

The Catholic Record.

"Christianus mihi nomen est Catholicus vero Cognomen."—(Christian is my Name, but Catholic my Surname)—St. Pacien, 4th Century.

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HELP FROM ABOVE

Now as aforesaid simple folk look for signs and wonders to attest their belief in a protecting providence. The legendary law of East and West teems with instances; in their struggles with seen or unseen foes men have expected what Shakespeare calls "metaphysical aid." Thus the great Twin Brethren were thought to hover over the Roman armies in the field; and after the Empire took over Christianity, Constantine had the vision of the fiery cross in the sky, and read the words, "In this sign conquer," brightly flashed beneath it. The story of the Thundering Legion belongs to the same order of tangible proof relied upon by the multitude everywhere. Charlemagne's paladins, headed by Roland with his magic horn, match Arthur and his Knights in old Malory's book. In the course of this terrible War many strange tales of celestial intervention have got abroad. We have all heard of the Angels of Mons, and French soldiers have been known to invoke daily the aid of La Pucelle—the stainless Joan of Arc. In such forms does the intuition of a Presence that has unlimited resources of power and goodness foster an inextinguishable trust. By degrees, through many struggles it may be, men and women have reached an inward assurance that, as Tennyson sang, "All is well, though faith and form be sundered in a night of fear." These are not put forward to debate the "why and the wherefore" of our conjectural future. They feel that a certain ripeness of experience is necessary before profitable intercourse can take place with regard to such topics. Without barring reverent speculation, they feel that beyond a reasonable limit it tends to distract good people from the pressing duties of daily life. The claims of the weak and tempted are so insistent; casuistry about social obligations in these exacting days must needs occupy so prominent a place; the few years of our pilgrimage here are so inadequate to the growing consciousness of tasks awaiting accomplishment that we may well concentrate our strength upon our calling—surmising that the discharge of the immediate demands upon our sympathy with the best things puts us in right relation to the Infinite which envelops and sustains us. The good soldier does not stay to ascertain how the fight goes or to discuss the chances of victory; his business is to see that his part, though small, shall contribute to the desired end. The sentry on his lonely round should feel that vast consequences may hang upon his alertness, courage and fidelity. All cannot receive this, for minds and hearts are not all cast in a single mould. Yet we doubt that, as in the past, so in the years that are to come, men and women will close with an immortal hope, finding in it at once an explanation of life's most exigent problem and an inexhaustible impulse towards an elevated and useful career, so to rise above the din and smoke of the warfare that all true soldiers must wage is surely to be armed against fate. Happy are they to whom self-surrender and confidence thus mean the same thing.

THE GREAT GIFT

There is much that savours of wrong and ill desert in the world which on a nearer view resolves itself into remediable error and miscalculation of ends and means. At such times as the even current of events is broken up to its depths by some catastrophe, even the rigidly righteous are shaken in their smooth conformity to mechanical patterns of opinion and conduct. They reflect uncomfortably upon pictures which genius has made immortal—the truculent Pharisee and his despised fellow sinner; the woman who loved much and was forgiven all; the Prodigal who came back and was welcomed at the eleventh hour. Also they sometimes awaken, under the stimulus of loss and trouble, to the fact that society fosters sins which do not hurt its self-respect, merci-

lessly banning offenders who come betwixt the wind and its nobility. That is why all the supreme thinkers suspect inflexible codes, laying stress on motive and spirit as opposed to profession and formality. "There is a soul of goodness in things evil, would we but distil it out," is a truth, and how constantly and well the poet illustrates it let his best interpreters testify. Touchstone, in "As You Like It," while deeming the world good in itself, allows that "in respect that it is not finished it leaves much to be desired." There speaks Wisdom through the mouth of Prudence. Clown and philosopher meet on this neutral ground. The true humourists discern the incongruity that marks stages of moral growth; their vision is at once more penetrating and more hopeful than that of mere legalists. Irony often strikes home where denunciation hardens. In the Valley of Humiliation, where fierce Apollyon lay in wait for pilgrims, they heard a boy singing, "He that is down need fear no fall." Said Mr. Greatheart, "I dare say that boy leads a merrier life and wears more of the herb called heart's-ease in his bosom than he that is clad in silk and velvet." Yet Matthew Arnold, thinking of the Emperor Marcus Aurelius, reflected that "even in a palace life may be lived well," and we cannot doubt that pure and tender souls exalt their fragrance in St. James's as in St. Giles. Let us abjure false and narrow standards of morality; they only block the way of reform in small things as in great. The shapes and tints of good and evil are manifold, and their spectra dissolve in the beam of glorious light which issues from life's centre. We stoop, alas, when we forgive! Only Heaven crowns the penitent with pardon and blesses with noble forgetfulness. Divine charity evokes loathing of the evil out of which the white flower of virtue springs—not the proud consciousness of the crowd's approval, but the gentleness which suffuses a transformed nature, now fully aware of its own weakness and vigilant against wrong. Pain and sorrow too, in the new orientation of causes and results, is seen as the wound in the perforated shell which is closed by the pearl that irradiates beauty and is precious beyond compare.

