

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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POPE BENEDICT XV.

The spirit of Christ, says the Holy Father, does not reign to-day. The people talk of brotherhood more than they have ever before, yet brotherhood is ignored to-day to a degree greater than ever before. Nations, races, cities and individuals are divided to-day by rancor and selfishness more than they are to-day by political frontiers. The lack of reciprocal charity is causing a lack of respect for authority.

THE HOLY FATHER

They without the fold regard the Pope as they would another sovereign. They talk of the obstinacy and stubbornness of the priest who repeats what has been said throughout the centuries and remains memorable while about him all things are confused and agitated. They may regard him as a phenomenon, but they lack the power to see behind the veil. But love and faith give us sight. And with these we see Christ hidden behind a man, enlightening the world and impervious to all its attacks; this man loaning to Christ that ministry his voice, his action, his human exterior; Christ communicating to this man his infallibility, his divine jurisdiction. Man is inconstant. He throws away what he took but yesterday to his heart. And yet man mobile as the sea becomes the organ of the immutable spirit of Christ. Man has a taste for evil and yet this man will guard forever, for the cleansing and strengthening of the world, the stainless source of grace and virtue. Against such a man pride and passion rage. They seek to close his lips; they would fain drag out his tongue by the roots and yet he will always speak. As Pope he is invincible and immortal. Man may fall away, tremble and be afraid: the Pope never. Man dies but the Pope lives forever.

ANOTHER FOE

Big business is the new foe of the liquor traffic. It insists upon having not only the sober man but the total abstainer. It looks askance upon the man who, however efficient or brilliant, muddles his brain with liquor. The moderate drinker may be and is oftentimes a capable workman, but the man who invests money in various enterprises places no dependence upon him. They seek the steady-nerved workers who are able to cope with an emergency and to render adequate service, and they are unanimous in declaring that such men are total abstainers. The manager of a firm employing three hundred men says that it is only common sense to state that a strictly sober man is worth more to his company and that the firm expects to be more than repaid by the improvement in the service it will get from sober workmen. These employers who are neither philanthropists nor advocates of prohibition as such have come to the conclusion that the men who frequent road houses and saloons are not good investments. Time was when the alcoholic, always brilliant, was tolerated because he was out of the line of progress; but that time is past. To-day he gets but little sympathy from even the sentimentalists and he is condemned by all who realize that intemperance stands for inefficiency and for mental and moral degeneration.

SOCIAL SERVICE

The unemployed often suffer because of the unemployable. But there is always one method that truly separates the one from the other, and distinguishes the first from the second. That is not to help the man directly but to help him to help himself. Direct help is oftentimes weakening; helping a man to help himself is always strengthening. This is true service to the individual and to the community of which he forms a part. St. Peter said to the cripple at the Temple: "Silver and gold have I none; but such as I have I give thee. And he made him whole." That is he put him on his feet. And

there and then was struck the true note of the real social service to the world.

LOOK AT OURSELVES

The French proverb that "no man is a hero to his valet" has many and varied applications. Most of us err in our estimate of our neighbors personal worth, being too narrowly observant in small matters and too heedless of general tendencies. Some of us have a well developed scent for unsavory gossip and a natural itching for retelling all we see and hear that reflects on others. We watch especially those whom we dislike. Any fault or blunder we blazon forth with delight. We may become walking bill-boards of gossip and scandal. And while leaving behind us a trail of misery and strife, of distrust engendered, of suspicions aroused, we have the utmost confidence in our righteousness and go our way disdain the pity and mercy that we shall perhaps one day stand in need of. Montaigne testified: "The farther off I am read from my own home the better I am esteemed." The rule works favorably in many cases. Ben Johnston remarks that "Men have their reputation by distance. Rivers, the farther they run the broader they are. Where our original is known we are less confident; among strangers we trust fortune." Alas! for human frailty which distorts and deforms the vision of qualities and characters that differ from our own.

THE BLESSED SEASON

Another year has gone carrying with it a big bundle of mistakes and sorrows and joys. In spite of cynics most of us are very much better for the coming of the holiday season, when we must give thought to others. Over indulgence in any way is bad, whether it be in gift-giving or in entertaining, but to do what we can to increase the sum of the general happiness is to ensure peace of mind at least to ourselves. There are times when brotherhood finds its expression not in prayer but in a loaf of bread, and we can, each in his own sphere, prove that Christianity is not merely a string of fine words but a vital force that operates not only for eternity but for time. We must not be among those who build fine temples of stone to the Christ and ignore Christ's "least brethren" as though they are not. Let us try then to do our very best for the lonely, sorrowful mothers who have to be fathers as well—wretched, aching, drudging women who play the game against odds such as are never dreamt of, and conquer despairs that would crack the will and crumple the courage of strong men. A strange thing called increased Cost of Living seems to interfere so much with gift-giving that many children were disappointed last year, yet they are hoping this year, just as though everything had come out right. And the air is filled with anxious wishes that never will come true unless we rescue these wait prayers and answer them in a practical manner.

