

spots. Several ambulances met me on the way, and I heard the groans of the wounded as the wheels struck the rough places on the road. I arrived in safety and had the consolation to assist several dying soldiers. When ready to leave, I was told that a detachment of infantry picketing the nearby woods to guard the batteries in the vicinity had never been visited by a priest. I went to them immediately with a guide, and was told afterward that a shell burst overhead where I had been a few minutes before, wounding four men. I was greeted with great joy by the commanding officer, and he led me at once to a cave-like dug-out. I crawled in, and he himself and afterward most of the other soldiers followed, one by one, to make their confession. I had barely room enough to sit huddled up on a munition basket, and the penitents knelt on the damp soil at my feet, but my soul was overflowing with joy at the fervor and contrition of my numerous penitents.—Rev. Anton Westermair.

PRIESTS IN THE TRENCHES

A chaplain from the region of Verdun gives the following graphic recital of an experience: "We celebrated Easter under the shrapnel, within 800 yards of the German trenches. Our trenches had been converted into green bowers with flowers and ivy garlands. On Good Friday, fourteen stations had been marked with crosses in the communicating trench for the solemn procession. At 2:30, just as I had confessed my last penitent, a bullet hit him in the neck. I gave him first aid, and then he turned his brave eyes toward me and murmured: 'You have cared for the body, now look after the soul.' I offered up prayer while the blood flowed upon my cross and cassock. It was in that condition that I proceeded on the road to the cross, and at the twelfth station I offered the pure vermilion blood of that brave son of France to Christ and with all my heart said: 'Our Lord that blood was generously shed.'"

COMRADES IN FACE OF DEATH

A recent number of the Civiltà Cattolica contains an article on the Military Chaplains in the Italian Army. It is inspiring reading.

It tells how Father Cassiano, a Capuchin, hearing that a soldier was lying wounded about a kilometre in front of the trenches, quietly walked to him through a hail of fire, heard his confession, anointed him, and caught his last sigh; how another Capuchin, chaplain of the 12th Infantry, during a fight, seeing the ground covered with wounded, went out and began to bring them in, while the Austrians, in admiration of his courage, ceased firing to let him carry on his work of charity.

Two young soldiers who had fallen between the trenches and those of the Austrians, called out for the assistance of a priest. Father Rinaldi left the trench, holding aloft the Crucifix, but a shower of bullets greeted his appearance. He re-armed, and put on stole and cotta that he might be better recognized, but his second appearance met with a second volley; then the intrepid priest, taking the only chance left to him, crawled out on hands and knees to the two dying soldiers, gave them the last comforts of religion, and crawled back again with their dead bodies.

Among priests who have been publicly decorated are Father Pietro Zangrande, parish priest of Pescocostanzo, who, under heavy machine-gun fire, brought a wounded bersagliere into safety; Father Edoardo Gilardi, who, after having received the *medaglia d'argento* for his heroism in saving Colonel De Rossi, was decorated a second time; Father Aleramo Cravosio, who, during a sudden and intense fight, remaining among those nearest to the enemy positions, comforted the wounded and dying throughout the day, helping to remove the wounded to better cover, and to give first aid; Father Giovanni Barazzone, who in a single day carried many wounded soldiers on his back from the firing line into safety.

A TOUCHING SCENE

"War is not all hell—there are, indeed, aspects of it that bring us into contact with all that is highest and best," says the New Zealand Tablet.

"One such touching and edifying scene on the battlefield has been described by a French soldier in the columns of La Croix. This man, wounded himself, was shot down close to two other young men. Both were in great suffering and were very near death. One was a Frenchman, the other a Bavarian. The former was able to draw out from his breast pocket a small crucifix, which he lifted to his lips, and then, in a weak voice, he said the 'Hail Mary.' His companion, the German, who until then had given no evidence of life, opened his eyes, and looking at the French soldier, for a moment, he began the recitation of the 'Hail Mary' in Latin. They understood each other; both were Catholics and wished to die a Christian death. With sublime charity, the Frenchman offered his crucifix to the Bavarian, saying as he did so: 'We have striven to serve our country, and now we are going before God.' The Bavarian, as he kissed the crucifix, whispered: 'Reconciled.' In a short time the two men lay dead. May they rest in peace!—The Echo.

