

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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ON STATISTICS

We all remember the censure that fell on the man who spoke disrespectfully of the equator. We wonder what would be the fate of the man in these days who snapped his fingers at statistics. If our memory serves us, a census in the days of David was not unaturally followed by a pestilence; but today we do nothing else but number everything, and men's souls are satisfied if you give them enough of figures.

But, at some risk, we cannot but hold a very low opinion of statistics. They seem to tell you everything and tell you nothing, and even that nothing is a lie. Yet this Dead Sea fruit—the ashes of figures—is the favourite food of the twentieth century. We not only have our numbering of the people, which may inform us of the fact that there are forty millions of people in Great Britain, "mostly fools," but we have a Registrar General to do nothing else but to estimate death-rates and birth-rates and disease-rates. The Board of Trade has a statistical department, and even the County Council possesses that treasure—a statistical officer. Indeed, all science is only weighing, measuring, and averaging, and all for nothing. Is it a fact, for instance, that there are forty millions of people in Great Britain, as the census says? It is not even a fact, and if it were, and we know it, how much better off would we be? But first, it is not a fact. For at no instant was there exactly that number of people in Great Britain. The census is not a snapshot, but is supposed to number the people in a certain place on a certain day. So the deaths and births of that very day itself or the next throw out all our calculations. But besides, no such numbering could be accurate. You are counting by means of a machine—the human machine—by thousands of different individuals, and the faults of these introduce hosts of errors into your calculations.

Human beings cannot count accurately the votes cast for two candidates at an election, and every recount varies the number. How can they count forty millions of heads? But, says the apologist, "No one ever said it was absolutely accurate." Then if not, what is the good of statistics? If your figures are right they are uninforming—if they are wrong they tell a lie. It is not then a fact that there are or ever were forty millions of people in Great Britain. It is an approximation to an approximation, that is all.

But if it were a fact, what is its value? What can we do with this gigantic and sprawling fact if we have got it? Compare it with a similar lie told of another country at a different time and collected under different circumstances? What satisfaction is there in that? Can we make out anything from this so-called fact which will be of use to us, or any man or woman? If we know a man well, we can shape our conduct to his wishes. We may influence him by our persuasion. All that is of use to us, but what can we do with this large fact, which has cost the nation thousands of dollars to compile? Nothing!

Take, for example, a statistic which is under one's eye almost every week, and which fascinates the shareholders in railway companies. The newspapers are good enough to inform us of the increase or decrease in the receipts of railway companies each week, and those who are looking for the "gentle due" of dividends read these unreliable figures with interest. Yet simple as these are, they have, rightly understood, no value whatever. You may see, for instance, that this railway earned so many thousands of dollars more in the week just ending than in the corresponding week last year, and you may buy the stock of that company on the strength of such an assuring misrepresentation. But what is the fact? First, that half its earnings cannot be ascertained week by week, for in relation to that week's traffic there are many debts owing to the company and owing by the company. But even if the exact

amount earned (not received) could be ascertained, the fact would only mislead. You will find, for example, that there was a public holiday in the week this year, and none in the corresponding week last year, and the apparent increased prosperity of the line is wiped out by that fact. But even if there were no public holiday to vitiate comparison, there may have been six days of sunshine in the one week and showers of rain in the other which affected the passenger traffic; or last year there was a strike in the coal trade, or this year the company is "operating" more miles of lines, so that the increase on which you prided yourself is only an apparent increase. And so your poor statistical fact is whittled away until there is nothing left. But even if you had got it proved, what is its worth even for the purpose of calculating your dividend? Absolutely nothing. Because if you saw the other side of the account you might perceive that owing to increase in wages, increased cost of coal, a rise in the price of iron, that the working expenses had increased by many thousands of dollars over those of the corresponding week last year. And so your one statistic abolishes the other.

Take a very simple case. The inquiry is the easy, and looks like the useful, one as to the death-rate of a certain city. "Surely," some apologist of figures might say, "you cannot find fault with such an inquiry. Surely it must be all-important to determine the death-rate, and whether it is increasing or decreasing, and if the former is proved to be the fact to take the necessary steps to reduce it in the future." We admit that all this is specious and pleasing. It might, however, be pointed out by a captious person that even if the fact of increased death-rate (which is not the same thing as "disease" rate or "attack" rate) were proved, that would be no guidance at all to the means of decreasing the number of deaths in the future; but leaving this trivial criticism on one side, let us see how we are helped by statistics. It is asserted, in the first place, that the death rate of a certain city is 20 in the 1,000 per annum, and you may be invited to compare that with twenty other large cities, and to draw inferences. That seems simple, but it won't do. A tyro in statistics knows that the death-rate tells you nothing unless you know the birth-rate. So you start out on another expedition. And when you have compared a high birth-rate with a high death-rate—for it is the children that swell the death-rate—you are satisfied for one instant until the statistician says the death-rate must be corrected because there is a hospital in the city into which people are brought from the neighbouring district to die. So you correct for the hospital. And then some one else tells you you must correct for the new railway works, which have brought some hundreds of men in the prime of life into the town, and so reduced the death-rate. And you correct for that, until the statistical value of your deductions have disappeared altogether; and then some astonished critic gives it the coup de grace by saying it is no use taking the death rate. You must know what the people died of to make your vital statistics of any use whatever. Ten out of every twenty might have met their deaths by accident. All that is true, so we inquire into the numbers who are said to have died from zymotic diseases, and here we are back in the incalculable matter of human error. And it is that, after all, that is the basis of all our statistics. Indeed, statisticians have with their corrections and counter-corrections to be brought back from mere numbers—which mean nothing unless you know what you are numbering—to actual facts, before they get to the truth, and then they have got out of the region of statistics.

It is in these ways that we are deceived by figures. Indeed, figures are themselves the prime fallacy. "One" I know; when I say "two," I am sinking vital differences for the sake of arithmetic. There is one, but there are no two. The two is a mere fiction, and the further you go in arithmetic the more of the truths you have to lose sight of, the more of the mere lies you have to bring

into prominence. It is in this way that the magic of mind has made us believe in statistics, which is an unreal science—an untruth. You may number peas or marbles, although even in that case you may be numbering peas that are good with peas that are bad, or marbles of marble with marbles of clay, but when you get away from a homogeneous nonentity your arithmetic is at fault, and you are only deceiving yourself with that sleight-of-hand, the multiplication table. These, then, are the uninforming facts in your unvarnished statistics, and we venture to speak with due disrespect of the method and result.

THE RIGHT REV. M. J. GALLAGHER

ACCORDED GREAT WELCOME TO DETROIT

On the occasion of his taking possession of the historic See of Detroit the Right Reverend Bishop Gallagher was given a magnificent welcome.

The following excerpt from the address, as given in the Michigan Catholic, of welcome, together with summary of His Lordship's reply, will be read with interest everywhere. Malignant anti-Catholic bigotry is seen in all its pettiness in the light of the manly, self-reliant, self-respecting spirit that pervades the address; and the same spirit that joined representatives of all races, classes and creeds in doing honor to one who necessarily will fill a large space in the civic life of the great city of Detroit:

You come to us at a time most propitious. The venomous head of bigotry, stirred by a fanaticism scarcely to be understood in a country where religious freedom is one of its basic principles, had in recent years lifted its flattened head to spurn its venom over the nation. The time worn yoke of lack of patriotism in the Catholic people of America had again been flung in pamphlet and from platform, until from across the seas came the cry for aid. The seasoned soldiers of the Kaiser were spilling the lifeblood of France. England was on the verge of disaster. Italy could not recover from its crushing defeat and liberty was about to be lost to the nations. Our great republic responded to the call and all men, Catholic and Protestant alike, flew to arms. Look down the long list of those who fell in defense of American liberty in the world war just concluded, and you will find that the patriotism of the Catholic people has been written in blood and in sacrifice in every effort made to promote the success of the American armies. Today, from across the seas, from the blood soaked fields of Belgium and of France and from every encampment in the United States comes voices of welcome to you, and the pageant which has been spread out before you has been lessened in number by 80,000 of Catholic faith who have left their homes in this city to do their part in the defense of American liberty.

We as Catholics have no apology to make for the welcome which is accorded you. Let it be remembered that it was a Catholic who first gave America to the world. It was when footers and disheveled at the door of a Catholic convent that new hope came to his despair. It was his Catholic faith that first encouraged him. It was a Catholic king that fitted out his ships. It was a Catholic queen that cherished her jewels as a pledge. It was a Catholic Columbus and a Catholic crew that sailed out upon an unknown sea where ship had never been seen before. It was a Catholic hymn to the Virgin that each night closed the perils of the day and inspired new hope for the morrow. It was a Catholic cross that was the first emblem of Christianity planted in the new world that had been named by a Catholic and after a Catholic American. From that day down to the present, through the throes of our own revolution, through the peril of the Civil War, and in the civil and peaceful pursuits of the nation in all of its activities our people have played their part. We state this with a pride that is pardonable, always mindful of the fact, however, that it was not through ourselves alone that this wonderful nation of ours has been guided through all its trials as well as in its almost miraculous accomplishment. Men of all religious faiths have combined in producing the final result. Catholic and Protestant, Jew and Gentile have vied with each other in patriotic devotion to the principles under which we live. Hence it is that it comes with ill grace for any man, of any faith, whether of our own or of another, to look with suspicion upon his fellow-man because of the form under which his allegiance to his Creator is paid. The last vestige of bigotry should have been, and please God has been wiped out

by the commingling of the blood of Protestant and Catholic, Jew and Gentile, in defense of true principles of government before German cannon on the border land of France. In his address to the assembled throngs Bishop Gallagher charmed all with his strong words of fealty to his country and to the flag which all revere. He was deeply affected over the wonderful demonstration in his honor but he modestly declared it was gotten up, in tribute, not to him personally but as a mark of devotion to the Church and to the Prince of Peace.

He viewed with calmness, not fear, the constructive work ahead of him, a work in which he felt he would have the support of all citizens of historic Detroit, a work to which he would dedicate himself, asking only the return—the co-operation of all. High praise he paid to the organizations which marched before him; they were a credit to the city and told in large numbers of the zeal of the pastors, and the fidelity of the laity.

TWO SIGNIFICANT TESTIMONIES

For the last four years and more the secular papers of Canada, with a rare exception here and there, have vilified the Pope and the Catholic Church in a most brutal manner. Despite the fact that Canadian Catholics had poured out their blood as generously as people of other creeds, the most sacred convictions of the former were outraged by the penitents. In the past of British and Canadian war lords. German guns and Canadian editors put many a burden of sorrow on the hearts of the Catholic mothers and fathers of Canada.

The tide of war has ceased to flow now, and, on November 7, when it began to run swiftly to the sea of oblivion, the Toronto Daily Star, always fair and temperate, ventured these significant remarks: "Now that Austria-Hungary has gone out of the war the theory that the Pope and the Roman Catholic Church are allied with our enemies is badly damaged. Germany is Protestant by a large majority; Prussia is Protestant by a large majority. But when this was pointed out it was said that the real hope of the Pope lay in Austria, which of all countries was most faithful in its allegiance to the Vatican. Now there is none left to fight against us but Germany, and one of the most cherished legends of bigotry vanishes."

