

their previous attacks had made considerable progress towards Passchendaele village, and yesterday were reported to have reached a point within 500 yards of it, and also to have taken the brewery, east of Poelcapelle, a strong position, which has been stubbornly defended by the foe. When the British take Passchendaele they will be within six miles of Roulers, formerly the German Headquarters, and will be able to bombard at their pleasure the Lille-Ostend railroad. The opportunities of striking a great blow which will serve the double purpose of compelling a German retreat on a big scale, if that is not already under way, and of compelling the evacuation of some of the submarine bases on the Belgian coast, may be snatched from the British by weather conditions. General Haig will not let go in any event. The foe is paying the price.

ADMIRAL VON CAPPELLE, German minister of marine, has resigned, according to German newspaper reports via neutral sources. No doubt he is being made the scapegoat for the recent mutiny in the Imperial German fleet. He succeeded von Tirpitz who so often predicted that the U-boat warfare would bring Britain to her knees, but who was no more successful in his efforts to gain a victory on the seas for the Germans. With the announcement of the resignation of Von Capelle, comes a statement, unofficial, but bearing evidences of authenticity, that more U-boats were destroyed in September than in any previous month. The work of British, American and other allied destroyers, patrol boats, and other offensive units is undoubtedly the greatest factor in dealing with the pirates.—Globe, Oct. 13.

SILVER JUBILEE OF ST. MICHAEL'S HOSPITAL

St. Michael's Hospital, Toronto, celebrated the twenty-fifth year of its existence, the feast of St. Michael the Archangel. The occasion was made solemn and festive by the friendly participation of Church and State in the functions of the day. His Grace Archbishop McNeil celebrated the Jubilee Mass in presence of the priests from the various parishes, representatives of all the religious Communities, the members of the Board of Governors, the members of the Medical and Surgical Staffs, Graduate nurses, and the outside friends of the Institution. The afternoon programme included congratulatory addresses and assurances of public good-will by the Chairman, Mr. M. J. Haney, His Grace the Archbishop, the Hon. Howard Ferguson of the Ontario Government, His Worship Mayor Church and Dr. Dwyer, the Superintendent of the Hospital.

FATHER CLINE'S SERMON

Your Grace, Rev. Fathers, and Dear Friends:

The occasion that brings us here today is the celebration of an event of no ordinary occurrence in this city—the Silver Jubilee of a public Hospital. The founding of St. Michael's Hospital twenty-five years ago created a new era in the medical life of Toronto. At that time the circumstance of its opening was an event of such consequence as to engage the attention of the municipal authorities and provoke the hostile criticism of the entire newspaper press. The press and many of the aldermen of that day regarded St. Michael's as a sectarian intrusion into the medical life of Toronto.

That this charitable project should have met with so much opposition we can hardly conceive in our time, so much has the public temper moderated by the cooling process of twenty-five years. No doubt the softening influence that goes with the care and comfort of the sick and suffering have since won the cold blasts of suspicion and dislike with the genial sunshine of that Christian charity which thinks and wishes good to all regardless of their color, their nationality or their creed. Happily for the efficiency of hospital work throughout the city the ungentle voices of those early assailants and the unfriendly tone of the press have since been hushed because the causes that led to such misgiving and condemnation have already spent their force.

Perhaps I should not have troubled you with a recital of those remote and disagreeable incidents. Yet to some of us, they are not remote, and it would not be candid on my part to speak here this morning, as if they had not existed. The fact too that opposition was so keen and influential adds all the more to the courage and foresight of those public-spirited men, Catholic and Protestant alike, who championed the cause of St. Michael's so ably and so well. It requires a high brand of courage to give battle when defeat is probable and professional ostracism is likely to accompany defeat.

I am safe in saying that today no enmity exists between any of the hospitals of Toronto. True it is they are in competition, but it is only as friendly rivals in a general contest for excellence.

Of those who openly espoused the cause of St. Michael's Hospital at its inception many have gone to their reward. The founders, Mother de Chantal, His Grace Archbishop Walsh, Sir Frank Smith and his greatest benefactor, Hugh Ryan, only lived long enough to see the ill feeling expressed at its opening give way to a generous recognition of its worth and efficiency by the city authorities and public at large.

