

# The Catholic Record.

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

VOLUME XXXV.

LONDON, ONTARIO SATURDAY, MAY 31, 1913

1806

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### SOME EDUCATORS

Since some educators have tried to usurp the place of parents, and have preached insistently about the modern child who, according to them, must be handled carefully, drilled efficiently and be given information which is supposed to belong to the dissecting room, we are burdened with boys and girls who are the despair of the old-fashioned. Our forefathers strove to keep boys innocent; ignorant if you please as far as innocence implies ignorance; and such ignorance might be calculated in some degree to check maturity of character, or to interfere with prospects in life. But innocence has its reward. It is only the pure of heart that see God and the things of God.

### THE COMIC SUPPLEMENT

How the children of the present day pounce upon the colored "comic" supplements. They spread them out upon the floor and soon their innocent laughter resounds through the room. The parents beam on them; it is a sort of new "children's hour" though it be not Longfellow's. The parents turn to their own section of the paper and feast upon Macabrean banquets of the world's assorted horrors. The little ones are engrossed in the mishaps of Happy Hooligan or Mutt and Jeff, or in the demagogical ingenuity of the Katzenjammer Kids. Yet while the minds of the adults have been dwelling upon the murder, dishonesty and vice so entertainingly supplied by the papers, the impressionable minds of the children have been saturated with a debauchery of fancy, a harmful travesty of Life and Truth as baneful in its effect as the black news of reality. They have been feeding upon moral poison—the clownish crudities of the comic supplement. But how few parents realize the insidious effect of these coarse and malignant horrors perpetrated as jokes upon their tender children. Years ago a hue and cry was raised against the evil influence of "Peck's Bad Boy." It was wretched stuff and soon forgotten. Very young children were unable to read it, so its power for tutoring them into disrespect and rebellion against their elders was insignificant. But the wide-reaching evil influence of these cheap and cruder pictorial representations of cruelty, cunning, trickery and brutality is momentous and immediate. It is in fact a national peril, and students of juvenile crime can no longer ignore its influence upon the receptive child-mind.

To laugh at the discomfiture of an elder person to whom affection is owing, to seek revenge by under-handed means, to betray guileless and trusting confidence, to be supremely selfish, untruthful, brutal and crafty, these are the qualities of the heroes of the comic supplement. Were a person to enter a household and induce the young people to indulge in malicious practical jokes he would soon be shown the door by the irate master of the house. Yet every week such a visitor is received by the parents, nay, even welcomed, for it "amuses the children." Proper pictorial amusement is easily and cheaply obtainable. The child should never be permitted to be merely amused. That which induces his laugh should also impart a lesson—not a moral—however mild and subtle.

The comic supplement is not comic; it is incipiently criminal. It appeals to one of the basest traits in human nature—joy at another's misfortune. It wrecks the conceptions of right and wrong in the unformed minds of the young. You parents who say these things "amuse" your children, can you afford the price you will hereafter pay for this indulgence?

### FAMILY PRAYER

The good old custom of family prayers seems to be dying out in the cities at least.

Theatres, clubs and other attractions outside the home keep members of the family away until late in the evening, and, arriving home at vari-

ous hours, they think they are doing well if each individual can rush through a few short prayers before retiring. Modern city life has almost, if not altogether, destroyed one of the most beautiful practices of a former generation. We believe a great many of the best men of the present day owe their strong faith and their steadfastness in religion to family prayers when they were young. It impressed upon them the importance of prayer and taught them the beauty of union in the worship of God. Private devotions are all very well, but if devotion is left to the choice of the individual, the young will soon grow careless; and one who is careless in prayer soon grows careless about other duties of religion. On the other hand, family prayers in common are a form of public worship and naturally lead to attendance at Mass—the great act of public worship—on Sundays. We hope that Catholic families will revive the good old practise—if it has been allowed to lapse—of reciting the Rosary in common. The Rosary is a prayer that unites the family as no other form of prayer can, and its effects are visible for long years after the members who joined in it are scattered. It is the family prayer by pre-eminence, and family prayer is needed now as at no other time.

### OUR YOUNG WORKERS

A subscriber writes us commending our timely action in "safeguarding the minds and morals of the immigrants." At the same time he points out that the present is a very dangerous time for the youthful workers of our own land. Investigations that are being made in various sections of the country as the causes of the growing immorality which is an evident fact, even while they may not hit upon the right remedy, that there is now more than ever a need of special vigilance lest our youths be infected. We may not agree with all the findings of committees. We are, indeed, very loath to believe that there is the close connection between low wages and vice that some reformers are postulating as undeniable. But the fact remains that the dangers to the young are to-day greater and his needs more pressing and peculiar than in other days. It is hard to escape the atmosphere of sensuality. In offices, in factories, in workshops, in the popular literature there are perils for the young. Yet speaking generally their greatest peril comes to them through the agency of their fellow-workmen—often alas! through their elders. If it is said by those who know that nothing can possibly exceed the foulness of the conversation that may be heard daily in too many workshops and offices.

There is no reverence paid to the young; nay, it would seem to be the particular business of some men of mature years to corrupt youthful minds by loathsome talk and suggestive and abominable jests. Even when the young man or woman is fortunate enough to escape this evil his Faith is often subjected to every kind of insult. Men who are glib of speech and who are given to one-sided reading are able to put questions and propose difficulties and objections which few of our young people are able to answer. There are numerous reforms needed before the lot of many youths will become what it should be, and as practical Catholics we have the solemn duty of working to bring about such reforms. In very truth they have a special claim on our prayers. They have also a particular need of any other help we can give them, and they should be encouraged, supported, and if possible given personal service, notwithstanding the red-tape microbe, by our Catholic clubs and organizations. With practical effort and earnest prayer there can be great hope that the present crying evils will be removed from the lives of these youthful workers.

Next to the sunlight of heaven is the cheerful face. There is no mistaking it. The bright eye, the unclouded brow, the sunny smile, all tell of that which dwells within. Who has not felt its electrifying influence? One glance at this face lifts us out of the mists and shadows into the beautiful realms of hope.

### FAITH'S HARMONY WITH SCIENCE

The Catholic Church has always fostered science, and in every century she numbers among her believers eminent scientists. It is not our intention at present to verify this statement, only to call attention to one great scientist of the immediate past—Pasteur. He was a devout Catholic, who in addition to the benefits he conferred upon suffering humanity by his wonderful discoveries, made it his life work to reconcile nature's facts with religious principles.

Protestant authors are writing eulogies on Louis Pasteur because he placed science on the religious pedestal, where it truthfully belongs, and are of these, Henry Fairfield Osborn, director of the American Museum of Natural History in New York, a noted paleontologist, goes so far as to suggest that a statue of his be erected in the Cathedral of St. John the Divine. He expresses the opinion that some such tribute would have been paid to his memory if he had lived in "the early centuries of the Church, before there had arisen any divorce between the study of nature and the matters of the spirit, and has even the love of his generation and the reverence of succeeding generations by his mighty works."

In explanation of his position he says: "Our belief to-day is that Pasteur should stand as a symbol of the profound and intimate relation which must develop between the study of nature and the religious life of man, between our present and future knowledge of nature and the development of our religious conceptions and beliefs."

He calls attention to the deeply religious conception of St. Augustine and other Fathers of the Church had of all the natural phenomena, and pays his compliments to the present as follows:

"The great scientific inquiry of the latter half of the nineteenth century so far from being regarded as destructive, is a constructive, purifying, and regenerating movement; it takes us back to the lost faith of our fathers, a faith which spiritualized the Old Testament, a faith which finds in nature a manifestation of the divine order of things."

The tribute which he pays to Pasteur is worthy of reproduction: "The life work of Louis Pasteur was more than humanitarian, it was more than scientific, it was religious. He regarded natural processes which in their superficial view appear relentless, cruel, wholly inexplicable, as part of a possibly beneficent order of things; he again revealed through his profound insight, through his unparalleled toil, discouragement, and even scorn on the part of his contemporaries, deeper laws which are beneficent, protective, and restorative in action."

It was Pasteur who in one of the most trying periods of his life wrote: "God grant that by my persevering labors I may bring a little stone to the frail and ill-assured edifice of our knowledge of those deep mysteries of Life and Death where all our intellects have so lamentably failed."

In the end all science is founded on religion—for God is the author of Nature. There never can be a real contradiction between them, what ever the appearances may be. God is one and cannot contradict Himself. That has always been and is to-day the teaching of the Catholic Church.—Intermountain Catholic.

### THE ARMENIAN SITUATION

The history of the Armenians for the last quarter of a century is the story of the martyrdom of a people. Chronic persecution has destroyed the flower of the nation. Between the choice of Mohammedanism or death these brave Catholics have not hesitated and it stirs the souls of men to know that thousands upon thousands of the faithful, now in the twentieth century, have chosen certain death rather than prove false to the Faith. What remains of the Armenian people in Turkey are reduced to abject poverty. Aggressive proselytism, propelled by munificent donations from American Protestants, is taking giant strides and decimating the ranks of the Catholics. During the Adams massacres in the spring of 1909 most of the Armenian Catholic churches, schools and hospitals were destroyed by the Turks and, up to the present, have not been restored. The Armenians, proceeding on the theory that a Protestant hospital or school, with the inevitable corollary of a Protestant church, is better than no church, school or hospital at all, are flocking in increasing numbers to the Protestants.

As if these trials were not enough, the young Turks have seized upon the Italian war to make the Armenians believe that the Catholic clergy were acting as agents of the Italian government. The charge is without proof and absurd on its face, but like the charges of our own A. P. A. and other

non-Catholic associations, it is bringing harm upon the Church. So serious is the situation in Constantinople that a schism in the Church is threatened. The Patriarch, Monsignor Terzian, in his desire to offset the propaganda of the non-Catholics and the calumnies of the Turks realizes that his only course is to rebuild, at any cost, the destroyed churches, hospitals and schools as well as provide a home for the 2,500 orphans under his care. His Eminence Cardinal Farley has recommended the cause of Monsignor Terzian to the faithful, and the Holy Father, who as Patriarch of Venice was in close contact with a large congregation of Armenian Catholics in that city, has expressed his solicitude over their condition.

The Armenians, who have been called because of their sufferings for the faith, the Irish of the East, are the oldest Catholic nation in the world. In the time of Christ they numbered over ten millions, but now they are but three millions. Of this number, all but 150,000, are separated from communion with Rome though they are Catholics in everything else. It is over these 150,000 that Monsignor Terzian exercises spiritual sway. The danger now is that, unless we come to his assistance, the Church will lose this last remnant of the first Catholic nation.—St. Paul Bulletin.

### PROSELYTISING IN CANADA

To Editor CATHOLIC RECORD, London, Ont.:

Dear Sir,—Most of your readers will remember that last November I had occasion to reply to a vicious attack made by a Mr. Tebb, of Hespeler, Ont., in one of the Toronto papers on the Catholics of Ireland. I think that your readers will have come to the conclusion that I did not find it hard to nail on the head the gross misrepresentations and wicked calumnies with which this gentleman's article swarmed. At the time I did not know who he was or what was his position in life. It has just come to my knowledge that he is superintendent of a Home for Irish children, at Hespeler, called "The Coombe" after a locality in the city of Dublin, where a proselytizing school exists notorious all over Ireland. This arrogant bigot is now in charge of hundreds of poor Irish children of Catholic parents, who are being brought up bitter Protestants, you may say truly by force of circumstances. Now I will put a few facts before you that ought to make the Catholics of Canada burn with indignation and rouse them to put an end to the scandal without delay.

The Coombe and other schools of the kind in Dublin were founded about fifty years ago by a Mrs. Smyly, for the perversion of Catholic children, and are still carried on by one of her daughters. No real Protestant child is received into these schools. One or other of the parents must be a Catholic and in the majority of cases both parents are Catholics and the children will have been baptized and brought up in the Catholic religion. The wealthy Protestants of Ireland who would not give anything to a Catholic institution (though, thank God, our poor people are almost wholly Catholic) freely contribute up to 12,000 pounds, (\$60,000) for the perversion of these children and call it charity. Who can describe the anguish of parents having, through war and poverty, to part with their little ones, knowing that they will be brought up to hate and contemn what they themselves revere in their inmost hearts, the faith for which our fathers suffered and died? It has often happened that they have repented of their bargain and have gone and claimed their children back, only to find they had been spirited away to some other part of the country or to England where it was impossible to trace them. Finding by experience that numbers of these children, after passing some years in the school, returned to the true fold when they went back to their families, the Smylys tried to put a stop to this by sending them to Protestant situations in England. But a more effective though much more expensive means of doing this was to send them out to Canada, and so this Home was erected at Hespeler, which up to the present has received about two hundred and thirty children. Diversity of religious sects make no difference to the promoters of this clever scheme, provided the children are rescued from Rome, so although they are supposed to be brought up in Dublin in the tenets of the Irish Protestant Church, known to themselves as the "Church of Ireland," they are apprenticed round Hespeler to Presbyterian and Baptist farmers and go to the churches and Sunday-schools of these denominations.

The schools are kept up largely by fraudulent misrepresentation. In none of the begging circulars that are sent round is there a word to show that the children rescued from want and poverty are the children of Catholic parents. Of course the bulk of the Irish Protestants know exactly what they are contributing for, but a good deal of the money that comes

from England would be stopped if the subscribers had the true nature of the work described to them. In connection with the schools a magazine is published called "Erin's Hope," which, like the circulars, dwells on the charity given but carefully avoids touching on the religious question. I will take three cases from the number before me and let your readers judge for themselves.

1. A woman had a drunken husband and lost all hope of reclaiming him. She had no means of supporting her children, had to take a position as a domestic servant and gave up her children to the Home.

2. Father and mother died leaving behind them a three year old child. After the death of the mother a cousin took charge of the child and not being able to support it gave it up to the Home.

3. Two very small girls were given in by their grandmother after the death of their parents. One child was asked if she remembered her mother: "Yes," she replied, "she did wash on a Monday, got sick in bed on Tuesday and was buried on Friday. Then Granny took us."

Now none of the proselytizers who parade the help they have given in these cases of abject distress would contribute a single shilling to them if those who had charge of the children refused to have them brought up in the Protestant religion. On the contrary they would do everything in their power to hinder them from being taken into a Catholic institution in which they would be brought up in the religion in which they were baptized. And let us note well that the whole thing is illegal, that according to the law of England, and, I suppose, according to the law of Canada, young children are to be brought up in the faith of the father unless he gives a written attestation that he desires the contrary, and it is illegal for the mother, or grandmother or any other relative after the father's death to allow the children of a Catholic father to be brought up Protestants. So that the proselytizers in all these cases have induced these poor people to do an act contrary to law.

Here is another case from "Erin's Hope." A child six years old is received. Both her parents had died, and her grandmother had hoped to make a home for her, but after a few weeks her husband died too, and she was the breadwinner, the poor woman was unable to keep more than the baby sister to whom she clung.

I will now give one of those heart-rending cases which have occurred from time to time and show the callous and revolting cruelty. It was told to me by a medical man, under whose immediate notice it came, and who averred he had come across a dozen of similar ones. The father was a sailor, whose wife died while he was on a long voyage. The only child they had was taken charge of by an aunt or cousin, who to get rid of her, or in view of the money bribe that is often given in such cases, gave her over to the proselytizers.

The father on his return home found his wife dead and his only child spirited away. He could get no satisfaction from the cousin who professed to be bribed to secrecy. The poor distracted father never saw his child again. For all we know she may be among the "happy children" at Hespeler under the care of the benignant Mr. Tebb. Such deliberate kidnapping has been often practised and even after application to the courts it has been impossible to discover the children. This hellish system is a repetition under another name of Cromwell's work when he ordered thousands of poor Irish orphans to be shipped off to the West Indies as slaves to the English planters.