This scene is closed for the present and another begins at Mt. Vernon, N. Y. Last Summer, papers from one end of the country to the other carried headlines fastening sedition, serious disturbance of peace and so forth on a Catholic priest who did not ring the church bells on some occasion or other. Mobs jumped across the papers' pages, in red ink, the priest was pictured as defiant, the judge as just and capable, the sentence as eminently fair. But on November 8, the County Court of Westchester County declared that the case is utterly barren of evidence to justify the priest's conviction of the crime alleged, or of any other crime. The judgment of conviction should be reversed in its entirety, and the fine of \$200 paid by the defendant should be returned to him. Let the order of reversal so stand.

As was to be expected no paper has heard of this decision, nor will any paper ever hear of it. The priest will forever stand convicted before millions of readers of public prints that care more for circulation than for ethical standards. The lessons? There are many, but these two are important: One: No man's reputation is safe in the keeping of a daily paper. Two: To be charged with crime is not the same as to be convicted of crime, much less is it the same as to be guilty of crime.—America.

EPISCOPAL MINISTER ENTERS CHURCH

Cleveland, O., Nov. 30.—Announcement was made in a local newspaper Monday of the resignation of Rev. Andrew Chapman, who has been pastor of St. James Episcopal church. Mr. Chapman had sent a letter to Episcopal Bishop Leonard to that effect and giving as the cause of his resignation that he had made his profession of obedience to the Catholic Church and was now stationed at the headquarters of the Society of the Atonement, Greymoor, N. Y. It is not known whether Mr. Chapman will study for the priesthood or not.

It is no surprise to Cleveland Catholics that this clergyman has "come over to Rome." As pastor of the "high" Episcopal parish here his church notices, printed weekly, advertised Mass, Benediction, confessions, etc. The congregation is not a large one, but evidently it is as "high" in its service an any one could wish for. Mr. Chapman is a native of Boston. He is not married. He was educated at St. Stephen's College, Annandale, N. Y. Columbia University, and his

theological studies were made at the General Seminary, New York. He has been an Episcopal minister since 1909. He has filled charges in Brooklyn, N. Y., Davenport, Iowa, and Grace Church, Galesburg, Ill. He has done considerable literary work, both church and secular.—Catholic Columbian.

CARDINAL MERCIER TELLS OF OUTRAGES

SAYS GERMANS TORTURED AND KILLED 40 BELGIAN PRIESTS

Malines, Nov. 27.—Forty-nine Belgian priests were tortured and put to death by the Germans during the occupation. Cardinal Mercier the primate of Belgium declared in an interview to-day. He added that 2,000 men were removed from his diocese by the Germans, who were forced to work. Other crimes committed by the Germans, the Cardinal said, were too long and too terrible to relate. Cardinal Mercier said he was happy to see Germany defeated, adding: "The barbarian formula of might over right has received the final death-blow. German dreams of world domination have been shattered. Honor only is paid to the right, and restored Belgium stands free and independent. The integrity of the marvelous French nation, which roused the admiration of the entire world by its unshakable tenacity, remains absolutely complete. The Christian faith has been reestablished."

The Cardinal related that in the early stages of restricted submarine warfare, the Marquis de Villachar, the Spanish Minister to Belgium, called on the German Governor General in Brussels and asked him to intervene with Berlin to limit the submarine warfare to the belligerents. The Spanish Minister gave the Governor this advice:

"The Americans are gasperated and are on the verge of joining the Allies, which will mean the defeat of the Central Empire."

"We have no fear whatever of the Americans, who will never be able to help the Allies," the Governor General replied haughtily, the Cardinal said. "An army cannot be raised in a few months. Three years at least will be necessary for them, and France and her modest ally the British, will be crushed long before then."

Cardinal Mercier concluded by saying that the Spanish Minister had made the true prediction. He paid tribute to the armies of France, Great Britain and the United States. "The triumph of justice is complete," the Cardinal added, "and right has been victoriously vindicated."

INDEPENDENCE OF IRELAND URGED

PRESIDENT WILSON PETITIONED TO UPHOLD IRELAND'S CAUSE

Throughout the country the demand for the freedom of Ireland is finding expression since the conclusion of the armistice. The friends of Ireland maintain that an equitable solution of the problem must be found at the forthcoming peace conference, and they are importuning President Wilson to use his influence to the end that justice may at last be granted the oppressed people. It is believed that this question was discussed at a conference of the Archbishops of the country, held in Chicago last week.

In the past the Catholic hierarchy has not hesitated to point out that the case of Ireland does not differ from that of the other small nations of Europe, whose liberation has now been accomplished by the United States. It is contended that President Wilson's declaration regarding the self-determination of small nations, which is embodied in his fourteen peace terms, is applicable also to Ireland, and that upon this basis a just solution of the Irish problem can be found. Since the arrival in this country of the English prelates the matter of Ireland's freedom has been constantly in the foreground. Bishop Keating of Northampton, at a dinner given at the Catholic University in Washington recently, expressed the hope that England's policy toward Ireland would at last undergo a change. When the English and French ecclesiastical missions visited Boston a week ago, Cardinal O'Connell, in welcoming the prelates to the Archdiocese, declared unmistakably for the freedom of Ireland.

"England has a glorious chance," the Cardinal said. "She must not fail us. She will not fail. The Gael and the Puritan will then say together: 'Let us forget the wrongs and sorrows of the past in the joy and happiness, the peace and contentment of the present and the glorious hopes of the future.'"

CATHOLIC NOTES

The Sacred Congregation will furnish orders of women with translations of the Code of Canon Law. The late Lord Russell was the first Catholic Chief Justice of England since the days of Thomas Moore. Cardinal Vico has been appointed Prefect of the Sacred Congregation of Rites in succession to the late Cardinal Martinielli. The Religions of the Sacred Heart of "Marymount" at Tarrytown-on-the-Hudson lately received as gift three buildings and twenty acres of land, aggregating in value \$175,000. The Catholic Union in England is preparing a bill for the repeal of all surviving penal laws affecting English Catholics and English religious institutes. The centenary celebration of the State of Illinois was held at Kaskaskia during July. Kaskaskia, the one time first capital, is now but a hamlet of 200 people. The appointment of six Bishops to fill vacant sees in the United States leaves four Dioceses that await a new shepherd: Buffalo, Grand Rapids, Albany and Santa Fe, where Archbishop Pitaval has resigned. In the Church in the United States there are, in particular, two very notable cathedral churches: the cathedral church of Bardonia, Ky., begun in 1816 and solemnly consecrated in 1819, and the Cathedral of Baltimore, begun in 1806 and consecrated in 1876. The Right Rev. Herman J. Alerding, D. D., Bishop of Fort Wayne, Ind., was fifty years a priest on Sept. 22. Bishop Alerding was ordained by Bishop de St. Palais, at St. Meinrad Seminary, Spencer County, Ind., in 1868. He was consecrated on November 30, 1900. Washington, D. C.—The American army has reached a total strength of 3,754,677 men, when hostilities ceased, according to official figures of the war department. Of that number, 2,200,000 had been sent to France, Italy or Russia. The remainder were under arms in this country. President Wilson, accompanied by Secretary of State Lansing and Secretary of the Navy Daniels, attended the funeral of the late United States minister from Haiti, at St. Patrick's Church, Washington, Mr. Menos succumbed in that city, November 14, of pneumonia, following influenza. The diocese of Rockford, Ill., recently lost by death a learned priest in the Rev. Dr. Paul W. Sims. He was the son of an Episcopalian minister and traced his ancestry from New England families to the coming of "The Mayflower." Educated at Harvard, Berlin and Oxford, he was destined to fill a professorial chair, a noted linguist, Orientalist, and speaking fluently all the Teutonic and Slavic languages. Rome, Nov. 18.—"Te Deum" over the victory that has been achieved by Italy has been chanted in all the parish churches in Rome, the most solemn being that in the Church of Ara Coeli, on the Capitol Hill, where the celebrant was the Cardinal Vicar himself, the Pope's religious representative in Rome, in the presence of the Duke of Genoa, the Lieutenant-Governor, representing the King of Italy, and all the military and civil authorities. Rome, Nov. 18.—Last Saturday in his titular Church of Santa Maria sopra Minerva a solemn High Mass of Requiem was offered up for the repose of the soul of the late Cardinal Farley. It was arranged for by the Dominican Fathers in charge of the church and by the rector of the American College here. Archbishop Corretti pontificated and Cardinal Vannutelli, Dean of the Sacred College, gave the absolutions. London, Oct. 31.—Catholics are rejoicing that one of their number, Sir William Tyrrell, K. C. M. G., C. B., has just been appointed Under Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. Sir William, who comes of an old Catholic family and whose wife was an Ursuline, a member of another Catholic family of note, has been in the diplomatic service for the last twenty years and was adviser and private Secretary to Sir Edward Grey just before the outbreak of the war—a fact which caused the Protestant firebrand, Kennit, to suggest, in a pamphlet, that the Vatican was "working" the British Foreign Office. Cardinal Bourne was present by special invitation at the luncheon given by the Lord Mayor of London in honor of Prince Colonna, Mayor of Rome. About this head of the princely house of Colonna several silly stories are told by the journals, who again display their ignorance of things Catholic. We are solemnly informed that his title of leader of the "black society" in Rome means that he is descended from one of the families who supported the "Black Pope"—the General of the Jesuits, of course—and that the name has clung; instead of the actual fact that the Prince is an ardent Catholic and by his position, leader of the society, which does not mix with the "nouveau riche" of Rome, or the Quirinal set, but is received by the Vatican and, being devoutly Catholic, is called "clerical" or "black."

"DOCTOR OF SICK BUSINESSES"

CATHOLIC BUSINESS MAN GIVEN IMPORTANT POST

Ottawa, Nov. 26.—H. J. Daly, whose appointment as Director of the Repatriation and Employment Committee of the Dominion Government was announced today, has already undertaken his duties and has gathered together the heads of all departments concerned in the work of re-absorption for the purpose of co-ordinating and defining their activities. He is to make a report immediately on the condition of the Government departments for the work. An official announcement respecting Mr. Daly's appointment says: "Although Mr. Daly was born in Peterboro, only thirty-five years ago, he was lately Vice-President and Managing Director of the National Cash Register Company of Canada, Limited, and his present business connections are: Director of the Home Bank of Canada; President of the H. J. Daly Company, Ottawa; Vice-President of James A. Ogilvy, Limited, Montreal; President of the United Brass & Lead Company; Director of Murray-Kay Company; Toronto; President of the Arnprior Cabinet Company; President of the Porcelain Products, Limited, and a number of other companies. He is also a member of the Dominion Labor Committee, First Chairman of the Labor Appeal Board which rendered, at its first meeting, the unanimous decision regarding the Ottawa Electric Railway, and is known in the business world as a 'Doctor of Sick Businesses.' He is considered an expert on scientific management, and in selecting Mr. Daly to cope with the more or less unmeasured quantities of the problem of repatriation, the Government have taken into regard his reputation as a business expert and his record as a business man."

