

have been driven from the last trench and the military power of the Hohenzollern dynasty utterly broken and dissipated.

During the last week end the city presented to many eyes the appearance of London, or at least there were moments when the avenues of Paris reminded one of the British capital. Lloyd George, making a visit here on important State matters, brought with him a large staff of officials, and they, with a host of soldiers and sailors wearing the English uniforms, were everywhere in evidence.

I have had the pleasure of meeting for the first time, Gen. Petain, now in supreme command of the French fighting forces. Not I alone, but everybody I have met since coming here this time, considers Gen. Petain the greatest soldier and the most accomplished general in the whole of France, which has many distinguished fighters. I was at once struck by his countenance. Never before have I seen a face to which the term "beautiful" can more aptly be applied. His expression is at all times, even when discussing the most exciting subjects, tranquil and gentle. He is superbly refined in his manner and thoroughly self-controlled, never for a moment losing control. He has the pallor of a student, rather than the bronzed visage of a soldier of the field, and his color is high.

I had some moments with Lloyd George. He is in excellent spirits, notwithstanding the difficulties he has to face at home, and expresses himself as quite well satisfied with the progress at the fighting front. He is fully aware, or as much aware as anybody outside of Germany can be, of the food difficulties the German people are experiencing, and of the extremely narrow margin by which they may hope to escape starvation or surrender simply for lack of food with which to keep them going. He is also cognizant, perhaps even more so than may appear on the surface, or than he will state publicly, of the internal difficulties which threaten disruption of the Empire by a dissatisfied people, weary of the war and anxious for a form of government that will make them something more than the serfs that they now are. But, while he is still of the opinion that these conditions will prove an important factor in the ultimate defeat of the German arms, he believes as firmly as ever that the only guarantee of a real and enduring peace for the world is the absolute and crushing defeat on the field of battle that he is confident will result from the aggressive policy of our commanders and the splendid fighting of our troops. In other words, he remains faithful to the declaration that the knockout blow of which he spoke some time ago must be delivered.

Of course, the submarine peril is on the tongue of every man, and there is much speculation as to how it will be ended and the damage it may do before means have been found to overcome it; but all I have seen and heard since I came to the French capital only confirmed me in the belief I have often expressed, that while the operations of the submarines are serious and inconvenient, while they make more difficult the problem of living until we have won this great war, they cannot be disastrous in their final effect upon our cause.

Everything I have seen and heard also points to a confirmation of the opinion I have before expressed, that unless Germany proposes peace terms that will be tantamount to a surrender, this awful war will last until America had thrown at least a part of her great available force of wonderful fighting men into the battle; until from the United States a million men come across the ocean to add the power of their might to the struggle the Allies are making for the freedom that is the heritage of the citizens of the great republic across the ocean. They cannot be brought here in a day, but they must be brought here if the full service of their country is to be given to break the militarism that would enslave the world.

In other words, I believe, and my belief is strengthened by conversations on the subject with all sorts and kinds of people, both here and in England, that the war will not be brought to an end in this year, but that, with the aid of America, next year will surely see war cease and peace once again brood over the ravaged countries of Europe.

I have had little information since I came here about the trend of events as they affect Ireland. But if one considers how the submarine peril has brought back the tillage of large areas of Irish soil, it is possible that the act of our enemy may solve one of the most acute of our problems—namely, the long fight to break up the grazing ranches. The shortage of food may compel England to compel the enactment of laws by which great ranches will be transferred to small farmers, who will grow food upon them to feed the British. By this means the insular policy that drove millions of Irishmen into exile because of lack of room for them to work in their own country, will be reversed.

My latest information about developments in the Home Rule question is not altogether favorable. Carson is still insisting upon the exclusion of six Ulster counties, but the tremendous pressure that is being exerted upon Lloyd George by the Liberal Labour parties, and the immense campaign carried on by Lord Northcliffe, by eliciting an expression of American opinion in favor of Home Rule, can not fail to make settlement a matter of extreme urgency.