I hope that the Catholics of Canada, now that they are made aware of the system, will not allow the matter to rest. If they cannot prevent their country being made a dumping-ground for proselytized Irish Catholic children, they should at least insist on certain conditions being made for their admission. What could be done would be to insist that the Immigration Department should allow no child to enter Canada for the Home without a certificate showing the religion of the father and mother. Also if the father is a Catholic, a written attestation from him that it is his will that the child should be brought up a Protestant. This should present no difficulty as the rule of the school is that no child can be admitted without the marriage certificate of its parents. If the father is dead a certificate showing in what religion he died, and if he died a Catholic, documentary proof that he desired his child to be brought up a Protestant. All these things are in accordance with the law of the land and their observance would be a guarantee that in the emigration of the children the ordinary dictates of humanity were not being violated. As a further precaution a Catholic visitor should be appointed, who should visit the Home from time to time and interview the children. It might often happen that the parents, repenting of their former weakness, might write to them to this effect, and that the children moved both by their parents' entreaties and by the

grace of their baptism, might desire it themselves if no impediment were placed in their way. Thus perfect liberty of conscience would be secured.

I notice in the report for 1907 that among the visitors to the Home in that year were Mr. G. Bogue Smart, Ottawa, Chief Inspector of Immigrant children, and Mr. J. J. Kelso, Toronto Provincial Inspector. If the material necessities of the children are well looked after, as I suppose they are, these gentlemen have no further responsibility. It is otherwise, however, with the Catholics of Canada and especially the Irish. I hope they will take action at once.

AMBROSE COLEMAN, O. P.

### FATHER FRASER'S MISSION

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

There are but 2,000,000 Catholic Chinese in a population of 400,000,000. The recent mighty revolution has broken down the old superstitions and prejudices, and now the fields are white with the harvest.

Catholics of Canada have the opportunity and privilege of sharing in the great work of the conversion of China by helping spiritually and financially their fellow-Canadian, Father Fraser, whose missionary work has been signally blessed by God.

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

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

### REMITTANCES

Previously acknowledged.....	\$1,095 70
M. Murchison, Lothian.....	5 00
Thos. St. Amour, Henfryn.....	50
Jennie St. Amour, Henfryn.....	50
A Friend, Kingston.....	1 00
Shad.....	1 00
C. E. B., Hamilton.....	1 00
Mrs. Angus Walker, Charlottetown.....	1 00
Angus Walker, Charlottetown.....	1 00
W. W. Walker, Charlottetown.....	1 00
A Friend, Port Arthur.....	5 00
James McIntyre, Dominion No. 4.....	5 00
A Terra Nova Girl.....	1 00
J. B. Perkins, Belleville.....	1 00
A Subscriber, Herring Cove	2 00
Charles Kitts, Barry's Bay.....	1 00

### TALE OF MARTYRDOM

A FRANCISCAN PRIEST PUT TO DEATH BY THE MONTENEGRINS WHEN HE REFUSED TO ABJURE HIS FAITH

A story of religious persecution in the Balkans has been printed recently, first in the papers of Vienna and then in those of Italy and other countries. Briefly, it is this: In the district of Dulcigno, in Albania, the Montenegris tortured 300 Catholic peasants to make them abjure Catholicism and embrace Orthodox, and barbarously murdered a Franciscan friar who refused to deny his faith.

The "Neue Freie Presse," of Vienna, published the following details of the event:

"The murdered priest, Father Angelus Palic, was known in the Franciscan Order as a pious ecclesiastic always ready to make sacrifices, and was highly honored among the Catholic Albanians. He was forty-three years old. On March 7 some irregular soldiers joined with the fanatical Orthodox priests near Djakovka to force the population to forsake the Catholic faith for the Orthodox belief. About 300 persons—men, women and children—among them being Father Angelus Palic, were bound with cords and invited to embrace the new faith under threat of death.

"After Father Angelus had refused the demand for the third time, and at a sign from the Orthodox priests, soldiers fell upon him and began to beat him to death with their rifles. He fell to the ground, his limbs and ribs broken, whereupon the Orthodox priest ordered the soldiers to desist, and asked him whether he would embrace the Orthodox faith. He shook his head and said quietly: 'No, I will not forsake my religion, nor will I break my oath.'

"Father Angelus was again struck with a rifle, and finally a soldier put a bayonet through his lungs, thus ending his sufferings. It is stated that Rome intends to honor the memory of this Franciscan priest, who died as a martyr for his Faith."—St. Paul Bulletin.

He that would climb a tree must grasp the branches, not the blossoms.

Thou must learn to renounce thine own will in many things, if thou wilt keep peace and concord with others.

### CATHOLIC NOTES

When Cardinal Gibbons confirmed a class of 410 at St. Paul's Church, Baltimore, May 1, there were 59 adults among the Confirmandi, and of these 30 were converts to Catholicity.

Our Roman cable tells of the practically complete recovery of the Holy Father from his recent alarming illness. The news will be joy to the 3,000,000,000 Catholics over the world, who earnestly prayed God for such a blessing.

A Public school teacher named Miss Koch of Marcus, Ia., has been dismissed from her position for circulating the bogus K. of C. "cath" among her pupils. Credit for securing her expulsion is due to Knights of Columbus of Marcus. In all of the forty years' existence of the Public schools in that city, but one Catholic has ever been employed as a teacher.

A letter from Denmark in the Paris Univers says that the German Jesuits established at Copenhagen, have won the admiration of all classes; their methods of education are so well-liked that the Danish Government has authorized them to receive in their schools young men of no religions. Furthermore, the certificates and diplomas given by the Jesuits have the same value as those given in the official academies.

The twenty-fourth Eucharistic Congress, this year on the Island of Malta, was from every point of view a most brilliant success, and every detail of the impressive program, was carried out with the greatest enthusiasm and remarkable devotion. Crowded churches, halls and streets and the most fervid piety, on the part of the thousands who gathered on this Catholic island, marked this world pageant and world manifestation of love for the Blessed Sacrament of the altar.

In Spain, in every city or town where there are soldiers in garrison, they march in a body on Holy Thursday to visit the Repositories in the several churches. At Barcelona this year, a correspondent of the Paris Univers says just before the men were given the word to march, an order was read aloud before all the companies dispensing from taking part in this religious ceremony all whose conscience might be violated thereby. Not a soldier stirred from the ranks.

The influx of pilgrims to Rome for the Constantinian Celebrations, in spite of the known impossibility of an audience with the Holy Father, is extraordinary. The Octave of St. John Lateran was a revelation of the Faith there is in Rome. Sunday April 20, there were twenty-some observers reckoned thirty-thousand people in St. Peter's in the morning at the Cardinalial Mass at which the Archbishop of the Basilica, Cardinal Rampolla, officiated, and the same number at Benediction in the evening.

A Proposition is under consideration for the reinstatement of nuns as nurses in French hospitals. The feeling of the whole country is in favor of this measure. All classes of the population showed hostility when the nuns were excluded from the public hospitals. When it came to the point of breaking up the congregations of the Little Sisters of the Poor protest was unanimous and forcible means of defence were taken by the people in general to prevent the order of the government from being put into effect.

In the passage on April 17, by the Ohio Senate, of the Carroll Bill authorizing the State Board of Administration to establish a day school in the Ohio Penitentiary, Rev. F. A. Kelly, O. P., for nearly eighteen years chaplain of the institution, found the dream of his life approaching realization. Long ago Father Kelly saw the necessity of education, in the reformation of prisoners, and he established a small school himself. It was such a success the General Assembly will now enlarge it.

Melva Beatrice Wilson, the well-known New York sculptor, has abandoned her promising career and entered the Sisters of Charity. Miss Wilson's most ambitious work was a wonderful bas relief for the stations of the cross for the new Cathedral of St. Louis. It is said to be the finest piece of purely ecclesiastical art in America. Endowed with superb vigor, the sculptor handled the maul and chisel herself, and spent day after day on the scaffolding, imprisoning souls in stone.

Those interested in Tyburn know that the Oratory of the Martyrs, where a reproduction of the old Triple Tree has recently been erected, has been enriched with many precious relics which within the last few months have been gathered in from many parts. Recently the Bishop of Tuy in Spain sent to Tyburn one or two bones of the forearm of St. Ven. Thomas Maxfield. Tyburn already numbers about twenty founders, i. e., those giving at least 105 pounds in honour of the 105 martyrs. As is generally known, 100 are needed to secure the future of Tyburn.







is in your favor. We all think you are going to get over this accident, and that you will not be long in the hospital. Have you a family?"

He flushed and said in a subdued voice: "Yes, father I have a wife and child, wonder if I could see them?" "Certainly, my friend," I said, "give me your address and I will soon gratify you."

He gave me the address and I despatched a messenger, warning him, however, not to tell the extent of the accident, but to say the man was injured by the railroad and was in the hospital.

When I returned to the patient's room, his gratitude was touching and he began to tell me how he had been going down hill. No work, discouragement, bad company and drink. He was a Catholic, yes, but he had not been his duty for years, a good many years. His wife was a good Catholic, and his little girl—two years old—loved with deep affection. He had a good position, made money at the time of his marriage, but luck turned against him. He gave up going to church—although it nearly broke his wife's heart—and quarrelled with her and got intoxicated, and when he came to himself he was in an ambulance rushing to the hospital. And now—what could he do without both hands! Wouldn't it be better to die? I consoled him and told him how God never sends a trial without the grace to bear it, and begged him to be patient, and to try to think that God was infinitely good to spare his life even with the loss of his hands. He was young and who knows what would be done for him. Most of all was God good to give him time to think of the past and repent. He might have been swept into eternity without a moment's warning, his sins upon his soul. And then his wife and child!

At mention of them tears came to his eyes, and I saw he was deeply attached to them.

"I am not worthy of a good woman's affection, father," he said brokenly. "My wife is an angel—patient, forgiving and ready to forget everything if I only do right."

"Most women are that way," I returned: "God has been good to you. She will be here soon and you will be brave and hopeful I am sure."

All this time I had not even known his name, but an hour or two later when a message came that Mrs. Preston had arrived, I knew at once who it was. I was at the door when a pale girl looking woman with deep brown eyes full of trouble appeared in the hall. I felt it was his wife, and advanced to meet her. "Oh, Father!" she cried. "Will Jack die? Oh! it would kill me! What has happened to him? He is the best man on earth, and I had not heard one word of the accident until your message came. What happened? They would not tell me down stairs."

Her pleading face, and eyes brimming with tears almost unmanned me. I motioned her into a vacant room opposite, and prepared her for the fact that her husband was a helpless cripple as to his hands, but that he was otherwise uninjured.

She covered her face with her hands and wept softly. I allowed her to give vent to her grief for a few moments, and then I said: "Stay here until I tell your husband of your coming. Now be brave and remember a good wife always bears the heaviest share of the burden in a case like this. Be encouraging and bright, and help him to bear his great trial. Come in after a few minutes."

I went to Jack, and told him his wife was there. He became greatly agitated, but when the door opened, and his wife flew to his side, three her arms around his neck, her face bathed in tears, yet smiling, the big fellow broke down and laid his head on her shoulder and cried aloud. He held up the bandaged stumps of both arms!

"Look, Amy!" he said bitterly, "see what kind of a man you have to support you and the baby!"

"Don't fret Jack, dear," she said without seeming to notice them, "you are going to get well, and you have your feet and your brains and your voice. Suppose I had lost you," she wept, laying her head on his breast.

"God forgive me, Amy! I'll be a better man if I get well. It's just like you to forget what I have been but where will I ever find a job?"

"There are dozens of things you can do! You have been the dearest husband in the world. We will get along splendidly. Don't bother until you are well; how we ought to thank God for sparing your life!"

"It was a close call wasn't it, Father?" said Jack.

"It was indeed," I returned, "and as Mrs. Preston says, you have much to be grateful for."

"I am grateful," said Jack, fervently, "and I'll go by my duty and be a different man!" I knew he was in earnest and so took leave, promising Mrs. Preston as she pleaded with tears in her eyes, to be good to Jack and to see him as frequently as possible.

I did not visit him until the next day, when I found him alone, and suffering greatly from both arms. I talked to him, and saw he was in excellent disposition. Then I suggested he should prepare for a good confession next day, and receive Holy Communion. "I will, Father! I don't know why the Lord is so good to me. Look at Amy, my wife. Why would I think I had never given her a minute's pain—and God knows I've been a wretch to her. And then, to hear her talk, you would think a man without hands had a better

chance than a man that had them both. She will bring the baby to see me to-day, and with them around I'll get well. And then we'll see if I will be useless altogether. She says not, and so I'll grit my teeth and bear the pain; for I deserve it, Father—I have not been a good man!" I cheered him up, and I appointed the next day for his confession.

That morning his wife and little girl came. The mother had drilled the little thing so well that she did not wince at her father's appearance, even when he tried in vain to embrace her with his poor stumps, but with the sweetest of baby ways chatted to the poor invalid as if nothing was wrong. She was a beautiful little girl with brown eyes like her mother's, and a smile like her father's, and a pretty little way of talking. The caresses of the child were evidently a delight to the sufferer, and he was relieved that his swathed and bandaged arms did not frighten her. His wife was all affection and sympathy and, although the visit was short because he was in pain, it was comforting to both. When she was leaving and she kissed him good-by, he whispered: "I am going to confession to-day, Amy—you will pray for me won't you?" Another warm kiss was the reply; indeed I will, Jack; you know nothing could please me more."

This was told me afterwards by Jack. I began to get deeply interested in this little family. There was evident refinement in the mother. The child was charming, and Jack was a fine, clever fellow spoiled somewhat by a nasty temper and self will, but so forgiving and repentant that all his misdeeds were forgotten.

He made his confession that day, and I brought him Holy Communion next morning. He wore a peaceful, happy expression when his wife came to visit him. She noticed it, and when she knew the cause her happiness was radiant. Soon his thoughts turned to the future. What would become of him. They were not destitute, as they had the rent of one or two small houses, besides their little home; but he could no longer work with his hands, and this thought depressed him greatly. Amy's efforts were now directed towards getting him something to do. Fortunately the right arm was amputated below the elbow, and an artificial hand could be supplied. This arm healed first, and it was measured for an artificial hand. Jack's hopes were raised as each day brought a better condition.

One evening while sitting up in his room, he began to talk to me of his past. "Father," he said, "my curse has been my hot-temper. Ever since I was a boy my fits of rage have always ended in some misfortune. Do you know as I lie here on my bed, I can trace it back year after year, and the memories are not such as to make me proud. I had a good father and mother, and a good comfortable home, and I should have been better. The more I think of my past, the more I think of the more my two hands was a specially appointed punishment from God. I am sure of it. Why do you say that, Jack?" I ventured to remark as he became suddenly silent. "Well, I will tell you Father, and you may tell others. It may be a lesson to some hot-headed fellow like I was."

"When I was twelve years old I became an altar boy in our church, and because I was quick at understanding things about the altar and the Church, I was a favorite with our pastor, who always wanted me if there was a strange priest, or the Bishop, or a festival coming. Of course I liked it, and after two years our priest was always gentle to me when he saw me growing hot, and so we got along. But when I was fourteen years old the crisis came, and I am going to tell you why I feel that the loss of my two hands is a special punishment from God. It was some feast-day and I was to serve at Benediction. It was an extra day—that is, it was not a Sunday. I was working in a store, and forgot about the hour. When I thought of it I was half an hour late, but I rushed like mad down to the Church, and was just slipping into the Boys' Sacristy when, our priest, who was not officiating, appeared at the door.

