

The Catholic Record.

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

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EASTER

Easter is the feast of jubilation and of triumph. Ever since that morning of long ago when the sun made beautiful even the weeds trampled flat on Calvary, and shone on the three crosses, and bathed the olive-trees in a flood of glory; this festival has been welcomed by humanity as the harbinger of peace and triumph. Christ came forth from the tomb, and began his triumphant progress across the centuries.

We need not cite his victories over intellectual and material power, over pride and passion. Daily Catholic homes and schools and loyal hearts look into His face and acknowledge Him as Master. We can hear, if we will, the sounds of feet of thousands, tramping steadily on the highway that leads to the city beyond the stars.

Are we of the number?

EARLY TEACHING

Some years ago Cardinal Gasquet showed that the instruction given by the English priest on pre-Reformation times was by no means so helplessly inadequate as it suited the sectarian purpose of some writers to represent. What exactly, for instance, was the kind of instruction given to our Catholic forefathers? Was it as clear, and definite, and precise as that which we are accustomed to? He makes answer by examining a volume of pre-Reformation instructions called "Dives and Pauper," that is to say the rich and the poor, treating upon the Ten Commandments. Starting with the first commandment, the question of images is at once raised. Probably a very large number of Protestants are under the delusion that their Catholic ancestors were little better than idolaters, before the Reformation came to cast down the images and to enlighten the priest-ridden population as to the heinousness of their pagan worship of stocks and stones.

IMAGES

This question is treated in this popular book of instructions. To Dives' saying that he cannot understand how the numerous images that are in the churches can be right, Pauper replies that they serve three great ends, namely — "they are ordained to stir men's minds to meditate upon the Incarnation of Christ, and upon His life and passion, and upon the lives of the Saints; also to move the heart to devotion and love: thirdly, images are intended to be a token and book to the ignorant people that they may read on imagery and painting, as clerks read in books." "In this manner read thy book and fall down to the ground and thank thy God, Who would do so much for thee. Worship Him above all things—not the stick, nor the stone, nor the wood, but Him Who died on the Cross for thy sins and for thy sake. Thou shalt kneel if thou wilt before the image but not to the image."

The book shows that the people understood the difference between the supreme divine honor paid to God and the relative honor given to His Saints. In the course of his teachings upon the commandments Pauper lays down the principle that anyone who enters the religious life, when his father and mother are in any need of his help, does what is wrong, and incidentally he informs Dives that the duty of assisting his parents extends to the life beyond the grave, and that he is bound to help the souls of his father and mother by prayers and almsdeeds.

PLAIN SPEAKING

He condemns foolish and immoderate dress as stinking pomp and pride of array. He has an abiding hatred of all pretence; self-seeking, and denounces abuses, respecting no persons. He is assiduous in recommending devotion to Christ's Passion, to Our Lady Mother and Maid, to the angels and saints. Evidence of his simplicity and directness is given in his warning against listening to detractors. "And therefore he says to Dives, 'The wise man saith put away from the

wicked mouth, and put far from thy lips backbiting. Hedge thine ears with thorns. Hear not the wicked tongue, and make doors to thy mouth, and locks to thine ears. Think that he will speak of thee as evil behind thy back, as he doth of another behind him. Think what woe and mischief cometh of backbiting and wicked tongues, and show him no good cheer. But show him by thy countenance and cheer that his speech pleaseth thee not, and he shall cease and be ashamed of his malice. For the wise man saith, 'Right as the northern wind destroyeth and scattereth the rain and the clouds; so the heavy face of the hearer destroyeth the backbiting tongue.'"

He inveighs against the clergy who, forgetting their duties to the poor, trick themselves out in fine raiment and adornment. "To them that have the benefices and good of Holy Church, it belongeth principally to give alms and to have the care of poor people."

HALF

Some of us are half Christians. We accept the Gospel as our rule so far as it does not interfere with our earthly interests. We are kind to those whom we like, and keep within our breasts hatred towards our enemies. We are blameless in our private lives, and yet we may think that in dealing with the public gross cheating is but a tribute to our ingenuity and skill. We have a stock of pious phrases which wither at the contact of some difficulty.

READ IT

We are, we think, well within the bounds of propriety when we recommend the late Rev. Dr. Lambert's "Notes on Ingersoll" as an antidote to many errors that are prevalent today. They are a mental tonic as well as an arsenal of offensive and defensive weapons. Our readers will remember what called forth the Notes. Ingersoll, a brilliant rhetorician, undertook to assail religion virulently and audaciously. Day after day he held up religion to contempt, and thou sands, dazzled by his oratorical and forensic gifts, followed in his way of devastation. Against the scoffer Dr. Lambert entered the lists and with his sword of wit and logic stripped him of his shams, and left him exposed to the world as but a pocket-edition of Voltaire, a thing of words and sophistries. He took the sheen off his rhetoric, and off the prestige which he had acquired by raging against God and His Church.

Ingersoll the habbling Thersites, who traded on the ignorance of his hearers and who fancied himself immune to attack was—the world as umpire—not only vanquished but annihilated. Lambert's wit played around him like lightning. "I would not give a cent," said Dr. Lambert before he undertook the work of refutation, "to hear Ingersoll on the Mistakes of Moses; but I would give \$500 to hear Moses on the mistakes of Ingersoll." In his Notes he is eminently fair. He exhibits Ingersoll as a trickster, pierces him with the keen blade of logic and casts him out into the wilderness to sojourn with other ghouls.

Hence we recommend the Notes to our readers. These, together with Father Gerard's pamphlets, published by the C. T. S., are invaluable.

FAMILY PRAYER

Is it true that family prayer is fast becoming a lost art? The many distractions of modern life, the various clubs of which the father is a member, and the outside activities of mother conspire to rob us of the beautiful spectacle of parents and children praising and adoring God. It seems to us that parents, aware of their responsibilities, should be upholders of the custom of family prayer. It will give them strength for their burden and the peace that is the handmaid of those who judge things by the standard of eternity. It will be a barrier to the pestiferous nonsense that is a welcome guest at too many households, and when we say nonsense we mean the glitter of the world that is born of ostentation and pride. Instead of being deafened by the noise of getting on—the great god of modern times—the children will hear the Divine Voice

and understand that the joy of living comes not from pelf and position, but from the vision of the things that pass not. The children who have attended the school of family prayer will rejoice in their indifference to worldly ambition, to the show and pride, and to everything that can besmirch the soul, and place it under the yoke of discontent and disappointment.

REGRETTABLE

Ill-considered utterances by champions of this or that cause engender bittimes bitter hostilities. Instead of dispassionate statement, they either appeal to the ignorance of the mob or beloud the issue by injecting into it their own prejudices. Conciliation is no part of their programme. Lured on by a mentality that sees but one side of the question, they demand as a right uncompromising surrender on the part of the opponents. The result is that questions that could be settled by tact and forbearance and Christian opportunism, breed discord and frustrate efforts to achievements for the Church.

GOOD FRIDAY FOR PEACE

At the beginning of Lent the Holy Father addressed to his Catholic children throughout the world another of his ardent appeals for peace. With paternal solicitude he urges on the Church to unite with him in earnest efforts to effect a reconciliation among the nations that are desolating Europe with fratricidal strife. Exhortations sent to the belligerents, in which he implored them to settle their differences by pacific consultation, have failed, and as a consequence the tears of the Father of Christendom continue to flow. Sadly he realizes that the combatants are drunk with blood, so that hearing they will not hear. His sons are deaf to their Father's counsels. Only God can move their hearts.

In distress, therefore, he bids the faithful unite in a common endeavor to appease the anger of the Lord of Hosts, and asks them to send up to Heaven a cry for mercy loud enough to drown the clamorous shock of battle. It is in the women of the world especially that the Holy Father places his hopes, in the "mothers, wives, daughters, sisters of the combatants, whose gentle souls, more truly than those of any others, feel the extent and the calamity of the present terrible war."

This incense of prayer, almsgiving, and mortification, he wishes to be continuous, but he singles out one day above all others on which it should ascend to the throne of God. "It would be greatly pleasing to Us that such families among all the combatant nations should unite in this undertaking on the day that is held sacred to the Divine sacrifice of Him Who was God and Man, and Who by His own suffering drew together in brotherhood all the sons of Adam; that they should, in these hours, made eternally memorable by His infinite love, beseech of Him, through the intercession of the suffering, but unconquered Mother, Queen of Martyrs, the grace to endure with fortitude and Christian resignation the anguish of loss brought about by the war, and that they should implore of His mercy the end of this long and terrible trial."

Catholics, not only in Europe but throughout the world, will not refuse to accede to the wishes of the Pope. With hearts sanctified by benefactions to the poor, and purged of wickedness by self-inflicted penance, they will unite their own sighs to the sighs of the Crucified Saviour. Gathered beneath His Cross they will hear His insistent cry for souls, and will catch the infinitely precious drops of the Sacred Blood from the bleeding Heart of the gentle Christ and offer them in sorrow to the outraged dignity of the God of Love. Then, perhaps, the blood of human hearts will cease to flow and peace will return to a war-swept world—America.

CONVERT MADE A KNIGHT

King George has created William Howard, British Minister to Sweden, a Knight Commander of St. Michael and St. George. Sir William, who for some years was counsellor to the British Embassy at Washington, is a convert member of the renegade branch of the dual house of Howard. His wife, the Lady Isabella Giustiniani-Basilini Howard, is the daughter of a man who is at one and the same time an Italian Prince and a Scottish Earl and a direct descendant of King Edward I. of England. One of Lady Howard's sisters is the Princess Camillo Rospigliosi, and her only unmarried sister, the Princess Christine, is a Sacred Heart nun—Sacred Heart Review.

EDITOR OF DAILY PAPER

WRITES LENTEN SERMONETTE

Fargo (N. D.) Daily Courier-News, March 21.

"The Roman Catholics have a flourishing society called 'The Holy Name Society.' Its object is to check profane swearing and inculcate reverence for Divine things. It is a noble organization and could well be commended to all Protestants as worthy of imitation or reproduction in such form as would be suitable for their churches.

"To millions of people the name of the Deity is sacred; the name of Jesus Christ is holy, and their Church is a Divine institution. Why should anyone who wants to be refined, to be a gentleman, or to be ordinarily decent, allow himself to acquire the rude habit of promiscuously misusing the name of the Deity or of things many of his fellowmen regards as sacred?"

"It is probable that the immense amount of profane language heard on streets and in other public places is used more thoughtlessly than with intention either of blasphemy or of hurting the feelings or of annoying anyone, but we submit to our friends who are accustomed thoughtlessly to the habitual misuse of terms held sacred, that a gentleman ought to show enough regard for the feelings of others to restrain himself from such a foolish and vulgar habit.

"Our fathers who founded this government laid down the principle that reverence for the Deity and religion are the very foundations of the social order.

"Profanity and filthy language never did anyone any good; the use of either is a bad example before the young and we know of nobody who will justify it, though we have many friends who are unfortunately careless in the matter. We submit to them and to all that it is a vulgarity which ought to be dropped from any gentleman's repertoire.

"Exaggeration, expletives, profanity and filthy allusions are not the marks of a gentleman, and possibly this Lenten season is a good time to be reminded of that fact and to resolve to clean ourselves up in speech.

"The old Hebrew law forbidding the careless, idle or blasphemous use of the name of the Deity was founded upon a sound principle. Reverence for God and respect for fellowmen are essential in preserving government and society."

AN IRISH CENTENARY

Charles Gavan Duffy—Irish rebel and honored Premier of Victoria—wrote of his friend and colleague, Thomas Davis: "It is not death alone, but time and death that canonize the patriot." And now, on the centenary of his own birth, Duffy's words will be remembered wherever Irishmen foregather. In Sir Charles Gavan Duffy's career as Young Ireland leader and Australian Premier is epitomized the point of view of the Irish Nationalist in his attitude toward the Empire. Denied the rights of citizenship in his own country, driven into exile, Gavan Duffy, the Irish rebel of 1848, became in Australia, in the fuller freedom there enjoyed, the honored statesman and Prime Minister. There he found a field for his talents denied in his own country, just as D'Arcy McGee brought to Canada the brilliant gifts which in Ireland could only find an outlet in organized rebellion against the Government under which he lived.

The source of Irish nationality was the group known as "Young Ireland," which originated in 1842. It was Charles Gavan Duffy who, as Martin McDevitt says, "brought to the party the power of initiative and organization, without which, notwithstanding Davis' splendid talents, there never would have been a 'Nation' newspaper or a Young Ireland party." After the debacle of 1848 Gavan Duffy sailed for Australia, as he wrote, "with the main purpose of my life unattained, but, as I was persuaded, not lost but postponed."

"For a belief in God's justice is incompatible with the doubt of Ireland's final deliverance from cruel and wicked misgovernment. It was my consolation that in public affairs I had always done what I believed best for Ireland, whatever penalty it involved, and that I had never accepted so much as a postage stamp by way of honorarium or compensation."

His career in Australia was one of honor and success, but he never attributed to it any other importance than that it showed what might be done by Irishmen in Ireland were they not cramped and fettered. That demonstration once accomplished, he wrote the history of Young Ireland, lost the lessons of 1848 should be lost to a forgetful posterity. The single-mindedness of his love for Ireland placed him at once and without question among the "canonized patriots" of Ireland. In the fullness of time he was restored to Ireland, where he sleeps with those other patriots who saw, as from Mount Pisgah, the promised land, to the threshold of which they had led the

nation, but into which they themselves were not fated to enter.—The Toronto Globe.

PARLIAMENT AND BILINGUALISM

Ottawa Evening Journal, April 12

Mr. G. H. Bolvin, Liberal M. P. for Sheffield has informed a Montreal audience that the bilingual question will come up in the Dominion Parliament, and that the Liberal party will take a united stand for allowing children to be taught to speak and to read in the language imparted to them at their mothers' knees.

If the matter should come up in Parliament, as Mr. Bolvin promises we have no doubt that the debate will be full of touching phrases of the species used by Mr. Bolvin. Let us hope that in the debate, however, this plain question will be asked of Mr. Bolvin, and of all who may stand with him: Do you assert that the French language has the same legal status as the English language in the educational systems of all the provinces of Canada?"

Such is the vital question. The vital question is not at present whether children shall be "taught the language imparted to them at their mothers' knees." The question is whether the school systems of English-speaking provinces shall be efficient. The principle that every child shall be taught the language imparted to him at his mother's knees is an affecting one, but in this country, where we have not only English mothers' knees and French mothers' knees but Swedish mothers' knees and Flemish and Italian and Rutenian and German and Polish and lots of other mothers' knees, there has to be a choice made of a dominant language for a common school system and the choice in the English-speaking provinces of a British country is naturally English. The natural choice must prevail unless the English-speaking people can be shown that they or their forefathers pledged something else. If so, the present generation will keep faith. But also, they expect others to keep faith. And this they do not think the bilingualists are doing. They think the bilingualists are dishonorably as well as fanatically endeavoring to violate the pact of Confederation, in which Quebec and its language were given certain rights or privileges in consideration of certain rights or privileges allotted to other provinces—one of the latter rights being exclusive provincial control of education, subject to certain exceptions definable, if need be, by the courts.

This, if occasion arises, the test question in the Dominion Parliament to Mr. Bolvin and his friends should be, "What is your constitutional claim?" The bilingualists so far heard from have claimed legal equality of language in the schools. The Journal has put the question to many. They have all either dodged the answer, or practically answered "We do." Let there be no mistake about this. Here is the question and answer on March 13 for instance, of Mr. Genest, chairman of the defunct Ottawa Separate School Board, lay leader here of the bilingual agitation:

Question by Journal reporter: "The Journal said: 'The racialists assume that French has equal right in Ontario schools with English.' Do they?" Answer by Mr. Genest: "Both languages being official for the Dominion, both should be taught when required by the parents in all the schools for the full course that these children will follow."

Later, Mr. Genest said in another Ottawa paper, (March 22): "We hold that no province in the Dominion is empowered to pass any law which will prevent a child from receiving its education in both the French and English languages, should its parents so desire. Which language the child should be educated in, if not in both, should be optional with the parent, who has a perfect right under the constitution to choose either or both."

The claim being of the above kind, namely the constitutional and legal equality of the French language with English in the school systems of every province of Canada, and this claim being based upon a document which the courts are competent to interpret, namely the British North America Act, is it unfair to think that every French-Canadian possessing Canadian patriotism or even merely common sense, ought to say, "We have a plain and speedy way to get this matter settled without arousing unnecessary trouble, and until it is so settled we will not make trouble. We will go to the courts. If the courts decide our way, we won't need conciliation from anybody. The other side will have to conciliate us. On the other hand, if the courts should decide against us, we shall have to make the best of it, so we shall become the conciliatories as cheerfully as possible." But the bilingualist lay and clerical leaders and the Bourassa brood behind them are people neither patriotic nor reasonable. They are racial maniacs.

The spirit which is behind them is not desire for fair play, but desire for racial gain at the expense of other people. For illustration, take the following from La Liberté, a clerical organ in Winnipeg, proclaimed while the recent school fight was on in Manitoba, resulting in the abolition of bilingualism by a Liberal Government:

"We (i. e., the French) establish ourselves in a district and it is soon conquered. We can still ask ourselves if there is a corner in Manitoba from which we can be driven. This may not please our English-speaking friends, but experience shows it to be a fact. They haven't it in their power to drive us from a district we can colonize, and for us it's child's play to dislodge them. It is what we accomplished in the eastern townships; it is what we accomplished in the Maritime Provinces; it is what we are doing at the present time in Ontario—something, moreover, which gives them a heart-ache—and it is what we shall do else where."

Note the spirit. They are going to dislodge the English. Just as, in Ottawa, there has been a steady crusade to push English out of Ottawa University; just as in the whole Ottawa Valley, as Rev. Father Whelan showed in a memorable letter some time ago, there has been a steady campaign to dislodge Irish priests. It is to help towards gain in this fanatical racial war that they fight for more license in Ontario schools. Heaven knows why they should wish to dislodge their English-speaking fellow Canadians, both Protestant and Catholic, in a British country in which the French race and language have been practically given a territory to themselves half the size of Europe, have been welcomed as brothers everywhere, and are asked only to recognize that for the good of all Canada, French and English alike, an efficient English school system is necessary in the English-speaking provinces. But so it is, and the questions which the Dominion Parliament should ask, if it asks anything are these questions of the bilingualist champions: "Do you assert the equality of the French language in the school systems of all our provinces? 2. Whether you do or not, why do you defy and break provincial law until you find out from the courts what your school rights are?"

