

MONTH OF THE ROSARY

While we were sitting in our sanctum, thinking over the composition of an editorial on the "Month of the Rosary," our eyes fell upon the title of the following story, which the business manager had clipped from one of our exchanges, and laid upon our desk: "An Old Irishwoman's Rosary Beads." It might start our sluggish thoughts, we said; so we eagerly grasped at the promising clipping. When we had finished reading it, we came to the conclusion that the story itself would deliver the message, which we were contemplating for our editorial, much more effectively than could any words of ours. We believe our readers will be of a like opinion, after they shall have read it. Here is the story:

"Do you see this crucifix? Well, when I look at it, I think how Jesus died for me on Calvary. I think of all His wounds, of all His sufferings, and I say: 'Sweet Jesus, give me the grace never to offend you,' and she fervently kissed the cross.

"Now, do you see this big bead and these smaller ones? That tells me there is only one God, and in that one God there are three persons. You can see there are also six big beads in the rosary and a medal which reminds me of a tabernacle.

"We listened in awe, and silence, and Clare had drawn nearer to the old woman.

"These six large beads remind me that there are six commandments of the Church besides the commandments of God, and that I must keep them, and the holy woman began to say them, then stopped to take breath.

"When I go about the world trying to earn my living honestly, I say the joyful mysteries. When the day's work is hard, and I ask myself, whether I will have any supper, I repeat the sorrowful mysteries, and I say to myself: 'Mary Feenan, why are you uneasy? Sure, all this will end one day, and God will give you His grace in the faith.' And then I have bravely surmounted my difficulties, the least that I can do is to recite the glorious mysteries in honor of her, who is the Mother of all. And this is how I spent my life."

"Let us go; we have heard enough," said my husband. "Give this poor creature her beads and let her go."

"Not one of us cared to speak of the wonderful things we had heard, but I asked myself was that the religion I had been taught to despise? I often saw Mary again. She cheerfully gave me her dear Rosary beads, when I asked her for them. At last the day came when I asked F— to instruct me for baptism.

"When I had been received into the Catholic Church, I told my husband of the fact. He was very angry, more angry than I had ever seen him. But I waited and prayed, and after some weeks he said to me: 'Go to your Church, if you will; the children and I will go to ours.' The time passed thus, until one Sunday morning I said in my turn: 'Come with me today, Harry.'

"I yielded, and before the end of that year I had the unspeakable happiness of seeing my seven children and their father received into the bosom of the Catholic Church."

"That is how you have always the old Irish woman's beads about you?" I said, after a moment's silence.

"Always, Father. And very often on my reception days some lady of my acquaintance comes to examine the stones of my beads. 'Oh, Lady, what strange stones! Have they come from India?'"

"No, not from India. 'Are they very precious?'"

"Oh, very, very precious! They are worth millions to me."

"And when I have fully roused the curiosity of my questioner, I relate to her this story just as I have told it to you. So you see my poor old Irish woman's rosary beads are still doing their good work, still continuing their apostleship." —The Catholic Telegraph.

A PROPHECY OF THE WORLD WAR

Rev. Joseph Huselin, in Our Sunday Visitor

Twenty years before the outbreak of the world war died the great Catholic poet, Francis Thompson. So perfectly did he understand the century in which he lived—"Born with their cannon talking at thine infant ear"—that he was able to predict a still more terrible ordeal, an "ampler devastation" than the modern nations of Europe had ever yet experienced.

Gifted with the vision of the seer, to behold in wondrous clearness the details of that coming struggle; but in particular was his eye cast upon the sufferings which the Church should still have to undergo. He saw her as she had been despoiled by the powers of the earth during the long years that had passed since the "Reformation." The mystic "Lily of the King," she had spilled on the wind her "scent of Paradise." Men had failed to understand her teachings and her Divine Sacraments. It was thus that those pernicious principles were able to gain ground which at last led the nations into the greatest of all wars, the result of the world's neglect of her.

"Unquenched" by men, she still remained the Bride of Christ, the Lily of the King. What, though her silver petals might be bent into the dust, was not Christ, too, humbled in His sufferings?

"O Lily of the King, low lies thy silver wing, And long has been the hour of thine unquenching; And thy scent of Paradise on the night-wind spills its sighs, Nor any take the secret of its meaning."

