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The Catholic Record.

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

LONDON, ONTARIO, SATURDAY, MARCH 19, 1910

The Catholic Record

LONDON, SATURDAY, MARCH 19, 1910

AN IMPORTANT LECTURE

We have received a copy of a lecture on "Treatment of Juvenile Offenders," by the Hon. Mr. Justice Wallace, of Halifax, N. S. Judge Wallace is not unknown to Canadians. As a standard-bearer of the Liberal party, an author in favour of the general public, a broad-minded citizen respected by all creeds and classes, he is accorded a place among distinguished Canadians. While in active politics and the business of law he had few moments for research or literary work, but now that he wears the ermine we hope to receive many contributions from his accomplished pen. Judge Wallace is a Catholic who preaches always the sermon of good example. This lecture on a problem whose satisfactory solution means much for both offender and the community indicates careful study. It is one of the very best on this problem and will be read by writers who take up this subject. While he says there is no satisfactory substitute for the home, still, where there is no home, or where the home provides nothing but evil surroundings and associates, then if these unwholesome conditions cannot be removed the State should step in, and, in the interests of the child and the community, take the child from an evil environment.

MISLEADING THEORIES

In dealing with what he calls misleading theory he says: "From an experience extending over nine years, I can now state that not more than 2 per cent. of the boys and girls brought before the county court judge's criminal court in Halifax during that period were inherently different from the normal boy and girl. It merely happened that their environment had been different. It is putting the matter moderately to say that at least 75 per cent. of the adult confirmed criminals who have gone to jail or penitentiary in Nova Scotia during the past decade were offenders whose record . . . would show that the criminal career was due to vicious surroundings and lack of home training and discipline."

BORN CRIMINALS

Judge Wallace does not take seriously the Italian school of writers who contend that criminals are born criminals and that they always tell a criminal by certain physical marks. Facts do not support this theory. Some writers push the theory of "born criminals" to the point of absurdity, and apparently do not realize that such a theory would involve an acceptance of the destructive doctrine of irresponsibility. From personal study and observation I am confident that if all the boys who have drifted into delinquency and crime during the past decade had proper care and treatment there is a fair probability that they would have been respectable citizens.

THE JUDGE DISCUSSES THE BORSTAL SYSTEM, REFORMATORY TRAINING SHIPS, DETENTIVES, ETC.

Altogether it is a notable contribution to this subject.

BAEFUL READING

Our friends have heard of the character in Oliver Twist who gave his child a bad book in order to make him a criminal. An act, indeed, of a dastard and inhuman parent. But do not some of us emulate indirectly if you wish the example of this character. Are parents sufficiently on their guard against the newspapers which, stained with foul stories and reeking with the filth of the underworld, tend to debase the mind. Are they conscious of their responsibility towards the treasures confided to them—the hearts and minds of children which should be developed in an atmosphere of purity? We should like to say yes, but our experience warrants us in declaring that in this matter they are guilty of the grossest negligence. The children read anything from a yellow-backed tale to that noxious compound of bad taste and sensuality called the problem story. The mind with a flabbiness, without the power of attention or concentration, but, filling the young heart with false ideals and knowledge bred of corruption, dries up the very source of noble living. And yet the children could so easily be trained to love good reading. A word of counsel, the example of the parent, would serve as a breakwater to the tide of bad books and a strict supervision over the household reading-matter would cause the children in after years to rise up and call their father blessed.

OUR FRIEND THE EDITOR

The Christian Guardian complains that we "lecture it about its intolerant bigotry." We admit that we have ventured to impress upon the editor that he as director of a weekly for the Methodist household should keep its columns unshuffled by anything at variance with truth or charity. We have pointed out that its policy, seeking to minimize, to excuse, if not to justify the actions of the bitter-minded rulers of France, was, to say the least, bewildering to the average Christian. We have also said that its damning a book because it came from the pen of a Catholic priest was as alien to decent journalism as it was to Christianity. We merely ask him for fair play to his readers. We contend that the perpetuation of hatred and prejudice, the reiteration of oft-refuted charges should be consigned, and forever, to oblivion. He may forever and a day fight us with opinion without arousing a suspicion that he is guilty of "intolerant bigotry." His assertion, however, that Rome distrusts the "open Bible" is but the old stereotyped calumny that at present is out of fashion. No Protestant scholar of repute believes it. Why, then, should it be thrust before the eyes of the simple Methodist. "Biblical History" shows, says Dr. Briggs, (Whiteher, p. 31) that the Church is a good foundation of divine authority. If we go back of Church history into the Bible history we find that the Church antedates the Bible. If there had been no divine authority in the Church there would have been no divine canon of Holy Scripture. Jesus Christ commissioned His Apostles, and the Holy Spirit planted the Church and trained it in its earliest and most important lessons of life, institution and doctrine, before a single one of the writings of the New Testament canon was written. Rome has preserved the Bible. She is the protector of the Bible, safeguarding it from the critics as well as from those who read into their preconceived ideas. She exhorts her children to read the Bible—to draw from it purity of morals and faith, to eradicate the errors which are so widely disseminated in these corrupt times.

THE CONVERSION OF AMERICA

ADDRESS BY WALTER GEORGE SMITH, ENG., ON THE OCCASION OF THE GOLDEN JUBILEE OF THE FOUNDATION OF THE REXLEY FATHERS, CARNEGIE HALL, NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 2, 1910

This golden jubilee of the Paulist Mission is an event of national importance. We have gathered together to rejoice over what has been done in the past, to take counsel for the needs of the present and to lay our plans for constant advance in such future as may be permitted us. We all love our country; we are proud of its traditions; we know that the country is now a free and inseparable from the fathers of our Republic laid broad and deep and firm the foundations of a mighty political structure embodying the principles of democracy with such recognition of the necessity of limiting the powers of an intemperate majority that after many years it still remains a model of admiration to the whole world. This line of settlements of colonial days, extending along the ocean shore not further westward than the spread of the Alleghenies, has spread across the Mississippi Valley, over the Rocky Mountains, until now our Western civilization confronts the ancient Orient. We no longer have a frontier. With the rapid increase of our population we have exploited our natural wealth until the danger line has been marked, and one of the paramount questions of the present is how to preserve such of the bounty of nature as has not already been used to our wasteful and extravagant upbuilding. We need not fear the outcome; the political, economic and social, of our day and generation will be solved if human sagacity, intellects of the keenest perceptions, minds of great grasp, courage undimmed in the face of enormous responsibilities can avail. All this, singly and in combination in official life and in private station, the heads of great corporations, the solitary thinkers are constantly pondering. The problem of producing wealth and keeping the social forces in equilibrium is ever commanding the best human intellect can give.

VERY OLD TALK

All this talk about the open Bible is painfully old and is no longer accepted as argument. The Guardian editor has, we assume, due reverence for the Bible, but he does not seem to see that his belief in it has no better foundation than blind faith. He cannot prove that it is divinely inspired. And yet he believes that it is—a very irrational procedure indeed for an editor who elicits so glibly about the open Bible. "He who will take the scriptures of the New Testament," says the distinguished German, Dr. Delbrück, "as the highest source of a knowledge of faith—he declares it to be something which is in its very nature it cannot be; which is not in consonance with the intentions of the Lord; and which, from its own evidence it does not wish to be; and I add, which in the first centuries when Christianity arose in its primitive vigour and strength it was not."

TOTAL ABSTINENCE

Arctic explorers have testified that liquor lessens the efficiency of those who are subjected to severe cold. Others speaking from practical experience declare that liquor is a health-strengthening factor for those who work in the tropics. Lately a member of Lieut. Shackleton's expedition asserts that total abstinence is one of the best assets of an Antarctic explorer. Successful business men never mix liquor with business. They only who court ruin or heed not their possibilities are to be found with the drinkers. The best resolution I ever made in my life, said a merchant the other day, was "to cut it out." At one time a driver, he is now a substantial citizen.

BISHOP CASEY'S LETTER

The Right Rev. Dr. Casey's Lenten Pastoral on Temperance will be for some years a splendid weapon in the hands of the temperance lecturer. tersely and clearly he sets forth the teaching of the Church on this subject. Moderate in tone and cogent in argument, it cannot but appeal to the impartial citizen. It is neither the voice of a special pleader nor of a reformer wrapped up in his own conceits; but is the outpouring of the heart of a pastor who seeks to save his flock from the evils of the liquor traffic. This clear-cut, strong and zealous pronouncement stamps the Dr. Casey as a true reformer. In the course of the letter he warns the bartender that he sells a real poison that may damn both body and

soul of the man who drinks and may also cause his own perdition.

Describing a liquor dealer who would be worthy of respect he says: "Is there a liquor-dealer worthy of general esteem, one perfectly respectable in all his relations, one who fears not the anger of God, or the reprobation of wives and mothers? Is there one who has properly obtained a license and conducted his business to meet a legitimate want of the public; who is himself perfectly sober; who does not adulterate his goods or sell them to any one likely to abuse them; who permits no disorder, as blasphemy or indecent language, in his store; who seeks not to evade the law, who incites no one to drink, least of all to get drunk; who sells to minors; in other words, who is obedient to the civil law and to the principles of Christian charity and justice? Such a man is a liquor dealer worthy of respect, and one who has no cause from his business to fear the judgments of God or the reproaches of the public."

But there are others. There are others who do not follow these wise rules, or act according to these Christian principles. Sad experiences and distressing statistics are the proofs. We leave it to you to note them, and to form your own opinion of them. To themselves, we would say, it is worth while to examine your conscience in the light of eternity, so soon to open before you. What will your criminal profits avail you, as balanced against your debts to God offended, individuals destroyed, families desolated, society outraged? Would you save your souls? Get out of a business in which you are damning yourselves by damning your neighbors.