Necessity teaches us to bear that of which the thought is intolerable.—Archbishop Spalding.

TO THOSE WHO SCOFF

THE AGE OF MIRACLES HAS NOT PASSED

Many modern people scoff at the miraculous. They hold that a miracle is an impossibility. They hold that the universe is so perfectly made that God cannot interfere in His own creation. They think that the universe rules God. Such people have a mean idea of God and a false view of the physical world. While boasting of the greatness of humanity, they make man the puny plaything of a merciless machine, which knows no pity. These men and women think and talk this way, in the face of facts.

What a different idea we Catholics have of God and of the world, which He has made from nothing. We are well aware that the physical universe is governed by inexorable law. But we know by reason and believe by faith that God is the supreme Legislator. All things receive the laws of their being from Him. Now, every legislator can dispense from his own law. Every legislator will make such dispensation when it seems wise. Moreover, we Catholics claim for man a dignity that makes it fitting that God should interfere in man's behalf. Are not men the brothers of Jesus Christ? And is not Jesus Christ the Son of the Living God? Is there anything we can ask the Father, in His name, that shall be denied us? Why, we Catholics have been told by God Himself that if we have faith we can move mountains.

That God has interfered with the laws of His creation is a matter of record. The Scriptures are full of miracles. It is a matter of divine faith that the blind saw, the lame walked and the lepers were cleansed. Every miracle of the Christian creed is a historical fact. Reputable people have borne witness to the occurrence of these facts. Their testimony is true or all history is a lie. The infidel, the atheist, the so-called higher critic must accept the testimony of the Gospel witnesses or call in question every page of the past. There is no middle way. Either the miracles of the Gospel stand, or all history falls to the ground. Will the atheist accept this conclusion? Not he! He applies one method to the investigation of the facts of history and quite a different method to the examination of the Gospel miracles. The Gospel facts must fit his preconceived theories. The atheist is ready to call all men liars and to deny the evidence of his own senses, rather than admit a miracle that stares him in the face. And this is dubbed science!

That there have been miracles since the days of the Apostles is a matter of profane history. Not the profane history which is taught in some public schools. But profane history which squares itself with the facts of the past. The "Lives of the Saints" mention many miracles. The blood of St. Januarius periodically liquefies at Naples. The cures at Lourdes and at St. Winifred's, well have been attested by scientific men, who are not of the Catholic Faith. The great English Cardinal, John Henry Newman, tells us that: "The Catholic Church from East to West, from North to South, is hung with miracles."

We Catholics are not obliged to believe in any particular miracle not recorded in Holy Writ. But our Faith is of a peculiar kind. If we doubt every miracle that has happened since the days of the Apostles. The testimony to many miracles, since Apostolic times, is most reliable. No investigating committee sifts facts more thoroughly than the Congregation of Rites. And ecclesiastics are the least credulous of men. Wherefore Catholics need not hesitate to believe in any miracle, to which ecclesiastical authority gives credence.

A PARTICULAR CASE

The story we are about to relate, has to do with a cure of that horrible disease called cancer.

In the town of Philippsdorf, in Bohemia, near the border of Saxony, there stands a magnificent church. This church is in charge of the Redemptorist Fathers. It was built as a monument to a verified cure of cancer. Next door (No. 63) to this church, stands a house, which was the scene of an apparition of the Blessed Virgin. A room in that house was the place where the instantaneous cure of cancer occurred. The following are the facts of the case:

At No. 63, on the main street of the town of Philippsdorf, lived Mary Magdalene Kade, an orphan of a respectable weaver. With her lived her brother and his wife, Mary Kade had a special devotion to the Mother of God, and great confidence in the efficacy of the "memorare" of St. Bernard. She was never seriously sick until about her nineteenth year. Then she contracted pleurisy. She recovered from this sickness, but remained delicate and complained of internal pains. For two years she continued in this state of ill health. Then an eruption broke out all over her body. This eruption finally settled on her left breast. From her breast it spread to her shoulder and side, becoming a deep wound, full of corrupt matter.

A famous doctor, Joseph Ulbrich, was called in. Dr. Ulbrich called in consultation Dr. Grullich, of Yussdorf. Both physicians declared that Mary Kade was suffering from incurable cancer. This consultation took place on the 21st of December, 1865. Mary lingered on until the 12th of January when her suffering increased to an agonizing degree. She had received

the last Sacraments. She devoutly kissed the crucifix, and suffered patiently. She was resigned to God's Will, but her pain-drawn lips still whispered the "Memorare."

