

mauled that the offensive must be abandoned. Of this there is as yet no sign. The enemy is not being punished so badly as he should be because of the loss of Italian guns in the earlier retreat, a deficiency which is not yet made good to the limit required to meet the heavy artillery being rushed forward by the foe. It is probable that the British and French reinforcements are now getting into line in strong numbers, and their artillery should be a great help for the Italian armies.

JERUSALEM INVESTED

German newspapers are telling their people that Jerusalem is to be abandoned to the British because it is of no military value, and for that reason would not be worth their sacrificing the troops to hold it. They have nothing to say about the immense loss of prestige that will accrue to the Germans as much as to the Turks, although the latter have long been masters of the Holy City. Jerusalem has always been counted by the Germans as within the scope of their Eastern conquests to come, and some of their buildings in that city are in the nature of fortifications. It is to be hoped that Jerusalem is now in the hands of the British, whose campaign through Palestine has been conducted with such brilliant success.—Globe, Nov. 24.

NEWMAN

AND THE ROMANCE OF RELIGION

Joseph F. Wickham, M. A., in America

On a pedestal in the gardens of Trinity College, Oxford, there stands a bust of an old Oxonian. You might pass it by if you were in a hurry, and not stand to gaze at the pensive features that seem to ask you to stop and dream. It is quite unremarkable, perhaps, that this bronze memorial should be here, for it is the common way of telling the world that a man lived, and was great, and died. And in very truth this old graduate of the old seat of learning, whose thoughtful face in the garden seems to be dreaming today of the Oxford thousands fighting in France, this old man, indeed, was great. He lived, if anyone in the nineteenth century lived; and when he died, the English world stopped still for a moment, for it had lost John Henry Newman.

The story of Newman is more than a twice-told tale. He has told it himself best of all; Mr. Hutton has told it, and the late Wilfrid Ward and Dr. Barry; and every man of letters from Mr. Birrell to Monsieur Bremond, and Mr. Benson has found him an inspiration for his thoughts. And today, when Oxford is wide awake, and thinking of today's battles of armies set in array rather than of battles of the spirit fought in the long ago, it seems a work of supererogation to recall to memory those far-off days when Oxford was asleep and Newman woke it up.

But romance is never out of fashion, whether it be the romance of love, the romance of dying for one's country, the romance of finding God. And Newman, though he was many things else, was certainly a figure of romance, standing forth as bravely in the nineteenth century as Washington in the eighteenth or Joffre in the twentieth. His romance was not that of love, or of discovery of continents, or of dying that others might live, but was the romance of religion, of a soul seeking the Soul.

It was an age of high aspiration and endeavor. Carlyle was crying against the shams of society with a voice that thrilled with indignation; Ruskin was teaching sincerity in art to an age that had forgotten what art was; Matthew Arnold was preaching the sweetness and light of an intellectual culture; truly Newman was no isolated figure winning the attention of an England that had no one else to hearken to. His rise to glory was no easy triumph; but triumph it was, and it grows greater the farther it recedes into time.

In Newman's youth-time the youthful poet Keats had summed up all truth in the word beauty. "That is all ye know on earth, and all ye need to know." The creed is not as simple as it may seem, and if carried to its widest interpretation, it is sound philosophy. Newman carried it to the forecourts of heaven and proved it true; and it is in that journey, in that wonderful Odyssey of religious adventure, in that countless faring-forth of him who in the Siege Perilous had no dread, that lies the romance of the future Cardinal-Prince.

Many men and women have lived this romance; it is not new; it is not uncommon; and Newman's living it is in no sense a more precious thing than the experience of an unknown saint in the wilderness of the world. But all who have trodden the paths that lead to Rome will accept him as their leader and their hero, for their story is but a variant of his, and in him the tale is a classic, even as the tale of Troy divine. It is a tale of a man seeking truth, questing for it as the pearl of great price. And that day in Palermo, in 1833, when he wrote "Oh, that they creed were sound, thou Church of Rome," he uttered the aspiration that was the watch-word of his heart's pulsation; it told the story of a soul's desire even as the device on a warrior's shield.

