

It was then that a voice reached them from the other side of the room. It was the priest speaking, or rather he was praying. He had probably been praying all the time. His voice came soft and low, a little more audible, and it held the rhythm of a kind of chant, as of petitions many times repeated. The lady on the bed was dying, or perhaps was already dead. She had probably never been conscious of anything while she was lying there, but she had probably never known that the priest had come.

The girl still bending over the wounded man, was carefully applying the dampened towels to his wound. He remembered watching her and admiring the deftness with which she handled the towels. Possibly he himself might have assisted her. If his head hadn't been hurting him so terribly at the time he might have remembered better about it. He could recall, however, wondering hazily if she might be the other lady's daughter, or a sister, or only just some kindly neighbor. And he had finally decided in favour of her being just some kindly neighbor. Strange what a fellow will think of at such a time.

The wounded man had stirred and had opened his eyes, but apparently he had no idea where he was. Nor did he seem to be conscious of the presence of any one else near him. He made several feeble efforts to raise himself, and the failure of his efforts had probably conveyed to him some faint realization of the fact that he had been mortally wounded. His lips had moved painfully in an effort to speak—poor, dying, unknown soldier! And his words had come broken and labored.

"A priest! a priest!" he had managed to cry out in a kind of agonizing appeal. "A priest! a priest! O Blessed Mother! I haven't been to confession in twenty years!"

The girl, still holding the towels against his wound, had bent nearer and had whispered something into his ear, and after she had raised her face again her lips were still moving. She must have been praying. Then she rose to her feet and addressed some one—it must have been himself, though he couldn't remember what it was she had said.

Then the priest had returned to the side of the dying soldier and had spoken to him very gently, very softly. Then it was that the priest's arm showed very plainly in the candle light. The sleeve was all torn away and terribly soaked with blood, and his hand, all covered with blood, hung limp and lifeless by his side. But the priest had seemed to see only the dying man.

And as if by some miraculous effort the dying man had appeared suddenly to revive and had begun speaking to that priest, pouring out to him the pitiful story of his life. With sobs and broken sentences, with labored breathing and many gasping pauses, he had recounted the history of his wretched, wasted years to that priest, a stranger—the very man he had been sent to arrest as a spy.

And they in that room had heard it—every word of it, all the pain and secrets of that other's harrowed soul. It was a miserable, miserable story! Strange, though, that now, however, after it was all over, he couldn't recall even the smallest part of it. How very hazy his head must have been! And yet he could remember quite clearly that sobs and expressions of sorrow and remorse poured forth from that soldier's lips as he lay there dying in that awful hour. Yes, that part of it was clear enough; and he could remember quite well, somehow, the words of the priest speaking now and then, to whisper hope, to encourage and console, and blessing, actually blessing that soldier, his enemy; touching his eyes, his lips, his ears, his hand, his feet, with quick, sure motion, and speaking—or was he praying?—all the while. And the soldier lay very still and breathed heavily, though he was apparently quite conscious, and his lips were moving slightly, as if he, too, might have been praying.

Then the girl had come back to them, carrying a white cloth or two over her arm and something in either hand—a cup, he thought or maybe it was a candle and something else, though he couldn't recall just what it was. These she placed on the floor by the side of the dying man, and she had laid one cloth over his breast. Then she had knelt there very quiet in the candle light. The tears were falling, but she had kept her hands folded together close against her breast.

The priest had taken something from inside his coat, from over his heart, probably that something which he had been guarding so carefully on his way up the street to that house. He had taken it from out the bosom of his coat and had held it toward the dying man. It was something small and white, immaculately white. Something, he didn't know what it was, but to that priest and to that soldier, too, it must have been something very sacred, for when their eyes beheld it, a kind of holy reverence had been revealed in their faces.

The priest had used his arm with much difficulty and he had raised his hand only with great effort. He was growing rapidly weaker.

And after that soldier had received that small, white something, his eyes had closed and he had become so still and so silent. It seemed he must have died instantly. But presently he had opened them again and appeared to try to speak, but could not.

The priest, still on his knees, had sunk forward, overcome by weakness, and his head had found its resting place against the arm of that dying soldier, close to his heart.

