"COME IN"

in, My child, the portal stands ajar, I have bided long this hour and thee, Heard'st thou a whisper in thy wan-

Hush! well I know thy heart is sick and Thine idols fall'n, their empty shrines

1 saw thee when thine erring feet To bear thee further on the paths of sin.

This yearning Heart hath found thee.
I have sent nessenger o'er all the mountains bleak To seek the lamb that from My pasture

went; The hour is late, but ah! My Heart is Come in, My child, and tell Me-in thy

straying
Where hast thou found a Heart to love thee more
Than Mine, within its tabernacle pray-With patient love, behind the marble

I've sorrowed much for thee with all this waiting

My famished lamb! Forlorn and drenched art thou,

With anguished Heart I heard thy piteous bleating—

Come in, beloved! My joy is perfect

"CHRISTIANITY AS 'SOCIAL

UPLIFT"

This is the heading of a remarkable editorial that appeared recently in the New York Sun, anent the "Men and Religion Forward Movement." A settlement worker had solemnly assured his four thousand hearers that unless Christianity can successfully promote the "social uplift," the Church will cease to be a with power in the coming generabe a vital power in the coming genera-tion. Thereat, the Sun, after observing that the phrase "social uplift, however sincerely meant, has already begun to have a slight suggestion of political cant, as well as a vague humanitarianism," says the very thing a Catholic editor

says the very thing a Catholic editor would write, and says it well:

"Any work for the betterment of the community," the leader continues, "is in line with Christianity, but deists, agnostics, atheists may share in any plan or labor of 'social uplift' that has no dogmatic or denominational bias. The hope that Christianity brought to 'the toiling man, the drooping woman,' was of an immortal life, a justice, a happiness, a recompense hereafter. The Son of God made man, 'wounded for our transgressions, bruised for our iniquities,' was to redeem those who believed in Him. Is the Church, are the Churches, to sacrifice or make secondary that hope and fice or make secondary that hope and belief, to make questions of wages and 'tenement' conditions, sanitation and 'social uplift' the essential problem of Christianity? To visit the sick and the Ohristianty? To visit the sick and the prisoner, to help the widow and the orphan and the poor, all that is part of the duty of a Christian, but only a part. Are 'works' to supplant faith, is humitarianism to take the place of creed, are the Churches to be judged merely or mainly by their philanthropic activities? This may be regarded as a religion, as a benevolent and energetic religion, but of the Chris-tian religion it is only a part. The most solemn and awful mysteries, the most sublime consolations of Christianity lie beyond and above that. Exactly what did the penitent thief do for 'social

uplift'?"
What, indeed? A pertinent question.
The life he had led as a robber surely had not promoted the "social uplift" a great deal. No, it was his patience under suffering, his sorrow for his sins, his fearless confession, in the midst of mockers and blasphemers, of the Divinity and Kingship of Christ that won the good thief such prompt canonization. good thief such prompt canonization. The Catholic Church, moreover, is so old-fashioned as to teach that these are the very virtues that Christians who save their souls must practice

A "Men and Religion Forward Movement," however, that hopes to enlist the sympathetic interest of all the Protest-ant sects, no matter how varied their ant sects, no matter now varied their creeds, finds it imperative, no doubt, to make the tenets of its belief tangible, simple and few. Consequently "Social Uplift" is an admirable "Credo." But whether such a "movement," however violent, is a forward one, whether it is really a "religion" at all, and particu-larly whether it is Christianity, the thoughtful will have serious doubts and

THE QUAKERS

In the polemics of the seventeenth century the Quaker was attacked as "the Papist's younger brother;" and Frederick Lucus did not find the leap from the meeting house to the Cathedral of Christendom a very hazardous one. I tell you that we are Quakers," wrote Cardinal Manning to one of the wrote Cardinal Manning to one of the admitted followers of George Fox, "more than all men, as to the Interior Life; and that you are more Catholic than all others that are out of the one Faith and Fold." Again he writes to the same correspondent, the late William Tallack, long the secretary of the Howard Association, "I will undertake to show you that we realize and apply the priesthood of Christ above all men; and that the fullness of justification by His merits is to be found notion by His merits is to be found nowhere as it is in the Catholic faith and That is an invitation which,

tive ear, and the number of the descendants of friends in England who have become Catholic is as remarkable in its way as in America is that of the descendants of the Pilgrim Fathers. Lucas's conversion, we are told by his brother, the late Mr. Edward Lucas, also a convert to the Faith, "led some of the most intimate of his Quaker friends to refuse to hold intercourse with him"—and it seemed to him a strange thing that people who believed in "individual inspiration" should deny its operation in his own case. Each of these brothers, we like to remember, gave a son to the Church, the late Father Angelo Lucas (son of Frederick), a secular priest, and Father Herbert Lucas (son of Edward), happily still living as a distinguished member of the Society by one of whose earlier Fathers his famous uncle was received into the Church.—London Tablet.

A BIT OF HISTORY

The Wellesley Viceroyalty, remem-bered for its "bottle riot"—of course bered for its "bottle riot"—of course, an Orange one—and other sensational incidents, is also to be recalled because it brought a Catholic Vicereine to Dublin Castle. The Marquis of Wellesley, the Duke of Wellington's brother, was Irish Viceroy in the twenties of the last century, and became uupopular with the Ascendancy Class owing to the belief that he favoured Catholic Emancipation, then described as a blow to the Empire which the Empire could not survive. And before he laid down his office, he took a step which by no means added to his popularity, marrying in October, 1825, Marianne, daughter of Richard Caton, of Baltimore, and widow of Robert Patterson—a woman in the words of a contemporary chronin the words of a contemporary chronicler, "distinguished for her beauty, her elevation of mind, and dignity of manelevation of mind, and dignity of man-ners." Her two sisters were already Duchess of Leeds and Lady Stafford. These three American ladies, whose matrimonial example may be said to have inaugurated a new and never lapshave inaugurated a new and never lapsing social treaty between the two countries, were grand-daughters of the Maryland Catholic worthy, Carroll of Carrollton, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence.

As the law then stood—the bride being a Catholic and the bridegroom a Protestant—a ceremony according to the ritual of the State Church had first to be gone through. This was per-

to be gone through. This was per-formed by the Protestant Archbishop o Armagh at the Viceregal Lodge, eight o'clock in the evening, at the c eight o'clock in the evening, at the con-clusion of a State banquet. Immediate-ly afterwards the marriage was solemn-ized by the Most Rev. Dr. Murray, Archbishop of Dablin. By this alliance, we may add, a kind of connection was established between the families of Napoleon and Wellington; for Jerome Bonaparte, King of Westphalia, had married Miss Elizabeth Patterson, of Baltimore, whose brother, Robert, was married Miss Edizabeth Faucterson, or Baltimore, whose brother, Robert, was Lady Wellesley's first husband. So long as the Marquis retained the Vice-regal office, we are told by a Catholic chronicler of the time, and again when he resumed it in 1833, the Vicereine down in tathe each Sunday and Holy drove in state each Sunday and Holy Day to Mass.—London Tablet.

INGERSOLL

ARCH INFIDEL CRITICIZED BY LATE GOV. ROBERT TAYLOR

capital that was througed with youth and beauty, old age and wisdom. I saw a man the image of his God stand upon His gestures were perfection of grace, his voice was music and his language was more beautiful than I had ever heard from mortal lips.

I sat in a great theater at the nations

He painted picture after picture of the pleasures and joys and sympathies of home. He enthroned love and

preached the gospel of humanity like an angel. Then I saw him dip his brush in the ink of mortal blackness and blot out the beautiful picture he had painted. I saw him stab love dead at his feet. I saw him blot out the stars and the sun and leave humanity and the universe in eternal darkness and eternal death.

I saw him, like a lawless erratic, worm himself into the paradise of human hearts and by his seductive eloquence and subtle devices and sophistry inject his fatal venom under whose blight its powers faded, its music was hushed, its inshine was darkness and its soul was left a desert waste with only the new-made graves of faith and hope.

I saw him, like lawless, erratic meteor,

without an orbit, sweep across the in-tellectual sky, brilliant only in its selfconsuming fire generated by friction with the indestructible and eternal truths of God.

That man was the archangel of modern infidelity, and I said, how true is the Holy Writ which declared; "The fool hath said in his heart, there is no God."

Tell me not, O infidel, there is no

God, no heaven, no hell. Tell me not, O infidel, there is no risen Christ. What intelligence less than God's could fashion the human body? What motive power is it, if not God, that drives the throbbing engine of the drives human heart, with ceaseless, tireless stroke, sending the crimson stream of life bounding and circling through every

win and artery?
What and whence, if not God, is this mystery we call mind? What is it that thinks and feels and knows and acts? Oh, who can deny the divinity that stirs

within us? God is everywhere and in everything. His mystery is in every bud and blossom and leaf and tree, in every rock and rill and vale and mountain, in every spring and rivulet and river.

The rustle of His wing is in every

zephyr: His might is in every tempest. He dwells in the dark pavilions of every storm cloud. His awful tread is in every

earthquake and on every angry ocean. The heavens above us teem with His myriads of shining witnesses. The universe of solar systems whose wheeling orbs course the crystal paths of space proclaim through the drear hall of eternity the glow and power and dominion of the all-wise, omnipotent and eternal God.

MR. KIPLING'S POEM

The outburst of anti-Catholic bigotry in the poem of Mr. Kipling's from which we quoted last week, has received its deserved reproof, not merely from Catholics like Mr. Mark Sykes, M. P.,

we quoted last week, has received its deserved reproof, not merely from Catholics like Mr. Mark Sykes, M. P., and from Professor Kettle, but also from a Protestant and an Ulsterman, Mr. George Russell, known on his titlepages by the initials "A. E." In prose which will outlive all the noise of party politics, Mr. Russell takes Mr. Kipling to task, less in anger than in grief. "I speak to you, brother," he begins, "because you have spoken to me, or rather you have spoken to me, or rather you have spoken for me—I am a native of Ulster. I call you brother,' for, so far as I am known beyond the circle of my personal friends, it is as a poet." But it is as a witness to the toleration of Catholics in Ireland that Mr. Russell speaks with all timeliness: "I am a person whose whole being goes into a blaze at the thought of oppression of faith, and yet I think my Catholic countrymen infinitely more tolerent than those who hold the faith I was born in. I am a heretic, judged by their standards, a heretic who has written and made public his heresies, and I have never suffered in friendship nor found my heresies an obstacle in life. I set my knowledge, the knowledge of a lifetime, against your ignorance, and I say you have used your genius to do Ireland and its people a wrong. You have intervened in a quarrel of which you do not know the merits like any brawling bully who passes, and only takes sides to use his strength. If there was a high court of poetry, and those in power jealous of the noble name of poet, and that none should use it save those who were truly knights of the Holy Ghost, they would hack the golden spurs from your heels and turn you out of the count." And then there is that notice of "copyrighted in the United States," which shows, says Mr. Russell, that Mr. Kipling, the most successful man of letters of the time, is not above making profit out of the perils of his country. It is interesting to recall that when R. L. Stevenson had to abuse the traducer of Father Damien, he refused a fee for his work—he sen abuse the traducer of Father Damien, he refused a fee for his work—he sent his noble letter to Mr. Henley, saying

CHRIST OR CARL MARX?

of the Socialists in this country to inter-pret victory out of their reverses and defeats. The recent overthrow of Socialism in Milwaukee, head, neck and Socialism in Milwaukee, nead, neck and heels, is being interpreted, curiously enough, by its leaders, as a considerable step in the line of their progress. But little attention is paid by them to their defeats on the same day in Butte, Helena and other Montana towns. They reason that Emil Seidel, their defeated candidate for mayor in Milwaukee, received two years ago in a three cornered struggle only 22,000 out of 60 000 votes, whereas at the late election he received a total of 30,000 of the 73,000 votes cast. This is not, however, a very convincing argument, when it is taken into consideration that there were 13,000 more ballots east in the total vote this year Progressive Republican Milwaukee Journal remarks. "Not more than Journal remarks. "Not more than 10,000 were Socialists or sympathizers with Socialistic principles, the others representing a remnant of the protest vote of two years ago, as well as the votes of men, who, though not believing in Socialism, were disaffected toward when the new movement for various reasons, one height a fear that it would not be one being a fear that it would not be

carried out in good faith."

Besides, the result of the Milwaukee election shows that the great political election shows that the great political parties of this country are willing to drop their differences in a combine against the common enemy of the state—Socialism. This is as it should be, and it is to be hoped that this precedent, set by Milwankee, will be followed in the other, great and small cities of the land, wherever Socialism lifts its atholstic and rollicion destroying head. atheistic and religion destroying head The public benefits which Socialism ex-The public benefits which Socialism exploits, are not its property, nor belong to it as such; they are but the foils to hide its hideous ultimate design of destroying that order of things which from the beginning was sanctioned by God and God-ordained authority. Socialism, in its last analysis and conclusion, means emancipation from the belief in a personal God—and a substitution therefore of naturalism. Its programme is as clear of naturalism. Its programme is as clear as daylight. It first means to get politi-cal power and sovereignty of rule, by peaceable means, if possible—otherwise by force, and after that has been accomplished it will unmask itself as the nev creed which must be enforced, if people would be happy and prosperous. We know by the experience of the past that there is no tyranny so despotic as that of infidelity in power, attempting to crush out every vestige of supernatural faith among the people. Infidelity is a creed that knows and practices no tolerance—and Marxism Socialism is its

latest associate and boon companion.

The Socialist domination of Milwaukee for two years was a sample of the ex-clusiveness and arbitrariness of Social-ism. Thus by the Milwaukee Free Press, an independent Republican organ, the Social-Democratic brand of govern-ment in that city is described as having been "a government by secret ring, a government for class, a government for spoils, a government for spoils, a government hostile to American principles." That is strong language, but it is borne out by the facts.

The Milwaukee voters league in a printed pamphlet, circulated before the election, confirms this record by saying: "The Seidel administration was controlled by a secret ring which is the real governing body—a condition intolerable and subversive of the true principles of controllerance." Newscr erable and subversive of the true principles of popular government." Nevertheless the voters's league was fairminded enough to admit that the Socialist administration "had given this city and country the temporary benefit of a more efficient government than had been recently enjoyed." But it follows this up with the following scathing arraignment of the principles of Socialism:

ment of the principles of Socialism:

"Its dangerous doctrines of class hatred and bitterness; its narrow partisanship; its lack of respect for the law; its denunciation of the motives and integrity of the judiciary; its unfair and undemocratic policies, and its hostility to American political institutions, in our political point the political. opinion point the sure path to political, social, industrial and economic dis-

Nothing could be more complete and wholly true than this denunciation coupled with a regard for the temporary good accomplished under false colors.

As the Socialists are endeavoring to draw victory out of defeat in Milwaukee, so they are also claiming everywhere too much for the fruits of their victory in the recent elections for the German Reichstag. 'Many of them seem to think that Socialism has cut the claws of Germany, and is in a position to dictate the course of her imperial flight in the future. Yet nothing is more ridiculous than such an assumption. Thus we read in "The Continental Correspondence" (Berlin), which is issued from the German foreign office:

"Socialism is by no means the hinge cound which the political form."

"Socialism is by no means the hinge round which the political affairs of round which the political affairs of Germany will swing during the next five years. This is all the more sure because everybody knows that the number of Socialists in the Reichstag will be reduced from the largest among the parties to a medium one, if the Con-servatives and Liberals make a common stand against them as they did in 1907. Thus it is clear that the Social Demo-Thus it is clear that the Social Dem rats would consider it a great disadvantage if by some unlikely chance the army and navy bills were negatived; for in that case the Reichstag would be dissolved, and at the new elections the Social Democrats would be nowhere, as always when national questions laid before the country."

It is quite certain that patriotic Ger-nany can carry in the Reichstag her bill for navy and army expenses in spite of Socialistic howls. As this semi-official

organ puts it:
"It is absurd to speak of Germany as "It is absurd to speak of Germany as now losing her aggressive character in consequence of Socialistic successes, since she never had such a character. On the other hand, there is no ground for the supposition that the number of Social Democrats in her parliament will be any hindrance to such strengthening of the German armment as is intended. of the German armament as is intende of the German armament as is intended to enable the country to resist any attack from the outside. The army bills and the navy bills will be introduced in the new Reichstag with its 110 Socialists, exactly in the same shape as though this party had secured only 50 or 60 seats. Even the most sanguine Socialists do not doubt that the bills for increasing the armament will be carried creasing the armament will be carried oreasing the armament will be carried by large majorities. As there is even now a sure majority for an army and navy bill, why should the government hesitate to ask leave to move them?"

It is well, therefore, to remember, that in spite of the extravagant claims is still very much in the minority in all civilized countries. As a system it is not a progressive measure, but rather belongs to the governments in vogue belongs to the governments in vogue ordained and commissioned to that work ordains the parish priest. It is among barbaric and savage peoples, where the state in the person of a chief or ruler apportions everything equally among his subjects, irrespective of their individual merits or earning capacity. But if Socialism is growing, it is not without striking an alarm among those who will fight against its propaganda of evil to the last ditch. Its temporary progress means the rousing of the militant spirit of countless Christians, and countless non-Christians, who still believe in religion and a personal God. If needs be, let the lines be drawn closely—and the choice be made between Jesus Christ, the crucified and the choice be made between Jesus Christ, the crucified and the choice be made between Jesus Christ, the crucified and the choice of the choice Carl Marx, the teacher and prophet of Socialism.—Intermountain Catholic.

TESTING A REMEDY

WHAT WAS ACCOMPLISHED IN ONE DIOCESE IN THE MATTER OF MIXED MARRIAGES

In a most interesting article in the Ecclesiastical Record on "How to Counteract Mixed Marriages in the United States," Rev. Arthur B. C. Dunne, of Eau Claire, Wis., gives a comprehensive statement of efforts made in that direction in the La Crosse diocese, which bore excellent fruit.

The remedy tested in that diocese was the one which obliges a six weeks

"This city," says Father Dunne,
"may be considered typical of the
average American community. In a "may be considered typical of the average American community. In a population of about 20,000, it contains the usual assortment of religious bodies, with a Catholic population numbering 20 per cent. which is the estimated percentage of Catholics to the entire population of this country. Thus our experience with obligatory instructions previous to obligatory instructions previous to marriage will fairly indicate what reaverage American parish. We shall take a period of five years previous to the introduction of obligatory instructions, as representative of conditions as they obtained before the rule was established.

"In that time we had a total of 48 ann-Catholic fiances, 15 of whom voluntarily took the instructions and were received into the Church, previous to their marriage, while 33 declined to take the instructions, leaving us 33 mixed marriages, for that period of time.

OBLIGATORY INSTRUCTIONS

still larger number of more or less uninstructed Catholics. We were obliged to secure a larger hall for the rest of the coarse, which covered a period of 8 weeks, averaging 3 instructions of an hour and a half each per week. At the conclusion of the course, 33 of the 34 non-Catholics were received into the Church, the lone 1 remaining outside much against her will, but of necessity

During the following 5 years, under the law of obligatory instructions, we have had a total of 87 non-Catholic fiances. Eighty of these took the instructions (the other 7 being unable to attend because they were non-residents). Sixty-five of the 80 were received into the Church immediately after instructions; 10 were prevented from doing so by the bitter antagonism of relatives; and 5 declined, or rather were not enand 5 declined, or rather were not en-couraged to enter as the instructor did not consider them imbued with the proper spirit, or endowed with sincere faith.

"Thus we had, out of a total of 80 "Thus we had, out of a total of, 80 non-Catholics who took the instructions, 65 converts and 15 mixed marriages. Of these 15 non-converts, 5 entered the Church later; that is, after marriage, leaving, at the present time, a total of 10 mixed marriages of 80 flances who took the instructions.

"The following figures comparison of results may prove instructive:

results may prove instructive:
"Instruction optional 1902 1907, flances 48; converts, 15; mixed marriages, 33. Instruction obligatory, 1907-1912, flances 80; converts, 70; mixed marriages, 10.

"These statistics, I believe, amply justify the following conclusions:

CONCLUSIONS DRAWN

"First, that we cannot prevent certain percentage of our Catholic young people from forming sffectionate alliances with non-Catholics. Countless efforts have been made along that line and have proved to be more or less ineffectual. Is it not high time for us to recognize this fact, and learn to take conditions as they are and 'make to ourselves felends' of the enemy—mixed alli-ances—and compel them to serve the conversion and conversation of count-

Catholics would gladly enter the Church if they but knew her as she is, and not as she has been caricatured to them from their infancy by inimical pul-

pit, press and literature. ... "Third, that the work of the American priest is only half done if he confines his zea! to the care of his Catholic

INSTRUCTING NON-CATHOLICS Speaking further of this lamentable ignorance of things Catholic on the part of Protestants generally, Father Dunne

"Are the seminaries of this country doing their full duty in equipping the laborers to do effectual work among the distressed and shepherdless multitudes? I fear not. The average neo-presbyter issuing from the portals of our semin issuing from the portals of our seminaries seems to be incospable of understanding the non-Catholic mind and less capable of presenting Catholic truth intelligibly to the honest inquirer. Consequently their efficiency in the harvest field is greatly handicapped. Let us hope however that the day will come, and very soon, when every seminary in America will have a special 'Chair of the Good Shepherd' for the thorough development and training of the young Levite for the glorious task of assisting Jesus Christ in bringing the other sheep into the one fold and to a happy knowledge of the one Shepherd.

of the one Shepherd. "We hear much nowadays about mis by our Lord, is the parish priest. It is he who lives and mingles with non-Catholics every day, in social, civic, and business relations, and consequentv learns to know their beliefs and non beliefs, their prejudices and miscon ceptions, and above all their sub-con secious yearning for that truth and beauty and security to be found only in the Church of Jesus Christ. In his work it is not one or two weeks of crowding academic lectures on the un-prepared and untutored minds of unknown individuals, but a life-to-life and and heart-to-heart mission, teaching in season and out of season, slowly perhaps but surely, the various truths of our holy religion, and thus dispelling here and there some shadow of prejudice or misunderstanding, and all the time drawing under God's grace the souls of he 'other sheep nearer to the fold.
"But there is a more specific work

which can be done by the parish clergy, aided by our zealous and eager laity. It not only can be done, but has been done with phenomenal success.

A CASE IN POINT

"I trust I may be pardoned if I illustrate this statement with an account of an experiment tried in this city during the past year under the auspices of the local council of Knights of Columbus. One year ago I announced from the pul-pit and the press that the Knights of Columbus had generously offered me the use of one of their club rooms in the use of one of their city for a course of instructions to non-Catholics. I emphasized the fact that the chief purpose of the series was not the conversion of non-Catholics, but was purely educational, affording them an opportunity to become acquainted with the one supreme factor in the world's civilization—the Catholic Church. I further stated that all those who, at the conclusion of the series of instructions, should be con-vinced that the Catholic Church is the vinced that the Catholic Church is the One True Church, would be gladly re-ceived into the Church, and those who shall have the least doubt about the truth of the Catholic Church will not be

much against her will, but of necessity on account of the bitter opposition of relatives. It is unnecessary to say that the Catholics who followed the instruc-tions were renewed and strengthened in their faith.

"Within 3 weeks after the close of in-structions 12 applications were received from non-Catholics to enter the next from non-Catholics to enter the next class, and we felt obliged to inaugurate another course. The first evening we listed 22 non-Catholics, and several Catholics. This course resulted in 20 non-Catholics being received into the Church. This was followed by a class of 24 non-Catholics, 19 of whom were received before the holidays, the remaining 5 being unprepared for admission, having been unavoidably absent from some of the instructions.

"The result of the years' experiment was 72 converts and a larger number of untaught Catholics renewed in their faith. The Knights of Columbus aided materially in the work by

bus aided materially in the work by extending invitations to their non-Catholic friends and acquaintances. Members of other Catholic societies are growing interested in the work and have volun-

In regard to the instructions prior to marriage, it is Father Dunne's opinion that the Catholic party should be obliged to take the course with the non-Catholic, making their efficiency more potent, and he also thinks that the precribed instructions are too few.

SCATHING EXPOSURE OF HISTORICAL LIBEL

FATHER THURSTON, S. J., DE-SCRIBES THE METHODS OF REHASHERS OF SALACIOUS FICTION

In the current issue of the Month appears a scathing exposure by the Rev. Father Thurston, S. J., of a work by Dr. Angelo S. Rappoport, entitled "The Love Affairs of the Vatican," which has been largely advertised. Father Thurston convicts the publishers (Messrs. Stanley Paul & Co.) of presenting to the public in their advantisements of the public in their advertisements of the book statements disparaging to the Papacy which are utterly baseless, and the author he handles without gloves.
Dr. Rappoport, he says, is "a Jew Dr. Rappoport, he says, is "a Jew who spends his time in writing on salactous themes and sordid scandals," and yet he is represented in an advertiseent as being anxious to vindicate by

ment as being anxious to vindicate by this book "the noble and sublime teaching of Christ." Father Thurston shows that even in "The Historians' History of the World," which was published by the Times, on the title page of which work Dr. Rappoport is mentioned as one of the contributors, and of which, according to the ridiculous story of Popus Joan, put forward as true in "The Pope Joan, put forward as true in "The Love Affairs of the Vatican," is stated

With an attack on the character of Gregory VII. Father Thurston deals at length, and by passages taken from the wretched French fiction of Catherine Bedacier, written at the beginning of the sightcouth, contrary and placed of the eighteenth century and placed of the eighteenth century and placed side by side with passages taken from Dr. Rappoport's book, brings out the fact that Rappoport simply translates from her without giving the slightest indication that these portions of his text are mere translations. Dr. Rappo port uses in the same way the German original of Griesinger's "Mysteries of the Vatican," an anonymous Garman the Vatican," an anonymous German book on the Papacy by "Anti-Romanus," and Chavard's " Le Celibat, le Pretre,

"We have indeed," says Father Thurston, "after a little investi-gation, begun to doubt whether beyond a few interpolated phrases, introductory paragraphs and connective passages, Dr. Rappoport can really be regarded as the author of the book at all. It seems to us to be, in fact, little more than a mosaic of translated extracts, taken from vile or utterly worthless originals, which serious scholars have

originals, which serious scholars have long since cast aside."

In summing up his verdict on the book Father Thurston affirms that "the work from every point of view is evil, historically false and libelous, trading upon the lowest form of religious prejudice and making appeal to provide imagination by the augusted. a prurient imagination by the suggested promise of indecencies which many of its readers will probably be discressed at not finding in greater abundance."

What is Catholicism

Right Rev. Mgr. Hugh Benson, son of the late Archbishop of Canterbury, in a recent lecture delivered in the ballroom recent lecture delivered in the saltroin of the Hotel Astor, New York, before 1500 people of various creeds, answered the question "What is Catholicism?" in the following manner: "It is that faith that has all the chief beliefs of all other religions. It is that religion that has been many times pronounced as dead— by Luther three centuries ago and others before him. It is that faith that after being declared dead had been en-tombed, so to speak, and a heavy stone rolled up to the entrance and a contingent of guards stationed on the outside to watch, fearing that its disciples might come and open the way. It is that faith, that although all these things have been done, time and time again, that has always risen and stands to-day as the largest institution in the world."

admitted.