"You young rascal," he said, "coming at this hour into the Sacristy when services are over. I'll teach you to loiter around when your busi-ness is here," and he lifted his hand and gave me a box on the ear that sent me spinning against the wall. But he was half smiling all the time. Enraged at being held up without being able to explain, I doubled my two fists, and made at the priest like a mad fury. I wanted to strike him to the ground if I could. My mouth frothed, and my forehead became full of sweat.

"But the priest who was a big, strong man, grabbed my two fists easily in his hands, and with his voice trembling said: "Oh Jack! Jack! you don't mean to strike your Pastor! Don't you know the Lord punishes those who raise their hands to the Lord's anointed? Stop my Son!"

"I don't care!" I choked out, "I will hit you! Let me go! But the priest held me as if I were a baby. Then, as we neared the door he took both my hands in his strong fist, picked up my cap, put it on my head, and opened the door.

"Go home Jack," he said, "and when your temper is over, come back and tell me you are sorry for raising your hands against a priest of God," and he shut the door. Still wild with anger I yelled at the closed door: "I'll never come back, and I'll never tell you."

"And, Father—I never went back; I told my mother I didn't want to be an altar boy. Shortly afterwards we moved away from that place, and I began to stop going to church and to go down hill; for I vowed I would never make up with that priest. But now since this accident, I feel more and more that it is the punishment for having dared to lift my hands against a priest. Both of my hands are gone! It might have been my feet, but you see it was the hands I raised against the Lord's anointed. Father, don't you see it is a punishment? Oh! if I could only see that priest, and tell him—late as it is—how sorry he is, and that I am sorry. Then I might get God's forgiveness, and some good luck. It's a poor lookout for my life, and I am only twenty-five. Don't you see, Father?" The poor fellow choked back a sob, and looked at the bandaged stumps on both arms with a despairing, heavy sigh.

I had listened with deep sympathy. I knew such things had happened. I had known before of persons who had lifted their hands to strike a priest, and had been punished instantly. But I was loath to think that Jack was as hardened as these examples I had heard about. I desired much to console him, and it was hard to do so. He had been so open and candid with me. "My poor fellow," I said, and he saw from my face and the tone of my voice all that I was feeling. "I will not deny that such punishments have come: but you must not lose hope for the future, you are sorry now."

"Deeply sorry, Father. And if I only knew where he lived I would go to the priest and ask his pardon on my knees. I am sure of it, Jack," I said, "but you have not told me his name."

"He must be old now," he said, "he was not young then." "He was Father McCort."

I started at the name. That same priest, Father McCort was at present in the hospital, ill unto death, in the very same hospital where we were both convalescing.

Jack saw the start.

"What is it, Father? Do you know him?"

"Not only do I know him, but he is here in this house."

"Here?" cried Jack; "here in this house? Father McCort of X—?"

"It is impossible!"

"It is true," I said, "and I will see him this very day, and bring you to his mind. It will all be fixed up, and your soul will be lifted from you. See how good God is. Oh! Jack, be grateful." The poor fellow broke down. Tears streamed from his eyes; and when he raised it, I had to wipe away the tears—he was helpless to do so. Oh, Father, do you think he had had hope at all these years? Do you think he will keep up the bad luck I have had, by turning me down, and saying I deserve what I got?"

"No! No! No!" I said. "Do not even think of such things. A priest would never harbor such thoughts. Try to be calm. Come Jack! I can see the light already shining on your future. Be humble and God will smooth all the hard things away. I will go and talk to Father McCort. And with a glad nod at the poor young man, I left the room.

At once I sought Father McCort's corridor, and entered his room. He had been ill some time, but his gentle kindly face warmed into a smile as he held out his thin, wasted hand in greeting.

"Glad to see you, Father Alexander. Making converts still?"

"Something better, Father McCort. I trust you are not suffering to-day, you look improved," I said.

"Sit down and tell me some of your active work," he rejoined. "My time is not long and it matters little how I feel; still I am some better."

I seated myself, and inwardly thanking God, I said aloud, "Father, do you remember when you were parish priest in X—?"

"Indeed I do. It was a fine little town. Good people, and prosperous families; not so very progressive, but solidly Catholic. I remember a family of Prestons; they had a fine son Jack, who had a temper as hot as fire, but as forgiving a lad as ever breathed—just a blowup and it was over. I wonder where he is?"

"Suppose you were to hear that he is in this hospital, present," I said, watching him closely.

"What? You don't mean it! In this hospital? It cannot be possible! What is wrong with poor Jack?"

And then I told him of the accident that robbed him of his hands. Tears gathered in the old priest's eyes.

"Poor fellow! poor Jack! that's a dreadful misfortune. Is he still single?"

"He is married to a fine little wife, and has a beautiful baby girl, I saw them both," I added.

"A Catholic wife did you say?"

"Yes, indeed; a brave little woman." Then I proceeded to tell him of Jack's anguish, his sad tale of the day he lifted his hands to the priest, and that he believed the accident to have been a punishment.

"I remember the very day," said Father McCort. "I recall distinctly the whole occurrence. Just you tell Jack to come here as soon as he can, and I'll fix the matter in his mind, and put him at ease forever."

After a few more pleasant words I took my departure. I went at once to Jack's room. Mrs. Preston was there. Her husband had been telling her the story he told me, for her eyes were wet with tears, and her bright face very serious. "I have just come from Father McCort's room," I said joyfully. "He remem-

bers you perfectly, Jack, and is impatient to see you. You will get a warm, kindly reception from the dear old priest. He is not long for this world. He spoke of you as soon as I mentioned the town of X—and said you were a fine lad."

"The splendid old hero!" said Jack. "I don't deserve one kind word from him. Oh, Father! I'll have to go to see him. When do you think I could venture? My arms are getting on fine, and the right one will have the artificial hand next week."

"Ask the doctor," I said. "You are sitting up and moving around the room. A trip through the hospital surely won't hurt you." Jack asked the doctor if he could visit a friend down stairs. "Anything to divert your mind, Mr. Preston, will help hasten your recovery," said the surgeon.

So it was decided that the next day, if Father McCort was strong enough, Jack and his wife would visit him. Of course I would be of the party.

Father McCort signalled his assent, and next afternoon Jack, leaning on his wife's shoulder, went slowly down the elevator. Quietly and leisurely we made our way to the priest's room.

He lay on the pillow, very white and still, his eyes turned to the door. When the little group entered a beautiful smile brightened his wasted face. He held out his hand.

"My dear son, Jack! I would know you at once. Whose name you are in the empty sleeves of the dressing gown he said with tears in his voice. "My poor fellow! my poor boy!"

But Jack fell on his knees. The sight of the old priest, with death stamped on his face, tore at his heart. He cried out: "Oh Father McCort! I don't deserve a kind word from you. Once I lifted my hands against you, and swore I would never ask your pardon, though I knew I was in the wrong. Will you forgive me now? God has punished me for my sin."

The priest raised himself on his pillow and put his trembling arms around the man. "Forgive you, Jack? Forgive you? Why there's nothing to forgive! You have suffered enough in your thoughts about this matter. My poor boy! You have had expiation enough! Of course I forgive you; for you were in one of your tempers, Jack, and you didn't know what you were doing. You were young. Soon your old pastor will be with God; and if he has any influence with the heart of Christ you will never feel the loss of your hands. Do you hear, Jack?"

And then the good priest exhausted, sank back on his pillow. "Oh, Father!" sobbed the man, shaken to the roots of his being. "I believe you. Give me your blessing. Tell me I will get well, and I will be a better man. My wife will be glad to see you. Will you help me, will you wipe the tears from my eyes—softly, wiped the tears from his eyes—supplying his lost hands."

Father McCort made a supreme effort, and raised his hand. "May God almighty bless you, Jack, and give you prosperity, comfort with your family, and peace with your own soul. May your poor lost hands never stand in the way of your advancement; and may you be happy as long as you serve Him. Amen."

And the priest solemnly made the sign of the Cross over the boy he had known in childhood; and he allowed his hand to rest on the bowed head.

There was silence; it was a solemn scene. We all knelt, and then as the priest closed his eyes wearily I motioned for them to rise. Jack stooped and kissed the thin hand that had given him his First Communion. His wife did the same. As they left the room Jack turned back up my head, and said to me: "The priest smiled faintly and feebly waved good-by."

They never saw him alive again. He died within a week, and his promise was kept before God.

Jack Preston recovered rapidly, procured an artificial hand, learned to use it surprisingly well before he left the hospital, and finally departed, a new man in soul and body. He obtained an excellent position almost at once, and has successfully kept it. He has persevered faithfully in his promise to his pastor. He has prospered, and prospered to miss his lost arms, for both are supplied by artificial ones.

The name of Father McCort is uttered with hushed reverence in that household, and sometimes Jack Preston says to his friends: "It is the truest of truths that the angels in heaven rejoice over the sinner who has lost God and found Him again!" And then he says to his two little boys who are his pride and joy: "Remember, my sons, always to 'Honor the Priest.'"

GARLIC FOR TUBERCULOSIS

Dr. Minchin of Dublin has discovered that garlic is of great value in treating the dread white plague. He declares that garlic is not only of value after other treatments have failed, but that it is highly efficacious in all cases where the feet, hands and joints have been affected, and that amputation has, in a number of such cases, been avoided by the simple use of garlic. It is also recommended that the patient eat garlic, raw, at least once a day.

As is perhaps natural, the medical profession has questioned Dr. Minchin's discovery, but further investiga-

tions seem to fully confirm his findings. The scientific name for the active principle of garlic is allyl sulphide, which is a powerful germicide. For this reason, people who are in the custom of eating garlic are far less subject to any form of tuberculosis than those who refrain from the odorous vegetable. The "garlic treatment" is not designed to supplant the outdoor treatment, for the two complement each other. Garlic is the specific for the disease and living out of doors is the treatment.—London Lancet.

## ARE CATHOLICS INTOLERANT?

W. T. GEER, A. M., UNTIL RECENTLY ANGLICAN CURATE IN WOOLLHAHORA, GIVES IMPORTANT FACTS

When the Samoan High Chief, Mataafa, died last February the newspapers of Sydney, New South Wales, made various comments. He was described by one as a "noble figure—perhaps the greatest Samoan that has ever lived." The correspondent of the Daily Telegraph wrote: "Mataafa died, as he had lived for many years, a devout Catholic, but, though a Catholic all his life, and a regular attendant at the church, he was ever tolerant in his manner."

W. J. Geer, A. M., until recently Anglican curate in All Saints', Woollhahora, using these comments as a text writes as follows: "Here we have the quiet assumption that Catholics, as a rule, are tolerant, and that it is an exception to the general rule to find one who is not tolerant."

This is the ordinary Protestant notion. How many times have I heard the remark: "If they (the Catholics) get the upper hand again they would be just the same as they used to be and persecute us Protestants." And the same reference is made about "Bloody Mary," or "The horrors of the Spanish Inquisition," or, perhaps, "The Massacre of St. Bartholomew" is given as a proof that "Rev. Mr. Smith and his nice young curate and Miss Jones, who sings in the choir, and our family would all be wiped out." It is very curious that Protestants should be under this strange delusion when, as a matter of fact, history shows that the boot is on the other foot.

The plain truth is that the Catholic Church never has claimed—and never will claim—the right to compel people by force to become Catholics. Her only methods are those of persuasion, instruction and example. It is true that a few Catholic sovereigns have allowed persecutions, as did Queen Mary of England, or Louis XIV. of France in his measures against the Huguenots—likewise some Spanish kings—likewise the Inquisition was the creation of the government, and dealt in most cases with political offenders. It was not the creation of the Church to deal with heretics. Indeed, the Popes tried to induce the inquisitors to mitigate the extreme penalties.

We live in an age of toleration, and it is hard for us to understand the fierce persecutions of days gone by. Cato, when at the age of eighty-six he was accused of certain offences by Queen Mary or of the French and Spanish monarchs, nor do they wish to maintain that their measures were right. Nor is it fair to the Catholic Church to pick out the blackest acts of some of her members, and then call Catholicism a religion of tyranny. Suppose you picked out all the fatal mistakes of doctors, and called their profession one of murder, that would be just as crying out about "the fires of Smithfield" and the massacre of the Huguenots," and then branding the Catholic Church as persecuting and intolerant.

But Protestants should be the very last to speak about religious intolerance. Protestant victims of religious persecution are few in number compared with Catholic victims. Suppose we compare them. During Queen Mary's reign about two hundred were put to death. Who advised their execution? Certainly not the Catholic Church. The Protestant Bishop Burnet writes that Cardinal Pole, the Papal Legate, never set on the clergy to persecute heretics but to reform themselves; and thus, "he advised that no open persecution should be raised against the Protestants."

Nor was it Queen Mary. Although many of the 200 had aimed at stirring up a rebellion and dethroning her, Queen Mary continually advised her council to act "with moderation," and "without rashness." When we remember how Mary had seen the Catholic Bishops confined for years in dungeons, how the Protestant reformers wrote and preached against her in the filthiest terms, and how terribly she suffered from ill health, the wonder is that Mary pleaded for and obtained the release of as many as she did. Her biographer shows that the Queen was not present at the council when

Crammer's case was dealt with. In any case, Queen Mary was not the instigator of the persecution in her reign. It was the work of her ministers and her council, and almost every one of them had conformed to Protestantism in Edward's reign. This shows that they were men of no religious principle, who simply acted from motives of political expediency. Crammer, Ridley and Latimer were fanatics who would again kill and destroy the moment they had the power, therefore (so they argued) they had better be put out of the way.

But compare 200 put to death in Mary's reign with more than 70,000 who were executed under Henry VIII. And poor "Bloody" Mary had no such blot on her memory as had "good Queen Bess," who kept Mary Queen of Scots shut up in prison for nineteen years and then had her beheaded. In contrast with the policy of Cardinal Pole, the Protestant Archbishop Parker urged the "taking of her away." The Protestant tradition about "Bloody" Mary is no doubt mainly due to Foxe's "Book of Martyrs." The Anglican Church has now dropped this "Book of Lies." Dr. Littledale, a bitter opponent of "Romanism," though one of the first to introduce "Roman" doctrines and practices into the Church of England, described Foxe as "that unmitigated liar," in the Church Times, when he was the editor of that High Anglican paper. However, Foxe and many another "mitigated liar" helped to create the Protestant tradition when, for nearly three centuries, no one was allowed to write or speak on the other side.

"Good Queen Bess" had her Catholic victims tortured before their death. "The rack," says the historian Hallam, "seldom stood idle in the tower for all the latter part of Elizabeth's reign." Many forms of torture were introduced in her reign, one of the most horrible being "the dungeon of rats" into which water flowed at high tide. Queen Elizabeth established the reformed religion in England by making the profession of the Catholic religion a crime by law, and by enforcing that law with the most barbarous penalties. All the Catholic Bishops save one were deprived of their sees, and took refuge on the continent, and every Catholic priest who was caught was tortured, drawn, hanged and quartered.

The story of the sufferings of Irish Catholics is well known. English Protestants for more than 200 years starved, robbed and slaughtered helpless Irish Catholics. It is estimated that two millions of the Irish died for their faith. Cromwell butchered 600,000 men, women and children, and sold 20,000 as slaves to the planters of the West Indies. The sole crime of the Irish was their allegiance to the old faith, and the history of the world has no parallel for such savage and such long-continued persecutions. The sufferings of the early Christians under Nero were not so terrible as the sufferings of the Irish Catholic Bishops, priests and people under Protestant rule.

