

The Catholic Record.

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

VOLUME XXXV.

LONDON, ONTARIO SATURDAY, JULY 26, 1913

1814

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THE IRISH CHRISTIAN BROTHERS

In answer to a subscriber we beg to say that the Institute of the Irish Christian Brothers was founded in 1802, in the city of Waterford, by Edmund Ignatius Rice. In 1820 the Institute was formally approved and confirmed by the Holy See by a brief under the title of "Religious Brothers." The "Christian Brothers," as they are called, form a society perfectly distinct from that of De La Salle's "Brothers of the Christian Schools"—the end, however, of both being the same and the rules by which they are governed differing little from each other. The work of Brother Rice is a record of achievement in the cause of education. In Ireland their schools are admittedly of the best, and elsewhere, in Australia and India they are regarded as no inconsequential factors in the training of the young. And in Canada we are sure of the success of their methods and principles. In common with all Christian educators they spare no efforts, shrink from no sacrifice which is necessary to enable them to carry on with success a work in which the glory of God and the good of mankind are so largely involved.

ONE POINT OF VIEW

It may be due to the hot weather our disinclination to listen with equanimity to preachments on the boisterous methods of Catholic controversialists. Scribes whose stock in trade is the thrumming over threadbare commonplaces, the repeating of outrageous charges, the dissemination of insulting insinuations are not well equipped to instruct us in the canons of social amenities. The use of methods such as are in honor in some sections of Ontario wrung from Dean Stanley the avowal: "I am convinced that Protestantism in general treats them (Catholics) with shameful ignorance and unfairness." Dr. Schaff deprecates "that the Roman Church is bemired from day to day with all possible accusations and calumnies, and combated with Scripture arguments, quotations, mockery, witticism, horrible stories and misrepresentations." And Dean Farrar declares that theological partisans are less truthful, less high-minded, less honorable even than the partisans of political and social causes who make no profession as to the duty of love. Hence we are disposed to smile when the apostles of wholesale and extreme pugnacity, which require no discrimination, calm their turbulent spirits for a moment in order to utter pleasant words about amity and love. We do not impugn their motives, but we are not sanguine enough to appraise these unctuous phrases at any undue value. We are of the opinion that the secular prints could, by refusing to publish the addresses of clerical firebrands, do much towards damping the flood of prejudice. Some of them realize that it is not "good business" to give space, for example, to the glorification of Orangeism; others, through fear of losing patronage and advertising, welcome fustian and claptrap. Some editors of religious weeklies should, however, exercise their common sense, even if they do not bring into play their charity, by recognizing the vanity and impotency of their methods when dealing with the Church. They should lay stress on the intrinsic excellence of their creeds. In a word, they should purge themselves of the poison of blind fanaticism and regard us as being ready to hear any dispassionate statement as to our defects or to their excellencies. And in our days of Carnegie libraries and pictorial newspapers, many of our separated brethren are disposed to say with Emerson, "Should I go out of church whenever I hear a false statement, I should not stay five minutes."

ROMAN NEWS

The news from Rome, given by some newspapers, indicates that their correspondents are lacking in imagination. We venture to say that scribes of the Hocking type could

garnish reports of "intrigues and dissensions" with "purple patches," reminiscent of bye-gone days and not devoid of beauty in the eyes of those who live in fairyland. But bald phrases expressing oft-told fiction, with never a gleam of humour to illumine their dullness, must be tiresome reading even to those who believe in the trustworthiness of the average correspondent. If we remember aright the correspondents who flourished at the outbreak of the bitter-minded Combes' campaign against the Church in France had a wealth of luxuriant diction, exuberant imagination and a gift of seeing things that were not so. The pocket-editions of Voltaire were upholders of democratic ideas and not withholders of other people's rights. They were models of good-breeding, statesmanlike and self-sacrificing. A religious weekly, one of our own contemporaries, sang paeans of praise in their honour, and could not see, for its eyes were overlaid with the triple glare of bigotry, that in so doing it was well within the bounds of propriety. He had Combes and Briand's public addresses before him, and yet read in them but signs of democracy's advance that had been checked by nuns and monks who had spent themselves on battlefield, in school-room, in hospital, for France and Christ. When, however, the campaign, shorn of the trappings given it by hired scribblers, stood revealed as a blend of sordidness, brutality and irreligion, our friend who caters to the religious needs of Protestant households resigned the role of champion of atheists. It seems to us that "Roman news" must be manufactured by the reportorial artist who, in an account of a Church celebration in Chicago, spoke of Cardinal Satolli as "officiating with a thurble on his head."

AN OLD POLICY

M. Barthow, the French Premier, said recently in regard to the government's attitude towards religion in the schools: "Religion is for the Church; the doors of the schools should be closed to all religious beliefs." M. Barthow is somewhat of a Bourbon. His policy is not original. Ever since the days of Julian the Apostate this method has been in vogue. Eliminate the idea of God as much as possible from the minds of youth; banish Him from the school room; steep them in an atmosphere surcharged with indifference, and you have soil ready for the germinating of the fruit that breeds death. Voltaire and the stormy petrels of the Revolution played the same game, with results which are chronicled in letters of fire in the pages of history. The present authorities continue it to the increase of youthful depravity. And yet France, sound at heart, looks complacently at this unreason and injustice organized by a sectarian minority.

THE DAY OF THE TRACT

The late Fr. Gerard said, if we remember aright, that the twentieth century needs writers, not less thoughtful or learned as those of old, but who, instead of folios, will write sixpenny tracts and will write not with an eye to the pundits of the schools but to the man in the street. Their language must be thoroughly modern and understood of the people so that he who runs—even on the rail—may read, and reading may comprehend. Such reading will help us to appreciate not only our own knowledge, but which is also not less important, our own ignorance. We have now pamphlets published at a very moderate cost dealing with current issues, with the questions of origin and destiny, and with the claims of the Church. They are an antidote to error as well as a storehouse of information. They should be in the hands of every Catholic who has any pride in his religion and who has too much self-respect to permit the scoffer and retailer of stories of the scientific charlatan to pass unchallenged. A course of this pamphlet reading would help us to distinguish assertion from argument, speculation from fact, and might enable us to free ourselves from the debasing servitude of desultory and harmful reading. It is certain that the intelligent layman can be a powerful aid to the cause of truth.

He can remove prejudice, be a guide to those wandering on the wastes of error and uplift his brethren submerged in the garbage that is poured out by the press on a long-suffering public. One layman, sure of his ground, enthusiastic about his faith, can, without being aggressive or "preachy," serve as a tonic to the indifferent and apathetic. He may even induce some of us to realize that card parties should not engross our energies and that some of our societies should not be bounded by the horizon of amusement. Even dry bones can, when under the spell of an energetic personality, take on life.

CATHOLICITY IN SPAIN

ANGLICAN CLERGYMAN'S REMARKABLE TRIBUTE—SPANIARD WHO PRACTISES HIS RELIGION IS SURE TO BE A GOOD MAN

The Rev. C. E. Rivers, M. A., rector of Our Lady of Lourdes, Acton, London, W., when in Madrid recently on a holiday had an interesting conversation with the chaplain (Anglican) of the British Embassy concerning the Catholic Church in Spain. Father Rivers, preaching at High Mass recently in his church, described the circumstances which led up to the chat. "I happened," he said, "to be in one of the streets of Madrid when some one in clerical dress came up and spoke to me. I could see that he was not a Catholic priest. He was so very amiable to me in his remarks in English that I said to myself: 'I must be perfectly plain and candid with the man. He thinks I am an Anglican clergyman.' "So I said: 'I think you are a little mistaken in the reason which made you speak to me. I am not an Anglican clergyman. I am a Catholic priest.' He seemed very pleased," continued Father Rivers. "He said: 'I am very delighted to see you. I am chaplain here at the embassy.' I saw him several times after that and had long talks with him. "I said: 'Tell me, without sparing me or my Church, what is the impression the Catholic church has made on you since you have been here—five or six years.' "The chaplain replied: 'I have seen and heard nothing but what is most edifying both personally and from others regarding your Church and the Catholic religion as it is practised by both priests and people in Madrid and the country generally. So far,' continued the Anglican clergyman, 'from any ever wishing in the least to tamper with the faith of the good Catholics of this country—the Christian religion of this country—I should be most horrified and disgusted and very angry if I thought any Anglicans, lay or clerical, interfered or tried to interfere with the religion of the devout Spaniard. The Spaniard who is a good Catholic and practices his religion is sure to be a good man,' intimated the chaplain. "Father Rivers also had an illuminating interview with the mother superior of a large convent in Madrid. She assured him that what edified the religious was the piety amongst laymen of the world. "I include," said the mother superior, "a man who was for some years Prime Minister of Spain, but, unfortunately, he is now out of power. For years and years he has made a half an hour's meditation daily. "Could you imagine," asked Father Rivers in conclusion, "such things in England? Could you imagine Mr. Balfour or Mr. Bonar Law up to the altar with Mr. Lloyd George making an hour's meditation before the Blessed Sacrament?"—London Catholic Times.

FOREIGN MISSIONS

PRAY FOR MISSIONARIES—The members of the Propagation of the Faith Society are urged to redouble their prayers for an increase of apostolic workers. Father Alachniewicz, an African missionary tells us that it would take just about 1,000 priests to minister to the spiritual wants of the people of his district alone, were they all converted. "We are only 20 of us here," he writes in a recent letter, "and many of us are already disabled and would need at least a six months' vacation to repair our strength. Still we have to drag along for we can not see our companions overburdened with work, and we can not and will not abandon our little flocks." It seems to be especially hard to form native priests in this portion of Western Africa, but there must be a sufficient supply of these to carry on the work of conversion, in case all the European missionaries should die. This really happened in the time of Bishop de Brezic, the founder of the Lyons Fathers. He and his 5 companions died in six months' time in this very district, in 1859. Without the assistance of native priests white missionaries can never suffice to convert these 3,000,000 inhabitants. "Almighty God alone knows how to make children to Abraham and Melchise-

dech of these poor blacks," continues Father Alachniewicz. "Pray then that Our Lord may show us whom He has chosen and we will do our best to give them the necessary instruction and preparation for their high calling."—Sacred Heart Review.

CHINESE PROFESSION OF FAITH—One of the most interesting items contained in a recent number of the Annals is the profession of faith of a fervent Chinese Christian who lived in the early seventeenth century: "I, Paul Ly, a sinful man, nevertheless desire with all my heart to amend my life and embrace the holy law of Jesus Christ. Asking this grace I raise my heart to the Lord of Heaven and entreat Him not to disdain my prayer. Alas, since my childhood I have been plunged in ignorance and sin. Therefore I implore Almighty God to have mercy on me and to pardon my transgressions. "I firmly resolve that from this hour, when I am about to be purified from my sins, I will amend my life, will adore the Lord of Heaven in spirit and in truth, and will strive to carefully observe the ten commandments of God. "I renounce my sins, abjure the errors of the times, and condemn all that is contrary to the Divine Law. To-day I begin a new life. But, as the doctrines that I profess contain heights of sublimity and depths of profound, I beg the All Merciful God, the Creator and Saviour of the world to deign to enlighten my mind and to strengthen my faith. "Give me grace, O Lord, to put into practice the teachings I have received, that I may be able to live an upright life and thus may, one day, in heaven, be admitted to Thy Divine Presence. Grant that, having received Thy divine law I may publish it to study more and strive to lead others to embrace it. "I solemnly promise to do all I can to extend Thy holy faith, and I beg Thee to hear and accept my vow. "This profession of faith I make in the empire of the great Ming dynasty during the thirtieth year of the reign of Wan-Lie, and on the sixteenth day of the eighth moon." (Sept. 23, 1608).

YIELDING TO CHRISTIANITY—Little by little the Japanese are coming to see the need of Christianity in order to stem the tide of immorality in their country. They know that Buddhism and Shintoism have no influence in that line, and their atheistic education, of which they were so proud only a little while ago, has not even as much power for good as Buddhism.

"In the Higher Commercial School of Kobe (a government institution)," writes Father Nicholas Walter, "the students are openly told by their professors, that to maintain a high standard of morality is not enough to study more; they must take up some form of Christianity. Such a thing as this would never have been dreamt of some fifteen years ago."—Sacred Heart Review.

RIISING TIDE OF PURE SECULARISM

MONSIGNOR SHAHAN ON THE TREND OF MODERN EDUCATION OUTSIDE THE CATHOLIC CHURCH

The convention of the Catholic Educational Association held recently in New Orleans, was regarded by all who were in attendance as the most practical and useful convention in the history of the association. Delegates were there from all parts of the country, and at the Pontifical Mass which was celebrated on Tuesday by Bishop Allen, of Mobile, five others Bishops assisted in the sanctuary, namely, Bishop Gallagher, of Galveston; Bishop Van de Ven, of Alexandria; Bishop Shaw, of San Antonio; Bishop Lynch, of Dallas, and Bishop Morris, of Little Rock.

ADDRESS BY MGR. SHAHAN

The opening address by Right Rev. Mgr. Thomas J. Shahan, rector of the Catholic University of America, was a notable utterance.

"Outside of the Catholic Church," said the speaker, "modern education is everywhere marked by an absence of the religious hostility in its regard when there is not an avowed enmity and persecution. It is asserted that all religions being false, or only forms of common superstitions, their content is vain and their influence is worse.

Education seems to have no other province than the present, no other than temporal. On the other hand, the evident decay of juvenile morality alarms an increasing number of teachers and administrators of education, and large volumes could be and are to-day filled with the sad admissions of foremost authorities in educational work. Not a few attempts are made to stem the rising tide of pure secularism that is invading those schools which recognize no fixed religious teachings. But in view of the great number of teachers, the training of their administration and the spirit that they presuppose and in turn feed and confirm, it is hard to see how in this respect any serious improvement can come about.

"No teaching, of course, can be long carried out without ideals of some kind. Naturalism, the prevailing philosophy of our day, furnishes not a few of the ideals that sustain and comfort teachers and pupils in those schools that have not positive religious affiliations. Hedonism, or the doctrine of pleasure in its various shadings; the world itself, with the charms of travel and the contentment of natural curiosity; the domain of art, with the satisfaction of higher and finer yearnings of the soul; the pursuit of social reform in more or less utopian ways; the purely natural origins of religious instinct; the history of philosophic schools and opinions, and of late an intense pursuit of purely physical ideals; the cultivation of literature, domestic and foreign, not to speak of the highly praiseworthy development of the patriotic instinct, seem to round out the ideal activities of our modern educational world. Together they make up the 'Cultur-leben' of to-day and exhibit at their best the purposes and uses of our costly modern education. In themselves and individually they may be and are useful and desirable outlets for human activities, but as a complete circle of human ideals, as representing the final aim and uses of education they are necessarily disappointing. On all sides there arise outcries against the frivolity and insignificance of much of our modern education, and its good and useful elements are overlooked amid a rather general vexation at its failures. No one maintains that our youth is more docile, obedient, reverential than formerly, more respectful of law and order. In educational methods and equipment a habit and a spirit of change are creating a kind of despair. Modern education, it is not too much to say, lacks in many places unity, purpose, logic, balance, continuity, nor can these defects be without a depressing influence on the armies of pupils who must go through such schools. A disinterested observer could not but wonder at certain features of it. "The painful toil Of dropping buckets Into empty wells, And growing old and drawing nothing up."

TWO NOBLE TRAITS THREATENED

"Two noble traits of our Christian society seem threatened by this universal worship of the present and its fleeting advantages. I mean the sense of 'vision' and the power of sacrifice. The sense of the future, has been considerably weakened by the decay of religious teaching concerning the destiny of the human soul, accountability, divine judgment and the life to come. It seems to many that this is one reason why the pursuit of pleasure and the means thereto is now so keen, and goes on regardless of any restraint of law or custom. Perhaps also it is why there is now so little joyous content and art, those lovely works of free-ranging 'vision,' at once beautiful and popular. I may say here that it is not without reason that so much good work of this kind dates from the ages and lands of Catholic faith. On the other hand, many are asking to-day whether the power of sacrifice that made this nation great, as it did all young and ardent peoples, is still with us, or whether it has not been seared in the general decay of the religious spirit and temper."

A HEROIC IRISH MARTYR

In 1680 Glaisne O'Cuilenan, Abbot of Boyle, was seized and cast into prison. As an inducement to abandon his faith and save his life he was offered a choice of the Episcopal See which the spoiler had made vacant. What did he say to his tempters?

"The benefices," said he, "you offer me are very valuable in truth; but how long will you allow me to enjoy them?" "As long as you live," they answered. "And what length of life will you give me?" he asked. "We can not determine the length of your life or prolong it, nor do we know the day of your death!" "Well, then," he replied, "is it not wiser for me to obey Him and keep His laws who can, if He pleases, prolong my life and give me a life of eternal happiness in the world to come, than to obey you who can not and are striving by your deceitful and perishable gifts to lead me away from the laws of heaven?" "Angered at the calm answers which the wisdom of God dictated, they crushed his bones, and finding they could not crush his spirit, they order his execution. He only pleaded that the suffering of his brother Abbot from Lough Ce might be shortened by coming first, and then he went fearlessly to his martyrdom at the age of twenty-six."—Sacred Heart Review.

Never make differences worse. Find excuses for the conduct of others. Never say how cruel, hard or unjust that was; never remember such things.—Ryan.

FATHER FRASER'S MISSION

On March 1st the editor of Notes and Comments gave a summary of an interesting letter from Father John M. Fraser, the Canadian missionary to China.

There are but 2,000,000 Catholic Chinese in a population of 400,000,000. The recent mighty revolution has broken down the old superstitions and prejudices, and now the fields are white with the harvest. Catholics of Canada have the opportunity and privilege of sharing in the great work of the conversion of China by helping spiritually and financially their fellow Canadian, Father Fraser, whose missionary work has been signally blessed by God.

The CATHOLIC RECORD gladly accedes to the request to receive subscriptions, which will be duly acknowledged and forwarded to Father Fraser.

Here is an opportunity to discharge the duty of alms-giving, participate in a great spiritual work of mercy, and help to bring the Light of the Gospel of Jesus Christ to those who sit in darkness and the shadow of death. Do it now, in the name of God.

REMITTANCES

Previously acknowledged.....	\$1,542 70
A Friend, Harrison's Corners.....	2 00
John Sweeney, Metcalfe.....	2 00
A Friend, Brockville.....	1 00
Ian Sisolach, Lebreton.....	1 00
A Friend, Owen Sound.....	1 00
H. J. O'Leary, Victoria.....	2 00
Mrs. E. R. Windsor, N. S.....	2 00
John D. McDonald, Grand Mere.....	1 00
J. W. Porcupine.....	1 00
D. G. O'Connell, Medicine Hat.....	1 00
Thos. Hanlan, Hamilton.....	1 00
Thos. F. Mullin, Chestow.....	2 00
Mary A. Campbell, Margaree Forks.....	1 00
Estate Ada Foley, Indian River.....	50 00
M. E. N. Brantford.....	10 00
Mrs. Jas. Callaghan, Charlottetown.....	1 00

REMITTANCES TO FATHER FRASER

By cheque April 25, 1913.....	\$780 00
May 15, 1913.....	5 00
July 11, 1913.....	736 70

MORGAN AND POPE PIUS

The late J. Jierpont Morgan had an interview with Pope Pius in 1905, and in discussing the subject later, the financier said: "I was struck by the intensely developed mentality of Pope Pius. He had a strongly intellectual face, with piercing eyes, but his smile was full of good will. "I admired principally, however, his great simplicity of manner and his air of absolute sincerity. His democratic tendencies appealed to me. The Pope declined to permit me to kneel to him, as is customary, but took my hand in the American manner and gripped it cordially. "The impression I received from my long conversation with him and the walk through the Vatican was one of deep regard for his well-developed artistic sense. He had an intense and deep appreciation of the beauties and glories of the art treasures of the Vatican, and his observations and comments were not those of a mere amateur, but of a trained connoisseur of art. "We talked of religion in our country, and I was pleased to find that the Pope was fully cognizant of the conditions in the United States. He was very remark that Americans were twice good Christians."

POWER OF THE CHURCH

The Rev. Jenkin Lloyd Jones, D. D., the well known minister of Chicago, is not one of those who believe with "The Guardians of Liberty" or their kind that the Church is a "menace" to our liberties and an obstacle to human progress. Reply to an attack on the Church at a recent religious convention in Boston, he said: "The Catholic Church is a mighty power, coming down century after century, and has done and is doing a wonderful work of uplifting humanity. . . . You and I may differ in opinion on some of the fundamental principles of Catholicism, but we are all agreed in universal brotherhood. Try to appreciate the great work done by this old Church and remember the saying that any fool can like those he likes, but it takes an educated man to like those he does not like. "Intelligent observers, whatever their opinion of Catholic doctrine, cannot fail to perceive the wonderful strength of the Church as an organization and admire her in uplifting the race and making men like unto God.

We are bricks, made of clay; and we are not fit for use in the city of God until we have been shaped in the mould of His will, and have been burned in the fires of affliction. —Austin O'Malley.

