

EIGHT

SOME RECENT CONVERTS

Compiled by Scannell O'Neill
Rev. P. G. M. Rhodes, M. A., formerly assistant curate at Kidderminster, England.
Rev. Cyril Howard Stenson, B. A., curate of Stoney Stratford, Bucks, England, and formerly an exhibitor of Kible College Oxford, has been received by the Abbot of Caldey.
Rev. Arthur D. Ily, a London clergyman, and Rev. Samuel Fairbourn of the Anglican Church, were confirmed by the Bishop of Southwark, London, on Oct. 4, along with the Messrs Rachel Parkinson and Veronica Wightman, formerly Anglican nuns.
Rev. R. Cecil Wilton, B. A., rector of Londesborough, E. Yorks, honors in history, Cambridge, Lightfoot scholar, 1887, and for many years lecturer for the Church Defense Society. He is a son of the late Canon Wilton, a well known writer of religious verse.
The late Col. I. C. Quinn, president of the First National Bank, Milan, Mo., and director and stockholder in the Quincy National bank, received a few days before his death.
Miss Lavinia C. Wiseman, Denver.
Mrs. R. A. Hedley, Portland, Ore.; Lutheran.
Miss Blanche Owen, Galveston, Tex.
Mrs. Leonard J. McEnnis, Houston, Tex.
Miss Catherine E. Stricklin, Toledo, Ohio.
George Arpp and Miss Clara Dennis, Huntington, W. Va.
Mr. and Mrs. Mantell, Memphis.
Mr. Mantell is city chemist and a graduate of Cornell University.
Meyer R. Ruffner, Denver. So far this year there have been twenty six converts at the cathedral, according to the Denver Register.
Dee Brown, Denver, converted at a Billy Sunday revival.
W. R. Mitchell, Colorado Springs, Col.
Miss Clara K. Stadlauder, Denver; Lutheran.
Henry Trepper, Denver, (son, grandson and nephew of Lutheran ministers)
Charles Shinn and Mrs. J. C. O'Neill have been received into the Church in Denver.
Mrs. George W. Doyle, Kerrville, Tex.; Episcopalian.
Miss Louise Strackbein, Kerrville, Tex. Now a Sister of Charity.
Dr. Orville Egbert, Kerrville, Tex.
Julius C. Tips, Sr., a prominent merchant of San Antonio, Tex.; received on his deathbed.
Lieut. G. R. F. Rowley of the Coldstream Guards, England.

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THE CHURCH AND THE WAR

"I came to set the earth on fire, and what do I wish but that it be kindled." The fire with which unfortunately the earth is burning, is not the fire of divine love which Christ speaks, but the fire of hatred and vengeance. The present European conflict clearly shows it.
The religion of might, foretold by Nietzsche, is to day celebrating in the civilized world its magnificence, but at the same time, horrible solemnities of its nefarious cult.
Let us go back to the iron age. Philanthropy, love, fraternity, benevolence, civility, are all words without meaning and have no reason to be unless they are brought into being by the teachings of the great Galilean philosopher.
These words are so many masks worn in the carnival of life to hide the writing on every man's face: "Man to man is a wolf." A bitter truth forcing itself to the front wherever the spirit of Christianity has not conquered. Our moral cult is then but a farce, and as Campaomor in one of his works was wont to say: "It walks timidly, smothering the tiger's paws."
These tigers to-day smother their paws casting away the mask, and destroying the "pity," of that falsehood which we call right, morality and love.
That in government circles Nietzsche had a greater following than Christ the actual European conflict clearly shows it, as it shows likewise that diplomacy, culture and elegant phrases have no moral value because whatever is flippant and violent cannot subsist.
It shows that the Carpenter's son, as Julian the apostate contemptuously used to call Christ, still continues digging graves to bury therein everything that is not moved by Him.
France will have to spend more money than the amount stolen from the Church to defend herself from an enemy which even if conquered (?) will bring her more anxieties than her pious congregations.
When Donoso Cortes used to wonder why Prudhomme could not understand how it was that theology would intermittently be found at the bottom of every political and social question, he did not foresee the fact that to day mathematics have supplanted religion and morality; that the dogmas of all jurisprudence and legislation is in numbers; that might is in numbers; and might the Supreme ratio the Alma Mater of everything worshipped here on this earth; because the fire of divine love which Christ brought to set the world on fire has been quenched. To day we see but the fire of hatred and union cord; if love begets union, and union produces strength, then the truth spoken of by the great poet David: "Iniquity deceives itself." is here evidently demonstrated. To prefer modern civilization, Nietzsche to Jesus, strength to religion, is to remain empty handed. There is no true union and strength without the fire of divine charity and Christian love.
The natural equilibrium is hampered by the loss of strength, and then follows war and the desolation we are to-day deploring.
It is a well-known fact that the moment we cast off the spirit of that great Founder of twenty centuries of civilization; the moment we separate ourselves from Him, the wisest of all philosophers, who told His disciples: "You ask me to let fire fall from heaven to destroy your enemies, because you do not know from what spirit you are;" the moment we separate ourselves from that loving heart who in His last conversation with His disciples told them: "In this shall the world know that you are My disciples if you love one another," the moment, I say, we separate ourselves from that life of love, which is force, union and liberty, we fall back into barbarism, progress is held back, culture is forgotten, science darkened and religion suffers.
Undoubtedly we are to-day twenty centuries behind civilization, we do not yet know "from what spirit we are;" we are still asking God to let fire fall from heaven to consume our enemies.
The world hardly knows because it does not clearly see in us that spirit which Christ said would be a sign by which men would know we are His disciples. That is the reason why the Catholic Social Action has so little influence on all those social and political problems.
The Church, the true and only Church of Christ; the school, the only and true school of the Wise Man of Galilee, do not cease clamoring to-day for union and love in Europe as well as everywhere.
There is no difference for us between a Frenchman and a German, and a Servian, a Belgian or an Austrian. Sons we are of the same Father, heirs of the same glory, and

