

# The Catholic Record.

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

VOLUME XXXVIII.

LONDON, CANADA, SATURDAY, JUNE 17, 1916

1965

## The Catholic Record

LONDON, SATURDAY, JUNE 17, 1916

### APPROPRIATE

In the "World Set Free" Mr. H. G. Wells calls Bismarck a heavy, obstinate, dull man with a heavy almost froggish face, etc. He trampled on ten thousand lovely things and a kind of malice in the louts who followed him made it pleasant to them to see him trample. The present German diplomatic and military chiefs may be gross and heavy, but they have built up a highly organized nation which has an abundant store of misapplied mentality. It borrows the vesture of civilization, but keeps ready plan and scheme and knife to stab civilization in the back.

Witness the Kaiser. A versatile, brilliant man, with a poser and a weak man. Were he strong, he would not be ashamed of his withered arm or late the memory of his mother for it. Were he a strong man he would not have opened the flood-gates of hate and bloodshed. The men around him, fed on false philosophy, delirious with the achievements of Germany in so many departments of human activity, played upon his vanity and made him signal his hordes to begin the work of world domination. If these strategists had had to pass a day in a smelly, frozen trench with machine-guns and cannon playing the hymns of death, they would have seen things as they were, and not through the glamour of a war organized by them and for themselves.

Perhaps, however, when men remember the dead and see the maimed and broken and the tear-stained faces of the women, and hear the weeping of the children, they will refuse to be the playthings of bemaddened buccaneers who dice with them and all they hold dear.

### WHY NOT?

We were astonished to read the account of the meeting at which some of New York's learned and eloquent jurists gave England the benefit of invective and merciless exhortation.

We suppose that under their ermine throbed hearts which were superior to emotion, cold as the statue of Justice. And our supposition was not without a measure of propriety. For hard by the doors of these eloquent Catholics their brothers in religion are writhing in the hands of those for whom God is a phantom and religion a name. Churches desecrated, robbery unashamed and wholesale, religious women subjected to indescribable indignities, tyranny cruel and relentless—this is a chronicle which has been before their eyes for some time. And so far as we know they have adhered to the maxim that silence is golden. They might have embarrassed the Government, whose policy seems to be all-write, or perchance they deemed these matters too insignificant to force them to say their little pieces.

### THE IMPLACABLES

Mr. Asquith on a pilgrimage to placate the Ulsterites will stimulate the imagination of the future historian. He may whisper dulcet promises into the ears of the leaders who measure patriotism by selfish standards, prefer the prejudice and bitterness of years to amity and concord, and live in darkness hugging the while partizan hatred to their hearts.

Professional politicians are in a large measure to blame for this state of affairs. Some Catholics have also contributed their quota of obstruction to Home Rule. Sir Stafford Northcote, and Lord Randolph Churchill after him deliberately aroused the savagery of Orangeism. His "Ulster will fight" is echoed to-day by his worthy successors.

Some years ago when Lord Rosemore repudiated Orangeism he said that it appeared to him that Orangeism were following blindly the lead of some few professional politicians, whose advice seems invariably to be the result of a contemplation of their personal interest and hardly ever the outcome of a desire for peace and prosperity of Irishmen.

"I venture to suggest that extremists of both sides who mean the best for themselves and their country are standing in their own light and in the way of genuine necessary progress. We should not wish to root out Roman Catholics, and if we would we could not do so. Roman Catholics—certainly the vast majority of them—do not wish to get rid of us. Why, then, may we not strive for a common ground of brotherhood and of wise and Christian toleration? Why insane and endless suspicion?"

These reasonable words fell upon heedless ears. For Orangemen declare that any mandate of Parliament, if antagonistic to the policy of the Lodges, is but a scrap of paper to be torn up and scattered to the winds. The democracy of the world is behind the Home Rule Bill; Irish manhood is in the trenches battling and dying, and the Orangemen are burning incense before their little gods of disunion and hatred. And they must be soothed and satisfied. A strange phenomenon.

### FROM AN OLD BOOK

It is idle to speculate on whether the world is getting better. Let every one make himself better, and he is doing his share to make the world better.

Of one thing be ye well assured— that a harsh word ye bear with patience or a single day's weariness or a sickness of an hour—if any one were to offer to buy one of these from you at the Day of Judgment, that is, if one were to offer to buy from you the reward that rises from it, ye would not sell it for all the gold in the world. For this shall be your song before Our Lord: "We are glad, now, O Lord, for the days in which Thou didst humble us with the wrongs we suffered from men; and we are glad now, O Lord, for the years in which we were sick and saw pain and sorrow."

### LORD ROSEBERY'S "MAY THEY REST IN PEACE"

The ejaculation of prayer for the departed, so familiar to Catholics, seems now to be almost taken for granted as suitable for Protestants too. At the close of his address recently, at the unveiling of the Cross in Rosebank Cemetery in memory of the soldiers who lost their lives in the Gretna disaster, Lord Rosebery finished with these words, "May they rest in peace"—then, as if feeling, perhaps, if taken alone the expression would be too Popish, he added—"in peace, and in the hearts of our people." The first words obviously must refer to the souls, and the latter to the memories, of the gallant victims. Catholics assuredly will find no objection to the pious prayer formed by Scotland's silvery orator. —Catholic Herald.

### DECREE

#### CONCERNING CERTAIN DANCES IN THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA

In the last century, in the United States of North America the custom had its beginning of inviting Catholic families to dances which were wont, with feasts and other amusements, to be continued throughout many hours of the night. For this, the reason and cause were assigned, that Catholics who might be the more intimately united in bonds of love and charity, and at the same time that funds might be procured for this or that pious work. Those who were wont to convene these assemblies and preside over them, were generally the presidents of some pious organization, and not rarely the very Rectors and Parish Priests of the churches.

But the local Ordinaries, although they did not doubt of the worthy object of those who promoted these dances, nevertheless perceived the harm and danger of the practice and considered it their duty to proscribe them; and therefore in canon 290 of the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore they enacted thus: "We command also that priests exercise care that the abuse, whereby feasts with dances (balls) are organized for the promotion of pious works, be wholly abolished."

But, as often happens in human affairs, what was most justly and wisely ordered in the beginning, begun gradually to pass into oblivion and the custom of dances had begun again to prevail, yea, and to spread into the neighboring Dominion of Canada. Knowing these things the Most Eminent Fathers of the Consistorial Congregation, having consulted many local Ordinaries, and, on the

matter having been subjected to very careful examination, have decided that the prescriptions laid down by the Third Council of Baltimore are to remain in force; and, with the approval of Our Most Holy Lord Pope Benedict XV., they have decreed that all priests, whosoever, whether secular or regular, and all other clerics are utterly forbidden to promote or favor the aforesaid dances, even for the advantage and aid of pious works, or for any other pious object whatsoever; and moreover that all clerics are forbidden to be present at these dances, if perchance they be promoted by laymen.

The Sovereign Pontiff has ordered this decree to be published and to be religiously observed by all, all things whatsoever to the contrary by no means withstanding.

Given at Rome, from the Offices of the S. Consistorial Congregation, 31 March, 1916.

† G. CARD. DE LAI, EP. SABINES, Secretarius.  
† THOS. BOGGIANI, ARCHIEP. EDESSEN, Adessor.

#### CONCERNING THE USE OF CLERICAL COSTUME IN THE DOMINION OF CANADA

By the Plenary Council of Quebec two clerical costumes were recognized: one the soutanne (atariis), which is proper to clerics, and is ordered by the common law as the only one to be worn in sacred functions; the other shorter, which, if it be black, reach to the knee and be united to the Roman collar, was allowed for ordinary use (pro civili usu) by the Quebec Fathers.

It was also added, as regards the use of these costumes, that the custom of the place was to be observed. But as at present certain doubts and dissensions have arisen as regards this second prescription, it is deemed to bring together some things which are expedient for the right understanding of the law and the preservation of peace.

The Tridentine Synod enacted the following as regards ecclesiastical costume for every day use (pro civili usu): "Although the habit does not make the monk, yet it is meet that clerics always wear costumes befitting their Order, so by propriety of external garb to manifest interior rectitude (honestatem) of morals; but so great at the present day and the temerity of some of their contempt of religion grown, that, making little account of their own dignity and of the clerical office, they wear even in public lay costumes, planting their feet in different spheres, the one in the divine, the other in the carnal; for this reason all ecclesiastical personages, who exempt soever, who shall be in Orders, or who shall have obtained any ecclesiastical dignities, personalties (personatus), offices or benefices whatsoever, if after they shall have been admonished, even by public edict, by their bishop, do not wear a respectable (honorable) clerical costume, befitting their Order and rank, and in accordance with their order and command of their own bishop, can and ought to be punished by suspension from Orders and office and benefice, and from the fruits, revenues and receipts (proventus) of their benefices; and also, if having been once corrected they again offend in this matter, by privation also of such offices and benefices, the Constitution of Clement V. published in the Council of Vienne, beginning Quoniam, being renewed and amplified."

It is therefore the proper and inherent right of the Ordinary, within the limits laid down by the Sacred Tridentine Synod, to determine the manner and form of ecclesiastical costume, each one for his diocese. This right the Quebec Fathers wisely made use of, when they approved and enacted two costumes in the entire Dominion of Canada.

And another prescription of the Council regarding the use of one or other costume is this, that a place is to be observed, which prescription, as any one will easily understand, is not and cannot be absolute and perpetual, but of its nature conditional and transitory. Customs, to wit, by lapse of time and the advent of new circumstances, may become subject to change. When this occurs, it is expedient that the costume also, whatever exactly it may be, should be adapted and made to conform to the new circumstances, provided it be always ecclesiastical.

Nor can it be supposed that the Council wished in this matter, of itself of lesser moment, to determine, to take away or circumscribe the inherent right of Ordinaries, for that would have been neither prudent nor wise.

These matters having been considered, this S. Congregation, in conformity with the Letter dated May 5, 1914, has decided:

1. That the custom prevailing in a diocese as regards clerical costume ought not to be changed without cause; that Ordinaries, however, have just liberty of changing this custom, having taken a vote of the chapter or of the Diocesan Consultors, if new times and circumstances

recommend it, account to be rendered only to God and to the Apostolic See.

2. That a cleric passing from his own diocese into another, may there wear the costume of his diocese, even though it differ from that locally prescribed, provided it be one of the two prescribed by the Quebec Fathers; and this so long as he has not acquired a domicile or quasi-domicile therein.

3. As in case of the law of fasting and abstinence and other such matters it is lawful for sojourners (peregrini) to follow local custom, so in like manner the power is to be safeguarded for every cleric of conforming to the customs of the place to which he passes, without allowing his Ordinary to reprehend or punish him for this reason alone.

Our Most Holy Lord Pope Benedict XV. has ratified and approved the decision of the Most Eminent Fathers, and has ordered it to be published, so that it may be observed by all concerned, all things whatsoever to the contrary by no means withstanding.

Given at Rome, from the Offices of the S. Consistorial Congregation, 31 March, 1916.

† G. CARD. DE LAI, EP. SABINES, Secretarius.  
† THOS. BOGGIANI, ARCHIEP. EDESSEN, Adessor.

### EARLY FIRST COMMUNION

Now that we are in the season for First Communion, the theme is of timely interest. We have seen the fruits of Pius X.'s decree opening our tabernacles to the Catholic child everywhere: we wonder why children were allowed to grow up from seven to twice seven years before receiving the Sacrament into their young hearts.

Is not the heart of a child a fairer home for Our Lord than the seared heart of one that has no baptismal innocence to commend it to the favor of the living loving Lord of our altars? And yet innocence was withheld from the innocent. On what plea forsooth? Because children did not know enough to properly receive Holy Communion. How much do we know that they do not? We may use more words in defining our faith, but have we any more thought than they? When all is said, is it not so that we know very little and that little more than outweighed by the young and affectionate heart of the dear reverential little boy or girl?

Our last dear Pope, for having given the Catholic youth of the world their early and heavenly breakfast could have no more fitting emblem upon his tomb than the golden key of the altar's tabernacle. Christ is no longer locked from the people, but walks with them in Holy Communion, even as once did He with His disciples in the shades of evening on the road to Emmaus. He plays with the child; He thinks and feels with the old and hallows Christian homes with frequent visits and all this through frequent and early Communion by the great strong Pope with the child's heart that recently guided the destinies of the Church.—Intermountain Catholic.

### THE MONTH OF ROSES

The month of June is consecrated in a special manner to the practice of devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus. The celebration of a special feast in honor of the Sacred Heart, to be observed on the octave of Corpus Christi, was extended to the whole world by our late Holy Father Pius IX.

It was a timid, humble nun in a small town in the South of France that Heaven marked out to be the apostle of the Sacred Heart. In the beginning the devotion was scoffed at as an innovation and met with a storm of opposition. Blessed and fostered by the Church, it ultimately spread to every land and the fruits which it produced were the best evidence of its heavenly origin.

Devotion to the Sacred Heart is most touching. It reminds us of God weeping, suffering, laboring and dying for us. It is a most consoling devotion since it shows that our own sorrows existed long ago in the Sacred Heart of Jesus. The devotion to the Sacred Heart touches the most responsive chord of our nature. It demands love for love. The brain of man is the instrument of intellectuality. The right arm of the knight, pointed on his shield, betokened his strength. The heart is the abode of affection and love. The great rays of light that originate in the Heart of our Saviour shine across the world in unabated fervor and undimmed brilliancy for all time. They speak to us not of God's judgment, but of the sacrifices and the generosity of God's humanized love and the debt of gratitude which we owe Him for all that He has done for us.

The Sacred Heart of Jesus is the living Heart of God Himself. It is the Heart of our Saviour, our Friend, our King, Who has heaped upon us infinite benefits. It is the Heart of Jesus filled with that goodness and mercy to which we owe our redemption. That Heart still feels keenly all our miseries. It still burns for love of us upon our altars. Often during the beautiful month of June

we should appeal: "Jesus, meek and humble of heart, make our hearts like unto Thine."—The Catholic Sun.

### GOLDEN SAYINGS OF HILL

PITHY EXPRESSIONS OF A TRULY GREAT MAN

Following are some of the sayings of James J. Hill, called by many America's greatest man, and the King of Railroad Builders, as he was called by all:

"I do not expect to have a pocket in my shroud.

"I have more money than I ever expected to have, and more than I'll ever need. Money's only use is the power it gives to do things."

"The young man we meet in the business world—the young man underfed and overeducated—are failures because they lack training, or else because they lack a capacity to be trained."

"I have no complaint against a college education. It is a good preparation for a business career. But one must have training to go with it, and the young man can only get training while out kicking for himself in the business world."

"The door of opportunity is as wide open to-day for the right kind of young man as ever it was. Notice that I say the right kind of young man."

"A great many young men are like Easter hats—mostly trimmed."

"If a boy wants to succeed—and there's always room at the top—he's got to be more than indifferent. Luck and laziness never went together and they never will."—N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

### THE IRISH REVOLT

From The Bulletin, St. Paul

Father Cremin of the St. Paul Seminary has returned to the defence of the Irish "rebels." In a rather long letter, published elsewhere on this page, he attacks our contention that the recent uprising in Dublin is indefensible from the point of view of Catholic theology.

It is too much of a theologian to deny the cogency and validity of our argument that the supreme test of a justifiable rebellion is "the hope or probability of a successful outcome." by asserting that "our ablest theologians" hold that there is an alternative justification, namely, "the prudent fear of greater public evils to follow." We are inclined to think that if he studies the language of the theologian whom he cites, without reference to the commentary of the "distinguished American ecclesiastic," who was "decorated" by Leo XIII, he will find that this "prudent fear" is not put forth as an "alternative justification" but as a subsidiary one. For if there be no well-founded hope of success, a rebellion based solely on a "prudent fear" of greater public evils to follow, is worse than futile; it is criminal and destined to an inevitable failure which will beget "greater public evils" than those alleged in justification of it.

But even if we grant that the "prudent fear of greater public evils" be an alternative justification for rebellion, what, it may be asked, are the evils to be feared in the case under consideration? Father Cremin supplies the answer. They are conscription and a burdensome taxation after the war. Are these public evils, then, so greatly to be feared as to justify an abortive uprising against lawful authority? Is not a nation justified in having recourse to conscription if it be necessary in defence of her rights? It is a heroic measure, it is true, but not ethically wrong. And if the British Empire has to constrain her subjects to take up arms in defence of national honor, why should Ireland be treated differently from any other of her dependencies? The Sinn Fein movement was, he tells us, organized to defend "constitutional Home Rule against the attacks." If constitutional Home Rule were an accomplished fact, would not Ireland be supposed to support the Empire in time of war? Again, no one denies that a nation has a right to tax its subjects to defray the costs of war. In such an event, should not Ireland bear her share of the burden as any other part of the British Empire? Does Bishop O'Dwyer say that, because there will be increased taxation after the war, the Irish people should rebel? Why cite the statements of congressmen catering to Irish voters in America in proof of these so-called evils. We do not look to them for our theology, for the ethical principles applicable in the case under consideration.

We are, surprised that Father Cremin should cite Belgium's resistance to German invasion as a parallel of Ireland's case. Belgium was a sovereign nation, free from the domination of Germany, while Ireland is under England's rule. If Ireland stood in the same relation to England that Belgium did to Germany before the war, the Dublin uprising would not be an act of rebellion against lawful authority, but an act of war between two independent nations. Belgium was fully justified in attempting to repel an unjust aggressor. Nor is there a parallel between

the Dublin "rebels" and the heroes at Thermopylae. The latter, in time of war, were holding the invader at bay, just as the First Minnesota Regiment at Gettysburg stopped the enemy's advance in one direction while General Hancock was getting ready to meet them. We must not forget that the moral canons justifying war are different from those which apply to rebellion.