And even as he sank forward, he had reached out his hand across the other's breast, as if in a kind of final blessing to those that remained in that room. His hand, turned slightly upward, had revealed his first finger and thumb pressed close together, as if they held something precious and dear.

And there they both had died—that soldier and that priest—close to each other's hearts. Yet, after all, that soldier could only be said to have accepted his death. That priest had chosen his. That priest had not been vitally wounded, only his arm, and he had died from loss of blood. If he had only made them think of his wound, he could have lived.

Perhaps the girl was thinking of that, too, as she knelt there sobbing to herself.

He could recall that he had had a desire to comfort her. He believed that he had made some kind of an effort to speak to her, to reach out his hand to her. And she had probably become conscious of his efforts, for she had looked up at him and, with some quick exclamation of surprise, had risen and started toward him. And that was all that he could remember.

And to think that they had followed the priest there to arrest him!

The soldier on the cot closed his eyes again. He was still very tired, and when he opened them once more they looked again into those of the Sister bending over him. Perhaps he had drifted off to sleep again and had not heard her enter. Or was it that she moved so noiselessly?

"You are all alike," he said.

"Yes," she agreed, though she understood none of it. She was a very true nurse.—Myrtle Conger in the *Magnificat*.

DR. LINGARD ON CONTINUITY

The famous Catholic historian, Dr. Lingard, author of what is considered many non-Catholic historians and historical students to be the most reliable history of England, puts the case against the Anglican claim for continuity when he declares: "... when we read that the actual governors of the (pre-Reformation) Church were changed, the Bishops in possession being ejected and new men put into their places; that the public worship of the Church was changed, the sacrifice of the Mass being abolished and another service substituted for it; that the acknowledged doctrines of the Church were changed, many of its former tenets and practices being condemned and new articles of religion promulgated; when, in a word, we find bishops, worship, doctrine all swept away and little remaining of the old establishment but the bare walls of the religious edifices which it had raised and consecrated—in view of all this, we do not see how it was possible for reasonable men to come to any other conclusion than that the Reformation in England was in reality the work of civil power which ousted the old Church and intruded a new Church by Act of Parliament."

However, says the Professor, as the result of much reflection on the absurdity of her position and claims, a new light burst upon Oxford Anglican, who sought to dispel the darkness which covered the ecclesiastical transactions of the reigns of Henry VIII, of Edward VI, and Elizabeth I. "To these distinguished characters," says Lingard, "it appears that historians have been doing continual injustice," and, after all, they find that the Protestant Church of to-day is really the Catholic Church of pre-Reformation days, just as, to quote Theodore Hook, "a man who has washed his face in the morning, remains the same man as before he had washed." All this says Lingard, real Catholics can only look upon as a "theological novel in which a few grains of truth lie concealed in the midst of an immense mass of fiction." Dr. Lingard, while expressing his regard for Oxfordmen as a rule, declares that the very best and most sincere among them always remain some of that anti-Catholic leaven which Protestant education is a universal discomfit throughout the nation at the recognition. Both high and low fear that the persecution will be waged more fiercely than ever. The Madams of Sacred Heart have been ejected from their schools; also the Salesian Fathers. All this in the name of Liberty!

It is true that in some places the persecution has abated somewhat, and the church bells are allowed to ring for services, but they still continue to confiscate much ecclesiastical property, as well as the property of Catholics. The bandits seized Catholic schools and now compel parents, under severe penalty, to send their children to their schools, in which are taught errors against our faith and from which God is banished. Carranza and his men wish to make figure heads of the priests of Mexico, relegating them to a corner of the church, forcing them to live inactive, not putting a foot outside to work amongst the people, in order to maintain social Catholic action.

They do not wish the priests to mingle with the people for fear they will obstruct their injustice and crime, or at least, protest against such abuses. In a word, they want apostate priests who will practically resign their sacred duties; priests who will leave in the hands of these carnivorous wolves the flock which Christ commended to them.