THE APPEAL

Romain Rolland's book, "Above the Battle," with its melting appeal to the conscience of mankind and its poignant survey of the ruined lands over which the destroyer has passed strikes a tragic note which has echoes and reverberations everywhere. The War obtrudes itself in all places at all times. It colours our hours of thought and casts a shade over our attempts at recreative relief. It is the fugue-like refrain that dominates our varying moods. Yet in the hushed moments which all but the most heedless welcome, a Voice makes itself heard in the heart's depths; we are aware that behind and above the din and smoke of contending hosts cosmic powers are in control. With some of Rolland's sentimental regrets over the artistic losses—the shrines laid waste, the beautiful chateaux reduced to a desolation made hideous by brutal willfulness and brigandage, the spoiled contours and levelled forests that meet the eye where once smiling landscapes delighted the poetic sense—the practical philanthropist may have only imperfect sympathy. It depends upon the point of view. All the same "Above the Battle" is one more reminder that seen and unseen forces are engaged in this vast struggle; that it is primarily a war of ideas that is convulsing the later world, as in earlier epochs the clash of beliefs gave rise to catastrophes that changed the face of Europe and altered the course of civilization, so that even good men's hearts failed them for fear.

Above the battle, behind the veil of mundane affairs, audible to the consecrated spirit alone, the mandate falls with constraining force—its results are the signs and wonders that eclipse all grosser marvels. The quickening spirit subdues the reluctant flesh and makes it serve high ends. To forsake parents and children, houses and lands, is not a strange call; the claims of the future with its regeneration sealed by the

blood of martyrs, have always swept aside the interests of the present. Undying figures of heroic build arise in the halls of memory to rebuke weak fears and groundless convictions. We are greater than we know.

NO FAVORS FOR THIS MURDERER

It is perhaps the first time on record that the London Spectator has lent its prestige to a mischievous agitation, but assuredly the campaign it has been carrying on in both its editorial and correspondence columns for the release of Captain Bowen-Colthurst, who during the Dublin rising of Easter week, 1916, ordered the shooting, without trial, of the Irish journalist, Mr. Sheehy-Skeffington, is mischievous in the highest degree. It is quite possible that the editor of the Spectator, moving in the comparatively narrow circle of London officialdom, is unaware of the fact, but it is unquestionably true that in Canada, Australia, and the United States, the lenience shown by the military authorities in Dublin toward Capt. Bowen-Colthurst, did more to arouse toleration and even sympathy for the Irish rebels, than anything which has occurred in Ireland of recent years. It seemed to afford prima facie evidence that there was one kind of justice for Sinn Fein murderers, and another for similar offenders wearing the British uniform. The only consolation that the case afforded was that the charge that Bowen-Colthurst's crime was evidence of British savagery in dealing with the Irish was false, because the culprit himself came of a well-known Irish family, established in that country for at least three centuries.

When the court martial found Capt. Bowen-Colthurst guilty of murdering, not merely Mr. Sheehy-Skeffington, but two others, it accompanied it with the statement that the act was committed while he was temporarily insane. This saved his life, and he has ever since been confined in Broadmoor Asylum for the Criminal Insane. It will be noted that the defence was identical the same as in that of the American murderer, Henry K. Thaw, namely that he committed murder while suffering from a brain storm. Now, it is alleged, as in the case of Thaw, he has gotten quite sane again, and therefore, an appeal is being made, backed by the Spectator, to have him released.