"On the opening night the club room was overcrowded. In taking the names I found 34 non-Oatholics and a institution in the world."

After the lecture Mgr. Benson held a reception, and more than half of those who heard him talk were introduced to him.—Catholic Truth Society.

CATHOLIC NOTES

The consecration of Rev. Austin Dowling, rector of SS. Peter and Paul's Cathedral of Providence, as Bishop of Des Moines, Ia., occurred on Thursday, the 25th ult.

The length of the Vatioan Palace, not counting St. Peter's Basilica, is 1,500 feet, and its width is 1,000 feet. Including the gardens it covers an area of

According to statistics just published the Catholic population using the German tongue in the German empire, its colonies, and in Luxemburg, Swit-zerland and Austria, amounts to 41,450,-385, with over 43,000 priests, secular and regular.

and regular.

The Right Rev. J. J. Hogan, Bishop of Kansas City, observed on April 10, the sixtieth anniversary of his ordination to the priesthood. He was consecrated Bishop of St. Joseph, September 13, 1868. Although somewhat bowed physically under the weight of years, he is mentally strong and vigorous.

There was a second preparatory session There was; as cond preparatory session of the Congregation of Rites on April 16 to examine into the heroic virtues of Msgr. Neumenn, the first Bishop of Philadelphia. All the cardinals and consulters of the Congregation of Rites were present at the session, at which Cardinal Mantinelli presided.

The Rev. W. E. Purcell, of St. Raphael Church, Glasgo, Mont., while a Raphael Church, Glasgo, Mont., while a passenger on a stage coach, expostulated with a man, who was using profane language in the presence of several women. When he received a sneering reply, the priest landed a short-arm jab on the jaw of the profane one, silencing him effectively. These on the stage applauded the clergyman's act.

applauded the clergyman's act.

Hon. Henry C. Dillon, one of the most prominent Catholics of Los Angeles, Cal., and whose death occurred recently in that city, was a convert to the faith. A native of Wisconsin, he was at one time a student in Nashota Seminary, intending to enter the Episcopal ministry, and while there was a companion of the late Rev. John B. Tabb, the well-known poet-priest.

The daughter of Hon. Richard C.

The daughter of Hon. Richard C. Kerens, American Ambassador to the Court of Vienna, was the recipient of a marked distinction on May 18, when she received her first Holy Communion from the hand of His Holiness, Pope Pius X. She was afterwards confirmed the new American Cardinal

The clergy list in the Diocese of Portsmouth, England, totals 435 seculars and regulars. Of the number, however, 168 are exiles and others not engaged in mission or parochial work. The Catholic population is estimated at 48,000. There are 135 churches, 42 convents, and 60 schools, in which 5,914 children are being taught. The charitable establishments total 9.

For the first time in the history of the State of New York a Catholic the State of New York a Catholic priest has been appointed to the position of official chaplain of a State penal institution. Oa Friday, April 5, the Rev. William E. Cashin, assistant at the Church of the Holy Innocents, in New York, was notified of his appointment as official chaplain of Sing Sing Prison.

A distinguished passenger arrived at Washington on May board the Steamer Koenig Albert from Naples was Archbishop Giovanni Bonzano, who has been appointed apostolic delegate to the United States. Monsignor Bonzano received his first welcome to America by wireless while the steamer was a sea to day. It was from President Tait and extended the greetings of the president.

Pictures representing medieval monks in wine cellars drinking old vintages "on the quiet," were assailed on May 22 by the Rev. P. J. O Callaghan, C. S. P., of St. Mary Church, before the Irish Fellowship club in the Hotel La Salle, Chicago. "These monks were ascetica, and stood for self-sacrifice, rather than for indulgence," he said. "It is gross libel to portray them as epicureans. A crusade for their suppression should be started by all friends of the Church."

The Right Rev. Bishop Harkins of Providence, R. I., proved anew his right to the title "The Bishop of the Poor," affectionately conferred upon him for his charity to the needy, in the disposi-tion he made of the testimonial presented to him, on the recent occasion of of the silver jubilee of his episcopate. His grateful priests and people offered him \$64,000 as a gift, and he immediately bestowed it on charitable organizations.

Cardinal Gibbons, who is Chancellor of the Catholic University of Washington, was the recipient, recently of a gift of \$25,000 for the University. The donor is a wealthy Hebrew from the Middle West, but his name is withheld. The Vatican contains 22 courts, 12

halls, (two of them Chapels—rone 100x38 feet). The Clementine Hall is 90x60 feet; the Sistine Chapel is 135x43 feet. In the Vatican are 50 great stair cases and 200 smaller ones, and 11,000 rooms, the galleries not counted. Dr. Finlow Alexander, formerly a

noted physician, Anglican minister, and whose death occurred on Thursday, March 28, at the Hotel Dieu, Montreal, was born at Wakhampton, Vicarage Devonshire, England, on April 17, 1834. He was the son of the late Rev. Daniel Alexander, vicar of Bick-leigh, Devonshire. He studied medicine at the Middlesex Hospital, London, from 1850 to 1855. In 1857 he received the diploma of the Royal College of the diploma of the Royal College of Surgeons of England. He was for a time surgeon on a steamship of the Peninsular and Oriental company, in China, and the Philippine Islands. In 1860 he came to Canada, and practiced medicine for a few years at Rice Lake, Ont. He was one of the editors of the Jesuit "Relations."

MILES WALLINGFORD

BY JAMES FENIMORE COOPER

CHAPTER XXIII dumbness, language in their very dumbness, language in their very gesture; they looked, as they had heard of a world ransomed, or one destroyed. A notable passion of wonder appeared in them; but the wisest beholder, that knew no more but seeing, could not say, if the importance were joy, or sorrow; but in the extremity of the one, it must needs be."

As soon as the raft got fairly before the wind, and the breeze had freshened, I had an opportunity of ascertaining what it would do. The royal was a large one, and it stood well. I had brought a log-line and the slow-glass with me, as well as my quadrant, slate, etc., and began to think of keeping a reckoning. I had supposed the ship to be, when it fell calm, about two hundred miles from the land, and I knew her to be in latitude 48° 37". The log line told me the raft moved through the water, all that forenoon, at the rate of about half a knot in the hour; and could I keep on for fifteen or sixteen days, in a straight course, I might yet hope to get ashore. I was not so weak, however, as to expect any such miracle to be wrought in my favor, though, had I been in the trades, the thing might have occurred. By cutting adrift the two yards, or by getting them fore and aft, in a line with the water, my sate of saling might be doubled; and I began seriously to think of effecting this great change. Out the yards adrift I did not like to do, their support in keeping me out of the water being very important. By hauling on the lift, I did get them in a more oblique position, and in a measure thus lessened their resistance to the element. I thought that even this improvement made a difference of half a knot in 119 movement. Nevertheless, it was tedic us work to be a whole hour in going less than a single mile, when two hundred remained to be travelled, and the risks of the ocean were thus constantly impending over one!

What a day was that! It blew pretty fresh at one time, and I began to tremble for my staging, or deck, which got

What a day was that I be been to tremble for my staging, or deck, which got washed several times, though the topsailyard made for it a sort of lee, and helped to protect it. Toward the decline of the day, the wind went down, and at whether the day is the wind went down, and at the day the wind was as tranquil as its the day, the wind went down, and at sunset everything was as tranquil as it had been the previous evening. I thought I might have been eight or nine miles from the spot where the Dawn went down, without computing the influence of the currents, which may have set me all that distance back again, or so much farther ahead, for anything I knew of the matter. At sunset I took an anxious survey of the horizon, to see if any sail were in sight; but nothing was visible.

an anxious survey of the horizon, to see if any sail were in sight; but nothing was visible.

Another tranquil night gave me another tranquil night's rest. I call the last tranquil, as it proved to be in one sense, though I was sorely troubled with dreams. Had I been suffering for nourishment, I certainly should have dreamed of food; but such not being the case, my thoughts took the direction of home and friends. Much of the time, I lay half asleep and half awake; then my mind would revert to my sister, to Lucy, to Mr. Hardinge, and to Clawbonny—which I fancied already in the possession of John Wallingtord, who was triumphing in his ownership, and the success of his arts. Then I thought Lucy had purchased the place, and was living there with Andrew Drewett, in a handsome new house, built in the modern taste. By modern taste, I do not mean one of the Grecian-temple school, as I do not think that even all the vagaries of a diseased imagination, that was suffering under the calamities of ship-Another trauquil night gave me another trauquil night's rest. I call the last tranquil, as it proved to be in one sense, though I was sorely troubled with dreams. Had I been suffering for nourishment, I certainly should have dreamed of food; but such not being the case, my thoughts took the direction of home and friends. Much of the time, I lay half saleep and half awake; then my mind would revert to my sister, to Lucy, to Mr. Hardinge, and to Clawbonny—which I fancied already in the possession of John Wallingford, who was triumphing in his ownership, and the success of his arts. Then I thought Lucy had purchased the place, and was living there with Andrew Drewett, in a handsome new house, built in the modern taste. By modern taste, I do not mean one of the Grecian-temple school, as I do not think that even all the vagaries of a diseased imagination, that was suffering under the calamities of shipwreck, could induce me to imagine Lucy Hardinge silly enough to desire to live in such a structure.

Toward morning, I fell into a doze, the fourth or fifth renewal of my slumbers that night; and I remember that I had that sort of curious sensation which apprises us itself it was a dream. In the course of the events that passed

Wallingford, dough folk do call me Clawbonny."

"Ay, and a slim family it's got to be," rejoined the mate. "The nicest, and the handsomest, and the most virtuous young woman in all York State, is gone out of it first; I knew but little of her; but how often did poor Miles tell me all about her; and how she loved him, and the like of that, as is becoming; and something in the way that I love little Kitty, my niece you know, Neb, only a thousand times more; and hearing so much of a person is all the same, or even better than to know them up and down, if a body wants to feel respect with all his heart. Secondly, as a person would say, now there's Miles, lost too, for the ship is sartainly gone down, Neb; otherwise, she would have been seen floating hereabouts, and we may

me—well, I loved that boy better even, than a Yankee loves cucumbers."

This may be thought an odd comparison to cross a drowsy imagination, but it was one Marble often made; and if eating the fruit morning, noon, and night, will vindicate its justice, the mate stood exonerated from everything like exaggeration.

like exaggeration.
"Ebbrybody lub Masser Mile," said

speakers were within fifty feet of me. I lay in the same state some time longer, endeavoring, as I was curious myself, of catching, or fancying, more words from those I loved so well; but no more came. Then I believe I fell into a deeper sleep, for I remember no more, for hours.

At dawn I awoke, the care on my mind answering for a call. This time, I did not wait for the sun to shine in my eyes, but, of the two, I rather pre ceded than waited the return of light. On standing erect, I found the sea as tranquil as it had been on the previous night, and there was an entire calm. It was still so dusky that a little examination was necessary to be certain nothing was near. The horizon was scarcely clear, though, making my first look towards the east, objects were plainest in that quarter of the ocean. I then turned slowly round, examining the vast expanse of water as I did so, until my back was toward the approaching light, and I faced the west. I thought I saw a boat within ten yards of me! At first, I took it for an illusion, and rubbed my eyes to make sure that I was awake. There it was, however, and another look satisfied me it was my own launch, or that in which poor Neb had been carried overboard. What was more, it was floating in the proper manner, appeared buoyant, and had two masts rigged. It is true, that it looked dusky, as objects appear just at dawn, but it was sufficiently distinct. I could not be mistaken; it was my own launch thus thrown within my reach by the mercy of Divine Providence!

This boat, then, had survived the gale, and the winds and currents had brought it, and the raft together. What had become of Neb? He must have rigged the masts, for none were stepped, of course, when the boat was in the choeks. Masts and sails and oers were always kept in the boat, it is true; but the first could not be stepped without hands. A strange, wild feeling came over me, as a man might be supposed to yield to the appearance of supernatural agencies, and almost without intending it, I shouted, "Boat ahoy!"

I had that sort of curious sensation which apprises us itself it was a dream. In the course of the events that passed through my mind, I fancied I overheard Marble and Neb conversing. Their voices were low, and solemn, as I thought; and the words so distinct, that I still remember every syllable.

"No, Neb," said Marble, or seemed to say, in a most sorrowful tone, one I had never heard him use even in speaking of his hermitage. "There is little hope for Miles, now. I felt as if the poor boy was lost when I saw him swept away from me, by them bloody spars striking adrift, and set him down as one gone from that moment. You've lost an A No. I master, Mister Neb, I can tell you, and you may sarve a hundred before you fall in with his like ag'in."

"I nebber sarve anoder gentleum, Misser Marble," returned the black; "dat as sartain as gospel. I born in 'e same family, or I don't want to 'e same family, or I don't want

asnamed of the weakness he had be-trayed, and was ready to set upon any-thing in order to conceal it. Neb put an end to this sally, however, by plung-ing again into the water, and swimming back to the boat, as readily as he had some to the raft.

how often did poor Miles tell me all about her; and how she loved him, and the like of that, as is becoming; and something in the way that I love little Kitty, my niece you know, Neb, only a thousand times more; and hearing so much of a person is all the same, or even better than to know them up and down, if a body wants to feel respect with all his heart. Secondly, as a person would say, now there's Miles, lost too, for the ship is sartainly gone down, Neb; otherwise, she would have been seen floating hereabouts, and we may log him as a man lost overboard."

"P'rhaps not, Misser Marble," said the negro. "Masser Mile swim like a fish, and he isn't the gentleum to give up as soon as trouble come. P'rhaps he swimming about all dis time."

"Miles could do all that a man could do, Neb, but he can't swim two hundred miles—a South-Sea man might do something like that, I do suppose, but they're onaccountably web-footed. No, no, Neb; I fear we shall have to give him up. Providence swept him away from us, like, and we've lost him up. Ah's

A few minutes later, all three began to know what we were about. The launch was hauled up alongside of the stage, and we sat on the latter, relating the manner in which each of us had been saved. First, then, as to Neb: I have already told the mode in which the launch was swept overboard, and I interred its loss from the violence of the tempest, and the height of the seas that were raging around us. It is true, like exaggeration.

"Ebbrybody lub Masser Mile," said the warm-bearied Neb, or I thought be said so. "I nebber see dat we can go home to good old Masser Hardige, and tell him how we lose Masser Mile!" 'It will be a hard job, Neb, but I greatly fear it must be done. However, we will now turn in and try to catch a nap, for the wind will be rising one of these times, and then we shall have need of keeping our eyes wide open."

After this I heard no more; but every word of that which I have related, sounded as plainly in my cars as if the speakers were within fifty feet of me. I lay in the same state some time longer, endeavoring, as I was curious myself, of catching, or fancying, more words from those I loved so well; but no more came. Then I believe I fell into a deeper sleep, for I remember no more, for hours.

At dawn I awoke, the care on my mind answering for a call. This time, I did not wait for the sun to shine in my eyes, but, of the two, I rather preceded than waited the return of light. On standing erect, I found the sea as tranqull as it had been on the previous night, and there was an entire calm. It was still so dusky that a little examination was necessary to be certain nothing was near. The horizon was scarcely clear, though, making my first look towards the east, objects were plainest in that quarter of the ocean. I then turned slowy round, examining the vast expanse of water as I did so, until my back was toward the approaching light, and I faced the west. I thought I saw a boat within ten yards of mel A first, I took it for an illusion, and rubbed my eyes to make sure that I was the did not occur in the cound of the candous provide the case of the sea, and watching it saled to the top. It was quite an hour electrom the care on my mind the means of the launch and the height of the saw a britanian the least the response of the launch at the height of the saw a proof fellow described in vivid terms his sensation, as he saw the rate at which he was driving away from the ship, and the was driving away

held out much longer, when Neb took him into the boat.

As for food and water, they fared well enough. A breaker of fresh water was kept in each boat, by my standing orders, and it seems that the cook, who was a bit of an epicure in his way, was in the habit of stowing a bag of bread, and certain choice pieces of beef and pork, in the bows of the launch, for his own special benefit. All these Neb had found, somewhat the worse for salt water, it is true, but still in a condition to be eaten. There was sufficient in the launch, therefore, when we thus met, to sustain Marble and Neb in good heart for a week.

As soon as the mate was got off the raft, he took direction of the launch. Unluckily, he made a long stretch to the northward, intending to tack and cross what he supposed must have been the position of the ship, and come to my relief. While the launch was thus more time its way to mindray Al [41] in

the position of the ship, and come to my relief. While the launch was thus working its way to windward, I fell in with, and took possession of, the raft, as has been described. Marble's calculation was a good one in the main, but it brought him near the Dawn the night she sank, and the raft and boat were both too low to be seen at any distance, the one from the other. It is probable we were not more than ten or twelve miles asunder the most of the day I was on the raft. Marble putting up his helm on the raft, Marble putting up his on the rars, marnie putting up in neighbor to cross the supposed position of the ship, about three in the afternoon. This brought him down upon the ratts about midnight, when the conversation I have related took place, within a few yards of me, neither party having the least notion of the proximity of the

least notion of the proximity of the other.

I was touched by the manner in which Marble and Neb spoke of my supposed fate. Neither seemed to remember that he was washed away from a ship, but appeared to fancy that I was abandoned alone on the high seas in a sinking vessel. While I had been regretting their misfortunes, they had both thought of me as the party to be pitied, each fancying his own fortunes more happy than mine. In a word, their concern for me was so great, that they altogether forgot to dwell on the hardships and dangers of their own particular cases. I could not express all I felt on the occasion, but the events of that morning, and the feelings betrayed by my two old shipmates, made an impression on my heart that time has not, nor ever on my heart that til on my heart that time has not, nor ever can, efface. Most men who had been washed overboard, would have fancied themselves the suffering party; but during the remainder of the long intercourse that succeeded, both Marble and Neb always alluded to this occurrence we were an hour or more intently occupied in these explanations, before either recollected the future. Then I felt it was time to have some thought for our situation, which was sufficiently precarious as it was, though Marble and Neb made light of any risks that remained to be run. I was saved, as it might be, by a miracle, and that was all that they could remember just then. But a breeze sprang up from the eastward, as the sun appeared, and the agitation of the raft soon satisfied me that my berth would have been most precarious had I not been so providentally relieved. It is true, Marble made light of the present state of things, which compared to those into which he had been so suddenly launched, without food water or provisions of any sort, was a species of paradise. Nevertheless, no time was to be wasted, and we had a long road to travel in the boat, ere we could deem ourselves in the least safe. My two associates had got the launch in as good order as circumstances would allow. But it wanted ballast to carry sail hard, and they had felt this disadvantage, particularly Neb, when he first got the boat on a wind. I could understand, by his account of the difficulties and dangers he experienced, though it came out incidentally, and without the smallest design to magnify his own merits, that nothing but his undying interest in me could have prevented him from running off before the wind in order to save his own life. An opportunity now offered to remedy this evil, and we went to work to transfer precarious as it was, though Marble and Neb made light of any risks that re-

wented him from running on before the wind in order to save his own life. An opportunity now offered to remedy this evil, and we went to work to transfer all the effects I had placed on the stage, to the launch. They made a little cargo

passed on it. were not to be forgotten
They still recur vividly to my thoughts
with deep, and I trust profitable reflections. The first hour after we cast,
we stood to the southward. The wind
continuing to increase in violence, and
the sea to get up, until it blew too
fresh for the boat to make any headway,
er even to hold her own sgainst it,
Marble thought he might do better on
the other tack—having some reason to
suppose there was a current setting to
the southward and eastward—and we
wore round. After standing to the
northward for a sufficient length of time,
we again fell in with the spars—a proof
that we were doing nothing toward
working our way to windward. I determined, at once, to make fast to them,
and use them as a sort of floating anchor,
so long as the foul wind lasted. We
had some difficulty in effecting this
object; but we finally succeeded in
getting near enough under the lee of
the top to make fast to one of its eyebolts—using a small bit of hawser that
was in the boat for that purpose. T e
boat was then dropped a sufficient distance to leeward of the spars where it
rode head to sea; like a duck. This was
a fortunate expedient: as it came to
blow hard, and we had something very
like a little gale of wind.

As soon as the launch was thus
moored, we found its advantage. It
shipped no more water, or very little,
and we were not compelled to be on the
lookout ior squalls, which occurred
every ten or fifteen minutes, with a violence that it would not do to triffe with.
The weather thickened at these moments; and there were intervals of half
an hour at a time, when we could not
see a hundred yards from the boat, on
enusting sometimes of the past, sometimes of the future, a bubble in the
midst of the raging waters of the Atlantic, filled with the confidence of seamen. With the stout boat we possessed,
the food and water we had, I do not
think either now felt any great concern
for his fate; it being possible, in moderate weather, to run the launch far
enough to reach an English port

united to our own, in setting those Englishmen adrift on the ocean. No insurers will meet a policy that has thus been voided."

"Ah! the blackguards! This is

"Ah! the blackguards! This is worse than I had thought; but you can always make a harbor at Clawbonny." I was on the point of explaining to Marble how I stood in relation to the paternal acres, when a sort of shadow was suddenly cast on the boat, and I fancied the rushing of the water seemed to be increased at the same instant. We all three sat with our faces to leaward, and all turned them to windward under a common impulse. A shout burst from Marble's threat, and a sight met my eyes that caused the blood to burst from Marble's throat, and a sight met my eyes that caused the blood to rush in a torrent through my heart. Literally within a hundred feet of us, was a large ship, ploughing the ocean with a furrow that rose to her hawseholes, and piling before her, in her track, a mound of foam, as she came down upon us, with topmost and lower studding-sails set—overshadowing the sea like some huge cloud. There was scarcely time for more than a glance ere the ship was nearly upon us. As she rose on a swell, her black sides came up out of the ocean, glittering and dripping, and the line of frowning guns seemed as if just lacquered. Neb was in the bow of the launch, while I was in the stern. My arm was extended involuntarily, or instinctively would be the better word, to avert the danger, when it seemed to me that the next send of the ship would crush us beneath the bright copper of her bottom. Without Neb's strength and presence of mind, we had been lost beyond a hope; for swimming up to the beneath the bright copper of her bottom. Without Neb's strength and presence of mind, we had been lost beyond a hope; for swimming up to the spars against the sea that was on would have been next to hopeless; and even if there, without food, or water, our fate would have been sealed. But Neb seized the hawser by which we were riding, and hauled the launch ahead her length, or more, before the frigate's larboard bower-anchor settled down in a way that menaced crushing us. As it was, I actually laid a hand on the muzzle of the third gun, while the ship went foaming by. At the next instant, she was past; and we were safe. Then all three of us shouted together. Until that moment, none in the frigate were aware of our vicinity. But the shout gave the alarm, and as the ship cleared us, her taffrall was covered with officers. Among them was one gray-headed man,

us, her taffrail was covered with officers. Among them was one gray-headed man, whom I recognized by his dress for the captain. He made a gesture, turning an arm upward, and I knew an order was given immediately after, by the instantaneous manner in which the taffrail was cleared.

"By Georgel" exclaimed Marble, "I had a generalizing time of it, for half a dozen seconds, Miles."

"There was more risk," I answered,

"There was more risk," I answered, than time to reflect on it. However, the ship is about to round-to, and we shall be picked up at last. Let us thank God for this."

It was indeed a beautiful sight for s seaman to note the manner in which that old captain bandled his vessel. Although we found the wind and sea too much for a boat that had to turn to windward, neither was of much moment to a stout frigate, that carried fifty guns and which was running off with the wind on her quarter.

She was hardly past us when I could wind in order to save his own life. An opportunity now offered to remedy this evil, and we went to work to transfer all the effects I had placed on the stage, to the launch. They made a little cargo that gave her stability at once. As soon as this was done we entered the boat, made sail, and hauled close on a wind, under recefed lugs, beginning to blow smartly in puffs.

I did not part from the raft without melancholy regrets. The materials of which it was composed were all that now remained of the Dawn. Then the few hours of jeopardy and loneliness I had

was doing, down came all the studding

was doing, down came all the studding-sails, together, much as a bird shuts its wings. The booms disappeared immedi-ately after.

"Look at that, Miles!" cried the delighted Marble. "Although a bloody Englishman, that chap leaves nothing to be done over sgain. He puts every-thing in its place, like an old woman stowing away her needles and thread. I'll warrant you, the old blade is a keen one!"

"The ship is well handled, certainly,

"The ship is well handled, certainly, and her people work like mariners who are trying to save the lives of mariners."

While this was passing between us, the frigate was stripped to her three topsails, spanker, jib, and fore-course. Down came her yards next, and then they were covered with blue jackets, like bees clustering around a hive. We had scarcely time to note this, ere the men lay in, and the yards were up again with the sails reefed. This was no sooner done, than the frigate, which had luffed the instant the steering-sails were in, was trimmed close on a wind, and began to toss the water over her spritasil-yard as she met the waves like one that paid them no heed. No sooner was the old seaman who directed all this assured of the strength of the wind he had to meet, than down went his mainsail again, and the tack was hauled aboard.

The stranger was then under the

The stranger was then under the The stranger was then under the smartest canvas a frigate can carry—reefs in her topsails, with the courses set. Her sail could be shortened in an instant, yet she was under a press of it, more than an ordinary vessel would presume to carry, perhaps, in so strong a breeze.

sume to carry, pernaps, in so strong a breeze,
Notwithstanding the great jeopardy from which we had just escaped, and the imminent hazard so lately run, all three of us watched the movements of the frigate with as much satisfaction as a connoiseeur would examine a fine painting. Even Neb let several nigger expressions of pleasure escape him.

By the time sall could be shortened and the ship hauled close on a wind, the frigate was nearer than a quarter of a

By the time sail could be shortened and the ship hauled close on a wind, the frigate was nearer than a quarter of a mile off. We had to wait, therefore, until she could beat up to the place where we lay. This she soon did, making one stretch to the southward until in a line with the boat, when she tacked and came teward us with her yards braced up, but having the wind nearly abeam. As she got within a cable's length, both courses were hauled up, and left hanging in the brails. Then the noble craft came rolling by us in the trough, passing so near that we might be spoken. The old officer stood in the weather gangway with a trumpet, and he hailed when near enough to be heard. Instead of asking questions to satisfy his own curiosity, he merely communicated his own intentions.

"I'll heave-to, when past you," he cried out, "wearing ship to do so. You can then drop down under my stern, as close as possible, and we'll throw you a rope."

I understood the plan, which was con-

rope."
I understood the plan, which was con I understood the plan, which was considerate, having a regard to the feebleness of our boat's crew, and the weight of the boat itself. Accordingly, when she had room enough, the frigate wore, hauling up close on the other tack, and laying her main-yard square. As soon as the ship was atationary, Neb cast off the hawser, and Marble and he manned two oars. We got the boat round without much risk, and, in less time than it takes to write it, were sending down toward the ship at a furious rate. I steered and passed so near the frigate's rudder, that I thought, for an instant, I had gone too close. A rope was hove

your vessel, and the particulars of her disaster. I suppose it was in the late blow, which was a whacker, and did lots of mischief slong the coast. I see you are Americans, and that your boat is New York built; but all men in distress

New York built; but all men in distress are countrymen."