A NATIONAL SHRINE

MILLION DOLLAR EDIFICE DECIDED UPON LAST WEEK

Washington, Nov. 25.—The erection in Washington of a monumental church, in honor of Mary Immaculate, to cost at least \$1,000,000, was decided upon last week, at the Catholic University of America, when Cardinal Gibbons presided at a representative gathering of archbishops, bishops and prominent laymen. The church is to be dedicated as a thank offering for the glorious victories of our soldiers and sailors, and will also commemorate the golden jubilee of Cardinal Gibbons' episcopate. The Cardinal has appealed to the Catholics of the country, and especially to the women, to complete the fund for the erection of the shrine. The project was prepared several years ago, and received the blessing of Pope Pius X. who urged all Catholics to generously contribute toward the happy completion of this shrine, which so many praiseworthy Catholic women have undertaken. "In this way," the Holy Father said, "will arise a masterpiece of religious architecture, which will lift heavenward the mind of every student who enters it, make him thirsty for wisdom from above, fill his heart with the same and preserve it religiously while he lives." The exact location on the campus of the Catholic University has not been determined upon, but the shrine will be of marble, and will accommodate at least 8,000 persons. There will also be, adjoining it, a convent and rector's house.

A DAUGHTER OF THE SIERRA

BY CHRISTIAN REID

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CHAPTER VII

AN APPEAL

The room into which the two Americans were presently conducted proved to be a large apartment, bare of all furniture except two small, hard beds, one or two chairs, and the most primitive possible lavatory arrangements.

In fact, this house astonished me, he said. "I did not think there was anything like it in the Sierra, though I heard in Canelas that Dona Victoria had built a casa grande on the hacienda."

"Dona Victoria seems to be running things altogether according to her own sweet will," Armistead remarked, as having wiped his face on the square of rough toweling provided for this purpose, he made ineffectual efforts to discern his image in a small, green mirror by the light of a single tallow candle.

"Luxuries, no—but comfort!" "Comfort is a relative term, also. This, you may be sure, is a palace in all respects compared to the house in which these people have hitherto lived. But Dona Victoria has been to Cullenas, perhaps even to Laramie; she has observed ways of living in those places; and, being a progressive young woman, she has seen no reason for continuing to live in a log house in the Sierra, since sun-baked bricks can be made anywhere."

"I wonder if this progressive young woman is afraid of what her mother may say or do, that she doesn't want her to be seen?"

"I think she simply wants to shield her from pain." "Pain!" Armistead scoffed. "You can't really believe that she is still suffering from Trafford's desertion! The feelings of people closely allied to savages are very elemental and transitory, you know."

"I know that you had better get rid of your idea that these people are in any sense savages, or else keep it very carefully to yourself," Loyd returned. "You've had a lesson of the imprudence of taking for granted that nobody around you understands English. That young fellow who translated your remark about a room and supper—"

"Confound his impudence!" "As much as you like, but he was at least good enough to put you on your guard. It will be well to remember that he has been ears, a good comprehension of English, and evidently no love for gringos—especially those who come on such an errand as ours."

"I can imagine nothing of less importance than the opinion of a whippersnapper like that." "Even whippersnappers have their uses. What Don Arturo is young enough to express, you may be sure that everyone else is feeling."

"I don't care a hang what they are feeling! I am here on business—the manner in which Armistead pronounced the name of the great American fetiche is very inadequately represented by capitalizing its initial letter,—and I propose to accomplish what I have come for, if the whole Calderon clan rises up to protest."

"They'll hardly be satisfied with protesting." "They can do what they like. I suppose the writ of the law runs even in the Sierra?"

"Possibly, but I shouldn't care to be the man who tried to enforce it—at least not in the present case." "Well, I shall not hesitate a moment to enforce it, if I find such enforcement necessary—isn't that a knock at the door? Supper? Good? I'm more than ready for it."

"When they entered from their apartment they saw that a table, in a corner of the corridor where a lamp was hanging, had been laid for two. Don Mariano, who was seated on a bench near by, rose to invite them ceremoniously to their places, but did not join them."

"It seems they won't break bread and salt with us," Armistead observed, as he sat down. "Quite Arabian, isn't it?" "It strikes me that they are treating us with a very fine hospitality; all the more because they make no pretense of receiving us as friends," Loyd replied.

Supper, served by a silent, rebooshrouded woman, being over, they joined Don Mariano where he sat, wrapped in a zarape, at the end of his bench; and smoked, as they shivered in the keen mountain air, while talking of mines and forests. Presently Armistead yawned.

"I think I shall go to bed," he said. "I'm not only tired, but it is plainly the only hope of getting warm. Ask Don Mariano if it never grows warmer here?"

Don Mariano answered the question with an emphatic monosyllable, "Nunca!" he said. "Well, I suppose it's not surprising," Armistead went on. "What elevation did the aneroid record to-

day? Twelve thousand feet? Not strange that one shivers at that height night—without fire, too! I'd like to build a roaring blaze in the middle of this patio. Since that can't be done, I'm off! Buenas noches, señor!"

Observing that Don Mariano was also yawning, and knowing the early hours kept on haciendas—where the day for all begins at or before the breaking of light,—Loyd likewise said good-night, but he did not follow Armistead to his refuge of bed and blankets. On the contrary, having seen both that gentleman and Don Mariano disappear, he filled his brier with a fresh charge of short cut, and, plunging his hands in his pockets, walked out of the great front door of the house, on the threshold of which a moso, wrapped in his eyes in his blankets, crouched half asleep.

Wonderful was the beauty of the night which met him as he stepped outside,—wonderful and full of an unappreciated and dark gorge spreading from the east and west, the moon, late in rising, had not yet appeared over the eastern heights; but the starlight of these high regions has a radiance so bright that every feature of the landscape, every fold of the distant hills, could be clearly discerned. Steeped in repose, the lovely valley stretched to the feet of the mountains which surrounded it, from crags and escarpments against the star-strown sky, their serene and mighty steadfastness emblematic beyond all else on earth.

that eternal rest We can not compass in our speech

And it was not only the picture spread before the eye which conveyed this impression. Loyd thought of the deep, majestic woods, the lowering heights and dark gorges spreading for hundreds of leagues around this spot, and through and over which whoever sought it must pass. The air was filled with resinous, aromatic odors from the breathing earth, the vast encircling forests; and the only sound which broke the stillness was the music of flowing water, the song which the stream was singing to the night and the stars as it flowed along the crests of the hills.

"Senior!" "Loyd started and turned sharply. Unheard, Victoria had come to his side, and stood looking at him with her eyes full of an expression which for the first time struck him as wistful and appealing."

"Senior!" he responded quickly, taking his pipe from his lips. "I saw you go out," she said simply; "and as I watched you standing here alone it seemed as if you were waiting for some one, and so it occurred to me to come and ask if you will help me a little."

"Nothing could give me more pleasure than to help you in any way," he answered. And indeed the sympathy which he had felt for her from the first was now quickened to a chivalric desire to assist her in the fight which was before her unless she yielded to the demand about to be made; and no one could look at Victoria and imagine that she would tamely yield anything.

"I thought it possible that you would," she said; "because I remember that when I talked to you at Guasmilane and again at Canelas, you seemed different from others who come into our country. You seemed to feel, to understand things almost as we feel and understand them."

"I have tried to do so," he assented. "And therefore," she went on, "you may be willing to tell me what it is that the señor, your friend, wishes to say to my mother."

The liquid, brilliant eyes uplifted to him in the starlight were now almost beseeching; but Loyd found himself somewhat taken aback by the form in which his assistance was asked.

"Seniorita," he said again—then hesitated—do you not think it would be better to let my friend speak for himself?"

"Your friend has refused to answer my question once," she said, "and I shall not ask him again. But I thought that you might understand that what I wish to do is to shield my mother—to know whether or not it is necessary for you to see this man."

"She does not wish to see him?" Loyd was conscious of the folly of the question as he asked it.

"Senior!" There was a flash in the liquid softness of the eyes. "Could she wish to see him? But she will do whatever I say, and I thought you might help me to decide—"

"And so will," said Loyd, with sudden determination. "There is no reason why you should not be told what concerns you so much. You know that Mr. Armistead has come here as the agent of—"

"Mr. Trafford," she said, as he paused. "Yes, I know that. But for what object does he come?"

To assert Mr. Trafford's claim of ownership over the Santa Cruz Mine. Loyd answered concisely. "Ah!" she caught her breath sharply, and again the starlight showed a flash of fire in the dark eyes. "He will dare? But the Santa Cruz Mine is my mother's; she inherited it from her father; and it had been abandoned for years, when we reopened it, worked it, made it what it is to-day. What claim has Mr. Trafford upon it?"

"It appears that your grandfather gave him a title to the mine when he married your mother." "And although he has put my mother away he holds fast to her property. Oh, I know that! But let him be satisfied with the Rosario hacienda, with the Santa Catalina

and San Fernando Mines. The Santa Cruz he shall never touch." "I hope that you can hold it against him," said Loyd; "but I am afraid you must prepare for a fight."

"She lifted her head with the air of one who accepts a challenge." "We will fight," she said; "and the brief words expressed much."

"Well, that is all," Loyd added after a moment. "So now you can prepare your mother, and you can decide whether or not she should see Mr. Armistead to-morrow."

"Victoria brought her brows together in the straight, resolute line with which he—as already so familiar. For the first time she looked away from him, out over the starlit valley to the solemn encircling heights; and there was a pause in which he heard again the song of the stream. It lasted only a moment. Then the girl turned her gaze back to meet his."

"I have decided," she said. "It will be best that she should see him."

"I think so," Loyd answered, struck by the quickness of her decision. "There can then be no doubt that the answer given is her own."

"It is not that only," Victoria said. "It is that she has a right to speak for herself and to tell that man—she raised her arm and pointed northward—how she scorns and how she defies him. In all these years she has never told him. She has kept silence; she has submitted to indignity and robbery; she has asked only to be left in peace here in her own home. But now that he has not left her in peace, that he is trying to carry robbery still further, it is right that she should speak for herself, and not through another."

"It is best," Loyd agreed again, although he could not but wonder if the mother would be able to express herself half as forcibly as this creature of fire and energy would speak for her. He thought of Trafford as he had seen him in his office in San Francisco, an embodiment of all the qualities which go to make the successful man of business; and wondered afresh over the link which bound such a man to these people in the far Sierra; to the Indian woman whom he had married and flung aside and to this girl in whom two such divers strains had met, to form—

what? The errand upon which he had come so reluctantly began to interest him deeply. More and more he found himself becoming a partisan, all his instincts of chivalry stirred in behalf of these women fighting for their rights. If necessary, he felt that he would fight for them, and that he would defend what was theirs by every rule of equity. Something of this must have been written on his face, for Victoria suddenly held out her hand.

"Thank you, señor!" she said gratefully. "You have told me what I wished to know; you have helped me very much. Thank you very good night!"

If he had wished to profess his readiness to serve her further—to explain, perhaps, why he was there—she gave him no opportunity to do so. As noiselessly as she had approached, she went away, flitting like a shadow from his side, vanishing into the shadow of the doorway; leaving him again alone with the great golden stars, the steadfast mountains, and the singing stream.

CHAPTER VIII

DONA BEATRIZ SPEAKS

If Loyd had found Armistead awake when he finally retired to the room which they shared, he would probably have told him of his interview with Victoria and the information he had given her. But Armistead was sound asleep under his blankets, and by the next morning Loyd decided to say nothing of the girl's appeal to him. After all, he had told her only what she had a right to know, and what her reason for desiring to know justified him in telling. So he held his peace with regard to the matter; and when Don Mariano informed them in the dining room at breakfast that Dona Beatriz would see them, he accompanied Armistead to the interview with the subdued interest of one who knows beforehand pretty much what will occur.