By the favor of fate, however, not a few of its first patrons have accompanied the Hospital to its twenty-fifth mile-mark: Dr. Dwyer who has the unique distinction of superintending the institution without gap or break for twenty-five years in a manner that has redounded to the good name of the Hospital and his own profession. There are also Drs. Norman, Allen, Nevitt, King, Cameron, Guinane, McKenna, McKeon. Besides those medical patrons we have still with us such stalwart pioneers as Messrs. R. J. Fleming, who was then Mayor of Toronto, Thomas Long, Thomas Flynn, Mr. Justice Kelly, the Khan, etc.

To all those, today is an hour of serene satisfaction, in that, the little mustard seed which they helped to plant, twenty-five years ago has grown in the meantime into a great sheltering tree that cares for over three hundred patients. The Hospital's record for the last year is the treatment of four thousand, three hundred in-patients, nineteen thousand out-patients; it has besides afforded two-fifths of the clinical material of the city.

St. Michael's Hospital was founded by reason of necessity. At that time hospital accommodation was insufficient, especially in regard to the sick poor. There was also a lack of religious facilities in the hospitals of that day. The representative of religion felt that he was unwanted by the members of the different staffs as well as by the nurses. The attitude of the hospitals toward religion was negative. They tolerated but did not recommend religion. The atmosphere was accordingly non-religious. In contrast to this negative attitude St. Michael's Hospital was erected to set forth the principle that religion and medicine can harmoniously minister to the sick, the one bringing mental composure and the other bodily relief. St. Michael's Hospital represented the friendly alliance that exists between medical science and religion. It holds that religion and medicine should be partners in the common business of caring for the sick and the suffering.

Every hospital should be a charitable institution in the best sense of the word. Charity should be its spirit and its atmosphere, the law and the guide of its ministry. Apart from the careful and scientific treatment it administers, the hospital should extend to the patient the generous mercies of the religion of his choice whether the patient be Jew or Gentile, white or colored. The charity of the hospital should never be narrowed down to the mere wants of the body but should be kept as wide as human life and deep as human misery.

While the doctor is the chartered friend of the body, and the ill of the body are his first concern, he must not forget that he is dealing with a human being. He should remember that the body is not mere anatomy or human life mere existence. It is not the frame, but the ensouled body that makes the man. Man has more than sentient life, he has more than animal vitality and animal instincts. He should not, therefore, be regarded as human matter which may be treated in the light of medical science as a block of wood or an ailing animal. Medical science should take into account the principle that thinks behind the wall of flesh and blood, the principle that acts with a self-determining will. Though flesh and blood, muscle, nerve, sinew and bone constitute the outer garment of man, the real man like the diamond set in the casket abides within. Consequently, bodily relief is only one of man's needs. Convinced of this, the prudent doctor will make provision by which the representative of religion may be able to attend to the spiritual wants of the patient while he looks after the corporal needs. I know that medical science has wrought wonders during the last fifty years, but I also know that it has yet on its hands many unsolved problems. Man's moral anatomy is one of them. In foolish pride the omniscient physician may flatter himself with effecting moral sanitation when he has disinfected the body against disease with modern serums, but the far-seeing physician knows by close observation the moral balance is not restored by reducing high blood pressure or by promoting the action of a sluggish liver. He knows moreover that despite the best efforts of medical science, moral collapse can bring about physical breakdown. Hence when the physician regards the sick and injured as human matter fallen into despair and prescribes in terms of medicine or by the cunning hand of the operator, he assumes too large an order. He forgets that they live in addition a moral or higher nature that clamors for something more than medical treatment, that demands a divine therapeutics which can "minister to the mind diseased and pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow."

I am glad to be in a position to say that the twofold service of medicine and religion inaugurated in St. Michael's Hospital twenty-five years ago is now the accepted policy of the hospitals throughout the city. The doctors who teach and practise at St. Michael's have thus set this noble example. And here I may remark that it is praise neither faint nor excessive to state that the story of the Medical Service in St. Michael's Hospital is a record of skill and efficiency on the part of the medical and surgical staffs that does credit to St. Michael's and the profession to

which they belong. Loyal to the institution, they are proud of its progress and rejoice to-day in its triumph.

