JULY 21, 1917

and speak to the old woman while I went about some other work. He did so, and, strange to say, managed to calm her considerably, and as he left the ward, told me (I was on night duty) to call down the tube for him should get worse in the night.

"I sat by the poor soul's bed every moment that I could spare, for after a while she became as restless as before, declaring she knew she was dying, and sobbing out her supplica as to God and to His Holy Mother that the priest might be sent for, and that she might receive the last Sacraments.

"I did not dare send for the priest in face of what the doctor had said ; sides, no one would have gone for him, as not only was it getting very late, but of all the awful nights I ever knew I think it was the worst. The streets were deep in drifted snow, slush, and mud. Not a cab was about; indeed all traffic seemed to have stopped. The hail pelted against the hospital windows just as it is pelting against these at the present moment, shaking the sashes in its forces as the hurricane howled round the chimney tops.

"At about two in the morning I noticed a great change come over my old patient's appearance. She got bad indeed, and, thinking she very really was in danger, I sent for house physician. He came, and told again into the words of the old song times and that have been in the posme she had not many hours to live. then called down the tube for Mr. Warner, the young Protestant clergyman, as, if you remember, he had requested me to do.

'He answered at once, saying he would come as soon as he could. Going back to the old woman, I told what I had done, but she only gasped out, 'The priest! the priest! Mother of God, let me have the last Sacraments-send! send!-Know that was impossible, I tried to ing soothe her with some excuses, and her side anxiously looking for Warner, as I did not like being Mr. left alone, and feeling sure he would be able to calm her as he had done

"Half an hour passed away, and no Mr. Warner made his appearance. Fearing that something had hap pened, I called for him again, and this time was answered by his wife, who assured me that he would be in the ward almost directly. With my hands clasped, and my eyes riveted on the floor, I sat for some minutes more listening to the dying woman's breathing, and the howling of the ters of all creeds. storm outside. The minutes seemed ages; and though I knew that Mr-Warner could do little besides reading the Catholic prayers for the dying I felt that his presence would be a comfort to me-and, I trusted, to my

patient also. Suddenly the door opened, and in came two tall figures covered from head to foot with snow, and looking more like angels than men. And they were angels indeed-Mr. Warner and the priest. The good Protestant clergyman had fetched the Catholic priest on that awful night, braving the storm and the wind and the almost impassable streets for the comfort of the poor woman's soul, that she might be fortified with all

the rites of her Holy Church. "Never, to my dying day, shall I forget the intense relief it was to me to see those two good men come in, nor the look of joy in the old woman's eyes as they approached her bed. Needless to say she received all the last Sacraments, the young clergy man assisting most reverently and helping the priest as far as he could.

There was no restlessness now, and when all was finished she turned to Mr. Warner with a beautiful smile on her aged face. 'God bless you ! !' it is you who hav done said. this; you have brought the last Sacraments to me, and I promise you that I will bring them to you when you are dying, in return for your charity.' Those were almost her last words : she died soon after the priest left, the parson staying with her to the end. The resident chaplain came back a few days afterwards, and Mr. Warner left. Some months passed away, and then I heard that Mr. Warner and his wife had both become Catholics, but where they were no one seemed to know-for, of course, he had to resign his living. "Just about a year from the old woman's death I was away for a short holiday, as I am now with you, and when I returned the matron asked me if I would mind going to nurse a gentleman who was dying in extreme poverty, and could not live I went at once, and who many days. should I find but Mr. Warner, who had lost everything for the Faith, and with his wife and children, was almost on the verge of starvation.

beautiful deaths, and speaks to me of numerous uplift work and charitable the infinite love and munificence of God, and that marvelous answer to prayer. Almost involuntarily my heart breaks forth into those glorious words of the Benedicite ye frost and cold, bless the

Lord, praise and exalt Him above all forever. 'Oh ye ice and snow, bless the Lord, praise and exalt Him above all

forever. give thanks to the Lord because He is good ; because His mercy endureth forever.'

