their votaries is the source of strength, namely, the national protection afforded them, is really their tection afforded them afforded t weakness. Subsidies may be voted Mother of God, pray for us sinners them by the government, but in now and at the hour of death.' The ests of the nation, and guide their understood. conscience in a way to suit its rulers. panions in like misfortune desiring We hear much from time to time that the national church patriotism can never be questioned; hile a church extended to all nations cannot, they claim, be patriotic in any. But this, their chiefest argument, also is of very little value. When we consider the position of the national church, its absolute dependence upon the national government its nominations, promotions, subsidies, all controlled by the government, there is not left for it except to acquiesce in and support its gov-ernment, whether that government be right or wrong. On the other hand, the patriotism that is valuable is the patriotism that is free, that from citizens that are not chains to a government, the love and service of but by the love and service of citizenship, and who, with the will of God and the spirit of His law, freely accord their service, and their lives, if necessary, in defense of their country. The national church can be patriotic in about the same sense that the secretary of the treasury, or the department of education, or the post office is patriotic. If it ceases to be patriotic, it ceases

I am glad that in the United States | realize, there is no national religion; because thus being ourselves free, we can all of us Christians make that free will offering of life and service to our cradle of her youngest. the very essence of patriotism.

Our holy Catholic Church has from the beginning stood for that unity that Christ has preached, and prayed for, and held to be the work of that kingdom He established—one foundation, one superstructure, one visible body, whose life blood is His, that endures because He is its life, and preserves its unity in spite of the conceits of men, the favors of rulers, the pride of nations, and the gates of

It is interesting, in these latest days, after all, to see how, with God's heart, something that benediction that unity is still preserved, in spite of a world not only disunited, but urged on by the fiercest passions to the work of mutual des-

War is an acid test for institutions tor being that reconstruction in better times will follow the days and ways of war's desolation. War destroys empires, disrupts cabinets, sets up contradictions, and for institutions that are human marks their

beginning or their end. The present war differs from those the University Church in Dublin, of past years in many ways. It surpasses them all in the number of those who struggle, the number and extent of the nations involved, the almost endless battle front, energy displayed, the properties and lives lost, and from present indications, the great length of time that is spent in the activity of It is an international war

in the fullest sense of the term. Two thirds of the nation that are in this conflict are Catholic, and Catholic soldiers are evenly divided on the one side and on the other. When all else that bound them is broken-tradition, law, commerce, and all of life's interchange are ruthlessly cast aside, even the mercy the battlefield : and yet there is one principle of unity that remains—it is their Catholic faith. In all else disunited, when they turn to Almighty God they pray the same prayers and recognize the same Christ, and hold to one Lord, one faith, one baptism.

We know not how much will be left when this War is over. Human life and human civilization are going fast. Nations are bleeding to death We are hoping for peace that will bring an end to these sorrows and trials. Whether that peace be near of not, we know not; but of this we may rest assured, that after the battles are over, when the morning comes with light and hope and peace, once more then from trenches where they lay, and the fields where they died, and the souls delivered to God, will rise again, triumphant, splendid, the faith once delivered to the saints-that Christ they drove from the battlefields will be with those returning to their homes; and nations, after the nightmare of sorrow, will turn to Him who alone can be their preserver and saviour, and back to Him they will return, and in Him place their trust.

they hate one another, and yet in

death be reconciled: A French soldier, wounded in a recent attack on the German trenches, related the incident.) ' Near me," "lay two soldiers, mortally wounded; one a Bavarian, young and fair haired, with a gaping wound in his stomach, and the other a young Frenchman, hit in the side for something hidden away under his breast. He drew out a little silver crucifix which he pressed to his And thus, Monica, as the widow in lips. Feebly, but clearly, he began: the Gospel, becomes an image of Hail Mary, full of grace. The Bay. Holy Church, who is ever lamenting

arian opened his blue eyes, which over her lost children and by her im-

National churches are pitiable in were already glazing with approachthey have to serve the inter- eyes of the two men met, and they They were two comto die believing according to their indeed it is their stock argument) faith. The Frenchman held out his always crucifix to the other, who kissed it, for the nation; that its and taking him by the hand said: 'Having served our countries, let us of this world have all vanished away. go to God reconciled.'"—Church I had only one reason for wishing to