Did she not prosecute, excommunicate and deliver for punishment to the civil magistracy, the professors of opinions which the present Protestant Church has sanctioned in her articles of religion and which she binds all her ministers to subscribe and uphold? Is it possible (asks Dr. Lingard) that two societies, of which one is so opposed to the other in matters of the highest import, can be each the true Church of Christ? And your Anglican theologian answers: "Yes, both are the very same Church, but in a different state; the Protestant Church in a state of comparative purity; the Catholic Church deeply immersed in error, yet not so deeply as to cease to be a part of the true Apostolic Church."

It is entirely overlooked by the defenders of the Anglican Church, says Lingard in effect, that while they admit that there was a true Apostolic Catholic Church in England, they belong to a Church which describes itself as Protestant. Protesting against what? Anglicans, it is well known, reject the term, and declare that they "protested" against the errors of Rome, and by doing so, reformed herself. And as a condition precedent to this Reformation, the jurisdiction of the Pope was abolished in the Kingdom, and that of Henry VIII, (who had been declared Defender of the Faith by the Pope) substituted. Even the Convocation which Henry VIII, summoned, in order to give a kind of spiritual sanction to his new title as "Protector and Supreme Head of the Church of England," struggled hard against the demand, and insisting on the insertion of the words "so far as the law of Christ allows"—a brief respite which the King's action in divorcing himself soon put an end to, and which the fraudulent consecration of the Archbishop Cranmer (or at least consecration under false pretences and spurious oaths) was to emphasize as necessary. It is now pretty clearly established, that in matters of the Protestant religion and belief, he had no faith in the spiritual act of consecration, which he looked upon simply as a mere "seemly" form, or as a matter of etiquette, as we would say now-a-days. On the death of Henry VIII, he became the chief spiritual adviser of a child of nine years, Edward VI, under whose reign the practical details of the Reformation were carried out and applied. To the interests of the people or of God? Far from it—the advantage of Cranmer and his ecclesiastical satellites, who saw the profit to themselves in supporting a new Church based on socio-political lines.—N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

AN EXILED PRIEST'S VIEW

An exiled priest from Mexico, whose name can be had at the office of the Catholic Register of Kansas City, Mo., recently delivered the following talk at a meeting of Springfield, (Mo.) Council of the Knights of Columbus.

Carranza was recognized by this government in spite of his cruel and criminal course. The promise of religious liberty and the other liberties given us by our own constitution have remained only on the paper presented by the agent of Carranza to your government.

Since the recognition of Carranza the persecution, far from ceasing, has continued. The Cathedral of Merida, Yucatan, has been sacked by the Carranzistas, its beautiful works of art destroyed, and the Blessed Sacrament profaned. These same scenes were in the other churches some days later. Only this morning I received a letter from a friend in San Antonio who tells me that he has recently met three Marxist Brothers, who fleeing from persecution, had succeeded in reaching San Antonio. They told my friend that just the day before they left Mexico thirty priests were thrown in jail, and it is not known what has happened to them.

The revolution is terrible. In Michoacan, my state, they said five priests had been killed lately. There is universal discontent throughout the nation at the recognition. Both high and low fear that the persecution will be waged more fiercely than ever. The Madams of Sacred Heart have been ejected from their schools; also the Salesian Fathers. All this in the name of Liberty!

It is true that in some places the persecution has abated somewhat, and the church bells are allowed to ring for services, but they still continue to confiscate much ecclesiastical property, as well as the property of Catholics. The bandits seized Catholic schools and now compel parents, under severe penalty, to send their children to their schools, in which are taught errors against our faith and from which God is banished. Carranza and his men wish to make figure heads of the priests of Mexico, relegating them to a corner of the church, forcing them to live inactive, not putting a foot outside to work amongst the people, in order to maintain social Catholic action.

They do not wish the priests to mingle with the people for fear they will obstruct their injustice and crime, or at least, protest against such abuses. In a word, they want apostate priests who will practically resign their sacred duties; priests who will leave in the hands of these carnivorous wolves the flock which Christ commended to them.

When the church put forward such a model of womanhood as the little Flower of Lisieux, it was found to comprise a simplicity as complex in its essence as the Church herself; because Teresa of Lisieux was like Joan of Arc, the very perfect essence of Christian belief and practice.