This was a hearty reception, and one I had every reason to extol. So long as I stayed with Captain Rowley, as this officer was named, I had no reason to complain of any change in his deportment. Had I been his son, he could not have treated me more kindly, taking me into his own table. I gave him an outline of what had happened to us, not deeming at his own table. I gave him an outline of what had happened to us, not deeming it necessary to relate the affair with the Speedy, however; simply mentioning the manner in which we had escaped from a French privateer, and leaving him to infer, should he see fit, that the rest of our crew had been carried away on that occasion. My reserve on the subject of the other capture, the reader will at once see, was merely a necessary piece of prudent caution.

Captain Rowley had no sooner heard my story, which I made as short as possible, knowing that Marble and Nebhad been cautioned on the subject, than he again took my hand, and welcomed

had been cautioned on the subject, than he again took my hand, and welcomed me to his ship. The mate was sent into the gun-room, and recommended to the hospitality of the lieutenants; while Neb was placed in the care of the caoin servants. A short consultation was then held about the boat, which it was decided must be sent adrift, after its effects were passed out of it; the Briton having no use for such a launch, nor any were passed out of it; the Briton having no use for such a launch, nor any place to stow it. I stood at the gangway, and looked with a melancholy eye at this last remnant of the Dawn that I ever beheld; a large \$80,000 of my property vanishing from the earth, in the loss of that ship and her cargo.

TO BE CONTINUED

Men imagine that they communicate their virtue or their vice only by overt actions, and do not see that virtue or vice emits a breath every moment.—

How many an hour we waste in idle conversation! How many a time we pass the churches where He waits, without entering to honor Him even with a moment's prayer!

TWO IRISH IDYLLS

I. - WHEN THE MIST ROLLS IN FROM THE SEA

From The Month

A sea fog hid the mainland; it hid the bay and the headlands to the west and east; it clung cold and dripping about the rocks and the hill, and about the man who made his way past the coast-guards' cottages. It was thirty years since John Kav-

anagh had taken that path by the quay and up the hill. So long a time of absence gave him a feeling that he revisited the scene of another life. This was natural enough; an unfathomable gulf divided the anxious eager boy who had looked his last on the home of his childhood from the prosperous business man who had come with more curiosity than sentiment to his native place.

In spite of the cold sea mist, the desolation of this headland of North-West Ireland. John Kavanagh felt warm with

lation of this headland of North-West Ireland, John Kavanagh felt warm with complacency. The remembrance of that lanky boy who had taken a forlorn farewell of rocks and sea brought him satisfaction. The boy had crossed the Atlantic and had evolved into a person of presence and importance, a man whose life was eminently worth while.

He stood with his face turned towards

He stood with his face turned towards the Donegal mountains. The mist hid them, but he knew in his heart their forms and their majesty. He had loved Slieve League in the old days, its aloof dignity had made him dream of heights that he might climb. Now after thirty years he realized that his mountain had been climbed.

een climbed.

Not only fortune but social success Not only fortune but social success had come to him. He smiled as he recalled with what awe he had once regarded the Castle and old Sir Brian Blake, the landlord of the headland. He had been proud to hold a horse for Sir Brian or to open a gate for Lady Blake. He had been sen', he remembered, by his mother with eggs to the Castle. He had on these occasions gone humbly to the back door, and even the cook and the butler had heen great persons in his eyes. And now—how different was his let. The reigning Sir humbly to the back door, and even the cook and the butler had heen great persons in his eyes. And now—how different was his lot. The reigning Sir Brian was his host and he was thehonored guest. The cook and the butler served him, and he did not deign to consider them. Of course they knew his origin, but what of that? He stood for success. He was self-made, but that self-commanded respect, even in this land where rank always receives its poetic value.

A path straggled up the headland among gorse bushes and boulders. The village, consisting of a few low cabins, lay at the top of the hill. The dusk had fallen early, for it was December, but Kayangh knew the path by instinct.

His thought as he walked was of the quality of Irish atmosphere, that strange dream sense of unreality that lurks in it. It was this, he said to himself, that keeps the Irishman from success in his own land, it was this that sends him across the Atlantic to find vigour and hone in American in

own land, it was this that sends him across the Atlantic to find vigour and hope in American air.

It was at this moment that he heard the thin sound of a bagpipe, it seemed to come wailfully from the shore below the cliff. Kavanagh stood still. Could it be old Christy, he wondered. Christy had been devoted to his bagpipes thirty years before this. He had been blind and eccentric then, it was likely that he had not changed.

Kavanagh shouted to him and heard again the desolate keening of the pipes. Then there was silence for a while, and presently the sound was close to him in

" Is that you, Christy?" Kavanagh

"Is that you, Christy?" Kavanagh asked, seeing a dim form.

"It is so," came the answer.

"Do you know me?"

"Why wouldn't I? Isn't it young John Kavanagh you are?"

"Not young John, Christy."

Kavanagh laughed and went on up the hill, Christy behind him.

"Thirty years haven't changed you or your ways, Christy," Kavanagh said at last, after he had reflected on the great gulf that he had put between himself and the old peasant.

Christy sighed.

"An' why would it?" he asked.

"Oh! well, progress counts, doesn't

"Maybe. They say you're the great man now, John, no doubt you're the wonder of the world."

wonder of the world."

Kavanagh laughed pleasantly. He pitted old Christy.

They had reached the village, and the shadowy old man paused in the mist before a cabin door.

"Let you come in awhile, John," he said.

Kavanagh followed him. The place was so dark that he could see nothing but a smouldering fire of sods. Christy pushed a stool towards him and he sat down. There was silence. The dreamlike feeling that the misty windless air had brought him, took further possession of Kavanagh's mind. He felt as though he too were unreal, a mere being of thought and memory, a wraith of his substantial vigorous self. He spoke at last, turning towards Christy, though he could not see him in the darkness.

"How different our lives have been,

could not see him in the darkness.

"How different our lives have been, Christy," he said; "I have had all the luck, haven't I?"

"You will have money, I'm thinking," said Christy, but he spoke indifferently.
"I have. Money buys a good deal."
"Does it buy you a clean life an' a good death?" the old man ssked.

"It buys you a comfortable life and a fine funeral."

"An' what will it do then?" asked

"An' what will it do then?" asked
the piper.

"It will go to my son—if I have one."

"An' what way will yourself be in the
damp cold earth, an' your naked soul
travelling all the ways of the world to
find peace? Is it money you'll be taking those times, John Kavanagh, an' you
with ne'er a pocket to be putting your
hand into itself? If that's all yourself
has got in the thirty years we've a right has got in the thirty years we've a right to pity you.

to pity you."

Kavanagh laughed. It seemed impossible to gain a common ground of thought where he could meet this blind

old man.
"What should one work for but money?" he asked.
Christy sighed.

"You would not be understanding if I said it," he answered slowly, "for it's long thoughts I do have the time I'm climbing the hill or sitting down on the shore with the big waves bursting on

the rocks, for there's nothing in it those the rocks, for there's nothing in it those times but myself an' the sea an' God, an' there's no need for words when you're speaking to Him. Doesn't He know without it? Ah! you'd need to be Christianable in such a lonely place where you'd hear the sea roaring day an' night, an' the wind whistling in the heather. It's terrible it is, John Kaynangh, for a man to be alone with him. heather. It's terrible it is, John Kavanagh, for a man to be alone with himself, alone with himself, an' God a long way off." He was silent. Kavanagh shivered. The unreality of actual things seemed intensified by the darkness and by the voice that spoke to him. Even his self-complacency was like a fire checked with sshes. His bank account could not restore his self-confidence. checked with ashes. His bank account could not restore his self-confidence. The utter indifference of the blind piper to his success affected him strangely.
"Oh! come, Christy," he said, "is there a man on the hill who wouldn't be glad of my shoes? After all success is successive to the said of the said o

something worth getting. Don't you envy me a bit, confess it."
"I pity you, John Kavanagh, an' that is the truth I'm telling you."

on Christy's knee.
"You're like an old raven," he said,

"but those will cheer you up and teach you the value of money."

He stumbled to the door. As he He stumbled to the door. As he went he heard the money chink as it fell, but he did not wait, he went on, almost passionately eager for light, comfort, and cheerful companionship. At all costs he must get back his daily sense of self-satisfaction. This horrible distrust of himself was some phantasm of the might, the influence of his talk with a blind old fool. Or was it a forestant of Purcentors? This question of the might, the influence of his talk with a blind old fool. Or was it a fore-teate of Purgatory? This question startled him. Some voice in his consciousness seemed to have asked it. Would this sense of utter failure and futility meet him again at some turn of his road and look into his face with blank despairing eyes? There were rich and successful men, he knew, who had killed themselves. Why? Was it because they too had met this question and had no answer. The night seemed to ask it of him, "What use? What use?" He found no answer as heatumbled up the hill, groping his way through the darkness and fog.

Then at last the Castle rose before him. The door was open, the pleasant lamp-light streamed into the night. Kavanagh hurried up the steps and made his way into the hall. Sir Brian was standing by the fire. He smiled genially at his guest.

"Why, Kavanagh," he said, "how cold and wet and tired you look. Is that all your native place can do for you? I suppose you saw some of the people you knew in old days. . . . I should think they envy you." Sir Brian looked almost envious himself, but Kavanagh was staring at the fire with an absent look.

"How does old Christy, the blind piper live?" he asked; "he must be as poor as a rat."

Sir Brian laughed.

"Well, he doesn't live. He died, you

Sir Brian laughed. Sir Brian laughed.

"Well, he doesn't live. He died, you know, about five years ago. They found him lying beside his pipes on the shore one morning; he'd been there all night. It seemed very pitiable, he'd always had a wretched half starved life, but he seemed happy in an odd way—he was always in the chapel.

Quite a saint they said, so no one seemed distressed about his death. You see there are two ways of looking at see there are two ways of looking at things."

Kavanagh stared at him.

"Who lives in his cabin them?" he asked; "that one at the top of the hill?"
"No one. The roof is off. If it had been light you'd have seen that it's a ruin. You'll see in the morning."
In the morning Kavanagh went to Christy's old cabin. It was quite a ruin. Christy's old cabin. It was quite a ruin. He found two half crowns lying among the stones. He left Ireland very soon and returned to America. He told a reporter, who asked him his opinion, that he found his native land depressing. Its very atmosphere, he said, engen-dered dreams, and took the vigour out

of a man.

But some times when he looks eastward towards Ireland, he thinks of a desolate headland, and of a question that had met him there. And he wonders, perhaps, if some day he must answer it? II.—THE MURPHY'S MIRACULOUS

FLOWER

The Murphys had moved in. Their new neighbours on either hand stood about the door watching with shrewd interest the household effects that Jimmy Murphy was bringing on an ass-

Piles Not Taken Seriously

"Annoying, but not dangerous," seems to be the way many think of piles in the early stages. But gradually they become worse, until they prevent sleep, undermine the nervous system and make wreck of life.

a wreck of life.

When the doctor is finally consulted he considers the case so serious that he recommends the surgeon's knife as the only means of cure. It may cure or it may kill. The risk is yours.

But there is an easier and surer way

but there is an easier and safer way to relieve and cures piles. That is by applying Dr. Chase's Ointment. The earlier you begin the use of this ointment the quicker the cure. But you need not be discouraged because you have suffered for ten of fifteen years. It ald be difficult to imagine worse cases would be difficult to imagine worse cases than have been cured by Dr. Chase's Ointment. Relief comes at once and cure is just as certain if you persist in the use of this great cintment. The furniture was not extensive ts quality was not remarkable. But

cart. The furniture was not extensive and its quality was not remarkable. But then in this part of Dublin furnishing was not a strong point.

The Murphys were a large family. Including those that had been "buried" there were ten, but eight children survived. One of the eight looked, according to the neighbours, as though would not "be in it long." This was Josie Murphy, a boy of ten, who arrived on crutches, supported by his sister Liz, a girl of sixteen, while Mary, Peter, and Theresa trailed behind them.

Within the house, Mrs. Murphy, dirty and bedraggled, was settling her household goods. Her face brightened when she saw Josie.

she saw Josie.
"Isn't it the grand little place at

all?" she asked rather wistfully.
"Glory be to God," said Liz, but

"Glory be to God," said Liz, but gave no further opinion.

Josie, resting on his cructhes, looked round the room. It was hopelessly untidy and far from clean. But as he had rarely seen houses in other conditions, he was satisfied.

"It'll be fine when we have the pictures up," he suggested.

"It will so," said his mother. "Your Da will likely put them up whem he's back from work. The Pope can go over the fireplace, and the one of Pat after his death, near the dresser: it'll be real tasty."

"it's the yard takes my fancy," said Ned, a big bey, who was in a perpetual state of seeking work. The whole family flocked to the yard and stood surveying it with the interest proper to landowners.

It was a fine autumn day and the sun

was bright. Some trees were visible beyond the wall; their leaves were touched with gold. A meagre bush of veronica graw in one corner of the yard, and there was an undoubted beginning

and there was an undoubted beginning of a rockery.

Some former tenant, probably "put out" for lack of the rent, had conceived the scheme: a heap of bricks, mortar and broken crockery. But a nasturtium was growing there, and the possibilities of a laudscape garden dawned upon the Murphys.

Murphys.

"We've a right to be making a garden," said Ned.

"Wouldn't it be well for Josie to be "Wouldn't it be well for Josie to be and "anawered Mrs. "Wouldn't it be well for Josie to be sitting there in the sun," answered Mrs. Murphy, "an' he not moidhered wid all them childher next door that hasn't a notion of behaviour, staring as though they'd never seen a crutch in this wicked world, an' a pity it is for their mothers not to be teaching them

"We might be running up an arbour nere Josie would sit," suggested Liz. "We'd grow scarlet runners over it,"

His eyes brightened at the thought. "Ivy would be nice," said Ned.
"Sweet peas," suggested Peter.
"One o' them little pinky roses,"

chimed in Liz. "It'll be a fine place yet," exclaimed rs. Murphy hopefully. "Josie'll be Mrs. Murphy hopefully. "Josie'll be getting his health finely in the spring, an' be sitting out there watching the

Josie smiled cheerfully. He still Josie smiled cheerfully. He still hoped with each new season that he would be "getting his health" soon. The future remained for him a time of unfamiliar vigour when he should play in the streets, whip his top, and go to Mass with the strongest of them. The present however, was a time of ill health. Josie had nearly forgotten how it felt to be well. The leg that was the source of all his trouble was in plaster until some vague time when he should go to the hig Dublin hospital to have another some vague time when he should go to the big Dublin hospital to have another operation. In the present he slept ill, was constantly tired, and often in pain, but still the future was radiant with

Josie, sitting on a chair near the fire, gave himself up to dreams about the yard. He would make friends with yard. He would make friends with gardeners, beg for cuttings and seeds. In a year that yard would be a blaze of colour. Roses would grow over the roof, clematis would cover the walls. Flowers of all sorts would make splendid its little space of earth. There might also be useful things like cabbages and potatoes. The surplus stock could be sold and help to pay the rent, or to buy beets for Ned or a skirt for Liz or to buy beets for Ned or a skirt for Liz or a skirt for Liz or a second of the star. And thus the angel who appeared at the moment, said to the watchers upon the moment, said to the wat sold and help to pay the rent, or to buy boots for Ned, or a skirt for Liz, or a a coat for Peter, or a dress for Mary when she went to school. Josie found much to think of, and this was well for him, his amusements being restricted by the necessity of sitting still most of the

Mesnwhile Liz went out. She held her head high because the neighbors were watching her. Liz was at the self conscious age, and she remembered painfully that the crown and the brim of her hat were nearly parting company. Also her boots were downtrodden and two sizes too large for her. Properly dressed she would have been a handsome girl, but food came before dress in the Murphy household, and there was rarely enough for both. Liz went boldly to the backs of the

hundred vards of their new dwellings ran behind these houses, and ds and garden rubbish were the there out of the back doors. With deliberation but a certain nervousness, she investigated these heaps. A dog sne investigated these neaps. A dog snarled at her. She was, he seemed to say, encroaching on his professional rights. But Liz went on. She had al-ready found a number of half withered branches that she called cuttings, some broken geraniums, a tulip bulb, a potato, and some bits of honesty with seed

vessels.

With these she returned, braving the curious glances that she met at every open door. She retired at once to the yard and planted her treasures. For ade she used the coal shovel, and her work was hard, for the soil of the future

garden was like a millstone.

She came in hot but beaming. "We'll

Flower Show," he exclaimed.

One of the ways by which Liz tried to improve the family fortunes was by leaving the morning paper at different houses. It had been to her once a wearisome task. But now the interest attached to the yard made her find inspiration in the front gardens through which she daily passed. How often a suggested Josie, rather snyly, auggested Josie,

Lis resisted the temptation to steal it would be hard to say. But all that she brought home with her was wisdom—she had seen sand put on the builts, or manure round the roses, and so on.

With the spring the horticultural seal of the Murphys was quickened to a passionate interest. Green leaves showed above the poor soil. The tulip gave definite promise; a roof of parsley showed a little green, two or three crocuses even were in flower. What might one not expect? The stalk of rhubarb might yield a pie. The shrivelled little gooseberry bush, assisted by the Providence whom the Murphys constantly invoked, might yield them a gooseberry a piece.

But heaven, so it seemed, sent them a blessing unexpected and mysterious. It was Josie who first saw the strange green leaves above the ground. Peter, grown sceptical with experience, pronounced it a dirty old weed. But the greater wisdom of his father denied this. The plant was certainly something uncommon and worthy of a garden.

"Maybe God sent it down to us special," Josie suggested to Liz, in a moment of confidence.

"Why wouldn't He?" asked Liz. It seemed to her that heaven must appreciate the patience and sweetness of Josie, for, as usual, the future becoming the present brought him no new health.

the present brought him no new health. But the obstinate trouble that had lamed him continued its ill work on his hip.

but the obstinate trouble that had lamed him continued its ill work on his hip. Whatever its origin, the unknown plant was a source of constant interest to the Murphys. During the spring it threw out large leaves at the base. Then a delicate stem rose. This, by the beginning of the summer, had branched into several smaller stalks. Each of these bore green tassel-like buds. On these buds Josie rested his hopes. He was confident that the most lovely flowers would reward their long waiting. For nothing had been spared the strange plant, "sups" of water and cold tea had been given to it at all hours. The time of blossoming was tardy in its arrival. The tassel-like buds still kept the secret of their rare perfection. And meanwhile it was necessary for Josie to go to the Dublin hospital for another operation.

"If it would but flower," said Josie "If it would but hower," said Josie.
Liz examined the buds with angry eyes.
"Tis the rascally old craytur," she exclaimed, "an' it cocked up with all manner of treatment. But never you mind, jewel, it'll flower yet for you."
But for all that Liz said the unknown record disinglined to bloom before

seemed disinclined to bloom before Josie's operation. Liz was not too truthful. When the last day at home dawned she declared solemnly to her brother that he should see his treasure bloom. Josie was too ill and weary to ask questions. tions. He waited.

The next morning Liz was down by 6 o'clock. She went straight to the yard to contemplate the plant. The morning sun shone warmly on some candytuft, three carnations, four poppies, and the unknown thing they cherished. and the unknown thing they cherished. Three of the tassel-like buds were open. But the flowers—what were they? Poor meagre mauve-colored things, with nothing miraculous or strange about

nothing miraculous or strange about them. Augry tears started to the girl's eyes and rolled down her cheeks.

"Is that all you can do, you rascally old chate?" she asked. "You've a right to be put out of it in the dust cart, decalvin' a poor child the way he thought you'd dropped from heaven."

Liz glared at the flower. She was, after all, unjust. For it was but a species of sea thistle, a graceful thing but incapable of any display. Liz turned taway.

away.
"I'll be even with yous yet," she exclaimed.

She went off to the station as usual She went on to the station as usual for her newspapers. However sore her heart, weary her feet, and overstrained her nerves, the papers had to be left at every house.

Liz had a very sore heart that morn-

peered among the leaves. A housemaid tapped at the window and frowned.
"'Tis only the fallen ones I'm after picking," said Liz, appealingly. Her hand was full of scarlet flowers that had dropped. She hurried off with them and bore them home.

To her mother's questions she made

whisht!" she said crossly. Her mood was far more pleasant that

day.

Mrs. Murphy peered from a scullery window.
"For God's sake!" she exclaimed,

"what's taken her? She's after sewing them begonia heads onto the quare plant." Liz with a flushed face returned to

the kitchen.

"If you let on to him I'll kill you," she said, "so let you mind yourself."

She went with heavy feet upstairs.

"Josie, jewel," she cried, "the ould thing's in flower, lovely scarlet heads on it the like of . . . well . . . a little the like o' begonias. 'Tis the wonder of the world it is! Will I caray

you down to see it?"

Josie's eyes brightened. His arms clung to his sister's neck as she carried him down the stairs.
"I knew it would flower for me," he

said. " How did you know ?"

"How did you know?"
"Didn't you say it would, Liz, and I prayed it might."
Liz squeezed him passionately and hurt him. But he made no sound. She held him in her arms at some distance

comfortable bed, and a kind nun stood beside him. Liz sat by him on the other side. Her face was strained and set. It seemed to her that her own life was

It seemed to her that her own life was going out with Josie's.

"I've told Mother Mary Aloysius about the flower, Liz," he said at last. The nun nodded.

"It was just a miracle," she said, "and yet there's some think they never hence."

happen."

"I knew I'd see it . . . and I did," Josie sighed, with a sense of great satisfaction.
"I wonder if the king has got the likes of it in his palace," he suggest "I'm sure he's not," Liz answered. Some miles away the poor sea thistle still kept its place in the yard, and the drooping begonia heads showed the cotton that held them to their stalks.

ASCENSION DAY

THURSDAY, MAY 16

The Feast of the Ascension shows us the work of God in its completion. Hence it is that the Church in the Canon of the Mass calls to mind the Passion of our Lord, His Resurrection and His Ascension. It is not enough for man to hope in the merits of his Redeemer's Passion which cleansed him from his sins; it is not enough to add to the commemoration of the Passion that of the Resurrection, whereby our Redeemer conquered death; man is not yet saved, he is not reinstated, except by uniting these two mysteries with a third, the Ascension of the same Jesus Who was crucified and rose from the dead. During the forty days of His glorified life upon earth, Jesus was still an exile; and like Him we also are extles until such time as the gates of heaven, which have been closed against us, shall be thrown open both for Him and us.

Close by Bethania, that favored village where Jesus used to accept hospitations and the same dead.

lage where Jesus used to accept hospitality at the hands of Lazarus and his tality at the hands of Lazzrus and his two sisters, was the part of Mount Olivet which commands a view of Jerusalem. There on that wonderful morning were gathered the disciples, with Jesus and Mary His Mother. The sight of the Temple and the palaces made the apostles proud of the great city and its remembers. For the moment they forget memories. For the moment they forgot the curse that had been uttered upon it; they forgot also that Jesus had just made them citizens and conquerors of the whole world. They began to dream of the earthly grandeur of Jerusalem, and turning to their divine Master, they ventured to ask Him: "Lord, wilt Thou, at this time, restore again the kingdom to Israel."

But Jesus had not come for the pur-

pose of earthly gratification. To His mind the grandeur of universal convermind the grandeur of universal conversion swallowed up all meaner considerations, and as a last lesson He reminds His disciples: "Ye shall receive the power of the Holy Ghost, and ye shall be witnesses unto Me in Jerusalem, and in all Judea, and Samaria, and even to the uttermost and Samaria, and even to the uttermost parts of the earth." He blessed them, He was raised from the earth, and ascended. The eyes of all followed Him, until the clouds intervened and hid Him from their sight.

Jeaus was gone! The earth had lost her Emmanue!. For four thousand years He had been expected; the patriarchs and prophets had desired His coming. He came. His love made Him a child,

He came. His love made Him a child, an exile in Egypt, a Victim of evil. But an exile in Egypt, a Victim of evil. But now, entered into His glory, the whole sad drama of suffering and exile is over. But even in going He leaves a message significant of that love which made His whole life. He is not gone forever. He will come again, in the ages after in all His glory—in the days that follow even to the end of time, He will come daily in the clean oblation of the altar. And thus the angel who appeared at the

SOCIALISM

Under the above heading the Nation I Office of the socialist party has issued for general distribution a speech of Hon. Charles Russell, son of the late Hon. Charles Russell, son of the late Lord Russell, of Killowen. Several months ago a leaflet containing passages from this speech was printed by the socialists of New York. The National Committee has now taken the matter in hand and has published a new propaganda edition, which is being widely distributed among the Catholic working men of the United States. The enemy has taken advantage of an honored nam to sow, as he hopes, the tares of discord in the field of the Church.

in the field of the Church.

It has been well said by a true Celtic heart, that where force has failed to wrest the faith from the children of Saint Patrick, in their Isle of Saints, trickery is to-day making inroads on this faith among the Irish laborers in our own land. The campaign of Pro-testantism against the faith of Irish testantism against the faith of Irish immigrants in the early history of our country is now taken up under the same deceptive plea of friendship, and with a most insidious cunning, by the intensely anti-Catholic leaders of socialism. "Let us but get them into our party," they say, "and we will give them within our ranks the logical consequences of our explanation of society. sequences of our explanation of society and nature"—materialism and atheism. Mr. Russell is not a socialist. With a true Catholic instinct, in spite of a faulty logit, he is earnestly fighting against the movement. His main mis-

She came in hot but beaming. "We'll have a tulip and a potato next year," she said, "an' maybe, with the help of God, a lot of quare things I don't rightly know the name of."

Josie smiled all over his peaked little face.

"We might be sending things to the Flower Show," he exclaimed.

One of the ways by which Liz tried to improve the family fortunes was by leaving the morning paper at different the sending the morning paper at different to sending the morning paper at different to the sending the morning paper at different to the sending things to the Flower Show," he exclaimed.

The thinking it might be a miracle, "suggested Josie, rather shyly.

"I never saw the likes of it before," his mother answered. "But come in, jewel, for a sup of milk."

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take is that from a superficial acquaint-ance with it he fails to perceive its real religious significance and takes upor their face value the ovowal of socialist onstantly denied in practice and fact -constantly denied in practice and fact that they are not concerned with religious issues. Mr. Russell would not be seriously considered as an authority upon the labor question. It is his mis-fortune to be thrust by socialists into the "bad eminence" they wish him to occupy, to be made by them an Ismael

nood should now again force us to re

turn to it.