"Love," sings the Roman, "conquers everything." It was the love of the English Church that conquered Newman's love of the Church

of England. It was love of things that hailed their origins from more ancient sources than a monarch's decree or an act of parliament, that made him a soldier in the Tractarian movement at Oxford. It was the love of the ideal embodied in Tract 90 that broke about him the storm of protest in the halls of ancient Oxford, a tempest that drove Newman closer to his destined harbor, and that boded to Oxford and to all England that in the world of the spirit a new day was about to dawn. "I have no romantic story to tell," writes Newman in his "Apologia," and yet his life in that splendid span of years from 1833 to his death is one long season of knight-hood, a seeking of the Grail that was lost, and a watching the Cup as the only work worth the doing. These years are the answer to the prayer of "Lead, Kindly Light," that wonderful poetic cry out of the depths of the half-light when he saw darkly what he would see in the glory of the sun's full gleam.

To cross the stream that separated the Church of England from the Church of Rome was no mere crossing of the Rubicon. For Caesar the plunge meant glory or defeat in the Roman world; and Caesar brooked no defeat. For Newman, in his English world, it would seem to be a fourth crossing of the Rubicon. And on that night of October 8, 1845, when Newman sat in his house at Littlemore, waiting for the Passionist priest to come and bid him enter the Apostolic fold, there must have flashed through his mind in a clear vision the worldly defeat that the morrow would bring. For with the new religion would come the loss of the whole olden world, the old friends, the old honors, the old scholastic ease, the old familiar urgency of the Church of England, and, not least of all, the old University of Oxford, with its halls and its towers thrice hallowed in his memories as among the sweetest of his life's possessions.

And so it was. The old England, the England that began when the eighth Tudor repudiated his Spanish queen, forgot him, for a while, but the older England that knew Augustine and Thomas of Canterbury welcomed the new ally to its thin battle-line. And now with the old courage and the new light Newman did the work where he found it to do. Ordained priest of the Catholic Church, he preached again, and delivered those marvelous lectures on "The Idea of a University," and was joyful in heart at the new gladness which was to come to him. And then in 1864 the England that had forgotten him again remembered, for Charles Kingsley had thrown down the gage of battle in the query "What, then, does Dr. Newman mean?" And Newman picked it up, and wrote one of the three or four most famous confessions in the history of the world, the "Apologia pro Vita Sua."

There is no need today to say even a word about the "Apologia"; there never was a reason for offering it more than the sufficient compliment of reading it; for it is its own best introduction to itself, and its own best critic. All of Kingsley's books could well be spared from the accomplishment of the nineteenth century, but to conceive the nineteenth century in England without Newman's "Apologia" is to dream a garland of years quite at variance with one of their essential meanings. From the thrilling pages of the introduction to the point where Newman came, as he says, "into port after a rough sea," and from this record of his new peace to the beautiful closing page dedicated to Ambrose, St. John and Newman's other fellow-priests of the Birmingham Oratory, the "Apologia" is a rare human document in the form of a work of art; a truly wonderful book, portions of which stand unrivalled in the prose of the nineteenth century, and easily challenge the test of comparison with the best pages of the half dozen prose masters in all British letters.

To read it, to read it through, slowly and thoughtfully and comprehendingly, letting the mind travel in a real companionship with Newman's is a voyage into the seas of a soul's romance quite as actual as a mariner's adventure into undiscovered oceans seeking the land of promise.

The land of promise was come to Newman when he wrote this book; and the promised land was right at home in England. He had become a prophet with honor, in his own country; and the men who were seas away from him in the belief of the soul clasped his hand in an ecstasy of joy over the great book of a great sincerity. Newman in creed was honored in his friendship; and the old friends of his heart were happy in his triumph. Henceforth in the estimation of the British world Newman was not merely a great Anglican become Roman Catholic, but a great man of his time, a name upon men's lips with Gladstone and Tennyson and the Prince of Wales.

