

# The Catholic Record.

"Christianus mihi nomen est Catholicus vero Cognomen."—(Christian is my Name, but Catholic my Surname)—St. Pacien, 4th Century.

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LONDON, CANADA, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 30, 1916

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### AS HISTORY WRITES IT

The declining power of the Church as an intellectual factor is a phrase without meaning. It would be strange indeed if after having shown such a complete mastery of mind during the ages, the Church had really reached the period of dotage and was obliged to resign the rule of mind into the hands of her enemies. It is true that the apostles were sent to direct intellect in the path of truth and virtue and not to be authors or scientists, but it is also true, and historically, that this last lower privilege has always seemed to follow naturally the first and higher one.

The details are given in history. Suffice it to say that our early writers, thinkers and saints, given to meditation and action, induced a civilization wearied to death with cold grammarians and sickly poets with new vitality and life. She took a world unformed, corrupted, swayed by passion, and passing it through the alembic of charity and truth, placed it on the highway of eternity. We need not transcribe her achievements in every department of human activity. They are in the pages of history, and the reasonable man cannot, with these before him, subscribe to the proposition that the Church that has been in the forefront for ages of all that can redound to the benefit of mankind is to-day without influence or power.

### WHO IS RESPONSIBLE?

What is responsible for this downfall. Science? Science that is true and in the hands of true scientists can have no conflict with the Church. Education? Education has been her handmaid. Civilization grew up and waxed strong in her school-room. Education divorced from religion? Julian the Apostate tried that, and we know the result. Voltaire and his pocket-editions tried it, and found its result in a sea of immorality and blood. The world is trying it now to the increase of irreverence and selfishness that menace the stability of society. Put God out of the school room and in the days of stress and storm anecdotes from the lives of the great, copy-book maxims and goody-good stuff about being true for truth's sake will be an unavailing support. Divorce education from religion and we have morality without fixed principles and an undeveloped sense of duty, since its necessary sanction, the judgment of God, is removed out of sight.

### THE REALITY

How is it that this declining Church sees her children increasing uninterruptedly—a very sensible addition in our age of real intellect to her ranks. Look at the unity of her hierarchy under the Supreme Pastor; consider its efficiency, tenacity and oneness of purpose. Behold the workmen writing and speaking and attracting the attention of others to their cause. Regard the army of virgins exhaling the fragrance of heavenly charity in hospitals, in the field of battle, and manifesting the power that always reaches the heart. Why is it that the agnostic, the rationalist, etc., concentrate all their attacks on this decrepit Church? They do not sing its requiem; they devote all their astuteness and learning to belittle and to crush it. Strange indeed that such men should waste their ammunition on a dying organism. Sectarianism they regard as an inconsequential factor against them. They can be fool if because it likes new things, or they can use it under the pretext that it is enlightened and progressive; but Rome is impervious to either guile or blandishment. And yet after surveying the world they are, in their better moments, constrained to admit that the Church, despite obstacle and enemy, shows signs of increasing vigor, and is the magnet which attracts those who wish to solve the problems of origin and destiny and to see God. The Catholic Church is the only historical religion, is the testimony of Mallock, that can conceivably adapt itself to the wants of the present day without virtually ceasing to be itself. It is the only religion

that can keep its identity without losing its life, and keep its life without losing its identity; that can enlarge its teachings without changing them; that can be always the same and yet be always developing.

### SOME OF US

This war has seen the use of gas that strangles and blinds and plays the hymn of death to the accompaniment of terrible suffering. When it first made its appearance the civilized world was astonished, but the constant iteration has accustomed it to it as incidental to modern scientific warfare.

In ordinary life we have had the use of gas—a soul-blasting and misery-fashioning gas—for many years. It is made not in scientific laboratories, but in twisted brains and soured hearts. Judiciously used it asphyxiates its victims. It bears the label "They say." The label serves to protect the user. If caught in the act, the gas-users throw up their hands and seek pardon in "They say." With this phrase they stab in the dark, and can adopt a rumour and feed it with the malice of their own hearts. They distil venom into "They say," and send it forth to blacken the reputation of a neighbor. And all the while skulking behind "They say" the good people walk the highway and pride themselves on their righteousness.

Most of us prefer the German gas-slinger to the cowardly individual who slinks in the darkness and wages war with the weapon "They say." Against an avowed enemy there is some chance of defensive, but none against him who stalks us secretly and gasses us with "They say."

### THE TEACHER

A man may carry a whole library in his head and be a poor teacher. The mere knowledge of authors is supposed to guarantee education. Yet we know from sad experience that a man can be bookish and even learned, a very dunce of scholarship, and be narrow in his judgments and cramped in his mind. The best teacher is the man who can determine the pupil to self-activity and whose personality, gentle and firm, makes for the upbuilding of character.

While fitting the student to think and act in this world he points out to them that all things are of no real value unless by a right intention they are brought into connection with our spiritual life. But while saying that there is a vast difference between the temporal and spiritual issues of life he insists upon the pupil taking an interest in all the legitimate interest of modern life. But "whether you eat or drink or whatever else you do, do all for the glory of God."

He fits them to be competitors in the game of life, and shows them where to obtain balm for grievous wound, and strength in days of disillusionment and trial.

Hence, a Catholic college should be, in the estimation of parents, the only place for their children. There, and there only, can they receive an education in the true sense of the term—an education which prepares them for this world and eternity. That our colleges are inferior to those under secular auspices may well be challenged. They are not heavily endowed, if at all, but in point of professional equipment, of self-denying labours, they merit the sympathy and support of Catholics.

### SIGHT MIRACULOUSLY RESTORED

FOUR CURES WROUGHT AT THE SHRINE OF OUR LADY, CAREY, O.

Robert Fishbaugh sixteen, of Middletown, O., is a happy boy to-day. The lad had been blind in one eye for years. It is reported from the Shrine at Carey that the boy's eyesight was suddenly restored while kneeling at the Shrine during the services of the Feast of the Assumption. The boy was so overjoyed that he did not stay to return with the other pilgrims from his vicinity, but took the first train home to break the glad news to his mother.

Catherine Daugherty, of Lima, O., suddenly saw the light of day while kneeling in prayer, it is reported. She had been journeying to the shrine for many years.

Peter Columbus, after spending two or more years in traveling over the United States and Canada visiting eminent occultists and incidentally spending about \$13,000 in the effort to get his eyesight restored, made a pilgrimage to the noted shrine at Carey and fully recovered his sight.

After praying for the restoration of his sight he fell asleep and when he awoke found that his prayers had been answered. Another striking incident of the miraculous power of this shrine is the fact that a young woman who worked for Mr. Columbus for five years had a sister who was blind, or almost so. After learning from her employer what a blessing had come to him she took her sister to Carey, and she also was restored.—Catholic Sun.

### AN AMERICAN PRIEST THROWN IN CELL

HAD GONE ON A CALL OF MERCY

A few days ago Father Van Goethen was called over to Nogales to visit a very sick Mexican woman by the name of Rosario Robles. During the time over there the priest visited the military hospital and was on his way back home when he was arrested near the plaza by a Mexican officer who conducted him to headquarters to have an interview with the commandante, Datto Campbell.

The Mexican officer asked Father Van Goethen, "Who gave you permission to come over here?" The father answered, "Nobody; I need no permission, for I am an American and have the same rights and privileges as any other American."

Datto Campbell then asked the father for his citizenship papers, and was told that if his words were not good, his papers would not be either. Campbell then said, "Are you a priest?" "I answered 'Yes,'" said Father Van Goethen. Then Campbell asked, "Do you know that General Calles forbade priests to enter Mexico?" The father said, "Yes, as far as the Mexican priests are concerned, but I am an American priest and not subject to the orders of General Calles." He was then taken to the quartel, by orders of Commandante Campbell and placed in a cell.

Before going over in answer to the sick call, Father Van Goethen had told his assistant, Father Usson, that if he did not return at a certain time to phone the American consul, which he did. Simplic immediately went over to see the commandante, who on seeing him said, "I know what you came over for. You came over to get that priest, but he has gone to Empalme." Upon being informed that no train had gone to that city since the arrest, the commandante then said, "You can't see him because he is incommunicado."

He was advised that it would be much better for him if the priest was released at once. After studying a minute Campbell gave orders for the priest's release.

Father Van Goethen felt the matter deeply and was justly incensed, as he went over in answer to the call of mercy, and in no manner intended to interfere with any of their business on that side of the line. He has taken the matter up with the state department and with the United States senators of Arizona.—Buffalo Union and Times.

### PATRIOTIC WORDS OF ITALIAN CARDINAL

LOOKS ON WAR AS ONE OF WORLD'S GREATEST EVILS AND HOPES FOR A LASTING AND GLORIOUS PEACE

(From Roman Letter C. P. A.)

Cardinal Ferrari, Archbishop of Milan, has been speaking to a representative of a Milan paper on the war. First he recounted some of his experiences among the wounded soldiers in the hospitals, expressing his delight at the spirit which the military chaplains of whose bravery and self-sacrifice he had received many accounts from the commanding officers themselves, and a more eloquent testimony even than that was to be found in the military decorations for valor which many of them had received. Then of the war and peace, saying that, talking to the wounded, especially to such as would have a chance of going to the front again, he found that he and they were in complete accord on the need for ever increasing effort so that the war might be carried out till every just aspiration of Italy was satisfied.

"Even through another winter campaign," he said, and he added, "after that God will provide, God Who wishes for the triumph of the holy and just cause."

"Peace is in the destinies of the Lord and in the desire of men. Men must pray for its coming, but also that it may be a permanent peace which shall guarantee to the peoples their national rights. \* \* \* I have never been one of those who desire war; I have always looked on war as one of the greatest evils which can afflict humanity, and for the future we must seek every means to avoid

it; but in the present state of things we must also ensure that the way in which an end is put to the present scourge shall be one to render its recurrence impossible, that it shall be a peace, glorious for Italy, assured for generations."

### GOOD OUT OF EVIL

Is chivalry dead in the South? Was it possible that the outrageous attack upon Southern womanhood implied in the Convent Inspection Bill could become law? Yet that document of abysmal bigotry and ignorance has now been signed by Georgia's Governor and has actually become law. And in the entire State only two non-Catholic gentlemen were brave enough to speak out publicly what many doubtless felt in their hearts. Their names deserve to be recorded. They were the Rev. Ashby Jones, a Baptist minister, and Mr. Thomas Loyless, the editor of the Augusta Chronicle. The Catholics of Augusta have determined to print the sermon of the Rev. Mr. Jones together with a foreword by the Bishop of Savannah which is quoted in the Bishop's letter to the Morning Star of New Orleans. "Who," he asks, "are the persons affected by the bill?" and his eloquent answer follows:

"They are Southern ladies, the sisters and daughters of Georgia men, who have given up home and ties and kindred to nurse the sick, care for the orphans, teach the children. One of these communities of Sisters has a record writ in the story of Savannah's fever-stricken people when it opened its doors to the sick, nursed them and died in the work. And a member of this community, as I stood beside her coffin a few weeks back, had on her breast a medal—which I have never seen before because her modesty kept it secret—which a grateful city gave to one who offered her life for the yellow fever victims, though a merciful God did not demand the sacrifice."

"I have known many of these Sisters as pure girls, whose home life was ideal and whose piety and love of God and mankind for God's sake made them leave their own homes to work for the homeless, and bestow on the children bereft of mothers that loving care which they had received from their own mothers at home. I have seen time and again the orphan boys and girls crowding around these Sisters, and the shining eyes of boys and girls told the story of the loving, devoted care lavished by the Sisters on their charges."

"And the Legislature of this State accuses these women not merely of unwomanly conduct, but by implication, of breach of morality! No man worthy of Southern manhood—whether he be Catholic, Protestant, Jew or of no religion—but feels a blush of shame mount to his cheek at the story of the act of this legislative body."

There will be a sequel to this law which Georgia's legislators have not thought of. Catholics have nothing to fear from publicity, but honest men will come to recognize, as Bishop Keiley well says, the injustice that has been done, and will investigate further into the claims of that Church which has outlived the persecutions of nineteen centuries. They will see the truth and some, we may hope, with the grace of God will embrace it.—America.

### PAPAL NUNCIO TO BELGIUM VISITS ENGLAND

London, August 26, 1916.—Monsignor Locatelli, Papal Nuncio to Belgium, has been spending a few days in London as the guest of Archbishop's house. Having presented his credentials to the King of the Belgians, the Nuncio returned to London, for, unlike his predecessor, he was not allowed to proceed through the German lines and had to make his entry into Belgium via Holland. Mgr. Locatelli met several distinguished Belgians during his stay in the metropolis and visited some of the Belgian colonies and works. He saw the gathering at Southwark cathedral, where the Belgians of London went to celebrate their pilgrimage to Lourdes, which could not be undertaken this year. On his departure the Nuncio was seen off by Bishop de Wachter, Pare Reuten, Mgr. Bidwell, Mgr. Carton di Wiart and several officers of the Belgian army.

ANOTHER REMARKABLE CURE AT HOLYWELL

Another remarkable cure is reported from Holywell this week. A man named Peter Higgins of Pendleton, Manchester, who had been unable to work for eight years from acute rheumatism, and was on crutches, suffering terrible pain during the last years went to the well on August 5. After the first immersion he was seen to turn an extraordinary color and the attendants advised taking him out of the water, thinking he was too weak to stand it. He however, got up, dressed himself, and then walked away with his

crutches under his arm to the hospice. The swelling in his joints, which prevented him from doing anything for himself, has quite disappeared, and also the excruciating pain. He has been home a week and hopes to resume work soon.

### ST. ROBERT'S CAVE IN CATHOLIC HANDS AGAIN

We may soon have another interesting place of pilgrimage in England. The famous Slingsby baby case has brought certain estates of the family near Knaresborough, Yorkshire, into the market to pay legal expenses. On these estates there are two very interesting Catholic ruins. One is St. Robert's cave, hewn out of the solid rock, in front of which there is an ancient altar and a grave believed to be that of the hermit himself. The other is a chapel, also hewn out of the rock, with a rock-house attached, both in a fine state of preservation, but dating from some two hundred years later period than the cave. This chapel was dedicated to Our Lady of the Quarries and is mentioned in the reign of Henry IV. The two lots have been bought by Prior Cummins, O.S.B., of St. Mary's, Knaresborough, for \$3,685. The cave has hitherto been visited by trippers only on account of its associations as the site of the murder by Eugene Aram. In future it will be made a place of pilgrimage and it is possible that the exhumation of St. Robert may be undertaken if the necessary consents can be obtained, to set at rest any doubt as to his identity.

### FAMOUS ALTAR-PIECE SAFE

It is good news to hear that the famous "Santa Barbara of Palma Vecchio," from the church of Santa Maria Formosa, is safe with other treasures of art from Venice. Some months ago when the situation of the Queen of the Adriatic became perilous, the government took measures to place all works of art from the Accademia, the Palazzo Ducale and the principal churches in safety on the mainland and this was done with the altar-piece of the ruined church.—New World.

### CONDITIONS CHANGING

HOSTILITY TO THE CHURCH DISAPPEARING IN ITALY

Rome, Aug. 22.—The following is a notable instance of the part Catholics are taking in the life of Rome, and indeed of Italy, just now. In the report of the works of civil organization, dealing with one quarter of Rome alone, the populous Testaccio district, one reads in the Messaggero an approbation of the energy of all, to whatever political party or religious faith they may belong. And one finds unstinted praise given to the Circolo San Pietro, the great Catholic charitable work, and to the self-sacrifice of the nuns in charge of it; to that of the Salesians, who have charge of the parish; the parish priest, Father Olivarez, having just been created Bishop of Nepi and Sutri; to the Sisters of Santa Maria Ausiliatrice. It is signs like these, which justify observers in saying that at the present moment the hostility to the Church, which was prominent and had to be fought so hard in the last pontificate, shows no signs of existence. May it continue the rule!

### SHALL WOMEN PREACH?

One of the many by-products of the war in Europe, is the discussion of the advisability of allowing women to preach in the pulpits of Protestant churches. Conservative England has been recently stirred and shocked by the proposal that the prohibition of the Apostle be set aside, and that the devout female should no longer be debarred from expounding the truths of the Gospel before assembled congregations. Two arguments have been advanced, namely, that this will leave the men free for other work, and will materially raise the standard of sacred eloquence. It is claimed that it is a huge detriment to religion not to permit "women to use their beautiful gifts." The Anglican Church, although the project seems to have originated with the Rector of the Church of St. Mary the Virgin in London, has set its face sternly against the innovation. Naturally the suffragettes find it hard to reconcile themselves to this exclusion. They have taken men's places in so many other fields of endeavor, they do not see why they should not take their places in public ecclesiastical functions.

