



STORIES OF THE WAR

"The more one observes the books and magazine articles relating to the great war which have appeared within the past two years, the more one realizes how little we know about it all," remarks a thoughtful scribe. How could this output of war literature be other than unreliable for the greater part? Partisan feeling and the inaccessibility of the facts make impossible the securing of an impartial and authoritative account. And in this aspect of the war history is merely repeating itself. In November, 1758, Dr. Johnson wrote in the Idler:

In a time of war the nation is always of one mind, eager to hear something good of themselves and ill of the enemy. At this time the task of news-writers is easy. They have nothing to do but to tell that a battle is expected, and afterwards that a battle has been fought, and in which we and our friends, whether conquering or conquered, did all, and our enemies did nothing.

Among the calamities of war may be justly numbered the diminution of the love of truth by the falsehoods which interest dictates and credulity encourages. A peace will equally leave the warrior and relater of news destitute of employment, and I know not whether more is to be dreaded from streets filled with soldiers accustomed to plunder, or from garrets filled with scribblers accustomed to lie.

Commenting on Johnson's frankly expressed opinion, Herbert Spencer, in his book, "Essays and Comments," declares that in the industry of misrepresenting and manufacturing war news "a century and a half seems to have made but little difference." He puts forward the press campaign in the South African war as a concrete example:

Day by day the reports of the South African war have been full of fictions, exaggerations, garblings: much has been falsified, much suppressed. . . . Further we have the confession on the part of a special correspondent that misrepresentation was an established policy.

And then another correspondent, Mr. F. Young, himself personally concerned, testified that the military censorship not only suppressed facts but diffused fictions. As an illustration of conflicting opinions, Spencer gives the following views in regard to the Boers:

Concerning whom, until recently exasperated by farm-burning and woman-driving, the accounts given by captured officers and men were uniformly good, and of whom the late Sir George Grey said: "I know no people richer in public and private virtues than the Boers,"—of these same Boers Mr. Ralph, correspondent of the Daily Mail, wrote that "they are neither brave nor honorable; they are cowardly and dastardly; semi-savage"; "inhuman"; filled with "Satanic premeditation," etc.

And thus reports went on. . . . while the great mass greedily swallowed, as in Johnson's day, reports good of ourselves and ill of the enemy. Public credulity was shaken, says Mr. Spencer, "only when a press report of Chinese 'atrocities'—that never happened—was proved baseless. This aroused suspicion of the varying accounts of events in South Africa, and 'drew attention to the habitual falsification of news,'" Spencer continues:

arrest England's attention. . . . were deliberately invented. Similar "news" service is rendered day to day, but so far no Herbert Spencer has come forward to bear frank and fearless testimony to the truth. "That free and freedom-loving Englishman who has been hailed as the greatest mind since Aristotle," is the apt description of Spencer given by a writer in the Century Magazine. This may be claiming too much for him; but he was at least an eminent Englishman, with all an Englishman's pride in his country. Yet he could feel scorn for the fabricators of atrocities, even though such fabricators were his own countrymen.—Sacred Heart Review.

"AS BEAUTIFUL AS GOD"

That great men do leave their impress on the path of time may be illustrated in the following. The story is related by a pastor of St. Louis, where the incident occurred, and illustrates the love for children felt by the late Archbishop Ryan:

On one bitterly cold day a poor little Russian Jew had picked up along the tracks scraps of soft coal. The boy was small and weak; the coal was too heavy for his strength, and he stumbled more than once on his homeward journey. At last, turning a corner full tilt, he ran into a gentleman of commanding presence. The coal scattered and the dust rose. The frightened boy stopped and began to stammer an apology, but the gentleman with a genial smile broke in: "I came too suddenly upon you, my little man," and he looked down upon the child picking up his fallen treasure. "That load is too much for your small shoulders. I think mine are broader," and he swung the burden to his own shoulder. The amazed boy leading the way, the gentleman carried the load to the poor tenement house, heedless of the "slack" dust that fell at every step. A few hours later the Rabbi visited the tenement and saw that provisions and coal were left for the half-starved family. The boy tried to tell him of the wonderful gentleman who had carried his burden for him, in this poetic way: "His hair was ruddy, and he smiled in his eyes. His voice was like silver bells, and he was tall and as beautiful as God!" The Rabbi was deeply touched. It was the Catholic bishop," he said. "Never forget to pray for him." Only saints of the height and lowliness of St. Francis of Assisi can do such acts.—New World.