## MY MEMORIES

Cardinal Gibbons in the Dublin Review  
CHANGED WORLD CONDITIONS

It must be very difficult for the present generation to reconstruct for themselves the world into which I was born, things are so completely changed. The Napoleonic Wars were still a living memory. Many people who were by no means old when I was a boy had seen General Washington; and when I was ten years old, men who were as old then as I am now were fourteen years of age at the time of the Declaration of Independence. Slavery was in existence until I was a grown man and a priest. Machinery was just coming into use, but nobody dreamed of the extent to which it would be employed later on. Electricity in all its uses was almost undreamed of. Men knew from the experiments of Benjamin Franklin that it might possibly be used, but the telegraph, telephone, and electric light had still to come. Railroads were a new invention. The Catholic Church, both in England and in this country, was a small and very depressed body. I was eleven years old when Newman became a Catholic. These two great Movements which were to spread Catholicism so marvelously throughout the English-speaking world—I mean the exodus of the Irish people after the Famine, and the entrance of a large body of Anglicans into the Catholic Church—were still to come. In short, one may say that when I was a young man we were still living on the legacy of the eighteenth century.

### THE INFLUENCE OF A GREAT MAN

The first really great man whom I can remember to have known intimately was the venerable and learned Archbishop of Baltimore, Dr. Francis Patrick Kenrick, who ordained me to the holy priesthood. He was the first great intellectual light of the American Church, and his Moral Theology remains to this day a monument of his erudition, although to my mind his greatest work has not yet received full recognition which it deserves. I mean his version of the Sacred Scriptures; for to his translation of the sacred volume he brought the ripest learning of his age, combining the correctness of the Douay with the beautiful English style of the King James version. It is a pity that his translation is not better known among Catholics, especially here in America, where it was made our American Authorized Version by the Second Plenary Council of Baltimore. I do not think I exaggerate when I say that Dr. Kenrick was probably the most learned man of his time in the United States. But he was not only a very learned, he was a very holy man as well, and of the greatest simplicity of character. When he was appointed Archbishop of Baltimore and transferred from Philadelphia, he arrived in Baltimore in a most characteristic fashion. I have often heard our old sacristan at the Cathedral tell how he went into the sacristy one morning at 5 o'clock and found a strange Bishop waiting to say Mass who proved to be the new occupant of the Archiepiscopal See. He had come very quietly during the early hours of the morning; and, after his Mass at the Cathedral, in the same quiet and unostentatious way he entered his Episcopal residence and took up his duties as the principle diocesan of America. It was marvelous how he combined study and writing with his duties as Archbishop. As I sit in my study, which was also his, I can call him vividly before me as he sat at his desk working busily over his translation of Holy Scripture, or over his Moral Theology; but ever ready to put down his pen to answer a knock at the door and to receive a visitor. Now it would be some important ecclesiastical, but just as frequently some little child of the parish who had come in to spend a few moments with one who was noted for his great love of little children. His door was ever open to visitors, and all classes of the community sought advice and comfort from him. He was of such simplicity of character that he could never refuse to anybody in trouble whatever financial aid was in his power. In fact so great was his beneficence that he was constantly in a state of absolute poverty, having given away everything he possessed.

He could never have accomplished what he did if he had not lived in a most profound recollection. When it was time to go off on a visitation he would lay down his pen, go out and get into the carriage, often take a hard and difficult journey, and returning, would come to his desk and take up his work exactly where he had left off. He was heart and soul for the preservation of the Union; and there can be no doubt that what seemed to be the breaking up of the Union in 1861 very much hastened his death. I can very well remember a painful experience which the Archbishop went through during the first year of the war. We have a prayer in America composed by Archbishop Carroll for all estates of men in the Church of God, and it was the Archbishop's custom to have this prayer read publicly before Mass, in the vernacular, especially in the Cathedral Church, where, by the way, it is still read every Sunday. In this prayer there is a petition that the Union of the American people may be preserved; and when the Southern States began to secede, so high did secession sentiment run in Baltimore that some of the clergy begged him to omit the prayer in which the

objectionable petition found its place. At last, when all the clergy of the Cathedral had begged to be excused, the Archbishop determined to read it himself and I suppose during the reading of the prayer he suffered more than one could well imagine; for, when he mentioned the Union of the States many people got up and publicly left the Cathedral, and those who remained expressed their dissent from the Archbishop's petition by a great rustling of papers and silks.

