into the struggle on May 23, 1915, after a long period of watchful waiting, and Portugal joined the Entente Power on March 9, 1916. Rumania's entry followed on August 27, 1916. Subsequently, San Marino, the United States (April 6, 1917), Cuba, Greece and Siam declared war against the Central Powers.

Austro-Hungary and Germany succeeded in obtaining the aid of Turkey, which declared war against Russia on October 30, 1914. On October 14, 1915, Bulgaria decided to cast her fortunes with Germany and Austro-Hungary, and these four nations, Austro-Hungary, Germany, Turkey and Bulgaria, now comprise the Central Powers that are fighting half of the world.—Brooklyn Eagle.

THE MASS AND VESTMENTS

THE EFFICACY AND FRUITS OF THE MASS

The Mass has a four-fold efficacy. It is a sacrifice: 1. Of worship. 2. Of propitiation or sin offering for the remission of sin. 3. Of impetration, or prayer for spiritual or temporal favors. 4. Of thanksgiving for favors received. That this efficacy was prefigured in the Sacrifices of the Old Law is quite clear from the language of the Council of Trent which decrees that the Mass "is that oblation which was prefigured under the likeness of the Sacrifices of the Law, and, as their consummation and perfection, embraces all the efficacy which they signified." The efficacy of the Mass means that power which it has from its dignity to produce certain effects, both with reference to God and creatures, whether in the character of those who offer it, or those for whom it is offered.

The fruits of the Mass are the results actually obtained through its instrumentality. Hence, efficacy and fruits stand to each other in the relation of cause and effect. The sacrifice of the Mass is offered: 1. By our Lord Himself, who acting through the ministry of the officiating priest, is both Priest and Victim. 2. By the Church whose minister the priest is, and in whose name and as whose representative, as well as in the name and as the representative of Christ, he officiates at the altar. 3. By all who are present.

The subject of the fruits of the Mass is a complicated one, which calls for more space than is allowed to this brief and condensed statement of the Liturgy to which we return each week, but it may be said in general that the fruits of the Mass are designated according as we view the person who offers the Holy Sacrifice. There is the fruit which is derived when we view the Mass as offered by our Blessed Lord; there is the fruit derived from the Mass as offered by the priest in the name of the Church; and there is the fruit, derived by the priest as an individual and by all who by a personal act assist at Mass.

SWORD OF SAINT IGNATIUS

REMARKABLE RELIC IN HANDS OF SPANISH JESUITS

When Ignatius of Loyola fell wounded defending Pampeluna against the French and was carried to his native castle in Guipuzcoa, he reached the turning point of his life, writes Rev. C. J. Mullaly, S. J. From being a knight in the service of Charles I., he became a true knight of Christ. The sword which he had used so valiantly to defend the honor of his king he left at the altar of the Virgin of Montserrat as a sign that his life was to be spent henceforth in the service of God. From that shrine amid the awe-inspiring peaks of Catalonia he went forth with new spiritual arms received in exchange for his sword of iron.

The Sword of St. Ignatius is preserved in the Church of the Sacred Heart (Sagerdo Corazon) in Barcelona, Spain. It is remarkable for its length. Though long since stripped of its hand-guard and ornaments of relic seekers, it still shows that it belongs to the type of thrusting blade used in the deadly hand-to-hand conflicts of the sixteenth century. It was forged from the best metal of its time, is firm and tapers to a point. This sword was affectionately guarded for a long time by the Benedictines of Montserrat. In 1674 it passed by the courtesy of these good religious, to the Jesuit Church of Our Lady of Bethlehem (Nuestra Senora de Belen) in Barcelona. Constant tradition and the writings of many authors show beyond a doubt that the sword guarded in this church for more than two centuries, and during years the Jesuits' exile and of civil strife, is no other than the sword of the soldier saint, the founder of the Society of Jesus. On March 25, 1907, this esteemed relic was given, by permission of His Eminence Cardinal Casanas, to the present Jesuit Church of the Sacred Heart. As one kneels at the altar of the saint in the little church in the calle

de Caspe, Barcelona, and holds reverently in his hand the long, firm blade that Ignatius used in the service of his earthly king, a prayer instinctively rises from the heart to God that the heroic spirit of the brave soldier from the Basque hills may inspire countless other souls to a prompt obedience to the voice of the Heavenly King, calling the worldly to a higher life of renunciation and detachment. As we hold in our hand that relic of worldly glory, the saint seems to whisper: "Vanity of vanities, and all is vanity, except to love God and serve Him alone."

FATHER FRASER'S CHINESE MISSION

Taichowtu, China, Nov. 26, 1916

Dear Readers of CATHOLIC RECORD: That your charity towards my mission is approved by the highest ecclesiastical authorities of Canada let me quote from a letter from His Excellency, The Most Rev. Peregrine F. Stagni, O. S. M., D. D., Apostolic Delegate, Ottawa: "I have been watching with much interest the contributions to the Fund opened on behalf of your missions by the CATHOLIC RECORD. The success has been very gratifying and shows the deep interest which our Catholic people take in the work of the missionary in foreign lands. . . I bless you most cordially and all your labors, as a pledge my earnest wishes for your greatest success in all your undertakings." I entreat you to continue the support of my struggling mission, assuring you a remembrance in my prayers and Masses.