Meagre as were the reports of Bowen-Colthurst's case they revealed several facts much more sinister than anything connected with the Thaw case. Prior to ordering his men to shoot Sheehy-Skeffington, and it is alleged, firing some shots from his own revolver to complete the assassination, he had murdered in cold blood two others (one a mere boy, who was not a rebel in arms, but Sheehy-Skeffington was an eye witness of these crimes, and since he was not a rebel, but was actually abroad persuading the Dublin people to preserve order, the inference was clear that his murder was conceived in order that the other killings might be concealed. Afterward he showed sanity enough to draw up false statements designed to exonerate himself; and so nearly succeeded that it was only on the personal orders of the late Lord Kitchener, who learned the facts from another officer, Sir Francis Vane, that he was court-martialed at all.

Under the circumstances it is disingenuous folly for the Spectator to dismiss his crime in these words: "In these circumstances he took upon himself (criminally, as one would have to say in the case of a man in normal possession of his wits) to order the execution without trial of Mr. Sheehy-Skeffington, an Irishman whom his men had taken prisoner, and whom he suspected of being a dangerous focus of rebellion." Apparently, Bowen-Colthurst, whether demented, or drunk, or merely blood-thirsty on that fatal night, regarded everyone not in uniform who came within range of his revolver, as a "dangerous focus of rebellion." As well might the Sinn Fein leaders who were justly executed, have pleaded that they regarded each of their unarmed victims as a dangerous focus of tyranny. And it must be remembered that there was a double obligation on Capt. Bowen-Colthurst to preserve the law, because he wore the King's uniform, and was in command of men enlisted to that end.

If a technical injustice is being permitted in confining him among the criminally insane when he is no longer suffering from any mental malady, there is but one course for the British Home Office to pursue. He has never had a civil trial. Let him be handed over to the judicial authorities, and tried in the full light of day. Then if it shall appear that there were any extenuating circumstances let him have such benefit of them as the law provides. If not, and guilt is proven, let him meet the fate that has befallen many a better man. Any other course

would utterly destroy confidence in the impartiality of British justice, so far as Ireland is concerned.—Saturday Night.

THE PROPAGANDA OF PAGANISM

Dudley G. Wooten, in the Catholic World

Christianity, as represented by the ablest of its Protestant advocates, is to-day in this country little more than a sentiment, a system of social service, of ethical philosophy, of philanthropic enterprise; and in more than one instance its "divine philosophy" has indeed become "procuras to the lords of hell." Its professions of humanitarian service and sacrifice are no longer illumined by the radiance of faith in the mysteries of the Godhead or in the authority and authenticity of revealed truth. Its sacred symbols have been transmuted into mere types of earthly virtues. The president of a great American university, once the citadel of orthodox Protestantism, very recently disclosed the bareness of Protestant conceptions of heroism and noble deeds when he said: "The cross, whether worn as a decoration upon the breast, or marking the dust of the noble dead, is to-day the sacred symbol of the world. It is the symbol of honor, because it is the symbol of sacrifice. The way of honor in this day of darkness and confusion is the way of sacrifice. That is the conclusion of the whole matter, as Protestantism views it. The cross—not the Crucifix; sacrifice—not the holy humility; human honor—not the holy humility; faith—not the Faith delivered to the saints, without which there can be no real faith in anything, sacred or profane."

It is not the finger of pessimism that points out these plain and unpalatable facts in the history of our times. It is rather the organized propaganda of a real and potential pessimism that has made them possible—a pessimism that preaches the gospel of irreverence and dishonors the noblest monuments of piety and patriotism that mark the annals of the race; that storms the impious audacity of the bulwarks of the world's ancient trust in truths upon which change lays not its hand and time leaves no impress; that sears man's spiritual vision and mutilates his divinity, and condemns the human soul to wander in despair, sightless to the beauties of holiness in this life and of happiness in the life beyond the tomb. But there is an antidote for the disease of this modern iconoclasm—a panacea for the ills of a paganism that is worse than the mythical monstrosities of the past. It will be found in the perdurable promise that is the cornerstone of the age-old and indestructible edifice of Catholic Christianity. The Church will never change or compromise her dogmas, and she cannot die. She has "never sold the truth to serve the hour." She stands for the only democracy that deserves to live or that is safe for a waiting world—the constitutional democracy that guards freedom on authority and liberty on discipline, and scorns the rule of the mob, "fantastic, fickle, and vain." She clothes with a sacrosanct security the felicities and purposes of domestic life, and guards with flaming sword the Christian home as the source of social order and the citadel of enduring civilization. Her Faith is the one immutable thing in a universe of ceaseless mutations. Her voice is the Voice of her Founder, and her consolations shall yet be the balm for the healing of the nations.

