

on it at some length. As he often told his old friend, Father Barton of St. Mary's, whenever he wanted anything done he went to the Married Ladies' Sodality—then felt ashamed of himself afterwards. "If you want to see the staidness of the country, the workers of the Church, the martyrs of the twentieth century, look at the Married Ladies' Sodality of any Catholic Church," he was wont to say. "In the worn countenances, the toil-scathed hands, the carefully renovated and mended clothes, you will see mute evidence of the sacrifice these women are making for God, their Church and their families."

"And now," he thought, as he stood before them today, "their sorely beset country demands from them, their husbands, sons, and brothers. And do they falter? No! With eyes fixed on the Mother of Sorrows, encouraged by her example they rise to noble heights of sacrifice. No murmur or complaint passes their lips—only prayers for strength and resignation."

As Father Bonner dwelt on this theme he felt too guilty to look towards the pew where he knew Danny Desmond's mother sat. "This not for me," he thought, "to ask from her so great a sacrifice. That's between her and God." And as he knelt at Benediction he put this problem with his other perplexities, at his Saviour's feet. But there was a tremor in his voice as he said Benediction XV's beautiful prayer for peace, as if he already saw his old friend among the "countless mothers bereaved of their sons."

Mrs. Desmond was so much on his mind that it was no surprise to find her waiting for him in the sacristy. "The grace of God," he thought, "She has come to give him up."

The gentle little old lady waited until he had taken off his vestments and the last of the altar boys had passed through, their cheery "Good night, Father," flung back over their shoulder as they hurried out into the late afternoon sunshine. The young ladies were busy divesting the altars and their whippers reached Father Bonner and his visitor.

"Read that, Father," she commanded, taking a letter from her pocket, "and then tell me what you think of the cheek of my children. Dictating to me at my time of life! I'll show them I'm master yet, old as I am. If Katie can let her husband go, I can let Danny go. And instead of me going to Katie's, they can all come here and live with me—and—" The mother's pretended indignation hid her deeper emotions. The priest's heart echoed them after reading Katie's letter.

"Dear Mother," she wrote, "Jerry wants to enlist, and he wants to know what is Danny going to do. He thought if Danny was going to enlist you could rent the cottage and come here with me and the children, and I could go back to the factory. You know you used to tell us when we were little that 'many hands make light work' and the biggest job is small if every one helps. Well as the President has a pretty big job on hand to put Germany in her place, we'd better all get busy and make it as short as we can. This is what Jerry thinks too, so let me know right away what you think of my plan. God grant the War may be over soon, and our boys safe home to us again. Kisses from the babies."

"Your loving daughter," "Katie."

"Let me answer Katie, will you Mrs. Desmond," Father Bonner said. "I'll tell her to arrange it your way and to come here. I also want to say to her, and to you, too, that it is to such mothers, and their sons and husbands and brothers, that the world will owe the liberty and the safety that will surely be the glorious result of the great battle now being waged upon the fair fields of France."

"All of which is only a fine way of saying we'll lick the Kaiser, bad manners to him and all his kind," said Mrs. Desmond, with fervor, as they crossed the strip of lawn between the church and the rectory. "And, by the same token, there's Ellen Coffey watching you like a hawk. You let that woman bully you, Father, you don't call your soul your own when she's around—do you now? And if that isn't my Danny, too?"

And Danny it was, certainly. "I was waiting to see you, Father, but since it's getting late I'll be taking this mother of mine home now, then come back and see you again."

"Do, Danny, my lad. Good night, Mrs. Desmond. Mind you let me know if you need any help."

And all Ellen Coffey could get out of the pastor that night was:

"Our flag will have more stars than any other flag in the diocese, Ellen. And it will be a proud day for us when it is dedicated—the proudest day but one, Ellen, and that's the day our boys come marching home."—Mary Agnes McDonald in the Magnificat.

The man who is calm does not selfishly isolate himself from the world for he is intensely interested in all that concerns the welfare of mankind. His calmness is but a Holy of Holies into which he can retire from the world to get strength to live in the world.

