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Subscription, in advance, $2.00.
If paid in advance, $2.50.

Single Copies, Five Cents

General advertising, 20 cents a line.

Local rates sent on application.

Send money by Check, Registered Letter, Post Office Money Order (not in silver or bills), to the

REVIEW PUBLISHING COMPANY.

294 Washington Street,
Boston, Mass.

Advertising Department,
Room 1086, Old South Building,
Boston, Mass.


SATURDAY, JULY 1, 1916.

ECCLISIASTICAL ITEMS.

The thirty-fifth annual meeting and banquet of the Niagara University Alumni Association was held June 20 at the university. About 200 members rallied enthusiastically around the standard of President Duncan. During the business meeting an insurance program was launched by which the university will receive a fund of $30,000.

Scannell O'Neill, writing in the Catholic Citizen, says: "A letter from our friend, Mr. M. J. Riordan, of Flagstaff, Arizona, informs us of the reception of the Church recently in Phoenix, Arizona, of the Hon. Judge Albert C. Baker, attorney, and chief justice of Arizona, 1893-7."

Officers and members of the C. T. A. U. Regiment, with headquarters at Wilkes-Barre, offered their services to the War Department, but the latter did not ask for them, for with war with Mexico threatened, saying that they had 1,000 officers and men, twelve companies, and were willing in whole or in part to accept service with the Government.

Pope Benedict, recently received the Rev. Charles Heath, former secretary of the Papal delegation at Washington, and Harold Woodbury Parsons, of Boston, and granted them the use of the magnificent head-quarters of the Ave Maria Hill for a convalescent hospital for Italian soldiers. It will be managed entirely by Americans.

The Melbourne Advocate of Feb. 12, 1916, contains the report of the first session of a Summer School held at Queenscliff, which is the annual session of the Catholic Federation, February being a summer month at the Antipodes. It was planned to last for one week to study Catholic and national questions.

Bishop Beaven of Springfield, Mass., presented diplomas to the head-boys of the Catholic school of Michael's Cathedral high school at the thirty-second annual commencement of the school in St. Michael's Hall, last week. The class numbered forty-four members, but this number was depleted by the departure of J. P. Haggerty, who is now in camp with the 24th Regiment at South Framingham.

Lack of money and the fact that the proportion of Catholics in any one trade is not large makes it difficult for the Catholic labor unions in this country inadvisable. This is the opinion of the Rev. John A. Ryan, D. D., of the Catholic University, Washington, D. C., expressing a regret that a recent address delivered in St. Leonard's Hall, Brooklyn N. Y.

Four young men were ordained to the priesthood in the Paulist community on Saturday, June 10, by the Right Rev. Patrick J. Hayes, D. D., Auxiliary Bishop of New York. The ordination took place in the great Church of the Paulist Fathers at Columbus avenue and Sixtieth street, New York. The edifice was filled with relatives and friends of the young priests and members of the congregation.

The Sisters of Mercy Hospital, Iowa City, has succeeded in a big lawsuit. Judge R. P. Howell has handed down a decision that the late Patrick Donovan was sane when he made a deed of 100 acres to the Catholic institution property worth about $15,000 — to recompense the Sisters for the care they pledged to give him the remainder of his life. Their contract was fulfilled.

Dr. John B. Murphy, of Chicago, has been decorated with the collar and cross of the order of St. Gregory the Great, by the Benedictine, The conferring of the honor occurred at the formal opening of a new addition to Mercy Hospital, Chicago, of which Dr. Murphy is the chief of staff. The insignia of the order was conferred by Archbishop Mundelein.

The novena preparatory to the Feast of Our Lady of Mt. Carmel will begin at the Carmelite Convent, 61 Mt. Pleasant avenue, Roxbury, on Friday, July 7, at 5 o'clock P.M. The plenary indulgence attached to the novena may be gained by those who assist at the exercises at least five times, and go to confession and Communion at the close of the novena. Persons who may not be able to attend may send their petitions and their intentions will be remembered.

Mr. Bernard Holland, one of the most brilliant of British journalists, has been accepted into the Catholic Church. Through his constant contributions for many years to such magazines as "The Outlook," "The Independent," and "The North American Review," he has been well known to Americans. He is a son of the late Rev. Francis J. Holland, Canon of Canterbury, and Chaplain to Queen Victoria and King Edward VII, by his wife, Mary Sibyla Foy, perhaps the most remarkable woman who became a Catholic in 1899.

Referring to the convert-making activities of Father Crowe, of Jacksonville, Ill., the Courier of that town recently said: "A notable feature of the work done by the Rev. Rev. Crowe has been the gathering into the Catholic Church of a great number of people converted to the belief of the Church through his ministrations. In about 300 and 400 persons have been converted to Catholicism during his pastorate here."

James H. Brewster of Boulder, Colo., a non-Catholic, who almost a quarter of a century ago battled the anti-Catholic A. P. A. movement through the lecture platform and pamphlets, has written a letter to M. E. Maloney, of Denver, encouraging the Knights of Labor in their campaign for the over- coming of prejudice through educating non-Catholics about the teachings and aims of our Church. The Knights, in their pamphlets, have been sending literature, not to bigots, but to intelligent non-Catholics who, it is known, will be able to influence large numbers of members of their own faith.

Admiral Charlton, now in command of the Cape squadron with his headquarters at Simon's Town, Natal, South Africa, is a grandson of one of the most distinguished Oxford converts, the renowned lawyer, Sergeant Bellasis. Newman's Grammar of Assent was dedicated to him; and the following letter by his death his brother wrote: "He was one of the best men I ever knew." Admiral Charlton was educated at the famous English Catholic college of Ushaw, and when he was established the career in the navy, having been appointed Rear Admiral three years ago, and is a naval A. D. C. to the King.

At a meeting of the board of directors of the Young Men's Catholic Association of Boston, held in Boston College this week, the annual election of officers took place. James J. Mahan was elected to the honorary vice-annuniate number, and Joseph H. Farren was elected secretary. The members of the Board of Government for the coming year are: Timothy J. Brinnin, Arthur J. Petch, Joseph L. Herrn, John G. Long, Henry C. McKenna, Joseph G. Morgan, Henry H. O'Connor. The re-election of Mr. Mahan marks an unusual event in the affairs of the Ass. of Boston. Twelve, 1912, 1913, and 1914. Mr. Mahan was President of the Association which is something no other president has been favored with.

Recent Deaths.

The prayers of our readers are requested for the repose of the souls of John A. O'Brien, Cambridge, Mass., and Mrs. Margaret McCarthy, South Boston, Mass.

After a lengthy illness, the Honorable James Joseph Foy, former Attorney-General of Ontario, died recently in Toronto, Mr. Foy was the Catholic representative in the Ontario Cabinet from the time of his party's coming into power in 1905 until he was defeated for the active duties of public office; he remained, however, a member of the government without portfolio until his death. It speaks well both for Mr. Foy and for Protestant Toronto," comments the Catholic" "that he was elected five times successively for a Toronto constituency.

May their souls and all the souls of the faithful departed through the mercy of God rest in peace.

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ADVENTURES OF

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The Sacred Heart Review.

NEW SERIES

The Week’s News.

BOSTON, JULY 1, 1916

VOL. 56 — NO. 3.

The mobilization of the militia at the call of the United States for war purposes, the idea of war home to all Americans. A hundred thousand or more of our young men will have been called away from their daily pursuits to become soldiers of the United States, and the movement of these troops to the Mexican border is proceeding as we write these words. A number of our troops have been killed in Mexico, the evidence being that their massacre was due to the treachery of the Carranzistas forces with whom they clashed. President Wilson demands a complete disavowal on the part of First Chief Carranza, of the action of his forces, and the delivery at once of the prisoners taken by them. Administration officials foresee the possibility that Carranza may make his answer a declaration of war and the concentration of Carranza troops near Chihuahua is regarded as ominous. Meanwhile the Mexican Embassy holds out hope that Carranza will make his move very carefully to avoid a clash, and the view is expressed that if there is war the initiative must be taken by President Wilson. Latin-American diplomats are reported to have conferred with Secretary of State Lansing on the possibility of mediation, but have received no hope from the latter that the United States is ready for mediation now. The diplomats have advised their Governments to urge Carranza to comply with the American demands.

Not a Pleasant Thing to Face.

We may be well assured that the prosperous and enterprising people of this country are not looking for an easy settlement of the Mexican question if it is to be settled by war, as appears likely at present. The young and thoughtful may talk foolishly of finishing up things there "in a jiffy," but it would be well not to under-rate the Mexicans or underestimate the kind of job we are about to put our hands to. We are reminded at this point by what Norman Angell said two years ago about Great Britain’s war with the Boers. The Transvaal Boers were a population of about 100,000 living in a poor territory that barely supported them; unable once the war started to import arms or ammunition. England had to employ 400,000 men, spend $2,000,000,000, and take three years to defeat them. Mexico has a population of 12,000,000 to 15,000,000. As a people they have defeated two great European powers,—Spain when she was a great power, and the army of Maximilian, recruited from among some of the best soldiers in Europe. Strictly speaking, a state of war does not yet exist between the United States and Mexico, and let us hope and pray that all this preparation and mobilization may, after all, be nothing but a war cloud which the sun of peace may disperse. Let us hope and pray that our young men may not be sacrificed as so many of the young men of Europe have been sacrificed on fields of slaughter.