CATHOLIC NOTES

The Catholic school children of Manchester, England, 24,000 in number, participated in the annual Whit-sun-week parade in that city.

Rev. Alexander Thompson Grant, ex-chaplain to Wemyss Castle, Fife, Scotland, has been received into the Church.

Monday last was the fifty-second anniversary of Cardinal Gibbons' ordination to the priesthood. Only July 23 he will celebrate the seventy-ninth anniversary of his birth.

France has started a nationwide crusade to help the Catholic press through parish organizations. France has felt the effects of neglecting Catholic journalism and she knows.

Among recent conversions to the Church in France, are to be numbered Charles Louis Morice, poet and art critic, and Emile Rochard, formerly director of the Ambigu theatre, Paris, who has just published a Vie de Jesus in verse.

At Meagherafelt, Ireland, Felix Mulholland, on June 14, indulged himself in loudly and publicly cursing the Pope, the police, the army, the navy, the Ancient Order of Hibernians and the buckles of Constable Kelly's coat, for which he was fined in the petty sessions court.

On a recent Sunday at St. Mary's Church, Chicago, one hundred adult converts were confirmed by Bishop McGavick. St. Mary's is in charge of the Paulist Fathers who make a speciality of work among non-Catholics.

The magnificent white marble Cathedral of Milan has five naves, and is 486 feet in length. It has 93 turrets, 6,000 statues, 2,000 of which are on the exterior. Under its cupola is the splendid tomb of St. Charles Borromeo.

More than two thousand Catholic churches in France are falling into ruin owing to the separation law, which not only has made no provision for their repairs, but renders their repair by Catholics almost impossible. More than two thousand!

Don Antonio Colado, parish priest of Luc, near Colunga, Spain, who was seventy-seven years of age, has been assassinated. He was going to the assistance of a young niece, who had cried for help, when he was shot. The niece had already been murdered. The assassin escaped.

A religious census was taken recently in St. Louis. Commenting upon the figures, the Western Watchman says: "One-half of the people of St. Louis have no religion and want none. Three-fourths of the rest are Catholics, leaving a bare one-eighth of our population to be divided among the different sects.

Diving to the assistance of a student named Gaston Richer, Rev. Omer Gagnon, one of the professors of the St. Vincent de Paul College, St. Hyacinthe, Que., managed to save the boy by pushing him into the shallow water, but lost his own life, the swift current of the Yamassaki River in which the boy was bathing sweeping him down stream.

Rev. Albert R. Williams, pastor of a Congregational Church in East Boston, held a series of meetings which he called "Be Fair" meetings in his church, and invited Cardinal O'Connell to speak at one of them, on the Catholic point of view. J. E. Burke, assistant Superintendent of Public Schools, spoke in the Cardinal's absence. He dealt with the evidences of European civilization and culture preceding the reformation period.

The Rev. Father O'Dea, chaplain to the Sisters of the Sacred Hearts of Jesus and Mary, who recently erected a new church at Cadeleigh, Ivybridge, England, is getting round him a large number of non-Catholics, which augurs well for Catholicism in the Ivybridge district. Quite a hundred of them attend the church on Sunday evenings. As a mark of their sincerity, it may be mentioned that they genuflect before the Blessed Sacrament and assist in the singing of Vespers in Latin. A few of them are already under instruction. All are very regular and devout in demeanor, so that it would appear that ere many months have passed Father O'Dea will have a congregation of Catholics in the district.

A bill now before the House of Commons imperils the very existence of the far-famed St. Winefride's Well in England. "The Halkyn Mines Drainage Bill, 1913," is being opposed on the ground that it will rob the people of Holywell of their water, and besides throw thousands of mill hands out of employment. If a handful of mining speculators are to have their way it means, in the opinion of those best qualified to judge, that the flow of water in the holy well which gives its name to the town will be seriously and perhaps fatally diminished. The Tablet appeals to all who are interested in the defense of a place of national pilgrimage and the protection of a shrine hallowed by the memories and the sacred associations of a thousand years, against the inroads of a petty and greedy commercialism.

PRETTY MISS NEVILLE

BY R. M. CROKER

CHAPTER XVI

THE GORGEOUS EAST

La langue des femmes est leur esprit, et elles ne laissent pas rouler leurs idées.

Hour after hour we travelled through a flat, almost treeless country, and about 7 o'clock in the evening steamed into Mulkapore...

In a few minutes we had made our way out of the crowd of natives (who were waiting for the usual supply of fish and ice) to where a large, imposing-looking lander and pair of boys awaited us...

We drove through streets of narrow bazaars, and then along wide roads, lined on either side with fine, wide-spreading trees...

My first impressions of Mulkapore that bright moon-light night, tired and sleepy as I was, were of amazement and admiration.

The long shady roads and wide, open, green maidens contrasted very pleasantly with the arid, rocky country through which we had been travelling.

At last we turned in between two white gate-piers, to one of which was affixed a board, and the name, "Colonel Neville, Cantonment Magistrate," and trotting up a short avenue...

Three yapping dogs instantly rushed out to receive us ere we descended, and submitted me to a rigid investigation, as I followed my aunt into the house. A deep veranda ran all around it, and into this veranda most of the rooms opened.

Here is your dressing-room, and here is your ayah, Nara, said my aunt, introducing, with a wave of her hand a small, dark woman in a snowy muslin garment...

"Drugo, this is your young lady," Drugo's young lady was so overwhelmed with sleep and exhaustion that, within half an hour, she was sound asleep under the mosquito-curtains in the little white bed...

Uncle Jim was in one respect the very opposite of his wife; he was of a roving nature, and never so happy as when his foot rested, not upon its native heather, but in its adopted jungle, shikarring big game.

Once upon a time, there was a native girl who was very ill; an experienced old woman was called in as doctor. "Nothing," she declared, "could save the patient but one remedy, and that was as follows: All the jewels of her friends must be collected, the more valuable the better, and placed in a large chatty of water, and soaked for two hours.

I was not long in falling into Indian ways and customs, and it soon seemed quite natural to hear Drugo's monotonous voice, "Half past five, missy—tea ready!" and it would not be long before I was entering down the ride with Uncle Jim.

marked fox-terrier was yawning in the sun; while an impudent, dirty, complacent-looking poodle was stepping expectantly round two swarthy, dark-headed servants, in snowy-white garments, who were laying out a table, with tea, toast and fruit.

I was not long in adapting myself to my new life, and soon took my place quite naturally as the daughter of the house. My first impressions proved correct—I had indeed found a very happy home.

"He must have been mad," she exclaimed, "or, rather, quite in his delusion! I never heard of anything so supremely ludicrous; a child of fourteen solemnly betrothed, and promised in marriage before the lawyer and the parson!"

I, in my turn, became acquainted with some of the back chapters of my aunt's life. She showed me a sacred drawer, in which was locked away some well-worn little shoes, a faded picture-book, and various broken toys.

"You have been sent to us, Nora, as the daughter of our old age," she said as she replaced these relics with misty eyes; "who can be nearer and dearer to me now than my only brother's child?"

My aunt was a strikingly handsome woman, about fifty years of age, with well-cut features, very dark eyes, and a tall, well-balanced figure. Her genial, gracious manners and kind heart made her (although but little seen in society) one of the most popular people in Mulkapore.

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"Drugo, this is your young lady," Drugo's young lady was so overwhelmed with sleep and exhaustion that, within half an hour, she was sound asleep under the mosquito-curtains in the little white bed...

Uncle Jim was in one respect the very opposite of his wife; he was of a roving nature, and never so happy as when his foot rested, not upon its native heather, but in its adopted jungle, shikarring big game.

Once upon a time, there was a native girl who was very ill; an experienced old woman was called in as doctor. "Nothing," she declared, "could save the patient but one remedy, and that was as follows: All the jewels of her friends must be collected, the more valuable the better, and placed in a large chatty of water, and soaked for two hours.

I was not long in falling into Indian ways and customs, and it soon seemed quite natural to hear Drugo's monotonous voice, "Half past five, missy—tea ready!" and it would not be long before I was entering down the ride with Uncle Jim.

stopped, partook of tea, and related the local "gossip." We breakfasted at ten o'clock; from twelve to two received visitors; at two we had tiffin. After tiffin auntie indulged in forty winks, and I generally curled myself up in a cozy chair and devoured a novel till five o'clock tea made its appearance.

I had been very kindly received by auntie's friends, and although not yet, strictly speaking, "out," I knew nearly everyone in the station, and pleasant people and pretty faces were by no means the extraordinary rarity Mrs. Roper had led me to suppose.

A young married lady whose husband was "away in the district" was alone in a small, pretty little bungalow, and very ill with low, wasting fever.

I did not like Mrs. Gower, and always felt a strong repugnance to go out when I saw her prancing gray ponies coming to the door; although she had a very smart turnout, and was a capital whip.

No one cared to be in Mrs. Gower's black books, for from that moment her character was gone! Her tongue was utterly untrammelled by any regard for truth.

All this I learned afterward; but even when I was quite ignorant of Mrs. Gower's peculiarities, I was conscious of a secret antipathy that I could barely conceal under a decent semblance of civility.

Mrs. Gower was a power in the place. She had taken a fancy to me, and to have declined her advances would have been a fatal mistake. Accordingly, twice a week at least, I was to be seen sitting beside her, taking a drive in her pretty little victoria.

"I'm not going to stop to-day," she said; "you see I am shepherding this young lady," presenting me, with a wave of her whip.

"Do not believe one quarter of them, my dear child!" she exclaimed, with great emphasis. "Forget everything you have heard as fast as possible. I know that Mrs. Gower would be a light temptation to you; but this is really too bad, to try to poison your mind against the whole community.

"But surely Mrs. Barry is not a half-caste?" "Is she not? Much you know about it. Her mother was a Portuguese ayah, as black as my shoe."

"Well, at any rate, those two pretty Misses Barry are quite fair." "Fair! You should see them on a cold morning—they are absolutely slate color!"

"It seems to me that every person is called a half-caste out here, Mrs. Gower!" I exclaimed indignantly. Mrs. Fitzwilliam, Miss Carr, Mrs. Cooper, you see they have all what you call 'fourteen annas in the rupee.'"

"So they have," she returned decidedly, giving a wicked flick to the top of my head. "But, any rate, you and I are above suspicion; consequently, I feel with that fact. I am much to self, thank goodness; and as for you who ever saw a half-caste with red hair?"

been red—it was a very dark auburn, something the color of a copper beech. However, I swallowed the remark in silence.

"Look at Mrs. St. Ubes," pursued my companion, eagerly; "her real name is Stubbs, you know—a very smart stanhope dashed by, in which a dark, solitary-looking man was driving a lady. I could not catch a glimpse of her face, as she was leaning back under the shelter of a large parasol, on which was emblazoned a huge monogram.

"A most unscrupulous, dangerous, woman, and an outrageous flirt," said Mrs. Gower, nodding in the direction of the retreating parasol. "She has four or five children at home, and I believe that she scarcely remembers their names or ages. She is a most unnatural mother.

"How beautifully the gardens are laid out! what splendid crotons and roses there are!" I observed by way of commencing a new topic.

"Yes, not bad. I call coming here coming to the Zoo—you see such an extraordinary and rare collection of creatures. There are the Dobsons (with much animation), 'drowned in debt. He is altogether in the hands of the scouars. I hear they have not even enough ready money to pay their Bazaar bills, and to have the servants' wages, and not one of the shop will give him credit; and yet, look at their turnout and look at the Misses Dobson's dresses! Got out from London—unpaid for, of course. I call such people thieves and swindlers!"

It would have been worse than useless to have endeavored to stem this current of universal denunciation. I sat by Mrs. Gower, feeling very hot and uncomfortable, as every one who passed was in a very abundant talker; a former was all she required. Most occasional exclamations of horror, doubt, or deprecation merely amused her, and whetted the appetite of her remarks.

"You sweet, unsophisticated little Paddy, you don't know what a wicked place you have come to! You had much better have stuck to your native village than have come to such a Gormorrah as Mulkapore. I must go to the post-office, so we must soon be moving off." Then, bowing sweetly to a lady, she said: "You see that horrid woman, Miss Blank, that we have just passed, walking as usual, with Dr. Fisher, and looking into each other's faces as if they were lovers. Pah! it's disgusting, it makes me perfectly sick! Come, we'll go away, I can't stand it!" So saying, Mrs. Gower virtuously whipped up her ponies and drove out of the gardens at the top of their speed.

This was my last drive with Mrs. Gower. My moral equilibrium was quite shaken, as I descended at my own door; and when, with flaming cheeks, and much righteous indignation, I related second hand to auntie some of the interesting little histories to which I had just been listening, she was perfectly agast.

"Do not believe one quarter of them, my dear child!" she exclaimed, with great emphasis. "Forget everything you have heard as fast as possible. I know that Mrs. Gower would be a light temptation to you; but this is really too bad, to try to poison your mind against the whole community.

"One fit to know—not a lady in the place!" proceeded auntie, wrathfully. "What a deceitful, treacherous woman! You shall never drive with her again, Nora. In fact, now that Mrs. Warren is so much better, I shall take a short turn of an evening myself, so no offense will be given."

Here was the keynote. No one dared to offend or openly quarrel, with Mrs. Gower. Although generally held in the most profound detestation, she overawed everybody, and held them in slavish bondage, by her terrible weapon—her tongue.

God's words are always words of love, no matter whether they be words of promise or of warning. Speaking much is a sign of vanity, for he that is lavish in words is a niggard in deed.

I do believe the common man's work is the hardest. The hero has the hero's aspiration that lifts him to his labor. All great duties are easier than the little ones, though they cost far more blood and agony.

It was not as a reward of careful study, surely, that Father Robert Ladden had been transferred with such promptness, from the pleasant waters of the seminary to the assistant pastorate of St. John Baptist's, for Father Ladden was brilliantly careless just as he was brilliantly good and successful.

He had first met his eye, it like the surrounding houses, was of red brick, dull and gloomy looking, but within its walls, he knew, dwelt the One Who made life worth living, and the heart of Father Ladden had felt a joyous throb at the thought, for love knows love. He had leaped up the steps and given the door an undignified pull, only to find it locked, though it was then early in the afternoon.

"Well, well," the older one smiled, of all the churches in Chicago to select in which to make a visit! It's not saying much for your taste." Father Ladden looked at him—this hero, the priest didn't look at all as heroes are supposed to look.

He could almost hear the words of the holy man's Bishop: "I have appointed you to Ars. There is little love of God there. Go and put some there," and how well the little cure had obeyed. Not only Ars, but France the whole world, not only for that time but for all times, had been benefited. So long endures the dream called life! Father Ladden felt his heart throb with the young spirit and the very old spiritually may feel.

FATHER LADDEN'S CURACIES

He remembered the day he had gone down in the district. It was only a few weeks ago. He had found it uninviting enough, this graveyard for a city's sins, with its houses of old red brick. Truly, it was all so did look, and sordidness is only another name for vice grown old.

The little church of St. Bernardine of Siena came back to his mind as it had first met his eye. It, like the surrounding houses, was of red brick, dull and gloomy looking, but within its walls, he knew, dwelt the One Who made life worth living, and the heart of Father Ladden had felt a joyous throb at the thought, for love knows love. He had leaped up the steps and given the door an undignified pull, only to find it locked, though it was then early in the afternoon.

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Secretly he had hoped that the Bishop would say to him: "Father Ladden, here is a parish down to wards town. I know it's not a sinecure exactly, but it will serve for a few years to take off the new edges—the daily contact with humanity—not a silk and satin humanity, mind you, just a sinning humanity—a priest's humanity. Now I'm going to send you there. See if you can bring a little love of God down there into that poverty and sin-stricken district." It was a nice speech only it was so very different from what His Lordship had actually said.

"We have decided that you are to go to St. John Baptist's. He remembered the pang of disappointment he had felt. "True, you won't be overburdened with work, for the parish is not a new one, and as for the spiritual condition of the people—you will, you'll find them saints if Father Costello had lived, for he did wonders there."

Truly, St. John Baptist's was a grave for the soul of a Francis Xavier. Father Ladden took out his breviary and read the remainder of Vespers. As the Angelus finished ringing, he heard a step in the hall.

"Come in," he answered to a knock on the door, and Father Egan entered. "Everything comfortable?" inquired his pastor affably, even graciously, considering that he was the pastor.

"Far too comfortable, Father," came the answer. "But Father Egan paid no attention to the remark. Instead he announced that a saint had once occupied the room.

"Who? Father Costello?" "Yes." "Tell me about him, Father." Father Ladden had never outgrown his love for stories. "Everybody says he was a saint," he ventured by way of encouragement.

"Well, if ever one lived on this earth, he was," said the pastor. "He seemed like another Christ. Everybody loved him. He's dead two months—two months yesterday."

"And his month's mind? Crowded I suppose?" Father Egan changed the subject. "So you don't like the room, eh? You think it's too comfortable, eh?"

"Well it's not exactly the facsimile of the one used by the Cure of Ars," Father Ladden answered. He was really sorry that he had protested against his luxury at all, for he thought that he detected an injured one in the voice of his pastor.

Father Egan drew forth a large white handkerchief from the folds of his cassock. "Do you think there's any hope of the Cure of Ars occupying this one?" he questioned. Father Ladden hesitated.

"I didn't mean that, but it's not the replica of what one might imagine a priest's room to be?" "The what?" questioned Father Egan with great attention. He passed his handkerchief over his face, but the handkerchief did not smother the tones of his voice.

Father Ladden flushed more deeply. "That is," he stammered, "it's rather luxurious for a priest, it seems to me."

"Are you going to found an order?" Father Egan asked with great gravity. Father Ladden was becoming redder and he knew it. It was far from pleasant to be deliberately misunderstood; to have his motives, which were of the highest, pigeonholed as ambitious.

"No, not exactly," he laughed with a rather nervous, somewhat angry and altogether uncomfortable laugh. "But I say again that I can't imagine a priest as comfortable in an elegant room like this when the money could be given with better advantage to the poor."

Now the beauty of this room had long been a source of joy to the innocent, simple old priest. One of his old parishioners had furnished it for him—a loyal parishioner who shared with every man, woman and child in the parish, a devoted love for Father Egan, one who had been with him when the parish of St. John Baptist's was first founded, when there was no warning that the neighborhood would develop into a fashionable district, and when Father Egan never dreamed that he would be pastor over a congregation of wealth. For St. John Baptist's was wealthy, now almost as wealthy as the neighboring parish of Our Lady of the Snow. Morgan had been with Father Egan through it all and it was he who had furnished the room. Father Egan had occupied it just one night, but the elegance had kept him awake. In the morning he had decided that the old room was quite good enough for him. The new one he would hand over to his first assistant. And the joy of his curates at its elegance had been a source of pleasure to the old man. Father Martin had been loud in expressing his pleasure in it. Father Costello had not been so loud, but he had admired it ever more. He had felt his hand carelessly over the soft, downy bed, and he had stroked his feet appreciatively over the white fur of the bear rug. Father Costello had been delighted with it. And it was not until nearly two years had flown by

that Father Egan discovered that the bed was never used, but that Father Costello had slept on the hard box couch that held the books. But Father Costello had died. As Mary had remarked at the time, "That's the way with the saints."

And now this was Father Ladden's comment. "Not exactly the room a true priest would care for!" And a saint had not complained of it!

"It's almost supper time," said Father Egan at last putting his handkerchief into the mysterious fold from whence it had come, and taking out his watch, "although I suppose it's dinner time I should be calling it. And perhaps I should be asking you to step down to the refectory. But for your information, and to speak well of the dead, I might say that perhaps one of the strongest motives that withheld Father Costello from disposing of the furniture of this room to give the proceeds to the poor was the fact that it didn't belong to him."

It was a long speech, and a dignified speech, though Father Egan had to press his lips tightly to restrain a laugh. But in the falling light Father Ladden could see no sign of mirth.

He made no answer. The turn that matters had taken was most unfortunate, and quite unprecedented in his experience. Every moment he felt more foolish and more miserably misunderstood, but Father Egan was leading the way downstairs to the dining-room, and he must acquiesce. And then Father Ladden did one of the things that he could be counted upon to do. He did the one correct thing in the world, he singled it out from all the other actions in the world that he might have done, but which would not have been quite so correct. He took Father Egan's hand, and kneeling down he placed it on his head.

"Father, will you give your blessing to a youngster just out of the seminary who has to learn many a thing and you know more?"

And Father Egan did give him his blessing with all his heart and a new born love for his brilliant young curate, who knelt in childlike simplicity before him, took possession of him.

Before entering the dining-room he detained him a moment, "I've a priest here," he confided, "and I don't know how long he'll stay. But I suppose the Bishop told you that you are to be first assistant?"

Father Ladden nodded assent. "Why didn't this priest get my room?" he asked.

"Because he didn't want it. He doesn't like to sleep upstairs. I offered it to him and he refused it, and it's yours now by every right."

"And what's his name?" Father Ladden asked.

"Father Joyce. He's a good man, a grand man I might say, but he'll never set the Thames on fire. I don't know what the Bishop sent him here for."