Science, which has been the great intellectual adventure of the last century—to what has it led us? Only again to that edge of the unknown, where we confront the infinite. It has not gained by one hair's breadth upon the encompassing mystery of our lives.

## KING, CARDINAL AND MARSHAL

Who won the war? It is a big question, and it requires a careful answer. Belgium won the war for if she had not resisted the German invasion the Germans would have swept through that country and overpowered France and England by mere force of numbers. France won the war for it had not been for the persistence and courage of the brave French army the Prussian hordes would have gone unchecked to the English channel. Great Britain won the war for the blocking of the German fleet, the capture of the Turkish army, and the dogged determination of the English soldiers were enormous factors in the final result. Russia won the war for her early mobilization of her troops caused Germany to send countless thousands of her soldiers to the Eastern front, and thereby weakened her to that extent in France. Italy won the war for her overwhelming defeat of the Austrians first caused that nation to sue for peace. The United States won the war for her unprecedented feat in sending millions of men across the trackless Atlantic turned the balance in favor of the Allies, and thus insured the downfall of the most autocratic Power in the world. In short, we all won the war, and in the face of the sacrifices that have been made, and the glorious victory that has been achieved, comparisons are not only unnecessary but odious.

But in every crisis in the history of the world heroic figures stand out above their fellows with distinctness, and the picturesqueness of the light houses that dot the rocky coasts of the seven seas. Amid the din and clamor, the chaos and smoke of battle we behold a tall, well built man whose steel helmet glistens in the sunlight, and we know instinctively, that it is Albert, King of the Belgians, the knightliest figure of them all, the man who was willing to sacrifice life and all the agreeable things of earthly existence rather than submit to the loss of his honor. Mark him well, for he is the type of true manliness. The strong jaw, the frank and boyish eyes, the broad forehead, and the unaffected simplicity justify the admiration that is felt for him by honest men everywhere. His position was inherited, and before the war he was quoted as saying to a visitor: "I wish I could have won my throne." Who shall say that his laudable desire has not been fully gratified, for if there is a ruler anywhere today who has earned a scepter, it is the heroic king of the Belgians.

Where is the pen that can do justice to the part played by the Belgian people during the first three months of the war, under the leadership of this splendid specimen of manhood? We know, and all the world knows, how they frustrated the complete triumph upon which the Prussians so confidently counted. The defense of Liege and Namur alone entitles the Belgian soldiers to a place among the bravest of the brave. It was their self-imposed task to hold the north of Belgium until the French and English came to their aid. The help they longed for did not reach them, but in spite of that they accomplished the almost impossible task. In the initial encounter they met with dreadful losses, but in that conflict no less than 3,000 Germans were among the killed. In one instance a single Belgian regiment arrested the progress of an entire German army corps. The heroic defenders of their soil lost half of their men in that engagement, and two-thirds of their officers. They were pressed back, inch by inch, until they had but a fragment of their beloved country to call their own. At the supreme moment, massed in the last corner of Belgium, King Albert issued the famous order: "Resist to the end! Hold on to the death!" And that order was literally obeyed. For months and years they suffered and starved and died. But it was not in vain. Only a few days ago King Albert, at the head of his victorious troops, marched into the capital of Belgium, amid the tears and the cheers of his long-suffering people.

Once again we turn and gaze on stricken Belgium, and this time we see a venerable man in red, tall, thin and straight as an arrow, a man with the simplicity and strength that go with greatness, a man whose very face carries on it the evidence of goodness and power. Need it be said that this is Cardinal Mercier, whose defiance of the Germans furnishes the material out of which must come one of the most thrilling stories of the great world war? The insolent power of the invaders had no terror for this man, because to him right was always greater than might. Made a captive in his palace he sent forth those wonderful pastoral letters which cheered and strengthened the Belgian people in the darkest hour of their tribulation. Threatened by the arrogant and insolent von Bismarck he hunched forth a defiance that rang around the world; he dared his tormentors to do their worst. But it was in protecting his people that Cardinal Mercier was at his best. Nothing could induce him to concede to the invaders the moral right to do a wrong. Like his famous French predecessor he rose to supreme heights in defying kings and kaisers. He points to poor bleeding Belgium, and in the famous words of the poet cries: "Around her form I draw the awful circle of our solemn Church. Step but a foot within that holy ground, and on thy head, yea,

though it wore a crown, I launch the curse of Rome!"