For an out and out one hundred per cent. Americanism and for the insistence upon the immediate necessity of a thoroughgoing preparedness, spiritual, military and economic." Influenced by Mr. Roosevelt’s decision, the Progressive party has for the time being swung in behind the Hughes program.

Governor McCall’s Heroism.

In the history of Holy Cross.

Cross College, Worcester, Mass., numbering 113 students, received diplomas from the hands of the Hon. Samuel W. McCall, Governor of Massachusetts. Governor McCall received an ovation when the Rev. Joseph N. Dinand, S. J., president of the college, referred to him as the "bravest man in Massachusetts to have the degree of heroism to come to Holy Cross after defeating her favorite son." (This allusion means no explanation to Massachusetts people, but others may not so immediately see the fact that the Hon. David L. Walsh, who is a Holy Cross graduate, and who was Governor of Massachusetts for two terms, was defeated last year by Governor McCall.) Besides the 113 who received their academic degrees, honorary degrees were conferred on twelve men, including those for the graduates of the college: the Right Rev. Thomas D. Beaven of Springfield, the Right Rev. Matthew Harkins of Providence, the Right Rev. Louis S. Walsh of Portland, Me., and the Right Rev. Joseph J. Rice of Burlington, Vt.

"Tech" Goes to Cambridge.

The passing over of the old buildings in Boston to its splendid new educational plant in Cambridge was the occasion of many exercises, of which the evening pageant with the arrival at the Cambridge Cherry Hill campus of the statue of the British statesman bearing the seal of the Institute was the chief spectacular feature. It was fitting that this important event in the educational life of the State should have been so beautifully and impressively celebrated. In its new buildings thoroughly equipped for the best service, and in its new and beautiful environment, "Tech" is destined to have a larger share than ever in the formation of the young men of Massachusetts. The City of Cambridge is bound to profit greatly in many ways by the presence of the Institute; and not the least effect upon the life of the city will be the stimulation of ambition in the hearts of her young men and women to turn themselves to technical pursuits more largely than they have in the past. The so-called learned professions are to-day the only warranted efforts of the student at Cambridge, in the technical sciences.
That is the Question.

"If the ingenuity of experienced Catholic journalists is hereafter to be taken to win from Catholic readers a meager recognition for existing publications what reasonable hope," asks the Church Progress, "have the advocates of the Catholic daily that such a publication would attract any larger loyalty?"

Loyal, But Not Blind.

The Canadian Freeman recently said some sensible words with reference to Carsonism and Sinn Fein. "We confidently expect to be accused of being a Fenian," remarks our esteemed contemporary, "but we don't mind being called names. We rather enjoy it. We believe in being loyal, but we refuse to shut our eyes to facts."

A Hyphenated Knight.

"When we see a Knight of Columbus disregarding the emblem of the Fourth Degree," remarks the Catholic Advance, "and replacing it with an Elk's head, we are reminded of a sheep in wolf's clothing. Bah! the absurdity of it all is just too much for us, and with such a badge ought to be shown the door quickly. He's a poor Catholic."

Where His Courage Fails.

A correspondent having sent the Providence Visitor a poem with a note wondering if the editor would have the courage to print it, the editor, on this occasion to respectfully inform our German-American friend, that we have the courage to do almost anything except to print the original poems which occasionally find their way into this office.

The Net Result.

"In reviewing the silly antities of bigots, we find," says the Catholic Advance, "they have not hindered the building of a single church. Not one convent has been prevented from accepting candidates. Catholic schools have gone on doing their good work just the same and are as influential in their respective communities as they ever were. At most, the dense ignorance of a few has been made denser, but with that we have lost nothing."

The Power Behind the Programs.

"The work of the teaching Sisters in the parish schools goes on quietly and unostentatiously through the year," says the Catholic Universe, "that it is only when the commencement season makes a striking though very incomplete display of it that the general Catholic public realizes anything of its variety and magnitude. To one whom church schools are an automatically inclining sends to many commencements, there is nothing so impressive in the programs as those who are behind them."

The Press Prophets and the Pope.

Apropos of the Pope and the war, the Catholic Messenger for South Africa says: "Among the Pope's critics there are many who would desire nothing better than to see him take a false step and compromise the spiritual interests of the Church, and to men of this kidney the war has given a golden opportunity. If the Pope had intervened, they would have willingly made him Chaplain to the Allies, knowing, very well that, distinguished as this office might be, it would be a good deal lower than that of Father of the Faithful with which title His Holiness has long been invested. As His Holiness has not intervened, they have a richer opportunity still. They are able to set every thoughtful writer barking at the hem of the Pope's cassock. What they do not realize is that the Pope has been through this sort of thing again and again; and whilst the Pope's name is like a magic word, the snarls of the petty prophets of the war will be drowned by their fresh outbreak against the next enemy when the war is over."

Honors That Are No Honor.

"An abuse of third-rate colleges at this commencement season," says the Pittsburgh Catholic, "is the practise of conferring degrees upon men who have money but are illiterate, who are in no wise worthy of lettered distinction. This brings all collegiate honors into contempt, and makes real scholars ashamed of their diplomas and disgusted with the titles which they once thought it so highly an adornment to wear. Degree amulets are no longer than before they were unattractive to their wearers, and the public clearly see the ill supplied university of the real and false and distinction from it."

Our Position Too.

L'Action Catholique, the able Catholic daily of Quebec, has declared war on immoral moving pictures in the theatres of that city. In a recent editorial, the Freeman contemporary says: "We do not ask that the presentation of moving pictures be abolished, here or elsewhere. We are in favor of the picture theatre when it is moral and helpful to morality; when it propagates good ideas and influences for the betterment of mankind; it is a means of honest recreation. It can be made to serve noble causes; religion, art, science, patriotism; it is able to contribute greatly to develop good taste; to strengthen convictions; to form conscience: briefly, it can become, in able hands, a powerful instrument for good. But, when it becomes the destroyer of beliefs and teaches error; when it laughs at virtue and excesses or justifies the most shameless vices and the most vicious disorders; when it scoffs at religion, mocking authority and falsifying history; when it inspires low passions andotten other than good; when it is only a pretext and an occasion for a 'rendezvous' we blame it, abominate it and fight it."

England's Big Question.

The Dublin Leader, declaring that at the present time it can be truly said that the eyes of the civilized world are on Ireland, remarks: "The Irish question has become an imperative and immediate problem for British statesmanship. The opinion of the United States is admirably a big factor in the world situation and opinion in other countries has also to be taken into account. There is not much use in discussing the various rumors concerning the lines of attempted settlement. The dominating fact is that the present situation makes it imperative for England to act with dispatch, and English statesmen, though they have made many blunders with regard to Ireland, may be assumed to be alive to the fact that a settlement that will work, and work with the free co-operation and goodwill of the Irish, is the only safe and sound settlement. We hope that on the Irish side of the negotiations strength, courage and foresight will be displayed as well as prudence and sweet reasonableness."

The Daily Paper.

"Every reader has his own idea of how to edit a newspaper," remarks an editorial writer in the Catholic Universe. "If I could run a daily paper, for instance—and of course everybody could who hasn't tried it—there are only three things I should like to reform—the news, the editorials, and the advertisements! Besides doing all the obvious things in the way of expurgating scandal and verifying press dispatches, I should put a ban on the fixed newspaper policy of giving free play to the imagination while waiting for the facts in times of great public calamity. At all events, it will be necessary at such times, let it be the impertinent reporter rather than the anxious public. As to editorials, I think we are all as weary of the newspapers that write sappy sentiment, supposed to appeal to the masses, take twenty columns of advertising to the bosses. A philosopher who had plenty of time might spend it profitably in making a collection of those other editorials absolutely warranted to fill so many columns of space and say nothing to anybody. Advertising in newspapers or on a newspaper owes to its readers. To the consumer and disburser of the family income, it is in some ways the most practical and important function the paper has. But why should an astute publisher antagonize and irritate the patrons of his advertisers by making them take twenty columns of advertising every time they buy a column of news?"

The Church and the Negro.

There are always certain persons who scoff at the idea of bringing the Colored race to a high spiritual standard; but those engaged in missionary work among these people are far from feeling discouraged at the results obtained. In the June number of the Josephite appear these timely remarks: "Whilst the political economists are telling us that the Negroes can never be Christianized, and whilst the social workers are trying to get the best results from the social religions in place of supernatural religions for which they deem them unprofitable—the Catholic Church all along has been preaching to them, as to the white man and the red man, the sacred truth of Christ's Church. With the hoarded experience of the centuries to guide us and the rare and bosomful of glorious achievements in the past to blaze the way for her, she—and she alone—has never lost faith in the human nature and the spiritual possibilities of the Negro. The glorious annals of her missionaries' labors—such as Rev. Father Clever, the example of St. Benedict the Moor, are some of the pegs on which she hangs her confident hope of redeeming and reclaiming for the faith this down-trodden people."
If you kill time in your youth, its ghost will haunt you in your old age.

Alcoholism is very often the real name of what we politely term over-work.

It looks as if we were to have trenches nearer home than ever before. We wonder if the war advocates of the press will occupy the first line of these trenches.