Further on in his letter Father Cremin says that the Sinn Fein movement had the "support and sympathy of at least 70% of the Irish nationalists." If this be true, is it not strange that it has never been able to elect a single parliamentary representative although it has tried to do so? The Sinn Feiners like to persuade themselves that they are the exponents of the real sentiments of the people of Ireland when, as a matter of fact, they were organized to elect Redmond and the other duly elected representatives of the Irish people.

Granting that the Sinn Fein movement had the support of the 70% of the Irish people in defending "constitutional Home Rule" against "strange attacks," by what right did it assume that it would have their help in establishing an Irish republic independent of, and separate from, England? It is very doubtful that the majority of Irishmen consider separation from England a thing to be desired, much less fought for, under present circumstances. The Bishops and clergy of Ireland opposed the uprising with all the moral forces at their command; and we prefer to accept their judgment rather than that of any "American ecclesiastics" no matter how "distinguished" or "decorated" they may be, or how close they imagine themselves to be to the heart of Erin."

In conclusion, we deny that we failed to sympathize with the Irish "rebels" in the solemn hour when they paid the great price for loving Ireland "not wisely but too well." In our first article we expressed our sympathy with them and declared that we did not "for a moment doubt their sincerity." But we did not allow sentiment to warp the judgment of right reason. Furthermore, at no time in our reference to the uprising which Bishop Kelly of Ross, calls "that mad campaign," did we refer to it as "the rabid, insane, and criminal folly of the rebels," as Father Cremin implies by putting these words in quotations in his letter. We do not know why he thus marked them off. We do know that they were never written by us.

### DEATH OF CARDINAL SEVIN

DEATH LOSS TO CHURCH IN FRANCE

Paris, May 13, 1916.—France mourns the death of Cardinal Sevin, Archbishop of Lyons, who passed away last Thursday in his sixty-fifth year after an operation for appendicitis. The attack was very sudden, coming on the previous Sunday just as he was preparing for his visitation of the archdiocese. Cardinal Sevin was a member of the Sacred Consistorial Congregation and that of Studies, and was known for his splendid intellect and his fearless championship of the rights of the Church. He had only returned a few days from Rome, and his last work was a treatise on a subject of importance on which he had been commissioned to write by the Holy Father. He finished this work in Easter week and it is now on its way to Rome. Only a few days before his death he had the happiness of receiving an autograph letter from the Pope thanking him for the splendid French flag which he had presented, and promising it should hang in the courtyard of San Damaso, on the first occasion of a French fete or pilgrimage. The cardinal was a great supporter of the Catholic press. He gave all his own learned but lucid works to La Bonna Presse, Paris, for publication, and it was largely through his instrumentalities that the journal of the priests in the trenches was started. Les Pretres aux Armes circulates to every priest mobilized and helps him to continue his studies and to lead his sacerdotal life even in the midst of war.—New World.

### SPANISH BIGOTS FORCED TO BOW

RADICAL MINISTER FINDS SISTERS ALONE CAPABLE OF CONDUCTING DEAF AND BLIND SCHOOL

Madrid, May 12, 1916.—An unwilling tribute has been paid to the work of Catholic religious by the Minister of Public Instruction in Spain, who is an ally of Romanism, the infidel premier. Another amusing fact is that the tribute has been called forth by the infidels themselves. In reorganizing the National School for Deaf Mutes and Blind in Madrid, the minister called to his aid the Sisters of St. Joachim and placed the school in their hands. Immediately a show of protest went up from the subcommittee supporters. In reply to this the minister apologized for his action by assuring the objectors that he could find none who could so competently preside over this charitable institute as the Sisters whom he had placed in charge.—New World.

### CATHOLIC NOTES

In Philadelphia, 1,298 adults were received into the Church last year. Thirty negro converts were baptized on recent Sunday in St. Monica's church, Kansas City, Mo.

The French Academy has awarded a prize of \$200 to Mother Zenaida, superior of the Sisters of St. Joseph of Cluny, at Madagascar, in recognition of her ability as an educator.

Brother Henry F. Ellis, S. J., librarian of St. Louis University, who died recently in his seventy-seventh year, had been fifty-three years in the Society of Jesus.

Right Rev. Thomas F. Brennan, formerly Bishop of Dallas, Texas, which see he resigned in 1892, died a few days ago in Rome, where he has since resided.

The Pope has conferred the Grand Cross of St. Gregory on Baron Neldow, formerly Russian minister to the Holy See and at present Russian minister to the king of the Belgians.

The Archbishop of Westminster, Eng., has received a large legacy for the education of students for the priesthood from P. W. Lavery. For the present \$25,000 will be made available and \$60,000 ultimately.

The Italian Government has requisitioned for war purposes the old St. Michael's Monastery belonging to the Irish Dominicans in Rome. The monastery will be used as a military barracks.

Sister Caroline Eck, of the Sisters of Charity, who died recently in St. Joseph's College and Academy, Emmitsburg, Md., had the remarkable distinction of having nursed wounded soldiers of both the Civil and the Spanish-American wars.

Rev. Ralph Hunt, diocesan superintendent of schools in the archdiocese of San Francisco, is in the East to make a survey of the educational methods in vogue here. It is planned to establish a Summer school for the teachers in the California parish schools.

The Rev. Dr. James J. Higgins of St. Rita's, Long Island City, has been appointed by Bishop McDonnell to have charge of the Cathedral College of the Immaculate Conception in Brooklyn as the successor of Archbishop Mandeluin, of Chicago.

It was recently announced that a new cathedral for the Catholic Diocese of Cleveland is to be erected on Euclid avenue, immediately east of the entrance to Wade Park. The new cathedral, as now contemplated, will be of granite and is to cost \$1,000,000 or more.

Governor Fielder of New Jersey has signed the compulsory Bible-reading bill making it compulsory that five verses of the Old Testament be read at the opening exercises of school each day. The original bill provided for Bible reading, but the objection of Hebrews led to the amendment providing for Old Testament verses.

Pope Benedict XV. on March 11th made further concessions due to the war by issuing a decree permitting Catholic churches throughout the world to use other oils than olive in the lamps before the main altars. In rare cases even electric lights will be permitted until the end of the war.

While celebrating Mass in St. Martin's Church, Cascade, Iowa, the rector, Rev. L. Roche, was stricken with apoplexy and fell upon the steps of the altar. Physicians were summoned and when their ministrations resulted in restoration of consciousness, Father Roche insisted upon completion of the Holy Sacrifice. Supported by physicians at either side, he finished the Mass and again collapsed.

The Honorable J. T. Ryan, Premier and Attorney General of Queensland, Australia, was born at Milltown, Clonony, Ireland, in 1870 and was educated by the Christian Brothers. Since 1897 he has been editor of The Catholic Press, Sydney, and for some years he was Australian representative of the Westminster Gazette. Leo XIII. conferred on him the Cross Pro Ecclesia et Pontifici.

Cardinal Gibbons was among the callers who congratulated the Rev. John H. Greene, Philadelphia, on his ninety-fifth birthday. Father Greene has not done any active church work for several years because of his advanced age. He is now living at St. Joseph's Hospital. He was born in Tipperary, Ireland, in 1821. He did not become a priest until 1875. He had been a Jesuit in Ireland, England and the United States when he gave up newspaper work to study law and later became a priest.

Captain Shaughnessy, of the 16th Canadian regiment, who was killed in battle, will have a unique memorial dedicated to his memory, says The Sacred Heart Review. His father, Lord Shaughnessy, president of the Canadian Pacific railroad, it is learned, is preparing the establishment of 1,000 completed farms in Western Canada for soldiers after the war. The immense amount of work, and the great expense will be borne by Lord Shaughnessy. On each of the 1,000 farms will be a house, a barn and a well.

**A FAIR EMIGRANT**

BY ROSA MULHOLLAND  
AUTHOR OF "MARCELLA GRACE: A NOVEL,"  
CHAPTER XXXIX  
A GHOST

When Bawn learned the news she was not taken by surprise, and yet the blow fell as heavily as if it had been unexpected. In a week the colour had left her lips and her dress hung loosely upon her. It was a week of rain and tempest, and Betty Macalister thought her young mistress had been suddenly seized with a fit of loneliness and fright of the storm.

"I was feared, always feared, that the winter'd be heavy on you," said Betty. "In summer time a body doesn't feel the loneliness; but winter up here is a trial, I can tell you."

"Perhaps I'm homesick," said Bawn, trying to smile. "I believe I am going back to America, Betty. The climate does not seem to agree with me. What do you think of coming with me—you and Nancy?"

"Och, mistress, I'm too old for changes; and it's too short a time you've given to the old country—you that was so brave at the first and had such plans. Why would you give up for a bit of a storm that'll blow over?"

Bawn lowered her head and made no reply. The storm she must fly from would never blow over, she feared—not, at all events, as long as she lingered here; for the storm was in her own heart. Back in America, with the ocean between her and this temptation, it might be that in years hence her old courage would return. The question now was how to depart quickly enough.

She must not give cause for wonder by a too precipitate flight; must give timely notice to her landlord, alleging that the Irish winter did not agree with her health. She must think of her handmaids and their disappointment and make them some amends. In the meantime she must not see Rory.

He had come many times to her door, but had always been told in answer to his inquiries that she was ill and in her room; as indeed she was ill with sorrow because she dared not run to him; shut up in her room as in a prison from which she could not escape to freedom.

He had written her an urgent and impassioned letter, in which he bade her forget everything but his love, and end this tragedy with a word; but to all his pleadings she had answered only that she was quite unmoved in her resolve.

One day, when all her preparations for departure were almost made, Gran's ancient carriage arrived at the Shanganagh door, and Gran herself entered with trembling steps, uttering a little cry of dismay as her eyes fell on Bawn's altered face and figure.

"My dear," she said, "how ill you are looking! What is it all about? Can an old woman help to make things straight? Have we been unkind to you? Has any one hurt you that you so persist in running away from us?"

"No," said Bawn sadly—"no indeed. It is only that I am a capricious American and want to go home."

The old lady spread her thin hands before the fire and looked thoughtfully at the girl.

"My dear, I want you to understand me. I have not come here without a purpose. My grandson is very dear to me. You are making him unhappy."

"I am still more unhappy," said Bawn, standing before the old woman with her head lowered and her hands hanging by her side.

"There is a mystery somewhere," continued Gran, having studied Bawn's face eagerly for a few moments. "I cannot think of anything, except that some of our family have offended you, and that pride is in the way."

"It is not that. If I ever had any pride it is gone. And every one here has been only too good to me."

"What is it then? Will you not confide in me? Is there a difficulty which cannot be overcome?"

Gran's face twitched and her voice quavered. Bawn dropped on her knees and covered the wrinkled hands with kisses.

"It cannot be overcome," she said. "If I were to tell you, you would be the first to bid me go."

Then Bawn burst into uncontrollable weeping, and the old woman drew her to her heart and wept with her.

"I feared there was something," she said. "But you will trust me, will you not, if you can? How can you be sure of what I shall tell you to do till you try me? I know you are noble and good, and that this trouble which is in your mind, this hindrance to my grandson's happiness and your own, is nothing personal to yourself. He knows what it is, and he is not daunted. Why will you not be satisfied, too?"

"I will save him from himself," said Bawn, regaining her courage, but holding fast by the tender old hands that clasped her own. "I will not condemn him to a future of bitterness."

"We are talking in riddles," said Gran, "and nothing comes of that but deeper bewilderment. I was hoping you would have given me an explanation which Rory in honour cannot make."

"When I have got to the other side of the ocean I will write it to you. Yes, I have made up my mind to that. I will write you the whole story, of what brought me here, and of what has driven me away again. And you will never ask me to come back."

"But if I should ask you?"

"You are putting an impossible case; and I cannot see further than just this, that I must go."

Gran went away at last with a sorrowful yearning in her heart towards the girl, but with a fear that there must be something very terrible to be revealed, as no woman, except under pressure of dreadful circumstances, could so withstand Rory.

She went on to the bath, where she had promised to stay a few days. Rory was there to meet her, was the only person who knew of her visit to Shanganagh. He was eager to hear the result of her interview with Bawn.

"I have gained nothing by going," said the old lady, "except that I understand what you feel in losing her. There must be some insurmountable bar, for she loves you dearly. But you must let her go."

"I do not consider it insurmountable," said Rory. "And yet, as he went out of the old woman's presence and walked alone down the glen in the twilight, he admitted to himself that Bawn had reasoned to his side in fearing to become his wife, now that the stain of murder could never be wiped from her father's name. He felt that Gran would believe she was right; and that if ever she received that letter which Bawn had promised to send her from America, his grandmother would applaud the resolution of the writer, and would never as Bawn had predicted, ask her to come back.

Even for himself in the far future could he so assuredly answer? How could he tell that a terrible repugnance might not one day spring up within him—repugnance to the idea that the grandfather of his children had been the murderer of his uncle? What reason had he for accepting the theory of Desmond's innocence beyond the impression made on his imagination by the passionate loyalty and faith of the daughter whom Desmond had reared, but who might have inherited her noble nature from a mother of whom she had no recollection?

Angry now with himself and now with her, and all the time sick at heart under the pressure of uncompro-mising circumstances, he walked on half-blindedly, while the twilight gradually deepened. He tried to put himself back into the place he had occupied among all things just before he had first seen Bawn—a place which had held him well enough, and with which he had been tolerably satisfied. But he owned bitterly to himself that he could no longer fit into that place, having outgrown it. The general altruism which had once wholly occupied and interested him had all centred in the desire to have one loving creature by his side. He thought he perceived that he could never again be a contented man. Had she been unable to love him, or had she proved scornful, he might have hoped to put her out of his life and forget her; but the knowledge that her life, too, was broken by the love that had driven her away from him must forbid him ever to forget what might have been, would take the sap out of his energies and sour the flavour of his daily bread.

It had grown quite dark except for a faint gleam from the moon—the same moon, now on the wane, that had lighted him to Shane's Hollow after the storm; a watery, red-eyed moon, trailing forlornly through clouds, like a weeping woman moving through the world alone with sable veils around her.

As Somerled walked on observing him he struck against somebody right in his path.

"I beg your pardon. I believe it is I who am to blame." And then he saw, by the pale ray from behind the roadside trees, what a fanciful person might have taken for the ghost of Edmund Adare.

"My God, man!" he exclaimed, "where have you come from?"

"Where should I come from but from Shane's Hollow, my ancient home?" answered the strange figure, which a brighter gleam of moonlight now revealed more distinctly. "Perhaps you do not know that you are speaking to an Adare."

"Excuse me," said Somerled; "the night is dark." And then he stood still a moment, feeling curiously embarrassed in presence of this wretched wreck of humanity.

"I excuse you," said Edmund Adare softly, and passed on, and Somerled turned his steps and walked with him in the direction of the Rath.

"I must congratulate you, Mr. Adare, on your singular escape. We feared you had perished in the accident a week ago."

"Thank you," said Edmund, modified. "It was a terrible accident, but not perhaps unexpected. My poor brother persisted in living in a dangerous part of the house. These old ancestral houses always become dangerous with time. My preservation is due to my wariness in selecting my own apartments. I have still ample accommodation."

Here he was interrupted by a frightful fit of coughing, followed by a faintness which obliged him to lean against a tree.

Somerled surveyed him with infinite pity. His small, shrunken frame, his streaming white beard, his hollow, glassy eyes contrasted strangely with the self-satisfied pomposity of his manner of speaking, which would have been ludicrous only for an occasional pathetic break in the voice and sob in the articulation which hinted that a long suffering patience had almost given way; that a monstrously bolstered-up pride had nearly broken down. Fingall remembered that this man was he who had always been considered the gentlest and least forbidding of the

brothers. Struggle as the poor creature might, death was very near him. Was there nothing that charity could do for his relief, to soften the parting pangs of humanity yet to be endured by him?

"Mr. Adare, I fear you are ill," he said kindly. "Will you not accept a neighbor's hospitality for a little time—just for change of air?" he added, feeling that he was humoring the strange creature's pride, but unable to help it.

"You are good," said the poor ghost, pulling himself together and trying to move on, "but the Adares have always been stay-at-home people. Just now I am going to the Rath on business, to pay a strictly business visit to Mr. Alister Fingall—your cousin sir, I believe."

"Yes," said Rory, "and as I am going there now myself, we may walk together, if you have no objection. Perhaps you will take my arm, as you seem a little weak."

Old age, sir—old age!" said Edmund as Rory drew the death-cold, trembling hand within his arm, and suited his steps to the tottering steps that shuffled on beside him; and the last of the Adares, taken by surprise, allowed himself to be led along through the chill darkness, like a father by a son.

Impressed with the feeling that something strange was about to happen, Rory hastened to tell his cousin Alister of the curious resurrection that had taken place, informing him that the one survivor of all the Adares was waiting in the library, seeking an interview with him.

"Poor old creature! has he come to beg at last?" exclaimed Alister. "Well, we must see what can be done for him."

"I do not think that is what has brought him," said Somerled, "but if you can force a glass of wine down his throat, do it without delay."