As there is such an affinity between the work of the doctor and that of the nurse I cannot help alluding to the latter. Those accomplished young ladies who have kept vigil over the sick night and day have a claim upon our admiration and approbation to-day. It is only through their watchfulness and unrelenting toil that the best results have been achieved in this hospital. When we consider that medical education to-day is clinical and experimental as well as didactic, that the theorist nowadays has to assume the role of lecturer and demonstrator, we can better appreciate the varied functions of the nurse and the demands her profession makes upon her time, her energy, character, health, and mental resources. The nurse to-day is perhaps our best exponent of practical medicine. Man, though he may possess an honorable sympathy and respect for human nature, lacks the finer instincts of kindness, patience and compassion, which are the great assets in the nurse. A man cannot be a nurse. His hand is too rough, his movements are too clumsy, his step too heavy, his manner too awkward, his patience too brittle, and his wakefulness too uncertain to watch and wait on the sick and dying. On the other hand nursing is as becoming to a well-graced woman as blossoms to a fruit tree, or laughter to a child. A man gives his charity in a rough way, while woman dispenses her kindness and consolations with such a fine, delicate touch that they hardly appear touched.

At the post of duty, at the bedside of the sick or dying, as the minister of charity or the angel of pity the nurses of this hospital have attained a standard and a character altogether unique. It is much to their credit and their loyalty that while their housing accommodation has been so inadequate and their home surroundings so sombre, they have never repined or complained. The record of their achievements entitles them to more generous treatment by the public spirited citizens of this city.

That this hospital has withstood the wind and weather of harsh criticism and the inconvenience of strained circumstances, while it made its way into notice and prominence, is largely due to the enterprise, financial tact and devoted service of the Sisters of St. Joseph, who, being in charge of the management, have run the hospital with the economy, neatness and exactness of an ancient Roman householder. Their inspiring self-sacrifice and courageous charity have brought the hospital safe over many of the rough miles encountered during those twenty-five courses of the sun. They surely have made large and effective use of their limited means.

When we realize that a hospital is always run at a loss, that it can never forego the high functions of its mission for those of balancing the ledger and increasing the exchequer, we begin to learn something of the arduousness and responsibility of managing such an institution.

When the Sisters undertook the stewardship at the hospital twenty-five years ago it was as a duty and not as a business. They wanted no remuneration other than the happiness of having the divine privilege of helping those who could not help themselves. Should we wonder then that the glowing charity with which the work was undertaken was able to change the dead bones of the building into the living figure of the Good Samaritan, and that in twenty-five years St. Michael's has achieved a name, a character and a renown that are the proud heritages of Toronto to-day. Here I will stop. No worldly elaboration of mine can tell the story of self-sacrifice and public service of the Sisters of St. Michael's Hospital. We bear them our appreciation and our gratitude on this festive occasion, and wish them "ad multos annos." It is our common wish this morning that St. Michael's Hospital pursue the same high road of duty in the future that it has in the past. Let us hope that the Christian grace which distinguishes the spirit of Christ from every other may ever radiate through this institution as the open air sunshine that warms and gladdens the world outside. May its charity ever be as boundless as the ill to which human nature is heir.

At the end of the Gospel, Rev. Father Gnam mounted the pulpit and, with words of eloquence and deep significance, told why the congress was held, honoring his Creator and Father, and tracing reverently the story of the Blessed Sacrament, how it was prefigured in the Old Testament, its institution, and the place it has held in the Church down the ages.

"Before the night of the Last Supper Our Lord said to the multitude," Father Gnam said, "Unless you eat of the flesh of the Son of Man and drink His blood, you shall not have life in you, and even then the Jews found this a hard saying, and many walked no more with Him. But Jesus only emphasized His words, and when His time came He left His Body and Blood for the nourishment of men's souls in the Eucharist; and it is the Eucharistic Lord that we are honoring to-day."

When Bishop Fallon had given the last blessing after Mass the long procession slowly formed and wended its way reverently down the steps and through the grounds.

IMPRESSIVE PROCESSION

The cross in the hands of a seminarian appeared first; following came a bodyguard of three hundred children, the little girls in white and carrying flowers and the little boys each with flowers, then came a second cross bearer, heading the long line of altar boys in white surplices, the procession of seventy priests, two and two, and the Bishop carrying the Host, before whom twenty-four tiny lads strewed flowers, and behind whom walked the Holy Name Society, the Sodality of the Blessed Virgin and many of the congregation.