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But there is an element greater than all of these that is sadly left out of question. There is a longing of the human heart that is not satisfied either by wealth or by honors or even by the sweetest and purest satisfaction that life can offer—the ideals of domestic life. My heart's desire," said the great St. Augustine, "until it rests in Thee." The individual cannot be happy unless his religious instinct is satisfied. The man without faith is constantly tossed upon a troubled sea, turning first towards one light and then towards another, in the hope that it will lead him to a certain solution of the mystery that is all about him. As it is with individuals, so it is with peoples. Man may lose himself in the activities of life, but when the quieter hour of introspection comes as it does to all of us, the eternal questions take form again. Why have we been born into the world and what will come to us when we are called away from it?

Four hundred years have passed since the great revolt against the Church began its destructive course in Germany. Based on negation, it has ended in rationalism, that is, in a state of spiritual anarchy towards our separated brethren that we note how Protestant Christianity has been steadily losing its influence upon the masses of our people. The stern virtues that gave vigor to New England's civilization and set their stamp upon that of all of America were based upon an earnest faith in God, although accompanied by such seeds of destruction as have found their final harvest in intellectual confusion. That harvest is now being reaped.

In America, as in all the countries of the world, save those in which there still remains an earnest faith in Catholic dogma, belief in the supernatural is steadily waning among bodies separated from communion with the ancient Church of Rome. With the decay of faith in the supernatural comes the teaching that there are no eternal verities; that the standards of right living which men had supposed to have been based upon the will of God, which is perfect justice, absolute reason, have, after all, no firmer sanction than the shifting conventions of society. So it has come to pass that even the sacred institutions of marriage and of the family life are questioned; and persons of education and refinement of both sexes do not hesitate to teach principles which would have been repudiated with horror even a generation ago.

It will not do to assume that the heart of the American people is corrupted. It is not. Nowhere, under any civilization, among the masses is there greater natural appreciation of justice in all its attributes. Our standards of morality are indeed lower than the ideal, but compared with any people in any age of the world, our average still remains high. And this we may well believe is because of a high degree of intelligence and of widely diffused education. As has been said by the Archbishop of St. Paul, "Truthfulness, honesty in business dealings, loyalty to law and social order, temperance, respect for the rights of others and the like virtues are proscribed by reason before the voice of revelation is heard. The absence of such points of moral reference has led the non-Catholic to place paramount importance upon them." And so we are constantly met by the assertion that right living is everything and dogma is of no avail.

I have been asked to speak to you upon the conversion of America. The mission which I have undertaken is not only to remind you of some of the most obvious conditions that must be met in order to accomplish this supreme end. We have to deal with a self-reliant, keenly intelligent people, a people whose great fault is lack of reverence. Their past is so brief that they are without tradition. They have been gradually dispossessed of the philosophy in which they have been educated, the supreme right of private judgment in all things, to believe that the opinion of one individual is as good as that of another, to rely on the self-reliance and courage that has come from marvelous material success concurrently with the heresy that leads to the present state of affairs. The methods of investigation, which are essentially right in dealing with the material world, they are apt to conclude that the spiritual world exists, but that the spiritual world is a subject that can be weighed and measured by any individual.

The religious sense remains and always will have its influence save where deliberately blunted by constant repression, but the habit of applying a false reason and the consequent denial of the existence of the supernatural has gradually undermined the old ideals. How are we to re-illumine the light of faith, of true Catholic faith, which was all but quenched so many years ago in the hearts of our English-speaking brethren? I suppose the simplest and easiest way would be by force of example, and I think we may say without an undue pride that the United States does set an example of pure manhood and womanhood. But in addition to that there must be the feeling of individual responsibility. How often it is that at the bar, on the exchange or in the marts of commerce the Catholic permits himself to accept in practical life the easy-going morality that some of our political and social leaders have felt satisfied to leave to the layman and the clergy the defense of the faith. We are a large and powerful body, it is true, but we have to contend against four centuries of history and tradition, based upon a carefully taught misrepresentation of all that the Catholic faith stands for.

The people have been taught that it represents tyranny over the reason, gross superstition and slavish obedience to authority. They have been taught to influence science withers and civilization advances but with halting footsteps. Yet the slightest study of history will show that it was the Church that preserved all the civilization that was worthy of preservation from the Roman Empire; it was when the Church and churchmen held their greatest dominance among European nations that the elementary principles of civil and religious liberty were first developed; that all the ideals that have made this nation great had their origin in Catholic life.

To teach these essential principles of high importance, and thanks to the approval of the Holy Father, a great University has been established in Washington which is destined to be the crown of the Catholic educational system, whence will radiate, like the rays of light from central sun, illuminating doctrine upon all questions of Catholic dogma and the application of that dogma to the affairs of life. There is under the aegis of that University the mother house of the congregation whose jubilee we are celebrating tonight.

For fifty years these faithful servants of God, the Paulist Fathers, have been preaching Catholic truth, and while they preach they show in their own lives practical examples of the virtues they seek to inculcate. They teach that no line of hostility must be drawn between American citizens; that there is no incompatibility between the freest thought in political questions and the most loyal devotion to the Church and faith; that heresy is not a religion; that her great enemy is ignorance, and so they seek to dispel ignorance.

If in God's providence this country is ever to be converted to Catholicity—and we may well hope that it will so

happen, though we see the thin skirnish line of Protestant Christianity crumbling under our very eyes before the attacks of social, scientific infidelity—it will be by reason of the diffusion among thinking men of the Catholic truth, which recognizes the equality before God's tribunal of every human soul, whatever may be its intellectual gifts, and the duty of every individual to obey in his own life those rules of morality and of justice which, implanted as natural virtues in our minds and hearts have received the supernatural sanction of revelation.

Then will be found peace and concord between the warring elements of society. Because the rich will recognize that wealth bears with it even a heavier and more difficult responsibility and duty of self-control than poverty, and the poor will accept with perfect trust God's watchful care the hardships that are often designed for the development of their better natures, while rich and poor, gentle and simple will learn in the example of Him Who took upon Himself the burden of our sins that the keynote of happiness is self-abnegation, and the sole purpose of life is to fit us by the performance of duty for eternal happiness.

THE RESULTS
"And the results? One may gain some idea of them from the notes received from the recruits themselves. One or two extracts must suffice: "Without the retreat I should have been lost in the army."
"If I had not gone to St. Remigius (Vierson) I should have gone utterly to the bad. Now I begin to be a man again."
"Many a young man makes shipwreck of his faith in the barracks (from a recruit who goes on to describe the retreat as a sure anchor).
Parish priests, military chaplains, and others bear witness to the wonder-

ful results produced by these retreats. These retreats to recruits are no mere spiritual cooling, no hot-house piety. The men are braced up and shown what dangers they have to face. They are not given mere generalities. It may be mentioned that on one of the afternoons during the retreat the chair of the priest is occupied by an eminent and experienced Catholic doctor who tells the young men something about the dangers and temptations which they will have to face during their term of service.

WE ARE ALL RECRUITS
"We have something to learn, then, from Germany. A policy of blood and iron cannot make men of iron. But retreats are making men of steel. And just as the German recruit goes to make a retreat before starting on his new way of life, so should Catholics in this country fortify themselves by a retreat before taking any momentous step which will bring them so to speak, into fresh country. A young man starting business or getting married or entering on new fields of work should first take his bearings in a retreat and prepare to meet whatever the future may bring. Not that retreats should be limited to such occasions as these, for the man whose life is spent in humdrum monotony needs his annual retreat to save him from spiritual stagnation. He needs to be lifted up to the supernatural, and we have to be ever learning our elementary drill afresh. The world may harden us—but that is not the kind of hardness we want. There is nothing so reactive about the hardness of cynicism or of despair. We need the supple hardness of steel, and this will be given us in a retreat. For in a retreat we borrow strength from God."

AN EXAMPLE FROM GERMANY

NEW CATHOLIC MOVEMENT IS ADDING TO STRENGTH OF GERMAN ARMY—RETRAIT FOR RECRUITS
An English Jesuit priest, Rev. Charles Plater, commenting on the fear of the strength of the German army, which is growing in England and in France, says that the most formidable thing about the German soldier just now is not his physical strength, but the moral and religious made to fortify him against moral weakness. In this effort, undertaken by the Catholics of the Fatherlands, Father Plater believes that other nations might well take a leaf out of Germany's book.

THE YOUNG RECRUIT
What are the German Catholics doing? They are making an effort to build up the young recruit. Instead of scanning military statistics and dealing with generalities," says Father Plater, "let us take a concrete case of a young German Catholic recruit, and analyze his situation through his enforced term of military service. He has probably never been away from home before, and his feelings are a new experience, but he has become an important personage in his village. He is made much of and treated as a kind of hero. He is probably very green. He does not quite know what he is in for, and can scarcely analyze his own feelings. There is a wrench of saying good-bye, the self-importance springing from his new dignity, the romance of the horizon that is opening out before him. But he has hardly time to think of all this, for he is busy packing up and seeing friends and making arrangements. He is starting a new career, but is too much hindered to weigh the importance of the step he is taking. What he really needs at this most critical juncture of his life is three days of quiet reflection and earnest prayer. He needs to pull himself together, to brace himself up for his new calling. He does not know what he is in for. He should be told. He should be shown exactly to what influences he is going to be exposed. He should be fortified against temptation and given a healthy self-respect, a manly courage, and a clear conscience. How can this be done save by a retreat?"