They were conducted to a large room at the front of the house, into which floods of brilliant sunshine were pouring, showing its spaciousness and bareness; for a number of chairs, ranged stiffly around the walls, and one or two tables were all the furniture it contained; while on the brick floor were only spread one skin of a monster-toro and several of the beautifully-striped mountain tiger. Everything breathed the simplicity, austerity and remoteness of a life as far removed from the conditions of the modern world as that which might have been led in a baronial castle during the feudal ages.

As the strangers, marshaled by Don Mariano, entered the room, two feminine figures came from an inner apartment, both closely wrapped in draperies, but one much larger and more stately than the other,—a woman of mature age and splendidly mature beauty, with features cut on classical lines and eyes of midnight darkness, full of a wondrous liquid sweetness. There was much likeness between her and the slender daughter of more; but she shall not be called by her name, for she possessed the gentleness, it was at least certain that she possessed all the repose of her race.

She acknowledged the salutations of the two men with the usual murmured formulas of politeness; and then, inviting them to be seated with a wave of her hand, sat down herself. Victoria, who had not opened her lips, but merely looked to them silently, sat down beside her; Don Mariano seated himself a little in the rear, having already explained that Dona Beatriz had requested him to be present at the interview.

There was an expectant pause; and Loyd, glancing at Armistead, had a sense of satisfaction in recognizing that the latter was at last conscious of the awkwardness of the situation.

"I almost wish that I had stayed in Canelas and sent a letter," he muttered. "Confound it, Loyd! You'll have to explain the matter."

"I shall do nothing of the kind," Loyd returned. "I am here to translate whatever you wish to say, but I haven't a single word to say for myself."

"You're extremely disobliging, I must say! Well, tell Dona Beatriz that I have been sent here by—Mr. Trafford to see her with regard to—er—a matter of business."

"She has heard that before, but I'll tell her to her again." And, turning to Dona Beatriz, Loyd repeated the words in Spanish.

Dona Beatriz bowed with a manner full of dignity.

"I am ready to hear whatever the señor has come to say to me," she answered.

"Then tell her," said Armistead, making a strong grip upon his most business like manner, "that I have come to remind her that the Santa Cruz mine is the property of Mr. Trafford, and to inform her that he intends to assert his rights of ownership over it."

A moment's pause followed the repetition of these words. Don Mariano uttered a quick ejaculation, but Victoria's hand on his arm silenced him; and it was Dona Beatriz who again spoke, quietly.

"The Santa Cruz Mine belongs to me, señor; and I do not recognize that Mr. Trafford has any rights of ownership over it."

"Remind her that the mine was given to him by her father," Armistead replied.

"Other things were also given him by my father, señor," she answered. "Some of these he has kept to his own profit; some he has thrown away." There was another pause, fraught with significance, and then the full, sweet tones went on.

"Whether he intended to keep or to throw away the Santa Cruz Mine does not matter. It is mine and I shall keep it."

"Tell her that she can't hold it!" said Armistead, impatiently. "Trafford has a title to it which the law will sustain."

"We have paid the taxes on the mine," Don Mariano interposed before Dona Beatriz could answer this. "It does not matter who paid them, señor, as long as they were paid." Loyd replied for himself. "You must know this."

"We have paid them in the name of Dona Beatriz Calderon, señor."

"I doubt if that would stand against Mr. Trafford's title, señor; especially since the—ah—tie between Dona Beatriz and himself remains unannulled in Mexico."

Don Mariano's face fell.

"It is true," he said. "We did not think of that. We should have let the little lapse and denounced the mine. But who could have anticipated the audacity—the shamelessness—of such a claim?"

Loyd shrugged his shoulders. "It seems to me that you might have anticipated it," he said.

"What are you talking about?" Armistead asked sharply. "What does he say that the taxes have been paid regularly in the name of Dona Beatriz?"

"What difference does that make?" "Not much, I am afraid; although I am not sufficiently acquainted with Mexican law to speak positively."

"Well, I am sure that Trafford is acquainted with it, and he told me that the mine is his by right of a perfect title. Simply tell them this, and ask what they are going to do."

The reply to this question was brief.

"We shall hold the mine, señor," Dona Beatriz said.

justice, and he shall have none of it." She rose to her feet—a superb figure in her noble beauty, her righteous indignation. "I swear it!" she said. "Do you hear, señor? I swear it by the holy cross that stands over the mine! Neither he nor any one whom he sends shall ever enter the Santa Cruz."

"I suppose there is nothing for me to say in reply, except that I will communicate with Mr. Trafford," Armistead observed when these words were repeated to him. "What steps he will direct me to take I don't know, but I do know that he's not likely to yield his claim. I am sorry that they are going to put up a fight, but I suppose it was to be expected. Tell Dona Beatriz that I regret extremely to have had to annoy her with this demand, but that I am only acting as Mr. Trafford's agent in the business."

"Dona Beatriz replies that she is aware of that," Loyd reported a moment later, "and adds that she hopes you will remain at La Joyas as long as it may please you to do so."

"She is exceedingly kind, but I think you had better say that we will leave immediately. We haven't any excuse for remaining longer, since I suppose they wouldn't let us see the mine."

"I certainly wouldn't advise you to ask to do so. There is a limit even to Mexican courtesy."

"Then say all the complimentary things that are in order, and let us bid them good-bye and get off."

The complimentary things having been duly said in stately Castilian, and responded to by Dona Beatriz with a dignity and grace which would not have misbecome a royal personage, Loyd found himself looking into Victoria's eyes, which met his own with a very friendly glance, as she held out her hand in farewell.

"Adios, señor!" she said. "I shall not forget the service you did me."

"If I can serve you again, will you remember that I am at your command?" he asked.

She looked surprised.

"But you are with him!" and she glanced at Armistead.

"In this matter no longer than we leave your gates. In fact, I have never been with him further than merely to serve as his interpreter; but I shall not bear even that part in any steps which he may take against us."

"In any steps which he may take against us we can defend ourselves," she said proudly.

"Yet a friend is not to be despised," Loyd urged, a little to his own surprise; for why, he asked himself, should he wish to impress her with the reality of a friendship which after today could mean so little to her?"

"A friend is never to be despised, señor," she answered hastily; for those around were looking at them with some surprise. Then, with another murmured "Adios!" she turned away with her mother.

And so a little later they took their departure from La Joyas.

TO BE CONTINUED

A MISSIONARY AT HEART

Mary Clark Jacobs in Rosary Magazine

Father Frazer was absorbed in the preparation of his sermon for the following Sunday. The pastor of St. John's Church was ill and this young man, but recently ordained to the priesthood, had come to fill his place until his recovery. But try as hard as he might the thoughts would not come. While he paced the length of the room with a quick, nervous tread the doorbell rang, followed quickly by the little electric buzzer over his door, which was Mrs. Mallory's method of informing him that a visitor awaited him.

"Hello, my poor sermon!" the young priest sighed as he descended the stairs.

At the entrance to the reception room he paused. Evidently unaware of his approach, a man was standing with his back towards the door, greatly interested in a picture of the Sacred Heart.

"He is not a Catholic," was Father Frazer's inward comment. "Good-morning, sir," he called aloud.

"Ah! Good morning." The man turned from his inspection of the picture. "You are Father—?" "Father Frazer, at your service. Please be seated."

"Thank you I will try to state my errand as briefly as possible. A man did me a great service—in fact, saved my life twice, the last time at the cost of his own. I have always been filled with a deep sense of gratitude towards him, but as he was dead there seemed to be no manner of expressing it. Of course I saw that he had a decent burial, and a modest stone over his grave, and I thought there was nothing else that I could do, until recently."

"And then—" Father Frazer suggested.

"I was telling the story to a young lady in whom I am greatly interested—in fact, I am hoping that she will be my wife—and when I showed her several trinkets taken from the body of my friend, she said: 'This rosary and scapular prove that he was a Catholic as I am, and Catholics always pray for departed souls. I am sure he would appreciate your prayers.' I told her that not being a Catholic I wouldn't know how to pray for his soul, but that if it would do him any good I would surely try. Then she explained that I could have a Mass said—am I expressing it

correctly?—for his soul and that it would be better even than prayers."

"Yes," said the priest, "Catholics always pray and have Masses said for their departed brethren, and we firmly believe that they are greatly benefited thereby."

"And you will say this Mass?" "I shall be very glad, indeed, to do so. Have you any particular date in mind or shall I say it as soon as possible?" Father Frazer reached for the record.

"He will be dead a year the twentieth of this month."

"On that day, then, I will offer an anniversary Requiem High Mass for the repose of his soul. The name please."

"Jimjim is the only one I can give you, Father. I cannot remember his real name, and could not pronounce it if I did. Jimjim was a poor illiterate hunchback."

"Jimjim," mused the priest, as he wrote the name in the book. "Rather queer, isn't it?"

"If you have time to listen, Father, I would be glad to tell you the story; but if duty calls you elsewhere please do not hesitate to say so."

"You have aroused my curiosity, and I would like to hear the story."

"After leaving college," his visitor began, "I secured a position with a big construction company on the Coast, and it was part of my work to register the foreign laborers as they came in, herded together like cattle, hundreds at a time. It was no easy task, I assure you. One day after finishing an impossible jumble of X's and Z's I waved the fellow impatiently aside to make way for the next one. Then my eyes fell upon the little hunchback. His monstrous head and ugly, grinning face barely reached my desk, the small, misshapen body lurched sideways, and the long, thin arms hung limp and loose, with skinny, claw-like fingers almost touching the ground; and then I saw his eyes—gleaming, expressive, black eyes that burned with the fire of a big human heart within."

"Starting a kindergarten? I asked of Jack, whose father was the highest authority in the camp. 'He came in with the bunch and dad says to let him stay.'

"With Jack's assistance as interpreter we managed to get his name, which I verily believe took the whole alphabet, three times over, and two lines of the ledger."

"Good-bye, Jimjim," I cried, as he moved away and the next man took his place. 'What you lack in size is made up in name, all right!' And after that, he was 'Jimjim' to all of us."

"As the little fellow moved towards the door, MacGawn entered. MacGawn was the foreman, big, brawny and powerful; his voice roared through the wilderness like a cannon, and the one that disobeyed his commands knew that he courted death."

"Hum! So we're getting monkeys into the camp now, are we? It's pretty low specimens of humanity I've been getting lately, but I'll not stand for apes! And, rising ng his big foot, he deliberately kicked the dwarf out of the office, washing him as he landed in a ditch five feet away."

"When Jimjim appeared with the men next morning to be assigned to work, his wrath boiled over again."

"If you don't keep that baboon out of my way, I'll kill him. I have enough trouble without 'tending a zoo!' So Jack sent him over to me."

"Use the poor fellow to run errands, clean up, or anything you like. I believe dad would fire that hot-headed Scotchman if there were another man this side of the Atlantic who could manage the men as well."

And from that moment Jimjim became my devoted slave. I managed to keep him out of MacGawn's way, saw that he got enough to eat and a place to bury, and in gratitude the little chap couldn't do enough for me. He followed me around like a dog, anticipating my wishes in a really uncanny manner. With Jack's assistance I taught him a jargon of words, and we were soon able to understand each other, with the aid of signs. He called me 'Beel,' for Bill. Whenever I had nothing in particular for him to do, he would steal away to the big steam engine, and at a safe distance, his black eyes bulging with terror and amazement, watch it. I found him there one day when the men were filling the tank with water."

