OCTOBER 20, 1917

me side. Much the worse, chummy ?" he

'Enough to go on with,' I answers him, 'but with the help iv God and a couple iv stretcher bearers I may make the dressin' station afore I bleed to death if I'm in luck's way. And yerself,' says I, 'ye've got a packet if yer limp is not belyin' ye.'

'Just a bit iv a scratch in the instep is all that's wrong with me,' he says, and there wor worse accidents at Waterloo. But as for yerself, be the look iv ye,' he says, 'ye'd better be out iv here. And if I get anyone to give me a hand I'll help to carry ye in

When he said that he sat down, and I could see a burnt hole in the iv his tunic and I knew that somethin' had gone in there. "'Ye've a bit in the back,' I says to

him. 'It's nothin," was his answer;

bit weak. Then we had a long talk, the two iv us, Billy Morrow and me, and even out on the open, with the bullets And He appears to His disciples at the bullets the Dominus Vobiscum. The last From the Works of His Eminence a lot that one can talk about-fights and markets and that sort iv thing. Billy Morrow was tellin' me that cattle at home are fetchin' no end iv money now, and that a man in Ireland tion descends the Holy Chost. O with his land under flax is in a good way to make a fortune. They use flax for aeroplane wings, he was And even as he spoke an sayin'. aeroplane came over our heads, and lyin' on me back as I was, I could see it quite clear.

'To think that the flax for the wings iv that one may come from Ireland,' I says to Billy Morrow.

'And maybe from me own bit iv land, as well,' says Billy.

Denis Doherty stretched himself out with one spasmodic jerk and began to whistle "Boyne Water."

Well, that was a spasm !" Denis Doherty said in a weak voice, as a Purgatorial minute came to an end. The two iv us. Billy Morrow and me," Doherty continued, " lay there until Billy saw a stretcher bearer. 'Hi !' he shouted at the top iv his voice : 'come here !' The stretcher bearer came up.

'Where's yer mate ?' Billy asked him, and he was told that his mate was killed. 'Then we'll lift this man on the stretcher, says Billy, maning me, 'and I'll give ye a hand to take him back.' So I was lifted up on the stretcher and they got ready, the two iv them, to carry me in.

"'Billy,' I says to the man, ' ye go down the sap for ye're not able for this work with that hole in yer back. Ill lie here till someone else comes along.' The sap was runnin' down to our trenches through No Man's Land. But sorra the bit iv Billy would listen to me. 'I'm goin to carry ye in,' he says. 'I'm not so far gone but I can help a countryman in a case like this.'

"So off with me the two iv them went, but they hadn't gone very far when a shell fell very near and I dropped with a flop to the ground, stretcher and all. When the splint-ers stopped whizzin' over me head I shouted for the two men, but not an answer could I get. So not being able to move I lay there, and when other men came to carry me in it was in the grey iv the evenin' that they They found me there, with Billy Morrow and the stretcher bearer lyin' dead between the handles of the stretcher.

As Denis Doherty concluded his narrative the M.O. came across to the stretcher and proceeded to dress the man's wounds. The job was a tedithe Church with all its sacred influ-ences, fall away from religion, lose ous one, for the Irishman was