Some day the complete story of Cardinal Mercier will be told and when it is we shall find a narrative that will exalt in interest the greatest romances of history. He was more dangerous to the German cause than an army division or a fleet of battleships. The Germans would have shot him if they had dared, but they did not dare. They tried to bribe him into silence, they endeavored to suppress his writings, they exercised all of the devilish ingenuity of which they were capable to smother his magnetic personality, but they failed miserably in all of these things. The burly, brutal, barbaric von Bismarck was no match for this keen, cultured, saintly man. He might torture him, but he could never vanquish him. He might murder him, but even the dull intellect of the slave driver realized the stupidity of such a step. Mercier alive was a constant source of trouble, but Mercier dead surely would hasten the coming of the wrath of Heaven. It was the spirit which animated Cardinal Mercier that kept the Belgians free, even when they appeared to be hopelessly in the power of the Germans. They were forbidden to assemble in public meetings, but in spite of that edict they managed to join one another in caves, in secluded parts of the kingdom, and in places where their supposed conquerors never dreamt of looking. The things that happened at these secret gatherings may never be known to the world, but fortunately we have a brief extract from one memorable address which was made by the Cardinal to his small audience. Hear these inspiring words:

"My brothers, I do not need to exhort you to persevere in your resistance of the invaders. I come rather to tell you how proud we are of you. A day does not go by without my receiving from friends of all nationalities letters of consolation which invariably terminate with the words, 'Poor Belgium!' and I answer: 'No, no, not poor Belgium, but great Belgium, incomparable Belgium, heroic Belgium. On the map of the world it is only a tiny spot which many foreigners would not notice without the aid of a magnifying glass; but today there is not a nation in the world which does not render homage to this Belgium.'"

"How grand and beautiful she is! If they could see her as we see her, they would know there is not a single Belgian who weeps or complains. I have not yet met on my way a single workman without work, a woman without resources, a mother in tears, a wife in mourning who was sorrowing. This is what disconcerts the men who have been among us for a year. It is now just one year that they have been living among us, and they do not know us yet. They are stupefied. On one hand no one complains. We shall obey and shall continue to obey the regulations which you have imposed upon us by force, but on the other hand not one heart gives itself to them, and by the grace of God none will give itself to them. We have a King, one King, and we will continue to have one King until that great and glorious day when afflicted Belgium comes into its own once again!"

For the third time we gaze upon the battle scarred fields of Europe, and this time amid the roar of cannon and the smoke of conflict we behold a modest man in blue. To the casual observer he might seem like an ordinary person, but if we look closer we find that he has bright keen eyes, that he has a shrewd face and that he bears about him the unmistakable impress of power and authority. It is Ferdinand Foch, Marshal of France and the Generalissimo of the Allied forces. We know, upon the authority of military experts, that he is a master of strategy, that he has the love and affection of his men, that he is quick to think and prompt to act. We know that in three short months, by following his carefully conceived plans, the power of the most autocratic States in Europe has crumbled into the dust. But what everybody does not realize is that this great soldier did not rely alone upon material resources. He had something else, and that something was faith, the Christian faith which moves mountains. With all of the greatness of genius he yet possessed the simplicity and the humility of a child. Curiously enough a graphic illustration of these qualities comes to us through an American soldier. It was given to one of our American boys, Private Evans of San Bernardino, California, to meet Marshal Foch at close range. He tells of it in a letter "to the folk back home."

Hear the story as it is summarized from a letter in the Los Angeles Times of October 6, of this year:

Evans had gone into an old church near the French battle-front, and as he stood there with bared head, satisfying his respectful curiosity, a gray man with the eagles of a general on the collar of his shabby uniform also entered the church. Only one orderly accompanied the quiet, gray man. No glittering staff of officers, no entourage of gold-laced aides were with him; nobody but the orderly.