### THE CIVIL WAR

It was from His Grace that I imbibed a strong attachment to the Union. I had been born a Southerner and brought up a Southerner, and my heart was, of course, with the Southern States. Indeed, my brother was actually fighting in the Army of the Confederacy; but I could never believe that secession would succeed, and even if it should succeed I could not help but see that it would be the destruction of what was already a growing, and what might become a very great nation. Therefore my head was always with the Union. But the Union authorities were not always as considerate as they might have been in their treatment of those States which did not actually go out, but in which the secession sentiment was very strong. Baltimore was put under martial law, which was very strictly enforced; and this created a great deal of secession sentiment which did not exist before; and men like myself, who was then a priest and known to be of Union sympathies, were often treated rudely and harshly by the military authorities. I was myself at that time military chaplain at Fort McHenry, and I remember that on one occasion, after having heard the confession of a Southern prisoner, I tried to get him some much-needed nourishment which had not been provided for him by the doctor of the hospital; and for this act, by which I tried merely to help a suffering fellow creature irrespective of his politics, I was told that my services would be no longer acceptable at the fortress, and that I need not return. However I did return, since I threatened to make known to the higher authorities what had taken place, and men who exercise martial law with little regard for the feelings of those below them are often very sensitive as to the feelings of those above them.

I sincerely hope that my countrymen may never again live through a period like that between 1860 and 1865, when the very foundations of our national existence seemed to be breaking up, and there were times when chaos seemed to stare us in the face. All war is terrible, but civil war is detestable, for it not only puts man against man, but it puts brother against brother and children often against their own father. But if the Civil War was terrible, the after effects in the South were deplorable. The party in power after the war acted toward the South with what I can only describe as abominable perfidy. The war had been carried on by the Union on the supposition that the Southern States, being an integral part of the Union, could not leave it, and the Union armies declared themselves to be fighting merely to maintain the Southern States in their former relations with the Federal Government. But after the war they treated the South as though it were a conquered country and deprived the States of the inalienable right to local self-government. I can only attribute this to the death of that great and good man, Abraham Lincoln, who so thoroughly understood the temperance of the American people, and whose earnest desire was to do justice and to extend mercy. His murder was the greatest misfortune which ever came upon our country. It was as many people may remember, on a Good Friday night; and it was an extraordinary coincidence that at the very time of the murder I was preaching a sermon in one of the churches of Baltimore, on the ingratitude shown in the action of the Jews, and especially of Judas, toward Our Divine Lord. "Imagine," said I, "a great and good ruler, who had done everything to deserve the confidence and affection of his people, who had lived only for his country and had no desire but for his country's good, imagine such a ruler struck down by the hand of an assassin. Would you not feel, my brethren, a deep indignation at his murder?"

Shortly after the Civil War I was made Vicar Apostolic of North Carolina, where I had a chance to see all the horrors of reconstruction at their worst. I shall never forget my introduction to my Vicariate. The night I arrived in Wilmington, there was a torch light procession of the emancipated slaves, many of them now holding office and dominating over their former masters. If one can imagine an enormous crowd of negroes, most of whom were intoxicated, all of whom were waving torches in the blackness of the night, one can very easily imagine the first impressions of a new and a very young Bishop.

### THE TIMES THAT TRIED MEN'S SOULS

The Rev. George William Knox, a missionary of the Presbyterian Board, in an article entitled "The Jesuits in Korea," in the New York Independent, says:

"Fifty years ago, and more, French Jesuits went to Korea without aid from commerce or diplomacy or men of war. They adopted the convenient disguise of mourners, for the Korean mourner frequents by

ways and back-streets, and neither speaks nor is spoken to. So were these French gentlemen disguised; and they lived among the Christian peasants, sharing their vile huts and viler food. They met with the Christians in the dead of night, and preached, taught, administered the Sacraments, labored strenuously for the founding of the Church.