Going up the incline at the side of the church the procession stopped at the altar on the lawn, the adores dropped to their knees, and Bishop Fallon gave Benediction. Again the procession went on its way to the second altar and again the long line stopped and the Bishop gave Benediction a second time, the seminarians singing as they went. In the church a third time Benediction was given and in answer to the divine praises at the end of the hundreds, present resounded the response: "Blessed be God, blessed be His Holy Name, blessed be Jesus in the most Holy Sacrament of the altar."

with tears streaming down their cheeks at that great High Mass which is a Mass of patriotism as well as of religion. Wherever there is an organ the Brabanconne is played in churches and the people gather to renew their pledge to their country.—The Monitor.

THE EUCHARISTIC CONGRESS

SIXTH ANNUAL CELEBRATION IN DIOCESE OF LONDON

Stratford Herald

St. Joseph's Church, Stratford, on Tuesday, Oct. 9, was a scene of glory, devotion and holy inspiration, where the hundreds of people, clergy, seminarians, men, women and children were gathered to honor their Eucharistic God in a day of special adoration. Annually such a congress is held in the Diocese of London; this year the distinction fell to Stratford, and the solemn ceremonies, carried out with every detail in the beautifully flower garlanded church, ablaze with candles and decked with the papal colors, purple and gold, and out on the wide grounds where special altars had been erected, presented a scene of grandeur and impressiveness never equalled in Stratford before.

"Just nine years ago this week," said Rev. Father John Gnam, of Ingersoll, who preached the morning sermon, "I was in Jerusalem. In the hall where the first Eucharistic Congress was held, with our Saviour Himself presiding and the Apostles about Him. There, with the divine light of love in His eyes, Jesus Christ took the bread in His hands, blessed and broke it and gave it to His disciples saying, 'This is My Body, and taking the chalice of wine, blessed it and said, 'Drink ye all of this, for this is My Blood which shall be shed for the salvation of the world.'"

It is to give glory to this same Lord and to commemorate that eventful day of the institution of the Blessed Sacrament that we are gathered here today," said Father Gnam.

The day is one set apart to honor the Eucharistic Lord. Beginning at 5.30 this morning Mass was celebrated every half hour at the three altars in the church, and a continual procession of communicants received at the Holy Table.

Long before 9 o'clock the church was crowded to the doors, the Holy Name Society filling the seats in the middle aisle, the children at the sides, and the congregation crowded back up the choir steps and down into the street.

PONTIFICAL HIGH MASS

His Lordship Bishop Fallon pontificated at the Pontifical High Mass celebrated in Stratford for the first time today. Very Rev. Dean Downey as arch-priest, Very Rev. Dean McKeon and Father Harding as deacons of honor, Father W. Langlois as deacon of the Mass and Father G. L. Forrester as subdeacon. Rev. G. L. Forrester, from the St. Peter's Seminary, London, was master of ceremonies. The Seminarians sang the responses and from the choir the full chorus of voices sang as never before.

FATHER GNAM'S SERMON

At the end of the Gospel, Rev. Father Gnam mounted the pulpit and, with words of eloquence and deep significance, told why the congress was held, honoring his Creator and Father, and tracing reverently the story of the Blessed Sacrament, how it was prefigured in the Old Testament, its institution, and the place it has held in the Church down the ages.

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AFTERNOON CONFERENCE

At noon the priests and seminarians were tendered a banquet by the ladies of the parish at the Knights of Columbus Hall.

After dinner the priests crossed the street to the C. M. B. A. Hall where the 17th annual conference of London's Priests' Eucharistic League took place. Important papers on the functions of Priests at Low Mass, the Blessed Sacrament and Vocations, and the Sacraments and the Bible were read by Rev. Father Tobin, St. Martin's, London; Rev. Father Tierney, Mount Carmel, Ont.; and Rev. Father Richards, St. Mary's, London. Rev. Fathers D. J. Egan, Immaculate Conception Church, Stratford, J. F. Stanley, Woodstock, and M. J. Frady, Wallaceburg, led in the discussion of the papers. The Rt. Rev. Bishop Fallon presided.