GROWTH OF THE MOVEMENT
Retreats for recruits! That is the work which German Catholics are talking up with so much vigor and success. The first experiment was made at Vierson in 1905. Two retreats were announced for the benefit of those who had just been summoned to military service. Those who started the work were told that it was a perfectly fatuous enterprise. How could they expect young men to give up three days out of their short remaining stay at home, when they were in a ferment of excitement and fully occupied with packing up and being lionized? In spite of these depressing anticipations, however, the recruits turned up for each of the retreats. At the end they were glad that they had come. The following year six retreats were given at Vierson, attended by 185 recruits. The Archbishop of Cologne recommended the work in the warmest terms, and its good effects began to spread. In 1907 there were 243 retreats for recruits at Vierson. In 1908 there were 647—many being refused through lack of space. From this time onward the work increased by leaps and bounds. The following figures speak for themselves: Between August 1 and October 6, 1909, two retreats every week were held at Vierson, all crowded to the utmost. They were attended by 386 recruits. Many had to sleep in neighboring houses, and scores were refused. During this same period of nine weeks, retreats were held in Munster (four retreats to 614 recruits), Treves (two retreats to 283 recruits) and elsewhere. At Wercel and Risa special houses were erected for these retreats. Six houses in West Germany accommodated 2,511 recruits. Yet other retreats were given elsewhere, but the statistics are not yet to hand. Anyhow, recruits are now making retreats by the thousand.

THE RESULTS
"And the results? One may gain some idea of them from the notes received from the recruits themselves. One or two extracts must suffice: "Without the retreat I should have been lost in the army."
"If I had not gone to St. Remigius (Vierson) I should have gone utterly to the bad. Now I begin to be a man again."
"Many a young man makes shipwreck of his faith in the barracks (from a recruit who goes on to describe the retreat as a sure anchor).
Parish priests, military chaplains, and others bear witness to the wonder-

ful results produced by these retreats. These retreats to recruits are no mere spiritual cooling, no hot-house piety. The men are braced up and shown what dangers they have to face. They are not given mere generalities. It may be mentioned that on one of the afternoons during the retreat the chair of the priest is occupied by an eminent and experienced Catholic doctor who tells the young men something about the

LORNA DOONE

R. B. D. BLACKMORE. CHAPTER XXX

ANNIE GETS THE BEST OF IT I had long outgrown unwholesome feeling as to my father's death, and so had Annie; though Lizzie (who must have loved him least) still entertained some evil will, and longing for a punishment. There she was surprised (and, indeed, startled would not be too much to say, the moon being somewhat defective to see Annie sitting there as motionless as the tombstone, and with all her best falls upon her, after stowing away the dishes.

My nerves, however, are good and strong, except at least in love matters, wherein they always fail me, and when I meet with witches; and therefore I went up to Annie, although she looked so white and pure; for I had seen her before with those things on, and it struck me who she was.

"What are you doing here, Annie?" I inquired, rather sternly, being vexed with her for having gone so very near to frighten me.

"Nothing at all," said our Annie shortly. And indeed it was truth enough for a woman. Not that I dare to believe that women are such liars as men say; only that I mean they often see things round the corner, and know not which is which of it. And indeed I never have known a woman (though right enough in their meaning) purely and perfectly true and transparent, except only my Lorna; and even so, I might not have loved her, if she had been ugly.

"Why, how so?" said I. "Miss Annie, what business have you here, doing nothing at this time of night? And leaving me with all the trouble to entertain our guests."

"You seem not to me to be doing it, John," Annie answered, softly; "what business have you here doing nothing at this time of night?"

I was taken so aback with this, and the extreme impertinence of it, from a mere young girl like Annie, that I turned round to make away and have nothing more to say to her. But she jumped up and caught me by the hand, and threw herself upon my bosom, with her face all wet with tears.

"Oh, John, I will tell you—I will tell you. Only don't be angry, John."

"Angry! no indeed," said I; "what right have I to be angry with you because you have your secrets? Every child of a girl thinks she has a right to her own secrets."

"And you have none of your own, John; of course, you have none of your own; all your going out at night."

"We will not quarrel here, poor Annie," I answered, with some loftiness; "there are many things upon my mind which girls can have no notion of."

"And so there are upon mine, John. Oh, John, I will tell you everything that you will look at me kindly, and promise to forgive me. Oh, I am so miserable!"

Now this, though she was behaving so badly, moved me much toward her, especially as I longed to know what she had told me. Therefore I allowed her to coax me, and to kiss me, and to lead me away a little as far as the old yew tree; for she would not tell me where she was.

But even in the shadow there she was very long before beginning, and seemed to have two minds about it, or rather perhaps a dozen; and she laid her cheek against the tree, and sobbed till it was pitiful; and I knew what mother would say to her, for spoiling her best brook so.

"Now will you stop?" I said at last, harder than I meant it; for I knew that she would go on all night, if any one encouraged her; and though not well acquainted with women, I understood my sisters; or else I must be a born fool—except, of course, that I never professed to understand Eliza.

"Yes, I will stop," said Annie, panting; "you are very hard on me, John; but I know you mean it for the best. If anybody else—an aunt or a sister—who has no right to know, no doubt, but she must be a wicked thing—if somebody else had taken so with a pain all round the heart, John, and no power of telling it, perhaps you would have coaxed and kissed her, and come a little nearer, and made opportunity to be very loving."

"Now this was so exactly what I had tried to do to Lorna, that my breath was almost taken away at Annie's so describing it. For a while I could not say a word, but wondered if she were a witch, which had never been in our family; and then, all of a sudden, I saw the way to beat her, with the devil at my elbow."

"From your knowledge of these things, Annie, you must have had them done to you. I demand to know what moment you has taken such liberties."

"Then, John, you shall never know, if you ask in that manner. Besides, it was no liberty in the least at all. Cousins have a right to do things—and when they are one's godfather—"

Here Annie stopped quite suddenly, having so betrayed herself, but met me in the full moonlight, being resolved to face it out, with a good face put upon it.

"Alas, I feared it would come to this," I answered very sadly; "I know he has been here many a time, without showing himself to me. There is nothing meaner than for a man to sneak, and steal a young maiden's heart, without her people knowing it."

Meanwhile the reapers were mostly gone, to be up betimes in the morning; and some were led by their wives; and some had to lead their wives themselves; according to the capacity of man and wife respectively. But Betty was as lively as ever, bustling about with every one, and looking out for the chance of groats, which the better of might be free with. And over the kneading-pan next day she dropped three-and-sixpence out of her pocket; and Lizzie could not tell her how much more might have been in it.

Now by the time I had almost finished smoking that pipe of tobacco, and wondering at myself for having so despised it hitherto, and making up my mind to have another trial to-morrow night, it began to occur to me that although dear Annie had behaved so very badly and rudely, and almost taken my breath away with the suddenness of her allusion, it was not a kind of me to leave her alone, and in such distress. Any of the reapers going home might be gotten so far beyond fear of ghosts as to venture into the church-yard; and although they would know a great deal better than to insult a sister of mine when sober, there was no telling what they might do in their present state of rejoicing. Moreover, it was only right that I should learn, for Lorna's sake, how far Annie or anyone else had penetrated our secret.

Therefore I went forth at once, bearing my pipe in a skillful manner, as I had seen Farmer Nicholas do; and marking, with a new kind of pleasure, how the rings and wreaths of smoke hovered and fluttered in the moonlight, like a lark upon his carol. Poor Annie was gone back again to our father's grave; and there she sat upon the turf, sobbing very gently, and not wishing to trouble any one. So I raised her tenderly, and made much of her, and consoled her, for I would not scold her there; and perhaps after all she was not to be blamed so much as Tom Faggus himself was. Annie was very grateful to me, and kissed me many times, and begged my pardon ever so often for her rudeness to me. And then, having gone so far with it, and finding me so complaisant, she must needs try to go a little further, and to lead me away from her own affairs, and into mine concerning Lorna. But although it was clever enough of her, she was not deep enough for me there; and I soon discovered that she knew nothing, not even the name of my darling; but only suspected that she had seen her and put together like a woman. Upon this I brought her back again to Tom Faggus and his doings.

"My poor Annie, you have really pronounced him to be his wife?"

"Then after all you have no reason, John—no particular reason, I mean—for slighting poor Sally Snowe so?"

"Without even asking mother or me! Oh, John, I will tell you everything that you will look at me kindly, and promise to forgive me. Oh, I am so miserable!"

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"You are not doing anything of that sort yourself, then, dear John, are you?"

"Only a common highwayman!" I answered, without heeding her; "a man without an acre of his own, and liable to hang upon any coming, and no other right of common over it—"

"John," said my sister, "are the Doones privileged not to be hanged upon common land?"

"At this I was so thunderstruck that I leaped in the air like a shot rabbit, and rushed as hard as I could through the gate and across the yard, and back into the kitchen; and then I saw that Farmer Nicholas Snowe to give me some tobacco, and to lend me a spare pipe.

This he did with a grateful manner, being no more than five-fourths gone; and as I smoked the very first pipe that ever had entered my lips till then; and beyond a doubt it did me good, and did spread my heart at leisure.

to know your secrets as I have, dearest John. Not a soul shall be the wiser for your having trusted me, John; although I shall be very wretched when you are late away at night among those dreadful people."

"Well," I replied, "it is no use crying over spilled milk, Annie. You have my secret, and I have yours; and I scarcely know which of the two is likely to have the worst time of it, when it comes to mother's ears. I could put up with perpetual scolding, but not with mother's sad looks."