SPIRITUAL ILLUSIONS

There is a large number of devout and earnest Christian souls in the Church who edify those who see and know their lives. They do not know the good they do to others. They are often in anxiety and distrust themselves, lest they be found unworthy before God, although they are doing their best to serve Him. It is well that we should distrust ourselves. We may become overconfident like the Pharisees who trusted in themselves and despised others. Our Lord was kind and compassionate to all save those Pharisees who tried to appear what they were not.

As the good are unaware of their goodness, so the wicked are often blind and ignorant of their sins and vices. They are self-deluded and filled with illusions and self-love. Their conscience no longer registers truly. They are so accustomed to these illusions that they do not see themselves as they really are. They are careless and indifferent about the practice of their religion. They pick and choose what they will believe. They do not follow out the law of Christ.

Let us take a few examples of this self-deception or delusion, which arises from a neglect of prayer and examination of conscience and of confession and Holy Communion, and from a lazy, careless way of doing only what is convenient. Some Catholics get married outside the church. They know they do wrong. At first their conscience troubles them, but gradually it gets blunt and with time they grow indifferent to the fact that they are living in unlawful union, and they despise and hate the Church that is a silent witness to their life.

Some of us may have assisted at the bedside of someone dying. The shadows of death are closing upon him. The doctors have given up all hope of his recovery, yet the dying man knows not of his doom. He who is without hope is hopeful. He makes plans for the future. He tells what he intends to do in business, or what good deeds he will do when he gets well. In other words, he knows full well that the Church, of which he is a duly appointed representative, has no alternative but to take a back seat and let him have his say.

Evidently the words of Dr. Manning, of Trinity, New York City, were most opportune: "It is the Christian faith, the Gospel itself, which is in question, and which is being undermined by the insidious teaching that all matters of doctrine and belief are of minor importance. On all hands, in our own communion, as well as elsewhere, we see the denial, more or less open, of the facts contained in the Apostles' Creed. A well-known layman of this Church declares publicly that the article of the creed, 'I believe in the holy Catholic Church, is known to be a pious fraud.' The rector of a leading

parish asserts that no one of intelligence longer accepts seriously the ridiculous Apostles' Creed. Another declares at a public meeting that the sacraments are dead—dead—dead." There exists then, as we can well see, a condition of things in the Protestant churches which sooner or later must inevitably result in the utter dissolution of the Protestant system. In other words, Protestantism is on its death-bed. The people are not going to be hoodwinked indefinitely. If Christ is not risen again, then is their preaching vain, and the people are not going to stand for it much longer. Much less are they going to be willing to pay for it. If questions of the Virgin Birth, etc., are not to be essential to Church membership in the future, it is but another way of saying that there is not going to be any Protestant Church in the future. For they who no longer believe in the Incarnation and the Atonement can have no further need for any kind of Church membership.

THE ASCENT OF RATIONALISM

AS RECENTLY STATED BY THE REV. G. W. MCPHERSON, A RAPTIST MINISTER, AT A RELIGIOUS MEETING IN NEW YORK

"The question before the Church (Protestant) to-day is: Whom shall we believe, the teachers of modern evolution or the writers of the Bible, Herbert Spencer, or Jesus Christ, the Apostle Paul or Union Seminary. This is the issue. We cannot dodge it. The fight is on." What a sad commentary on the confused mass of ideas which, taken collectively, make up the Protestant system of religious belief! For some time, the present writer has insisted that Protestantism is the highway to infidelity by way of skepticism. This is not to say that the ordinary Protestant is an infidel, or to any large extent, necessarily skeptical; but it must be quite evident to all who are able to read the signs of the times, that rationalism is on the throne and means to remain there. Moreover, no sincere Protestant can afford to be unmindful of the note of warning that is sounded from time to time by certain of their own leaders.