THE NEW YEAR

To the practical Catholic the New Year comes with a sacredness that quite awes him. It moves him to take thought with himself about the journey he has been making; how much of it has been walked on the plain, straight way, and how much in the worldly paths where he did not serve God. It is a reproachful thought but a salutary one. And if a man be in earnest in regard to his soul's welfare such a thought is sure to start him off right on a fresh journey with a determination to seek first the kingdom of God. Our lives are marked by years, and so the beginning of a New Year strikes the note of something mysterious and unknown. God offers a special blessing to this marking of time—even a New Year soon becomes old, and the largest life on earth is but a breath compared to the life that is to be.

A solemn thought this, but the verities of life are more solemn than the most serious-minded of us can imagine. If we bring some of this solemnity into our consideration of the New Year the year will surely be the better and happier for it.

THE GREAT HAPPINESS

It is true that as the poet says, "all men think all men mortal but themselves." When the verdict of the physician is pronounced in a serious case the shock of surprise is not easy to bear; of a sudden there may be none, yet the contemplation of a sudden end to all our plans and worldly interests can but seldom be pleasing.

"There is no help for such a moment: friends can but follow us to the brink—there begin thoughts too deep, too troublous to be confided." Many echoes of this sentiment are to be found in letters: those who perish or linger in pain on the battlefield have to face spectres unknown to their relatives who mourn their loss. This thought should moderate the display of grief when evil tidings reach us. Heroism obtains its noblest development in the hours that follow the heated shock of arms. Given a great cause there is no greater happiness than that which refreshes the dying fighter, though instant victory be doubtful. There is a reserve force of simple faith in human hearts which those who sit at home in ease cannot fathom. The lowliest victim in a great struggle for liberty is to be envied when no meanness or vice silences the authentic voice of the witness to his claim upon the Infinite Goodness.

ENCYCLICAL OF HIS HOLINESS POPE BENEDICT XV.

BY DIVINE PROVIDENCE POPE

To Our Venerable Brethren, the Patriarchs, Primate, Archbishops, Bishops and Other Local Ordinaries Having Peace and Communion With The Apostolic See.

Venerable Brethren, Health and The Apostolic Blessing!—When, by the unsearchable counsel of God's providence, and without any merit of our own, we were called to the Chair of the most blessed Prince of the Apostles—for the same voice of Christ Our Lord which came to Peter came also to us—"feed my lambs, feed my sheep." (Jn. xxi, 15-17) immediately we began to regard with unpeppable affection the flock committed to Our care: a flock truly immense, for in one way or another it embraces all mankind. For all, without exception, have been delivered by Jesus Christ, at the price of His blood, from the slavery of sin; nor is anyone shut out from the benefits of His Redemption. Therefore as the divine Father has already happily gathered part of mankind into the fold of the Church, so, too, does He promise lovingly to constrain the rest: "And other sheep I have, that are not of this fold: these also I must bring and they shall hear my voice." (Id. x, 16.)

We will not conceal from you, venerable Brethren, that Our heart's first movement, attributable only to God's goodness, was a wonderful impulse of zeal and of yearning for the salvation of all mankind; and in entering on the Pontificate, we made the selfsame supplication that Jesus made just before going to His death on the Cross: "Holy Father keep them in Thy name whom Thou hast given me." (Id. xvii, 11.) As soon therefore, as we had looked, from the height of the Apostolic dignity upon the direction in which human affairs were going and had seen the lamentable state of civil society, we were filled with bitter sorrow. For how could it be that we, the common Father of all, should not be pierced to the heart by the spectacle of Europe and the world,—a spectacle perhaps the darkest and saddest in all human history? It seems as if the days foretold by Christ had indeed come: "You shall hear of wars and rumors of war. For nation shall rise against nation, and kingdom against kingdom." (Mt. xxiv, 6-7.) The dread image of war overshadows the world, and absorbs nearly every thought. The strongest and wealthiest nations are in conflict. What wonder, then, that furnished as they are with the latest weapons devised by military science, their struggle is causing enormous slaughter. There is no end to the ruin, no end to the deaths; each day sees the earth flowing with fresh blood, and covered with dead and wounded. Who would think that the nations, thus armed against each other, are all descended from one ancestor, share the same nature, belong to the same human family? Who could realize that they are brethren, children of the same Father in heaven? And while the mighty hosts are contending in the fury of combat, cities, families, individuals, are being oppressed by those evils and miseries which follow at the heels of war; day by day the numbers of widows and orphans; and the paths of commerce are blocked, the

fields are left untilled, the arts are at a standstill; the rich are made poor, the poor still more destitute, all are made to mourn.