Father Ladden looked him over when he was introduced to him. His appearance was not prepossessing, in fact he could make a virtue out of looking into the glass. His conversation—that there was of it—was better than the ordinary, and for the greater part monosyllabic. And the things he said were generally unfortunate. Before the meal was over Father Ladden was of the opinion of his pastor; the second assistant would never set the Thames on fire.

Father Egan kept his eye on Father Ladden's room, and he learned that the powers of discovery of his present first assistant were not equal to those of Father Costello. He did not find out that the box couch could in an extremity be used for sleeping purposes. Father Ladden slept on the dream of a bed.

A year flew by quickly as only a year can.

Father Joyce was certainly no preacher. If, as Father Egan pointed out, he would only be satisfied with being no preacher, and with remaining no preacher, it would not have been so bad. But he would not be satisfied with that negative good. He did not stop short of being a dreadful preacher. When the Sunday came the congregation held its breath, not from fear that he would break down, but from the certain knowledge that he would break down, and that dread lest he would never be able to gather up the broken thread of his text and descend from the pulpit. Nor did he seem to impart any special light in the confessional. No one ever bothered him for spiritual advice, while the line, waiting for Father Ladden would reach nearly to the Lady Chapel. Father Joyce had plenty of time to say his office.

"There's not much enterprise in him," Father Egan explained. "He doesn't take with the people. I don't know what the Bishop ever sent him here for, when we were used to Father Costello!"

It was painfully true. Father Joyce was no talker. "But," as Father Egan objected, "he's a walker." "Imagine a priest going out on those everlasting rambles!" he would say. He himself was no bookman, but he had a scholar's disgust for mere exercise. "If it isn't his week for sick calls—then it's those eternal walks. Now, for the mortal man, let alone a priest, going out for a walk in the night time."

"But if it pleases him?" remonstrated Father Ladden.

"But it shouldn't please him," objected Father Egan. "He could be studying or resting or praying, or learning how to preach, or doing something, I don't care what."

Father Ladden thought so, too, but he kept his opinion to himself. Let Charity be as boundless as the sea, he felt as Father Egan said, but he had a fact as glaring; Father Joyce met with an accident. Nothin' serious, hees ankle, eet is hurt. And

him from the bottom of his heart, he pitied him too truly to show it.

Father Ladden was loved in the parish, and he returned its affection. He loved the church. His heart seemed to be a home for the chaste Spanish pile as the Church was the home of his heart. And the people? He loved them. They were religious, and wonder of wonders! though they possessed the goods of this world, they still aspired after the delights of the next. It is not only the poor who need the Gospel preached to them.

He realized that now. Why, one sermon was more effective here in St. John Baptist's than a hundred years of preaching would ever be down in the church of Santa Maria Consolata or St. Bernadine's. The dull brick of the church of St. Bernadine of Sienna, with its dusty sinners, was almost effaced in his fancy now. The grayish white spires of St. John's fashioned for him all that was beautiful. Ah, the mad ecstasy of youth! To think that he would inflict on it!

To think that he might be down there among the dirty, the indifferent, the misfits of humanity, where piety and sacrifice and renunciation were neither appreciated nor understood, where sanctity was neither desired nor obtained, where a people lost in their sins lived and died! Truly it was different at St. John's. Here the labor bore fruit.

And God had specially blessed his work, for since his coming to St. John's the flame or spirituality burned yet more intensely.

"It seems as if you had started where Father Costello left off," Father Egan had told him, and his constant prayer was that God would use him to carry on in some humble way the work that the saintly Father Costello had left when the call came.

He had established the Holy Hour, and it drew the crowd. He always preached during it, and God had given him a golden tongue. But his was not only natural eloquence, for Father Ladden believed in prayer, for quite as much as he believed in preparation. And he did believe in preparation. He realized the tremendous importance of the work, and the wonder of it. For it is a soul-stirring thing to stand in the pulpit, knowing that the whole future lives of the people before you depend upon your utterances. It is wonderful to feel that your hand is on the pulse of their soul, and that the thoughts your words are awakening may be the mothers of sinners.

Father Egan was not generally a believer in compliments—that is in giving them. With the rest of the world he was not so averse to taking them. But on one occasion when Father Ladden descended from the pulpit, Father Egan was waiting in the sacristy. The older priest placed his hand affectionately on the shoulder of the younger one. "I was the best sermon ever preached in this church," Father Costello himself wasn't much of a preacher, and Father Joyce is less of a preacher and if talk had to earn his bread and butter, sure I'd have to eliminate the butter. But you have the gift. Cultivate it."

But Father Ladden heard only a phrase in the sentence.

"Father Costello himself wasn't much of a preacher." He repeated it eagerly. It seemed so wonderful to be one thing at least that Father Costello had not been. And he had never heard before that he had not been much of a preacher. No one had told that Father Costello ever did one thing that was not of the highest excellence. He did not realize for a minute that his feelings were reflected in his face.

Father Egan continued. "It isn't always the talking though that counts," he said.

Under the questioning look of his honest old pastor, Father Ladden felt himself growing uncomfortable.

"Sanctity is of more worth than a few high sounding words shouted by a sinner," continued Father Egan mercifully, "and Father Costello was a saint."

Father Ladden had come in from dinner. The dinner had been given in his honor by a couple who thought Father Ladden was the one priest in the world. And his hosts had every reason to be proud of him, for he shone far beyond the other guests. The party had been made up of artists, men who admired beauty in all things but never followed it to its source, and society folk, who spent their mad, sad lives chasing pleasure, when it was happiness that they wanted. The wit and brilliancy of Father Ladden had delighted them, and Father Ladden was not ill-pleased that the affair had passed off so pleasantly.

It was Father Egan's week at sick calls.

The bells from the spires chimed the half hour of ten as he entered the house, and the last stroke was echoed by the telephone. He answered it.

"Hello," said the voice at the other end. "Is the priest's house of St. John Baptist's?"

"Yes."

A nervous thrill passed over him, a thrill not far distant from fear. The accent was an Italian one, and he remembered the things he had read of the black hand district. He wondered now how he could ever have cherished a desire for St. Bernadine of Sienna's.

"These," continued the voice, "is the Church of Santa Maria Consolata on Orleans Court. There es a priest here now, I implore you don't alarm yourself! your priest Father Joyce, was down here, and he has meet with an accident. Nothin' serious, hees ankle, eet is hurt. And

we ask now to see if you can bring a carriage to take him home."

Father Ladden put down the receiver. "Father Joyce!" In a flash, he saw it all! The world seemed an ash pile at his feet.

"Does it hurt much?" asked Father Ladden eagerly, when he had arranged for Joyce as comfortably as he could in the carriage.

"No," half laughs, half sobbed the other. "It feels com'ortable."

Father Ladden placed his cold hand on the forehead of the man lying back in the seat. The street lamps cast their lights intermittently on his plain features, and Father Ladden could see the unconscious twitches that the pain caused.

"It's too bad," continued Father Joyce. "It was Annunciation's feast day, and I promised them all a party when Annunciation came home, and their fun's spoiled. They—the priests, I mean—tried to get to my house when it happened, but they couldn't. The Valenza's had moved—and I didn't know it. The new place was unfamiliar to me—and I stumbled and fell. Father, did you ever know me to miss doing the wrong thing?"

He started to laugh, but it ended in a moan.

Father Ladden did not answer immediately. His hand continued stroking the forehead of the wounded priest and he realized dimly that it was hot. The helpless man at his side seemed the embodiment of all he had once dreamed of being. The memory of the dinner party at the Porters, and the folly of it all, burned into his soul. He, a priest whom God had ordained to lead, being led by the current of the world! The thought of it sent a hot flush over his face.

"You must truly love the poor," he murmured thickly.

"I do," came the simple answer.

"And of course there are no poor in the parish," commented Father Ladden with sympathetic finality.

Father Joyce opened his eyes. The light from a street lamp shone into them, and Father Ladden realized as never before that the home of beauty is in the soul alone.

"There are two families, but one can't be pestering them always. It is too bad St. John's is so wealthy. Father Hewitt says 'God often blessed a parish by having the rich move out.'"

"So you know Father Hewitt too?"

"Yes," was the answer. There was silence for a few moments. The ankle was a little easier, though the dumb pain was still there.

"It always seemed to me," he continued, "that St. John's had the off-scourings of all the other parishes—in the eyes of Christ. I mean—the very poverty of wealth. Of course I knew there was work to be done there, but I knew that you—your alone could take Father Costello's place—and I knew that the poor are the salvation of any parish—and we had but two families."

"And you worked down there that I might be successful," sobbed Father Ladden.

"No, but that God might win."

"You see," he continued, "people were used to Father Costello. You were more his style."

"Don't," sobbed Father Ladden.

And they did not speak the rest of the way home. Father Ladden continued to stroke the burning forehead of the injured man, and they understood each other better than if they alone had been the only two men in the world since the world began.

That night a longing for prayer forced Father Ladden out into the church. The doors had been locked hours before, but he took Martin's keys from the kitchen hall and opened the sacristy door. He knelt heavily close to the altar, and laid his head against the cold marble panel on which was carved in bas-relief an image of the Lamb. Through the somber shadows of the church the red sentinel gleamed. It burned almost gaily: "It was wonderful soothing and sweet to be alone with Jesus—there in the darkness, Father Ladden spoke no word. The book of his heart was open and with the Master he read. He saw it all. His hand, thank God, had been held by the Christ Hand, but his eye had been caught by the world. It was success he had longed for, and success had been granted him. And the failure of success was breaking his heart!"

"O Christ!" he sobbed. "Give me suffering! Send me to the poorest parish in Chicago, and do Thou, my God, ever keep my heart."

And he arose. He felt buoyed up with the strength that prayer gives for suffering. Greatness unconsciously aspires to its level and the true level of greatness of suffering. He realized now that greatness must be either the root or the fruit of suffering. The joy of sorrow had been denied him. The shadow of the Cross had never caressed him. And he felt himself cheated. He had asked for triumphs and the saints had bought them with the coin of defeat.

The morning that the letter came from the Bishop he felt his prayer was answered and he hurried to the Cathedral. His Lordship received him kindly. He was to be changed and as the Bishop announced it he watched for the expression on Father Ladden's face. For the idol of a parish had the expression was a strangely contented one.

"Now there's a parish," continued the Bishop, "to which you are to be appointed. It's a hard one, if I may so speak."

"I thank Your Lordship," interrupted Father Ladden. "God's hand is in this," he murmured fervently. The Bishop looked at him. He caressed his cross. Then he dropped it on his breast.

"You'll have to do work, and you'll get no thanks for it."

"I've had enough thanks to last me until Judgment Day," Father Ladden managed to stammer.

For a few moments the Bishop did not reply. He did not know exactly what to say, and silence often answers for a multitude of things.

Then there came a clear peal from the door bell, not an unusual thing but it awakened the Bishop to the fact that his was to be a well filled day and that his engagements were many.

"Did you ever," he asked, "read the life of the Cure of Ars?"

"I did," answered Father Ladden. At the name of his old, neglected hero a new life seemed to be breathed into his soul. At last he would begin to follow in his footsteps. He would be content to be the poorest of the poor. He would suffer. He would work, and if he failed he would remember that the Master calls strange things victories.

He was impatient to know if this was to which he was to be appointed was to be St. Bernadine of Sienna's, the sorrowful slums, or what?

"Do you remember," continued his Lordship, "that when his Bishop appointed him to Ars he said to him: 'I am sending you to Ars. There is little love of God there. Go and put some love there.'"

Father Ladden nodded his head in assent. He was so happy to spoil the beautiful moment with words! After all how wonderful God is!

The Bishop went on. "Do you know that you were singularly blessed in being sent to St. John Baptist's. A saint died there and a saint lives there. He will take your place. And when you do not say to your Lordship, 'I am sending you to the Cure of Ars, still as assistant in this other parish you can do much, and I say to you: 'There is little love of God there. Go and put some love there.' It seemed like a dream coming true, and it sounded like a twice read page from his own Book of Life."

"And the parish?" Father Ladden asked breathlessly, joyously.

The Bishop looked at him. He took up his cross again, and he dropped it as before. Then he answered. "Our Lady of the Snow," he said—Louise M. Whalen in the Magnificat.

COMMEMORATIONS

ST. JOSEPH'S ACADEMY, LINDSAY

Once again the closing exercises of St. Joseph's Academy have come round, when a bevy of young ladies graduate in life and incidentally bring glory and honor to their alma mater, which has now sustained over the superlative educational institution of the highest order.

This function was attended by a goodly number of the learned and on all sides of the excellent numbers on the programme as well as the work of the students, performed with particular neatness by the staff of the Academy. The programme presented was a varied one, and all acquitted themselves so well that it was a most interesting and delightful evening. The programme was a treat of the highest order, demonstrating the delightful results the superb education imparted by the institution.

AWARDING OF MEDALS AND DIPLOMAS

A pleasant feature in connection with the evening's programme was the awarding of the medals and diplomas to the successful graduates, as follows:

First class honors third year piano, awarded to Hazel Workman, presented by Rev. M. J. O'Brien, D.D., Bishop elect of Peterborough. Misses: Mary Thoms, Mary Torrey, presented by Rev. M. J. O'Brien, D.D., Bishop elect of Peterborough. Misses: Hazel Workman, presented by Rev. M. J. O'Brien, D.D., Bishop elect of Peterborough. Misses: Hazel Workman, presented by Rev. M. J. O'Brien, D.D., Bishop elect of Peterborough.

Second Prize awarded to Miss K. Finlay, for Canadian History Essay, presented by Rev. F. Sullivan.

Third Prize awarded to Miss K. Finlay, for Canadian History Essay, presented by Rev. F. Sullivan.

Fourth Prize awarded to Miss K. Finlay, for Canadian History Essay, presented by Rev. F. Sullivan.

Fifth Prize awarded to Miss K. Finlay, for Canadian History Essay, presented by Rev. F. Sullivan.

Sixth Prize awarded to Miss K. Finlay, for Canadian History Essay, presented by Rev. F. Sullivan.

Seventh Prize awarded to Miss K. Finlay, for Canadian History Essay, presented by Rev. F. Sullivan.

Eighth Prize awarded to Miss K. Finlay, for Canadian History Essay, presented by Rev. F. Sullivan.

Ninth Prize awarded to Miss K. Finlay, for Canadian History Essay, presented by Rev. F. Sullivan.

Tenth Prize awarded to Miss K. Finlay, for Canadian History Essay, presented by Rev. F. Sullivan.

Eleventh Prize awarded to Miss K. Finlay, for Canadian History Essay, presented by Rev. F. Sullivan.

Twelfth Prize awarded to Miss K. Finlay, for Canadian History Essay, presented by Rev. F. Sullivan.

Thirteenth Prize awarded to Miss K. Finlay, for Canadian History Essay, presented by Rev. F. Sullivan.

Fourteenth Prize awarded to Miss K. Finlay, for Canadian History Essay, presented by Rev. F. Sullivan.

Fifteenth Prize awarded to Miss K. Finlay, for Canadian History Essay, presented by Rev. F. Sullivan.

and O. Mehan; 2nd violins, Misses Quinlan and Lalonde; cello, Miss Beatrice Casey; guitar, Miss Irene Brennan; piano, Miss M. Lonergan.

Vocal solo—"Life's morn", Bailey—Miss K. Bruce; Trio—vocals, Rosini—Misses McMan, Prunty, Workman, Lonergan, Vrooman and Lalonde.

Chorus—"He ad Joseph", God Save the King.

The function was graced by the presence of Rev. Dr. M. J. O'Brien, D.D., Bishop-elect of the Diocese of Peterborough, Ven. Archdeacon Casey, Lindsay, Rev. Father McColl, rector of St. Peter's Cathedral, Peterboro; Rev. F. J. Sullivan, Port Hope; Rev. Father Garry, Lindsay; Rev. Father Cole, Peterboro; Rev. Father Fleming, of Chesterville, Dr. Vrooman, M. P. P., Lindsay.

Eulogistic addresses in which the fair graduates were congratulated, and the fame of St. Joseph's Academy as an educational institution emphasized, were made during the evening.

FREQUENT COMMUNION

Why should you go often to Holy Communion?

1. Because our Lord Himself counsels daily Communion, as the Pope shows in his decree.

2. Because it was the common practice of the early Christians.

3. Because the Council of Trent exhorts us to receive Holy Communion as often as we assist at Mass. "The Holy Synod would desire that at every Mass the faithful who are present should communicate, not only spiritually, by way of internal affection, but sacramentally, by the actual reception of the Eucharist." (Sess. xxii, cap. 6).

4. Because—to quote the words of our Holy Father in the decree—"The desire of Jesus Christ and of the Church, that all the faithful should daily approach the sacred Banquet, is directed chiefly to this end, that the faithful, being united to God by means of the sacrament, may thence derive strength to resist their sensual passions, to cleanse themselves from the stains of daily faults, and to avoid those graver sins to which human frailty is liable."

In a few words, daily Communion will make us pure, will deliver us from small sins, and preserve us from great sins.

5. Because, with regard to children in particular, our Holy Father, in a special decree, has written: "Those who have the care of children should use all diligence so that after First Communion the children shall often approach the Holy Table, even daily if possible, as Jesus Christ and Mother Church desire."

Conditions—The only conditions demanded for frequent and even daily Communion are (1) to be free from mortal sin, and (2) to have a good intention.

Objections—"But," you will say, "I am not good enough." Answer—

PHOTOGRAPHY REVOLUTIONIZED

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Films, Plates and Dark Room Made Unnecessary

New Camera Takes Finished Pictures in Two Minutes

Mr. Edmond F. Stratton, of New York City, has invented a camera that takes and completes pictures ready to see in two minutes. It does away with the expense of buying films or plates and the trouble, expense and delay of having them developed and pictures printed by a photographer.

This camera, which is called the Gordon Camera, is being manufactured by the Gordon Camera Corporation, of New York. As they are desirous of making it known in every locality, they are making a special offer to our readers. For a limited time they will sell Model H at \$5.00 and Model B at \$7.00. The regular price of Model H, which takes pictures 3x4 inches, is \$8.00 and the regular price of Model B, which takes pictures 3 1/2x5 inches, is \$10.00.

Whichever one you order, enclose 90 cents additional to cover express charges, sensitized cards and developing powders.

The sensitized cards are wrapped for daylight loading, and the powders make the developing solution to be put into the developing tank, which is inside the camera. Model H is 5 1/2x9 1/2 inches in size and weighs 3 pounds 7 ounces. Model B is 6 1/2x10 1/2 inches, and weighs 4 pounds.

The cost of taking pictures with the Gordon camera is almost nothing in comparison to all other cameras. Extra sensitized cards for Model H can be bought for 25 cents each (cards for Model B, 35 cents each) and developed over 40 pictures. The Gordon Corporation sends flash light lamps for \$1.00 which will enable you to take pictures at night in your own parlor, or out of doors.

The operation of this new camera, is so simple that any person of ordinary intelligence can easily take pictures with it after reading the directions sent with each one. There is no customs duty to be paid as the Gordon Corporation will ship to you from their Canadian branch which is near Toronto. All orders and letters, however, must be sent to their office, which is at 692A Stuyvesant Building, New York, N. Y. When ordering a camera under this special offer be sure to mention that you are a reader of the London Weekly CATHOLIC RECORD.

It is for that very reason you should go. Our Holy Father the Pope reminds us that the most Holy Eucharist was instituted not so much to give honor to our Lord as to preserve us from sin and to support us in our weakness.

You will object in the second place—I never did it before and the people will wonder and talk about whatever you want. You will learn me if I go often. Answer—Do not be so foolish as to expose yourself to spiritual loss through fear of what others may think or say. The saying of your soul is your own business. Your soul will stand or fall by itself. Those that sneer at you now will be able to do nothing to help you when you stand before your Judge.

Try it—For a time, at least, practice frequent Communion, and try its blessed effects. Prepare as well as you can, and ask from our Lord whatever you want. You will learn that in frequent Communion you have every spiritual blessing you desire and in the end you will have everlasting life.

"He that eateth this Bread," our Lord said, "shall live forever." (John vi, 59). Will you not try at least weekly Communion for a month, or go three times a week for the same period, and then judge for yourself? St. Teresa, in encouraging a certain devotee, wrote: "If you do not believe me, try your own experience and then judge.—The Sentinel."

NELSON AND THE CARDINAL

The London Telegraph tells this story of a Cardinal of York who was assisted by Admiral Nelson:

"The Agamemnon" was cruising near the coast, under the orders of Captain Nelson, and he learned the deplorable condition of the Cardinal. Forgetting all those antipathies called up by the name of Stuart, and the Cardinal being an heir-presumptive to the British Crown Nelson determined to assist the last of the Stuarts. He went on shore himself and invited him on board his ship and found the illustrious unfortunate in rags! The Cardinal hesitated not to throw himself on his generosity. He was accommodated with a part of the Captain's cabin, and proper apparel was furnished him. He remained on board seven weeks, during which period the ship was three times engaged in action. The Cardinal walked the deck with Captain Nelson, quite undismayed amidst a scene of carnage to which he had been a perfect stranger. As soon as convenient, Captain Nelson landed him on the Austrian territories, forcing upon him 100 pounds to defray his expenses to Vienna. The old man shed tears when he left his benefactor, and was regretted by all on board, to whom he was endeared by his mild and unassuming manners. Nelson frequently spoke of him with admiration, and said, "That man's example would almost make me a convert to the Catholic faith."