WE NEED MOTHERS LIKE MONICA

Among the eminent men of the nineteenth century Napoleon won lasting fame as a man of the world. He did wonderful things some that seem almost impossible said many things, too, that we would hardly expect from that quar ter. Thus, for instance, some credit him with saying: "What France wants is good mothers." This holds true not only of France, but of all countries, but especially of the United States; one need not be a Napoleon to understand this. of our mothers, however, don't seem to realize their tremendous powers for good and evil; they never seem to think of their almost staggering He is enclosed in the Ciborium which responsibilities; for, if they did, we wouldn't have so many weaklings ever since that day she is tormenting among our men. So many mothers too late, what they should have been-trainers of character. This is a mighty tedious and laborious job, which begins at the

The tears of joy and love that nourish the tender human plant, so often turn into drops of bitter grief and sorrow. There's something almost with me," he said, divine in a mother's tears: No man the chapel and I wil has ever fathomed their depth. Jesus to the dear little one." How many a mother is, even at this and child knelt at the foot of the moment, with beloved ones over on the battledelds, in the trenches, and the tabernacle. After a few minutes in our training camps. Our hearts silent adoration His Grace took out the Ciborium and placed it on the in their anxieties. Advice is some-times very cheap; still we can't be blamed for wishing to offer something that might soothe a grief torn strengthen and encourage drooping spirits. If you have done your level best to train your sons to be noble characters, you need not fear; a noble son has never yet disgraced a truly noble mother; and if, on the as well as nations. It dissolves and other hand, you carelessly neglected destroys. The only hope of the vic- your son's better nature, if you failed to prune the off shoots, even then, your son is not lost if make up now. The experience of St. Monica, the mother of St. Augustine, "Wa dethrones kings, damages morals, is an open book, and shining light what Cardinal Newman has to say on | sweet.' this subject in a sermon preached May 4, 1856:

dar. We commemorate a saint who gained the heavenly crown by prayers and tears, by sleepless nights and weary wanderings—as a mother seeking and gaining by her penances the conversion of her son. It was for no ordinary son that she prayed, and it was no ordinary supplication by which she gained him. holv man saw its vehemence ere it was successful, he said to her: in peace: the son of such prayers cannot perish.' The prediction was fulfilled beyond the letter; not only was that young man converted, but after his conversion he became a saint; not only a saint, but a doctor also, and instructed many unto justice. St. Augustine was the son for whom she prayed; and if he has been a luminary for all ages of the Church since, St. Monica, who hav ing borne him in the flesh, travailed for him in the spirit. The Church in a choice of a gospel for this feast has likened St. Monica to a desolate widow whom our Lord met at the gates of the city as she was going forth to bury the corpse of her only He saw her and said, 'Weep not,' and He touched the bier and the dead arose. St. Monica asked and obtained a more noble miracle. Many a mother who is anxious for her son's bodily welfare neglects the soul. So did not this saint of today; her son might be accomplished, elo quent, able and distinguished; all this was nothing to her while he was the prev of heresy; she desired his true life. She wearied heaven with prayer, and wore herself out with praying. She did not at once prevail. Heleft his home; he was carried forward by his four bearers, ignorance, pride, appeti e, ambition; he was carried out to Here is an incident from this war a foreign country; he crossed over which shows how far these people from Africa to Italy. She followed are from one another—how much him; she followed the corpse, the chief, the only mourner; she went where he went from city to city. It was nothing to her to leave her dear home and her native soil; she had no country below; her sole rest, her sole repose, her "Nunc Dimittis" was his new birth. So, while she still walked forth in deep anguish and isolation, and in silent prayer, she was at length rewarded by the longand head. Both were in mortal coveted miracle. Grace melted the pain, and growing paler and paler. proud heart, and purified the corrupt proud heart, and purified the corrupt I saw a feeble movement on the part of the Frenchman. He pain fully slipped his hand under his coat to day's Collect, God is especially breast of Augustine, and restored and

portunate prayers ever recovering them from the grave of sin.'

There is a magnificent picture of St. ners a balcony overlooking the garden at The Ostia, in her motherly affection she holds the right hand of Augustine, and while both are looking up to beaven, we can almost hear her say: Son as for me, there is no further delight left for me in this life. What I am doing down here, and why I still know not, after the hopes stay awhile in this life, and that was that I might see you a Christian and a Catholic before I died. has given this to me more abundantly even than I had prayed for; what am I dare say that I doing down here?" I dare say that if we had more Monicas, we would have more Augustines. - Lordman.