Read the appeal for the Negro and Indian Missions which we publish on page 9 this week. To-morrow in all the churches of the diocese, a collection will be taken up for the work of the Church among these people.

Many fine things have been said of the late railroad king, James J. Hill. This is one of the best of them: He never told and would not listen to a dirty story. "He does not begrudge his cleanliness of heart now that he is in his grave," remarks the Catholic Columbian.

"The water American" was the title earned by Franklin when he worked in a printing office in London. He refused to do the thing else. His fellow-workers averaged five pints of beer a day. What printing plant to-day would keep such befuddled workers on its pay-roll?

The "daylight saving" law in England reminds an Irishman that long ago Thomas Moore, the Irish poet, in one of his melodies suggested that the "best of all ways, to lengthen our days, is to steal a few hours from the night."

When French clergymen pay tributes to the faith and devotion of the Catholic British soldiers, they are, perhaps, without knowing it, complimenting the Catholic Irish soldiers. Without the Irish soldiers, or the soldiers of immediate Irish descent, the Catholic contingent in the British army would be difficult to find.

Somebody insulted the flag the other day in New York in front of a recruiting office. Sergeant Ryan, a solicitor, and a sailor, named Fleischer, immediately sprang to the defense of the symbol of the nation. There is a suggestion of "hyphenism" about the names, but there will not be so much activity in hyphen-hunting during the present war excitement.

We rejoice at the growing custom of having grammar school girl graduates make their own graduation dresses. We saw a class of almost a hundred girls graduate, the other day. They were all dressed alike in a released pleater, on the lines of the dresses. There were not fancy frills or furbelows on these dresses. They were neat and simple, as all dresses for children of grammar school age should be.

Our readers will be interested to learn that Mr. McCarthy of the Review staff is getting out a new book of verses this year under the title, "Heart Songs and Home Songs." It will be ready for delivery in September. Uniform in style and binding with "Voices from Erin" and "A Round of iXimes," this book will sell at one dollar a copy, $1.07.

Paid orders may be sent to the publishers, Little, Brown and Company, 34 Beacon St., Boston, or to Mr. McCarthy directly.

Outside the armory of the Sixty-Ninth Regiment. New York City, last week, new recruiting posters were displayed, showing "Old Sam" with arm extended as the words, "Sixty-Ninth," framed in shamrocks. The number of the regiment was printed in green, and underneath were the mottoes: "Never disobeyed an order," and "Never lost a flag." Framed in shamrocks! "Printed in green!" And not a word about a fear of being thought hyphenated!

Miss Mary Silliman, teacher in the American College, for several years a missionary, arrived recently in New York on the Holland-American steamship Ryndam, after spending several months in a hospital in Germany, where she was held on suspicion of being a spy. She said she was treated with great kindness by the Germans. Of course, Miss Silliman is not to be believed. Either her mind is affected at the hands of the Huns, or she is a German spy.

It is argued by a London newspaper that the report that the Austrian emperor is dead can not be wholly ignored, because a neutral traveler found that it was widely believed in southeastern Russia. "That is nothing," comments the Springfield Republicans, "there are people in Russia who believe that Napoleon, Ay, Ay, Ay, and there are people in America who believe that the Jesuits killed Lincoln, that the Pope is anti-Christian, and that the Catholic hierarchy is plotting against the liberties of the republic. When it comes to believing things that are not true, the people in the United States are not far behind the Russians.

The educated Catholic should be a power in the Church," says the Brooklyn Tablet. "It is not enough for him to read Mass and frequent the Sacraments. He should take an active interest in questions that concern the Church's welfare: defend her when she is misrepresented, help to increase the power of her press, affiliate himself with her social. Every educated priest will find numerous opportunities if he is in a position to spread the Church's influence. We have a right to expect that he will take advantage of them." Surely we have. We have a right to expect that the educated Catholic will produce a Catholic paper, but all too frequently his reading, after he leaves college, is confined to the sporting page of the yellow journals.

The strongholds of "law and order" in Ireland were crowded with prisoners after a recent infectious disease. And here is a little light thrown by a released prisoner, on the dispositions of the "rebels" from a devotional point of view:

Every day the "Angels" was recited in the prison by members of our party in turn, and in the evening the Sacred Heart. I must say that the devotion shown in the religious exercises impressed me. One evening I witnessed at Richmond, and it seemed to me as if the Irish language inspired all present with the intense fervor. I saw a press anywhere under such disadvantageous circumstances before.

What desperate "anti-clericals" those fellows must have been!

Post-paid. Orders may be sent to the publishers, Little, Brown, and Company, 34 Beacon St., Boston, or to Mr. McCarthy directly.

There is perhaps no priest in the country," remarks the Monitor, of Newark, N. J., "who has a better right to speak in the name of the workingmen than the Rev. John A. Ryan, D. D., Professor of Political Science in the Catholic University. Dr. Ryan thinks that prohibition will close classes that can least afford to drink, the working people, and it will not greatly hurt those who have more money to spend and who want to take the extra trouble to obtain liquor."

His personal view he announces thus: "I am in favor of Prohibition wherever it can be most easily enforced." He puts the desirability of prohibition chiefly on economic grounds. "The utility does not counterbalance the inutility.

We have had a season of that style of poetry which is known as free verse—free, that is, from the constraints of rhyme and rhythm, and free, in too many cases, from a sense not only of beauty but of common decency. But the free versifiers have run their course evidently, and observers of the trend of things in poetry will agree with Miss Augusta Larned, who writes in the Christian Register:

The best of the new verse is rhetorical. The free versifiers may carry the thing only to a rather limited extent. Their influence is still felt as a modifying element, and these new fads in art are still operative in the public schools, but it is more than probable it will have no lasting effect. Curiosity once satisfied, the public will go back to its established favorites. The new style does not lend itself to moral, nor does it itself form a part of emotional and intellectual wealth.

We have received a little magazine called the Owl, the official organ (or so it appears) of the Order of Owls, an aggregation of friends of the Owls, who have much resemblance to the Elks, the Moose, the Buffaloes, and the Eagles. But it would seem, from this magazine, that the Owls want to be looked upon as super-excellent and not in the same class with the others, but are the order of the Moose, which it singles out for some sharp criticism. "The Owls," says the magazine virtuously, "does not compete with organizations of the Moose type. The Owls are not in the saloon business. The Owls are not organized to glGen a "boil" in the "tigers" or to "bootleg" whisky."

These cutting the children of other less refer to the Club licenses which are held in honor of organizations of good fellows who thus form an oasis of booze in a desert of prohibition.

We can not improve on the following advice which one of our esteemed contemporaries offers to parents who wish to spoil their children:

If you wish to spoil your children follow the advice of Uncle Sam: First, give them unripe fruits; encourage white lies; give them the best of every way; tell them petty untruths; give them sugar sugar; keep them from the top of your voice to their friends; make them buy things they have to do better; fly into passion with them several times a day; punish them if they do not do better. Send them into their candy stores; when they ask for information tell them to be quiet; let them think the streets are the best places to play; never take any notice of their childish sorrows.

Don't have any toys or playthings tossed into your house if you don't like yourself inviting to your house the children of the house you go to; don't trouble inviting their companions to your house. Always answer their teacher: try to forget as much as possible that you were once young yourself.
This writer of an editorial paragraph in the Journal of the Church, which appeared in the last number, spent a few days in a hospital conducted by Catholic Sisters. "These nursing sisters," says the writer, "were loyal to their Church, and not given to theological inquiries, but they had a most tender regard for the religious convictions of others. Therein, of course, they were as true to the Church as are the patients in the hospital. The truer, better, proselytizing spirit is not a Catholic spirit. No one is more respectful of the religious opinions of others than the Catholic who is at peace with his conscience in the True Church. His feeling toward non-Catholics is not one of hatred or anger, but one of pity for them that they should be outside the Church; and of yearning to bring them in. The Register's writer, by the way, rather spoils the title to the nurses' tolerance, by trying to differentiate between liberalism of the mind and liberalism of the spirit." Catholics have true liberalism of the mind, as well as of the spirit. "Liberalism" is a much misused word among our non-Catholic friends. All the same, we wish them an increase of that liberalism of the spirit which the Register's writer found so much of in the Sisters' hospital.

The Power of a Holy Life.

"He was zealous in the cause of religion, but his zeal was without bitterness or animosity. Polenice acrimony was unknown to him. St. James, who was to be a heretic he saw a brother Christian; in every infidel he saw a brother man." This was written of the celebrated English priest who wrote the Lives of the Saints, the Rev. Alb. Butler. Would that it might be written of us!

The other day His Eminence Cardinal O'Connell, speaking to a number of converts to whom he had just administered the Sacrament of Confirmation, exhorted them to speak of the Church as they had found it. "Surely you who have lived in both houses," he said, "that of confusion and this of light—have a right to speak and be heard." But, advertising to the fact that converts are not heard on this one subject, although their non-Catholic friends and the world at large are always eager to hear what they have on everything else, His Eminence bade them not be discouraged. "In such moments," he said, "betheythink of Him Who stands at the portal, the light of a sad disappointment in His eyes, and hear the pathos of His tender voice as He stands there, so patient, so meek, so constant, so strong—I stand at the door and knock!"