This is not a critical essay on Newman as a writer. If it were, we could not but tarry on the delights of "The Dream of Gerontius," that beautiful strain of music that breathes the mystery and the sweetness of Christian death; a strain of music in very truth, for its words are a melody and a heavenly harmony that sing themselves to the soul of the man of faith quite as appealingly as Elgar's composition chants the hymn to all the world. "The Dream" was written soon after the "Apologia." The prose work gives us Newman's view of life, his own life; the poet conjures for us his vision of death, the fair vision

that came to him in the solitude of Edgbaston, as he thought of the glory that was God and the grandeur that was man, if man but chose to grasp it.

Probably most great men suffer many disappointments in the course of their lives. Certainly Newman was not an exception in this respect. Not all of his plans could be carried through; not all of his contemporaries understood his ideals and motives; and many a brooding hour must have broken his peace of mind as he pondered on the ways of men. But the length of years that carried his sorrows gave him also his vindication and his crown. In 1878 Oxford called him home as honorary Fellow of Trinity, and after his thirty-three years of absence Newman was free to sit again at the high table and to make friends with the things of his youth. The next year saw the final touch of glory, when on the twelfth day of May Leo XIII. made the priest of the Oratory Cardinal of Saint George. It was a splendid day for Newman, a fair day for all England, when the great Leo gave the word. Never, indeed, was a choice happier than this. The fitness of things displays itself more than once in a while in the ordering of human affairs; and this was a conspicuous example of princely honors finding their way to a prince of men, a unique occasion in history when one rare soul could offer to another the title that a critical world would hold as flawless. For with Newman the world had been nothing if not critical; but it had found him true, and it rushed to him now, and gave him all the love and all the friendship and all the glory that it had. And this is a very dear thing in life.

Eleven years more the Cardinal dwelt in the peace of Birmingham, the calm and serenity of old age falling upon him very gently and very sweetly, touching his spirit with that singular tenderness that looks upon you from the painting in the National Gallery. And then came the end of things, of the day and the even-time, and of dreams, and of earthly toiling. The life of the great man was rounded with the sleep that is life, the dawn of the deathless day; the great heart was at home with the Heart he had loved and served; and the motto on the Cardinal's shield, "Cor ad cor loquitur," was being lived to the uttermost.

A new generation has grown up since that August day in 1890 when Newman died. It is no doubt richer in many things than the generation that preceded it; but it is less rich in at least one thing, the precious personal memory of a man who followed the gleam faithfully as the knightliest of the knights of old, who chanted through the years the chronicle of his glorious adventure in language like the Angels' own, and who died at the last in all the beauty of death, and was laid away with the whole world weeping as at the passing of a friend.

MURDER PURE AND SIMPLE

Dr. Haiselden, of Chicago, is again attracting public notice, this time by announcing that he intends to put to death, "in a painless manner," such incurable cases as he deems fit by his method of execution. This is the same Dr. Haiselden who permitted some babies to die, rather than perform operations which might prolong their lives, but, in his judgment, would not restore the children to a normal condition or enable them—in his judgment—to become useful.

His latest proposal is to accept the judgment of parents—in the case of diseased and, supposedly incurable, children—and his own, added to the desire, or permission of the ill person—in the case of adults—as sufficient reason for him to terminate the life of the afflicted one. It is so shocking that one can hardly realize that so coldblooded a man is actually a member of the medical profession, noted from the beginning of civilization's history as devoted to the preservation of life and the amelioration of human suffering.

No parent has the disposition of a child's life put in his or her hands. The gift of human life is not an act of will on the part of any human being. It comes from God. Only under the most restricted conditions, with specific conditions fully met, can any assemblage of human beings gathered into a state acquire the power of ordering the ending of a human life.