Ronald Stewart, a Scotchman, has written of "the long-drawn-out agony" of Scotch Catholics. He says: "The endurance of the survivors of the old Catholic Church of Scotland through those slow-dragging ages of slavery and persecution can never be sufficiently honored. And what can honor be for the history of the little band of priests. To comfort and security they said good-by forever. Tracked by spies, hidden in rocks and hillsides, or concealed in the house of some Catholic family; exposed, shelterless, to the rigors of the northern winters; or, again, suffering in filthy and overcrowded prisons, the priests of the Scottish mission never flattered from their duty. They were doomed to witness every day some new exercise of oppression and persecution on the sorely-tried and impoverished people, to see frequently some noble Scotchman, famous for his fidelity to the ancient faith, sink into beggary under the confiscations of the dominant enemies of the Church; and they had to console the afflicted and encourage them to persevere, despite their misfortunes, and not to purchase ease and security as the price of apostasy."

I think Cardinal Newman said: "To be deep in history is to cease to be a Protestant." If only Protestants could learn the true facts about the beginning of their various religions, they would not for very shame talk any more about "Bloody" Mary or "those bigoted Catholics." The Catholics of to-day do not want to show any bitterness for what they have suffered in the past, but to live on friendly terms with their Protestant citizens. My work in the Anglican Church began on the east side of Ballarat, where Irish Catholics are in an overwhelming majority. From Elaine to Ballarat, from Wallace to Footflats, I knew almost every Protestant family, and they always spoke in the highest terms of the good will and kindness of their Catholic neighbors. I remember an exciting State election there, when the seat was contested by a Methodist and a Catholic, and the Methodist won easily. My late father often said that he had always been treated with the greatest respect by Catholics.

In the south of Ireland, where Catholics greatly outnumber Protestants, in some parts by 100 to 1, a Protestant mayor is quite common; and in the north, where Protestants are in the minority, Catholics and Protestants live side by side on the best of terms until the 12th of July comes, when Orange preachers, by

their wild and whirling talk, so work upon the feeling of their hearers that they come out shouting "to hell with the Pope," and almost ready to eat their unoffending Catholic neighbors.

The record of Protestantism is the record of persecution. Luther advocated persecution. Calvin burnt Servetus, John Knox taught "The people are bound to put to death the Queen, along with all her priests," Crammer, Ridley and Latimer revelled in blood-shedding. The Protestant Archbishop Usher taught: "To give any toleration to Papists is a grievous sin." The Huguenots butchered thousands of priests and buried some alive.

Was it ever enacted in any Catholic country that everyone who refused to attend Mass should be heavily fined? Was it ever enacted in any Catholic country that no Protestant should keep a horse worth more than 5 pounds, and if he did so, Catholics might take it from him? And that no Protestant children could inherit lands until they conformed to the Catholic faith? Was it ever enacted in any Catholic country that a Protestant should be racked ten times for his Protestantism, a punishment which was inflicted upon Father Southwell; or that a Protestant woman should be pressed to death between stones for harboring a Protestant clergyman; a punishment which was inflicted upon Margaret Clitheroe? But enough of this. Everyone knows the reality of these horrors, though for three hundred years they have been omitted from Protestant histories.

Frequently recollect that Jesus is looking on, and counting the degrees of glory He is to obtain from each pain that you patiently bear.

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The Catholic Record

Price of Subscription—\$1.50 per annum. United States & Europe—\$2.00. Publisher and Proprietor, Thomas Coffey, L.L.B. Editors—REV. JAMES T. FOLEY, B.A. Associate Editors—L. D. A. CABRE, H. F. MACRISTON.

LETTERS OF RECOMMENDATION. Mr. Thomas Coffey: Ottawa, June 15th, 1905. My Dear Sir—Since coming to Canada I have been a reader of your paper. I have noted with satisfaction that it is distinguished by intelligence, ability, and above all, that it is imbued with a strong Catholic spirit.

LONDON, SATURDAY, MAY 31, 1918

THE UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO AND THE SCHOOLS OF THE PEOPLE

Underlying President Falconer's demand that the High Schools take over the present first year university work, is the assumption that the University of Toronto is THE PROVINCIAL UNIVERSITY.

Sir George Ross in his letter to the Globe protesting against the exclusiveness, injustice and ingratitude of the President's proposal, says: "Besides, it should not be forgotten that the university is a Provincial institution. Its charter makes no distinction as to locality or social standing. It is the university of the whole people, not of large educational centres, where wealth accumulates and men decay."

The Provincial University idea owes much to Sir George. Evidently he still clings to it. It is not surprising.

The Globe, apparently alarmed at the reception of President Falconer's demand, sprang to the defence of the "Provincial University." The Provincial University is the university of the people, a sacred trust, and so on in a vein so enthusiastic that it borders on the hysterical. "The Globe never did and never will stand for the degrading of educational interests to the level of the ins and outs of political parties."

What is the meaning of a Minister of Education responsible to Parliament if the people may not freely and by right demand an account of his stewardship? And if the Provincial University be "the main source of those streams of scientific knowledge and intellectual culture which flow through the secondary and primary schools and enrich and vitalize the life of the Province," is that a reason why it should be above and beyond criticism? A trust too sacred for mere representatives of the people to ask for profane explanation or justification of the expenditure therefor of the people's money? Is this the Globe's conception of responsible Government?

The same spirit inspires Prof. Kylie when he says: "This type of argument recalls that so often used by politicians in the country districts of Ontario to the effect that money given to the university is money taken from the schools."

Special privilege always and everywhere shelters itself behind the sacredness of its functions, functions too high, too holy for common people to appreciate; they do their whole duty when they contribute the money.

Nevertheless, we shall examine the present stage of development of the Provincial University idea. Sir George Ross with paternal pride points out: "When I first became officially connected with the University in 1883 its staff consisted of only twenty-one persons, including professors, lecturers and demonstrators. By the last report of the President the staff (1912-13) consists of 388 persons. In 1883 there was but one faculty, that of arts. Now it has a faculty of arts, medicine, applied science, household science, forestry and education, or six in all. In 1883 the total attendance at the University did not exceed 350, in 1912-13 the number of students registered totalled 4,186."

Notwithstanding Sir George's cavalier dismissal of personal attention as "coddling and mothering," Professor Kylie approves and emphasizes President Falconer's best argument when he says:

"University buildings are large and expensive, university lecturers must be paid higher salaries than high school teachers, university classes are large and pupils cannot receive the personal attention which they are given in the schools."

This opens up a question much larger than that of raising the standard of matriculation, a question that would still persist and become more acute and pressing as time goes on, even after the temporary relief that would be afforded by the substitution of senior for junior matriculation.

Sir George's interesting retrospect since 1883 may help us to picture the condition of things say in 1923. Then shall we meekly and gratefully accept the invitation (or the command) of President Falconer or his successor to do another year or two of university work in the High schools?

If personal attention be an important factor in university training why not print the lectures and issue them in book form? The advantages are obvious. Amongst them, the student, without "coddling or mothering" in High school or university, might find his own way with the minimum of personal attention. If, on the other hand, personal attention is of paramount importance, there must be some limit to the number of students where effective university work can be done.

Have we not arrived at a stage in the development of the Provincial University idea when we should take this consideration into account?

Another consideration is suggested by the following statistics for University College:

Table with 3 columns: Year, From Toronto, From outside the Province. Rows for First Year Students, Second Year, Third Year, Fourth Year, and Occasional Students.

From city of Toronto and from outside of the Province 637, from Ontario, excluding Toronto, 469.

Now if Toronto were to pay half the \$500,000 a year that Ontario gives Toronto University, or better, if the City were to supplement the Provincial grant by another half million it might solve some problems. Toronto is growing very rapidly. It will become a great city. The University of Toronto will become in a large measure the University for Toronto. It will need greatly increased subsidies. It wants them now. Will the City of Toronto rise to its opportunities and its duties in the premises? Well, not while the Provincial University idea can be imposed on country politicians. It would be too much to expect of human nature. And there is a whole lot of human nature in the city of Toronto and in its press. Do we blame Toronto University? Not very much. Have we any cure for the fault-finding country politician? Yes. He does not go far enough or deep enough. If we include medical students, dental students, veterinary students, summer session, and all the rest as well as those who are supposed to be getting a liberal education we have 4,186 in all. The grant, therefore, from the provincial exchequer is about \$1,200 a student. When the representative of a constituency remote from Toronto compares this with the \$1.70 a pupil for primary and secondary education combined, he might be pardoned if he left the "sacred trust" of a Provincial University to others and promised to look after the educational interests of his constituents. But he ought to go deeper into the question; it is worth studying.

In the High Schools and Collegiate Institutes of the Province there are 898 teachers, 646 of them University graduates. Of these 646, Toronto University supplies 373 or 58 per cent. 179 are graduates of Queen's, and 94 of other universities. So it would appear that those vivifying streams that vitalize our secondary schools take their rise in other sources as well as in the Provincial University. Queen's, having succeeded in pushing to the front, gets recognition and help; Western is legally permitted to live, and though it will not be killed by kindness its demise would be gratefully recorded. Have the members for western

Ontario seriously considered President Falconer's wise remark that "it would benefit Provincial cities and towns by taking the higher education into their midst?" Are we, under the guise of a Provincial University, pampering an institution which even now is well on the way to become the University for Toronto, a centre (to re-quote) "where wealth accumulates and men decay?" Are we starving elementary education and hampering secondary schools?

With the motto, apparently, of "whatever is, is best" our leaders in the educational sphere have self-complacently, even boastfully, allowed the system to pursue its hap-hazard course and Topsy-like it has "just grown;" sometimes (to change the figure) it drifted in the direction that self-assertive friends of the Provincial University, or, more rarely, energetic educators with broader outlook, might determine.

We expect to be classed as opponents of Toronto University; nevertheless we are nothing of the sort. We would have our educational system considered as a whole and we have put forward some of the considerations that we think must not be overlooked if we decide that we shall not become "old and foolish." This much we may say for ourselves, in devotion to the best interests of education as well as in the desire to see Ontario in the van, we step aside for no man.

THE POPE AND POLITICS

The following is from the Christian Guardian of May 14th inst:

"Are those Protestants in error who claim that the Pope demands a fealty which at heart is inconsistent with loyalty to the nation? In its April issue the Marian, a Roman Catholic quarterly published at Opelika, Ala., and enjoying the special endorsement of James Cardinal Gibbons, declares that they are. This is what it says: 'Catholics do not believe that the Pope has any divine right to interfere with our country in things purely political. The Pope has no right to interfere with our politics. These Popes (who did interfere in things political) had no divine right to interfere in these things political; they had a human right, and this human right came from the people; source. The source was the right; 'was they who gave it away.' It also says: 'If, by an impossible supposition the Pope should man army and fleet to storm our coast, do you know what Catholics here would do? You would have two million Catholics in the American army ready to die to resist the Pope's invasion; you would have thirteen million Catholics in their homes praying for their sons, brothers and fathers in the field; you would have forty-five thousand Catholics upon their knees before the God of armies to strike the guns from the Roman emissaries. You would have seventeen thousand priests in the front ranks of the army fighting till they died for the Constitution of the United States.' We confess that this is different language from what our Canadian Roman Catholic editors use, and reads somewhat differently from the famous 'To hell with the U. S. Government' sermon preached by Archbishop Phelan in St. Louis. Whether the Archbishop or the Marian strikes the truer note we cannot say, but the Archbishop's attitude appears to be much the commoner one on the part of the Roman hierarchy. We fear the Marian must have backslidden."

We assure our Methodist contemporary that it has not made any startling discovery. Not only Canadian Catholic editors but Canadian Catholic school-boys could teach the Advocate a lot about Catholic belief and practice.

We have no doubt that the editor of the Advocate has sufficient mental capacity to understand the Marian article, if he could get rid of his peculiar mental warp long enough to try to understand anything from Catholic point of view.

Suppose, for instance, that a Supreme Court judge, or the Lord Chancellor of England, if you like, not in his official capacity but as a private individual, infringes on the civil rights or property rights of the Guardian's editor. Would the editor not feel free to assert his rights and bring that person who infringed on them, judge though he be, into the Courts? Would he not fight him there as freely and as earnestly as if he were the humblest in the land? Some prejudiced foreigner with an incomplete, biased and hazy knowledge of our law of contempt might express astonished incredulity on hearing of such a case. But no ordinarily intelligent citizen of this country would be surprised. We are accustomed to distinguish between the official character and the private individual.

If the Pope commanded army and navy he would do so as a temporal prince. Some of his predecessors were temporal princes and engaged in war. Catholics fought against them. They had no difficulty at all in distinguishing between the Pope as Head of the Church and the Pope as a temporal prince. The Pope is no longer a temporal prince, but Catholics distinguish between the man, the scholar, even the theologian who may fill St. Peter's chair, and the successor of St. Peter as Head of the Church. As a theologian the Pope's opinions are worth just that respect which his learning and capacity entitle them to receive.

Passing over the Marian's lapse from orthodoxy which escaped the vigilance of Cardinal Gibbons and the Bishop of Mobile to be discovered by the Christian Guardian, we must ask our Methodist contemporary for its authority for the last part of its article. Of course as an antidote to the Marian article for its Methodist readers it will serve without authentication. But since we do not know who Archbishop Phelan may be, whether living or dead, and as we never heard of the "famous" sermon with the startling title, we are curious to have some information with regard to both.

Will the Advocate be good enough to gratify our curiosity?

AN "EX-PRIEST"

An unfortunate individual calling himself "Patrick" Morgan has posed as an ex-priest and ex-Capuchin in various parts of the country. Our attention is again called to him and it becomes our disagreeable duty to notice him in our columns—let us hope for the last time.

Harold Morgan is an Englishman who was received into the Church when about eighteen; expressing the desire of becoming a priest he was sent to Ushaw Catholic College. After some months the President wrote to Father Leeming saying that he was wasting his money on Morgan as it was quite evident that he was incapable of ever attaining sufficient education to proceed to the study of theology. Morgan at the time was a quiet young fellow apparently of good habits, and he received a certificate of good moral character on leaving the College. He went to a Capuchin Monastery in Wales where he desired to become a lay brother. A lay brother in a religious order is merely a working man who adopts a religious rule of life but continues his manual labor. A lay brother may or may not know how to read and write. During Morgan's novitiate or period of probation, it was discovered that he was addicted to opium. He was dismissed. He was never even a lay brother.

These are the grounds on which he advertises himself as an ex-priest and ex-Capuchin. He might with equal reason call himself ex-pope or ex-premier of England.

Nevertheless he posed as an ex-priest and ex-Capuchin. In a letter over his own name in the North Hastings Review, Wood, under the date May 10th, 1911, he claimed to have been ordained by Right Rev. Thomas Wilkinson, Roman Catholic Bishop of Hexham and Newcastle, and that he afterwards "made his vows" in the Capuchin monastery at Pantasaph, Wales.

The facts of his life having been made known by the Catholic press he now writes to the Ottawa Citizen which had reported a lecture in which Morgan had talked of saying Mass and administering the sacraments. This the sensitively truthful Morgan calls "wilful misrepresentation." "I am indeed pleased to be able to say I have never been guilty of saying Mass. "From time to time I have been spoken of as an ex-priest, but whenever a favorable opportunity occurred I have always repudiated the rather dubious honor."

THE KNIGHTS OF COLUMBUS AT GUELPH

The tenth annual convention of the Knights of Columbus of Ontario was held last week at Guelph. As usual the delegates before beginning their deliberations assisted at the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. This fact was thus alluded to by Mayor Carter in his address of welcome: "When I see a large body of brilliant looking men, assembled from all parts of Ontario, business, professional, workingmen and clergy, come here and associate with some of our most reputable citizens, and begin your deliberations by asking God to bless your labors, I take my hat off to you."