It is the 18th of January, 1886. It is 4 o'clock in the morning. This is the hour of Heaven's intervention. The cruel laws of disease shall not have their way in the case of Mary Kade. God will show them that He is the ruler of all things. He can cure cancer as easily as He can create a world. The "Memorare" of Mary Kade have reached the highest heavens. They have been heard by God's Mother. She asks another favor of Mary's Divine Son. He smiles the smile He smiled in Cana of Galilee. It was enough.

Quicker than thought, the Health of the Sick speeds to the town of Philippsdorf. The door of the sick room is flung violently open; a beautiful lady, dressed in white, with the crown and ornaments of a queen, stands at the foot of the bed. The invalid calls to her nurse, Veronica Kinderman: "Kneel down, Veronica. Do you not see? Our Blessed Lady, Mary, is here!"

And then with trembling lips poor Mary Kade began the Magnificat. When she came to the words, "And my spirit hath rejoiced in God, my Saviour," the visitor spoke and said: "My child from henceforth thou art healed"—*mein Kind, von jetzt an heiltes*. Then the vision disappeared. For a few moments an extraordinary bright light remained in the room. Veronica Kinderman saw this bright light, but neither heard nor saw the visitor. She ran to call the brother and sister-in-law of the sick girl. But before these could reach the sick room they heard Mary Kade calling in a loud voice: "My dearest brother, the Blessed Virgin has been here; I am cured!" And, sure enough, cured she was.

Without assistance Mary got out of bed and walked about the room. All pain had left the sick girl. No trace of the cancer remained, save a slight scar, which was covered with fresh skin. When Dr. Ulrich called and examined Mary, he declared that her unexpected and sudden recovery was a real miracle. The physician made a deposition to this effect.

The ecclesiastical authorities inquired into the facts of the case; decided a miracle had taken place; the "Chapel of Graces" and permission was given to build the magnificent church, of which mention was made above. Mary Kade was still living and enjoying good health in the year 1887. Such is a brief history of our Lady of Philippsdorf. Anyone wishing to verify the above case may consult the "Mariarum" of the Rev. George Ott (Pustet, 1868), or the publications of the London Catholic Truth Society.—Sebastian, in The Tablet.

A "BUSINESS" REVIVAL

In an editorial published in the Wall Street Journal some eight years ago, and republished many thousands of times by English-speaking newspapers all over the world (perhaps often than any other publication of the kind), it was pointed out that a decline in religious belief was a serious matter for the business of this or any country.

It was advanced, then, and the proposition is now repeated, that any man engaged in commerce would prefer to do business with one who sincerely believed in God, and responsibility in a future life for errors committed during his lifetime on earth, than with one who believed in nothing. To put it in the baldest form, the insurance risk would be less. Such a man would try to keep his contract, not because he feared the courts or the police, but because he believed himself responsible to the Highest Court of all.

Not long ago it was pointed out in these columns that one of the effects of the war might be a widespread religious revival. There is a difference, not of degree but of kind, between the man who sincerely believes in something and the man who doubts everything. It would be wrong to say that the form of his belief does not matter. But if he is sincere, it is better to believe something than nothing. Perhaps nine-tenths of the evils from which we suffer are beyond the reach of statutory law. But they are all susceptible to amendment by conscience through the mercy of God.

There is every sign that such a religious revival is developing; and if this is the case, it is of infinite concern to business men. Even such movements as are inaugurated by spectacular evangelists, who preach down to their hearers rather than up to their God, are significant. If that sort of froth or scum is apparent on the surface, there is a movement of greater depth and potency below. In this direction lies reform, because the only real reform starts in the individual heart, working outward to popular manifestations through corporations, societies and legislatures.

Here, then, is the better remedy, and a better promise for future business managed under the best standards of honour and humanity, than anything Congress can enact, or the Department of Justice can enforce. Here is a movement which renders investigation committees unnecessary, which brings employer and employee together on the common platform of the love and fear of God. This is the promise of the future, and it is something which Providence in its infinite mercy grants us, to assuage the wickedness and misery of war.