Having seen Alister to the library-door, he went to the drawing-room, where he found Flora talking excitedly to Gran, who looked bewildered—and no wonder; for the subject of Flora's eloquence was the engagement of Manon to Major Batt, an event which had been announced to her only that morning. Somerled, on hearing the news, expected to be overwhelmed with Flora's scorn of his want of taste and enterprise in allowing so disappointing a state of things to arise; but, to his great surprise, her greetings took the form of congratulations.

Only yesterday she had learned that Manon, so far from being an heiress, was utterly penniless, having so greatly displeased her grandfather just before his death that he had left her nothing.

"So her sly mother sent her here, hoping that something would turn up for her; and undoubtedly something has turned up. The question is, will Major Batt marry her when he hears the truth?"

"Undoubtedly he will, Flora. He is not so bad as you paint him."

"There is no knowing what he may do under the influence of his disappointment, after the way Shana has treated him," said Flora, determined to keep hold of one grievance, at least. "I must say you take it very coolly, Rory. Just imagine what it would have been if you now stood in Major Batt's place."

"My imagination is not so elastic as yours; it won't take in such a possibility. As for Miss Manon, I can only say that in future I shall back Gran as a judge of character, rather than you. But, on the whole, it is a good thing to have Batt married, and he has money enough to afford a penniless wife, even looking at the matter from your point of view, Flora."

"Money enough? I should think so. But why should it fall to the lot of that designing little foreigner?" said Flora, thinking bitterly of Shana preparing for exile in New Zealand, and Rosheen unprovided for. "However, I have done with all attempts to improve the condition of my husband's family. It seems to me that the Fingalls have a constitutional objection to possessing the good things of this world."

Rory reflected that when his cousin Alister took to himself Lady Flora's handsome dowry and pretty face he had not secured all the things of the world by that act, and Gran, being too generous to exult over Flora, too tired to speak at all, merely looked at her favorite grandson with a wistful, sympathetic gaze which at once approved of his conduct and deplored that it had not met with the reward it deserved.

Interrupting the conversation came a message from the master of the Rath requesting Rory's presence in the library.

**MOONDYNE JOE**

THE GOLD MINE OF THE VASSE  
CHAPTER III  
NUMBER 406

Some years before, the prisoner, now called Moondyne Joe, had arrived in the colony. He was a youth—little more than a boy in years. From the first day of his imprisonment he had followed one course: he was quiet, silent, patient, obedient. He broke no rules of the prison. He asked no favors. He performed all his own work, and often helped another who grumbled at his heavy task.

He was simply known to his fellow-convicts as Joe, his other name was unknown or forgotten. When the prison roll was called, he answered to No. 406.

In the first few years he had made many friends in the colony—but he had also made one enemy, and a deadly one. It was the gang to which he belonged was a man named Isaac Bowman, one of those natures seemingly all evil, envious, and cruel, detested by the basest, yet self-contained, full of jibe and derision, satisfied with his own depravity, and convinced that every one was secretly just as vile as he.

From the first, this fellow had disliked and sneered at Joe, and Joe having long observed the man's cur-like character, had at last adopted a system of conduct toward him that saved himself annoyance, but secretly intensified his malevolence.

The convict at length saw that Bowman, who was a man capable of any crime, held a deep hatred for Joe, and they warned him to beware. But he smiled, and went on just as before.

One morning a poor settler rode into the camp with a cry for justice and vengeance. His hut was only a few miles distant, and in his absence last night a deed of rapine and robbery had been perpetrated there—and the robber was a convict.

A search was made in the prisoners' hut, and in one of the hammocks was found some of the stolen property. The man who owned the hammock was seized and ironed, protesting his innocence. Further evidence was found against him—he had been seen returning to the camp that morning—Isaac Bowman had seen him.

Swift and summary is the dread punishment of the penal code. As the helpless wretch was dragged away, a word of mock pity followed him from Bowman. During the scene, Joe had stood in silence; but at the brutal jibe he started as if struck by a whip. He sprang on Isaac Bowman suddenly—dashed him to the ground, and, holding him there like a worm, shook from his clothing all the stolen property, except what the catif had concealed in his fellow's bed to insure his conviction.

Then and there the sentence was given. The villain was haled to the triangles and fogged with embittered violence. He uttered no cry; but as the hissing lashes swept his back, he settled a look of ghastly and mortal hatred on Joe, who stood by and counted the stripes.

But this was years ago; and Bowman had long been a free man and a settler, having served out his sentence.

At that time the laws of the Penal Colony were exceedingly cruel and unjust to the bondmen. There was in the colony a number of "free settlers" and ex-convicts who had obtained land, and these, as a class, were men who lived half by farming and half by rascality. They sold brandy to the convicts and ticket-of-leave men, and robbed them when the drugged liquor had done its work. They feared no law, for the word of a prisoner was dead in the courts.

The crying evil of the code was the power it gave these settlers to take from the prisoners as many men as they chose, and work them as slaves on their clearings. While so employed, the very lives of these convicts were at the mercy of their taskmasters, who possessed over them all the power of prison officers.

A report made by an employer against a convict insured a flogging or a number of years in the terrible chain-gang at Fremantle. The system reeked with cruelty and the blood of men. It would startle our commonplace serenity to see the record of the lives that were sacrificed to have it repealed.

Under this law, it came to Joe's turn to be sent out on probation. Application had been made for him by a farmer, whose "range" was in a remote district. Joe was a strong and willing worker, and he was glad of the change; but when he was taken to the lonely place, he could not help a shudder when he came face to face with his new employer and master—Isaac Bowman.

There was no doubting the purpose of the villain who had now complete possession of him. He meant to drive him into rebellion—to torture him till his hate was gratified, and then to have him flogged and sent to

the chain-gang; and from the first minute of his control he began to carry out his purpose, truth, and driver, returning neither scuff nor scourg.

Joe had years to serve; and he had made up his mind to serve them, and to be free. He knew there was no escape—that one report from Bowman would wipe out all record of previous good conduct. He knew, too, that Bowman meant to destroy him, and he resolved to bear toil and abuse as long as he was able.

He was able longer than most men; but the cup was filled at last. The day came when the worn turned—when the quiet, patient man blazed into dreadful passion, and tearing the god from the tyrant's hand, he dashed him, maimed and senseless, to the earth.

The blow given, Joe's passion calmed, and the ruin of the deed stared him in the face. There was no court of justice in which he might plead. He had neither word nor oath nor witnesses. The man might be dead; and even if he recovered, the punishment was the lash and the chain-gang, or the gallows.

Then and there Joe struck into the bush with a resolute face, and next day the infuriate and baffled rascal, rendered ten-fold more malignant by a dreadful disfigurement, reported him to the prison as an absconder, a robber, and an attempted murderer.

His fame and name spread through the native tribes all over the country. When they came to the white settlements, the expression oftener heard was "Moondyne." The convicts and settlers constantly heard the word, but dreamt not then of its significance. Afterwards, when they knew to whom the name had been given, it became a current word throughout the colony.

Toward the end of the third year of his freedom, when Moondyne and a party of natives were far from the mountains, they were surprised by a Government surveying party, who made him prisoner, knowing, of course, that he must be an absconder. He was taken to the main prison at Fremantle, and sentenced to the chain-gang for life; but before he had reached the Swan River every native in the colony knew that "The Moondyne" was a prisoner.

The chain-gang of Fremantle is the depth of the penal degradation. The convicts wear from thirty to fifty pounds of iron, according to their offence. It is riveted on their bodies in the prison forge, and when they have served their time the great rings have to be chiselled off their calloused limbs.

The chain-gang works outside the prison walls of Fremantle, in the granite quarries. The neighborhood, being thickly settled with pardoned men and ticket-of-leave men, had long been deserted by the aborigines; but from the day of Moondyne's sentence the bushmen began to build their *myers* and hold their *corrobories* near the quarries.

For two years the chain-gang toiled among the stones, and the black men sat on the great unburnt rocks, and never seemed to tire of the scene. The warders took no notice of their silent presence. The natives never spoke to a prisoner, but sat there in dumb interest, every day in the year, from sunrise to evening.

One day they disappeared from the quarries, and an officer who passed through their village of *myers*, found them deserted. It was quite a subject of interesting conversation among the warders. Where had they gone to? Why had they departed in the night?

The day following, an answer came to these queries. When the chain-gang was formed to return to the prison, one link was gone—Moondyne was missing.

His irons were found, filed through behind the rock at which he worked; and from that day the black face of a bushman was never seen in Fremantle.

TO BE CONTINUED

CHAPTER IV  
BOND AND FREE

Three years passed. It was believed that Joe had perished in the bush. Bowman had entered the convict service as a trooper, but even his vigilance brought no discovery. Absconder's are generally found after a few months, prowling around the settlements for food, and are glad to be retaken.

But Joe was no common criminal nor common man. When he set his face toward the bush, he meant to take no half measures. The bush was to be his home. He knew of nothing to draw him back, and he cared not if he never saw the face of a white man again. He was sick of injustice and hardship—sick of all the ways of the men he had known.

Prison life had developed a strong nature in Joe. Naturally powerful in mind, body, and passions, he had turned the power in on himself, and had obtained a rare mastery over his being. He was a thoughtful man, a peacemaker, and a lover of justice. He had obtained an extraordinary hold on the affection of the convicts. They all knew him. He was true as steel to everything he undertook; and they knew that, too. He was enormously strong. One day he was working in the quarries of Fremantle with twenty others. He knew of nothing to draw him back, and he cared not if he never saw the face of a white man again. He was sick of injustice and hardship—sick of all the ways of the men he had known.

TO BE CONTINUED

**THROUGH MARY**

A TRUE STORY  
By the Rev. Richard W. Alexander

In a charming home, small yet refined, lived a young girl with her two brothers, all non-Catholics. Both men were matured, each with business of his own, and were in the city all day. They returned to their suburban home for dinner, after which they would smoke a cigar, and chat with their sister, whom both loved devotedly; sometimes returning to the city for an hour at the theatre, or a concert, sometimes reading in their cozy library or den at home. They were very happy in their pleasant surroundings, not caring very much about religion, but leading good, moral lives. Church-going did not trouble them. The girl was devoted to her brothers, and strove in every way to make the home pleasant.

They had lived thus for a long time, none of them being inclined towards a married life, when suddenly a cloud broke over the little circle. The brothers quarrelled. Hot words resulted, mutual recriminations followed, and at last, estrangement.

Finally there was a sort of truce patched up. They returned to the home for the sake of their heart-broken sister, but refused to speak to each other. Every night they met at dinner studiously civil, but acting as if they were strangers; never exchanging a word. One always left when dinner was over, either

Whatever was his offence against the law, he had received its bitter lesson. The worst of the convicts grew better when associated with him. Common sense, truth, and kindness were Joe's principles. He was a strong man, and he pitied and helped those weaker than himself. He was a bold man, and he understood the timid. He was a brave man, and he grieved for a coward or a liar. He never preached; but his healthy, straightforward life did more good to his fellows than all the hired Bible-readers in the colony.

No wonder the natives to whom he fled soon began to look upon him with a strange feeling. Far into the mountains of the Vasse he had journeyed before he fell in with them. They were distrustful of all white men, but they soon trusted him. There was something in the simple savage mind not far removed from that of the men in prison, who had grown to respect, even to reverence his character. The natives saw him stronger and braver than any one they had ever known. He was more silent than their oldest chief; and so wise, he settled disputes so that both sides were satisfied. They looked on him with distrust at first; then with wonder; then with respect and confidence; and before two years were over, with something like awe and veneration, as for a superior being.

They gave him the name of "Moondyne," which had some meaning more than either manhood or kingship.

His fame and name spread through the native tribes all over the country. When they came to the white settlements, the expression oftener heard was "Moondyne." The convicts and settlers constantly heard the word, but dreamt not then of its significance. Afterwards, when they knew to whom the name had been given, it became a current word throughout the colony.

Toward the end of the third year of his freedom, when Moondyne and a party of natives were far from the mountains, they were surprised by a Government surveying party, who made him prisoner, knowing, of course, that he must be an absconder. He was taken to the main prison at Fremantle, and sentenced to the chain-gang for life; but before he had reached the Swan River every native in the colony knew that "The Moondyne" was a prisoner.

The chain-gang of Fremantle is the depth of the penal degradation. The convicts wear from thirty to fifty pounds of iron, according to their offence. It is riveted on their bodies in the prison forge, and when they have served their time the great rings have to be chiselled off their calloused limbs.

The chain-gang works outside the prison walls of Fremantle, in the granite quarries. The neighborhood, being thickly settled with pardoned men and ticket-of-leave men, had long been deserted by the aborigines; but from the day of Moondyne's sentence the bushmen began to build their *myers* and hold their *corrobories* near the quarries.

For two years the chain-gang toiled among the stones, and the black men sat on the great unburnt rocks, and never seemed to tire of the scene. The warders took no notice of their silent presence. The natives never spoke to a prisoner, but sat there in dumb interest, every day in the year, from sunrise to evening.

One day they disappeared from the quarries, and an officer who passed through their village of *myers*, found them deserted. It was quite a subject of interesting conversation among the warders. Where had they gone to? Why had they departed in the night?

The day following, an answer came to these queries. When the chain-gang was formed to return to the prison, one link was gone—Moondyne was missing.

His irons were found, filed through behind the rock at which he worked; and from that day the black face of a bushman was never seen in Fremantle.

TO BE CONTINUED

TO BE CONTINUED

**THROUGH MARY**

A TRUE STORY  
By the Rev. Richard W. Alexander

In a charming home, small yet refined, lived a young girl with her two brothers, all non-Catholics. Both men were matured, each with business of his own, and were in the city all day. They returned to their suburban home for dinner, after which they would smoke a cigar, and chat with their sister, whom both loved devotedly; sometimes returning to the city for an hour at the theatre, or a concert, sometimes reading in their cozy library or den at home. They were very happy in their pleasant surroundings, not caring very much about religion, but leading good, moral lives. Church-going did not trouble them. The girl was devoted to her brothers, and strove in every way to make the home pleasant.

They had lived thus for a long time, none of them being inclined towards a married life, when suddenly a cloud broke over the little circle. The brothers quarrelled. Hot words resulted, mutual recriminations followed, and at last, estrangement.

Finally there was a sort of truce patched up. They returned to the home for the sake of their heart-broken sister, but refused to speak to each other. Every night they met at dinner studiously civil, but acting as if they were strangers; never exchanging a word. One always left when dinner was over, either

**IT TAKES FIVE MINUTES TO READ IT**

Its influence may last a lifetime and be worth thousands of dollars to you.

—And we will send it to you free.

Will you write for a copy?

What is it?

Oh, yes, it's a booklet about Profits from Savings. It's vitally interesting to most everyone, especially in these war times. Send for a copy now. Address Dept. 3

**STANDARD RELIANCE MORTGAGE CORPORATION**  
Head Office 52-58 King St. F. Toronto

Branches: Ayr, Bruckville, Chatham, Elmira, New Hamburg

**RIDER AGENTS WANTED**

In every community to ride and exhibit a new Hyslop Bicycle.

TO DAY'S TRIAL. If owner is not entirely satisfied after riding any Hyslop Bicycle 10 days it can be returned and money will be promptly refunded.

TWO CENTS all it will cost to write us a postal and we will mail free, postpaid, a catalogue and color picture folder showing complete line of bicycles, tires and supplies and particulars of most marvelous offer ever made on a bicycle. You will be astonished at our free prices and remarkable terms. MAKE MONEY taking orders for Bicycles, Tires and Supplies. DO NOT BUY until you know we can do for you. Write to-day. HYSLOP BROTHERS, Limited DEPT. 1 TORONTO, ONT.

**HYLO SILO**

Sweet Fresh Ensilage down to the last forkful

THE HYLO SILO is perfectly air-tight. No insects or spoiled ensilage around the walls. Convenient and perfect fitting doors, adjustable without hammer or wrench. Made of Guaranteed Long Leaf Yellow Pine. Built to last a life-time. Stands rigid when empty.

Write for folder and catalogue. Agents: Gilon Mfg. Co. Ltd. York St. Guelph.

**AUTOMOBILES, LIVERY, GARAGE**

R. HUESTON & SONS  
Livery and Garage. Open Day and Night.  
479 to 481 Richmond St. 386 Wellington St.  
Phone 443. Phone 441.

**FINANCIAL**

THE ONTARIO LOAN & DEBENTURE COY  
Capital Paid Up, \$1,250,000. Reserve \$1,450,000  
Deposits received, Debentures issued, Real Estate Loans made. John McCarty, Pres.; A. M. Smart, Mgr.  
Offices: Dundas St. Cor. Market Lane, London.

**PROFESSIONAL CARDS**

FOY, KNOX & MONAHAN  
Barristers, Solicitors, Notaries, &c.  
Hon. J. Foy, K.C., A. E. Knox, T. Louis Monahan.  
E. L. Middleton, George Keough  
Cable Address: "Foy"  
Telephones: Main 794  
Offices: Continental Life Building  
CORNER BAY AND RICHMOND STREETS  
TORONTO

P. O. Box 2093 Phone Main 44111

H. L. O'ROURKE, B.A.  
(Also of Ontario Bar)  
BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, NOTARY  
Money to Loan  
Suite 5, Board of Trade Building,  
231 Eighth Avenue West,  
CALGARY, ALBERTA

**JOHN T. LOFTUS,**  
Barrister, Solicitor, Notary, Etc.,  
712 TEMPLE BUILDING  
TORONTO  
Telephone Main 613

**FRANK J. FOLEY, LL.B.**  
BARRISTER, SOLICITOR  
The Kent Building  
Corner Yonge and Richmond Streets  
TORONTO ONT.

**St. Jerome's College**  
BERLIN, ONTARIO  
Founded 1864

Excellent Business College Department. Excellent High School or Academic Department. Excellent College and Philosophical Department.