Yours faithfully in Jesus and Mary, J. M. FRASER. Previously acknowledged. \$11,485 25 M. Ryan, River Ryan, N. S. 1 00 J. P. Swift, Moncton, N. B. 5 00 Subscriber, Sudbury, Ont. 5 00 Friend, Paris Ont. 1 00

Merchants Bank of Canada ESTABLISHED 1864 Paid Up Capital, \$7,000,000 Total Deposits, \$92,102,072 Reserve Funds, 7,421,292 Total Assets, 121,130,558 GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS 236 Branches and Agencies in Canada Savings Department at All Branches Deposits Received and Interest Allowed at Best Current Rates Bankers to the Grey Nuns, Montreal; St. Augustine's Seminary, St. Joseph's Academy, and St. Michael's Hospital, Toronto.

FIVE MINUTE SERMON

REV. F. P. HICKY, O. S. B. TWELFTH SUNDAY AFTER PENTECOST

THE GOOD SAMARITAN THE TYPE OF OUR LORD

"But a certain Samaritan, being on his journey, came near, and seeing him was moved with compassion." (Luke x. 33.)

The very name of this parable has passed into a proverb; one word recalls it all—the good Samaritan. The parable being given as an answer to the question, "Who is my neighbor?" we are struck by the infinite skill, with which our Blessed Lord embodied so much in a seemingly simple answer.

He explained to the lawyer; He rebuked the Pharisees, with a lifelike sketch of their own days and doings; He praised the poor outcast Samaritan; to future ages He withdrew the veil, and disclosed Himself as the Samaritan; to the eyes of Faith He showed the scheme of Redemption, the sacramental powers, the refuge the Church was to be to the souls of men.

The scene was well known to our Blessed Lord's hearers. The inn they had passed many a time. They knew why He mentioned priests and Levites as the travellers, because of the great college at Jericho, whence they came and returned after their ministrations in the temple of Jerusalem. They knew why the place was subject to robbers, as it lay on the borders of the desert; and that it was the route for the Samaritan's journey.

Thus they saw the splendid answer to "Who is my neighbor?" "He that showed mercy." They smarted under the covert rebuke, that priests and Levites should know not charity, but that a despised Samaritan should teach them the lesson.

But there is a wider and more sacred significance than this. It is a picture of Christ by Christ Himself! No wonder our Blessed Lord kept all such words in her heart, and that St. Luke narrates them so beautifully.

Who is the original good Samaritan? Our Blessed Lord. The traveller was mankind, and his enemy the devil met him, robbed him, stripped him, and left him half dead. Former religions, the priests and Levites, passed by; they could give no redemption to fallen man.

But at length Christ came on His journey from heaven through the world; "being on His journey came near him, and seeing him was moved with compassion." He bound up his wounds . . . and took care of him." (Luke x. 33, 34.)

The Jews only saw the rebuke about their want of charity, but all Christians can see this application. But here Protestant and Nonconformist stop, or see but little more. To us Catholics every word has a meaning and a value.

In the remedies we see the Sacraments—oil and wine—sacred symbols are they to us. Into our wounds Christ pours the oil. Twice at baptism is the child anointed with holy oil, again at confirmation. The sacred chrism again used at the ordination of a priest, blessing his hands to offer the Holy Mass, and at the consecration of a bishop, giving him the fulness of sacerdotal grace.

And again the holy oil is used to strengthen the dying in their last conflict to cleanse and comfort their souls, in the Sacrament of Extreme Unction.

And the wine to revive the poor, half-dead traveller tells us of the Precious Blood of Jesus—the Blood that redeemed us, the Blood which is on our altar, when the wine is consecrated during Mass.

"And he took him to the inn." The Church is the inn, for our home is heaven. The Church, then, is a shelter, a house, where we travellers find rest, food, comfort, medicine at the sole charge of Christ. "Take care of him: and whatsoever thou shalt spend over and above, I at my return will repay thee." (Ibid., v. 35.) The treasures and the merits of Christ's redemption to be used for us by the Church, till He returns.

Does not this parable, then, contain the scheme of our Redemption? Is it not good for us to understand and ponder over this parable? What else could teach us and instruct us as well as the words of Christ Himself? The fall of man; our ruin by sin; our enemy the devil; our helplessness only for the mercy of God, which came down from heaven, journeying through this valley of tears, and seeing our utter desolation, was moved with compassion—is not all this brought home to us in a word? And the mention of the elements of the Sacraments—oil and wine—all us with consternation at the thought of how little remembrance and gratitude we have had for them. And the safe shelter and guardianship of the Church—have we thanked God for that? And every grace and favour we need, to be given us from the merits of Jesus Christ. In our dark hours and trials, it comforts us to know all this and to remember it. The good Samaritan is our own Blessed Lord. We know it and believe it.

Just before this parable our Lord had said: "Blessed are the eyes that see the things that you see." (Ibid., v. 23.) Ay, that see God's mercy; that see the Good Samaritan is indeed our Lord; that see how often He came near and befriended us. For wiffully we have left the shelter of the Church, and ventured into the paths of the wicked, and fallen again among thieves; and, yet we have been searched for and found by the Good Samaritan, and brought back

again and cared for, and never a word of reproach, not a harsh look, but only pity and tenderness from that loving heart.