"That is exactly how I feel, John; and as Annie said she's brightened up; and her soft eyes shone upon me; but now I shall be much happier, dear, because I shall try to help you. No doubt the young lady deserves it, John. She is not after the farm I hope!"

"She!" I exclaimed; and that was enough; there was so much scorn in my voice and face.

"Then, I am sure, I am very glad," Annie always made the best of things; for I do believe that Sally Snowe has taken a fancy to our dairy-pan, and she asked so much about our meadow, and the color of the milk—"

"Then, after all, you are right, dear Annie; it is the ground she does upon!"

"And the things that walk upon it!" said I, laughing with another kiss; "Sally has taken a wonderful fancy to our best cow, 'Nipple pins.' But she never shall have her now; what a consolation!"

Entered the house gently thus, and found Farmer Nicholas Snowe asleep, little dreaming how his own plans had been overruled between us. And then Annie said to me, very shyly, between a smile and a blush:

"The loves you with all her heart, John. No doubt about that. And Annie would love me all the more for it; she is only beginning to like me, Annie; and as for loving, she is so young that she only loves her grandfather. But I hope she will come to like me, too."

"Of course she must," replied my sister; "it will be impossible for her to help it."

"Oh well! I don't know," for I wanted more assurance of it. "Maidens are such wonderful things!"

"Not a bit of it," said Annie, casting her bright eyes downward; "love is as simple as milking when people know how to do it. But, indeed, I do not know too long; that is my advice to you. What a simper you must have been before to tell me long ago. I would have made Lorna wild about you long before this time, John; and now you go into the parlor, dear, while I do your collor. Faith Snowe is not come, but Polly and Sally. Sally has made up her mind to conquer you this very blessed evening, John; and look what a thing of a scarf she has on; I should be quite ashamed to wear it. But you won't strike poor Tom, will you?"

"Not I, my darling, for your sweet sake."

And so dear Annie, having grown quite brave, gave me a little push into the parlor, where was a little abashed to see me; and I had to go to her, and I made up my mind to examine her well, and try a little courting with her, if she should lead me on. That I might be in practice for Lorna. But when I perceived how grandly and richly both the young damsels were apparelled; and how in their courtesies to me, they retreated upon as if I were making up to them, in a way they had learned from Exeter, and how they looked so merry and happy, and how they had been there all their lives, and the latest mode of the Duchess of that, and the last good saying of my Lord North's, I was in a great deal of a hurry to get out of the room besides Jasper Kebby to talk.

"Don't go so there was; for behind the curtain drawn across the window-seat no less a man than Uncle Ben was sitting half asleep and weary; and by his side a little girl, very quiet and very watchful, who I had never seen before. And she took my hand without rising, muttering something not over polite about my being bigger than ever. I asked him how he was, and he said, 'Well, I am very glad to see you, John; and you must allow for harvest-time.'"

"So it seems," he replied; "and allow a great deal, including waste and drinkiness. Now if you can see so small a thing, after emptying flagons much larger than is my granddaughter, and my heir's—here he glanced at mother—'my heires, little Ruth Huckaback.'"

"I am very glad to see you, Ruth," I answered, offering her my hand, which she seemed afraid to take; "welcome to the parlor, my good cousin Ruth. However, my good cousin Ruth only arose, and made me a courtesy, and lifted her good brown eyes at me, more in fear as I thought, than kinship. And if ever anyone looked unlike the heires to great property, it was the little girl before me."

"Come out to the kitchen, dear, and let me check you to the ceiling," I said just to encourage her; "I always do to little girls; and when they can see the hams and bacon." But Uncle Ben, after our laughing, and Ruth turned away with a deep rich color.

"Do you know how old she is, you numskull?" said Uncle Ben, in his dry-drawl; "she was seventeen last July day."

"On the first of July, grandfather," Ruth whispered, with her back still to me; "but many people will not believe it."

Here mother came up to my rescue, as she always loved to do; and she said, "If my son may not dance Miss Ruth, at any rate he may dance with her. We

have only been waiting for you, dear John, to have a little harvest dance, with the kitchen door thrown open. You take Ruth; Uncle Ben, take Sally; Master Kebby, pair off with Polly; and neighbor Nicholas will be good enough, if I can awake him, to stand up with fair Mistress Kebby. Lizzie will play us the violin. Won't you, Lizzie dear?"

"But who is to dance with you, madam?" Uncle Ben asked, very politely. "I think you must re-arrange your figure. I have not danced for a score of years; and I will not dance now, while the mistress and the owner of the harvest sits aside neglected."

"Nay, Master Huckaback," cried Sally Snowe, with a saucy toss of her hair, "Miss Ruth is too kind, a great deal, in sending you over to me. You take her; and I will fetch Annie to be my partner this evening. I like dancing very much better with girls, for they never squeeze and rumple one. Oh it is so much more pleasant."

"Have no fear for me, my dears," our mother answered, smiling; "Parson Bowden promised to come back again; I expect him every minute; and he intends to lead me off, and bring a partner for Annie. Now begin, and I will join you."

There was no disbeliever her without remorse; and indeed the girls' feet were already jiggling, and Lizzie giving herself wonderful airs with a roll of learned music; and even while Annie was doing my collor, her pretty round eyes were arching themselves at me from the parlor door. So I took little Ruth, and I spun her around, as the sound of the music came lively and ringing; and after us came all the rest with much laughter, begging me not to jump over her and among my grave partner began to smile sweetly, and look up at me with the brightest of eyes, and drop me the prettiest courtesies; till I thought what she was doing, and must have been to dream of putting her in the cheese-rack. But one thing I could not at all understand; why mother, who used to do all in her power to throw me across Sally Snowe's path, should be so very opposite; for she would not allow me one moment with Sally, not even to cross in the dance, or whisper, or go anywhere near a corner (which as I said I thought was the sweetest of all things); while she kept me all the evening as close as possible with Ruth Huckaback, and came up and praised me so to Ruth, times and again, that I declare I was very much obliged to her, of course.

"That I deserved it all, but I could not well say that."

Then Annie came sailing down the dance, with her beautiful hair flowing around her; the lightest figure in all the room; and I was obliged to give her a respectful, with her fair cheeks red beneath her dear blue eyes, as she met my glance of surprise and grief at the partner she was leaning to do it. But I was not to be so easily haled. I would sooner have seen her with Tom Faggus, as indeed I had expected, than I heard of Parson Bowden. And to me it seemed that she had no right to be dancing so with any other; and to this effect I contrived to whisper, but she only said, "See to yourself, John. No, but let us both enjoy ourselves. And not dancing with Lorna, John. But she is a very good girl."

"Tush," I said; "could I flip about so if I had my love with me?"

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active on account of harvest wages, and when the new wheat was beginning to sample from the early parts up the country his mother he was taking of his dealing, and when we could not attend to him properly by reason of our occupation. And yet more surprising it seemed to me that he should have brought his grandchild with him, instead of the troop of dragoons, without which he had vowed he would never come again. And how he managed to enter the house, together with his granddaughter, and be sitting quite at ease in the parlor there, without any knowledge or even suspicion on my part. That last question was easily solved, for mother had admitted them by means of the passage during a chorus of the harvest-song, which might have drowned an earthquake; but as for his meaning and motive, and apparent neglect of his business, none but himself could interpret them; and as he did not see fit to do so, we could not be rude enough to inquire.

He seemed in no hurry to take his departure, though his visit was so inconvenient to us; and himself, indeed, was well noticed; and presently Lizzie, who was the sharpest among us, said in my hearing that she believed he had purposely tried to visit her, and to have liberty to pursue his own object, whatever it were, without interruption from us. Mother gazed hard upon Lizzie at this, having formed a very different opinion; but I did, only in a quiet way, and without too many witnesses. Now how could we look into it without watching Uncle Reuben whenever he went abroad, and trying to catch him if he did not go, and to see if he came at night? For, in spite of all the disgust with which he had spoken of harvest wassailing, there was not a man coming into our kitchen who liked it more than he did, only in a quiet way, and without too many witnesses.

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knowing that she always took my side, and never would allow the house to be turned upside down in that manner. But Annie caught hold of me by the arm, and Lizzie said, "Don't be a fool, John. We know things of you, you know; a great deal more than you dream of."

Upon this I glanced at Annie, to learn whether she had been telling, but her pure, true face reassured me at once, and then she said very gently: "Lizzie, you talk too fast, my child. No one knows any thing of our John which he need be ashamed of, and working as he does from late to dusk, and earning the living of all of us, he is entitled to choose his own good time for going out and for coming in, without consulting a little girl five years younger than himself. Now, John, sit down, and you shall know all that we have done, though I doubt whether you will approve of it."

Upon this I kissed Annie, and so did Ruth; and John Fry looked a deal more comfortable, but Lizzie only made a face at us. Then Annie began as follows:

"You must know, dear John, that we have been extremely curious, ever since Uncle Reuben came, to know what we were for, especially at this time of year, when he is at his best; and I never vouchsafed any explanation, neither gave any reason, true or false, which shows his entire ignorance of all feminine nature. If Ruth had known, surely she would have told us, and we should have been much easier, because we must have got it out of Ruth before two or three days were over. But darling Ruth knew no more than we did; and indeed I must do her the justice to say that she had been quite as inquisitive. Well, we might have put up with it, if it had not been for taking Dolly, my own pet Dolly, away every morning, and leaving her to be taken care of, and then bringing her home in a dark condition. And he even had the impudence when I told him that Dolly was my pony, to say that we owned him a pony ever since you took him from him; little horse upon which you found him strapped so snugly; and he means to take Dolly to Dulverton with him, to run in his little cart. If that is the case in the land, he shall not. Surely, John, you will not let him!"