' I looked at my friend, but I could not speak to her, for the tears were running down my cheeks, and a lump was in my throat. But at last I

what became of the poor widow, and her children-did they die, too ?' "Ah, no," cried Estelle ; "God does not work his miracles by halves. After a bit the story became known and kind friends helped the widow and her babes, but they passed out of my life, and I have only the remembrance of a grace that I shall never forget

There, now, Marion, I meant to cheer you up, and I've made you cry. No more Ward stories tonight. us ring for coffee, and then we will have some music;" and suiting the action to the word she broke out she was singing before :

"Twas 10 o'clock one wintry night, In dreary, dark December When at my window came a tap, Remember, love, remember.

ARE THERE TOO MANY PRIESTS IN MEXICO?

Mexico is "priest-ridden" cries the anti-Catholic. "Perhaps there have been too many priests in Mexico," weakly agrees the American Catholic. And in the meantime the Mexican " Liberals " have murdered and exiled priests until in some States there are none at all.

ants.

How many clergymen do you suppose there are in the United States By consulting the several authorities on the subject you will find the number closely approximating 180,-000. Divided among a population of ideal. a 100,000,000, this gives an average of one clergyman to each 555 inhabit But this includes the minis-

Now, if we consider the number of communicants as compared with the clergy, we will find (World Almanac. 1916) that the Catholic clergy number 19,025, and the communicants 13,881,413, or a ratio of one Catholic clergyman to 729 communicants. The Protestant clergy number 159. 284, and the communicants 24,924,-146, or a ratio of one Protestant clergyman to 121 communicants.

These proportions show that the Catholic clergy in the United States are much less numerous than the average for the whole, and that the Protestant clergy are relatively very 121. Catholics form about to twenty per cent. of the total popula- their ground could mean anything tion, while their clergy form only about eleven per cent. of the total number of clergymen.

With 13,881,413 communicants in and in walking to the the United States, the Catholics Common. Then he fell again. His claim a population of some 20,000, wife, watching him from the window. 000. If we take the proportion of saw him crawl across the road, so she the Catholic clergy in the United met him at the doorstep and he died States as a basis, Mexico should have in her arms. Shall any one say that States as a basis, Mexico should have 66,000 clergymen. If we take the Baptist proportion, Mexico should Harrington's, made sacred by his There actually were in Mexico in schedul in a great Cause? And its true." Once more the East teaches the West, to the surprise of the The regiment had gone, and yet here of that cause, not on the greatness of 1910 fewer than 5,000 clergymen. Taking the average proportion to it, but on Harrington's estimation of population of clergy of all creeds what his duty in the matter was and bopulation of clergy of all creeds what his duty in the matter was and in the United States, we have one clergyman to 555 inhabitants. For it is only when life has its ful-Applying this figure to Mexico, we find that Mexico should have had suffering that the 27 000 degreement. proper price is paid for it and it is 27,000 clergymen. The greatest proportion ever known in Mexico was in 1810, when There have been other There have been other values set there were 7,341 clergy in a popula- on life at times. A great many tion of 6,122,354, or a ratio of one people in our generation have tion of 6,122,354, or a ratio of one elergyman to 834 inhabitants. In 1850.6, when the "Liberals" be-came particularly vicious in attack-ing the Church, and alleging "too many priests," there were 4,350 clergymen and a population of 7,661,919, or a ratio of one clergy-man to 1,761 inhabitants. In 1910 the weith cancelerated his inbilee with the ratio stood one clergyman to neighbors celebrated his jubilee with 3,000 of the population. Take any basis of calculation and you will ed terms how much his fifty years in ed terms how much his fifty years in arrive at the same result : Instead of Kansas had meant. He had grown 'too many priests in up with the State, it was a great there being successful State, he was a part of Mexico," there have been too few. What is troubling the Mexican revolutionaries and their friends in satisfied with life. The old man was nearly four score years and without very much to do of late years, he the United States is not that there too many priests in Mexico,' are but that there are any priests at all. The same element is raising the cry ing of life and just what he had gotten out of it. At the end of the banthat there are "too many priests in the United States," and they seek to quet then, he said something like accomplish the same destructive this: "When I came to Kansas I respect and weaken them for life. work in the United States that has bought some land, and planted some We have had many moveme accomplish the same destructive this : been done in Mexico. If they can corn and fed some hogs. I was suc- that surely will be seen in their true mislead the American people about their own country as they misled them about Mexico, they will suc-need in their number of the following year I hogs. Every five years I bought more land, and planted more corn ceed in their purpose.