Evans paid almost attention at first to the gray man, but was curious to see him kneel in the church praying. The minutes passed until fully three-quarters of an hour had gone by before the gray man arose from his knees. Then Evans followed him down the street, and was surprised to see soldiers salute this man in great

excitement, and women and children stopping in their tracks with awestruck faces as he passed.

It was Foch, the French Marshal the Commander-in-Chief of the Allied forces, the man who brought the Prussians to their knees. Can there be any wonder that success perched upon the banners of the Allies under such leadership? Here was a man who embodied in his person both faith and works. A man who had the humility to go upon his knees in an old church while 10,000 guns were roaring on 100 hills, and the earth rocked with death. Can we be surprised that he went about his awful but necessary work with sublime confidence? We are told of one occasion when Premier Clemenceau stood on the battlefield with an anxious heart, how one look into the confident face of Foch still his fears. The agnostic doubted, the man of faith and humility did not doubt.

Here then we have the Providential trinity which saved civilization when it was toppling to destruction. The King, the Cardinal and the Marshal, the three men who played their parts in the greatest war the world has ever known. There were others and they will be celebrated in song and story, but all will concede that the trio under consideration will rank among the most heroic figures of the bloodiest conflict in history. In the course of time they will return to the dust from whence they came, but while the world lasts the memory of their deeds and their splendid faith will remain to stir the blood and gladden the hearts of those who come after them.—George Barton in America.

## AN INJUSTICE

It is the duty of Catholic parents who have children growing up, to pause and reflect seriously before they permit them to give way to their common inclinations to escape from school.

A time comes, and comes early with most boys and girls, when they long to get out of school and be and live and work amongst grown up people. And, unfortunately, very many parents give way to their importunities and permit them to do as they wish. This is a mistake, and also an injustice. The competition in the life of today is very keen. Knowledge was never so valuable, and so often indispensable, in the race of life. It is no doubt the fact that many parents are deceived by the superficial appearances of things, into supposing that because employment of many kinds is plentiful, because young boys and girls are readily employed at present, because a boy or girl in the early teens can bring home some cash—that be all and end all in so many people's eyes—that there is no great importance to be attached to the knowledge that can be had in school, and that they are doing no harm to their children since they are able to go out and earn money.

But parents ought to look a little ahead of their noses. Public conditions change; times and prosperity wax and wane; and the boy or girl who can earn a little cash this year may be very little wanted by employers next year. The use men have made of this great Earth which God has given us, has not been always a wise or prudent use. We have, been, we who inhabit the Earth, very generally careless and wasteful of our natural resources. We have wasted our coal, our forests, our minerals, our oils, our natural resources of all kinds. Already we can see the end of some of our natural supplies. Others have, by reckless wastage, and more general usage, come to be so costly that many must soon find substitutes for them.

The next fifty years will see the world faced with the greatest problems, in industry, in commerce, in invention, in manufacture, to say nothing of government and sociology. That the human race ever had to find solutions for. The original mode of life of men on the Earth was a very simple matter. But in every age of the world's life, the life of man has become more complex. When we consider all that the world calls progress, and much of which is progress, we see the irony which attends all human effort. The more labor that men do, the more stands ahead of them to be done.

Our fate is to labor and to labor and still to labor. Our work is never done; nor is its nature fixed; it is as variable as light and shade. What we call our progress is a graduation from one difficulty to another difficulty; from one problem which we found hard to another problem that is harder.

We do not believe God meant the world and its resources to be used as men have used them; that it pleases Him that vast regions of the Earth's surface, rich and ample to support hundreds of millions of human beings, are almost untouched by the hand of man, whilst millions gather together on a few acres of ground and pile their ant-hills of brick and stone up and up like modern towers of Babel.

But that is the way man has used the Earth; and we who live in this age must take the world as we find it, and struggle along amongst the other ants as best we can. And, taking the world as it is, it is certain that the people who now inhabit it, and for generations to come after them, the conditions of life will never resume their old time simplicity,—but, on the contrary, that conditions will grow more and more complex.