Veronica, and the effigy of the sor-rowful face is retained for ever. He this earth has seen have been is nailed to the Cross, and at the humble and docile children of the Elevation of the Host, while the Catholic Church. . . . They who chiming bells mark every posture of the celebrant at the altar, while the They who have studied her most torch bearers gather about, the thoroughly are proudest to do her smoking censers are swung aloft, honor. the flowers are scattered upon the air, and, if it be a Military Mass, the whole body silently present arms, while the devout kneelers bow their whole body silently present arms, while the devout kneelers bow their heads and beat their breasts in con-trition, lo the cry is raised on high. leave them will be poor indeed; if you would give to them that which A moment later the elevated chalice ennobles life and sanctifies death, Beems to watch the water and the that which lifts them up above the blood that seems to gush from the mere, sordid, mercenary doctrines of riven Heart of Him Who died for us. the age to understand the true value In memento, which follows, He is praying for the world; He is merci-lishes for them true principles of ful to the penitent thief, He thirsts action, true honor, true manhood ; if and He utters the Seven Words upon you would discharge well the high the Cross. (Here the Pater Noster is privilege entrusted to you, and for loudly chanted.) He dies. He des-cends into hell; and at Agnus Dei, which you must one day render an account, look to the proper training 'but for all that, it's makin' me a wee while the bells chime again, there is of your children in your homes the conversion of many at the Cross. . . . And you Catholic youth In Communion we commemorate Bis cast aside the foolish, empty pride His resurrection follows. and conceit that hold you back from From the Works of His Eminence Collect is a memory of His forty Cardinal O'Connell. days with the disciples; the last Dominus Vobiscum, of His Glorious Ascension; and with the Benedicmarvelous Sacrament! mysterious, majestical! O never failing source of joy! What a privation is theirs, CATHEDRAL OF HAVANA HELD who having once known Thee, are parted from Thee! How do they

> who seek Thee and know Thee not? The historic Columbus Cathedral of Havana, Cuba, was built over two hundred and thirteen years ago by CAUSES OF IRRELIGION the Jesuit fathers, being completed

survive who trust not in Thee, and

early in 1704. To its crypt the bones of the great discoverer, Christopher "The influence of the home life for Columbus, were removed from Santo good or evil upon the religious life Domingo in 1705. It has long been of the community cannot be overa point of intense interest of tourists estimated. The influences that are because of its historical associations brought to bear upon our minds as and the beauty of its interior decorachildren cannot quite be annihilated even by the roughest contact with tions Towering at the foot of San Ignacio. the storms of life and bitter experiences of the world.

"We can never quite forget the scenes of quiet peace and Christian happiness which made home so dear tures of invader and conqueror during four centuries, the Cathedral a place in youth, and for manhood so occupies a site which never, from the earliest recorded history of Spanish hallowed a memory, when we have gone from it forever, or they who occupation of Havana, has been other than a place of worship. formed its sacred circle are long since The original cathedral was a modest hut of timber and straw, gone to the better home, or are scattered abroad, separated in life's inmentioned as "thatch" in the ancient

terests and life's employment. "The most hardened sinner, the most forsaken wretch, at the thought archives in Seville. It was success sively burned and rebuilt, first during the regime of the early Bishop Ubite. of the Christian home of his early years must feel ashamed of his guilt, next by the French in 1555, five years and wish that he were pure and good as when his mother, now gray and after it had been rebuilt of stone by the Spanish governor, Perez de Angulo, and lastly, in its present worn with grief for his waywardness, beautiful form, by the Jesuits, of the made him kneel beside her and ask God to keep him from danger, . . . No one but God can tell how often peculiarly hued stone which is a characteristic of Cuban architecture the thought of that influence, so sacred, has stood up before men in were removed by the Spanish officials

temptation and helped them to gain where they had reposed is still to be the victory. "But when the memory of home is seen by visitors. The interior walls otherwise, when it is remembered of dark marbles, the columns of highly polished mahogany, with gilt-bronze capitals, and the choir stalls only as a den of disorder where God's name was uttered only in anger and of beautifully carved mahogany are blasphemy; where no prayer was of such enduring construction that

ever heard or taught; where the Church and all religious matters they will endure for centuries. were mentioned only to be scoffed at Carrara and the walls and ceiling or ridiculed; where there was naught but quarreling and strife, and contain many beautiful paintings. The chief art treasure is a small painting by Murillo, one of the few perhaps drunkenness to fill the measure of iniquity, who can wonder that they who have felt such influsuch extant in Latin America, depict ing the Pope and the Cardinals cele ences in early life, who have spent their youth in such surroundings, brating Mass preparatory to the sailshould go down, deeper and deeper, ing of Columbus on his voyage of discovery-Boston Pilot. into the sink of sin, should give up

THE CATHOLIC RECORD

and over to me he comes and kneels wiped off with the handkerchief of that the loftiest of characters, the one window in which the light forever burns, the one star that dark ness cannot quench, is woman's love It rises to the greatest heights, it

sinks to the lower depths. It for-gives the most cruel injuries. It is It is perennial of life and grows in every climate. Neither coldness nor neglect, harshness nor cruelty, can extinguish it.