This Cardinal of York was Henry Benedict Maria Clement Stuart, known by the Jacobites as "Henry IX, King of Great Britain, France and Ireland." He was the second

son of James Francis Edward Stuart who was the son of King James II, the English monarch, deposed in favor of William of Orange. In 1745 when hopes of a Stuart restoration ran high he wished to embark from France with French troops to the assistance of his brother Charles Edward—"Bonnie Prince Charlie." After the failure of the latter's attempt to undo the work of the "Great Revolution," Henry Benedict Stuart returned to Rome and entered the ecclesiastical state. In 1747, at the age of twenty-two he was made Cardinal, and during the following year he received Holy Orders, being ordained Sept. 1. He was a sincerely pious and earnest man and filled the various offices to which the Pope appointed him with zeal and ability. The generosity of Admiral Nelson to this illustrious Englishman was imitated later by George III, who, after the French Revolution, aided him for a while with an annuity. In return for the King's kindness, this descendant of an exiled King, bequeathed to the Prince of Wales, afterward George IV, the Crown Jewels of James II.—Sacred Heart Review.

Try to put well in practice what you already know. In so doing you will, in good time, discover the hidden things which you now inquire about.—Reinbrandt.

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REV. F. FORSTER, O.S.B., President

The Catholic Record

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Obituary and marriage notices cannot be inserted except in the usual condensed form. Each insertion as well as new address. Single copies may be purchased from Mrs. M. A. McGuire, 249 Main Street.

LETTERS OF RECOMMENDATION

Mr. Thomas Coffey, Ottawa, June 13th, 1905. My Dear Sir—Since coming to Canada I have been a reader of your paper. I have noted with admiration and above all, that it is imbued with a strong Catholic spirit and stands firmly by the principles and authority of the Church.

Yours very sincerely in Christ, DONATUS, Archbishop of Ottawa, Apostolic Delegate, OTTAWA, CANADA, March 7th, 1900.

Mr. Thomas Coffey: Dear Sir—For some time past I have read your admirable paper THE CATHOLIC RECORD, and congratulate you upon the manner in which it is published.

LONDON, SATURDAY, JULY 26, 1918

BIBLE READING IN THE SCHOOLS

Australia has Bible-reading without note or comment in its public schools, and any parent can have his child withdrawn during the reading if he so wishes. The United States is looking the same way, and wondering why it cannot have something of the kind.

We are not sure from what exchange the above clipping was taken; but it does not matter much. Similar items appear from time to time. The reading of the Scriptures was not done away with to meet the objections of the Roman Catholic Church.

That the public schools are "godless" is recognized by many non-Catholics. Reading the Bible without note or comment will not make the schools less godless.

What Bible should he read? The Protestant version? What right has any one to impose the Protestant version on the Public schools here or in the States?

The London Daily Telegraph recently devoted a great deal of space to the discussion of the statement of a missionary, Mr. D. Crawford:

"London has become frankly a pagan city. The Londoner has ceased to read his Bible."

The Canadian Churchman in a summary of the discussion says:

"Several correspondents, while not allowing that London is pagan, are compelled to admit that to a large extent the Londoner has, indeed, ceased to read his Bible, one correspondent remarking that: 'When you have a schoolboy of about ten coming to us and saying, 'My teacher says the Incarnation is a debatable question,' it is not surprising that the Bible does not occupy the place in the home that it used to do.'"

Whether London is a pagan city or not does not concern us particularly just now, but it does seem to weaken the stock argument for the superiority of Protestantism which is based on the greater material prosperity and progress of Protestant countries. Also it suggests another field for Quebec and South American missionaries.

The appositeness of the quotation, however, to the reading of the "Bible" without note or comment, hardly needs pointing out. What is the Bible? Where do we get it? What authority has the Bible? Are we bound to give it more credence than we give to Homer's Iliad, Aesop's Fables or Mother Goose's Tales?

Without note or comment the school-children in pagan London must answer these questions for themselves. If the pagan children discuss "debatable questions" like the Incarnation the teacher must rely on the efficacy of reading a book whose history, authority or credibility must be passed over in silence. Even school-children must know why neither note nor comment is allowed.

Bible reading without note or comment! Come, honest Protestant Christians, admit that the wise old Catho-

lic Church is right on the question of religion in the schools. Any colorless, creedless, noteless and commentless Bible-reading in the schools is but a sorry substitute.

HARDY PERENNIALS

Despite the exposure of the diabolical fraud of many patent-medicine manufacturers, there are always found those who believe in the flaring testimonials of the wonder-working effects of these nostrums. A Mrs. Moore, San Antonio, Texas, was cured of general debility, nervous prostration and a bad cough by one of these notorious alcoholic medical mixtures. So at least certified a testimonial over her signature.

Rev. W. H. Sloan, for twenty-four years the head of Baptist missions in Mexico and India, was received into the Church five years ago and is now the editor of The Catholic Banner of Las Cruces, New Mexico. Speaking of the vile calumnies of the Menace and similar publications he says:

"We have ourselves waded through all the disgusting mire of slanderous attacks on priests and nuns; we have pointed the ignorance of Mexico and South America in the most lurid colors, and we have reason to believe that much of the bigoted drive now going the rounds of the Guardians of Liberty press had its origin in our sophomoric declamations years ago when we travelled through the States and inveighed against the superstitions, immorality, ignorance and vice as found amongst the Catholic people where we labored."

Nevertheless under the pretence of curing their diseases unscrupulous patent-medicine men will continue to form alcoholic and even worse drug habits in their unfortunate victims; and under cover of zeal for religion hirelings will continue to poison the minds of their credulous dupes against God's Holy Church. These vampires that prey on human souls and human bodies will disappear only when general enlightenment will have dispelled the ignorance and bigotry under which they still too often find a suitable environment for their pernicious activity.

MR. ESSERY

The chairman of an Orange meeting in Hamilton introduced Mr. E. T. Essery of London as the ablest speaker in the Orange Order. For a few years back our old friend has not been much in evidence in the matter of intemperate speaking. We are sorry to see him renewing his youth in this respect. If he would put his Orange library in the lumber room, come out amongst his fellows and be a fair-minded man he would be more highly regarded. Said Mr. Essery: "Equal rights to Roman Catholics, Frenchmen, Irishmen, Englishmen, and all people who observe the laws of our land is the big plank in the constitution of Orangeism." These are brave words. But what is the practice? We would say to Mr. Essery: pay a visit to the city hall in Toronto and ask the official in charge how many Catholics are employed in that building or outside of it in the civic service. He will then find that Orangeism means directly the opposite of that which it professes to be. Mr. Essery wants "one school and that a national school where Roman Catholic, Protestant, Jew and Gentile stand side by side; the best of the lot being decided by their final standings on examination day." Mr. Essery and his fellow Orangemen have always been most determined enemies of the Separate school system, and he would wipe it out if he could. But he cannot. Catholic Separate schools will exist in this Canada of ours for generations after Mr. Essery is laid with his fathers and his name forgotten. But what, we may ask Mr. Essery, are the Separate schools doing? The synopsis of his speech was published in the Hamilton Spectator on 14th of July. In the same issue of that paper the result of the departmental examinations for entrance to high schools was published, in which it appeared that 72 per cent. of the public school scholars passed and 86 per cent. of the separate school scholars, and in the Toronto Globe of July 16th the leading editorial article tells us:

"At a recent high school entrance examination in Toronto the can-

didates from the Roman Catholic separate schools secured a considerably higher percentage of marks than the candidates from the public schools obtained. This is not the first time such an incident has occurred, but it has not happened so frequently as to become anything like a general rule. Toronto is not the only city in which this has taken place this year, however, and it may not be amiss for the public inspectors, principals, and fourth class teachers of Toronto to look carefully into the educational situation to ascertain whether they are working at any removable disadvantage."

It is also worthy of remark that a little girl of twelve years of age, a pupil of St. Mary's Separate school, London, at the examinations held there, obtained a greater number of marks than any other child ever obtained in the history of the city. Instead of abolishing these schools would it not be more in accord with the fitness of things were Mr. Essery and the Orangemen engaged in the work of bringing the Public schools up to the same high standard. But after all there is no use in wasting words with the members of the lodges. They are an unreasonable community. Their point of view is very narrow, bigoted and intolerant.

QUEBEC AND THE DOMINION ALLIANCE

"In Quebec sixteen counties are dry and eight hundred and fifty-nine separate municipalities, and now the executive of the Dominion Alliance proposes to inaugurate a province-wide campaign against the liquor traffic. Well done, Quebec! The best way to keep what we have won in a temperance fight is to push the campaign still harder."

One might imagine that the Dominion Alliance was responsible for the no-license movement in Quebec. As a matter of fact the Quebec campaign was well under way years before Ontario woke up to the possibilities of Local Option. The D. L. A. outside of Montreal, where it makes a good deal of noise, but does little effective work, had nothing to do with the abolition of licensed bar-rooms in the Province of Quebec. The initiative was taken by individual priests and bishops. For some years, however, an organized movement, not confining its efforts to temperance legislation or Local Option, has extended to all parts of the province. The Anti-Alcoholic League is Catholic in its foundation, control and membership. It has the active and intelligent support of the Catholic press in its unrelenting war on alcoholic trade and alcoholic habits.

The Dominion Alliance is a bit late in the field to claim the credit of "inaugurating a province-wide campaign against the liquor traffic."

CHILDREN'S PROTECTION ACT

At the last session of the Ontario Legislature the following amendment was passed and has now the force of law:

Sec. 17.—(1) No child (under sixteen) shall loiter in any public place after 9 o'clock in the evening, or be there unless accompanied by his parent or guardian or an adult appointed by the parent or guardian to accompany such child.

(2) A child found in a public place after the hour named in subsection 1 unless so accompanied may be warned to go home by any constable or probation officer or officer of a Children's Aid Society, and if after such warning the child is found loitering in a public place such child may be taken to the constable or officer to his home, or the Children's Shelter.

(3) A parent who permits his child to violate this section shall for the first offence incur a penalty of \$1 without costs, and for a second offence \$2, and for a third, or any subsequent offence, \$5. 8 Edw. VII. c. 59, s. 19, amended.

Sec. 2. (c) "Public Place" shall mean a street, highway, or lane, whether a thoroughfare, or not, and a tavern or other place of public resort, and, generally, any place to which the public have or are permitted to have access.

We are glad to help in giving the widest possible publicity to this law. There is, perhaps, too often a tendency on the part of the State to usurp the rights and undertake the duties of parents. This new law does not offend in this respect; it merely reminds parents of their responsibilities and properly penalizes them for neglect of duty. That the street at night is an undesirable school for children under sixteen admits of no question. But it is no secret that many weak, foolish, incompetent or irresponsible parents allow their children to learn the lessons of this evil school. The law is a wise one, and a widespread knowledge of its provisions will help materially in securing its observance.

"SAVES BOY'S LIFE BY TUBE MIRACLE"

Under this heading there appeared recently in the press an article describing a unique surgical operation in Fordham hospital. John Burkett, a boy seven years old, was brought in so badly crushed by a heavy wagon that the house-surgeons seeing the case was utterly hopeless rendered whatever little service they deemed possible but agreed that within ten minutes the boy would be dead. Just then a group of surgeons and physicians, who had been attending a clinic at Fordham Hospital, passed through, and Dr. Kenyon, who had been giving the lecture, was among them. He entered the operating-room, looked at the boy and then turned to the surgeons:

"He'll not die," he remarked coolly, "bring me a quart bottle and some glass tubes."

The operation was too technical to describe here. The child recovered. The point we wish to call attention to is this. Fordham University is under the charge of the Jesuits. Dr. James J. Walsh is dean of the Medical Faculty. Dr. Walsh is Professor of the History of Medicine and the author of many works of popular interest, "The Popes and Science," "The XIII. the Greatest of Centuries," etc.

SHAMEFUL IGNORANCE OR WORSE

We have been advised that a Presbyterian clergyman in St. Mary's, Ont., for 12th of July purposes, read to his congregation a document entitled "The Obligations of the Knights of Columbus." If he has been guilty of such reprehensible conduct he ought to be ashamed of himself. He is either a very ignorant or a very bigoted person. He ought to know if he reads the papers that in Newfoundland and many places in the United States where this so-called obligation was circulated the parties guilty of such abominable conduct were arrested and forced to make an abject apology or go to gaol. The writer of this article is a Knight of Columbus and knows whereof he speaks. The members of that society take no such obligation nor anything like it. This production emanates from a low, brutal mind—a miserable creature who feign would create in the minds of Protestants an antagonistic attitude towards their Catholic neighbors. It is P. P. A. Orange literature. There is nothing in the obligation taken by the Knights of Columbus save that which is calculated to promote good citizenship, Christian charity and absolute fair dealing and justice between all the citizens of our favored Dominion. We do not know if the Knights of Columbus will think it worth while taking note of this incident and enter legal proceedings against those who have been guilty of circulating this abominable and blasphemous circular. For ourselves we may say that for the public good we think it might be well to bring this matter into court with a view to the punishment of the guilty parties. Many there are who will not stop to think that the document is a forgery, and such being the case we may well imagine what will be their feelings towards their Catholic neighbors.

Of course no arrests have been made. Who would expect such a thing? Do not the brethren own the city? They are now in a position to defy rich and poor, high and low, law and order and everything else when they embark upon their annual 12th of July Iroquois war dance.

It is all over now, however, and our civil and religious liberties are quite secure for another twelve month. This Orange nonsense will for a time, as long as mediocre politicians are out of a job, be a feature of our civic life. The fife and drums will now be put away for another period and at the time this issue of the CATHOLIC RECORD reaches its readers Orangemen will once more be in their normal state of mind. Let them alone. Pray for them. Be kind to them and show them by word and act that their estimate of the Catholic Church and of Catholics is a mistaken one. They will then begin to realize that they have all along been humbugged by office-hunters who are merely using them for ballot-box purposes.

THE ANNUAL FANFARONADE

From subscribers in nearly every part of the Dominion we have been receiving marked papers containing 12th of July proceedings. These deliverances are pregnant with bigotry and for the most part without a semblance of common sense. The whole scheme is simply a vote-getting trust and most of the men at the head of the organization, like the heathen Chinese, as Mark Twain would say, are remarkable for "ways that are dark and tricks that are mean." It was a glorious day for the political bosses. To the mass of people before them they were most eloquent in their denunciation of the Pope, popery, brass money, wooden shoes, Separate schools, the Eucharistic congress, the Ne Temere decree, the hierarchy and the priests, Romanism in general and all its belongings; then they would turn about to their fellow office hunters and wink the other eye. The poor dupes in the rank and file of the order are more to be pitied than condemned. The higher ups are merely using them to get public positions. The average Orangeman on the town line is a good neighbor and many a kindly turn would he do for a Catholic. It is only when his prejudices are worked upon by the office hunters

that he becomes "not himself at all." For fifty weeks in the year he is an excellent citizen, but for a week before the 12th of July and for a week afterwards the Grand Masters, for their own ends, set the pot boiling for the glorious, pious and immortal memory. Then the Orangeman becomes superheated and his Catholic neighbor would do well to pass by on the other side of the road. Poor fellow! Try as he may he finds it impossible to keep old prejudices in subjection. It comes upon him like the hay fever.

In a few places, as at Sarnia, the oratorical efforts surpassed anything ever before delivered on like occasions in the history of the order. Dr. Bell, mayor of the town, refused the brethren the use of the city hall and now his name will be held anathema. A preacher named Rev. Canon Walsh declared that the practices of the Catholic Church lead to immorality. "There is a bar," he continued, "against Roman Catholic girls who seek positions as stenographers." This is something new. Would the rev. canon kindly explain? In last week's paper we published a report from Los Angeles in which it was stated that Rev. Charles M. Sheldon, at the Christian Endeavor convention, advocated the use of the confessional in all Protestant churches. He said he had used it in his own church in Topeka and found it to be of great good. And here we have a canon of the Church of England—a Church in which the confessional is largely used also—making declaration that it is a "hell-inspired institution." But we need not be surprised at this, because the rev. gentleman also declared that "according to the Jesuit oath no one who murders a heretic commits murder in the sight of the Church." We beg to draw the attention of the Lord Bishop of Huron to the fact that one of his clergymen has no regard for the Eighth Commandment. Rev. Mr. Walsh evidently believes in the abominable doctrine that the end justifies the means. It is a sorrowful thing to see a gentleman wearing the clerical garb preaching the gospel of hatred.

In Toronto the lodges owned the city for the day. A person named Mr. Dane won the laurels for irrational utterances. Referring to Separate schools he said: "Once we start at the British North America Act we'll kick it to pieces and wipe out every Separate school in the Dominion." For many years Mr. Dane has been making speeches of this kind. No doubt he is beginning to think it is time his services to the cause were recognized. The only other incident worthy of mention in Toronto is told by the Globe as follows:

"Detective Miller was seriously assaulted, it is claimed, by members of the Orange parade Saturday morning in front of the City Hall. He was taking a prisoner from the Union Express Company to the detective office and was forced to cross through the parade. While crossing the road in front of the City Hall he attempted to pass through the line and was set upon by a marshal with his baton. When Detective Jarvis came to Miller's assistance he claims that about twenty of them attacked them and before police officers came to their assistance they had been used up. No arrests had been made for assaulting the police."

Of course no arrests have been made. Who would expect such a thing? Do not the brethren own the city? They are now in a position to defy rich and poor, high and low, law and order and everything else when they embark upon their annual 12th of July Iroquois war dance.

It is all over now, however, and our civil and religious liberties are quite secure for another twelve month. This Orange nonsense will for a time, as long as mediocre politicians are out of a job, be a feature of our civic life. The fife and drums will now be put away for another period and at the time this issue of the CATHOLIC RECORD reaches its readers Orangemen will once more be in their normal state of mind. Let them alone. Pray for them. Be kind to them and show them by word and act that their estimate of the Catholic Church and of Catholics is a mistaken one. They will then begin to realize that they have all along been humbugged by office-hunters who are merely using them for ballot-box purposes.

A most regrettable feature in connection with this whole business is the fact that men clad in the clerical garb and posing as ministers of a Christian Church—as the followers of the One Who preached peace and good-will to all mankind—should become in their utterance turbulent,

uncharitable, un-Christian-like and untruthful towards their neighbors who are in communion with the Church of the ages established by Christ Himself. Many of the clergymen of the Protestant sects, gentlemanly and charitable and kindly in their every day life, regret this disorderly conduct on the part of some of their brethren. But there seems to be no way of disciplining these unruly members who are ever athirst for the plaudits of an unthinking and passionate multitude of misguided people.

Here is a remarkable example as to the manner in which Lodge rule works out in practice. It is from the Toronto Globe of the 15th:

"To what particular lodge do the men belong about whom Chief Revenue Clerk Harton of the City Hall staff has this to say: 'I've been working twenty-one hours a day to get the tax bills out, and my staff have been working in three shifts. To add to my difficulties I had sixteen absolute greenhorns on the staff, men who had never seen a tax bill in their lives. I did not choose these men, I did not want them, but I had to take them.'"

This chapter would be more complete if Mr. Harton gave the reason why he "had to take them." The "free and independent" followers of William must have their pound of flesh when they "deliver the goods" to the Grand Masters.

DISHONESTY IN BUSINESS

"Ontario has had a bad reputation amongst the apple buyers of the Canadian West." This sentence appeared in a despatch in the Toronto Globe on July 9. The writer continues: "Western buyers are generally refusing to take Ontario fruit owing to the fraudulent manner in which it is packed and shipped. In the apple trade it is found that a layer of fine fruit is found at either end of the barrel for display purpose and the hidden contents are of a most inferior and frequently semi-rotted character." A correspondent, D. R., writing from St. Grimsby in the Globe of the same date, draws attention to the dishonesty practised in almost every line of business, more especially by those he terms the get-rich-quick millionaires. It is also known to everybody that in the matter of public works and in the erection of structures for private individuals inspectors in some cases find it a very difficult matter to make contractors live up to their agreements. Then there are the inspectors who do not inspect and it becomes necessary to hire other men to watch them. And so all along the line the amount of crookedness in business transactions is one of the features of our day, all the more remarkable when we find such parade made of the Godliness of the people of the province of Ontario. We do not think we state the case unfairly when we say that oath bound secret societies are responsible for a good deal of this unfair dealing. A brother who has the wink and the password oftentimes finds it a powerful lever to enhance his interests. We do not mean to say that all the members of these societies are dishonest. Not by any means. But there are scores of them who carry easy consciences, who become members of these societies to promote their own interests, sometimes by fair means, sometimes by foul means. If our friends of the evangelical churches would call home their missionaries in the province of Quebec and set them to work in the province of Ontario amongst the many thousands who have little regard for the ethics of Christianity it would be much more in accordance with the fitness of things.