BANDAGE OR BON-BON?

Famine is closing in on desolate Belgium. England appeals to the world for help, that her orphaned children may not be forced from their asylums into the street. The peasant of France, inured to toil and privation, await with anxiety the coming of a bitter winter. Fathers and husbands, sons and brothers, the bread-winner, lie in the trenches. And in the homes they have left behind, there is dread, and the sound of weeping, wail little faces, and the plaintive voices of children who ask in vain for bread. The world is drenched in a rain of blood and tears. Rachel who will not be comforted, lives again in the mothers of Europe.
Frenchmen or Englishmen, Belgians or Germans, they are all our brothers, children of God, redeemed in the blood of His Son. What can you do, what can all of us do, whom God has mercifully spared? We can pray for those who will not, we can not, pray for ourselves. We can ask our Father in heaven to wrap in the mantle of His infinite love, the almost countless souls who, in these dark autumn days of the world, are rudely torn from life by war's unsparring blast. In our own hearts, we can foster a deeper love of God, that from its depths may spring a peace-giving love of all men, a love that is constant, a love that is Catholic. Last of all as proof that our love is real, we can give of our means, in measure pressed down and overflowing, in His Name, to the innocent victims from whom famine may soon withhold the broken crumbs of the poor.
But let us give with a generosity guided by wisdom. We have been asked to send a "Santa Claus" ship to the children of Europe. "No real Christmas without toys, oranges, candies and nuts," we are told. "What will Christmas be for the war kiddies whose fathers are fighting far away from home?" For the gentle, mother like spirit, awakened to sympathy by the grief of a child, who in his broken toy sees all his world in ruins, we have nothing but the truest respect. But in the present circumstances, we can not praise his wisdom. To day there are little children in the Protectories of England, France and Belgium, who in default of speedy aid, will shortly lack a roof over their heads. The hospital Sisters and the Red Cross Associates, report a shortage in medicines, in surgical appliances, even in suitable bandages. Plague now knocks at the gates of Austria. By the time these lines are read, famine and disease may be leading the maelstrom of death across the broad saege of Europe.
It is to our credit that our wishes are more generous than our resources. But when children ask for food, it is not kindness to give them a diverting toy. When their fathers and brothers lie with wounds unhealed, "the rude cots of a military hospital, let us buy bandages, not bon-bons. The empty Christmas stockings of the little ones of Europe, lend an added pathos to the story of the grim toll of war. Would that we might fill them, and for every desolate home in Europe, dress a Christmas tree, and bring father and brother home to light the candles, and make merry, as they did one short year ago, in the laughter of happy children. But we can not. Our slender funds must buy necessities. To employ them in the purchase of toys and bon-bons for the children would be folly; a lovable sort of folly, it is true, but none the less unwise.—America.

TIPPERARY TOWN!

An Irish paper says: "There are five hundred widows in the town of Tipperary alone, as a result of the late fighting in which Irish regiments took a prominent part."
There are just five hundred widows in Tipperary Town, Who miss their gallant soldiers gone for aye; But there's more pride than tears For the Munster Fusiliers, For the Dublins and the Royal Irish gey!
At Compeigne they're lying, and at Mons and Charleroi, And their kinsmen make no wail of it—for why? They have died on honor's field, They have died the weak to shield, And this is how the Irish want to die. They stood up to face the enemy, Ne'er quailing from their fate, And their bayonets flashed terror, as they burst Through the shrapnel and the mines, And the foe man's serried lines, For the Irish in the battle must be first!
They said no word of vengeance to be wreaked when they got back, 'Gainst their brethren in the grim and stubborn North; But with hearts elate and gay They went singing to the fray— Let the North go in and emulate their worth! (Send your best-will take your best—O noble North!) —SILVER-BA WOLF in the Globe.