But what meanness and ingratitude to treat in this way our good Neighbor, the Saviour, Who has shown mercy to us. Let it be our life's work, humbly to keep near Him, to follow Him, to be faithful to Him.

TEMPERANCE

SUREST FOUNDATION OF TEMPERANCE

The grace of God is the surest foundation of temperance, as it is the only solid foundation of any virtue. Grace purifies the heart, restrains the passions, clears the intellect, strengthens the will, elevates the whole man. Help must come from God. God helps those who help themselves. Self-conquest is the road to victory and in the self-conquest and self-denial of individual total abstinence we have the form of prohibition which is most personal, voluntary, effective and Christian. The principle of inculcating total abstinence by moral suasion and the grace of God, on which this Union was founded in 1872, in the city of Baltimore, offers the best solution of the many drink problems that confront us. It appeals to the free will of the individual, fosters the desire of a nobler manhood, elevates man in the order of nature by reverence and self-respect and in the order of grace by prayer and sacraments, by self-denial practised for his own safety and for the love of God and of his neighbor.

The history of the Total Abstinence Union of America contains the record of cheerful sacrifice to resist and suppress the power and cruel ravages of intemperance. The Union has had forty-four years of heroic effort, earnest struggle of some reverses and advances, but, while its victories and advances have not been as great as the justice and holiness of the cause and the zeal and labors of the Union might seem to warrant, nevertheless it has stood as the chief Catholic organization for truth and virtue, for sobriety and purity, for the sanctity of the Christian home, and the deliverance of society from one of the most cruel and destructive vices that can enter into the hearts and homes of men.

You can name no evil custom which has mocked and defeated the Church of Christ as the demon of drink has done in this country. It has, in many instances, been mightier than the priest, and has bowed his head with shame and filled his heart with sorrow, as he contemplated in his parish its ruin of men and women of every class, from the most rude to the most refined.—Right Rev. J. Regis Canevin.

WHY THE PRIEST WEARS VESTMENTS

When vesting for Mass the priest puts the vestments on in the following order. He places over his shoulders the amice—a white linen cloth. Next the alb, a long white garment reaching down to his feet. He draws it about his waist with the cincture, or white cord, or short, narrow vestment. Around his neck he places the stole, a long, narrow vestment with a cross on each end. Over all these he places the chasuble, the large vestment with a cross on the back. Lastly he puts on his cap or berretta.

The amice is a piece of white linen, oblong in shape, which the priest rests for a moment on his head and then spreads on his shoulders. It has a tape at each end of the upper corners with which to fasten it.

Writers have given many mystical meanings to the amice. It reminds us of the veil with which the Jews covered the face of Jesus when they struck him.

While putting on the amice the priest says: "Place upon my head, O Lord, the helmet of salvation, that I may repel the attacks of the evil one."

Some religious orders, such as Capuchins and Dominicans wear the amice over the head until the beginning of Mass.

The alb is a long white garment. Sometimes it is made entirely of plain linen, sometimes the upper part only is of plain linen, and the skirt of lace.

It is symbolical of innocence, and represents the white robe with which Herod clothed Christ in mockery. When putting on the alb the priest says: "Purify me, O Lord and make me clean of heart, that, washed in the blood of the Lamb, I may possess eternal life."

The cincture or girdle is the white linen cord worn around the waist to hold the alb in place. It represents the ropes with which our Lord was bound and the rods with which He was scourged.

The priest says when putting on the cincture: "Gird me, O Lord, with the girdle of purity, that the virtue of continency and chastity may remain in me."

The maniple is a small vestment worn on the left arm. It is of the same material and color as the chasuble. On it there are three crosses, one in the middle and one on each end.

The maniple was formerly a handkerchief used by the priest at Mass to wipe his face.

It is symbolic of trials and sorrow. The priest says when putting on the maniple: "May I deserve, O Lord, to carry the maniple of weeping and

HEALTHIEST ONE IN THE FAMILY

No Sign Of Dropsy And Kidney Trouble Since Taking "FRUIT-A-TIVES"



HATTIE WARREN Port Robinson, Ont., July 8th, 1915. "We have used 'Fruit-a-tives' in our house for over three years and have always found them a good medicine. Our little girl, Hattie, was troubled with Kidney Diseases. The Doctor said she was threatened with Dropsy, Her limbs and body were all swollen and we began to think she could not live. Finally, we decided to try 'Fruit-a-tives'. She began to show improvement after we had given her a few tablets. In a short time, the swelling had all gone down and her flesh began to look more natural. Now she is the healthiest one in the family and has no signs of the old ailment. We can not say too much for 'Fruit-a-tives' and would never be without them."

WILLIAM WARREN. 50c. a box, 6 for \$2.50, trial size, 25c. At all dealers or sent postpaid on receipt of price by Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.

sorrow, that I may receive with joy the reward of my labors." The stole is a long, narrow band (of the same material and color as the chasuble), which hangs down from the priest's neck and is crossed on the breast. It is the distinct sign of the priestly power, and is therefore used in every exercise of that power, as celebrating Mass, administering the Sacraments, preaching, blessing, etc.