In another column we give the able and appropriate sermon preached by Rev. Father Drummond, S. J., to the assembled Knights. Our readers who are aware of the good work done by this splendid Catholic organization will be pleased to note that the order has grown in the last ten years from 4 councils in Ontario to 30 councils, with a membership of 3,500. Not the least important of the benefits which the order has conferred on the Catholics of the Province is that of bringing together in fraternal intercourse on various occasions leading and earnest laymen who otherwise would have remained strangers to each other. Such intercourse has made many realize that everywhere there are not only sincere, zealous and loyal Catholics, but that in our ranks are found the highest types of manhood and citizenship, men of light and leading who are most highly esteemed where best known. Acquaintance, therefore, begets mutual esteem and mutual confidence which make co-operation and concerted action possible and comparatively easy.

Following are the names of State Officers elected at Guelph: State Chaplain, Right Rev. M. F. Fallon, D. D., London. State Deputy, Thomas N. Phelan, Toronto. State Secretary, Dr. J. F. White, Ottawa. State Treasurer, L. V. O'Connor, Lindsay. State Advocate, J. A. Mulligan, Sudbury. State Warden, J. A. Hussey, Sault Ste. Marie. Representatives, Dr. J. F. White, Ottawa; L. V. O'Connor, Lindsay; Dr. Claude Brown, London.

The convention next year will be held in Ottawa.

WHY NOT YOU?

Frequently in the Epistles we find the sacred writer addressing the early Christians as "saints." Why was this? Did they have exceptional means of sanctification that made them holier than us? This opens up a larger question. What constitutes sanctity? Does it consist of extraordinary things done for Almighty God? Does it need extraordinary graces to attain to sainthood?

St. Joseph ranks next after Mary in the court of Mary's Son. What extraordinary things did he do? He lived with Jesus. He worked for Jesus. He worked with Jesus. Was he exceptionally favored in all this? He lived with Jesus. Do you? Somewhere near to your home Jesus dwells. How much of your leisure moments are passed in His company before the Tabernacle? Do you exchange confidences with Him as friend to friend? Is He on your visiting list? He worked for Jesus. Do you? Or do you work for the applause of men? He worked with Jesus. Do you? Or do you work against Him by failing to co-operate with His Church as represented by your parish?

What extraordinary grace is there in sawing wood and fashioning tables and chairs? Is your avocation any humbler than St. Joseph's? Why not try doing it with and for Jesus, and see if you, too, will not become a saint like St. Joseph? St. Paul, in his epistles, reminds you that Christian and Saint are synonymous. COLUMBA.

NOTES AND COMMENTS

SARTO is the name of a newly incorporated town in Texas, and it was so named in honor of the Holy Father. It is said to give every promise of becoming a thriving community. Certainly, if there is anything in a name, Sarto has every right to look to the future with hope and confidence.

"WE HAVE somehow lost our grip on God," said Rev. Alexander Connell, D. D., in his presidential address at the Free Church Council at Newcastle, England, a short time ago. "The churches seem to have lost the old impressiveness of their appeal. . . . The Christian testimony on great issues of morals and religion seems to lack something in breadth and gravity and authority." Substitute the term Protestant for Christian, and Dr. Connell's testimony is entirely in harmony with that of other candid and clear-sighted observers of his own order in every country where the religion of the Reformation holds sway. The principle of authority was repudiated in the very act of breaking away from the Catholic Church. How then could it be expected that any more simulation of that great principle, usurped and unwarranted as it was, could hold with the same element that had renounced the genuine? Well would it be for those who thus lament the trend of the times if to honest scrutiny of the cause they devoted a tithe of the energy now wasted upon trifling issues of the hour!

AS IT IS, those to whom the masses might be expected to look for light and guidance are too often found to prostitute their calling to the most ignoble ends. Far be it from us to question the honesty or good faith of a large section of the ministerial body. But in the absence of that authority which Dr. Connell deprecates, the weight of influence in determining the ideal is not with them but with that growing class to whom the Christian ministry is little more than a means of livelihood. Of these, the Niagara River minister who issues business cards announcing his facilities for over-the-river marriages, and those others who divide the fee with the cabman bringing a run-away couple to their door are possibly the extreme. Not far removed, however, is that other class who think it not beneath the dignity of their calling, to perform the marriage service for the delectation of the flippant multitude at amusement resorts. These we could not, if we tried, characterize more severely than have some of their own.

OF SAID CLASS, a writer in the Presbyterian had this to say a short time ago: "The sense of decency and moral order has been shocked by what has been performed at these various places by men ordained to the Christian ministry. It is a shame and disgrace that it is tolerated in a community, and if the Church does not wake up and stop such unseemly conduct, the State must. All honor to the clergy of the English Church and the priests of the Roman Catholic Church for their high ideals. There is no fear of them transgressing and outraging the moral sense of the community by any such deplorable conduct. We heard a good deal recently about the Ne Temere decree, and properly so, but be it observed also that if any fool conduct in regard to the wedding ceremony is desired—any exploitation of a sacred ceremony in the interests of commerce or pleasure, you need not look to either the English Church or Roman Catholic for assistance—this is to be left to "Protestant clergy."

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NOTWITHSTANDING the bitter state of persecution through which the Church in France has been passing of late years, and the manifest apostasy of the governing authorities, it becomes increasingly evident that the heart of the French people is sound. We have recently had a striking testimony to this from no less an individual than the Anglican Bishop of Oxford. Dr. Gore has incurred much acrimonious criticism from his fellow-churchmen, because of his favourable attitude towards Welsh Disestablishment, and in con-

traverting the idea that the Church of England had succeeded to any appreciable degree in becoming the Church of the poor, he adverted to the Church in France as having by her bearing under establishment, vindicated not only her hold upon the poor, but the loyalty of the mass of the French people to her. It seems to us worth while under the circumstances to reproduce the substance of Dr. Gore's remarks.

"I CANNOT," said Dr. Gore, "help looking across the sea to the French Church in this connection. There is hardly anything in Europe which interests me at this moment so much as the great spiritual revival which we see taking place in the French Church. The French Church is in many ways vindicating its claim to be the Church of the country in directions which surprise us. The French Church has passed through a great crisis of Disestablishment and Disendowment. I think what attracted our attention at that time was the magnificent loyalty with which it asserted its principles and made its spiritual claims, and at the same time betrayed an extraordinary degree of indifference as regards its secular position, and as regards its financial resources. I think that was extraordinary. I watched that process with admiration. As a result, though doubtless the French Church has lost influence in many ways, there has been, and I believe there will increasingly be, a great revival. Whatever their spiritual claim was—and, of course, I cannot but regret that that spiritual claim bound the Church in France in such complete subjection to Rome—but whatever their spiritual claim was they asserted it. They put their spiritual principles first, and their secular position and their finances last. They did wisely."

SUCH ATTITUDE on the part of an English churchman is not new. It finds its parallel in the longing gaze with which John Henry Newman, as Anglican Vicar of St. Mary's, and leader of the Oxford Tractarians, looked back to the age before the Reformation, and to the joyous swing, as he termed it, of the Church's advance always, in face of secular opposition or State persecution. It was of course the Divine life within which made this possible, but this was not then fully appreciated by the Oxford Vicar of eighty years ago, any more than by the Oxford Bishop of to-day. That the issue may be as happy in the later instance as in the former, Catholics who look on interestedly might well pray.

THAT DR. GORE is not less conscious of the dissolving tendency of the Anglican Establishment than of the vigorous rejuvenation of the Church in France, is evident from his further reflections upon the situation brought so conspicuously into view by the agitation for Welsh disestablishment. Having quoted his sentiments as to the one we cannot do less as to the other. "I regret profoundly," he said in his speech in the House of Lords, "that in our day when, if anything is true, it is true that there is going on now in our Church a doctrinal disintegration unparalleled in our history, such that if things go on as they are going on now it will not be possible in a generation's time to say what the Church of England's real position is even in fundamental matters of doctrine—that in such a period as this the Establishment is running away from principles and taking refuge in historical institutions; for that is what we are doing. We are trying to keep the Church of England together by flying for refuge to Establishment, when we ought to be taking the trouble to assert what our principles are and saying whether we intend to stand by them. I believe generally that to run away from principles to institutions is a grave disaster. I believe that the Church of England would have been far, far wiser in this crisis if it had sought to make the Welsh people understand what it stands to, and had shown far less zeal on behalf of its secular position or its endowments." It must at least be counted a gain to the Church of England that she has one prelate who has the wide vision and the courage to declare what these remarks imply. In that she has an immeasurable advantage over other organizations of Protestantism.

Lend your better self to all. God will not suffer you to be taken advantage of if you are prompted by the spirit of charity.

The settlement in favor of Catholic schools is growing. Judge Gemmill of Chicago says that the Catholic schools are far superior to the Public schools, because they teach the young the principles of honor, morals and industry.



MAY 31, 1918

**THE CARMELITES OF THE DIVINE HEART OF JESUS.**

An historical characteristic of the Catholic Church, and one which marks her off from every other institution in the world, is her perpetual youthfulness in the face of change, and her ability to rise superior to the decay of empire or state, howsoever great the ruin it carries in its train. This, we know, is the mark of the Divine life within, and the fulfillment from age to age of the promise of her founder. Reviled and persecuted too, in one country, she is ever found to take on new life in another, and confronted, as she is continually, with new social problems, or varying forms of human misery, it is ever given to her to indicate the right means of solution or alleviation. This is especially seen in the rise from time to time of new religious orders or congregations, called into being by Divine Providence to demonstrate, by the consecrated lives of their members, that the healing balm flows from that greatest of virtues, Charity.

That the crying evil of the age, the open sore that menaces civilization, is the condition of the children of the poor in our great cities it is not necessary to demonstrate. The fact is patent to the most casual observer. It is the theme of endless discussion on the part of sociological theorists, and the cause of much concern to those who would better the world's conditions. On this continent, the incoming multitude of those who speak not the English tongue are especially the object of this solicitude, and since a large proportion of these are of Catholic faith or antecedents, the Church, true to her mission, throws about them the mantle of her Divine charity, and seeks, first of all, to safeguard the faith of the little ones.

It was to this end that a new religious congregation, the Carmelite Sisters of the Divine Heart of Jesus was called into existence less than a quarter of a century ago. The foundation dates from August 2nd, 1891. It began with no endowment, depending solely upon confidence in God, and the charity of His children. Its growth from that day has been in keeping with the Divine promise, and in Europe alone to-day it has 21 houses, with 400 sisters, who have 1,000 children under the age of fourteen in their immediate care, and 1,100 more living with their families. The history of the Congregation and its objects may be briefly stated.

Founded in Germany in 1891, the Order soon spread into other countries, and in 1897 came under the particular notice of the Holy See. In 1904 Father Reynolds, then General of the Discalced Carmelites (now Archbishop of Reggio) affiliated it as a self-dependent branch of that great Order, and in 1908 Bishop Carl Em. Csaky, in whose diocese three St. Joseph's Homes were already established, issued a pastoral letter commending the "extraordinary zeal of the Sisters, their pious life, great self-denial, as also their extraordinary strong and deep religious sentiments; and further remarking that "by the propagation and fostering of the religious life of faith, they are bestowing wholesome service upon immortal souls and upon human society." To crown all, His Holiness Pius X., on April 28th, 1910, conferred upon the Congregation the "Decretum Laudis." The mother house of the Order is at Raccia di Papa, near Rome.

The objects of these Carmelites are: I. The taking care and training of poor or forsaken children until such time as they may learn their own living. This work is done without charge where parents are unable to pay the small fee that otherwise is expected. II. The founding of homes where little children of working people may spend the day: where school children may remain after school hours, and where working girls may spend the evening. III. Visiting Catholic families and encouraging them in the practice of their religion; also taking care of the sick and poor. IV. Finding out where there is need of a church in poor or sparsely settled districts and working for the erection of same.

The first St. Joseph's home in America was opened in Milwaukee, Nov. 11th, 1912, under the auspices of Archbishop Messmer. A second home has now been opened at 52 Ossington Avenue, Toronto, and other homes will be established in Canada as opportunity offers. The Sisters have undertaken to look after the foreign Catholic population, and as they speak most European languages, they are eminently fitted to safeguard

their faith, and to ensure to the children a proper Catholic training. The need of this in face of the persistent efforts of non-Catholic societies to rob them of this treasure will be apparent to all. And since the Sisters have no endowment they are dependent upon the charity of the faithful in carrying on this work. They took up their abode in Toronto in an empty house, and endured patiently all the discomforts which that implies. But, little by little, their needs have been supplied, and they are now in a position to prosecute their work actively. A number of neglected children have already come under their charge, and as their facilities increase there will be room for more. Much depends upon the co-operation of the Catholics of Canada, and, having regard to the urgency of the work, there is no reason to doubt that this will be forthcoming.

**TRIBUTE TO THE CHURCH**

**NON-CATHOLIC MAYOR OF KANSAS CITY TELLS HOW PREJUDICE AGAINST THE CATHOLIC CHURCH IS BEGOTTEN**

Henry L. Jost, Mayor of Kansas City, Mo., speaking before a packed audience at the Redemptorist Hall of that city, brought out some vivid points of the Protestant in a clear and forceful way. We reproduce the speech in part:

"I speak this evening as a non-Catholic. I am a communicant of what is known as the High Episcopal Church, a religious institution branded by many Protestants as the ante-chamber of the Catholic Church. The human mind is a very strange thing. Its conclusions and judgments take shape from its environment. Its early impressions become fixed convictions. In many Protestant homes the child is warned and cautioned in his first moment of perception against the enslaving power of the Church of Rome. He is led to shun and fear a priest as he would a burglar or a highwayman. Part of his teaching in patriotism is to fight the growth and expansion of the Catholic Church as an agency specially designed to accomplish the ruin of the Government.

"By the time he has attained his majority, he is perfectly sure that the motive of every priest is impure and that the strain of criminal guilt is upon the soul of everyone merging from the confessional. You ask him why? He says 'because.' He knows all about Martin Luther—but he never heard of Augustine; he can quote the preachments of Calvin by the hour—but he is ignorant of the eloquent utterances of Chrysostom; he has mastered the details of every rebellion and knows intimately the life and history of every rebellious soul—but he has neglected to acquaint himself with the state and progress of Christ's cause in the hands of those who have remained faithful and loyal to it.

"I hold no brief for the Catholic Church. By reading the history of the human race I learn of its activity and achievements. I read there that it has carried the cross and its teachings across the seas into wildernesses and unto unlettered people and thereby widen the opportunity of man.

"Being the foremost factor in civilization, its work of development has been of such magnificent degree that it ill becomes us who are on the outside of its organization, to challenge or question its worth as a divine instrumentality."—St. Paul Bulletin.