"In 1835 they entered Korea, and in 1839 were found out, tortured horribly and slain. They surrendered themselves that the native Christians might escape. The death of the shepherds did not save the sheep. Kim ok Kyan told me years ago of a scene he himself witnessed when a boy, in 1866. His uncle took him to the execution ground; and there, kneeling on the ground, was a long line of condemned men, women and children. The executioner, sword in hand, stood beside the first: 'Will you give up this religion?' 'No.' And then he struck. So the next and the next, to the last man in the line; and they all died, for the priests had denied his faith, and after the men, the women; and after them the children.

"To each the bloody question: and from each the same answer; and one by one they died. Like priest like people. It is not surprising that the heroic missionaries of the Roman Catholic Church win the plaudits of onlookers, who are not impressed with the pleasant home life, with wife and children, and abundant comforts of the Protestant missionaries."

### SPLENDID EXAMPLE IN MISSIONARY ZEAL

Some weeks ago the RECORD had some very kind words to say about the parish of Mabou, in the diocese of Antigonish, the occasion being a subscription of \$140 to the Father Fraser's Mission fund. The raising of such a sum for foreign missions by a small country parish was considered very good work indeed. But now it appears that Mabou was only beginning its good work when this subscription was sent in. Shortly after the New Year, the pastor, Father MacMaster, began to enlighten his people on the African missions, especially on the work of the White Fathers. The good people of Mabou listened with interest to what their pastor told them of the vast mission fields of Africa, of the millions of God's creatures in that continent who are still in the darkness of paganism, and need only, to bring them to the light of the true faith, the helping hand of those to whom God has vouchsafed to grant that gift. They took his words to heart, and, making a fine response to his appeal to Christian duty, they have contributed to the African missions a sum which would be considered creditable for many dioceses. Other missionary enterprises were not forgotten either; the pastor setting the example with a contribution of \$1,000 to the Church Extension Society for two missionary memorial chapels. One of these chapels, at Crichton, Louisiana, is erected to the memory of Father MacMaster's mother and called St. Margaret of Scotland, the other, St. John Baptist, is at Caribon, Minnesota, and is erected to the memory of the late Bishop Cameron. Here is Mabou's record of contributions to missions during the past fifteen months:

Ransoms of 10 African Slaves.....	\$2,200 00
Other missions of African Missions.....	100 00
Pastor Fraser's Chinese Mission.....	430 00
Pastors gift to Church Extension.....	1,000 00
Total.....	3,730 00

The parish of Mabou has a population of a little over a thousand souls—men, women, and children. The people are not city-bred, except in spiritual goods. They are nearly all farmers and two thirds at least of the area of the parish is hill and mountain. There is no more picturesque and varied scenery in all picturesque Cape Breton than is to be found within the confines of the parish of Mabou. It must have gladdened the hearts of the first settlers to look on its great masses of mountains, its wild glens and pleasant valleys, all so like their beloved Scottish Highlands, with their mountains and glens, and though good to look on, do not make rich farming country, and the farmers of Mabou have to work hard to wrest a mere living from the soil. Still, perhaps the hard work, and the daily communing with the beauties of nature, have done not a little to keep the great hearts of the people untainted by selfishness and materialism, to keep fresh and unweakened the spirituality, the high-mindedness, the responsiveness to generous impulses which are the birthright of the Gael. It is certain, at any rate, that the people of Mabou have been guarded with jealous care the best traditions of the race from which they are sprung. It is certain, too, that the exhortations and example of the pastor have done a great deal to bring about such happy results. He concerns himself with fostering a wholesome old-fashioned piety and keeping the fires of a solid, practical faith burning brightly. The broad charity and the truly Catholic spirit shown by his people bear witness to his success.

Let us hope that the example of Mabou will prove an inspiration to other parishes. The foreign missions are seriously hampered in their work for want of funds, a condition which must be charged to the negligence of Catholics. God's gifts carry their obligations with them, and those who have received the gift of faith are surely responsible, according to their state and means, for its transmission to others. All of us cannot be missionaries—that is for a few chosen

souls—but all of us can do something for the material wants of the missions. If every parish in Canada contributed annually one tenth (relatively) of what Mabou has contributed it would mean that hundreds of missionaries would be relieved from all fears with regard to the maintenance of their missions. Surely we have here matter for reflection.