It symbolizes the yoke of Christ. The priest says when putting on the stole: "Restore to me, O Lord, the sign of immortality, which I lost through the transgression of my first parents, and through I approach unworthily to celebrate Thy Sacred Mystery, may I merit eternal joy." The chasuble is the Mass vestment proper. It is the large vestment with a cross on the back which covers all other vestments. It varies in color according to the feast or time of the year. It represents the purple garment worn by Christ before Herod. It is also symbolic of charity. When putting on the chasuble the priest says: "O Lord, who has said 'My yoke is sweet and my burden light,' grant that I may so carry it as to merit Thy grace."—Catholic Bulletin.

THE CULT OF SPIRITISM

Though Sir Oliver Lodge's son Raymond was killed at Ypres in the winter of 1915, his father believes that he has communicated since then with the young man's spirit. The "proofs" of this uncanny correspondence are set forth by Sir Oliver, in a recent book called "Raymond, or Life and Death," and now the newspapers are seriously discussing the "phenomena." After experiencing considerable difficulty in "getting" the proofs "across" from the "other side" a medium at last succeeded in bringing to the bereaved parents such soothing intelligence from Raymond as this:

"My body's very similar to the one I had before. I pinch myself sometimes to see if it real, and it is, but I don't seem to hurt as much as when I pinched the flesh body. The internal organs don't seem constituted on the same lines as before. They can't be quite the same. But to all appearances, and outwardly, they are the same as before. I can move somewhat more freely."

Through the assurance that the internal organs of the disembodied Raymond, at least to all appearances, are "constituted on the same lines as before" was no doubt a source of lasting comfort to his parents, it must have been a deeper consolation still for them to learn (of course, through the medium) that their son in spiritland not only has "ears and eyes," but even "eyelashes and eyebrows," and incredible as it may seem, "he has got a new tooth in place of one he had—one that wasn't quite right." In subsequent communications Raymond told Sir Oliver and Lady Lodge that the denizens of the other side dwell in brick houses, and have a highly economical way of manufacturing from the essence of the air, whiskey and cigars for the entertainment of late arrivals who are a little home-sick.

That such absurdities as the foregoing should be seriously accepted by a modern Englishman of prominence indicates to what a pitiful state of credulity and superstition the cult of spiritism leads its devotees. Those who reject the infallible teaching of Christ seem to be punished by becoming the dupes of vulgar charlatans. The War, moreover, is

reported to have given spiritism a renewed vogue, for bereaved relatives who have practically discarded Christianity become the mediums easiest prey. When all is said, Catholicism will be found the only effective safeguard against the frauds and superstitions of spiritism. For, as Father Keating well observes in the Month:

"No Church except the Catholic has any definite or consistent doctrine on the subject of dealing with the dead. She condemns the attempt as an unlawful endeavor to escape from the conditions of our probation, and, at any rate, risking intercourse with evil spirits, God's enemies. She maintains that the old prohibition in Deuteronomy (xviii: 10-11): 'Neither let there be found among you any one . . . that consulteth soothsayers, or observeth dreams and omens; neither let there be any wizard, nor charmer, nor any one that consulteth pythonic spirits or fortune-tellers, or that seeketh the truth from the dead' (R. V. or a necromancer) is still in full force, for these practices are sins against the First Commandment. She unhesitatingly proclaims that spiritistic phenomena properly so called (not i. e., thought-reading or hypnotic displays) are due either to fraud or to the action of evil spirits, whether devils or lost souls."—Truth.

WHICH IS TO BE TRUE?

If American newspapers find their way into the quiet Bavarian village of Oberammergau, the scene of the famed Passion Play, they must surely convince the family of Anton Lang, known everywhere as the player of Christ, that his welfare is a matter of international concern. And if the hero himself is given to reading them, he has perhaps more than once echoed Mark Twain's assertion that the reports of his death have been repeatedly exaggerated. "We have been killed in war. Now comes just as authentic a denial of the former reports, with the news, however, that he has gone to the front. The dispatch from Copenhagen adds, moreover, that: "Those who have visited Oberammergau lately say it is like a haunted town, struggling to survive on its memories of the past. They say there will never be a Passion Play again, that the spirit of it is lacking as well as the cast." It is to be hoped that this latter statement is nothing more than "news." It would be disappointing to countless travelers, many of whom have made the little German village an object-point of their travels, during the summers of the play. Perhaps three years hence, when it would have again been staged, peace will have come into its own, and the story of Christ's sufferings be told once more to admiring thousands. Sincere regret would be occasioned by its

absolute discontinuance.—Catholic Transcript.

Suffering is sensitive and clairvoyant. Happiness has firmer nerves, but not so true an eye.—Queen Carmen Sylva.

The sorriest lack of our times is that which makes it almost an impossibility for one to secure good service in the ordinary lines. We have got to pay more attention to these ordinary things. We have got to do them and do them well. We have got to recognize the blood-relationship between true worth and that "capacity for taking pains" if we would attain the goal toward which we like to boast we are striving.—Leigh Mitchell Hodges.