Certainly those churches that have given up belief in the Divinity of Christ and the commission He gave to His Apostles to preach His doctrine are not altogether logical in restricting the preaching office to men. Who shall or shall not preach is largely for them a matter of custom and traditional discipline; why they should insist on carrying out the letter of St. Paul's mandate, "Let women keep silence in the churches; for it is not permitted them to speak, but to be subject, as also the law saith," is not quite clear.

The position of the Catholic Church is not involved in these difficulties. Possessing by Divine

commission the right of jurisdiction over the mystical Body of Christ, she is well within her powers in declaring that men and men only shall teach publicly in the churches; it is hers to rule the Flock of Christ, hers to speak in His name. She is vested with the same authority that was in St. Paul when he excluded the women of Corinth from addressing the Faithful. This is the foundation of her position. She speaks with authority from on high. She is not merely a slave to custom, she is not an individual or a group of individuals of more or less prudence, she is the Divinely appointed representative of Jesus Christ, gifted with supreme power to govern the members of His Church. This is only another instance of the security of the grounds on which the Church takes her stand, and of the insecurity of the stand taken by the sects.—America.

### LOURDES MIRACLES

RT. REV. F. W. KEATING SAYS THEY REBUKE INFIDELITY

Preaching lately in the Cathedral of Westminster, Bishop Keating of North Hampton declared Lourdes to be the protest of the Catholic-soul against the insolence of incredulity. It rebuked he said, the modernism that would reduce religion to a mere ethical God—a sort of glorified Charity Organization Society, which was ashamed of religious fervor as though it were a secret ice, and which was matter of fact, and appealed to science to defeat religion. And Lourdes answered that science by the facts of its medical bureau.

It was sought to discredit the miracles of Lourdes in two ways. The first was simply to deny the facts. That was the self-conceit of the self-satisfied man who was too ignorant to learn. His was quite an impregnable position, for the simple reason that no one would trouble to argue with him. The second was to admit the facts, and then to label them as mere samples of faith healing, and put them in the same category as the odd performances of spiritualists and Christian Scientists, and relegate them to the purloins. But there was nothing occult about the Lourdes miracles. They stood four-square upon the principles of Christianity, they claimed to be judged with regard to those principles, and they claimed to be tested by the same tests as were applied to the miracles of the gospels. Nowhere in this world could be seen and realized as it was seen and realized at Lourdes the demeanor of the crowds that followed Jesus Christ from place to place, and cried out to Him for help when it was known that He was passing by. The Lourdes crowd and the Galilean crowd were counterparts exactly the one of the other; there was the suspicion of the Galileans that Jesus Christ was more than man, however great, and there was the clear and absolute certainty of the Lourdes crowd that Jesus is very God; and they showed that faith, that confidence, that expectation which Our Lord Himself intended as a condition of His wonderful work, and which drew crowds after Him, sometimes fasting day after day, from the villages and towns.

With regard to the miracles worked at Lourdes, after all, said his Lordship, they were very few and far between. Out of the thousands that were taken there, only a handful were cured; but to see only one who a few minutes before had been brought down on his stretcher, leap from it cured, was something more than a sensation—it had to be seen to be believed, had to be experienced to be appreciated; and the witnesses of such a spectacle went back, not only radiant with joy, but beating their breasts as sinners, because they had been brought into such close contact with the Divine. Lourdes was not the stronghold of superstition; it was the last resource of the stricken victim, and it was also the strongest hope of a moribund world. The desperate case of the stricken men going to Lourdes as a last resource was only the type of the still more desperate condition of society; a society that was manifestly dying of naturalism, of agnosticism, of its fantastic fashions, and of the fatalistic idea that things would get themselves done, that things would right themselves, instead of thinking it to be incumbent upon themselves to put things right by the help of God, in obedience to the Divine command, in spite of all the opposition of man or evil. It was the Lourdes touch that was wanted to galvanize this almost corpse into life again. It was the Lourdes touch that had wrought the greatest miracle that had been wrought in the supernatural order for many a long year past—the restoration of faith in the French army. A few months ago those young men were professing atheism—they were slaves to human respect—afraid to call their souls their own; now they stood in their clean Christian manhood, neither afraid of the enemy in front, nor of the worst enemies that could be found elsewhere. That was the fruit of all those devotional pilgrimages, of all those processions, of all that multitudinous prayer.—Providence Visitor.

### CATHOLIC NOTES

A marble monument is being erected at the shrine of Montevergine near Naples, to His Eminence Cardinal Rampolla.

In the great basilica of Notre Dame de Fourvières which rises so magnificently like a fortress crowning the city of Lyons, France, was celebrated recently the centenary of the foundation of the Marists.

The War Department has made a rough estimate that the punitive expedition and the measures taken to prevent raids on the Mexican border have already cost more than \$100,000,000. The expense is now about \$15,000,000 to \$20,000,000 a month.

Among the other credentials necessary for admission in good standing to the Catholic Federation of Societies, Bishop Casarin of Pittsburgh has suggested that it be made a condition that each member be a subscriber and reader of a good Catholic paper.

His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons, since his return to Baltimore from his vacation, is working on the new edition of his book, "The Faith of Our Fathers." He also expects to publish a fifth book this fall, consisting of addresses and sermons on various important subjects.

Few remember with what excitement the news was received when, in 1880, the Duke Charles de Broglie, at the age of thirty, forsook the pleasures of the world and became a Carthusian Monk. Ordained in 1884 he came to Rome in 1912 as Procurator General of his Order. In the Holy City, which he loved so well, he has passed to the joys and glories of a better life on July 5 of this year.

Dr. Charles L. Mattfeldt, of Catonsville, Md., a former president of the Board of Baltimore County Commissioners and formerly one of the leading laymen of the Lutheran Church in Maryland, has become a member of the Catholic Church. He was at one time connected with Salem Lutheran Church, at Catonsville, and took an active part in its affairs.

The pilgrimage to Croagh Patrick this year exceeded all expectations. Some 20,000 pilgrims were present on the summit of the mountain at the Mass of Supplication and Thanksgiving, while 2,000 persons received Holy Communion at the earlier Masses, having made the ascent fasting and barefooted. Amongst these latter was an old lady of eighty-five, who came from Roscommon. Sermons were delivered in Irish and English.

News has been received at the Vatican directly from Syria to the effect that, owing to the energetic intervention of Monsignor Dolci, Apostolic Delegate at Constantinople, in obedience to instructions from the Holy See, the Turkish Government has issued pre-emptory orders that persecution of Armenians and other Christians must immediately cease. As a result of this action the situation among the Christians in the Sultan's empire has very much improved.

Friends of John Ayscough will be grieved to learn that his mother, Mona Beigham Drew Brent, died recently at the Manor House, Salisbury Plain, England, at a great age. Mrs. Brent was a daughter and the wife of Anglican clergymen, and was born in Youghal, Cork, Ireland. She was a writer of books for children. In 1909, Pius X. conferred upon her the cross Pro Ecclesia et Pontifice, which she revered as a pious object but never wore or showed to anybody.

Charles M. Schwab has engaged a New York architect and landscape artist to prepare plans for new buildings and enlargements of St. Francis' College, Loretto, Pa. His ideas are to have the college grounds in keeping with his beautiful country home, transformed and the entire perspective changed. The project will entail an expenditure of \$500,000, and Mr. Schwab will contribute half of the money required. The remainder will be raised by alumni and in the parishes of the Altoona and Pittsburgh dioceses.

The Austrians, according to a special dispatch from Innsbruck, Tyrol, have found the famous treasures of the Detchani Monastery, near Cetinje, Montenegro, which the monks had buried upon the approach of the invaders. The accumulations were those of seven centuries, consisting of jewels and old coin of every generation since the thirteenth century, golden vessels, and richly-embroidered vestments. The value of the whole accumulation is estimated at several millions of dollars.

Canon Gerald Hay, who died at Genoa, Italy, recently, was known throughout the work he conducted on behalf of the British seamen in Genoa. He was born at Florence in 1855, of Protestant parents, and eventually took orders in the Anglican church. He was received into the Catholic Church by Monsignor Reggio, Bishop of Ventimiglia, and ordained priest in 1886. After a severe earthquake in 1887 Canon Hay opened an orphanage at San Remo. In recognition of his zeal he was made honorary canon of Ventimiglia.



MOONDYNE JOE

THE GOLD MINE OF THE VASSE

BOOK FOURTH

THE CONVICT SHIP

IV.

CAPTAIN SAMUEL DRAPER

In the inner office of Lloyd's great shipping agency, in London, on the day following Mr. Wyville's conversation with Lord Somers, the former gentleman sat, while one of the clerks in the office brought him books and documents.

"This completes Captain Draper's record," said the clerk, handing a paper to Mr. Wyville. "It is from his last ship."

"Thanks. Now, can you give me his address in London?"

"Yes; No. 87 Horton Street, East."

Mr. Wyville left the office, and the clerk collected his papers, from which the visitor had taken notes.

Mr. Wyville hailed a cab, and said to the driver, "Horton Street."

It was a long way off, and during the slow progress through the crowded streets, Mr. Wyville examined his notes, and arranged them carefully in a certain order. At last the cab stopped.

"What number?" asked the driver.

"I shall get out here," said Mr. Wyville. "But you may wait for me—say half an hour."

He walked down the quiet little street, with its uniform brick houses, green blinds, and white curtains. It was a street of comfortable residences of small business men and well-to-do mechanics. Number 87 was in no way different from the neighboring houses.

Mr. Wyville rang the bell, and an old lady, with glasses pushed up to her forehead, and a piece of sewing in her hand, opened the door, and looked inquiringly at the caller.

"Does Captain Draper live here?" he asked.

"Yes, sir; but he is out at present," said the intelligent old lady.

"I am sorry; I will call again," said Mr. Wyville, turning to go.

"He will be in soon," said the old lady; "he comes in to dinner always."

"Then I shall wait, if you please," said Mr. Wyville, and he entered the house, and sat down in a comfortable little parlor, while the old woman, drawing down her glasses, went on with her sewing.

"Captain Draper is my grand-nephew," said she, after a silent interval.

"Indeed!" said Mr. Wyville. "Then you will be pleased to know that I come to offer him a good command."

"Oh, I am delighted!" said the old lady; "he is so good, so conscientious. I always said, if Samuel would come to something high. He has been waiting for a ship for nearly a year. I know he doesn't please his owners, because he is too conscientious."

"You will also be pleased to hear, madam, that his owners this time will be quite conscientious, too."

"I am so delighted!" said Captain Draper's grand-aunt.

At this moment, the outer door opened, and immediately after Captain Draper entered the room. It was rather a chilly day, and he had buttoned his coat close up to his throat. He was not a robust figure—rather slim, and bent forward. The past ten years had laid a strong hand on him. The charm of his younger manhood, the boisterous laugh and hearty manner of waving his hand, was much lessened; but the cold watchfulness of his prominent blue eyes was proportionately increased.

He had a long and narrow face, thin jaws, covered with faded side-whiskers, worn rather long. His upper lip and chin were shaven, showing his wide mouth. His lips were dry, as of old, but now they were bluer, and more offensively cracked. On the whole, he was a decent-looking man in outward appearance; as he walked rapidly through the streets, with shoulders bent forward, one would say he was a consumptive hurrying home. But there was a compression of the mouth, accompanied with a quick watchfulness of eye and an ugly sneer in his face, that would make his face detestable to any one who had the power of rapidly perceiving character.

Mr. Wyville read the face as easily as if it were a printed page.

"Captain Draper, I presume?"

"That is my name," said the other, with a wide and unmeaning smile of the cracked lips, in which the rest of the face took no part.

"I have come from the Treasury, to offer you command of a vessel in the service of the Government."

"Ah—that's good. In what branch of the service, may I ask?"

"Transport," said Mr. Wyville.

"Troops, I suppose?" said Draper, still smiling.

"No; convicts."

Captain Draper placed a chair so as to see Mr. Wyville's face in the light. As he took his seat he had ceased to smile.

"Ah!—convicts. Where are they going?"

"Western Australia."

Captain Draper remained silent so long that Mr. Wyville spoke again.

"You are willing to take such a vessel, are you not?"

"Well, I want a ship—but these convict ships I don't like; I don't want to—Are they male convicts?" he asked, interrupting himself.

"Yes, mainly; there will be three hundred men, and only fifty female convicts on board."

"Fifty," Draper stood up and walked across the room to the

mantle-piece. He leaned his elbow on it for a time; then he took up a little glass ornament in an absent-minded and nervous way.

Mr. Wyville sat silently watching him. As Draper raised the piece of glass, his hand trembled and his face worked. He dropped the glass to the floor, and it was shattered to pieces. This recalled him. He smiled at first, then he laughed aloud, his eyes watching Mr. Wyville.

"Well—I don't want that ship," he said; "I don't like convicts."

"I am sorry," said Mr. Wyville, rising; "you were highly recommended, Captain Draper; and as the duty is considered onerous, the voyage will be quite remunerative for the commander."

Draper's cupidity was excited, and he seemed to hesitate.

"Do you know anything about these convicts?" he asked.

"Yes; what do you wish to know?"

"How long have they been in prison?"

"On an average, about three years."

"Three years; did you ever know any to be sent after nine or ten years?"

"No; not one such case has occurred for the past twenty years. It would be very unusual."

"Yes; well, you know, I don't care about them—but I have a curiosity. I suppose they're all right—all about three years, eh?"

"That will be the average, certainly."

"Well, I think I'll take the ship. Where does she lie, and when is she to sail?"

Mr. Wyville gave him all the particulars; and when his questions ceased Mr. Wyville drew out a set of articles to be signed.

"You came prepared, eh?" said Draper.

"Yes," said Mr. Wyville, gravely reading over the form. "We are anxious to secure your services, and I thought it just as well to save time. Please sign your name here—and here. Thank you. Now I shall say good-day, Captain Draper."

"The ship is ready, you say?" said Draper, following him to the door; "I am expected to take command at once, I suppose?"

"No; not until the day of sailing. Your officers will see to the preparations for sailing. At 2 o'clock, p.m., on the 10th, you will take command and sail."

"Well," said Draper; and as he looked after the strong figure of Mr. Wyville, he muttered to himself; "Well—just as well; they're only average three years. But I'd rather go on board at once, and see them before we sail."

V.

KORO AND TEPAIRU

"Now," said Mr. Wyville, communing with himself, as he walked from Draper's house, and entered his cab at the end of Horton Street, "the elements are moving. May good influences direct them."

At his own house he dismissed the cab, and, entering, with unusual gravity greeted Mr. Hamerton, who was awaiting him.

"You said in your note that you had an important business communication to make to me," said Hamerton, without appearing to notice Mr. Wyville's mental disturbance.

Mr. Wyville did not answer, but paced the room to and fro slowly, sunk in deep thought, his arms crossed on his breast.

"These results may follow," he said at length, evidently thinking aloud; "but there is need of an intelligence to make them inevitable. Mr. Hamerton," he said, stopping before his friend, and fixing his eyes upon him, "I have a trust to offer you that involves a heavy responsibility. Will you undertake it, for my sake, and, in case of what may come, carry out my desire to the letter?"

"If I lie in my power, I will. If it lie beyond me, I will do my best to the end," answered Hamerton.

"Yes, I am sure of it. I am very grateful," Mr. Wyville took his hand, and pressed it warmly, with still the same grave look. He then went to a small but massive iron safe in the room, opened it, and from a drawer took two large sealed packets.

"Here," he said, "are two envelopes that contain all my wishes and all my power. They are mine so long as I am alive, with freedom to control my actions. Please remember my death or disappearance, or—other event to impede my action for those who depend on me, these packets belong to you, to open, and read."

"Have you written full instructions therein which I am to follow?" asked Hamerton.

"No; I will not instruct you, because I trust you as I would my own soul. You will understand, when you have read; and you will act for the best. Do you promise me this?"

"I do, most solemnly; but Mr. Wyville, suppose I should be unable—suppose I should die before your trust were carried out—is there any one else to whom I may transfer the duty?"

"Yes; to Sheridan."

Mr. Wyville locked the safe, and handed the key to Hamerton.