The act of a judge, in sentencing to death a culprit, is not the act of the individual who chances to occupy the judicial position. He is expressing the penalty fixed by the State, which is composed of all the people in the community capable of participating in the government.

In the case of this physician who apparently seeks notoriety—for after his previous exploits he went into the moving pictures to impress his appearance and his views upon the public—an individual, uncommis-

sioned by the State, takes into his hands the solemn functions of judge and executioner. The acts he announces he will perform are violations of human rights and violations of the State's prerogatives. No very ill person is competent to pass judgment upon his own case or his own life. Thousands of cases believed to be hopelessly ill have recovered health and usefulness. The one sadly stricken and believed by himself and by his physician and by his family to be on the brink of death may get well. Such things have frequently happened. In the case of

children, many believed to be doomed to permanent blindness or mental infirmity have been restored to sight or useful mental and physical life by operative measures.

What would be the verdict of the world were any such case of illness or defect to be put to death upon the say so of some parent, guardian or physician? It is horrible to contemplate. The public opinion of Illinois must recoil from this physician's deliberate program of taking human life. Medical men should ostracize him. Society should denounce him. The law should stop him from practice of his profession.—N. Y. Catholic News.

TWO VIEWS OF THE WAR

"Better editorials than I or any other editor can write are being written by the young men who, for an ideal, are giving up their lives in France," says the editor of Every Week, quoting the letters of two boys who both sacrificed their lives for their country at the early age of nineteen. To "the France of tomorrow" the thoughts of Alfred Eugene Cazalis turned before he fell in his last brave charge:

"It is not for death I would prepare myself, but for life. For life eternal, no doubt, but for the more immediate matter of earthly life as well. When war is over and I go home, I must be a changed being. I shall have no right to be as I formerly was—or the lesson will all have been in vain. Through the War mankind must be reborn, and is it not our duty to be reborn first of all?"

And to his kinswoman Jean Rival wrote the day before his death, asking her to console his mother:

"If time goes by and she hears nothing of me, let her live in hope; keep up her courage. Then if you learn at last that I have fallen on the field of honor, let your heart speak those words that will bring solace. This morning I attended Mass and received Communion some meters back from the trenches. If I die, I shall die as a Christian and a Frenchman. . . . God guard me to the very end. But if my blood is needed for our triumph—Thy will be done, O Lord!"

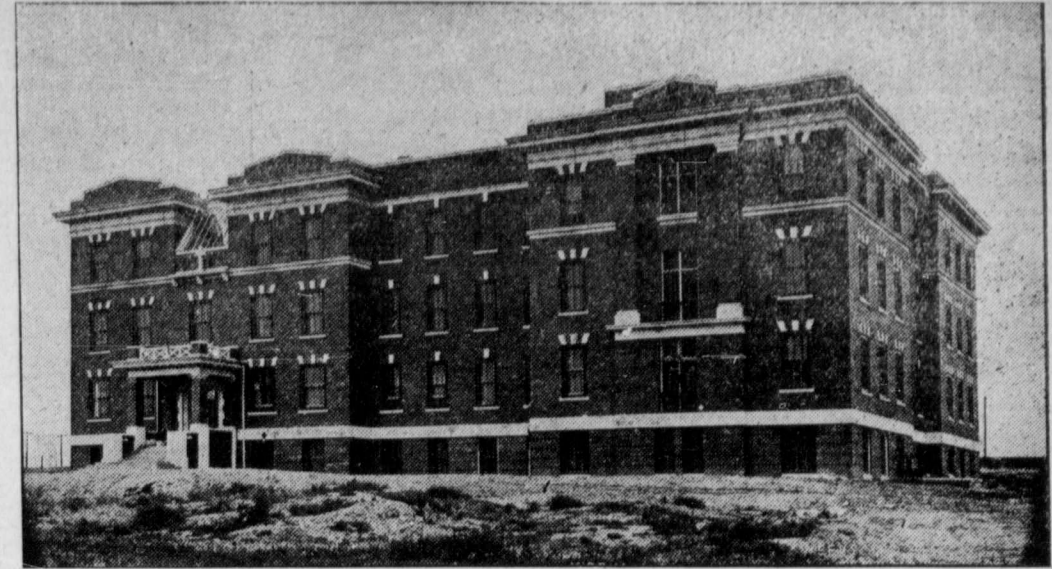
So on each side of this great conflict souls are drawn nearer to God in this fiery ordeal. But we must not overlook the equally undeniable fact that together with heroic virtue the most flagrant vice is often known to flourish in the trenches. While some profit by the lessons of the War, others return with manhood and innocence ruined. No efforts therefore which can be made to surround our young men with all the safeguards of religion in the camps and at the front should be considered needless or superfluous.—America.