"Hello, Jimjim," I cried. "Some big drinker, huh?" "Big drinka," he repeated after me, shaking his head.

"Sure," I laughed. "If the men did not give the engine water, every day, it would explode and kill all of us."

"It biga an' bada lik' him," he pointed to MacGawn.

"Far worse, Jimjim," I answered. "MacGawn is a baby beside that big monster." And I passed on leaving him there, his eyes glued upon the engine with renewed terror and interest.

"The men had been discontented for some time over some grievance wholly imaginary, and MacGawn was almost at his wit's end trying to keep them under control. I knew that he was working against great odds, but to the men he seemed but a cruel tyrant, a slave driver, merciless and heartless. One day, after he had had an unusually violent altercation with some of the trouble-makers of his gang, during the course of which they had openly boasted that they would 'get him' we went underground together to inspect a tunnel which had just been completed. We had not gone far before we found that we needed for reference certain specifications which were locked in MacGawn's desk in the office. Bidding

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PRESIDENT WILSON, DELEGATE TO PEACE CONFERENCE

When the suggestion was first made that the President of the United States attend the Peace Conference the daily press of America was overwhelmingly opposed to the proposition. Eminent jurists held that it was unconstitutional as it certainly was unprecedented for the executive head of the Government to be absent from Washington during the session of Congress, which unlike our Parliament must sit at a time definitely appointed.

BAPTIST "MISSIONARIES" SPREAD THE LIGHT

Canada is in a parlous state. "No other so called Christian country in the world ever had the home mission task that Canada has to evangelize her own people," declared Mrs. J. C. Cameron of the Baptist Visitor to the women of the Baptist Home and Foreign Missionary Society of Ontario at the annual meeting in London last week.

Then she went on to paint this dark and dismal picture: "Our population is less than eight millions, and of these eight millions, exclusive of the French and the old settlements of Germans, one million are foreigners," she stated.

Under our hand is a pamphlet entitled "Why send Missionaries to Roman Catholics?" issued by the Bureau of Literature of the Women's Home Missionary Society of Ontario.

In this missionary pamphlet these pious ladies give a blood-curdling exposition of "The Teachings of Rome." Notwithstanding all that has been said recently about the alarming increase of the feeble minded in our population we refuse to believe that the output of the Bureau of Literature of the Women's Baptist Home Missionary Society of Ontario will impress many as quite so learned and exhaustive as the lady zealots would fain make it appear to be.

"The Canon Law is not merely a set of maxims or principles whose influence is great over the Roman Church. It is a body of laws by which every Roman Catholic Ecclesiastic is bound to act, and which he is bound to administer."

"He who kills one who is excommunicated is no murderer in a legal sense." Underneath these precious extracts we read: (Taken from Jesuit Authorities.)

Old citizens of Port Hope tell of this strange man of stately bearing and calm ascetic cast of countenance not unsuggestive of Hoffman's pictures of the Saviour, who went about the town with a buck-saw and a saw horse on his shoulder seeking some poor persons who could not afford to pay for the cutting of their wood or were unable to cut themselves.

Suppose some Catholic counterpart of the Women's Baptist Home Missionary Society—which thank God is impossible—were to quote Baptist fashion: "The members of the Women's Baptist Home Missionary Society of Ontario are not bound by any civil law nor by the commandment of God; Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor; when engaged in slandering Roman Catholics: such missionary work is to be accounted unto them for righteousness."

And then suppose these Catholic Baptists were to add: "This extract from the Civil Law can be verified from the Edition of the Civil Law in the Tower of London, England." In such an hypothesis it is quite certain that such grotesque "proofs" would be summarily rejected by the average Catholic intelligence.

Let not the reader infer from the title of this article that the County of Durham has been particularly noted in the past for examples of extraordinary holiness among its citizens. It does plume itself upon the quality of its live stock and dairy products, its fruits and cereals, but the Cavan Blazers have never aspired to any high degree of spirituality.

its outcome would be a new world purged of all the evils of the past will not so easily acquiesce in the reaction of their political leaders

Herein lies President Wilson's strength. In clarifying the issues of the War in exalting its motives, in defining the results to be obtained from victory, President Wilson spoke to the world in the name of the great mass of the common workaday people of the world, and the world's common workaday people hailed him as their champion and their prophet.

"The temporal power must act unconditionally in accordance with the orders of the spiritual."—Canon Law. "The Pope has the right to annul State laws, treaties, constitutions, etc., to absolve from obedience thereto, as soon as they seem detrimental to the rights of the Church or those of the clergy."—Canon Law. "The Pope can annul all legal relations of those in ban, especially their marriages."—Canon Law.

President Wilson will have an unprecedentedly difficult role to play at this meeting which the people fondly hope will reconstitute international relations on lines that will secure international good-will and international peace; that will impose on nations in dealing with other nations those principles of justice, and equity that govern individuals in their relations with other individuals.

There seems to be just one safe road open to the President as delegate to the Peace Conference, and that is to insist that his declaration against secret diplomacy, acclaimed and accepted during the War, be a condition precedent in the negotiation of the Terms of Peace. With the discussions at the Peace table secret his own Government may refuse to support the President-delegate; and the reactionaries may have their way in spite of the great President of the great Republic.

Not as President of the United States but as champion of the rights of the workaday people, as spokesman of the democracies of the world in negotiations open to the world will Mr. Wilson be clothed with power to make his prophecies come true if he is great enough and strong enough at this supreme crisis in the world's history to be unwaveringly faithful to his eloquently expressed democratic ideals.

Leo XIII. sets forth Catholic doctrine and practice on this subject: "The Almighty, therefore, has appointed the charge of the human race between two powers, the ecclesiastical and the civil, the one being set over the divine, and the other over human, things. Each in its kind is supreme, each has fixed limits within which it is contained, limits which are defined by the nature and special object of the province of each, so that there is, we may say, an orbit traced out within which the action of each is brought into play by its own native right."

According to local tradition, Joseph Scriven was an accomplished scholar, being a graduate of the University of Dublin. On his arrival in this country he filled the position of tutor in a Protestant household that perpetuated the best traditions of the social life of the Irish Capital.

George Borrow's famous book, "The Bible in Spain," is recalled by a paragraph reproduced in the Toronto Globe from the official organ of the British and Foreign Bible Society. The article from which this paragraph is an excerpt emanates from an official of the Upper Canada Bible Society, and treats of the operations of that institution in the Dominion.

At a cobbler's shop I met the assistant to the Roumanian priest, and he said: "Here is the most Catholic man I have seen." "Yes," I replied, "I am Catholic enough: I've got the Word of God for every man in his own language."

Whether the "assistant to the Roumanian priest" was a Catholic or a Greek Schismatic is not stated, but whether the one or the other the story is but a reproduction of the time-honored fable that the Bible is solely a Protestant possession; that it is the one appointed means of propagating the truths of Christianity, and that the Church has ever sought to keep its blessed contents from the people.

THE MAKING OF PEACE Speaking last night in Newcastle, Mr. Lloyd George made announcement of the intention of the British Government to demand the punishment of the former Emperor of Germany for his crimes against the law of nations.

THE NOTABLE ceremony which took place on the Western Front some months ago, when the National flag of Poland was conferred on the first regiment of Polish Chasseurs attached to the French Army, and was solemnly blessed by a Polish military chaplain in presence of the civil and military authorities, Polish and Allied, was hailed as the first public unfurling of the flag of Poland since the extinction of her national independence more than a century ago.

THE PARAGRAPH in question is as follows: "At a cobbler's shop I met the assistant to the Roumanian priest, and he said: 'Here is the most Catholic man I have seen.' 'Yes,' I replied, 'I am Catholic enough: I've got the Word of God for every man in his own language.' He bought the only Roumanian Gospel I had left. In that shop there were five persons in that shop there were five persons all speaking different languages, and all of them purchased the Scriptures. One woman remarked that I was the first man she had met going round selling Bibles."

THE BAPTIST HOME Missionary Society of Ontario are not bound by any civil law nor by the commandment of God; Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor; when engaged in slandering Roman Catholics: such missionary work is to be accounted unto them for righteousness."

THE DISCOVERY that he was the author of a popular hymn was no more responsible for the spontaneous outburst of homage to his memory than was the pistol shot at Sarajevo for causing the great War. It was simply an incident that called forth the latent admiration for a man who essayed to practice the evangelical counsels in the midst of a community, many of whose members had little regard for the precepts of the Decalogue.

THE UNUSUAL phenomenon has, this would seem, its lesson for us. Why is the Salvation Army held in such high esteem by the man on the street, the hard-headed business man and the member of Parliament? Partly because it ministers to the poor and the outcast; partly because it preaches, stripped of its trappings, the necessary adjunct of ways and means, the great doctrine of Atonement which furnishes the chief sanction for all missionary endeavor.

THE CELEBRATION OF the 100th anniversary of the birth of Joseph Scriven, the author of the hymn "Rock of Ages," is being celebrated in a most fitting manner by the British and Foreign Bible Society.

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Much more rest and tranquillity are to be found in the possession of earthly things than in the possession of them.—St. Teresa.

FROM FATHER FRASER

In the Last Jesus Christ, "A. FOUBQUET, Vicar General of Canton."

I have just received a letter from the Bishop of Canton, dated Sept. 14th:

"Dear Father Fraser: I received today your letter from Vancouver and I bless God for the happy voyage He gave you. You are now at work sowing the good seed of apostolic vocations. May it bring forth abundant fruit. I speak less of the number than the quality that He sends laborers, which means men who work, who have the esteem, love and habit of work. One such is worth more than twenty dilettanti who come to the mission through curiosity, pass some time there through necessity, and go away through instability of character. Doubtless their transitory stay is not altogether unfruitful, but they also do a certain amount of injury to the missions, for they contribute towards the lessening in the apostolic body the sum total of abnegation and spirit of complete sacrifice which make true missionaries. I hope you will keep me informed of the progress of your enterprise and of everything in Canada of interest to the missions. Your servant and friend in our Lord, J. de Guehriant, Vicar Apostolic of Canton."

Father Robert, the Procurator General of all the Missions of the Far East under the Foreign Missions Society of Paris writes me from Hong Kong, Sept. 28th, among other things as follows: "Long voyages on the sea make us the more appreciate the land, at least those who are not sailors. So now you are again in your homeland; always occupied in the work of the missions. I wish you great success. China alone can easily absorb several hundred missionaries a year." "Every year in China about 100,000 adult converts are made. This increase alone would require 100 new missionaries every year to attend to their spiritual wants. Then there is the natural increase of the Catholic population by birth that would need nearly 100 more. Then there is the great mass of pagans, 400,000,000, to be evangelized. How many thousand missionaries would it not need to get into touch with them, instruct and baptize them? The Foreign Missions Society of Paris alone has under it 135,000,000 of the population of China. This Society was very hard up for missionaries during the War, as their central Seminary was almost empty and many of their missionaries had to leave China for the front, and even now that the War is over, we are told it will be many years before they have an adequate number of priests on account of the depleted ranks of the French clergy. I would urge therefore all young priests who read this to reflect seriously before God on the millions of souls being lost in China for want of missionaries, and to ask themselves whether if they may not go to China to preach the Gospel. I invite correspondence in this regard. Asking your prayers and alms for the success of this work, I remain, Yours gratefully in Jesus and Mary, J. M. FRASER."