**AN ILLOGICAL CHARGE**

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

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

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

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

And now that May, the month dedicated to Mary by the Church, is here, her children through the churches to join in the devotions in her honor, and to thank God for the Redeemer and the graces which it has pleased Him to bestow on mankind through His handmaid, as Mary was pleased to call herself.—N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

**PAPAL ABSOLUTION FOR FUTURE SINS?**

From The Tablet

It is only with great caution that one can accept the details given in the law reports of the daily press, whether they concern the evidence of witnesses in the witness-box or the more weighty utterances of the bench. So much of what is actually said in court is omitted or condensed in publication that the phrases which survive, though accurately rendered in themselves, are apt to assume a quite different significance from that which was conveyed to the original hearers. One may, therefore, feel some hesitation regarding the entire accuracy of a passage which apparently occurred in Mr. Justice Darling's summing-up of the libel action recently brought by Lord Alfred Douglas against Mr. Ramsone and the Times Book Club. Still, upon the general drift of the allegation made by the learned judge all the newspapers are agreed. Moreover, the historical fact at issue has sufficient prima facie foundation in the autobiography to which the judge himself appealed, to call, perhaps for a discussion of the incident in some detail. But first of all let us try to understand the setting of this purely incidental incursion made by the Court of King's Bench into the territory of Church history. Discussing the responsibility of libraries for circulating the works, or studies of the works, of an author or notorious evil life, Mr. Justice Darling seems to have put it to the jury that the mere fact that an author or an artist was a bad man was not in itself a sufficient reason for locking up all the productions of his genius and keeping them out of the reach of the public. "If the contrary were true," said His Lordship—I quote here from the report in the Daily Telegraph, which may be usefully compared with the versions of the Times and the Daily Express cited in the Tablet last week—"we should not be allowed to read the Acts of Parliament of Charles II. Ought we to look at works of art or pictures or statues of a man of bad life? Cellini is mentioned. Have you read his life? He wrote it himself. A most consummate blackguard it shows him to be. You will find he was an assassin. When he was making a brooch for the Pope, he asked the Pope to give him absolution for a murder he had committed, and the Pope gave him absolution. Then he asked the Pope to give him absolution in advance for any murders he might commit in defence of the Church, and the Pope gave him that too. On another page you find that the Pope was no better himself. Were they not to look at the Perseus and Medusa of Florence? His Lordship asked. Were they not to read how it was made—one of the most interesting stories in the history of art? Were they not to consider Cellini's art because he was bad? It was impossible to say so." Against the general drift of the learned judge's argument there is nothing to be said. It is simple common sense. But, assuming the report to be substantially accurate, one may respectfully offer a protest against certain details in the illustration he has chosen. There was surely some confusion in His Lordship's mind regarding his two completely different incidents recorded in Cellini's autobiography. The only reference we can find in that work in any way bearing upon the absolution of future sins concerns, not the murder committed by Benvenuto in connection with the cope-clasp of Clement VII, but only the strange and much earlier adventure which converted Cellini for the time being into an artilleryman, defending the citadel of Rome, the famous Castle of St. Angelo, against the troops of the Constable of Bourbon. These, it must be remembered, were undoubtedly foreign invaders, who had made themselves masters of the greater part of the city, and were besieging the Pope and his adherents in their innermost stronghold. Cellini, whose genius for every kind of craft and mechanism is undoubted, had been shut up in St. Angelo with the rest, and there seems no reason for distrusting the general truth of the account which he gives us of his own employment as master of the papal ordnance. He was in all probability the most capable man available in such an emergency, and he is probably not greatly exaggerating when he speaks of his own achievements in such terms as the following: "I set myself firing my guns, and with them I every day performed some very notable feat; to such pur-

pose that I acquired unlimited credit and thanks from the Pope. Not a day passed in which I did not slay someone of the enemy beyond the walls." Benvenuto then goes on to describe how Pope Clement, one day walking to and fro on the keep of the castle, recognized a Spanish colonel amongst the besiegers who had once been in his service. Cellini, himself, meanwhile, who was serving his guns on the very summit beside the statue of the angel, happened to catch sight of the same officer, conspicuous as he was in a brilliant red uniform. Leading one of his falcons (*gerifalco*), and calculating very carefully the elevation which would be necessary for so long a shot, the artist aimed his piece at this red target, and had the good fortune (we must always remember that we are reading Cellini's own unconfirmed narrative) to hit the man so exactly in the middle that he cut him into two pieces. The Pope, watching from the lower platform, was delighted by this extraordinary feat of marksmanship, and summoned Benvenuto to question and congratulate him. "Whereupon (Cellini says) I told him all the care I had taken in my method of firing, but as to how the man came to be in two pieces neither he nor I knew the reason. Going down on my knees I besought him to absolve (*ribenedissi*) me from the homicide, and from other things that I had done in that fortress in the service of the Church. At which request the Pope, raising his hands and making a large distinct cross upon my face, told me that he blessed me, and that he pardoned me from the homicides that I had ever committed and all those I ever should commit in the service of the Apostolic Church. Leaving him, I went up again, and pressing on, never ceased firing, and my shots were hardly ever without result."

Now this is obviously something quite different from what is suggested in the report of Mr. Justice Darling's summing-up in the Douglas case. Open hostilities prevailed between the Pope's followers and the invading army, and Benvenuto had killed his man quite fairly in defensive warfare. None the less, being vaguely conscious, it would seem of certain ecclesiastical censures and disabilities which weighed upon any form of homicide, even when quite justifiable, Benvenuto took the opportunity which the summons into the presence of the Pope to ask Clement to release him from any such disabilities. I have followed Mr. Cust's translation in the extract given above, but the word Cellini uses in his request is *ribenedire* which means to bless again, and which is the term technically employed for taking off a curse, e. g., in "reconciling" a church or a cemetery after desecration. As we may learn from the great dictionary of Tommaso and Bellini, in Cellini's time the same word was used possibly for the "churning" of a woman after childbirth. It was not, therefore, sacramental absolution that Benvenuto was asking for, neither is there the slightest suggestion in the autobiography that the artist, as stated by Mr. Justice Darling, himself petitioned for absolution in advance for the murders he might commit in future. The Pope, however, who probably knew something of Cellini's reputation as a swash-buckler, seems to have told him with a sort of grim humor that so long as his deeds of violence were as innocent as this, he absolved him not only from the homicides committed in the past, but from those of the future as well, always supposing they were committed "in defence of the Apostolic Church." This last clause and the words "in that fortress," which I have also italicized in the extract above, make it clear that both were thinking only of such acts of war as had occurred, and not in the least of assassinations in a private quarrel.

But, it will probably be urged, how came Clement to use any such unfortunate phrase about future homicides? What need was there to assure a man like Cellini that he might kill as many more of the besiegers as he could without incurring ecclesiastical censures? The simple explanation lies in the fact that Pope Clement spoke with a knowledge of Canon Law, and that Cellini, who possessed something of that same universality of interests which we notice in Shakespeare's genius, had at least a vague inkling of the penalties to which any "homicide" exposed, in the word used by both, and the most important point is that according to the Canon Law any homicide, however innocent, if itself rendered the perpetrator "irregular." Now "irregularity," though in its effects it regarded only the reception or exercise of orders, was still a penalty which might be incurred by a layman. It placed him in some sense under a ban, and would have been a bar to his reception of any of the minor orders if he had wanted to enter the ministry of the Church. Curiously enough, Cellini, in one of his occasional fits of piety, did later on, at the age of fifty-eight, receive the tonsure and apparently contemplate an ecclesiastical career. But he married two years afterwards and lived to have legitimate children. One can hardly suppose, however, that these ecclesiastical aspirations were present to his mind when he asked Pope Clement in 1527 to take off the irregularity which he had incurred as a successful irregularly following on the idea of irregularity following on homicide, was widely diffused in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries.

Perhaps no more curious illustration can be found of its prevalence than the disturbance caused by the case of Abbot, Archbishop of Canterbury, who accidentally killed a man when hunting in Bramshill Park in 1621. Protestants as they were, hardly any dignitaries of the English Church subsequently elected to the episcopal bench would accept consecration at his hands. Despite the dispensation issued by King James I., Abbot was still held to be irregular.

Pope Clement, however, seems to have known his Canon Law, and when he equivalently told Cellini that by such an act he had incurred no penalty, he no doubt was thinking of a distinction which may be found in the Canon Law books even to the present day. Let me translate, omitting, to avoid confusion, the references to the *Corpus Juris*, a relevant passage from the very valuable *Synopsis rerum Moralium et Juris Pontificii* of Father Ojetti, a book published in 1905. Speaking of the irregularity caused by homicide, he says: "In a war which is just, but aggressive, those and those only incur irregularity who actually kill the enemy or maim them; and this, not on account of any crime thereby committed, but on account of the (presumed) lack of humanity which is involved (*defectu lenitatis*). On the other hand, in a war that is just and purely defensive, not even those combatants who actually kill the enemy incur irregularity. The reason is that in the case supposed such a belligerent only shows his antagonist in self-defence, and with such restraint as renders the act blameless (*cum moderamine inculpatae tutelae*). Clerics, however, are here excepted, as they become irregular by the mere fact of taking up arms, unless, on the other hand, the necessity of the people or the city attacked be so grave as to require the services even of ecclesiastics." Clearly in Clement's judgment Cellini, being a layman, was entitled to the full benefit accorded him by the fact that he was a combatant in a just and defensive war. He also probably assumed that any war undertaken by the papacy was necessarily just and defensive, and consequently assured the artist that the homicides he might commit in future when fighting for the Apostolic Church would all of them be equally free from ecclesiastical pains and penalties.

If any further evidence were needed that there was no question in the Pope's mind of sacramental absolution from crimes of any private nature, it would be supplied by an account Benvenuto has given us of another interview with the Pope in 1529, two years after the incident above recorded. Cellini had been accused, and apparently not without justice, of appropriating some of the gold entrusted to him by the Pope for various works that the Pope was executing for his patronage. In 1529 he was received into favour again, and when he was at last admitted to see the Pontiff, Cellini tells us that he said to him: "Most blessed Father, from the time when the sack took place until now I have been unable to confess or communicate, because they (the priests) will not absolve me." Then, after explaining that he had appropriated some of the gold entrusted to him, Cellini went on: "Now I am at Your Holiness' feet, who art the true confessor (*tu quilibet vero confessor*), may you grant me such favour that I may have leave in order to be able to confess and communicate, and that by the means of the pardon of your Holiness I may regain the grace of my Lord and God." Then the Pope, with a slight, gentle sigh, recalling perhaps his own straits, spoke these words: "Benvenuto, I have certainly the power that you attribute to me, by which I can absolve you from any improper action that you have committed, and I am besides willing to do so."

Clearly the Pope hereby meant to release him from anything equivalent to a reserved case, and also waived his claim to restitution; but according to Cellini, Clement went on: "Nevertheless, such as you say that it was, I reckon it a gift to you, and I entirely pardon you. Make this assurance to your confessor, if there is nothing else that applies to me. Then when you have confessed and communicated let me see you again, and it shall be to your advantage." When I had left the Pope's side, and Messer Jacopo and the Archbishop had come to him, His Holiness spoke of me as kindly as it was possible for any other man in the world to have done, and he told them I had confessed and been absolved (*che mi haveva confessato ed assolto*). Clearly this means that so far as the reserved case was concerned, the Pope had heard the penitent's avowal, and so far absolved the work of his reconciliation with God by going to any confessor and making his confession in the ordinary way. But the fact remains clear that Benvenuto had still to make his sacramental confession, and was bound to have the dispositions which would be required of any other penitent. It was, thus, and only thus, that he could be restored to the grace of God. The artist clearly refers to this when he tells us almost immediately afterwards: "I went to completely all that remained of my agreement with the Pope." If Clement had been a man who was capable, as Mr. Justice Darling apparently supposed, of granting off-hand an unlimited absolution for future

assassinations, it is likely that he would have insisted in such a case upon the intervention of the ordinary confessor? Evil as the times were, the fundamental principle that no valid absolution could be given *in foro conscientiae* without true repentance was steadily kept in view.

**OFFICIAL CIRCULAR OF HIS GRACE ARCHBISHOP McNEIL, TORONTO**

To the Pastors of the Archdiocese of Toronto:

Rev. Dear Father,—When I, though unworthy, was appointed to the important See of Toronto, both Priests and People assured me in their respective addresses, that I could count on their co-operation, especially in the work of establishing the new Seminary of St. Augustine. Within a few weeks after my arrival I called upon the Clergy of the Archdiocese to contribute \$20,000 for this purpose, and the readiness of response may be seen in the fact that the Priests subscribed more than was asked, and have already paid more than half the amount. The time is approaching *hora* when the laity to redeem in part their pledge of co-operation. They will, all, I have no doubt, follow the example of generosity shown them by Mr. Eugene O'Keefe and by the Clergy. Beginning on Sunday, June 8th, an envelope collection will be taken up in all the churches of the Archdiocese, and I count on a total collection of at least twenty-thousand dollars to meet current expenses. A new seminary is not a small undertaking, and the generous co-operation of many is a necessary condition of success.

On the other hand, the blessing will be far greater than the cost. We are meeting a two-fold spiritual need. In the first place there is our own diocesan need of priests, and in the second place there is the need of more seminaries for Canada. The Holy See has for some years urged that new seminaries be founded in view of our fast growing Catholic population throughout the Dominion, and the Holy Father is very pleased to know that Toronto Diocese is doing its part well to meet this need. Our own forefathers in Canada would have lost the faith if priests from Europe had not followed them across the Atlantic. Many families that settled in remote places did in fact fall away. Now another large movement westward is taking place. Many Catholics of the Eastern Provinces are settling west of Lake Superior. It is now our turn to do for them what others did for us in similar circumstances. We can help them substantially by financing a thoroughly good seminary course for the training of priests, and that without really adding to our own financial burdens. If we are to have a Seminary at all, let us have one good enough to attract students from far and wide. It is only during the first few years that the financial strain involved in this undertaking is likely to be severe. As soon as people fully realize the benefits of it, they will not be backward in supplying needed support. This year there is a Jubilee proclaimed by the Holy Father in connection with the sixteenth centenary celebration of the peace of the Church under the Emperor Constantine and the contribution to the Seminary, according to each one's means, will fulfill the condition of gaining the plenary indulgence, which the Holy Father imposes in regard to "alms for some pious purpose."

Each Pastor will please open the envelopes, tabulate the names and sums given, and forward to the Archbishop the total amount, with list. These lists will be deposited in the Diocesan Archives.

In regard to the visits to be made to churches to gain the Jubilee indulgence, six visits to any one of the churches named in Bulletin No. 2 suffice.

Sincerely yours in Domino,  
N. McNEIL,  
Archbishop.

**KIND WORDS FROM CANON SHEEHAN**

The number of bouquets that find their way to the editorial desk being anything but numerous, we hope we will be pardoned for giving the following from Canon Sheehan, the famous author of "My New Curate," a place in our columns:

Doneraile, Co. Cork,  
May 5, 1918.

Dear "Columbia": Permit me to thank you for your review of my book "Miriam Lucas," which appeared in the CATHOLIC BROADCASTER of March 22nd. It is one of the very few reviews which grasped the underlying motive of the book, which was to check the incipient and very insidious advances made by Socialistic leaders in Ireland. Whether it has had, or will have, any effect in that direction remains to be seen. But it is a pleasure to find one reviewer who has studied the book and seized on its central idea.

I am, yours very faithfully,  
P. A. SHEEHAN, P. P.

We are exceptionally grateful to Canon Sheehan for his kind words, and for the gracious personal letter accompanying them. Praise from such a source is praise indeed. May it be our privilege to review many more volumes from that holy place of Irish and Catholic letters—the quiet study at Doneraile. COLUMBA

**THE PENITENT**

He came to the church—'twas the feast of the Sacred Heart—His face was worn and drawn like one in pain, And of the night itself he seemed a part—Tall, standing there beneath the drenching rain.

Those who had prayed throughout the day had gone, And not a whisper rose upon the air, Where God was waiting patient, all alone, For hearts to come and speak their humble prayer.

The weary wanderer paused a moment in the gloom— Behind him was the noisy city's roar, 'Twas long ago in early manhood's bloom, Since he had knelt inside those walls before.

And turned his thoughts upon the squandered years; The idle days that brought no fruit or gain, And down his cheeks ran hot, repentant tears As entered he the silent holy fane.