Dealing with the accusation, which personally he does not make, that socialism means the exprepriation without any compensation of the private properties of individuals, he declares this doctrine itself to be neither un-Christian nor un-Catholic. From the right to take by taxation a portion of the private properties of individuals, where the common good requires it, he argues to the right of taking the entire property as well for the same purpose. "Where does virtue cease and vice begin?" he asks, "I submit that it must logically follow that the right to tax must necessarily involve the right to

Taxation is merely meant to enable the commonwealth to do for the individ-ual what the individual cannot do for the commonwealth to do for the individual what the individual cannot do for himself. Its precise object is to safeguard and maintain private rights, and among these the right to private property. When taxation goes beyond the limits of this purpose, for which alone it exists, it cesses to be taxation and safe property. The configuration and State limits of this purpose, for which alone it exists, it cesses to be taxation and safe property. among these the right to private property. When taxation goes beyond the limits of this purpose, for which alone it exists, it cesses to be taxation and becomes confiscation and State robbery. The rights whose abrogation Mr. Russell would not consider un Catholic are pronounced by Pope Leo XIII, in his encyclical "On the Conditions of the Working Classes," to be inherent in human nature and founded upon justice itself. It is absurd, therefore, to suppose that the common good can ever require a general disregard for them. There is no parity whatsoever them. There is no parity whatsoever between taxation and expropriation

without compensation.
Such confiscation, Mr. Russell holds
though defensible, is really not a socialist tenet. Here again a lack of insight into the general question is apparent. Many socialists undoubtedly do not advocate expropriation without compensa-tion; but every true socialist must de-fend the position that such a procedure against capitalism cannot be considered an injustice. This necessarily flows from the most fundamental socialist

from the most fundamental socialist theory of values. Compensation can be nothing more for the logical socialist than a question of expediency.

A more deplorable error even than the former is Mr. Russell's protest against socialism being fought upon religious grounds. "It is fighting it upon record lines to denounce it on the ground. ligious grounds. "It is fighting it upon wrong lines to denounce it on the ground of religion and morality." And again he says, "I protest most strongly against the fulmination of religious thunderbolts, even when they are delivered by our genial friend Father Bernard Yaughan, from a select platform in the access hall a duke in the chair, and Vaughan, from a select platform in the queen's hall, a duke in the chair, and Rothschild band discoursing sweet music." The speaker should have known well enough that Father Vaughan has preached to rich and poor alike, and that his heart was ever with the latter.

because some of its members chance to be agnostics. Most certainly not! But be agnostics. Most certainly not! But if that party, like international socialism, is based upon historic materialism, if its leaders themselves identify it with such a theory, if its literature is permeated with anti-Catholic bigotry of the most radical kind, and if in consequence no opportunity is lost to request. Douglas & Co., Napanee, Ont.

oppose the Church in practice and in theory, then we do and must denounce such a party, then no Catholic can strengthen or support it with his vote unless he would be guilty of the basest disloyalty to his holy faith. Such is the nature of the socialist movement as it attable vertex sevents. as it actually exists among us.

Pope Pius X. recently warned the bishops of Italy to preserve Italian emigrants from falling into the toils of emigrants from falling into the toils of socialism. It was not against an economic fallacy, but against a religious menace that he warned them. Our own Cardinals and Bishops, whom Almighty God has given to guide us in matters of religion and morals, have distinctly raised their voice against socialism upon the same grounds. It is worse than folly to suppose that the entire hierarchy, who by natural learning, no less than by divine vocation are the reliable exponents of Catholic doctrine, should have been childishly mistaken in their verdict upon so important a question and in so patent a manner.

But here, as elsewhere, we can safely

But here, as elsewhere, we can safely trust in the spirit of our own Catholic laity. Whether speaking through the Federation of Catholic Societies, or through the councils of the Knights of Columbus, or through the widespread Central Verein or newly-founded Militia of Christ, they have but one word to say: that socialism and Catholicism are forever irreconcilable.

Only recently, at the session of a special committee of the American Federation of Catholic Societies, as is announced, "socialism was declared by anioniced, "Socialism was hectared by all the members present to be not only a menace politically in the United States, but religiously as well." The same cry is raised by Catholics throughout the entire world, "Fight against Rome, fight against the Catholic Church, fight against any manifestation of Christian-ity," is the program of socialism accord-

Mr. Russell fears that we shall bring upon ourselves the attack of the entire socialist movement. The party has long ago in practice declared its war upon us. It is not of our choice. We are called upon to defend the interests of Christ and of His Church. In this we know neither fear nor compromise. What is true in socialism we willingly embrace, what is false we will fight to the end. It is not true, as Mr. Russeli thinks, that socialism alone holds the field. The Church was there well night two thousand years before and will still be there when socialism has ceased to be. To-day we have but to reduce to terms of practical service the working program given us in the famous encyclical of Pope Leo XIII.

If socialists wished us to know their real attitude towards the Catholic Church in the United States, what need the "bad eminence" they wish him to occupy, to be made by them an Ismael in the Catholic camp.

The speech in question was at once repudiated by the Catholic press as in nowise an expression of Catholic thought. The severe criticisms to which it was then subjected should have been sufficient for socialists to permit it to rest in peace. We are sorry, therefore, that the very men who leave no means untried to vilify both Church and priesthood should now again force us to re-

Milwaukee:
"The Militia of Christ was founded by the Roman Catholic Church to regain its lost hold upon the Catholic workmen of America. . . Its mission is to fight everything that looks like enlighten ment, progress or education. Its mission is to help everything that looks like darkness, retrogression and super stitious telie! in Roman Christianity It is characteristic of the Roman Church that it keeps the masses in ignorance and bigotry and thus in sub-mission to the ruling class.

The next Reformation would combine the spirit of the French Revolution with the new spirit of socialism, which has never asserted itself so far. This is a warning to the Holy Catholic Church and the Militia of Beelzebub. . .

Russell. Yet Mr. Berger was one of the men who spoke most eloquently in favor of inserting into the socialist platform "The socialist party is economic and political primarily an economic and political movement. It is not concerned with matters of religious belief." This was passed by a majority of one vote, as a measure of political expediency. It is measure of pointical expediency. It is safe to conclude from the minutes of the meeting that of the men who voted for it there was possibly not one who did not entertain, to a greater or less extent the sentiments of Mr. Berger. Certainly there was not one who could logically

Unto St. Joseph, the "just man," the humble head of the Holy Family, we should often turn. His life was one that is full of lessons for all those who as husbands and fathers are endeavor-ing to fulfil their God-imposed duties to wives and children.

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Mr. W. Robinson, of Ituna, Sask., does not worry about it any more, however, for he has found a quick and certain cure. He says :
"I have used your Egpptian Liniment

To sustain his position Mr. Russell repeats the trite socialistic sophism that we are not to denounce a political party because a come of the mambers observed as the case of the mambers observed in the case of milk them, but after one application of your Liniment they were all right next

It is by coming to God every day and trusting in Him, leaning on His help, believing in His Providence, conversing leads strength - shorn travellers on through the darkness, and strong in the certain of God's presence and love as of our own existence.

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an instrument in the hand of hell's malignity. The madman is placed in security; he can be guarded against injurying himself or others. The drunkard is let loose upon mankind, like some foul, ill boding, and noxious animal, to pester, torment, and disgust everything that reasons or feels; whilst the curse of God hangs over his place, and the gates of heaven are closed against him."

Listen again to what some of the mos

eminent judges in England have uttered

oncerning drink and the drunkard in

relation to crime of all classes and

Lord Chief Justice Coleridge, 1877.-

"I think it is in the course of my duty to say that, within my experience as a judge, and having lived some consider-

judge, and having lived some consider-able time in the world among other judges, and judges of much larger ex-perience than myself, it is certainly the case that if we could make the country sober we might shut up nine tenths of

Lord Brampton (Justice Hawkins),

of them in turn become addicted to its

Justice Grantham.—(Letter to Croy don Publicans.) "Twelve murders, eighteen attempts at murder, and woundings without number that were just as likely to have ended in murder, as far as the conduct of the criminal was con-

likely to have ended in murder, as far as the conduct of the criminal was con-cerned, have been mine and my brother judges' daily fare for the last four weeks in one circuit, and in almost every case,

Sir Gorrell Barnes-(President of th

Divorce Court, 1906)—"I am fairly convinced that if drink were eradicated, this court might shut its doors, at any

this court might shut its doors, at any rate for the greater part of the time."

Lord Chief Justice Alverstone.—(At the International Congress on Alcoholism, 1909) "After forty years at the Bar, and ten years as a judge, I have no hesitation in saying that ninety per cent of the crime of the country is caused by

of the crime of the country is caused by strong drink."

Justice Darling.— (Letter to Lord

Justice Daring.— (Letter to Lord Loreburn, 1910) "You may say this from me: that of the crimes of violence, including especially offences against women and children, almost all of them,

women and children, almost all of them, as far as they come before me, are directly the result of excessive drinking. Beyond this, a large proportion of the crimes in dishonesty are due to the same cause, but are not so immediately connected with it."

Lord Chancellor Loreburn, 1910.—"In

Lord Chancellor Loreours, 1910.—"in my opinion it is, I will not say useless, but of comparatively little value, to try anything, unless you give the power to the people who suffer from intemperance to save themselves."

Is evidence such as this, coming

does from a distinguished Archbishop of

the Catholic Church, and the lips of

those who have sat day after day listen

ing to the most sordid descriptions of

fonl and fearful crimes, not sufficient to

abomination, crime and desolation, are

stalking broadcast through the street

of the world's cities. No need to heark

and wonder, and marvel that lives ar

against this demon-drunkenness.

cally, intellectually and spiritually.

delight; if we would mount and possess

delight; if we would mount and possess, conquer and rejoice, it is necessary that we put into action natural or acquired habits of perseverance, endurance, self-sacrifice, and more than ordinary labor and toil.

for vengeance.

as appeared in evidence, drink was

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LETTERS OF RECOMMENDATION
Apostolic Delegation.
Ottawa, June 13th, 1905.

Mr. Thomas Coffey
My Dear Sir.—Since coming to Canada I have
been a reader of your paper. I have noted with satisfaction that it is directed with intelligence and
ability, and, above all, that it is imbued with a strong
Catholic spirit.
I strenuously defends Catholic
principles and right, and stands firmly by the teachings and authority of the Church, at the same time
promoting the best interests of the country. Following these line thas done a great deal of good for
the welfare of religion and country, and I will do
more and catholic homes. I therefore, earnestly recommend it to Catholic families. With my blessing on
mend it to Catholic families. With my blessing on
your work, and best vishes for its continued success
Yours very sincerely in Christ.

Donatus, Archbishop of Ephesus.
Apostolic Delegate.

Ottawa, Canada, March 7th, 1900.

Mr. Thomas Coffey
Dear Sir: For some time past I have read your
estimable paper, the CATHOLIC RECORD, and congratulate you upon the manner in which it is published.
Its matter and form are both good; and a truly
Catholic spirit pervades the whole. Therefore, with
pleasure, I can recommend it to the faithful. Blessing you and wishing you success, believe me to remain, "Yours faithfully in Jesus Christ.
Therefore, with the success of the success of the success."

Therefore, and the success of the success of

LONDON, SATURDAY, MAY 11, 1912

CATHOLIC TEACHING AND THE PRICE OF LABOR

While the recent coal strike in Great Britain focussed the world's attention on the portentous power of labor organization, many and varied were the comments on the underlying principles of Political Economy. The CATHOLIC RECORD gave the Catholic teaching with regard to wages, which in the circumstances was of unusual interest. correspondent questions the soundness of our position and intimates that it is not that of the Church. Taking into account the importance of the question in itself, as well as the fears of our perturbed cerrespondent, we shall, even at the risk of some repetition, show that the RECORD was entirely wit in the lines of the best Catholic thought and most authoricative Catholic teaching on the

The commonly accepted principle governing wages is based on the assumption that labor is merchandise. The laborer has something to sell-his labor; its price will be regulated by the law of supply and demand. Hold ing this commonly accepted doctrine as to labor it is not surprising that many writers of editorials and serious articles contended that for Parliament to fix a minimum wage was " economically unsound;" that Parliament has no more right to fix a minimum price for labor than it has to fix the price of bread or boots. This, however, is not the Catholic position. Catholic principles of philosophy and theology applied to economic questions lead to a view of labor and wages fundamentally different from that commonly accepted. The Catholic teaching is that wages should be determined by the natural right of the workman to live a decent human life-i. e., to be boused, fe clothed in a manner befitting human beings. Now hear those who speak with authority on the subject. The menace of Socialism is real; the evils it pretends to be able to remedy are real. The answer to the Socialist's appeal to the workman must be along practical lines. Nothing can be more practical than the question of wages. There is an organization in England, "The Catholic Social Guild," whose object is precisely to deal with the issues raised by Social ism and the labor question in a practical

Addressing one of its meetings Bishop Keating, of Northampton, placed the Living Wage as the first item on the Catholic programme of Social Reform:

"First comes the question of the living wage. It would be difficult to suggest a subject of more vital interest or which lends itself more readily to our methods. The older 'orthodox' encounits treat labor as they might economists treat labor as they might treat coal or iron. In their eyes it is a commodity, subject to the sacred law of supply and demand and liable to be cheapened down to the lowest figure cheapened down to the lowest figure in the open market. This seemed to be common sense, and still finds favor with those who pride themselves on doing business on business lines. Catholic Christianity, on the other hand, has always maintained that the support of the laborer in reasonable comfort is the first charge on the fruits of industry. Instead of being the most squeezable item in the cost of production, the laborer's hire, by God's law, ought to be the one sacrosanct and into be the one sacrosanct and in

Father Vaughan, S. J., delivered a series of Lenten discourses on Socialism in St. Patrick's Cathedral, New York. Fully conscious of the far-reaching effect of his utterances this brilliant Jesuit, we may rest assured, weighed his words carefully, yet we find he has spoken almost the same words as used by the

"To wage earners, men and women, I would say: You have a right to form

unions and by means of unions enforce your just demands for a living wage and human conditions both in your work-shops and in your homes."

Father Liberatore, S. J., spent his life as a Professor of Catholic philosophy and theology. Towards its close he published Principles of Political Economy. The article on Wages is too long to quote in its entirety, but an extract or two will suffice :

or two will suffice:

"First of all, to look on labor as merchandise, and wages as its price, is a false manner of considering it, and the source of grave errors. God said that man should have bread through the sweat of his brow. The sweat of his brow means labor or work. Bread means all that is necessary to life here below—food, clothes, lodging. Man means the human pair, male and female, and their family. Virtually, therefore, work is to the workman that which is necessary to the maintenance of which is necessary to the maintenance himself and his family. By such reck

The most comprehensive, and at the same time the most authoritative statement on the labor question, is Leo XIII's immortal encyclical on this subject Speaking of the particular phase of the question under consideration, the Pope

"Now if we were to consider labor merely so far as it is personal, doubtless it would be within the workman's right to accept any rate of wages whatever; for not, is he free to accept a small remunera-tion or none at all. But this is a mere bbstract supposition; the labor of the workingman is not only his personal attribute, but it is necessary; and this makes all the difference. The preserve tion of life is the bounder duty of each and all, and to fall therein is a crime. It follows that each one has a right to procure what is required in order to

procure what is required in order to live; and the poor can procure it in no other way than by work and wages.

"Let it be granted, then, that as a rule workman and employer should make free agreements, and in particular should freely agree as to wages; nevertheless there is a dictate of nature more imperious and more ancient than any bargain between man and man, that the remuneration must be enough to any bargain between man and man, that the remuneration must be enough to support the wage earner in reasonable and frugal comfort. If, through neces-sity or fear of a worse evil, the work-man accepts harder conditions because an employer or contractor will give him no better, he is the victim of force and instice

These words of the great Pope are clear and unequivocal. They establish the fundamental difference between Catholic teaching and the currently accepted principles of political econo Important consequences flow therefrom. For instance, the recognition by the British Parliament of the principle of the minimum wage is economically sound according to Catholic

THE ALLEGED CATHOLIC LOSSES IN THE UNITED STATES

From time to time some reckler assertions are made as to the enormous osses to the Faith in the United States The Lucerne Cahensly Memorial of 1891 states " that Catholic immigrants and their descendants in the United States should number 26,000,000. There has been a loss of 16,000,000. In June 1910 Mr. Cahensly presented another memorial to the Holy Father in which he states that the " memorial of 1891 showed that the Catholic Church in the United States had already lost more than 10,000,000 souls." The little discrepancy of 6,000,000 was overlooked: ence of baseless guesses that took the place of any accurate computation.

The Right Rev. Regis Canevin, D. D. Bishop of Pittsburg, has just published through the International Catholic Truth Society an extremely interesting. painstaking and exbaustive analysis of the statistics available on this matter, a study which we commend to those desirous of accurate information on the subject.

One extremely loose statement, not due to the exigencies of interested controversy, is that of Bishop England in

"Within the last fifty years, 1786-1836, there must have been a loss of 3,250,000 of Catholics. In that period there came into the United States 8,000,000 of im-

migrants. Bishop Canevin points out that the total immigration into the United States from 1786 to 1836, according to the most

eliable data, was less than 6,000,000. Another statement by a representative of a European University published in 1852 declares that there were 2,000,000 of apostates, mainly Irish, in 1850. The total Irish immigration from 1820 to 1850, according to official records was 1.038 824.

These and similar worthless comp tations form the basis for a calumny that disappears in the light of Bishop Canevin's analysis of official statistics. His estimate of the number of Catholic immigrants is based on the proportion of Catholics to the whole population in those countries from which as shown in the records the people came. The estimate as to natural increase is placed much higher than the increase of the whole population. taking into consideration that of the great Slav and Italian immigrations of late years, by far the greater number were men who brought with them neither wives nor children, the estimate of natural increase is too high.

Again, large numbers who are counted the immigration statistics return to their own countries. For instance, in 1900 the census shows a foreign-born population of 10,341,276. Between 1900 and 1910 8,976,286 immigrants landed in the United States, added to the foreign born population of 1900 there should be 19,137,562; but as a matter of fact the census of 1910 records total foreign-born population 13,343,583. Thus 5.793.979 foreign born persons died or left the country during the pre ceding decade.

There is one more consideration that the Bishop of Pittsburgh very justly insists upon:

"We must bear in mind the vas numbers of baptized but uninstructed and unbelieving men and women who land upon our shores from countries in which the Oatholic religion is supposed

Though many of these would not be ounced in the official returns as Catholics "they are as Catholic as the same classes of people in the countries their ancestors.'

Bishop Canevin, in this careful an alysis of official statistics, has rendered an important service to Catholic truth.

A TERRIBLE CURSE

Some recent happenings have shocke the civilized world by their tragic suddenness, their terrible consequ and the appalling, heart-rending suffer ings that followed in their wake. It is but natural that the human heart, if it be human at all, should sympathise with sorrow, and extend to suffering felloweings the hand of sweet sympathy. It but human that tragedy enkindle in the human heart a wave of sorrow and s sense of horror.

A few days ago the awful fate, on its irst voyage across the Atlantic, of the finest and greatest steamship in the world—tne Titanic—stunned millions of people by its unparalleled swiftness and unprecedented awfulness. Criticism, rightly or wrongly, has been severe, strong and pronounced. Hot words of flerce condemnation have been thundered forth by thousands, and on all sides consternation has been conspicuous, which is but quite natural, because of the fearful death-roll.

True, this most recent disaster has been an overwhelming one, and has awed the whole world by its far-reaching hand of destruction ; yet, the same manner of thing-- huge death-roll-is going on daily all over the world, and around about us - tragedy in the form of homicide suicide, plunder, robbery, vile, abominable crimes, unspeakable in their disgusting ness, revolting in their atrocity, and many sit with folded arms watching the tide of destruction flercely doing its weird work, and raise not finger to help in the rescue of my riads of human souls who cannot help them-

What is this dreaded thing that i causing such havoc, causing such loss of life, such disaster to humanity? It is drunkenness, vile and horrible, seething upon all sides-in the boudoir, in the hovel, in the gilded palace, in the humble cottage, in the public streets of what are called forsooth Christian cities. Yet how many there are who not only condone this abomination, this scourge worse than any plague, but also by their attitude of apathy and indifference encourage it. Is it an evil? Is it a sin then surely it must be grappled with it must be stemmed; the causes that lead to it must be annihilated, must be severely condemned in the pulpit and in the home; on the platform and in the clubroom; but of all places the most effective, in conjunction with the pul-

pit, is the confessional, The Church has had, and still has many foes, many enemies, to contend with; but none greater or more to be dreaded than drunkenness. No form of Socialism ever invented is so menscing to the Church; no anarchy so threaten ing; no scheme that hell could devise so potent to wage warfare of the most diabolical nature against the Church

than drunkenness. The drunkard-when reeling beneath the merciless hand of strong drink-is either a fool or madman. If the former he causes the blush of shame to rise to the cheek of his fellowman, his fellow Catholic; the stab of pain to his heart If the latter, then no crime is too horrible, no act too debased to be perpetrated by him. Listen to the awful words of the saintly Archbishop Ullathorne. Speaking of the drunkard he

says: "The drunkard is a self-made wretch who has gratified the depraved cravings of the throat of his body, until he has sunk his soul so far that it is lost in his flesh, and has sunk his very flesh beyond comparison lower than that of the animals which serve him: a self-de graded creature, whose degradation is made manifest to every one but himself; a self-made miserable being, who, while a seir made miserante being win, while is, insensible to his own misery, afflicts every one else with misery around him or belonging to him. He differs from the madman only in this—because the madman has not caused his own calamity, whilst this man has; lman is innocent, whilst this man is guilty. this man is guilty. The madman is an object for pity and compassion, and all the cares of humanity; whilst the drunkard is an object of ridicule, scorn, contempt; a butt for the world THE OUTCOME

At the beginning of the new order of things in the French Republic, when the salutary influence of the Church was discarded by the governing power, consisting largely of Masonic Jews. a ory went up from evangelical papers and preachers that a glorious freedom from the oppressions of "Romanism was now to be the portion of the nation The schools were secularized, the men tion of the name of God was forbidden infidel teachers were employed, and it was hoped that a new nation, strong and prosperous at home, and respected abroad, would be the outcome of the worship of Mammon only. A trans lated article in the London Free Press relating the condition of the Paris of to-day tells us that "a great vibrating note of distress has gone up from that city. Paris the gay has fallen prey to Apacheism.' One cannot take up newspaper, magazine or review of any kind and not notice the persistent out Lord Brampton (Justice Hawkins), 1883.—"I have thought very seriously as to what is for the most part the origin of crime, and every day I live, and the more I think of the matter, the more firmly do I come to the conclusion that the root of almost all crime is drink, that tyrant which affects all ages and both sexes—the young, the middle aged, the old, father and son, husband and wife, all of them in turn become addicted to its cries against the new 'Reign of Terror.' It has become the one topic of the day So marked are the inroads made by this enemy to public safety that even the most irresponsible denizens of the great city have been forced to cry 'The Apache and his fellows give us pause."

A prominent lawyer of Paris, Monsieu Henri Robert, dealing with present conditions, gives us a piece of sarcasm whic reminds us strongly of Cobbett. Writing in Les Annales, a Paris weekly magazine of high repute, he says :

"I was charged to learn this morning that several new crimes had been committed since yesterday. Crimes which were marked by almost unsurpassed audacity and unheard of ferocity; three men were killed; a bank robbed; the murderers and thieves escaped in an au-tomobile (a stolen one, of course) before the scapefied and powerless police could make a single arrest. Ah, a good tale of brigandage fills me with joy."

M. Robert claims that the lawlessnes revalent now in gay Paris is to be attributed largely to the influence of the yellow press, but it will be neces sary to go further back to find the true reason. The yellow press was brought into existence, and is sustained with prodigal liberality by, the yellow generation moulded in the Godless chools. There are people on this con inent, too, quite as short sighted as the French people. The secular education given in many of our schools, unaccompanied in many cases by even a hint of Christian morality, has given us, too, a vellow press with a goodly yellow constituency supporting it. France may come to its senses in the near future. We pray it may. But it will be neces sary to hurry the day before the nation drops into a pagan rut from which it will be impossible to emerge.

DON'T HURRY-THINK IT OVER

"Throughout the whole country," convince the world that disaster and says the Ottawa Citizen, "there is a growing feeling that it is time the enate was made representative." en to the troubled waters of the ecean This is the old parrot cry of the Tories to look for disaster and catastrophe; when the Liberals outnumber them in come nearer home, look around, pause the Upper House, and it is the cry of the Liberals, too, when the Tories hold being wrecked by the thousand daily; the majority. Continues our contempornomes ruined by the thousand daily; ary : " Suggestions are already taking shape. One is that the Senate should women and children starving by the be partly elective and partly appointhousand daily, and in many cases against the cause of it all—the gilded ive, in the latter case the appointments saloon, the low, foul-smelling bar, the being made by the provincial legisla-We could see some reason for seething taproom, dealing out their tures." the change if, taking quality into scarce a cry, scarce a word of protest. account, the members of the Lower House outshone those in the revising scarce a finger is raised, except it be the curse of the widow, the orphan, the branch "Fresh from the electorate heart-broken mother, from the depths of does not always mean the very best quality of statesmen. Were we to have appartly elective Senate there would be their lacerated hearts crying to heaven To day, the Catholic Church, in almost the customary fillibustering for the every land under heaven, is waging war nomination and the canvassing and public meetings and fiery speeches and the In marshalling of the oath bound secret Ireland, Cardinal Logue has led the society forces and the strenuous activity way, and to-day a strong crusade is being fleroely waged there against this of the ward boss and the switching of curse by all the Bishops and priests. ballots and the buying of votes and the In England the same manner of thing selling of votes and the protested elecobtains-Bishops and priests are dealtions and the perjuries in the witness ing merciless blows against intemperbox and the judge's scathing denunance. In the United States and in ciation of corrupt election methods, and Canada, too, the crusade is being waged. another election : when the same pro-The day is not far distant-there is s cedure, at least in great part, would be huge temperance wave and sentiment gone over once more. We do not wish sweeping the horizon at present-when to convey the impression that all electhis crusade will be world wide. May tions are the same as the one we have God in His wisdom and mercy assist pictured, but many a constituency is and haster it, and stamp out this worst likely to drop into that class. Were the power given to provincial legislaof all plagues and scourges that is snatching millions hourly, daily and tures to make appointments there would yearly-the fruits of His only begotten be, as every one knows, the usual Son's passion and death-and hurling goodly amount of lobbying and a little noney might be found useful in them to temporal and eternal destruc the emergency. Our Ottawa con-In the near future we shall have temporary may rest assured that an little more to say on this subject, and elective Senate can never and will give the testimony of many eminent medinever be satisfactory to cal men, lawyers and statesmen, as well as majority of the people of the Dominion Churchmen, as to the destructive char-It would in reality be no Senate at all, but merely a branch of the House of acter of the liquor traffic, both physi-Commons. There would in emergencies be no independence of action. As with the Commoners, had we an elective Talent, desire, opportunity, advantages, aids and conveniences of every sort are not enough to ensure success or to win the coveted prize. Patronage and favor cannot 1 ad us to pastures of Senate, each member, in giving voice

and vote, would be troubled in spirit

regarding the contents of the ballot box

at the next election. To Catholics, who

number nearly one half of the people of

reason in the words of a distinguished statesman, Sir George W. Ross, in the course of a speech in the Senate a few years ago: "If we had an elective Senate." said he. " it would be impos sible to elect a Catholic Senator in any province of the Dominion outside of Quebec." Such being the case, dear Citizen, we had better leave enough alone.