Such fundamental doctrines of the Christian religion as the Virgin Birth, the bodily resurrection of Christ and the reality of the miracles of Our Lord are no longer looked upon with favor by Protestant modernists. At some of their seminaries, such as Union, these doctrines are openly denied. As the Rev. Mr. McPherson put it: "It is rationalism on the throne. It teaches that all life must be interpreted from the standpoint of evolution. It rejects the infallibility of the Bible and teaches that there are no revelations to men, save what comes from men's struggles and experiences."

As Dr. Reiland, the modernist rector of St. George's Episcopal Church, New York City, said recently—in the initial copy of his new parish Monthly: "The new way of looking at things is not only certain to transform our principles but our practice. Heretofore a place in church has been assured to the people of faith and fortune. Hereafter we will give place to those who have neither. The doubter, the sinner and the poor will find access and free pews will be open to them. The Church will say to everyone: 'Believe what you can and leave the rest; give what you can and let the rest go. Questions of the Virgin Birth, the nature of the Communion, Atonement, and the ministerial authority will not be essential to Church membership in good standing.'"

Dr. Reiland dismisses the question of the tenet of his Church regarding the Apostolic ministry as "one of the most glittering specimens of blasphemy in the ecclesiastical field." For the information of certain of our readers, we will say that St. George's Church, if not the largest, is one of the largest Episcopal parishes in the United States, having a communicant list of five thousand five hundred and sixty-four members, according to the most recent report. One can gather an idea of the scope of the work from the fact that Dr. Reiland has five assistant ministers on the staff of co-workers, five the statistics in order that it may be clearly understood that Mr. Reiland is no ordinary man, holding some insignificant charge somewhere in the backwoods. He is in the limelight, and what he says and does must be reckoned with. The fact, then, that it is Dr. Reiland that tells us that "Questions of the Virgin Birth, the nature of the Communion, Atonement, and ministerial authority will not be essential to Church membership in good standing" is significant. And we would have our readers note this: Dr. Reiland is not afraid to speak his mind. In other words, he knows full well that the Church, of which he is a duly appointed representative, has no alternative but to take a back seat and let him have his say.

Obviously the words of Dr. Manning, of Trinity, New York City, were most opportune: "It is the Christian faith, the Gospel itself, which is in question, and which is being undermined by the insidious teaching that all matters of doctrine and belief are of minor importance. On all hands, in our own communion, as well as elsewhere, we see the denial, more or less open, of the facts contained in the Apostles' Creed. A well-known layman of this Church declares publicly that the article of the creed, 'I believe in the holy Catholic Church, is known to be a pious fraud.' The rector of a leading

parish asserts that no one of intelligence longer accepts seriously the ridiculous Apostles' Creed. Another declares at a public meeting that the sacraments are dead—dead—dead." There exists then, as we can well see, a condition of things in the Protestant churches which sooner or later must inevitably result in the utter dissolution of the Protestant system. In other words, Protestantism is on its death-bed. The people are not going to be hoodwinked indefinitely. If Christ is not risen again, then is their preaching vain, and the people are not going to stand for it much longer. Much less are they going to be willing to pay for it. If questions of the Virgin Birth, etc., are not to be essential to Church membership in the future, it is but another way of saying that there is not going to be any Protestant Church in the future. For they who no longer believe in the Incarnation and the Atonement can have no further need for any kind of Church membership.

CATHOLIC WOMEN'S PATRIOTIC SOCIETY

One year ago the Catholic Women's Patriotic Society was organized in order that the Catholic women of London might have an opportunity to show in a tangible manner their interest in the soldiers, not only of Canada but of the Allies, who are at such a great sacrifice doing their bit for all that the British flag stands for. That our bit has been worth while I think you will agree from the following account of the work done by the women of the four parishes and will, I hope, encourage you to even greater efforts next year. For the need is even greater to-day than a year ago.