**REV. A. L. ZINGER, C.R., Ph.D.,**  
Funeral Directors

**John Ferguson & Sons**  
180 KING ST.  
The Leading Undertakers & Embalmers  
Open Night and Day  
Telephone—House 373 Factory 643

**E. C. Killingsworth**  
FUNERAL DIRECTOR  
Open Day and Night  
491 Richmond St. Phone 3971

TO BE CONTINUED

BOOKS AS FRIENDS

There is no doubt that we should choose our books with the same care and on the same principles with which we choose our friends and companions. In fact, a book or a paper is a friend. The volume between our hands speaks to us just as a friend does, oftentimes even with greater freedom and straightforwardness. It informs, it argues, it influences, persuades and entertains, in precisely the same manner. Nay, more; it can attract us to virtue or entice us to vice; counsel good or counsel evil; delight us by its breadth of view and nobleness of purpose, or shock us by its looseness of speech, its immorality, its profanity, or its vulgarity, just as the living voice.—Bishop Vaughan.

going to his room or leaving the house. The other brother chatted with his sister as if no one else lived there. They sternerly refused to hear each other's name mentioned; and while in all else most affectionate to their sister, in this they were unbending. She loved them both tenderly, and their estrangement was a sorrow that began to eat deeply into the happiness of her hitherto unclouded life.

Months passed by. All efforts to reconcile the brothers resulted in more deeply rooted animosity, and a threat to leave the house forever if the matter was mentioned again.

Three years had passed, and no change took place. Katherine—this was the girl's name—had exhausted every invention of love she could bring forward, but all in vain. William and James had not spoken. A wall of ice had formed between them, and they passed each other like strangers. No one dared to comment upon the matter to them, and Katherine grew coldly silent when any mutual friend ventured to remark that, where both brothers used formerly to accompany her from time to time, only one was seen with her now.

The two men saw that Katherine, their beloved sister who had given her life for their comfort, was growing pale and sad, although she made every effort to be cheerful. The hour they dined together she tried to make as pleasant as possible. But the icy silence, the unnatural restraint, could not be ignored; and the single meal of the day, at which they met, and which used to be so pleasant, was now shadowed by a cloud, heavy and sorrowful. They could not conquer their pride—and, moreover, they would not.

Hiding her sorrow in her own heart, Katherine often would walk or ride to the city. One day, in the month of May, she passed a Catholic church, the doors of which stood invitingly open. Hesitating she entered, and stood at the end of the church. She saw dimly a shrine decorated with flowers and lights, and rising above them, a tall statue of white marble, representing the slender figure of a woman with arms extended. The face was pure and gentle, and even at that distance Katherine imagined something was attracting her, drawing her, impelling her forward. A lady passed her, and, noticing that she was a stranger, smiled. Katherine said in a whisper:

"Will you tell me what that statue means—the one with the flowers and lights about it?"

The lady instinctively knew she was not a Catholic, and whispered:

"It is a statue of Our Lady, the Blessed Virgin, Mother of God. It is May-time, the month in which our dear Mother is especially honored. She never fails to grant the petitions of those in sorrow or trouble, who promised to honor her Son."

"But," said Katherine, "I am not a Catholic; I could not worship the Virgin, much less a graven image."

"And do you, for one moment think," said the lady, "that we Catholics worship an image, or worship the Virgin, as you call her? We worship only the Lord, Who is her Son, and Who loved her and honored her all through His life on earth. Do you find fault with the Lord for honouring His Mother? Do you not love your own mother?"

Katherine thought of a little mound in a distant cemetery, and a great sob rose in her heart.

"Is that the way you think?" she said. "You don't worship the Virgin, or her image?"

"Never!" said the lady. "We love her; we go to her to tell her our troubles, that she may ask her Son to grant our petition; but we worship God alone."

"I wonder," said Katherine, thinking half aloud, "if she would ask her Son to grant my petition when I am not a Catholic."

"Try," said the lady. "Ask her, and see for yourself if she is not the mother of the whole world!" And, so saying, she went down the aisle, leaving Katherine alone in the nearly deserted church.

Katherine stood looking at the distant shrine—at the white figure with its outstretched arms—and a great faith sprang up in her soul.

"If you will reconcile my brothers, dear Mother of God," she murmured, "I will publicly visit your shrine, and will try to learn all I can about honouring you."

"Was it a freak of imagination? Or was it a stray sunbeam that flitted across the marble face, and gave it the glow of a smile?"

Katherine's heart beat almost aloud. She turned and left the church, but with a strangely peaceful and hopeful feeling. She went towards home, her soul full of the beautiful vision that in silent church; she went about her duties, prepared a homelike dinner, and dressed carefully to meet her brothers. She felt that something was in the air, something supernatural, with the statue of the White Mother in the center.

James came home first. He kissed his sister as usual, noticing her bright eyes and high colour. In a few moments William entered. Without a moment's pause James advanced to William, both hands extended. William stared, uttered not a word; then came forward and laid his hands in his brother's. They looked into each other's eyes for a long minute. Then James spoke.

"William, it is three years since we have spoken; are we the happier for this estrangement?"

"No, James," was the echoed answer that strong men give in deep emotion. "We will end it!"

And with a warm, long hearty hand-clasp, the brothers were reconciled.

Katherine burst into tears. "Oh! thanks be to the Mother of God!" she cried. "She has granted my prayer, and I will keep my word!"

And she did. The happy trio sat down to the happiest meal they ever tasted. And after it was over the brothers, arm in arm, went out together.

Katherine immediately visited the shrine of Our Lady. She soon obtained the gift of faith, and she is now a fervent Catholic. Her daily prayers to our sweet Lady led to the conversion of her two beloved brothers. Can we doubt that her petition will be granted?—Catholic Times.

**THE PAPACY**

**EYES OF WORLD TURNED ON THE POPE IN ROME**

The subject of "The Papacy" was eloquently discussed at the Teck Theatre, Buffalo, by the Rev. Dr. Lewis J. O'Hern, C. S. P., of the Catholic University, Washington, D. C.

"The first trial of the Popes," said Dr. O'Hern, was one of persecution from the mighty Roman Empire. They were asked to give up their faith in Jesus Christ and accept the gods of pagan Rome instead. Power and wealth and influence had been theirs at the cost of burning a few grains of incense before a statue of Jupiter or Venus, and the penalty if they refused, was death in its most hideous forms. St. Peter was sentenced to die on the cross, but tradition tells us that he asked to be crucified head downwards, judging himself unworthy to die in the same posture as his Divine Master. Well did these pagan persecutors know the value of striking the chief shepherd in order to disperse the flock, and so one Roman Pontiff after another suffered martyrdom. But no sooner were the relics of one saintly leader laid away in the catacombs, than another was elected to take his place, and thus was the Church of the living God preserved on earth, while martyrs after martyrs were given to heaven. When at last, after 300 years of torture, the Emperor Constantine saw from the height of Monte Mario, the figure of the cross in the heavens with the inscription: 'In this sign thou shalt conquer,' it was, says Lacordaire, 'the blood of Christians which had germinated in the shade, and had risen like dew, up to heaven and unfolded itself in the form of the cross triumphant.'

**POPE LEO AND ATILLA**

"Then came the barbarian horde from the North. We behold Attila, who called himself the 'scourge of God,' marching southward into Italy with 700,000 Huns, and the Roman Pontiff, St. Leo the Great, goes forth in the name of the Church, to repel the invader. It was in the year 451, you will remember that these barbarian Huns left their dim northern forests and descended upon Italy. City after city fell before them. Blood and destruction followed after. At length they turned toward Rome. Then, as always, Rome was the city of the soul, the heart of the whole world; and then, as now, did her sovereign Lord prepare to combat the foe and Leo went forth to meet Attila.

"When successive invasions of the barbaric hordes had utterly blotted out the last vestige of the Roman empire in Italy, the peninsula was left from the Alps to the sea without a civil master. There remained in Rome one sole person who had been father, pastor, protector, their supreme spiritual ruler and guide, and around him they gathered as their chief. From that day on the Popes were recognized as the true and only governors of Rome. Their noblest title," says Gibbon, "is the title of a people whom they have redeemed from slavery." Heirs by default of antiquity, for a thousand and seventy years they remained in possession, until the pontificate of Pius IX., when the papal flag was hauled down and the tri-color of united Italy was hoisted in its stead. On account of its high, airy position, the Quirinal palace was chosen as the residence of the king, and here the royal family has remained ever since. Strange to say though the national emblem floats proudly over the Quirinal, the great building still bears on its front the papal arms and the name of Pope Gregory XIII., who commenced it in 1574.

**THE ROMAN QUESTION**

"Painful though the situation is, for the sovereign pontiff to live in his own city, stripped of all his possessions and power, Italy finds it much more inconvenient. At every step the 'Roman Question' looms up. Foreign monarchs and heads of states, especially if they be Catholic, will not visit Rome out of respect for the Pope's wishes that they should not. Never perhaps was this so evident as in 1911, when the present King of Italy wrote to every monarch and president in Europe, inviting them to visit the Roman exposition. None could be induced to come except the Prince of Monaco, whose territory could be covered by a good-sized circus tent. And Victor Emmanuel III. was constrained to treat his libel on monarchs as the head of a state, because no other than he and Peter of Serbia could be induced to enter the papal city. Thus Rome stands today in her unique position. She has her two kings and her two courts within her walls, each having its own diplomatic corps, each having its loyal

supporters. When and how will the Vatican and the Quirinal settle the 'Roman Question' no one seems to know.

**THE PROPHECY OF PIUS IX.**

"On the taking of the Eternal City by Victor Emmanuel Pius IX. is reported to have said: 'Three generations of the House of Savoy will reign in Rome.' The grandson is now on the throne, but no one can say whether or not he will be the last. Signs of discontent are everywhere manifest, and he is reported to have said to Colonel Roosevelt that he is training his eldest son to be the first president of the new Italian republic. Never is he seen outside the Quirinal except in the midst of armed men, for those who assassinated his father at Monza in 1878 have sworn to die their daggers in his son's blood also and well he knows how terrible is their oath.

"In striking contrast to this tottering dynasty of yesterday, stands, as of yore, the age-long line of Roman pontiffs, certain of the future, teaching the nations and showing men the way to higher things. As an English Protestant journal has well said: 'The Pope is alone in the Vatican, without a friend in the governments of the world, without a treasure, without an army, without a voice in the senate of nations, a prisoner in his own palace, surrounded by the troops of a hostile king. His visible power is indeed gone. Nevertheless his invisible power was perhaps never stronger than to-day. With all the forces of the world against him, he has fought well and drawn tighter the bonds of respect, love and obedience, which knit the Roman Church into one harmonious whole, its unity never more absolute, its purity never more apparent, its authority never more royally recognized.'

"Yes, never did the ends of the earth lift up their hands toward the Vicar of Christ so universally as in this sad hour. To-day the form of Benedict XV., looms above the clash of nations and the red glare of war as indisputably the most august figure in Christendom. The eyes of the world are upon him, and all look to him, the earthly Vicar of the Prince of Peace, as the sole sovereign who can restore the peace of nations."—Buffalo Echo.

**FUTURE BELONGS TO CATHOLICITY**

That the Christianized world is likely to become Catholic is the fear expressed by a Protestant minister in many English papers. There are many reasons for it, he says, but the chief is the increase in birth-rate, due to the remarkable effect of religion on the population.

While Protestant England, (said the lecturer) Calvinistic Wales, and Presbyterian Scotland bewailed the fact of a decreasing birth-rate during the years 1881 to 1901, Ireland rejoiced in an increased birth-rate—3%. And Ireland, as you know, is Catholic. Catholicism is like the Jewish religion in that it places a great value upon child-increase. It was at the birth-rate in the Lancashire cotton towns. Here the birth-rate has fallen off greatly during recent years, except in Preston. Why Preston! It is the Catholic stronghold in Lancashire. Look at our own town. Were the children of the Irish Catholics marshalled against the children of Protestant families they would probably outnumber them by at least two to one. There is something in the Catholic religion that makes for a thriving population, and that in fulfillment of the duty towards the nation and towards their religion.

Examine the other side of the picture. When Queen Victoria came to the throne the aristocratic families in England had on an average seven children; but in 1890 that average was just over three. That is a decline of over 50% during Queen Victoria's reign. And those families, as you know, are mostly Protestant. How fared the Catholics during the same period? They maintained their average, almost seven children per marriage. Take again some facts from the Catholic Year Book for 1914. The child birth in ten Catholic dioceses in England was 38 per thousand of the population. The general rate for England and Wales was 24 per thousand. That is, there were 14 per thousand more Catholic births than Protestant births. The point of the figures is this. Providing that the Roman Catholic Church is able to hold its own number—and the leakage is not large, for there are precious few converts from Catholicism to Protestantism—such an overwhelming difference in the birth-rate will give their religion first place in England, and we shall witness the state of religious life not unlike that of England before the Reformation. To put it bluntly, England as a whole will have to obey the Pope.

"That, of course, is the source of the fear entertained by the good minister; England will have to obey the Pope!"

The whole world too would come under the spiritual rule of the Pope; witness the state of affairs on the Continent and America.

In France the Catholics are multiplying at a much faster rate than the Protestants. In Germany the same law holds good, and in Berlin alone there is an average of one child more in Catholic households than in the Protestant. The United States is fast becoming a Catholic stronghold. In the New England States, the original home of Puritanism as

immortalized in the story of the Pilgrim Fathers, are now important centres of Catholicism, one of the States alone, Massachusetts, showing 1,100,000 Catholics to 450,000 Protestants of all denominations combined. Again, in New York State we find 2,300,000 Catholics and about 300,000 Methodists, while no other Protestant body can number more than 200,000. My figures are trustworthy, for they are taken from the "Hibbert Journal," the leading authoritative review of religion and philosophy. The sum and substance of the matter is this: Catholicism is everywhere flourishing. Witness the crowds that go to Mass down Bury-road every Sunday morning. Their numbers darken the road. So do the children as they play in the streets at the top end of the town. And in contrast notice how Protestantism is everywhere languishing. Look at their lion of communions in church and in chapel alike, and listen to the wall that our Sunday schools are not what they were thirty years ago. Protestantism is not a lost cause, certainly; but at the rate we are going on it soon will be.

We are unconsciously making the coffin and digging its grave. Father Bernard Vaughan said a few days ago in a public meeting in London that we wanted men, munitions, and money, but we were not willing to be fought, but most of all we want fewer empty cradles. As long as we have only two children to show for the Catholic four, we are fighting a losing cause. Wherever the solution lies, this much is certain, and I say it not as criticism of Catholicism, but for that religion, too, like all other religions, has as its adherents thousands of earnest, pious, good-living souls; I say it not in any spirit of jealousy or bitterness—for where can you expect to find charity of thought and work unless among Christian ministers?—I say that this much is certain: that, unless a miracle happens, according to the law of population, which, like the law of the Medes and Persians, altereth not, England and the whole Christianized world will some time in the future—sooner than some of us think—be overwhelmingly Catholic owing to the simple but sufficient reason that the Catholic birth-rate is 50% more virile, more aggressive, than that of Protestantism.—N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

**BELIEVE IN THE BOY**

There is nothing which quite takes the place in a boy's life of the consciousness that somebody—his teacher, brother, sister, father, mother or friend—believes in him.

One of the most discouraging things to a youth who is apparently dead, yet is conscious of real power and ability to succeed, is to be depreciated by those around him, to feel that his parents and teachers do not understand him, that they look upon him as a probable failure.

When into the life of such a boy there comes the loving assurance that somebody has discovered him, has seen in him possibilities undreamed of by others, that moment there is born within him a new hope, a light that will never cease to be an inspiration and encouragement.—The Echo.

**THE ANGELUS**

In Catholic parts of the country and where there is a resident priest the Catholic church bells ring three times a day as a signal for prayer in memory of the incarnation of the dear Lord Jesus Christ. "The Angel of the Lord announced unto Mary" and the answer is "And she conceived by the Holy Ghost." "Behold the handmaid of the Lord" continues the one whilst the others or other replies. "Be it done unto me according to Thy word." "And the Word was made flesh" which is answered. "And He dwelt amongst men."

Those who have read the Gospel of St. Luke and the first chapter of St. John will easily recognize the source of these quotations which are supplemented by the words of the angel and of Elizabeth to Mary. "Hail, full of grace, the Lord is with Thee, blessed art thou amongst women," etc., also taken from St. Luke's gospel. This beautiful custom is exclusively Catholic, but many a non-Catholic heart is in unison with the scriptural practice which we are glad to say is common with the rank and file of the Catholic people all over the earth, thereby demonstrating that the Catholic Church does not forbid Scripture reading and saying but fosters same at every step.

The Rev. Robert Lynd, a Presbyterian, has this to say in "Home Life in Ireland."