And all around was dark save where a light Burned ever on with soft unfading glow, A welcome for the wanderer of the night, No matter whom, how poor, how lone, how low.

He knelt before that light and bowed his head— His heart was nigh too full for him to speak Forgiven that he begged in vain for bread, Forgotten that his limbs were sore and weak.

"O Heart," he said, "O patient Sacred Heart, That men know not, that I have oft profaned, And bade with scorn thy grace from me depart, When vice and folly held my soul enchained."

"O tender Heart, have mercy on me now; My soul is thine, I bow before thy will, I bear the seams of hunger on my brow; Tho' men desert me, Thou hast mercy still."

"I ask but rest till Thou shalt call me home, And pardon for the wrongs I've done to Thee, No more from Thee in sinful ways I'll roam, O Sacred Heart give hearing to my plea."

When morning came they found him cold and dead, And kneeling there as he had knelt that night; The rugged face all calm, the weary head Bowed just the same before the kindly light.

Perhaps the tired wanderer's prayer was heard; That he had found a refuge from his woes; Perhaps the heart that had so often erred Had mercy found at last. Perhaps!

Who knows?  
—BRIAN O'HIGGINS in "A Bunch of Wild Flowers."

The great rule of moral conduct, says a wise man, is, next to God, to respect Time.

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FIVE MINUTE SERMON

THIRD SUNDAY AFTER PENTE. COST

MAN'S NATURE, DIGNITY AND DESTINY

There shall be joy before the angels of God upon one sinner doing penance. (St. Luke xv, 10.)

Christ's mission on earth was to save sinners. I came not to call the just, but sinners to repentance. (St. Luke v, 32.)

The sinner should strive earnestly to keep from wandering away from God's fold. A knowledge of his nature, his dignity and his destiny will tend to keep man from falling away from God.

A knowledge of himself is one of the first things to be acquired by man. The old pagans understood this. One of their philosophers left us the maxim "Know thyself".

It does not require very much study for man to see that he is the greatest of God's creatures on this earth and that God has given him dominion over all terrestrial beings.

When we say man is a creature, we acknowledge a Creator. Yes; man is the work of God, Who, creating him to His Own image and likeness, endowed him with an immortal soul and a mortal body.

Man is distinguished from other creatures here below by the dignity of his nature. This dignity appears in his exterior although its source is the image of God that is in him.

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organization does not insist on that length of time. It is necessary to attract people into the society who might balk at a year's abstinence.

ECONOMIC SIDE OF ALCOHOL QUESTION

"A few years ago," says Frank V. O'Hara in the Catholic World, the Federal Bureau of Labor undertook an investigation to find out the attitude of employers towards the use of intoxicating liquors by employees.

"Moreover, the effects of the drink habit upon the distribution of wealth are cumulative and permanent. Sins of the fathers are visited upon the children through many generations in the industrial world.

Where, then, does his superiority lie? It lies in the rational element, which distinguishes man from all other creatures on earth.

When we say man is a creature, we acknowledge a Creator. Yes; man is the work of God, Who, creating him to His Own image and likeness, endowed him with an immortal soul and a mortal body.

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GRATITUDE PROMPTED THIS LETTER

Prominent People Proud To Testify For "Fruit-a-tives"



MR. TIMOTHY MCGRATH

130 ATLANTIC AVE., MONTREAL, MARCH 1st, 1912. "For years, I suffered from Rheumatism, being unable to work for weeks at a time and spent hundreds of dollars on doctor's medicines, besides receiving treatment at Notre Dame Hospital where I was informed that I was incurable.

After using three packages, I felt relieved and continued until I had used five packages when a complete cure was the result after years of doctoring failed. I consider "Fruit-a-tives" a wonderful remedy.

TIMOTHY MCGRATH.

50c. a box, 6 for \$2.50—trial size, 25c. Atdelers of Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.

large numbers of cisterns, grape and olive presses, store or dwelling caves, wells and quarries, are everywhere abundant, as, indeed, they are over the whole country, but especially in the Shephelah Philistine plain.

The view from Nazareth itself is limited, as might be expected from its nestling in an amphitheatre of hills that shut in the little valley, except to the west, where it opens on Esdraelon.

Whiskey holds its victims until released by wonderpuls. SAMARIA PRESCRIPTION. Liquor sets up inflammation and irritation of the stomach and weakens the nerves.

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PRESIDENT SUSPENDER NONE SO EASY

salvation is "What does it profit a man to gain the world and suffer the loss of his soul?" Fourth, they do not know what they are facing, disappointment, torture of soul, often a life of sin, the practice of race suicide, and other practices against duty and conscience.

Why do Catholic girls not marry Catholics?—Because Catholic young men do not ask them. The Catholic young men are often unable to offer the requisite inducements of sobriety, industry, responsibility and ability to support a wife.

Why do Catholic young men avoid marriage?—Many, no doubt, have good reasons to decline marriage but many avoid it because they are selfish, self-controlled, cowardly.

Information on this subject with printed instructions for amateur bands and a printed form of Constitution and By-Laws for bands, together with our big catalogue, will be mailed FREE on request.

OUR CIVILIZATION

No matter from what nation you have descended, it is the Catholic Church that you must thank for lifting your ancestors from barbarism into civilization.

Why do Catholic girls marry non-Catholics?—Because, first, they keep company with them and thus have their affections entangled before they are aware of it; second, they are misled by material advantages, at better living, more comforts, less work, more time for pleasure, costlier dress, attractive manners.

MIXED MARRIAGES

Why do Catholic girls marry non-Catholics?—Because, first, they keep company with them and thus have their affections entangled before they are aware of it; second, they are misled by material advantages, at better living, more comforts, less work, more time for pleasure, costlier dress, attractive manners.

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When a Man Dies

He wants to know that his Insurance will be paid immediately—without delay or quibbling. In its prompt payment of over \$4,600,000 to beneficiaries under more than 3,000 Policies, the

NORTH AMERICAN LIFE

has earned a reputation second to none for promptness in the settlement of all claims.

North American Life Assurance Company

"SOLID AS THE CONTINENT" HEAD OFFICE, - TORONTO, CANADA

ABSORBIN

will reduce inflammation, soothe sore throats, relieve toothache, cure hemorrhoids, relieve neuralgia, relieve rheumatism, relieve sciatica, relieve lumbago, relieve sciatica, relieve lumbago, relieve sciatica, relieve lumbago.

Common Sense Exterminator

KILLS RATS AND MICE. It drives out the vermin and absolutely prevents the unpleasant results attending the use of inferior preparations.

O'KEEFE'S Liquid Extract

Malt with Iron. Is an ideal preparation for building up the BLOOD and BODY. It is more readily assimilated and absorbed into the circulation than any other preparation of iron.

The Dwindling Dollar

These are the days in which the "Almighty Dollar" has lost nearly 50% of its "almightiness."

Double Your Insurance

Mutual Life Assurance Co. of Canada. WATERLOO, ONT.

Look Into This Gate

BEFORE you buy any farm gates look into the "Clay" Steel Gate. It has features possessed by no other gate. It is the ideal gate—the very gate that all farmers want and have wanted always.

Clay Steel Farm Gates

Will last a life-time. They are fully guaranteed. The leading stockmen of Eastern Canada, and the model farms at Guelph, Ottawa and Macdonald College use Clay Gates, knowing their worth.

Clay Gates

In a recent competition on the subject of "The Ideal Farm Gate" open to the Students of the Ontario Agricultural College, Guelph, every competing student with but one exception declared "Clay" Gates to be the most perfect farm gate made.

60 DAYS' FREE TRIAL. One or a dozen Clay Gates sent for 60 days free trial in order that they may be tried out before being purchased. 30,000 Clay Gates were sold in 1917 on these terms.

Advertisement for North American Life Assurance Company, featuring a map of North America and the slogan "SOLID AS THE CONTINENT".

Advertisement for Absorbin, a medicinal product for various ailments, with a small illustration of a person.

Advertisement for Common Sense Exterminator, a product for killing rats and mice, featuring an illustration of a rabbit.

Advertisement for O'Keefe's Liquid Extract, a health supplement containing malt and iron, with an illustration of a bottle.

Advertisement for Mutual Life Assurance Co. of Canada, highlighting the value of insurance in the face of a declining dollar.

Advertisement for Clay Steel Farm Gates, featuring an illustration of a gate and a testimonial from a farmer.



CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

WHO IS A GOOD MAN

The question is asked, Who is the good man? The question has been asked often before; in one form or another it is as old as the instinct of morality in the human soul.

The essence and the motives of moral goodness do not change with time. They are to-day what they were of yore. Hence, to-day, I repeat the words of the Saviour and to him who accepts them as the norm of his conduct I say: "Thou art not far from the kingdom of heaven."

The first and chief condition of moral goodness is to love the Almighty God. I am not preaching a sermon; I am talking plain, everyday moral philosophy.

"Thou shalt love the Lord thy God." The love due to God is, of course that effective, earnest love which transcends mere sentiment and emotion and so penetrates the whole soul as to bend into service all its faculties, and to exact from it the full complement of worship and filial obedience.

The fulfillment of duty toward the Almighty God is all the more important since duty to God is and must ever be the paramount motive of loyalty to duty along other lines of human conduct.

The simplest dictates of justice and of gratitude bid him turn toward God, in profession of his dependency, in worship of the divine supremacy, in praise of the divine power and goodness, in thanksgiving for all favors received from the divine hand.

Human interests, in the last analysis, reveal themselves as selfish interests. The service of society or of humanity at large, so freely invoked by a school of modern philosophy, is a misty dream, from which the sin-burnt heart turns in derision.

The good man will be a devout worshipper of the Almighty; he will be a religious man. He will kneel often in adoration and prayer; he will seek out in earnest study the law of the Supreme Master, and will loyally conform to it in his private and social life.

The good man has his duties to himself. Chief among these is the utter cleanliness of heart, the righteousness of the inner soul. Mere exterior morality is a sham and a pretense. It does not last; it withstands no severe trial. At best it is a hypocrisy, a lie acted out by the man himself, an effort to deceive his fellow men.

CLEAN OF HEART, CLEAN OF MOUTH

Clean of heart, the good man will be clean of mouth. Vulgar and obscene language, oaths and blasphemies will never pollute his speech. He will be clean of act, respecting his body as the very handiwork of God. He will be clean of hand, never reaching out to the things that are not his by strictest rules of social justice.

"Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." Man is necessarily a social being; he has absolute need of others. Altruism, the love of the neighbor, is imposed upon him by

his very nature, and by the author of that nature, the Almighty God. The neighbor means family, society, country.

Say what some will, tolerate as they may what civil law reluctantly tolerates, the indissolubility, as well as the oneness of the sacramental tie of wedlock remains not only the dictate of the Christian religion, but also the natural and necessary protection of the family hearthstone.

The good man's relations with his fellowmen within the social organism will be characterized by absolute justice and charity. "Avoid evil." Do no harm to rich or to poor. Be honest and honorable. The acquisition of wealth, be it of one dollar, or of a million dollars, is praiseworthy when it follows upon industry, the use of high talent, the vigilant observation of opportunity.

To be poor through slothfulness, wastefulness, or wilful ignorance is a sin and a disgrace. But through-out justice must prevail, nothing must be taken that belongs legitimately to others, no methods must be employed that law and equity reprove.

"Avoid evil; do good." When acquired, wealth must be put to good use. Let it, indeed, serve in fair abundance the owner and his dependents. Let it be stored up in view of future contingencies. To reduce the use of wealth to mere necessities, to put the rich in this regard on the plane of the unsuccessful, is to eliminate from society the spirit of enterprise, to smother in the human breast the promptings to hard work and to sacrifice of ease and pleasure.

The unrest of poverty and of labor is a happy omen. But here, as elsewhere, justice must be the rule. There must be no hatred of the wealth in the possession of others; there must be no violation of the rights of others, no act of injury or injustice to others, be they rich and the employers, or the fellow struggler in the more humble ranks of life.—Archbishop Ireland.

THE VALUE OF LETTING GO

One of the most practical and absolutely truthful bits of philosophy that have appeared in a long time was recently published in Medical Talk, on the wisdom of "letting go." Says the writer:

If you want to be healthy morally, mentally, and physically, just let go.

That little hurt that you got from a friend, perhaps it wasn't intended, perhaps it was, but never mind, let it go. Refuse to think about it.

Let go of that feeling of hatred you have for another, the jealousy, the envy, the malice—let go all such thoughts. Sweep them out of your mind, and you will be surprised what a cleaning up and rejuvenating effect it will have upon you, both physically and mentally.

But the big troubles, the bitter disappointments, the deep wrongs and heart-breaking sorrows, the tragedies of life—what about them? Why, just let them go, too. Drop them softly, maybe, but surely. Put away all regret and bitterness, and let sorrow be only a softening influence. Yes, let them go, too, and make the most of the future.

Then that little pet ailment that you have been hanging on to and talking about, let it go. It will be a good riddance. You have treated it royally, but abandon it; let it go. Talk about health, instead, and health will come. Quit nursing that pet ailment, and let it go.

It is not so hard after once you get used to the habit of it—letting go of these things. You will find it such an easy way to get rid of the things that mar and embitter life that you will enjoy letting them go.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

THREE FRANKS—A BOY, A DOG AND A MAYOR

From the time he was a baby toddling about the floor in the family yard, Frank Graziadei, aged ten years, has had for his playmate a curly-haired black dog. The boy's father, Dominick Graziadei, is a boot-black who has a numerous family to support in Utica, New York. Three years ago the city enacted an ordinance compelling all owners of dogs to pay a yearly license fee of \$1 for every dog.

One day last year a drunken man jabbed the point of an umbrella savagely into the eyes of Frank's pet, blinding the animal. The boy

went bitterly over the tragedy, banded the sightless eyes every day, fed the dog from his hands and when the pain had gone and the wounds healed, took his pet out several times a day for romps in the parks or on the streets. The dog, not being able to run around except when accompanied by the boy, gradually became fat and unsightly in appearance.

The dog license year expires May 1, and ten days are usually allowed for the renewal of licenses. After that the dog catcher will seize unlicensed dogs, take them to the pound and put them to death unless they are redeemed by their owners in three days.

"I cried like everything that night and told my dog he was going to die. But he just wagged his tail and licked my hands with his tongue. He wasn't a bit worried. Before I went to sleep I planned hard on how to save him. The next day I went out in the streets and tried to earn a dollar to buy the license tag. But I was too small. My teacher caught me crying in school and I told her why. She brought me to her house after school and gave me 10 cents for raking her yard.

Have you been out in the silent woods during the past few days? Have you seen the grand old hills emblazoned with the heraldry of autumn? The crest of royalty is there, mounting the house of death. The crimson blood of martyrdom flecks the field of virgin gold.

Standing upon a slight elevation I saw in the distance a wooded forest whose leaves were aglow with the broken rainbow's deepest hues. The splendid array seemed to be an army of giant angels who, wearied with much travel in the valleys of men, had folded their gold-beckoned wings and, bowing their heads to the East, were resting on the peaceful hills.

The boy in his eagerness to obtain the license for his pet had gone to the city hall before the time fixed for the issuance of dog licenses. The tall man who ran out of his office to see why the woman screamed was Mayor Frank Baker. After he had gotten the blind dog out of the dilemma in which his affliction forced him, the mayor chatted with the boy, heard the story of his love for the dog, of his fears for his safety and his efforts to keep him. Then he told the city clerk to give the boy his license tag.