"I shall send the safe to the yacht before we sail," he said. "Now let us inform the children."

Mr. Wyville struck a bell, and Ngarra-jil silently entered. A word in his own language from his master sent him out as quickly. In a few minutes, Mr. Wyville and Mr. Hamerton went upstairs and entered a large and richly draped room, in which the entire furniture consisted of low and soft divans, lounges, cushions, and furs, the effect of which

was very extraordinary, but very beautiful. The room seemed to have no occupant, as the gentleman walked its length toward a deep bay-window, and stood gazing out.

"We are—here!" said a low voice, in a distinctly measured syllable, as a diffident child might slowly strike three notes of an air, and then there were two laughs, as clear and joyous as the sound of silver bells, and the light sound of hand-clapping.

The gentlemen, smiling, turned to the draped bay-window, and there, half shaded by the curtains, peeped the dark, laughing faces of the Australian sisters, Koro and Tepairu, the grandchildren of Te-mana-roa, the King of the Vasse.

That Mr. Hamerton had become familiar to the girls was evident from their natural and unrestrained conduct.

A residence of several years in a northern climate had arrested in the sisters the immature development so common in warm countries. They had matured slowly; and while preserving all that was charming and natural of their woodland graces, the restraint of another and a gentler mode of life covered them like a delicate robe. They were so outlandish and beautiful, in their strange and beautiful room, that they might be mistaken for rare bronzes, were it not for their flashing eyes and curving lips.

As they sat in the curtained recess, greeting the gentlemen with a joyous laugh, there entered the room a very old Australian woman, followed by two young men, bearing trays with several dishes. These were set down on a low square divan. The old woman removed the covers, and with quick, short words directed the black men to place cushions around the divan.

The sisters, Koro and Tepairu came from their seclusion, speaking in their own rapid tongue both to the old woman and to Mr. Wyville. They took each a corner of the divan, and seating themselves on the cushions placed on the floor, Mr. Wyville and Hamerton taking the opposite corners.

The food, to which each helped himself, was a savory meal of boiled rice, yams, and rich stews, of which the Australians are very fond; and, following these dishes, a varied supply of delicious fruit, among which were mangoes, guavas, and the ambrosial mungite or honey-stalk of Western Australia.

The conversation during the meal was wholly in the language of the sisters, so that Mr. Hamerton remained silent. Koro and Tepairu had evidently been studying English; but they could by no means converse in the strange tongue.

As if instinctively aware that something unforseen was about to happen, Tepairu, the younger but braver of the sisters, had asked Mr. Wyville to speak.

"You are soon to leave this cold country," he said, in their tongue, looking from sister to sister; "and return to your own beautiful Vasse."

The girls answered, as if they were a single thing of nature, by a silent and inquiring look. It was hard to read either pleasure or pain in their faces, or anything but surprise; yet a close observer would have discerned a subtending line akin to doubt or fear.

"Are you not glad?" asked Mr. Wyville, with a smile of astonishment at their silence.

"Yes," they softly answered, in one breath, after a pause, but not joyously. "Yes; we shall see the good land, Te-mana-roa, and we shall find the emu's nests on the mountain. We are very glad."

The old woman, who had remained in the room, chuckled audibly, and when the others looked round at her, laughed outright in uncontrollable joy at the thought of returning to the forest. More rapidly than a skilled musician could evoke notes, she ran from treble to bass in voluble gratitude and benediction. Then she slid off to carry the joyous word to the other dusky members of this extraordinary household.

"You will be happy in your old home in the yacht," continued Mr. Wyville; "and this friend, my brother and yours, will take you in his care till we see Te-mana-roa and the Vasse."

As Mr. Wyville spoke, the hidden fear became plain on Tepairu's face. She looked only at Mr. Wyville, her large deer-like eyes slowly filling with tears. Her sister, too, was distressed, but in a lesser degree; and her eyes, instead of being fixed on Mr. Wyville, passed on to Mr. Hamerton, and rested.

"You are not coming with us to the Vasse?" at length said Tepairu, in a slow, monotonous voice. "You will remain here."

"No; I, too, shall go, and even before you. But we voyage on different ships."

"Why does not your brother and ours go on the other ship, and let you come with us?"

Mr. Wyville looked troubled at the reception of his news by the sisters. As Tepairu spoke, in the last question, his face became exceedingly grave, as if he could never again smile. The sisters saw the shadow, and were troubled also. Mr. Wyville, without looking at them, spoke:

"Children, you should trust that I will do what is best; and I know the word better than you. Tepairu, I am acting wisely. Koro, I am sure of your confidence, at least."

Before the words had died, Koro, with swimming eyes, had risen and taken Mr. Wyville's hand, which she kissed, and placed upon her head. The act was full of affection and faith.

Tepairu, on whom the reproach had fallen like a blow just as before, only the light had faded from her eyes, and her bosom heaved visibly. Her sister went and sat beside her, throwing her arms round, as to give comfort. Tepairu allowed the embrace, but did not move a muscle of face or body.

Mr. Wyville rose and walked to the window, glanced out for a moment, then, turning, looked at the sisters. He approached and laid his hand with inexpressible gentleness on Tepairu's head, as he had done on Koro's. The proud but sensitive nature yielded at the touch, and with one quick look of sorrow and appeal, she buried her face in her sister's bosom, and sobbed unrestrainedly.

The old woman, who had re-entered, began an excited and guttural remonstrance against this unreasoning grief. Mr. Wyville chose this the brief season of cloud would soon pass, and let the sun shine again; that the reflection following penitence is often the purer for the previous error.

TO BE CONTINUED

THE ORDINANCE OF GOD

A TRUE STORY

A half hour's drive brought me into a roadway, arched with oaks. I spoke to the driver and alighted.

"No," I replied to his question, "I shall walk from here." My soul thrilled as I saw the words, "S. . . A. . . Normal Novitiate," for at last his desire was fulfilled.

A rustic bench near the drive attracted me, and a sudden impulse prompted me to sit quietly for a few minutes before proceeding. Through the trees I could see the house and garden—both beautiful in their simple solitude. A gentle wind rustled through the heavy foliage, and all nature bespoke a perfect September afternoon.

My thoughts were soaring high, toward the life I was about to enter upon, when a voice whispered, "Rosanna, what have you done for me, during which I was to take no decisive step?" On my guardian's part, time was to thwart my purpose; on mine, it was necessary to learn about and love God.

The year was an unusually bright one at school, and with new zeal I studied, spending much time in reading, conversing and thinking on the subject which had been so suddenly opened to me. With all this, doubts and many little perplexities arose, but from a kind friend and an explanatory director I found an explanatory answer to these, soon learning where to find help and consolation. The time passed, and with it all grew clear, so that at the close of retreat, in the spring, there was not an uncertainty left to me. The school year was drawing to an end, and the summer vacation following would bring an entire change of environment—that is, a return to my old friends; it would be a final test of my faith.

How bad I felt at leaving school! I had spent both the Christmas and Easter vacations there and had learned to love it so well. Yet, the thought of what the fall would bring was inspiring. I accepted the summer amusements, but they were without savor, due this year probably to the burden of a restless mind. Acquaintances who heard of my prospective change, or I should say, acceptance of religion, treated the matter either with indifference or contempt, so that I rejoiced greatly when I met a person whom I knew to be a Catholic, for I felt that there was a common sympathy between us.

I lacked but a week before I should return for my senior year. And I anticipated beginning my life as a Catholic, but, during a visit with my guardian, I was informed that my present behavior would not be tolerated. My fondness for him and my respect for his wishes controlled me. He said: "If you join the Catholic Church it will be against my will."

This sent me back to resume my waiting indefinitely. To pray to God for his consent was all I could do. I plunged into serious work, which, on account of business subjects, consisted mostly of financial trouble. However, I could continue enough academic studies to fill the requirements of my diploma. That was a great consolation; for the thought of seeing my class-mates graduate without me hurt deeply, indeed.

The subject of religion was dropped for some time between my guardian and me, but it was ever in my mind, preying on it more than I realized. To be so near and yet so far was trying me not only mentally, but my physical strength was beginning to feel the strain.

With the first Friday of December there came a visit from my guardian. He had worried much over the matter and was in a perturbed state of mind. I was all threatened with loss of the remainder of my school year; but his solicitude was too great, and he could not bring himself to that step. He urged and pleaded; but again I had to hurt him by telling him that come what might, I must follow the dictates of conscience—I was determined. Kind friends urged him in my favor, and it seemed as though he must relent. The conclusion of the evening's talk would do all within his power to convince himself that I was right, and that the Catholic religion was what it claimed to be. How fair and reasonable he was, and how unfair I seemed to insist upon doing what he

believed to be radically wrong! There followed two weeks during which there were no communications between us. I prayed, we all prayed, and it seemed as though the Jesuit whom he visited with the books he was reading would in the end persuade him.

The time eventually came to an end, and when I held the letter bearing his hand-writing I trembled. Well I might, for it contained the words, "I am sorry, but I cannot conscientiously give you my consent."

I was not disappointed, but simply heart-broken. I went into the chapel, where for a few minutes all my courage was gone. Was it possible that I had to face an indefinite period of waiting with this terrible yearning ever in my heart? I could not; it was useless to say I would, although the advice came again, "wait and pray." I prayed, but did not wait, nor did my advisor know, until the letter was written, that I was going to take the step regardless of consequences. By the time the letter reached its destination I would be a Catholic and—Dens provide!

The following day, Christmas Eve, I was to be baptized. What could be more beautiful than beginning life anew, with the birth of the Divine Infant? The hours passed quickly, and never were words more sincerely spoken than those of my baptismal vows, which I uttered as I knelt at the foot of the altar. What joy I experienced after I left the confessional no one knew.

I returned to my old school and companions a Catholic. Nor was that all, for there was yet my Communion on Christmas morning. No more would I in lonely spirit be left while my school-mates received our Divine Lord each morning, for now He would come to me, too. In true love and humility I said, "Jesus, Jesus, come to me," and retired to await the morning.

At the close of the beautiful "Christus Natus Est," on Christmas morning, I left the choir and knelt in the front of our little school chapel. It seemed as though heaven itself were before me. When, a little later, I knelt at the altar rail my joy was complete, and as Christ came into the world an Infant, so I came into the Church, a child, as it were, to follow her united teachings, to enjoy her peace and infallible beliefs, and then to serve and love her command er, our Lord Jesus Christ.

In the spring I was confirmed, and graduation from the seminary followed. There came a time of life as a Catholic in the world, and then—a Catholic as from a dream, and saw the twilight shadows were gathering. This has been, indeed, a renewal of past years. The words, "Leave All and Thou Shalt Find All," fluttered through my mind for an instant. I raised my eyes and whispered, "I may answer you now, Sweet Lord—I give you myself, all that I am, all that I ever shall be."

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spots. Several ambulances met me on the way, and I heard the groans of the wounded as the wheels struck the rough places on the road. I arrived in safety and had the consolation to assist several dying soldiers. When ready to leave, I was told that a detachment of infantry picketing the nearby woods to guard the batteries in the vicinity had never been visited by a priest. I went to them immediately with a guide, and was told afterward that a shell burst overhead where I had been a few minutes before, wounding four men. I was greeted with great joy by the commanding officer, and he led me at once to a cave-like dug-out. I crawled in, and he himself and afterward most of the other soldiers followed, one by one, to make their confession. I had barely room enough to sit huddled up on a munition basket, and the penitents knelt on the damp soil at my feet, but my soul was overflowing with joy at the fervor and contrition of my numerous penitents.—Rev. Anton Westermair.

**PRIESTS IN THE TRENCHES**  
A chaplain from the region of Verdun gives the following graphic recital of an experience: "We celebrated Easter under the shrapnel, within 300 yards of the German trenches. Our trenches had been converted into green bowers with flowers and ivy garlands. On Good Friday, fourteen stations had been marked with crosses in the communicating trench for the solemn procession. At 2:30, just as I had confessed my last penitent, a bullet hit him in the neck. I gave him first aid, and then he turned his brave eyes toward me and murmured: 'You have cared for the body, now look after the soul.' I offered up prayer while the blood flowed upon my cross and casket. It was in that condition that I proceeded on the road to the cross, and at the twelfth station I offered the pure vermilion blood of that brave son of France to Christ and with all my heart said: 'Our Lord that blood was generously shed.'"

**COMRADES IN FACE OF DEATH**  
A recent number of the Civiltà Cattolica contains an article on the Military Chaplains in the Italian army. It is inspiring reading. It tells how Father Cassiano, a Capuchin, hearing that a soldier was lying wounded about a kilometre in front of the trenches, quietly walked to him through a hail of fire, heard his confession, anointed him, and caught his last sigh; how another Capuchin, chaplain of the 2nd Infantry, during a fight, seeing the ground covered with wounded, went out and began to bring them in, while the Austrians, in admiration of his courage, ceased firing to let him carry on his work of charity.

Two young soldiers who had fallen between the trenches and those of the Austrians, called out for the assistance of a priest. Father Rinaldi left the trench, holding aloft the Crucifix, but a shower of bullets greeted his appearance. He returned, and put on a stole and cotta that he might be better recognized, but his second appearance met with a second volley; then the intrepid priest, taking the only chance left to him, crawled out on hands and knees to the two dying soldiers, gave them the last comforts of religion, and crawled back again with their dead bodies.

Among priests who have been publicly decorated are Father Pietro Zangrande, parish priest of Pesciarolo, who, under heavy machine-gun fire, brought a wounded bersagliere into safety; Father Edoardo Gilardi, who, after having received the *medaglia d'argento* for his heroism in saving Colonel De Rossi, was decorated a second time; Father Aleramo Cravosio, who, during a sudden and intense fight, remaining among those nearest to the enemy positions, comforted the wounded and dying throughout the day, helping to remove the wounded to better cover, and give first aid; Father Giovanni Barazzone, who in a single day carried many wounded soldiers on his back from the firing line into safety.

**A TOUCHING SCENE**  
"War is not all hell—there are, indeed, aspects of it that bring us into contact with all that is highest and best," says the New Zealand Tablet. "One such touching and edifying scene on the battlefield has been described by a French soldier in the columns of La Croix. This man, wounded himself, was shot down close to two other young men. Both were in great suffering and were very near death. One was a Frenchman, the other a Bavarian. The former was able to draw out from his breast pocket a small crucifix, which he lifted to his lips, and then, in a weak voice, he said the 'Hail Mary.' His companion, the German, who until then had given no evidence of life, opened his eyes, and looking at the French soldier, for a moment, he began the recitation of the 'Hail Mary' in Latin. They understood each other; both were Catholics and wished to die a Christian death. With sublime charity, the Frenchman offered his crucifix to the Bavarian, saying as he did so: 'We have striven to serve our country, and now we are going before God.' The Bavarian, as he kissed the crucifix, whispered: 'Reconciled.' In a short time the two men lay dead. May they rest in peace!"—The Echo.

Necessity teaches us to bear that of which the thought is intolerable.—Archbishop Spalding.

**TO THOSE WHO SCOFF**

**THE AGE OF MIRACLES HAS NOT PASSED**

Many modern people scoff at the miracles. They hold that a miracle is an impossibility. They hold that the universe is so perfectly made that God cannot interfere in His own creation. They think that the universe rules God. Such people have a mean idea of God and a false view of the physical world. While boasting of the greatness of humanity, they make man the puny plaything, of a merciless machine, which knows no pity. These men and women think and talk this way, in the face of facts.

What a different idea we Catholics have of God and of the world, which He has made from nothing. We are well aware that the physical universe is governed by inexorable law. But we know by reason and believe by faith that God is the supreme Legislator. All things receive the laws of their being from Him. Now, every legislator can dispense from his own law. Every legislator will make such dispensation when it seems wise. Moreover, we Catholics claim for man a dignity that makes it fitting that God should interfere in man's behalf. Are not men the brothers of Jesus Christ? And is not Jesus Christ the Son of the Living God? Is there anything we can ask the Father, in His name, that shall be denied us? Why, we Catholics have been told by God Himself that if we have faith we can move mountains.

That God has interfered with the laws of His creation is a matter of record. The Scriptures are full of miracles. It is a matter of divine faith that the blind saw, the lame walked and the lepers were cleansed. Every miracle of the Christian creed is a historical fact. Reputable people have borne witness to the occurrence of these facts. Their testimony is true or all history is a lie. The infidel, the atheist, the so-called higher critic must accept the testimony of the Gospel witnesses or call in question every page of the past. There is no middle way. Either the miracles of the Gospel stand, or all history falls to the ground. Will the atheist accept this conclusion? Not he! He applies one method to the investigation of the facts of history and quite a different method to the examination of the Gospel miracles. The Gospel facts must fit his preconceived theories. The atheist is ready to call all men liars and to deny the evidence of his own senses, rather than admit a miracle that stares him in the face. And this is dubbed science!