AGAIN. WHAT ABOUT IRELAND?

The War is over and the age-long Irish problem has come into the open again, this time in a form so simple that even an Orangeman can understand it. Many nations, England included, have been at death grips with a powerful enemy, for one only cause, to make the world safe for democracy. Time and time again, during the last four years, the British Government and the British people told the world they were sacrificing blood and treasure that small nations may preserve or obtain the right of self-determination, and thereafter live their lives in accordance with national aspirations untrammelled by foreign interference. It was this motive that impelled America, too, to enter the War. In fact, it was the only reason stressed by the President in his messages to the nation.

Naturally such an appeal was answered promptly and generously by all classes of our people. Our young men flocked to the colors by the millions; mothers and fathers and wives and sisters gave the best they had to the cause of freedom. It was democracy's war, a conflict not of men but of principles; freedom stood against oppression, and all peoples that loved liberty threw themselves to death with heroic abandon. Belgium, England, France, Canada, Australia, Ireland, the United States and many another nation poured out their blood for liberty; Ireland that she might obtain it, the other nations that they might not only preserve it for themselves, but give it to those countries bereft of it, Ireland included. This problem was never simpler. The Allies and the United States, their associates in the War, have, not once but many times, repeatedly pledged themselves to freedom for Ireland. Their words mean nothing else; worse, they were a hollow mockery of sincerity, a testimony that blood and treasure have been squandered in the cause of a deceitful diplomacy. Here is the dilemma: fair play for Ireland or conviction before the world of a hideous treachery that has given millions of hearts and left them hanging in bloody shreds.

Nor should it be thought that this is only England's and Ireland's prob-

lem. Before the War it may have been the same; it is the world's now, and ours in rather a special way. And if appearances be not deceitful, Americans recognize this fact, for on November 11, when flags were tossed wildly in the frenzied metropolises, the Irish flag was quite as prominent as the French flag and, in many quarters of the city, decidedly more prominent than the British flag. Thousands of hearts were searching for an answer to the question: What about Ireland? And the answer must come and come right, both for the honor of the Allies and the United States and for the peace of the world.—America.

CHRISTIAN MARRIAGE IN DANGER

Those who recall the disgraceful scenes that were witnessed in Russian towns where the extreme Radicals had complete control will watch with grave anxiety the threatened spread of Bolshevism in the States that until the other day made up the German and the Austrian Empires. Dispatches received last month reported, it will be remembered, that certain Provincial Soviets in Russia had decreed that all marriages of over eighteen years of age should be considered the "property of the State," and must register at a Government "Bureau of Free Love" where men and women were to choose their mates. If the Socialism that is running like wildfire through Germany is of the extreme type that those Provincial Soviets in Russia succeeded in making practical, the danger to the morals of the German people is very serious. Socialists, we are told, are promoting in Switzerland also an active literary propaganda of Lenin's and Trotsky's subversive doctrine. The outlook for Europe, therefore, is serious enough. In view of this grave peril, it is comforting to read in a recent volume of "Backgrounds for Social Workers," by Dr. Edward J. Menge, a correct and enthusiastic presentation of the Catholic doctrine on marriage and matrimony. The author in describing the character of the Medieval Family speaks thus for instance of the religious life: "It means that through many generations we have seen men and women leave everything they had to follow their ideal, and it means much more than the average writer dreams it does; for it means that on the only evidence that modern men accept—laboratory evidence—has it been proved that men and women could lead a clean and chaste life. This is the crowning achievement of the celebrate religious view. It has been proved a success and it has further been proved that the loftiest ideals we have and the most wonderful institutions that have descended to us and of which we are justly proud, came from these men and women. It has shown that clean living and high thinking and beneficent results are not strangers to each other. To these men and women we owe our hospitals, the most beautiful masterpieces of sculpture, of art, of architecture, of education, of philosophy, and we even owe them the beginning of the natural sciences."

Dr. Menge then devotes several excellent pages to showing how medieval marriage was a sacramental union, which so effectively raised woman from the mire to which paganism had degraded her, that in the palmy days of chivalry "Men considered it an honor to be deemed worthy of even being permitted to fight with a woman's name upon their lips." He also reminds his readers that "During the Middle Ages men attained the very highest conceptions of womanhood; attained an openness and frankness by which every man might fight for every woman, and all considered marriage a sacrament that made the love of man and woman rise from more carnal union to the most sacred heights." It was this "striving toward a definite ideal as held up to that age by the Church," the author concludes, "that made for the attempt at an ideal marriage state as well as an ideal in every other field of endeavor." If the new Germanic States now being formed are to be established and governed on Bolshevik principles, it is lamentably clear that there will be little toleration in those countries for the ideals of Christian marriage and consecrated virginity which made the medieval society described by Dr. Menge so sound and beautiful.—America.

PADEREWSKI THANKS AMERICANS

DECLARES POLAND IS FIGHTING FOR HER LIBERTY NOW AND WILL WIN

ALL TO HAVE EQUAL RIGHTS

Ignace J. Paderewski, the Polish pianist, who has spent more than three years in the United States working for the starving people of Poland, sailed yesterday at noon for England, carrying with him a power of attorney to act for all the Polish committees in the United States. He was accompanied by Mme. Paderewski and Lieutenant Siegmund Iwanowski of the Polish Army, and his secretary, Edward Polcowski. There were several Polish patriots with special permits from the Collector of the Post to see their compatriot sail. He will go first to London and then to Paris and prob-

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ably Rome. Before the liner left Mr. Paderewski gave out the following statement: "The last three and a half years spent in America have but increased my affection and personal indebtedness to this noble country. I am profoundly grateful to the United States for the generous assistance she has given to the Exilic Powers in their gigantic struggle, thus hastening the triumph of freedom and justice. I am deeply thankful to all the Americans for their kindly solicitude for the oppressed peoples, including my own country and nation. Poland will be free and so will her inhabitants, as in this majestic and mighty Republic. The democratic Constitution of Poland will assure liberty and equity to every citizen without distinction to race, religion, or political opinion. Catholics, Protestants, and Jews will all enjoy equal rights, as they will all be equal citizens."

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IT IS WITH CARE OF SOULS ONLY THAT CHURCH IS CONCERNED

POPE BENEDICT REFUTES INSINUATION AND HOPES ALL WILL UNITE IN A LEAGUE OF NATIONS

Rome, Nov. 18.—Pope Benedict has written a notable letter to Cardinal Gasparri, his Secretary of State, in which he refutes the malevolent insinuation that the Holy See regrets recent developments as between Austria and Italy. He recalls that in his note of August, 1917, and frequently since then, he has expressed his desire that territorial questions between Austria and Italy should be adjusted according to the aspirations of the peoples concerned and has instructed his Nuncio in Vienna to enter into friendly relations with the States in Austria which have now acquired independence. It is with the care of souls only that the Church is concerned, accepting all the different forms of government and legitimate territorial and political variations amongst the peoples. There is no ground, consequently, for the insinuation that the Holy See regrets the recent developments that have occurred. The Pope hopes that peace will be established soon and that charity and concord will unite all into a League of Nations.

NEWMAN HALL

In his sermon to the members of Newman Club on Sunday, Nov. 17, Father Burke spoke of Marshal Ferdinand Foch as a man sent to deliver the world; a man who by his thorough information and perseverance has proven himself fit for the greatest work of the present day; a modest man who by his sheer ability won his way up to the command-in-chief of the Allied forces and in that position brought victory to our arms. Notwithstanding his military abilities and strategic achievements this great man, unlike military heroes of the past, is very religious in his daily life, spending at least an hour in prayer morning and night and availing himself of every opportunity to visit Our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament. Father Burke said he could ask nothing more of the young men than that they take Marshal Foch as their example and model their lives after his. After Mass a general meeting was held in the club rooms. The executive announced that Newman Club, Toronto, had been admitted to the Federation of Catholic College Clubs of America. This federation is an international organization of which the Newman Club of the different universities in the States are members. The society publishes a bulletin, the Newman quarterly, and Mr. James Frawley, of the Law School,

we need not recall to our many friends and readers that the Catholic Church Extension Society has had in mind for years the providing of Catholic schools for the foreign—particularly for the Rathenian—Catholic population of our Great West. The problem has always had special difficulties but we have stayed manfully with the work which fell to us. We hoped and prayed that in God's own time our organization would be more complete. We are shortly to realize our plans. We want a religious teaching body among these people with one centre at least well established to help all the too few missionaries, who are doing the work to day. Having arrived, this far our good friends are more and more interested as our letters prove. We now put the question to the pastors and people of the East. Would it not be a great strength to our Catholic schools to have in these schools the Archconfraternity of the

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Divine Infant established? To the East it would be a present organization of great practical force. The Catholic children would love more and more their Catholic school and its organization. To the West it would mean (1) a perpetual interest, (2) a perpetual prayer and (3) material assistance. This material assistance would be twofold. We would get the vocations we need for work among these people and we would get financial assistance. It is proposed to take the form of a weekly contribution of one cent from each member, the whole to be forwarded to the Catholic Church Extension at the end of the month. Credit will be given the school contributing each month in a column entitled "Holy Infant Fund for Rathenian Education." A letter to Brother Simon at Aurora, Ont., who is Director of the whole work, will bring all the necessary information. Donations may be addressed to: Rev. T. O'DONNELL, President, Catholic Church Extension Society, 67 Bond St., Toronto.

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I have just received a letter from the Bishop of Canton, dated Sept. 14th:

"Dear Father Fraser: I received today your letter from Vancouver and I bless God for the happy voyage He gave you. You are now at work sowing the good seed of apostolic vocations. May it bring forth abundant fruit. I speak less of the number than the quality that He sends laborers, which means men who work, who have the esteem, love and habit of work. One such is worth more than twenty dilettanti who come to the mission through curiosity, pass some time there through necessity, and go away through instability of character. Doubtless their transitory stay is not altogether unfruitful, but they also do a certain amount of injury to the missions, for they contribute towards the lessening in the apostolic body the sum total of abnegation and spirit of complete sacrifice which make true missionaries. I hope you will keep me informed of the progress of your enterprise and of everything in Canada of interest to the missions. Your servant and friend in our Lord, J. de Guehriant, Vicar Apostolic of Canton."

Father Robert, the Procurator General of all the Missions of the Far East under the Foreign Missions Society of Paris writes me from Hong Kong, Sept. 28th, among other things as follows: "Long voyages on the sea make us the more appreciate the land, at least those who are not sailors. So now you are again in your homeland; always occupied in the work of the missions. I wish you great success. China alone can easily absorb several hundred missionaries a year." "Every year in China about 100,000 adult converts are made. This increase alone would require 100 new missionaries every year to attend to their spiritual wants. Then there is the natural increase of the Catholic population by birth that would need nearly 100 more. Then there is the great mass of pagans, 400,000,000, to be evangelized. How many thousand missionaries would it not need to get into touch with them, instruct and baptize them? The Foreign Missions Society of Paris alone has under it 135,000,000 of the population of China. This Society was very hard up for missionaries during the War, as their central Seminary was almost empty and many of their missionaries had to leave China for the front, and even now that the War is over, we are told it will be many years before they have an adequate number of priests on account of the depleted ranks of the French clergy. I would urge therefore all young priests who read this to reflect seriously before God on the millions of souls being lost in China for want of missionaries, and to ask themselves whether if they may not go to China to preach the Gospel. I invite correspondence in this regard. Asking your prayers and alms for the success of this work, I remain, Yours gratefully in Jesus and Mary, J. M. FRASER."