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The Composition of Coca-Cola and its Relation to Tea. Prompted by the desire that the public shall be thoroughly informed as to the composition and dietetic character of Coca-Cola, the Company has issued a booklet giving a detailed analysis of its recipe which is as follows: Water, sterilized by boiling (carbonated); sugar, granulated, first quality; fruit flavoring extracts with caramel; acid flavorings, citric (lemon) and phosphoric; essence of tea—the refreshing principle. The following analysis, by the late Dr. John W. Mallet, Fellow of the Royal Society and for nearly forty years Professor of Chemistry in the University of Virginia, shows the comparative stimulating or refreshing strength of tea and Coca-Cola, measured in terms of the refreshing principle: Black tea—1 cupful (5 fl. oz.) 1.54. Green tea—1 glassful (8 fl. oz., exclusive of ice) 2.02. Coca-Cola—1 drink, 8 fl. oz. (prepared with 1 fl. oz. Syrup) 1.21. Coca-Cola—1 drink, 8 fl. oz. (bottlers) (prepared with 1 fl. oz. Syrup) 1.12. From the above recipe and analysis, which are confirmed by all chemists who have analyzed these beverages, it is apparent that Coca-Cola is a carbonated, fruit-flavored modification of tea of a little more than one-half its stimulating strength. A copy of the booklet referred to above will be mailed free on request, and The Coca-Cola Company especially invites inquiry from those who are interested in pure food and public health propaganda. Address The Coca-Cola Co., Dept. J., Atlanta, Ga., U.S.A.

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

"GO AHEAD!"

"Go ahead." This phrase is almost as much used as "Hurry Up" in the America of today. Only the first is unmistakably a man's expression; few women use it. It is "Go ahead" in business; or the professions, or in amusements, or whatever the persons are engaged in. Every one wishes them to go ahead. It's an inspiring phrase, and one that has helped many people, particularly when they had arrived at a point of the road of life where seemingly insurmountable difficulties beset them. It is then the cheery "Go ahead" of a friend, and the helping hand stretched out, prevails, and with a bound, the jump is often made that leads to success.

The "Go ahead" phrase was intended, it would seem only for the weak, the shrinking, the people who require a helping hand—yet at times the strong require these encouraging words as much as their weaker brothers. To the man embarking in business and from whom the future is hidden, how sweet the words are, when coming from a friend, "Try it, old fellow, go ahead; I'll help you." What courage it inspires to do and dare on the chance of coming out the victor.

And yet there are a great many men to-day who haven't time to say these encouraging words to a brother—at least they say they haven't time which is quite another matter. Everybody has time to say a kindly word of encouragement or to do a kind act for a fellow creature, if he but wills it. It's all nonsense, that saying "I haven't time"—when it comes their way to be kind and true—they have so much time for other things—things not half so essential, that this is a poor excuse under which to hide their selfishness.

The prosperous merchant of the selfish class, when the poor man approaches him somewhat timidly to ask a favor, generally replies, "I haven't time; come to me when I am not busy"—and the poor man takes him at his word and calls again and again until at last the truth forces itself upon him that the rich man has no time to give to him, and that he is only wasting his own time in running after him.

If that selfish, prosperous merchant had only given a few minutes to his poorer brother to find out whether he was really worth wasting his time over he might have helped him and said, "Go ahead, I see you have enough grit in you to succeed." But being selfish, he doesn't wish any person to succeed but himself. Of course, his attitude would have been very different if, instead of a poor man, a rich man had dropped in to ask his help to build "a refuge for stray dogs." That would be another matter entirely. He would have given his rich friend his whole attention, signed his name to a check of goodly proportions, and, likely as not, patted himself on the back—as the saying is—over his own generosity and shrewdness, simply because it brought him in closer contact with a man whom he could use in business later on if he wanted him.

Among the rich and the people who have at least a competency, the phrase "Go ahead," loses half its value and usefulness because it is merely a hackneyed expression made to supply a certain forced heartiness that they would wish the world to think they possessed. Of course, there are exceptions even among these men in both walks of life, men who do say these inspiring words to their poorer brothers—and mean them. But they are the exception, not the rule. It is among what might be called the poor people who have to work hard for a livelihood that it is said with a force which raises it to divine heights. The poor man hears his neighbor has a good job, but has not a decent suit of clothes to appear before his employer to make a respectable appearance.

He says, "Jack, take the loan of my Sunday best. Go ahead, old man and win—there are good times before you." And he won't hear the thanks that is heaped upon him as he shoves him out with his cheery "Go ahead."

That is the real meaning of the phrase, "Go ahead." It must have a kind action with it, to complete its worth. Empty words don't fill empty stomachs, and many a poor man has died of starvation who had to live on them. As a diet they are unsatisfactory in the highest degree, and God pity such sufferers, for they are filled with hot air—to use a colloquialism—and not the plain, wholesome diet they craved for.

There is one phase of the "Go ahead" slogan that might be imitated by thousands—nay hundreds of thousands. It is as a spiritual watchword. If a man goes ahead spiritually, there can be no one to cast reproach on him, for he does not merit it. The man who goes ahead spiritually, has a kind word and, if the occasion arises, is ready to do a good turn to his neighbor. His "Go ahead" has the cheery ring which fills the heart with fresh hope and a desire to conquer in the battle of life.

The St. Vincent de Paul Society and the Holy Name Society have many of these men enrolled under their banner of charity as well as the Knights of Columbus—the latter are generally members of both societies. But they have not half enough. There are too many selfish Catholic men in the ranks—too many who think only of their own particular selves and cannot make room for others—poor men who are struggling

along worn down with sorrow and trouble. But, being members of these societies these men are in the fair way of conquering their selfishness and going ahead spiritually to the goal of a heavenly reward.