"That I won't," said I, "except upon the conditions which I offered him once before. If we owe him the pony, we owe him the straps."

Sweet Annie laughed like a bell at this, and then she went on with her story.

"Well, John, we were perfectly miserable. You cannot understand it, of course; but I used to go every evening, and hug poor Dolly, and kiss her, and beg her to tell me where she had been, and what she had seen that day. But never having belonged to Isabella, darling Dolly was quite unacquainted thereto; and he never took his golden chronometer, neither his bag

The Catholic Record

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THOS. COFFEY, LL. D., Editor and Publisher.

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Approved and recommended by the Archbishops of Toronto, Kingston, Ottawa and St. Boniface, the Bishops of London, Hamilton, Peterborough, and Oshawa, N. Y., and the clergy throughout the Diocese.

When subscribers ask for their paper at the post office it would be well for them to tell the clerk to give them their CATHOLIC RECORD. We have information of carelessness in a few places on the part of delivery clerks who will sometimes look for letters only.

LETTERS OF RECOMMENDATION.

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

Mr. Thomas Coffey—For some time past I have read your estimable paper, the Catholic Record, and congratulate you upon the manner in which it is published.

Yours faithfully in Jesus Christ, D. FALCONER, Arch. of Toronto, Apost. Deleg.

LONDON, SATURDAY, MARCH 19, 1910

PROF. McNAUGHTON'S UNIVERSITY SERMON

The University of Toronto did not seem satisfied with having Prof. McNaughton once. They had to have him a second time. His article in the University Magazine was so profoundly higher criticism that they had to have a sermon from him in Convocation Hall.

forever—separated by an impassable gulf from our age! In a certain sense our Professor is right. There is a set of men—not those who really think for themselves, but those who doubt for themselves, and who shut themselves up in their own shell—these men are separating themselves from Christ and all the traditions of Christianity.

A GERMAN MONIST

A series of lectures at Berlin, in Germany, upon the personality of our Blessed Lord, is attracting a good deal of attention and has evoked a strong contradiction by the citizens of the German capital.

to it all. Apostles gloried in Him. The ages since His time have come, one century after another, to believe and hope in Him and love Him who is at once God blessed forever and the model of life.

A PROTESTANT MAGAZINE

We have before us a copy of a new magazine entitled The Protestant Magazine. Its title is suggestive of polemics and discarded charges against Rome which served their time.

ORANGEISM IN THE FAR WEST

Whatever would Canada do without the brethren? Protestantism would not last, and even England would be in danger. Even so, what would Canada do without Orangeism?

EDUCATIONAL LAWS OF FRANCE

A correspondent wishes to know why the Church in France is "revolting" against the laws of that country, since Catholics "are in duty bound to obey the laws and respect the public officers, etc."

CATHOLIC LIBRARIES

In a former paper I promised to prove that Catholics have an hereditary right to possess a library of their own under the protection of the Church.

law. The inferior power must yield to the superior. Education in France is a case in point. The use of books prejudicial to faith cannot be allowed. What the Bishops have done is to forbid their people putting these books into the hands of their children.

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necessary for our purpose, let us state the fact to which history bears ample testimony, that Europe and Great Britain owed solely to the labor and protection of the Church all the great manuscript libraries they possessed at the time of the invention of printing by Gutenberg.

In the sixteenth century there was again struck at the existence of libraries a blow, which, for wantonness and malice, was far less excusable than the depredations of the Vandal and the Saracen. The watchword of the Reformers was "Either these books are in accordance with the Bible or not. If they are we do not need them. If they are not we do not want them."

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have worthily perpetuated the spirit of loyalty to the faith and loving tenderness which characterized their model. To refer individually to these or to the many others, lay and clerical, whose literary efforts have enriched every province in the domain of modern popular Catholic literature would lead me beyond the allotted space of this article.

A CATHOLIC NORMAL SCHOOL

In view of the progressive spirit of the present day in matters educational, and particularly in view of the fact that there are still to be found those who persist in asserting that the Catholic Church lags behind in that onward march, it is interesting to note that one of the most flourishing Normal Schools in the British Empire is not only a distinctively Catholic institution, but is likewise under the direction of one of our great teaching orders.

The De La Salle Training College, Waterford, is a recognized Government Normal School for the training of Catholic male teachers for the united kingdom and the colonies. It was officially opened in 1894, and is conducted by the Brothers of the Christian Schools (Christian Brothers) who receive a Government grant of £30 a year for each student enrolled.

This magnificent work is indeed, as has been truly said, one that is according to the heart of the great teacher-saint John Baptist De LaSalle, to whom the world owes the first Normal School and whose sons are so nobly carrying on, in every part of the world, the mission bequeathed to them by their saintly founder.

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the yellow peril shone most brightly in the Lieut. Colonel when he referred to the introduction of the French language in the public schools of Ontario. "No French language taught in public schools," is his battle cry. We may have Greek, Latin, Hebrew, German, Scandinavian, Mohawk, Iroquois and Choctaw, but no French. Somehow the impression prevails amongst the Orange brethren that the French is a "Romanist" language and should be discontinued.

EVANGELIST Patrick Morgan, formerly of the Capuchin Fathers, 480 Bank St., Ottawa, is doing a mail order business with a view to break down the citadel of Romanism. As to his having been a real priest it deserves the same careful consideration as the average press despatch from Italy or Spain sent by Jews and Freemasons.

IN THIS GREAT, enlightened province of Ontario we have people who entertain the belief that they are ideal citizens and Christians and look upon the province of Quebec as behind the age, and the people sadly in need of evangelization.

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counties and still "dry" last year. A large increase in trains containing once might be. Let it not be opposed to local speed if it lessening of the it? Let us see result has been United States thing else. Most what we have the most effective of the you work the habit made the old away the clerk the bartender means of making will be closed, rest.

"A CATHOLIC stating that the Monk" has been circulation in also tells us where he Protestant in Our issue of a published an Herald, editor which a certain controversial from books Monk is no by many About forty Monk was pul and this was ment the received. T lished in Eng as to Maria debasec edisazise desir about the Ca prising New "manager," rich harvest We may say low institut Monk.

AS EVER Indians are ter. A pre March 8, te tor of some solved by the to the emb charge amou The questi any worse to worse to R Church?" If may be law one is in law for the thie official stat Duez had five on the bou that the la in connec Duez was tions, of wh the Broth which alon lishments i France? w it will awa from powe booters who word thro

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most brightly in when he referred to the French language schools of Ontario, as taught in public schools. We may have, Hebrew, German, French, Spanish and such. Somehow the Orange bench is a "Roman-bench" to be discontinued without a dissenting dissent. It is a Roman-bench to be discontinued without a dissenting dissent. It is a Roman-bench to be discontinued without a dissenting dissent.

counties and states which were voted "dry" last year. They also report a large increase in the sale of patent nostrums containing alcohol. This experience might be useful to Canadians. Let it not be understood that we are opposed to local option. We wish it to be used for the sake of the Orange bench. As to his having a "Roman-bench" to be discontinued without a dissenting dissent. It is a Roman-bench to be discontinued without a dissenting dissent.

"A CATHOLIC" writes us from Renfrew, stating that the book entitled "Maria Monk" has been given quite a large circulation in that district. The writer also tells us that he asked a neighbor where he procured the book and he was answered that it was supplied by a Protestant minister at a very low price. In our issue of the 20th February we published an extract from the Hamilton Herald, edited by a Protestant, in which a certain Rev. Mr. Allan was given severe criticism, in the course of which this sentence occurs: "Such controversial material as that drawn from books like the narrative of Maria Monk is no longer regarded as useful by many intelligent Protestants." About forty years ago the life of Maria Monk was published by her own daughter, and this was the most scathing arraignment of the unfortunate woman ever received. There is also a book published in England entitled "The Truth as to Maria Monk," showing that the debased creature was possessed of an insane desire to scatter falsehoods about the Catholic Church. An enterprising New England Yankee was her "manager," and both of them reaped a rich harvest from Protestant credulity. We may say that only persons of very low instinct circulate or read Maria Monk.

As everyone expects, the French infidels are revealing their true character. A press despatch from Paris, dated March 5, tells us that M. Duez, liquidator of some of the congregations dissolved by the law of 1901, has confessed to the embezzlement of funds under his charge amounting to five million dollars. The question may be asked, "Is M. Duez any worse than his masters?" Is it any worse to rob the State than to rob the Church? If one thieft robs another, it may in law be considered a crime, but one is not apt to overlook with sympathy for the thief who has been robbed. An official statement has been issued that Duez had made a confession to a shortage of five million, all of which he lost on the bourse. Charges are also made that the lawyers obtained excessive fees in connection with the liquidation. Duez was liquidator of ten congregations, of which the most important was the Brothers of Christian Schools, which alone has sixteen hundred establishments in France and Algeria. Poor France! will the time ever come when it will awake from its lethargy and hurl from power the desperate Masonic freebooters who have made its name a by word throughout the Christian world.