DEATH OF FATHER MCKEON'S MOTHER

Mrs. Ann McKeon, mother of Rev. Father McKeon, Rector of St. Peter's Cathedral, this city, died on Tuesday evening at the residence of her son John, 95 Goyson street, Windsor, at the age of ninety-two. She leaves behind her four daughters and three sons: Mrs. Mary Gada, of Blind River, Ont.; Mrs. Frank Pingree, Detroit; Mother Aldegonde, St. Joseph's Hospital, Parry Sound; Sister Monica, Loreto Convent, Stratford; John A. McKeon, Windsor, Stephen McKeon, Windsor, and Rev. Father McKeon, Rector of St. Peter's Cathedral and Chancellor of the Diocese of London. Her husband predeceased her about fifty years ago. She also had a son James who was a Christian Brother in Montreal. He died in 1871. The late Mrs. McKeon's home was in Raleigh township where she lived until about twenty five years ago, when the family moved to Windsor. The funeral was held on Thursday, November 5, to St. Alphonse Church, Windsor. Her son, Rev. P. J. McKeon, 1871, was in charge of the services. He sang the Mass. Father Gabriel, of St. Peter's Cathedral, was deacon. Father O'Connor, of St. Peter's Seminary, London, subdeacon, Father Ryan, Stratford, master of ceremonies. Besides those already mentioned were: Dean Downey, Rector of St. Alphonse Church, Windsor; Father Frank Forster, Superior of Assumption College, Fathers Howard and Collins of Assumption College, Father Cote, Rector of Assumption Church, Sandwich; Father McCabe, Maidstone; Father Tobin, Hanlon and Valentin, London; Father Blair, Walkerville; Father Ford, Woodlee; Father Neville, Windsor; Father O'Reilly, C. S. R., St. Patrick's Church, London, who preached the funeral sermon, paid a high tribute to the deceased as the mother of a priest, a Christian Brother and two Religions.

DEATH OF FATHER MORLEY

Windsor Record, Nov. 6
Rev. Father Arthur J. Morley, for the past seven years connected with Assumption college, died at Hotel Dieu Friday morning after a short illness. Last Sunday he was assisting Rev. Father Van Antwerp in Holy Rosary church, Detroit, and was taken ill. He was removed to Hotel Dieu Tuesday, and on Wednesday at noon an operation was performed. He could not rally from it, and death came this morning.
Father Morley was well known and popular in this vicinity and had a large circle of friends. He was ordained a priest ten years ago, and was formerly stationed in St. Anne's church, Detroit. He spent a year in Texas and then came to Assumption college, where he became secretary. He was born in Leigh, England, thirty eight years ago and has lived in this country for twenty years. Surviving him are his mother in England, three sisters and one brother. One sister is in Germany, and one in Toronto. His brother lives in South America.
Funeral services were conducted Monday morning in Assumption church, Sandwich, after which the remains were interred in Assumption cemetery.

CATHOLIC PRACTICES WANING?

Are any of our good old Catholic practices falling into "innocuous desuetude"? How many of those who read this paragraph wear a scapular medal, or an Agnus Dei, or savor still a "rosary"? Do you keep holy water in a convenient place or use at home perhaps a had better say, at first, or a blessed candle, or a crucifix, or a little statue of the Blessed Virgin, or

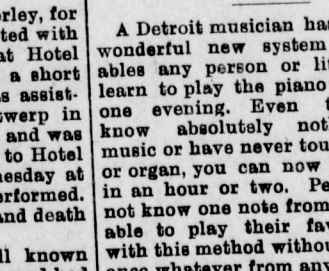
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WANTED TEACHER FOR C. S. S. No. 5 Gieneg, Grey Co., with first or second class certificate. Duties to commence Jan. 2nd, 1915. Applicants state qualifications, experience and salary to Frank Meagher, Sec. Treas. C. S. S. No. 5, Gieneg, R. R. No. 6, Markdale, Ont. 1881-3
A QUALIFIED NORMAL TRAINED CATHOLIC teacher for separate school. Duties beginning after Christmas holidays. Apply stating salary, to W. Ryan, Box 23, Chatham, Ont. 1881-7

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By Order of the Board, JAMES MASON, General Manager.
Toronto, October 21st, 1914.

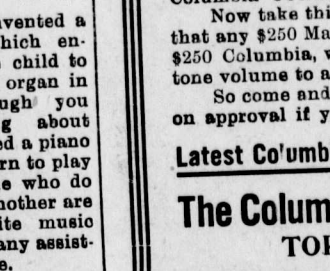
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THE MARVEL OF THE AGE

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