And then His Eminence used these words which we all, Catholics by inheritance and Catholics by conversion, would do well to keep in mind when we are tempted to impatience because of the little influence our work has on those who are not of the True Fold:

There is a potence force, greater than any words you can utter, of that mother whom you have left behind; of that Heaven which you have forsaken; of a holy life—a life glowing with the fervor of a convincing faith, exuberant with the love of God, overflowing in deeds of kindness, of patience, and of service.

LENGTHENING THE SUBSCRIPTION LIST.

Our Class of 1920 is headed this week by Miss M. Murray of Newton, Mass., who sends us $5.00 to renew her subscription for four years, from June, 1916, to June, 1920, Mr. John T. Toomey of Oxford, Mass., is another to join the class, and H. J. Murphy of Boston, another. The Rev. James D. O'Brien, pastor of the Church of the Holy Cross in Springfield, Mass., also pays for his subscription for four years, and becomes a member; and so do Miss Nellie Sullivan of Everett, Mass., and Frank M. Doyle, Dorchester, Mass. Mrs. Katherine E. Teasdale of West Quincy, Mass., is another new member of our Class of 1920.

2,600 persons, as is also Mr. Edward J. Brandon, City Clerk of Clinton, Mass., who, with Miss Maria Drum of Sherborn, Mass., not satisfied with joining this Class herself, sends another $5.00 to secure a four years' subscription for a friend. We thank most heartily these good friends of ours, and commend their example to others of our readers. By adding $5.00 to the price of the Review for the next four years. The revised price is $2.00 a year, but we offer a four years' subscription for $8.00. For $2.50 we will renew any reader's subscription for a year, and send a new subscription for a year to the reader wishing. Among those who have secured new subscribers for us this week in the way of personal subscriptions are Miss M. Murphy, Springfield, Mass., and Mr. J. A. Driscoll, Everett, Mass.

THE BISHOP OF LIMERICK'S REPLY TO MAXWELL.

General Sir J. G. Maxwell, the man who put down the Irish uprising with a ruthless hand, learned something from the Bishop of Limerick. His was the cast-iron conscience of that military satrap. General Maxwell, in his work of exterminating the rebellion, went to the length of appealing to the Bishop to discipline several priests of the Limerick diocese who had been guilty of a number, a way that irritated the loyal nerves of General Maxwell. The Bishop asked the General to specify what the priests had been doing that would bring them under ecclesiastical censure.

The General answering mentioned speeches made by the priests, and activity in national movements. The Bishop replied that the priests in question were excellent men, holding strong national views, but guilty of infliction of no law civil or ecclesiastical. And the Bishop said:—

"In your letter of the 6th inst. you appeal to me to help you in the furtherance of your work as military director of Ireland, and I feel I can do nothing that will not be outside my province, the events of the past few weeks would make it impossible for me to have any part in the proceedings which I regard as wanting in courage and opportuneness. You remember the Jameson Raid, when a number of buccaneers invaded a friendly province and did not find the British government or the British army. If ever men deserved the supreme punishment it was they. But officially I have no doubt the influence of the British Government was to retake the province and it succeeded. You took care that no plea of mercy should interpose on behalf of the Irish, as it did not succeed. I am writing to you in Dublin. The first information which we got of their fate was the announcement that 340 of the captured had been hanged. Personally I regard your action with horror, and I believe that it has outraged the conscience of the country. When the people of this country see even thousands of poor fellows without a trial of any kind seems to me an abuse of power, as infamous as the trial of a man with a blackest crime has been one of the worst and blackest chapters in the history of the government of this country. The Bishop's reply is well worthy of him both as an Irishman and a churchman. And it savors of the heroic days of the city from which he takes his title.

A FAMOUS PAPAL DOCUMENT.

On the 15th of May, twenty-five years ago, Pope Leo XIII issued his famous encyclical Rerum novarum—On the Condition of the Workers.) The anniversary was celebrated in Rome and Milan by assemblies of Catholics. In Rome the principal gathering was honored by the presence of Cardinals Vanutelli, Falconio, Lega and Gasquet, and scores of the Roman nobility and representatives of Catholic societies also attended. The feature of the occasion was an address by Professor Boggiano of the University of Genoa, who referred to Pope Leo's stand on the labor question as a monument to his memory and a milestone in modern history.

Commenting on the celebration, Rome remarks that when the Rerum novarum was published it attracted more attention than any papal document for a hundred years, and yet there are few people to-day inquiring as to the meaning of it. "What has become of Christian Democracy?" asks Rome and answers itself as follows:

Here in Italy as an organized movement it had been made so poisonous by leaders like Father Marri that he has to work in the vociferous thing and crush it. It never got away to anything in the United States and Canada; in Spain it hardly emerged from its academical trammels. In the Empire it was crushed; in Austria it has degenerated into a political party. Germany has done better with the inflation of the German masses with their hundreds of thousands of members and their uncompromising opposition to it. Socialism has contributed more than anything else to the downfall of Socialism and to prevent Leo's teachings from having their effect.

To the bishop's reply alone really takes up the Rerum novarum. Before the invasion this Government had retained the confidence of the people for twenty-eight years but "a duration absolutely unprecedented in the history of democratic governments." Say Rome:

It was in many ways the most progressive government in the world; it had to credit more practical, efficient, up-to-date legislation for the working classes than the parliament of any country. From the Belgians the freest, most self-governing and most prosperous people in the world. All revolutions free and without calamity that has fallen on Belgium, the only country in the world which ruled itself—and ruled itself with such splendid success—on Christian principles.

The jubilee celebration called attention to the havoc death had wrought in the ranks of the men who contributed, directly or indirectly, to the bringing out of the famous document—Leo XIII, Cardinal Rampolla, Cardinal Zigliara, the great Thomist of modern Catholicism, Bishop Keltoller, and Cardinal Manning. "We had almost forgotten Kaiser William," says Rome. "Curiously enough he also played a part, important enough, if indirect, in the production of the Rerum novarum."
Sunday, July 2.

Third Sunday after Pentecost. Feast of the Visitation of the Blessed Virgin Mary. Epistle and gospel of the day, St. Peter v. 6-11, and St. Luke xv. 1-10. Lesson and gospel of the Feast of the Visitation, Wisdom ii. 8-14; and St. Luke, 39-47. "Dearly beloved," says St. Peter in to-day's epistle, "let us give thanks under the mighty hand of God, that he may exalt you in the time of visitation; casting all your care upon him for he hath care of you." The life of the Blessed Virgin comes at once to mind when we read these words, for if there ever was one who humbled herself and who was exalted by God, that was she. Be it done unto me according to thy word," was her reply to the Angel Gabriel when he announced to her that she was to be the mother of the Messiah, and in her own beautiful canticle of joy and thanksgiving she praised God before he ascended the throne. And he had exalted the humble. No personal pride was in her heart at the exaltation of being chosen to be the mother of the world's Redeemer. When she rejoiced and said: "For now have I been exalted as the handmaid," she was not boasting of her own greatness. She was simply prophesying, under the inspiration of the Most High, and testifying to His wonderful goodness and power. The Angel had told her that the condition of her cousin Elizabeth, so near in her heart's love to her. And St. Luke tells us that "Mary rising up, went into the hill country with haste, into a city of Juda. And she entered into the house of Zachary, and saluted Elizabeth. And it came to pass, that, when Elizabeth heard the salutation, the infant leaped in her womb; and Elizabeth was filled with the Holy Ghost; and she cried out with a loud voice, and said, Blessed art thou among women, and blessed is the fruit of thy womb. And whence is this to me? for how can it be that the mother of my Lord should come to me? Blessed art thou in the womb, and blessed is the fruit of thy womb. And why is this to me, that the mother of my Lord should come to me? For therefore is the babe leaping in my womb for joy. And Elizabeth blessed him, and said, "The Lord hath magnified his word toward me; and the handmaid of our Lord, she is magnified in the sight of all people. For he that is mighty hath done great things; and holy is his name. And his mercy is on them that fear him through all generations. He hath shewed strength with his arm; he hath scattered the proud in the imagination of their hearts. He hath put down the mighty from their seats, and exalted them of low degree. He hath filled the hungry with good things; and the rich he hath sent空空如也."
The 6th is composed almost exclusively of men of Irish blood and Catholic faith. The same is true of the 9th Regiment of Militia. The 6th Regiment was among the first to leave for the camp at Framingham. It had the right of line when the brigade marched through Boston, and it received its share of the applause that greeted the regiments. Colonel Logan did not see eye to eye with the Mayor in the matter of allowing the regiments to sleep in the dormitories in their hats to remind them of the deeds of their predecessors in the Civil War. The Colonel said it looked like hyphenism, or words to that effect. We believe the Colonel is a bit fussy. That favorite sport called "hunting the hyphen" has got on his nerves. The 9th has a Catholic Chaplain, the Rev. Father O'Connor, who celebrated Mass for the troops while they were encamped at Framingham, and about fifty priests from Boston and vicinity visited the camp, one day to hear the confessions of the infantry they left for the Mexican border. What an object lesson in Catholic faith and Catholic patriotism all this must be to the people who are not of the Catholic Church, and who are occasionally feathered with the talk of "patriots" of another kind, who, one may safely assume himself, will not be found very close to the line of fire during the war that now seems imminent.

BOOKS

Books should to one of these four ends conduce:

For Wisdom, Piety, Delight or Use.

Wednesday.