"If you are in a little town in any part of Ireland—except the north-west—about noon, when the chapel bells ring for the Angelus, you will see all the men suddenly taking off their hats and crossing themselves as they say their midday prayers. The world loses its air of work, or of commonplace idleness, and the streets take on an intense beauty for the moment, as the old people and the young people half hide their eyes and murmur a rapid prayer to the Mother of God. The boy walking by a loaded cart stands still with bared head, or stumbles forward, praying as he walks. In the doors of the houses, in the entries on the bridge over the river, the town assumes a multitudinous reverence as the tide of prayer sweeps through it to the dining music of the bell. Even the policeman, ludicrously stiff in his military uniform, lowers his head with a kind

of salute, and offers homage to heaven. I confess, I like this daily forgetfulness of the world in the middle of the day. It brings wonder into almost every country town in Ireland at least once every day."—The Antidote.

**DEVOTION TO MOTHER OF JESUS**

There can be no doubt whatever that the name of the ever-blessed Virgin Mary brings home to the mind of a Catholic an idea very different from that which it awakens in the mind of a Protestant; and it is this which the Protestant really objects to. He maintains that we give to her an honour which is beyond that which is due to a creature; that we trench therein on the honor due to God alone, whose honour, of course, we are forbidden to give to another; that we go beyond Scripture, and against Scripture; and that we interfere with, and really destroy, the office of Christ as the One Mediator; and that this detroning of Christ in order to put His Mother in His place is in reality, call it what you will, nothing but impiety and idolatry. Most certainly and rightly do we admit that if we did all that here objected to, we should deserve all the censures directed against us, but we are misunderstood. We do not pretend Mary to be anything else but a creature; nor do we give to her any honour beyond that which may be given to a creature. And we fearlessly add that they who give to God that honour only which we give to the Blessed Virgin, are robbing God of what is due to Him, and do not view Him as the Supreme Being and the only God. But though a creature, and nothing but a creature, and therefore infinitely below God, we maintain that because of her Maternity, Mary has received from God an honour never given to any other creature, and that for that same reason she deserves an exceptional honour from us. We maintain that the dignity of Mother of God is so great, that all our efforts are inadequate to appreciate it; and that God alone, who could appreciate it, fitted her by every suitable ornament of grace for that office which He Himself destined to her. Let the Protestant, when he objects to our love and devotion to the Blessed Virgin, only remember, that unless he admits her to be Mother of God, he declares himself to be a Nestorian heretic, and a denier therefore of the Unity of Person in Christ, and consequently of the Incarnation. "Men sometimes wonder that we call her Mother of life, of mercy, of salvation; what are all these titles compared to that one name, Mother of God?" If then, our idea of the Blessed Virgin is different from that of the Protestant, it is only because we realize the fact that she is Mother of God; the Protestant ignores and forgets it, leaves it out of his consideration, even if he is not rash enough, as some of his class are, in express words to deny it altogether.

But, is it not the case that the Protestant view is rather the Scripture view, and that the Catholic Church does give to the Blessed Virgin a prominence which the spirit of the Gospel history does not warrant. "I read the Scripture," says the Protestant, "and I do not find that the person or the name of Mary holds any eminent place there. Rather she seems obscured. She seldom appears: just at first and last we hear of her, but no more. She is not a leading character in the mind of the Evangelists, and if we think of her as that, giving all the prominence to the Son, and keeping the Mother in less prominence, we cannot be wrong, but must be wrong if we do otherwise." At once we answer: Treat her as the Evangelists did, and you are quite right. Treat her as St. Luke did, when he wrote down from his own dictation, as he implies he did, the account of the Annunciation, and you will be one of our most devoted clients. Treat her as St. John did, when he stood by her side upon Calvary and accepted her as a Mother, and you will be amongst the fondest of her children; and you will never then find yourself in the wrong, but must be wrong if we do otherwise.

At once we answer: Treat her as the Evangelists did, and you are quite right. Treat her as St. Luke did, when he wrote down from his own dictation, as he implies he did, the account of the Annunciation, and you will be one of our most devoted clients. Treat her as St. John did, when he stood by her side upon Calvary and accepted her as a Mother, and you will be amongst the fondest of her children; and you will never then find yourself in the wrong, but must be wrong if we do otherwise.

**TRUTH WITHOUT TRAGEDY**

There never was a time when the Church did not invite the most rigid and separatizing examination of her principles and dogmas. But while she encourages non-Catholics to study and analyze her code of faith and morals, she asks that this be done in a spirit of fairness and open-mindedness. It may be that after faithful application, one cannot yet accept her doctrines. She still will be charitably inclined toward him, knowing that the light of faith is a gift from God alone. But with all her vigor and sincerity, she discourages religious discord, strife and misrepresentation. As she will not resort to these base methods even to convert the world, so she expects others who disagree with her teachings to do so with charity and without rancor. The Missionary very appropriately says:


"In our work as missionaries of the Cross, we must expect opposition and argument. Men will not receive gospel truth without first gaining it, then fighting it, then struggling perhaps with a death grip, before they yield to its force. We must

expect controversy; but the Catholic wishes, and believes, that religious controversy may be without bitterness, and he desires to meet his antagonists in an open field where honest and candid arguments can be heard. Controversy may for the present be needful; but there never was, and never will be, need for its rancor. We may have all its victories without its virulence; certainly without the use of calumny, falsehood, misrepresentation or muck-raking; and its truth without its personal tragedies; such as the killing of Black, or arousing the passions of frenzied mobs. That will be the most wholesome state of the Catholic Church, and the non-Catholic sects when discussions are carried on in the spirit, not of party feuds, but of friendly investigation."

**EDUCATION WITHOUT GOD**

The whole atmosphere of a school room from which God and His Christ are forcibly expelled makes for secularism and materialism.

The lesson is taught in the very air, in the studied absence of the spiritual and supernatural, that the physical world is solely worth the seeking that success in gathering up pelf and pleasure is the one goal to be coveted, that to look beyond it is to waste time and labor upon the unreal and unnecessary. More unfortunate yet—in the non-Catholic school, too often it is not only the tacit negation of the supernatural; it is, through words and examples of unbelieving master or unbelieving fellow-pupil, the positive, aggressive warfare against dogmas of revealed religion—against the primary principles of natural religion itself. From such teaching and such examples the Catholic will resolutely guard his children, if he is at all concerned in their faith, and in the salvation of their immortal souls.—Archbishop Ireland.



Gurney-Oxford tremendous output makes this value possible

**PRINCE**

Four 9" or 8 1/2" covers, right hand reservoir, 1 1/2 bush shelf, weight 110 lbs. Gurney-Oxford Prince, Canada's greatest value in cast-iron ranges. Freight paid anywhere \$25.75 east of Ft. William. Without high shell or reservoir \$18.00

We allow 100 days trial after purchase, money refunded if not fully satisfied. In all our 70 years' experience we have never seen so much value, so many conveniences and high-grade materials lavished on a stove at anything like this price.

Gurney Foundry Co. Limited  
 Montreal Toronto Winnipeg  
 Hamilton Vancouver S. 13 E.

Catalogue Free with prices  
 Write us today for a copy of "The Stove Problem Solved" quoting new low prices on all Gurney-Oxford stoves, heaters, etc. A splendid guide to safe stove buying. Your name on a postal will bring it.

**This Advertisement may induce you to try the first packet of**

**"SALADA"**

but we rely absolutely on the inimitable flavour and quality to make you a permanent customer. We will even offer to give this first trial free if you will drop us a postal to Toronto. B113

**King Hot Water Boiler**

It's awfully nice to dress in a warm room on a cold winter morning. It is the luxury that comes of having a King Boiler and King Radiators to furnish your hot-water heating. You can have your bed-room windows open all night with the air below zero, then step into the next room in the morning to dress and you will find it as warm as toast. "Steady and strong"—that is the style of heating the King Boiler and King Radiators do. The "fire-travel" is so constructed as to give the full heat of the fuel to the circulating water, and no heat gets away without paying toll to the water-way. This saves fuel and saves money. The King Hot Water Boiler has no fear of competition in the matter of quality, heating power, or fuel economy. Besides, the ease of operation makes a King Boiler transcendently superior. You can shake the ashes from either side, standing up; you can use an ash pan full size of pit; you can regulate the drafts accurately on account of tight fitting doors and joints. Flues are easily cleaned, ample combustion space allows complete burning of gases instead of their going free up the chimney. Simple to erect and economical to install. We have a King Heating Apparatus for every requirement, from a cottage up to an apartment house. We manufacture everything required for heating—steam or hot water—for buildings of all descriptions.

**King Radiators**

A good deal depends on the Radiator. Here is another point in favor of the King. The success of the King Radiators is founded upon the same principle that has made the boiler so successful—the quick circulation principle. With a King Boiler and King Radiators, you get the very climax of scientific heating and in the most convenient, artistic and economical form. King Radiators are made to fit any size or shape of space. We have a special booklet on radiators what a King Hot Water heating system would cost.

Our Illustrated Booklet, "COMFORTABLE HOMES" sent FREE on Request.

**Steel and Radiation, Limited**

HEAD OFFICE AND FACTORY: 68 FRASER AVE., TORONTO

**STAINED GLASS MEMORIAL WINDOWS AND LEADED LIGHTS**



**B. LEONARD QUEBEC: P. Q.**

We Make a Specialty of Catholic Church Windows

## The Catholic Record

Price of Subscription—\$1.50 per annum.  
United States & Europe—\$2.00  
Publisher and Proprietor, Thomas Coffey, L.L. D.  
Editors—Rev. James T. Foley, R. A.  
Thomas Coffey, L.L. D.

Associate Editors—Rev. F. J. O'Sullivan,  
H. F. Mackintosh.

Advertisements for teachers, situations wanted, etc. 50 cents each insertion. Remittance to accompany the order.

Approved and recommended by Archbishops Falconio and Sharrett, late Apostolic Delegates to Canada, the Archbishop of Toronto, Kingston, Ottawa and St. Boniface, the Bishops of London, Hamilton, Peterborough, and Oshesburg, N. Y., and the clergy throughout the Dominion.

The following agents are authorized to receive subscriptions and canvass for the CATHOLIC RECORD:

General agents: Messrs. P. J. Neven, E. J. Broderick, M. J. Hagarty, and Miss Sara Hanley, Resident agents: D. J. Murray, Montreal; George B. Heweston, Regina; Mrs. W. E. Smith, Halifax; Miss Bride Saunders, Sydney; Miss L. Heringer, Winnipeg; Miss Johnston, Ottawa and Miss Rose McKenney, 149 D Algonquin street, Quebec.

Obituary and marriage notices cannot be inserted except in the usual condensed form. Each insertion 10 cents.

Subscribers changing residence will please give old as well as new address.

In St. John's, single copies may be purchased from Mrs. A. McGuire, 249 Main Street, John J. Dwyer and The O'Neill Co. Pharmacy, 109 Brunson.

In Montreal single copies may be purchased from Mr. E. O'Grady, Newadeler, 106 St. Viateur street, and J. Milroy, 241 St. Catherine street, west.

LONDON, SATURDAY, JUNE 17, 1916

### REASON AND FAITH

In an age when creed is held up to derision, and dogma is scouted as unworthy of the consideration of reasonable men it becomes useful to consider the dogmas of our creed in the light of reason.

Creed—the word is from *Credo*, the Latin for *I believe*. Is there any human action that is not based on belief? One must believe in something. On that belief is based human action. Dogma is not exclusively Catholic nor even Christian. Many Christian ministers accept as incontrovertible dogmas many of the ascertained truths and some of the assumptions of science. Nor is a man considered less free because he is obliged to abandon the notion that the earth is flat and believe what has been demonstrated with regard to its size and shape and place in the universe.

Yet in matters of religion the flouters of creed and dogma take just such an absurd position. If there has been revelation at all there must be something definite revealed. The definite statement of revealed truth is a dogma, an article of creed or belief. And if there is one thing that Christ constantly emphasized it is the necessity and merit of belief or faith. Our Protestant friends have gone from one extreme to the other. Beginning with salvation by faith alone their scholars now regard faith or belief in definite revelation not only as unimportant but as positively unworthy of rational human nature.

The Catholic Church alone believes, teaches and practices the sacramental system instituted by Christ. While outside the Church Baptism is still administered it is regarded merely as a sign, a symbol, an instructive ceremony; not as a sign that conveys to the soul the grace which cleanses from original sin.

Yet there is nothing more eminently consonant with right reason nor more in harmony with the laws, the conditions and the habits of our human nature than the sacramental system as understood and practiced by the Catholic Church.

Why should God attach to outward signs such extraordinary, such marvellous value? To the superficial it may seem unreasonable, even superstitious. As a matter of fact it is so preeminently reasonable that God Himself, granted that He wished to communicate with man, could not have done so otherwise. There is no communication between man and man possible without outward signs. In business life it is not considered a useless bit of formality when buying a house to hold as very important the title deed—the scrap of paper which is the outward and visible sign of the transfer of ownership. Likewise when buying a horse or other movable property, which is not immediately transferred from owner to buyer, it is considered in law and in practice quite reasonable to pay something as an outward and visible sign that the bargain is concluded. Men shake hands as an outward sign of good fellowship or good will. Every act of human intercourse whether business or social is not only accompanied by outward signs but is performed through the means of outward signs and without such outward signs it becomes utterly impossible. The words we speak or write are the outward and visible signs of the thoughts of our mind; and without words or other outward signs our thoughts would remain incommunicable to our fellow-men.

God having made man thus essentially dependent on outward signs

for any and every sort of intercourse with others was obliged to have regard to the limitations and powers of human nature if He wished to establish any medium of communication between God and man.

Nor is there any disparity between the means and the end.

No one finds it unreasonable or superstitious to give to a worthless bit of paper a great value when it takes the form of a cheque or promissory note. Men agree to give it this value, to make it the outward sign of wealth. Is it impossible or unreasonable for God to make Baptism, for instance, the outward sign which conveys to the soul the treasures of His grace.

The sacramental system as God's medium of communicating with the human soul is not only entirely consonant with reason but the necessary consequence of the essential conditions of human nature.

It is the sceptic and the modernist who are the apostles of unreason.

### THE TRAGEDY OF THE HAMPSHIRE

Though Lord Kitchener was born in Ireland he was not Irish. The Irish are too well represented in all ranks of both Army and Navy to have any need to claim what does not belong to them. The great man who has just passed away has been too much in the public eye as the central figure of the British Empire's part in the War to need any extended eulogy in a weekly paper. Our readers are already fully informed of Earl Kitchener's career.

An incident of the tragedy is of special interest to our readers. Hugh James O'Beirne, a member of Kitchener's staff who went down with him, was an Irish Catholic.

Hugh James O'Beirne, C. B., C. V. O., J. P. and D. L. for the county Leitrim, was born in 1867 and prepared at the Catholic school of Beaumont for Balliol College, Oxford. In 1889 he entered the diplomatic service, and was second secretary of the British Embassy at Washington from 1895 to 1898. He was Charge d'Affaires at Petrograd in 1908 and Minister Plenipotentiary 1913-15. Before joining Kitchener's staff he was Minister at Sofia.

In the British Diplomatic service Irishmen take a prominent place; the Roger Casements are few and far between.

### MEN OF THE STONE AGE

Reviewing in the Catholic World Professor Osborn's "Men of the Old Stone Age," Dr. J. J. Walsh deals a hard blow to one of the most popular fallacies of popular science. To those who believe that man ascended slowly from the brute creation and finally developed a sort of rudimentary reason the cave man was not an ancestor to boast about. "Our imagination pictured him a step higher than the beast; occupied entirely with the question of providing food for his family and defending himself against the equally savage men around him possessed of but little power of speech and intelligence."

We have had his picture in the papers as scientifically reconstructed from fragments of bones found here and there. It is true that other scientists have ridiculed the result of such reconstruction; but the average newspaper reader rarely has an opportunity of reading about the scientific destruction of his reconstructed ancestor.

"The cave man, according to theory, has been pictured as little higher than the beast; now sixty or seventy years of careful investigation of his cave dwelling and what they contain, show us that he was an artist with marvellous powers of observation, and a still more marvellous power of reproducing his artistic vision. Though his cave dwellings were dark he used artificial light to illumine them; endeavored to make everything about him beautiful, and displayed his artistic taste in his weapons and the implements and utensils of everyday life. He decorated the walls of his cave home. The revelation of his artistic ability has been a distinct shock to the modern world. To its great astonishment the cave man proves himself to have been far above the average of mankind at any period of the world's history in his artistic interests. Professor Osborn's book is filled with illustrations which prove very plainly what we are saying."

Since 1895, the learned reviewer tells us, research has been concentrated on this department of archeology, and it has come to be considered as probably the most important

in the prehistoric story of man. And he concludes: "In the face of all the evidence we have brought forth, the long-cherished notion of the cave man as one little higher than the brute must be replaced by the recognition of him as an artist of intelligence and rare ability."

### JAMES JEROME HILL

In another column will be found our esteemed contemporary's the St. Paul Bulletin's tribute to its famous fellow-townsmen.

There is nothing we can add to the unanimous homage of a continent to the great prophetic builder of the Empire of the West.

But there was something interesting to the readers of the CATHOLIC RECORD that was omitted or glossed over by the daily press. J. J. Hill died a Catholic. It was stated that Father Gibbons, Vicar-General, "a life-long friend of the family," was present at the deathbed and conducted the funeral services. It was not stated in so many words that the pioneer statesman and empire builder of the West was a Catholic when he died. His wife was an Irish Catholic girl; and all through her life she remained a staunch, convinced and convincing Catholic. Living in the atmosphere of a Catholic home is fatal to hereditary prejudice.