At 3 o'clock all the children of the city who in the morning at 7.30 assisted at their own Mass and received Holy Communion returned in a body for a half-hour visit to the Blessed Sacrament. Rev. Father E. Goetz, in boyhood a resident of Stratford, spoke to them. From four to five hundred assembled in the large church for the Holy Hour. A quartet of the Seminarians from London sang beautifully the Miserere, and Rev. Father O'Neill, Parkhill, led in meditation and prayer.

THE EVENING SERVICE

At night the concluding ceremonies of the Eucharistic Congress ended a day of solemnity and devout consecration in St. Joseph's church, with a grandeur and beauty long to be remembered. The lights, without sent forth a brilliant radiance and soon the big church was thronged to the doors with the responding worshippers who reverently attended through the hymns of exaltation, the act of consecration, the appealing eloquence of Bishop Fallon and the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, given by Vicar General O'Connor.

Following the long procession of priests and celebrants into the sanctuary, which in itself is a sight of edification, the hundreds present bowed their heads in a solemn act of consecration, and then from the choir burst forth in loud exultation the full chorus of Lambillotte's "Lauda Sion," which the people heard kneeling.

THE BISHOP'S SERMON

Bishop Fallon's sermon followed on "the most beautiful, the most stupendous, the most glorious doctrine," as the Bishop said, "of the Catholic faith, the doctrine which has made the earth fertile with the Catholic priesthood, which is the consecration of 400,000,000 men and women in their daily life, which has offered the inspiration to genius in art, sculpture, painting, architecture, and the production of all the greatest masterpieces that are the expression of Christian civilization; the doctrine of which the fulfillment was promised in the Temple of Capharnaum and given by St. John in the sixteenth chapter of his Gospel: 'Verily, verily, I say unto you, except you eat the Flesh of the son of Man, and drink His blood, ye have no life in you. Whoso eateth My Flesh, and drinketh My Blood, hath eternal life; and I will raise him up on the last day, for My Flesh is meat indeed, and My Blood is drink indeed.'"

The speaker took his people back to that scene in the temple, on the day following the miracle of the loaves and fishes, when the multitude has followed Jesus, out of curiosity, even if a divine curiosity, and he described the groups there: those who exclaimed at these words, which gave promise of the institution of the Blessed Sacrament, and who said: "This is a hard saying, and who can bear it?" of the Jews striving among themselves saying, "How can this man give us His flesh to eat?" and lastly of the twelve to whom Jesus said, as the others turned and walked no more with Him: "Will you also go away?"

Of the glorious response from Peter, "Our Peter," as Bishop Fallon said, "our blessed Peter who is with us yet in the person of Benedict XV. at Rome," Peter answered: "Lord, to whom shall we go? Thou hast the words of eternal life."

"Read," said the Bishop, "Read the Gospel of St. John for yourself and decide which group you are in, whether you belong to those who hesitate not at contest, denial, repudiation, public discussion, insult over these words, or those who received them with the utmost quietness, to whom these words meant the divine fire of the test of faith, and who with strong, deep, pure faith waited for their explanation."

FAITH IS ESSENTIAL

The twelve had the faith and waited. This is the faith so necessary, not so much in the midday splendor of the maturity of your lives, said the Bishop, as when the shadows lengthen and darkness is coming on and when whirlwind of the rapids is heard, that are to sweep you out of this world.

Almost a year passed, and then this promise, one in a world choked with unfulfilled promises, was fulfilled when Jesus at the Last Supper gave His flesh and blood to the twelve. The scene here was described when Jesus spoke the plain words over the bread and wine, "This is My Body, this is My Blood," and changed the bread and wine, not in outward appearance, but He changed the substance which exists by the power of God, and which upkeeps appearances, and the substance only, making bread His body and wine His blood. Then the Bishop dwelt on the simplicity and truth of this

miracle, the crowning triumph in a long list of miracles that the multitude had witnessed.

"And now tonight," he concluded, "when your Lord under the appearance of bread and wine is held over you in blessing by human hands, as He was held in the human hands of His mother at Bethlehem, thank Him for this beautiful day, ask Him to bless all those here now and this morning, the children, their parents, the priests, your bishop, and in your hearts and on your lips cry out against all criticism, comment, sneer or opposition: 'Lord to whom shall we go? Thou hast the words of eternal life?'"