A LOOK INTO THE CIBORIUM

A lady with her little daughter was waiting in the parlor of the Archbishop's palace. When His Grace appeared the lady thus addressed him: "Your Grace, I am very sorry to inconvenience you, but it is on account of this child that I came to see you. I took her to Holy Mass, explained to her that the little Jesus is in the Sacred Host, and that me and wants to see the little Jesus in the Ciborium. I spoke to our pastor, who was greatly touched by the holy desire of the child, but he referred me to you. Since then she insists that I take her to see you

The Archbishop paused a while, looking at the child. Then, as an inspiration came to him: "Come the chapel and I will show the Infant the Ciborium and placed it on the altar. Then he bade the child stand the chair and look into the Ciborium. "This small host," he explained to the child "is Jesus. She bent over the Ciborium and said I see Him! I see Him!" said the Archbishop, "now that you have seen Him, will you always love your Friend, the little Jesus.' The child went back to its mother.

"Oh mamma, I have seen Him! 'What have you seen," asked the

"I have seen the small Host-yes the small Host and also the little

'Well, how did He look ? "I saw His face, His eyes, His mouth. Oh! the little Jesus is so She was questioned again and again but nothing could make her vary the statement. She sisted in her childish simplicity that she had seen the little Jesus. "This day we celebrate one of the

Years went by. The Archbishop one day visited an academy of young most remarkable feasts in the calen-They were all presented to him one by one. Suddenly he stopped one of the young ladies, saying: "Your face is familiar to me, have seen you before. What is your name?'

The young lady blushed and told him that she was the child who had seen the little Jesus in the Ciborium which he had taken from the taber-

"Well," said he, "do you still love

"I certainly do," she replied, and I believe now without looking into the Ciborium. Then my senses might never deceive me !- The Casket.

A GREAT BOOK

"With the old courage and the new light Newman did the work where he found it to do," writes Joseph F. Wickham in America. Ordained priest of the Catholic Church, he preached again, and delivered those marvelous lectures on "The Idea of University," and was joyful in heart at the new gladness which was to come to him. And then in 1864 the England that had forgotten him again remembered, for Charles Kingsley had thrown down the gage of battle in the query, "What, then, does Dr. Newman mean?" And Newman picked it up, and wrote one of the three or four most famous confessions in the history of the world, the "Apologia pro Vita Sua."

"There is no need to day to say even a word about the "Apologia, there never was a reason for offering it, more than the sufficient compliment of reading it; for it is its own best introduction to itself, and its own best critic. All of Kingsley's books could well be spared from the accomplishments of the nineteenth century, but to conceive the nineteenth century in England without Newman's "Apologia" is to dream a garland of years quite at variance with one of their essential meanings. From the thrilling pages of the introduction to the point where Newman came, as he says, "into port after a rough sea;" and from this record of his new peace to the beauteous closing page dedicated to Ambrose St. John and Newman's other fellowpriests of the Birmingham Oratory, the "Apologia" is a rare human document in the form of a work of art: a truly wonder of book, portions of which stand unrivaled in the prose of the nineteenth century, and easily in the hospital is a very important challenge the test of comparison part of his duties. Father Waring with the best pages of the half dozen has excellent advice on the equip-

To read it through, slowly and thoughtfully and comprehendingly Monica and St. Augustine, painted letting the mind travel in a real by Ary Scheffer. They are sitting on companionship with Newman's, is a voyage into the seas of a soul's romance quite as actual mariner's adventure into undiscovered oceans seeking the land of promise.

The land of promise was come to Newman when he wrote this book and the promised land was right at home, in England. He had become a prophet with honor, in his own country; and the men who were seas away from him in the belief of the soul clasped his hand in an ecstasy of joy over the great book of a great sincerity. Foemen in creed were honored in his friendship, and the old friends of his heart were happy in his triumph. estimation of the British world Newman was not merely a great Angli can become Roman Catholic, but a great man of his time.'

THE CHAPLAIN'S WORK IN THE ARMY

Every phase of the great War is on scale never heard of before in the posed to possess in such abundance. history of conflict among nations, and the scope of the chaplain's work in the army has reached the same As a consequence, there work of ministering unto the spiritual interests of Catholics in both hemispheres.