LET US PRAY

There are people who would make light of President Wilson's recent proclamations of a day of prayer. There are men who would ridicule the effectiveness of pious petitions and assert that in this war the prayer of results is in the hands of the man in the trenches. Then follow all those befuddled ideas of God and our relation to Him. Fortunately, men of such perverted notions are not directing our government. When the nation approached the altar on a recent Sunday, it was not with the suggestion that God accomplish our will, but with a humble petition that He light further for us the path we are treading at His will. Surely that is our conviction, our justification for charging our cannon, that we are His instruments, contending for the liberty of the human race. And our prayer for victory is a petition that in our human weakness we may not fail as His tool. Nor is prayer fruitless. True, the man with the gun is a forcible argument in our favor. But his effectiveness is in measure to the courage in his heart. The supreme courage is that begotten by prayer. But for the power of prayer men would be shrinking, conquerable cowards. There is, too, another effective prayer spoken in war-times. It is that of the mother at home. There is heroism needed for sending a son to battle. And the strength for the sacrifice is given in prayer. A nation that would vaingloriously approach the field of battle, scorning the Almighty, would be treading the road to early defeat.—New World.

NUNS SAVE FOUR HUNDRED WOUNDED

A special cable from the London Times to the Washington Post says: "Galatz is frequently bombarded. Since the occupation of the Dobrudja by the Central Powers this open town has received not less than 8,000 shells. Last week the bombardment was stronger than usual, especially against hospitals. Last Friday an aeroplane flew over the building of the Catholic nuns hospital of Notre Dame de Sion, which sheltered 400 wounded, marking it as a target. Soon after the bombardment started 30 shells of heavy calibre fell on the building. The hospital nuns were able to move in time all the wounded to the cellar. Thanks to the celerity of their work, there were no casualties except two nuns wounded while in the chapel. The building was hit by 10 incendiary shells but none burst. The whole first floor was wrecked, and it was almost a miracle that the building did not catch fire."



NEW PROVIDENCE HOSPITAL, MOOSE JAW, SASK.

NEW PROVIDENCE HOSPITAL, MOOSE JAW, DEDICATED

On Wednesday, the 14th inst., the beautiful New Providence Hospital, conducted by the Sisters of Charity, Moose Jaw, so modern and spacious in construction and equipment, was solemnly dedicated by His Grace, Most Rev. O. E. Mathieu, Archbishop of Regina, who was assisted by a number of clergy of the diocese and other places. After the Mass, which was celebrated by Rev. Father McCoy, Medicine Hat, His Grace delivered a pleasing eulogy fully portraying the advantages of such an institution in the enterprising City of Moose Jaw. He paid a well-merited tribute to the Sisters for carrying out to completion the grand building which affords many comforts and conveniences for patients of all classes. The best results in administering to the needs of the sick and suffering might be expected owing to the fact that the Hospital could honestly boast of the best professional staff from an efficient staff of physicians and surgeons.