If this great thing emerges from the terrible conflict now in progress, if thereby there shall be created peoples sober, reverent, industrious, forbearing and not deficient in that wholesome sense of humor which is bred by pity and humility, we may say that, in spite of ourselves, through the goodness of God war is not all loss.

There is no sentiment expressed in the foregoing editorial, which we take from a recent issue of the leading financial paper in this country, that we do not heartily agree with. The decline in religion is certainly a serious matter for the business of this or any other country. When the idea of supernatural religion dies out of a people's mind, other means of fostering honesty as between man and man are tried. We have much to talk about ethical culture and social service and other panaceas; but we know only too well that they can not take the place of religion.

We agree with the Wall Street Journal that there are signs of a revival of religion. We accept even spectacular revivalists as a sign that the heart of humanity, weary of itself and its weaknesses, yearns for some glimpse of the Almighty. This present terrible conflict in Europe may be, as the Journal says, the beginning of a great return of the people of the world toward the religious conceptions that men have so long flouted. We know that in France, whose rulers for years have been notoriously anti-religious, the war has been the occasion for a reconsideration, among the people at least, of the wisdom of putting out the lights of heaven.

But why wait for great calamities like this to justify the claim of religion, to rule the heart of man individually and collectively? Why not constantly and consistently surround our youth with a religious atmosphere? Why not teach them definite religious beliefs? Why not insure the safety of the business life of the world—since the Journal treats of that—by making our schools religious? How can we expect that the men and women of the nation will know the ten commandments if we do not see to it that they learn the Decalogue while they are yet children?

Some one will answer by asking: "But do not the churches do this very thing?" We say no, they do not. They attempt to do it by Sunday school, but what is an hour a week for a study that should not be merely a part of the child's life but its very permeating influence? The fact is, by excluding the teaching of religion from the public school we place it in a secondary position in the mind of child. Think of what the ordinary school routine means to a child. It is to him as much a part of the day's work as the shop, the store or the office is to the grown-up. It is something he can not get away from. Its studies and its discipline are serious matters. His whole scheme of life is based upon school attendance. Family life is compelled to modify itself so as to agree with school hours and school demands.

What a contrast between that and the Sunday school where he goes to learn what is of much more importance than the day's work as he can learn in the day school! The Sunday school is not recognized by the community. There is no public sentiment in its favor, no legal regulation to enforce its demands. It stands apart from the life of the boy or the girl. If one is absent there are no serious consequences; and if one does not study its lessons nothing particularly unpleasant results. It lacks public prestige, in other words; and though the boy or girl does not formulate in so many words its shortcoming in this respect, there is a very definite if unconscious feeling regarding it.

By putting religion out of the schools with no public authority to back up its claims to recognition, we have placed it on a lower plane in the minds of the children than the secular studies. No matter how we talk to him about the importance of religion, our own act in shutting it out of the ordinary school life of the child speaks louder to him than our words. He feels in his heart that if religion were so essential as we say it is, we would not have outlawed it from the ordinary school work.

If we wish therefore for a definite and lasting return to religion—and the Wall Street Journal, putting it on the low plane of business thinks that we need it—the thing to do is to ensure that religion may be taught in our schools to the children; not taught, of course, as an unrelated study, but as the study that correlates all other studies and makes them into a consistent discipline and cultural whole. If the community would have the help of religion in its business and public life, it must place religion on a level at least in the schools with the study of arithmetic. The community must stand behind religion with its sanctions and its prestige if it would have religion's help to enforce that common honesty on which all business and public life is based.—Sacred Heart Review.

WORTHY OF ENCOURAGEMENT

The Ave Maria records the establishing of a new club in these words: "We read of a new association that ought to become popular with conscientious citizens everywhere—'The Trace-It Back Club.' The story goes that a statement accusing a well-known individual of fraud having

been made in a company of men, one of the group said: 'I'd like to see that story traced back to its source; for in my opinion there's not a word of truth in it.'—'Well,' replied another, 'let's organize a club to do it.' And forthwith the club was formed. The story was run down in two days and proved to be without foundation. Elated by this first success, the club adopted by-laws and arranged to meet regularly. Whenever a member opened his mouth to accuse somebody, the president had merely to remark, 'I appoint as a committee of investigation'—and he seldom got further. Although we have no definite knowledge on the point, we assume that the members of this gentlemen's club have recognized the advisability of having a ladies' auxiliary, working along the same lines as themselves. The gossips are not all masculine, truth to tell.