That there have been miracles since the days of the Apostles is a matter of profane history. Not the profane history which is taught in some public schools. But profane history which squares itself with the facts of the past. The "Lives of the Saints" mention many miracles. The blood of St. Januarius periodically liquefies at Naples. The cures at Lourdes and at St. Winifred's, well have been attested by scientific men, who are not of the Catholic faith. The great English Cardinal, John Henry Newman, tells us that: "The Catholic Church from East to West, from North to South, is hung with miracles."

We Catholics are not obliged to believe in any particular miracle not recorded in Holy Writ. But our Faith is of a peculiar kind, if we doubt every miracle that has happened since the days of the Apostles. The testimony to many miracles, since Apostolic times, is most reliable. No investigating committee sifts facts more thoroughly than the Congregation of Rites. And ecclesiastics are the least credulous of men. Wherefore Catholics need not hesitate to believe in any miracle, to which ecclesiastical authority gives credence.

**A PARTICULAR CASE**  
The story we are about to relate, has to do with a cure of that horrible disease called cancer.

In the town of Philippsdorf, in Bohemia, near the border of Saxony, there stands a magnificent church. This church is in charge of the Redemptorist Fathers. It was built as a monument to a verified cure of cancer. Next door (No. 63) to this church, stands a house, which was the scene of an apparition of the Blessed Virgin. A room in that house was the place where the instantaneous cure of cancer occurred. The following are the facts of the case:

At No. 63, on the main street of the town of Philippsdorf, lived Mary Magdalene Kade, an orphan of a respectable weaver. With her lived her brother and his wife. Mary Kade had a special devotion to the Mother of God, and great confidence in the efficacy of the "memorare" of St. Bernard. She was never seriously sick until about her nineteenth year. Then she contracted pleurisy. She recovered from this sickness, but remained delicate and complained of internal pains. For two years she continued in this state of ill health. Then an eruption broke out all over her body. This eruption finally settled on her left breast. From her breast it spread to her shoulder and side, becoming a deep wound, full of corrupt matter.

A famous doctor, Joseph Ulbrich, was called in. Dr. Ulbrich called in consultation Dr. Grullich, of Yussdorf. Both physicians declared that Mary Kade was suffering from incurable cancer. This consultation took place on the 21st of December, 1865. Mary lingered on until the 12th of January when her suffering increased to an agonizing degree. She had received

the last Sacraments. She devoutly kissed the crucifix, and suffered patiently. She was resigned to God's Will, but her pain-drawn lips still whispered the "Memorare."

It is the 18th of January, 1866. It is 4 o'clock in the morning. This is the hour of Heaven's intervention. The cruel laws of disease shall not have their way in the case of Mary Kade. God will show them that He is the ruler of all things. He can cure cancer as easily as He can create a world. The "Memorare" of Mary Kade have reached the highest heavens. They have been heard by God's Mother. She asks another favor of Mary's Divine Son. He smiles the smile He smiled in Cana of Galilee. It was enough.

Quicker than thought, the Health of the Sick speeds to the town of Philippsdorf. The door of the sick room is flung violently open; a beautiful lady, dressed in white, with the crown and ornaments of a queen, stands at the foot of the bed. The invalid calls to her nurse, Veronica Kinderman: "Kneel down Veronica, do you not see? Our Blessed Lady, Mary, is here!"

And then with trembling lips poor Mary Kade began the Magnificat. When she came to the words, "And my spirit hath rejoiced in God, my Saviour," the visitor spoke and said: "My child from henceforth thou art healed—*Mein Kind, von jetzt an heiltes*." Then the vision disappeared. For a few moments an extraordinary bright light remained in the room. Veronica Kinderman saw this bright light, but neither heard nor saw the visitor. She ran to call the brother and sister-in-law of the sick girl. But before these could reach the sick room they heard Mary Kade calling in a loud voice: "My dearest brother, the Blessed Virgin has been here; I am cured!" And, sure enough, cured she was.

Without assistance Mary got out of bed and walked about the room. All pain had left the sick girl. No trace of the cancer remained, save a slight scar, which was covered with fresh skin. When Dr. Ulrich called and examined Mary, he declared that her unexpected and sudden recovery was a real miracle. The physician made a deposition to this effect.

The ecclesiastical authorities inquired into the facts of the case; decided a miracle had taken place; the "Chapel of Graces" became a "Chapel of Miracles" and permission was given to build the magnificent church, of which mention was made above. Mary Kade was still living and enjoying good health in the year 1887. Such is a brief history of our Lady of Philippsdorf. Anyone wishing to verify the above case may consult the "Mariarum" of the Rev. George Ott (Pustet, 1868), or the publications of the London Catholic Truth Society.—Sebastian, in The Tablet.

**A "BUSINESS" REVIVAL**

In an editorial published in the Wall Street Journal some eight years ago, and republished many thousands of times by English-speaking newspapers all over the world (perhaps often than any other production of the kind), it was pointed out that a decline in religious belief was a serious matter for the business of this or any country.

It was advanced, then, and the proposition is now repeated, that any man engaged in commerce would prefer to do business with one who sincerely believed in God, and responsibility in a future life for errors committed during his lifetime on earth, than with one who believed in nothing. To put it in the baldest form, the insurance risk would be less. Such a man would try to keep his contract, not because he feared the courts or the police, but because he believed himself responsible to the Highest Court of all.

Not long ago it was pointed out in these columns that one of the effects of the war might be a widespread religious revival. There is a difference, not of degree but of kind, between the man who sincerely believes in something and the man who doubts everything. It would be wrong to say that the form of his belief does not matter. But if he is sincere, it is better to believe something than nothing. Perhaps nine-tenths of the evils from which we suffer are beyond the reach of statutory law. But they are all susceptible to amendment by conscience through the mercy of God.

There is every sign that such a religious revival is developing; and if this is the case, it is of infinite concern to business men. Even such movements as are inaugurated by spectacular evangelists, who preach down to their hearers rather than up to their God, are significant. If that sort of froth or scum is apparent on the surface, there is a movement of greater depth and potency below. In this direction lies reform, because the only real reform starts in the individual heart, working outward to popular manifestations through corporations, societies and legislatures.

Here, then, is the better remedy, and a better promise for future business managed under the best standards of honour and humanity, than anything Congress can enact, or the Department of Justice can enforce. Here is a movement which renders investigation committees unnecessary, which brings employer and employed together on the common platform of the love and fear of God. This is the promise of the future, and it is something which Providence in its infinite mercy grants us, to assuage the wickedness and misery of war.

If this great thing emerges from the terrible conflict now in progress, for thereby there shall be created peoples sober, reverent, industrious, forbearing and not deficient in that wholesome sense of humor which is bred by pity and humility, we may say that, in spite of ourselves, through the goodness of God war is not all loss.

There is no sentiment expressed in the foregoing editorial, which we take from a recent issue of the leading financial paper in this country, that we do not heartily agree with. The decline in religion is certainly a serious matter for the business of this or any other country. When the idea of supernatural religion dies out of a people's mind, other means of fostering honesty as between man and man are tried. We have much talk about ethical culture and social service and other panaceas; but we know only too well that they can not take the place of religion.

We agree with the Wall Street Journal that there are signs of a revival of religion. We accept even spectacular revivalists as a sign that the heart of humanity, weary of itself and its weaknesses, yearns for some glimpse of the Almighty. This present terrible conflict in Europe may be, as the Journal says, the beginning of a great return of the people of the world toward the religious conceptions that men have so long flouted. We know that in France, whose rulers for years have been notoriously anti-religious, the war has been the occasion for a reconsideration, among the people at least, of the wisdom of putting out the lights of heaven.

But why wait for great calamities like this to justify the claim of religion, to rule the heart of man individually and collectively? Why not constantly and consistently surround our youth with a religious atmosphere? Why not teach them definite religious beliefs? Why not insure the safety of the business life of the world—since the Journal treats of that—by making our schools religious? How can we expect that the men and women of the nation will know the ten commandments if we do not see to it that they learn the Decalogue while they are yet children?

Some one will answer by asking: "But do not the churches do this very thing?" We say no, they do not. They attempt to do it by Sunday school, but what is an hour a week for a study that should not be merely a part of the child's life but its very permeating influence? The fact is, by excluding the teaching of religion from the public school we place it in a secondary position in the mind of child. Think of what the ordinary school routine means to a child. It is to him as much as part of the day's work as the shop in the store or the office is to the grown-up. It is something he can not get away from. Its studies and its discipline are serious matters. His whole scheme of life is based upon school attendance. Family life is compelled to modify itself so as to agree with school hours and school demands.

What a contrast between that and the Sunday school where he goes to learn what is of much more importance than any lesson he can learn in the day school! The Sunday school is not recognized by the community. There is no public sentiment in its favor, no legal regulation to enforce its demands. It stands apart from the life of the boy or the girl. If one is absent there are no serious consequences; and if one does not study its lessons nothing particularly unpleasant results. It lacks public prestige, in other words; and though the boy or girl does not formulate in so many words its shortcoming in this respect, there is a very definite if unconscious feeling regarding it.

By putting religion out of the schools with no public authority to back up its claims to recognition, we have placed it on a lower plane in the minds of the children than the secular studies. No matter how we talk to him about the importance of religion, our own act in shutting it out of the ordinary school life of the child speaks louder to him than our words. It is as if he feels in his heart that if religion were so essential as we say it is, we would not have outlawed it from the ordinary school work.

If we wish therefore for a definite and lasting return to religion—and the Wall Street Journal, putting it on the low plane of business thinks that we need it—the thing to do is to ensure that religion may be taught in our schools to the children; not taught, of course, as an unrelated study, but as the study that correlates all other studies and makes them into a consistent and a unified whole. If the community would have the help of religion in its business and public life, it must place religion on a level at least in the schools with the study of arithmetic. The community must stand behind religion with its sanctions and its prestige if it would have religion's help to enforce that common honesty on which all business and public life is based.—Sacred Heart Review.

**WORTHY OF ENCOURAGEMENT**

The Ave Maria records the establishment of a new club in these words: "We read of a new association that ought to become popular with conscientious citizens everywhere—'The Trace-It Back Club.' The story goes that a statement accusing a well-known individual of fraud having

been made in a company of men, one of the group said: 'I'd like to see that story traced back to its source; for in my opinion there's not a word of truth in it.'—'Well,' replied another, 'let's organize a club to do it.' And forthwith the club was formed. The story was run down in two days and proved to be without foundation. Elated by this first success, the club adopted by-laws and arranged to meet regularly. Whenever a member opened his mouth to accuse somebody, the president had merely to remark, 'I appoint as a committee of investigation'—and he seldom got further. Although we have no definite knowledge on the point, we assume that the members of this gentlemen's club have recognized the advisability of having a ladies' auxiliary, working along the same lines as themselves. The gossips are not all masculine, truth to tell.

**NEWMAN AND THE STEP THAT LED HIM TO ROME**

Can a man believe, and yet not act on the truths of God?

Can one who not only "has nothing against the teachings of the Church," but, in fact, practically believes the essential tenets of the same, still hold himself apart and refuse to "go into action?"

This practical question is decidedly apropos to the lives of not a few relatives of Catholics who frequently and sometimes regularly, attend Sunday devotions, have conceived in the doing thereof a respect bordering on faith, and still do not feel called upon to make their profession of faith.

Can such a position be logically held?

We answer: It cannot, and in support thereof might cite the orders of Christ "to hear His Church" under the penalty of being classed "with heathens and publicans," but desire in the present instance to recall the case of J. H. N., as he was familiarly called by Manning, i. e., John Henry Newman, the seraphic soul of the "Lead, Kindly Light," and the leader of the famous Oxford movement to Mother Church.

His immediate action—despite the sacrifice it entailed—the moment he was convinced, is an object lesson in point, and pregnant with meaning to others similarly situated.

The aftermath of the French Revolution had spread, even into English minds, the danger of state tyranny over religion, and when Newman came back from his talks with Wiseman in Rome, he found the leading lights of Oxford searching for a softening of the influence of the crown upon and in the affairs of the establishment. The food he offered for their minds was his famous "Tracts for the Times," in which his revivals of the fathers swung not a few men back to the religion, rather than the civil, importance of the Anglican church. His apparently innocent, but in reality dynamite-charged, "Tract 90," in which he calmly affirmed the concordance of the "Thirty-nine Articles," with the decrees of the Council of Trent—the articles were written before the council had finished its sessions—all the while condemning the "corruptions of these decrees by the Church of Rome," provoked a tempest and a promise on his part to his bishop that he would discontinue further tracts.

And it was during his four year retirement at Littlemore that the crisis of his soul came. It was brought about in a striking fashion.

He had set for himself the task of "The Development of Christian Doctrine," in which he essayed the removal of the obstacle which, eleven years ago in one of his tracts, he felt existed between Truth, "which bid us prefer itself to the whole world," and the Church of Rome, which would have commanded, even at that time, his "admiration, love and respect," were it not for the aforesaid chasm. As the work progressed, his historical investigations gradually removed that obstacle, and while reading the proof sheets of his own work, conviction came. The logic of the things he himself had written he could withstand no longer! In his own words: "When he had recognized in himself a conviction of the truth of the conclusion to which the discussion leads." (Postscript to Advertisement of First Edition.)

On the spot he acted. As the floodgates of that "Kindly Light" burst upon his soul, he could delay not a moment. He would not even wait until his work had come from the press. While it was printing he made his profession of faith before an humble Italian Passionist priest, Father Dominic (Oct. 9, 1845). The preface to the first edition is dated October 6, and before the rapidly-revolving presses could give it to the public he had become a Catholic.—Catholic Register, Denver.

**WOULD FOSTER IDEA OF PROTESTANT UNITY**

A Presbyterian organ, The Assembly Herald, is authority for the statement that "there are really no substantial differences between our various Protestant denominations and that we are all united on the essentials. The value, to the work of evangelization in Cuba, of creating such an impression, can hardly be overestimated." In the matter of creed, one may well inquire what is the irreducible minimum to which the sects are tending when they have at last become united on essentials. There is scarcely a dogma of Christianity that is not denied by one or another of the Protestant denominations, and if there are now no substantial differences, the reason is to be found in the extreme to which the process of elimination has been carried. The Assembly Herald may be right in its advocacy of an amalgamation of the Protestant sects in essentials. The proposal, nevertheless, is most unjust to the inhabitants of that island, because the Cubans, as far as they profess Christianity at all, are Catholics, and there is a great difference in their religious beliefs and those of non-Catholic neighbors. A propaganda depending for success upon the creation of false impressions is doomed to failure, and this is the fate that all proselytizing movements deserve whether conducted in the South Seas or on Federal Hill.—Providence Visitor.

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LONDON, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 30, 1916

AN ATTACK REPULSED

For some time Catholic charitable institutions of New York have been subjected to covert, insidious and persistent attack which recently culminated in Mayor Mitchell's hysterical charges of conspiracy on the part of certain priests and others.

Supreme Court Justice Greenbaum dismissed the charges. Father William B. Farrell, rector of the Church of Sts. Peter and Paul, of Brooklyn, one of the accused, thus comments on the judgment:

"We have been dragged before Grand Juries, a legislative committee, and finally before Justice Greenbaum. The unceasing effort to see justice done has resolved itself in the splendid decision of Justice Greenbaum. There was no conspiracy in the church: no collusion among the men named in the Mayor's charges; no desire to libel any one. All that was wanted was a broad opportunity to air this case fairly. The Strong Commission is now a matter of bitter history. It is dead and its report was worthy of the scrapheap. Justice Greenbaum not only put new light on the controversy, but showed the people of this great city that their personal rights and liberties had not departed."

Dr. James J. Walsh, in an article on the "Care of the Dependent Poor," in the Catholic World, throws the light of history on what is in reality the fundamental question in issue between Catholics and their opponents in the matter of charitable institutions. For the basic reason for the New York attack on our charitable institutions is the desire to give the State a monopoly of all such work.

In this his first article the learned Doctor confines himself to the history of hospitals.