GROWTH HAS BEEN RAPID

CHURCH IN ENGLAND NOW HAS OVER 3,800 PRIESTS

Rev. James Nicholson, S. J., of Liverpool, speaking of "The Church in Modern England," says: "The position of Catholics in this country from the time of the so-called 'Reformation' until the passing of the Emancipation Act, was a sad one—many cruel laws existed for the purpose of stamping the faith entirely out of the land. Every device—cruel, crafty, clever and ingenious, almost diabolical—was taken advantage of with the one object in view: to stamp out the faith they held, the dearest thing they possessed, the faith of the Holy Roman, Catholic and Apostolic Church. And so they were not surprised to hear that so many finally fell away from the Church; the wonder was that a single Catholic was left at all.

The Emancipation Act, however, afforded them relief, and from that time onwards Catholicism rapidly grew in extent and influence. In a short time there was a phenomenal increase of Catholics. "In the year 1850, for instance, there were 587 priests in England. To-day there are 3,865. In that year there were 770 churches; to-day there are 1,895. There were forty-one convents in this country in 1850, whilst to-day there are 822."

O woman, so live that even your sister-in-law will approve you!

IN A BELGIAN GARDEN

E. S. Sharpe, M. A., in America

In a little town in Belgium, not very far from the front, is a peaceful convent of nuns. The convent stands in its own grounds, and in the silence of the garden, where the tall poplar trees rise like dark sentinels round the walls of the enclosure, there come at intervals the dull thud and boom of the heavy guns in the distance, slowly but surely driving the German invader out of Belgium.

In a corner of the convent garden lies a low mound, on which the earth is still fresh, for it was piled up only a day or so after June 7 of this year. Beneath the mound, with his feet turned towards the east as one who sleeps until the coming of the dawn, lies a gallant gentleman and brave soldier, who went up "over the top" at the head of his men at the battle of Wytschaete on June 7, and fell most gloriously in action, with his face towards the enemy. It is the grave of Major Willie Redmond of the Irish Brigade, younger brother of the Irish Leader, and up to the time of his death Member of Parliament for East Clare.

He was over fifty years of age when he first volunteered, shortly after the outbreak of the War. He was appointed Captain in the Royal Irish Regiment, in which he had served before his election to the House of Commons, some thirty-three years previously. He had said that if Irishmen were to come together it was to be by fighting side by side against the common enemy. And he had been as good as his word. His services at the front brought him promotion to the rank of major, and he had been mentioned in despatches by Field-Marshal Sir Douglas Haig.

Then on June 7 last came the great bombardment and the setting off of the mines, and the Royal Irish Regiment went up to the attack on Wytschaete Wood. Major Redmond could have stayed behind. But he loved his men and he preferred to go over the top with them and face the common danger. So he went, and gave his life for a cause and a faith that were more dear to him than life itself.

His dead body was carried to the convent behind the lines, where in company with other officers he had paid many a visit and where on the walls of the refectory the hand of an artist nun had painted side by side the Irish Harp and the Red Hand of Ulster; the symbol of the union of the fighting men of Ireland. In a corner of the convent garden his body was laid to rest, and the grave was tended by the loving care of the nuns.

On Sunday, October 21, a little company was gathered round the grave of Major Redmond for a touching ceremony. The General of the Irish Brigade in which Major Redmond served was there; there were staff officers of the Irish and Ulster Divisions, staff officers of the French army, three officers of the United States army, and the Mother Superior of the convent and her nuns. A guard of honor was formed of men of the Royal Irish Regiment, men from Major Redmond's Battalion, and the Inniskillings. Catholics and Protestants were the dead man's guard of honor; the men of the South and West on one side of the grave; the men of Ulster on the other, comrades in arms, the symbol of Major Redmond's ideal.

But closer still to the grave were the men who had come from Ireland to offer a tribute to the dead hero: a delegation from the Redmond Memorial Committee, representing men and women of all political parties and of both the Catholic and Protestant religions, united to pay honor to their departed countryman. The delegates were the Mayor of Wexford, Mr. Nicholas Byrne, the High Sheriff of Dublin, Mr. Myles Keogh, and Dr. Jas. S. Ashe. The silence of the garden was broken only by the rustling of the dry leaves on the trees and the far-off, dull thud of the heavy guns on the Ypres salient, as Dr. Ashe laid on the grave a wreath of Irish autumn leaves and berries, and then the High Sheriff of Dublin laid beside the wreath a bunch of Irish heather bound up with ivy leaves, that had been picked by Mrs. Redmond in the garden in Wexford that the dead man had loved so well.