Our first plan was to raise by means of monthly subscriptions sufficient funds to provide the society with materials for the making of shirts, pajamas, socks, scarfs, surgical supplies, etc., which were donated monthly to the Red Cross Society. This we did for four months at an average monthly expenditure of \$150. At the end of January, owing to a change of plans by the Red Cross Society, we discontinued our subscription list and became a Red Cross Auxiliary, accepting the materials for work from the Central Society, only raising funds for any Patriotic work we decided to undertake.

The result of our united efforts is as follows: Grey Flannel Shirts 397, Ties 166, Pajamas 199 prs., Socks 358 prs., Scarfs 71, Bed Socks 75 prs., ward suits 67, Bed Jackets 30, Dressing Gowns 10, Hospital Shirts 18, Sheets 600, Slips 495, Towels 648, Nurses Aprons 99, Surgeon Coats 18, Fingerless Mitts 6 prs., Wristlets 3 prs., Girdles 17, Kit Comfort, Personal Property, Bags 40 each, Pads 756, Wash Cloths 122, Scullieffs 75, Handkerchiefs 1,152, Bandages 243, Laperotomy Stockings 58, Binders 132, Compresses 831. Making a total of 7,490 articles. Of this amount 2,414 articles represent our donations to the Red Cross Society during the first four months of our work. In addition to these the following articles were made for the University Hospital, Ward Suits 10, Pajamas 25 prs., Helpless Shirts 31, Nurses Aprons 7, Bed Socks 13 prs., mattress covers 12, Bed Jackets 15. Total 179 pieces, making a grand total of 7,669 articles.

The total amount of our monthly collections was \$562.93 and our expenditure for materials, etc., was \$520.88, leaving a balance of \$41.95 in bank when we became an auxiliary of the Red Cross on February 1st. Our first Patriotic work was the sending of Christmas boxes to 30 Catholic soldiers who had left London previous to October 1st, and a large Christmas cake to Nursing Sister McLeod in the Gallipoli. The boxes contained cigarettes, cigars, tobacco, chocolate, gum, etc., at a cost of \$52.48. A large quantity of the contents was donated by the following gentlemen—Messrs. Masuret, Garvey, Nolan, Murray and Gaste. Grateful acknowledgments of these gifts have been received from the majority of the recipients.

On March 7th, we entertained the Catholic Soldiers of the 70th Battalion in St. Mary's hall. A pleasant evening was spent in cards and music and the men greatly appreciated the kindness of the ladies. The poor children of Serbia were remembered with a donation of 17 dresses made from new material and 107 undergarments made from the pieces left after cutting. These were delivered to the Serbian Relief Fund raised in the city.

Our greatest undertaking in a Patriotic way was the sending of Mass Vestments, etc., to Rev. Father Doe, Canadian Chaplain in France. Owing to the fact that he had suffered the loss of many necessary articles in one of the great battles, we considered it a duty to keep not only a Canadian Catholic Chaplain but one from our own city, supplied with everything necessary to enable him to offer the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass in a befitting manner. That the ladies of the different parishes were in accord with our idea is shown by the magnificent response to our appeal. The splendid sum of \$104 being collected. With this we purchased one set of black vestments, one set reversible vestments, green and purple, complete set of Altar linens, 1 gross steel rosaries, 2,000 cigarettes and a large quantity of

Prohibition is not in force for the finest beverage of all 'SALADA' TEA For flavour, quality and richness there is nothing to equal a cup of 'SALADA'. Invigorating, refreshing, and so pure and clean. SOLD AT ALL GROCERY STORES 40c., 50c., 60c. and 70c. a pound

chocolate. Again the thanks of the society are due to Masuret & Co., for a donation of half the chocolates sent. Nineteen parcels of magazines were forwarded; these being donated by the ladies. The total cost of these gifts including postage and express charges was \$110.10, the difference \$7.10 we supplied from our bank account. All the parcels have been received by Father Doe and gratefully acknowledged. You will, I am sure, be pleased to know that one of the young ladies who assisted us in the hall at the time the fund was raised is now a Nursing Sister in one of the hospitals under Father Doe's care and has assisted at Mass when our gifts were used and made many visits to his Chapel Tent.