Those who employ their time badly are the first to complain of its shortness. Spending it all in dressing, eating, sleeping, foolish talk, in making up their minds as to what they shall do, and often doing nothing at all, they have not enough for their business or their pleasures: whereas those that make a good use of it have some to spare.

LA BRUYERE. Worship God by doing good Help the suffering in their needs, Perform your duties, Make his heart's love understood By his deeds.

Thursday.

"St. Francis of Sales warns us against the misuse of leisure hours. In idle moments we may be led to indulge in uncharitable talk, or sharp criticism. "We must never undervalue any person," says this saint. "The workman loves not that his work should be despised in his presence. Now, God is ever present everywhere, and every person is His work."

Lord, make me gentle. Since the ways Of earth are filled with needless strife, Lord, be gentle all the days Of my life! Friday.

"Nothing is so strong as gentleness," St. Francis continues. "nothing so gentle as real strength." Some may think that gentleness and regard for the feelings of others is a sign of weakness, but they forget Who set the example when He walked on earth. Lord, thou art a woman's heart And noise and clamoring be rife. Let me move with gentleness My path of life! Saturday.

How shall we direct our ways that it may please God, and God often visits you, but most of the times you are not at home—a reproach uttered by an apostolic preacher. Let us put ourselves in the care of the Lord, resting on His guidance, in absolute trust.
The Sacred Heart Review

July 1, 1916

New Books.

"The Life of St. Paul."
By F. A. Forbes, B. Herder, St. Louis, Mo. Price 30 cents.

This volume is the latest addition to the series of "Life of Faith," a brief, attractively written lives of the Saints for young and old. In addition to the story of St. Paul's career, which is admirably told, there are four striking illustrations depicting crises in his life: Saul, Saul, Why Persecute Thou Me? "The Conversion of the Catholic Convert," "St. Paul Preaching at Athens:" "The Shipwreck of the Coast of Malta." The first two named are reproduced from Raphael car- toons, the third from a picture by Laporte, and the fourth from a painting in the Cathedral at Malta.

We take pleasure in recommending this deservedly popular series to our readers. The price is so moderate that most Catholic parents can afford to place these little books in their children's hands.

SOUNDNESS OF THE CATHOLIC VIEW.

From the Press Bulletin of Central Bu- reau of the Central Verein, that excellent Catholic Association, we take the follow- ing:

The Church is the balance wheel of human progress. Her quiet self-possession in the midst of great popular disturbances and for ever Offering herself as the test and goal of all human wisdom. Calmly she points out the error and the danger in the radical demand of any particular place or period and at the same time remain as element of truth. Her own program, She can always show, has long ago anticipated the hopes and desires of man.

The widespread eugenic movement for the regulation of the marital relationship was a recent and interesting evidence of this old story. The time had come when the gentlemen had awakened to the fact that all marriages were not productive of healthy or desirous offspring and that legislation of the extremest type was proposed as the great remedy. The State was to decide as to who should be married and who should not, and a compulsory physical examination was de- manded for those about to enter upon the state of matrimony.

Catholicism could not agree with such a proposal. It pointed to the fact that the Church had always recognized that there was cord in the form of legislation of the evil results to health and morals of the offspring, were prohibited by the natural law. Their prevention was to be the work of moral restraint and not legislation among the people rather than by arbitrary action of the State. As a last recourse, the State might indeed, and should impose certain restrict- ive regulations for the common good, but these must not go too far. The Church it- self, through its century-old battle against vice, is the greatest eugenic force in history.

Of course, this did not at all please the gentlemen. They denounced the Church. The Church had for another time clearly outlived its "medieval" usefulness. Alas for them, the pendulum is back and not a moment too early. In the Survey of June 3, a very instructive article by Dr. Adolph Meyer, of Johns Hopkins Uni- versity, was published. Dr. Adolph Meyer, it is well to note, is hailed by that journal as "one of our greatest psychia- trists."

Very emphatically he declares that "the conclusions from hereditary study can not be corded in the form of legislation of the evil results to health and morals of the offspring, were prohibited by the natural law. Their prevention was to be the work of moral restraint and not legislation among the people rather than by arbitrary action of the State. As a last recourse, the State might indeed, and should impose certain restrict- ive regulations for the common good, but these must not go too far. The Church it- self, through its century-old battle against vice, is the greatest eugenic force in history.

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pretty insects." But he was given more than five years to enjoy his humble cottage laboratory on a sunbaked, wind-swept waste that had one great recommendation—it abounded in insect-life. "That made it a paradise for Fabre."

What a lesson his life teaches to young men! Even to the end his humility would not allow him to accept praise for his achievements. He died unconscious. Again, over again, that learning and discovery made one realize what an immense amount remains still to be known. He once said:—

"Because I have stirred a few grains of sand on the shore, and I in a position to know the depths of the ocean? Human knowledge will be erased from the archives of the world before we possess the last word that the great has to say to us.

THE LAST LETTER OF PATRICK PEARSE.

This is the letter that Patrick Pearse, president of the short-lived Irish Republic, wrote to his mother on the eve of his execution. It is dated Kilmainham prison, May 3, and is as follows:

My Dearest Mother: I have been hoping to now it would be possible to see you again, but it does not seem possible. Good-bye, my dear! I have written a good-bye to "Wow Wow!" (a sister), Mary Bridg, Willie, Miss B. Michael, Cousin Marge, and a letter to St. John the hope and believe Willie and St. Enda boys will be all safe.

I have written two papers about financial affairs and one about my books which I want you to get. With them are a few poems which I want added to the poems in MS. in my bookcase. You asked me to write a little poem which seem to be said by you about me. I have written it, and a copy is in Arbor Hill barracks with other papers.

I just received Holy Communion. I am happy, except for the great grief of parting from you. This week the decent I should have asked if God had given me the choice of all deaths—to die a soldier's death for Ireland and for freedom. We have done right. People will say hard things of us now, but later on will praise us. Do not grieve for all this, but think of it as a sacrifice which God gave you.

Good-bye again, dear mother. May God bless you for your great love for me and for your mother, and may all you have so bravely suffered. I hope soon to see papa, and in a little while we shall all be together again. I have two words to tell you of my love for you and how my heart yearns to you all. I will call to you in my heart at the last moment.

Your son,

PAT.

WHAT BECOMES OF OUR GRADUATES?

Writing of our college graduates, the Southern Messenger says:—"Aside from those who consecrate their talents in the priesthood or the religious life, what is this annual outflow of educated Catholic youth doing in the world? They promise great things in the young eagerness of their minds, but while we expect considerable sincere exaggeration in the graduation promises, their yearly iteration loses even the signification of a good intention when nothing ever comes of it. In spite of the promise, most of the annual products of an excellent system the force they ought to be in Catholic life? They emerge and seem immediately again to be submerged, so far as the Church ever benefits by the advantages it is her constant effort to improve for them. They become often as worldly, as self-centered, as indifferent as their neighbors. With some even apologetis—an attitude comprehensible in the ignorant, but absolutely unreasonable in those who have been taught to know that nothing else in the world can lend them so much dignity. The fault is not in their training, though sometimes it seems to lack a definite direction, nor altogether in them, or perhaps to a great extent to the standards which meet them at the threshold of the new life. They make a too easy surrender to that god of self-interest which dominates the ambition of the world. This is the great reason why the Catholic graduate has to bear his advantages with the loss of fortune, but finds in making life pleasant or profitable to himself. He devotes his acquirements to the service of self, allows himself to become narrowed to the pursuit of his own business, and so fears to lose in the few small occasions of self-aggrandizement that he neglects the larger opportunities by which he might be a leaven in the Church and an uplifting influence in the community."

FOR THE NEGRO AND INDIAN MISSIONS.


Dear Brethren:

Once every year we appeal to you for funds to carry on the work of instructing and converting the Indian and Negro of our land.

Whilst deeply appreciating all that you have done in the past, we can not refrain from expressing the hope that the needs of these missions will receives general heed by priests and people alike in the year 1916 than ever before. We mention the clergy for a special reason.

The success of any Catholic undertaking depends largely upon the zeal with which the parish priest looks into it. None so well as the Bishop realize how sorely the clergy are burdened with appeals for various charitable purposes and how much they dislike constantly to be drawing upon the generosity of their faithful flock. Still, because of the supreme importance of reaching and converting the immortal souls of the Indian and the Negro, in the name of Christ and for His sake, we implore every pastor in the country, no matter how many or how great the debts he has to shoulder, wholeheartedly to present to the laity under his charge the powerful messages which may be made of this be done, then are we confident that the collection for the Indian and Negro Missions will be a banner one in the year 1916. For we well know how the Catholic layman will respond to any appeal which his pastor imposes upon him as of unusual importance. This is really an Apostolic work.

"Go, preach the Gospel to every creature," is just as binding upon the followers of Christ to-day as it was 1900 years ago. To do this adequately we need missionaries and means. Of the former we have not enough by far. But that we lack in numbers of priest, means, and money who are consecrating life and its energies to bringing the light of faith to benighted souls, is, in a measure, made up by the enthusiasm which they everywhere manifest. In their superbly Christian lives the Catholic Church has what is not in the power of gold to purchase. Their splendid example of self-sacrifice wins converts where the salaried agent would fail utterly.