Throughout his life James J. Hill was a generous benefactor of Catholic charities; and his fidelity to the Christian ideal in life doubtless was the reason why in death he was vouchsafed the grace of Faith.

### THE WAR AND THE CHURCHES

This great world contest, that is now nearing its second year of duration, has revealed many things that were more or less hidden before. One of these is that Protestants are not supernaturally attached to their churches. In the piping times of peace everything moved along smoothly for ministers and finance committees, at least in urban centres. The abandoned meeting house of the country has long been a familiar spectacle, but present indications point, if not to the abandonment, at least to the bankruptcy of many town and city churches. Congregations are not able to pay their ministers' salaries and the latter, in order to provide for their wives and children, are obliged to devote their week days to some secular calling. Hence it is becoming quite a common thing to see the Roman collar behind a drug store or some other counter. Some have temporarily abandoned the pulpit to accept a government office. In this connection an agency for the Children's Aid Society seems to be especially alluring, offering as it does a humanitarian motive to break the shock of their descent. By the way, we understand that the head of the Department had decreed, that a minister accepting such a position would be obliged to drop the prefix "Rev." If so, the rule has not been put into effect; for we know of those who are still officiating as ministers and at the same time drawing a government salary. What a wail would go up from the brethren if a Catholic priest were to do this!

Being free lances, they do quite a matrimonial business, especially among those who have no church affiliations, or who for good reasons prefer to have someone other than their own minister marry them. As a result bigamy cases have already been aired in the courts.

Judging from the large number of ministers who have been appointed to chaplaincy in the army or who have enlisted as privates in the ranks, one would suppose that those left behind would be very much in demand. The Catholic Church has certainly felt the pinch of having to dispense with the services of so many of her clergy. What is the cause of this strange anomaly, that the Protestant churches, having much fewer ministers than formerly, find less for them to do and more difficulty in remunerating them for their labor? One need not go far in search of the reason. Protestants, for the most part, are attached to their churches from social or sentimental reasons. They do not look upon them as necessary supernatural aids, nor upon the minister as a necessary supernatural guide. In times of peace, the latter filled a place in their social-religious life by preaching an entertaining sermon and officiating as chairman at social events. But since the war has offered a new motive for their energies, purely church work has been to a great extent abandoned. An entertainment gotten up at present for the exclusive benefit of the

church, would be poorly attended. In order to draw the crowd, a patriotic flavor must be given to it, by advertising that at least one half of the proceeds go to some fund associated with the war.

In a word, the Recruiting League, the Patriotic Society and the I. O. D. E. have usurped for the time being the place of the church. That these should engage much of people's attention and energies at present, is but reason, able to expect: but that they should relegate the church to the background reveals its purely human character. If its adherents looked upon it as a divine support; surely there is no time in which they would be more zealous to maintain it and more anxious to seek consolation from it than in these days of sorrow.

How different it is with the Catholic Church! Her members are, in common with other citizens, making the sacrifices that the war entails; yet there is no falling off in church revenue. On the contrary, Catholics are supporting their churches more generously than ever. As to spiritual allegiance, the calamity of war has not only wrought an increase of devotion among the faithful, drawn them closer to the altar, but has caused many an erring son to return to the practice of his religion. This is especially true of the war zone where death is daily staring men in the face. Apropos of this, in a recent editorial in the Toronto Globe entitled "Down to Davy Jones' Locker," the writer gives expression to this, we must say, very pagan sentiment: "To die in the rush of a charge, aquiver with excitement, or to be killed in the twinkling of an eye by the explosion of a huge projectile, is a fate far kinder than that which befalls the ship's company of a battle cruiser, when her hull is pierced by a torpedo." To wait for the inevitable, would not be, it is true, a kindly fate if death were the "end all" of existence. But the Christian who believes that death is but a transition, prays to be delivered from a sudden and unprovided one, and esteems it a kindly fate to be given even a minute's time to prepare for it.

We agree with the writer that "to wait for death is a far more searching test of moral worth than to greet it with a cheer." The mortally wounded on the battlefield are put to that test. It is then that the non-Catholic feels the barrenness of his religion. It is when the sad message reaches his loved ones that they realize the emptiness of conventional platitudes. In an issue of the Globe that has just come to hand Rev. Dr. Paterson Smyth is reported to have voiced this sentiment, in a sermon delivered at the Anglican Synod. He warned his fellow ministers that conventional preaching would not satisfy the returned soldier, who had gone to the end of the earth and looked over the wall. "Death and the hereafter is the dominant thought," said he, "that comes with this war, and we must think of those who are passing beyond. We must not tell a mother that it is wrong to remember her dead boy in her prayers. We must draw the people to the church for consolation." True words but vain, unless men turn to that Church, which is not of this world, which holds the secrets of eternity and which alone can console the living and teach men how to die!

THE GLEANER.

### NOTES AND COMMENTS

THE EXTENT OF THE historical knowledge of the average daily newspaper editor may be gauged by the assertion in the Toronto Star in connection with the reported betrothal of the Prince of Wales to the Catholic daughter of the King of Italy that on the only two other occasions since the rise of Protestantism when a Catholic princess married a king of England, conversion to or adoption of Protestantism was the result. The two queens referred to were Henrietta Maria, Consort of Charles I. and Catherine of Braganza, Consort of Charles II. Evidently the Star editor has access to documents beyond the reach of ordinary historians.

WE COMMENTED last week upon the falling birth-rate of Presbyterian Scotland, and upon the warning sounded by some of her more thoughtful and observant sons as to the future of the nation if this is allowed to proceed unproved and uncorrected. The importance of the subject as affecting what was formerly one of the most virile and fruitful countries in the world, and as having

a bearing upon the whole English-speaking race seems to call for some further reflections.

THE EDINBURGH Scotsman writer, whose researches occasioned our own remarks, has laid special stress upon the fact that it is amongst the educated and well-to-do that the decrease in question is most marked. Taking Edinburgh itself for example, as the capital of Presbyterianism, and one of the world's intellectual centres, it is shown that the declining birth-rate stands out with lurid distinctness in "the terraces and squares of the West end, and in the gardenized villas of the suburbs." Figures may again be quoted with advantage. In the Canongate district the births number 24 for every thousand of the population; in Gorgie it is 23.9, and in St. Leonard's 22.4. These are the poorer districts, and the rate is certainly ominously low. But when we turn to the "better," or more well-to-do sections of the city, we find even these figures cut in halves. In Merchiston it is 12.6; in the Haymarket 11.5; and in the Morning-side suburb it falls to 10.9. It is, in short, "among the gardenized villas of Edinburgh and of the larger English cities that this degeneration has evinced the fullness of its power."

WE FORBEAR enlarging extensively upon this as the Edinburgh writer has done, for the simple reason that Canadian readers are not so directly concerned. But, concerned to a degree they are, and we of this younger nation may well take warning from the sad experience of the older. It has been often and well said that an unfruitful nation is a dying nation, and the inevitable penalty of this violation of the laws of nature and of God is that the race which practices it must ere long give place to one that has still a moral code to guide it. This is exemplified at our very doors in the passing of the Puritans of New England and the peopling of their cities and broad acres with the Catholic sons of Ireland and France.

"DEPOSITION" FROM the ministry of the Kirk—that as recently exercised in Presbyterian Scotland brings once more into view, for those open to impressions, the essential difference between Holy Orders in the Catholic Church and the Protestant idea of the ministry. Once a priest, always a priest—*sacerdos in aeternum*; so it is always, for the sacrament of Orders imprints a mark or character upon the soul which no fault or shortcoming—not even apostasy from the Faith—can eradicate. But with the Protestant ministry it is different. Ordination, in their sense of the term, is confessedly a merely human appointment which may be put aside at will by the subject of it, or of which he may be deprived by those who bestowed it upon him. Of the supernatural it has no suspicion notwithstanding that in the conferring of it the Almighty is invoked as the source of its authority.

FORMAL DEPOSITION from the ministry of any of the sects is, however, sufficiently rare to attract attention when it is put into exercise. This fate overtook one unfortunate member of the Presbytery of Aberdeen, Scotland, recently, and the terms in which the act was clothed makes it under the circumstances a human document of some interest. This unhappy individual had been convicted of falsifying testimonials with a view to certain appointments, and to duly impress him the "thunders" of the Kirk were heaped upon him. His name was first called three times at the door of the Presbytery, and when the erring pastor failed to appear, prayer was offered up by the Moderator, and the terrifying sentence was pronounced. Here it is: "In the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, the sole King and Head of this church, and by virtue of the power and authority committed by Him to it, I do now solemnly depose Mr. — from the office of the holy ministry, discharging and prohibiting him from exercising the same or any part thereof, in all time coming, under the pain of the highest censure of the church."

NOTHING IS forthcoming to warrant the supposition that the poor man had been given any opportunity to repent, or to make reparation for his misdeed. "You have sinned, and out you go." It matters not what the man's future may be, or to what shifts he may be put to provide for himself and

family. He has sinned, and been "caught" and the eminent respectability of the Kirk requires that he should be thrust instant out into the cold world. Somehow a well-known text of Scripture about the "first stone" rises irresistibly to mind in connection with the incident. And our Presbyterian friends may be thankful that there is no disposition, in any quarter, to exploit the individual as an "ex," as is done too often in the case of unworthy priests who, having had every opportunity to redeem themselves, have preferred to be so exploited by those who by means of them hope to bismirch the fair fame of the Mother whom they have forsworn.

REVERTING TO our remarks of last week as to the religious belief of Shakespeare, we are reminded of a sidelight on the subject which possesses an interest all its own. According to a writer in the Manchester Guardian, the Jesuit poet and martyr, Father Robert Southwell, was the friend round whose ideal personality the dramatist wrote so many of his sonnets. And this theory comes not from the professed Shakesperians, but from the editor of a new edition of Father Southwell's "Triumph over Death," published in the Catholic Library of reprints a year or more ago.

THE BEAUTIFUL youth of the sonnets according to this ingenious theory, was the Jesuit, tortured by Topcliffe, imprisoned in the Tower of London for three years, and finally dragged on a hurdle to Tyburn and there hanged. At first sight, says the Guardian, the theory seems too ridiculous to deserve examination. But Mr. Trotman (the editor in question) who endeavors to read a spiritual sense into the erotic eloquence of the sonnets supports his position with such ingenuity that while one puts the book down unconvinced he is left wondering how his reasoning is to be confuted. The special interest in the theory to us lies in the fact that it points to the possibility that the final determination as to Shakespeare's belief, if it is ever arrived at, may come from some such unexpected source just as the last word in the vindication of Mary, Queen of Scots, which some day is bound to come, may be found, not in State papers or in the tortuous discussions of theorists, but deep down in the heart of history and from the long-silent lips of her own attendants whose knowledge of her was first hand, and who loved and revered her devotedly to the end.

### ON THE BATTLE LINE

THE capture of 1,143 Austrian officers and 64,714 men, the recovery of almost four thousand square miles of fertile Volhynian soil, and the taking of the fortified town of Lutsk, all in the space of five days, prove that Brusiloff, the new Russian General, who succeeded Ivanoff as Chief of the Russian Southwestern Army, is a first-rate fighting man. He has, of course, had the advantage of a most efficient artillery preparation, which blew the Austrian entanglements, trenches and earthworks into such a chaos that the bewildered occupants surrendered in thousands when the Russian infantry charged.

The Petrograd official report issued last night gave for the first time some details of the fighting. German reinforcements from the trenches north of the Pripet tried to stay the rush, and many Germans are among the prisoners taken. At several points the Russian cavalry led the attack after the artillery had done its work. In one such case the Cossacks took two guns and much artillery ammunition. The spoil includes thirty cylinders of asphyxiating gas. The report speaks highly of the gallantry of the young Russian soldiers who are having their first experience of war. A division of young troops, by an impetuous attack, captured a bridgehead on the Styra and took 2,500 German and Austrian troops and rich booty. In Galicia the Russian armies have crossed the Stripa and have reached the Zlota Lipa at Potek. They are too near Lemberg once more for the comfort of the Austrian garrison.

Will the offensive be continued? That depends largely upon the reserves of ammunition, and especially of high-explosive projectiles, behind the Russian front. It was undoubtedly begun to help the Italians by drawing to the east troops that would otherwise have been used in the Trentino. That and has been served in a marked degree for Austria must add at once hundreds of thousands of men to her armies in Volhynia and Galicia if she does not want to see them overwhelmed. Brusiloff's attack has shown that the Austrian power of resistance is far less than had been estimated. If his munitions are ample he is very likely to follow up his splendid success by an advance to the line of the Bug River. The reoccupation of Kovel would endanger the Germanic grip of the

greater part of Southern Poland as well as Western Volhynia. Nothing can save the Austrians from a complete rout except an insufficiency of Russian high-explosive shell.

The Germans in Kovno and the Courland are trying to relieve the pressure upon the Austrian armies south of the Pripet marshes by the inauguration of a vigorous offensive. A Petrograd despatch says that after a heavy bombardment to the north and south of Smorgon—in the region east of Vilna where the Russians some time ago drove the Germans back several miles—the enemy attacked in strong force, but all his attempts to reach the Russian trenches were repulsed. The German aircraft are very active—this by way of diversion and to lessen the confidence of the Russian civilian population.—Globe, June 10.

On the other fronts no great change has occurred during the week. In the recent battle of Ypres the Canadian losses will reach 7,000.

### T. P. O'CONNOR'S LETTER

#### IRELAND RESENTFUL OF MILITARY RULE

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

LONDON, June 10th.—News from Ireland is not good. Resentment over military rule, instead of diminishing, seems to be increasing, at least in Dublin. Such stories as were told at Skellington's inquest do not help to calm things. This state of the Irish atmosphere has immense importance, even though it may be changed some time from now; for in that atmosphere negotiations for the settlement of the Irish problem have to be conducted. The settlement suggested by Sir Edward Carson is the exclusion of six Ulster counties from immediate home rule in the other twenty-six counties, with a Home Rule ministry coming almost immediately into existence. Orangemen have made some hesitation about acceptance of this, as they always demanded the exclusion of all Ulster, and they have no more fanatical followers than the small minorities in Donegal, Cavan and Monaghan Counties which are to come under the Irish Parliament.

I have little doubt Sir Edward Carson will be able to bring these men ultimately to reason, and that so far as Ulster is concerned such a settlement would be accepted. Ulster Nationalists are very sane business people, but the exasperation created by the exclusion of working Ulster, while the same exasperation in the South, though willing to allow Nationalist Ulster to have a potent voice, makes them at this moment indisposed to accept any settlement involving even for a short time a break up of Irish National Unity.

Meantime the forces of faction, which for years have been trying to break down the constitutional movement and the Irish Party, are trying to produce chaos, thinking the hour for destroying both has come. This is the situation for the moment, frankly, but I retain the conviction that the sanity of the Irish people will assert itself in time and that their final decision will be to choose immediate Home Rule with but temporary exclusion, for it can only be temporary in a small portion of the country, instead of throwing Ireland back another generation on a division of the futile insurrection and progressive depopulation. These, I should add, are personal opinions. Mr. Redmond, Mr. Dillon, Mr. Devlin nor the Irish Party are pledged to the acceptance of any proposals.

One of the most astounding things to an Irishman who lives in England as I do, is the absolute irreconcilability of the English and the Irish point of view. I don't mean only that the two peoples do not understand each other; I doubt if they ever will. Indeed the Englishman character to understand. The curious reserve of his character; his hatred of any display of emotion, as bad manners as well as sentimentality; his brusqueness; all these things give an altogether false impression of his character to those who are not able by intimacy with him to penetrate beneath the surface. When you do get to his fundamental characteristics you will find that this reserve and superficial coldness are allied with a strong emotionalism and even sentimentality; that he has warm friendships to which he is rightly true; that when swept away by some conviction in favor of a right course, there is no risk that he is not willing to take, no sacrifice that he is not willing to make. And then again when his back is to the wall, you find another side to his character; the hard, even the arrogant side, he is very awkward, and sometimes he is even ruthless. And yet again to this fit there is another emotionalism that lies at the root of his character comes up again; and woe betide the man who has mistaken the hardness as the permanent factor. For example, the loudest and the first voices—the voice of Ireland was stifled by the rebellion—that rose against the number of executions in Ireland rose from the Liberal press of England.

I have known Englishmen do extraordinary things. Take for instance, the case of Joseph Cowen, dead now for many years. He was an enorm-



FIVE MINUTE SERMON  
BY REV. N. M. REDMOND  
TRINITY SUNDAY

WHAT WE ARE TO BELIEVE CONCERNING  
THE MYSTERY

Our faith teaches us, that there is but one true and living God, and that He is eternal, incomprehensible, omnipotent, and infinite in all His attributes and perfections. It also teaches us that in this one God there are three distinct persons of the same substance and essence, and perfectly equal in age, in power, in wisdom, and in all perfections; that the Father has no beginning, and proceeds from no one; that the Son proceeds from the Father by one eternal and ineffable generation, as His living Word and Wisdom, the most perfect image of His power; and that the Holy Ghost, the Spirit of God, proceeds eternally from the Father and the Son. Our faith further teaches that these three are one by having all three the same Godhead; that is, the same divine nature. The Father is God, the Son is God, the Holy Ghost is God; and yet there are not three Gods, but one God, one Lord, one Almighty in three several Persons. This, then, is the true and essential mystery of our Christian faith. It is God's teaching, who can neither deceive nor be deceived. It is above our reason, but not contrary to it. In all mysteries two things must be considered: the first is the fact, that is, that it exists; and the second is, how it exists. The fact is no more above our understanding than any other established event, and this is what we are bound to believe. But the manner of existence we cannot know; because it is beyond our comprehension, and, therefore, it is no object of our belief. But we, the children of the Church, know what we must believe, and we know that it is the teaching of Christ. The question, therefore, which should have had most of our thoughts on this occasion is, how our daily lives harmonize with what we believe. As the sentiment of a pious author has it, little benefit will accrue to us from thinking profoundly, speaking brilliantly, or putting arguments concerning the fact of the Trinity, if our lives be displeasing and dishonoring to the Trinity. What will profit us is a good Christian life that will be glory to the Father, glory to the Son, and glory to the Holy Ghost.