But the hour of the world's sorrow was to arrive, the hour of its affliction for having turned away from

her and her Divine instruction, from that doctrine of Christ which she was commissioned to teach. Yet greatest of all was to be her own immeasurable grief, because greatest of all was her love for men. At the very outbreak of the War her aged and venerable Pontiff was to die broken-hearted, his saintly head bent low beneath the burden of the world's affliction. No less profoundly was his great successor to be moved, and Christ in their love and zeal were to be his appeals to the nations in arms.

"Most sorrowful of daughters" was to be that Church herself into whose heart were to be gathered the tears of mothers and the cries of orphans, and all the world's great woe at the ruin of the youthful lives poured forth in that "breaking of the waters." Clearly the poet had foreseen it all:

"O Lily of the King, I speak a heavy thing, O patience, most sorrowful of daughters! Lo, the hour is at hand, for the troubling of the land And red will be the breaking of the waters."

But there was no misgiving in the poet's heart. Through the darkness he beheld the coming dawn. Never had God ceased to guard His Church and the hour of His Providence was now to be at hand, when His power would be shown the more in her regard. Large with comfort and with strength were the poet's words of courage.

"Sit fast upon thy stalk, when the blast shall with thee talk, With the mercies of the King for thine avenging; And the just understand that thine hour is at hand, With thine hour at hand, with power in the dawning."

Thus in striking words did he foretell the religious weakening that was to follow, the great above very glory of the Church and the power of God shown forth in her were indeed to enrage her enemies the more. Her goodness itself and her solicitude for all mankind were to raise up accusers who should bear lying testimony against her, as had happened to her own Divine Master.

And their testimony would conflict, for it was to come alike from both sides of the great struggle and each was to accuse her of a greater friendliness towards the opposing powers. But her own interests were to be solely the interests of God, and she would wish only to save alike the souls of all, as Christ had died alike for all.

This truth men must come to see and recognize, and they must turn to her, who stands like Christ above the turmoil of the storm, lifting up pure hands of prayer and extending a mother's love and services to all mankind. Grandest of all and most prophetic are the words that now follow, foretelling the power of Christ made manifest in His Holy Church:

"When the nations lie in blood, and their Kings a broken brood, Look up, oh most sorrowful of daughters! Lift up thy head and hark, what sounds are on the dark, For His feet are coming to thee on the waters."

THE GREAT CAREER

One of the most touching things that we have come across in connection with the tragedies of the war was the comment of an American mother when she learned that one of her boys had been "killed in action."

When told of his death she calmly said: "It is a glorious thing to be a soldier in which one can give a son in such a cause." The woman appreciated the privileges of motherhood.

In the past few years there has come from certain women a protest against the decree of their nature and a demand that their sex owes a duty to the future of the race that woman alone can fulfill. Not like this great American mother do they appreciate that motherhood is "a glorious privilege, their profession believe nothing of its joys and hold this greatest function of their sex to be an insupportable burden thrust upon it unwillingly and which women have a right by any and all means to avoid.

A career for woman is supposed to be incompatible with motherhood and for some reason undefined, those women who have chosen a so-called career affect to consider themselves at that account superior to the balance of their sex. Yet in refusing to become mothers they have rejected the most perfect and greatest career for women. To say a woman is a mother is to say all. She has fulfilled the designs of her nature, has poured out and completed her womanhood.

To the joys of motherhood has been added the halo of sacrifice. The mother can look beyond the narrow bounds of her life to the future of the race with its limitless possibilities. No "career" confines her vision to the present. Her heart beats in unison with future generations and in all the deeds that are to be done she has a part. Let those who will wrattle their in marriage and the bearing of children they cannot "preserve their individuality."

The mother not only preserves her individuality—she perpetuates it. Upon civilization she can impress her personality by the son she nurtures in the principles of morality and patriotism. Her unselfishness, her spirit of sacrifice and response

Food will win the war; don't waste it. Left-overs are made palatable and nourishing by the addition of BOVRIL a small quantity of

to the calls of duty have an influence far more reaching than can be expected by the woman with the "career." There have been few really great men in history who have not stated that they owed all that was in them to their mothers.

While in the Catholic Church there are many women who have "chosen the better part," their choice was made in the spirit of sacrifice; in relinquishing to become wives and mothers they did it as their greatest sacrifice. They felt it to be as their greatest sacrifice to their Lord they refused not their sweetest and dearest possession—the hope of motherhood.—Catholic Sun.