have you tell me that you think that have made a success in life. enterprises evidence their tireless industry and patriotic endeavors. In It is a very curious thing that in fact, the Mexican priests are the very opposite of what their mendacio enemies have pictured them .- Ex. because they want to emphasize

tension Magazine. TEE SANCTITY OF LIFE

IS NEVER SO LITTLE AS AT

PRESENT SAYS DR. WALSH To many people it must seem that there never was a time in the history of the world when there was so little sanctity of human life as in our own time, says Dr. James J. Walsh. Al-ready in the Great War there are seven millions of soldiers dead, one nation confessing, (and now there are a score of nations in the conflict).

souls for stock in concerns, the cer-tificate of which though brilliantly that there are 1,500,000 soldiers dead illumined were utterly valueless for from its armies though its lists are any real life significance. not confessedly not up to date and could not even be used for the pro-verbial papering of dens as remindome of the bitterest fighting of the War has been done in the last month. ers of the foolishness of the past. Rather conservative calculations There is a passage in the Old Testaeem to show that about as many ment which illuminates the period civilians are also dead as the result through which we have been passing of the War-mainly the very young and the very old. Countries that as it does many another period of

have been fought over five and six session of enemies suffer severely in their weaker lives and the figures are not surprising. Besides there are some two million of unborn chil dren in Europe and some countries in which there is scarcely a child under the age of two years. Surely it might well be said that more than ever in our time human life is not

sacred. And yet, it is not only possible that any such view is entirely mistaken, but it is more than probable that

human life was never so sacred as now when it is being given in great numbers for what its possessors think of as great causes and when, with utter unselfishness, they resign existence and venture upon suffering and if need be death for what they consider great ideas. For it was the Master Himself Who said that he who loses his life saves it and life is never so precious as when it is given for the high price of a great

There is an incident in our own American history that well deserves to be recalled in that regard. It is the story of young Harrington who fell on the Common in Lexington in that early morning of April in 1775. He lived in a house just off the Common, with his young wife and their one child. He was one of the Minute Men, and when they were summoned taking his gun, he bade his wife good bye and went to the Common in front the house just as the British soldiers were coming up the road. He was one of the little thin line who were told to " throw down your arms and disperse ye rebels" and who refused to obey. He was one of those who stood while their captain said to them : "If they want to have much more numerous. The Catholic a war let it begin right here." How clergy are to their communicants as 1 to 729 with the Protestants standing of men hastily gathered on an April morning to think that their standing

When the first shots heard around the world were fired Harrington fell. He succeeded in raising himself up edge of the

cumstances and that life is not for recent years men without any the aspect of eternity, that is how thought of the hereafter and merely life must be viewed. When men be-

come intent only on making them genuine human values have been selves happy here then there is no asking themselves, "what doth it sanctify of life. The Spartans, occu-profit a man to gain the whole world pied only with the thought of having and lose his own soul." Meaning strong physical citizens who would thereby, what doth it profit a man to be healthy and hearty and fine solattain worldly desires if these are diers, exposed all their weakling trivial and of no account. Life, that children and created the finest fightis the activity of our souls, is the ing-machine that the world has ever only thing that we have to barter known, but living within a few miles with, and the one thing necessary is of Athens left us not a single idea as to see that we get something for it and not let ourselves be deceived by Rome with the temp

Rome with the temple of Janus closed for three hundred years, had

who are playing their own game into peace and prosperity and luxury and refinement and bathed three times a taking counters for it that have no day and invented the many course dinner, but went to the amphitheatre thing. They have been selling their to see the gladiators fight to the death with each other or risk their lives in conflict with wild animals. just as a diversion from their lazy, indolent, self-seeking lives.