TEMPERANCE

TEMPERANCE AND HUMANITY

On the first Sunday of this year, Father J. Kubacki, pastor of St. Adelbert's Polish Church, South Bend, Ind., appealed to his parishioners to abstain from alcoholic beverages and devote to the sufferers in Poland the money thus saved. Of the 1,680 communicants in the parish, 904 signed the following pledge:

"In the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost—Whereas, intoxicating drinks, physically, economically and morally, are injurious to me, to my family, to my nation and to the human race, and whereas my brethren in Poland are dying of hunger and misery; therefore I promise God to abstain from all intoxicating drinks during the year 1916, and to place upon the altar of my native country the money saved by such abstinence. Amen."

On the same Sunday the collection for the sufferers in Poland amounted to \$755.10.

GLADSTONE'S MAXIMS  
The late William Ewart Gladstone frequently handed out to his neighbors at Hawarden printed slips reading:

Drunkenness expels reason,  
Drowns the memory,  
Distempers the body,  
Defaces beauty,  
Diminishes strength,  
Inflames the body,  
Causes internal, external and incurable wounds,  
It's a vile and the senses,  
A devil to the soul,  
A thief to the purse,  
A beggar's companion,  
A wife's woe and children's sorrow,  
It makes man become a beast and self-murderer.  
He drinks to others' good health.  
And robs himself of his own.

VISIT THE BLESSED SACRAMENT

Visit the Blessed Sacrament often during this month of the Sacred Heart. Even a few minutes every day would be a tribute of respect and love.

The late Bishop Mass of Covington, Kentucky, whose devotion to our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament earned for him the title, "Bishop of the Blessed Sacrament," exhorted his people to make this daily offering: When on your way to work at early dawn, (said the Bishop) if you can not carry long enough to enjoy the blessing of assisting at Holy Mass, do not deny yourself the graces and Jesus the consolation of a short morning greeting to Him. Step into the church for a few minutes; tell Him that you love Him; that out of love for Him you are going to do your daily task; that out of love for Him you will avoid every thought, word and act that might displease Him; and ask Him to bless your resolutions and make them efficacious.

And when the day is spent, when in obedience to the decree of God you have "earned your bread by the sweat of your brow," before you go home to enjoy its peaceful life and the well-earned rest, call again at the church and converse a few moments with the God of your heart. You never tire of the company of your loved ones; your true friends become better by frequent meetings. Visit our dear Lord often and He will grow upon you; you will feel His presence; your insensibility to grace will disappear; the love of Jesus Christ will influence you and come home to you; Jesus will become your dearest friend, and the moments you spend at the foot of the altar will be daily glimpses of heavenly light.

To the indifferent, this zealous lover of the Blessed Sacrament addressed words of reproof that many of us may well take to ourselves. "You find time for temporal business," he said, "for useless visits, for calls that are dangerous, for hours of uncharitable conversation; for hours of idle reading; time for theater and amusements; you find time for everything, but you seldom think of visiting Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament."

"Have you no heart?" he asks. "Have you no troubles, no difficulties, no trials? And who but Jesus can so efficaciously help you? Hear Him invite you: 'Come to me all you that labor and are burdened, and I will refresh you.' This invitation is all-embracing; it includes the sinner and the saint; and provides a cure for every ill. Pride of intellect gives way to simple faith before the Blessed Sacrament; the tempted receive strength to resist temptation; the path of duty grows clear; family sorrows and perplexities may be laid at the feet of Jesus.

"New Monics, who deplore the irreligion of your husband, the bad conduct of your son," urges the Bishop, "come to Jesus. He will help you."  
"Sickness, misfortune follow you through life. Come to Jesus. He will make you understand the mystery of the Cross."  
"With what joy you would have followed Jesus when on earth! He is more to you now, more of God in the Holy Eucharist than He was then. Hence visit Him often at Mass, in Holy Communion, in visits to the Blessed Sacrament."—Sacred Heart Review.

THE WOMAN AND HER SEED

Among the evidences which may be adduced from the study of the Bible in support of the Christian believer's contention that only God Himself can be truly called its author, none seems to us more incontrovertible than the fact that it is a continuous story, which begins with Genesis and ends with the Apocalypse, having as much of design and plot as any of our greatest novels and much more dramatic action than all the plays of Shakespeare combined. There is in fact about the Bible a unity of design and a logical consistency which differentiates it from the Koran of Mahomet, the Veda of the Bramins and all the Sacred Books of non-Christian systems of religion. No cathedral in Christendom, or pagan temple in the whole world, gives more unmistakable evidence of its being the brain product of some great architect than does the Bible of being the finished work of one Master Composer, even though it be clearly proven that the several books which comprise the whole were the work of human authors. For each of the subordinate parts bears internal evidence of having been composed under the inspiration of the supreme genius, who conceived the design of the entire work and presided over its composition from start to finish.

Since a period of over one thousand and five hundred years elapsed from the time when Moses, the first subordinate author, composed the Book of Genesis until St. John, the Apostle, laid down his pen at the conclusion of the Apocalypse, it is self-evident that no mere man could have designed and brought to a completion the whole contents of the Sacred Scriptures. The longest lived descendant of Adam was Methuselah, and "all his days were nine hundred and sixty-nine years," besides, he expired long before the Bible began to be written. We have no reason to attribute its compilation to any of the angels and nothing, therefore, is left to us but to ascribe its authorship to God.

We have already said that the Bible is a continued story, and so indeed it is, and with this little introduction we now proceed to say that it might be very fittingly entitled, after the manner of an historical romance, "The Woman and Her Seed, Being the Story of the Creation of Man, His Fall and Redemption through Jesus Christ, the Son of Mary."

It is a religious story from commencement to completion. "In the beginning God created the heaven and earth," is the opening sentence and the Almighty holds the sovereign place in the drama throughout. Man's evil genius, who plots his ruin and dogs his footsteps like a bloodhound from generation to generation, is first introduced in the third chapter, when the serpent, the Devil, seduced our Mother Eve by his living subtlety and drawing down upon her and Adam, her husband, the swift judgment of their Creator. Addressing Himself to Satan, whom Eve charged with having tempted her, God said: "I will put enmities between thee and the woman, and between thy seed and her seed; she shall crush thy head and thou shalt lie in wait for her heel" (Gen. 3, 15). Thus is the great romance of the woman and her seed introduced, a romance which is not to be unfolded, elaborated and concluded within the compass of a single generation, or in fact of many generations, but it is to cover the entire course of human history. Four thousand years are to elapse before the actual woman referred to in Genesis is to appear in the world, the masterpiece of God's creative power, a virgin conceived without sin and flawless in every member, who in the fullness of time brings forth her babe in a stable at Bethlehem and lays Him in a manger. Whom she had conceived by the Holy Ghost and Who was the "Seed" first mentioned by God in the garden and repeatedly foretold by the succession of the holy prophets raised up from age to age to keep alive the hope of the elect and the expectation of the Israel of God.

In the Holy Gospels the drama of the world's redemption is enacted on the narrow stage of Judea and Galilee and the three central characters are Jesus, Mary and Satan, and three concluding scenes are the Crucifixion on Mount Calvary, the Easter Resurrection and the empty tomb with the stone rolled away, and the Ascension of the Risen Christ into Heaven from the summit of Mount Olivet.

The next chapter in the Sacred Narrative describes the descent of the Holy Ghost to direct the Apostles of Christ in extending the empire of the Cross throughout the world and to give fecundity to the Catholic Church which is the mystical body of Christ and to multiply those children with which Jesus had endowed Our Lady of the Atonement, when He said from the Cross, "Woman, behold thy Son, Son, behold thy Mother" (John 19, 26).

Finally to conclude the book in time, although the romance in fact is destined to go on through eternity, a vision of the future was given to the beloved Apostle St. John, which under the inspiration of the Holy Ghost he wrote down and bequeathed to the Church. Until the very end it is the story of the woman and her seed with the old dragon plotting, and persecuting, and lifting himself up against the Madonna and Child, and with increasing fury until he is finally chained down in the abyssal depths of hell, nevermore to disturb the peace of God's elect, who as the children of the New Adam and the New Eve, ministered to by angels, possess the celestial Paradise of unalloyed pleasure and reign forever and ever.

In the beautiful month of May we do well to honor our Mother, the Queen of Heaven, recalling to mind "the great sign which appeared" to St. John in Heaven. A woman clothed with the sun, and the moon under her feet, and on her head a crown of twelve stars; and being with child, she cried travailling in birth, and was in pain to be delivered" (Apocalypse 12, 1-2). This is none other than Our Lady of the Atonement travailling in spirit over us, her poor, sinful children, on the earth and fondly lifting our eyes towards her throne on high we will not cease to call upon her, saying: "Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for us now and at the hour of our death." And by faith we hear her answer in the words with which the Sacred Volume closes: "The Grace of Our Lord Jesus Christ be with you all. Amen."—The Lamp.

HOW THE CHRISTIAN IS TESTED

"Tests or trials are essential to prove fidelity and worth," says the Catholic Universe. "All are subject to tests or temptations, and these are essential to Christian perfection as the fire is necessary to separate the dross from the gold. Who has not felt at times as though one-half of his being was at war against the other half? St. Paul refers to these conflicting forces in the warfare for heaven. One of these urges to uprightness; the other to cowardice, betrayal and baseness. The spirit and the flesh have a continuous battle for mastery. Our Lord says to His child: 'I have engaged in the conflict, as He said to St. Paul: "My grace is sufficient for thee." Is this battle a misery or a mercy? Some look upon it as a misfortune, but since the Lord has willed it, it is a mercy and will prove a crown. If there were no battle, there would be no victory and

so no crown. 'The kingdom of heaven suffereth violence and only the violent bear it away.' Crosses, temptations and trials lead to perfection."

AN INFIDEL AND THE CATECHISM

Geoffrey, one of the representatives of infidel philosophy, could not but admire the catechism. These are the words he made use of when addressing a numerous audience of the Sorbonne on the resume of Catholic doctrine contained in the catechism: "There is a little book which children are taught and about which they are questioned in Church and school; read this little book which is the catechism, and you will find therein the solution of all the questions that I have treated, of all without exception. Ask the Christian whence comes the human race, he knows; whither it goes, he knows; how it goes, he knows. Ask this little child why it is here below, he will give you a truly sublime answer which he does not fully understand, but which is none the less admirable. Ask him how the world has been created and for what purpose; why God has placed animals and plants thereon; how the earth has been peopled, whether by one family or by many; why people speak in divers tongues, why they suffer, why they struggle and how will all this end—he knows the answer. The origin of the world, the origin of the species, questions of race, man's destiny in this life and in the next, man's relations to God, man's duty to his fellow men, men's rights over creation—he is ignorant of none of these things, and when he grows older he will not hesitate about natural law or political law or international law, for all that flows with clearness and of itself from Christianity. This is what I call a grand religion. I recognize it by this sign that it does not leave unanswered any of the questions that interest humanity."—St. Paul Bulletin.

MEDIEVAL PEACE MOVEMENTS

A lecture entitled "Some Medieval Peace Movements and Organizations" was given on March 1st at the University of Pennsylvania, by Rev. Dr. Paschal Robinson, O. F. M., Professor of Medieval History at the Catholic University, has a timely interest on account of the recent efforts of the Holy See to lessen the horrors of the present war in Europe.

The medieval period in history was, the speaker said, probably the greatest era of war the civilized world has ever seen. Between the death of Charlemagne and the close of the Crusades, war rather than peace was the normal condition of society.

Medieval warfare, however, was not war as we understand it nowadays, where, with some large private view, one great cohesive state directs its entire military powers against another state, but rather private war of an essentially local character. The reason for this lay in the fact that under the feudal system the universal and common had very little power and that political expediency and national expansion were as yet unknown doctrines, so that almost every war of medieval times was based on some local or private claim. Upon the slightest pretext, often without any excuse at all, the feudal lord would sally forth with his castle to carry arms and sword in the neighboring territory.

This lawless custom of waging private war without legitimate cause was the chief cause of the instability of life in medieval times. The wretched peasantry were, Dr. Robinson pointed out, the chief sufferers. Their villages were burned and their crops destroyed and not infrequently famine and pestilence completed the work of destruction. In the midst of this deplorable condition of affairs the Church intervened and sought to protect the oppressed by imposing measures calculated to enforce respect for the public peace. These measures were at first local and took the form of the institution known as the "Peace of God." Dr. Robinson traced the history of this institution from its first appearance in the south of France in 989.

Its object was to exempt certain classes of persons whose condition or profession forbade them to carry arms and to mark off, as it were, a sphere of peace around non-combatants from the surrounding sphere of feud. So humane and beneficial an institution was received with great favor and in the eleventh century a movement developed in France which aimed at bringing about a general cessation of all warfare amongst Christians. But this movement ended in failure as the times were not yet ripe for the inauguration of an era of universal peace.

The ecclesiastical authorities had recognized this fact, and consequently instead of advocating universal peace, they sought rather to mitigate the ravages of private war by restricting the number of days on which it might be carried on. Thus the "Truce of God," another celebrated peace institution of the Middle Ages, which imposed a temporary cessation of hostilities on all parties. This "Truce of God" originally extended only from noon on

Saturday until daybreak on Monday of each week, but it was gradually extended by successive Church councils so as to leave not more than eighty days in the year available for private warfare. It was finally adopted by the Lateran Councils of 1189 and 1179, and was thus made a definite article of Canon Law. Dr. Robinson next dealt with the means employed for the enforcement of this Truce. These were (1) spiritual penalties, such as excommunication and deprival of Christian burial; (2) the organization of special peace tribunals and parochial militia to punish violators of the Truce; and (3) assistance from the civil authorities. These latter were for the most part powerless, however, up to the fourteenth century, owing to the dominance of feudalism, and the task of imposing and enforcing respect for the public peace devolved mainly, therefore, upon the Bishops and local clergy.

Nothing redounds more to the credit of the medieval ecclesiastics, said Dr. Robinson, than their unwearied striving during the turbulent medieval period to protect the poor and defenceless and to lessen the violence, opposition and outrage which marked the progress of feudal warfare. It was only by degrees and in proportion as the temporal rulers were able to follow the lead taken by the Church and to enact the *Landfriede*, the *Quarantaine-feroi*, and other royal peaces, that war came to be confined to international conflict.—N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

CHEERFULNESS

There is no quality so beneficial both in our relations with our fellow-men and in all our daily activities, as cheerfulness. It is not as difficult to acquire as some of us imagine. Indeed there is no possession so valuable which can be secured at so little cost. We can all be cheerfully good natured if we try; it is only necessary to train our habitual thoughts and actions.

A loving Heavenly Father has created us and cheerfulness is our normal disposition in harmony with Him; but we often make ourselves over again, and the dark, gloomy disposition we acquire is certainly not in harmony with or pleasing to God. No one is inclined to think of a loving, tender father after looking at a self-created dark and gloomy face. To be cheerful means to give little thought to the hardships, difficulties and trials we encounter daily; to look on the brighter side of our surroundings, to dwell both in memory and speech on pleasant and encouraging happenings and on the amiable characteristics of every acquaintance. Difficulty and trials cause no despair to the cheerful person, for they are encountered with hope and the mind acquires that happy disposition to improve opportunities which rarely fail of success. The cheerful spirit is always a healthy and happy one, imparting and stimulating cheerfulness to and in others.

In life the cheerful person is as a ray of sunshine, yea golden sunshine of God. How pleasant it is to meet such a one in the daily walks of life. They are good to look upon, and we make us forget life's burdens, and we go on our way better for having met them. They inspire us with confidence and are truly benefactors of the human race.—Socratic Home Journal.

CHURCH INFLUENCE IN LATIN AMERICA

The zealous ultra-Protestant evangelists of this country, whose hearts are yearning for the conversion—save the mark!—of the poor benighted Catholics of Latin America, must be just a little disheartened by the cumulative testimony of representative men of their own faith, or faiths—all certifying to the utter uselessness and futility of such attempted converting. Here, for instance, is the declaration of a Protestant minister, writing from a South American city to the Living Church:

The most silly method to obtain the support of men and money from Great Britain and the United States is to proclaim that Latin America is without religion, without faith, and relapsing into a condition of paganism. The people of Latin America are happy, affable, and full of aspirations; their cities are clean and well governed; wealth is rapidly increasing; schools, universities, and modern engineering industries are constantly expanding. Their churches are attractive and full of activity. There are 4,000 priests and students. I have heard splendid sermons, have been inspired with the magnificent influence of the Catholic Church upon the people, and have prayed to God to provide a movement as effective in Boston, Washington or Milwaukee; in fact, I have never really known what the Church meant until I took up my final residence here. These people neither desire nor would understand any of the forms of speculative Protestantism with which I am acquainted.