RELIGION IN THE SCHOOLS

There will be a meeting of Presbyterian divines in September at which religious instruction in the Public schools will be discussed. Rev. J. H. Milne of Weston has given notice of a resolution which he will introduce dealing with the matter. Catholics entertain a certain amount of sympathy for these people who are reaching out for something in the nature of dogmatical teaching in the Public schools, but the introduction of such a scheme is fraught with no end of difficulties. There are half a dozen prominent Protestant sects in the country and scores of minor ones. Amongst our separated brethren may be found those who believe in the inspiration of the Scripture and those who do not—those who believe in the Virgin birth and those who do not—those who believe in the divinity of Christ and those who do not, and the difficulty will be to find a system of religious teaching which will be satisfactory to all parties. The Catholic Church with its Catholic schools stands aloof, impregnable and united. The Catholics form one compact body knowing what they believe and teaching this belief to their children. Outside its portals there is but confusion and contradiction. As to the necessity of religious education nearly all will agree. Mr. Balfour lately said that "religious education should not be severed from secular education, and religious education should be the religious education desired for the child by the parent of the child." "This ideal," remarks The Month, "has always been in the forefront of the Catholic demand." The Month continues: "The rights of parents in the first instance to determine the education of their children and especially to say in what religion they shall be brought up, are so obvious and well-founded that nothing but a wholly false theory of the functions of the State can prevent their recognition." It might be feasible in centres of population to establish a Presbyterian, a Methodist, a Baptist or an Episcopalian school, but in urban localities, where one school accommodates the children of half a dozen different sects, it would be next to impossible to impart a religious instruction that would meet the approval of the parents of all the pupils. Most lamentable are these various divisions of sectarian Christianity and most lamentable the result, for, rather than introduce any definite system of religious teaching, there are those who would prefer to see the children grow up without it and employ their time solely in the acquisition of secular knowledge. There is only one real solution and that is "Back to Rome."

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NOTES AND COMMENTS

THE SATURDAY GLOBE of a recent date gave a pleasing sketch of Rev. Father Arthur E. Jones, S. J., on occasion of his receiving from the University of Toronto the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws. Father Jones, as is well known, is Archivist of St. Mary's College, Montreal, and in that capacity has become a noted figure among the historical and archaeological scholars of America. His contributions to the subject of the Huron Missions of the sixteenth century rank him as without a rival in that particular field, and his monumental work "Huronica," published under the auspices of the Ontario Government, may be said to be the last word on the topography of the subject. In honoring Father Jones, therefore, the University has honored also itself. This recognition of a great Catholic scholar by Ontario's chief University may be taken as a gratifying evidence of its broadening spirit under its present presidency.

THE GLOBE'S KINDLY and appreciative sketch of Father Jones is signed by "One Who Knows Him," and it gives evidence of a close knowledge of his work and ways. In one particular, however, (not, it must be owned, a very important one), the writer certainly drew on his imagination. He alludes more than once to Father Jones' "deep, rumbling voice," and adds that "it is a very deep and rather hoarse one." Those who have even a passing acquaintance with St. Mary's Archivist will be disposed to wonder at that classification. The present writer, whose knowledge of him extends over a period of almost thirty years, and whose good fortune it has been to spend many an hour in the "dark and silent vault under St. Mary's College," to which the Globe scribe alludes, has a memory rather of a soft and gentle voice, issuing from the lips of one whom the Globe's contributor truthfully characterizes as "one of the most thoroughly human and lovable of men."

DR. J. A. MACDONALD, the forceful and versatile editor of the Toronto Globe, told some homely truths to his co-religionists at the Christian Endeavor Convention recently in session at Los Angeles. He warned them of the danger of the Protestant churches becoming merely intellectual and well-to-do, and went on to ask "what does the comfortable church of the well-to-do know about the problem of work or wages? How can it hear the passionate cry of the children of America, a million of them—some say three millions—caught in the cruel wheels of our vast, heartless, industrial machine?" Their failure to grapple adequately with this great problem Dr. Macdonald attributed to what he optimized as their churches' "social apostasy," and the remedy he considered to lie in a "return to the

mode of living established by Christ and practiced by the primitive Christians."

THAT THE Globe editor put his finger upon the festering sore of the age cannot reasonably be doubted, and that his warning pointed to the cause is scarcely less open to question. Also, as in many other evils he has arraigned, he seems to have a glimmering as to the direction in which the remedy lies. But only a glimmering, for as other words of his in the same address indicate, he spoils all by harking back as to heroes to the very men who upset the old order and laid the foundation for the materialism, the hardness and the selfishness which have corroded to the very heart our present civilization, and made it the hateful and unlovely thing he describes. What must be said of a man who can find no more amiable or honest figure upon which to hang his appeal than an apostate priest of the sixteenth century who, according to every reputable historian, was also a traitor to his country, and a coward and bully into the bargain? Yet Knox is the name invoked by this thundering mentor of modern sectarian conditions. As it is, his warning comes several centuries too late. To make it effective at all, he must first undo the work of the men he so glibly apostrophizes. Then, and not until then, will the well-to-doness and the respectability which he bemoans cease to be the gods of the market place.

A GREAT FLUTTER has been occasioned in anti-clerical circles in France by the death-bed recantation and repentance of one of their foremost advocates in the person of M. Besnard, Radical Senator of Yonne. This man had taken an active part in the persecution of the Religious Orders, and had signed and voted for all the acts of spoliation of the Church, when Ministers were blasphemously boasting that they would "hunt Christ from the schools, from the navy, the army and the State," and "put out the light of Heaven." That for many souls they have done the latter is, alas! too true, but that their wicked work has the approval of the great mass of the French people cannot in the face of patent facts for a moment be believed. For these atheistic Frenchmen—those of them at least who have had a Catholic education and bringing up—have deep down in their hearts an innate respect for religion and a fear of the hereafter. They may, in the days of their strength, blaspheme the Most High, and make sport of His handiwork, but in the face of death they usually foreswear their evil works and cry out for the ministrations which the Church alone can give to them. Happy are they, even in that dread moment, if their cries can be heard beyond the small circle who by every evil art would deprive them of the consolations they crave.

SUCH A MAN was Senator Besnard. When he found the end approaching he decided to let it be publicly known that he repented of his evil life and sorrowed for his acts of persecution of the Church. He therefore requested that witnesses should hear his retraction and proclaim in his behalf to the world that he died a Christian and a Catholic. This being done he begged for a priest, and one being summoned, he sought God's forgiveness, received the last rites, and died peacefully in the thought that Providence had thus given him the opportunity of rectifying his many misdeeds. He spoke fearfully, we are told, of his childhood days, when he was a good Catholic, and begged only that his life might end as it began.

A RETRACTION of this kind is always exceedingly hateful to those whom it necessarily impugns. In Mr. Besnard's case, when it became known that he was dying, the anti-clericals set about arranging a secular funeral. It was to be made the occasion of a fresh demonstration of their strength and of their contempt for the Church and all that she represents. It was to be a triumphant proclamation of their undying hatred for religion and of their independence, so they boasted, of every supernatural consideration. When it was announced, therefore, that the very man whom they were proposing to "honor," had renounced their principles and died repentant and a Catholic, their fury was unbounded and still continues to re-echo through the lodges and the anti-clerical newspapers of France.

Alive and an atheist, M. Besnard could not be too highly honored—as a Catholic who had departed hence he became the object of obloquy and derision. Thus it is and ever was with the forces of irreligion. History has too many examples not to enable us to understand.

THE SCHOOL SISTERS OF NOTRE DAME

The following very interesting article has reference to the educational work being done by the School Sisters of Notre Dame. This is one of the most excellent teaching orders connected with the Church. The account will be of special interest in view of the fact that these accomplished and self-sacrificing ladies are engaged in educational work in the Diocese of Hamilton.

The congregation of Notre Dame was founded by St. Peter Fourier at Matabaincourt, Lorraine, France, towards the close of the sixteenth century. Mother Alexia LeClerc, the first superior, saw it spread over France before her holy death, and, on the breaking out of the French Revolution, it was widely extended throughout other countries of Europe.

The Order had many convents and schools in Germany but, after the Revolution and the ensuing wars of Napoleon, all were suppressed in consequence of the well-known Act of Secularization, A. D. 1809. Divine Providence, however, so directed events, that through the instrumentality of two great and holy men, Bishop Michael Wittmann of Ratisbon and Rev. Sebastian Job, Confessor to the Empress of Austria, the congregation was re-organized in 1833.

The rule and constitutions given by St. Peter Fourier to the congregation of Notre Dame were retained in all their essential features, the only modifications made being such as were needed to meet the changed conditions of the times. Mother Theresa Gerhardinger, a pupil of the Sisters whose community had been suppressed twenty-four years before, was the saintly foundress and first superior general. The first foundation was at Neunburg-vorn-Wald, near Ratisbon, but at the request of King Louis, the motherhouse was transferred to Munich, the capital of Bavaria, in 1841.

The venerable Mother Theresa herself accompanied the first "School Sisters of Notre Dame" to America. On the feast of St. Ignatius, July 31, 1847, the little party of six landed at New York from the steamer "Washington" after its first trip across the Atlantic. The youngest of them all was Sister Mary Caroline, destined to be for two and forty years the Mother and Superior of the Sisterhood in America, a truly providential woman whose equanimity, self-denial and in generations. Soon a permanent foundation was made in Baltimore and, in 1850, a motherhouse was established in Milwaukee with Sister M. Caroline at its head as "Vicar General of America."

Members increased so rapidly that in a short time it became necessary to divide the American community into two provinces, the Western Province with Motherhouse at Milwaukee, and the Eastern Province with Motherhouse at Baltimore. In 1895 the Southern Province was formed with Motherhouse at St. Louis and, in 1912, the fourth one was erected with Motherhouse at Mankato, Minnesota. Each province has a Provincial Mother Superior, but all are subject to the Mother Superior General who resides at the head Motherhouse in Milwaukee when not making her visitations of her community. Reverend Mother Marianne who recently visited Canada is the present Commissary General. The Mother General of the entire Order resides at the Motherhouse in Munich. The European division of the Order comprises 286 houses with 3,400 Sisters; the American division, 301 houses with 3,789 Sisters.

At the invitation of the Very Rev. Louis and Eugene Funcken, C. R., the School Sisters established their first foundation in Canada, St. Agatha's Orphanage, present day, at Preston. Up to the present day, the good people and worthy pastors of the counties of Waterloo and Bruce have most generously supported this institution by annual collections, donations, legacies, and an occasional bazaar. In twenty years, the Sisters opened nine separate schools, one each in St. Agatha, Formosa, Berlin, St. Clement's, Walkerton, Deemerton, Mildmay, New Germany, and Waterloo. Two more are about to be added to the list—one at Owen Sound; the other at Preston. These missions form a part of the Western Province.

To meet the requirements of the Department of Education, the Sisters opened St. Ann's Training School at Berlin in 1907. Young ladies intending to join the Community are here put through a thorough four year's High School Course conducted by a staff of able teachers holding University degrees. They are then sent to the Normal School at Hamilton and, after successfully completing its course, enter the Novitiate, a school of religious training at the Motherhouse in Milwaukee. A year later, they return to the "Land of the Maple" to teach in the Separate schools conducted by the School Sisters of Notre Dame. There are at present seven certificated Canadian

Normalites in the Milwaukee Novitiate.

St. Ann's Training School is the happy, let us say, providential inspiration of the universally lamented Very Rev. W. Kloepfer, C. R., substantially aided in its materialization by the other clerical friends of the Sisters in the counties of Bruce and Waterloo, and the generous Separate School Board of Berlin.

Although parochial school work is the main purpose of the Order, all grades of schools have their proper place according to its rule, and the Sisters conduct colleges, academies, select schools, orphan asylums, a deaf mute institute, an Indian and a Negro school. The college in Baltimore has an average attendance of two hundred young ladies. With the increase of houses and members, the time may not be far distant when Canadian missions will be formed into the Canadian Province of the School Sisters of Notre Dame.

MOVING TOWARDS ROME

A SINCERE SOUL WHO IS SEEKING THE LIGHT OF THE TRUE FAITH

The following letters from a Methodist gentleman in Manitoba will explain themselves:

Hamiota, Man., June 6, 1913.

Dear Sir,—Would you please forward me a specimen copy of the Catholic Record and two or three Catholic periodicals. I am a Protestant but am studying the Catholic faith from a Catholic point of view. I should like to take an interest in Catholic work, and if possible become acquainted with one or two Catholics. I should also like to have a catalogue of other Catholic books if you publish any more and the name of some Catholic bookseller at Winnipeg. I have obtained some Catholic books from Kilmer & Co., Philadelphia, and after reading one of them, "Catholic Belief," I was surprised at the erroneous ideas which I had gathered from Protestant writers and workers whom I had come in contact with, regarding the Catholic faith.

Yours sincerely,

Geo. Hammond.

Hamiota, Man., June 21, 1913.

Dear Mr. Coffey,—I wish to thank you for your kind letter as also for the catalogue of books and a bundle of Catholic Records. Will you kindly send me the paper every week. I am a sincere Protestant and I desire to follow in the footsteps of my dear Lord and Master. To attain this purpose one must not only try to lead an honest and a pure life, but even be ready to suffer oneself in the Lord's service to do so. It is not easy to lead such a life as is expected of us. But Oh! the blessed peace and joy that comes in the sacrifice of one's self and all he possesses for those for whom Christ died. I am a member of the Methodist church at present and a church worker. Last Sunday I arose at 5 o'clock and did not retire until after midnight as I took three services at three different places, driving about forty miles. Besides this I had some necessary work on the farm. In the old country I was a member of the Low or Evangelical church of England, which, as you are aware, is bitterly prejudiced against the Catholic faith. I believe that Jesus was my Saviour, and, accepting this fact, I attended open air meetings in various Protestant mission halls near London. The reason why I left the church of England was because I was in no sympathy whatever with the High Church and as I should find more active work in the Methodist church as a Christian worker here in Canada. I am now in favor of the belief held by Catholics, but before taking the step to become a member of the Catholic Church I feel that I should, to be a good Catholic and to be fair to Protestantism, study the Catholic faith thoroughly and also take note of its effect on the lives of its members. I also desire to become acquainted with its missionary work and its influence upon the whole world. I wish to return you thanks also for the copy of the Question Box which you so kindly sent. Nothing touches my heart more than kindness, as it shows a Christ-like spirit.

Yours sincerely,

Geo. Hammond.

Hamiota, Man., July 7, 1913.

Dear Mr. Coffey,—I received your communication to-night together with the devotional books which you so kindly sent. Thank you very much for your kindness to one who is an utter stranger to you. I am sure that as I sit on the plough or some other farming implement my mind is at work and I cannot help but say that my conclusions are Rome-wards, if I might use that expression. True, there at present one or two points which I cannot grasp. It may be partly due to prejudice but more probably to ignorance. I am praying every day that I might be guided aright and led into the way of truth. May I ask you to pray for me also. I feel a deep consciousness of the Saviour's presence and I am overawed at times as I think of those things which pertain to the Catholic Church. So far as scandals are concerned I suppose there is hardly an institution, Protestant or Catholic, or anything connected with social reform work which has not had its scandals some time or another. Even amongst the twelve apostles there was a Judas Iscariot. It has been so all through

the ages. I myself would not think of comparing a Judas Iscariot with St. Peter or St. Paul or one who professes to be a Catholic, but nevertheless swears, blasphemes and is given up to drink and vice and other evils, as an example of what Catholics are the same with Protestants. One thing I especially admire about the Catholics is their self-sacrifice and self-denial, while Protestants on the whole I find are not given to fasting and denying themselves the pleasures of this world that they might try and help some one else on the heavenly road. The only sect which sacrifices themselves in any way are I believe the Salvation Army men and women. If I happen to speak to a Methodist or Anglican or other Protestant about a life of self-sacrifice and self-denial he will say that Christ did not mean that to be taken literally but in a spiritual sense. But I know from practical experience that the more I give up for Christ the happier I am. And so it will be if I become a member of the Catholic Church. It will mean my giving up (or rather they will be making me one of) many of my nearest and dearest friends, probably my own home. Even now I am under suspicion by those who employ me. But sir, what is that compared to the friendship of Jesus and the holy saints. And when I think of what Christ suffered and gave up for me my own self-sacrifices sink out of sight. I will use the devotional books you sent me to the best advantage and use my best efforts to become acquainted with the Catholic services and ceremonies so that I may be prepared to take that step which will lead me to your query, sir. I give you free leave to publish my last letter and also any correspondence which may pass between us, as I never write or say anything I am ashamed of. I try to be as open and as straightforward as possible in every way. Some persecution may come to me. I may be hearing about this matter from friends, but I feel that I must stand true to my conscience and to my God. Having promised myself that I will not have no intention of withdrawing it. No crown is obtained without bearing the cross before. Christ said to St. Paul: My grace is sufficient for thee, for my strength is made perfect in thy weakness.

I will now draw to a close thanking you once again for your kindness as well as your interest in me, and I pray and trust that the time may not be far distant when I shall be received into the Catholic Church. I will not take this step, however, until I am fully convinced that that church is really what it claims to be. I pray that the work of the Church may go on in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost, and be glorified.

Yours truly

Geo. Hammond

FATHER VAUGHAN TO LONDON 'SMART SET'

Some four hundred automobiles rolled up on a recent Sunday to the Church of the Immaculate Conception in the heart of fashionable Mayfair, London, to hear the third of Father Bernard Vaughan's course of sermons on Christ as Guest and Host. An hour before the sermon six hundred extra chairs were all occupied, and when the preacher entered the pulpit there was no more standing room anywhere. Taking his text from Luke xix, 8: "Zacheus, make haste and come down, for today I must abide in thy house," the preacher said:

"The people of robber-haunted Jericho were anxiously awaiting the arrival of Jesus Christ in their city, where they hoped He would break His journey before making the long and arduous ascent of nearly four thousand feet though the rock-heated gorge, emerging on the plateau leading to Jerusalem. Jericho had rather a bad name. It was a colony alive with publicans, and one of the chiefs of these publicans was a man named Zacheus. "I want to call your attention to Zacheus, the ill-famed and much-hated Zacheus. Few persons fall desperately in love with tax-gatherers. Now Zacheus, though a Jew, exercised the functions of a tax-gatherer for the Romans, and in a rather priestly city. You may be sure, then, that there was no love lost upon him, and he felt certain that being small of stature, he would get badly jostled in the crowd, and driven far into the background, were he to attempt to push to the front, when Jesus, whose fame as the healer of blind Bartimeus was at its height, would be coming into the town.

ALMOST TOO GOOD TO BE TRUE

"But the little rich man was not going to be done. Accordingly, he conceived the plan of getting right above the crowd by climbing into a sycamore overhanging the main thoroughfare of Jericho, where the procession was bound to pass. There, hidden away among the foliage, Zacheus intended to look out, and feast his eyes on the crowd, and most especially on the chief figure in it, Jesus, the Wonder-worker, and that reputed friend of publicans. That He really was so seemed almost too good to be true.

"What a supreme moment, then, must that have been in the life of Zacheus, when, from his commanding view-point, for the first time he actually saw with his own eyes, standing out in the cloud of dust and amid a forest of gesticulating arms and wav-

ing palm-branches, the calm, majestic and gracious presence of Jesus—the all-good and all-beautiful. The procession drew nigh, and as it came all halted; there was an enchanted publican in the music, when our Lord turned and, looking up, called out that all might hear: 'Zacheus, make haste and come down, for today I must abide in thy house.'

"TO-DAY IS SALVATION COME"

"You may be sure that in less than no time the bewildered publican leapt into the roadway and bowed with forehead to the dust. He rose, leading homeward with a sense of unutterable triumph the great Prophet, the actual Healer of the beggar man, blind Bartimeus. There, within doors, Zacheus played the part of host, not only entertaining, but edifying his Guest by promising to pay his debts—observe it well, perhaps tradesmen's bills. He also formed the good resolution of being kindly and generous to his brethren, God's poor.

ENTHUSIASM FOR JESUS CHRIST

"It was a worth while visit on the part of Jesus Christ, and being unwilling to be outdone in generosity, on leaving, our Lord bade His host farewell in those words which have been echoed to us through the ages: 'To-day is salvation come to this house.' With a few pencil strokes, so to speak, I have roughly sketched the picture from a story so fully described for us by an Evangelist. I have called your attention to it because I see in it a lesson which I want you to take in and lay to heart before leaving church for Sunday's parade.

"What Zacheus teaches you and me is the need we have of enthusiasm for Jesus Christ. Had he been less enthusiastic about seeing our Lord, had he been no more enthusiastic than some of us, he would not have caught sight of Him at all; Zacheus and Jesus would not have met, and you and I would have been the poorer by the loss of the beautiful story, mere reference to which has, I perceive, interested you not a little. Of course, I know that it is 'bad form' to show enthusiasm. It kindles fire, and wastes energy, and implies that we ourselves are not on top of the hill. The refrain running through society to-day is: 'How can you care; there is nothing to be excited about.' Zacheus tells us just the contrary; he assures us that we must care, that there is something to be wildly enthusiastic about, and that is getting above the crowd where we may see Jesus Christ.