A little later it was these refined. luxurious, educated, cultured Romans. collectors of Greek art and imitators of Greek architecture, who went see the Christian thrown the lions. Life had lost all its sanc tity; men had lost courage and human history. I am sorry to say that I do not always remember the women had lost virtue and it was time that there should be a change exact wording of the English version and the barbarians came. of it. but in Latin it runs: "Faocinatio

The pleasures of the idle rich are nugacitatis obscurat bona." The translation of which might well be prone to degenerate in direct ratio with their refinement and pseudo-The witchery of trifles hides from culture. Birth-control practiced with us what is worth while." I wonder even more abortions than in our time if there ever was a time when trifles was the fad of the Romans, who did meant so much to people as they did not want their pleasures interfered with by demanding duties towards ust before this War. It was just the children, and life had lost all its rather well get along without, that all were paying the highest prices sacredness.

In our time, then, the sanctity of for, and paying these prices in terms life has come back to us. It can be sadly. sold for a great price, the price of I ga of life subjection to the most sordid Rabindranath Tagore, the Indian complete forgetfulness of self for the poet, in a recent article in the Atlansake of others-perhaps that may tic Monthly, answering the question : rescue us from that cult of the trivial "What has Europe done to deserve this great misfortune of War?" deinto which we were drifting so inevitably and which brought with it so "that the answer is that the many sins of carelessness for others West has been systematically petrify in absorption in utter self-seekin ing her nature in order to lay a solid For the second commandment is like unto the first, " Thou shalt love thy foundation for her gigantic abstractions of efficiency. She has all along been starving the life of the personal She has all along neighbor as thyself," and is the essence of Christianity ; of His teach man into that of the profession." I ing Who was the Way the Truth and the Life.-The Pilot. have a friend who says that efficien.

Tagore regarded it. From a certain FIRST FRIDAY OF THE standpoint I agree with them. All DUBLIN FUSILIERS the deadly sins have as their root

some human activity, that is in itself good, but that when carried to excess for merely personal satisfaction and Though I knew they had been rdered to Gallipoli, the Dublin caring not what injury may be done Fusiliers had gone from the Bar Un racks before my arrival to see them

doubtedly from that standpoint effioff. ciency, when carried to excess de-'Is the regiment gone?" asked serves a place among the others. Father O'Brien.

'Sure it is indeed, Father, and my We can see now perfectly clear how efficiency is enabling men to blow three fine boys with it. God keep all

other men to pieces on the battlefield arm and hurt from them. with astounding success. They have I was disappointed to have missed talked about the thoroughness of them. The old mother begged modern science. Oh, no, it is suffithree medals from me for her boys. She rushed with feverish haste into ciency! and efficiency is quite a difthe harracks, and insisted on grave officialdom, in the person of the officer Tagore did not hesitate to say that Europe owes all her greatness to in charge, sending the tokens forth-

humanity to that period of discipline with, to her sons at Gallipoli -discipline of the man and his human integrity which came during I cheered up the brave mother and promising to pray for her boys, went ' It was when the my way.

Next morning, as was my custom age of intellect and of science came, intellect that is impersonal that degenerationfollowed." Science pro-ing to get in touch with any country claimed that "The unfit must go to soldiers who might be en route for the wall, they shall die and this is Queenstown. Fancy my surprise science," but Tagore adds, "now for the sake of your own salvation I drawn up at the station front under when I saw fifty Dublin Fusiliers shall say they shall live, and this is arrest.

Swimming Pool

I quietly approached one of the oung fellows and asked him for an STANDARD LIBRARY appanation. young fellows and asked him for an explanation. Did not your regiment leave last night?" I asked.

"Yes, Father; but we deserted." "Deserted !" I said, aghast; "but surely you know what a serious mat-

ter desertion is just now with your regiment under orders for Galli poli?" Yes, Father," he said, "but we

have given ourselves up." What was your reason for desert-

ing? You wern't nervous?" I asked tentatively.

The young fellow drew himself up to his full height, and it was consider able.