In France the priests are in the trenches, and that explains the scarcity of priests in a land which, in addition to meeting home demands, has always been the most fruitful soil for vocations for the foreign missions. The ever increasing demand for chaplains to keep pace with the growth of the army in Great Britain and Ireland, the heavy mortal ity among the chaplains in this War beyond that of any other, and the exhaustion of those who have survived the shrapnel of the enemy, have caused Cardinal Logue to make an urgent appeal to all priests who are fitted for the work, to go to the front to administer the consolations of religion to the wounded, and in order to make his appeal more press ing he adds: "It often makes me regret that I am not a few years younger, when I might at least do one man's share to prevent a soul from perishing." In our own country there is a dearth of priests to act as chaplains, not due to any lack of zeal, but to the demands upon every priest capable of active work.

In view of this interest, a great many persons are asking what sort of work is allotted to a chaplain in an army, and fortunately the information is at hand furnished by the clever pen of Rev. Father Waring, who has had nearly thirteen years experience in the United States Army.

Before going into detail as to the

duties that belong to the office of chaplain, Father Waring gives an excellent description of the sort of priest who should aspire to the position of chaplain. Therefore a chaplain to be successful, must have a cheerful disposition, he should charitable, sympathetic kindly disposed, broadminded, friendly, lenient but firm, fearless, courageous, unselfish and essentially a man of

The first duty of a chaplain is to be a clergyman. To be sure he may make himself useful in promoting entertainments for the soldiers, but his foremost occupation is to promote

The position of librarian seems to be one for which a chaplain is pecu liarly fitted, and priests have been known to carry on a real apostolate by means of a carefully chosen library Incidentally, in discussing the value of a library, Father Waring makes an observation which is as just as it is discriminating, and that is, library should be furnished, not by individuals, but by the Government. A library is not a luxury, but a necessity, and as it is the duty of the United States Government to equip its men, books should be a part of that equip-

A very fruitful way for a chaplain to do good for the enlisted men, is according to Father Waring, to conduct a school for those whose early education had been neglected. Man who have received a good education are not excluded from the post school, if they desire to improve themselves and qualify for a higher position in the army, or in civil life after their term of enlistment has expired.

With the intense interest aroused in our time concerning camp activities for the soldiers no one need to he told that furnishing entertainment is a very important part of a chaplain's work. If the chaplain knows his men, (and he is not a successful chaplain, if he do not), he will find a lot of histrionic talent which will be useful in getting up entertainments, and experience proves that the men appreciate the talent of their comrades. It is most important that there be no charge for ad-

mission. Father Waring would have the chaplain to keep up the pastoral idea and visit the men in their troops when they are off duty. During those visits the tactful chaplain will hear if the men are dissatisfied, and gather information that may be utilized to advantage in keeping up a good spirit between the officers and the

enlisted men.

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manner on which we have animad-verted comes into play. The gloom of a hospital makes men morose will find new demands on the milk of human kindness which he is sup

is a scarcity of priests to take up the uity of the chaplain who measures

religion amongst the men, both by precept and example.

and the shepherds peacefully relife in the shepherds peacefully r

ROSARY TIME IN IRELAND

Seumas McManus in his latest volume, "Yourself and the Neighbors," thus describes a scene familiar perhaps to all dwellers in Catholic lands—the hour of the Rosary. "In your house, as in all the

houses, the Rosary was recited nightly by the whole household, kneeling in a circle. Molly made you lead it, while she and the children devoutly chorused response. The Rosary hour was a peaceful hour, and it brought you all very near indeed to God. The hum of the Rosary was sweet and beautiful to those who, passing the way, uncovered their heads in reverence, and felt they were tread ing sacred ground while still that music was in their ears. Although you led the Rosary, Molly could never trust you with the trimmings. These she herself always did take charge of. For 'twas she, and she alone, who knew how to pour out the heartfelt poetic petition which prefaced each Pater and Ave, asking for benefits spiritual and temporal for yourself and your friends and neighbors, and for all the world—and an especial petition for all poor sin ners who had no one to pray for them. Lucky, indeed, was the mortal who was particularized in Molly's prayers. Blessed were all who shared with your household the fruits of the nightly Rosary."