"If this enthusiastic publican were occupying my place here this morning, I can quite fancy how he would finish up the account of his lovely interview with our Lord by saying to you: 'Whatever happens, don't miss seeing Him. Why, only to get a glimpse of Him is to put heaven into life, and to flood it with the sunshine of hope and love.' He would say to you: 'If you really want to see Jesus, you must get above the crowd of gross and common things blocking the arteries of your nightmare city; you must get above the suffocating crushes of your drawing-rooms, above the crowded enclosures of the theatres, above the revels of Henley; nay, you must, if you are in dead earnest about seeing Jesus, get above the mob of your own passions, and beyond the reach of worldly and carnal longings dragging you down to the mud and filth of the street.' In a word, 'like me,' he would conclude, 'you must swing into the branches of contemplation, where, above the dust and the noise of the passing city, you may rest your souls and feast the beauty of His person, the beauty of His teaching, and the beauty of His character.'

TOUCHED BY THE APPEAL OF ZACHEUS

"Does this Zachean pleading fall upon dull ears? Does it strike any cry of longing in your tired lives and hungry hearts? Your uplifted faces and streaming eyes tell me you have been touched by the appeal of Zacheus, you have been caught by his spirit, and enthused by his fire. "What a relief it is to find myself talking to you so closely packing these benches, and to you, too, standing out to the street, yonder, wanting to make Jesus Christ your best and dearest friend. But how could it be otherwise, seeing you learn to love Him when as little children you stood with naked feet on your mother's hands and with your pink and dimpled arms folded round her neck, you repeated after her some such prayer as: 'Jesus, I love you; I love with all my heart and soul.'

CHILDREN OF THE DESERT

"Hear this: Some two months ago I landed at Djibouti, on the coast of Somaliland. We had anchored to coal. It was a barren, pathless, sun-scorched land; not a tree, only the dust-stained cactus and here and there a sagebrush thirsting for rain. As usual with me on such occasions, I wandered to the native village, where soon I was surrounded and followed by a troop of Arabs, Turks, Indians, Abyssinians, and Somalimenes; all pressing to buy their wares of cut stones and other gee-gaw rubbish. How my heart went out to these poor children of the desert, whose hearts were as empty as yours are full of Jesus Christ! But in His own good time He will win them and save them, too.

After trying to make them happy I ploughed through sand and over dunes till, beyond the straggling village, I saw standing out against the blood-red sunset a mud-built little chapel with a statue outside it

of the blessed Mother of God, her arms extended as though inviting me to come in and see her Son. Gladly I accepted her dear invitation, and passed into the presence chamber, served by a small community of Franciscan friars. The chapel was rude, unbenched; but to me attractive with tokens of Catholic piety everywhere about. It was like a bit of home, and I sank down and sobbed with love of my religion.

A MUSSULMAN INCIDENT

"It was dusk when I entered, and at first I thought I was alone, but presently I heard the accents of some voice pleading with God in broken English. I turned to my friend, with his face to the ground, and asked him if I could be of service. He told me he was a Mussulman from Madras, that he had been educated in a Christian school, and had lost his faith in the Great Prophet. With his dark face wet with tears, he went on to say how he longed to become a Christian and was praying to know in which, out of the many conflicting Christian Churches, he was to find Jesus, and safe anchorage for his soul.

"Father," he said, clinging to me, 'if you can bring me to Him, do not delay, else I shall despair. I am drifting out to sea.' How touching and pathetic it was to find this copper-colored Zacheus out in the desert enthusiastic to know Jesus, while some Catholics there are on this London clay altogether indifferent about Him and His friendship. Why—must I say it?—I have actually come across Catholics who seem to imply they are half-ashamed of their religion, so that the problem they set themselves to solve is, how to remain Catholics without being known to be such. They are like exhausted volcanoes, when they ought to be on fire.

NOT FASHIONABLE TO BE A CATHOLIC

"I grant you that at present the religion of Jesus Christ is not very fashionable. Truth to tell from what I read of Him in the gospel story, neither was He Himself in Palestine very fashionable. It would be almost blasphemous to say He was. Without any doubt at all, Jesus Christ is more at home in slumdom than in clubland, in Whitechapel more than in Mayfair. You should have seen Commercial Road last Sunday, when tens of thousands followed through the streets His picture carried in procession with music and song. How are we to draw Him from the East to the West End? What can be done Zacheus-like to entice Him into your well-appointed homes in Mayfair and Belgravia?

"My brethren, there is one way, and one only, of captivating and capturing Him. Ignore the unwritten laws of Society, and become enthusiastic about Him. Go forth from your luxurious abodes and make your way through the thronged roadways and thoroughfares of the city, and get above the crowd; mount to the steps of the hospital and pass into the children's ward; or press onward to some Settlement or Workmen's Club; or, if you will, grope your way through the thronged roadways and thoroughfares of the city, and get through some alley and climb the ladder stairs, and become enthusiastic about Him. 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FIVE MINUTE SERMON

ELEVENTH SUNDAY AFTER PENTECOST

MAN'S DESIRE FOR HAPPINESS

"He hath done all things well." (St. Mark vii, 37) Some people do all things well. Many people do a few things well. No human being can do all things well. Of no one but God can it be said, "He hath done all things well."

In nothing does the fact that God has done all things well appear more clearly than in the desire for happiness which is divinely implanted in the heart of man. While this craving for happiness is a proof of God's goodness and providence, it likewise impresses upon us the fundamental truths of God's existence and the soul's immortality.

If there be no God, no future, if, as some would have us believe man be a mere mass of matter, then there is no virtue, no vice. But there is a future; there is a God. He is the end to which the human soul tends. Hence "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord" and thus attain the end and aim of their existence.

Although the wonderful beauty and order and harmony of the universe ought to be sufficient to convince any reasonable person that there is a God, although, as Cicero and Plato tell us, even in pagan times there never existed a nation that did not believe in a Supreme Being, and although philosophers tell us that this common consent of mankind is considered a criterion of certitude, a law of nature—still, even in this enlightened age, you will find some people who say that they do not believe in the existence of God. But the soul troubles them. Do what they may, they cannot stifle in themselves the cravings of the soul for happiness.

Happiness is the necessary pursuit of man. Everybody desires to be happy. This is a truth that no one will deny. There is nothing in this world that will satisfy man's craving for happiness. Wealth will not do it; worldly pleasures and honors will not do it.

If the wealth, the pleasures and the honors of this world could satisfy man's desire for happiness, Solomon would have been happy. For Solomon had all the wealth, pleasures and honors of this world that anyone could desire.

Solomon tells us that when King David and surrounded by all the luxuries that gold could purchase he was most unhappy and that "all is vanity" except to love God. Our own daily experience teaches us the truth of this statement of the wise king.

Since, then, nothing in this world can make us happy, since we are continually surrounded by certain pains and uncertain pleasures and since the soul is continually craving for the happiness the world cannot give, there must be some state beyond the limits of time where these cravings will be satisfied and where the soul reveling in the regions of bliss will possess its God and, seeing Him face to face, will forever enjoy the full fruition of the Beatific Vision. This and this only will satisfy man's desire for happiness.

TEMPERANCE

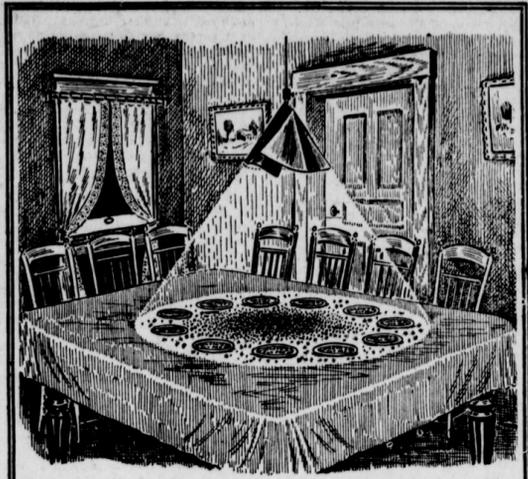
THE LURE OF THE DRINK HABIT

The Catholic Abstainer prints the following notable utterances on the drink question from the Rev. William J. Garrigan, D. D., of the Cathedral, Philadelphia:

"There is no condition of life, no state of life, no time of life proof against the drink habit. Drunkenness will grow upon its victims in the rich man's club just as well as in the low dive. It will brood in rags and filth within a hovel and it will make its home in mansion or castle. It will riot in a bar room and it will intrude into the grand drawing-room. It will stagger the step of a robust youth and disfigure the face of a beautiful maiden. It will make the head of a dullard reel in helpless stupor and it will fire the brain of a gifted genius with wild insanity. The weak and the strong, the rich and the poor, the young and the old alike fall victims to its insidious snares. I have seen drunkenness drive an old man at the sunset of an honorable career in disgrace from public trust, and lower him until he ended in the gutter, degraded, ruined, the byword of the stranger's scorn and the butt of the rowdy's joke. I have seen it enter into the very sanctuary and snatch its victim from the foot of the altar.

"Even the most careful, even the most prudent and temperate of us can not be warned too often or too seriously against this terrible enemy, whose approach is so stealthy that many a man finds himself despatched within its grasp before he has even thought of taking precautions against its approach. And this very stealthiness of approach, this catlike attack—lying in ambush for its victim—constitutes the greatest danger of this brutal habit.

"How many young men of splendid talents and fair hope have gone down to drunkard's graves, driven there by human respect and because they had not the courage to say no. The young man who begins to tippie begins soon to like the excitement of the drink, and drinks oftener. The song, the social merriment, the witty saying, the humorous story and the bright lights all add their fascination and their excitement, and he is found drinking oftener and more."



The above shows how Wilson's Fly Pads will kill all the flies in your dining-room or store at night.

By adopting this plan you have neither flies nor fly killers about during the daytime.

Wilson's Fly Pads are sold by all Drug-gists and Grocers.

NOT SIMPLY A "PERSONAL PROPOSITION"

A recent breezy book, "Cutting it Out," which is well worth the reading, has its value for the drinker as the practical experience of the average man who decided that it was to his advantage to do what the title signifies. It contains, however, one fundamental error in its insistence that "drinking liquor is a personal proposition and nothing else individual in every human relation."

The drink habit is, of course, individual in its beginning. The great majority of persons begin to drink because they want to for one reason or another. But that is a very small part of the matter. So may a man put himself deliberately in the way of contracting small-pox or typhoid fever, but ultimately none of these are purely personal or individual propositions. The sober scientific work of the last quarter century has shown the effects of using even small quantities of alcohol which speedily become more than individual.

The moment a habit affects a person other than the one who indulges in it, it ceases to be "personal" and "individual." The employer who has learned that the steady drinker, even though he may never get intoxicated, is likely to be less efficient, less reliable, more subject to accident, is discriminating as a matter of business against the drinker, not because the drinker is an individual but because the drinker's habit has an effect on the employer's interests and those of the other employees. This business condition reflects on the drinker's family in its maintenance—others brought into the circle of effects. Physicians find that in middle life there is a higher death-rate among drinkers. These mean a loss to the family just when the man is most needed. They mean a loss to the community of men who ought to be in their most productive years, for, as Prof. Irving Fisher has shown, the life which is unnecessarily shortened makes a heavier charge on the community for its rearing in its unproductive years up to twenty years of age. The economist finds the waste entailed upon the community by the drinker through the commonly recognized facts of crime, pauperism and insanity.

It is these social facts based on accurate, scientific, and sociological studies that underlie the work of those whom the author mentioned is pleased to designate as "professional reformers." They are seeking, not primarily to curtail the liberties of individuals simply because of their own personal opinions, but as in any other health or social problem to deal with something that affects society as a whole. Any laws enacted in the matter are not for the purpose of "threats or terrors or enjoin-ment," but to the same ends as laws governing infectious disease—for the protection of the individual and the community from what is known to be a menace to human life. Education of the individual there must be, but at the same time, those who know what is true have a duty in trying to protect society against ignorance or carelessness.—Scientific Temperance Journal.

TOBACCO HABIT

Dr. McTaggart's tobacco remedy removes all desire for the weed in a few days. A vegetable medicine and only requires touching the tongue with it occasionally. Price 25c.

LIQUOR HABIT

Marvelous results from taking his remedy for the liquor habit. Safe and inexpensive home treatment. No hypodermic injections, no publicity no loss of time from business, and a cure guaranteed. Address or consult Dr. McTaggart 75 Yonge Street, Toronto, Canada.

Members of the Society of Friends are objecting to the title "Quaker" for a brand of whisky. A local liquor dealer used to call his brand "Loyola," and a Chicago dealer has a brand called "Purity," with the picture of a nun on the label. Catholics who deal in whisky and Catholics who drink it (may both tribes decrease) should take steps to discourage such bad taste.—Catholic Abstainer.

THE EUCHARIST

Catholics believe that in Holy Communion Christ is really present, God and man, His Divinity, His soul and His body; that the substance of the bread has been changed into the substance of His flesh and that He is whole under either form.

This belief was held by the Church from the beginning. St. Paul plainly states his belief, for in his first letter to the Catholics of Corinth, chapter 11, verse 27, he declared that whosoever should eat the consecrated Bread or drink the chalice of the Lord unworthily, would be "guilty of the Body and Blood of the Lord." If words have any definite meaning, if St. Paul meant what he wrote, he believed in the Real Presence. For if the bread continued to be only bread after it had been consecrated, how could the unworthy be guilty of the body of Christ by eating bread? And then the Apostle added:

"But let a man prove himself, and so let him eat of that Bread and drink of the chalice. For he that eateth and drinketh unworthily, eateth and drinketh judgment to himself, not discerning the body of the Lord."

What need would there be for a man to prove himself and be sure that he was worthy to eat only a piece of bread? How could he discern the Body of the Lord if the body of the Lord was not there?

That was St. Paul's belief, therefore, and it was the belief of the primitive Christians. It was the belief of the Christians in the catacombs. It was the belief of the earliest Fathers and writers of the Church, like Ignatius, Justin, Irenaeus, Tertullian, Cyprian, Gregory of Nyssa, Cyril of Jerusalem, Chrysostom, Hilary and Ambrose.

It was the belief of the Church without wide controversy down to the time of the so-called Reformation in the sixteenth century.

Then, the men who were making the new religion put various interpretations on the words of Christ. One said one thing, and the next one said another thing. So numerous were the meanings they put on "This is My Body" that Christopher Rasperger at that time wrote a whole book (published at Ingolstadt in 1517) on the subject of their differences, in which he cited 200 various interpretations made by them of Christ's words.

Luther stuck to the truth for quite a while. "I am caught, I cannot escape, the text is too forcible," he wrote to the people of Strasbourg in 1524. He eventually subjected the true doctrine to certain limitations, although he defended it vigorously and denounced the other Reformers for denying the Catholic doctrine.

Zwingli, of Zurich, however, made out that the bread was only a sign or symbol of Christ's body. (Ecolampadius, Caristad and Bucer held that it was a figure. Calvin suggested that, while there was no transubstantiation, the virtue or strength of Christ's reality was there—that there was a "dynamic" presence by

which, at the moment of reception of the Bread and Wine, the efficacy of Christ's Body and Blood is communicated from heaven to the souls of the predestined and spiritually nourishes them.

Almost all Protestants now accept some form of this figurative interpretation. The bread is only bread to them and the Lord's supper as they call it, is only a memorial.

Let any one read the sixth chapter of St. John's Gospel; St. Matthew's Gospel, chapter 26, verses 26, 27 and 28; St. Mark's Gospel, chapter 14, verses 22, 23, 24; St. Luke's Gospel, chapter 22, verses 19 and 20; and St. Paul's first epistle to the Corinthians, chapter 10, verse 16, and chapter 11, verses 23 and 29, and see if the Bible permits a figurative meaning. Christ said over and over again:

"This is My body . . . the Bread that I will give is My flesh . . . he that eateth My flesh and drinketh My blood hath everlasting life. . . . except you eat the flesh of the Son of Man and drink His blood, you shall not have life in you."

On the erroneous figurative interpretation of these plain words of God, the Rev. Father Smarius says: "Let us for a moment suppose that Christ spoke figuratively—how, then, should we read His answer to the Jews? Our scriptural comment would, mentally, be the following:

"Verily, verily I say unto you, except ye eat (figuratively) the (figurative) flesh of the Son of Man and drink (figuratively) His (figurative) Blood, ye have no (figurative) life in you. Whoso eateth (figuratively) My (figurative) flesh and drinketh (figuratively) My (figurative) Blood, he hath eternal life. . . . For My (figurative) flesh is (figurative) meat indeed (figuratively), and My (figurative) Blood is (figurative) drink indeed (figuratively). He that eateth (figuratively) My (figurative) flesh and drinketh (figuratively) My (figurative) Blood, dwelleth (figuratively) in Me and I (figuratively) in him. As the living Father hath sent Me and I live by the Father, so he that (figuratively) eateth Me, the same also shall live (figuratively) by Me."

May we not conclude with Horace, on another topic of absurdity, "Riama tenentis tunc—can you restrain your laughter."

Our Protestant friends have some objections to the Catholic doctrine. They say that their reason cannot understand it. But they must not confound reason with faith. Are we to believe only what our reason can understand? If so, how can we believe that there are three distinct persons, Father, Son and Holy Ghost, yet only one God? How can we believe that God created the world out of nothing? How can we believe that Christ at the wedding in Cana of Galilee changed water into wine? How can we believe other mysteries of revelation? We have the words of God—we have the teaching of His Church. We do not require for salvation such knowledge as is clear to reason and proves to our mind what God reveals. We read faith, divine faith, founded on God, which, as St. Paul declares is "the substance of things to be hoped for, the evidence of things that appear not." (Epistle to the Hebrews, chapter 11, verse 1.)

Our Protestant friends object that the laws of nature would not let Christ's body be present in the space occupied by a host, a wafer, a little bit of bread, nor could it be in so many different hosts at the same time, all over the world.

The scientific objection is refuted at length in Rev. Father Dalgairne's book called "Holy Communion: Its Philosophy, Theology and Practice," and in Cardinal Wiseman's "Lectures on the Real Presence." Get those books and read them. It is sufficient to say now that when we speak of the Real Presence of Christ under the form of bread, we speak not of a natural presence, but of a miraculous, a preternatural presence, with which the laws of nature have nothing to do. His presence is real, true, substantial; but the state or condition of a spiritualized or glorified body, such as Christ's is since His resurrection, cannot be adequately judged by what we know of a body in its natural state. Certainly the Body of Christ entered the shut room where the Apostles were assembled on the day of His resurrection. See St. John's Gospel, chapter 20, verse 19. Certainly it defied the law of gravitation and ascended into heaven. Certainly, although Jesus is in heaven, He appeared to St. Paul on the road Damascus (see Acts, chapter 9, verse 17) and again in the castle of Jerusalem (see Acts, chapter 23, verse 11).

Our Protestant friends object that in the sixth chapter of St. John, our Lord said: "It is the spirit that quickeneth; the flesh profiteth nothing." But that does not help their argument. It was not the mere flesh and blood, in themselves, that were to work the spiritual wonders that He promised—namely, to give eternal life to those who partook of them, to make them live by Christ, and to have Him abide in them—but it was the fact that His spirit and His Divinity were with His Body and Blood, that was to quicken those that so received Him. Understood in this sense, "the words that I spake unto you are spirit and life."

Finally, our Protestant neighbors accuse us of idolatry, because we adore Christ under the forms of bread and wine. But that accusation is idle. We adore Christ. We adore God in heaven, a spirit whom we cannot now see. We adore Christ in the form of a babe at Bethlehem, in

PRESIDENT SUSPENDER NONE SO EASY

We adore Him in the form of a man over the cross of Calvary. We adore Him under the sacramental veils of bread and wine. But we adore only God.

We believe that Jesus Christ comes really on our altars at every Mass. We believe that we offer Him up actually in sacrifice to the Father, and that this is the clean oblation predicted by the Prophet Malachias (chapter 1, verse 11). We believe that the Mass is the Last Supper all over again. We believe that the Mass is the sacrifice of Calvary all over again. We believe what Christ said—"that here is My body, here is the chalice of His blood of the New Testament, 'the mystery of faith,' which was shed for many, for the remission of sin."

The Bible proves all this. The proof is clear in the passages above cited. Whoever believes in the Bible, whoever believes in Christ, must believe in the Catholic doctrine of the Real Presence of Jesus in the Eucharist.—Catholic Columbian.

AN ILLOGICAL CHARGE

The honor paid to Mary, in the Church, is so great and widespread that Catholics have often been accused of detracting from the honor of the Saviour by the deep veneration they have for His Mother. Consider the charge for a minute. Is there a particle of truth in it? Who ever heard of a son being dishonored by the honor paid to his mother? Does not the honor paid the mother redound to the son and vice versa? The answer is evident. If we consider who it is that has the greatest love for Jesus, we shall always find that it is those who have the greatest love for His Mother.

A certain writer has called the love of Mary the overflow of the love of Jesus. Glance over the lives of the Saints, and see how lavish they have been in their praise of the Blessed Virgin; glance over the history of the Popes, and see how many of them have blessed and spread the numerous devotions in her honor; visit the various shrines erected by her graceful clients, and see what a concourse of people go to honor her.