'Sure you aren't in Father!" he said. " Do you think it's the killin' we'd mind? Not a bit of it! But, Father, to-day we had our last chance of making a first Friday an' we took it. We all belong to the Apostleship of Prayer, Father, an' never again may we have the chance of making a first Friday. So last night, on our way to the station, in the confusion, we dropped out an' went to confession. We slayed in the city all night, an' received our Blessed Lord this morning, maybe for the last time; an' the very minute we left the Church we went to the barracks an' gave ourselves up, an'' — with a smile — "we hadn't any breakfast yet."
The tears sprang to my eyes and I grasped the young hero's hand is silence. Such faith! Such devotion!
I moved along the lines, speaking words of consolation and congratulation, when suddenly a young fellow dropped on his knees: "Give me the pledge, Father," he cried.
"For how long ?" I asked. "Until I'm kilt, Father," he said.
I gave if to him until the end of the campaign, and uttered a fervent mental prayer that such as he might be spared to work the salvation of our own poor land.
They were marched away under arreet, and it was some days before I heard the sequel.
They were court martialled and the arreet, and it was some days before I heard the sequel.
They were court martialled and the arreet, and it was some days before I heard the sequel.
They were court martialled and the arreet, and it was some days before I heard the sequel.
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They were court martialled and the arter of the sequel.
They were court martialled and the arter of the sequel.
They were court martialled and the arter of the sequel.
They were court martialled and the arter the sequel.
They were the killin' we'd mind? Not a bit of it! But, Father, to day we had our

They were court martialled and the vidence of several Dublin men resulted that the prisoners were discharged.

I have been told that there were tears in the eyes of the Protestant officer who discharged them. I quite believe it. There are tears in my own now.-Australian Messenger.

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THE CATHOLIC RECORD

promoters or enthusiastic speculators

Men have been doing just that very

things that men and women

cy is the eighth deadly sin. I have

an idea that that is the way that

to others becomes a deadly sin.

ferent thing.

the Middle Ages."

They

real value.

ideals

clared

"He himself was in rapid consump tion, brought on by want, anxiety and distress of mind. His family and friends had refused to help him he had failed to get any kind of employment, and the house they lived in was almost destitute of furniture or food.

"He smiled when he saw me and reminded me of the old woman's promise: 'Ah, Nurse Estelle,' he said, 'she told me that she would bring me the last Sacraments, and she has sent you to me that you might see that that promise was fuifilled.' And fulfilled it was, for, fortified by all the rites of Holy Church, he died a most holy death, and singularly enough, on looking at that date, I discovered it to be the anniversary of the poor old Irish woman to whom he had been so kind.

that I feel inclined to sing when I patient endurance of a most intoler. hear the stormy wind, and the hail beating against the wind panes? It always reminds me of those two

Get these figures well in mind, and and fed more hogs. After fifty when some one says "Too many priests in Mexico," be prepared to answer. large number of hogs. Now, if buy-

answer. The ridiculous yarns that are sometimes told to make the Mexican clergy appear as ignorant men are too absurd to merit attention. As a have been successful. But now I

intelligent, highly educated and sin-cere Christian gentlemen. Their patient endurance of a most intoler-able tyranny is evidence of there. The more hogs. If it isn't then I have birth control and the more hogs.

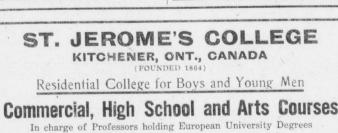
West.

Life has come to have a new meaning in the light of death. Above all after life has come to have a the great new meaning. There has been a renewal of the belief in immortal-ity. It would be an awful thing to think of what this War meant, if death were annihiliation. Life is a dangerous thing at best and few of us get out of it alive. All these men that are dying on the battlefield would be dead a generation from now anyhow and the question is, what would they have made their lives if they sold them for trifles and for selfish satisfaction and for the money by which they might provide a corruption fund for their children. It is ever so much better for them to have died now in a great cause with high ideals. They are leaving widows and orphans alas ! but then. then our Civil War did not make so many widows and orphans as our divorce courts have made in the last twenty years and the orphan of a soldier who has died for his country has a fine incentive to what is best in life, while the orphans of the divorce courts with all its evil sug gestion and disgrace have only motives that take away their self

We have had many movements light through the lens of death. Though we are a murder-ridden country with more homicides than vendetta ridden Corsica, we have been discussing the abolition of capyears

> do what seemed to them an irrevocable thing which could in no way benefit the human being on which it is inflicted. Life is only really val-ued properly when it can be taken

were fifty of its finest men left be hind under arrest.



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