AGAIN. WHAT ABOUT IRELAND?

The War is over and the age-long Irish problem has come into the open again, this time in a form so simple that even an Orangeman can understand it. Many nations, England included, have been at death grips with a powerful enemy, for one only cause, to make the world safe for democracy. Time and time again, during the last four years, the British Government and the British people told the world they were sacrificing blood and treasure that small nations may preserve or obtain the right of self-determination, and thereafter live their lives in accordance with national aspirations untrammelled by foreign interference. It was this motive that impelled America, too, to enter the War. In fact, it was the only reason stressed by the President in his messages to the nation.

Naturally such an appeal was answered promptly and generously by all classes of our people. Our young men flocked to the colors by the millions; mothers and fathers and wives and sisters gave the best they had to the cause of freedom. It was democracy's war, a conflict not of men but of principles; freedom stood against oppression, and all peoples that loved liberty threw themselves to death with heroic abandon. Belgium, England, France, Canada, Australia, Ireland, the United States and many another nation poured out their blood for liberty; Ireland that she might obtain it, the other nations that they might not only preserve it for themselves, but give it to those countries bereft of it, Ireland included. This problem was never simpler. The Allies and the United States, their associates in the War, have, not once but many times, repeatedly pledged themselves to freedom for Ireland. Their words mean nothing else; worse, they were a hollow mockery of sincerity, a testimony that blood and treasure have been squandered in the cause of a deceitful diplomacy. Here is the dilemma: fair play for Ireland or conviction before the world of a hideous treachery that has given millions of hearts and left them hanging in bloody shreds.

Nor should it be thought that this is only England's and Ireland's prob-

lem. Before the War it may have been the same; it is the world's now, and ours in rather a special way. And if appearances be not deceitful, Americans recognize this fact, for on November 11, when flags were tossed wildly in the frenzied metropolises, the Irish flag was quite as prominent as the French flag and, in many quarters of the city, decidedly more prominent than the British flag. Thousands of hearts were searching for an answer to the question: What about Ireland? And the answer must come and come right, both for the honor of the Allies and the United States and for the peace of the world.—America.

CHRISTIAN MARRIAGE IN DANGER

Those who recall the disgraceful scenes that were witnessed in Russian towns where the extreme Radicals had complete control will watch with grave anxiety the threatened spread of Bolshevism in the States that until the other day made up the German and the Austrian Empires. Dispatches received last month reported, it will be remembered, that certain Provincial Soviets in Russia had decreed that all marriages of over eighteen years of age should be considered the "property of the State," and must register at a Government "Bureau of Free Love" where men and women were to choose their mates. If the Socialism that is running like wildfire through Germany is of the extreme type that those Provincial Soviets in Russia succeeded in making practical, the danger to the morals of the German people is very serious. Socialists, we are told, are promoting in Switzerland also an active literary propaganda of Lenin's and Trotsky's subversive doctrine. The outlook for Europe, therefore, is serious enough. In view of this grave peril, it is comforting to read in a recent volume of "Backgrounds for Social Workers," by Dr. Edward J. Menge, a correct and enthusiastic presentation of the Catholic doctrine on marriage and matrimony. The author in describing the character of the Medieval Family speaks thus for instance of the religious life: "It means that through many generations we have seen men and women leave everything they had to follow their ideal, and it means much more than the average writer dreams it does; for it means that on the only evidence that modern men accept—laboratory evidence—has it been proved that men and women could lead a clean and chaste life. This is the crowning achievement of the celebrate religious view. It has been proved a success and it has further been proved that the loftiest ideals we have and the most wonderful institutions that have descended to us and of which we are justly proud, came from these men and women. It has shown that clean living and high thinking and beneficent results are not strangers to each other. To these men and women we owe our hospitals, the most beautiful masterpieces of sculpture, of art, of architecture, of education, of philosophy, and we even owe them the beginning of the natural sciences."

Dr. Menge then devotes several excellent pages to showing how medieval marriage was a sacramental union, which so effectively raised woman from the mire to which paganism had degraded her, that in the palmy days of chivalry "Men considered it an honor to be deemed worthy of even being permitted to fight with a woman's name upon their lips." He also reminds his readers that "During the Middle Ages men attained the very highest conceptions of womanhood; attained an openness and frankness by which every man might fight for every woman, and all considered marriage a sacrament that made the love of man and woman rise from more carnal union to the most sacred heights." It was this "striving toward a definite ideal as held up to that age by the Church," the author concludes, "that made for the attempt at an ideal marriage state as well as an ideal in every other field of endeavor." If the new Germanic States now being formed are to be established and governed on Bolshevik principles, it is lamentably clear that there will be little toleration in those countries for the ideals of Christian marriage and consecrated virginity which made the medieval society described by Dr. Menge so sound and beautiful.—America.

PADEREWSKI THANKS AMERICANS

DECLARES POLAND IS FIGHTING FOR HER LIBERTY NOW AND WILL WIN

ALL TO HAVE EQUAL RIGHTS

Ignace J. Paderewski, the Polish pianist, who has spent more than three years in the United States working for the starving people of Poland, sailed yesterday at noon for England, carrying with him a power of attorney to act for all the Polish committees in the United States. He was accompanied by Mme. Paderewski and Lieutenant Siegmund Iwanowski of the Polish Army, and his secretary, Edward Polcowski. There were several Polish patriots with special permits from the Collector of the Post to see their compatriot sail. He will go first to London and then to Paris and prob-

ably Rome. Before the liner left Mr. Paderewski gave out the following statement: "The last three and a half years spent in America have but increased my affection and personal indebtedness to this noble country. I am profoundly grateful to the United States for the generous assistance she has given to the Exilic Powers in their gigantic struggle, thus hastening the triumph of freedom and justice. I am deeply thankful to all the Americans for their kindly solicitude for the oppressed peoples, including my own country and nation. Poland will be free and so will her inhabitants, as in this majestic and mighty Republic. The democratic Constitution of Poland will assure liberty and equity to every citizen without distinction to race, religion, or political opinion. Catholics, Protestants, and Jews will all enjoy equal rights, as they will all be equal citizens."

At the present moment however, Poland is still fighting for her liberty. There is no disorder in my mother country but a state of war. There is no oppression of any kind, but self-defence. If there were rioting or boycott I would be the first to protest against it and to condemn it."

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Poland will be free and so will her inhabitants, as in this majestic and mighty Republic. The democratic Constitution of Poland will assure liberty and equity

A Catholic, my dear brethren, has no scruple or hesitation in accepting the Scriptures as the inspired word of God, simply because the Church bids him do so. Others build up a religion from the Scriptures, and so found their Church. But was belong to a Church that was founded years before one word of the New Testament was written, and during that period the doctrines of Jesus Christ were preserved and handed down by the Tradition of the Church. And amongst other things that were handed down was the list of the authentic books of the Old Testament, and after they were written and accepted, the four Gospels, the Acts and the Epistles of the Apostles, and the Book of the Revelation of St. John.

This accepting the Scriptures on the authority of the Church is not making little of them, but at once raises them above all controversy as the inspired word of God. And there, standing with the Book in hand is the Teacher, the Divine Teacher, to explain the meaning of the Book to the children.

It is difficult enough for anyone, however good and learned they may be, to live in this world, and not to be swayed and influenced too much by the world. To be in the world and yet not of the world, there is requisite a great power to counterbalance the attractions by a strong and spiritual inward one. The outward attractions are the things and persons we see and possess and enjoy—the pleasures and comforts of life; the inward attraction is the voice of God bidding us remember our soul, our Creator, the eternal life to come. We sorely need, then, the learning and the comfort of a spiritual teacher, and this we have in the word of God, the Scriptures taught us and explained to us by the Holy Church. Were it not for the word of God, the world would absorb all our interests, and our souls would be left weak and helpless and starving.

To know what a spiritual life is, to have any interest in the saving of our souls, fearing sin, pleasing God, and endeavoring to listen to, and to ponder over, and to remember the word of God.

Yes, in the Holy Scriptures there are words that are medicine to our ailing and wounded souls. To counteract the temptations of the Evil One, ever seeking to injure us, the inspired words of Scripture point out and warn us of dangers, show us our weaknesses, disclose to us even where death lies in wait and concealed. We seek advice for bodily ailments; how much more should we do so for the diseases of the soul!

Food is necessary for life, for restoring waste, maintaining health and strength and vigour; so is the word of God for our souls. Daily we gather something from it, and our souls thrive on the wisdom, advice, encouragement found in Holy Writ. And yet we stave our souls, begrudging to read or to listen to it. That the Scripture is our spiritual strength, we cannot doubt. St. Paul says it so plainly: "For I am not ashamed of the Gospel, for it is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth." (Rom. 1:16) We can open and read the Holy Book even for a little while without finding in their hearts comfort, vigour, fresh influence for good? The Scriptures likewise inflame our wills with the sacred warmth and fire of Divine love. Especially in this regard the lives and deeds and sayings of holy men recorded in the Scriptures move to admiration. Example bids for and claims our imitation. How many a martyr and hero of Christ and the Church have become such by the glowing examples of noble words and deeds and deaths found in the Scriptures! And most of all in the Gospel narratives, where the sacred life of Christ is revealed to us, the Divine fire of love, that He came to enkindle on the earth, verily inflames our hearts. Oh! the infinite power of God in the recalling to memory and dwelling on the words and miracles and sufferings of Jesus Christ. Our lives would be transformed if these sacred words of Scripture were written on our hearts. But how few give themselves a chance to hear them, know them, or think of them!

spoken by Jesus Christ to His Apostles. And Peter and Andrew, and John and James, left their boats and Matthew his nursery, at that one word!

If we had reverence for the Holy Writ our hearts would be moved to obey as well. The Scripture is the inspired word of God speaking to us, so when we find it how to pray, repent, and trust in God, let us take heed to the words of the Scripture, and let the Scripture be full of wisdom, learning, comfort, hope. Let our anxiety be to read it, hear it, ponder over it as much as we can. And the more we do so, the more we shall reverence it; and we shall find with St. Paul "it is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth."

PERSONAL MEMORIES OF NEWMAN

Redfern Mason in America
Cardinal Newman's presence in Birmingham during the closing years of his life was spiritually discerned rather than sensibly felt. Everyone knew this in the brick building at Edgbaston there lived an old, old man, who, in his slight frame, embodied a chapter of the spiritual life of England; but few of the seething thousands of the Midlands had seen him and fewer still had heard him speak.

To the Faithful of the Oratory he was a familiar figure; but to the world outside he was an abstraction, a tradition. He was a force which, long quiescent, might spring into activity under the impulsion of some national emergency.

I was a reporter on one of the Birmingham newspapers in those days and it fell to my duty from time to time to inquire of the Fathers concerning the Cardinal's health. Telephone the Oratorians had none; so every day someone had to make a visit to the Oratory. It was not a pleasant duty. Father Manning would wrinkle his brow anxiously, disturbed to be reminded that his friend was flesh and blood; Father Ignatius Ryder would do his best to be urbane; the Irish janitor waxed irascible.