In a most touching manner the Archbishop invoked heavenly blessings on the great and heroic work and on all who were identified with it—Benefactors, Pastors, Doctors, Nurses and Sisters.

A solemn procession formed and each apartment visited, at the close of the ceremony the distinguished guests were conducted to the spacious and tastefully decorated Banquet Hall and served to a delicious repast by the "Ladies Auxiliary."

The hospital management wish to express sincere gratitude through these columns to their generous contributors and heartily solicit the sympathy and material assistance of kind friends to enable them to maintain and conduct their great undertaking.

A NON-CATHOLIC EDITOR PAYS TRIBUTE TO POPE BENEDICT

The Editor of Brann's Iconoclast says:

"Pope Benedict will be known as 'A Prince of Peace.' Regardless of the final outcome, no power can rob him of this glorious title. The Allies have declined to accept his Christ-like plea for the bleeding people of all the warring nations, but they have not closed the door to Hope. In fact, I think President Wilson's answer opens it a little wider. Pope Benedict's suggestions could not be ignored. They may be subjected to some modification, but none of the belligerents can afford to treat them lightly. There are 300,000,000 Catholics in the world. Loyal to every flag under which they live, Catholics are fighting on both sides of every battlefield. Their devotion and sacrifice give the Pope a perfect right to enter a plea for peace. He has spoken not only for his own children but for all mankind and for Christ. He has given form and expression to the soul of civilization and challenged the Christian conscience of the world. His action is worthy the exalted station he occupies. He has placed civilization, Christianity and the human race itself under everlasting obligations."

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH EXTENSION SOCIETY OF CANADA

To the CATHOLIC RECORD: The Catholic Church Extension Society expresses sincere thanks for the donation of the space on this page used each week in the interest of the propagation of the Faith in Canada.

This kindly act is a public expression of that Catholic co-operation for which we so ardently pray.

There are hundreds and hundreds of Catholics in Canada eager to help the Catholic Church in her divine mission of making known the truths of salvation if only the way be pointed out. The way and means are at hand.

In the large dioceses of Western and Northern Canada there are today thousands of Catholics without the means of practising their holy Religion. They are our brethren in Christ Jesus and belong to the household of the Faith. Charity, without which we cannot be saved, demands that we listen to their cry of distress and for the love of God and our neighbor give a hearty

response, according to our means.

To bring the Faith of Jesus Christ into the souls of these Catholics famishing for this heavenly nourishment is the only reason for the existence of the Catholic Extension Society.

The President of the Catholic Church Extension Society is only a small instrument for the direction of Catholic Charity. He holds office through the gracious favor of the Holy See, to give, in as far as he is able, a public expression of and response to, the desires of the Archbishops, Bishops, Priests and Catholic people in regard to the extension of Catholic Missionary work in the sparsely settled districts of Canada and Newfoundland.

The Catholic Church Extension Society, in doing the work for which it was instituted, will pursue one object solely; namely, to be an honest, honorable and devoted medium of Charity, standing in full light, begging and receiving aid with one hand and paying out with the other the generous contributions of clergy and people to the most needy missions in Canada, without regard to race or nationality.

Amounts, great and small, received through the RECORD for Extension work, will receive acknowledgment in this space each week.

REV. T. O'DONNELL, President, Catholic Church Extension Society, 67 Bond St., Toronto.

Contributions through this office should be addressed to:

EXTENSION, CATHOLIC RECORD OFFICE, London, Ont.

FAILURE OF PROTESTANTISM

The War is bearing so hard on the nerves of men that many people are speaking their minds freely and in a most interesting way. The latest addition to this group is Charles Reynolds Brown, dean of the Yale School of Religion, who recently lectured to the students of Goucher College, Baltimore, on "Four Hundred years of Protestantism."