Shocked by so great evils, we have held it to be our duty, at the very beginning of Our supreme Pontificate, and as the first act of Our Apostolic ministry, to take up and repeat the last words that fell from the lips of Our Predecessor—a pontiff of illustrious and so holy memory—and therefore we earnestly beseech Princes and Rulers that, moved by the sight of so many tears, so much blood, already shed, they delay not to bring back to their peoples the life-giving blessings of peace. When the Divine Redeemer first appeared upon earth, the glad tidings were sung by Angels' voices, so now, may God in His mercy grant that, at the beginning of Our labor as Christ's Vicar, the same voice be heard proclaiming: "Peace on earth to men of good will." (Lk. II, 14.) We beg of those who hold in their hands the destinies of peoples to give heed to that voice. If their rights have been violated, they can certainly find other ways and other means of obtaining a remedy; to these, laying aside the weapons of war, let them have recourse in sincerity of conscience, and good will. With no view to Our own self interest do we speak thus, but in charity towards them and towards all nations. Let them not suffer Our voice of Father and friend to pass away unheeded.

But it is not only the murderous struggle now going on that is ruining the nations, and filling us with anxious alarm. There is another dreadful evil, which goes deep down in modern society, an evil that inspires fear in the minds of thoughtful men, because while it has already caused, and is threatening still to cause, immense mischief to nations, it must also be recognized as the true source of the present deplorable conflict. Truly, as soon as the rules and dictates of Christian wisdom, which are the assured basis of stability and peace, came to be disregarded in the ordering of public life, the very structure of the State began to be shaken to its fall; and there has also ensued so great a change of thought and conduct, that, unless God comes to the rescue, the dissolution of human society itself would seem to be at hand. The more prominent disorders are these: the lack of mutual love among men; disregard for authority; unjust quarrels between the various classes; material property becomes the absorbing object of human endeavor, as though there were nothing higher and better to be gained. These we regard as the four chief causes which, taken together, shake the world as the very structure of the State. We must labour earnestly, therefore, by putting in practice Christian principles, to remove such disorders from our midst, if indeed we have at heart the common peace and welfare.

When Jesus Christ came from heaven for the very purpose of restoring the kingdom of peace, which had been ruined by the envy of Satan, he chose no other foundation for it than that of brotherly love. Hence those words of his so often repeated: "A new commandment I give unto you, that you love one another." (Jn. xiii, 34.) "This is My commandment that you love one another." (Id. xv, 12.) "These things I command you that you love one another" (Id. ibid., 17.) as though the whole scope and purpose of His coming were to make men love each other. To stimulate us to this love, what motives has He not set before us? He bids us to lift up our eyes to heaven: "For one is your Father, who is in heaven." (Mt. xxiii, 9.) Setting aside every difference of race, of language and of interest, He puts the selfsame prayer on the lips of all: "Our Father who art in heaven." (Id. vi, 9.) He even teaches that the heavenly Father in bestowing nature's gifts, is not swayed by our deserving: "Who maketh His sun to rise upon the good and bad, and raineth upon the just and the unjust." (Mt. v, 45.) He further declares that we are all brethren: "But all you are brethren"; (Id. xxiii, 8) and brethren of Himself: "That he might be the first-born amongst many brethren." (Rom. viii, 29.) Then, what ought most powerfully to urge us to brotherly love, even towards those whom our natural pride would lead us to despise, he wished us to recognize his own personal dignity: "As long as you did it to one of these my least brethren, you did it to me." (Mt. xxv, 40) What more? At the close of his life he earnestly besought of the Father, that all who should believe in him might be made one by the bond of charity: "As Thou Father in me and in Thee" (Jn. xvii, 21.) Lastly, when hanging on the Cross, He poured out His Blood upon us all, so that, as if compelled and joined together in one body, mutual love should be found amongst us, just as mutual sympathy is found amongst the members of the same body.