SENSIBLE ADVICE

"Americans should be careful to avoid pulling the chestnuts out of the fire for other nations," declared His Eminence, Cardinal Gibbons, one day last week, speaking of the great European cataclysm which is convulsing the nations of the Old World. His Eminence, who went to New Orleans for an all too brief period of a week, for rest and recreation with his brother's family, had declined all interviews, but graciously waived his determination a bit in favor of the New Orleans Morning Star. Though he declined to give any public utterance on the great burning Mexican question, he expressed most earnestly the hope for a speedy ending of the great European struggle. Dwelling with sadness upon the awful carnage in Europe, His Eminence said:

"I can only indulge in the hope that the Lord will bring this awful contest to a speedy close."

The enormous war loan of Germany was brought to his attention as an auguring little prospect for this much-desired end.

"Yes, that is true," he said, "they are going into the billions now, instead of the millions. My only hope for a speedy termination of the war, however, rests in its violence. Violence such as this soon spends itself. Violent storms are always brief ones. Let us hope that it will be so in this case."

"Do you think that America will be brought into the European conflict?" he was asked. "I trust not," His Eminence said, with his usual deep earnestness. "I hope that every measure will be taken to avoid such a terrible disaster, and that the men at the head of our nation will take every means to prevent other nations from succeeding in embroiling the United States in this conflict."

"The Holy Father was once reported as saying that America might end the war if she would. Do you think so, Your Eminence?" asked The Morning Star's representative. "Did His Holiness say this?" the Cardinal questioned in turn, with a quizzical smile, evidently having his doubts on the subject of purported interviews with the Pope.

"It is true," he said, "that America might have done much to shorten the war by absolute neutrality in refusing to sell munitions to any of the belligerents. That would have helped to bring the war to a close, but our big ammunition manufacturers would not have liked it so well."

On the Mexican question the Cardinal desired not to be quoted. "That matter now is out of our hands entirely," His Eminence said. "I have said a great deal on the subject, but do not care to talk upon it now."—N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

CATHOLIC NOTES

A recent convert to Catholicity is David Devant, the famous London illusionist. He was received into the Church by Monsignor Johnson of Brighton.

Father Tauleigne, a French priest, has invented a radio-sterescope which enables surgeons to examine with their own eyes the interior of the human body.

The Holy Father has appointed Cardinal Domenico Serafini to be Prefect of the Sacred Congregation of Propaganda, as the successor of Cardinal Gotti who died recently.

The first American soldier to die in Villa's raid in Columbus, N. M., was Private Thomas Butler, a Catholic. He was a member of Troop F., U. S. Cavalry. He was buried with full military honors in Syracuse, N. Y.

The will of the late Bishop Scannel showed that the prelate had no personal property to dispose of, save a life insurance policy of \$10,000 which he bequeathed for holy and charitable purposes.

The campaign which was started two weeks ago with the purpose of raising \$500,000 for an endowment fund for Marquette university, Milwaukee, wound up with a total of \$503,471.71.

Theodore Maynard, the British poet, whose poems have just been issued in London with a preface by G. K. Chesterton, has entered a Dominican monastery to study for the priesthood.

The population of Ireland, according to the report of the Registrar-General for the last quarter of 1915, increased 9,452 during the past year. The births numbered 95,656, the deaths were 76,169, and the emigrants 10,070.

By the death of Father Savio, S. J., Professor of Ecclesiastical History at the Gregorian University, Rome, the staff of the Civita Cattolica has lost a valuable contributor. He left an important work incomplete—a history of the Bishops of Italy.

The Laetare Medal, conferred annually by the University of Notre Dame, Indiana, upon some distinguished Catholic layman for valuable work done in the arts, sciences, public service, religion, education or philanthropy, goes this year to Dr. James J. Walsh, M. D., Ph. D., LL. D., noted physician and literateur of New York City.

The reception into the Church of John Farrell, who is described as a young English engineer, and hitherto by religious profession an Anglican, is announced. The event took place in the parish church of Carmen, Spain, the neophyte being baptized by the Augustinian, Padre Aseunaga, and his sponsors being the distinguished Provincial Deputy, Don Manuel de Carlos, and his wife.

The Rev. Francis X. La Chance, who died at the City Hospital, Ogdensburg, N. Y., recently, at the age of seventy-one, was born at Crane Island, P. Q., June 6, 1845. He later enlisted as a Zouave under General Lamoriciere of the Papal Army. He was made a prisoner of war by the Garibaldians and was released by the Italian Army after the surrender of Rome. He then resumed his studies for the priesthood and was ordained on Sept. 3, 1878.

Twenty-six years ago, when the empire became a republic Brazil counted one Archbishop and eleven Bishops; to-day it has a Cardinal, an Archbishop Primate, seven Metropolitan Archbishops, thirty-four Bishops; of diocese, four Auxiliary Bishops, five Bishops who have resigned their sees, three Bishops of vicariates apostolic and four Prefects Apostolic. The Diocese of Fortaleza is about to be erected into an archdiocese and a new diocese will be created at Sobral.

The Nobel prize for the most useful scientific achievement of recent days has been awarded to Dr. Barany, a leading surgeon of Austria, who is now a prisoner of war in Russia. Dr. Barany discovered a new treatment for severe skull wounds, which, it is reported, has proved to be of great value from the viewpoint of suffering humanity as represented by soldiers wounded in the head. Dr. Barany is a Catholic.

The death is reported at Portlao, County Waterford, Ireland, of Rev. Dr. Richard Henebery, one of the most noted Irish scholars and a native speaker of Gaelic. He deeply studied the Irish tongue in its historic and philological aspects. For some years he was professor of Irish at the Catholic University of America, Washington, D. C. In recent years he resided in Ireland as professor of Irish at University College in Cork. He was fifty two years old.

The Right Rev. Soter Stephen Orzynsky, Ruthenian Greek Catholic Bishop for the United States, the first to occupy that distinguished position in America, died last Friday afternoon, March 24, at his home, 816 North Franklin street, attached to his Cathedral of the Greek rite, in Philadelphia. Death, which was caused by pneumonia, came as a profound shock to his many friends, for the Bishop was in the prime of a vigorous manhood, being but fifty years old.

A FAIR EMIGRANT

BY ROSA MULLHOLLAND

AUTHOR OF MARCELLA GRACE: "A NOVEL."

CHAPTER XXVII—CONTINUED

"You forget that you just now... the past is past and wiped out... that we start afresh as new acquaintances."

"I am only thinking that it is time for me to go," she said, turning away and drawing her shawl around her.

"May I not accompany you to the place where your car is waiting?" "No! I wish to go alone."

"But I may come to see you—when business brings me your way?" "Please to take no further notice of me."

He fell back and allowed her to pass, but after she had gone some distance he followed along the path she had taken, and just kept his eye on her figure in advance of him till he saw her safe across the path and seated in her car.

CHAPTER XXVIII

SO SHE IS, AN EMIGRANT "I will descend to my churn," said Bawn, "and there seek comfort."

She had already built herself a new dairy, upon improved principles never heard of in the glens.

That young woman at Shangangah is going to ruin herself," said Alistair to Rory as they met in the village street. "She has taken to building. I hope the girls may get their rent after all."

"She need not ruin herself if she is industrious and persevering," returned Rory. "She does what most of us here do not: she begins at the right end."

"I thought you would take her up, as she is evidently a reformer."

"Some people seize at once the truth that two and two make four," said Rory. "while others will stick to five till their dying day. The flavour of turf freshly burning is pleasant and aromatic enough to those who like it, but nobody likes it stale, especially on butter. Miss Ingram, in providing herself with a dairy out of the reach of her household smoke, is going the right way about securing the money for her rent."

"The last tenant of the farm could not make it pay," said Alistair, "although he lost by no unnecessary outlay."

"Rather because he gained by no unnecessary outlay," said Rory. "He was too poor, or too faint-hearted, or too stupid, I don't know which, to invest a little capital and trust to his own energies for the increase."

"Has Miss Ingram got capital?" "She has plenty of it in pluck, at all events. When I last saw Shangangah it was a deplorable sight. Ehen! the dislocated gates, the corners of land choked with weeds, the holes in the fences! Now there is a change."

"You have been there?" "Yes, I have just been there. I wanted to bring Miss Ingram a watchdog. Not that I imagine any one would molest her; she has already won a sort of enthusiasm from her neighbours and servants. If it be true that the Irish would either kill you or die for you, it is evident that the people of Glenmalurcan would prefer to be victims for Miss Ingram's sake."

"There is a charm about her, I own. Still, I am glad you thought of bringing her the dog."

"So am I," said Rory quietly. "How did she receive it? I have a notion that she is not fond of being interfered with."

"She received it characteristically, I think. First she declared she had no need of him and would not have him. Then she said she would like him for a companion, if he would promise not to hurt anything harmless. Finally she smiled curiously and said, 'I hope he will take a dislike to Major Batt.'"

"The old hump!—I mean the major. Has he been selling her any more broken-kneed cattle?" "She is not one to be taken in twice. But I think you and I ought to look after her a little."

"You appear to have been doing it."

"I am like you; I practise as I preach," said Rory, thinking of the top-sided gates which Bawn had had to hitch up into their places.

"She is young and fair to see, and has put herself into rather a peculiar position," said Alistair. "But of course I will stand by her whenever I can."

"She comes from a country where women are brought up to act like reasonable beings, and where, when they have not been born with silver spoons in their mouths, they proceed to do the best they can with their time and their hands."

"Perhaps she ought to have stayed there. I am not sure. Flora and Manon do not like her, somehow."

"Shana and Rosheen do. Two against two, even among the ladies," said Rory, smiling. "And Gran?"

"Oh! Gran says little: is for giving her a fair trial—like me," said Rory; and then, a brother landlord and magistrate having come up, the conversation turned on boycotting and other troubles of the times in the disturbed part of the country.

"Rory seems inclined to make an emigrant of Miss Ingram," said Alistair, smilingly that evening as he sipped his coffee with his feet on his wife's antique brass fender, having, at the moment, one mental eye on improved Shangangah and the other on his new edition of *luxe* of Horace, in the pages of which he had left his paper knife, intending to find it in them again as soon as he could manage to slip away from the drawing-room.

"So she is, an emigrant," said Shana. "I wish all our emigrants had her energy," said Alistair, who loved every

stick and stone in the Rath and had some misgiving that he would starve and die there, like the Adares in their ruin, rather than be driven out into a new country to put his shoulder to vulgar wheels that any man could turn as well as himself. He had a sneaking sympathy for emigrants, but it took no active form as Rory's did. He would have the people all at home and give them alms, when he could spare any, to keep them alive; but he could not do without his *édition de luxe*, and preferred it to either philanthropy or political economy.

"I wish we all had her energy, for the matter of that. It seems she is making butter already in her new dairy," he added, with a virtuous desire to say a good word for Miss Ingram here, though he had been a little hard on her to Rory.

"I have seen it and tasted it," said Shana, "and if the Danes can do better than that they deserved to conquer Ireland."

"I wish you would speak to Shana. Alistair, now we are on the subject, about running so much after that American woman. I have said distinctly that I do not like her, but my feelings and opinions go for nothing. Shana is only too ready to pick up American audacity and impudence."

"Tie a string to her leg, Flora. It is the only thing to be done with young wild animals," said Alistair, who was fond of his spirited little sister, and had sometimes asked himself how it would have been if he had been born with her characteristics instead of his own.

"Of course you will take her part; but, mark my words, that Ingram girl will make mischief here yet. There she has Rory and Major Batt running after her already—"

"And Shana, which is much more improper."

"And she drives about her everywhere, and orders over the country, superintends her own buildings, for which she will probably pay no rent."

"But then we shall have the new dairy, Flora, if she runs away, or if we evict her."

"All very fine, while she is setting her cap at Rory or Major Batt—"

"Flora, how can you be so vulgar?" burst forth Shana. "All because Rory was thoughtful enough to bring her a watch-dog! I was there at the time, and nothing could be more unlike that than her manner."

"As for Batt, I believe she intends to set the dog at him," said Alistair. "If I am to be called vulgar in my own house and in my husband's presence—" began Flora, swelling with anger and injured pride.

"It is a sign you had better let the subject drop," said her husband, rising hastily and thinking of his Horace with a sensation of relief. "Evidently Shana has already been contaminated. We had better begin to kill the goose with the golden eggs, and give this Jezebel notice to quit."

It was the same day on which this conversation had taken place that Bawn had said to herself that she was resolved to look for comfort in her churn.

She acknowledged to herself that she greatly needed comfort from some quarter. The fiction that Rory was not Somerled, with which she had deceived herself, having been fully exposed, she was feeling all the reality of her uncomfortable position. She had come across the world with one settled purpose in her mind, which no counsel had been able to shake, and she found herself opposed by a difficulty of the strangest and most unexpected kind—the persevering devotion of the last person in the world who ought to have taken any notice of her.

Here was a man who fascinated her imagination and constrained her heart in a way that made her indignant with herself, and he was the namesake and nephew of that other of his family whose unfortunate and untimely death had ruined her father's life and cast a stain upon her own name. Somehow the contemplation of this fact seemed to make it suddenly become quite unlikely that she should succeed in the mission she had so boldly undertaken. The inhabitants of that rotting ruin were probably either mad or doting; and even if they had anything to tell, how were they to be forced to tell it, and who would believe them when it was told? Then if she should at some moment find herself obliged in honour to inform Rory Fingall of her identity, what would there be left for her to do but to go back whence she had come, disgraced, and perhaps—who could say?—heart-broken, leaving her task abandoned and unfinished?

Why had she not obeyed her father's wishes, followed Dr. Ackroyd's counsels, and letting the past rest, set the current of her life far from the glens of Antrim and the tragedy they knew of?

She might have travelled about Europe leading a pleasant life, in company with some respectable duenna, or she might have stayed in her own country, using her fortune to help those poor Irish emigrants of whom she had lately heard so much. She might have turned her life to account somehow, without inviting that heavy tribulation which she began to feel sorely afraid the future had in store for her. It was possible, however, that by sheer force of will she could yet come to her own assistance.

Standing alone in her dairy, so cool, spotless, and scented with the odour of fresh cream, she clasped her hands across her heart and sighed an impatient sigh. There were two ways by which she could help herself: one was by keeping Mr. Fingall at an

unfriendly distance; and had she not already got her feet well upon the track of this way? The other was by succeeding in her enterprise and clearing her father's character from its stain. Alas! what a moonshine dream the latter seemed at this moment, looked at with eyes enlightened by the strong sunlight of her new experience of life. And then her maidens came back from their dinner, and the business of the dairy went on, till she was told that Mr. Rory Fingall was at the door, praying her to speak with him for a few moments.

"Tell him I am busy making butter Betty, and cannot see visitors," she said, startled at his boldness.

"He says he will call back in an hour, ma'am, when the butter is made."

Bawn went on with her work, instructing her half dozen maidens of the glen, who were part her servants and part her pupils, and all the time striving to keep her heart as hard and as firm as she was assuring her assistants their butter ought to be. What was she to do with him on his return? Great was her relief when another message was brought to her. It was Miss Fingall who was asking for her this time, and, while Shana remained with her, Rory reappeared with his dog. There was now no possibility of turning him away from the door. The question of the dog was discussed; and Sorley Boy, a great, tawny collier, shaggy and silky, with an intelligent muzzle and tender eyes, was finally accepted by Miss Ingram as the champion of her household.

Bawn, in her crisp calico gown and snow-white apron, was waiting on Shana, giving the young lady a taste of the delicious butters she had just got a lesson in making; and in spite of Bawn's stern resolve of an hour ago, the giver of the dog received a cup of well-creamed tea from the milk-white hand which had so recently been busy with the churn.

"Rory, I wish you had not come," said Shana. "You have interrupted my lesson. I know you will not tell, but I am hoping to go into partnership with Miss Ingram by-and-by."

"Indeed!" said Rory. "This is your secret, is it?"

And he was careful not to look at Bawn, lest she should see dancing in his eyes the assertion that, in spite of all that had come and gone, his own hope was somewhat identical with his cousin's.

Finally Rory went away alone, satisfied inasmuch as he had left the dog behind him, and not very jealous of Shana, though she had remained where he did not venture to remain.

The car was waiting for her, Shana had said, and the day was long. It was known at home that she meant to pay a long and profitable visit to Miss Ingram.

The truth was, Shana had brought a manuscript in her pocket, and intended consulting with Bawn as to whether it was worth anything or not—the young authoress being still a little undecided between butter and literature as the means of ending herself with a fortune before becoming a wife. Rory's provoking visit had foiled her intentions. It would soon be time to depart, and Bawn's interrupted dairy had yet to be finished.

"What a pity you could not be here in the evening," said Bawn, looking at the outside of the manuscript. "Of course it is impossible, but I should then be so free."

"I can wait a little longer," said Shana; and when Bawn reappeared from her dairy in the course of half an hour she found Shana looking quite at home in the little sitting-room, with her hat put away, and glancing eagerly over the pages of her formidable-looking manuscript.

"I have sent away the car, with a message that I am going to remain here all night," said Miss Fingall, quickly. "I can sleep on the floor, or anywhere."

But Lady Flora—your family—what will they say?" "Oh! Flora will say a great deal; but my brother will only laugh, and can hide in his library. Rosheen is at Tor, entertaining the visitor, and so she will not be annoyed in the matter. I shall be freely condemned when I go home to-morrow; but then I am always being freely condemned. People who are constantly grumbling do not produce as much effect, you know, as people who only scold when you do very wrong."

"I am afraid this is really wrong," said Bawn, smiling with pleasure at the prospect of having a companion for so many hours; "but when my lady landlord chooses to sleep under her own roof—well, I cannot evict her."

The evening passed in the reading and discussion of Shana's novel. With all her boldness, Miss Fingall found it difficult to read her own paragraphs aloud.

"I never felt so with Rosheen," she said plaintively, dropping the pages in discouragement. "But then she is as ignorant as myself, and I am not afraid of her."

"I dare say you have both read more novels than I have," said Bawn, "and you ought to know quite as much of telling your story as I should be able to tell you whether I think your story is like life as I have met with it."

"Oh! it can't be as all like that," said Shana briskly, "because it is altogether about things that happened two or three hundred years ago. It is something in the style of Ossian, only in plain prose. The people are chieftains, and lofty ladies—"

"Historical?" "Not exactly," said Shana, changing colour rapidly "except that Sorley

Boy—that is, Somerled Bluee—the hero, was a real man."

"Was he?" "An ancestor of ours. Yellow haired Somerled. Rory has named your dog for him. He is named after him himself—Roderick Somerled. Sorley Boy is a contraction for Somerled Bluee. It suits the colour of the dog better than Rory, who is dark."

"But about the story?" "Somerled Bluee marries a lady who plays the harp, and of course he is very fond of her; but I am dreadfully afraid there is not enough about that. I want the readers to take a great deal of it for granted, and perhaps they won't. I have some good descriptions, though, and they all say such honourable things. Do you think that will make up? Do you believe it will be a popular novel?"

"I can't tell till I have heard it," said Bawn. "Shana went courageously through her work, which was not very long, after all, though it made a great show of foolscap. When she had finished her face was damp, and red and white in patches, and she dropped back into her chair as if extinguished."