### REMARKABLE CURE

THROUGH "LITTLE FLOWERS" INTERCESSION

(By Catholic Press Association Cable)

London, April 19.—One of the most remarkable miracles yet attributed to the intercession of Sister Teresa, or the "Little Flower of Jesus," has just occurred at Boulogne, France. It is related by a priest before whom the case appeared. A poor child of eight and a half years was brought to the priest by his mother, who begged him to prepare the little one and give him his first communion before he died, as he was not expected to live much longer. The child was in a dreadful condition. For five years he had been a martyr to suffering. He had a malignant tumor in the face and also suffered from caries of the right jawbone. He had been pronounced incurable by the physicians of the Hospital of St. Louis, and was therefore sent home. When the priest first saw him he could no longer sit up, and was unable to speak, and was fed on bread soaked in milk, which he took with difficulty owing to the terrible condition of the protruding jaw bone. One day at catechism the good priest, knowing he was asking a miracle, called on his first communicant class to make a novena in honor of the "Little Flower" for the suffering boy that he might be able to make his first communion with them. The novena was made with much fervor by the children but at the close the boy was in the same state. The priest therefore decided to give him his first communion alone. It was not an easy matter, for the poor child had five abscesses in his mouth and the jaw bone protruded, cutting his lip, but the priest imparted a very tiny particle of the Sacred Host and the poor child made thus his first communion. The other children continued to pray for him. On the morning of the first communion the children were assembling in the school when, to the astonishment and joy of the priest and children, the boy walked into the room. All his bandages were gone, his head was bare, there was no trace of the abscesses, the cut had healed and showed but a little scar. The priest and his first communicants fell upon their knees, weeping, for the miracle was evident, and then all sang the "Magnificat" together. Arthur—that is the boy's name—made his communion with the other little ones in the parish of St. Michael, singing and praying with great fervor during the Mass. The cure was complete. The mouth is clean and healthy, the jaw bone has come away, and a new bone is growing; the child eats, plays, attends classes; his health is perfect, and he gains in strength every day. The story of his cure is very simple. When questioned by the priest on the morning of his first communion he said: "Yesterday evening I slept. My big sister left me. She was right, for Sister Theresa told her to go." All who have known the poor child during the past three years testify to the miracle wrought by Sister Theresa.

Yours respectfully in Jesus and Mary,  
J. M. FRASER.

### BIGOTED ATTACK

BRINGS RESPONSE BY NON-CATHOLIC

One excellent effect has resulted from the recent exhibition of bigotry on the part of the Southern Confederates who objected to the invitation extended by the Daughters of the Confederacy to Bishop Keiley to be the speaker at the Confederate Memorial Day celebration. It has roused the angry resentment of the fair-minded and brought forth remarkable tributes of appreciation of the part Catholics have played in the history of our country even from those not of our faith.

One such tribute is that given by Mr. T. K. Oglesby in an address delivered before the Confederate Veterans Assn., Camp No. 756, of Savannah, in which he maintained the propriety of the choice of Bishop B. J. Keiley, by the Daughters of the Confederacy, as orator on the Confederate Memorial Day in Macon. He warmly commended the action of the women who refused to yield to the intolerant demand of the bigots who protested against his invitation. Mr. Oglesby prefaced his address by saying, "I am not a Catholic, and so far as I know, none of my ancestors were, and none of my kindred are Catholics."

Referring to the unfortunate incident at Macon, the speaker said in part: "It would be hard to find a more painfully astounding instance of the effect of religious prejudice and intolerance, and a more palpable ignorance or obliviousness, or ignoring of facts that should have made it impossible, than is shown in this protest; and no more fitting occasion than this can be found for a statement of some of those facts that should be known and remembered by every American, and especially by every Confederate veteran, and every descendant of a Confederate."