Even the most sacred shrines in France—shrines about which the heart of Catholic France has been twined for generations—are being desecrated by the infidel horde. Five years ago the Bishop of Tarbes, foreseeing something of the evil to be perpetrated against the Church in France, leased the basilica at Lourdes at a nominal amount for a term of nine years to a Catholic layman. The Bishop had accepted two years' rent when the religious crisis came. Then the government said to the tenant, "The Bishop of Tarbes no longer exists. We are the proprietor. You must pay the money to us." And he does. Lourdes is now the property of an assemblage of Atheists and Jews. It may be that some terrible national humiliation will visit France before the people will realize the serious crime they have committed by their indifference in permitting the infidels to rob the country.

THE OMAHA True Voice, in commenting upon the fact that the officers of the Catholic Total Abstinence Union have decided to co-operate with the anti-saloon league, states that it would rather see the movement for total abstinence kept free from entangling alliances, as the members may have to swallow something that will leave a bad taste if they undertake to indorse all that is done by the anti-saloon league. "The end never justifies the means," is a good maxim, but some of those non-Catholic reformers sometimes forget all about it. We have heard of cases of the bribery and corruption in Canada, on the part of "moral reformers," at elections having to do with the suppression of the liquor traffic.

ONCE IN A while we are given an example of how secret societies may exert their influence to defeat the ends of justice. In Philadelphia recently a man named Adolph Moskowitz, plaintiff in a litigation involving a small amount of money, was sent to prison for contempt of court because he gave the "distress signal" of a secret society to the jury. He was detected by the Judge and upon being questioned admitted that the sign was used by a secret order of which he was a member when assistance was needed. This is one of the most reprehensible features of the oath-bound secret society. Truly the Catholic Church was wise in condemning such organizations.

OUR CANADIAN Baptist ministerial friends employ at times some very extraordinary and catchy texts for their Sunday deliverances, but in the United States they are completely outdistanced. We are told by the Freeman's Journal of New York that there is a minister in Cedar Cliff, N. J., who inflicted a sermon on his people recently with this title, "Can Jeffries Come Back and Beat the Big Black Gorilla." The Baptists are not the only people open to criticism. The Y. M. C. A. frequently employs travelling sermonizers who place on the bill boards startling and preposterous texts for Sunday discourses, all of which has a tendency to bring our common Christianity into contempt.

THE READER'S CORNER
CONDUCTED BY "COLUMBA"

There are some queer fish in this world to be sure. (Pardon, O ye shades of the immortals!) My correspondent, "Believer," is one of the queerest you'll find outside of a museum. "Will I be saved?" he asks. My dear "Believer," whom do you take me for? The Salvation Army is farther down the street. "Columba" has a very high estimate of his worth and acquisitions but he draws the line at this. He has no mortgage on heaven.

Now why should my correspondent hurl this question at my devoted head? Does he think the Cornerites are a new religious sect in direct communication with the celestial regions? Or he has a hankering for your treatment of a proper like unto Dowie or Mrs. Eddy Corporal-Snatched-From-the-Burning of Booth's legions? Truly if "Believer" believes this he has faith to move mountains.

My dear friend, you are wasting good ink by writing such a question as that. Nobody under heaven, with the exception of one individual, can tell whether or not you will be saved, and that one exception is yourself. This is as good as saying, "I will be saved." Only you can answer. If the answer is yes, and if you persevere thus until death, you will be saved. Now, my God, what a question to ask! It is a question to me that it be an easy one.

This correspondent's curious question reminds me of a journey I once made in the company of a Scotch atheist. He was a good enough man, but he sadly needed a course in the penny catechism. He said, "I don't believe there is a God," he said, "but if there is I'll go to heaven because I reared a large family on a small income." What a splendid Private Interest he would have made!

But someone may say, "oh but my work could never merit heaven." But is it not enough for the disciple to be as His Master? And tell me was not the Master as much about His Father's business in the Carpenter's shop at Nazareth, as when He sat in the Courts of the Temple teaching the multitude? Your work is too commonplace to make you a saint? Surely Jesus was the Saint of saints and He handled the saw and the plane! Surely the Apostles are saints, and they laboured as fishermen. Surely Saul of Tarsus is a saint, and he was a persecutor for heaven just as much as we do but how we do it that counts.

Confessed a right the Christian creed, The Christian warfare waged a right. Teach us, like thee, our hearts to raise, In toil not cease, contentment; Like thee, o'er lowly tasks to gaze. On her whose eyes were still on Christ.

O teach us, then whose ebbling breath Was waned by Mary and her Son; To welcome age, await in death, True life's true garland, justly won.

A. J. O'Leary, Ninette, Man., writes as follows: Being a reader of the Corner ever since its inception I quite agree with the writer of a short time ago who says the Catholic Record is the best paper in Canada. I may go a step further and say that after getting copies of five of the best Catholic publications of the United States, one and all are as good as the Record for any of them. Hence in my opinion the Record is the best in America.

And Ionia is charming as usual. She writes: Cardigan North, P. E. I., March, 1910.

Dear Columba—You are indeed a good scribe, a "dear good scribe," and the prince of critics into the bargain. I am your debtor for enlightening my ignorance re the question asked in my first letter, and also for flattery in your kind comments on that epistle. I assure you I have the highest opinion of your taste and good judgment, as displayed in the Corner, and particularly your treatment of "Ionia," who now returns thanks. You are the kind of critic I like, and as I am convinced that your judgment on all questions debated in our Corner is sound as that which is engraved in my particular case. I am prepared to champion your opinions against all dissenters.

Your article in the RECORD of the 25th inst., on temperance—or was it intemperance? In Ireland, was particularly interesting, and if "Open to Conviction" is true to his adopted name, he must have been convinced that the Irish are not naturally more given to drink than his neighbors. There was one point in your story of the drunken Irishman that I noticed particularly, viz., where he announced that the Irishman "and he was not ashamed of it." Now I have noticed that a certain class generally use that glorification of their nationality, and use that when one wants them to be "ashamed of it," though they seem to think that every one does. Why should they be ashamed of it?

And why do they imagine that one expects them to be ashamed of it? Have you ever noticed this peculiar mental twist, dear Columba, and have you ever tried to account for it? I have never read "The Blessings of Dr. Gray," much to my regret, as I would like to see for myself what all the fuss is about, when you are "abused" in three or four different ways. As I have not read it, and if I had, have no particular knowledge of the conditions in Ireland referred to, I must keep silent on the matter. I am sure that your articles, tho' the ignorance may have been there, (so sorry that is not original.)

If "Ninian" will continue to quote Faber for the benefit of the Cornerites, and "Open to Conviction" wants a further enlightenment from "Columba," I will not feel it necessary to make any special effort to make the Corner interesting, but am content to leave the good work in such able hands. With best wishes for the Corner, and thanks to its editor.

P. S.—Your surmise about my house-keeping is correct. I mean that I am not engaged in that occupation; not that I could "keep house as neatly as I write" though I hope I could. I'm an "unappropriated blessing" all right. The child who forgets his mother is not a very fine specimen of humanity.

"Columba" of the "CATHOLIC RECORD" is becoming more popular each week. His paragraphs are breezy, instructive and elevating. There is a lot of keen humor to his mind and pen. We like him because he is frankly Irish and winningly Catholic.—True Witness (Montreal).

The "Notes and Comments" of our esteemed contemporary, The True Witness, paid us a very graceful tribute recently, and ended by saying "his very strong paper has in 'Columba' a very good contributor." Our readers will appreciate the kind compliment. As for Columba his daily prayer is, "From the hostile pen of the critic good Lord deliver me!" For truly he is a very terror to his enemies.

The Jews of old converted the temple into a den of thieves. Our separated brethren are turning their churches into play-houses and restaurants. Vide the daily press. Another instance of the world existing as it does, is the "More rich than kingly crowns of wear" nothing new under the sun. "Some fine day they will claim this as a proof of the continuity theory."

Professor MacNaughton of McGill University is starting in the building line. The church that was built upon a rock is not good enough for Mac. In fact there is no church. The materials are there all right and for 1900 years have been waiting the advent of a master architect to put them in position. The scriptures are the rough quarry stones, the Professor says. Who said the age of discovery is gone!

These remains but one week of Lent. How are you going to spend it? How have you kept the resolutions of Ash Wednesday? It is good to resolve; it is better to perform. Begin now. "Tomorrow" is a fatal word. Don't let your life slip away getting ready to live, but live now. There will never be a time when you will be any nearer ready.

Correspondence for this department should be addressed, Rev. D. A. Casey, St. Peter's Cathedral, Toronto. All communications not attended to.

ARCHDIOCESE OF TORONTO

NEW CHURCH OPENED AT BRAMPTON
From the Brampton Conservator of February 24 we copy the following report of the opening of a splendid new church in the parish of Brampton.

For more than thirty years the congregation of the Catholic Church in Brampton has been in the building on John Street. The church, an old building when purchased by the congregation, gradually fell into disrepair and the necessity for a new church became imperative. Through the energy of Rev. Father Egan, who is the present incumbent, the machinery was set in motion and a subscription list opened. The old building was torn down last fall, the congregation worshipping in the rooms over McCollum & Co's store until the new church was ready for occupation. J. F. McEwen, architect, designed the building which was completed last week. It is a neat structure of brick finished in the natural wood inside. The seats are very comfortable. New furnishings were obtained through the efforts of the ladies of the congregation and the entire building and fittings were greatly admired at the formal opening which took place.

His Grace Archbishop McEvay, accompanied by Dr. Kidd, his private secretary and Dr. Roche arrived on the morning train, and the services having been completed to take place at 10 o'clock. At this hour the church was well filled with a devout congregation who witnessed the impressive dedication of the building. The Rev. Father Egan presided. The sermon was preached by the Rev. Dr. Roche who took for his text "It is sown in weakness, it is raised in power." One hundred and ten years ago today the little church, which is today a great one, was dedicated in the territory covered by the present province of Ontario.