"Well, what do you say? Have you found it exciting?" "No," said Bawn promptly. "Not even deeply interesting?" "No. I would rather have been talking to you all the time."

Shana drew a long sigh of relief. "On the whole I am very glad!" And before Bawn could stop her she had buried her manuscript in the heart of the fire.

"I am no longer afraid that I shall be hiding a great talent by sticking to the churn. My heart has inclined to butter, and butter it shall be."

"But, dear Miss Fingall, why should a young lady like you take to butter?" "I will tell you," said Shana, and her lips softened and her eyes shone. "One supreme effort is enough for this evening. But I will tell you some day when I can get myself to speak."

When Shana was tucked up in bed, and Bawn had spread a pallet for herself in a corner, she went back to her little kitchen and stood looking at Sorley Boy, the collier dog, who sat in a dignified attitude on the hearth in the red light of the sinking turf fire. A gentle snoring told that Betty and Nancy were sound asleep not far off, and Bawn and the dog were alone. She knelt down beside him and stroked his tawny silky coat. "Sorley Boy," she said to him—"Somerled Bluee." She admired his acutely intelligent muzzle, and looked in his grave eyes, full of dog-like tenderness. Then she lifted his fore-paws, one after the other, gently, as if asking a favor, and placed them on her shoulders, and laid her hair against his ear.

"You are a fine fellow," she said, "a gift worthy of your namesake, and you and I are going to be friends. There is no reason in the world, this contrary world, why I ought not to love this Somerled, at all events."

TO BE CONTINUED

THE MESSAGE OF THE EASTER BELLS

Deputy Godefroy, socialist and so-called reformer, was an active agent in the agitation against the clerics; his hatred was strong and bitter. The wife had been a teacher in one of the State schools before her marriage. He had come to Paris in sabots at the age of fourteen, and, shaking off his sabots, shook off also the memory of his youth. Baptiste Godefroy, who had risen to be municipal counselor, then deputy, would not call to mind the little Baptiste who formerly tended sheep, dipped his bare feet idly in the tiny brooks, served M. le Cure's Mass and rang the bells during the processions on feast days. Rest assured, Deputy Godefroy remembered none of these things. The hands of the peasant joy had proudly raised the cross; the hands of the man, mowed aloft the red torch of insurrection. The mere thought of a priest now raised his anger. When his eyes rested upon a bellifer he raged; when the ringing of the church bells fell upon his ears he fumed. The bells! He could not forgive them. They humiliated him. The bellies were not so bad—he could turn his head away and they need not offend him. But the bells, the bells! He stopped his ears when the deep toned chimes of Notre Dame announced the glorious Easter-day to the people of the city. Oh! those bells, how he hated them!

And his wife was of the same mind. Child of Paris, she was the daughter of modest artisans, but a student. A little science, much sociology and a diploma gave her prestige. She, too, prated of the gods of the revolution, the martyrs of anarchy, hatred of the Church. The sight of the cross was a challenge, the sound of the bells the clarion call of an enemy.

Deputy Baptiste Godefroy maintained a furious campaign against the bells—he would silence them in the interest of the State, of the people. They should live voicelessly in their cages, those bells of France, the great ones forgotten, the little ones vibrating only under the touch of a vagrant wind. When he passed before Notre Dame he would exorcise his tormentors.

"Ah, you will soon be mute! Peel on! Your time is short—and we shall have the last word."

Baptiste and his wife had been married ten years; they had no children, nor wished for any. He

preached the abandonment of children to the care of the State, the abolition of the family, communism. In this blasphemy, however, the woman did not join him.

Their child was born. When she came into the world, so frail, so white and pink, so helpless, the father contemplated her enraptured, caressing her, murmuring words of endearment; words that rose to his lips unconsciously.

"My pretty little daughter! My pretty little angel! The gift of God!" No, he did not know what he was saying. The mother was silent, speechless with love, her eyes beaming it, her countenance radiating it, her whole being filled with it.

"She shall be called Angela," said Baptiste Godefroy. "That name suits her best—she is like an angel."

"True," murmured the mother, taking the little hand in hers and holding it, looking at the child with awed gaze, as if the very name set her apart from them.

And Angela grew as a flower grows—a fragile flower, that human hands must not touch too roughly, that the sun must kiss but lightly, that no heavy wind dare disturb. Wise and thoughtful, given neither to tears nor to laughter, but with a smile that lighted up her features with a singular sweetness—a sweetness that was not effaced even in slumber.

She was like a little bird that would not leave its nest, playing always at her mother's side—playing by herself with bits of colored paper, a ribbon, a flower and singing under her breath. And when she grew tired she would climb on her mother's knees, and the mother would lift her thinking: "How light she is, how light!" clasping her more tenderly in her loving arms.

"Tell me the story of little Red Riding Hood."

This mother, who had written a paper on the pernicious influence of fairy tales on the minds of the citizens of the future socialistic state, who had declared against them as creating a false imagination in the young—this mother would relate the story of little "Red Riding Hood" and "Hop o' My Thumb" and the "Sleeping Beauty." When the father came home she sought his arms as readily.

He trotted her on his knee, tossed her in his arms, played bear and lion with her to her heart's content, and between the lion's roars and the lion's bearded lips tenderly caressed her.

One evening Godefroy returned from a public meeting. This was the time of the municipal election, and it behooved all good "reformers" of his kind to be up and doing. He had been more than ordinarily violent, his language more unrestrained. He had set up the guillotine and consigned to it all those who menaced the State—lazy men of fashion, all those wealthy, beautiful women who were crushing the poor under their carriage wheels. He had carried his audience with him, and arrived home still excited, his brain in a whirl. He mounted the stairs, opened the door of the apartment, entered the room softly that he might not disturb the little one. No excitement was visible on his face as he approached the white bed, so white and spotless that it gave more light to the room than the lamp upon the table.

"Art thou sleeping?" he whispered. An innocent voice responded. "Look, papa!" She extended her tiny hands. "Dearest papa, see this beautiful bird."

He looked at it. "That is not a bird, little one. It is an angel."

The father's clumsy answers to the child's eager questions confused him strangely. They were so simple, these questions, so natural, and the man's mind reverted desperately to the old answers of his childhood. The little one's prattle and his own thoughts disturbed him for a while, but soon this discomfort was lost in something larger, more terrifying. Little Angela was sick. She drooped and whitened, and in fear the father and mother hastened off with her to the country, with its wider spaces and purer air. They went to a pretty little village not far from Paris.

The child seemed to brighten among the woods and flowers, and her eyes lighted when, on the first day, she heard a sound like music in the quiet air. Godefroy recognized the sound. It was a bell. He wrinkled his brows. A bell! A bell that sounded in spite of the government, in spite of him, Deputy Baptiste Godefroy! And then a chapel rose before their eyes.

"They are ringing the Angelus," said Godefroy, his voice trembling with anger. "They have the audacity—"

"Oh, papa, papa, listen! It is so pretty. Thou seest, the birds are listening, too. They are not singing."

And the man listened, like the birds, to the bell that enchanted his little daughter.

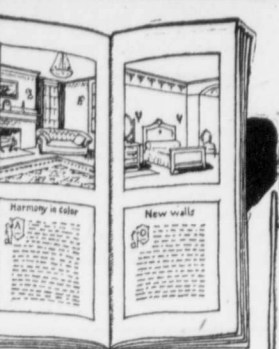
The house he had chosen commanded a view of the chapel that so tranquilly rang out the Angelus. From Angela's windows could be seen the old wooden bellfry.

"Oh, that chapel!" thought the mother. "That cross!"

But her eyes lingered longest on the small headstones in the churchyard, like a flock of lambs gathered close to the shepherd.

"It is lovely," said Angela, "the pretty house of the bell."

That evening Angela's cheeks had a new color. While she slept there was a smile on her lips—a smile so radiant that the mother was stirred to the heart, hoping and fearing at the same time. For a while she was like a new child. She ate well,



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played and laughed, ran out into the fields to search for wild flowers, caressed the lambs. It was a week later when, one day, she turned to her mother with the old note of fatigue in her voice:

"I am so tired, mamma!"
The parents knew then that the shadow had followed them, the shadow they had tried to elude. That week had been but a moment of respite, ere its blackness enveloped them once more. Angela did not go back to play with the lambs in the meadows, nor did she leave her room again. Her father carried her to a chair at the window, and there she rested all day long, and as each passed in its usual way the little body grew lighter, the tiny hands thinner. When the father and mother left her to go to their meals an old woman sat beside her. Angela loved this old woman, who could tell her the most beautiful stories. She knew so many—oh, so many more than her mother! She said the angel of the picture was the angel of the shepherds, and she told her of the birth of the little Child who was called Jesus.

"A Child I should have loved if I had known Him," said Angela.
And during her long reveries she played with these holy personages—especially the little Babe of Bethlehem.

"Why does the little bell ring three times a day?" she asked.

"To remind us of the birth of the little Child Jesus."

And Angela loved still more the bell of the chapel. She did not say again that she was tired, but before long she could not sit in her chair, but had to remain in bed. Godfrey brought her all the flowers he could find, digging them up by the roots and replanting them in front of the window that she might see them.

The evening of Holy Thursday he turned to his wife, the picture of consternation.

"I have received a letter from the prefecture. Read it."

"To the Deputy Baptiste Godfrey," it began.

"Being informed that a certain chapel at S—has had the audacity to ring its bells under your windows, I have given orders for the expulsion, as speedily as possible, of the priest in charge. The affair will be settled by the time you receive this letter, and I have tried to spare you the least annoyance in connection with it."

"Believe me," etc.

"Angela!" exclaimed the mother.

"Angela loves that bell."

"The idiot!" groaned Baptiste Godfrey. "He and his zeal! Did the bell injure him? Did we complain? And what shall we say to the little one?"

The following morning no bell sounded. The child missed it.
"Mamma," she exclaimed, feebly.
"What, my treasure?" asked the mother, on her knees beside the bed.
"The bell! I do not hear the bell!"
"The mother looked at the father in anguish. Her eyes begged of him to speak.

"It is because it is Good Friday," he said.

"What is that?" asked Angela, wondering.

"The bells do not sound during these two days because Jesus is dead."

"The little Jesus dead!" wailed the child. "Dead!"

"He will rise again. He will live again," hastily cried the father. "On Sunday—Easter Sunday—He rises from the grave."

"He will? Oh, you are sure, sure?"

"Yes. The bells, you see, my Angela, go to Rome during this time in a little boat. Really! But they always come back for Easter Sunday."

"They will surely come back."

"You promise me?"

"I promise thee."

"Why do you say 'the bells' will come back? There is only one bell."

"On Easter Sunday there will be two."

"That will be nice," said the child.

The mother put her arm around the little one.

"Do not excite her any more, dear. She is trembling."

Angela lay quiet, her breath coming in gasps, her eyes wide open. They sent for the physician again, frightened. His visit was unsatisfactory; he would give them no decision.

Saturday evening she said:

"Tomorrow is near. I am lonely without the little bell. When it rings I can hear such pretty songs; without it there are no songs. And all the bells will ring at Easter."

"What do they say, mamma?"

"I do not know, darling."

"Papa, you tell me." She was a little impatient. "You know the song they sing."

"Yes, my treasure, I know the song. But you must sleep. I will sing the 'Morte surxit hodie' song, and then you must go to sleep."

In a low, trembling voice he began:

"O filii, et filie
Rex coelestis, Rex glorie
Alleluia!"

"Oh, that is nice!" cried the child happily. "That is nice. Sing it once more, papa."

She slept, but her father and mother could not.

"What shall we do, what shall we do? Oh, if she does not hear the bell tomorrow!" moaned the mother.

"I must get up, get up," said the father. "I cannot sleep. My head aches." And he rose and went away.

With the first faint streaks of dawn the mother rose also, and called the old woman whom she was in the habit of leaving beside Angela.

"Come and sit with her a few moments. I shall return immediately."

The sun had risen. His first rays touched the child's closed lids and woke her.

"It is Easter," she murmured, and smiled back at the smiling day peeping in at her windows. The mother, outdoors, proceeded at a rapid pace toward the chapel. She was at its entrance when a sound fell upon her ears. She entered trembling. Her husband stood there, pulling the bell rope. They looked at each other in silence.

"Take the other rope," he said then simply.

And at the second bell with all her strength. The child sat up in bed.

"The bells! The bells!"

She could say no other word, but listened, her heart bounding with joy to the Easter song that the bells were ringing. Her eyes, fixed on the window, saw—

The beautiful Being of the Christmas picture was coming toward her, no longer surrounded by gilt spangles, but bathed in the light of the rising sun. He approached her, pure white, graceful. Nearer, still nearer.

And then the angel of the resurrection gathered up to him the soul of the little Angela and carried it off to Paradise, where celestial bells tell ever the alleluia of an eternal Easter.—Translated from the French for the Morning Star.

OUR HARVEST OF FOES

Our foes are numerous and irritating. Many of them are united in one thing which will not do for us to deny, sincerity. Such men must be either converted or fought relentlessly. But one of the greatest mistakes we can make in our attempt to do either is to suspect their sincerity, vilify their motives or themselves, and accuse them of consciously or deliberately being all but incarnate fiends. They are not. They are sincerely ignorant, and they get perignantly and they get perignantly all too little assistance toward the light from some of their opponents in our camp, who know enough to oppose them but do not know enough to convert them. It is by exposing the error of their systems and at the same time revealing the Catholic corrective for it, that they are disarmed. Such champions of the Church, zealous though they be, may easily do more harm than good from their ignorance of the correct Catholic way to combat sincere error, and their lack of the unworldly calm and love, even of enemies, which is so difficult at times, but which Christianity should provide.

Perhaps the success of these foes of ours is practically as great as if they really were incarnate fiends or sworn foes of truth, though probably their very achievements are due to the fact that they really are nothing of the sort, but extremely sincere truth-seekers and therefore extremely influential. No one should attempt to oppose a sincere foe without granting his sincerity and being candid. Hard as it may be for persons who see the fruitful havoc wrought by their foes' erroneous opinions, the enemy must be given the credit of supreme sincerity.

Take the Socialist, I think that no one who really knows the best type of men in this fallacious movement will have any desire to deny that they are splendidly, touchingly inspiring sincere in their desire to reform evils and prevent injustice. The trouble with them is, perhaps, that they think fallen human nature as a whole can be so good as to produce and live under a form of society in which evil and injustice can hardly exist. In their very sincerity and absolute hatred of expediency they go too far. Instead of desiring continually to reform abuses as they occur, and they would come up even under Socialism, they wish to abolish both good and bad in existing conditions and to produce something totally new. Their very sincerity is the great asset of their movement, and their sincerity is a thing greatly to be desired in present day society.

Now, here is an element that must be taken into account in dealing with the genuine Socialist and the genuine devotee of any of the multitudinous schools of respectable non-Catholic thought-to-day: they really do seek and desire the truth, about all things. Expediency, more holding fast to present systems for any personal or corporate gain which may eventuate from something not so good as it should be, they detest. Shallowness, insincerity and desire for mere personal advantage they abhor. But what does this signify to us? It means that non-Catholics long for the truth so ardently that if we can present the truth to them in terms which they can understand and cannot fail to consider, they will not hesitate to accept it gladly. Nay, more, they would probably accept it and use it more sincerely and more zealously than vast numbers of Catholics. They would not be satisfied with merely going to Mass and receiving the sacraments; they would desire to live the Catholic life completely every day, every hour, not only individually, but corporately. They would realize that Catholic life is what they had been seeking before their conversion, and they would desire the restoration of this life through liturgy, ritual, pageantry, art, literature, music, customs, and so on. They would probably discover in the Church things which we ourselves, long unaccustomed to the freedom of full Catholic life, and now

perhaps actually estranged from it to a considerable extent, have unwisely neglected.

Ah, it will be a crying pity and a great tragedy if we cannot and do not convert these sincere truth-seekers so ripe for the harvest! Converted, they may prove even our own salvation in the way of renewing the thoroughly Catholic life now almost impossible or sadly neglected. Here is a work which cries out for an able, trained master of apologetics who, with his grasp of modern eccentricity of thought and his flaming zeal for the Faith, would win to the Church those among the moderns who should be called her shining lights. Those who might efficiently work out the salvation of society by the light of the Faith are now working outside the Church. If they but knew the Faith and the power which it offers for this purpose how far superior to their work! Can we not staff off, at least for many centuries, the mournful kingdom of Anti-Christ so vividly pictured by Mgr. Benson in his "Lord of the World," by working the conversion of these people who are, consciously or unconsciously, making for Anti-Christ?

The hope of the Church, as well as of society, of the future, may, perhaps, lie largely in the conversion of these stalwart, sincere men who are now our foes, not because of evil intent, but because of the very sincerity of their ignorance. They simply do not know how to reason clearly; it is not that they do not wish to reason well. They are not to-day responsible for the fog thrown between them and things Catholic by their forefathers. And if only that fog could be lifted, what a burst of enthusiastic acceptance and use of things Catholic might not be expected of them. See what those who have already been converted are doing in and for the Church! They shame the ordinary Catholic by their grasp of the faith, their conviction, zeal, piety, fervor, devotion and practice. Could all, or even the bulk, of our foes be similarly transformed, what a glorious future would open out for this land, for the Church here, and very likely, for the whole sad world!

We must respect our sincere enemies. We must thoroughly know their thoughts, aims, and enthusiasms, as well as their errors. Then we can teach them how to separate truth from error, and then both we and they can use all that is true in modern thought in the service of Catholic truth. To try hard to bring about their conversion is absolutely out of the question. Let us not be found wanting!—Henry A. Dolery, Jr., in America.

THE INTERMEDIATE STATE OF THE DEAD

Such is the term employed by those Protestant sects that have been troubled in spirit as to what disposition to make of departed souls who have left this life and have not yet found a permanent abiding place in the world to come. A few individuals may be found in nearly all the non-Catholic organizations who believe that after death the deceased immediately enters upon his eternal reward or eternal torment; but it is almost a unanimous belief of those denominations that, between death and the day of judgment, the departed soul is detained in a place of waiting, which is determined by the character or faith of the individual at death. These "intermediate states" are as varied and as numerous as the sects that place them in their creeds, or even as the preachers who minister to the people. Watson's Theology, among the Methodists, describes one kind of "middle world"; Hodge's System of Theology, among the Presbyterians, has another; Pendleton, who teaches Southern Baptists, gives still another; while Robinson and Strong, who inculcate doctrine to Northern Baptists, express a still different view. The Seventh Day Adventists believe that the dead repose in a sound slumber until the day of judgment; then we have the Unitarian, the Mormon, the Christian Science view, and many others. One famous Baptist minister whom we heard preach on the subject, and whose opinion was generally held in the district where he lived, said that after death "ante-rooms" or "waiting-places" would be found for (1) the righteous dead; (2) the unrighteous dead; (3) infants; (4) good heathen; and (5) bad heathen. In addition to these, an immediate entrance upon everlasting bliss would be vouchsafed to genuine Christians, and a similar entrance into eternal suffering would be the lot of those who died impenitent.