But more touching than these simple tributes was the ceremony that followed, when a sod of shamrock, with the soil of Ireland thickly clustered round the roots, which had been brought from Vinegar Hill, was planted on the grave, and the soil of Ireland and of Belgium became mingled together in one. It was, so to speak, a sacrament of union; eloquent of the cause for which Irishmen are daily pouring out their blood on the fields of Flanders.

From the shamrock Dr. Ashe took the theme of his address. The mission of Major Redmond was, he said, to bring together Irishmen of all parties. He likened the shamrock leaf, as St. Patrick had done so many centuries before, to a typification of unity. And so it was planted on the dead man's grave as foretelling the unification of three contending parties in Ireland. Then he went on to speak, addressing himself to the

soldiers of the guard of honor who stood round, of the wonderful co-operation of the North and South Irish troops who had stood, had fought and bled and died side by side in this the greatest of all wars, for a common principle of justice and righteousness. From their union, their forgetfulness of self-interests in a great cause, he saw the coming of the day that should bring justice and happiness as well as peace to their own country.

He finished speaking, and silently the delegates left; the military officers left, the guard of honor and the few spectators were gone, and only the Mother Superior and her nuns remained. As they still stood by that grave in the Belgian garden, in the distance the big guns roared and boomed. For the life-work of Major Redmond is finished, and his name has gone down in imperishable honor; but the cause and the Faith for which he lived and for which he died still go on. And when the last gun has been fired, and the last shell has crashed its way to the earth; when the red and bloody night of war has passed, and the day of peace returns, the shamrocks from Vinegar Hill will yet be green on that grave in Belgium, and it may be that their prophecy is fulfilled.

SACRED HEART AND BANNERS OF FRANCE

The Bishop of Autun, in a letter to his flock urging a fresh outburst of devotion to the Sacred Heart, reveals a new phase of the life of Blessed Margaret Mary Alacoque. In addition to her general mission she had a special mission to France as a nation, which is attested by letters in the archives of the Visitation convent at Paray le Monial which were not hitherto published and from which Mgr. Berthelot quotes. Louis XIV., the head of the state, was urged to build a church in honor of the Sacred Heart, and to consecrate himself and his family to the Sacred Heart. It was also promised that if the armies of France bore on their standards the image of the Sacred Heart they should be invincible. The Bishop concludes from this that it is not merely the pious Catholics of France who can save the situation, but that the whole nation officially must turn to God and offer their homage to His Sacred Heart. At present the image of that emblem of divine love is forbidden not only on the national flags but on the breasts of the soldiers. It is said, however, that many a banner carried the badge secretly pinned in its folds.—The Monitor.

THE CHANGED ADDRESS

In the moment you read that henceforth his address was "The American Expeditionary Forces" you lived through the agony of years. Many a mother read it through her tears, and the brief legend stirred love in many hearts. Yet in its deep longing, its tenderness, its yearning to shield him from all harm, that love would not hold him back. There was pride in it that one dear to us had crossed the sea in answer to his country's call to fight for liberty. Wreathed with love, his name lives in hearts that can grieve but never forget. They are the hearts of mothers who bear their sorrows to the merciful Master; the hearts of children made sanctuaries by the Eucharistic Christ, whose every throb is a prayer that God "may bring him back," with peace secured through victory, speedy, righteous and stainless.

Immense is the cruelty of the man who would add one degree of suffering to the burden of fathers and mothers, brothers and sisters and sweethearts, so brave in their sorrow, who remain at home to watch and work and pray. Hence to suppress false reports of reverses in the field, is a matter of deep concern to all men worthy the name, and no doubt, is engaging, as it should, the attention of the authorities at Washington. Unfortunately, there is reason to believe that what seems a conspiracy for the propagation of falsehood is at work. Last spring the utterly unfounded report of a great battle in which our navy suffered severe losses appeared almost at the same time in many American cities, and with it came gruesome tales of wounded men transported to the naval hospitals. More recently, under circumstances that point to a common source, statements that soldiers were committing suicide in the various camps were circulated, to be capped by the preposterous statement that the secretary to the President, discovered in treasonable acts, had been sentenced to death by a secret tribunal.