A MILITANT ARCHBISHOP

A dignitary of the Church by law stablished, the Most Rev. Archbishop of Armagh, appears to have surrendere his peacefulness of demeanor and taken ission in the Grange army of the Carsons and Castlereaghs. "Anarchy and civil strife," he says, "will result from any measure of Home Rule." Why such should be the case will puzzle the average man. All the Nationalists want is authority to legislate on local matters pertaining to Ireland. If His Grace's constituency will not behave themselves in becoming manner under the new conditions-if they will not be satisfied, like other Irishmen, with equal rights for all-if they will be content only with the privileges of ascendancy which they enjoyed inder Castle rule—the best thing they can do when Parliament sits again in College Green is to take peaceful departure from the country. If they come o Canada we will give them a slice of New Ontario in which they may settle. Coming in touch with our Canadian conditions they would no doubt in time become civilized. A curious coincidence we may here allude to. At the time of the disestablishment of the Irish Church, when Catholics were forced by law to contribute to the sustenance of Grace's predecessors in the establishment gave it as their conviction that such a measure if passed into law would bring about a condition of anarchy and a variety of other disagreeable conditions. The same argument is now used to block legisla tion disestablishing the Welsh church. Thoughtful, intelligent and unprejudiced

people will have but one opinion as to the position of His Grace of Armagh. He is fighting for the preservation of illgotten and ill-used privileges. We say privileges" to give it a mild name. He is the oracle of tyrannical conditions which it were a shame to tolerate any longer. The old order of things must go. The broom is in action and even all the acrid fulminations of an Archbishop of a church by law of the land established will not stay the new era coming for Ireland. The school master has been abroad amongst the English people. Their eyes are now opened. The privileged class could not fool all

the people all the time.

SPLENDID DIVERSITY It would be amusing were it not sad to ote from time to time the sharp divergence of opinion as to church conduct between one and another minister of the same faith. For long it has been th settled conviction of some ministers of the Gospel that anything in the nature of sports was decidedly unbecoming in a Christian and that it were well always to be possessed of a gruesome, peniten tial, smileless countenance, shadow instead of God's sunshine about him wherever he goes. We are always Gospel emerging from this posture of dolefulness. Such a gentleman is Rev. Richard Whiting, Methodist, of this city, who tells us that he thinks it would be "a statesmanlike policy to purchase site and erect on it large buildings, in which would be reading rooms, parlors, and connected with it a tennis court and other appliances for sport, for religion is not filling its mission when it saves young man's soul, but when it saves and elps his body also."

We commend Mr. Whiting for this manly pronouncement. The perpetually tearful minister has mistaken his vocation. Save us from intercourse with the clerical gentleman who carries about with him a cold storage.

Our Methodist friends in Chicago have taken a departure which will, we make careful study of matters com doubt not, shock many of that sect in the Dominion. In the "Windy City" they have, as it were, thrown the gates wide open. The Chicago Daily News of the 29th May informs us that at a meeting of the First Methodist Church in that city, after a sharply fought battle over the subject, it was resolved to send a memorial to the conference to be held in Minneapolis recommending that in the "Methodist Discipline," under the heading "Harmful Amuse ments," the following be now dropped : "Dancing, playing at games of chance, attending theatres, horse races, circuses, dancing parties, or patronizing dancing schools or taking such other amusements as are obviously of misleading or questionable moral character."

This is indeed a great change from the rigid discipline of the old-fashioned

Our separated friends of the sects nust surely oftentimes envy the great true Church of God because of its onethe Dominion, such a change as the ness and splendid system of discipline. Ottawa Citizen suggests would be Upon any disputed point when the Pope strongly opposed. We will give the

speaks to the Catholic world the Catholie world hears and obeys.

AS TO MISSIONARIES

Hundreds of thousands of dollars are nnually collected by the sects for the spread of the Gospel and the promotion of Christianity in foreign parts. But is it not strange that while we are so overanxious to send the good tidings to China and Africa our Christians are becoming paganized at home? Rev. Dr. R. P. McKay, moderator of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church n Canada, at a session recently held in London, Ont., dealt with the value of prayer and the solution of the present day problems of the missionary field. Then he went on to say, " Men generally did not know how to pray. So called Christian people no longer pray. In the rush and hurry of modern materialistic life they did not have time to pray." This is truly a grave indictmen Has it come to pass that the meeting places of our separated brethren are but merely social clubs, and that sincere, honest, heartfelt prayer to the Almighty to forgive us our transgressions and to lead us into the paths pointed out by the commandments have

become things of the past.

The Rev. Mr. Hall, of Sarnia, gave a description of the work among the Italians of Hamilton, Welland and Niagara Falls. We can well imagine what it was. Some of our friends deem it most desirable to coax the Italians from their simple faith in God, put upon them fine clothing, give them lessons in etiquette, make them, as far as may be, aesthetic, and then in the long run, like their tutors, they will-forget how to pray. the ministers of another faith, His In the sight of God the simple, pureminded Italian immigrant who has been taught to love Our Redeemer with every fibre of his heart—humble and devoid of book-learning he may be-presents a more acceptable picture to the Master than the Pharisee who struts about thinking he is justified because he is wealthy, clad in spotless raiment, and nakes donations - well advertised in the papers-to Godless universities. public libraries and clubs for psychical esearch.

THE ITALIAN "MISSIONS"

For long we have been given from time to time, by returned missionaries and others, at annual conferences, glowing accounts of the spread of the Scriptures in Catholic countries, particularly on the continent. We should e glad to think that these reverend and lay gentlemen, one and all, were speaking by the nook-were giving s onscientious account of their operations-but stern facts compel us to put their deliverances almost entirely in the class of fiction literature. . It is not pleasant to make an accusation of this kind against our separated brethren in the mission field. We would rather not do so, but the truth must be told, even though it bear harshly upon gentlemen clad in clerical garb who profess to be working in the Master's vinevard. It is the old story that the end justifies the means when the soldiers of evangelicalism enter the field to do battle with "Romanism." We publish in this issue an article cripped from that excellent weekly periodical entitled Rome, published in the Eternal City, which shows beyond question that the work of been, while constantly represented as encouraging, worse than a failure, and that the mass of the people look upon the proselytisers with a quiet contempt. We would ask our readers to hand this copy of the CATHOLIC RECORD to some of their non-Catholic friends when they have finished reading it.

KNIGHTS OF COLUMBUS

It is too much to expect that the Knights of Columbus will escape criticism. The greatest, best and holiest organizations that ever existed have been subject to censure at the hands of men with meagre knowledge of the subject. It were the part of discretion for good Catholics, priests and people, to with the Church before giving their views. In all cases the prudent course is, as a first step, to consult the Ordinary of the diocese. Many ludicrous mistakes would thus be avoided. The Knights of Columbus in the diocese of Ste. Hyacinthe were recently the subject of disparaging remarks by a speaker in the course of an address. Thereupon the Knights complained to Mgr. Bernard, the Bishop, pointing out that their organization had been established with the approbation of his predecessor. His Lordship made the following statement in reply :

"The society, known as the Knights of Columbus, is not an organization condemned by the Church, but a society concenned by the Ontrol, but a society composed solely of Catholic members who have made profession that they fol-low the directions of Holy Church. As a matter of fact, it is only Catholics who have fulfilled their duties as such who are admitted to the organization. The constitution of the society is quite clear and formal on this important point clear and format on this important point as can be seen from a reading of the following article: "Practical Catholics shall be eligible to and entitled to continue membership

be a practical Catholic

to continue to be a practical Catholic shall be expelled.

"Council 960 of your Order has been established at St. Hyacinthe with the authorization of my revered predecessor. A few other Councils have been organized in various parts of the diocese with my permission. Up to the present time, I have never had cause to complain of the conduct of your order in the diocese of St. Hyacinthe."

PROTESTANT MUTATION

There is no particular form of error to which Protestants have uniformly adhered. Neither Luther nor Calvin would now know his own. Who now adheres to the Westminster Confession of Faith? All forms of Protestantism have been fashioned, modified, altered, almost as soon as made. From these variations Bossuet concluded that Protestantism is false, because truth is invariable. But he might easily have proved more; he might have proved that Protestants have but little real faith in what they, under the impulse of a new error, so noisily profess. If they sincerely believed their doctrines, held them as revealed truth, they would never suffer them to be changed or altered. This fact is very significant. New sects might of course arise, but the members of every old sect would be horrified at the very idea of changing what they sinheld to be the Word of God. The fact that they are not horrised at this continual tinkering with their doctrines shows clearly their insincerity, their lack of real honesty in their religious professions.

NOTES AND COMMENTS

WE REFERRED two weeks ago to the publication of Mr. Henry J. Morgan's new volume of "Canadian Men and Women of the Time," which we char acterized as an indispensable compendium of Canadian biography. A fuller examination leads to the conclusion that the merits of the compilation were under rather than over stated, and that Mr. Morgan has by this his lates achievement put Canadian writers and students under a considerable degree of indebtedness to him. Into the 1,200 pages which comprise the work he has packed an amount of information on contemporary history and on Canadian affairs generally that is nowhere els to be found within anything like the same compass, and has, moreover, do it all in so readable and attractive s manner as to make the book a welcom guest, we should say in every Canadian

honsehold.

IT WOULD be impossible within the brief space at our disposal to give any idea of the part Catholics have in this important work of reference. A glance over its pages, however, makes it sufficiently evident that as a people we have done our full share in the building up of the nation, and that in this connection Mr. Morgan has known no narrow restrictions in the asssembling of his material. The name of the author of "Sketches of Celebrated Canadians" (1862); of that unique volume of Canadian bibliography "Bibliotheca Canadensis" (1867); and of the "Speeches and addresses of Hon. Thomas D'Arcy McGee" (1865) is, indeed, sufficient guarantee in this respect. And in "Canadian Men and worsing in "Canadian Men and Worsing in the South State of Right Rev. Dr. appreciation is fully exercised in regard to the many diverse elements ene which have had a share in the great work of nation-building. Further, it is pleasant to recall that, although Mr. Morgan is not himself a Catholic he many diverse elements that time in promoting the interests of the Faith in London diocese—the number of sacred edifices of which he has laid the cornerstone and which he has dedicated to the bears the honorary degree of LL. D. conferred upon him in 1903 by the University of Ottawa.

A DISCUSSION has been under way recently in English exchanges on the subject of the religious affiliations of the great orator, Edmund Burke. Burke himself has generally been regarded as at least a non Catholic (his Protestant ism was, it seems to us, altogether a matter of environment—he had little or no sympathy with Protestantism, per se)
But he was married to a Catholic, and the question of his wife's fidelity to her Faith has been the main theme of the discussion. A correspondent of the discussion. A correspondent of the Tablet reminds us that Lecky says she was a Catholic, whereas Lord Morley and the " Dictionary of National Biography," said that she gave up her Catholicism. Other writers, such as Herbert Paul in his biography of Matthew Arnold, speak of her as a Catholic. The Eccyclopædia Britannica leaves the matter in doubt. The positive truth may never be known. But one thing is clear, that her Catholicism at any time was of the milk-and-water variety that too often results from a mixed marriage.

BURKE'S WIFE, Jane Nugent, appears to have had a Catholic father, but to her mother is usually attributed attachment to Presbyterianism. And as seems to have been the custom in some parts, even in Ireland, in those days, the religion of the parent determined the religion of the child according to sexsons to follow the father and daughters the mother. And the same pernicious custom seems to have been answerable

for Burke's loss to the Church. There was a Catholic, but his father was of the Protestant Episcopal or (as it was until 1868) Established Church. Whether Burke himself had been reared as a Catholic and fell away in his early manhood is extremely doubtful, though Horace Walpole, in his "Last Journals" states distinctly that " he had been Catholic." However this may have been, that in later life he had strong sympathies with the Church and in her recognized the only unswerving exponent of Christian belief, no reader of his peeches and writings will be disposed question. "The Catholics," he says, have the whole of our positive religion; our difference is only a negation o certain tenets of theirs. If we strip ourselves of that part of Catholicism we abjure Christianity." The whole discussion is not without profit in any case. For Burke, " greatest of orators and most philosophical of historians, had the germs of true faith in his heart. If they were smothered, as, alas, they appear to have been, the age in which e lived is perhaps responsible.

THIS RECALLS another discussion as to the religion of Gibbon, the historian of the " Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire." That Gibbon was for a time a Catholic, at least nominally, is wellknown. What is more, he was a convert to the Faith and that in an age when to be a Catholic meant something. It was to this latter fact, confessedly, Gibbon's relapse is to be attributed. For, as he wrote: "In the sacrifice of this world to the next, I might affect the glory of a confessor; but I must freely acknowledge that the sincere change of my speculative opinions was not influenced by any lively sense of devotion or enthusiasm, and that in the giddiness of my age I had not seriously weighed the temporal consequences of this rash

GIBBON'S "CONVERSION" (one of the intellect, not of the heart) came about in this wise. "The indifference," says W. H. K," " so rife all over Europe in the eighteenth century, shocked Gibbon, the undergraduate at Oxford, who thereupon read himself into the early Church on the subject of miracles, and was historian enough to see that the Early Church was not represented by the cool Calvinism with which he was surrounded: so he consulted a Jesuit priest and was received into the Church "How instructive is this fact (taken in conjunction with his subsequent relaper), in its bearing upon the "Decline and Fall." The celebrated chapter on the "Five Causes," had here its root and origin. And the episode has its own solemn warning.

ST. MARTIN'S CHURCH

ANOTHER BEAUTIFUL EDIFICE DEDICATED TO THE SERVICE OF ALMIGHY GOD

The CATHOLIC RECORD offers congrat ulations to His Lordship the Bishop of London upon the opening of still another large and substantial structure which will for generations to come be a centre of Catholic Faith and Catholic worship in the southern part of Londo service of Almighty God—betokens a remarkably bright future for the Faith remarkably bright inture for the Falth in this western part of Ontario. He is truly a church builder, and in all his un-dertakings zeal and prudence go hand in hand. He had implicit faith in in hand. He had implicit faith in Divine assistance and in the whole-hear ed co-operation of his priests and people and he has not been disappointed. A few years ago in the southern portion of London there appeared to be only a few scattered Catholic families. The building of a new church there was determined upon and Rev. F. X. Laurendeau was named as the power. into the work of bringing to successful completion still another Catholic edifice, under the patronage of St Martin. Energetic without ostentation, an over-Energetic without ostentation, an over-flowing measure of zeal in the service of Him to Whom he had pledged his whole being, a pastor the spiritual welfare of whose flock is very dear to him, Father Laurendeau's success is not surprising.
The Catholies of London South appeared The Catholies of London South appeared to be few and far between two years ago but now the new pastor has the happiness of ministering to a congregation of goodly numbers whose active interest in the welfare of their beloved parish church is truly an example and an inconvention.

spiration.
On last Sunday at 10:30 the dedication On last Sunday at 10:30 the dedication ceremonies took place. Long before that hour large numbers of people congregated about the new church and when the doors were opened over one thousand worshippers entered the sacred edifice. The pews were found to be inadequate to accommedate those present and numbers of chairs were utilized.

His Lordship the Bishop of London performed the dedication ceremonies assisted by Right Rev. Mgr. Aylward, Rev. E. L. Tierney of the Cathedral, Rev. James Hanlon, P. P., St. Michael's, London, Rev. J. V. Tobis, St. Mary's,

London, Rev. T. J. Valentin, London, Rev. T. West, P. P., St. Thomas, Rev. J. Rooney, the Cathedral.
Solemn Pontifical Mass was celebrated, His Lordshir the Bishop being celebrant, Rev. J. Hanlon, deacon; Rev. J. V. Tobin. subceacon; deacons of honor, Rev. Fathers West and Valentin; assistant priest, Right Rev. Mgr. Aylward; master of ceremonies, Rev. Father Tierney.

'ather Tierney. Rev. J. V. Tobin, of St. Mary's, Lon don, was the preacher of the day. The following is a full report of the instructive and impressive sermon he delivered on the occasion. It was listened to with rapt attention:

to with rapt attention:
And the gentiles shall walk in thy light and kings in the brightness of thy rising. (Isalus 50: 3.)
The dedication to the service of God of this substantial and beautiful church, at which we are assisting this morning, sets up another milestone marking the onward march of the Catholic Church in this fair, attra and in the discress of onward march of the Catholic Church in this fair city and in the diocese of London. It is not so very long ago that some of you do not recollect the time when the whole city and the contiguous townships formed but a single parish. But we are opening to day the third parish church erected in the Forest City and, please God, before the May flowers have come again, a fourth, St. flowers have come again, a fourth, St.
Michael's, shall have been reared to the
henor of the one, only and ever-living
God. These with the four convent
chapels will give to our Euchar-

enapels will give to our Eucharistic Lord eight tabernacles in
the midst of His children who dwell
within the gates of this city.
This splendid temple of the Most
High has this day been dedicated to
God by His Lordship the Bishop under the patronage of St. Martin—a name emblazoned in letters of gold on history's page. It is a far ory from Tours in France in the fourth century to London, Canada, in the 20th, but the association of the name of St. Martin association of the name of St. Markin with this church points to the fact that the Catholic Church is the Church of all the centuries—one and identical with that of the first ages of the Christian This, my brethren, should be a day of

This, my brethren, should be a casy of joy and gladness, not only for St. Martin's congregation, not only for the whole Catholic population of this city, but for its non-Catholic citizens as well. I am well aware that the latter may not be cause a new Catholic Church has been reared in their midst. They may even think that the day bodes ill for them and for the country at large since our Holy Church in the minds of not a few is an enemy of many things dear to the people of this prosperous and happy country—an enemy of civil and religious liberty, an enemy of civil and religious liberty, an enemy of progress and advancement. And so it shall be my aim this morning to indicate to you briefly some of the reasons why the establishment of this new centre of Catholic activity is big with blessings both heavenly and temporal for the people of this western peninsula.

I begin with the broad statement that I begin with the broad statement that if there be anything good, anything desirable, anything ennobling, any-thing conductive to happiness, celestial or terrestrial, in the civilization of toligion on human society. This a fact admitted not only by the children of the Church but by many of the profe the Church but by many of the profound-est minds outside her pale, for it is only half-educated and prejudiced per-sons who deny it. Listen to the testi-mony of a celebrated non-Catholic British statesman not long since dead, one whose labors for the redress of Ireland's wrongs are now bearing fruit:
"Since the first three hundred years of persecution," he says, "the Roman Catholic Church has marched for fifteen hundred years at the head of human civilization and has driven harnessed to her chariot, as the horses of a trium-phant car, the chief intellectual forces the world, its art the art of the world, its genius the genius of the world, its greatness and glory and grandeur and majesty, have been almost, though not absolutely all, that in these respects the world has had to hoast of." But only a few, and these not the most important of the benefac-tions of the Catholic Church, are noted tions of the Catholic Church, are noted in these words of the Grand Old Man of England in the nineteenth century. The Church has not only marched at the head of civilization, but has created that civilization. The civilization and culture of to-day are outgrowns of the Christian religion and the Catholic Church is the sole divinely appointed exponent of that religion. To the Catholic Church alone was given the commission to teach the religion of Christ to the nations sitting in darkness and in the shadow of death. "Go teach and in the shadow of death. "Go teach all nations" said the Divine Founder of Christianity to the apostles who were the first bishops of the Catholic Church Hence the true Church of Christ must needs be a teaching church. We often hear it said in our time that the day of hear it said in our time that the day or dogmas and of creeds is passed forever. I admit that it is gore in the non-Cath-olic world but not in the Catholic. For the Church of Christ her very raison d'etre, the reason for her existence, is to teach. Like her Divine Founder too, she must teach with authority. She must speak as no other religious organization can or dare speak. She cannot be silent by an act of her own volition without becoming recreams to her sacred duty; she cannot be silenced by the injunctions of civil rulers because her mission is from God. Hers is the voice of the Divine Master Himself revoice of the Divine Master Himself re-sounding down through the ages and telling men precisely what they must believe and what they must do if they wuld save thamselves from the wrath to come. All her articles of faith are prefaced with the "Thus saith the Lord" of the prophets of old. She is the undaunted defender of oid. She is the uncaunted derender of the faith once delivered to the saints against all the isms and ologies of the pseudo prophets of every age. She stands like an impregnable rock of Gibraltar amid the waves of doubt, agnosticism and unbelief that surge around her. She stands unmoved and immova-ble against the rising tide of Materialism Socialism and neo paganism which are Bocialism and neo paganism which are the natural offspring of an undogmatic Christianity. Nor have the enemies of God and His Christ, whose avowed aim it is to extinguish the lights of heaven, been slow to recognize that the Catholic

Church is the only formidable obstacle to the resilization of their dream of a world from which the Creator has been evicted by His creatures. The struggle evicted by His creatures. The struggle of the not distant future will be between Catholicism—Catholicism that is both Roman and Papal—on the one side, and on the other, not emasculated forms of Christianity, but that other, worldpower of to day, atheistic Socialism, which is the most perfectly organized movement ever inaugurated amongst men for the annihilation of the Christian religious. Yes, my brethren, if human

movement ever inaugurated amongst men for the annihilation of the Christian religion. Yes, my brethren, if human society is to continue to be Christian its preservation will be effected by the influence and action of the Catholic Church, the only conservative and constructive religious force in the world today as in the ages which have passed, the only defender of Divine Revelation against the insidious attacks of that Modernism condemned by Pius X. as the synthesis of all errors.

The mission to teach, my brethren, which Christ gave to His Church was understood by her to embrace not only the teaching of religious truth but all forms of useful knowledge as well. During the ages of persecution the education which charts given in the homes of the people. In those early days every Christian home was a school. But as soon as the edict of toleration was published by Cors antine at M I n in the May ef the year 313—an event the sixteenth the year 313 --an event the sixteenth anniversary of which the Holy See is now preparing to commemorate with great splendour—as soon, I say, as the Church emerged from the catacombs, Church emerged from the catacomps, ahe began at once her mission of providing a Christian education for her children. Hard by every episcopal residence sprang up a school for the education of youth. Then came the great monastic schools of the fourth and fith controller. Next same a serious est monastic schools of the fourth and fitting centuries. Next came a serious set back, the incursion of the barbarians from the North. The Goths and the Visigoths, the Vandals and Huns from the North. The Goths and the Visigoths, the Vandals and Huns and other war-like tribes moved down like a mighty avalanche over the central plains of Europe, destroying in their devastating march almost every vestige of civilization and culture. And in those dark days the much-maligned monks of the Catholic Church alone held aloft and saved from extinction the torch of learning.

Church alone held aloft and saved from extinction the torch of learning.

In the sixth century there appeared on the stage of the world a man, a Catholic monk, who is justly considered as the father of popular education and the founder of modern civilization—the great St. Benedict. He established his proposerial teaching order on Monte. great St. Benedict. He established his wonderful teaching order on Monte Casino, in Italy, from whence it rapidly spread over the greater part of Europe. From the sixth to the eighth century the From the sixth to the eighth century the lamp of learning shone brightest in the British Isles and especially in the Isle of Erin. The school of Armagh in those distant days had 7,000 students, double the number of those in attendance at the University of Toronto today. A little later came the Palatine schools, devoted to higher studies and established by Charlemagne, the Catho-lic, and Alfred, the Catholic King of England. And bear in mind, my brethren, that in connection with the monas-tic schools there were industrial schools, technical schools and schools of manua training. The twentieth century in its pride of intellect would like to claim all ch schools as her own offspring or at

such schools as her own dispring or at least as that of her immediate prede-cessor. But history proves that they are of much earlier origin and of Catho-At the end of the eleventh century w come to the beginning of that wonder-ful period which saw the birth of the ful period which saw the birth of the great universities of Europe. And the moving spirit in that new development of education was the great Pope Gregory VII., a most munificent patron of all the arts and sciences. During the three centuries that followed no less than 72 universities were founded in Europe, among others those of Oxford and Cambridge, Edinburgh, Glasgow and Aberdeen, some of them with as and Cambridge, Edinburgh, Gissgow and Aberdeen, some of them with as many as 50,000 students. And do not forget that the original charters of all those famous se ts of learning were granted by Roman Pontiffs, Innocent IV., Alexander IV. and others. Do not for-get that they were founded in the very ignorant people are fond of calling the Dark Ages. Do not forget that they had flourished for five centuries before the greatreligious revolt of the sixteenth century. formation, from which all refinement and intellectual culture dates according to the traducers of the grand old Mother Church. And since that day 46 new universities have been set up in Europe and America under the auspices of the Roman Pontiffs, making a grand total of 118. What a glotious record this is and what a crushing refutation of the charge so frequently made against the Church that she loves darkness and fears the light!

At this very moment, my brethren, l At this very moment, my brethren, I am standing almost under the shadow of a great seat of secular learning, one of which we are all proud, the London Normal School. But how many of you know, how many of the students who daily throng its halls know, how many of your fellow-gitizens know, that oally throng its name know, now many of your fellow-citizens know, that Normal Schools are the invention, if I may use the expression, of a Catholic priest? The first Normal School for the priest? The first Normal School for the training of lay teachers was opened in France in the year 1688 by John Baptist de la Salle, a canon of the Cathedral of Rheims, and founder of the great teaching order of the brothers of the Christian Schools and originator, too, I may add, of the idea of free libraries.

And so we see, my brethren, that the

libraries.

And so we see, my brethren, that the Catholic Church has always been the friend, the promoter and the patron of education in all its branches of primary and higher education, of philosophy, of historical and scientific research, of theology the queen of all the sciences, in a word, of all and of more than all that is now signified by that term so much misa word, of all and of more than all that is now signified by that term so much misuaderstood in our day, the blessed word education. And what she has done in the past she is doing in our day. We have only to open our eyes to see the vast educational work which is being carried on by her in every part of the world. By her system of parochial schools, by her colleges and convents, her seminaries and universities, she is doing unaided for the enlightenment and uplift of humanity a work that is unsurpassed, if it is even equalled by the

cular institutions which limited resources at their co And yet, forsooth, this is the of enlightenment and progress, the foe of scientific research, the abetter of of scientific research, the ignorance and obscurantism.

Another great work of the Catholic Another great work of the Catholic Church, my brethren, for the betterment of human society is what she has done for the elevation and protection of woman. She found woman the slave of man, the toy of his fancy and the object of his lust. She found her cast down from that high She found her cast down from hos high endennes on which the Creator had enthroned her on the morning of creation. She found her sunk to the deepest depths of degradation. And she elevated her once more to her rightful place in the world. She has proaimed and maintained her equality has placed her in an enchanted circle—the family circle—where she reigns as a queen, and she bids men bow down and do her reverence. And how has this rehabilitation of woman been accomplished by the Church of Jesus Christ? First, by holding up before womankind for their imitation the Ideal Woman, for their imitation the Ideal Woman, the peerless Mother of our Blessed Redeemer. And the influence of Mary Immaculate in the moral regeneration of woman can hardly be exagerated, for she is the perfect combination of all that is good and noble in womanhood with no alloy of aught that is carnal in carrading. Hence by or seductive or degrading. Hence by honoring her and by promoting devo-tion to this most pure Mother the Catholic Church has accomplished wouders for womankind and for the moral eleva-tion and purification of the human race.