FAIR PROTESTANT ESTIMATE OF LUTHER'S PERSONALITY

Think of anybody's extolling Melancthon's letter to Camerarious, and has never read that tissue of the man who wants the Jews' syna | them.

gogues burned down 'with pitch and possess for that aspect of his work.

Here that cheerful and sympathetic cardinals hung on gibbets with their tongues cut out!"-Chas. A. Star-

arctional shung on gibbets with their manner or which we have annihold worked comes into play. The gloom and a breezy chapilan like Father Waring himself will brighten the warms of the state of the st money spent in building and maintaining Catholic institutions for the last few years, and they shall continue to give fair value for it. This is a big country, but heaven help it if its commercial, political, or social growth is ever stunted by narrowmindedness or sectarianism. We want big-hearted men in Church and State in Queensland, and, above all, we want the observance of the commandment which says. shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor." "-Catholi cBulletin.

CRITICS IN OUR RANKS

These words, from the Catholic Universe, are well worth consider-

When those who call themselves Catholics are heard criticising the Church or its representatives, the Catholic school or Catholic disciplinary regulations, it is not necessary to look long or far to discover the grievance which is the motive of their criticism.

"Perhaps if the critics realized how much more loudly they con-demn themselves than the laws or institutions they rail against, they would be more cautious about mak ing their confessions in public. It is natural for the trespasser to object to the signs, that remind him of his trespass."

REVERENCE IN THE CHURCH

How many Catholics in their be havior in church seem to forget that it is in truth the house of God, seem to lose sight of that august presence locked in the mysterious silence of Luther as an example of purity, the tabernacle? says the Catholic showing that he has never read Universe. If more Catholics read the tabernacle? says the Catholic lized in their lives the animating belief in the real presence of God in No chaplain worthy of the name need to be told that visiting the sick land abominations which, by Martin's own acknowledgment, made his writings with their churches which they profess with their lips, the doors of our favorites in evil houses! Think of anybody's extolling the mildness of to admit the throngs that stormed

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Queen's Promise, The by Mary T. Waggaman. The littl' heroine in this story, after being taken from her convent home by her uncle an inveterate bigot against everything Catholic, succeeds in finding an approach to his iron-bound heart. She is finally reunited to her father, a supposed victim of a storm at sea, and her way is opened to life, love and happiness. Sealed Packet The, if y Maron J. Brunowe, A cleverly contrived story which carries an unexceptional moral and some delightful pictures of School I ife, An excellent book for either School or Home Library.

School ife. An excellent book for either School or Home Library.

Shipmates, by Mary T. Waggaman. Pip a boy of twelve, is lying at death's door, without hope of relief, in close, unwholesome city quarters. A shack on the coast is rented, and there the family tak up their quarters. How the excursions in his little boat, which brings back the roses to Pip's cheeks, get them acquainted with Roving Rob, and the results, makes very fascinating reading.

Rob, and the results makes very fascinating reading.

Tom Bound, By Fle-nor C, Donnelly, A Romance of Shell Beach. A stry telling of the experiences and how nine pees in amused themselves during the time they were storm bound. Tallisman, The, by Mary T, Waggaman. The young hero of this story is mixed up with the saving of the famous Connecticut charter; preserves the town of Hartford from an Indian massacre, and is taken prisoner. Told in the lively ht, by their M Salome. Mother Salome has gone to the Lives of the Saints and the volumes of early Church history and has gathered a great variety of episodes and adventures. Temptingly they are laid out b' fore us.

Transplanting of Tessie, The, by Mary T Wagga-

adventures. Temptingly they are laid out by fore us. Transplanting of Tessie, The by Mary T Waggaman. The influence which a little girl, educated in religious princip es, may exercise in a circle where such influences have not previously been at work, is the ground idea of the story. It is most interestingly worked out through a succession of dramatic incidents. Treasure of Nurge Mountain he by Marion A Taggart. The ride for life from the lake of petroleum with horse and rider clogged by the flere unreason of the boy Harry, is a piece of word-painting which has few counterparts in the language.

winnerou, the Apache Knight, by Maron A, lagrant In the present volume Jack Midreth goes West meets Winnetou under tragic circemstances, is captured by him and sentenced to did. How he escapes and how they become fast friends is shown through chapters of breathless interest.

The Catholic Record LONDON, CANADA