It was no less than the Archangel Gabriel, the ambassador of the Most High, who set us the example in those words of most profound reverence which now constitute the fond prayer of Christians: "Hail, full of grace, the Lord is with thee, blessed art thou among women." If God and His angels have so honored Mary, need we fear going too far in our veneration of her? In the Church this veneration dates from the times of the Apostles.

The venerable missals, which were transmitted to the first churches, were employed for promoting and propagating her honor. The holy Fathers cannot find terms more replete of humble and affectionate veneration than when they speak of Mary. The propagation of the honor of Jesus went hand in hand with the propagation of the honor due to His august Mother. All classes of people, high and low, rich and poor, young and old, have vied with one another to do her honor; all raise their eyes to this loving Mother; all invoke Mary.—Catholic Bulletin.

A CATHOLIC AFRICAN CHIEF

Basutoland is a mountainous district in South Africa, bounded on the north and west by the Orange River Colony, on the east by Natal and on the south by Cape Colony. It has an area of 10,233 square miles, and its native population numbers 300,000. It is a possession of the British Empire.

Basutoland is a black man's country. White people must have special permission to settle in it, and the number of whites there now is considerably under 1,000. Ecclesiastically it is a Vicariate Apostolic, and its missions are in charge of the Oblates of Mary Immaculate.

Originally Basutoland was inhabited by Bushmen, savages of a very low type; but now it's people are Kafirs, a very intelligent race of Africans, who are governed among themselves by a Paramount Chief.

The present Paramount Chief, whose name is Morena Griffith, is a Catholic, the first Christian Paramount Chief of Basutoland. Writing of Chief Griffith in the Catholic Magazine for South Africa, the Rev. Norbert Rinderman, O. M. I., says: "Any one who knows the conditions of Basutoland, where the chiefs still practise polygamy, will ask himself how this chief came to make the sacrifice required of a Catholic."

"Did Griffith come to turn to Christ through the efforts of a missionary? No. He himself found the way to the true Church of Christ through a dream. In the night he saw one of his ancestors who invited him to save himself. He looked benevolently upon Griffith, and showed him two paths, one narrow and steep, the other broad and easy. Pointing to the steep path he said: 'My son, you must take this path and you will find it in the Catholic Church.'"

"After the lapse of a few days, he sought the Director of the Mission in Bethel and asked for instruction in the Catholic Faith. The priest

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CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN HOW TO GET RID OF DRUGGERY

Three things Ruskin considered necessary to that happiness in work which is the right as well as the privilege of every human being: "They" (men and women) must be fit for it; they must not do too much of it; and they must have a sense of success in it—not a doubtful sense, such as needs some testimony of other people for its confirmation, but a sure sense, or, rather, knowledge, that so much work has been done well, and fruitfully done, whatever the world may say or think about it."

No man is original, prolific, or strong, unless his heart gives full consent to what he is doing, and he feels a glow of content and satisfaction in every day's well-done work. If you are in love with your work, and dead in earnest in your efforts to do it as well as it can be done; if you are so enthusiastic about it that you fairly begrudge the time taken from it for your meals and recreation, you will never be bored by it; the drudgery which others feel you will never know.

A fond mother feels no sense of drudgery in her housework, in the infinite details of sweeping, dusting, cooking, mending, and making for her loved ones. The long days and nights of care and toil spent ministering to the crippled, deaf and dumb, or invalid child, have never a thought of unwilling labor in them. What are years of waiting and hardship and disappointment, and incessant toil to an inspired artist? What cares the writer whose heart is in his work for money or fame compared with the joy of creation? What are long courses of seeming drudgery to the poor student working his way through college, if his heart is aflame with desire for knowledge, and his soul is thirst for wisdom?

In the production of the best work, the co-operation of heart and hand is necessary. Its quantity as well as quality will be measured by the amount of love that is put into it. "He loved labor for its own sake," said Macaulay of Frederick the Great. "His exertions were such as were hardly to be expected from a human body or a human mind."

the whole amount and, in case of death, he ordered his sons to liquidate his debts by their joint exertions. It pleased God, however, to spare his life and, after struggling with a variety of difficulties for his livelihood chiefly depended on his own labor, he at length saved sufficient to satisfy every demand. One day the old man went with a considerable sum to the surviving son of one of his creditors, who had been dead thirty years and insisted on paying him the money he owed his father, which he accordingly did with heartfelt satisfaction.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS THE TAMING OF JOHNSON'S NELLIE

I was prospecting for a railroad in Montana, and as the last place where civilization ended was a little mining town, I found it necessary to purchase a horse in order to pursue my journey through the remaining wild and unexplored country. Being a tenderfoot and unused to the ways of horse traders I sought out one of those gentry as a person most likely to have what I required.

"Certainly," said Johnson, the horse trader, "I think I've got just got the beast for you, and if you'll come around in a couple of hours I'll show her to you." Accordingly I presented myself and was shown a large animal with general air of unearned form, but with long rangy limbs that promised not only speed but endurance. Her flanks were wet with sweat and were heaving. Upon my remarking this, Johnson explained by saying that the horse had been having some hard exercise. In the light of what I found out later I haven't a doubt but that Johnson told the truth. I also noticed that the horse was blind in her right eye, a fact which Johnson did not explain. A price was hit upon and I mounted and rode over to the hotel with which a lively stable was connected.

The proprietor was sitting on the piazza as I rode up. Upon seeing me his eyes fairly bulged. "Man alive!" he exclaimed, "you've bought Johnson's Nellie, and ridin' her without a curb! Don't you know she'll kill you?" "I haven't noticed any signs of viciousness," I said, calmly. "Whereas the hotel keeper broke out into a big guffaw. 'I reckon you haven't. Look at her wet flanks. Johnson took all the vim out of her before he ever let you see her, and look at the mark of the rope around her neck. He half choked the life out of her before he could put bit or saddle on her. Just wait until to-morrow morning—it'll be as much as the life of one of my men is worth to go into the stable with her."

"In that case, perhaps, I'd better feed and care for her myself," I said, dismounting. "Well, you're welcome," said the proprietor, adding, "I advise you to buy a quirt and a curb and a new pair of spurs, if you expect to ride Johnson's Nellie." The sarcastic emphasis with which he said this showed his doubt. The next morning I opened the stable door and went straight up to the horse. She stood stock-still and looked at me. It actually seemed as though she were surprised to see that I showed no fear of her. I took out an apple and offered it to her. She sniffed at it, then drew back suspiciously and snorted. I laid the apple in her manger and went on to get the grain for her, and when I came back she was eating the apple. The second day I brought her an apple and she ate it out of my hand. She quivered though when I attempted to stroke her nose. The third day I let her out into the lot. She cleared the stable gate at a bound, then wheeled and looked at me with her one good eye with the most questioning look I ever saw in the eye of any animal. But if she expected that I was going to choke her into submission she was agreeably surprised, and after a little she gained confidence and ran all around the lot kicking up her heels—she was beginning by this time to feed her oats—and after a while she trotted quietly back into the stable. I walked boldly in beside her and began to use currycomb and brush on her rough hair, but how she did flinch when I began on the blind side! It took a week before she would let me put a saddle on her. I began to let it down on her back so as not to startle her. Next day I laid in supplies, saddled her and rode her around to the hotel steps.

standing on the steps staring after me with his mouth and eyes wide open. The first night I made camp I lariatied Nellie out, but the grass was so scanty and the range so limited that she had very little to eat, and the next night I turned her loose. In the morning she came promptly at my call, and I fed her some more sugar. The third night a fierce storm came up, and lightning flashed and the thunder reverberated terrifically through the mountain defiles. I found shelter under some rocks, leading the horse as close as I could. She was only partly tamed, however, and every time there was a flash she trembled all over as if about to break away. I reached out and patted her whenever the dreadful crashes came. At last I fell asleep. It was broad day when I awoke, and the storm had ceased. Nellie was still standing as close to me as she could get with her nose resting on my shoulder.—Dora E. Wilson in Our Dumb Animals.

"HER ONLY SON"

"O God! where is he! Why does he not write? Come more than two months and not a word from him yet." Thoughts like these rushed through the brain of a middle-aged woman, who was standing on the porch of her little home in the small town of Mountain Rock, N. Y., as she watched the mail-carrier walk away from her without leaving a letter. They seemed to carry messages to a "swell"-dressed young man, sauntering along a business street in the city of Buffalo, more than three hundred miles away from her. He stopped a moment and then laughed carelessly.

"She'll soon forget me." The young man just introduced had run away from home and a good mother. The poor lady did not know what she had done to cause her son to disappear. The solitary month lengthened into a year, then two, three, four, and yet no clue came as to his whereabouts. The mother now had to work to earn a living, as all the fortune her late husband had left her had gone to detective agencies in the hope of locating her son. She got a situation in New York City. She was bent with grief and toil.

As the young man could find no employment to suit him in Buffalo, he decided, after a month or so, to leave the city and go to the west where golden chances he was sure awaited him. Having but a few cents in his pocket, he had to "tramp it." By the time he reached Chicago, he was a worn tramp, and determined to stick to vagabondage as it was "fine life."

For a whole year he numbered the stars with few thoughts for his mother and what she might be doing. He enjoyed the company of the tramps, old and young, some of whom had wild tales to tell of their tramp life. One day, after a particularly long hike without the assistance of a freight train, he came upon a short man, in dirty overalls, sitting by the side of the track, eating a scanty dinner.

He was surprised that a tramp should eat so clean a refined way, and asked a question that led to a long conversation. The tramp by the roadside proved to be the world-famous wanderer, "A. No. 1." As soon as he learned the facts of the boy's case, he sat still looking at him for a moment, seeming to forget that he had a meal to be eaten. Finally he spoke: "You're a big fool. If I could make it any plain to you, I would, young man. Do you understand what you have done? Don't you ever think that perhaps that mother of yours is sick or sorrowful? Don't you think that she may be died with a wish to see you again?"

The tramp went on with a soft-spoken lecture that went straight to the young man's heart. The man who called himself "A. No. 1" had a way of winning over the boys he met to go back home, and he did so well with the present runaway. "A. No. 1" took him to the city to a good hotel, where he changed his suit of overalls for one of fine cloth, and took him into the kitchen for a square meal. He began to be surprised, and was even more so when the man offered to pay his expenses home. He wrote home but received no answer. No one there knew where his mother had gone.

"But 'A. No. 1' was not to be put in a back seat. He worked a little influence into the game, and the next Monday the former young tramp went into the dry-goods business as a clerk. The boy never saw the quick-speaking, queer but kind-hearted man who called himself "A. No. 1" after that day. But he got along all right and became well-acquainted among the business circles. Then he tried the civil service examination and passed as a postal clerk. He was sent to a small town in Idaho. It had the queer name of Leverywhere.

ROYAL Yeast Cakes BEST YEAST IN THE WORLD. DECLINE THE NUMEROUS INFERIOR IMITATIONS THAT ARE BEING OFFERED AWARDED HIGHEST HONORS AT ALL EXPOSITIONS E.W. GILLET COMPANY LIMITED. WINNIPEG TORONTO ONT. MONTREAL

FIGHT FOR CATHOLIC EMANCIPATION

The Duke of Wellington was at the head of the government of the day but some moderate measures of reform carried at the instance of Lord Russell had offended Sir Robert Peel's supporters and there were several secessions from the Cabinet. The vacant place of President of the Board of Trade was offered to Vesey Fitzgerald, member for County Clare. He accepted the offer, and as the assumption of office necessitated re-election, he immediately issued his address to his constituents. It is possible that he did not expect opposition; it is practically certain that the idea of his not being returned never occurred either to himself or to his friends. He considered his seat for County Clare, to be as much his personal property as his hat.

The Catholics, it is true, had passed a resolution pledging themselves to oppose every candidate who was not sworn to oppose the Duke of Wellington's administration. Even his pledge did not at first appear very inimical to Mr. Fitzgerald's peaceful return. The Whigs as well as the Tories were desirous to see him re-elected. Lord John Russell suggested to O'Connell that Fitzgerald should be allowed to be returned unopposed and for a short time O'Connell hesitated to his line of conduct. But the country was in no compromising temper. O'Connell soon saw that Clare must be contested, and the only question left to answer was: "By whom?" A Major McNamara was suggested, but McNamara was suggested to trouble the peace of Fitzgerald. There was a brief period of suspense and then all England and Ireland were startled by the intelligence that O'Connell himself was coming forward to contest Clare.

At that time it was impossible for a Catholic to enter Parliament. The law did not indeed prohibit him from standing, from being returned, from crossing the seas of St. Stephen; but on the threshold of St. Stephen's he was called upon to take an infamous oath and by a shameful shibboleth he was excluded from his rights. O'Connell could not take

the oath but he saw that the hour had come when the appearance of the Irish Catholic at the bar of the British House of Commons, demanding to be sworn according to his conscience and his creed and supported in his demand by millions of fellow-countrymen and fellow-believers, would have an effect well-nigh irresistible upon the Government. Five thousand pounds were voted by the Catholic Association as a first instalment towards the expenses of the election and \$8,000 was subscribed in a single day by 16 leading Catholics. The country followed the example, and 70,000 was raised in a week. Money continued to flow in during the contest in great abundance. Cork city subscribed \$5,000 in an incredibly short time.

THE PROPOSERS OF O'CONNELL Fitzgerald was proposed by Sir Edward O'Brien, of Droimland, and seconded by Sir Augustus Fitzgerald. O'Connell was proposed by The O'Gorman Mahon, and seconded by Tom Steele, both Claremen. The O'Gorman Mahon, who afterwards sat in the House of Commons with Parnell, played a prominent part in Irish politics. He had been soldier, big, sailing and travelling in all parts of the world for half a century, and took a considerable share in making one of the South American Republics. He was three times in Parliament at Westminster.

Cutlery Easily Quickly Thoroughly Cleaned with Old Dutch Cleanser

pledges were kept in a marvellous manner. The correspondent of the "Evening Post," writing in the heat of the contest, says: "I have not seen a man go near a public house for two days." O'CONNELL REFUSES TO TAKE THE INFAMOUS OATH

When O'Connell went to Westminster, the Speaker called upon him to take the infamous oath defaming his religion, an oath which was never again to be offered to a Catholic. He was directed to withdraw, and he did so. An animated discussion at once sprang up as to whether or not he should be heard at the bar of the House in his own defence. The debate was continued upon another day, and for three days in all this matter occupied the attention of the House. O'Connell was finally allowed to speak in his own defence at the bar. He made a long and eloquent speech. The old offensive oath was again tendered to him, and again he refused to take it in words which are now historic. He declined to take the oath because "one part of it he knew to be false, and another he did not believe to be true."

A new writ was issued for County Clare. But the action of Sir Robert Peel had no further effect than of allowing O'Connell a further triumph. He was, of course, immediately re-elected. The Clare election was the last act of the long struggle for Catholic Emancipation. It may be regarded as the preface or prelude to a struggle equally great, equally arduous but not equally successful—the struggle for Repeal, and finally for Home Rule.

Viscount de Cormenin's Eulogy O'Connell is the only foreigner the Viscount de Cormenin ("Timon"), included in his volume of singular and powerful sketches, "The Orators of France." He pictures the Liberator addressing his people. "He lives in their life, he smiles in their joys, he bleeds in their wounds, he weeps in their sorrows," the Viscount writes. "He transports them from fear to hope, from servitude to liberty, from the fact to the law, from law to duty, from supplication to invective, and from anger to mercy and commiseration. He orders this whole people to kneel down upon the earth and pray; to lift their eyes to heaven, and they lift them; to execrate their tyrants, and they execrate; to chant hymns of liberty, and they chant them; to sign petitions for the reform of abuses, to unite their forces, to forget their feuds, to embrace their brothers, to pardon their enemies, and they sign, unite, forget, embrace, pardon!"

"Our Berryer dwells but in the upper region of politics. He breathes but the air of aristocracy. His name has not descended into the workshop and the cottage. He has not drunk of the cup of equality. He has never handled the rough implements of the mechanics. He has never interchanged his words with their words. He has never felt the grasp of their horny hands. He has never applied his heart to their heart, and felt its beatings! But O'Connell, how cordially popular, how entirely Irish! What magnificent stature! What athletic form! What vigorous lungs! What expansion of heart in that animated and blooming countenance! What sweetness in those large blue eyes! What joviality! What inspiration! What nobly he bears his head upon that muscular neck, his head tossed backward and exhibiting in every lineament his proud independence!"

THE "LIBERATORS" ELECTED O'Connell: "Sir, you do not know that you are not, and you cannot, by your word, disfranchise them." The Sheriff then declared O'Connell elected by the show of hands, and, of course, a poll was demanded by the other side. This was on Monday. On Wednesday night, July 2, O'Connell declared the state of the poll thus: O'Connell, 800; Vesey Fitzgerald, 538; majority for O'Connell 262. He then told them the election was virtually over. The voting went on to Saturday, O'Connell's majority hourly increasing, until he was returned for Clare by a majority of 1075, in a constituency not numbering much beyond three thousand voters; so that every available voter in the vast County of Clare seems to have voted on the occasion. Two things were insisted on by O'Connell as essential to success: (1) That no friend of his should enter a public house during the election; (2) That no friend of his should receive during the election. Both

offices and remembered Leverywhere. He changed the address to that town and added Idaho. The postmaster of Leverywhere stared excitedly at the little square envelope addressed to the world in general and him in particular. He knew who's writing that was. He read the letter rapidly. He became nearly wild. Leaving his single assistant in charge of the office, he raced toward the east.

She was breathing all but her last with several nurses about her. Her eyes filled with tears as she thought of her boy. The letter had evidently not found him. But suddenly the ward curtains were drawn apart and her only son stood there ready to fly into her arms. He fell at the side of the bed, and she, with a horrified cry, as at the sight of an apparition, in mingled fright and joy, expired.—Francis T. Ketter, Elmira, N. Y., in Catholic Union and Times.

this oath but he saw that the hour had come when the appearance of the Irish Catholic at the bar of the British House of Commons, demanding to be sworn according to his conscience and his creed and supported in his demand by millions of fellow-countrymen and fellow-believers, would have an effect well-nigh irresistible upon the Government. Five thousand pounds were voted by the Catholic Association as a first instalment towards the expenses of the election and \$8,000 was subscribed in a single day by 16 leading Catholics. The country followed the example, and 70,000 was raised in a week. Money continued to flow in during the contest in great abundance. Cork city subscribed \$5,000 in an incredibly short time.

Accept and forget a slight. Do not worry about what people think or say of you. There is no happiness away from God, and pain and sorrow borne for His sake are passports to His Presence. The music of the voice has its apostolate. Fabulous prices are sometimes given for a voice. I want it as a gift for the sick and the dying. Sometimes the God of song and music is the first to enter into disconsolate hearts.—The Orchard Floor.

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A Good Used Piano is often better than a cheap new one. The Bell Piano and Music Warehouses.

O'CONNELL'S WONDERFUL ORATORY "He knows that the Irishman is at once mirthful and melancholy; that he likes at the same time the figurative, the brilliant and the sarcastic, and so he breaks the laughter by tears, the sublime by the ridiculous. He assails in a body the Lords of Parliament; and, chasing them from their aristocratic covert, he tracks them one by one, as the hunter does the wild beast. He rallies them unmercifully, abuses them, travesties and delivers them over, stuck with horns and ludicrous gibbousities, to the howlings and hisses of the crowd. If interpellated by any of the auditors, he stops, grapples his interrupter, floors him, and returns briskly to his speech."

A recent issue, The Lamp, edited by Father Paul James Francis, S. A., prints a letter received from a former Anglican clergyman, now preparing for the Catholic priesthood. "It is just a year ago, since I was received into the Catholic Church, and I must write to let you know that it has been a most blessed and joyful one to me. Bishop X—received me into his Diocese, and admitted me to the seminary in September. The life here is very pleasant in spite of, or rather I should say, even though the rules and regulations are strict.

"It surely is wonderful to experience the joy that comes to one just by being a Catholic, to feel sure of yourself, to have no doubts in your religion, to talk with others who think the same as you do, to have your religion taught you in a definite authoritative manner, to have it said 'this is the teaching of the Church,' not 'this is what the Rev. Mr. So and So has to say on the subject, and then to find out later on that hardly any other reverend gentleman agrees with him. But of course you know all this yourself from experience, and realize how I feel. I can only say that I am most thankful to our Divine Lord that in His mercy He saw fit to bring me on, and that my first year has brought me much peace and joy and many blessings."

The editor of The Lamp says he might duplicate this letter over and over again. This feeling of security is an universal experience with men and women who enter the Church.—The Missionary.