In the second place, my brethren, the Catholic Church has conferred a great boon on the female sex by vindicating the unity, the sanctity and the indethe unity, the sauctity and the inde-structibility of marriage. The holiness of the marriage bond is the palladium of woman's dignity, restored through the mystery of the Incarnation, while polygamy and divorce involve her in that bondage and degradation in which-she was held by the pagan nations of antiquity, and to which the new pagan-ism of our day would reduce her once more. Down through all the ages since the dawn of Christianity the Catholic Church has taught, as she since the dawn of Christianity the Catholic Church has taught, as she teaches to-day, that matrimony is one of the seven sacraments instituted by Jesus Christ Our Saviour. She has proclaimed that marriage is the corner stone of human society and therefore has been confided by its Divine Institutor not to the mercy of civil governments but to the maternal care of His One Holy Catholic and Apostolic governments but to the maternal care of His One Holy Catholic and Apostolic Church. She has not hesitated to warm Church. She has not hesitated to warn emperors and kings, states and govern-ments against infractions of the primal law of marriage—"What God hath joined together let no man put

The enforcement of this Divine law has been maintained against frightful odds and has caused her many a grievous wound. But in the whole history of that age-long struggle the closest in vestigator will fail to find a single in stance where the Church has proved recreant to her sacred duty or failed t pronounce her anothermas against those who would set at defiance the wise law who would set at defiance the wise laws of the Supreme Legislator of the universe. And what she said in the past on this question, so fundamental to the interests of society, that she repeats in the twentieth century. She is the only force in the world to day which stands like a wall of brass against the onrush of human passion, and wherever her influence is impaired there the flood-gates of immorality have been opened wide as of immorality have been opened wide as impartial statistics prove. She claims to-day the God-given right to legislate on all questions relative to the valid and licit reception of the sacrament of marriage. She indeed willingly con-cedes that the civil rights and obligations of married people may be regulated by the civil power. But all the power of all the parliaments of men can never deprive her of what she holds from the commission of the King of kings—the guardianship of the searment of marrimory. Human lawsecrament of matrimony. Human law-givers may legislate until their statute books equal in bulk the pyramids of Egypt but they will never be able to make her admit as valid in the sight of God marriages which she declares to be invalid and adulterous or vice versa.

invalid and adulterous or vice versa.

The Catholic Church, my brethren, is and always has been the friend, the promoter, the defender of liberty—individual liberty, political liberty and liberty of conscience. When that Church, so often misrepresented as the foe of human liberty, began her divine work in the world she found the greater part of the human race in fetters. In those early days the laboring man way a slave. But the Church hears at In those early days the laboring man was a slave. But the Church began at once the herculean task of freeing him from his chains. It was arduous work but she persevered and "in the transition" but she persevered and "In the transition from slavery to serfdom and in the transition from serfdom to liberty she was the most zealous, the most unwearied was the most realous, the most unwearied and the most efficient agent," as more than one non Catholic historian testifies. And it is the same to day. Any bonest observer of our times must admit that the truest friend and staunchest defender of the rights and liberties of the toiling masses is the Catholic Church. The immortal encyclical of the late Pope Leo XIII. on "The condition of the working classes" "The condition of the working classes" has been declared by sociologists of all religions and of none as the sounderst and most transparent pronouncement ever made on the questions arising out of the perennial strife between capital and labor.

Again, my brethren, the Catholic Church has always battled not only for the liberty of the individual but also for the defence of civil and political liberty. The whole history of the Church and her Supreme Pontiffs is the history of an incessant struggle against the absolutism, the tyranny and despotism of civil rulers. Time and time again have the Popes resisted the insatiable greed and ambitions of tyrannical sovereigns—of the Pagan Emperors of Rome, of Atilia, Alaric and Genseric, the barbarian successors of the Casars, of Frederick Barbarossa, of King John of England, of Napoleon, the would be dictator of Europe, and the rest. In a word, the value of the Catholic Church has ever been raised in the name of Christ against the oppressor and on behalf of Again, my brethren, the Catholic

the oppressed of all nations and of all times. And if to-day, my friends, we Canadians are a free people living

cames. And if to-day, my friends, we Canadians are a free people living in a free country we owe it, yes, I repeat, we owe it entirely to the uncompromising stand taken by the Catholic Church in past ages in the cause of civil and political freedom. All English liberties are Catholic. The Magna Charta, the great charter of British freedom. was wanted from King. British freedom, was wrung from King John by the Catholic barons and bishop of his kingdom. It was written and sealed by Catholic hands. Representsealed by Catholic hands. Representative government is Catholic in its origin; so too are trial by jury, fixed courts of justice, the Habeas Corpus Act, taxation only by the consent of the people, and so on to the end of the litany of our liberties as British freemen. And it is a remarkable historical fact that of all the European States which come into evidence after the fall formation of which the Catholic Church exerted the greatest influence was Eng-land and England has always been in her constitution the freest state in Christendom, if we except the three ceuturies which have followed her violent separation from the Mother Church. So you see that the motto of the Catholic Church has ever been that of one of her illustrious sons: "Give me liberty or give me death." Strange and paradoxical as may have

seemed to some, many of the things which I have already said, the last point which I have already said, the last point which I am about to emphasize will no doubt seem stranger still. It is this, my brethren! The Catholic Church is and always has been the defender of religious freedom or freedom of conscience. How preposterous the statement! says the fixan whose knowledge of the Church has been obtained from a perusal of the public press and the accusations, a thousand times refuted, of anti Catholic lec sand times retuted, or anti-Catonic lee turers. But it is true nevertheless. Be-fore seeing the truth of it, however, we must understand what is meant by free-dom of conscience, properly so-called. The non Catholic world to-day would de-The non-Catholic world to-day would define it to mean the freedom to think as a man pleases, to speak and write as he pleases, to do as he pleases—the right of self-will. But, my brethren, that is not freedom, that is not liberty; that is license and as such is condemned and rightly so by the Catholic Church. True freedom, true liberty is something very different. It is the right of a man to serve God according to the dictates of his conscience. True liberty is based on law, on the law of God and means nothing more and nothing less than the right of the individual to obey the voice right of the individual to obey the voice of His Maker, or what he considers as such, speaking to his heart and conscience. Liberty is not then the right to do what a man pleases, but on the contrary the obligation of doing what his conscience tells him is his duty towards God. Counterfeit liberty is that which claims the right to stifle the voice of convenience the right to stifle the right. of conscience, the right to sin, the right to depart from God and His holy laws. the right to send the soul to perdition

the right to send the soul to perdition and to involve others in its ruin.

Now, my friends, taking freedom of conscience in its true sense I say that the Catholic Church has never violated it, but always defended it. And if certain facts in history seem to prove the contrary, it will be found on examination that what the Church opposed was not liberty but license. She punished these when wented to get away from God not liberty but license. She punished those who wanted to get away from God not those who wanted to draw near to those who wanted to get away from God not those who wanted to draw near to Him by the observance of His holy law. She punished those who, not content to dama their own souls, endesvored to drag others with them to perdition, after having first robbed them of their liberty as children of God, and of that truth of Christ which is the source of true Christian freedom, the freedom true Christian freedom—the freedom wherewith Christ has made us free.

Did I not speak truly, then, my brethren, when I said that the opening of this new church should be an occasion for rejoicing for you and for all the people of this section of the Province of Ontario? And I know that you do rejoice to day and I know that you have the best wishes of all the best citizens of London no matter where or how they worship our common Father. May this trimony. Human law-ilate until their statute bulk the pyramids of sheep of this fold, and upon its zealous sheep of this fold, and upon its zealous pastor, who has been instrumental in erecting this dwelling place of God amongst men, and who is one of the dearest friends I have in the prieshood of this diocese. May the plenitude of Divine benediction ever rest upon this sacred edifice and upon the school which is the nursery of the Church and of the Christian commonwealth. May an abundance tian commonwealth. May an abundance of Divine favors be ever showered upon this new centre of Catholic enterprise and activity to enable it to do yeeman service in this corner of the vineyard of the Lord for the honor and praise of God, for the glorification of Jesus Christ, for the exaltation of His Holy Church, for the salvation of souls, for the sanctification of society and for the peace, prosperity and happiness of our beloved fatherland.

beloved fatheriand.

At the conclusion of Holy Mass His
Lordship the Bishop of London addressed
the congregation. His words were of a
warm, congratulatory and encouraging
character. He said he wished to
associate himself intimately with the great joy of witnessing the opening of St. Martin's Church in South London, and he felt assured the pasto and he felt assured and people would work together in all harmony and unity for the interest of the Church and for the glory of God. He expected to see ere long a est of the Church and for the glory of God. He expected to see ere long a Catholic Church in every town and village in the diocese where Catholics resided. He asked the congregation of St. Martin's to give a whole-hearted encouragement to their pastor.

Solemn Vespers were sung in the service His Lordship the Bishop of

deau, was a most generous one, showing that the people not only of St. Martin's parish but elsewhere in the city took a warm interest in this latest addition to London's pastoral charges.

The regular choir was augmented largely by talent from the choirs of the other churches of the city. At the close of his address the Right Rev. Bishop warmly commended the members upon the sweet and powerful soprano voice of Miss Katie McLaughlin was a notable feature of the occasion.

CHESTERTON ON NEWMAN

Newman, had he marched with his age, would have been inevitably recognized as the greatest of its children. Instead he chose deliberately to set himself against his age. No one will Instead he chose deliberately to set himself against his age. No one will ever understand the greatness of the man who does not realize that he lived in a time when for an intelligent man to join the Catholic Church was regarded join the Catholic Church was regarded as an outrage on common sense or common honesty. Kingsley probably had the general opinion with him when he said bluntly that a man who professed to believe in the intercession of saints or in miracles worked by relics must be either a hypocrite or a fool. For all the representative men of that era, however different their talents, temperaments, or opinions, for Dickens, for Macaulay, for Carlyle, for Mill, for Huxley, the Catholic Church was not so much an enemy as a thing simply left behind.

left behind.
We have left all that behind. People may still think the Catholic dectrine untrue. But no one is now surprised at an intellectual man believing them. an intellectual man believing them. Kingsley's sarcasms sound strange in the ears of a generation which has seen, in England, in France, everywhere, the ablest minds one after another returning to the old European philosophy. But all this should not make us forget to honer a man who accounted it when But all this should not make us forget to honor a man who accepted it when its acceptance presented itself to the mass of well educated people as an alter-native between lunacy and lying. The intellectual revival of Catholicism which these days have millioned. these days have witnessed was in no small degree his work; but to that work his own fame was sacrificed—and he hardly lived to see it was accomp-

lished.

Now, of course, the situation is in the acutest degree reversed. Newman, so far from being sneered at as a reaction-ary, is often acclaimed as the founder of "Modernism." The accusation is fully as unjust and much crueller. Newman was certainly never a Modern-ist. Even before his reception he had put his firger on Pantheism as the great put his firger on Pantheism as the great peril of the age; and most Modernism works out a Pantheism. It is true that the Modernists have tried to use some of Newman's ideas ("the easier one Matthew Arnold's Arminus said) but Newman would certainly have hated the muddle headed thing as he would have scorned the absurd name. It is, however, true that there were elements in the Catholic organization in England that regarded Newman with a tinge of distrust, and that he was not given as free a hand as might have been wise. For this reason his genius never, perhaps, produced all the effect that it ought to have done in defence of the Church to which from the moment he joined if he was passionately loyal.—N.

Most of us have had moments of thinking that the work that has been given us to do is beneath us. But if the work in itself be commonplace, all the more reason why we should devote our thoughts to the bask of dignifying it. There can be beauty and worth in it. There can be beauty and worth in every life. If we bear in mind that we are to render service. "As unto the Lord, and not unto men," there is no danger that the service will not be dignified.

THIS WASHER MUST PAY FOR

show the main wanted to either.

Bo I told him I wanted to my the horse for a month. He said "All right," but you back your money if the horse in't, and ril gible.

Well, I dien't like that.
I was afreid the horse was 'n' "all right" and that I might have to which for my messey if I once parted with it. Se I didn't buy the horse, although I wanted horse, although I wanted

it bedly. New, this see me thinking.
You see I make Washing Machines—the "1900 Gravity" Washer.
And I said to myself, lots of people may think the heree, and about my bearing Machine as I thought about my Washing Machine as I chought about my washing Machine as I can be the heree, and about the man who owned it.
But I'd never know, because they would write and tell me. You see I sell my Washing write and tell me. You see I sell my Washing ion that way. So, thought I, it is only enough to let people try my Washing Machine for a month, before they pay for them, just as wanted to try the horse. "1000 Gravity" Washing will have the horse. "1000 Gravity" Washing will will wash the clothes, without will wash the clothes, without will wash the clothes, without time they can be washed by hand or by any other machine.
I know it will wash a tub full of very dirty.

wearing or tearing them, in less than half the time they can be washed by hand or by any other machine. I know it will wash a tub full of very dirty clothes in Six Minutes. I know no other machine ever invented can do that, without wearing the clothes. Our "1900 Gravity" Washer does the work so casy that a child can run it almost as well as a strong woman, and it don't wear the clothes. Firsy the edges, nor break buttons, the way all other machines do.

It just drives soapy water clear through the fibres of the clothes like a vore pump might.

So, said I to myself, will do with my "100 Gravity" Washer whe I wanted the man to de with the orself of the control of the control of the control of the clothes like a foreign of the control of the control

Address me personally—E. X. Bach, Manager 1900 Washer Co., 357 Yonge St., Toronto

FIVE-MINUTE SERMON

FIFTH SUNDAY AFTER EASTER SINS OF THE TONGUE

And if any man think himself to be religious, not bridling his tongue, but deceiving his own heart, this man's religion is vain. (St. James i. 26).

My dear brethren, we see by these words that we have a rule by which to find out whether or not we deserve to be called sincere Christians or hypocrites. It order to be a sincere Christian, what has a man to do? He has to get control of himself; to get his soul and all that it can desire subject to the law of God; to get all pride, covetousness, lust, anger, envy, gluttony, and sloth under the control of his own will; to get that will subject to and one with the will of God; and, what is more, he must keep himself. subject to and one with the will of God; and, what is more, he must keep himself in this state of mind at least so far as to restrain himself from committing mortal sin and the graver venial sins if he desire sincerely to keep his soul well out of danger. He who acts thus is a truly good man, and that man's religion in not vain.

is not vain.

What is the first thing to be done to begin to live in this way? It is to examine and see in what way a man committs the greater number of sins. One will soon find that the tongue of man is the means by which a man sins most frequently and in the most devilish manner. For, says St. James, "The tongue is a fire, a world of iniquity, . . . defileth the whole body, . . . being set on fire by hell." We see from this how dangerous to the soul is the tongue of man. As we do see this, are we not bound to keep in check, at all costs, this source of evil? Any one can see that,

source of evil? Any one can see that, if he does not bridle his tongue, his reif he does not bridle his budge, his ligion is vain indeed. In fact, it is nothing but a merely outward show. It is hypocrisy of the worst kind. But what are the sins of the tongue we most

They are blasphemies, curses, and They are biasphemies, curses, and oaths; the retailing of our neighbors' faults with delight and evident pleasure; quarrels, bickerings, constant reproaches for faults that are past, gone, and even sincerely repented of long ago; immodest and impure conversations, with jokes and stories a heathen feels ashamed of; hints and little words that seem almost nothing, yet injuring ashamed of; hints and little words that seem almost nothing, yet injuring seriously the reputation of one, separating friends, and making even those near and dear to each other by ever tie cold and distant for a long time, if not for the rest of their lives. God deliver us all from the evil tongue! It works in our very homes. The husband becomes by it hitterness and gall to his wife and family. The wife becomes a torture to husband and children. Both by it make home a curse instead of a blessing, and husband and children. Both by it make home a curse instead of a blessing, and separate those of whom the word of God declares, "Whom God hath joined together let no man put asunder." Too often do we see sad examples of this kind. Too often do we find such a husband, who is like a roaring wild beast in his home, is like a roaring wild beast in his home, and a wife whose tongue once set going, even for a slight cause, is like a clock running down, or like the mill-clapper, so often used as a figure of an unruly tongue. The bad tongue of a child is the ruin of all in the house. That child is a tale-bearer and a traitor against those who heret him. A detestable is a tale-bearer and a traitor against those who begot him. A detestable habit of the evil tongue is what the world calls "damning our neighbor with faint praise," or, in other words, praising him highly, even to the skies, and putting in a little word of evil that destroys him all the more surely. One will excuse himself by saying: "But, after all, I spoke well of him. It can't do any harm!" Yet he knows in his inmost soul he has ruined or seriously injured his neighbor. How would I feel if I were spoken of in this manner? is the question one should have asked himself before he said a word.

How common is it to find persons the moment they see anything wrong done by another or hear of it hurry in great any one the sin of your neighbor, unless any one the sin of the save an innocent person or another from damage of some kind. This damage must be serious to oblige one damage must be serious to oblige one to tell, even then, the sin of another, for he is equally obliged by God not to

tell it under ordinary circumstan Remember, then, that no one can be a true Christian unless he keeps from these sins by bridling his tongue. Otherwise, as the text declare, "this man's religion is vain."

"PAPAL PREJUDICE" AND "METHODISTS METHODS IN ROME"

From Rome

The following article will appear in the Southern Press during the present month. The author has kindly allowed us to publish it also in Rome.

The Editor of the Australian Christian Commonwealth published in the issue of that paper for 12th January 1912 a letter from a Rev. W. Burgess Methodist Minister, Rome, on "Papal Prejudice." The object of the writer was an attempt to vindicate the actions of his co-religionists, the Methodists, in was an attempt to vindicate the actions of his co-religionists, the Methodists, in Italy, which formed the subject of some articles in the Southern Cross. In this attempted vindication, the Rev. William

DYSPEPSIA MADE HIM MISERABLE

Suffered Agony Until "Fruit-a-fives" Cured Him

Hundreds of people gladly testify to the wonderful curative powers of the famous fruit medicine, "Fruit-a-tives". To those now suffering with Indigestion, Dyspepsia or other Stomach Troubles, this letter of Mr. Stirling, the well known real estate operator of Western Ontario, shows the way to a speedy and certain cure.

Ontario, shows the way to a speedy and certain cure.

GLENCOB, ONT., AUG. 15th. 1911

"Fruit-a-tives were so beneficial to me when I suffered with distressing Dyspepsia, that I wish to inform you of their satisfactory results.

Although I have, in past, suffered agony with Dyspepsia, I am now in perfect health. "Fruit-a-tives" accomplished the desired result"

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neral, some of which conclude with e refrain "concrete cases, you see." the refrain "concrete cases, you see.' Yes, concrete cases without concretion Yes, concrete cases without concretion.
Once, in a negative way, he appeals to arithmetic; perhaps he is something of a mathematician, and may regard figures with more interest and respect than he does the authority of his co-religionists.
We shall treat him to some in the course

The Rev. W. Burgess says implicitly at least, that no money was ever given to any Roman Catholic to embrace the Protestant faith, nor were any garments ever distributed with the same intent. The Rev. Dr. Stackpole, Methodist minister in his work "Four and One half Years in the Italy Mission" (already quoted by the Southern Cross) says that both money and garments were distributed with that intent. Besides the evidence of Dr. Stackpole let us take that of one of the Annual Reports of the Missionary Society of the Methodist, Episcopal Church, that for instance for the year 1906. The figures in that The Rev. W. Burgess says implicitly the year 1906. The figures in Report for Italy are rather interesting From it we learn that during the previ-From it we learn that during the previous ten years the Italian Episcopal Missionary Society received from their brethren in America almost half a million dollars, 2,500,000 francs; and the report informs us that the Italian Methodist gleanings from foreign sources during the previous year, 1905, was 500,000 francs. The issue of Rome for September 7, 1907, has an instructive paragraph on the import of the statistics given in the report referred to. Rome says (page 111:) "But there is one part of the precious report which remains a mystery in the light of these marvellous victories (claimed by the Methodists) and of this profuse expenditure of American dollars. We turn over to pages 118:119 (of the Methodists' official report) for the statistics, expecting to We will examine the education ques-

report) for the statistics, expecting to find many millions of Italian Methodists, and Rome half converted. What we learn however is this: in Italy and Italian Switzerland there are about 34,000,000 of people, and the Methodists among them, including both members and probationers, total exactly 3,449; and probationers, total exactly 3,115, Rome, which is well over the half million mark, contains 266 Methodist members and probationers. How many of the 3,449 and the 267 are Italians, and how by another of hear of it husry in great by another or hear of it husry in great glee to tell it at once! Do we not know, my dear brethren, that such a some is a scandalizer of men, and that one is a scandalizer of men, and that the Christian rule requires us to be silent then under pain of sin? But the greater the evil done the more degreater the evil done with the education question. John Francis Maguire, in his valuable work "Rome: its Rulers and the greater the evil done with the education question. John Francis Maguire, in his valuable work "Rome: its Rulers and the greater the evil done with the education question. John Francis Maguire, in his valuable work "Rome: its Rulers and the greater the evil done with the education question. John Francis Maguire, in his valuable work "Rome: its Rulers and the greater the evil done with the education question. John Francis Maguire, in his valuable work "Rome: its Rulers and the greater the evil done with the education question. John Francis Maguire, in his valuable work "Rome: its Rulers and the greater the evil done with the education question. John Francis Maguire, in his valuable work "Rome: its Rulers and the greater the evil done with the education question. John Francis Maguire, in his valuable work "Rome: its Rulers and the greater the evil done with the education question. John Francis Maguire, in his valuable work "Rome: its Rulers and the greater the evil done with the education and probable work "Rome: Its Rulers and the probable work "R the 500,000 francs spent on Italian Methodism last year has resulted in a net gain over the numbers of the previous first firs ous year of just 75 persons, which works out at 6,666 francs per every additional Methodist; that at the same rate of expenditure and the same rate of progress it will take 12,500,000,000 francs, and it will take 12,000,000,000 francs, and 36,000 years to convert the Italian people from the errors of popery to the light of Methodism. Unfortunately there are several flaws in the calculation, for we find that in some respects, Italian Methodism is going back. The lest report for instance appearances that last report, for instance, announces that there were 32 'native preachers' on

there were 32 'native preachers' on the field, whereas the previous one registered 55; we note also that in the space of one brief year these 32 aided by the 9 foreign missionaries of Method-ism baptized as many as 2 adult and 86 infant Italian Methodists, while in the previous year the baptisms of adults were no fewer than 5 and of infants 87. This means a diminution of 6 baptisms in the year—but it must be remembered that there were 23 fewer missionaries to do the work. If then, according to the Rev. W. Bur-

gess, this huge expenditure of American dollars is not made with the intent of inducing the Italian Catholics to embrace the Protestant faith, perhaps he articles in the Southern Cross. In this attempted vindication, the Rev. William Burgess indulges in a number of vague general statements, evades the questions at issue, and tries to vilify the Pope and the Church of Rome.

The Rev. W. Burgess belongs to the part of the Protestant body in Rome that calls itself Methodists, whose chief newspaper is the Evangelista, the same Revauch and the callong to any Church. Evangelista which a short time ago said, that calls itself Methodists, whose chief newspaper is the Evangelista, the same Evangelista which a short time ago said, referring to the Asino the foulest paper ever published: "There are fields of common activity in which we can give one another the hand of brotherhood in the holy war on the heresy and obscurantism of Rome." So much by way of introducing the Rev. W. Burgess and the society to which he belongs.

The Methodist apologist either disregards or implicitly denies statements made by one of his own brethren, Dr. Everard S. Stackpole, as quoted by the Southern Cross; he also disregards the evidence against him and his thesis of other non-Catholic authorities; and all his charges and defences are vague and

tinues the Standard) says that in 1872 the census showed 58,561 Protestants in Italy, and the present census counts 65,595—an increase of 15 per cent. in forty years." (In the meanwhite the general population of Italy has increased over 30 per cent). Dr. Wendt is forced to contess: "The Roman Catholic See how long since lost all fear of Protestant growth in this country, and treats the propagands with profound indifference. How is the failure (he continues) of growth in this country, and treats the propaganda with profound indifference. How is the failure (be continues) of Protestantism in Italy to be accounted for? Certainly it cannot be attributed to any lack of zeal on the part of the evangelical sects at work in this field. Hundreds of pastors, evangelists and teachers are enroiled, among them not a few men of ability and character. Their budget of expenses is estimated at between \$1,500,000 and \$2 000,000 annually (that is from 7,500,000 to 10,000,000 francs annually.) By far the larger part of this great sum is contributed from foreign sources. Take away this American and British missionary money and foreign sources. Take away this American and British missionary money and two-thirds of the Protestant churches and schools of Italy would be out of ex-

and schools of Italy would be out of existence."
"How about Methodist activity in
the Eternal" City (the Standard continues)? Let Dr. Wendt answer the
question: "The American Methodist
Episcopal church," says Dr. Wendt,
"has a splendid plant in Rome, spent
some \$100,000 annually in Italy for missionary work, conducts colleges and
schools, supports some 70 pastors, and is
certainly very much in earnest. Yet at
the English service we recently attended, only 35 persons were present.
This may have been due, in part, to the
absence of the senior pastor in America.
Its Italian services, are, of course. absence of the senior pastor in America.
Its Italian services, are, of course, better attended, particularly in Rome, where an eloquent minister attracts excellent audiences. Yet these are, in good part, made up of the employees of its publishing house and its colleges. An average attendance of 50 persons may be safely allowed for the Methodist parishes of Italy."

These statistics are too clear for com-These statistics are too clear for comment. The Methodist mission has been abundantly proved a failure as an evangelising society; but a source of great revenue to the Italian kingdom.

great revenue to the Italian kingdom.

The Rev. W. Burgess waxes eloquent on the ignorance and immorality of the Italians in the Papal States under the Papal Government, and here he ventures to give us some statistics—but such statistics: "Where he got them, he does not tell us. "Why," he says, "50 years ago under Papal rule in no case perish in the Panal States was there one parish in the Papal States was there a school for girls;" and you might have "walked through parish after parish without finding aman who could read . . . When Victor Emmanuel took possession of the Papal States in '70 only 5 per cent. of the population could read and write, and the percentage of illegitimate children in this holy territory was higher than in any other country in Europe." "What a heritage," he wails out, "for United Italy to take hold

We will examine the education question first. According to the above statement there was not "a single school for girls" in the Papal States fifty years ago, that is in 1861. But Morichini, in his work Istituti di pubblica carita, first published 1835, tells us, Part IV Degl' Istituti d'istruzione primaria, that, in 1835, there were in Rome alone 55 Regionary schools for boys and girls, with a total of 14,099 pupils, and this when the population of Kome was only with a total of 14,000 publis, and this when the population of Kome was only 150,000; and these schools, be it noted too, were only the Regionary primary schools. The total number of boys in the schools for boys only was 4,809; the the sonois for boys only was the schools for girls only was 4,490; and the total number of boys and girls in the mixed infant schools was 4,800. From these figures it is clear how the children of Rome, boys and girls alike, were provided with the means of education in 1835. We are not yet done with the education genial element, and indeed essential to her safety, it has been, as it ever will be, her policy to discourage the progress of education, and thus retain the human education, and thus retain the human mind in a convenient state of intellectual twilight. This is no wornout and obsolete accusation which one has to search for in some musty volume, or dig out of some rust-eaten record of a past age. On the contrary it is the one of all others, most frequently made at this very day, by those who desire to misrepresent the Church; and it is the one of all others, most readily credited by the Protestant most readily credited by the Protestant public of these countries." Later on, page 252, he says: "Let us see if Rome really merits praise on this account,"

means to you.