Turning away from these multi-form and parti-colored views of the intermediate state of the dead, the Catholic finds comfort in a clear and infallible definition of Purgatory as a place of waiting and cleansing until the Great Judge shall grant him an "abundant entrance," to a place at His right hand, where sin and sorrow shall trouble him no more. "Nothing defiled can enter heaven."

Purgatory is taught by all those references to God's usual, and ordinary economy of dealing with sinners—namely, that when God punishes the sinner He generally leaves the sinner to be atoned for by Adam, with Moses with King David. This atonement is decreed by God Himself and must be completed; if not in this world then in the next. There is no punishment in Heaven;

there can be no atonement out of hell; there must be a middle state, and Catholics call it Purgatory. This doctrine is also proved from II. Maccabees xii, 46, where prayer for the dead is recommended; from Matthew, xii, 32, where the sin against the Holy Ghost is characterized as not being forgiven, even in the next world. The Catholic doctrine of Purgatory is supported by the belief and practice of the first writers of the Christian Church and by an unbroken tradition of sixteen centuries of universal Christian acceptance.

An editorial in the *Episcopalian* organ, *The Living Church*, laments the decay of prayers for the dead, a dogma which is the natural and logical outcome of belief in Purgatory, and our hearts go forth in sympathy for our troubled and erring brother. His words give expression to a deep cry that finds an "amen" in every Catholic soul:

"When Protestantism shut down on praying for the dead, it was guilty of a cruelty to bereaved mourners that is simply monstrous. And we see the result of centuries of that teaching in the blank despair that so often characterizes the Protestant funeral. To lay the widow on the funeral pyre of the husband who has been a long term of years, is hardly more cruel than to tell her that now, when he is torn from her immediate visible presence, she must cease those prayers for him during all those years; that she may some day join him in an unknown life above, but that in the meantime she can have no relationship with him, must not even pray for him. What wonder that spiritualism made good inroads among people who were taught that doctrine of despair.—The Missionary.

LOOK FOR THE GOOD

Look for the good in people. How would you feel if you knew that people, whenever they talked about you, talked only about what was bad in you? You know it is there, plenty of it, but you would rather not have it talked about. Well, other people feel the same. They, too, prefer to have their better selves discussed rather than their shady sides. Treat the other person as you would wish to be treated yourself. "Do unto others."—Sacred Heart Review.

TEMPTATION

The Lord permits Satan continually to assail us with his temptations, to the end that we may continually buckle upon ourselves the whole armor of God, (Eph. vi)—that we may be ready for the battle. The way some persons act, as the Irish Catholics say, and the way they speak, too, it seems they try to prove to us that at times it is impossible to overcome temptations. We must follow our impulses and cannot overcome overpowering temptations. Each life has its own besetting temptations, its own share of trials, and is menaced somewhere by danger. Strength is got through all this strain. That is the natural environment for growth in grace and virtue. It is the common human experience for the training of character, for the making of pure manhood and womanhood. He who is not tried and has nothing to overcome cannot be a soldier. And there is no one who is exempt from this battle, whether man or woman. To refuse to see the moral significance is to empty life of any meaning at all. But when we have a glimmering of the great and inspiring thought that this is the will of God for us, even our own sanctification, and we manfully try to overcome ourselves, we begin to see how it must be that God is faithful. He will not suffer us to be tempted above or beyond our powers, but will with the temptations we may be able to bear. The trouble with those who say they cannot overcome temptation is that they do not want to overcome it. In their hearts they have a sneaking love for the fault and take pleasure in it, and therefore they are never able to rise above it and overcome themselves.—The Missionary.

HER HAPPINESS

So many religious authors have written of the sorrows of Mary that Catholics forget that no woman before or since ever had the joys to equal the happiness of Mary. Of these Father Faber writes:

"A mother's joy over her first-born has passed into a proverb, but no creature has ever rejoiced as Mary did. No joy was ever so deep, so holy, so beautiful as hers. It was the joy of possessing God in a way in which none has possessed Him heretofore—a way which was the grandest work of His wisdom and His power, the greatest height of His wisdom and His creatures. It was the joy of presenting to God what was equal to Himself, and so covering His Divine Majesty with a co-extensive worship. It was the joy of being able to that offering to impetrate for her fellow-creatures wonderful graces, which were new both in their abundance, their efficacy, and their excellence. It was the joy of the beauty of Jesus, of the joy of presenting to God what was equal to Himself, and so covering His Divine Majesty with a co-extensive worship. 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LONDON, SATURDAY, APRIL 22, 1916

WILFRID WARD

The Oxford Movement is ever interesting to the student of history and never-ending in its influence on the spiritual life of England. When this memorable movement started in England in 1833 William George Ward was a follower of the famous Dr. Arnold and stood aloof from the new school of thought with suspicion and almost with contempt. In 1838 he definitely changed his position and became an ardent disciple of Dr. (afterwards Cardinal) Newman.

In 1844, a year before he was received into the Church, he published a work entitled "The Ideal of a Christian Church considered in comparison with existing practice." From this work he acquired the sobriquet of "Ideal" Ward, a name which is recalled in the press despatches which convey the sad news of the death of "Wilfrid Ward son of 'Ideal' Ward of the Oxford Movement."

The Oxford authorities condemned Ward's book and degraded the author by taking away his degrees; a proceeding which the recent death of a distinguished convert shows that the great University of Catholic foundation, followed in other cases.

W. G. Ward, after he was led into the fulness of truth, ever used his great attainments as a scholar and his remarkable logical acumen as the uncompromising advocate and champion of the Catholic Church.

Thus much of a man who profoundly influenced the intellectual and religious life of England; and whom Tennyson, his friend and neighbor in the Isle of Wight, hailed in verse as the "most generous of ultramontanes." Ultramontane, in every sense of the word, was W. G. Ward. After his storm-tossed experience the sense of security of Catholic truth predominated all else. While wholeheartedly sympathetic with all outside the Faith, he never felt that large intellectual sympathy with them that is the heritage of Catholics to the manner born.

His son, Wilfrid, was no less uncompromisingly Catholic, but he had a wider range of intellectual sympathy with all schools of thought outside the limits of Catholic truth.

Perhaps for this reason he was a welcome contributor to any and all of the more serious English reviews. The Dublin Review was founded by Cardinal Newman in 1835 to voice the Catholic claims on the consideration of intellectual England as against the hitherto unrivalled Whig "Edinburgh" and Tory "Quarterly," and which, after his conversion, was edited by W. G. Ward, "the Philosopher of the Oxford Movement."

In the preface of a volume of Essays by his son, Wilfrid Ward, "Problems and Persons," we read: "Most of the Essays here given to the public have appeared in the leading reviews in the course of the past eight years (previous to 1903). . . . Three of them now appear for the first time under the author's own name, having been originally printed in the Quarterly and Edinburgh Reviews."

This marks an interesting development of Catholic influence on the English intellectual life.

We cannot allow ourselves, just now, to recall the rare good things to be found in his Essays. Nor is the volume just mentioned the only one full of interest and information that came from his prolific pen. "Witnesses to the Unseen," "Ten Personal Studies," and "Men and Matters," all are illuminating treatises from a Catholic viewpoint of present-day questions and personalities.

The late editor of the Dublin Review also finds a place amongst the first ranks of great biographers: W. G. Ward, Aubrey de Vere, Wise-man and Newman will many generations hence be recognized as having received adequate appreciation at the hands of Wilfrid Ward.

Barely sixty years old, the great Catholic writer who has just passed away will be sadly missed; yet his achievements have been such that we are sure his great-minded, simple-hearted and saintly father will welcome his illustrious son to the reward of the good and faithful servant.

DOES IT POINT A MORAL?

In the sanest and brightest of Irish publications, *Ireland*, (18 West 40th St., New York), we read of the death of David Healy.

Now we happen to know something of Dave Healy and we venture to think that our readers will be interested in a little chatty reminiscence of a man who achieved distinction in his work and who is mourned by thousands of the best and most true-hearted of the Irish race in America.

Somewhere about forty-five years ago the writer saw, for the first time, a corpse! and a funeral. A corpse, a human body from which the soul had fled; it was an awesome experience, and it is even yet a vivid memory. "Old Dan Healy," in our limited experience of life, had always been a conspicuous figure and one which it had never entered into our childish minds would disappear. When the old man died he was, (let the incredulous many smile their incredulity, the few know it is the truth), one hundred and eleven years old. If that appears altogether incredible we cannot help it; moreover, within a year or so of his death the old gentleman used to walk a couple of miles to see his neighbors. And perhaps because he was very deaf he used to address us youngsters in a voice that was a bit terrifying.

When the old patriarch died we had a holiday at school for the funeral. There was no hearse; no wagon of any kind; at his own request "Old Dan Healy" was carried on the shoulders of his neighbors to his last resting place. So the old man, who had fought at Vinegar Hill in 1798, was buried. "Dave" was a grandson of "Old Dan." He went to school in old No. 6; just where it does not matter. There were three boys, about the same age, who were chums. One, the late Dr. John B. Murphy, medical superintendent of the Brockville Asylum, had gone to the neighboring village High School.

Another John staid at home to help work the farm. Dave was alone at school and as lonely as a fish out of water. He made up his mind, one morning, to go on down to the village where Murphy was going to school. He wandered in, unkempt, somewhat uncouth, and barefooted, and to the query of the Master as to what he was looking for, he replied: "I am looking for Murphy." Espying him at the same time he made a bee-line and sat himself down beside his friend. There was a hat-room in the old tower. Murphy, perhaps a bit mortified, said to Dave: "You should have left your hat and bag outside." Dave, thinking only of his lunch, said: "Them fellows might ate it." The upshot of the matter was that the Principal, after having questioned the uncouth boy, found that he was extraordinarily intelligent and more than usually well-informed. It was before the era of Entrance Examinations and he allowed him to stay. His stay, however, was comparatively short. He had to go out and earn his living. He went to the oil-fields of Pennsylvania, which at that time were the El Dorado of all adventurous youths. Soon he came back and was forced by a lingering illness to spend many months at home. Always interested in historical reading, he accumulated all the books of the neighborhood and in reading them beguiled the hours of his convalescence. Although his preference was for history, he read anything and everything he could get his hands on.

When he was able, he set out again to earn his living. This time he went to Rochester, N. Y. He was working in a livery stable when a very democratic gathering took place to prepare for the celebration of St. Patrick's day. Lawyers and journalists, business-men and humble day-laborers met on the common ground of love for the old land of their fathers. Speeches, eloquent, patriotic and fervent were made; but the young Irish lad from Canada felt that much had been left unsaid. He, half-unconsciously, got up and told the gathering something of what he had read. It surprised no one more than himself when he realized that he had made a telling speech. A lawyer, recognizing his ability, invited him to come into his office to study law. Journalism, however, soon claimed him. And he was later

elector to the State Congress. The rest of his career we may give in the words of "Ireland": "A life-long supporter of the Irish cause, and a zealous upholder of the Irish leader, passed away last week in the person of Mr. David Healy, of the United States Immigration service at Ellis Island. A former member of the staff of the Irish World, he was keenly interested in the success of 'Ireland,' and was one of its first subscribers. Mr. Healy was born in Canada, of Irish parents, natives of Cork and Limerick, and crossed the boundary while still in his teens. Entering journalism in 1877, he practiced his profession in Rochester, N. Y., where he was elected to the State legislature in 1883, forming in that year a friendship with Theodore Roosevelt, which afterwards continued unbroken. Coming to New York he became chief clerk of the District Attorney's office in Brooklyn, and was subsequently appointed by President McKinley Commissioner of Immigration at Vancouver, B. C. Thence he returned to take up new duties in the same service at Ellis Island.

"Mr. Healy was an active member of the United Irish League, the New York Press Club, New Amsterdam Council No. 217, Knights of Columbus, the American Irish Historical Society, Municipal Council of the United Irish League, N. Y. City; U. S. Civil Service Retirement Association, of which he was a member of the National Committee; the Federal Civil Service Society of the City of New York, the Ellis Island Branch of the U. S. Civil Service Retirement Association, and the Benevolent and Protective Order of Clarks of Westfield, N. J., which were all represented at the funeral service on Saturday. (Here follows a list of distinguished names of those present, as well as floral tributes.) And a memorial of sympathy from his fellow officers at Ellis Island, who desired to 'place on record this expression of their deep sense of loss occasioned by the death on March 15, 1916, of David Healy, for many years a member of this service. The sorrow manifested by his friends and relatives is participated in with increased intensity by the members of this service because of the intimate relations which they had with the deceased, and of the exceptional opportunities they had enjoyed of recognizing the more attractive and generous features of his character. We deem it proper to say that not only did he bring courage, intelligence and loyalty to this particular sphere of his activities, but that he was animated by nothing less than a fixed determination to uphold the dignity of the service."

"Ireland" is a publication which, wholeheartedly, endorses Redmond's attitude in the present war. Dave belonged to the 90 per cent. of Irish Americans who are with Redmond and not to the noisy 10 per cent. who are pro-German.

maker or a blacksmith's son should be a blacksmith, or a doctor's son should be a doctor. It would be a distinctly retrograde step to attempt to create a "peasant" class in this country or on this continent whose proud and just boast it is that it is the land of opportunity for all its free and equal citizens. But, as a matter of fact, is the betterment of their condition the motive and reason for the constant drain of the rural population by the cities? Or is it not rather the dullness, the monotony, the drudgery of farm life that make the allurements of city life irresistible to man?

Is there any reason why farm life should be a life of drudgery? Is there any reason why farm life should be dull and monotonous? That type of farmer who constantly complained of the drudgery and the inadequate returns for his labor is, thank God, passing away. Slowly, perhaps; for there are many of them yet. But there is hardly a single rural community where there are not farmers who substitute brains for drudgery; who are not proud of their independent life; who do not feel that their work is as well worth doing as that of any other class in the country. These are the leaven that will leaven the mass.

There is no denying that life in rural communities is often dull and monotonous. But there is not the slightest reason in the world why it should be so. How to give intellectual zest to a work essential to the keeping of the great machinery of the world going, how to make rural social life pleasant and attractive, how to keep the thousands who go down to the drudgery, the slavery, of city life from the farms where they are infinitely better off; these are the problems of rural sociology.

It is from the rural population that the leaders in all walks of life are recruited. The third generation of city-bred boys is a generation of hopeless mediocrity at its best. Therefore we gladly give publicity to a notice which we have received from the Ontario Agricultural College:

"The Ontario Agricultural College has made arrangements for its second Annual Summer School for Rural Leadership. It is the purpose of this school to discuss the Country Home, School and Church, and their relationship to the community life. Along with these subjects will be given a few outline lectures on such subjects as Dairying, Animal Husbandry, Chemistry of the Farm, etc., with the idea of bringing all rural leaders such as clergymen, teachers, etc., more closely in touch and sympathy with the problems of the farmer and agriculture."

Priests who have rural charges will do well to make such holiday arrangements as will permit them to take in this summer course. There are many reasons why it should be as agreeable as it must be useful for anyone interested in rural problems to meet others likewise interested. Protestant ministers, teachers, and others who may be characterized as "leaders" will be amongst those, intercourse with whom can not fail to be an inspiration and incentive to work whose importance is beyond question. Inquiries may be addressed to Dr. G. C. Creelman, O. A. College, Guelph.

A half century ago this eminently successful man got what education he could from a little country school and eked it out with a few months in a village High School. And David Healy's is not an exceptional case. There are dozens of Catholic boys who have since made their mark in life who, perhaps in a bit more favorable circumstance, have passed through the same little country school and the same unpretentious village High School.

To day we are sending thousands of Catholic boys for an extended High School course which we often supplement with a term in College. We have boys of heroic mould yet; but we have a host of them who think that they are almost heroes when they consent to accept their fathers' money to prepare them for some profession.

Boys, wake up! or get out and do honest work with your hands.

RURAL SOCIOLOGY

The term is somewhat high-sounding, perhaps, but not inappropriate; and we think many will agree that rural sociology is more important than most of the "ologies" that clutter the curricula of our educational system.

What is it? Something at once very simple and very complex. The tendency of the rural population to drift to urban centres is notorious. The statistics in the case are startling. But there is no need to prove by statistics a patent and widely recognized fact.

Now we have no fault to find with farmers' sons leaving the farm to better themselves. There is not the slightest reason why a farmer's son should be a farmer, more than that a shoemaker's son should be a shoe-

maker or a blacksmith's son should be a blacksmith, or a doctor's son should be a doctor. It would be a distinctly retrograde step to attempt to create a "peasant" class in this country or on this continent whose proud and just boast it is that it is the land of opportunity for all its free and equal citizens. But, as a matter of fact, is the betterment of their condition the motive and reason for the constant drain of the rural population by the cities? Or is it not rather the dullness, the monotony, the drudgery of farm life that make the allurements of city life irresistible to man?

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CATHOLIC LOYALTY AND BRITISH FAIR PLAY

The history of our country reveals two outstanding facts that have a special bearing upon the things that are being said and upon the events that are happening in our day. The first is the fact that the Catholic clergy and laity have always been found loyal in times of national danger, and the second is that the Catholics of this country have always received fair and generous treatment at the hands of those governments, who were truly representative of British institutions.

What Irish Catholic does not experience a thrill of pride when he reads the answer, made by the Catholic Association led by O'Connell, to those who offered them emancipation on the condition that the English government would have the power of veto in the election of Irish bishops? "We will consent," said they, "to no condition that interferes with the God-given rights of the See of Rome." Yet many perhaps are not aware that a similar incident occurred in our own country. When the Treaty of Paris was signed in 1763, liberty of worship was granted to the Catholics of this country. But, at the instigation

of an intolerant section of the Eng-

lish population of Quebec, the clause "so far as the laws of Great Britain permit" was added. Now liberty of worship was not permitted in Great Britain at that time; for emancipation did not come for more than half a century later. It was decided, however, that penal laws did not apply to the colonies unless so stated in their enactment. A law that was expressly stated to apply to the colonies was The Act of Supremacy, passed in the reign of Elizabeth. An attempt was made to enforce this law in Canada. As a consequence a conflict arose that lasted for half a century. The story of that conflict we earnestly recommend to our readers, for it constitutes some of the brightest pages of our history. Never did our Irish forefathers defend the faith and the rights of the Church with greater fortitude than did the French Canadian clergy and people, under the leadership of Mgr. Plessis, the last bishop of the old historic see of Quebec. The point, however, that we wish to make is this. What was the attitude of the English governors of those days in relation to the new Catholic subjects of the King? The first of these, General Murray, who fought with Wolfe on the Plains of Abraham, was the outspoken defender of the rights of the French people. His successor in office, Guy Carleton, afterwards Lord Dorchester, defended the cause of the Catholics of Canada before the British Parliament and was instrumental in placing on the statute books of the realm the Quebec Act, which removed the greater part of the disabilities under which our co-religionists laboured. The supremacy of the King in ecclesiastical matters still remained; but neither threats nor bribes could induce Bishop Plessis to acknowledge it. "I am obliged to declare," he said when proffered a salary, "that no temporal offer can induce me to renounce any part of my spiritual jurisdiction. That jurisdiction is not mine. I merely hold it as a deposit for the Church, which I am in no wise permitted to dissipate and of which I must render a good account."