ENDED IN SONG OF PRAISE

Following the hush that came at the end of the sermon when all lights were dimmed, except those surrounding the altar, and the blue lights in the ceiling, the "Magnificat," soft, tuneful, gentle began, with Miss Helen Blair as soloist, followed by Miss Marie Wingefelder, Messrs. O. Wagner, J. Sugrew and the choir. Benediction began, Mr. Horace Bolger singing "O Salutaris," the choir in chorus singing "Tantum Ergo" and then the hymn of blessed praise and thanksgiving, "Te Deum" by Lambillotte, Miss Nettie Byrne, Miss Blair and Miss Wingefelder, taking the solos. Mr. W. Compton who had trained the choir for the night which witnessed its triumph, played Guinold's March as the big church was emptied, closing a day of honor to God and blessing to His worshippers, and no doubt joy to Very Rev. Dean McGee and the priests and Catholic people of Stratford for their generous and devoted efforts to make Stratford worthy of the memorable occasion.

BRITISH CONVERT WRITERS

On reading in the Pall Mall Gazette the remark: "It would be interesting to know the exact number of people of great intellect who were received into the Catholic Church in England in recent years," Mr. Scannell O'Neill made out and sent to the Catholic Convert the following list:

Compton Mackenzie, Mary Angela Dickens (Charles Dickens' granddaughter), Max Robert Lucas Malet, (Mrs. St. Leger Harrison), Charles Kingsley's daughter, Mrs. Blanche Warre Cornish, (Thackeray's niece) and her daughter, Mrs. Reginald Balfour, Cecil Chesterton, (Editor the New Witness), Ernest Oldmeadow, "Guy Thorne," (author of "When it was Dark," etc.), John William Conybeare, Charlotte Graves, ("Richard Deehan"), Anita Bartle, Laurence Alma-Tadema, Ethelreda Wilmot-Buxton, Baroness d'Anethan, (Rider Haggard's sister), Joseph Clayton, Honorable Maurice Baring, Edward Harrison Barker, Mrs. Stephen Gwynne, John E. De Hirsch, Davies, Lord Alfred Douglas, Constance, Countess De La Warr, Lady Alfred Douglas (Olive Custance), John E. Crawford Flitch, Leslie Moore, Mrs. Robert Goff, C. C. Martindale, S. J., Frederick Landseer Griggs, Theodore Maynard (the poet), Mrs. Coulson Kernahan, Isabel Clarke, Mary Alice Vialls, Rothery Reynolds, Robert Coningsby Clarke, Prof. John Swynnerton Philimore, Bernard Holland, Christopher St. John, Herbert Moore Pym, ("A Newmark"), Helen Parry Egan, Norman Wise Sibley, Richard John Walker, (editor of the British Review), Sir Charles Paston-Cooper, Percy Cross Standing, Mrs. Arthur W. Hutton, Capt. Henry Curteis.

To the foregoing names should be added that of Rev. John Charles Cox, F. S. A., LL. D., one of the best known writers on Christian archeology, who became a Catholic not long ago.—America.

NAVY CHIEF MAKES WEEK-END RETREAT

At the annual week-end retreat for laymen at Overbrook Seminary, Philadelphia, Rear Admiral Benson, U. S. N., was one of the most active and attentive members.

In the absence of the president of the Laymen's League for Retreats, Admiral Benson, as vice president, performed the functions of honor. In his address to the retreatants he requested their prayers that he might faithfully perform the high obligations resting upon him in this hour of trial. The great convert mingled with his fellow retreatants in fraternal charity and with touching modesty, declaring:

"I have the entire American fleet in my head, but I'm not worrying." He added that in the great work before him, as color bearer of the seas, he felt all his "responsibility as a Catholic."

MAKING A GOOD SOLDIER

A young man, who had been well brought up by Catholic parents, enlisted in the army. The first night in the barracks he knelt down by the bedside, as he was accustomed to do, and silently recited his night prayers. The other soldiers openly ridiculed him for it. As he took no notice of this, they began to roar with laughter, to whistle and stamp their feet. He did not allow himself to become angry, but calmly finished his devotion and went to bed. The second evening he knelt down as before. This was the signal for a similar outburst, and his comrades were even noisier than on the preceding night.