When the appeal was made in the city for French Relief, we felt we must help those who are carrying the heaviest burden of the war and therefore a cheque for \$20 was sent to the fund. Also a cheque for \$5 was given to the Belgian Relief. These amounts, together with cartage, which has been a heavy item, also postage and other incidentals, have reduced our cash on hand to \$8.24.

We also sent a quantity of religious reading to Nursing Sister Regan who has charge of the Catholic wounded in the Duchess of Connaught Hospital at Cliveden, England.

A short time ago we were asked for a contribution to the sock fund being raised for the 142nd Battalion and thought we should do something to make London's Own men more comfortable. As the appeal came during the holiday season, we asked the few ladies we were able to reach for contributions which resulted in the sum of \$11 being collected, and 7 pairs of beautifully knit socks from the St. Martin's branch.

While busily working for the sick and well soldiers, the heroes who had laid down their lives were not forgotten, two Requiem Masses being offered for those who went forth so bravely never to return. This completes the first year's work of the Catholic Women of London. I am sure the sewing days have been enjoyed by all and even though we worked hard the fact that we are now able to say, when religion, when liberty and when civilization were at stake we did our duty, will be sufficient recompense for our past efforts and an incentive to continue until the end of this awful struggle. MILDRED McLEAN, Secy.

AN IMPRESSION

EDITOR SAYS "NO PLACE TOO INSIGNIFICANT TO ESCAPE HER SEARCH FOR SOULS" The Cedar Valley (Ia.) Times, Aug. 23, 1916

"In an almost trackless timber in northern Wisconsin the writer came upon a tiny Catholic church, so tiny that he could almost touch the ceiling by standing on tiptoe, and so tiny that it would have difficulty in holding twenty-five grown people. The tiny seats were made for exactly twenty people. Yet there in the deep forest, with altar equipment complete a tiny wicket where penitents kneel to confess sins, a tiny altar, a tiny altar railing and up over the front door a tiny steeple with a wooden cross at the top. What a far, far cry from the gilded dome of matchless St. Peter's at Rome to the little wooden church in the north woods of Wisconsin, where every three months a priest from Ashland makes a pilgrimage to minister to the spiritual wants of a few Indians. Small wonder that Catholicism towers grand, grand and mighty throughout the incident! No place is too insignificant to escape her search for souls, no city too great for her temples to adorn. Feelings mixed with awe and veneration took possession of us as we lifted the latch which opened the tiny door of this church. On a two-by-four, used to support the tiny belfry and steeple, hung a bronze receptacle for holy water. It was empty. There had been no services for more than two months. Dust had accumulated in this little vessel, and there was dust on the tiny benches, but the altar railing and the altar seemed as if recently dusted and all was in order. Outside the evening winds began to make the pines sing weird forest songs, the hoot of an owl mingled with the noises made by a fussy little stream, while far to the west could be seen a lingering glint on the waters of the majestic St. Croix. To

the rear and one side of the church rose hundreds of crosses, mostly pine, marking the last resting places of the braves and the squaws that had gone, not to the happy hunting grounds, but to a heavenly abode that welcomed them as children of God and followers of the Christ. For nearly sixty years this church has stood, holding on high its little wooden cross; weathering strife of tribes, in tribal days, and the furious storms that sometimes rush like mad through the land of pines. In early days the good priest rode horseback through hostile territory to bring the consolation of the Church to the tepee dwellers. Now the train, or sometimes the automobile is pressed into service, but whatever means may be employed for priestly journeys, the quarterly services are never omitted and Bunko John and Turtle Joe, men old in years, can tell you how curiously the first priest was regarded by the blanketed Indians when he came among them holding aloft the cross and calling upon them to build for him a church where he might teach them the glories of Christianity.

"One need not always go to the big cities for wonders; they are often to be found hidden by the works of nature. And when such are found, stowed away as this tiny little church, they possess a charm not known to the architecture prepared for city eyes, and there is a restfulness about them one can never experience where the trolley car wheels grind and screech and the automobiles chase one another as if in desperate contest. The little Catholic church, hidden by pine and beech, high upon a forest clad hill, unapproached by road, and unseen from almost every angle, will remain a pleasant memory, a thing to be marveled at and wondered over as long as life lasts and the brain remains capable of performing its functions. None but a gross materialist could have remained unmoved, viewing at close range this little Catholic church on the bluffs of the classic St. Croix."