"There is religious liberty in Mexico, and calm and peace where my troops control," says Carranza, and his agents, through his own press and through many daily papers of this country (paid by the bandits) "There are guarantees in Mexico and in a short time peace will come." repeats every day the press. These lies make us angry, because we know very well the circumstances by which letters received at late dates in this country believe what the press announces, and they await peace from Carranza, because there are at present some ways of communication and some commerce carried on. But peace will not come, please attend, peace will not come on foundations such as Carranza wishes to establish.

Peace is the result of justice, and this does not exist in Mexico. "Peace is respect for another's rights," as says one of the same Liberals of '57, and in Mexico there is no respect for another's right, property, nor liberties, especially religious liberty. This does not consist in permission to ring bells, nor in return of the exiled Bishops and priests, but in the freedom to exercise our sacred duties, social, political and religious. This the Carranzistas absolutely prohibit. Repeat, they want to make figure heads of the priests; they want apostate priests. Such a yoke (and I am sure I voice the sentiment of every priest) I could never tolerate. I would prefer chains and exile, which do not stain or degrade my calling and my conscience. Oh! the complaints of poor victims in chains in dark prisons here. It may be that some of them will be murdered tomorrow, as happens every day to many honorable men who do not accommodate differences with the bandits.

Here are not heard the sighs of the thousand poor men who have no food, nor the cries of the little orphan children whom the Carranzistas perdidly has left homeless, and not content with this, he wants to snatch from them their faith and confidence in God, corrupting their innocence. If in Mexico there is any calm or peace (I know very well my letters received at late dates), it is only an apparent calm of defenseless victims who can do nothing to defend themselves; it is the peace of weakness before a brutal force. What will a mannaled victim do at the feet of the executioner but bear with patience? This is the calm, this is the peace of Mexico.—Intermountain Catholic.

WOMEN WHO LEAD

It was the way of Mrs. Pankhurst that led us to look seriously into the content of their faith and confidence in God, corrupting their innocence. If in Mexico there is any calm or peace (I know very well my letters received at late dates), it is only an apparent calm of defenseless victims who can do nothing to defend themselves; it is the peace of weakness before a brutal force. What will a mannaled victim do at the feet of the executioner but bear with patience? This is the calm, this is the peace of Mexico.—Intermountain Catholic.

When the distinguished suffragette was credited by the press with the proposal to lead a suffragette parade in Washington in the character of Joan of Arc, a chill as of sacrilege swept over the ranks of the women. If any actual protest was made, we do not know; but time developed a change of character and costume, and the lady appeared instead as a herald, blowing the silver trumpet of her own acclaim. The "charger" permitted by courtesy of war to Blessed Joan, did, if we remember, have a place in the program.

Propos of this event, the traits of Joan of Arc were recently summarized by M. Maurice Waleffe, editor of the Paris *Medi*, in these words: "If there ever existed an heroic figure around which all parties and all philosophies could unite in a common worship, is it not that miraculous incarnation, unique in the course of centuries and fall of the most contradictory beauties: courage without hatred, piety without superstition, patriotism without the idea of conquest, strength without harshness, genius without pedantry, and all that leading to the dazzling brilliant feats of arms of a child who suddenly appeared in France and remained just sufficiently long to save her country and to suffer martyrdom of the most touching and cruel character?"

When the church put forward such a model of womanhood as the little Flower of Lisieux, it was found to comprise a simplicity as complex in its essence as the Church herself; because Teresa of Lisieux was like Joan of Arc, the very perfect essence of Christian belief and practice.

Teresa and Joan—two little girls, we might say. Yet how they tower

in human history! Landmarks of character and social economy, we can no more duplicate or multiply them than genius of any other sort—than sanctity may be duplicated or multiplied. M. Waleffe tells us that the little Flower of Lisieux without the idea of conquest. One might say that the other type of woman displays the idea of conquest without patriotism.

As for Teresa's little way—that "little, safe way," which one finds so enchanting and so easily practical, she herself says: "I know too that our trial is a mine of gold, which we mean to work by love. It is martyrdom that is beginning. . . . Together, my darling sister, let us enter the lists. Let us offer our sufferings to Jesus for the salvation of souls."