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her schools.

At page 275 we find: "Nor is it advisable to go through a list of the schools for female children, which are intended for those of every class and condition in life, from the daughter of the prince, to the poor deserted child of the street. The conservatories alone would make a long list, to say nothing of the public schools under the care of the Maestre Pie. ONE OF WHICH, AT LEAST, IS TO BE FOUND IN EVERY PARISH." LEAST, IS TO BE FOUND IN EVERY PARISH. (The capitals are ours). Here is a first contradiction of the statement made by the Rev. W. Burgess. But let us quote Maguire still further. He says, page 285 of the same work:

"Cardinal Morichini states that, in 1841, there were in Rome 27 institutions and 387 schools for the instruction of the children of the poorer portion of the public. Of these 180 were for children, or infants of both sexes; and, of the republic. Of these 180 were for children, or infants of both sexes; and, of the remainder, 94 were exclusively devoted to males and 113 to females. The total number of scholars in 'elementary schools 'amounted, at that time, to 14, 157. Of these, 3,790 were of the infant class; and of those of more advanced years, 5,544 were males, and 4 823 were females. In 'gratuitous' elementary schools, 7,579 received their education; namely 3,952 boys and 3,627 girls. In schools 'paying a small pension,' there were 1,592 males, and 1, 96 female making a total in such schools of 2,788.

In addition 2 213 children of both sexes, learned the rudiments of education in special conservatories and hospitals. Not to go beyond the Night schools and the schools of the Christian Brothers, the increase is very marked since the time that Morichini wrote. The acknobl of the former description

The schools of the former description have increased from 8 to 13, and their scholars from 1,000 to 1,600. Besides, the present Pope (Pope Pins IX.) has himself established a number of schools for children of both sexes, and does all in his power, by pecuniary aid as well as by other modes of encourageas well as by other modes of encouragement, to promote new schools throughout the Papal States, and to enlarge or otherwise improve, those already in existence. So much for primary education. Let us see now what Maguire has to tell us regarding higher education in the Papal States." He says (page 288 of same work): "There are 7 Universities in the Papal States

Universities in the Papal States -namely, those of Ferrara, Bologna, Urbino, Macerata, Camerino, Perugia and Rome. In each there is taught a and Rome. In each there is taught of complete course of Theology, Jurisprudence, Philosophy, Medicine and Surgery, besides other branches. The Universities of Rome and Bologna are of the first class, and in these is taught, in stitutions which I have given, it may be supposed that the number of students receiving a first-class education in the rejective and in the principal great Universities and in the principal Seminaries is considerable. By the latest returns I find that the number of Ferrara, 3,706. Then Ancona has 2,515 Catholics of

Bearing in mind now the great stride Bearing in mind now the great statics that education has made in every civilized country during the past fifty years, let us turn to the statistics which the Guida Monaci, a publication by no means favorable to the Papacy or the Catholic Church, has to show us regarding the great things which United Italy has done for education, during this past half century. We naturally, judging from the tone in which the Rev. W. Burgess speaks, expect to find all or nearly all of its subjects able to read and write; but alas: what do we find

and Ceilings

place for vermin.

cost is very low and when once on is good for a life time.

Vermin-proof, fire-proof, and easily kept clean by simply wiping with a damp cloth. Just imagine the comfort this

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ordinary kitchen wall and ceilings clean. They get discolored with smoke, dirt and

grease stains so quickly, and damp with steam. This makes the average kitchen

very unsanitary and a regular breeding

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PRINCIPAL CITIES

that is on account of the abundance of instead. The Guida Monaci for 1912, page 348, tells us that the number of analisabeti, or those unable to read or write, in the Roman Province is: "From write, in the Roman Province is: "From 6 to 21 years of age, 38 per cent. of the male sex, and 51 per cent. of the female sex; and of those from 21 years of age upwards, 38 per cent. of the males and 55 per cent. of the females cannot read or write. Behold now what United Italy has done in fifty years for the education of its subjects. After fifty years of boasted progress 45 per cent. of Italy's population cannot read or write."

We now pass on to consider the questional population of the property of the

population cannot read or write."

We now pass on to consider the question of the morality of the Italians under Papal rule. Speaking of the great Hospital of Santo Spirito, Maguire, in the work already quoted, says (page 192):
"The avarage number of children received during the year is about 900; but of these, not more than 600, or two-thirds, are illegitimate—the remaining 300 are the offspring of poor and needy, perhaps in some instances of heartless parents, who, from various causes and motives, adopt this ready mode of providing for them, or getting rid of them.

"(194) . . The number 900 may seem very great, as represent-

... (194) ... The number 900 may seem very great, as representing the annual average received; but it should be stated that the hospital of should be stated that the hospital of Santo Spirito affords an asylum not only to the foundlings of Rome, but to those of the provinces of Sabina, Frosinone, Velletri, and the Comarca, and also dis-tricts on the borders of the kingdom of tricts on the borders of the kingdom of Naples. Now we may safely say that the number of illegitimate children given above, that is 600 a year, practically represents the total number for the region stated, a region as large as the Roman Province of to-day, and which then had somewhat more than half the population of the Roman Province of to-day. Let us see how the 600 illegitimate children a year in Papal times compares with statistics of to-day under the very 'moral' government of United Italy. We turn again to the Guida Monaci for information, and we find there, at page 347, that the and we find there, at page 347, that the number of illegitimate children in the Roman Province for the year 1909 was 5,856 of whom 1,142 were found exposed and unclaimed. Behold now what United Italy has done and is doing to reconstant the morality of its subjects. promote the morality of its subjects. But this is not all, for we have to-day what was practical unknown in the days of Papal rule—we have infanticide and race suicide. Surely the outlook for Italy is anything but consoling when we find in one year 15 per cent. of the births of its subjects illegitimate.

A few words more and we are done A few words more and we are done, for the present at least, with the Rev. W. Burgess and his letter to the "Australian Christian Commonwealth." Towards the end of his letter he writes: "If the Papacy is the uplifting, healthful force its upholders tell us it is, how the research for the feat that the do you account for the fact that the nations which have been most under its influence are uniting to cast it off and drive it from their midst? . . there must be something wrong in a man when all his friends unite in condemning him."

Here just lies the fallers, it is not his friends but his enemies that condemn him. It is not the Catholics of France latest returns I find that the number of this class of students amounts to 28,899 —a vast number indeed, especially when contrasted with the smallness of the aggregate population of the Papal States. Attending the Roman University the number is 1,051 — that of Bologna, 1,050—Macerata 1,313—Perugia, 1,137—Pesaro and Urbino, 5,178—Ferrara, 3,706. Then Ancona has 2,515 — Catholics of these countries though they Ferrara, 3,706. Then Ancona has 2,515 catholics of these countries though they scholars of the higher grade, Ascoli, them, in the practice of their religion, one thing is certain that at the hour of 28,899 is made up." death it is to the Catholic Church airs Minister that they turn for the last religious rites. Let the Rev. W. Burgess read the daily reports from Tripoli and he will see the place that the Catholic Church has in the hearts of all those poor soldiers who are now facing death. The Italian may accept food and raiment from the Methodist, but he will seek his soul's salvation through the ministry of the Catholic priest.—

CHILDREN AND NEWSPAPERS

Veritas.

There is nothing which gives a right minded grown-up so much of a shock as to see a boy or girl devouring the daily paper. The newspaper is not milk for babies. Your Kitchen Walls

The American press, said Mr. A. Maurice Low in his lecture on "Journal-Maurice Low in insteaded to both and is is at the level of the lowest reader. And the paper that dishes up orime and scandal is bad enough for adults without letting the child defile himself with it. Anyway

child defile himself with it. Anyway
the boy or girl does not need to keep up
with the latest news.

Anyone who has been away from his
daily paper for several weeks at a time
knows how little news of real importance
he misses. It is far from being essential
therefore, with the child who would be
better employed in getting his lessons. better employed in getting his lesson Many Catholic parents need to exact

Many Catholic parents need to examine their consciences on this matter. It is so hard for them to believe that any moral harm can come to their children And so they wink at the free use of the paper in the family.

It begins with the childs desire to see the "funny pictures," and from that it is but a step to the salacious divorce case or murder mystery. For much of this, the comic supplement is accountable.

In itself it is far from desirable. Mr. Low declares it responsible in a great

In itself it is far from desirable. Mr. Low declares it responsible in a great measure for the bad manners and rudeness of American children. "It eradicates," says he, "all the good done by instructors and parents in the art of reading, and so forth." It is pleasing



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to see that some of the papers have been prevailed upon to dis-continue these lurid appeals to the child

With the "funny pictures" gone there With the "funny pictures gone there will be no excuse for exposing innocent minds to the knowledge of crime which, no matter how delicately it be told, occupies so much of the daily paper.—Boston Pilot.

When our Blessed Lord was twelve when our blessed Lord was twelve years of age, the Gospel tells us that He was subject to His foster-father and the Blessed Virgin. What a grand and conforting thing it would be if all our children would follow His blessed

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And because we prepare them in this delicious way. This best of the oat foods - this cream of the oats - costs

but one-half cent per dish. Does it pay, do you think, to get a lesser

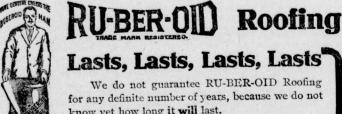
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CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

MAKING A VACATION PAY MAKING A VACATION PAY
What a miracle of change is wrought
in our great city population between
the months of June and October!
Pale, emaciated, nervous, care-worn, excitable, fractious, touchy men sre transformed as if by magic. Sun-burned
obeeks replace faded ones; dull, tired
eyes regain their luster, and legging
steps are quickened into vigorous ones.
The tight-drawn lines of auxiety and
diacouragement are ironed out, and a
hopeful, buoyant expression takes their
place.

hopeful, buoyant expression takes their place.

Many men of great natural ability go through life doing mediocese work most of the time, because they never learn the secret of re-creating, refreshing, nenewing themselves. There are multitudes of people whose work would improve immensely if they could only learn how to renew, re-create themselves. The sanity and power of all the mental faculties depend upon it. How quickly our courage, enthusiasm, hope, faith, self-confidence, the ability to stick begin to weaken the moment the brain fags! One single hour of intense concentrated effort is worth more than days of trying to force the brain, in second-class condition, to do first-class work.

Most men underestimate the tremendous importance of mental freshness and vigor. Good thinking can only come from a clear brain, and a clear brain is dependent upon pure blood; and only good food, plenty of sleep, lots of play, good, healthy recreation in the open air, and mental harmony, can make fresh blood.

It is force, vigor, robustness, spontanes.

ity, that count in one's creative work.

If these qualities are absent, the product must be inferior. No great work duct must be inferior. No great work can be accomplished by an overworked or fagged brain. Many people work hard so many hours during the week that they do not have sufficient rest or recreation on Sunday to get rid of the brain asb, the broken down tissues, from the week's work. You may be sure that when your head feels thick and dull and you have great difficulty in concentrating your mind, there are enemies of your efficiency in your blood in the way of poisons, worn-out dead cells that you your efficiency in your blood in the way of poisons, worn-out dead cells that you must get rid of. Much of this can be done by thinking, by mental chemistry, if you know how to do it, but nothing will take the place of that refreshment and self-renewal which come from plenty of outdoor exercise, sleep and recreation. Forced recreation, exercise taken for the sake of health, amount to very little. The right mental attitude has everything to do with affecting what is desired.

Men who have never learned to play heartily and have spent their lives strenuously in a business or professions have a very hard time to learn to occupy the mind in an enjoyable way while not at work. Many business men seem to think that absolute rest, inactivity, is the kind of vacation they need, but this is often the hardest and most unprofitable kind of work.

I know a man who takes his vacation just as people take a disagreeable medicine, not because he wants to, but because he thinks he needs it, because he is forced to. His vacation is a bore to him because he never has taken time from his strenuous life to learn how to play or how to enjoy himself. He Men who have never learned to play

time from his strenuous life to learn how to play or how to enjoy himself. He can not play golf, tennis, or croquet, or even cards. He knows nothing of any game. He does not enjoy books.

any game. He does not enjoy books. Society bores him.

To get the most good out of your vacation you must give vourself to it with your whole heart. You must not hear the hum of your factory, you must not carry with you the burdens and perplexities which have pinned you down and robbed you of your comfort, which have wearied and annoyed you for so many months. If you do, you will return the same wearied, fretting, unhappy mortal that you were when you went away.

WE OUGHT NOT TO NEED VACATIONS

Every day ought to be a holiday. It is all wrong to look upon life as a drudgery, as a hardship. It should be a perpetual joy. There ought to be recreation in every hour's work; a buoyancy and a love for it which would kill all sense of drudgery, but unfortunately we have not yet reached that ideal state and until we do we need vacations.

People who work all the time become as dry, and parched and dreary as a desert without rain.

a desert without rain.

Do not think, my friend, that because you are hustling every minute, because you "keep everlastingly at it," you are accomplishing the maximum of your capability. Your little trips in the country, the time you spent taking a friend out sailing, may really count for much more in your great life work than the same time spent grinding in your office or factory.

office or factory.

One of the best vacation investments is the increasing of one's acquaintances, is the making of new friends. Sometimes is the making of new friends. Sometimes
the best things that have come to us
have resulted from acquaintances
formed on our travels and vacations.
Get rid of this idea that is ingrained in most of us that when we are not evermost of us that when we are not ever-lastingly grinding away at our work, we are wasting time or opportunity. Even from a monetary standpoint a man often makes more as the result of his vacation, increasing his power, his efficiency, than he ever does during the same time in his office or factory.

NO MUSTS IN A VACATION

NO MUSTS IN A VACATION

I know people whose idea of a vacation is an opportunity to write a book, paint a picture, or to do something which they have not had time or opportunity to do before. A vacation for a hard worker ought to mean freedom from all "musts." Many people are such victims of the imperious "must," they have such a conviction that they must do this, that they must do that, that when they do have a little leisure they can not enjoy it. Such a vacation is

when they do have a little leisure they can not enjoy it. Such a vacation is not holidaying at all. It is merely shifting one's work.

To get the most out of your vacation, keep the "must" out of your play. Just go out to have a jolly good time, to play, to frolic; be a boy again, forget your vacation, forget the past, be free.

The most important investment you can ever make will be that of develop-

Say that to your grocer-man, and get more value than ever you got Kelloggs . before. TOASTED

CORNO

FLAKES

H. K. Kellog

ing and cultivating, what will give you ing and cultivating, what will give you interest, occupation, and happiness in your declining years. Remember that if your whole life is spent in a rut, if all your energies are devoted to your little speciality and you gradually lose your interest in everything else, when you are finally forced out of that rut by age or iit health you will have nothing to fall back upon for satisfaction or enjoyment.

ment.
I know a multi millionaire who with all his wealth is absolutely incapable of real enjoyment, because he can not slow down, he can not shut off steam from his mental machinery after he gets through mental machinery after he gets through producing. He gives one the impression that he is always keyed up to the high-est tension. He makes one feel that there is nothing worth while outside of business; that it is the chief object and aim of life.

He has never had time to read, never He has never had time to read, never cultivated a taste for art or music or literature, has never traveled much; in fact, he is ignorant of everything outside of his business. His estbetic faculties are as dormant as when he was born. He has never developed his social instincts or faculties. He can not converse intelligently on any subject outside of his business.

Now, when this man retires, as he will shortly, what has he to retire to? Where can this old man find enjoyment and satisfaction outside of the routine of the rut he has been in for half a century?

of the rut he has been in for half a century?

He does not know how to stop. All he can do is push on, push on. He has done it so long that he can not slow down; every nerve and fiber in him is pitched to the pace that has been his life habit. What he has done nearly every day for fity years now holds him as by a visa.

It is a great thing to learn to shut off the mental steam when you quit work. What would you think of a factory manager who would leave all of his power turned on after the operators had left the factory, the delicate machinery running everywhere, pounding itself to

turned on after tas operations the factory, the delicate machinery running everywhere, pounding itself to pieces, grinding out its delicate bearings without producing anything? Many of us do not turn off our mental power after we are through producing or creating for the day. We carry our business home, take it to bed with us, think, plan, worry and waste precious energy in all sorts of ways, in superfluous thinking, foolish worrying that produces nothing, but grinds out the exquisite mental machinery and unfits it for the next day's work. It is a great art quisite mental machinery and units it for the next day's work. It is a great art to learn to shut off power when through our day's work so that we can oil our mental machinery, refresh our minds, and recuperate ourselves, so that we can go to the next day's work completely rein-

keep their minds on business even when not at work, but they really accomplish less than nothing, because they are wasting precious mental energy, the power for concentration, the vigor, the focusing of the mind, which is imperative for creating purposes.

What good is a man, no matter what he has accomplished on accomplished.

he has accomplished or accumulated, when he has paid for his achievements with a slice of his constitution, when he has developed some physical weakness or has so depleted himself that he has lost his res sting power and has de-veloped some latent disease tendency that would never have shown itself but

for his run-down condition?

When a man is weary, worn-out, he has no power of resistance, little self-control. Little things annoy him which when well and strong he would not notice. "Every man is a rascal when he is sick." The best of men are often bystes when the rate ways out when he for his run-down condition? brutes when they are worn out physically. The animal qualities in one's nature come to the surface when one has drained his vitality to the dregs.

AN EXPENSIVE ECONOMY

AN EXPENSIVE ECONOMY

No, do not be niggardly in the matter of your vacations. If you are, you will rob yourself of what you can never get back. Economize on a ything else but this. Whatever makes you a healthier, larger, more efficient man is cheap at any price you can stand. Whatever you do whether you make money or lose it, succeed or fail in your calling, keep no your physical and mental standards.

do whether you make a money or succeed or fail in your calling, keep up your physical and mental standards.

Supposing you do make a little more money or save a little, more, sell a few more goods by omitting your vacation?

Does this warrant your putting such a mortgage on your health efficiency, your capacity for happiness?

There are plenty of rich, broken-down men in this country, who would give half their fortunes if they could go back and take advantage of the bitter lesson they have learned from trying to get along without vacations.

Many a millionaire who has bartered his health for dollar sighs in vain for that which his wealth can not restore.

"Oh, to be strong! Each morn to feel

"Oh, to be strong! Each morn to feel
A fresh delight to wake to life;
To spring with bounding pulse to
meet
Whate'er of work, of care, of strife
Day brings to me!"

Business and professional worriers do not get very much benefit from their vacations because of their mental handicap. If the mind is not free, if the victim drags his troubles and anxieties with aim on his vacation, he will lose most of the refreshing, renewing and recreative power which should come from it. The greatest benefit from a vacation is the mental change. There must be a new mental interest, a new picturing from a new environment.—Success.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

Outdone by a Boy He looked very small for a boy of ten As he stood before a group of men, And asked for work with a modest air. "I will do your errands," he said, "with

care." They laughed, and with words that shall be unsaid They joked till his face with pain grew

You are built," said one, "on a limited plan— You never will make a full grown man." Then another—" I am sure it's not very

wise To expect much work from a chap of your size."
The youngster looked at the bearded

small," said he, "and I'm only And you are grown up and know a lot, But I can do something that you can-

not." What's that?" they cried "It will

strike us dumb,
To be cast in the shade by young Hop
o' my thumb."
"I can keep from swearing," the boy
replied.
And the little form grew dignified.

He turned, but he did not hear one say That's a sermon I'll not forget to-day. THE LUCK OF A LITTLE VAGA BOND

A wharf is not a pleasant place for a home, especially on raw, wintry days when one is nearly frozen and half starved. But such was the culy home of a dirty, dejected, stump-tailed, emaciated little dog.

On one particular morning the little fellow had been poking his nose everywhere for a bite or bone. It seemed a fruitless search though he did not appear at all discouraged. He was inclined to make friends, for his bit of tail warged vigorously at the approach tail wagged vigorously at the approach tail wagged vigorously at the approach of every footstep. Apparently no one cared to waste friendship on such a mongrel, and about the only attentions he received were frequently ugly commands to "be off," and unlooked for kicks that are anything but helpful to poor, homeless dogs with empty stomache.

But something happened. A cook a tug-boat dumped a pail of luscious bones over the side of the boat and they fell on floating ice. The dog saw and of course his little skinny body thrilled with joy. There was a meal, a fat de-licious meal! No one knew how it hap-pened, but several minutes later he was in the ice float.

In a little while a voice shouted from

the wharf that a dog was going down the river on a cake of ice. And sure enough there was the little fellow beside his feast of bones on the wobbly cake. He was not eating. Fright had taken away his appetite, and his appealing attitude and wagging tail begged

rescue.

Then another very funny thing happened. The men who had kicked him began running around and trying to find a way to get out to him. Two of them climbed into a rowboat. Others launched a skiff, and the skipper of the tug gave orders to cast off. Another tug seeing the dog's plight headed for the ice-cake. Every one tried to get there first, but it was the tug that had caused the trouble that was victorious. wigorated.

Many men seem to think that they are accomplishing something if they keep their minds on business even when keep their minds on the keep their minds of the keep the

Did you ever meet the eyes of a grateful dog, and feel the lick of its

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WHOLESOME PURE MADE IN CANADA MAG BAKING POWDER CONTAINS NO ECONOMICAL RELIABLE

were able to realize the true import of that tremendous fact, they then would not have the least difficulty in compre-

bending also the other mystery of the Immaculate Conception—since it must follow as heat from fire that the God of

This particular age is one in which

how and for what purpose He created, if He did created the visible universe. When Mary, the white-souled and ingenuous, demanded of the Angels Ambassador how could the Fact which be

foreshadowed be brought about, under the conditions of her holy life, she did

blessed on earth and blessed forever in beaven as well—as the only mortal being that ever was so honored. Similar was the faith of the Disciples when our Divine Lord instituted that

and blood were to be the cement for His Church, to last and keep together in-separable all the masonry, until the end

science has it limitations, though scientists may not think so.—Catholic Standard and Times.

HORROR OF SIN

As Catholics we know that there is only one real evil in this world, and that is the commission of sin, the wilful

violation of God's laws. Yet we have to

live in the midst of people for whom sin

lics, spend days and weeks and months in the state of mortal sin! Far from having any horror of sin, others expose

How can this horror of sin be acquired? By prayer that God inflicts such awful punishment on sin, justly condemning the sinner to hell, should ever be present in our minds. While we are not to serve God merely out of fear, but rather with loving hearts to answer His love for us, we must have

HEN you decorate your walls with Alabastine you'll agree that the soft, velvety Alabastine tints outclass wall paper and oil paint in beauty and effectiveness. Their beauty is permanent too Alabas-

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be recoated without removing

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tongue on your hand, and watch its

tongue on your hand, and watch its joyous antics, and see its tail almost wag off? It you haven't, you have missed something in life.

That little mongrel could not show his appreciation enough, but it seemed the skipper was touched by what he did show and decided to adopt him. No more kicks for the little vagsbond. He is sleeping in more warmth than he ever dreamed of and his thin sides are bulging out and his stumpy tail seems never to stop wagging.—L. S. Almond in Our Dumb Animals.

THE HABIT OF DECISION

THE HABIT OF DECISION "You will find, Stevey," said Uncie Hiram to his hopeful young nephew, "a great satisfaction and a great help in being able to make up your mind." "Don't be a dilly-dallyer, always un-

decided, never knowing what you want to do. You don't want to jump at things without thought; you want to be sure you're right, but you don't want to be

you're right, but you don't want to be too long about it; you want to be able to make up your mind. Better to blunder now and then than to lack decision.

"This is a point to which some people can never bring themselves. They weigh things pro and con till they get contused and don't know what to do. confused and don't know what to do. This weighing things over, Stevey, when unduly prolonged, not only confuses us, it saps and dissipates our very energy, literally leaves us weak and nerveless. We not only don't know what to do, but if we did know we would be nowerless to do it.

what to do, but it we did know we would be powerless to do it.

"The ability to decide which some men possess is more or less a girt. Most of us are often in doubt; we don't know what to do. But you will find some men, a few clear-headed and resolute men, a few clear-headed and resolute men to whom we instinctively turn, who are never in doubt, whose discernment is always true, who always know what to do and who are always right. "But whether or not this shall prove

"But whether or not this shall proves so, whether or not you shall discover yourself blessed with the great gitts of sound common sense and a clear vision, don't dilly-dally over things. Make up your mind! In this power and its exercise you will find a great inward satisfaction and a great help, and so strengthesed yourself, you will be all the more helpful to other people.

EARNING A QUARTER Winslow Homer was a great painter who had the unusuai good fortune to have his merit appreciated early in life. But no one ever presumed less on a wide reputation. Affectation was a weakness from which his sense of humor saved m which his sense of humor save

of the world.

Mary's glory is her childlike trust and belief. It placed an eternal diadem of more than angelic lustre upon her brow in the court of heaven, So, too, the Disciples' faith. They asked for no scientific explanation of the marvel propounded to them, but they trusted Him who gave it out. Science could not, never can explain it—for In his biography, lately written by W. H. Downs, is printed the story of a New York gentleman of wealth and artistic tastes who made the journey to could not, never can, explain it—for science has it limitations, though Scarboro, Me., where Homer had his studio, to make the artist's acquaint-ance. This story is quoted by "The

ance. This story is quoted by "The Youth's Companion." On his arrival he found the studio door looked; the owner was nowhere to be seen. He wandered about the cliffs for a while, until he met a man in a rough old suit of clothes, rubber boots and a battered felt hat, who carried a fish pole. He accosted the fisherman

thus:
"I say, my man, if you can tell me seems to be the very air they breathe, people who deny the existence of sin and are ever ready to excuse any enorm-

where I can find Winslow Homer I have
a quarter for you."

"Where's your quarter?" said the
fisherman.

He handed it over, and was astounded
to hear the quizzical Yankee fisherman
say, "I am Winslow Homer."

The sequel of this unusual introduction was that Homer took his new ac-

The sequel of this unusual introduc-tion was that Homer took his new acquaintance back to the studio, enter-tained him and before he left sold him a

picture.
THE ACCURATE BOY The small boy stood in the doorway with his battered hat in his hand. "If you please, sir, do you want to hire a boy?"

having any horror of sin, others expose themselves recklessly to occasions, in which past sad experience has taught them that they will not resist. And even though they repent and are forgiven by the priest's absolution, must one not frequently fear that they have not such a deep-seated horror of sin as will make them correspond to grace and beat back the devil's temptations?

How can this horror of sin be ac-The great merchant looked around at his caller.
"Did you wipe your feet on the out-

"Did you wipe your feet on the out-side t" he harshly demanded.
The small boy shook his head.
"No, sir," he replied, "I wiped my shoes on the outside."
There was a moment's silence.
"Hang up your hat," said the mer-chant. 'You're engaged."

OUR LADY'S MONTH

All the months and all the years belong to God, and some of these are more especially his, in human regard, by reason of the beautifully mystic happenings related to them. May and October are peculiarly dear to the Catholic heart because they are dedicated to the Virgin Mother of God, and June to St. Joseph, her chasts appune and temporal Joseph, her chaste spouse and temporal protector and provider. November is

Joseph, her chaste spuse and temporare protector and provider. November is mournfully prized, too, for the reason that so many of the holy souls await our pious pleadings to Mary that she may obtain from her Divine Son their early enfranchisement.