WHAT STRUCK HIM MOST

Among the examples of epigrammatic or antithetical sayings that used to be given in the old-time textbooks on rhetoric was this one: "So many things are striking that nothing strikes." We rather like the variant epigram uttered by a soldier of the trenches recently. He is mentioned by a writer at the front who, giving his impressions of the unceasing battles, says: "I do not know which is the worst—the noise of the guns, the sound of the shell, the terrific explosion or the moaning of the shrapnel. But put the lot together, and an assortment of bullets, bombs and a supply of gas, and you'll agree with the man who said, 'The thing that struck me

MEMORIAL WINDOWS STAINED GLASS LYON GLASS CO. 141-3 CHURCH ST. TORONTO ONT.

most was the number of things that never struck me."—Ave Maria.

There is a sacredness in tears. They are not the marks of weakness, but of power. They are the messages of overwhelming grief, of deep contrition and of unspeakable love.

NURSE WANTED WANTED COMPETENT NURSE FOR TWO children. Good wages to suitable person. References required. Apply Box 8, CATHOLIC RECORD, London, Ont. 1918-19

COOK WANTED EXPERIENCED COOK WANTED, GOOD wages to competent person, must have references. Apply Box 7, CATHOLIC RECORD, London, Ont. 1918-19

HOUSEKEEPER WANTED WANTED A CATHOLIC HOUSEKEEPER, by a widower with two children. Living in a western city. Apply Box A, CATHOLIC RECORD, London, Ont. 1918-19

GOVERNMENT WANTED WANTED A NURSE-GOVERNESS FOR three boys aged three, four and six years. Apply Box 62, Driffield, Ont. 1918-19

O. M. B. A. B. P. No. 4, Toronto Meetings on the 2nd and 4th Thursday of every month at eight o'clock at their Rooms, St. Peter's Parish Hall, Richmond Street, Frank Smith, President.

Very Complete FIRE-PROOF STEEL CABINET to hold your Censors Charcoal, Floats, Wicks, etc. PRICE \$20 MISSION SUPPLIES A SPECIALTY J. J. M. LANDY 405 YONGE ST. TORONTO

Air-O-Lantern Bright as City Lights The best of all lights for outdoor use. Gives 300 candle power light, burns 90% Air and 10% Gasoline. One filling burns 12 hours. Absolutely safe, even if upset. A most beautiful and FREE catalogue and special factory price offer. Address THE Rochester Lamp Co. Dept. C. Church Street TORONTO

Mission Goods A very distinct Specialty with us WRITE FOR TERMS AND PRICES W. E. BLAKE & SON, Limited 123 CHURCH STREET TORONTO, CANADA

TRAPPERS! Send your RAW FURS to JOHN HALLAM and receive highest cash prices. We send money the same day the furs are received. Charge no commission—and pay all charges. We have paid out millions of dollars to thousands of trappers in Canada, who sent their furs to us because they know they get a square deal, and receive more money for their furs. You will also, we buy more furs from trappers for cash than any other firm in Canada. Hallam's Trapper Guide (96 pages) 20¢. Hallam's Trapper's Catalogue (Hallam's Raw Fur Quotations Hallam's Fur Style Book (25 pages) Sent free on request. Address as follows: JOHN HALLAM Limited, 116 Hallam Building, Toronto

THE HOME BANK OF CANADA ORIGINAL 1854 CHARTER BRANCHES AND CONNECTIONS THROUGHOUT CANADA When your financial resources are being closely drawn upon it is very convenient to find that you have set safely aside a sum of money which has been gradually accumulating in small amounts, saved occasionally. A deposit of one dollar will open such an account for you with the Home Bank, and full compound interest will be paid at highest Bank rate. LONDON OFFICE 394 Richmond St. F. W. HOLBROOKS Manager OFFICES IN MIDDLESEX COUNTY THORNDALE DELAWARE ILDERTON MELBOURNE LAWRENCE STATION