Leading their life of recollection, the Fathers disliked the intrusion of the world. To them the Cardinal was a visible link with God and our visits were so many reminders of the frail tenure on which that link was maintained.

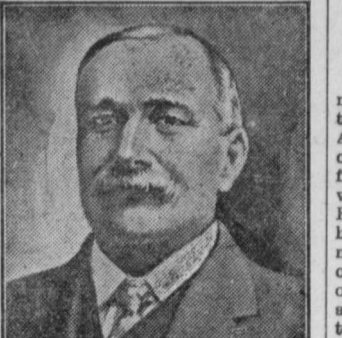
On the rare occasions when the Cardinal preached, a stenographer would be present to take notes of what he said. But he had to be secreted behind a pillar where the speaker could not see him. But when or visible, the press did its duty, and the Oratorians tacitly recognized that, though the accomplishment of that work might disturb their quiet of mind, its neglect would be of much graver consequence.

For to the world at large Birmingham existed mainly as the home of the author of the "Apologia." Its steel and its jewelry would become dull; but men knew that the words of John Henry Newman would affect generations yet unborn. The Cardinal was the city's one vital source of interest. Joseph Chamberlain might symbolize the activities of life; but Newman typified the things of life beyond life.

When the boys of the Oratory School gave a Latin play, people would go there, regardless of the silliness of the Latin, hoping against hope that the Cardinal, as the arranger of the text of "Aularia" or "Phormio," whatever the play might be, would be in his place. The papers were never long without reference to him. Now the Times would print a rumor that he was troubled in mind and contemplated a return to Anglicanism; now the statement would go forth that his sole joy in life lay in the Mass. One editor, Henry J. Jennings, since famous in financial journalism, wrote a popular life of the Cardinal, found in a cheap red cover like the "Daily Dialogues." Someone showed it to Newman and, glancing it through, he said it was clever, but the work of a "literary scavenger." The "Athenaeum" dismissed the book as a "plattitudinous twaddle" and Jennings's young scribes vied with one another in trying to get the phrase into their own sheet. One rash youth, named Hands, afterwards wounded at Mafeking, succeeded and we waited trembling for the editorial axe to fall. But it did not. Jennings was not the man to show that the words had stung him. Besides that, Hands was valuable. Happy were those of us who had a copy of the precious first edition of "The Present Position of Catholics," for it contained the great Oratorian's vivisection of the apostate, Achilli. "Yes, Father Achilli," said Newman, in answer to one of the ex-priest's taunts, "the Church of Rome does stand ashamed; she stands ashamed that she should have brought forth a son like you." And then came the damning list of Achilli's seductions and ravishings. The English courts ordered the paragraph excised from the work; but the Times declared that, if that was English justice, then trial by jury itself stood condemned. If you wish to add the Achilli paragraph to your Newman, you will find it in Wilfrid Ward's biography.

ACUTE NERVOUS EXHAUSTION

All Treatments Proved Useless Until He Tried "FRUIT-A-TIVES"



MR. JAS. S. DELGATY.

R.R. No. 4, Gilbert Plains, Man. "In the year 1910, I had Nervous Prostration in its worst form; I was reduced in weight from 170 pounds to 115 pounds. The doctors had no hope of my recovery, and every medicine I tried proved useless until a friend induced me to take 'Fruit-a-tives'. I began to mend almost at once; and after using this fruit medicine for 3 or 4 months, I was back to my normal state of health. I never had such good health for twenty years as I have enjoyed this past six years. We are never without a box of 'Fruit-a-tives' in the house'."

JAS. S. DELGATY.
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Hagley Road black with people, watching him on his way and wondering what manner of conversation the two friends would have together. There were no dictaphones in those days, else some Oratorian might have stretched punctilio to the breaking point.

The Cardinal was a great lover of music and I sometimes went to the meetings of the Little Oratory in the hope he would be present. But I was not fated to see him. I did see him, however, one morning at the Birmingham Festival. Richter was conducting Beethoven's Fifth Symphony and for Newman, Beethoven and Mozart were the apostles of tone. He sat in the front of the great gallery and I recall the thrill that went through the assemblage when the word went round that Newman was present. English decorum is against demonstrations of personal regard. They I ave that to Latins and Slavs. But, in their restrained English way, the people showed how profoundly the genius of this leader of thought had entered into their lives. You divined it by whispers and eager glances, by a phisic tremor that ran through the whole audience.

"He seemed lost in the mystery which is music," a friend said to me afterwards. Indeed, the Cardinal's love for music was as perplexing to the Cardinal's clerical brethren as his fine taste in wine was to teetotalers. "You see he fiddles," said Archbishop Ullathorne half apologetically, when Newman had praised a Mass by Mozart which had proved too hard for the archiepiscopal comprehension.

As in a spirit of saintly irony, Newman chose for the music to be sung at Dr. Ullathorne's obsequies the O minor Requiem of Cherubini, a noble work, sculptured and architectural. I remember him as he appeared in the Mass, a figure almost unbelievably fragile, supported by a priest on either hand. Then it was that he spoke the only words that I ever heard from his lips, the Divine formula, Requiescat in pace.

When next I saw the Cardinal he lay between two rows of tapers, his hands folded on his breast, his face fixed in the expression of eternity. The Oratory was in darkness save for the glimmer of the funeral lights; the church was full of praying people. The silence was unbroken save for an occasional sob and the footfalls of men and women as they stole in to look on their dead friend, or sadly turned away to see him in this life no more.

Newman's face has often been compared to that of Caesar. But in no portrait that I have ever seen was the resemblance so strong as it was when he lay in his last sleep. The envelope of flesh was not emaciated. Fair as the face of a child, it seemed the chrysalis from which the soul had just emerged. The jaw was firm, but not heavy; the reeding of the flesh gave the nose a boldness that suggested an eagle surveying the infinite.

Now he lies in the little cemetery at Rednal, a place of pilgrimage for the Faithful of many lands. The place is quiet and recollected; peace has spread her wings there. Far from the fret and fever of the world the great Cardinal proclaims from his last earthly tenement the reality of the things of the spirit and the transiency of the illusions of the flesh.

ENVY

The vice of pride is the most common of all the vices that dominate the human heart. As children of Adam we have all received our share of it. There is none of us entirely free of it. It is with us even though we may not be aware of its presence. From time to time it manifests itself, however, in one way or another. It may take the form of contempt for others, or of over estimation of our own ability. It may parade itself as vainglory or disguise itself under the appearance of humility. But the meanest form that it can assume is envy. Besides this is its most malicious form. When a man in his pride feels sad at the good fortune of his neighbours and strives to deprive him of his goods and happiness so that he may not be better off than he is himself, then that man is said to be jealous or envious. And he possesses about the meanest quality of soul that is possible. He has a possession that will not excite the envy of his fellow men.

This vice may be characterized as the devil's own vice, the particular vice in which he specializes because it was the cause of his own ruin, and he finds it very advantageous in effecting the destruction of others. If he can succeed in sowing the seed of envy in the heart of saint or sinner, he can sit back and calmly watch developments, awaiting the time when he will gather the spoils. This evil seed is very fruitful of all manner of evils. The soul in which it is sown becomes a God forsaken place choked with rank weeds of every variety. The desire to drag his neighbor back again to his own level will allow man to stop at nothing so far as injury to his neighbor's reputation is concerned. He will lose no opportunity to parade before the multitude his hidden faults. He will let fall a disparaging remark here and there and everywhere he thinks it will do harm. He will play the part of the devil by feigning friendship for one he despises, so as to be able to discover means of destroying him. But if he still retains a spark of honor in his mean, sordid soul he will, perhaps, come out into the open and wage a war of persecution instead of resorting to his more devious tactics. He will hold up to ridicule the innocent victim of his envy every chance he gets. He will snatch away from him the credit that is his due. He will treat him with contumely and reproach because he dared to surpass him, because he presumed to grasp the golden opportunity to better his condition.

ENVI A DETESTABLE EVIL
Outside the heart of man there is nothing in nature that can be likened to envy. Animal will fight with animals to procure food, but this is solely for the purpose of appeasing the appetite that craves satisfaction. When the fight is done it is forgotten. Moreover, there is an exciting cause, something vital to be gained that one has and the other needs. But with envy there is nothing really necessary or even useful to be gained. It is a bitter cause and with very fruitful results to his own soul. He has the correct idea about taking an interest in his neighbor's affairs. But he is not taking the correct interest. He is bound to love his neighbor as himself. He loves himself only to despise his neighbor. The thought of his own personal advancement works to the detriment of his neighbor's. The law of love was formulated to be imposed upon someone else. But what a wonderful amount of good he could accomplish if he would only apply this fraternal solicitude of his to a good purpose. If he would only make it a point to advance his neighbor's interests in every possible way, by assisting him instead of hating him, how much good he would do both for himself and his neighbor.

But this cannot be done until the evil seed of Satan that is making such havoc with his soul is destroyed. The entangling weeds that have sprung from it and have taken such deep root in his heart must first be carefully pulled out and then must be sowed the Christ given seed of love. That heart must be first transformed by the presence of Divine grace. At least the thorn of envy must be plucked out and a right intention and direction given to his energy. It is lawful for him to strive to imitate his neighbor, and to advance along the same lines as he has. He may even conduct a friendly rivalry with him

and endeavor to surpass him. But the meanness of spirit that is the mark of sinful envy must be lacking. He must not feel sad at his neighbor's success. He must not wish to rob him of the merits that belong to him or to use unlawful means to defraud him. It is he who is in the contest he must accept defeat without complaining. He must in all fairness admit his neighbor's success and be glad because God has given him a greater good in granting him the grace to overcome envy.—Brooklyn Tablet.

CATHOLIC CHURCH REMAINS DESPITE SHIFTING OF POPULATION

Philadelphia, Evening Bulletin
Following fast on the merger of three important Presbyterian churches in the lower portion of New York city comes the news that a similar movement is in progress in this city, although not yet consummated. In both instances the causes are the same: population has shifted, and the younger generation has gone to the country to live. It is not at all new in this city. In the last thirty years a number of Protestant churches have sold out their buildings and moved westward, or have merged. There seemed no longer any excuse for their existence in their original habitat. The church must follow its congregation or go out of business.

Anyone familiar with the great shifts of population in this city since the early eighties knows that we have developed here a number of groups of foreigners, or foreign-born people, into communities which have little touch with the English-speaking populations. They have language, social conditions and religion of their own kind, and have gradually nudged out those whose ancestors had lived in the older part of the city for generations.

Church mergers under such circumstances seem essential, but one cannot help feeling that some other religious societies have done better by remaining. One almost never hears of a Roman Catholic Church being abandoned or removed. What does one note constantly is their erection of new structures or enlargement of the old. This is in great measure due to the fact that so large a portion of immigrants are Catholics, but it does not disprove the fact that this organization holds its ground while Protestants must shift.

One notable fact is that Catholics think further ahead, they build larger churches, they do not build where none is needed. You never saw four Catholic churches at a single street crossing. The Protestants have been remiss in this respect, but there are some signs of a coming change which may bring about the abandonment of at least some of their unnecessary denominationalism.

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