After setting forth the provisions of the constitution guaranteeing equal rights and religious liberty to all, and quoting words of Washington illustrative of his attitude towards the Catholics of his time, Mr. Oglesby concluded by saying: "The truth of history overwhelmingly refutes the imputation that profession of the Roman Catholic Faith is incompatible with loyalty to American principles of government; and surely the facts I have stated show the peculiar appropriateness of the choice of the Macon Daughters of the Confederacy for orator of an occasion in honor of the memory of those sons of the South who died for those principles in the war between the States, of every one of whom it can be said, as truly as General Lee said of Paul J. Semmes, 'He died discharging the highest duty of a patriot.'"

Yours faithfully in Jesus and Mary,  
J. M. FRASER.

"History shows that there are no more devoted adherents, no sturdier defenders of constitutional liberty, as they have been transmitted to us through the great charter and the American Constitution, than have been found in the ranks of those professing that faith—the faith of Stephen Langton of Runnymede, and of Chas. Carroll of Carrollton, and of Chief Justice Taney, and of the present chief justice, Edward D. White; and of that great judge, William Gaston, of North Carolina, whose name and memory are revered in that State by Protestant and Catholic alike. It shows that the Confederate cause, which itself was the cause of constitutional liberty, had no more ardent sympathizers, nor more eloquent advocates than were to be found in those same ranks; and no doubt of his fealty to those principles and to that cause can find lodgment in the mind of any one who knows that true American, that loyal southerner, that golden-hearted Christian gentleman—Bishop Benjamin Keiley."

### WISDOM OF CHURCH UPHELD

"It is strange how frequently the conduct of the Church receives unintentional approbation from the world," says the Rosary Magazine. "When, some years ago, the Ne Temere decree with regard to marriage was issued, there were many who took exception to the changes introduced into the matrimonial laws of the Church, one of the most important of which had reference to engagements. Under the new code, in order to be considered binding, they were to be written. There were those who saw no justification in fact for such a law. Many, too—frivolous-minded ones, of course—attributed so prosaic a treatment of courtship to the fact that the Church's laws are drafted by ecclesiastics little experienced in the affairs of the world. Not long ago Representative Clark, of the Lower House of the Michigan Legislature, seeing the appalling number of breach of promise cases brought before the courts of the country, introduced a bill calling for the registration of betrothals by the county clerk. In his mind it was the one effective way of outwitting many pythonesque women suing for breach of promise damages, and on the other hand, of affording protection to unsuspecting members of the gentler sex likely to be taken advantage of by unscrupulous men. Only such as these will take objection to the new measure. The lovers who mean to play square with each other will have no hesitancy about registering their vows. And so once again it is borne in upon us that the old Mother Church after all knows human nature very well, and now, as in the past, is straining every effort to keep it on the high paths of righteousness."

Let each one examine himself, and see what time he has given hitherto to this devotion of intercessory prayer, and whether the past is in this respect altogether what he would have it be.

### FATHER FRASER'S CHINESE MISSION

Taichowfu, China, Nov. 26, 1916

Dear Readers of CATHOLIC RECORD: That your charity towards my mission is approved by the highest ecclesiastical authorities of Canada let me quote from a letter from His Excellency, The Most Rev. Peregrine F. Stagni, O. S. M., D. D., Apostolic Delegate, Ottawa: "I have been watching with much interest the contributions to the Fund opened on behalf of your missions by the CATHOLIC RECORD. The success has been very gratifying and shows the deep interest which our Catholic people take in the work of the missionary in foreign lands. I bless you most cordially and all your labors, as a pledge of my earnest wishes for your greatest success in all your undertakings." I entreat you to continue the support of my struggling mission, assuring you a remembrance in my prayers and Masses.

Yours faithfully in Jesus and Mary,  
J. M. FRASER.

Previously acknowledged.....	\$10,289 45
Mrs. C. Wood, Lunenburg.....	2 00
A. J. Goodger, Canoe.....	5 00
M. A. T. Mildmay.....	1 00
Mrs. C. McCarron, Hamp- ton, N. B.....	20 00
F. C. Kerwood.....	5 00
A. Friend, Tilbury, East.....	1 00
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Thanksgiving.....	50
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In memory of Mrs. John Gorman, Ottawa.....	25 00
C. M. K.....	1 00
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