What about our Catholic men who do not try to "go ahead spiritually," and won't join these bodies? I mean those who are so engrossed in trying to persuade their separated brethren in the business world that they are Catholics of course—they don't deny it—but not bigoted in a religious sense, and "don't believe in men being too religious; Mass on Sunday and perhaps on holidays is enough religion for them." This class of men will give a cheery "Go ahead" slogan to their Protestant brothers—which is but right—but charity begins at home, and mother Church requires the strong arms and the strong hearts of her sons to-day as she never required them before—particularly in the world of business. "Help one another," should be our Catholic men's slogan, and the "Go ahead, brother," should be cheerily passed around from one end of America to another. It is only thus we shall conquer. The times are stormy. Mexico is not far away. Spiritual armor is needed amongst our Catholic men never more so than to-day, so "Go ahead, brothers."—Sheila Mahon in Brooklyn Tablet.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

A BOYS TRIBUTE

Prettiest girl I've ever seen
Is Ma;
Lovelier than any queen
Is Ma.
Girls with curls go walking by,
Dainty, graceful, bold and shy,
But the one that takes my eye
Is Ma.

Every girl made into one
Is Ma.
Sweetest girl to look upon
Is Ma.
Seen 'em short and seen 'em tall,
Seen 'em big and seen 'em small,
But the finest one of all
Is Ma.

Best of all the girls on earth
Is Ma.
One that all the rest is worth
Is Ma.
Some have beauty, some have grace,
Some look nice in silk and lace,
But the one that takes first place
Is Ma.

Sweetest singer in the land
Is Ma.
She that has the softest hand
Is Ma.
Tenderest, gentlest nurse is she,
Full of fun as she can be,
An' the only girl for me
Is Ma.

But if there's an angel here
It's Ma.
If God has a sweetheart dear,
It's Ma.
Take the girls that artists draw,
An' all the girls I ever saw,
The only one without a flaw
Is Ma.

—EDGAR A. GUEST

MOTHER'S "JOB"

The mother of the family announced at the supper table that she was about to make an experiment—that she meant to take up work outside of her home.

"Just for a couple of weeks," she said, smiling at the consternation mirrored on the faces of her flock. "An old school friend of mine has opened a Red Cross station, and wants me to teach crocheting and sewing. That gives me the opportunity to have a salary all my own, and—think of it!—office hours, too."

That was all she said. After supper she arose, folded her napkin neatly and slipped into the library to glance at the evening newspaper. The dinner table depleted and disarranged, stood—and stood.

Finally, Grace, mindful that the friend who meant to call on her was about due, began the task of clearing away the dinner dishes.

The mother of the family went to her room at about 10 o'clock. The dishes remained on the kitchen table—there were no plans for breakfast.

"Have I some fresh lingerie?" she called out after a few minutes' silence.

And then again she asked hopefully, but without eliciting any response:

"Where are all my stockings—are they mended yet?"

Grace glanced at Anne, Anne glanced furtively at Grace. The boys' eyes met—they grinned.

But each remained silent.

Upstairs dresser and chiffonier were being opened and shut in the bedroom of the mother of the family.

"I can't find my cuff buttons!" she was heard to exclaim, tragically.

"Here I've got to get up bright and early, and an expected down town at 8:30. Of course, I can't find anything!"

Two or three more appeals of similar tenor came from the bedroom, and then silence ensued.

In the morning there was the usual rush for the bathtub—but the door to the bathroom was locked, and the bath preempted.

"I'll be ready shortly!" said the mother of the family, sweetly, from the inside. "I'm just getting my hair in shape—it's dreadfully hard to do today, somehow, when I'm in a hurry! Is breakfast nearly ready?"

Every one gasped. Anne stole into the kitchen, Grace followed. There were the used dishes of the evening before, in untidy array, and no one had thought of starting breakfast.

Pretty soon the mother of the family came downstairs, all fresh

and smiling, ready for her new office hours.

"Breakfast not ready yet?" she said with a touch of petulance in her voice. "And I won't get any opportunity for lunch until twelve or one! I should think you might have considered that I'll have to be on time—you know how important it is! Do hurry with it!" she insisted. "For I can't wait all day!"

Awed, Grace and Anne hastily washed the dishes and searched the pantry for something that might be quickly prepared. In ten minutes there was a semblance of breakfast on the table.

"Is this all you've got?" asked the mother disdainfully. "I should think you might have had something I like for a change."

But she ate what was set before her, and, hastily pinning on her hat fled out the front door.

"And I wanted to bring company home to dinner!" sighted Anne, wriggling out of her kitchen apron, and smoothing her hair hastily, ready to hurry off.

Just then one of the boys called from his room:

"Where is my —," he began and then followed silence, as if he, too, had suddenly remembered.

"Two weeks!" exclaimed Grace, tragically.

Tired and unexpectant, they returned, wearily unlocking the door that night. Somebody was busily setting the table for supper. It was the mother of the family!

"Mother! You!" they exclaimed, "and what about your office hours?"

"I've changed my mind," replied the mother, mysteriously—and no one has yet discovered whether she really had a job and tired of it, or whether she merely meant to drive home a needed lesson.—Exchange.