A woman's love is the perfume of the heart. This is the real love that subdues the earth ; the love that has wrought all miracles of art ; that gives us music all the way from the cradle song to the grand closing symphony that bears the soul away wings of fire. A love that is on greater than power, sweeter than life and stronger than death.-The Catholic Bulletin.

THE INVISIBLE WORLD

By Rev. Joseph Husslein

We are surrounded by things-in-visible to us. Unseen is the air that laps us about and unseen the ether through which vibrates to us the light of distant stars.

A drop of crystal water, pendant at our finger tip, is alive with beings invisible to the naked eye, while the heavens are filled with stellar worlds which the most powerful telescope can bring into our ken only as the merest dots of light.

Even the ray of sunlight, passing through a prism, is broken into a spectrum of rainbow hues whose margin fades into the invisible, elud-

ing every quest of science. Invisible, save in the effects produced, is the mighty power of elec-tricity which God has placed at the rvice of man, to drive for him with lightning speed the massive engine wheels or bear his messages with flying feet, a servant ever at com-The flashing spark may give mand. momentary notice of his passing, or the brilliant incandescence tell us of his presence, but he himself remains

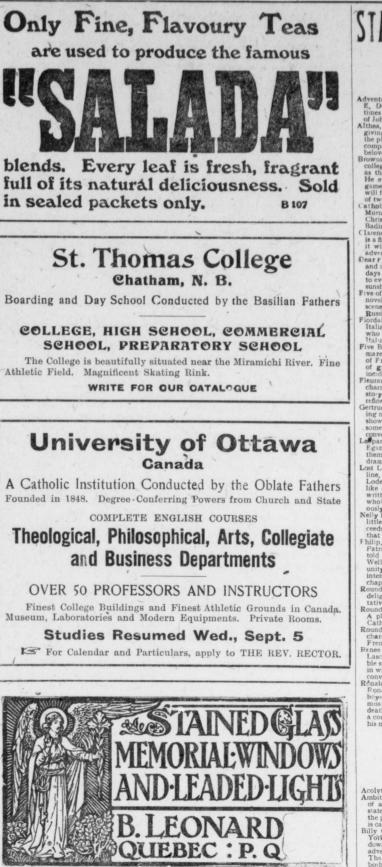
Street, on a spot which witnessed the a mystery. arrival, battles, ravages and depar. What wo What wonder, then, that in God's creation there should exist as well an invisible spiritual world of which we have authentic knowledge, not merely from the sacred Scriptures, but like wise from the manifold supernatural visitations that have at all times abounded within the Church of God ?

What wonder that in God's creation there should exist beings far mightier than we, with intelligences surpassing our own, with power and beauty and splendor that dazzle the mind, pure spirits who surround the Throne of God, lifting up their threefold, "Holy, holy, holy!" yet not dis-daining to come down to earth on their missions of mercy and to per form towards us their services of love: "Are they not all ministering spirits, sent to minister for them, Though the bones of Columbus who shall receive the inheritance of at the evacuation in 1900, the crypt salvation?" (Hebr. i, 14.)

Solemnly we are warned, because of them, not to despise God's little "For I say to you," our Divine Lord tells us, "that their angels in heaven always see the face of My Father Who is in heaven.'