Yet whilst asking nothing for themselves save the food they eat, the clothing they wear and the roof which shelter them, they are always hampered by a lack of funds in their burning desire to instruct in the things that pertain to God. Here they are distinctly at a disadvantage when contrasted with the men who labor in the interests of the various sects.

When any Protestant Missionary Society sends out its call for means upon which to build the church and school, and to secure the donation of a fortune by some philanthropic capitalist. If our Catholic Missionaries had at their disposal anything like the sum cheerfully contributed to sectarian organizations, the amount of good they would accomplish would be simply incalculable.

Like all Catholic works, this too, depends almost entirely upon the generosity of the faithful in the middle and the poorer classes of society. These in every parish are vastly in the majority. To these we appeal, with the assurance that now as in the days of the Apostles, they can build their rapidly the spread of Christianity. The widow's mite, the day laborer's piece of silver, the skilled workman's dollar, the clerk's humble offering, all seem small in themselves, but when added to like contributions heartily donated in every part of this immense country, they will amount to a sum which will gladden the noble hands of missionaries amongst the Indian and Negro races; will bring many souls into the true fold; and will draw upon every contributor the blessing of Him Who has said: "He that this is the Lord's servant, Go, preach the Gospel to every creature."

JAMES CARDINAL GIBBONS, Archbishop of Baltimore.

JOHN CARDINAL FARLEY, Archbishop of New York.


A BIRD SANCTUARY.

One of the prettiest of the many phases of the kindness to animals movement is that launched in behalf of the wild birds who nest every spring in the trees of the Mission Dolores cemetery. Beneath the spreading branches of California's pines primieval rest the ashes of the pioneer padres and noble souls identified with the Pacific Coast's early history.

In memory of the revered Franciscans, whose holy founder had the birds he loved to chant his requiem, Dolores cemetery will be a safe asylum for the lovely wild feathered songsters of the Californian coast. This idyllic scheme was conceived by the Outdoor Art League of Southern California, who will labor to make the birds' annual20110701a753 etizing sport still more inviting.

There is no doubt that as the birds gradually learn of the safety ensured them once they arrive in Dolores cemetery, they will be joined by other little feathered wayfarers seeking freedom from danger. The medical right of sanctuary exercised in behalf of birds is history repeating itself in a more convincing fashion.

Two well known Catholic Philadelphia women are doing splendid work in promoting "Kindness to Animals," Mrs. C. E. White and Mrs. M. M. Hatvey. The latter was editor of the journal issued by the society of that city for the prevention of Cruelty to Animals.—ANGELA HENRY, in Union and Times.
"My brothers are always making work for others," said Katherine. "I couldn't tell you, Sister, how many pairs of stock- ines I've done last vacation," the older one would say, "and how much work you saved mama."

"Yes, that makes me feel better about it. And though the boys do keep me busy I wouldn't want one less in our family. They are all dear though they are as rough as bears."

"Oh, Sister, aren't you going to tell us about Blessed Margaret Mary's brothers and how they all got along? You remember the time before they left home having a perfectly horrid time with those unkind relatives that got into the house and ran it and everybody in it."

I thought we were going to be charitable about those relatives, Frances. And we shall see, after a while, that in the long run Margaret's uncle helped the family by coming to live there. Margaret had unhappy times, but she could always find comfort in prayer. Chrysostom, one of Margaret's brothers, told of finding her in quiet corners of the house, praying earnestly, and in the evening, she loved to lean on a pillow and watch the red light in the church window and think about our Lord being there on the altar. So she was never really lonely, dear children.

Now, circumstances in her home changed. When Margaret was seventeen, her two elder brothers, grown to manhood, took charge of the business, and restored their mother's house to what had been the abbess' home. "What about this uncle?" you ask. We are not told what became of him, but, probably, he died some time before the young men assumed control. He is credited with saving the estate by his careful, though harsh, administration.

"Soon the home became a very happy, cheerful place, with six or seven young people to fill it with life. And now another door was opened for Margaret. Her eldest brother was married, and, as Margaret was now seventeen, it was thought that she too should be thinking of marriage. In France early marriages were the rule. Madame Alphonse, as head of the men of the house, said, "Margaret persevering in her intention to enter the religious life. She gave herself to the service of the poor, teaching them the catechism, and giving them money that she, herself, received. 'When I had any money,' she writes, 'I gave it to some poor little ones, to induce them to come and learn from me their prayers and catechism; and they flocked to me in such crowds that in winter I knew not where to put them.' She used a large room in the second building, which was reached by an outside stairway. Sometimes her aged father would chase the children away, and sometimes her brother would say, when he saw the children crossing the court-yard: 'Sister dear, are you going to be a school-mistress?'

"Ah, brother, who could teach these poor little things if I do not,' Margaret would answer. And so her days were spent until she was more than twenty, when another big change came. We shall learn about this next in our next talk. But, by the way, little girls, where shall we meet for our next talk?"

"I was thinking, Sister," said thoughtful Margaret Mary, "that if you could write out the next talk, Uncle Jack would print it for us just the same, and we could read it, wherever we are. My papa always has the Review come just the same when we're down at the shore."

"It is a fine idea," said Frances, and all the other graduates.

"Agreed," said Sister Martina. "But if I write out the talk, every graduate must write a letter a month to me, and give me a talk about her own life. There will be good practise in composition and will fix the story in your minds. It is a bargain, young ladies of the graduating class of St. Mary's, 1916."

"Oh, Sister, how funny that sounds! Of course we'll write to you and be glad of the chance. You've been awfully good to us! Won't it seem queer not to be your girls when we come back?"

"Yes, always my girls," said Sister Martina. "I will not go up one of you. I only pass you on to another teacher. Why, Loretta, your mother is one of my girls. New, good-bye, my dears, for a while, and good-bye, wherever you are. Being good is the only counts in having a happy time."

(TB Continued.)

What a Boy Can Do.

Be frank.
Be honest.
Be prompt.
Be obliging.
Obeys his parents.
Keep himself tidy.
Keep out of bad company.
Never laugh at a coarse joke.
Never be disrespectful to old age.

Be kind to his brothers and sisters.
Take the part of those who are ill used.
Never make fun of another because he is poor.
Never tell or listen to a story which he would not repeat to his mother.

Fifty Against Two. It is not reasonable to expect a strong young man to overcome the official fifty yards of confinement. Take hand's manacles along with him. It 'combines this blood, improves the appetite, has sleep effect, and restful.'

GREYLOCK REST
Conducted by the SISTERS OF PROVIDENCE

This health resort located in Berkshire County offers many attractions to convalescents, or those suffering from overwork, nervous debility, of chronic ailments. It is fully equipped with modern system of baths and apparatus for vibratory massage and electrical treatment.

While presenting some of the features of a general hospital, it insures to its patients the intelligent service of trained nurses, and the comforts and liberties of the home circle.

Persons mentally deranged are not admitted.

Address applications to SISTER SUPERIOR, Greylock Rest, Adams, Mass.

THE SACRED HEART REVIEW

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FIFTY years ago Monsignor Faurier, P. F. M., founded at Kouy-techeou, China, a seminary which has gained distinction from the fact that it has given martyrs to the Church. The present Superior of this small but valuable seat of learning is the Rev. Eugene Grimard, P. F. M., and he says that on account of their age the buildings are falling to pieces. The chapel is in an especially bad state and so small that the forty students are jammed into it like sardines in a box.

The work goes on, thanks to your beneficent aid. What should we do without it? Simply what a native priest said to me the other day, namely, that if he had not the means to work with, he would have to let things go. A house must crumble and fall to pieces if there are no means with which to repair the roof. The house of faith erected in some far-off village must fall into ruin if the catechist can not be supported. An apostolic journey will not be undertaken if the missionary's purse can not bear the extra strain. So you see how much your aid means to us here in China. - Father HAL-LAM, O. F. M.

Prayer Was Answered.

In Father Aalen's mission in India there was some time ago a native woman, who had learned the catechism thoroughly and was in every way prepared to receive baptism but was prevented because her husband would not give his consent. After a time they moved to another town and Father Aalen gave up all hope of ever being able to baptize her. It happened, however, that the woman became seriously sick and was sent back to her former home so that a noted physician might attend her. Father Aalen heard of her arrival and went to see her. When he reached the hut, he found her dying. She stretched out her hands to him as if to entreat him to baptize her, and hardly had the saving waters been poured upon her head when she breathed her last.

"I could not help recalling St. Thomas' words," writes Father Aalen, "as I thought of the difficulty this poor woman had had in receiving the sacrament. You know he has said that if one does his best to live a good life and has a strong desire to receive baptism, God will see to it that his prayer is answered, even if he has to send an angel from heaven to administer the sacrament."

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"Personal Liberty."

It is often insisted that a man has a right to drink as much beer and whisky as he pleases, and that any attempt to restrict this right is an interference with his personal liberty.

In this country there is no such thing as absolute personal liberty. We like to talk about our government being a democracy, which, we say, is the simplest form of government. Actu- ally it is the most complex form of government. The simplest form of government is that of the despots who has the right to cut off the head of the man who disagrees with him. A republi- can form of government, how- ever—that is, a government for the people by the people—is complex in its nature, because not only must the interests of the government be taken into consideration, but also the interests of all the people. It quite naturally follows that the larger the number of persons concerned, the more difficult be- comes the administration of laws which will be just and fair to all men.