"Frank can't understand English," said the boy. "Both of us are Italians." "I wish we had more Italians like the two of you," said Mayor Baker, laughing. A few moments later he and City Clerk Bannigan and several others chipped in and made up a little purse for Frank. The boy led his blind dog home proudly, and there aren't two happier chums in the city of Utica to day than Frank, the boy, and Frank, the dog.—M. F. Sammon's in Our Dumb Animals.

THE WORLD'S GREATEST PAINTER

So great an artist as the immortal Raphael, thanked God that he was born in the time of Michael Angelo Buonarroti. He was a poet of a very high order, and a master in painting, sculpture and architecture such as the world has not since produced to rival him in versatility of genius.

Born in the Castle of Caprese, in Tuscany, on March 6, 1474, he very early began to justify the prediction made at his birth that he would excel in those arts that delight the senses. At school he was ever ready to steal away from his books to practice drawing, but it was not dreamed of then that he would live to be recognized as the greatest artist of his time and to be chosen by the several Popes in succession to decorate the walls of the Sistine Chapel or the architect to complete St. Peter's.

His father, seeing how strong was the bent of his genius, reluctantly consented to place him under the care of Ghirlandajo as a pupil for three years, beginning April 1, 1488, and the master, an unusual thing, agreed to give him twenty-four florins for his service. When Lorenzo de Medici opened a garden in Florence for the use of artists, filled with antique statues and busts, Michael Angelo instantly resorted thither, and Lorenzo was so struck with his first at-

tempt at sculpture, a copy in marble from an old mask of a laughing faun, that he took him under his own patronage, gave him rooms in his palace and treated him like a son. There the youth studied with zeal and success until his patron's death in 1492.

NATURE'S REQUIEM FOR THE DEAD

Written for the Catholic Bulletin by Rev. Henry B. Tierney, Trenton Mo.

In the fall of the year Comes the fall of the year And all of them here Are sad: For the fall of the year And the fall of the year Are the fall and the fear, Yes, the pall and the bier Of the dead.

But even the pang of sorrow leaves a thrill of joy. There is a splendid beauty which escapes even the horror of the scene when the fair virgin martyr, strip of wealth, honor and mantle, mingles her dying prayers with the fierce animal rage of the bounding leopard which cratches her tender bones in his blood-dripping jaws. There is a beauty in the lingering sigh of the dying child. There is a splendor even in sombre widowhood. There is, too, a mysterious resplendent beauty in the blush of the dying year, when nature strews the couch with autumn leaves.

Have you been out in the silent woods during the past few days? Have you seen the grand old hills emblazoned with the heraldry of autumn? The crest of royalty is there, mounting the house of death. The crimson blood of martyrdom flecks the field of virgin gold.

Standing upon a slight elevation I saw in the distance a wooded forest whose leaves were aglow with the broken rainbow's deepest hues. The splendid array seemed to be an army of giant angels who, wearied with much travel in the valleys of men, had folded their gold-beckoned wings and, bowing their heads to the East, were resting on the peaceful hills.

Under Pius IV, St. Peter's was carried up as far as the dome, which was modeled in clay and carefully executed to a scale in wood. But the architect had no time to direct it. A slow fever attacked him in February, 1568, and in a few days put an end to his life, at the age of nearly eighty-nine or ninety years.—N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

INFLUENCE OF A GREAT MAN

In the sphere of spiritual life, says Wilfrid Ward (in his "Witnesses To The Unseen," and in answer to those who assert that Newman's influence has been much over-rated, Newman exercised an influence similar to that of Wellington, the soldier, who, from his great courage and sense of duty alone, much influenced his age. Even those who have admitted their great spiritual debt to Newman, and who only knew him as the composer of "Lead, Kindly Light," have given, however, a very imperfect notion of the man himself. "Mystic," "great controversialist," "recluse,"—these are some of the terms which have been applied to the Cardinal even by those who had unusually great opportunities both of knowing him and of properly describing him.

It was, perhaps, says Ward, the very complexity of his nature that led to this general failure to fully and satisfactorily characterize him. There was, indeed, in him something of the mystic; he was to some extent a recluse; he was full of power in controversy and his mind had been absorbed in patristic theology. Yet he was, absolutely none of these three things—not wholly a theologian, nor a mystic, nor a controversialist. Newman was Newman. Far from having lost a sense of his surroundings, he was, when at Oxford, interested (says A. J. Froude) in everything that was going on in science, in politics, in literature.

As for being a giant controversialist, it was certain, says Ward, that no man ever hated more the pedantry and parade of controversy. He would help sincere enquirers, but he was the foe of all who indulged in the pomp of controversy, and he believed in the principle of answering a fool according to his folly. Again, as a "learned theologian," he has declared that in the case of many learned men, their erudition tends to overgrow and stiffen the freedom of the mind, and who does not know of his description of certain pedants who "are only possessed by their knowledge, not possessed of it?"

Coming down to a definition of Newman's influence upon men, Ward says that it was due mainly to putting himself (as an example for the would-be converts) before those who invoked his help, or to those who perused his works; but it was also due, the Dublin Review's editor declares, to his conviction that "egotism is true modesty," for a strong man, he held, in fully revealing his own mind, its struggles and its victories, aids weaker minds in time of trial and difficulty. His was not simply a spiritual influence, like John Wesley's; not merely that of the dry light of philosophy, like Kant's; nor of a brilliant converser and critic, as John-

son's; nor of intellectual and imaginative power, like Carlyle's—it was, to teach man, one or more of these kinds of influence and thus it was to all a combination of them.

"He was all things to all men" (St. Paul's phrase), he suited himself to noble and ignoble, young and old, subjects and prelates, learned and ignorant, and received those who were strangers to him with singular benignity and embraced them with as much love and charity as if he had been a long while expecting them. When he was called upon to be merry, he was so; if there was a demand upon his sympathy, he was equally ready. He gave the same welcome to all, caressing the poor equally with the rich and wearing himself to assist all to the utmost limits of his power.

In consequence of his being so accessible and willing to receive all comers, many went to him every day and some continued for the space of thirty, nay, forty years, to visit him very often both morning and evening, so that his room went by the agreeable nickname of the Home of Christian Mirth. Yea, people came to him not only from all parts of Italy, but from France, Spain, Germany, and all Christendom, and even the Infidels and Jews who had ever any communication with him, revered him as a holy man. These words written of St. Philip Neri, the excellent whom the English Cardinal ever had before his eyes, applied in an especial way to Newman. And his influence, says Ward, was widely felt in many other ways.

He was no orator, yet was the greatest preacher of his age; his influence was mighty in his faithfulness to his friends and in his resentment of injury done to them, or to his cause; it was felt in the combination of farseeing and dispassionate wisdom with keen and quickly-roused emotion, in his tenderness for and sympathy with the distressed in faith, which made on-lookers even fear that in meeting them half-way, he was losing sight of the very principles he was in reality protecting; in the very defects of his qualities which his closest friends loved almost as they did his virtues—which made him so truly human amid his greatness.

REDEMPTORIST FATHERS PLAY TAB-BARD INN BOOK CO. Buffalo Union and Times

The following letter has been sent to the Tabbard Inn Book Company of Philadelphia, by the reverend librarian of St. Mary's College, North East, Pa., and will make an interesting and invigorating reading for Catholics:

To the Tabbard Inn Book Company, Philadelphia:

On perusing your "Catalogue of Book Bargains" for 1913, we came across this item (p. 51): "The Priest, the Woman, and the Confessional," by Father Chiniqui, author of "Fifty Years in the Church of Rome," the forty-third edition, published by Fleming H. Revell Company at \$1.00, our price, 75 cents.

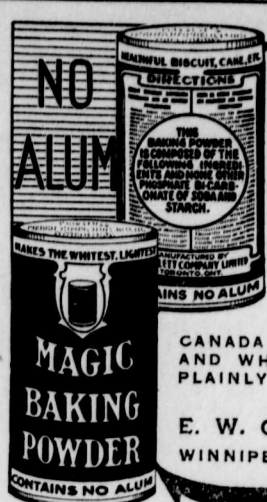
Now, we cannot understand how a respectable firm can publish such a scurrilous book without making itself partner to the offense, and by smirching its good name! But, what we are still more puzzled about is, how another respectable firm can handle such a vile attack, brimful of indecencies and lies,—and at the same time be bold enough,—to avoid a stronger expression,—to offer the catalogue containing it, to a Catholic institution.

Now, please take notice of the following: If you send us henceforth any catalogues, advertisements, etc., they shall go into the waste basket unnoticed. Besides, this letter, with explanations of the case of F. Chiniqui, will be sent to the Catholic papers!

You cannot make yourselves partners of an insult to the Catholics of the United States and escape justly deserved punishment.

St. Mary's College, North East, Pa., The Librarian.

One who loves the truth and you, and will tell the truth in spite of you.



MANY BRANDS OF BAKING POWDER CONTAIN ALUM WHICH IS AN INJURIOUS ACID. THE INGREDIENTS OF ALUM BAKING POWDER ARE SELDOM PRINTED ON THE LABEL, IF THEY ARE, THE ALUM IS USUALLY REFERRED TO AS SULPHATE OF ALUMINA OR SODIC ALUMINIC SULPHATE.

MAGIC BAKING POWDER CONTAINS NO ALUM THE ONLY WELL-KNOWN MEDIUM-PRICED BAKING POWDER MADE IN CANADA THAT DOES NOT CONTAIN ALUM, AND WHICH HAS ALL ITS INGREDIENTS PLAINLY STATED ON THE LABEL.

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WOOD TILE OR LIMOLEUM-QUICKLY & EASILY FREED FROM GREASE AND GRIME WITH - Old Dutch Cleanser Many Uses and Full Directions on Large-Silver Can 10c

What This Sectional Fire-pot Means to You



The "Sunshine" has a straight-sided semi-steel firepot, extra heavily ribbed and made in two sections. The two sections allow for contraction and expansion—which prevents cracking. The heavy ribs and semi-steel give extra strength and added radiating surface. Ashes cannot adhere to the straight sides which assures an all-over clear fire. This means the greatest heat from the fuel consumed.

These are some of the advantages of the Sunshine Furnace. Our agent will be pleased to show you others, or write for booklet.

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SERMON BY FATHER DRUMMOND

AT THE SOLEMN HIGH MASS OF THE GUELPH CONVENTION OF THE KNIGHTS OF COLUMBUS

"Know you not that they that run in the race, all run indeed, but one receiveth the prize. So run that you may obtain." (1 Cor. 9, 24)

In these words St. Paul sets before us, and especially before you, Knights of Columbus, what should be the object of your ambition.

The race he has in view when he makes this comparison is the race for the mastery of men's souls in order to save those immortal souls.

And every one that striveth for the mastery refraineth himself from all things. Now they do it to receive a corruptible crown; but we an incorruptible one.

To strive for a corruptible crown is to seek an ephemeral and therefore unsatisfactory reward. An incorruptible crown is the only one worthy of an incorruptible soul.

For, brother Knights, what seems to me the characteristic of your order in its foundation and in its best aspects is the desire to excel, to gather together the best elements of Catholic manhood.

And that knowledge gave them power. Even in our day, when aristocracy is thought little of by those who know it not.



at the same time its Ruler, the traditionally trained intellect hailed this as the pronouncement of a real expert, because Kelvin was known to combine mathematical instinct with the very highest powers of reasoning.

Now the Catholic Church is the home of the best traditions of mankind. It is the one great family, the only one that is coeval with the human race.

When Adam del'vd and Eve span, Who was then a gentleman?

simply showed his ignorance of what constitutes a gentleman. Manly labour is in no way derogatory to gentle blood.

Thus enabled labour for all time. Emancipated races, far from representing the primitive condition of our race, are the degenerate descendants of Adam.

She it is who created Christian chivalry. She it is who inspired aliens like Tennyson to write about Sir Galahad whose strength was as the strength of ten.

Remember, then, brother Knights, how glorious is your lineage. You need no elaborate pedigree to substantiate your claim to a great estate.

This is the greatest peerage in the world, uninterrupted in its descent from the King of Kings, unassailed by any bond sister, for the illegitimate drop away into the outer chaos of religious error.

less, sans peur et sans reproche. Yield never a jot nor a tittle of Catholic doctrine. All up-to-date fallacies are transparent frauds to the well instructed Catholic.

Chapped Hands - Rough Skin - Sore Lips - cured by Campagna's Italian Balm.

THE DIFFERENCE

There are in this country at the present moment a number of posters who claim to be converted priests.

On the other hand, how different is it with those who, though brought up non-Catholics, are subsequently led into the true Church!

Msgr. Benson is not different from other converts. When a person becomes truly Catholic he becomes truly Christian.

CUSTOM OF RECITING THE ANGELUS WHILE STANDING

As all our readers know, the Angelus is recited standing on Saturday evening and on Sunday.

SANOL'S ANTI-DIABETES

SANOL is the "RELIABLE CURE" for Gall Stones, Kidney Trouble, Kidney Stones, Gravel, Lumbago and all Diseases arising from Uric Acid.

For sale at all Leading Druggists. Send for Free Literature.

The Sanol Manufacturing Co., Ltd. WINNIPEG, MAN.

FROM PRINCE ALBERT

THE SISTERS OF CHARITY OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION ARE DOING GOOD WORK IN THE FAR WEST

May the 1st, feast of the Ascension, was a gala day for St. Patrick's Orphanage.

TEACHERS WANTED

AN EXPERIENCED PROFESSIONAL TEACHER for U. S. S. No. 3 McKillop & Hibbert.

FARM HELP

CATHOLIC FARMERS WANTING CATHOLIC men will do well to address Mr. D. Miller.

BUSINESS COLLEGE

THE HOME BANK OF CANADA

NOTICE OF QUARTERLY DIVIDEND

Notice is hereby given that a Dividend at the rate of Seven per cent. (7%) per annum upon the paid up Capital Stock of this Bank has been declared for the three months ending the 31st May, 1913.

ANNUAL MEETING

The Annual Meeting of the Shareholders of The Home Bank of Canada will be held at the Head Office, 8 King St. West, Toronto, on Tuesday, the 24th day of June, 1913, at 12 o'clock noon.

BY-LAW TO INCREASE CAPITAL

It is the intention at the above Meeting to submit for the consideration and approval of the Shareholders a By-law to authorize the increase of the Capital Stock of the Bank to \$5,000,000.

CHILDREN FOR ADOPTION

GOOD CATHOLIC HOMES ARE WANTED for a number of little boys age one to seven years.

BICYCLES

BICYCLE SUNDRIES

At Cut Prices BICYCLE MUNSON

NEW CENTURY LEADERSHIP

A railroad navy may be an honest soul and a worthy citizen, but that does not equip him for the position of general manager of the system.

FURNITURE

From Factory to You FREIGHT FREE

ADAMS FURNITURE CO., Limited

EUROPE!

There and Back \$100

THE ALLAN LINE

Write for Illustrated Booklet descriptive of the Superior "One Class" Steamers of the Montreal - Havre - London and Montreal - Glasgow

Funeral Directors

Smith, Son & Clarke

Undertakers and Embalmers

John Ferguson & Sons

180 King Street

William J. Ball

Funeral Director

School Desks

Lee Manufacturing Co.,

CHURCH ORGANS

TUNING REPAIRING

MARRIAGE LAWS

A Brief Explanation of the Decree "Ne Temere"

The Catholic Record

LONDON, CANADA

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J. J. M. Landy

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In every city and town in Western Ontario.

FRANK E. FALLON

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Capital Life Assurance Co.

LONDON, ONTARIO

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White Prayer Books 10c.

White Rosaries 10c., 15c.

First Communion Cards and Certificates.

The Catholic Record

LONDON, ONT.

Advertisement for English Suits by Rego Clothiers, featuring a man in a suit and text about saving half the usual price.