Such was the condition of affairs, when the War of 1812 broke out, Canada was in a similar position to that in which Ireland found herself in August, 1914. The Catholics of Canada were striving for their religious rights; the Irish people for their national autonomy. How did the Catholics of Canada act? Just as the Catholics of Ireland have acted. They forgot their grievances and rallied to the defense of the flag. It was the Gleggery Fencibles, organized by the militant pastor of St. Raphael's, Father McDonald, afterwards first bishop of Kingston, that supported Brock at Queenston Heights. Bishop Plessis called upon his clergy to exhort their people to enlist, and in the darkest days of that war when Proctor was defeated at Moravian Town in the west, it was the French Canadian volunteers under De Salaberry that turned the tide of victory at Chateaugay.

As a result of their actions the Colonial Secretary wrote to Sir George Provost, the then governor, "I have to inform you that His Royal Highness, the Prince Regent, in the name of His Majesty, desires that hereafter the allowance of the Catholic Bishop of Quebec be one thousand pounds per annum, as a testimony to the loyalty and good conduct of the gentleman, who now occupies the place, as well as of the other members of the Catholic Clergy of the Province." From that day to this nothing more has been heard of royal supremacy, as regards the Catholic Church in Canada; and in 1826, on the occasion of the erection of the Diocese of Kingston, the Legislature of Upper Canada expressly recognized the supremacy of Rome in ecclesiastical matters.

What is the conclusion that we are to draw from this? That Catholics have nothing to fear from such men as Murray and Carleton, who defended their rights in trying times; or from such men as Lord Durham, who in later days, by his celebrated report to the British Government, frustrated the selfish designs of that element that we still have with us, who are ever protesting their love of liberty—liberty for no one but themselves. We may also draw this conclusion; that as the War of 1812 was the last real national danger that threatened us, and as the Catholics of Canada were found loyal then, so they will be now; for the best evidence of what a man will do the next time is not what he says he is going to do, but what he did the last time.

THE GLEANER.

NOTES AND COMMENTS

THE QUALITY of patriotism in the Church of France may be appreciated by the intelligence that, wearing the uniform of a private soldier in the Army Reserves, prepared at any moment to take his place in the firing line, is no less a personage than the Bishop of Gay. Mgr. de Lobet, who was previously secretary to Cardinal Cabrières of Montpellier, was consecrated only a year ago, and might well have pleaded exemption from military service by reason of his sacred office. But at his country's call every such consideration was put aside, and, mustered into the Military Infirmiers, he is now in barracks at Marseilles. It is not the first time that a Catholic bishop has taken his place in the ranks at the call of country.

"THE REAL history of the European peoples," says the Christian World, "is not to be found in Gibbon or Ranke, Mommsen or Macaulay, but in the literature and art they have left us. If you want to know the Middle Ages, turn not to histories, but stand before Chartres, Amiens, Ely and York; read Dante, St. Bernard, 'The Romance of the Rose,' St. Thomas Aquinas and St. Francis of Assisi; gaze at Cimabue's Madonnas, and the pictures of Giotto, Guido, Ugolino and Deiceia. It is in its art that every age lives for the future, not in its annals." This utterance, commonplace enough to those who see with the eye of faith, is, coming from such a source, sufficiently noteworthy to be recorded. It marks a long step in the process of emancipation from the cruel thraldom bequeathed to the modern world by the spirit of revolt in the sixteenth century. Yet a little further and he who so writes will come into the heritage of day.

ANOTHER INDICATION of change in the attitude of the Protestant world to things Catholic may be seen in an article on "The Lenten Fast," in a late number of the Canadian Congregationalist. One need not be very much advanced in years to recall a time when the institution of fasting, and the whole Lenten observance was regarded as the merest formalism and superstition by those outside the Church, and its true character as a period of closer fellowship with the Redeemer of mankind, was entirely lost to them. What a change, then, may such a reflection as this in a Protestant periodical, be taken to signify: "The Lenten fast commemorates the saddest and most tragic experiences in the life of our Lord. Instead of criticizing those who observe Lent we do well to think of what we may lose by letting it go by without any special religious thought or prayer."

OR THIS: "Fasting is the natural expression of intense sorrow for sin. It is the effort of the soul to come into closer fellowship with God. . . . Many people are irreligious because they are so absorbed in the things of this world that they have little time to choose the better part. The Lenten season comes to correct this evil. It helps us to set our affections on things above. It reminds us that we must take time to be holy." We refrain from any comment upon these words, save that if they mean anything they mean that many men and women, long ostracized from their souls' true home, are, as the shadows lengthen, casting longing glances backward, and, unrealized by themselves, sighing for return. Which fact gives additional point to the words of Cardinal Bourne cited last week in these columns.

A WEEK or two ago we devoted a paragraph to the possibilities of a reversion of the Argyle dukedom into Catholic hands, the reflection being suggested by the inscription on the tombstone of a younger brother of the late Duke, killed in the War. The heir presumptive to the family honors, as was pointed out, is married to a Catholic, and their son is being brought up in the Faith. That is not, it appears, the only link in the chain. Failing the young man in question, a successor to the oldest Scottish titles of the family (not, however, including the dukedom) would have to be sought in the eldest descendant of Colin, third Earl of Argyle, who died as long ago as 1529. The descendant in question is Archibald Campbell, Catholic laird of Lochmell, who thus stands fourth in remainder to the earldom of Argyle and the baronies of Campbell and Lorne, all dating from the fifteenth century. There would be an historical fitness in such a reversion. And how better

could the family honor be redeemed from the many stains upon its annals than by bearing so noble a part in the redemption of Scotland.

FOLLOWING the law of supply and demand, the outbreak of the present War produced a multitude of so-called prophecies, culled from the annals of the past. These were necessarily spurious for the most part, some of them mere distortions, with here and there one possessing some claims to consideration. Among the latter was a celebrated utterance of that simple, holy man, the model pastor, the Venerable Curé d'Arz. In the light of events the prediction, or prophecy, made by him about 1862 deserves more than passing notice.

TO A SIMPLE Lazarist lay-brother who had consulted the Curé as to his vocation, this prediction seems to have been first communicated. We need not here discuss the evidence, either in its favor or against it. That has been pretty well thrashed out in Continental periodicals. But as everything concerning the holy man is of interest, even far beyond Catholic circles, it is worth reproducing, and we give it as it appears in a letter written by Mgr. Perriot, in 1908: "There will be a War with Germany (the War of 1870). The French will mismanage it entirely; they will lose, forfeiting two provinces. Later, there will be another War with Germany which will be better conducted. They will let the Germans push far into France, but they will close in behind them; the enemy will be defeated and of all those who penetrate into France, very few will go back to their country. The French will recover their lost provinces, and a little more."

THE DATE of this letter—that of Mgr. Perriot—as it has been pointed out by one prominent journal means much. The propensity of the mind to be swayed by our inmost sympathies is proverbial. But Mgr. Perriot's letter was written seven years before this war began, hence we may be sure there was no unconscious garbling or twisting of statements to fit them to the actual situation. Besides, as further affirmed, the name of Mgr. Perriot, in his time one of the foremost editors in France, is in itself entitled to the greatest weight, and since he had his information in the first place from one who had known the Curé, the chain of evidence may be said to be pretty well established. Its details we have not space here to reproduce, but read carefully, it produces on the mind a strong impression of reality, and merits, as it is receiving, the serious consideration of the foremost publicists of France. One organ of public opinion, the Etudes, has entered upon a most searching enquiry into the whole subject.

WHILE, THEREFORE, the prophecy or prediction as it stands can be neither definitely accepted or rejected at the present stage, it may be said, at least, to have a strong case, and taking it in conjunction with recent events in both East and West, may in the continual ebbing and flowing of our impressions help to steady public feeling and to cause the French people and their Allies to face the future with a firmer hope of final success. And it may help too to focus public attention upon the simple, holy life of a saint of God, who loved his country and spent himself in its service.

ON THE BATTLE LINE

THE DESTRUCTION of British shipping continues at a rapid rate since the resumption of German submarine activity. It is said that Germany has new submarines of an improved type. Concern is expressed in England. Officially it is said that there is no reason for such concern. Readjustment of the merchant marine will make the inconvenience fall on neutrals rather than on England. It is even suggested that neutrals may use the German and other enemy ships interned in their harbours since the War. In any case, the renewed German submarine warfare is disquieting.

THE LULL in front of Verdun continues so far as infantry attacks are concerned, but the artillery on both sides belches forth many hundreds of tons of metal and high explosives daily. The German guns still search the slopes and crest of Dead Man's Hill. In addition, yesterday afternoon the second line of the French defence west of the Meuse was bombarded. This was undoubtedly intended to prevent General Petain from accumulating and holding large reserves in the positions of the

second line, whence they could be despatched speedily to the aid of the troops defending Hill 304 and Dead Man's Hill when the next great assault is launched by the Germans.

The French guns retaliated by concentrating their fire on the roads in the region of Montfaucon and Malancourt, by which the Germans must bring forward the men and munitions for the attack.

That another dash for Dead Man's Hill and Hill 304 is contemplated appears certain from the trend of the artillery actions. The Germans are losing huge numbers. The Petit Parisian says 30,000 of the men who have tried during the past week to take the key positions west of the Meuse have been put out of action.

The wastage has been so great that the reserves immediately available have not been sufficient to make it good, and the Crown Prince has drawn not only upon other parts of the line in France but upon the German troops in Russia for further victims.

No matter what the cost, the cry is still—Verdun must be taken. The feelings of the experienced leaders of the German army, who see their best men sent forward day after day to do the impossible because a silly young Prince refuses to admit that he is beaten, must be left to the imagination.

From Mesopotamia General Lake reports some progress in his advance to the relief of Townshend's force hemmed in at Kut-el-Amara. The official despatch says the enemy was driven back from one and a half to three miles on the south bank of the Tigris.

The British force was compelled to advance across the Umm-el-Brahm marsh, which is at present flooded. The overflow from the river drove the enemy out of some of his trenches, and in falling back to new positions he was "heavily punished," according to the official despatch from British Headquarters.

General Lake's despatch will relieve the tension that prevailed yesterday following an exaggerated report from the Turkish losses in the recent fighting. For four months Townshend's army, which fell back after the battle of Ctesiphon, has been holding the enemy at bay.

When last heard from Townshend reported that he had ample supplies, but as he counted upon being relieved much sooner it is possible provisions in the garrison may be running low. The relieving force is largely made up of Indian troops.

Lake's chief difficulty, apparently, is in safeguarding his line of communication with his base owing to the incursions by Arab tribesmen who have been lured into the Turkish service.

Along the Eastern Front there is considerable activity. Artillery duels are increasing in intensity, but all attempts on the part of the enemy to resume the offensive with infantry have been repulsed with serious German losses, according to the official Russian despatch. On the Dniester, opposite Khotin, an enemy aeroplane succeeded in penetrating to Ivanitz, where the Czar was reviewing troops.

and the duty must not be left to our children of slaying this monster, which attacks liberty and civilization everywhere.

I mentioned to one Deputy, who before the war was a pacifist, that a prominent French politician was of the opinion that peace should be hurried up. "If he dared to say such a word," the Deputy replied with blazing eyes, "I will drag him from the tribune, and the inkpots will fly at his head from every side of the Chamber."

"Take it from me then, that France and England are more allied than ever, that the resolution of each country is more iron now than at the beginning of the war, that self-confidence has risen to certainty and that no attention will be given even to a whisper of peace.

Our own differences, which come to the surface at every session of the two Houses of Parliament, concern themselves constantly not with the question of settlement, but how to conduct the war most efficiently. It is to be expected therefore that Lord Kitchener will continue as War Secretary to be the storm center for the various groups who find themselves at variance with the Coalition Government on questions of war policy.

While the contest for Verdun rages, the government forces are being held closely together by the plea that it is a duty to preserve the national unity while this life and death struggle is being made by the French, and thus to inspire them with confidence in the firmness of their Allies. There are predictions, however, that the ending of the Verdun battle, no matter what the result, will see a concerted effort in England by the forces of the dissatisfied to overturn the ministry headed by Mr. Asquith.

Attacks, scarcely veiled, have been opened in several influential newspapers on the premier as well as on Lord Kitchener. The Morning Post borrows from the Scotch novelist, Ian Maclaren, to call Mr. Asquith "The Sticket Minister." His friends retort that that newspaper is one of the many sticks and straws in the hands of conspirators who seek to overthrow the government.

Of Lord Kitchener it has been revealed that he is drawing two salaries while serving as War Minister. The government, in reply to an interpellation in the House of Commons recently, admitted that Lord Kitchener was receiving \$30,000 a year as British Agent and Consul General in Egypt, on leave of absence, and that he accepted the portfolio of the War Office with the understanding that his salary for the Egyptian office would be also continued as long as he remained in the Cabinet.

In addition to the \$30,000 Lord Kitchener is receiving \$25,000 a year as Secretary of State for War, besides a free residence at York House.

"How," ask his critics, "are you going to preach to the public the need for economy, when ministers, however illustrious, at the head of the government are 'scooping in' the coin from the country at a rate which is almost indecent?" It is urged that these are not purely personal matters, that men in high places are expected to set examples to the lowly, and yet it is declared that there is no sacrifice which the highly placed in the government have made to bring home to others less fortunate the need of economy.

Such sacrifice they declare to be essential and that it cannot be evaded. A further proposal that seeks to decrease the authority of the War Secretary is that a separate Department of Supplies and Transport be erected with an army officer at its head. This follows the resignation of the director of supplies and transport, Major General Long, who is the officer proposed for head of the independent department.

sentiment comes from the Antipodes in the recent speech of the Australian premier while here. "Think of the holocaust of lives," he said, "the fearful sufferings, and then think that had Britain taken heed of Lord Roberts' warning voice, had we been as well prepared on land as on sea, the peace of the world would, in all probability, have been unbroken."

A SOURCE OF STRENGTH

The Easter glow and glory of the skies, The sun who dances in his orbit's curve, Unfolding buds, that drop their shy reserve To show heart's love in scented ecstasies.

Are all joy voices, in celestial wise Hailing our Lord . . . And how should any nerve Or music-fibre in our being swerve From its full hymning of such mysteries? Christ's Resurrection is our Fount of Joy, Its silver spray upspringing to the sun, Our Flame of Paradise! Our golden Star, Unchangeable, though woes annoy! Our Hope of amethystine light afar, Our strength, our power to reach it, one by one.

PROTESTANT'S TRIBUTE TO CATHOLIC CHAPLAIN

Dr. A. A. Martine in "A Surgeon in Khaki" pays a glowing tribute to "Monsignor, the Roman Catholic Chaplain," attached to the same field ambulance as the author.

After describing him "as the bravest of the brave," he proceeds: "When the three medical officers were working hard with the wounded—dressing, operating, anaesthetizing—Monsignor was very busy, too. He made hot soups, hot coffee, prepared stimulating drinks, set orderlies to work to see that every man who could take nourishment got it. One man, injured in the mouth, could swallow only with the greatest difficulty. Monsignor patiently sat by that man, and one way or another with a spoon managed to give him a pint of hot Oxo soup and a good stiff nip of brandy. This splendid prelate carried straw with his own hands, made pillows and beds for our men. He took off boots, and cut off bloody coats and trousers in order to help the work of the surgeons. He rummaged in a cellar in the house and discovered a box of apples. These he cut out into slices for our men. He stood by our dying men, and spoke words of cheer and comfort to the poor, helpless fellows.

"He was absolutely reckless and exposed to shrapnel and shell fire many times during the day, but he was too busy attending the wounded to think about anything else. Towards dusk, when our work eased off, we collected some pieces of shell which fell near him as souvenirs. "I am not a Catholic, but I honor the Church that can produce such a man as Monsignor, and I very greatly honor him."—Brooklyn Tablet.

A PROTESTANT ST. PATRICK NEEDED TO DRIVE OUT SUCH SNAKES

REV. FRANK L. DYER (CONG.), TACOMA, WASH. The Daily Ledger, Tacoma, Wash., March 20. "As St. Patrick is said to have driven the snakes from Ireland, I believe we are in need of a Protestant St. Patrick to drive the snakes who are at work subverting the true freedom and patriotism of our country. There is a group of men at work in this city, destroying the principles of civic liberty. These men who claim to be patriotic exact a promise from candidates, if they would have their support to discharge from office, if they are elected, all those of certain religious faith holding positions under them. This practice is unfortunately abroad over the land, not only in this city, but all over the United States."

The Rev. Dyer then held up a small publication he says he receives from some unknown source weekly and consigns to his waste basket. It tells of his power and influence for patriotism, he said of how it exists solely to keep those it calls "papes" out of all political office in the United States. Mr. Dyer said he believed it represented the pit of darkness.

CONDEMNNS SECRET CAMPAIGNING

"The method of secret campaigning has no place in a country like ours. Those behind it denounce all who see fit to differ with them. They place three Presidents under their ban merely because they dared recognize as American certain men of the Roman Catholic faith. All types should be represented and assist in the leadership of the country. President Wilson was condemned because he was inaugurated by a chief justice who was a Roman Catholic and later for his appointment of another Roman Catholic as secretary. "That is the glory of our country. There is nothing going on that everyone may not know. There are no Roman Catholic secrets that the Protestants may not know and no Protestant secrets that the Roman Catholics may not know. "Let no man who calls himself an American lend himself to any influence working against the principles

of American citizenship. Let us stand for openness. If we differ we have the right to say so. I do not agree with them in many things, and I am not here to defend the Catholics. I am not here to assail them. I am here as a minister of Christ to defend the principle of Christianity. "Should a Protestant be elected to office? No, not as a Protestant, but as a citizen. Should a Roman Catholic be elected to office? No, not as a Roman Catholic, but as a citizen. All as American citizens; it is the only basis that is secure.

WARNS AGAINST PROMISES

"I am glad to say that there are two men in this church who are candidates for office and it would please me to see them elected. They are both good men. But if I thought they had given a promise to this group that claims to be patriotic, had committed themselves in any way to them, I would not only not vote for them but would work against them. Voters should ascertain if their candidates have made any such promises. "Men here who claim to be Protestants have gone so far as to threaten my life. One has disclosed his identity to such an extent that I could turn over the evidence to the proper authorities and send him to the penitentiary. But I am not here to send men to the penitentiary. I am here to preach the gospel of brotherly love as it fell from the lips of Jesus. This country of ours from shining sea to shining sea is the most beautiful spot in the world, and one of the fundamental principles of its perpetuity is equality of rights for all citizens."