Robinson Crusoe, upon his far- away island, was permitted to do as he pleased, until one day he discovered on the shore the foot- prints of his man, Friday, and at that moment his personal liberty was cut in two. It is much easier for six men to live to- gether in harmony than it is for 600 men to live in peace. As the number of people in the community increases and as the number of interests to be con- sidered grows larger, the greater must become the restrictions which must be placed upon each individual. So that while under ordinary circumstances it might be possible to exercise his freedom as much as he chooses, there always arise cir- cumstances under which he is compelled to give up certain privi- leges, because the exercise of these might work an injury to his neighbors. The greater our civil- ization the more restricted be- come our liberties.

A man may exercise his liberty only in so far as it does not interfere with the liberty of his neighbors.

Whenever an institution, cus- tom or business enterprise be- comes a menace to society the law provides that it shall be dis- continued, or so rigidly restricted that the freedom which it had will be reduced to the minimum.

And the State has a perfect right to determine whether or not an institution—as the saloon, for example—shall be permitted to operate without any restric- tions, or whether it shall be com- pelled to pay a license—which, by the way, is in the nature of a restriction or penalty—or whether the saloon shall be wiped out altogether.

That British Pro-Alcohol Manifesto.

Editor of the Review:

Lately there has been going the rounds of the press and in the halls of government, a petition calling for the abolition of the British pro-alcohol manifesto.

The claim is made that this manifesto "recently" appeared in the London Lancet and that it "has been the opinions of the "large number of toy-notchers" in the British medical profes- sion.

So many inquiries have been received concerning it that it is evident it has created some in- terest, and the following facts should be known:

The manifesto is not of recent origin. It first appeared nine years ago, in 1907. Its history was fully exposed at that time by the medical journals and publica- tions in Great Britain and in many papers in the United States.

The "large number" of signers was sixteen! Investigation has shown that the manifesto was not drawn up by a physician, as several signers supposed, but by a pro-liquer lawyer. One of the signers withdrew his name. Three, at least, were brewery stockholders, according to the British authorities who in- quiried into the matter. Of the sixteen signers, ten entered the medical profession from forty- eight to fifty-eight years ago; three from forty-one to forty-six years ago; and three from ten to thirty-three years ago; two, between twenty and twenty-five years ago.

Practically none of them re- ceived their medical training since the modern investigations of the nature and effects of alco- hol.

The manifesto was promptly answered at the time of its first appearance in personal and col- lective protests from British physicians of high rank like Sir Frederick Treves, Sir James Barr, Professor Sims Woodhead, Dr. C. W. Saleby.

One of the signers, Sir James Crichton-Brown, seven years later, after the present war broke out, though still conserva- tive in his views, openly said he had come to the conclusion that such mission as alcohol had had (as he believed) was "probably fulfilled," that its social use was "becoming more and more cir- cumscribed," that he con- ducting a magazine rifle in the war would do it best "who had had no alcohol."

The manifesto was probably intended to offset the influence of a medical man who was a prohibitionist. That British pro-alcohol manifesto was signed by 664 American, British and other European physi- cians, including distinguished medical professors who sum- marized the evidence against even moderate beverage use of alco- hol and urged abstinence because "such an era of health, happiness and prosperity would be inaugurated thereby that many of the social problems of the present age would be solved."

Regarding the contents of the pro-alcohol manifesto, it may be noted that its extravagant claims for alcohol in medicine are refuted by the dropping of two hundred and sixty-three of the United States Pharmacopoeia as "no longer of sufficient import- ance as medicinal agents to re- tain a place among standard drugs." (Dr. H. W. Wiley), and by recent experiments of the National Nutrition Laboratory, showing that its depressant ef- fects are such that we cannot properly speak of it as "sustaining the energy of the heart."

The incident of the original issue of this manifesto for the present re-hashing by liquor in- terests to which some papers have lent themselves, no doubt unthinkingly, is a good illustration of the methods to which these interests resort in trying to maintain their hold on habit and custom.

CORA FRANCES STODDARD, Secretary of the Scientific Temp- erance Federation.

GENUINE RIGHTEOUSNESS can not be dominated by self-interest. The temperance man who glory- s merely in his own sobri- ty, will not contribute much to the cause of temperance. If any man loves the cause and hopes through the service of it to pro- mote the Kingdom of God on earth, he will join a temperance society, or, where that is impossible, he will affli- ate himself with the National Union as an individual member.

His supreme desire will be to make the laws and to make profit for self out of his own sobriety.—Catholic Temper- ance Advocate.

An ordinance has been intro- duced in the City Council of Co- lumbia, prohibiting the per- formances in places selling intoxicating liquors. The meas- ure if passed will affect several bars, and result in a great reduction of sin. It provides that no place where liquor is sold shall have any rear or upstairs rooms not open to public view. "Ladies' en- trance," "family entrance," and other signs indicating pri- vate entrances to places selling liquor, would be under the ban.
Just Among Ourselves.

Yes, indeed, Mrs. K. T. L., the convention of the lady farmers in Boston, the other day, was a very interesting, not to say pecu- tacular, affair. And no doubt it did some good besides furnishing a pleasant time for all the participants. It’s a pity, to be sure, that we should be so much influenced by what our richer sisters do, but facts are facts. If the women, who can do as they please with the money they spend on cosmetics, can be induced to expect as well as most things and according to the intelligence and labor you put into it. And it must never be forgotten that you must have accumulated some capital before you can start even the most modest farm enterprise. Saving your pennies is the very first step.

A few hives of bees may be kept in a city room, while you earn a living at something else you can be learning about bees. Later if you find the work to your liking you may move further out and enlarge your apiary. Bees are extremely interesting, and women are said to be temperamentally fitted to care for them. Women are naturally patient and persistent and used to looking after details, and these are the necessary qualifications of a successful bee-keeper. A great deal has been written about bees and bee-keeping and you might spend some of your leisure in the library looking up the books on the subject. As an intellectual pastime or amusement bee-keeping for its theme ran last winter in the Youth’s Companion. "Wilderness Honey" was the title. Pollock was the author’s name, Aunt Briode didn’t admit it. She probably wouldn’t ask the men to find the back numbers in the library or the librarian will look them up for you if you ask her. And look up some one who has an apiary and get permission to visit and talk over the work.

As for growing flowers commercially, it happens that Aunt Bride received a very interesting letter the other day from a woman in the business. Part of the contents she is minded to pass along to you. She says, "I never thought it was quite so rosy as the reports at the lady farmers’ convention, to be sure.

This girl says: "I have been with my brother in the growing business for some years. We have a steadily growing business and as we started under the disadvantage of having no reserve capital it has been a hard pull and we are not yet what we plan is to be, so situated that we can do some original work. Or at least some work that is not primarily and of necessity aimed at the getting of daily bread and paying running expenses. We have love flowers dearly and it was my brother’s great interest in all plant life which led us into the business."

"I am much interested in this question of having more young women take up horticultural or garden work but there seems to be two sides even to this question. It often happens that an enthusiastic young girl or a college woman will come into our greenhouse and exclaim: ‘This must be a lovely business for a woman! Don’t you just love to work among flowers?’ I think I’ll take up the business when I get to be an old girl. It just doesn’t occur to them that there is anything to the business besides picking and sorting flowers, making corsages bouquets and funeral designs. No doubt if a woman is young and strong and a lover of nature; with a goodly share of patience and willingness to work seven days a week and most evenings, and if she has managing faculty, is a practical mathematician, with a head for greenhouse construction and repairs, she may in time come to be a successful florist with a prospect of having things com- fortable for her old age. If she has kept her youthful enthusiasm she may then have a chance to realize some of her ideals. But unless she has plenty of capital or good partners or competent helpers, she will find a florist’s life one of hard work, anxiety, and little relaxation or social life."

That makes flower gardening sound a good deal like the occupa- tions at which K. T. L. and the rest of us are earning our livings, doesn’t it? It’s an an- tideote of the public school curriculum, the experience of the commercial and the liberal arts curriculum or a refined education. But it’s better than the games of the "JUNIOR SUPREMACY."

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From "The Rev. Miss BISHOP, Superintendent."

Colleges and Academies

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MY ROSARY.

BY SISTER ATHANARIUS.

My Rosary! Sweet Queen of all heavenly hand, You know my heart and understand.

What these words mean to me,

A constant friend through joy or woe, A word of comfort when I am low.

Whose value we can never know.

Unless God's face we see.

My Rosary! It is not formed of silver or gold, Yet every bead contains a prayer

That opens Heaven to me. It cheers and consoles me day by day, And when at last life's ebb absolve Close clasped within my hands 'twill lay

My precious Rosary.

JACKIE'S MOTHER.

BY FLORENCE GILMORE, in the Rosary Magazine.

(Conclusion.)

"How long will it take us to get there?" she panted.

"Half an hour, or perhaps a little longer," he said.

"Oh, so long as that! And he's hurt! If I had got a bus it would have been quicker, I guess. I didn't see one, and I was that upset I couldn't think what to do.

She sat silent, but fidgeting; for a minute or two scanning the weary, unhappy faces on the opposite side of the car and the advertisements above them, before she turned again to the girl and said.

"You won't forget to tell me when to get off?"

"No, indeed!" she answered reassuringly.