Many of our readers doubtless have lingered long before the painting of Bastien le Page in the Metropolitan Museum of New York, called Joan of Arc Listening to the Voices. The slim child's figure with uplifted face and strained ear, without the idea of conquest, yet already moved for battle. And then the mind's eye wanders, as under the law of contrast, to the young suffragette rebel, gluttonous conquest, seated on the steps of Parliament, the incarnate menace of government by authority. Greed of power, not patriotism, inspires her, while she kindles the fires of her own self-destruction by Hate. It is not the martyrdom of Love.

Could these propagandists hear, if they would listen, the voice of the Little Flower of Carmel? "I feel," she declares, "the vocation of warrior, of priest of apostle, of doctor, of martyr, would accomplish all the most heroic works, and feel the courage of a crusader. I would die on the field of battle in defense of the Church. . . . Like Thea, my beloved Spouse, I would be scourged, crucified. I would die flayed, like St. Bartholomew; like St. John, I would be plunged in boiling oil; I long, like St. Ignatius of Antioch, to be crushed by the teeth of beasts, in that, to become bread worthy of God," with St. Agnes and St. Cecilia I would present my neck to the sword of the executioner, and like Joan of Arc at the burning stake, murmur the name of Jesus!"

Here is the ardor enkindled by love, outdoing even the patriotism of Joan.

We are assured that our militant sisters are sustained in their sufferings by the greatness of the Cause which they have at heart. Teresa of Lisieux and Joan of Arc confessed that they were sustained by God alone. "O, how good God is!" exclaimed the Little Flower when in the agony of death. "Yes, He must be very good to give me the strength to bear all that I am suffering."

The desire for power was unknown to her. "My soul has never sought anything but truth. How earnest was my desire to make all things simple and practical for those who would walk in the path of fraternal charity! How confidently she relied upon the justice of God in hearing with our infirmities, declaring that she rejoiced quite as much in His justice as in His mercy toward us! She depended upon it, equally with charity to bring about that peculiar quality of social peace which is the ideal of every Christian heart."

Father dom Etienne, of the Grande Trappe of Montagne, said of Teresa, "I must confess that this spirit child of our Lord has no need of any one's praise. Her merit suffices for her before God, and before men."

If there is one thing more apparent than another in the militant women of our day, it is a certain childish self-will which should ever be the object of mortification in a Christian woman.

It was the little way of Teresa of Lisieux to exercise power as a nightingale sings, or a rose exhales, spontaneously by reason of her own virtue. All strife for exaltation and "recognition" was as foreign to her as to the nightingale and the rose. "Never," one of her sisters relates, "did she give her advice unless it was asked for. She never joined in conversation when she was not spoken to, always effacing herself, making herself little with regard to her sisters, loving to render service."

If ever there comes a twilight hour, succeeding the noon glare of our lawful activities, let Christian women seize it to walk in the Garden of the Soul which is inhabited by the communings of women such as these we have cited. For there, nourished by silence and reflection, the campaigns of our domestic and social enterprises may be safely devised and charted.

The most martial of women need find no thrill nor hint of "slowness" in the companionship of the temper of Catherine of Sienna or Joan of Arc, Paganarty and distinction, though undesired, were theirs, as they will never be granted to our militants, while, as for the contagion of the virtues of Teresa of Lisieux, those who walk with her will also sing with her: "To live by love!"—Emma S. Chester in *The Missionary*.

"The past of France is great," he writes. "It was a France that believed. The present of France is a calamity: France feels that she could no longer believe. Will things be better in the future? This lies in the hands of God and only God's. Oh! the people dead covers the fields. How terrible it is to be an atheist before this national cemetery!"

"I deceived myself, and you, who read my books, of what do you sing? France, France, return to the faith of your most glorious days. To abandon

God is to be lost. I do not know if I shall be alive to-morrow; but I must say to my friends: 'Loverdan dares not die as an atheist. A thought opposes me: A God exists, and you are far from him. Rejoice, my soul, since the hour is come when on my knees I can say: 'I believe, I believe in God. I believe, I believe.'"

Poer Loverdan, you did harm in your time. By this time you probably have solved the green problem.—Catholic Sun.

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