JOHN AYSCOUGH'S TRIBUTE

Writing in the Weekly Dispatch on "Why I Love the British Soldier," John Ayscough says of the Catholic men who served in the trenches: "I can never forget the readiness of the response my own Catholic men made to every spiritual appeal, to every effort made to help them to the memory and practice of their religion under circumstances the least easy. In what odd places have they had to bear Mass; under what difficulties have they often had to come to confession; and yet with what devotion have they heard Mass, with what splendid reverence have they seized every opportunity of receiving Holy Communion, and how little persuasion did they ever need to avail themselves of the chance of confession.

"As to that last, they struck the keynote in the ship that carried us to France. Having carried our own decks and shown myself and let them see that they had a priest on board, I had nothing to do but to sit in my cabin and hear their confessions as they came to me all day long. They all came. We embarked at Dublin, and our port of disembarkation was Havre, and the whole time of the voyage was occupied in hearing their confessions. "At the front it was the same: sometimes towards evening the day's march would bring us to a village; it was enough to point out that there was a church and the priest would hear confessions there at once, and the men would crowd into it and patiently wait their turn. If they thought that at the end the priest would mount the pulpit and speak to them they would all wait, long after many of them had made their own confessions. "Next morning they would be there for Mass and for Holy Communion. If the village priests themselves were there they would never fail to remark, with admiration, on the piety and devotion of the English soldiers. 'See! they all go to Communion, and with what reverence! How absorbed they are in their acts of religion.'"

REUNION

At the invitation of American Episcopalians a committee was recently appointed by the Archbishops of Canterbury and York to prepare a report on the proposed steps of reunion between the opposing factions within the Episcopal Church. Acting in co-operation with another committee, representing the "Free Churches," they formed a sub-committee of Churchmen and Nonconformists, which finally drafted the desired report. The document is very cautiously worded, but its signatories are forced to admit that "Fidelity to our convictions and sincerity in their expression compel us to recognize that there still remain differences." These differences turn upon most essential and primary points of doctrine: the nature of the "visible society," the sacraments, and the Ministry. The London University thus comments upon them: "In other words, the eminent Churchmen and Nonconformists who sign the statement (Bishop Gore is among the former) are only able to agree on some of the most vital points set forth in the earlier parts of the statement by using words that do not express definite ideas. They agree that there is a visible Church, but not as to what its nature and constitution are; they agree that there are sacraments, but they do not agree as to what is the nature and efficacy of a sacrament; they agree that there is a Christian Ministry, but do not agree as to its nature, as to what these 'gifts and functions' are, or as to

how the Ministry is conferred and propagated from age to age. Agreement is only the outcome of vagueness. . . . Outside the Catholic Church it seems to be accepted that one can, in matters of religious teaching, do what would be a dangerous folly in any other practical affair, and indulge freely in this juggling with words divorced for the time being from definite ideas. The consequence is very serious. We are told that there is a Revelation. Part of this Revelation is that it was 'the purpose of Our Lord' to found a visible Church, with Sacraments, and a Ministry. But it would seem that His Divine purpose has been so inefficacious that after nineteen centuries it is still an open question 'for further study' and debate what this visible Church is, what is the nature of its sacraments, and what is meant by its Ministry. It would seem that on these points the Divine purpose has failed, and the Divine Revelation is no definite guide; indeed, is no revelation in any proper sense of the word, if this strange theory be true."

The Church, as Catholics know, and Episcopalians should not hesitate to acknowledge, is a "City set upon a hill" in the plain light of day. There is no mist over this City. Christ's purpose has not failed. His words were not uttered in such a cryptic and unintelligible way that after nineteen centuries we have not yet been able to arrive at a clear understanding of His most essential doctrines and indeed, of the very nature of the society itself, which He founded. Clearly there is no hope of unity for our "separated brethren" except in their renewal of allegiance to him to whom were given by Christ Himself, the keys of His Kingdom.—America.

A CRIMELESS COUNTRY

The Assizes have demonstrated that Ireland is probably the most crimeless country in the world. Almost everywhere the judges were presented with white gloves, the traditional symbol of a crimeless circuit. Only in one or two instances were the gloves withheld through, and doubtless, somehow would blunder through, just as I did; but if I didn't work my problem out for myself, it would remain unsolved. "And that was the Harvard system. It remains in essence the Harvard system still. An old, outgrown, pedagogic relation of the large class recitation room. The only variation has been through Eliot's effort to replace it by the yet more pernicious system of premature specialization. This is a confusion of the college and university functions, and constitutes a direct menace to all true higher education. The function of the college is an all-round development, as a basis for university specialization. Eliot never grasped that fundamental fact; and so he undertook to turn Harvard College into a

A PROGRAM

In a thoughtful article, "Ireland Waiting," written for New Ireland, Mr. J. Cleric Sheridan expresses the belief that at the end of the war a resolute Ireland with a reasonable and well-considered plan can have all she wants for the taking, but it should be as far as possible a plan formed and matured at an Irish national conference. He thus presents the four constituent parts of his plan: (1) The purpose and determination to have self-government with northeast Ulster and so have a united Ireland. (2) Readiness to do or to concede everything reasonable to win northeast Ulster and so have a united Ireland. (3) If northeast Ulster refuses to be reconciled, determination to go on without her, but leaving an open door for her entry when she chooses. (4) Resolution to have fiscal independence as the essential part of self-government. The writer adds that there can be no claim for fiscal independence unless the nation is resolved to pay its own way, and he maintains that the revenues of Ireland are ample, if well used, for all the requirements of good and progressive government.—America.

CONFESSION IN WAR-TIME

The stress of the war is suddenly bringing into relief the fundamental differences which split the Established "Church," remarks the London Tablet. Some High Church enthusiasts, who are preaching the necessity of confession for soldiers in the field, are meeting with discouragement from official representatives of Anglicanism in the Army. "These gentlemen, knowing that the Sacrament of Penance was abolished by the founders of Protestantism at the time of the Reformation in this country, set their faces against what they regard as a superstitious practise," says the Tablet. "In some cases, the bewildered soldiers, being urged by High Church persons to go to confession, and finding no official provision for it, appear to have sought advice from the Catholic chaplains. One minister, speaking at a meeting of the English Church Union, said he 'had heard of cases where English Tommies had asked Roman chaplains if they could join the Roman Church for the duration of the war, because so many chaplains of the English Church would have nothing to do with the great and glorious sacrament of confession.'"

The Church Times, dealing with the same subject expresses regret that when death is close at hand and "unquiet consciences call aloud for

help," this help is not forthcoming. "Men's thoughts turn to the matters of religion," declares the Times, "and they are ready to confess their wrong-doing and to make an Act of Contrition. . . . But the Chaplain-General blocks the way." Further, the Times charges:

"There is to be no confessing nor preaching of confession in the chapels within the sphere of his jurisdiction, though it is the duty of every chaplain to invite the men to come to him, or to bid them go to some other discreet and learned minister to obtain the benefit of absolution. What wonder is it if letters from the front tell us how men have availed themselves of the ministry of Roman priests? We have before us several such letters, relating how, in a time of special danger, a Catholic chaplain ministered consolation to men not of his own communion who eagerly sought his help. Those men, when they return home, will reflect how the Chaplain-General's orders hindered their recourse to a remedy which they saw so readily provided for their Roman comrades."

This statement causes the Tablet to make the following comment: "Unfortunately, the consolations which a priest could offer in such circumstances to a Protestant soldier would fall very far short of sacramental absolution."—Sacred Heart Review.

A COMPARISON

The idols are falling. In his recently published autobiography, Charles Francis Adams expresses as follows his opinion of Harvard College in the fifties and of Harvard University to-day: "But as for giving direction to, in the sense of shaping, the individual minds of young men in their most plastic stage, so far as I know nothing of the kind was even dreamed of; it never entered into the professional mind. This was what I needed, and all I needed—an intelligent, inspiring direction; and I never got it, nor a suggestion of it. I was left absolutely without guidance. I might blunder through, and doubtless, somehow would blunder through, just as I did; but if I didn't work my problem out for myself, it would remain unsolved. "And that was the Harvard system. It remains in essence the Harvard system still. An old, outgrown, pedagogic relation of the large class recitation room. The only variation has been through Eliot's effort to replace it by the yet more pernicious system of premature specialization. This is a confusion of the college and university functions, and constitutes a direct menace to all true higher education. The function of the college is an all-round development, as a basis for university specialization. Eliot never grasped that fundamental fact; and so he undertook to turn Harvard College into a

German university, specializing the student at eighteen. He thus made still worse what was in my time bad enough. He instituted a system of one-sided contact in place of a system based on no contact at all. It is devoutly to be hoped that some day a glimmer of true light will effect an entrance into the professional educator's head."

Catholic educators, of course, have always insisted on the high importance of close relations between teachers and pupils and have sternly opposed, like Mr. Adams, all specializing until the student has laid, during his college course, a broad and solid groundwork of general culture.—America.

FATHER FRASER'S CHINESE MISSION

Taichowfu, China, Dec. 11, 1915. Dear Readers of CATHOLIC RECORD: It may be a little surprise to you to learn that it takes \$100 a week to keep my mission going. I am glad when I see that amount contributed in the RECORD, but when it is less I am sad to see my little reserve sun diminished and the catastrophe arriving when I must close my chapels, discharge my catechists and reduce my expenses to the few dollars coming in weekly. I beseech you to make one more supreme effort during 1916 to keep this mission on its feet. You will be surprised to learn what a great deal I am doing with \$100 a week—keeping myself and curate, 30 catechists, 7 chapels, and free schools, 3 churches in different cities with caretakers, supporting two big catechumenes of men, women and children during their preparation for baptism and building a church every year. Yours gratefully in Jesus and Mary, J. M. FRASER.

Previously acknowledged. \$7,050.00

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FIVE MINUTE SERMON

EASTER SUNDAY

"He is risen, He is not here." (Mark xvi, 6) Not only to the pious women who went out to embalm the body of Jesus, but also to us and to the whole world did the angel beside the empty tomb announce tidings of the utmost joy: "He is risen, He is not here." These words are in perfect harmony with those sung by the angels at our Lord's birth: "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace to men of good will." By His resurrection Jesus proved that it was really He, Who, for God's honor and peace amongst men, had offered on the Cross the great sacrifice of atonement—that He was indeed the Redeemer. His resurrection was the seal of our redemption, and therefore Easter is the great festival when we give thanks for all the graces and benefits that we owe to it. "With Him is plentiful redemption"—these words in the psalm are true to-day of our Lord. When He rose, He showed that death had no power over Him; His resurrection was a triumph over death. Death had come into the world through the devil's malice, because men by sin had put themselves in the power of the evil one; and Jesus, by conquering death, conquered also the devil, who had power over it, and thus by His death He really delivered us from the power of the devil and from the dominion of sin. As St. Paul says, He blotted out the handwriting of the decree against us, fastening it to the Cross (cf. Col. ii, 14). In His own Blood He washed away our sins, and He suffered both for our sins and for those of the whole world.

Through our Lord's infinite merits, men are now again admitted to be friends and children of God, and to heaven. Hence the angel's words: "He is risen" remind us that we ought not to let His resurrection be in vain, as far as we are concerned, but we must take part in His redemption, and lead good lives in future, after cleansing our souls from sin by penance. In this way only shall we show true gratitude to Jesus for His resurrection, and in this way only will it be really Easter, not only in the Church, but also in our hearts.

Jesus, having conquered death and the devil, through His infinite merits has power to help us in our long struggle against sin and evil. In thought stand by the empty tomb whenever the tempter whispers to you: "It is too hard for weak mortals to avoid this or that sin." Your Saviour, Who once lay in the tomb, is with you, and earnestly desires it, and ready to give you strength. Nothing that He asks can be too hard for those whom He redeemed, since He died in order to obtain for them the powerful assistance of God.

A pagan may say it is too hard to do right, because his religion gives him no help; an unbeliever may say it is too hard, because his intellect, though he may value it very highly, is unable to withstand the fury of his passions; but a Christian cannot say it is too hard, when he is called upon to obey Christ's commandments with His Redeemer's help. Ask all the saints, who relied so firmly upon their risen Saviour, what would have been too hard for them. The world is amazed at their virtues, which in a heathen age would have been deemed unattainable; they accomplished what appeared to be far beyond the power of mankind, and led an angelic life in their Saviour's strength.

We are told that our Lord's tomb was in a garden, and from the moment when it was opened, blossoms and fruits, virtues and good works, such as had never been seen before, have abounded on earth. Christ has redeemed us, too; let us, too, be willing to be guided by His grace; let us thankfully, by His assistance, practise virtue and good works, and not to surrender to cowardice, lukewarmness and indolence under the pretext that what He requires is too hard. He has risen and redeemed us; He has proved by His resurrection that His doctrine is true, for again and again He foretold to His disciples that He would rise again, but they did not understand Him, for His words were hard to comprehend. Therefore, He proved that the hardest doctrine which He ever taught was true, thus proving the truth of all the rest. Like a bright light this doctrine flashes forth over the whole world from the tomb of our risen Lord, and what was its effect? It swept away all the superstitions of idolatry, all the horrors by means of which men thought to honor their false gods; Christ's teaching was for all mankind; it was not restricted to a few favored individuals; even a very ignorant Catholic knows more about God and our salvation than hundreds of learned men would have known in pagan times. The life of whole nations is permeated by the doctrines of Christianity, their moral standard has been raised, their modes of thought changed, and their ideas and actions sanctified. So deep was the impression made upon the whole of civilized existence by the doctrines of our own risen Lord, that at the present time those who in their ingratitude refuse to believe in Him are nevertheless, without being aware of it, influenced by His Spirit. Whatever good they do, or teach, is due to Christianity, without which there would never have known many truths that they regard as matters of intellect.

Let us thank our risen Saviour for His teaching and for the precious

gift of redemption. Let us beware of trying to bring His doctrines into agreement with our passions, or to interpret them according to our perverse minds; what He taught, we will believe, now and for ever, and thus we shall reach heaven, our final goal. Jesus is risen, He has redeemed us, and so we are destined for heaven. What encouragement does this truth contain! Without it life would, indeed, be cold and hopeless. Without redemption we should not know why we were sent into this world to undergo so many troubles during our short span of life, nor why we should be encompassed on all sides with sorrows. Life has no meaning for one who does not believe in the redemption, but in its light life appears full of significance and importance. In the light of the redemption we see that life is the narrow way, often painful and perplexing, leading up to heaven, if we are guided by the hand of our risen Saviour. We were created not for this brief life on earth, but for eternity, to which we may attain through Jesus Christ. Let us therefore thank Him to-day for all the graces of redemption, that He ratified by His Resurrection. Let us avoid sin, resolving firmly to do what is right and faithfully to follow out His teaching. Let us live, not for earth, but for heaven. This should be our thanksgiving to Him to-day on the feast of His Resurrection, our thanksgiving for His abundant redemption. Amen.

TEMPERANCE

THE MODERN PHYSICIAN AND ALCOHOL John D. Quackenbos, A. M., M. D., Emeritus Professor Columbia University and Fellow of the New York Academy of Medicine, New Hampshire Medical Society, American Medical Association, and American Association for the Advancement of Science, writes as follows, in the Temperance Cause: "I have been asked to define the position of the medical profession in regard to the use of alcohol as a beverage and as a therapeutic agent. It is distinctly unfavorable to-day. Physicians look upon alcohol as a protoplasmic poison, and are advising against its employment where it was once warmly recommended, as, for instance, in nervous depression, dyspepsia, insomnia and tuberculosis. We now know that alcoholic drinks interfere with digestion, predispose to cardiovascular and pulmonary troubles, and impair the elimination of toxins created in the body which are the cause of gastric acidity, sleeplessness and general neurasthenia, as well as of high blood pressure and premature arteriosclerosis. Thus the use of alcohol indirectly contributes to the development of a form of arterial degeneration designated as hardening, which is directly due to auto-intoxication accentuated by the ingestion of alcohol. The majority of people overeat and under exercise. Sixty per cent. of Americans work indoors at sedentary vocations, and these drink moderately as a habit, and oversmoke as well, in response to the demand of a system depressed by a superabundance of food that cannot be disposed of, and of unnatural work that keeps up the demand. What these persons drink to reinforce nervous energy is itself a most dangerous compound made of crude sugar or potato spirits, or fusel oil, and various 'essences' manufactured in laboratories—a compound sixteen times as deadly in its effects on the brain and other organs as is ethyl alcohol in pure whiskey. And the beer and ale of this country all contain sulphurous acid and other adulterants, much of it preservatives, rendering it antagonistic to digestion which is a form of fermentation, and constituting it a kidney and liver irritant which has to be reckoned with by the doctor and is taken into serious consideration by life insurance companies. Diseases of the kidney have increased 20% with the sophistication and improper manufacture of beer."