More certain than the things of sense is that invisible world to the eyes of the Christian who lives by faith. What joy to know, moreover, that there is bestowed upon us, for guardian and protector, a splendorous spirit from the Throne of God. Do we give Him in return the reverence. love, obedience, and gratitude that are His due? What joy to know that

we, too, may be with Him fellow citizens of that city which, as we read in the Holy Book, "hath no need



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MY ROSARY

wounded in many places. A number wounded in many places. A number of the wounds were serious, and faith in man and then in God, and while the doctor proceeded with the while the doctor proceeded with the work of healing Denis Doherty "Wee to the parent whistled party tunes. He knew quite a number, but for all that he whistled some of them more than a dozen times before the job was completed.

CONVERT'S IMPRESSION OF THE MASS

-----By Charles Warren Stoddard

When I recall my first impressions of the Mass-if in my bewilderment I can be said to have received any impressions whatever-I assure myself that the majority of Protestants and unbelievers, who look coldly or curiously upon the altar, are as little mindful of the sacred signifi-ple are lost eternally, and are there cance and as unworthy as I was. Oh, the loss of these! Do we not Lord entering the garden of Geth-double share of wrath for yourselves semane? It is the first scene in the against that day. mystical drama, and every breath is hushed. The Divine One is lack of true Catholic spirit is pride burned with a foreknowledge of His doom. He kneels in the garden; we kind: for it is the pride of ignor-kneel with Him, and are to follow ance. It is most singular that in the Contiteor He has fallen bathed when undoubtedly so much has been in the sweat of His blood; He is be-trayed with a kiss, led away captive, grievously smitten and denied. The celebrant turns to us at the Dominus. "If you remember, St. Paul thanks Vobiscum and in his glance we see God because the Corinthians were the conversion of Peter. Our Lord rich in all utterance and all knowl-is led before Pontius Pilate. He is spoiled of His garments—at the unveiling of the chalice-scourged and crowned with thorns. Pilate washes of Christ and His Church is of all his hands of the crime, and at the sciences the least known. It is most moment the celebrant moistens his astonishing how little is known by fingers "Behold the man " cries the so-called learned men of our day Pilate and the voice from the altar of the true nature of the Catholic pleads, "Orate frates." At the Church; of its belief; of its tradi-Preface we hear the warning bell. tions; of its claims; of its history. The awful progress of the tragedy is | How truly DeMaistre says that all watched in breathless silence; only history of the last three hundred

bear the Cross, while His brow is

"Woe to the parents who thus be

tray the trust God has confided to them! With care and vigilance and prayer and constant watchfulness they should have guided their offspring up to God, looked after their religious training, showed them the example of a Christian life. . Truly, when such parents appear be

fore the eternal Judge on the last day to give an account of the children whose guardians He made them that they might teach them to love and serve Him, they will fall upon their faces and call upon the mountains to cover them from God's wrath.

"By what right will they stand upon the right side if those children upon the left among the eternally accursed? Think of it in time, you

Another obvious cause of the

watched in breathless silence; only history of the last three hundred from the organ loft comes the wail of the sigers. The beil rings; He Church, is a grand conspirace the truth or the loss the ruth and made the truth of the sigers. The beil rings is condemned to death and made made to death and made to ruth a significant the truth of the sigers. The beil rings is the truth of the sigers the truth sis the truth sigers the truth of the sigers the truth siger is condemned to death and made to against the truth.

THE WHITE CART WHEEL STORY OF AN ARCHBISHOP'S COAT OF ARMS

The old city of Mayence has for its coat of arms a white cart wheel. Its origin is thus described :

The high altar is of marble from

Long ago an Archbishop of May-ence was chosen for his piety and learning, but many remembered him

CHURCH 213 YEARS

OLD

BODY OF CHRISTOPHER

COLUMBUS

as the wheelwright's son, who had once worked at his father's calling. As the Archbishop passed in stately procession to the Cathedral to be enthroned some jeered him, and one helps upon which he had placed his individual chalked white cart wheels trust. His urgent application for permission to communicate personally on the walls of the city.