But in these times the conduct of men is far different. Never perhaps was human brotherhood more preached than now; nay, it is pretended that, without any help from the teaching of the gospel, or from the work of Christ and the Church, the

spirit of brotherhood has been one of the highest creations of modern civilization. Yet the truth is, that men never acted towards each other in less brotherly fashion than now. Race hatreds are becoming almost a frenzy; nation is divided from nation more by enmity and jealousy than by geographical position; in the same city, within the same walls, the different ranks are on fire with mutual envy; all take as their supreme law their own self-interest.

You see, venerable Brethren, how necessary it is that no effort should be spared to bring back among men the power of the charity of Christ. This shall be Our constant endeavor, the chosen task of Our Pontificate; to this we exhort you to attend. Let us not grow weary of teaching and practising the injunction of the Apostle St. John: "That we love one another" (I Jn. iii, 23). Doubtless there are numerous benevolent institutions now doing useful and valuable work, but they do not prove to be of real benefit, unless they help in promoting a true love of God and our neighbor; without this they are nothing worth, for "He that loveth not, abideth in death." (I Jn. iii, 14.)

We have said that another cause of social disorder lies in this, that authority is generally disregarded. For as soon as human authority began to emancipate itself from God, the creator and master of the universe, and to seek its origin in man's free choice, the bonds between superiors and subjects were relaxed so that now they would almost seem not to exist. Within the same household, the unbridled spirit of independence, joined with pride, has gradually permeated everywhere, not sparing even the family, where nature itself discloses authority in the clearest light; what is more to be deplored, the evil has even reached the sanctuary. Hence the contempt for law; hence the insubordination of the masses; hence the petulant criticism of the commands of authority; hence the continual attempts to break its power, hence the monstrous deeds of those, who making profession of anarchy, have no respect either for the property or the lives of others.

In presence of this perversion of thought and deed—a perversion destructive of all human society—we, to whom has been committed the guardianship of divine truth, cannot be silent; and we admonish all of that doctrine which cannot be changed by man's will: "There is no power but from God; and those that are, are ordained of God." (Rom. xiii, 1.) All power, therefore, whether of the sovereign or of subordinate authorities, comes from God. Wherefore St. Paul teaches the duty of obeying, not in any way, but for conscience sake, those who have the rule over us, except when what is commanded is against the law of God: "Wherefore be subject of necessity, not only for wrath, but also for conscience sake." (Ibid., 5.) In agreement with this are the words of the Prince of the Apostles: "Be ye subject therefore to every human creature for God's sake; whether it be to the king as excelling, or to governors as sent by him." (I Pet. ii, 13-14.) From this doctrine the same Apostle of the Gentiles draws the conclusion, that whoever is a rebel against lawful human authority, is a rebel against God, and prepares for himself eternal punishment: "Therefore he that resisteth the power, resisteth the ordinance of God. And they that resist, purchase to themselves damnation." (Rom. xiii, 2.)

Let Princes and Rulers of the peoples bear this in mind and be-think themselves whether it be wise and salutary that public authority should divorce itself from the holy religion of Jesus Christ, in which it may find so powerful a support. Let them seriously consider whether it be politically wise to banish from the Gospel the teaching of the Church. Experience teaches only too well that where religion is away public authority falls. It generally happens to States as it happened to our first parent after his failure in his duty to God. As in him, scarcely had the will been rebel to God when the passions broke loose and rebelled against the will; so too, whenever those who have rule over peoples disdain the authority of God, the peoples in their turn are prompt to hold lightly the authority of man. Certainly there remains the usual expedient of suppressing rebellion by violence, but where is the gain? Violence may subdue the body, it cannot conquer the will.

The double element of cohesion in the body social, that is, the union of the members among themselves by mutual charity, and the union of the members with the head by obedience to authority, being thus destroyed or weakened, what wonder, venerable Brethren, that modern society should show itself as divided into two opposing forces struggling against each other fiercely, and without truce? Over against those who have industriously earned a certain amount of wealth, there are ranged a number of the indigent and of workers, inflamed with ill-will, because, possessing the same human nature as those better off, they do not enjoy equal fortune. When once they have been deluded by the sophistries of demagogues to

whom they generally show themselves most submissive, who shall persuade them that, because men have equality of nature, it does not follow that they must have equality of rank in social life, but that each holds that position which, not frustrated by circumstances, he has gained for himself? When, therefore, the poor assail the rich, as though these had appropriated to themselves what belongs to others, they are acting not only against justice and charity, but even against reason, particularly because they themselves might better their own position by force of honorable labor.