During the week previous to Easter we see, in signs, symbols and ceremonies, Christ the Man, weak, suffering, dying, dead. During the Easter time we see, in figures and beautiful rites, the same Christ, the Lord, powerful, conquering and triumphant over hell, sin and death, rising gloriously from the tomb. "For by a man came death, and by a man the resurrection of the dead. And as in Adam all die, so also in Christ, all shall be made alive." Of all times of the Church year Easter is filled with the deepest mysteries. It is the culminating point of the whole year. All that which has gone before has been but like so many preparations for Easter. The pious waitings of Advent, the fastings of Lent, and the sorrows of Holy Week, are all like so many steps by which we arrive at the sublime mysteries of Easter. To show us the greatness of this time, God gives us two wonderful works in which to see His power: the raising of our Lord from the dead at Easter, and the coming down of the Holy Ghost at Pentecost. The Mass of Easter Sunday is said in honor of Christ's resurrection, and is interpolated with many Alleluias. The color of the Easter vestments is white, to typify the glories of the Lord, clothed with light rising from the dead. Strange as it may seem no hymn is sung during the first week of the Easter time, because, although hymns are signs of joy, still the season tells us of heaven, and only a heavenly ejaculation is chanted, Scripture tells us that St. John saw in heaven the angels and saints praising God, and repeating, again and again, the word "Alleluia" which means "Praise ye the Lord," and through which the Church reminds the people of the weakness of earthly hymns compared to those of the heavenly choirs. In the course of the ages much symbolism has arisen to denote the resurrection of the body. In the tombs of early martyrs marble eggs were often discovered. For the Christian the egg is an image of the tomb; where the body remains, without movement, because, without life, until He Who has vouchsafed to compare His tenderness to that of a hen, gathering her chickens beneath her wings, comes to break the chains which hold it the captive of Death. It is to this eminently religious origin that the Easter egg may be traced. The modern fashion of appearing in Easter apparel on the day of the Lord's resurrection is but another custom that is founded upon Christian belief. The resurrection of our Lord is the object of all Easter services and customs. Sin is the death of the soul, and for the people who rise in triumph from the grave of sin, Lent and Holy Week are given to prepare themselves for the reception of the Sacraments during the Easter season. All who have received their first Holy Communion must receive the Holy Eucharist each year, during the Easter time, which in this country lasts from the first Sunday of Lent until Trinity Sunday. By ancient writers the Easter time is called in Latin Quinquagesima, and in Greek, Pentecost, both words meaning fifty, because the season lasts for fifty days. It is a continuation of the glories of the resurrection and signifies the everlasting joys and pleasures awaiting us in heaven, after the trials and sufferings in this valley of death through which we must pass, like our Lord. Each fiftieth year among the Jews was

THE GREAT FEAST OF EASTER

the year of Jubilee, and all their debts were blotted out, and their slaves were set at liberty—a figure of our fifty days of Easter time, when all our sins are blotted out, and the reception of the Sacraments during Easter time, during the first of these holy seasons, the people spent much of their time in the churches on their bended knees, in prayer; when the Easter season came they stood while praying in the church. From this comes the custom of the people standing at the prayers at High Mass during the Sundays of the resurrection of Christ from the dead. This practice has been retained even to our own day, and is also commemorated by the faithful standing during the recitation of the "Regina Coeli," said during Easter time, instead of the Angelus. On Holy Saturday the Paschal candle is blessed with great solemnity. It stands at the right of the altar, and is lighted during the Gospel at all Masses from Holy Saturday till Ascension Thursday when it is put out at the end of the Gospel. It is lighted at the Gospel, for it tells of Christ enlightening the world by the light of His Word. The Paschal candle is a figure of Christ risen from the dead, and it is quenched on the day He ascended into Heaven, to typify that all revelation was then ended. The Holy Spirit which dwells within the Church and teaches Her in all things, guided Her in celebrating Easter on Sunday, and not on a day of the week as the Jews celebrated their Pasch. On the first Sunday of creation, God, from everlasting night, brought forth the light which illuminates the world around us. "I was but a figure of the Wisdom of the Father. His only begotten Son coming forth from the sepulchre on that first Easter Sunday, when, with the transcendent splendors of the Divinity, he passed through the solid rock. Easter Sunday is the greatest feast of the Church; all the other Sundays of the year are but so many little Easters, coming each week to remind us of our risen Lord. Thus, to break the last link which held the early Christians to the law of the Jews, Easter was fixed on Sunday. The laws of Moses and of the Jewish Sabbath were gone forever, and the laws of Christ and the Christian Sunday took their place until the end of time.—Rev. W. D. O'Brien in Extension Magazine.

TRIBUTE TO CATHOLIC GIRLS

One of our daily papers paid a glowing and, let us hope, merited tribute, recently, to our Catholic girls. Commenting upon the approaching season of Lent, the paper had this to say: "The fashion of our forefathers went further into the matter of Lenten responsibilities and insisted upon some personal sacrifice from each maid and matron, as well as charitable deeds. Every girl denied herself something—perhaps candy or flowers or invitations to the theatre or dancing, etc. Our 1916 girls, however, have changed all this and they flout the idea of self-sacrifice and declare that they never deny themselves anything and intend to keep on having just as good a time as ever. This, however, does not apply to the girls of Catholic families, who, in all cases, cling to the customs of denying themselves pleasures in addition to the performance of good works. Yes, thank God, the 1916 girls described above differ from the Catholic girl. They are the children of the world, while she is the child of God. They are living the life of nature, of fallen nature at that, while she is living the life of grace. They, of the world, worship pleasure, go forth to meet it, welcome it, bask in its warmth and find their heaven in its sunshine. She, of God, knows the emptiness and vanity of human pleasures when sought as an end in itself; and in spiritual joys that alone can satisfy the soul; in joys that spring from prayers, graces, sacraments, mortifications, aims, deeds, etc. she finds her delights. She has been taught well and has taken deeply to heart the words of the Master: "Unless a man deny himself, he cannot be My disciple." The cautious admonition: "He that counteneth small things shall fall by little and little," he that fails to curb nature in its craving after softness and ease; he that pampers it and gives in to even its every innocent yearning will find himself unable to withstand its demands in the hour of deep, death-dealing temptation. She appreciates the truth of that saying of one of God's greatest saints: "If I had one foot in heaven and ceased to mortify myself I should be damned." The reason, therefore, why the Catholic girl "clings to the custom of denying herself" is simply because she sets a higher value on her soul than on her body; because she is more concerned with the goods of eternity than with the goods of time.—Western Watchman.

Begin to be an apostle "Circulate Catholic papers and magazines" exhorts the Michigan Catholic. "Make an effort to undo the work of Satan, whose agents are honey-combing this continent with their lying literature. Subscribe for Catholic papers and encourage your neighbor to do likewise. Do not be a jelly-fish Catholic nor a too-lazy-to-read one! We have too many Catholic men and women who fail to find

time to read Catholic papers and we have a surplus of the class who sit in ignorance, when questions of current Catholic events are brought up. Do not haggle over the few pennies which will purchase Catholic publications. One article brings you full returns, and if you hand the copy to your non-Catholic neighbor you may be the means of bringing a soul to God. Spread the Faith! Be a militant child of Mother Church and one of your best weapons is the Catholic Press. The Catholic women, the mothers, wives and daughters should be leaders in this great mission! They should read and encourage those about them to purchase and read Catholic books and papers. Reader, if you have been lax in this great work, begin now."

credit any public office, or fill with distinction any post of honor, that the State or their fellow-citizens may choose to confer upon them.—America.

"BECAUSE YOU ARE A CATHOLIC" "Take [this public office or that] because you are a Catholic," was the late Mgr. Benson's advice to a gifted friend who expressed a preference for retirement. It is well known how fully he himself developed and used in the service of the Church all his remarkable talents. In this connection, Father Martindale, Mgr. Benson's biographer, observes: "I need therefore say, in answer to a singular question I saw somewhere asked, how it was that Hugh was given such scope for his various talents and tendencies in the Roman Catholic Church, no more than it was there and there only that his talents and tendencies would ever have come to all that they did." Entering the Church at the maturity of his powers and with a keen realization of what a wonderful grace it is to be a Catholic, Mgr. Benson seems to have chosen as the guiding principle of his own life the watchword he gave his spiritual children, because he was a Catholic he felt that he should perfect all his talents and devote the best that was in him to furthering every good cause.

Of course, Catholics equipped with Mgr. Benson's remarkable qualities of heart and head are not common. But Catholics resembling him in eagerness for self-improvement and self-expression, in zeal for fitting themselves to fill important posts creditably and to appear on public occasions advantageously; such Catholics should not be rare. If the professional, social, commercial and educational circles of every town and city in the land contained numerous Catholics of that description, if we had more men like the late Thomas M. Mulry, Andrew J. Shipman, and Dr. Thomas Dwight, no doubt, the Church's prestige in the United States would be wonderfully heightened. But of professional politicians who are more renowned for their Catholic antecedents than for their Catholic loyalty, of social climbers who sacrifice the faith of their children for temporal advantage, of invertebrate Catholics in all their genera and species, we already have far too many. What we need is a marked increase in the number of well-educated, clear-headed, pure-hearted men and women, who fear no one but God and who, because they are Catholics, can discharge with

infants delight toilet soap advertisement text

INFANTS-DELIGHT TOILET SOAP advertisement with image of a woman and child.

Walker House advertisement with image of the hotel building and rates.

Liquor and Tobacco Habits advertisement with image of a man.

The Chicks like it advertisement with image of chicks.

Pratt's BABY CHICK FOOD advertisement with image of a chick.

LUX soap advertisement with image of a woman.

Infants-Delight Toilet Soap advertisement with image of a woman and child.

You will enjoy your stay at the House of Plenty! advertisement with image of a building.

Liquor and Tobacco Habits advertisement with image of a man.

The Chicks like it advertisement with image of chicks.

Pratt's BABY CHICK FOOD advertisement with image of a chick.

LUX soap advertisement with image of a woman.

Infants-Delight Toilet Soap advertisement with image of a woman and child.

You will enjoy your stay at the House of Plenty! advertisement with image of a building.

The Walker House advertisement with image of the hotel building and rates.

How I Darkened My Gray Hair

Lady Gives Simple Home Recipe That She Used to Darken Her Gray Hair For years I tried to restore my gray hair to its natural color with the prepared dyes and stains, but none of them gave satisfaction and they were all expensive. I finally ran onto a simple recipe which I mixed at home that gives wonderful results. I gave the recipe, which is as follows, to a number of my friends, and they are all delighted with it. To 7 ozs. of water add a small box of Orlex Compound, 1 oz. of bay rum and 1 oz. of glycerine. These ingredients can be bought at any drug store at a very little cost. Use every other day until the hair becomes the required shade, then every two weeks. It will not only darken the gray hair, but removes dandruff and scalp humors, and acts as a tonic to the hair. It is not sticky or greasy, does not rub off and does not color the scalp.

Little Things Count advertisement with image of a matchbox.

Eddy's Matches advertisement with image of a matchbox.

Painful Swollen Veins Quickly Relieved and Reduced advertisement with image of a person's leg.

SHE PATIENTLY BORE DISGRACE advertisement with image of a woman's face.

Bells, Peals, Chimes advertisement with image of a bell.

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

EASTER

Easter comes once more to urge young men to arise from the death of the soul caused by sin.

All during Lent the Church has stretched out its arms to them and has called them to return to the state of grace and to practice self-denial. It points to the model of young men, to Jesus Christ, God incarnate, who lived a service of service, who chose to be poor, who despised the vanities of this world, and who gave up His life in His thirty-third year.

The yoke of Christ is light and His service sweet. A man who lives clean, who avoids evil companions, who refuses intoxicating drink, who steers clear of the occasions of base sin, is happier, more respected, and has a better chance for success in business and society, than has a man who gives himself up to his passions, a slave to gluttony, drunkenness, laziness and immorality.

Look at the fine young men that you know, prominent members of the Knights of Columbus, or other Catholic societies, pure, bright-eyed, pleasant, nice-mannered, neatly-dressed young fellows. Their parents are proud of them. Their pastor thinks the world and all of them. Their girl friends are openly fond of them, because the young women know that they are decent, pure-minded, and trustworthy; because they like innocent fun; because they are merry, good company, chivalrous, considerate, kind, and honorable; because, in a word, they are Catholic young men of the right type.

Are they not better off in every way than the "boozers," the frequenters of low burlesque dives, the haunTERS of saloons, the visitors to evil resorts?

The yoke of Christ is light. It can be borne. Virtue is possible. Purity is practicable. Continency is an aid to health in youth and a guarantee of a long life. The young man who treasures his virgity and who safeguards his integrity by exercise, by regular hours, by abstemiousness, by long walks, by frequenting pleasant company, by cultivating cheerful thoughts, by reading good books, and by other means, will get along better in the world, will most likely have a happier marriage, and will be better liked and more esteemed than the vicious and the dissipated.

Lent calls for self-denial of the lower nature in order that man's higher nature may prevail. Easter calls for self-denial. The Church calls for self-denial. Christ Himself calls for self-denial, and, first, sets the example. A man's highest interests, noblest motives, and brightest prospects call for sobriety, purity, uprightness, honor, reverence for womanhood, and respect for the power, dignity and responsibility of one's own manhood.—Catholic Columbian.

IF YOU ARE WELL-BRED

You will not be kind. You will not use slang. You will try to make others happy. You will not be shy or self-conscious.

You will never indulge in ill-natured gossip. You will never forget the respect due to age.

You will not swagger or boast of your achievements.

You will think of others before you think of yourself.

You will not measure your civility by people's bank accounts.

You will be scrupulous in your regard for the rights of others.

You will not forget engagements, promises, or obligations of any kind.

You will never make fun of the peculiarities or idiosyncrasies of others.

You will never under any circumstances cause another pain, if you can help it.

You will not think that "good intentions" compensate for rude or gruff manners.

You will be as agreeable to your social inferiors as to your equals and superiors.

You will not have two sets of manners; one for "company" and one for home use.

You will never remind a cripple of his deformity, or probe the sore spots of a sensitive soul.—St. Paul Bulletin.

ANGRY LETTERS

This at least should be a rule through the letter-writing world—that no angry letter be posted till four-and-twenty hours shall have elapsed since it was written. We all know how absurd is that other rule of saying the alphabet when you are angry. Trash. Sit down and write your letter; write it with all the venom in your power; spit on your spleen at the fullest; 'twill do you good. You think you have been injured; say all that you can say with all your poisoned eloquence, and gratify yourself by reading it while your temper is still hot. Then put it in your desk, and, as a matter of course, burn it before breakfast the following morning. Believe me, that you will then have a double gratification.—Antony Trollope.

A man who has never had any failure, whose course has been one of unbroken prosperity, has not the resources of strength and endurance stored away in his life that he has who has suffered defeats and then has risen again and pressed forward to victory.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

THE LITTLE STREET SINGER

Billy and Betty had the mumps. Betty took them the evening of the very day mother and father went. Father had to go to San Francisco on a business trip, and persuaded mother to take a well-earned vacation. Grandpa and Aunt Patty, together with nurse, could take care of the family for a month. So off they went by the early train, Billy promising mother to take good care of Betty and run the errands for the family. Toward evening Betty had a high fever and was so sick that Aunt Patty put her to bed and telephoned for the doctor.

"Just a case of mumps, I think," said Dr. Gray, "they are all over Summit just now. Don't worry. Keep her in bed, and as the board of health will not let Billy go to school, he might as well play with her during the day, so that if he is to get the mumps he will get them now." And the second day after, Billy came down with the mumps, too.

Betty was very sick for a week, but Billy was only sick enough to be flimsy. He had promised mother to do errands for every one and to take care of Betty, and study hard. And oh! the choir-practice! How could he ever be well enough to sing his solo in the boy-choir for Easter! And Father Philip was so anxious that all the boys should do well, for this was to be their first Easter music, and they were to chant the Tenebrae, too, in Holy Week, and now he, Billy, was in the house for two weeks. Billy confided rather peevishly to Aunt Patty, while she was giving him his breakfast one morning.

"Never mind, Billy, I guess Father Philip understands. I saw him this morning after Mass, and he said he would drop in to see you to-day." Scarcely had she spoken when the door bell rang, and Father Philip's cheery voice, as he entered Billy's room, said:

"Well, my little Palestrina, so this is the way you intend to sing your solo!"

Billy smiled in answer, as much as the mumps would let him, and then asked, "Who is Palestrina, another sick boy?"

"No, not sick, but another boy, Billy, who had a voice like yours, but he was very poor and had to work hard at farming. Promise not to fidget and worry any more, and I'll tell you about him." Billy readily promised and then leaned back contentedly on his pillows to listen to Father Philip's story.

"Almost four hundred years ago, a little boy named Giovanni (which is the Italian for John, you know) stood singing in front of the church at Santa Maria Maggiore in Rome. He had trudged three miles that morning from his mother's farm in the little village of Palestrina, carrying, suspended by a cord around his neck a basket of small fruits and flowers to sell. Twice a week he came in to try to earn a little money for his sick mother. The day I am telling you about, no one seemed to buy. Giovanni sang his little songs, as usual, to attract customers to his wares, but no one stopped.

"Oh, see the pretty flowers, nurse," exclaimed little Caterina, who was passing with her maid. "Won't you let me buy some from the poor little boy?"

"No, no, Miss Caterina, you have a garden full at home. You are always speaking to dirty beggars, and spending your money on them. Come away from the beggar, you'll spoil your dress."

"Begar, I am no beggar," said Giovanni, while his little face grew crimson with shame.

"Come, no more of this," said the nurse, harshly, pulling away the tender-hearted little girl.

"It was one of the great feasts, and crowds were now hurrying into the church to listen to a famous preacher. With tears in his eyes, little Giovanni, flower basket and all, stole into the church to one of the side chapels, where the crowd was not so great. It was a little chapel of Our Lady, and as she stood there, holding her Divine Son in her arms, the poor lad knelt down, and looked up at her in his disappointment and shame and misery.

"Oh, dear Mother of the blessed Jesus," he said, folding his hands. "My mother has told me about your holy life, and all about your Son who died to take away our sins and troubles. Have pity on me. Make some one buy my flowers so that I can take home some money to my poor, sick mother. Holy Mother Mary, take pity on me." Soon the child, so lonely in the midst of the crowd, thinking only of his mother's poverty and sickness, forgot the people about him, and carried away with the thought that the Blessed Mother could help him, began to sing along the hymn to the Virgin he and his mother sang every evening.

"Hush!" said the bystanders, for just then the preacher was about to mount the pulpit. Unconscious of all about him, Giovanni, gazing only at the statue of the Blessed Mother, sang the louder. Little by little the pure exquisite voice stole into the hearts of all. The men and women sat breathless, fearing to lose one tone of that sweet song of prayer.

"The priest, none other than my patron, St. Philip Neri, stopped to listen as he entered the pulpit. Suddenly, the boy's voice faltered, then stopped. He remembered that he was not at home, but in Rome in church. Down from the pulpit walked the priest, through the crowd to where Giovanni knelt, almost fainting, his little empty cap beside him. St. Philip dropped a piece of money into the cap, and turning to the people said:

"My brethren, this is my sermon to-day. Do as I have done, and my sermon is not in vain."

"In a few moments the boy's cap was full.

"Thank you, thank you, for my mother," said the lad as he turned to leave the church. But St. Philip led him into the vestry, and seeing how faint with hunger Giovanni was, gave him a good meal, and bade him come back home the next day. Overjoyed, the boy ran home to his mother and poured his treasure into her hands. "I sang quite loud in church, and this is how the Blessed Mother helped me."

"The next day when Giovanni went again to Santa Maria Maggiore, St. Philip was waiting for him, and there beside him stood the choir-master of the little church in Palestrina. St. Philip arranged that Giovanni should sing in the choir of his village church. When the boy became a famous musician he was called Palestrina and was the leader of the world in church music, composing many beautiful masses. And Father Philip went to his next patient leaving Billy to think over the story.—New World.

THE LILY'S HEART OF GOLD

By Anna C. Minogue

"What is the burden of that dear story? Poetry, sorrow, pain, and loss, Patiently borne, and for all the glory, The thorny crown, and the bitter Cross."

Easter all over the land—a glad, bright, beautiful Easter. The hyacinth with leaves of flame adorned earth's mantle; the fragile snow-drops decked her breast, and a wreath of lilies crowned her head. The deep, unfathomable blue of the sky was flecked with fleecy clouds, and the sun, rejoicing with all nature, smiled from his high seat on earth and sky's adorning.