It is very difficult to fathom the reasoning which sees in Catholic veneration of the Blessed Virgin a fact derogatory to the surpassing dignity of God. Such objectors appear to be unable to grasp the full meaning of the mystery, of the Incarnation. This mystery, they seemed to forget, was a union—hypostate union, as it is rightly termed—of the Divine nature with the human nature; and if they

our love were ever to grow cold, the horror of sin and its lamentable consequences may preserve us from offending. Let us all pray earnestly that all Catholics may have an abiding horror of mortal sin.

THE DANCE PROBLEM AGAIN

In these days when certain forms o dancing are so sensationally immedest as to receive the condemnation of people who are not ordinarily equeamish in such matters, it would be well for young Catholic men and wemen to bear in mind what St. Francis de Sales said about dancing:
"With regard to dances I say what

"With regard to dathes I say what doctors say of musbrooms, the best are good for nothing; and I say the best balls are scarcely good for much; if however, you will eat musbrooms, take care to have them well dressed. If circumstances render it obligatory for you to go to balls be careful of your dances. How so? See that they are modest, dignified and have a pure intention. The doctors say of musbrooms that we The doctors say of mushrooms that we should eat of them sparingly and rarely, however well cooked, as excess in quantity is mortal. On the same principle, I say, dance little and rarely, lest you run the risk of becoming attached to dancing. After dancing you must nourish yourself with certain good and icilow as neat from fire that the God of all holiness, purity and truth could never be united, hypostatically or in any other personal sense, with a nature sulfied by the inheritance of disobedithe lesson of Mary's sweet humility, is invaluable as a lesson for those "men of good will" who are really desirous of

nourish yourself with certain good and holy thoughts which will prevent the dangerous impressions this vain pleas-ure might leave in your minds." In a recent pastoral Archbishop Moeller of Cincinnati quoted the fore-going words of St. Francis de Sales with this comment:

"All who love to dance should bear in mind this practical educe of the green good will" who are really desirous of bringing about a harmonious agreement between science and religion. True science is modest; presumptuous science demands from God an answer as to why,

"All who love to dance should over in mind this practical advice of the great and learned Bishop of Geneva. His words teach that dancing is a diversion which is to be indulged in with a great

deal of circumspection and moderation.

"Persons who attend public balls and dances are wanting in that prudence counselled by St. Francis de Sales. The public balls, in which any who denot question as to the process which he intimated. It was enough for her to be assured that the power of God was to do sire may take part, are often frequented by persons who are bent on evil. Any one who does not wish to rush reckless. it. This was all sufficient. She was able at once to realize the awful gran ly into danger will keep away from such dances. Always be sure that the per-sons invited to the dance have regard able at once to realize the awful gran-deur and glory of the distinction which was to be hers and prophetically in-spired to proclaim aloud her sublime ecstasy of soul over the tidings, in the words of eternal truth, "Behold, ali generations shall call me blessed." The Handmaid of the Lord was to be for propriety and decency." The Archbishop here touches one of

The Archotenop nere touches one of the weakest spots in the whole problem of dancing. Even Catholic societies are far from being as careful as they should be in providing for the exclusion of "undesirables" from their dancing parties. Generally speaking any one who has the price of a ticket is free to enter and associate on equal terms with when our Divine Lord instituted that greatest of all mysterious ties between Creator and creature—the mystery of the Eucharist. When He gave them the amazing assurance that the bread He offered them was His body and the wine His blood, they knew that He stated what was perfectly clear to them in affectuation, though unrealizable by them save by the eye of faith. He had previously spoken "hard words" to them, as they said—things hard to believe—but they had nearly all been made clear by fulfillment. His body and blood were to be the cement for His

dear always in the background, so that if those inside. If greater care were excur love were ever to grow cold, the chorror of sin and its lamentable consequences may preserve us from offending.

The content of the c

The reason why men who mind their own business succeed in life is because they have no competition.







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SILVER JUBILEE

On Monday morning, April 22nd, the Chapel and Monastery of Our Lady of Charity (Good Shepherd) West Lodge Avenue, Toronto, witnessed a scene of solemn rejuting and thanksgiving. This was the celebration of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the profession of three of the religious of that community. The first of these, Mother Mary of St. Patrick, Superior, is a native of Ireland and first cousin of the late lamented Dean Egan, Barrie. The second is Sister Mary Bernard, also of Irish birth. These two, twenty-eight years ago, in the fresh bloom of maidenhood, left their homes and friends in Eirinn, to follow the standard of their Master, and labor for His greater glory in voluntary exile. The third Sister Mary of the Presentation, whose birthplace home

for His greater glory in voluntary exile. The third Sister Mary of the Presentation, whose birthplace home and friends are in Mimico, entered the community at the same time to spend the wealth of her young zeal and devotedness in the service of God.

The day was inaugurated and consecrated by Solemn High Mass sung by Very Rev. Dr. Kidd, Administrator, with Rev. Father Brick, C.S.R., deacon, and Rev. Father Parcell, C. S.B., subdeacon, Rev. Father Parcell, C. S.B., acte as Master of Ceremonies. The sermon, which eulogized the work of this noble which eulogized the work of this noble Sisterhood, was preached by Rev. Father Coyle, pastor of Holy Family Church. Within the sanctuary were, Rev. Father Ryan, C.S.B.; Rev. Father Heydon, C.S.B.; Rev. Father Carr, C.S.B.; Rev. Father Player. C. S. B.; Rev. Father Brick, C.S.R.; Rev. Father Jones, C.S.R.; Rev. Father Saharanchest. C.S.R.; Rev. Father Saharanchest. C. SS.R.; Rev. Father Jones, C. SS.R.; Rev. Father Sohonneheart, C.SS.R.; Rev. Father Nolin, S. J.; Rev. Father Kelly; Rev. Father Kline; Rev. Father Marchon; Rev. Father W. McCann; Rev. Father Staley; Rev. Father Dougherty, Rev. Father Gallagher; Rev. Father Longo. A few religious of the Community of St. Joseph, relatives of Rev. Mother Sister Patrick, were present in interior chapel. Telegrams of regret were received from several of the clergy in distant parishes.

in distant parishes.

After Mass luncheon was served, and a number of the reverend guests entered the Cloister to witness the display of beautiful and useful gifts, which showed more plainly than words, the esteem in which the jubilarians are held. Many of these came from friends of the religious, near and far, who have become in one way or another, cognizant of the noble work carried one by these sall-sacrificing women. They then self-sacrificing women. They then visited the different classes, or branches of the work, in each of which a short program of entertainment was carried

word or two on the nature and A word or two on the nature and object of this work will not be amiss. The heart, the soul, the ruling essence, and guiding star of the Order, is to be found in the words of the Gospel, "If a man have a hundred sheep, and one of them should go astray, doth he not leave the ninety and nine, in the mountains, and goeth to seek that which is gone astray?"

In this spirit, quietly, unostentatious In this spirit, quietly, unostentatiously, almost unknown, and perhaps little appreciated, does the work of the Institute go on from day to day. No hope of earthly reward or gain, no brightness of transleat human glory, no promise save the one contained in, "Whosoever hath left father or mother, or house or lands for My Name's sake," sustains these truly heroic women in their labors for the salvation of souls.

No one, of any condition, who seeks

No one, of any condition, who seeks admittance day or night, is turned from the door of the Refuge, and the oil of healing pity is poured over the poor stricken ones, the flotsam and jetsam of life's great ocean, who find within those life's great ocean, who find within thos ots shelter and rest for soul and body. Surely having left all they find all, and relinquishing their desires their hearts find peace.

CATHOLIC LAYMAN

In the early days of Christianity, each Christian was a missionary, zealous to bring all with whom he came into con-tact the good tidings of Christ's word. Each contributed something to that wonderful extension of the Church, which is rightly considered miraculous. But in later times, the lay members of the Church gave way to the tendency to allow the clergy to do everything and relinquished nearly all active co-opera-

reinquisited nearly all active co-opera-tion in the advancement of religion.

History is replete with the stories of the heroic efforts made by the clergy to bring the Word of God to all men and of the success of their unassisted labors. Thus, too, our own early days have witnessed the priest, already overburd with spiritual duties, steeping forward to take upon himself necessary social and educational works, and, despite difficulties, attain a phenomenal success. But the co-operation of the lay members has often been lacking, that active interest of the individual Christian which had made the wonders of the early Church, and the great revivals of the

later Middle Ages.
There are signs that to-day the layman is arousing himself to his work, and attacking the problems which, for years past he has left to the priest alone.

The Chances Against You

"Oh I will be all right in a few days," says the person who is tired out and has to drag himself to his daily work because the nervous system is ex-

Unfortunately nervous diseases do not right themselves, and the wasting process which has brought you to this condition keeps right on until there is a complete breakdown.

You must get the building-up process that do so that instead of being a little

started, so that, instead of being a little weaker at the end of each day, you will find the balance on the other side and

know that you are gradually getting strong and well.

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food will help you Dr. Chase's Nerve Food will help you wonderfully if you only give it a reasonable chance. As the system is built up you will find such symptoms as headache, sleeplessness and indigestion leaving you. You will find the old energy coming back. The mind and body will see a page you and you will see a page. coming back. The limits and so a new better serve you, and you will see a new pleasure in life.

DIABETES

Is one of the most cruel maladies of which mankind is subject, the many complications arising from time to time making life seem almost unbearable. For many diseases, medical, scientific, and physiological knowledge and experience, gained from years of deep research, has achieved remarkable results, but, up to now, little has been discover of Diabetes. In fact, people hatment and our of Diabetes. In fact, people hatment and our of Diabetes. In fact, people hatment and out upon the disease as well-nigh incurred. Even in the medical profession can regarding sceptically any claim to ameliorate or ingrove the condition of a diabetic patient. It can however, be proved that "Sanol's Anti-diabetes," the new German Discovery, does lastingly cure all cases of Diabetes.

Full Particulars and booklet free from The Sanol Manufacturing Co. Winnipeg, Man.

From Anderson & Nelies, Druggists 268 Dundas St.

The layman is co-operating with the priest in spiritual work. He comes in more regular attendance to the parish societies, and is making of his own society, the Holy Name Society, a force in the land for clean Christian living. He is more than ever interested in the great work of the St. Vincent de Paul Society, and is zealous for the intelligent carrying on of the work. This interest is the result of the highest kind of supernatural notions and a real desire for the advancement of religion and charity for themselves and others.

others.

Further than this, the layman is put-Further than this, the layman is putting the spirit of energy into other works. He has joined with his fellows to form the Federation of Catholic Societies, whose influence for good is now felt in nearly every State of the Union. He is taking the first steps in the formation of a Catholic Young Men's Association, to supply an evident need of our boys and to offset the work of the Y. M. C. A. of the evangelical churches. He is deeply interested in the evening schools, opening everywhere under Catholic auspices, to help our working men and women, and offers time and money in aid of them. It is laymen, too, who have started the society which has as its main purpose the combatting of excitation and which has just nubhas as its main purpose the combatting of socialism, and which has just pub-lished the first issue of its journal, "The

Common Cause."

The layman is rising to a sense of his duty, and with the knowledge of what the priest, alone and unassisted, has accomplished, he can legitimately hope accomplished, he can legitimately hope for splendid results. Let the good work go on, let all follow the lead so auspici ously taken, let all look upon them selves as missionaries to advance the work that Our Lord instituted, of leading all men to salvation, and religion will doubtless experience in our own days that wonderful extension and propagands which marked it in the beginning.

—Exchange.

Well Worth Knowing

There are many imitations of Kelloge's Toasted Corn Flakes. None of them equal the genuine. Lock for the signature and be sure of satisfaction. Order Kellogg's to-day.

ATHEIST BECOMES CHURCH DEVOTEE

GERMAN WRITER, WHO CLAIMS TO HAVE SEEN VISION, HAS BEEN CONVERTED .

Cleveland Plain Dealer, April 13th. Fraz Josef Geissler, former atheist and writer of bitter screeds against the Church and religion, talked with a Catholic priest last night for the first time since he abjured Christianity more

than twenty-eight years ago. Geissler was converted in an instant by a vision in which, he says, the Virgin Mary appeared to him in a haze of lum-inous cloud, as he sat on a bench on

the first time in many years.

The priest who visited him last night in his room at 12962 Euclid avenue, N. E., Father Nicolas Pfeil, pastor of St. Peter's Church, Superior anvenue N. E. and East Seventeenth street. When Geissler saw the priest's habit, that he had hated for years, he ran forward and seizing Father Pfeil's hand, pressed it repeatedly to his lips while his eyes filled with tear.

Then he related in detail the story of

the vision, that, he said, had changed the opinions he had held since his boy-

hood.

All night Thursday, Geissler says, he he lay awake harassed by penitence for the evil he had done. He said that as soon as he recovered sufficiently, from the effects of the vision Thursday afternoon he wrote all the papers in America to which he had sent articles, ordering the publishers to withhold them. Besides writing for many German papers in the United States. Geissler has been a steady contributor of periodi-cals in Vienna, Dusseldorf, Salzburg, Dresden and other German cities.

He told the priest he was born in Teplitz, Austria, forty-three years ago, and that his parents intended him for the priesthood and sent him, at fifteen, to the University of Relchenberg. Than he read the book, he said, that heart he for the transfer of Than he read the book, he said, that shock his faith in the Christian religion. "It is a remarkable case; the man is undoubtedly speaking the truth," said Father Pleil, after listening to his story.

The Condemned Clergyman

Boston, May 1.—"If I have to die in the electric chair, I will try to become a Catholic."

These are the words of Clarence V. T. Richeson, the former Baptist clergyman who is condemned to death for killing Avis Linnell. He uttered them to an officer at the Charles street jail, accord-

officer at the Charles street jail, according to Henry George, a young man just discharged from the institution.

A Catholic priest has visited Richeson fifteen or twenty times in the last six weeks. During the first part of his confinement Richeson was visited by a Protestant minister, but of late his visits have ceased.

NON-CATHOLIC ON CELIBACY OF CLERGY

In an article in the January Nineteenth Century entitled "The Church and Celibscy" "Annabel Jackson, a non-Catholic writer, makes a plea for a reform in the English church which would correct what she calls a fundamental error in the Church, viz., the marriage of the ciergy. In the course of her article the writer argues for her position by contrasting the condition of the English clergy with that of the clergy of the Catholic Church.

"The Roman priest, whatever his scoial position," she writes, "has given up a great deal for his profession. He has practically renounced all that which to most men makes life worth living. The laity, whatever their religious opinions may be, recognize this and in fairness pay a certain respect to

living. The laity, whatever their religious opinions may be, recognize this and in fairness pay a certain respect to the man who has done what they know they are not capable of. A certain sloofness—acertain loneliness—comes at once into the life of the man who has entered the priesthood. He dwells on the mountain peaks and ordinary humanity in the vale. It is because of this closures that he becomes not only this alcofness that he becomes not only the teacher but the friend of humanity in its great moments of stress. He who walks alone with God can help the soul that has sinned, and the soul that is go-

has sinned, and the soul that is going alone into the great darkness.

"The ordinary English clergyman knows by bitter experience how seldom he is sent for by his parishioners when they are in trouble. Many devoted men chafe under the knowledge; they long to help, and cannot. They have not given up enough. For, because of all he has renounced, full measure of recompense is given the priest—the wenderful Communion with His Master, the prower to remit sins, the power to the power to remit sins, the power to confer the grace of God, the actual God incarnate called into being by his hands.
He stands—solitary indeed—but never
alone, because with him is God Almighty, Very God of Very God."

Delicious Light Bread

can only be made by using a pure, fresh and active yeast. White Swan Yeast Cakes are always pure, fresh and active. Ask your grocer for a 5c package con-taining 6 cakes or send for sample. White Swan Spices & Cereais, Limited, Towards Out.

THE MYTH MILL

America gives the history of one of the numerous anti-Catholic myths which have done service in creating prejudice against the Church, as follows : HOW HISTORY IS MADE

Cardinal Newman, it will be remembered, in a famous chapter of his "Present Position of Catholics in England" traces down through several authors to its originator a shamefully garbled quotation from St. Eligius "which had been repeatedly used in Protestant polemics as a proof of "the melancholy state of religion in the seventh cen-tury. In the Month for March Father tury. In the Month for March Father Thurston furnishes us with another interesting example of how anti Catholic myths are fabricated. He had read in "My Italian Year," a recent work of Mr. Richard Bagot, an account of an "atrocity" which took place in Venice in 1705, when, "in connection with the celebration of the feast of Corpus Domini," "the procession of the Host was followed by a so-called car of purgators, in which, for the edification of was to lowed by a so-called car of pur-gatory, in which, for the edification of the faithful, twenty living infants were thrown into the flames and burned to death."

When asked for his authority for this

statement, Mr. Bagot named Cavaliere Lampertico, a venetian writer, but specified no particular book of that author. Unable to find in the British Museum any historical work making mention of the "atrocity," Father Thurston then wrote to an Italian priest for information, and received the followfor information, and received the following quotation from the works of Signor
avenue, Thursday afternoon.

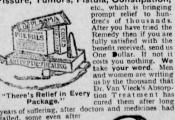
"Geh' andere Wege" "follow other
ways"—he says the image said to him
and he feil on his knees and prayed for
the first time in many years.

The priest who visited him last night Holy Ghost, and representing the Four Last Things, caught fire, and in consequence sixteen children lost their lives. So Mr. Bagot's merciless "atrocity, which those inhuman Romanists ha committed for the edification of the faithful," was found on examination to be only an accident, though a deplor-

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Samaria Prescription stops the craving, restores the shaking nerves, builds

Samaria Prescription stops the craving, restores the shaking nerves, builds up the health and appetite and renders drink distasteful even nauseous. If is odorless, and tasteless, and dissolves instantly in tea, coffee or food. It can be given with or with or without the patient's knowledge.

Read what it did for Mrs. G. of Vancouver.

"I was so anxious to get my husband cured that I went up to Harrison Drug Store, and got your remedy there. I had no trouble giving it without his knowledge. I greatly thank you flor all the peace and happiness that it brought already into my home. The cost was nothing according to what he would spend in drinking. The curse of drink was putting me into my grave, but now I feel so happy, and everything seems so different and bright. May the Lord be with you and help you in curing the evil. I don't want my name published." Now, if you know of any unfortunate

couver :

Now, if you know of any unfortunate needing Samaria Treatment, tell him or his family or friends about it. If you have any friend or relative who is forming the drink habit, help him to release himself from its clutches. Write to day.

A FREE TRIAL PACKAGE of Samaria Prescription, with booklet giving full particulars, testimonials, price, etc., will be sent absolutely free and postupation as plain scaled package to any will be sent absolutely free and post-paid in a plain sealed package to any-one asking for it and mentioning this paper. Correspondence sacredly con-fidential. Write to-day. The Samaria Remedy Co., Dept. 11, 49 Colborne street, Toronto, Canada.

able one, which might have happened in any other public gathering. Were the thousand victims in the Slocum disthousand victims in the Slocum disaster, many of whom were children, burned to death for the amusement of the people who were looking on at the tragedy from the shore? Perhaps, as it was on the occasion of a Lutheran Church p'onic, some future Bagot may, with similar propriety, describe this holocaust as a peculiar Protestant ceremony. So Bagot is discredited. Unfortunately, however, many readers or reviewer's who have not seen Father Thurston's exposure of the calumny, will quote or relate the "atrocity" of will quote or relate the "atrocity they found in "My Italian Year." they found in "My Italian Year." But this literary atrocity of Bagot should have him forever barred as an authority on anything.

Diocesan Eucharistic Congress

For the second time London will have as Diocesan Eucharistic Congress. its Diocesan Eucharistic Congress. Through the kind invitation of Rev. Father Thomas West, Pastor of Holy Angels' church, St. Thomas, Ontario, the Congress will be held at the newly erected church of that city on May 23rd next. Solemn Pontifical Mass will be sung by Right Rev. Bishop Fallon at 9 a. m. Father Labelle of Sarnia will preach the sermon. During the afternoon there will be a Conference of the priests at which Fathers Tobin of St. Mary's, London, and Father Pitre of Mary's, London, and Father Pitre of Woodstock will give addresses.

Modstock will give addresses.
At 4 p. m. will take place the hours' adoration before the Blessed Sacrament at which all the etergy will assist. In the evening at 7.30 the closing service will consist of a sermon and Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament.

Most people are too polite to tell you what they really think of you.

JOHN MITCHELL

A DIRGE Written and published on the day of the death this bravest, brighest, and best of modern Patriots, by Rev. Richard Burke Howley, D. D.

Thou know'st it now brave soul,
That never brooked control,
Of the wrong.
Thou hast found it—that sweet rest,
That earth grudges to the best,
Who walk with upright crest,
"Mid the throng,

Amid life's woes-if e'er.

Some doubt had lingered near.
Thy heart's throne.
Some doubt that no one knew,
Or loved, the high and true
It has flown. Ah yes! thy life was sad, In lonely sorrow clad, In lonely sorrow clad,
Like some tower
That stand—where all around
Lies prone to kiss the ground,
Before power.

'Impracticable !"—word
That never yet was heard,
For the knave,
'Impracticable !' aye
For you never learned to lie
Or to crave.

Impracticable e'er
Is the man who knows no fear
Nor will bend
The head to guileful thought,
And whose soul cannot be bought
By foe or friend.

Thou wert so in age and youth, In thy joy and in thy ruth, The sole boon Thy manly heart would crave Was to be nor fool nor slave Shawn aroon.

Let them say thy wert not good! Firm as the mount that stood 'Neath God's arc, When heaven's bitter tears were shed And o'er the earth lay spread, Cold and dark.

Living—they bound thy chain, And sent thee o'er the main, From Her breast, Dead—thou'rt rescued from their toil, And lie sleeping! 'neath her soil, Ave—at rest.

Oft the warrior's glaive sunk low In the field whence fied the foe— —Brought to light, Tells to after days the fame That gathered round his name In the light.

So thy bones brave Mitchell lie In the soil of Victory And will dare To tell thy fame again; To a race of earnest men Gathered there.

Ah! your pride
Ever be Tipperary hills
That ye heard his tongue's last thrills
Ere he died?

Not for ye—but Ireland all From Tralee to Antrim's wall Rose the tune And all Ireland waked the strain Welcome Mitchell once again. To your own.

Requiescat—though no dirge, From our Holy aisles may urge To its meed The soul that Erin bore Yet he loved our land, our lore And our creed.

A Good Officer

A Good Officer

After seventeen years' service Mr.
Martin O'Sullivan has resigned his position as Secretary of the London Separate School Board. This was found necessary as he has an important position on the city assessors' staff. During his long service on the Board Mr. O'Sullivan has not only been secretary, but, as well, en ardent worker for the welfare of the Separate schools in this city. He had thrown his whole heart into the work. It was a labor of love, and to that gentleman's efforts, constant and energework. It was a moor to to each and energe-tic, we owe in great measure the flourish-ing condition of Catholic education in London to day.

THOMAS A. EDISON TELLS WHY he is never sick, in an illustrated book-let entitled "How can a man keep well and grow old?' Price four cents, post-paid. Address William F. Butler, pub-lisher, 64 Loan & Trust Bidg., Mil-wankee, Wis

'THE MAKING OF IRELAND AND ITS UN-DOING."—A correspondent wishes to know where the book under the above work is published by the Macmi Company, New York, and can be through any bookstore.

FARR.—At Hamilton, on the 25th April, 1912, Mrs. Mary Farr. May her ul rest in peace!

MARRIAGE

STILES-LENNON. — At St. Joseph's Church, Kingsbridge, Ont., on Tuesday April 23, 1912, by Rev. M. McCormack, Mr. Simon J. Stiles of Chicago to Miss Nora Lennon, formerly of Mount Carmel.

MARY'S MONTH

Month of Mary—month of May! Flowers are springing fresh and g Brooks are babbling 'neath the h Sparkling bright, each tiny rill; Lambkin's play upon the word, Sunsets now are full of gold. O'er the meed the breezes waft Chanting carols sweet and soft; And the fragrance and the balm Win our hearts in even's calm, Win our souls to heaven's way, Month of Mary—month of May.

In each blessed, blissful morn
Are fresh praises to thee born.
Gilding all the blue with gold
As the night is backward rolled
As the twilight pale and still
Bids adieu to vale and hill,
As the warmth of rosy dawn
Tells another day is on;
Walking vales and hills to say,
"This is Mary's month of May."

Mary wilt thou intercede
Teaching us the soul's great need;
Keeping with us thro' the night,
Guiding us to morning's light
Lifting up our souls at dawn
As the lark's glad song' is you,
Bearing our weak prayers on high
Him to praise and magnity,
Him to praise and to adore,
Yours to bear our message o'er
Thro' the smiling skies of blue'
Mary, Queen; we look to you!
—DR. [AMES HENDERSON

A reader wishes to return thanks through the CATHOLIC RECORD for the recovery from sickness through prayers to the Sacred Heart, our Blessed Lady, St. Joseph, St. Anthony and St. Anne.

A reader wishes to return thanks for a favor ceived after praying to the little Infant Jesus ai good St. Anthony and the Blessed Mother, and I albeg to ask two more favors of Almighty God througher intercession.

A New Catholic School in Medicine Hat, Alta

Hat, Alta

The St. Louis Roman Catholic. Separate school district No. 21, Medicine Hat, Alta, erected by the Government of the Province of Alberta on June 27th, 1911, will inaugurate next September their new school, which is to be in charge of the reverend Sisters of St. Louis.

The building (68xg, ft.) comprises a full basement, with 2 separate winter play-grounds, 2 storeys; 4 school rooms with a total production of the service of the

date the Catholic children of the city and the large surrounding district.

A good many people, in search of, a home, are being attracted by the great industrial possibilities of Medicine Hat. A dozen firms are at present building factories, latest in date being the Oglive Flour Mills. Among them will be found, no doubt, a great percentage of Catholics who can by no means overestimate the inducement offered by a strongly organized parish provided with a Separate school, which, from next September on, will be able to cater for what must be termed the crying need of this Westen Canada: a sound Christian education. Address all communications to Rev. Father A. Cadoux, M. S. C., Rector, 510. Toronto st., Medicine Hat. 1749-3

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Notice is hereby given that a dividend at the rate of SEVEN PER CENT. per annum upon the paid-up Capital Stock of this Bank has been declared for the three months ending 31st May, 1912, (being an increase of one per cent. on the preceding ividend), and the same will be payable at its Head Office and Branches on and after Saturday the 1st of June, 1912. The Transfer Books will be closed from the 17th to the 31st of May, prox., both days inclusive.

By order of the Board,

JAMES MASON, General Manager.

Toronto, April 17th, 1912. Head Office TORONTO Branches and Connections Throughout Canada

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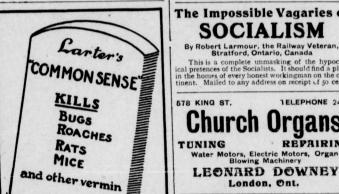
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