Writing to his superior that priest, afterwards Bishop of Halifax, calls attention to the fact that here and there were scattered little bands of Catholics, a few Catholic soldiers being stationed at Niagara. To all the Catholics in that territory he ministered, and he is to-day nearly five hundred priests and over a thousand churches. The little church of God, which was sown in weakness, is now raised in power, and it is the weakness of the primitive Christianity, has, under God's providence, risen wonderfully, and it is today a great one. The little church, which the Archbishop to-day dedicated to the service of God, to the honor of God and the salvation of immortal souls, is the little mustard seed of faith sown in the weakness of God's gospel, in the weakness of righteousness, but it shall rise in the might and power of God, the light and power of the Christian faith.

The little church, which is today a great one, is the little mustard seed of faith sown in the weakness of God's gospel, in the weakness of righteousness, but it shall rise in the might and power of God, the light and power of the Christian faith. The little church, which is today a great one, is the little mustard seed of faith sown in the weakness of God's gospel, in the weakness of righteousness, but it shall rise in the might and power of God, the light and power of the Christian faith.

Man looks out upon the world to-day and asks himself three great questions—"Why does man exist? Why does he die? Why does he suffer?" Man exists because he was made by God for a high and holy purpose and that purpose is that he might dwell amongst the stars, and that he might point to the stars and tell us of our destiny.

More than that, the cross raised upon that steeple tells us something more. It tells us of an infinite, immeasurable love, the love of the Creator of immortal souls, the love that reached down when mankind had wandered away and brought it back, and bought it back at the price of His only begotten Son. And so that little cross embolizes for all the world that infinite, all-consuming love of God the Father, of God the Son, and of God the Holy Ghost.

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And so that emblem is not an emblem of superstition, or of idolatry, it is the emblem of infinite love blazing forth to all the ages. And so the building of this church is not only an act of faith in God, in the blessed Trinity, an act of faith in the incarnation, but an act of faith in all Christianity has stood during the last twenty centuries, an act of faith in the Ten Commandments, the basis of civilization. The Church today uses a very simple and eloquent term in speaking of the little temple which has been dedicated to God's service and God's worship. It calls it the house of God, which is a more beautiful or expressive term could be used. It has been blessed and consecrated, set apart for His service.

When you enter this house of God you put away worldly thoughts, you come to remember things of God, to remember the high and holy purpose for which the church was created, to remember the things that endure and to forget the things that pass away. It is the house of God, the house of His priests, the house of His people, your house, God's house.

You have witnessed this morning a ceremony which repeats to you seems strange, the wonderful ceremony which makes this place in a special way the House of God, the wonderful and strange old ceremony of the Mass, and which is a wonderful and strange thing, a striking thing. They believe that during this ceremony God Who is present in every corner of the universe, Who fills the world with the fullness of His being, comes down in a new and miraculous form what is known as the mystic and sacramental form, upon His altar. The Divine Saviour, Who hangs on the cross on Calvary, comes down to perpetuate that sacrifice in His mystic and Real Presence, and makes this in a particular manner the House of God. Sometimes we are only too ready to condemn what we do not understand, but always when you come into the presence of this mystery, at least bring to it a sentiment of veneration and respect.

Let me tell you to-day briefly, the place this grand old ceremony occupies in the Christian service. To-day there are, we are told, over 500,000,000 Christians to be found the world over, honoring the name of Jesus, proclaiming Him as their Lord and Saviour and their God. What part of the ceremony you have witnessed in the service of five Christian churches in the world this morning Mass is said. Four hundred of

those 500,000,000 have bowed down before the altar of God and believe what you believe today and cry aloud, as the priest raises the Host, "Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God of Hosts, heaven and earth are full of Thy glory. This is a very impressive fact and should be most respectfully. The other one-fifth of Christianity is unfortunately divided on this great question of the real presence, as to what that have come and gone is that mystical presence, that the Real Presence. On that day there was not a church in the Christian world in which Mass was not said, but in which Mass was not said with the same belief we hold to-day, namely, that when the priest uttered the mystic words, the elements of bread and wine took a new form, a new substance and became the unspokeable mystery of divine love the body and blood of Jesus Christ mystically given that the world would not go back to paganism. The one thing that has kept the Christian church close to God, that has kept the knowledge of God throughout the ages that have come and gone is that mystical presence, that the Real Presence.

Let me go further still and tell you this. Four out of every five, as I have said, believe in the Real Presence, but almost 90 per cent of Christians to-day believe in the Real Presence. I have given you the authority of the Catholic Church, the Greek church and the Eastern church, and there is another great denomination called the Lutherans prevailing largely in Germany, who still hold to their belief in this Real Presence. And so when you come into the presence of this ceremony, you come into the presence of the presence of God, because every Catholic who enters this house of God is willing to give his blood in defence of this mystery.

Now I want to say another thing to you. This church is built in love, not in hate, this building is the expression of God's eternal love for souls, an expression of the Church's desire to carry the message and the work of Him Who, having loved His own, loved them even unto the end. So it is built in love for every soul, Christian or non-Christian, Catholic or non-Catholic. On the day the Archbishop was consecrated he was solemnly reminded that his flock was something broader than the mere designation Catholic, that his flock was every soul within his jurisdiction, whether you are Catholic or not or you are his children. Sometimes we have heard it said that the Church is narrow, but the Church is broad, it is the breadth of God's eternal love. I hope that from this altar, which the priest moves for the first time to-day, the truth will always be preached, and that always a message of welcome and God's love and goodness shall always be sent forth.

This little church stands for several things. It stands for the highest ideal, so high that Catholics had difficulty in bringing it to it. The model is Christ Himself. To strive after that model and to imitate Him is the ideal held up before every child of the Church.

It stands for everything that is holiest and best in life, all that has been handed down to you through the centuries. It stands for honesty and integrity, for honorable method and virtuous womanhood. We know that He exercises upon us for righteousness and for good. The Church has been calumniated, falsehoods have been published. Her confession is revised, but she brings down that alone can convert the soul. The seal of the confessional is never broken. The confessional is the only secret of the Church, all else is open. The days of bitterness and sadness have passed away and a day of peace and gentleness has dawned, a day of peace and good-will.

Wherever Christianity is to be found to-day, the Church is the pioneer. It was so in Canada, in Mexico and in South America and everywhere throughout Europe. Give the Church credit for what she has done. If the Church ceased from her mission it would cease from her arm. Christianity would disappear from the earth.

To-day must be a day of retrospection and introspection with those whose sacrifice and self denial had led to the

building of this Church, a day for looking backward and forward; looking backward upon the humble beginning and forward to the great things that may come to pass. If we could look forward one hundred years from now and see what will come to pass we might see what has happened in other places in Ontario, that this may become a great and thriving Catholic centre, a Christian centre. There will be many changes in that time but the Church of God will go calmly and serenely on as she has gone on through the past, fighting the same old fight, and standing for the same old things. She had fought many a battle in the first days, but she is still fighting. God's fight and will during all the years.

Rejoice that you are sharers in this great heritage, that you possess the priceless heritage of faith that has been handed down to you through a thousand channels of blood and tears. The little mustard seed sown here will spring forth into goodly fruit. The Church that was weak in the first days and had in it all the elements of strength and your little church here will contain all the elements of strength if the elements of righteousness are in your souls. This is the secret strength, and your power, not your possessions, but your fidelity to Christ and to His teachings, the spirit of God and the spirit of Faith. If that spirit is in your locality, or in any locality, "It is sown in weakness, it is raised in power." Your Church was sown in weakness here but if you be faithful and true it shall rise in power throughout the future.

There is only one argument to which people look, one test of your convictions, one thing that alone can convert men and women and that is your lives, your example. Give that example to those round about you, show them that your convictions mean something and let your life bring forth fruit.

Let me thank you one and all, for so generously coming forward to assist in building this church for God's service, and express the hope that through His mercy and eternal love and goodness through His Divine Son, we may all meet together one day before the great white throne, there to praise and bless Him forever.

We should look at our consciences continually, as we look at our hands to see if they are clean.

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FIVE-MINUTE SERMON

PALM SUNDAY

HARDNESS OF HEART

To-day if you shall hear His voice, harden not your hearts.

These words, my dear brethren, are taken from the beginning of the office recited by the clergy on this and the following days, up to Holy Thursday. They entreat us not to let this time, precious above all others, by whom making the use of it which our Lord means that we should make; not to let Him show His love for us without giving Him love in return.

"Harden not your hearts." How is it that we harden our hearts? It is by putting off our repentance; by clinging to the world and its pleasures, to the gratification of our sinful passions, and waiting for some time to come when it will be more convenient to give them up, or when we shall feel more strongly moved to do so. We think that this time will surely come, that the stream of God's graces will be uninterrupted, and that when necessity urges we can avail ourselves of the one that happens to be then within our reach as easily as we could have one of the many that went by long ago.

But, my brethren, this is a great and a terrible mistake. It may be, indeed, that God in His goodness and mercy has many graces yet in store for us equal in sight of the crucifix of our Blessed Mother, a pious picture, an Agnus Dei, is enough to move the innocent soul of a child to the love of God; the most powerful missionary sermon often fails to make any impression on one who has spent his life in sin. It is not the grace that is wanting on God's part. No, He is there in His power; His arm is not shortened; He is sitting on high, and His voice seems to the deaf ear of the sinner faint and indistinct; His message is the same old story. Yes, it is the same old story; it must be the same, for there is but one God, and one Name under heaven whereby we can be saved, only one Gospel which we can preach, and the sinner has heard it so often with indifference that its interest is gone.