This increasing complexity of life will call on the human mind as it has never yet been called on. Hu-

man brains will have demands made upon them to which all the past demands of social, industrial and political problems, will seem to have been small. This is the kind of world into which children are now being born; this is the trend of conditions into which half grown boys and girls are now being launched,—unprepared.

There's the rub. Unprepared! Well the half learned little text-books of the early school grades prove a sufficient outfit of knowledge for your boy when he finds himself out in the modern world with his way to make, and dependent on his own resources. Do not suppose that natural ability will suffice. Many men, it is true, have done well for themselves, and for the world, with little schooling. Do not be deluded by that fact. Such men have always been the first to acknowledge that they have been hampered and retarded by their lack of school training. The trained mind will control the world of the future. No one can doubt this who gives any amount of careful thought to all that is to be seen and heard today in the world. The problems of the future can only be solved by trained minds. The man with the mental training may wear overalls, or he may wear an ambassador's uniform; but in either case he will be of value in proportion to his mental training. The man who cannot think will be always far behind. Worse than that, he will be at the mercy of the man who can think.—The Casket.

## THE LATEST LINCOLN FORGERY UNMASKED

A favorite practice of the professional bigots in the invention and forgery of writings to serve their purpose. They usually consist of impossible Catholic teaching or practice, like the murderous decrees which they falsely pretend to quote from the Canon Law or the fake oath they falsely attributed to the Knights of Columbus. Or there may be an opinion falsely attributed to some great man in whom the American people have reason to place all trust, like the forged Lincoln utterance about the dark cloud he saw on the horizon of this country because of the Jesuits here.

Consistent with these practices is a forged statement only lately coming to our notice, which is also attributed to Lincoln. The Old Lincoln fake is pretty well discredited since the letter of Robert Lincoln to our Sunday Visitor, written after an examination of his father's writings and papers, in which he repudiates it as a "simple invention." Even professional bigots no longer venture to refer to "the dark cloud Lincoln saw" when appealing to intelligent audiences, although its use has not been entirely discontinued in the back woods.

THE CHARGE

Now comes this new Lincoln forgery, which is quoted by an organ no less distinguished than the New Age Magazine, the official publication of 38rd degree Scottish Rite Masonry, printed at Washington, D. C., which credits the martyred Lincoln with saying:


"I have the proof that Archbishop Hughes whom I had sent to Rome that he might urge the Pope to induce the Roman Catholics of the North, at least to be true to their oath of allegiance, and whom I thanked publicly when under the impression he had acted honestly according to the promise he had given me, is the very man who advised the Pope to recognize the legitimacy of the Southern Confederacy and put the weight of his tiara in the balance against us in favor of our enemies. Such is the perfidy of Jesuits."

For authority the New Age cites "Americanism or Romanism, Which?" a book of its kind written for distribution in connection with anti-Catholic lectures and appealing to a class almost wholly lacking in even elementary knowledge of history. That the New Age would refer to such a book as authority is certainly to be regretted; it calls for something more than regret that it lends its columns to the dissemination of such a rank and impossible forgery.

DISPROVED

It is a matter of common familiarity to all who know anything at all about the subject, first, that Lincoln did not send Archbishop Hughes to Rome, but to France; second, that his mission had no reference to the Catholics in this country, but was to help to prevent France and England from forming an alliance to recognize and aid the South, as was being discussed in foreign diplomatic circles at the time; third, that the Pope did not recognize the Southern Confederacy but on the contrary refused to accord it recognition, and on the whole acted toward our government in a manner probably more satisfactory than any of the great European powers; fourth, that Archbishop Hughes was not a Jesuit, as none would know better than Lincoln and Secretary Seward, one of his most intimate friends.

This latest example of the professional bigots' willingness to resort to any means to stir up hatred for the Catholic people, would be ridiculous were it not that, in spite of it being so obviously spurious there will be many who will believe it true. And in these times for one who loves his country and sees the sacrifices that Catholics in common with others are making for its sake, it must be a disconcerting not to say a discrediting belief to hold.—Catholic Transcript.



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