So much a matter of course are evolutionary ideas that people take for granted the farther back we go in point of time the worse must be the conditions. "Any presumption that there is continuous evolution in hospital organization and in the care of the poor is like so many other chapters of evolutionary theory, entirely imaginary. On the contrary, the surprise is to find that the lowest period in the history of hospital organization and nursing came just before our time. The eighteenth century had much better hospitals than the nineteenth; and the sixteenth better than the eighteenth; and strange as it may sound to some ears some of the finest hospitals the world knows of were erected in the later Middle Ages."

Jacobsohn, the German historian, calls attention to the fact that "devotion to the well-being of the sick improvements in hospitals and institutions generally and to details of nursing had a period of complete and lasting stagnation after the middle of the seventeenth century." And Miss Nutting and Miss Dock, in "A History of Nursing," say: "It is commonly agreed that the darkest known period in the history of nursing was from the latter part of the seventeenth century to the middle of the nineteenth century. During this time the condition of the nursing art, the well-being of the patient and the status of the nurse all sank to an indescribable level of degradation."

It seems incredible that the first appearance of the trained nurse on this continent was in 1872. Dr. Stephen Smith, who is still living and who introduced the trained nurse, says that women sentenced for disorderly conduct were welcomed as nurses, so great was the difficulty of obtaining any sort of suitable help in hospital work.

The authors of the "History of Nursing," before quoted, thus describe the gradual decline of nursing:

"In England where the religious orders had been suppressed and no substitute organization given, it might almost be said that no nursing class at all remained during this period. . . . The drunken and untrustworthy Gamp was the only professional nurse."

This, remarks Dr. Walsh, is the crux of the matter. The suppression of the religious orders marks the starting point of the neglect of the sick poor, the decline in hospital organization and efficiency, and the beginning of those lamentable conditions that culminated in the unspeakable decadence of the middle of the nineteenth century.

"With the coming of the Reformation hospitals became government institutions. Religion was now a national affair, and hospital officials were appointed by the Government. They worked for the salary they received, and salaried employees, according to the experience of history, very soon prove inefficient in caring for the ailing and dependent. Abuses multiply, advantage is taken of the dependent poor and of dependent employees. It is not long before all semblance of charitable beneficence disappears, and neglect and disregard for the feelings and sufferings of others become the rule."

The great German physician Virchow pays a high tribute to the Church's relation to the magnificent organization of hospitals in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. There was scarcely a town in Europe of five thousand inhabitants or more that did not have its hospital.

"It may be recognized and admitted," said Virchow, "that it was reserved for the Roman Catholic Church, and above all for Innocent III, not only to open the bourse of Christian charity and mercy in all its fulness, but also to guide the life-giving stream into every branch of human life in an ordered manner."

When Virchow—who was not a Catholic—was given charge of the reorganization of the growing city of Berlin he hesitated to place the hospitals under secular care.

"The general hospital," he wrote, "is the real purpose of our time and anyone who takes up service in it must give himself up to it from the purest humanitarian motives. The hospital attendant must, at least morally and spiritually, see in the patient only the helpless and suffering man, his brother and his neighbor; and in order to be able to do this he must have a warm heart, an earnest devotion, and a true sense of duty."

"From day to day, from week to week, from year to year, always the same work, over and over again, only always for new patients. This tires out the hospital attendant. Then the custom of seeing suffering weakens the enthusiasm and lessens the sense of duty. There is need of a special stimulus in order to reawaken the old sympathy. Whence shall this be obtained—from religion or from some temporal reward? In trying to solve this problem, we are standing before the most difficult problem of modern hospital management. We may say at once that the proper solution has not yet been found."

What Catholic who knows the powerful, the compelling motive of religious life where those who hear the divine call of their all-sacrificing Lord give up everything to follow Him, whose whole lives are consecrated to His service, who see Him in the sick, the poor, the suffering, the helpless, and whose reward is not of this world; what Catholic, what unprejudiced observer can doubt that we have found that solution?

PROFESSOR KETTLE KILLED IN ACTION

Last week we spoke of the tragedy peculiar to Ireland in this war. In the death since then of Lieutenant Thomas Michael Kettle that tragedy finds a bitter personal exemplification.

The late Lieut. Kettle was a gifted young Irishman whose brilliant performance gave promise of a yet more distinguished career of unlimited usefulness.

Barely thirty-six years old, he was a deep student, a prolific writer, and Professor in the National University of Ireland.

Wholesouled and thorough-going, he distinguished himself by his able and courageous advocacy of recruiting in Ireland. And he did not say so, but come, having secured a commission in the seventh battalion of the Leinsters.

He was married in 1909 to the daughter of David Sheehy, M. P., and was therefore a brother-in-law of Sheehy-Skeffington who was murdered in cold blood by Captain Bowen-Colthurst during the ill-fated Dublin rebellion.

How the heart of the ardent young Irish patriot must have been torn by

the news from home during and since the tragic events of last Easter week. Few and callous must be even the anti-Irish Englishmen who can fail to appreciate the bitterness of the cup that this gallant young professor must have drained to the dregs.

In the Catholic Who's Who is the following sketch of Thomas Michael Kettle:

b. 1880, s. of Andrew J. Kettle, tenant farmer and pioneer of the Land Movement, and Margaret, daughter of Lawrence McCourt, of St. Margaret's, Co. Dublin; educated at Christian Brothers' School, Dublin, at Clongowes, and at University College, Stephen's Green; B. A. (honors in Mental and Moral Science) of the Royal University, Ireland; called to the Irish Bar, 1906, (Victoria Prizeman); edited The Nationist 1906-8; M. P. (Nat.) for East Tyrone, 1906-10; Prof. of the National Economics of Ireland at Univ. Coll., Dublin, since 1909; on governing body Univ. Coll. (period 1913-16); member of Provisional Committee which organized the Irish National Volunteers, 1914; Lieut. 7 Batt., Leinster Regt. 1914; m. (1909) Mary E., dau. of David Sheehy, M. P., Contributor to various journals and reviews. Translator of Contemporary Ireland, from the French of Paul Dubois; editor of Father Kneller's Christianity and the Leaders of Modern Science. Author of The Day's Burden (essays 1910)—Home Rule Finance (1911)—The Open Secret of Ireland (preface by John Redmond, 1912).

A METHODIST TRIBUTE TO OUR SISTERS

The Rev. Dr. R. L. Warner, Principal of Alma College, St. Thomas, in a recent sermon, is thus reported in the London Free Press:

"Dr. Warner told of the work being done in his institution and paid a high tribute to the similar work being done in Catholic institutions all over the Dominion.

"The preacher claimed for the college the pioneer place in the teaching of the subjects of domestic science, music and business training for young women.

"In speaking of the wonderful work being done by the Catholic Church, which, he said, had been the first to recognize the needs for such institutions, he expressed the hope that the deaconesses of the Methodist church would in the future found some teaching order similar to that of the Catholic Sisters."

The reverend gentleman says no more than the simple truth when he recognizes the wonderful work done by our sisterhoods; but in an age when prejudice denies or distorts even outstanding facts the simple truth is rare enough to be welcomed. The hope he cherishes of emulation of the work of our sisterhoods by the Methodist deaconesses is natural and we could wish that it might be realized. The Anglican sisterhoods show that it is not impossible for Protestants to imitate Catholic example in this respect. Nevertheless the very limited success attained even by these indicates pretty clearly that there is something essential to the vitality of religious life that is lacking in Protestantism.

However, we do not desire just now to discuss the limitations of Protestantism, but rather to direct attention to the beauty and utility of Catholic religious life. There is no field of Christian work left uncovered by the noble army of gentle women who forsake all that this world holds dear to devote their lives to the service of the poor, the aged, the sick, and the suffering; or to the not less arduous and exacting duties of training the little ones for whom Christ left the undying example of His special love.

Talk of social service and altruism sounds empty to the Catholic who knows the sweet selflessness of those whose single-hearted love of Jesus leads them to give themselves entirely and unreservedly to the service of others; who believe unquestioningly that in serving the least of these His brethren they are ministering to our loving Lord Himself. Here more than anywhere else on earth is seen the truth of Christ's promise that he who loses his life shall find it. For in religion these gentle and energetic souls find life and the fulness thereof. Their lives are filled with absorbing interests, and they draw the strength and the courage of perseverance to the end from Him Who is the way, the truth and the life. No convent however modest but has its chapel; and there the presence of the Sacramental Lord encourages, consoles, strengthens; speaks to their souls as really as to Mary reclining at His feet—"One thing is necessary—you have chosen the better part."

All real happiness comes from a sense of duty faithfully done; for the sisters no shadow of doubt disturbs the certainty that their life-work is worth while, nor can their unaffected humility hinder their feeling that peace of heart which comes from fidelity to duty.

It may seem unnecessary or useless to recall such commonplace truths; but we must bear in mind that each succeeding generation must learn them in an age of ever-increasing materialism.

To the young girls who may feel the grace of the Holy Spirit of God impelling them toward the religious life may come also the counter-attraction of the allurements of this world's pleasures. It is well that they should be reminded that the highest and noblest type of Christian life is also, even in this world, the happiest and most soul satisfying.

ONE REASON

A secular newspaper, wondering at the many brands of religion and seeking to account for them, comes to the conclusion that the old creed fails to satisfy the needs of the man of this century. As a matter of fact the old creed is as amply sufficient for the millions who are at this moment on the planet as it was for the millions of former generations. The modern man, confronted with the many proofs of his mastery of earth and sky, is apt to resort to vague generalities which contribute to self-conceit. Essentially, however, he is like unto his fellows who lived in tents and did not take patent medicines. His fundamental needs are the same. He wishes to love, to be consoled and strengthened, to know whence he came and whither he is going. He seeks a key to life's riddle. He strives to learn what there is on the other side of the grave for himself, for the poverty-stricken, and the toiler, and the miserably, and to have a satisfactory answer to the questions which arise concerning this life and the life to come. In a word he needs God. Hence, he takes up this and that sect in search of Him. He tries to slake his thirst in broken cisterns. Just as the man of other days peered into nature, into his own heart to find the God Who seemed to be eternally alienated from him, so modern men, and for the same purpose, pursue phantoms and clasp to their hearts theories labelled "up-to-date" which are bred and fashioned in studies and laboratories. Boasting of their independence they are led by the nose by self-constituted teachers, whose chief qualification is self-assurance. If honest, the modern man should examine the Church which has satisfied generations and claims to be the sole dispenser of enduring peace and the ministering angel to the needs of humanity.

Another reason why new sects get adherents is that they are satisfactory for the time being to the man who believes in eating and drinking and being merry as the main business of life. The senses acclaim them, and every passion that fights against God in the minds and consciences of men. Libertines welcome them because they are too shadowy to grip and, furthermore have no teaching of punishment for misdeeds. Imprisoned in flesh, chafing sometimes under their bonds, when outraged conscience pricks them, they are heartened by a new creed which has no guidance, no rebuke, no anger of God.

PICTURE SHOWS

Sir Robert Wallace, a London, England, judge, says a contemporary, in passing sentence on two youths recently convicted of felony, said: "Your downfall is to be attributed almost entirely to the pernicious influence of picture shows which are the curse of London life to day. In many of these places persons are represented in the act of committing crime, suggesting to the youthful mind how crime may be committed."

Bishop Nilan of Hartford diocese, sounds a note of warning against the dangers of the moving picture shows and cautions parents that the movie fever has become a menace and that the offspring of Catholic fathers are imperilled by the unrestrained liberty granted the young to frequent theatres where outrageous spectacles are portrayed. The Bishop tells his subjects that they are responsible for the character of the subjects thrown on the screen. It is not the official censor who must bring relief, it is the conscience trained according to Cath-

olic sensitiveness that detects at once what may violate the delicate sense of Christian virtue.

Our esteemed contemporary, The Casket, has taken the censor of Halifax, N. S., to task with great earnestness. The moving-picture censor is, it seems to us, like some of the book critics—an individual who has no standards of worthiness or dignity. For instance, we happened to see a short time ago a moving-picture drama passed by the censors. It was a very tawdry, sordid story of night-life, seduction, murder and marriage. There were many children at the theatre, some with their dotting parents, others alone, and we suppose wondering just what it meant. They will know later on and perhaps come to the conclusion that these pictures of "poignant heart-interest" to their elders are condemned only by narrow-minded critics.

If Catholics declined to patronize theatres where temptation lurked, the managers would see to it that offensive features would be removed from the bill of attractions. It is useless for them to shelter themselves behind the censor. He is a guide officially sane and safe, but as his taste in pictures is so comprehensive he may lead his followers into corruption. Catholics, however, should not allow any scenic production to befool themselves or their children.

NOTES AND COMMENTS

HAVING in previous issues dealt with the clothing, housing and equipment of the new British Army, now after three years of strenuous endeavor an accomplished fact, we conclude our remarks under this head for the present.

ONE OF THE most important departments in the outfitting and maintaining of an army in the field is that which has to do with the health of the soldier, with sanitation and with the treatment of the wounded. Sanitation and surgery have made great advances in recent years, and the means for combating disease and death have in this War undergone extraordinary developments. This larger subject cannot be gone into here, neither for that matter, and for obvious reasons, can the simpler and more restricted question of drug supplies. That undoubtedly will all be revealed to the world in good time, but while the contest rages, it is not in accordance with sound strategy that the secrets of the War Office should become public property. The "man in the street" recognizes that fact and is content to wait.

IT MAY BE said, however, that while precise figures are not available, Great Britain is now making better progress in the production of drugs than is generally realized, and this especially in regard to synthetic compounds for which formerly she was almost altogether dependent upon Germany. This, it is stated, is notably the case in regard to salicylates, as salicylic acid, salicylate of sodium, salol, methyl salicylate, and aspirin, which are all now being manufactured in England upon an extensive scale. The leading universities and schools of science have also taken up the production of such local anesthetics as novocaine and cocaine, and there is now no difficulty in obtaining them in sufficient quantities for the nation's purpose. Even salvarsan, hitherto exclusively imported, is now produced in England. In this we see but one phase of the passing of commercial supremacy along certain lines from Germany.

BETTER ORGANIZATION, also, we are told, has come into the supply of crude vegetable substances used in medicine. Canada, Australia, and other overseas dominions have rendered great support to all the Allies in this respect, and the increased culture and growth of herbs and medicinal plants both in Great Britain and abroad is one of the tangible results of the War. In Britain especially, the movement has started under one or two associations for encouraging the growth of medicinal plants, and with the system of collection and drying which is being propagated, there is certain to be great and continued advance along this line in the future. Dependence upon Germany in this as in many other lucrative fields of industry may now safely be reckoned as among the things of the past.

THAT THE HORSE IS STILL VERY FAR FROM BEING SUPERSUED BY THE MOTOR

has in this great crisis been clearly demonstrated. The number of horses put into commission for the War has not been stated, but we may form some idea from the figures at hand regarding saddlery and harness. It is frankly admitted that great difficulty was experienced in Britain in the early months of the War in obtaining from home resources any thing like an adequate supply of these commodities, and that dependence had, accordingly, largely to be placed upon the United States. These difficulties have now been largely overcome, and in this as in many other respects, the nation is independent of outside help.

FOR EXAMPLE: whereas in 1907 the entire output of saddlery and harness in Great Britain was of a value of about £1,800,000, for the period of the War up to March last it approximated £10,000,000, an exceedingly striking and significant figure when it is remembered that the raw material is almost entirely imported. From the great plains of America, Australia and South Africa come the hides that must be converted into the finished article. This industry, therefore, in the twenty months under review has amounted to something like five times the entire output of the trade during the last period for which reliable information is forthcoming. But a better standard of comparison becomes possible when it is realized that in the last financial year of peace (1913-14) the amount under the harness and saddlery vote was only £61,000, whereas for twelve months of War the figures already cited would give an expenditure of £6,000,000, or an increase in the ratio of little less than 100 to 1. Up to December 1st, it is stated, contracts in saddlery to the value of £1,000,000, had been placed in England by the Allies.

AS EVIDENCE that while the motor has played a great part in this War and is likely to play a still greater, man's old and faithful friend the horse has still to be reckoned with; some figures regarding horse shoes and nails may be quoted. In 1914 the production of these articles had sunk to a very low ebb in Great Britain, and for immediate needs very large orders had to be placed in the United States. But, we are assured, the lost ground has been very largely recovered and that whereas in March last the home production had been increased tenfold fifteenfold is now in sight. When it is stated that something like 1,000,000 horseshoes and frost nails were produced up to March it becomes evident that the horse is still an important factor in War, and that British resourcefulness has suffered no diminution in time.