SISTER WHO WORKED 35 YEARS WITH LEPROUS IS DEAD

Honolulu, August 25, 1918.—In a wireless today from the leper settlement on Molokai, news was brought of the death of Sister M. Marianne, one of the best known and best loved Catholic Sisters in the Islands.

Sister Marianne died at 1 o'clock last night, and was buried with all honors this morning at 10. She was buried in the quiet little graveyard at Kalaupapa, where she had spent so many of the best years of her long life.

Sister Marianne, or "Mother" Marianne, as she was affectionately known to all, was the head of the entire Order of St. Francis in America. She came to the Islands in 1888 with seven other Sisters to start a branch of her religious order. This was done at the desire of King Kalakaua through his premier, Mr. Gibson. Upon her arrival in the island in November, 1888, she took charge of a home for the children of lepers in Kakaako. The following March she was sent to Hawaii, Maui, where she was in charge of a hospital for all kinds of diseases, including leprosy. In 1888 she was sent to Molokai, where she had been for the last thirty years working faithfully in the leper settlement and rendering comfort and assistance to the unfortunate sufferers from the dread disease. She was the head of the Order of St. Francis in America.

Read what Mr. J. Harrop says: "I have been crippled up so completely that I could not stand. Work was out of the question. A few doses of Gin Pills put me right. I cannot praise Gin Pills too much, and every one should have a box."

Mr. Harrop's experience with Gin Pills has been the same as thousands of others, in all parts of this continent. Take the case of Mr. B. Milford, Galetta, Ont. Mr. Milford had been troubled with backache and kidney trouble for so long that his wife determined to find a remedy for his affliction. Having become convinced that Gin Pills were what he needed, she persuaded him to commence treatment with this well-known remedy. He did so, and surprising results were obtained almost immediately.

This is an extract from Mrs. Milford's letter: "After one dose of Gin Pills my husband found them to be exactly what he needed, and after taking two boxes he was completely cured."

Case like these prove the value of Gin Pills. Try them: 60c a box at all dealers.

PILGRIMAGE TO SHRINE OF OUR LADY OF GRACE IN ITALY

Rome.—At Leghorn recently His Eminence Cardinal Gasquet, prefect of the Vatican archives, the bishop of Leghorn, the mayor and the municipal councillors, the consuls of France, Great Britain, the United States and Belgium, the members of the Cathedral chapter, the parish priests and 30,000 of the inhabitants of the city, made a pilgrimage to the shrine of Our Lady of Grace, some distance from the city walls.

The shrine of Our Lady of Grace has been an object of veneration by the citizens of Leghorn for more than seven hundred years. At the shrine was a guard of honor consisting of Italian, English, French and American soldiers. After the gospel of the Mass, which was "pro tempore belli," the Bishop of Leghorn delivered an address, during which he thanked Cardinal Gasquet for coming to Montero and conveying the blessing and indulgence which the Holy Father had conceded to the pilgrims.

At the conclusion of the sermon the "Royal March of Italy" was played, followed by the national anthems of the Allies. The Mass continued, and at its conclusion an Italian officer spoke to the allied soldiers in English and French.

THE BLUE BADGE

There has been a very, very slow turning by Protestantism to the Mother of God. It is one of the hopeful signs seen amidst the crumbling of these religious bodies. Official Protestantism, whose creed was spun in the chancelleries of empires, was not concerned that its tenets be logical, satisfying or complete. It took American Protestantism a century to loose itself from this domination. But slowly it is veering away. It is unfortunate that the trend of the mass of it is to irreligion, but the zealous few are slowly finding their way back to the Truth which has been withheld from them for four centuries. An announcement

Standard Library

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Adventures of Four Young Americans. By Henrietta E. Delamare. This book describes the stirring times during their trip across the continent of Johnny who was lost in the Catskills, Amiel, the Englishman, by Francis Aveling. Alley Moore. A tale of the times, by Richard Bapts. O'Brien, D. D. Showing how the world's great nations are managed and justice administered in Ireland, together with many stirring incidents in other lands. The story tells of the heroic lives of our Irish grandmothers and grandfathers. There is no lack of incident and action. For those interested in Irish history of these later days Alley Moore's new dress will serve a good purpose.

THE LITTLE BADGE OF BLUE The greatest service ever paid By woman to her race. Was rendered when the Virgin Maid First looked on Jesus' face.

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