Such of the ambitious evangelists as are really sincere in their hope of making Protestants out of Latin Americans are clearly ignorant of the people and their condition; the others are chiefly interested in keeping the good folk of this country equally ignorant of real conditions in the republics to the south of us, while collecting in the meanwhile as many shekels as they possibly can.—Internationall Catholic.



Every 10c Packet of WILSON'S FLY PADS WILL KILL MORE FLIES THAN \$8 WORTH OF ANY STICKY FLY CATCHER



Regulate Kidneys AND Relieve Constipation

Gin Pills are acknowledged to have the largest sale of any proprietary medicine in Canada—an achievement solely due to their remarkable virtue as a Kidney and Bladder remedy.

National Drug & Chemical Co. of Canada, Limited, Toronto.



Tired, Aching Feet and Limbs

are promptly relieved by applying Absorbine, Jr., the antiseptic liniment. It is soothing, healing and invigorating—puts vim and energy into jaded muscles. One of the many enthusiastic users writes: "I received the trial bottle of Absorbine, Jr., all right and at that time was unable to walk without a cane, just around the house. I used it freely and inside of two days could walk without limping, something I had not done in two months. I went to the drug store and procured a \$1.00 bottle and to-day can walk as good as ever. I'll never be without it. I am recommending it to everyone I can, for I am a living witness. Absorbine, Jr., should always be kept at hand for emergencies. At druggists, \$1.00 and \$2.00 a bottle or sent postpaid. Liberal trial bottle for 10c. in stamps. W. F. Young, P. D. F., 299 Lyman's Building, Montreal, Can.

Do Not Risk Your Favorite Linens in the Laundry, Mrs. Canada!

Have the work done at home under your personal supervision with

An Eddy Indurated Washboard

Better than zinc, glass or wood. Write for Pamphlet telling why

E. B. Eddy Company Hull, Canada



QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY KINGSTON ONTARIO ARTS EDUCATION APPLIED SCIENCE Including Mining, Chemical, Civil, Mechanical and Electrical Engineering. MEDICINE During the War there will be continuous sessions in Medicine. HOME STUDY The Arts Course may be taken by correspondence, but students desiring to graduate must attend one session. SUMMER SCHOOL GEO. Y. CHOWN REGISTRAR JULY AND AUGUST

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

SEEING GOOD IN OTHERS

The truth that everybody should observe as he progresses through this uncertain world is that there is good in everyone; that no man lives who has not in his nature somewhere some good, and it is the duty of everybody to find that out the first thing; and very often he will find that the good is the major part of the man's make-up.

"But be not discouraged. Do not think that this noble hatred of wrong and this noble love of justice were given to you in vain. There is a thing that you can do. Begin to make things better, not at a distance which your voice and hand may never reach but in your own heart, in your own home. Begin not impossible dreams of making the great world better, but begin to make better that little spot of it where God has posted you to do His work and to fight His battles."

"The better sons to your parents, better neighbors to your sisters, more forbearing towards each other, more charitable to the poor, better Christians, more loyal and devoted to the Church your Mother."

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

LOVE YOUR MOTHER

Who guarded you in health, and comforted you when ill? Who hung over your little bed when you were fretful and put the cooling draught to your parched lips?

Who guarded you in health, and comforted you when ill? Who hung over your little bed when you were fretful and put the cooling draught to your parched lips?

O'CONNELL'S RULE OF LIFE

- RESOLUTIONS WHICH THE GREAT IRISH PATRIOT OBSERVED
The following resolutions formed the rule of life for the great Irish patriot and Catholic emancipator, Daniel O'Connell:
1.—To begin every day with an unlimited offering of myself to my Crucified Redeemer, begging Him by all His infinite merits and divine charity to take me under His direction and control in all things.

to work to do her best with such materials as she could find and they were all surprised to know that she had taught herself to cook. It was a lesson to the young girls present who could go at into the home kitchens to find that a girl handicapped by lack of space and utensils could nevertheless, turn out savory and satisfying food.

When a prize was offered for the best porch swing made by a boy under fourteen in a certain school, more than half the lads gave up, saying that without a manual training teacher it was impossible to do anything. But the other boys carefully looked over the porch swings at home, worked with old lumber and practiced until they were willing to trust themselves with materials that they bought. And so carefully and faithfully did they work that they were every one rewarded, not for their perfect porch seats, but for their getting around and over difficulties. They taught themselves to overcome obstacles, and after that the porch seats were easy.

THE MONTH OF BRIDES

BRIDES ARE NOT THE ONLY ONES WHO START A NEW LIFE IN THE LEAFY MONTH OF JUNE

In all Northern climes the month of June is the favourite month for brides. Nature seems to have adorned this month with singular beauty for the most sacred of all ceremonies. It is the month of Nature's reawakening when all the kingdom of growing things springs into new life after the long winter sleep and puts on a raiment of vernal beauty.

Happy are they who know enough to get quickly into harmony with nature and by cutting out the winter habits that clog the eliminating organs of the body and retard the rejuvenating processes that should come with Spring.

A person who wants that buoyancy of mind and body that ought to come with Spring, should make a complete change in diet, cutting out meats, potatoes and canned vegetables and eating largely of cereals, fruits and green vegetables. But be sure the cereal is a whole wheat cereal, and be sure it is thoroughly cooked.

For a deliciously nourishing breakfast or luncheon, take one or more shredded wheat biscuits, cover with berries or other fresh fruits, and serve with milk or cream. These biscuits not only contain all the whole grain building material in the whole wheat grain, but they are also in a digestible form, but they supply the bran coat of the wheat berry which performs the useful function of keeping the alimentary tract sweet and clean. Being ready-cooked, shredded wheat is a boon to the bride and the busy housewife in Summer, relieving her of kitchen worry and work.

IN GETHSEMANE

SACRED SPOT HAS UNDERGONE MANY CHANGES SINCE THE TIME OF OUR SAVIOUR

At last the monks who guard the Gardens of Gethsemane have capitulated. After fifty years of refusal they have granted permission to photograph this hallowed spot. It lies without the walls of Jerusalem. The way to it leads through the eastern gate, over the little stone bridge which spans the dried-up water course of the brook at Cedron, and up at the foot of the Mount of Olives.

There is only one qualification for membership in the society—wide-open eyes that see where little helps are needed. Sometimes a man may look straight at the need of helping without seeing it, because you see something else you'd rather do. But to be a Helping Fingerer, you must see, then act. That means that by and by you will grow into a helper in big things—a Helping Hand.—The Continent.

JOY OF OVERCOMING
"Who did you learn to be so efficient?" asked a young man, watching a boy of fourteen lay the camp fire, cook bacon and eggs, spread the table and get ready an appetizing meal in short order. "I don't mind telling you that I asked you out of the long list of applicants to make this trip with me because I had found out that you knew how to work and to work regularly. But I don't see how you ever learned when your father is rich enough to hire help for all things he wants to be done."

sion. To them, Gethsemane is the Garden of the Agony, whither the Saviour retired to pray for strength in the last dread crisis before the end.

It is one of the few spots where Jesus trod which man still knows after nearly nineteen hundred long years. Birds twitter and sing all the long, warm day, and the gay flowers blush in all the colors of the rainbow but there is a solemn, sanctified stillness everywhere which takes the reverent visitor back through the ages—always!—The Guardian.

OUR FAITH

The disbeliever prides himself that he is not like those superstitious who are led by the nose by priestcraft. He is a great man who all suffices to himself.

How far is he self-sufficing? For a road without obstacles. For health riches, high place, whatever smiles of good fortune. Not for sickness, indigence, and the many afflictions that befall mankind.

When one is in perplexity he looks for an adviser. When one is sick he calls in the doctor, seeks nursing, change of air, of scene. When one is in financial straits, he asks relief from friends, even from strangers. In every trial we naturally turn in some direction for help, for sympathy.

After all, then, we are very helplessly: quite far from being individually self-sufficing. We lean largely upon others.

But do we always find there the comfort and the succor that we seek. No. The great bulk of mankind is forever being disappointed in its friendships, in its aims and in its strivings.

We are sick at heart, we find none to console us, none perchance whom we would care to ask for consolation. We are sick in body, no physician can heal us. Perhaps our means do not allow medical relief except as paupers, and change of air or scene would mean a costly infirmary or the poorhouse. We strive to amass a competency, the wolf is at our door, no honest exertion of ours will drive him away. So on, through human hopes and fears and ills and aspirations we meet with neglect and failure and disappointment on all sides.

In most of these cases help has been sought or expected. We have at least thought it hard that we were not relieved without the asking. We have not considered it unlikely that to times present our legitimate desires for advancement to our fellow men. Maybe we made very open presentation of our wants and needs.

Is the disbeliever self-reliantly above all this? Has he never looked beyond his isolated self for the amenities, the favors, the Christian charities of life—charities that the pagan world did not recognize?

Our experience is that this class of men, pushing their partitions in public and in private. They never take a back seat for want of the forward asking for first place. But they, too, are often disappointed; often neither suffice in themselves or in enlisting the good offices of others. In reality they are not as self-reliant as other men. Witness their natural drift to secret societies. Where they collogue for special advantages in exclusion of society at large; evilly aping and restricting the fixed common standard of Godlike fraternity in the Christian dispensation—the universal brotherhood of man in Christ.

In fact the only help these practical disbelievers are above asking is religious help. But if that would attain for them the happiness they so strive to worldly compass, logically they should not refuse the aid of religion itself. Well, the faith of the Catholic gives him this beyond all that the scoffers vainly rage for. And until they, who so falsely pride themselves on reason and common sense, can bring to at least equal the consolation of religion they should cease to revile those teachings which their own eyes testify to as being a blessed happy anchorage to hundreds of millions, safe from shipwreck by any storm.

There is no room to theorize there. The disbeliever sees the practical Catholic serene in his faith, secure in his conscience whatever way dissenting beliefs or disbelief may blow, patient in poverty, meek in high place, unperturbed in adversity, strong in sorrow, unrepeating and resigned amid the injustices and dis-parities of life, triumphant in death.

Seeing this the disbeliever must at least believe that the Christian's superstition carries him bravely through the affairs of life, and is all things to all men beyond any non-Christian so-called philosophy. Can we say the same of disbelief? Has it cheered his dupe in absence of friend, physician, counsel; of food, raiment, shelter? Has it consoled him in loss of health, of fortune or of loved one? How could it? To him there is no treasure, no incorruptible body or immortal soul beyond the skies. Time with him is no mere threshold of the real life. He lives for time alone; has neither hope of future reward nor fear of future punishment.

fleeting moment, who pass us on the streets to-day and then are seen no more.—Catholic Universe.

THE MASS

"It is the Mass that matters." As many of our readers know, says the English Messenger, these are the words of a non-Catholic statesman. They are among the truest words he ever wrote or spoke. Even he had a deep sense of the all-importance to Catholics of the Holy Sacrifice of the altar.

We may hope that few of our readers need to be reminded of the incomparable dignity of Holy Mass. Full well we know that it is the one supreme act of worship. It is essentially the Divine service of the Church; Divine in its institution, Divine in its effects. For the Divine Son of God is at once its Victim and its Priest, though He condescends to make use of the ministry of mortal men. Moreover, it offers to all who assist at it nothing less than the body and blood of Jesus Christ, His Soul and Divinity.

No form of devotion can be compared with Holy Mass; no method of prayer can ever take its place. Though it is accompanied with petition and praise and intercession, it is so surpassingly more than these. It is a great act of Worship, and one that brings down to this sinful earth the Lord of Hosts Who is the King of Glory.

When, through his own fault, a Catholic loses Sunday Mass he not only commits a mortal sin, but he loses participation in the greatest act that can be performed on earth, that showing forth of the Lord's death in a real though painless mode of sacrifice.

It has been well said that devotion come and go in the Church. "Some are more popular in one age than in another. Mass is the devotion of every age and people and tribe—it is ever stationary, like the sun in the heavens, shedding light and warmth over the earth. Mass can never leave us so long as this planet hangs in the firmament, and the last Mass on earth will be the signal for the archangel's trumpet to summon the dead to judgment. 'God Himself,' says St. Alphonsus, 'cannot cause any action to be performed which is holier and grander than the Mass.'—St. Paul Bulletin.

CATHOLIC ALWAYS

Anything but Catholicism! We remember the rejoicing on this side of the water a few years ago when the Catholic Church in France was in the midst of its troubles. It was discovered that a new era had dawned. It made no difference that certain American prophets could see only destruction for the Church. They knew there was no hope for Protestantism in France; that it would be either Catholicism or indifference. But indifference was more welcome than the thought of a renewed faith in the Catholic Church.

The prophets of evil were disappointed. The faith did not fail in France. It came forth more glorious from the fire of persecution. Those who knew the history of France knew that it would be so. The prophets are abroad in the land once more. They are considering the fact that the war has served for a revival of faith. The nearness of death has made men more serious, and when men are serious they think of the great reason of existence. One such prophet who admits a revival of faith in France and Belgium—Belgium was never in need of a revival in faith—wishes to have it understood that this revival is not going to mean the rehabilitation of the Catholic Church. Nothing could be farther from the truth, he declares.

Rather is the revival going to be for the advancement of Protestant ideas. His heavy reasons are that during the war the feelings of the Catholics in France and Belgium have been repelled from the Vatican on account of the attitude of the Pope! There is a bit of inside information which is rather belated in coming to this country. So far the information has not reached the ears of the Catholics of those two countries, still gloriously loyal to the Vicar of Christ. There is to be a revival "not of Ultramontanism but of Gallicanism. The thousands of devout Roman Catholics who have been awakened religiously may not break with Rome, but there will be no reestablishment of the Church, no strengthening of the hold of the Vatican. It will be simply the deepening of the spiritual life—in place of carelessness in things religious there will be a return to worship."

We Catholics wonder about that kind of devotion that is going to exist without the corresponding loyalty to the Pope. The two things are inseparable in practical Catholic life. The wish is father to the thought with these prophets. It is the same attitude of mind that enables them to see a glorious future for Protestantism in France and Belgium. "Not many on this side of the water," says this one prophet, "are aware of the strength of Protestantism in these countries." Not aware surely; because the fact is not there to be aware of. Here is one "fact" that enables us to understand how some men hope for a growth of Protestantism in France. "In the great mining districts where Socialism has freed the working people from the grip of the clergy," he says "Protestantism has large congregations." Are the Protestant sects to

revive religion in France by way of French Socialism? Catholic France and Catholic Belgium, they have been in the days of their prosperity and their light-heartedness; they will not throw aside their heritage now in the day of sorrow.—Boston Pilot.

ANGLICAN CATHOLICS

The great Positivist, Frederic Harrison, as an outsider, gives his opinion in these striking words: "A religion which neither claims to be, nor conceivably could be, co-existent with mankind is no religion at all. I waste no words on the contradictory farce that calls itself Anglo-Catholicism. One might as well say British-Cosmopolitan, or Municipal-Imperial."

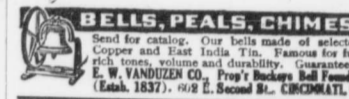
Then he institutes a comparison between the world-embracing, humanity-embracing grandeur of the true Catholic Church with the "worthless imitations," and concludes that she is the only one that can claim to be the Church for the world. He says: "Compare Catholicism with other creeds. The servile spiritual bureaucracy called the Greek Church, which is a mere black police under the orders of the Tsar. Compare it with the Anglican Church, a mere department of the State, the mere party-camp of Conservative politicians. Compare it even with orthodox Dissent, too often on the side of wealth."

The pity of it all is that these dear good people don't stop playing at being Catholics and become the real thing, for what splendid real Catholic priests, monks, nuns, and fathers and mothers they would make if they belonged to the universal Church!—The Missionary.

THE WONDERFUL FRUIT MEDICINE

Thousands Owe Health And Strength To "Fruit-a-lives"

"FRUIT-A-LIVES", the marvellous medicine made from fruit juices—has relieved more cases of Stomach, Liver, Blood, Kidney and Skin Troubles than any other medicine. In severe cases of Rheumatism, Sciatica, Lumbago, Pain in the Back, Impure Blood, Neuralgia, Chronic Headaches, Chronic Constipation and Indigestion, "Fruit-a-lives" has given unusually effective results. By its cleansing, healing powers on the eliminating organs, "Fruit-a-lives" tones up and invigorates the whole system. 50c. a box, 6 for \$2.50, trial size, 25c. At all dealers or sent postpaid by Fruit-a-lives Limited, Ottawa.



Liquor and Tobacco Habits

Dr. McTaggart's Vegetable Remedies for these habits are safe, inoffensive home treatments. No hypodermic injections, no loss of time from business, and positive cures. Recommended by physicians and clergy. Enquiries treated confidentially. Literature and medicine sent in plain sealed packages. Address or consult—Dr. McTaggart's Remedies 309 Stair Building Toronto, Canada

INFANTS-DELIGHT TOILET SOAP advertisement featuring an illustration of a woman and a child, and text describing the soap's benefits for skin and hygiene.

CHERRY HILL Vacation Camp and Tutoring School advertisement for June 15th to September 20th, located near Lake Ontario.

The School and Your Child and The Lawco Chairdesk advertisement, featuring an illustration of a chair and text about educational furniture.

Peerless Water Systems advertisement featuring an illustration of a water filter and text about water purification systems.