After the ceremony the Archbishop with his Bishop having been peremp saw, hanging over his head a shield torily refused, his Bisbop determined which was to bear his arms. He to visit him. It was while journeying was told that he might have what among the other islands that Bishon blazonry he liked, and he at once Mairet requested to be put ashore at ordered a painter to decorate the shield with a white cart wheel, that sel refused, the Government having sel refused, the Government having forbidden all communication with

amid the great and noble people forbidden all around him he might never forget the lazaretto. from whence he sprang. After his death the people of Maybut for Father Damien to approach

After his death the people of may ence adopted his arms as those of the city, in memory of the wise and holy rule of the wheelwright's son. -Sacred Heart Review.

INGERSOLL'S TRIBUTE TO WOMAN

It takes a hundred men to make must be unique even in missionary an encampment, but one woman can annals! Nor can one but think that make a home. I not only admire woman as the most beautiful object ever created, but I reverence her as the redeeming glory of humanity, the other passengers who crowded the sanctuary of all the virtues, the the deck-brought down a blessing in pledge of all perfect qualities of heart and head.

It is not just nor right to lay the sins of men at the feet of women It is because women are so much better than men that their faults are considered greater.

of the sun, nor of the moon, to shine in it. For the glory of God hath en-lightened it, and the Lamb is the A plain, uncostly thing it is, This rosary of mine, lamp thereof."

A PUBLIC CONFESSION

There was no alternative, therefore,

Hot kisses o'er and o'er-One of the greatest trials experi-As time goes on, it seems as though Each day I love it more. enced by Father Damien after he be-came a leper was the prohibition which prevented him from visiting

Its chain is fastened round my heart. the other islands, for this interfered And in that bondage sweet with his receiving those spiritual

I rest secure near Mary's side, At Jesus' wounded feet.

The holiest memories twine.

beads

Some day God's angel, Death shall lay His hand upon my heart, And still its throbbing ; bidding me From things of earth depart.

Then, clasped within my lifeless hands

Upon my quiet breast, This rosary shall plead to God For my eternal rest.

-GALLAGHER

It were pleasant to sit at the ecclesiastical Superior when, stand-Lord's feet. Out here in this world of His, you must dwell with sin and ing up in his frail craft with a stretch of sea between, he made his confes-sion aloud, and thus publicly received suffering; you find falsehood where you expected truth, deceit where you looked for sincerity; your ears are assailed by the cries of sorrow, and Surely such a confession as this your soul rent by the more bitter woe of the silent mourners, as they the humility which prompted this self bend above graves not made by hands abasement—for the confession had perforce to be made in the hearing of But, some may say, I have not been appointed to go down there and do the Lord's battle. He has not placed the sword in my hand, I have not received His orders. Not all of the king's soldiers are in the fighting line, else it were a sorry battle; and full well he and those struggling men down there know their strength lies in the reserve force. But when the king calls he will find his reserves ready-can you be less faithful than they? When the Master calls, comrade, let Him

that time was unable to wal that time was unable to walk without a cane, just around the house. I used it freely and inside of two days could walk without limping, something I had not done in two months. I went to the drug store and procured a \$1.00 bottle and to-day can walk as good as ever. I'll never be without it. I am recom-mending it to everyone Law for Law But round its black and shabby mending it to everyone I can, for I am Upon its cross my lips have pressed

and Limbs

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Somed from the Fold. By M mine Mary Lee. A solendid Catholics to y with a very strong moral.
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Thin of Friendships, The, By Gibert Guest, A new star has entered the gadad y of story writes.

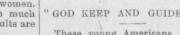
during the reign of Queen Flizabeth, Trinity of Friendships, The. By Gilbert Guest, A new star has entered the galaxy of story writers in the person of Gilbert Guest, let them not forget that this gilted witer knows as much about girls as Father Finn knows about boys. Within and Without the Fold, By Minnie Mary Lee.

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GOD KEEP AND GUIDE YOU "

ainst the truth. "Every student of history knows beak that rises above all clouds, the dren, there may be secured a world find you standing !--Anna C. Min-

full measure .- From "Father Damien" by May Quinlan.



sacramental absolution.

These young Americans, soldiers