THE AUSTRALASIAN CHURCH

In an article welcoming Monsignor Ceretti, the Papal Delegate, to Australasia, the Tablet of New Zealand recalls the coming of the first priests to those Southern lands. "It is now more than a hundred years," says our esteemed contemporary, "since the long-drawn-out sufferings of Ireland allowed, according to the plans of Divine Providence, poor trembling bands of Irish exiles to creep from their cells and their hard taskmasters in order to carry the light of faith to these Southern lands. Their companions in exile were three priests. But if these first Catholic missionaries came to teach and console their poor flock, it was not owing to the wise and humane provision of the English Government, for they were branded as convicts for a supposed share in the so-called Irish Rebellion. One of these priests was almost immediately on arrival pardoned and returned to Ireland; the second was sent to Norfolk Island, while the third remained in Sydney. That poor, gentle, priestly convict then represented the Church which today finds its representatives in a Hierarchy of thirty-six Archbishops and Bishops, and an Apostolic Delegate. His place is now occupied by seven Ecclesiastical Provinces—Sydney, Melbourne, Adelaide, Tasmania, Perth, Brisbane, New Zealand; by twelve Apostolic Vicariates and Prefectures. The public worship of the Church is celebrated in 2,054 churches by 1,256 priests, and there are 579 Brothers of religious orders and 7,083 nuns. There are five ecclesiastical seminaries for the training of priests, 40 colleges for boys and 218 for girls, 189 superior day schools, 1,029 primary schools, and charitable institutions to the number of 116 for the orphans, the fallen, the aged, the sick and the dying. Over 150,000 children receive a Christian education in Catholic schools, and there is a Catholic population of 1,043,027. A century ago life stirred in the acorn, and the sapling pushed its slender head above the ground; now the great oak dominates the forest. Many a scar does the giant bear; fire has burned it and storms have twisted it; but year by year the sap rises beneath its healthy bark, the buds swell, the leaves unfold, the branches multiply, and the birds of the air find shelter in its boughs."

HAVE YOU ONE?

O give me the hand that is willing and tender,
Give me the heart that is honest and true;
Give me the smiles that true friendship engender,
Eyes that rob heaven of half of its blue,
Give me the cheery word, eerie word, dreary word
Breathed from the lips of an innocent child,
Asking a favor you cannot deny him,
Just a sweet creature of earth, undetiled.

Watching the witching sweet curl of his lip there,
Watching the sparkle of fun in his eye;
Watching the warmth as his face is alighting—
Never a dawning more fair in the sky!

Watching him, loving him, proud of his cunning,
Knowing that he, too, is one of your own;
Perhaps you have just a wee rollicker like him,
Keeping the love and the light in your home.

—DR. JAMES HENDERSON in Canadian Freeman



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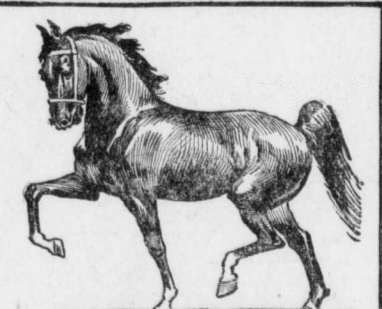
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The Catholic Church believes that it is not necessary to prove every doctrine of Christ from Holy Scripture. We might just as well ask St. Paul who died in the year '67, to prove his doctrines from the Bible, which was not all written until some thirty years after his death.

The Catholic Church believes that she will exist for all times and that no power on earth can destroy her, because she is not a human institution, but of divine origin, and supported by the divine power of Christ Who promised to be with her to the end of the world.

The Catholic Church believes that she were a mere human institution she would have ceased to exist within a few years after Christ. But since she has witnessed the birth of all the governments and all ecclesiastical establishments that now exist in the world, she will likewise exist in their requiem, hence there is a power higher than human that sustains her.

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The Catholic Record
LONDON, CANADA

FROM JUDAISM TO CHRISTIANITY

By Rev. William H. Williams in The Missionary

I have always thought that one of the most interesting cases I have had to do with in my pastoral work was that connected with a prominent Jewish family in the town where I was in charge of a parish some twenty years ago. The conversion of two young daughters of this family to the Catholic faith created a good deal of excitement and comment when it became publicly known, and I was threatened by the strong Jewish element of the community with harsh corporal treatment, until it was discovered that the real author of the religious transformation was not the pastor of the local Catholic Church, but a modest and retiring housemaid who, several years before, had simply been faithful in the performance of her religious duties. The facts are these:

They were of German descent, and the family was one of the wealthiest and most prominent in commercial circles in the community in which we lived. The father was an eminent Rabbi of the town, ministering in a large synagogue to a large and distinguished congregation. They had some Jewish servants in their home, but in order that these might not have to perform manual labor on Saturday, the Sabbath of the Old Testament, when the family wanted to attend services in their synagogue they had given employment to a young Catholic girl by the name of Mary Blythe. Mary had been educated in the parochial school of the town, and was one of the brightest and most devout of the young people connected with the parish. She was very punctual in the performance of her religious duties, and her fidelity in the work of the Sodality to which she belonged had been rewarded with the prize of a beautifully bound prayer-book, illustrated, as is usual in such books for Catholic children, with pictures describing the different parts of the Mass. Mary was very fond of the little volume, and gazed often with much devotion upon those engravings, while the descriptive reading matter became as familiar to her as the proverbial "household words."