WE HAVE cited these facts and figures as helping us to realize the magnitude of the task upon which all the participating nations had entered in this War. What is true of Great Britain is true also, in varying degrees, of France, of Russia of Italy and the smaller nations. Of them all, however, Britain, with what the Kaiser is said to have dubbed her "miserable little army" of 100,000 men, was the least prepared. Upon this fact Germany reckoned and for her own sake it is a pity she did not also reckon upon Britain's vast resources. How the needs have been met as they have arisen would be of surpassing interest could they be told in detail. Enough has, however, been said to prove that Britain has not passed the zenith of her power, but is still, with her far-flung Dominions, in the very flush of her splendid manhood. And, to quote once more from the London Times, "this miracle of her expansion has been achieved in the quietest and most efficient manner possible, and is not the least wonderful aspect of the new spirit that the war has brought into the nation and the Empire."

A THOUGHTFUL WRITER IN THE PRESBYTERIAN thus moralizes:

"If any one will accept only what he can understand, he might as well stop at once. For there is not one doctrine of our Christian faith which we can understand fully. We cannot understand God, we cannot understand creation, nor the fall and its fatal effects, nor the Trinity, nor the dual nature of Christ, nor the virgin birth, nor the atonement, nor the resurrection of Christ, nor the general resurrection, nor the dual existence in the life to come, heaven and hell."

Had this maxim been kept in view in the sixteenth century there would have been no "Reformation," no

world-wide apostasy, no Presbyterian church. The true reformation was in the Council of Trent, which built upon the old foundation and not upon the shifting sands of human inconstancy.

ON THE BATTLE LINE

ON THE WESTERN FRONT

The Somme offensive of the Allies, it was announced in the French official report last night, has already cost the Germans, besides their killed and wounded, 55,800 men taken prisoners by the French army. These figures relate to the period between July 1 and September 18, and indicate why, before the great counter-attack of Wednesday, the German leaders found it necessary to recall a division en route to the Russian front and bring up an entire army corps from the Aisne. These measures were required to obtain a striking force without too seriously weakening other parts of the Somme front. The troops gathered together were very badly cut up, and the German losses are placed at many thousands.

The attack, which had for its object the relieving of the pressure on Combes, utterly failed, for the midnight Paris report says that yesterday "at the outskirts of Combes one of our companies captured in a brilliant surprise an isolated building strongly defended by the enemy, taking 100 prisoners, including three officers." Farther to the east some small trenches were captured, together with forty prisoners. The British troops north of the Somme continue their advance steadily toward Bapaume.

On this part of the front the Canadians, New Zealanders and Australians took part in the last big advance. It is probable that they have now been withdrawn for reorganization. Lists coming in to Ottawa indicate Canadian losses of about 4,000 men, of whom 900 were killed. The number of bayonets in a complete division would be somewhat less than 18,000, and apparently two divisions were engaged in the battle. It would appear that almost one in six of the Canadians who took Courcette and the Mouquet Farm was hit, and a most one in 30 killed. These are heavy losses, and give some indication of the fearful drain on both the Allies and Germany resulting from the Somme offensive.

IN ROUMANIA

The situation in the Danubian sphere of operations is still obscure. The Roumanian claim of victory, resulting in the retreat of von Mackensen's army, was followed by a bulletin from Berlin in which it was stated that the famous German leader had inflicted a serious defeat on the Russ-Roumanian front, and apparently two divisions were engaged in the battle. It is possible that the retirement of the Germans, Bulgars and Turks, reported from Bucharest, may have been with the object of securing a position favorable to the encircling movement which is one of Mackensen's favorite evolutions. The battle referred to took place fourteen miles southwest of Constantza, so that even if the Roumanians suffered a repulse there they could fall back again on their strongly-fortified line immediately to the south of the railway from Comstana to the Danube. The reports make it quite clear that Mackensen dare not attempt to cross the Danube into Central Roumania, leaving a strong and vigilant enemy within striking distance on his right flank. The Roumanian strategists are apparently convinced that Mackensen can be held in check in the swampy country south of the Danube, while their own armies continue to overrun Transylvania.

GERMAN OFFENSIVE IN THE EAST

From various points reports begin to filter in of a coming German offensive on the eastern front, to be directed against Riga in the north and Lutsk in the south. The Germans believe that Russia is still very poorly armed, and that she makes up for this by equipping reserves kept in waiting behind the battle front with the rifles of men who have been wounded in action. In Britain it was openly stated some time ago that the task of fully equipping the millions of Russians in training was a colossal one, and could not be fully accomplished till the spring of 1917. In their artillery the Russians have been greatly strengthened, and with the Somme campaign of the Allies going as it is Germany can have no guns to spare for an offensive on a great scale along the Dvina and the Stokhod. Brusiloff keeps pecking away on the Halez and Brody fronts in Galicia, but is not now making the progress obtained before the Germans undertook control of the Austrian troops there and sent in a large body of reinforcements. Berlin admitted yesterday the capture of further heights in the Carpathians by General Letchitzky's army. The Russians must now be well over the crest of the range.—Globe, Sept. 23.

There is no good in praying for anything unless you will also try for it. All the sighs and supplications in the world will not bring wisdom to the heart that fills itself with folly every day, or mercy to the soul that sinks itself in sin, or usefulness and honor to the life that wastes itself in vanity and inanity.



T. P. O'CONNOR'S LETTER

TWO GREAT LEADERS CONTRASTED

ASQUITH AND GLADSTONE Special Cable to the CATHOLIC RECORD (Copyright 1916, Central News)

London, September 28.—This week has been one of curiously mingled feelings. The death at the front of Raymond Asquith, eldest son of the British Premier, admitted by the most brilliant young man of his time, who threatened to surpass in both his public and professional life as he already had during his university career, the achievements of his gifted father, together with the death, also at the front, of Pike Pease, the son of another minister, has brought home more keenly and more hideously than ever, the price that must be paid for a crushing victory over Germany.

However, despite these conspicuous losses, especially in the ranks of men who gave up brilliant civil careers for the perils of military life, I fail to see that the least sign of any diminution of the national determination to push right on to the finish. On the contrary such sacrifices only serve to stimulate and enlighten the nation to the necessity of removing once and for all time the horrors and dangers attendant upon German militarism.

The news from the battle fronts continues excellent with the possible exception of Dobruja, in Roumania. This condition of affairs naturally adds to the patriotic fervour, and the grim resolution of confidence in ultimate victory which has never for a moment been absent from the minds of the Allies even in the darkest hours, has now passed to a new stage of certainty, and a belief that the victory may perhaps come earlier than has been anticipated. Soldiers on the triumphant Somme front already talk of coming home for Christmas, but skilled opinion, however, remains that another year at least will be required to win the war.

Apparently the character of the war is undergoing an entire change. The Germans will now be satisfied with such defensive warfare as will keep in their hands sufficient soil to force moderate terms of peace on a victorious enemy. However, according to present appearances, the terms of peace offered by either England or France, will not be moderate, for the undeniable effect of the prolongation of the war has been to harden the hearts of these two countries against Germany.

The real hero of the week has been the new land dreadnought which played such a conspicuous part in the recent British attacks. Pages have been given to it in the newspapers. Internal politics continue to be submerged by the increasing interest in the battle fronts. The roar of the big guns has silenced the orators everywhere with the possible exception of the railway world where as elsewhere the high prices for food have exasperated the working class, and resulted in a demand for higher wages.

There is but little news from Ireland where the leaders still maintain reticence, but Chief Secretary Duke made an auspicious start on his career by announcing his determination to push a big building scheme in Dublin, wipe out the haunts of squalor and disease, where Larkin and other Sinn Fein propagandists found their best material.

As I look on Mr. Asquith, I often recall the figure of Mr. Gladstone; there could not be two figures more unlike. Mr. Gladstone was not only volcanic in temperament, but was volcanic in look, in physique, and volcanic even when he seemed to be in repose. I can still see him as he used to enter the House, just a few minutes before his questions were reached on the order paper, after the long walk which he took every day, breathless, with his great black eyes almost wild in expression, and his thin and scattered hair looking as if it had been touched by every wind of heaven. His look upon the House of Commons appeared almost like a glare, and as he sat down his breast heaved; at once you felt there had come to the Treasury Bench a great new force which left nothing at rest—not the House, not the business, not his colleagues, not even the humblest member of the House. Gladstone never seemed to remain still for a moment; he spoke to his colleagues incessantly, and when he spoke it was with vivid and frequent gesture. He seemed to want to do not only his own business but the business of every other man. At question time he was almost constantly on his legs, and his answers always elicited other questions, for he was copious and sometimes involved in his replies. The smallest member of the House could always attract his attention by even a casual reference to some of the multitudinous utterances in his long political career, and such lucidity that it appears to be so reasonable and so simple as to be unanswerable; it looks as if there were nothing more to be said. In speaking he

indeed seemed perfectly inexhaustible. Sometimes I met him at dinner during a sitting of the House; even then he was not a moment at rest. It is a mistake to suppose that he was not a good listener; he could listen very well; but everybody, of course, preferred to hear him talk, and if he had the proper kind of audience he talked right through the dinner, usually, however, avoiding the subjects which may that particular moment were pressing most on his attention in the House of Commons. If ever there was a being in human history who lived every second of his life to the very fullest, it was Gladstone.

Of course a man so exuberant as at once the greatest and the most disturbing leader the House of Commons could have. A personality so vivid, so dominating and so restless absolutely commanded the whole place. The fact that his face was the window of his soul, which reflected every mood of his mind—and indeed every mood of the House—as faithfully as a mirror, as well as the striking beauty of his face and his figure, made him always a sort of blazing electric lamp which dimmed every other personality round him. Sitting on the Irish Benches exactly opposite him for years, I never could take my eyes off his face for any length of time. One might say without exaggeration that if a stranger in one of the galleries of the House of Commons were deaf and only fastened his eyes on Mr. Gladstone's face, he would have a fair idea of everything that was going on. Disraeli had the same power of attracting every eye to him; but from a very different reason. He would sit on the Treasury Bench, with his pallid yellow face, his strongly marked Jewish features, his hair black and curly—and in dyed in his early days—thin and rigid in his later, with a look of impassiveness that made him resemble the sphinx. There was never a change of expression upon the face: whether he was angry or pleased or amused, the face remained always the same. The figure indeed was so immovable that it was almost with a gasp you saw him occasionally crossing one leg over the other. With his disappearance from the House of Commons, however, Gladstone reigned alone as the central figure of attraction, and so remained to the end of his Parliamentary career.

Having spoken of the great gifts of Gladstone as a leader, I must refer to the defects. He spoke far too much; he spoke far too long; instead of curtailing his prolonged proceedings; instead of assuaging his excited passions; and though he carried a number of intensely contentious and gigantic measures, I dare say the records would show that he got through less business than a less restless and a less eloquent man. Sir Charles Dilke, who was a perfect master of the art of answering questions briefly and cryptically, as Under Secretary of Foreign Affairs, used to fret constantly under the lengthy answers which Mr. Gladstone insisted in making himself with regard to Foreign Affairs, and I am sure felt in his heart very often that his great leader put his foot in it.

Coming to Mr. Asquith, he has none of the special gifts of Mr. Gladstone either physically or intellectually. Physically, he is a man of middle height, though he has a fine, well chiselled face and the broad forehead that usually goes with great intelligence, he is not physically a striking figure and yet his physique is remarkable. He has a constitution of iron. After 10 minutes' reading in his bed at night can sleep his regular 8 hours, even in the most critical times; never seems tired; never seems excited, just goes phlegmatically on. The only thing that seems to disturb him is divisions in his own Cabinet, when he is apt to look worried and nervous. But even in this kind of thing he seems to have got used since the creation of the Coalition Cabinet. He is not a man who seems to love speaking for speaking's sake; words do not come from his lips in a great torrent as in the case of Mr. Gladstone; he never seems anxious to take the answering of questions or other work out of the hands of his subordinates. And yet—daring as it may seem—I regard him in many respects as a more effective leader of the House of Commons than even Gladstone was. This is mainly due to an incomparable power of a certain style of speech. I have heard that Mr. Balfour says that never since the days of Demosthenes was there a speaker who had such an unerring power of using exactly the right word, and I might add, of saying the right thing. He is no more like Gladstone in speech than Cicero was like Demosthenes. It may be partly his devotion to the Greek classics, but probably it is more largely because of his own natural tendencies and gifts that the style of Mr. Asquith is in the stern and chaste simplicity of a Greek speaker or of a French classic. Now and then he does use a retund and resounding phrase, but as a rule his words are as simple as those of Addison or Goldsmith or other great masters of pure and simple English prose. You take time to discover the splendid art that conceals the art so consummately. He seems to be using the language of every-day life, the short and simple words and the blunt and unadorned phrase. It is only when he sits down that you realize that he has put his case with such simplicity and such lucidity that it appears to be so reasonable and so simple as to be unanswerable; it looks as if there were nothing more to be said. In speaking he

does not exhaust or even put forward the great physical accompaniments of speech as Gladstone used to do. He speaks in rather a low voice; he rarely uses a gesture; his body remains quiescent; whereas when Gladstone was speaking you saw the legs moving into picturesque attitudes as well as the arms into vigorous and descriptive gestures. There is no impression of dominating physical energy as in the case of Mr. Gladstone. Mr. Asquith speaks very often indeed as if he were physically tired, and rarely if ever does he raise his voice. On the box which stands on the Speaker's table, in front of a Ministerial speaker, you can still see the dints that were made by the ring of Mr. Gladstone in the course of his impatient rhetoric. Mr. Asquith has been seen to thump the box in moments of excitement when some bitter and undesired personal attack was made on him; but as a rule he delivers his speeches as if they were quiet and friendly and unadorned conversations between him and the House.

He is deadlier, however, when he is most quiet in manner and softest in voice. It is on such occasions that you see crumble and disappear before him the craters of difficulty which his opponents have raised and fortified against him; he sits down after these little speeches—rarely more than 20 to 30 minutes in length—and at once the whole scene has disappeared as completely as the German trenches before our present bombardment, as you wake up to find that this quietly delivered terse little speech has transformed the situation and blown up the crisis.

In this respect he is perhaps the greatest leader in modern times that the House of Commons has seen. In private he has the same extraordinary power of summing up and saving the situation. He listens until those who want to speak have delivered their souls, and then in a few sentences he gets to the very kernel of the question; sums up as if he were a judge the pros and cons with the perfect balance of them both, and then reaches his conclusion. It may be perhaps this extraordinary equality of temper and of mind that subjects him to criticism as a man of action; a mind so well-balanced is supposed not to have the power of rapid thought and of prompt and resolute action. But we want to see the records before we can quite decide this question.

MISSIONARY NOTES AND NEWS FROM AFRICA

GENEROSITY OF THE BLACK CATECHIST

(Extract of a letter of Mgr. Wolf, now at Steyl, dated Jan. 25th, 1916)

"In the Togo our missionaries have been obliged, with much sorrow, to close more than 150 schools both on account of political causes, and for want of funds. It is only by drawing on all their resources that they are able to keep up the few schools that remain. Many masters and catechists continue at their posts and look only to God for their salaries. Others are satisfied with half pay or even with a third or fourth part of what they formerly received. In many places thank God the Apostolic work goes on as happily as in peace times. Thus during the year 1915, 1,106 solemn baptisms were administered here and 627 at the hour of death. During the same period 133 marriages were contracted."

FROM S. W. AFRICA

For the first time since the beginning of the war, the V. Rev. Prof. Ap. of Namaland, V. Father Krokowski has been able to send news to our Directress General. His letter, dated Jan. 3rd, runs thus: His Lordship, the Bishop Simon, sent me with the last mail your letter of 31. X. 1915, with the good news that he had £144.14 at my disposal.

It is the first money I received from Europe for the last two years, so you will understand, madam, that I wanted it very badly.

We suffered very much during this war, only the Missions in Keetmanshoop and in Dabisib have nothing to complain of. The amount of my losses in other missions, through damages done, thefts, etc., is £2,600.

From this amount the Mission in Heirachabis with £1,920 has its biggest part in damages.

You ask me news about our Mission in Maltahobe, the Sacred Heart of Jesus mission and church. As yet nothing has been done. I have no money and no priest for same. After the war is over, I shall see what and when I shall be able to begin there.