On the third evening the same thing took place, but the young man was not disconcerted and paid no heed to what was said or done. At last, one of the noisiest of the men said: "Let the lad alone, comrades; there is the making of a good soldier in him; he can stand fire." From that time on no one disturbed him and several even followed his example; or if they did not kneel down, at least breathed a silent prayer before composing themselves to sleep.

Do not be afraid to practice your religion openly. The world will admire you the more for a fearless, and open profession of the faith that's in you.—Catholic Transcript.

PEACE BY CHRISTMAS

The critics evoked in the press of the United States and the nations of the Allies by the publication of the replies of the Austrian and German Governments to the Pope's peace proposals have made it clear that our hopes for an early cessation of hostilities have been unfounded, so far at least as they have been built on merely human considerations. Maximilian Harden's suggestion that a short armistice be agreed to before American and German troops clash on the Western front is a fond dream; and peace by Christmas, to judge from the present temper of the belligerents, would seem to be scarcely within the range of possibilities, not to say probabilities. Man apparently is powerless to stop the carnage.

But God can effect what man cannot do. The measure of iniquities may not yet be complete, nor the penalties they entail. But the hand of the Lord is not shortened; and no matter what may be true of us, it remains an eternal fact that His mercy is above all His works. The sins of the world may have turned away God's face from us, but He can yet be propitiated. The problem is how to placate His offended majesty. Of ourselves we may be, and doubtless are, unworthy to be heard, but we have an advocate who is extremely pleasing to Him. It is our Blessed Lady who would re-enact the scene of the marriage feast of Cana and whisper to her Divine Son words like those which won from Him His first miracle, we might have peace by Christmas after all. Let us ask her by a nation-wide novena to do for us, her agonized children, what she did of old for embarrassed friends. The Queen of Peace is still, as she was then, the Mother of Christ.

Perhaps our prayers would have a greater efficacy, if we imparted to them a note of altruism, and not content to ask peace for ourselves, added a petition for our harassed brethren below the border. If we made of our novena a double novena, and continued it to the feast of Our Lady of Guadalupe, the patroness of Mexico, and not only offered our Communion on December 8 in behalf of the world at large for rest from enemies from without, but also on December 10 in behalf of Mexico for rest from strife within, who knows but what in the book of life might be recorded this Christmas, as on the first Christmas, that the Christ Child came unto His own, when the whole world was at peace?—America.

Go home, then, and make up that foolish quarrel once and for all; go home and apologize simply and sincerely for your share in that trouble in which perhaps the other was even more to blame than yourself. It is intolerable that the friends of the Crucified—that those even who aspire to be friends of the Crucified—should think it conceivable to be at peace with God, who are not at peace with wife or husband or parents.—Msgr. R. H. Benson.

FATHER FRASER'S CHINESE MISSION

Taichowfu, China, Nov. 26, 1916.

Dear Readers of CATHOLIC RECORD: That your charity towards my mission is approved by the highest ecclesiastical authorities of Canada let me inform you from a letter from His Excellency, The Most Rev. Peregrinus F. Stagni, O. S. M., D. D., Apostolic Delegate, Ottawa: "I have been watching with much interest the contributions to the Fund opened on behalf of your missions by the CATHOLIC RECORD. The success has been very gratifying and shows the deep interest which our Catholic people take in the work of the missionary in foreign lands. . . . I bless you most cordially and all your labors, as a pledge my earnest wishes for your greatest success in all your undertakings." I entreat you to continue the support of my struggling mission, assuring you a remembrance in my prayers and Masses.

Yours faithfully in Jesus and Mary J. M. FRASER

Previously acknowledged... \$11,760 45
In honor of St. Anthony... 2 00
S. M. D. Soo, Ont... 7 00
Mrs. Angus Cameron, Mahon... 5 00
Thanksgiving, Halifax... 3 00
M. McCormack, Souris, East... 1 00
Mrs. S. Halligan, Toronto... 10 00
Thanksgiving from E. S. St. John's, N. F... 1 00
In memory of Mrs. Murchison, Lucknow... 5 00
In honor of the Sacred Heart of Jesus and Mary Rothsay... 2 00