The young Jewish and her sister did not fail to notice Mary's attachment for the little morocco-bound volume, and often they longed for an opportunity to look at it, to see what it was that so arrested the child's attention. They caught a glimpse of the pictures, and one day mustered up confidence enough to ask, "May we read your little book?"

"Yes, miss, certainly you may. You can have it to read any time you like. It is full of pretty pictures that I am sure you will like to look at," and Mary handed them the volume.

Not far from the house, out beyond the orchard, was a hedge that had been set out as a wind-break, at the foot of which ran a purling stream in which the girls in their childhood had often waded, and where now they loved to sit at quiet school hours and talk over the events of the day. Here they formed a little arbor, in which rustic seats were placed, and to this spot they hastened in the sunny afternoon to look over the little book with the golden cross stamped on the cover. Sitting under the hedge, the blue sky looking benignly down upon them, as though the Almighty Father were well pleased with their girlish efforts, they read together the life of our Blessed Lord as narrated in connection with the ceremonies of Mass. The two little Jewesses were full of inquiries as to the meaning of the engravings that pictured the various steps in the Mass, and still more eager were they to understand the life and passion of the Saviour as these were successively pictured on imaginary screens back of the altar. Mary, although not a doctor in Divine theology, had learned well her catechism, and had always devoutly followed the priest in the various details of the Holy Mass, afterwards questioning the nuns concerning things that were not easily understood by one so young, and therefore she was able to give a satisfactory reply to every query and to explain many things that are often hidden from the wise and prudent. Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings thou hast perfected praise, because of thy enemies (Psalm viii, 3).

After such a study as this, with the artless teaching of an innocent child who had little conception that she was doing a missionary work that the angels of heaven might envy, the Jewish girls resolved some day to be Christians. Not long after, Mary Blythe left the family, and soon after entering womanhood married a young man of good Catholic antecedents and became a most active member of the parish to which she was attached. In after years she counted among her nearest and dear-

SOME "INSIDE" FACTS ABOUT THE CATHOLIC CHURCH

By Rev. Thomas F. Conkley, D. D., Pittsburg, Pa.

The Catholic Church believes that religion should be reasonable, and that every Catholic should be able to give a reason for the truths he believes. If any doctrine of the Catholic Church can be proved to be unreasonable, the Catholic Church will reject it.

The Catholic Church believes that every person should investigate the reasons for his faith. Don't take any person's unsupported word for it. Prove it yourself, sound the origins of your religious belief, trace them back to Christ, compare Christ's teachings with what you believe to-day, and see whether there is any harmony, or whether you are deviating from the unadulterated Word of God.

Christ wants you to believe all of his doctrines, every one of them, not merely one or two or a few. There can be no elective course in Christianity. Hence any Church minimizing the doctrines of Christ, or denying any of them, cannot be the true Church of Christ.

The Catholic Church teaches that it is utterly impossible for two contradictory things to be true at the same time. The true Church of Christ cannot believe Christ is God in Pittsburgh, and deny that he is God in New York.

The Catholic Church believes that the peace and good will of the community will be vastly increased if all the community know exactly what it is that the Catholic Church teaches. Know the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth about the Catholic Church. Apply to headquarters and be sure you are getting the truth when you read about the Catholic Church.

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DIED

FARRELL.—At Arthur, Ont., Friday, July 6th, 1917. Wm. Farrell aged seventy-eight years and six months. May his soul rest in peace.

COLEMAN.—Killed at No. 12 Colliery, New Waterford, N. S., on July 25, Mr. Peter Coleman, aged forty three years. May his soul rest in peace.

WOODS.—On Thursday, July 19, 1917, at the American Hospital in Vedado, Habana, Cuba, Annie E. Woods, beloved wife of Dr. E. J. Woods, Nuevitas, Cuba, aged thirty-two years. May her soul rest in peace.

What you say about books and personal example is very true. It is the life that quickens; the words die without the life. The same words which Our Lord said, and moved hearts from their center, we know that they were, and can repeat them; but they are dead in our mouths and fall lifeless from our lips. An interior man will do more good and effect more with ten simple words than another with ten discourses composed with care and elegance.—Father Hecker.

TEACHERS WANTED

WANTED FOR SEPARATE SCHOOL No. 6, Township of Sherwood in the village of Barry's Bay, two teachers: a principal having Normal training and an assistant teacher for the Junior form. Duties to commence Sept. 4th, 1917. Apply stating salary, experience and qualifications to Martin Daly, Sec. Treas., Barry's Bay, Ont. 2024-3

A QUALIFIED TEACHER WANTED FOR S. S. No. 15, Huntingdon. Duties to begin Sept. 3rd. Apply to Mrs. J. J. Conkley, Sec. Treas., 100 St. John St., Toronto, Ont. 2026-2

WANTED TEACHER HOLDING A 1ST OR 2ND class certificate having Normal training. Salary \$800 per year. Address to Treas. of S. S. D. Leo Pfeiffer, Clearbrook, Alberta, Canada. 2026-2

QUALIFIED TEACHER FOR SEPARATE school section. No. 4, Burgess, N. S. S. No. 15, Huntingdon. Duties to begin Sept. 3rd. Apply to R. T. Noonan, Sec. Treas., Stanleyville, Ont. R. M. D. No. 2. 2026-2

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