GRASSHOPPERS AND FAMINE

Rev. Father Gruson of Altifiena in Abyssinia writes, on Nov. 30th, 1915, to Countess Ledochowska: "Please remember our poor mission occasionally. The grasshoppers have destroyed everything; within the memory, of man, so many have not been seen. The famine is terrible."

TWO THIRDS OF THE MISSIONARIES IN SERVICE OF THE FATHERLAND

Mgr. Cenez, Roma, Basutoland, Dec. 9th, 1915, writes: "The war makes its terrible influence felt even in these parts. Our personnel is reduced to a third by death and other causes. And while the Contributions of the 'Propagation of the Faith' and 'Holy Childhood societies' are diminished by one half, everything we need is doubled in price, we are obliged to multiply ourselves to keep up with our work. During the year we have held out by means of the greatest privations and by utilizing

everything we could find. But the work threatens to become too heavy for many. This and many other reasons urge us to pray daily for the cessation of the terrible calamity that is ravaging Europe."

Address subscriptions for the "Echo from Africa" 50 cents a year and the "Negro Child" 25 cents a year, cancelled stamps of rare denominations 3, 4, 6, 7, 8, etc. (write for directions), tinfoil, old jewelry and other donations to American Headquarters of the Sodality of St. Peter Claver for the African Missions, Fullerton Building, St. Louis Mo.

A CONVERT TO HOME RULE

The Liverpool Catholic Times and Catholic Opinion, one of the most logical and steadfast upholders of the just demands of the Irish people, believes that the signs which portend the establishment of an Irish Parliament are becoming more and more numerous. And one of the most remarkable of these signs it adds, is the "conversion" of Lord Derby. After the speech recently delivered by him at a meeting of the Lancashire Division of the National Unionist Association, there will be few, it says, except among the most irreconcilable enemies of Home Rule, who can imagine that it is possible to prevent the concession of self-government to Ireland. Lord Derby, whatever may have been his views in the past, seems now to entertain no such illusion. He spoke as a Home Ruler: "The bill is on the Statute-book and I do not think that we will have a man to fight to wipe it off. Therefore I ask you whether we cannot now arrange some terms which will be acceptable to both parties."

According to the Liverpool journal, there are few men in public life in England who have a better knowledge of the views of the English people than Lord Derby. He is alive to the trend of public opinion and when he asserts that he will support Sir Edward Carson in any other move he may make to find a solution of the Irish question, it may be safely assumed that he is convinced that a settlement is earnestly desired by the majority of Englishmen. The Catholic Times says in conclusion: "Perhaps after all, Sir Edward is working for the best solution of the problem, Home Rule for the whole of Ireland without the exclusion of any part of it. If he is, and should succeed, he will prove a benefactor to Ulster as well as to the other provinces."

HIGHEST NAVAL HONORS TO NOTED CATHOLIC ADMIRAL BENSON

Rear Admiral William S. Benson, chief of naval operations, with rank of Rear Admiral, has been promoted to the rank of Admiral, in accordance with the provisions of the naval bill, which President Wilson signed on Aug. 29. This will give him the same rank as Admiral Dewey, the only two officers of the United Navy who enjoy the distinction of having that high rank.

As chief of naval operations Admiral Benson holds one of the most important positions under the government, as he has to do with the assignment and movement of all the ships of the navy. He is one of the best known and most popular of all our Catholic officers in both arms of the service. He is a native of Georgia, and will retire on account of age on Sept. 23, 1917.

During the recent debate on the naval appropriation bill he was called before Congress to give some important data relative to the United States navy.—Catholic Columbian.

CROSSES OR BRASS TABLETS

The London Athenaeum (Protestant) publishes the following in the August number, just to hand:

A proposal is afoot to erect in this country, in memory of the fallen, wayside Crosses or Calvaries such as are seen on the continent. We have received from the Protestant Alliance the text of a strongly worded remonstrance addressed by them to the Prime Minister, together with the suggestion—as if it were novel—that a better way to show respect to our dead would be to put up their names on brass tablets in or on public buildings. This strikes us as yet another recrudescence of the old iconoclastic spirit, and it is curious to notice that, whether in the eighth or the seventeenth century, whether among Albigenses or English Protestants, it utters always the same peculiarly strident outcry—the burden of which is a horror of idolatry. We doubt whether idolatry—in the sense of definite religious worship offered to a graven image as if it were a divinity—is even possible to a Western European in the twentieth century. Even if it were so, the abuse of "good" is not sufficient reason for abolishing its use. The trouble we have to meet in our day and country is not that people fail to practice their religion rightly, but that they tend to have no religion at all. To look for a moment at Christ upon His Cross, remembering as one does so those fallen in battle, striving to emulate His spirit of sacrifice, is at least to have a glimpse of them "sub specie aeternitatis," as the old phrase has it. Less than that will hardly satisfy, and we do not think that can be achieved by the brass tablet in a public building.

REFUSES CATHOLIC CHAPLAINS

There is further dissatisfaction in England regarding the chaplain question, so much so that a committee has been appointed to deal with complaints. It is said that certain corps have none but church of England chaplains among them, notably the Royal Field Artillery, the Royal Army Medical Corps and some others.

It is demanded that Catholics and Non-conformists should be ministered to by their own priests and ministers. The committee has already been curiously told, however that the chaplain-general, who is an Anglican Bishop, has the sole right of making appointments and not even that can interfere with this right. The Australians have also been in a bad plight and it is only within the last few days that four head chaplains have been appointed to this contingent, one for each of three denominations and one Catholic.

Each of these heads will be responsible for the appointments of the chaplains of his particular belief. Still the cry is for more chaplains. There are none available for hospital ships or trains, as many regiments are without them, even whole divisions. I am now speaking of Catholics. So many deaths occur in the hospital trains and ships that priests are badly needed on these.—Church Progress.

IN MEMORY OF D. P. MCGARRITY, FAIRBANKS FARM, BRUCE CO.

KILLED IN ACTION, JUNE 3, 1916, AGED TWENTY YEARS

He loved the home, the little hills His parents made. The woods and every place From mighty Huron—to the swift Saugen He knew, snow-white or brave with emerald green; And old and young were glad to see his face. To meet him on the road a joke to pass Or give him greetings coming home from Mass.

He loved his mother and his father gray His ways their ways; he had learned it so. To them it seems but one short yesterday Since at their knees they taught him how to pray

Or traced his footsteps how they were to go. He loved his brothers and his sisters all. He loved his home and heard his country's call.

Why speak of sorrow when 't only tends To common usage? When his story's told He fought and died for country, home and friends

What need has sorrow here to make amends? At duty's call he nothing did withhold. And here's deeds in every land and clime, Are sung with gladness, to the end of time.

The roaring guns and blasts of iron showers That sang his requiem over old Ypres, He hears them not in God's eternal hours But Southern winds and Belgium's loveliest flowers

Will blow above him on a happier day. And in our hearts his memory will be green As maples growing by his own Saugen. —Tom J. Flynn, Syracuse, N. Y. Aug. 19, 1916.

LOOKING OUR WAY

The Living Church quotes with silent approval an article from the Springfield Churchman in which this question appears: "When a member of the Holy Catholic Church in America is asked why he is not a Roman Catholic because the services and the teaching of the Catholic Church, commonly called Episcopal, are like those of the Roman Catholics he is very apt to answer, because we do not believe in their new doctrines."

It is admitted then that the question is commonly asked. The admission is compromising, so compromising that the answer given will hardly repair the damage done.

Why is such a question asked at all? Why should a member of the Holy Catholic Church be required to explain why he is not a member of the Roman Catholic Church? Is not the question itself a virtual contention that the Roman Catholics are the only real Catholics, and if one is to be a Catholic at all he ought to be a real one?

Roman Catholics are never asked why they are not affiliated with "the Holy Catholic Church in America," "commonly called Episcopal?" The reason they are not asked, even as the converse is asked of the Catholics commonly called Episcopalians, is not hard to divine. No one asks why the mountain does not go to Mohammed. The question is never put, for everybody knows that if the space intervening between the prophet and the mountain is to be covered at all, it will be covered by Mohammed and not by the mountain which is going to stay right where it is.

As to the new doctrines of the Catholic Church, they should not phase the members of "the undivided Catholic Church," "commonly called Episcopal." Episcopalians have never bled at new doctrines. This is specially true of "the Holy Catholic Church in America." We need not go beyond the columns of the Living Church of this week to establish our contention. We find in the current number a passage so apropos and so illuminating that we cannot refrain from quoting it at length. The contributor is speaking of the indissolubility of the marriage bond. He says: "The national council of the whole English Church summoned by King Ethelred at Eanham, in 1009, and composed not only of bishops and abbots, but also of lay representatives, enacted that it should never be allowed for a Christian to marry a divorced woman, or to have more wives than one, but that he should be bound to her only, as long as she lived." Thus the law of Christ became part of the civil law of England.

"No change was made in this national law until the year 1857, but the Church's law remained. In the sixteenth century, indeed, foreign reformers who had taken refuge in England, following Luther's low teaching and practice, were strong advocates for lowering the character of the marriage laws, though in vain. . . . Luther was one of the earliest opponents of the Scriptural and Catholic doctrine of marriage. In his famous, or rather infamous, sermon at Wittenberg, in 1523, he openly advocated adultery under certain circumstances, and advised Henry VIII. not to divorce his wife but to take a second. Luther and the Wittenberg divines, Melancthon, Bucer, and five others, signed a dispensation giving Philip of Hesse permission to commit bigamy, and this 'marriage' actually took place in presence of two of the signers. (See Professor Mozley's Essays, I, 401-404, and Hare, Mission of the Comforter, p. 854.) Among English Puritans, Milton, in his work on Doctrine and Discipline of Divorce, allowed divorce by mutual consent, or even by the desire for divorce of either party. It was the refusal of the Presbyterian Assembly to grant him his request for an unlawful marriage, even according to the already debased standard of the Westminster Confession of that body, which occasioned his famous epigram that 'New Presbyterian' was only old Priest writ large.

Such was the depth of degradation to which the foreign Protestant reformers and some of their Puritan sympathizers, would have brought the Church of England, if their efforts to change her Prayer Book and her discipline had succeeded. Happily they failed completely, and the whole Anglican communion except this American Church (since 1808 only) stands where the Church of the first three centuries stood, and where all the Western Church has stood since the fourth century.

"So this 'American Church' fell down at last, and in 1808 departed from 'the law of Christ' and accepted in its stead the 'infamous' innovations of 'foreign Protestant reformers.' Now if the 'Holy Catholic Church in America,' can stretch a point in favor of 'foreign Protestant' innovators and accept a law of marriage which is known to be the exact opposite of that taught by Christ, why not yield another and less essential point in favor of Roman Catholics and their new doctrines?"

Roman Catholics do not admit that they have any new doctrines, for a Papal dogma does not pretend to create a new doctrine. It simply emphasizes an old doctrine. And this is particularly true respecting the dogma of the Immaculate Conception, to which reference is made in the article first mentioned above. The dogma of the Immaculate Conception was not proclaimed till the Bishops of the Christian world had impugned the Supreme Pontiff to the point where resistance was next to impossible. In the preamble to the bull which made the Immaculate Conception a dogma of Catholic faith, Pius IX. recalled how incessantly petitions had come in from every source—from Patriarchs, Archbishops, Bishops, heads of religious orders, parish priests, and simple faithful, praying that the doctrine held by the Universal Church be raised to the dignity of an article of Catholic faith. When he did issue the bull, Catholics accepted it as nothing new but the crystallization of a doctrine long and lovingly held by all Catholics from the rising to the setting of the sun.

It is really significant that members of the "Holy Catholic Church in America" should be called upon to explain why they are not real Catholics. It is also significant that a real Catholic Church should be "commonly called Episcopal." It is also significant that a church after laying claim to the name of Catholic should likewise strive to return to the real Catholic doctrine respecting marriage and divorce. The journey is a hard one for the reason pointed out by Virgil: "Easy is the descent to Avernus, but to retrace one's steps and regain the upper air, that's labor, that's work."—Catholic Transcript.

DO COMMON THINGS WELL TO SUCCEED

Very often the large things of life come to people who are zealous in the performance of humble duties; whereas, those who go about seeking high dignities and vain applause, die in discontent and obscurity.

St. Bonaventure fled from Rome when he heard that the Pope intended to make him a cardinal.—The Papal messengers caught up to him near Florence where they found him in a monastery washing the dishes. He requested them to hang the red hat on some bushes till he finished his work. Then, with unfeigned regret, he assumed the dignity. "The best perfection of a religious man," he said, "is to do common things in a perfect manner."—Catholic Citizen.

THE LIVING CORPSE

It is reported that a posthumous drama by Count Lee Tolstoy is to be produced in New York this fall. It bears the catching title, "The Living Corpse," and its power is drawn from the fact that it is a story from real life.

After reading the story we can only hope that it will not meet with success. It is an appeal to the animal, a justification of an adulterous love and the glorification of suicide when it stands in the way. This Russian iconoclast used his great talent to do immeasurable harm. Our people have been led to believe him a great reformer and the savior of his people. The mind that conceived "Kreutzer Sonata," "The Resurrection" and "The Living Corpse," all of which are grossly immoral, could never guide a people to a higher life. He was a monument of pride. He was not a constructive genius. He created discontent and bitterness among the people and in proclaiming their heartaches to the world he offered no comfort or no remedy. He pandered to the lowest instincts in his novels and dramas and beyond a talent in the use of word images he cannot be classed among the world's immortals. His supreme self-consciousness and utter contempt for the demands of social and family obligations mark him as supremely selfish. He drove his wife to insanity and had no affection for any ties of blood or kindred.

His whole life and effort were spent in teaching the lesson of dark hopelessness. He did little good but very much harm.—Intermountain Catholic.

FATHER FRASER'S CHINESE MISSION

Taichowfu, China, Dec. 11, 1915. Dear Readers of CATHOLIC RECORD:

It may be a little surprise to you to learn that it takes \$100 a week to keep my mission going. I am glad when I see that amount contributed in the RECORD, but when it is less I am sad to see my little reserve sum diminished and the catastrophe arriving when I must close my chapels, discharge my catechists and reduce my expenses to the few dollars coming in weekly. I beseech you to make one more supreme effort during 1916 to keep this mission on its feet. You will be surprised to learn what a great deal I am doing with \$100 a week—keeping myself and curate, 80 catechists, 7 chapels, and free schools, 3 churches in different cities with caretakers supporting two big catechumenates of men, women and children during their preparation for baptism and building a church every year.

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

Previously acknowledged...

A Friend, St. Thomas.....	10 00
J. P. Schnitzler, Walkerton	1 00
S. A. Halifax.....	1 00
A Friend, Ottawa.....	5 00
A Friend.....	2 00
D. S. Barnaby River.....	1 00
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CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

HOW HE LOST HIS FRIENDS

He was suspicious of everybody. He never threw the doors of his heart wide open to people, or took them into his confidence.

IS THIS YOUR PHOTOGRAPH?

The weak-willed man makes unpractical resolutions and promises, and fails to keep them. They wear too hard (beyond his strength), or too numerous.

THE KIND OF A GIRL TO MARRY

A certain wit gives this advice to young men who are seriously thinking of taking unto themselves a wife. Marry a girl, he says, who is smaller than you.

Don't marry a girl given to carping criticism, one who talks about her own friends when the latter's backs are turned; marry one who has a good word for those who are disparaged in her presence.

Don't marry a girl who has the stilted and forced manners of "high-brow society." The girl who saves her smiles for strangers and makes her own people and intimate friends bear the brunt of her peevish moods, is not qualified for marriage.

If you call on a young lady and she keeps you waiting half an hour merely to "prime up" so as to be faultlessly attired, don't marry her. If she appears immediately, her hair neatly done up and in a simple house dress, she is a practical girl.

All these details of conduct are evidence of a well-balanced character and an unselfish nature. They show the girl as she really is, not as she is when she poses or puts on company manners.—The Monitor.

THE FIRST MONEY YOU EARNED

Do you remember the very first money you ever earned through your own initiative, your own endeavor? Didn't you feel as if you had conquered the world? Didn't it give you a new strength, a new purpose—didn't you feel that you had found your place, that fear had slipped away from you, that henceforth you were a new person, bound to win and able to look the world in the face?—Catholic Columbian.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

FATHER

Used to wonder just why father Never had much time for play. Used to wonder why he'd rather Work each minute of the day.

Father didn't dress in fashion, Sort of hated clothing new, Style with him was not a passion, He had other things in view.