Bells from lofty towers pealed forth glad alleluias. Silver-throated songsters, swaying on budding branches, told o'er and o'er the joyful tidings of Christ's resurrection. The breeze whispered it softly among the trees, and the splashing water added its voice of praise.

The great altar was a mass of lilies, and the many lights showed among them, like stars peeping through clouds of snow. In the sanctuary, around the statues, were grouped stands of flowers; brilliant hyacinths, modest violets, stately roses, vivid tulips, until one would think all earth's blossoms had crowned the altar to-day.

The body of the church was a beauty garden. Every shade, from the first faint touch of Aurora's fingers on the eastern sky, to the shimmer of moonlight on sleeping lakes, was there represented; while every flower in earth's great conservatory, from the happy-faced daisy to the flaming poppy, showed in beautiful imitation, against backgrounds of lace and ribbons.

Adornment had been added to religion, art and nature joined hands in celebrating the gracious Day. Youth and beauty, wealth and fashion, holidayness and virtue, filled the pews; the fragrance of the flowers, the pealing of the bells, chased from heart and face any lingering shadow.

Into that great church where the very air breathed of sinlessness and peace she stole, the woman who had bartered her faith for fame, who in the pride of her youth and her genius, had cried, "I will not!" when service meant sacrifice, who had not scrupled to deride what she had once held holy in her insatiable desire to show life as she had elected to translate it. Her rich, but sombre dress contrasted strangely with the airy, springlike garbs around her, as did her hunted, shrinking expression with the tranquility of the faces turned so confidently to the altar.

She sank on her knees and hid her face in her hands. The one short glimpse of the altar, of the untroubled faces of the people, blinded her; the air, freighted with redolence, stifled her; and the misery in her heart sent a cry to her lips, where it died unuttered.

Why had she ventured in? What place had she amid this crowd of worshippers? What prayer could she send forth to the risen Christ? She looked into her heart and what she saw there appalled her. She wondered those around her. She did not see it also, and cry upon her, or that the marble statues did not lean from their places and point her out.

She raised her head, half expecting to meet some glance of recognition. But there was none. Her entrance had not been noticed. The eager eyes swept the place, but the lilies on the altar held her gaze the longest. Oh! those pallid, waxen masses, white as the snow falling from the clouds, white as the eternal stars shining high above the clouds, white as her own life had once been!

The torture in her heart was intense. Every sound was a reproach. The lights were so many merciless eyes gazing on her. The innocent faces of the flowers were, to her overwrought fancy, as a frown on the brow of one we love. She longed to escape from this calm, fragrance steeped atmosphere and return to the brilliancy and excitement of her world, where never was a moment found for memories and reflection. But she had waited too long. A man and woman knelt beside her, and as they entered, the white-robed priest,

attended by his servitors, came up the aisle, while the choir began the anthem. The few drops of holy water falling on her forehead to burn through the rich garment and the words sounded like a mockery. What could make her whiter than snow?

When Mass began she bowed still lower. Angels were hovering around the altar, nay, God Himself was there! The ambient air was laden with adoration from flowers and lights and human hearts. Why was she there, whose lips could frame no prayer, from whose anguished soul came forth no sound of gladness? The almost heavenly music floating over her, the clear, sweet alleluias did not touch her heart. Oh! if a little of the rapture thrilling the hearts around were only hers to-day!

"Confiteor Deo omnipotenti," she heard, clear and strong, from the bowed form before the altar. She glanced up. Every head was bent low over gold-bound prayerbooks, or clasped hands. What had they to confess? What had the girl beside her, with eyes of limpid innocence done, that she should bow so humbly? And the man, with the gold, brave face—was there some hidden sin in his soul, for which he was asking pardon? Ah! for them, it might be "mea culpa," but for her was "mea maxima culpa."

"Kyrie Eleison," cried on the young voice, and its undertone of sadness touched her, but she could not call with him for mercy. But her eyes were riveted on him. What majesty in his bearing! what unconscious grace in his gestures, and what richness on the vibrant voice! As he walked from the Epistle side to the middle of the altar, she caught a glimpse of his face, lofty, pure, ascetic, a reflex of the soul within. And when, after the Gospel, he turned toward the people and she saw it in full, she thought not unfeelingly of the snowy white robe, the background of lilies.

"Brethren, purge out the old leaven," he began, and for her the familiar words held another meaning, the while he let his gaze wander over that sea of upturned faces. Did those keen eyes pierce all that outward show? Did that mind, well versed in humanity's book, read between the lines and realize the applicability of the injunction, "Purge out the old leaven"? Or did it happen fortuitously, that the words falling from his lips, clear and silvery as a stream of water, should show one hungry listener human nature as it really is, frail and erring, prone to evil, but capable of rising from the deepest depths to the sublimest heights? Was it imagination only that made her think his eyes singled her out as he explained the two-fold meaning of the day's Gospel, the resurrection of the body from the grave, and the rising of the soul from sin?

The hundreds of men and women around her seemed to fade away, and it was as if he and she stood alone in that great church, while he poured out his passionate pleadings that she purge out the old leaven, that she rise to-day with Christ.

Her soul was like an instrument drawn to its highest tension, and his words, the master-hand bringing out the sweetest music from the trembling strings. He laid the past before her shrinking eyes, showed her its blackness, but so tenderly, so touching, excusing her, as it were for her frailty; showed her in graphic, trembling tones, her soul striving to break the chains enslaving it, its pitiful yearning for its native beauty and holiness; then, stretching forth his hands, he begged her to free this breath of the living God from its vile prison, to rise to-day with Christ.

And then the woman buried her face in her hands and wept. When again the alleluias broke from the choir, she raised her tear-drenched face. The woman and man gazed at her wonderingly, but she did not heed them. The joy, the meaning of the day had pierced her soul. She too, was singing alleluias. She glanced at the people around her. A slight, but perceptible, change had come over them. The air of conscious perfectness that had galled her was gone. Many faces were troubled that before were calm; many eyes were downcast that before were confidently lifted. Were there others to whom the words were sent? Ah! who can read the heart! And it is well that it is barred against inquiring eyes, else faith in humanity were dead.

The last prayer was said, the last benediction given, and the crowd surged out of the church. When the last one had departed, she rose from her place and walked slowly to the door. Near it, right in her path, lay a lily, worn on some woman's breast that day. Many feet had trampled it, its green leaves were bruised, its stem broken, its white petals soiled and wilted, but its fragrance, as she lifted it tenderly, filled her soul with rapture. She looked at it, saw the heart of gold was still beautiful and unharmed, and with a little sob of joy, she pressed it to her lips; then, she clasped it over her breast and passed away.

HOME TRAINING

It would be hard to say which deserved chastisement more, two boys, ten and twelve years of age, or their father who took them to a Court in St. Louis last month and told the judges they were incorrigible—that he could do nothing with them. Incorrigible, and not yet in their teens! If the judge said nothing to that father, he missed a great opportunity. He might have reminded him of Solomon's saying about sparing the rod and spoiling the child, and assured him that what could make her whiter than snow?

ing to that father, he missed a great opportunity. He might have reminded him of Solomon's saying about sparing the rod and spoiling the child, and assured him that what could make her whiter than snow?

juvenile Courts, probation officers, reform schools, and all the modern machinery of errancy, are as nothing to home training, the general lack of which accounts for incorrigibles among boys and criminals among men.—Ave Maria.

The essence of true humility is serenity of the soul.

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"MODERN war is made by resources, by money, by foodstuffs, as well as by men and by munitions. While war is our first business, it is the imperative duty of every man in Canada to produce all that he can, to work doubly hard while our soldiers are in the trenches, in order that the resources of the country may not only be conserved, but increased, for the great struggle that lies before us. 'Work and Save' is a good motto for War-time."—SIR THOMAS WHITE, Minister of Finance.

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We must feed ourselves, feed our soldiers, and help feed the Allies. The need is greater in 1916 than it was in 1915. The difficulties are greater, the task is heavier, the need is more urgent, the call to patriotism is louder—therefore be thrifty and produce to the limit.

"THE AGRICULTURAL WAR BOOK FOR 1916" is now in the press. To be had from The Publications Branch, Department of Agriculture, Ottawa.

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THE TENDER HEARTED JUDGE OF WHOM T. A. DALY SANG IN "EEN COURT"

Philadelphia Standard and Times
For regular readers of "Tom Daly's Column" in the Evening Ledger a pathetic interest attaches to a news item from London chronicling the death of Lister Drummond, K. S. G., a police Magistrate of that great metropolis. Mr. Drummond was a convert and a leader in nearly all the great convert movements. He led the first outdoor procession through the streets of London since the Reformation and was often to be seen in Hyde Park on Sunday afternoons lecturing to the man in the street. He had the happiness of seeing his mother and sister received into the Church before his death.

In 1913 he was chosen for the office of police Magistrate, to which are attached great power and responsibility. Of fine presence and noted for his kindness and charity, he was respected and loved by all classes. Curiously enough, a few weeks ago, when the good and kind judge himself was about to appear as a suppliant for mercy before the Great Judge of all, the following dialect poem, suggested by a touching incident in Mr. Drummond's judicial career, appeared in the delightful columns of Mr. Thomas A. Daly, formerly general manager of The Catholic Standard and Times, is writing for the Evening Ledger:

EEN COURT

I was een court wan day las' week,
An' eet was strange to me,
I like eet not; s'ee, I would speak
Of som' theeng dere I see
To you, dat know da court so wal,
I s'pose eet's notheeng new,
But you are kind, so let me tal
Dees leetla theeng to you:

Da "Judge"—I think dey call heem
so—
Da bossa for da place,
He's fine, heeg, hau'som' man, an' O!
Sooch kindness een da face,
Wal, soon dey breeng a pris'nar dere,
A leetla boy; so small
Dat teel dey stand heem on a chair
I did not see at all!
Poor leetla keed, I s'pose he might
Be tan year old or less;
I nevva see sooch sorry sight,
Sooch peecture of deestress,
"Dees ees a verra badda child,"
Ees say da bigga cop
Dat hold hees arm; "he's runna
wild."
An' so I tak heem up,
You theenk so smalla keed like dat
Would cry, for he so scare';
But no, he tweest hees ragged hat
An' justa nevva care.
Den speaks da Judge, an' O! so
sweet,
Like music ees hees voice,
He tals heem how da ceety street
Ees notta place for boys,
At first da boy looks round' da place,
So like he nevva heard,
But soon he watch da Judge's face
An' dreenks een evra word,
"My child, would you not like to go
Where dere ees always food
An' light an' warmth, where you may
grow
For be da man you should?"
Da boy mak's swallers een hees
throat
As eef he try to speak,
But no wan near could hear a note,
Hees voice eet was so weak,
"Eh? 'Wat was dat?" da Judge he
said,
" 'Wat doed you say, my dear?"
An' den he leaned hees hau'some
head
Down close to heem to hear,
I s'pose da boy's so strange, so wild,
He deed not understand;
He only knew dat Judge so mild
Was sure to be hees friend,
An' so hees skeenny arms reached
out—
He deed not try to speak—
But, leetlin' up hees leetla mou't,
He keessed heem on da cheek!
O! hal, my frand, don't be ashame!
For w'at ees een your eye!
Weeth me, weeth all, eet was da
same.
We could not help but cry:
Not tears for dat was so sad,
But for da joy to find
A leetla boy dat was so glad,
A man dat was so kind!

AN INCIDENT AT THE FRONT

"The latest story from the front is not a military, but an ecclesiastical incident. An Anglican chaplain and an Irish Catholic priest, working together at the front, had been drawn together by the necessity of mutual arrangements and assistance.
"Later, when separated, they exchanged letters, and from union in secular arrangements their correspondence extended to questions of spiritual community.
"At last the Irish priest wrote that he did not think their corres-

pondence could profitably go further in this line, adding:
"It should be enough that we are both working for the same end and for the same Master—you in your way and we in His."—Boston Transcript.

FATHER FRACHON DIES

OLDEST IN ARCHDIOCESE OF TORONTO—PRIEST SINCE 1860

Last night there died in St. Michael's Hospital the oldest priest of the Archdiocese of Toronto, Rev. Father Frachon of the community of St. Basil. For many years he was professor of theology in St. Michael's College, but for the last twelve years he was assistant pastor of St. Basil's Church. For forty years he served as Chaplain to St. Joseph's College, St. Alban street.

Born in France at St. Bonnet le Froid, in the department of the Haut Loire, eighty-one years ago, he entered at an early age the College of the Sacred Heart in Ammonay, where he made a brilliant course in honor classics and philosophy. Then he decided to become a priest. After the usual course in theology he was ordained to the holy priesthood in 1860. Six years afterwards he came to Canada, to St. Michael's College, where he had resided almost continuously ever since.

He was a kindly man, learned and full of zeal. His heart was fixed on the success of St. Michael's College. His ardent desire was that St. Michael's should take her proper place among her sister colleges. Before he died his desire was realized.

When the war broke out his heart turned to his beloved France so sorely tried. Optimistic to the end that a bright future was in store for his native country, and that eventually the allies would drive the enemy back, he read carefully the daily reports in regard to the war.
Father Frachon was a good priest, a prudent counsellor, a wise director. Many will mourn his loss.—The Globe, April 12.

MORALS AS A MEANS

OF SOLVING MODERN ECONOMIC PROBLEMS

The noted English Socialist, Mr. H. G. Wells, has at last come to the consideration of morals as an element of conservation. He has studied the war from an economic and political side, but has failed to meet the exigencies that will follow the end of the war. This has been plain since the conflict attained its present unparalleled magnitude. Financial disaster has loomed on the borders of every land at war. The nations of central and western Europe face a problem of effecting gigantic readjustment under a burden of greatly increased debt and with a reduced capital. Economy must be the policy of every people emerging from the war. Their capital is impaired, their debts enormously increased, their population reduced and weakened and their social and political balances are shaken. At bottom this is a moral question. Economists try to discuss it in the terminology of their craft. To the fair mind it is evident that men must be born again. They must be born to a clearer and higher life if they would rid themselves of the covetousness, avarice and selfish clashing of interests that have been the cause of the war. The nations of Europe must be baptized in cleaner waters or they will perish.

Religion ultimately settles everything. An anonymous writer in one of our popular magazines recently attributed the bloody upheaval to the growth of materialism and the loss of spiritual ideas. He asks, "In the great hush that has fallen upon the nation is it not well for us to stop and ask anew whether our progress has been tending? What way have those who have been taught to live and breathe and think in terms of matter wherewith to voice this awful stirring of the soul? People cry out that the dark ages will come again from this awful slaughter, this waste of resources, intellectual and material. Have not the Dark Ages been with us for decades? Mankind stripped more and more of the deeper faith, the larger hope, more and more cut off from the finer part of his own nature, what darker ages can there be than these shadowed by the dreary position, undiscussed and undefined,

but much assumed, of our day." The writer finds in this present awful crisis not an isolated phenomenon, not a mere political event for which a train of political causes has been laid, but also one of the natural results of our ways of thinking, of our kind of progress.

The growth of the material over the spiritual conceptions during the last fifty years is appalling. To such an end the gospel of the perfect brute legitimately leads. Though this struggle has not touched us, though we view it with wonder and surprise, we may recognize the same forces at work with us. This terrible, crushing exposure is something to make us stop and think, though we are not in the thick of the battle. In the mysterious processes of God's law we may find a meaning for a war which now seems inexplicable. Mankind has not yet reached that stage of spiritual evolution that it is incapable of taking another step forward.—Intermountain Catholic.

RELIGION AND WAR

The Church Times (Anglican) inclines much to the opinion that "irrigation in the army" is a fact. Some vague phrases like "The Blood of the Lamb," "Christ died for sinners," were known, but of the meaning of these words in their application there was not the least conception. They sounded nice and had some associations. A fact is narrated that tested the attachment of the Anglicans to their Church. On a recent Sunday it was decided that the Church parade should be omitted and the weekly bath substituted. When this announcement was made to the regiment a cheer went up from the Church of England men, and the noncoms were highly comforted. This does not end the story. The narrator goes on to say that the Roman Catholics asked to be allowed to attend an earlier Mass, so as to be able to bathe afterwards. Such stories as this go far to confirm the confidence that the Catholic Church has in her children, and the conviction that her faith stands the test. In the terrible trying ordeal of war the Catholic soldier takes his religion into the camp, the hospital and the firing line. It is the one great reality to him. Of course, it may be alleged that he has been better taught the simple great truths of Christianity, but the real reason will rather be found in the fact that he has the Sacrament of Penance to comfort him, and the Holy Eucharist to strengthen him. He has the two remedies for weakness, and availing himself of them he has the keys to salvation.—New World.

WRITTEN FOR THE CATHOLIC RECORD. THE EASTER QUEEN

In the world of the Blest, where the warriors whose strife is ended, Friend and foe, rest 'mid the roses that know no death,
Where the long lost loves are united in bliss unblended,
And the hearts that have mourned are as light as a blossom's breath,
Who smiles on the scene 'mid the throngs that have loved her name?
Whose eyes are lit with the light which is love's full flame?
Queen of all hearts, with thy lovers whose names are deathless,
And thy nameless lovers, who seem as the sands of the sea,—
All the dear fled souls, whom we loved, and whose lips are breathless,
But who live in God's light and are linked in their love to thee,
And are linked to us by a love that is theirs and thine,
And ours, and shall link us all, till at last we roam
In the light of thy love, and of Him whose love divine
Is our shield and strength; in whose heart is our help and home.

So to thee we fly, and though shadows of death be lowering
O'er sad Europe's fields, we know we are safe with thee,
And e'en in wild war we know that thy hand is showering
Blessings that brighten death's strange skies, O Star of the sea,
And light of all lands; and soon the old earth's wide sorrow
For a brief sweet space, shall be lifted from lips that pray
To the Lord of life, and hope of a brighter morrow
Shall thrill the whole world in the gladness of Easter Day.

H. T. E. RICHARDS.

The beginning of pride was in heaven; the continuance of pride is on earth; the end of pride is in hell.

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WHAT A LOSS TO THE WORLD OF LETTERS

Alexander Pope, among the greatest scholars and writers of the English tongue, was of very diminutive stature, deformed from his birth, a confirmed epileptic, and whose physical infirmities rendered his life one long disease. As a literary artist, brilliant declaimer, satirist and moralizer in verse, he is still unrivalled. He is the English Horace. The pagan logic and the action of the Chicago physician would have permitted his death at birth, says The Pittsburg Catholic. Human life is sacred. God has made it so. When the guests of the upper classes failed to attend the Great Supper, the Lord of the feast bade His servants go into the streets and lanes and byways and bring in the poor, the feeble and blind and lame that His house might be full.

DIED

PHELAN.—At the home of his sister, Mrs. J. J. Mulrooney, Grant street, Guelph, Ont., on Tuesday, March 28, 1916, Mr. Edward Ignatius Phelan, son of Mr. Patrick Phelan, Puslinch. May his soul rest in peace.

TEACHERS WANTED

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