NEWMAN AND THE STEP THAT LED HIM TO ROME

Can a man believe, and yet not act on the truths of God?

Can one who not only "has nothing against the teachings of the Church," but, in fact, practically believes the essential tenets of the same, still hold himself apart and refuse to "go into action?"

This practical question is decidedly apropos to the lives of not a few relatives of Catholics who frequently and sometimes regularly, attend Sunday devotions, have conceived in the doing thereof a respect bordering on faith, and still do not feel called upon to make their profession of faith.

Can such a position be logically held?

We answer: It cannot, and in support thereof might cite the orders of Christ "to hear His Church" under the penalty of being classed "with heathens and publicans," but desire in the present instance to recall the case of J. H. N., as he was familiarly called by Manning, i. e., John Henry Newman, the seraphic soul of the "Lead, Kindly Light," and the leader of the famous Oxford movement to Mother Church.

His immediate action—despite the sacrifice it entailed—the moment he was convinced, is an object lesson in point, and pregnant with meaning to others similarly situated. The aftermath of the French Revolution had spread, even into English minds, the danger of state tyranny over religion, and when Newman came back from his talks with Wiseman in Rome, he found the leading lights of Oxford searching for a softening of the influence of the crown upon and in the affairs of the establishment. The food he offered for their minds was his famous "Tracts for the Times," in which his revivals of the fathers swung not a few men back to the religious, rather than the civil, importance of the Anglican church. His apparently innocent, but in reality dynamite-charged, "Tract 90," in which he calmly affirmed the concordance of the "Thirty-nine Articles," with the decrees of the Council of Trent—the articles were written before the council had finished its sessions—all the while condemning the "corruptions of these decrees by the Church of Rome," provoked a tempest and a promise on his part to his bishop that he would discontinue further tracts.

And it was during his four year retirement at Littlemore that the crisis of his soul came. It was brought about in a striking fashion.

He had set for himself the task of "The Development of Christian Doctrine," in which he essayed the removal of the obstacle which, eleven years ago in one of his tracts, he felt existed between Truth, "which bid us prefer itself to the whole world," and the Church of Rome, which would have commanded, even at that time, his "admiration, love and respect," were it not for the aforesaid chasm. As the work progressed, his historical investigations gradually removed that obstacle, and, while reading the proof sheets of his own work, conviction came. The logic of the things he himself had written he could withstand no longer! In his own words: "When he had got some way in the printing, he recognized in himself a conviction of the truth of the conclusion to which the discussion leads." (Postscript to Advertisement of First Edition.)

On the spot he acted. As the floodgates of that "Kindly Light" burst upon his soul, he could delay not a moment. He would not even wait until his work had come from the press. While it was printing he made his profession of faith before an humble Italian Passionist priest, Father Dominic (Oct. 9, 1845). The preface to the first edition is dated October 6, and before the rapidly-revolving presses could give it to the public he had become a Catholic.—Catholic Register, Denver.

WOULD FOSTER IDEA OF PROTESTANT UNITY

A Presbyterian organ, The Assembly Herald, is authority for the statement that "there are really no substantial differences between our various Protestant denominations and that we are all united on the essentials. The value, to the work of evangelization in Cuba, of creating such an impression, can hardly be overestimated." In the matter of creed, one may well inquire what is the irreducible minimum to which the sects are tending when they have at last become united on essentials.

There is scarcely a dogma of Christianity that is not denied by one or another of the Protestant denominations, and if there are now no substantial differences, the reason is to be found in the extreme to which the process of elimination has been carried. The Assembly Herald may be right in its advocacy of an amalgamation of the Protestant sects in Cuba, on the grounds of identity in essentials. The proposal, nevertheless, is most unjust to the inhabitants of that island, because the Cubans, as far as they profess Christianity at all, are Catholics, and there is a great difference in their religious beliefs and those of non-Catholic neighbors. A propaganda depending for success upon the creation of false impressions is doomed to failure, and this is the fate that all proselytizing movements deserve whether conducted in the South Seas or on Federal Hill.—Providence Visitor.

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