Then—most dangerous delusion of all—He comforts himself with the hope that at least he will die in the grace of God; that somehow or other he will, as he passes from life to death, be brought from death to life. He forgets that the sacraments were not given to give repentance to the sinner; no, they have for their object to give pardon and grace to those who have repented. Do you think it is of the slightest use to anoint with oil the senses of a man who lies unconscious, and who has not, while he had the use of his mind, turned really and truly away from his sinful life? The priest does it, indeed, in hopes that he may have repented; but how faint is that hope for those who have suddenly been stricken down! And even if there is more time; even if some sort of confession can be made, is it so sure that the hardened heart, which has all its life loved and clung to its sins, will now love God and hate sin? God's mercy is great, it is true; He may now give extraordinary graces, but He is not bound to do so; and if the ordinary ones have failed before he may also fail now.

Yes, my brethren, now is the time—a better time than our last hour. Now in this Passion season the Precious Blood of Christ is flowing more freely for you than you can expect ever to find it again. Listen to His voice now; do not wait till it becomes fainter. If you have not spent Lent well so far, come now and make the most of the help so abundantly given you in these holy days. Harden not your hearts any longer; it is a dangerous game to play.

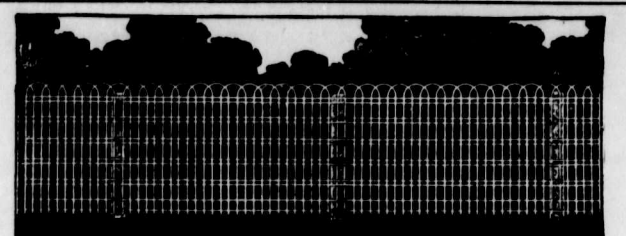
BRUNO AND THE EVENING TELEGRAM

Scholars generally know the story of Galileo, how he first declared that the world was round, and told the story of the universe as it is understood to-day, and how, under bigotry, they gave him the choice of retracting or sharing the fate of Bruno, who was burned at the stake; how he did retract, but as he came out from the hall and looked at the sun, he murmured to himself: "But it does move."—S. L. Evening Telegram.

Last week we gave the facts dealing with the condemnation and imprisonment of the astronomer Galileo. We address ourselves this morning to the case of Giordano Bruno, condemned for blasphemy and burned at the stake. But first let us ask what purpose does the Telegram hope to serve by opening old wounds, and rekindling old fires now dying out, if not extinct? Why should we call upon the dead to answer to us questions which they have already given an account before the eternal Judge? And why add to our divisions now by contending over who was the guilty and the innocent then? Is it not better to ask how all these sorrows may be healed? Let us, if we can, forget the past, hear the present and save the future. The barriers which divided our fathers are melting away; and although there are sharp conflicts and ringing blows still to be heard, a better wisdom is pleading with men.

The way to unity is peace, but there can be no peace if history be perverted and truth sacrificed for a momentary triumph. With Tennyson we are constrained to say: "But though we love kind peace so well, We dare not, even by silence, sanction lies." It might be safe our censures to withdraw: And yet, my Lords, not well: there is a higher law."

In our boyhood we were nauseated with the stench of the "Gunpowder Plot," of the "St. Cecilia Massacre," of the "Spanish Inquisition," of the "St. Bartholomew Massacre," of "Galileo" and his "E pur si muove"—but it does move, a pure invention of a French infidel. No man pretending to some learning, to say nothing of scholar-



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ship, now charges the Catholic Church with being in any way accessory to these plots and massacres. Now, when these plots have been laid by the sceptre of historical criticism, the ghost of an apostate priest, dead for more than three hundred years, is called up to testify to the atrocious tyranny of the Church of Rome.

Who was Giordano Bruno, to whom a statue was erected by the atheists of Rome a few years ago, and whose more than life-sized bust disgraces the Place St. Michel in Paris, placed there by the atheists of France? When we last saw the statue a colossal wreath of "immortelles" rested against the plinth supporting the pillar. The wreath bore this inscription in French: "From the free-thinkers and atheists of Marsailles, Ni Dieu ni Maître—No God no master." Now we can get a line on Bruno from the character of the men who worship him.

Giordano Bruno was born in the village of Nola, Italy, in 1584, and in 1572 he was ordained a priest. In 1576 he left his monastery and began to attack the doctrines of Christianity. From Naples he went to Rome, then to Geneva, where he became a Calvinist, though at Venice, six months after his perversion, he stoutly denied his identification with Calvinism. This much, however, is certain; he was excommunicated by the Calvinist Council and was forced to leave Geneva.

We next hear of him in England, where, during the year 1583, he enjoyed the favor of Queen Elizabeth and the patronage of Sir Philip Sydney, who wrote the "Defense of Poesy." Bruno the next year visited Oxford University, where he was not permitted to lecture, and for which reason he satirized the professors as beer-guzzlers. In 1585 he returned to Paris and made several ineffectual attempts to be reconciled to the Catholic Church but refused to accept the condition imposed, which was that he should return to his monastery. He then proceeded to Germany, where he showed the same spirit of insolent self-importance as in England. In Helmstadt he was excommunicated by the Lutherans. Make a note of this, and of his condemnation at Geneva by the Calvinists. He returned to Venice and quarreling with Mocenigo, who was denounced as an enemy to Christianity. In February, 1593, he was sent to Rome, tried, convicted, and by the state, the secular power was, 17 Feb. 1600, burned at the stake at the Campo dei Fiori, Rome, "not only," as the legend sets forth, "because himself a heretic, but as a dangerous heresiarch, who had written things injurious to religion." It was a serious blunder for us to endeavor to form a judgment of the controversies and legislation of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries by the standards of our legislation and ideas of the present time.

Burning at the stake for certain specified offenses obtained in almost every country of Europe, Catholic and Protestant, down to comparatively recent times. Calvin burned Servetus, Henry VIII, slaughtered hundreds for refusing to acknowledge his supremacy in the supernatural order, and now read what was done under Queen Elizabeth in Protestant England.

"On Feb. 6, 1584, James Fenn, George Haydock, John Munday, John Nutter and Thomas Hemeford, tried at West-

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thing is remarkable in the statistics of suicide, and that is the disproportion of women to men. Women are supposed to believe more and trust more deeply than men, and in one list of 100 cases, where suicide was attributed to weariness of life, there were found but 6 women to 100 men.

It is known that among Germans who endeavor to act out their faith, as the Catholics and Lutherans, suicide is almost unknown. So that it is not to be attributed to a national temperament, but to loss of faith and hope, which makes life wearisome. It is remarked of the Irish who have fallen that suicide is almost unheard of amongst them, and this is to be attributed, at least to a great extent, to the influence of that faith upon them in the hour of their trying afflictions. Some have asserted that it is rather pugnacity than piety. An Irishman does not like to be beaten in a fight even in the 'fight for life,' and regards suicide as an act of cowardice, which in truth it is. But this is not sufficient to account for the victory over affliction.

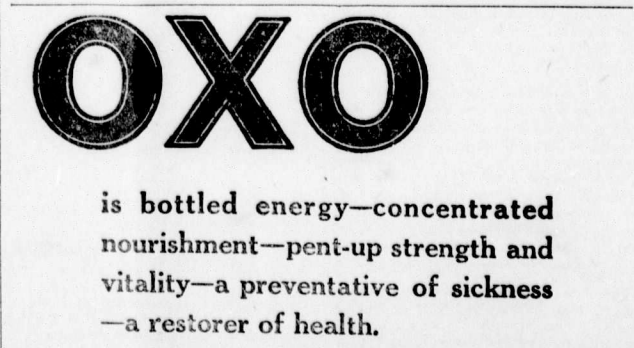
It is not to be forgotten that though the new religion of the future of which some men dream may not be called paganism, it is paganism under another name. We occasionally hear of the 'religion of humanity.' What is this but paganism, which defied all that was true and beautiful and good with all that was vile in our nature, and called these things by various names, the deities of its religion. If any one whispered to the infidel philosophers of France who sought the destruction of the Christian religion that the day would come when they would find themselves worshipping at a pagan altar, they would have smiled in derision.

But false principals soon set themselves out into institutions. Human reason was defiled, and the goddess of reason—a dancing girl of Paris—stood on the high altar of Notre Dame, a fit symbol of the prostituted reason that ruled the hour. But after a time some philosopher might say: "Why not a goddess of love, a power stronger than reason and more universal in its influence?" We will not call her Venus, because that would sound like old paganism. We will call her glorious "Human Love." But, cries out another, "We should, above all, have a god of spotless holiness, a god who would lift up his voice to warn the representative men who learn that the popular modern system of teaching morality without the doctrines that motivate it, whether that system be called Christian ethics or moral instruction, or unsectarian teaching, is sapping the very foundations of Christianity and Christian civilization."—New York Freeman's Journal.

MIRACULOUS CURES AT LOURDES

FATHER BENSON, THE NOTED CONVERT PRIEST, GIVES A STRIKING ACCOUNT OF A VISIT TO THE SACRED GROTO, AN EYE-WITNESS OF GOD'S INTERVENTION THROUGH MARY'S INTERCESSION.

The Rev. Robert Hugh Benson, once an Anglican clergyman, and more or less prominent among Anglicans because of his being a son of the former Archbishop of Canterbury, lectured recently in Dublin on "Lourdes" and discussed the remarkable happenings which are continually taking place there.



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