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Ready-Cut Homes (Warm and Substantial—Not Portable) The "Suburban" No. 1 size 20 x 22 feet \$1,000 And You Can Erect It Yourself A Ready Cut Home is substantial—it is not a portable house, or a summer house. It is just as enduring and solid as the home the best builder in your neighborhood would erect for his own use. How simple the "Suburban" or any other Ready Cut Home is to build! The lumber and all material, ready cut to exact size, is delivered to your lot. You mail the material together according to the extremely simple and complete plans and instructions. All hardware, paint and other materials (except masonry) is included in the one cost. You eliminate architect's fees, dealer's profit on lumber, hardware dealer's profit on lumber, "extras," cost of skilled labor. Also you obviate weeks of worrying and waiting. Then you have your choice from upwards of 100 different homes shown in our big, NEW, free catalogue. New Book of Designs Every prospective home builder should have this book. It explains in detail how and why you should build your own home, and gives illustrations, floor plans and specifications of Ready-Cut Homes for from \$200 upwards. A postal card asking for book 70 will bring it to you. Write now. The Sovereign Construction Co., Limited 1370 C. P. R. Building Toronto, Ont.

CALDEY ISLAND

ONCE MORE THE LIFE OF PRAISE AND PRAYER IS RESUMED

Only a few months have elapsed since a great stir was caused in the religious world when the news was flashed abroad that the monks of Caldey Island had farewell to the Anglican community to join the Catholic Church.

For some time past we had a wish to see Caldey Island, and our desire was gratified when we received an invitation to take part in the Corpus Christi procession, from the present superior, Rev. Don Bede Camm, the safely and cultured Benedictine.

On that fine Thursday morning we arrived at Tenby about noon (Tenby is a popular watering place of Pembrokeshire, having a rocky site on the Carmarthen Bay coast).

A young missionary priest from London, who is spending his holidays on the island, met us; he had the soul of kindness and was a valuable guide in helping the writer to locate the different buildings and places of interest on this historic spot.

After lunching at the guest house we proceeded to the monastery, which was some distance away. Solemn vesters began at 3 o'clock, and occupied about thirty-five minutes.

Thoughts of the past, of the strange vicissitudes of the ancient glory of this historic monastic home steal over the visitor as he stands on the sacred ground of this sanctuary of the sea.

The Celtic monks who dwell in Caldey in those bygone centuries were succeeded by Benedictines in 1120, who kept the standard of the Cross of Christ was the standard in this chosen home of holiness.

The recent history of the island may be briefly stated. Some seven years ago under the patronage of the Church of England a band of zealous men took possession of Caldey. Their aim was to follow the Benedictine rule—to rank themselves as Benedictine monks, and, if possible, to bring back to its ancient splendor the glory of this once Benedictine home.

under the aegis of Protestantism; but as was generally presaged, it proved a failure—a failure the most disastrous and, perhaps, the most humiliating.

On the Isle of Caldey these men heard a voice calling to them—it was the voice of God calling across the ages, and with humility they harkened and gave heed to that voice, and to-day they are numbered among the children of the Catholic Church.

So the island of Caldey has had a varied history. A thousand years a flourishing home of monasticism; three hundred years left desolate and deserted and, once more, in our days, recovered for the service and worship of God.

Mr. M. J. O'Reilly, K. C. Hamilton Spectator, July 7. Announcement of the dissolution of one of the reading legal firms of the city, known throughout the Dominion, was made known this morning.

Mr. O'Reilly has opened offices of his own, located in the same building as the old firm, the Canadian Bank of Commerce, and formerly occupied by the First Division Court and W. A. H. Duff, solicitor, who has moved to James street south.

Mr. O'Reilly joined the old firm seventeen years ago, when he left Osmond Hall. From the very first he became prominent in all branches of legal practice, and for the past few years as senior counsel he has established a splendid connection not only in Hamilton, but in legal circles generally.

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SEPARATE SCHOOL WORK

THE RESULTS CONSIDERABLY IN ADVANCE OF THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS

Percentage Catholic schools passed, 86 per cent. Percentage Protestant schools passed, 72 per cent.

The above percentage figures for the recent entrance examinations in Toronto have caused a little mild comment among educational circles in the city.

The regular Public school course is far too crowded," said a well-known principal to The Star to-day, "and the sooner we eliminate some of the better the deadwood and the trills, the better for the children and the system as a whole.

On the other hand the Separate schools more thoroughly conserve their energies to the real work in hand. They do not attempt to teach domestic science or manual training, as we do in the regular schools, and this gives more time to devote to the purely academic studies.

But we have hopes that this fall will see the beginning of a revision of the regular school course that will at one and the same time eliminate much of the unnecessary deadwood, and will enable us to more thoroughly cover the real, basic Public school subjects.

The Protestant, or regular Public schools, passed 1,294 pupils out of 1,790, an average of 72 per cent., and the total number passed by all Public schools was 1,500 out of a total of 2,029 trying, an average of 74 per cent.

CANON WALSH'S FURIOUS SPEECH

We are pleased to be able to publish the following trenchant letter from a non-Catholic gentleman of St. Thomas in regard to the unChristianlike utterances of Rev. Canon Walsh at the 12th of July demonstration in Sarnia:

Editor London Free Press.—May I ask you to insert the following in your valuable paper, as I notice in the report of the gathering of Orangemen at Sarnia, the following words by the Rev. Canon Walsh, which, although apparently coming from one of the heads of the Anglican Church, is not, I am certain, the views held by Christian people whatever their denomination in Canada.

The Orange order is supposed and does stand for religious liberty, but here is the grand chaplain insulting the Catholics and many Protestants, some of whom are very friendly feelings toward the old church, which, in only a matter, as we Protestants, the Church of England, especially have to thank the Church of Rome for a vast amount of knowledge and teachings handed down by the followers of the early church, as well as magnificent buildings built for the glorification of God; or places of sound learning, as any who have traveled in Europe will know.

Amongst some of his statements Canon Walsh mentions that the practices of the Catholic Church lead to immorality, does he really believe because a minister of God is a celibate he is any less a man, or would take advantage of the confessional any more than the doctor or the lawyer, these are not accused of such practices without the cloak of religion to protect them, common decency would not listen to it.

It does not look well for the speedy future of Christian unity when leaders of the Protestant church, but which I trust Canon Walsh is an exception, instead of helping the cause along make statements which, I think, he in his more sober moments will regret and make apology for.

Yours faithfully, C. PLOMBLEY St. Thomas, July 16, 1913.

MONKS OF LA TRAPPE

La Trappe, Oka, July 16th. The most solemn and most affecting scenes of the Order he sang in probably any monastery of the entire world took place to-day in the Monastery of Our Lady of the Lake of the Trappist Monks.

It was an event that was unique, sympathetic, and affecting in the extreme. Joy and sorrow, life and death, sacrifice and the renunciation of self showing the penitential spirit were all intermingled in the day's proceedings.

It being the Feast of Our Lady of Mount Carmel, one of the major feasts of the holy monks, it was the day chosen for the solemn profession of four members of the order, Right Rev. Dom John Marie, O. C. R., the mitred Abbot of Bellefontaine, France, who is at present visiting the Monastery, as he is the Superior General of all the Trappist Monasteries in the world, officiated.

Clothed in beautiful vestments of gold and silver, trimmed with braid of cloth and attended with all the grandeur and ceremonial attending his high position in the Order, he sang the Pontifical High Mass, preached and received the solemn vows of the newly-professed members.

As the beautiful and soul-inspiring chant of the graduates was being wafted on high, a procession of four monks was seen carrying the dying Abbot, Right Rev. Dom Antoine, to the church. It was the Abbot's last wish that he be carried to the church on his dying couch to witness the last scene probably of his earthly career.

Being placed near the door of the chapter room, the dying Abbot listened from his couch to the sweet voices of the chanting of those monks whom he had received and guided in the paths of perfection for nearly thirty years. And now the end was approaching for him. He had seen the day of joy and sorrow, the day of adversity and tribulation, for he witnessed the destruction of the monastery by fire and now the crowning day had arrived. A beautiful monastery had replaced the ruins of the former one, and everything was in a prosperous condition. He could now say, "Dismiss thy servant in peace." Raising his handkerchief to his eyes he wiped away the tears, and raising his hand he seemed to bless the monks. Thinking that he might breathe his last at any moment the brother physician of the Order soothed his troubled brow.

And yet he lingered on proclaiming the truth of the Scriptural saying: "In the midst of life we are in death." It was a great object lesson to the many visitors present on the occasion. Strong men wept, while the monks themselves bowed their heads in sorrow.

When the deacon sang the Gospel from the jubé, or centre gallery of the choir, the officiating Abbot turned to the Monks and then the



four members who were about to make their profession stood before him after first lying prostrate on the floor.

Dom. John Marie spoke to them of the sacrifice they were about to make for the Divine Master. They were, he told them, leaving behind them the false joys and pleasures of the world to follow the Crucified One. They left all, father, mother, brother, sister, to lead the penitential and austere life of the poor Trappist Monks.

The sacrifice, no doubt, was great but it could not be compared to the everlasting reward in Heaven. The choir chanted the "Veni Creator" and then each Monk sang aloud in Latin the promises which cut him off from the world.

Having affixed their signature to the document they were then escorted by the Rev. Father Columban, Prior of the Monastery, to the altar where each one placed his paper, and then kissed the altar as a solemn pledge to be faithful to the promises made to the Lord God of Hosts.

They were then led to the officiating Abbot who imparted to them the Kiss of Peace. Being brought over to the dying Abbot he gave them his last blessing and also "The Kiss of Peace." The sight was a very affecting one, and even the newly-professed members were visibly affected.

The dying Abbot again was affected with sorrow and sighed audibly as if his end was fast approaching. The singing of the "Te Deum" closed the ceremony of profession. When the Mass was finished Dom Antoine was carried back to the infirmary to await the summons of the Angel of Death.

Being of a robust constitution and a strong heart, the noble shepherd is making a great fight against death. Working on the farm, or felling trees in the forest, the Abbot was the most powerful worker of all the monks.

Right Rev. Dom. John Marie will remain at Oka until the death of his great co-worker, and will then appoint his successor, Rev. Father Pacome, Prior of the Monastery at Lake St. John. This will be the first Canadian Abbot appointed to rule the destinies of the monks throughout the Dominion of Canada. L. C.

SUSPECT SUFRAGETTES OF ATTEMPT TO BURN ENGLISH CATHOLIC CHURCH

The Church of St. Hubert, Great Harwood, narrowly escaped fire recently, for the second time within a fortnight. On the first occasion it was found that the church has been entered by some person or persons, who had ignited a cushion saturated with paraffin.

Particulars that have been ascertained with regard to the second attempt show that after school hours a number of boys went into the church in order to make their devotions. Immediately their attention was attracted by smoke issuing from a confessional box. An examination afterwards showed that a quantity of cotton-wool had been placed on a shelf in the confessional and saturated with paraffin.

It is agreed that this has been a deliberate attempt to fire the church, and though in some quarters the suffragettes are blamed, no literature or anything connected with the mystery was found.—London Catholic Times.

Of what use are all your devotions if they do not aid you to overcome your prejudices and passions?

When one works for something he passed to be right, he knows that every hour will increase the chances of his triumph, for he believes that back of truth stands God with an arm strong enough to bring victory to his side.—William J. Bryan.

DIED PHIPPS—At Calgary, Alta., on June 22nd, Mr. Geo. J. Phipps, aged thirty-five years. May his soul rest in peace!

MUNDY—At Penetanguishene, Ont., on Sunday, June 29, 1918, Mrs. Catherine Shanahan Mundy, widow of the late Michael James Mundy. May her soul rest in peace!

ROURKE—At St. Michael's Hospital, Toronto, July 4th, 1918, Denis Michael Rourke, formerly of Windsor, Ont., aged seventy-eight years. May his soul rest in peace!

THE HOME BANK The Home Bank of Canada has opened its eighth branch in Toronto at 1128 Yonge Street North. The present office at this address is temporary, as the Bank owns the property at the corner of Yonge and Alcorn Ave. and will erect a building there later on.

NEW BOOKS "Blessed Sacrament Book," by Rev. F. X. Lacey, author of "My Prayer Book," "With God," etc. Published by Benziger Brothers, New York City. Price leather binding, \$1.00; cloth, \$1.50.

TEACHERS WANTED WANTED—A QUALIFIED TEACHER FOR A Separate School at Baird, near Fort William, Salary \$200. English and French required. Give age, sex, and references. Address Rev. P. E. Barry, Rector, St. Patrick's Rectory, Fort William, Ont. 1814-f

TEACHER WANTED FOR S. S. NO. 4, LA Pasa, Normal trained. Salary \$600 per annum. Duties to begin Sept. 2nd, 1918. Please state experience to Hector George, Sec. Treas., La Pasa, Ont. 1814-f

QUALIFIED TEACHER WANTED TO OPEN school Sept. 2nd, 1918 for S. S. No. 1, Stanley. Address Joseph Ican, Sec. Treas., Dysdale, Ont. 1814-f

AN EXPERIENCED SECOND CLASS NORMAL professional certificate, State salary, experience and references. Duties to begin Sept. 1st, 1918. Address applications to Nicholas Lang, Sec. Treas., Chesport, Ont. 1814-f

CATHOLIC TEACHER WANTED FOR Separate School Section No. 5, Raleigh, Township. Having a second class Normal trained certificate. Salary \$275 to \$300 according to experience. School well located. Duties to commence the 2nd of Sept. Apply stating salary, qualifications, experience and references to Sec. Treas., Lawrence Waddell, Doyle Post Office, Ont. 1814-f

TEACHER WANTED FOR PUBLIC SCHOOL Section No. 3, Greenock, Township, Bruce County (South). Average attendance about twenty-two. (Rural Mail). Duties to begin Sept. 2nd, 1918. Qualifications and salary expected to Daniel Madden, Chesport, Ontario. 1814-f

MALE TEACHER WANTED, HOLDING A First or second class professional certificate for the Catholic Separate school district No. 6, Prince Albert, Saskatchewan. Duties to commence the 1st of Sept. Salary \$1200 per annum with range of salary. Apply, with references, to Arthur McDonald, Prince Albert, Sask. 1814-f

TEACHER WANTED FOR FORT WILLIAM (mission Catholic school, State salary. Duties to begin Sept. 1st, 1918. Address Rev. J. A. Drouin, S. J., Fort William (mission) Ont. 1814-f

TEACHER WANTED FOR SECOND CLASS Normal trained. Average attendance about twenty-two. (Rural Mail). Duties to commence the 1st of Sept. Salary \$1200 per annum with range of salary. Apply, with references, to Arthur McDonald, Prince Albert, Sask. 1814-f

WANTED A QUALIFIED TEACHER FOR Separate School, Espanola. Beautiful school near village of Osoquia. Duties to begin after vacation. Apply, stating salary, to Rev. R. J. McEachern, Espanola, Ont. 1814-f

WANTED TWO TEACHERS, ONE FOR Principal and one for assistant, for Continuation School Ennismore. The Principal must hold at least a second class certificate, and the assistant must have passed successfully the Faculty of Education Examination for first class teachers. Apply, stating salary, experience, age and qualifications to Rev. F. F. Fitzpatrick, P. P., Sec. Continuation Board, Ennismore, Ont. 1814-f

TEACHER WANTED FOR STANLEY Separate school. One holding a qualified certificate. Salary \$450. Apply, E. J. Byrne, Sec. Stanleyville, Ont. 1814-f

THE HOME BANK OF CANADA ORIGINAL CHARTER 1854

If you have to send money anywhere in Canada make the remittance by a Money Order through the Home Bank. These money orders are for sale at all Branches; they cost only a few cents, and they prevent any possibility of mistake.

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WANTED EXPERIENCED PROFESSIONAL TEACHER for S. S. No. 2, Medonte, Simcoe Co. Duties to commence after vacation. Salary to be paid \$300 per annum. Apply, enclosing testimonials, to Jno. P. Fitzgerald, Sec. Treas., Mount St. Louis, Kenawott, P. O., Ont. 1814-f

WANTED FOR ST. HILARION S. S. OF Cobalt, two English speaking teachers holding first or second class certificate, and also two French speaking teachers holding a first or second class certificate, capable of teaching both French and English. Apply, stating experience and salary required to F. H. Bonneville, Sec. Treas., Cobalt, Ont. 1814-f

A CATHOLIC TEACHER, QUALIFIED FOR school No. 2, Himsworth. State salary and qualification to Casper Verlegers, Sec., Trout Creek, Ont. 1814-f

EXPERIENCED CATHOLIC TEACHER Second class professional certificate, for school section No. 4, Rutherford. Salary \$350. Duties to begin after holidays. Apply, enclosing testimonials, to Sec. Killarney, Ont. 1814-f

TWO TEACHERS WANTED FOR S. S. NO. 5 Logan, county Perth. This is a two room school, senior and junior room. The school is 7 miles from Mitchell, 4 miles from West Monkton, 1 mile from P. O., 4 miles across road, boarding house 30 rods from school house, daily mail, no one to apply unless qualified certificate. School starts Sept. 1st, 1918. Apply, stating salary and experience, to John Francis, Kenawott, P. O., Ont. 1814-f

QUALIFIED TEACHER WANTED FOR Separate school Sec. No. 15, Augusta. Salary \$300 per annum. Duties to commence 2nd Sept. Apply, stating experience and qualifications to John Evans, North Augusta, Ont. 1814-f

TEACHER WANTED FOR C. S. S. SECTION No. 2, Carleton Place, Ambleside. Male or female. Salary \$250. Holding second class professional certificate. Duties to commence Sept. 1st, 1918. Applications received until Aug. 1st. Apply to Joseph D. Meyer, Sec. Treas., Ambleside, Ont. 1814-f

TEACHER WANTED FOR CATHOLIC Separate school section No. 6, in the village of Barry Bay, in the township of Sherwood and in the county of Renfrew. The holder of a second class professional certificate, stating salary, experience and references. Apply, with references, to William Kirwan, Sec. Treas., Barry's Bay, Ont. 1814-f

WANTED FOR THE CATHOLIC SEPARATE school Oakville, teacher holding second class professional certificate. Duties to commence Sept. 2nd. Salary \$450. L. V. Cote, Sec. Treas., Oakville, Ont. 1814-f

TEACHER WANTED FOR THE CATHOLIC Separate school, union school section No. 4, Greenock and Brant. Holding a first or second professional certificate. State salary, experience and references. Duties to begin Sept. 1st, 1918. Address applications to Nicholas Lang, Sec. Treas., Chesport, Ont. 1814-f

TEACHER WANTED FOR SEPARATE school No. 7, Gladly, first or second class Normal trained. Duties to commence on reopening of school after summer vacation. Salary \$355. Address stating experience and qualifications to J. S. Black, Sec. Treas., Pomona, Ont. 1814-f

PRINCIPAL WANTED FOR CATHOLIC Separate school, Espanola, teacher holding first or second class professional certificate. Salary \$300 to \$600. Apply, stating experience and giving reference, to John J. Fox, Sec. Treas., Espanola, Ont. 1814-f

WANTED A SECOND CLASS NORMAL trained teacher for Erinville Separate school. Duties to begin in September. Applicant state experience and salary expected. Address Rev. Thomas Casey, Erinville, Ont. 1814-f

TEACHER WANTED, MALE OR FEMALE Teacher wanted for C. S. Separate School, Pineau, Ont. Must speak French and English. Salary \$200 per month. School three miles from village of Pineau. Apply stating qualifications and experience to L. Laflamme, Secretary R. C. Separate S. S., Pineau, Ont. 1814-f

CLERK WANTED FOR GENERAL STORE; MUST BE WELL experienced in all lines and good stock-keeper. No one but a sober, industrious man need apply. Address all communications to Mrs. R. C. Catholic Record office, London, Ont. 1814-f

BUSINESS COLLEGE LADIES' BUSINESS COLLEGE, CATHOLIC Bond street, Toronto—Day and evening; prospectus free. 1775-f

WE OFFER The following unframed 16 x 20 handsome colored pictures at 25c each, postpaid. Sacred Jesus and Mary, Holy Family, Mater Dolorosa, Guardian Angel, St. Anne, St. Anthony, St. Peter, Immaculate Conception, etc. Any part sent by registered mail for \$2.25, or three for \$3.00. Generous discounts to clubs or others who want frames and pictures in larger lots. THE ROYAL ART CO., Box 931, HALIFAX, N. S.

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TUNING REPAIRING WATER MOTORS ELECTRIC MOTORS ORGAN BLOWING MACHINERY LEONARD DOWNEY LONDON, CANADA

Catholic Men Wanted

In Atlantic coast states and eastern Canada: if you can sell to Catholic people of moderate means a safe and reliable investment: if you are willing to work hard and be your own boss: if you have confidence in yourself to work strictly on a commission basis: if you wish to associate yourself with a two-million-dollar corporation, where you will have every opportunity for advancement and a life position—then WE NEED YOU: we have a proposition endorsed by the Catholic hierarchy and laity of the United States and Canada, with the highest banking references; if you can sell to Catholic people of moderate means a safe and reliable investment: if you are willing to work hard and be your own boss: if you have confidence in yourself to work strictly on a commission basis: if you wish to associate yourself with a two-million-dollar corporation, where you will have every opportunity for advancement and a life position—then WE NEED YOU: we have a proposition endorsed by the Catholic hierarchy and laity of the United States and Canada, with the highest banking references; 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