The harm done by the thoughtless repetition of these "rumors" may be very great. We may look for more and even sillier reports before the war is brought to a successful conclusion. If bad news comes, and it may, let us not make it harder to bear by foolish exaggerations.—America.

An itching palm is a poor decoration for the sanctuary.

CATHOLIC NOTES

The Chinese have discovered a process of weaving textile fabric suitable for clothing from fiber derived from banana stalks.

Mr. M. J. Haney, the President of the Home Bank of Canada, is to be classed as one of the large individual participants in the Victory Loan. He has personally subscribed for \$100,000 of the Bonds.

Philadelphia, Nov. 8.—Five million dollars, in addition to the \$3,000,000 now being raised by the Knights of Columbus for recreation work in army cantonments will be collected, according to Supreme Knight James A. Flaherty, this city, head of the order in this country.

What is known as the "cottage plan" has been adopted by the diocese of Fort Wayne, Indiana, for a new orphanage to be located on a tract of 90 acres of land. A group of five cottages, two stories in height will be erected at a cost of about \$160,000.

Cardinal Gibbons of Baltimore has warned his people to be on their guard against what is called an endless chain of prayers for peace. If Catholics get these prayers with the request to pass them along, let the literature be thrown into the waste basket. In fact, all such requests—in the matter of the endless chain business—should be treated in the same manner.

Very Rev. A. F. Carlyle, Lord Abbot of Caldey Island, Wales, who with twenty-two Church of England clergymen joined the Catholic Church in 1913, has arrived in America to study Catholic seminaries and industrial schools. "Fifteen thousand men have been converted to the faith at the front. Christianity is not losing because of the War," said Lord Abbot.

Great satisfaction has been felt in Ireland on the decoration of Mr. Redmond's gallant son, Captain Redmond, on the field of battle with the D. S. O., and at the autograph letter sent by the king to the Irish leader on this occasion. A deputation from his native county has also been invited by the military authorities to visit the grave of the late Major Redmond in France.

Another proof of the broadmindedness, which is becoming more and more characteristic of the American people, was furnished by the will of the late Isaac Taylor of St. Louis, Mo. He was a student of St. Louis University in the 60's, but remained a staunch Protestant all his life. Nevertheless he left \$3,000 to his Alma Mater, and \$5,000 to Father Dunne's Newsboys' Home, gifts which could be called generous in view of his meager estate.

The fund for the National Shrine of the Immaculate Conception, to be erected on the campus of the Catholic University of America has reached \$79,000, and on the Feast of the Immaculate Conception, December 8th, the first chalice of the Shrine will be completed. This sacred vessel has been made from the gold, silver and precious stones sent to the University for that purpose, and the names of the donors have been placed upon a small scroll and inserted in the stem of the chalice.

Mr. J. L. Murray, Secretary-Treasurer, Catholic Army Huts, acknowledges the receipt of \$30 for Catholic Army Huts, collected by the promoters of the Shrine in the Sacred Heart, St. Mary's Church, Indian River, P. E. I., and forwarded to Major Rev. J. J. O'Gorman, Ottawa. Father O'Gorman has now proceeded overseas, and requests that further contributions to Catholic Army Huts be forwarded not to him, but to Mr. J. L. Murray, Canadian Secretary-Treasurer, Renfrew.

The Rev. C. S. Sheehan, who, before he volunteered for the front as a chaplain, was a professor at St. Colman's College, Fermoy, has been decorated with the Military Cross for gallant conduct on the Somme. "On hearing," says the official report, "that there were a lot of wounded in the front trenches, he went there, and remained with one of the battalions three days. His conduct was most conspicuous in attending the wounded and burying the dead, particularly so when, on hearing that some men of another battalion had been killed in the front line trench, he proceeded there under heavy fire, and carried out the burial service."

The Jerseyville (Illinois) Knights of Columbus has arranged to give gold rings, with the red, white and blue emblem of the order, to all the members of the council who have enlisted and who are going into the draft army. The rings are given as a token of esteem from the lodge to the soldier boys who are to fight for principles of liberty and democracy. A ring is the only piece of jewelry a soldier is allowed to wear, and the K. of C. emblem rings will serve, not only as a reminder that the council members "back home" appreciate what the boys are doing, but will also be a means of recognition to other members of the order in service and to army chaplains who may administer the sacraments to the wounded and dying on the field.