Boys are blind to much that's going On about 'em day by day, And I had no way of knowing What became of father's pay.

All I know was when I needed Shoes I got 'em on the spot; Everything for which I pleaded Somehow, father always got. Wondered season after season, Why he never took a rest, And that I might be the reason Then I never even guessed.

Father set a store on knowledge, If he'd lived to have his way He'd have sent me off to college And the bills been glad to pay. That I know was his ambition Now and then he used to say He'd have done his earthly mission On my graduation day.

Saw his cheeks were getting paler, Didn't understand just why, Saw his body growing frazier, Then at last I saw him die. Rest had come! His tasks were ended.

Calm was written on his brow; Father's life was big and splendid, And I understand it now.

—EDGAR A. GUEST in Detroit Free Press

ST. BONIFACE AND THE THUNDER OAK

On one of his missionary journeys St. Boniface found that the pagans held in high veneration a gigantic oak, which was sacred to Thor, the god of thunder and war. It was believed that the god would strike down with his thunderbolt anyone who would venture to injure this sacred tree.

YOUR MOTHER

Who guarded you in health, and comforted you when ill? Who hung over your little bed when you were fretful and put the cooling draughts to your parched lips? Who taught you how to pray, and gently helped you how to read? Who is so eager after your education and makes so many sacrifices for you in order that no stone will be left unturned, and that you may get a good and solid foundation to fight life's battle honestly, nobly and virtuously to the end? Who has borne with your faults, and been kind and patient in your child's way? Who loves you still, and prays for you every day you live? Is it not your mother—your own dear mother?

Now let me ask: "Are you kind to your mother?" Do you not sometimes give her rude and insolent answers, even in the presence of strangers? Do you pray for mother every day of your life? Are you not proud of having a good mother to look after and guide you on the windy and weather-beaten path of life? Do not be ungrateful, for this vice is one of the many which at present is found the world over. Remember, friends, that "charity begins at home," that the fond mother is the joy and consolation of the home, and as the poet says: "A mother is the holiest thing alive."—St. Paul Bulletin.

OFF HIS BEAT

Professor Nathaniel Schmidt of Cornell is a man of many parts and wonderful versatility. His latest advance is into the sacred realms of Biblical lore. He assures us that Adam and Eve, Cain and Abel, Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, had no real existence. They were not individuals but names of tribes.

There is only one authority for our knowledge about Adam and Eve or Cain and Abel, only one authentic source of information and from it we learn that they were individuals. If the Bible account is not correct and reliable, where does the Professor get his knowledge? If we reject the Biblical narrative we have no foundation for any theory about these persons.

The modern higher critic is long on theory and argument but very short on fact. He ruthlessly banishes from consideration the beliefs of thousands of years of practically all humanity and builds up a system of faith with no foundation beyond his unsupported imagination. Professor Schmidt does not confine himself to the Bible. Revising the Scripture and remodelling theology is only pastime for this versatile genius. He has reconstructed the whole social system.

To begin with he has demolished the one thing which we always believed so sacred that it would be proof against assault—when he calls

the fetish of mother love. We must grovel to it no longer. The State owns the child; to it alone is due love, honor and respect. The State will feed and clothe and educate and care for the child of the future.

The one outstanding lesson is—that a fool a man can make of himself when he drifts away from religion. This pedantic egotist is going about the country lecturing to our young men and young women by the force of the authority which "doth hedge" a Cornell professor. Truly they are blasting at the rock of ages. Whom the gods wish to destroy they first make mad.—Providence Visitor.

THE INNER LIFE OF OUR LORD

It is our duty to believe in the truths taught by our Divine Lord and to worship Him, but we have also a higher duty to perform—to make our lives correspond to His in the secret and inmost recesses of the heart. Our Lord has left us a model by example as well as by word and instruction how to live and conform our lives to the inner life of His soul. For His teaching and example were consistent, like sweet bells in accord.

Learn of Me for I am meek and lowly of heart, He tells us. Our Blessed Lord has given us an example of meekness and humility and forbearance of wrongs and injuries. Before His accusers He said: Why smitest thou Me? If I have done wrong why do you not bear witness of it; but if I have done well, why smitest thou Me?

He also teaches us by His example as after the Last Supper when He girded Himself and washed the feet of His disciples—an act done yet in cathedrals by Catholic sovereigns. This was not a religious act but an exhortation and example to service and personal kindness to others. He came to minister to others. He took the form of a servant and was born in a manner below the ordinary servant. He said to the designing mother of the sons of Zebedee: Can ye do as I do? The princes of the world lord it over their subjects but He who is greatest in My Kingdom is the servant of all. Not those who are placed over others are always of the greatest service and usefulness but he who is meek and kind and suppresses self and does the most good in the world. Our Lord tells us that the disciple is not above his master, yet I your Lord and Master, serve you as the lover of your souls.

We have seen the meekness and humility of our Saviour; let us also consider His patience under persecution and suffering. One who lived with Him said: He was reviled and He reviled not. He was threatened and He threatened not. Once they were refused admittance to a village and James and John would call down fire from heaven and our Lord answered, Ye know not of what spirit ye are. The son of Man came not to destroy men's souls but to save them. Our Lord showed the forgiving spirit. On the cross He said, Father, forgive them. That was His revenge. Thus were His actions, thus were His words, Love your enemies, do good to them that persecute you.

This is only an incomplete and broken picture of the inner life of our Lord—of His meekness, patience, humility and forgiveness of wrongs. So we too if we would be Christians must be copies of Christ. Let that mind be in you that was in Christ Jesus, says St. Paul. We too must have the forgiving spirit and not the spirit of hatred and revenge. If this spirit of mutual forbearance, charity and forgiveness exists in the family between brother and sister, husband and wife, mistress and servant, they shall find peace and rest for their souls.—The Monitor.

SOME "INSIDE" FACTS ABOUT THE CATHOLIC CHURCH

MODERN PROGRESS AND THE CATHOLIC CHURCH (By Rev. T. F. Cookley, D. D., Pittsburg, Pa.)

There has been astounding progress in every department of the human mind in the last three hundred years; there has been astounding progress of the Catholic Church in the last three hundred years. The more the world progressed the more the Catholic Church makes progress, for progress and Catholicity go hand-in-hand.

The Catholic Church has kept steady pace with the increasing progress of the age, and the remarkable progress of the scientific world has been a real help to the progress of the Catholic Church. The Catholic Church has made her most wonderful progress in the United States, Germany, England, that is in precisely those enlightened countries of the modern world where scientific progress has reached its greatest heights.

The Catholic Church loves education, and her greatest conquests have been in those countries where there has been a high degree of education such as in the United States, Germany and England. The Catholic Church has made its greatest gains in those very countries where there is compulsory education. In countries where there is no compulsory education, the Catholic Church has made gains only in proportion to the ability of the people to become enlightened; ignorance has always been a hindrance and a handicap to the progress of the Catholic Church.

The Catholic Church has made unexampled progress in spite of the fact that in her doctrines she is irrevocably committed to the past. She cannot change her truths to suit the whims of the latest theorizer, or amateur theologian, any more than the multiplication table can be changed to suit the whims of dishonest stock gamblers.

The Catholic Church has the burden of nineteen centuries on her shoulders but no one can accuse her of losing her influence over people and nations because she is old. No other form of religion has made enduring conquests at all comparable to hers, none can keep pace with her, and she still is "up-to-date" with an answer for every difficulty, a solution for every problem and a solace for every ill of the modern world.

The Catholic Church has made this immense progress because she preaches the Gospel of Jesus Christ, and Him Crucified, and has not betrayed her divine Founder by turning the institution established by Him into an uplift organization, a social welfare club, a community centre, or a socialistic group for the dissemination of merely humanitarian doctrines.

The Catholic Church has made immense progress in the United States simply because she has steadfastly kept before her eyes the one great purpose of Christ in founding the Catholic Church, namely, to save men's souls. To develop their bodies, to keep them clean, to teach them to play, to instruct them in folk dancing, to entertain them at the "movies," to become an adjunct for political parties, may well be the object of other organizations, but it is not the end for which the Catholic Church was instituted by Christ.

The Catholic Church has made immense progress in the United States and in other parts of the world in spite of enormous difficulties. She has not had wealth on her side, she pays double rates for the education of her children, she has been the victim of organized and subsidized oppositions on a colossal scale, and her children have been deliberately excluded from positions of prestige and honor in both public and private life. No human institution could make progress under such terrifying conditions; therefore the Catholic Church must be divine.

The Catholic Church now numbers more than 300,000,000 human beings. That is more than three times the total number of all other forms of Christianity combined. In other words, all the other forms of Christianity taken together do not number more than 100,000,000 or just about one-third the number of Catholics in the world.

The progress of the Catholic Church for the last three hundred years presents the most remarkable phenomenon of all time. She is the only institution in the world in history that has never revised her constitution, recast her doctrines, or reshaped her truths to suit the changing fancies of the hour. She teaches to-day the century old truths, that Christ taught, and those who she teach forever, for like Christ Himself, she is the same yesterday, to-day and forever.

HISTORIC CLONMEL

Clonmel, the historic capital of Tipperary, taking its name, as we know, from two Irish words meaning the valley of honey, and resting, as the old song tells us, on 'the lovely, sweet banks of the Suir,' has its points of rare interest to the tourist and historian. It is universally known as 'rare Clonmel.' The valley in which it lies is beautiful indeed; no other scenery of its kind excels that along the trout and salmon laden Suir as it winds its way through the richly-wooded Knocklofty, with its gnarled oaks, centuries old, on through pleasant Marlfield, past the old town, skirting and enhancing the incomparable hill scenery on its right bank, till it reaches the sea miles below the verdant and beautiful slopes of Gurteen la Poer. This combination of river and glen, rolling plain and mountain, makes one of the pleasantest and most picturesque and peaceful scenes on God's earth, writes a correspondent of The Catholic Press of Sydney, Australia.

"I can see now the old town, nestling beside the Suir, backed by the old mountain, cultivated to its very top, a typical example of Irish peasantry. "One may find not only a few items of historical interest in Clonmel. On a diverted portion of the river is the site of Lady Blessington's bath. This famous countess, the contemporary of Moore and Byron, and whose maiden name was Power, was born within a few miles of my native town.

"There is, of course, the historic gaol, over the gate of which, in the black days of the bitter past, was exhibited the spiked head of the martyred Father Sheehy, and where, later on, were incarcerated Smith O'Brian, Thomas Francis Meagher, and other patriots of 1848, and subsequently prominent Fenian leaders of 1867.

"Flanking the west gate in the main street, and close to the Protestant church, is the site of the breach in the town wall from which Cromwell's soldiers were hurled back again and again by the famous young defender of the town, Hugh O'Neill. Some of the descendants of this great soldier still reside within a few miles of the town."—Canadian Freeman.

NOTED MUSICIAN OF MONTREAL

Advises The Use Of "FRUIT-A-TIVES", The Famous Fruit Medicine.



MR. ROSENBERG 589 Casgrain St., Montreal. April 20th, 1915.

"In my opinion, no other medicine in the world is so curative for Constipation and Indigestion as 'Fruit-a-tives'. I was a sufferer from these complaints for five years, and my sedentary occupation, Music, brought about a kind of Intestinal Paralysis—with nasty Headaches, belching gas, drowsiness after eating, and Pain in the Back. I tried pills and medicines of physicians, but nothing helped me. Then I was induced to try 'Fruit-a-tives', and now for six months I have been entirely well.

I advise any one who suffers from this horrible trouble—Chronic Constipation with the resultant indigestion, to try 'Fruit-a-tives', and you will be agreeably surprised at the great benefit you will receive". A. ROSENBERG. 50c. a box, 6 for \$2.50, trial size, 25c. At all dealers or sent postpaid by Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.



He who wishes to secure the good of others has already secured his own.—Confucius.

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The height of some men's ambition is to pull other men down. Truth is stranger than fiction because there's less on the market.

Advertisement for McClary's Pandora Range. Includes text: 'How often do you fix the fire?', 'To clean the ashes out of the fire-box of the Pandora you simply turn the grate-handle over once and back, as illustrated. That is all. The Pandora triple grates work easily because each of the three grates is shaken separately. And the fire-box, being made of McClary semi-steel is smooth, allowing the ashes to drop easily instead of clinging to the sides as in the case of rougher metals. In taking out the ashes, there is no need of spilling them over the floor. The ash-pan is made large enough to hold more than one day's ashes. The same thought is given to every feature that might save a little time and labor in the kitchen. McClary's Range. Careful thought now before you buy your range will save much in the years to come. If you want to study the matter over for yourself, let us place in your hands our new booklet, "The Magic of the Pandora." This booklet explains clearly the things you should know about your new range. You may secure one by sending in the coupon. McClary's. London Toronto Montreal Winnipeg Vancouver St. John, N.B. Hamilton Calgary Saskatoon Edmonton. Name Address. Kindly send me a copy of your booklet, "The Magic of the Pandora." Doneau.

Advertisement for Penmans hosiery. Includes text: 'HOSIERY gets real wear on the farm, climbing in and out of buggies—and so on. Penmans appreciate this, and make hosiery that will W-E-A-R. At the same time there is a smartness of finish about them, a snug fit and a velvety feel that you'll like. Of course, you probably wear Penmans all the time, but this little message is passed along in case you do not—an unfortunate state you should remedy next time you buy hosiery. After you've tried Penmans you'll be very glad you read this. Don't forget—Penmans. Penmans Limited Paris. Includes an illustration of a woman sitting at a desk with a pen and a window in the background.





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:

Proofs were recalled that telegrams were largely manufactured in Fleet street; four words being sometimes expanded to forty. . . . And the explanation of the system was that the public appetite for sensational news is so keen that journals are compelled, as they think, in pursuit of their business interests, to vie with one another in fictitious and exaggerated reports. To the foregoing, Spencer adds the testimony of two eye-witnesses, who held opposite views of the conduct of the war, but were one "in reproaching the systematic perversion of truth resulting from the censorship." The chief censor of Lord Robert's army is called by one of these witnesses the "Lord High Multiplier of Telegraphic Despatches" and the other tells of the financial gang in South Africa "who had the press in their hands, worked the wires, and controlled and arranged what sort of information should reach England . . . ; grievances such as would

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 over-confident 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. He is blind to the real condition of his health. So it is with those who are unconscious of their sinful lives when their consciences become soared.

The Gospel illustrates the same fact in the parable of the five foolish virgins. They were unprepared to enter when the bridegroom came. Their lamps were untrimmed. They knocked and it was too late. So a great Catholic teacher tells us in a sermon that the lost soul will come to the judgment unaware of its sentence. Ignorance, deception, self-love, delusion, will not excuse the soul on that dread day. It will say: "I was a Catholic—impossible, impossible, for me to be lost." Yet the sentence will be pronounced: Depart from Me. You did not visit nor feed nor clothe Me when you did it not to My friends. So, too, when our Lord wept over Jerusalem the

city did not know of its impending doom and the things that were to take place. The stream of life pulsed through its streets; it rejected Christ and went on its way of sin and pleasure and blindness to its destruction, instead of following the way of penance and truth.

We must not have too much confidence in ourselves, but trust to our Lord and do the best we know. We should not live like some careless Catholics, in self-love and deception and choose our own way, but obey the Church's laws as they are Christ's. Live the full Catholic life and be prepared for the Bridegroom and the Judgment, and if we are faithful He will reward us with an exceeding great reward.—The Monitor.

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.

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. Truly, without the Catholic Church there is no salvation, even for Christianity itself.—F. A. G., in Truth.

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, Scullerets 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

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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.

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

AN IMPRESSION

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

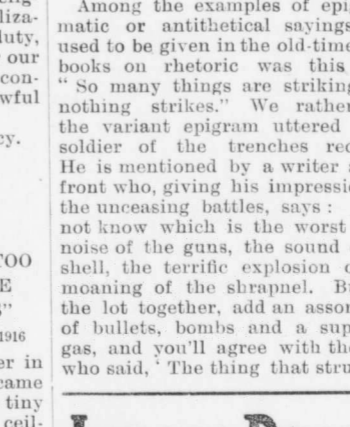
"In an almost trackless timber in northern Wisconsin the writer came upon a tiny Catholic church, so tiny that he could almost touch the ceiling by standing on tiptoe, and so tiny that it would have difficulty in holding twenty-five grown people. The tiny seats were made for exactly twenty people. Yet 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 continent! 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."

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

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