According to the Baltimore News he declared that Protestantism "had not fulfilled its promise because it was not brave enough to exalt and insist upon the imperialism of Christ's spirit." The News continues as follows:

"Whereas, the Catholic Church with its seven Sacraments, the lecturer said, touches life at every point, the Protestant Church had not been willing to make an honest effort to reach human needs. He complained bitterly of the sectarianism that divides the body of Protestantism and which makes of the Church not a strong cable about humanity, but has frayed it into many strands, each of which is not strong enough to sustain the whole. There is nowhere a great Protestant Church, he declared, equal to the great Catholic Church."

"The War, Dr. Brown maintained, is the greatest challenge to Protestantism since the days of Luther. But if the Church is to rally herself now, he argued, she needs most of all a great leader, a man of the temper of Lincoln with 'malice toward none,' whose broad and catholic temper could sweep together the antagonistic elements into a reunited Church."

But if all this be true why is Dr. Brown giving his life to the propagation of Protestantism, an utterly discredited cult in his eyes. Because he is a Protestant.—America.

TURNING TO CATHOLIC IDEALS

The weak-kneed Catholic who is now so eager to run after every fad in social service will find after a while, if he is fortunate enough, to finally reach a higher strata, that the best moderns in social work are unlearning a lot of fads and are studiously copying Catholic methods.

What is needed to-day among all classes of Catholics here in America is more confidence in themselves and less weakly imitation and spineless subservience to what is called the spirit of the age, this up-to-date-ness, this yesterday civilization with its cocksure methods and its empty boastfulness. By this time the world ought to realize that what is most needed to-day is not a new batch of fads, but a glance backward at the ages of faith.—Cardinal O'Connell.

DUTY

I know not where the path may lead nor what the end may be, The clouds are dark above us now, the future none can see, And yet when all the storms have passed, and cannons cease to roar We shall be prouder of our flag than we have been before.

We could not longer idle stay, spectators of a wrong, The weak were crying out for help against oppression strong And though I pray we may be spared the bitterness of strife 'Twere better that we die than live the coward's feeble life.

We could not longer silent sit, our glory at an end And blind ourselves unto the wrongs committed by a friend; We must be tolerant with all, yet in these days of hate Some things have happened that it would be shame to tolerate.

And now we stand before the world erect and calm and grave And speak the words that decency must rule the land and wave; Into the chaos of despair we fling ourselves to-day As guardians of a precious trust hate must not sweep away.

We must rejoice, if we are men, not weak and soft of heart That we have heeded duty's call, and taken up our part, And when at last sweet peace shall come, and all the strife is o'er We shall be prouder of our flag than we have been before.

—EDGAR A. GUEST.

THE TABLET FUND

Toronto, Nov. 21, 1917.

Editor CATHOLIC RECORD: I thank you for giving space to the Appeal for the Tablet Fund for the Relief of the Belgians. So far I have received because of this appeal: Previously acknowledged, \$1419 49 Miss Kinzinger, Niagara Falls 2 00 A Friend, 2 00 Mrs. O'Leary, Kenney, 50 Women's Institute, Clayton 6 00 J. Buckley, Toronto, 5 00 N. C. Mount Carmel, 5 00 D.A.F. 10 00

If you would be good enough to acknowledge publicly these amounts in the columns of the RECORD I would be very grateful.

Respectfully yours, W. E. BLAKE, 93 Pembroke St. Toronto.

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. Peregrina 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, \$12,005 56 St. Thomas Branch, L.O.C. Reserve Mines, N. S. 15 00 M. E., Pace, 1 00 D. J. O'Sullivan, Carroll, 1 00 Robt. McCarthy, St. John Rev. C. D. McKee, Moose Creek, 5 00 A. A. G., St. Lawrence, Nfld 10 00 A. L. F., St. Lawrence, Nfld Thanksgiving to Holy Souls in Purgatory, 2 00 S. C. Mabou, N. S. 1 00

False friends are like our shadow—keeping close to us while we walk in the sunshine, but leaving us the instant we cross into the shade.