"I was afraid you might—though you're so kind," Mrs. Shaw confessed. "When I was here before, the conductor—he forgot. He took me too far, and I got flustered and didn't know which way to turn, and was all tuckered out before I found Jackie's house. It's a fine place—much finer than I had ever dreamed—and bigger than anything in Pleasantville, or even in New Paris—except the new Court House and Father O'Toole's new church. They—why, you never saw anything as big as they are!"

The girl smiled but very kindly, and the old woman talked on, only too happy to have so good a listener.

"It was in January I was here before. It was cold and windy and had snowed all day. I wouldn't have believed Chicago could be as sunshiny as it is today. You see I thought I'd surprise Jackie and Nan. (Nan is his wife and my Uncle Ed's only child who married last fall.) I was planning to stay just one night. I didn't want to be a trouble, but the house being big likely they had a company room. Any little corner would have done for me. I had got so homesick for Jackie I had to come, though it cost me eleven dollars and a half to make the trip! She paused, and the girl hastened to say, with ready sympathy:

"Eleven dollars and a half is a great deal," adding after a moment, "for a lovely surprise for your son.

Mrs. Shaw was slow to reply. When she did it was to explain slowly and hesitatingly, "Well, you see, it was late when I got through and I was going back and forth looking for the place, and—there was an automobile standing in front of the house. Just as I got near the steps Nan came running out, laughing. She looked happy and pretty—and fine. She was all wrapped in furs, because it was very cold—I'll never forget how cold! I shivered so, and so Nan ran down the steps and just clung to me. She didn't see me at all—a little old woman, a-shivering against the fence! Then in a minute Jackie came out; he was laughing, too. He hurried down the steps and took me in. And he—she looked into the girl's face and went on resolutely, "He didn't see me. He couldn't have seen me, because he sprang into the automobile and told the man to start. Afterwards, I knew he had reached the station. He wasn't looking like myself, I dare say, shivering and—I'd been crying a little—I that used to laugh and sing the live-long day just because I was so happy I couldn't keep quiet! That was when Mr. Shaw was living and I had all my boys.

"Had you ever seen your son's wife before?" the girl asked.

In her heart she was thinking of unspeakable things of them both.

"Yes, I had seen her. She and Jackie came through Pleasantville on their wedding trip. They could stay only a few minutes, but wasn't it good of Jackie to make the trip? He had not seen him for seven years. He's been so busy ever since he began to make money."

Evidently she was proud of him and of his success; evidently, too, it was a habit of trying to excuse his neglect to her own heart.

"There never was a boy more loving than Jackie, especially when he was in trouble," she went on.

"Why, the day they stopped in Pleasantville he kissed me a dozen times, I know; and Nan kissed me, too. It seemed to me he was stouter than he used to be, and his hair looked a little gray, I couldn't be certain."

"You see, the tears—I couldn't be sure."

To hide the tears which were now blinding her Mrs. Shaw turned to look at the unfamiliar street through which they were being hurried. "Are we nearly there?" she asked, after a little while, still haunted by the fear of passing her corner.

"It will take us at least ten minutes longer," her guide answered, adding, "When you learn how long you must walk one square west."

"Thank you. One square west. You are very kind. I don't mean to be troublesome, but you know Jackie's hurt. This car is very slow. I never knew how to do this trying."

"When I go to New Paris to see my sister I'm in hot water when I have to ride in one: they do race so, up and down the streets, as if everybody had to hurry. Jackie is 'seriously injured'—that's what the paper said. But maybe it didn't know. Newspapers love to exaggerate, I've often noticed. I've been trying to remember that they do. And now, I suppose, was a spontaneous.

"Pausing only long enough to get her breath, she added resolutely, clenching her hands in their worn, cotton gloves, "I must see him this time! He's the President, and May he live a long life, but he's my boy and his brothers—I lost them all, one after another, when they were little fellows."

Two big tears rolled down on her cheeks but she didn't know what to do.

They were always sunny when she looked, smiling, into her companion's face.

"He used to want me every minute when he was sick. I couldn't get half my work done! He would curl up on my lap and stay there by the hour, even after he was a big boy. And once—"

The girl rang the bell. "Excuse me, but the next is your corner," she said.

Forgetting both satzeh and umbrella, Mrs. Shaw rose instantly and stumbled towards the door. Her now-made friend hurried after with her belongings, which she grasped nervously, neglecting to express her gratitude.

The conductor gently helped her to the ground; he had a feeble old mother of his own.

Standing in the middle of the street and trembling from head to foot, Mrs. Shaw asked, "How is her, then?"

"She's better, of course," the answer came, so dazed that though the setting sun shone full in her face she could not decide which way was west. A man to whom she spoke directed her gruffly and she walked hesitantly in the directions he pointed. She drew near her son's house; she recognized it. Her pace slackened then, and it was a very timid, apologetic old lady who crept up the steps and rang the bell.

"How is he? Please tell me how he is!" she begged, when the usher opened the door. She looked up at him meekly, beseechingly, awed, even in her trouble, by his severe magnificence.

"If you mean Mr. Shaw, he is doing as well as could be expected," the man answered crisply.

The conventional report soothed her wonderfully; she did not know the follow up this rule. "I'm his Warren," she said.

"I've been terribly worried and afraid."

Too much taken aback to offer any objection, the man stood aside, and on tiptoe, hardly breathing, her heart beating furiously, the old mother passed through the big house, silent as houses are when the shadow of death hangs over them. Up the broad, unfamiliar stairway she made her trembling way but when she reached the upper hall paused and stared at her, feeling strange and helpless. There were so many doors, some closed, some open, and not a sound anywhere. Her hesitation lasted but a moment. She went to the nearest open door and

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LITTLE Millie's father and grandfather were Republicans; and, as election drew near, they spoke of their opponents with ever-increasing warmth, never heeding Millie's attentive ears. One night, as the little maid was preparing for bed, she cast a fearful glance across the room, and whispered in a frightened voice: "Oh, mamma, I'm afraid to go to bed. I'm afraid there's a Democrat in the closet."

In the middle of a small ploughed field a motor-car lay helplessly on its side. Evidently it had skidded off the road and through the hedge. The motorist stood looking at it disconsolately.

"Hello!" called out a genial passer-by. "Had an accident?"

The motorist bit back the angry retort which rose to his lips, and then replied coldly:

"Not at all, sir. I've just bought a new car, so I brought this old one out into the field to bury it. Got a pickaxe and a shovel in your pocket you could lend me?"

Mr. ARTHUR ROBERTS tells an amusing story of an unsuccessful comedy. When the curtain rose at a matineé performance, there were fifteen people in the audience. In the front of the house there was only a young lady in the second row. In the first row of the balcony sat one young man. As the leading man spoke his first line, "This shirt is purple, have you, too, noticed it?" the voice of the young man in the balcony responded:

"I don't know about the young lady downstairs, but I can see it very nicely up here."

A woman entered a street-car rather out of breath and presented a singular appearance, for instead of a hat she was balancing a huge basket on her head with such grace and ease as if it had been her Sunday bonnet. She could only just manage to get through, but she sat down with the basket gracefully poised on her head.

"All fares, please," said the conductor. "And I shall want extra fare for that basket, ma'am."

"Get away with you," she said. "D'y've charge anything for ladies' hats?"

"No, ma'am."

"Thin get on with yer work. This basket is a-going to be my hat."

Friendly Hints.

ON REVELATION
By the Prophets.

Another way in which God revealed His will to men was by means of men who were moved and inspired by God to say and do divers things in His Name. They were called Prophets, because God commonly made it manifest that He had sent them by His giving them power to foretell coming events, or to make known secrets, and sometimes by their being able to work other miracles. And they and other inspired men left writings which were collected together by the early Christians, and others; and this collection of their writings became a great repository of what God had from time to time revealed. Whatever God had revealed, or said to man was called the word of God, and so the Bible is called the Word of God; though in the earliest times men learned what God had revealed more by handing down the knowledge of it from one to another, or what is called tradition.

By Our Lord Himself.

In these different ways God taught men, and the knowledge of God and of His will grew and increased. But in those times of darkness and difficulty the light of tradition was not very clear, nor could it be got at easily and by everyone. It was mixed up with a great deal that was human and imperfect, through the ignorance and weakness and wickedness of the times. And so God took compassion on them and gave them a new revelation, which was so much more full and clear than all former revelations that it was light to darkness. This was by Himself coming into the world and instructing men in the way of salvation.

"God, having spoken on divers occasions and many ways in times past to the fathers by the Prophets, last of all in these days hath spoken to us by His Son. "For us men and for our salvation," the Niene Creed says, "He came down from heaven." And so, making Himself as one of us, He showed us by His own example the way to eternal life. He instructed us in the truth respecting God and spiritual things, and put before us the hope and promise of eternal life.

Through the Church.

And here we must take care to observe that as the revelations that came before our Lord led up to Him, so all that we enjoy now is derived from Him. For our Lord not only gave instruction in religious knowledge Himself, but He provided that the doctrine He taught should be preserved and handed down to future generations; so men might always continue to enjoy the blessings which He brought down from heaven of being able to know easily, clearly, and with certainty what is necessary for the salvation of their souls. And now that our Lord has ascended into heaven, we still have this teaching in the Church, which He set up for the very purpose of preserving and enforcing it.