It would be superfluous to point out the consequences, disastrous alike to individuals and to the community, that flow from this class hatred. We all know and deplore those frequent strikes by which the whole of public life, even in its most necessary activities, is suddenly checked; and then the riotous outbreaks in which recourse is frequently had to arms, and this followed by bloodshed.

We will not now repeat the arguments that show the untenability of Socialism and similar errors. This has been done with supreme wisdom by Our predecessor Leo XIII. in his memorable Encyclicals; but we appeal to you, venerable Brethren, to use your endeavors that that authoritative teaching be not forgotten; that by means of Catholic associations and congresses, of sermons and the Catholic press, it be adequately explained and enforced, as circumstances may require. But, above all, and we do not hesitate to repeat it, let us make it Our care, using every argument supplied by the Gospel, by reason and by public or private good, to stimulate all men to mutual brotherly love in accordance with the divine law of charity. This brotherly love does not set itself to sweep away all differences of rank and condition—this is no more possible than it is possible in a living body that all the members should have the same place and function—but it has power to make those of a higher rank act towards those of a lower not only with justice, as is indeed imperative, but also with goodwill and kindness, and consideration; it makes those of a lower rank to be glad at the prosperity of others, and to have confidence in their readiness to help; just as in the same family the younger trust to the care and protection of the elder.

The evils we have just been deplored find their cause, venerable Brethren, in a deeper root, and unless the good use their efforts to destroy it, we shall look in vain for the realization of Our desire for a solid and lasting peace among men. That root is, the Apostle tells us: "The desire of money is the root of all evils." (I Tim. vi, 10.) And to this root are indeed attributable all the evils now afflicting the world. When godless schools, moulding as wax the tender hearts of the young, when an unscrupulous press, continually playing upon the inexperienced minds of the multitude, when those other agencies that form public opinion, have succeeded in propagating the deadly error that man ought not to look for a happy eternity; that it is only here that happiness is to be found, in the riches, the honours, the pleasures of this life, it is not surprising that men, with their insatiable desire of happiness, should attack what stands in the way of that happiness with all the impelling force of their desire. But since earthly goods are unequally divided, and since it is the office of the State to prevent individuals seizing at their own will what belongs to others, it has come about that hatred has been engendered against the public authority, that envy of the more fortunate has taken hold of the less fortunate, and that the different classes of fellow-citizens are in open antagonism,—those who have not striving for it, those who have not the others striving to keep what they have, and to increase it.

Foreseeing these things, Christ our Lord, in the divine sermon on the Mount, thought it good to explain what are man's true beatitudes even here on earth, and so to lay the foundations, as it were, of Christian philosophy. Man far removed from the faith, have yet seen in this teaching a supreme wisdom, and the most perfect form of religious and moral doctrine; and indeed, all agree that before Christ, who is truth itself, no one ever spoke of such things as He has spoken, with such dignity, such power, and so exalted a sentiment of love.

Now the deep, and underlying thought of this divine philosophy is, that the good things of this life have only the appearance without the reality of good, and so cannot bestow true happiness. In the truth of God's word, riches and pleasure are so far from bringing true happiness that to secure true happiness we must rather renounce these things for the love of God. "Blessed are ye that weep now. Blessed shall you be when men shall hate you, and shall separate you, and shall reproach you, and cast out your name as evil." (Lk. vi, 20-22) That is to say, if we bear patiently, as we ought, the sorrows, hardships and miseries of this life, we open for

ourselves the door to the Kingdom of Heaven. (Lk. vi, 23) That is to say, if we bear patiently, as we ought, the sorrows, hardships and miseries of this life, we open for

CATHOLIC NOTES

The Duchess of Sutherland, sister of the Countess of Warwick, has been received into the Church.

Lemberg is the capital and most important city in Eastern Galicia. Its splendid Gothic Cathedral dates from 1350.

The last survivor of the crew of the Monitor in her battle with the Merrimack in 1862, was one of the five converts received into the Church on the occasion of a mission to non-Catholics at Nampa, Ida., recently.

His Eminence Cardinal Bourne, Archbishop of Westminster, England, has appointed the Right Rev. Dr. Butt, Bishop of Cambrayopolis, to the charge of St. James', Spanish place, London, in succession to the late Canon Gillies.

The splendid Gothic Church of St. Jacob, in Liege, Belgium, is uninjured; its stained glass windows, among the finest in the world, have been preserved. The same is the case with all the other churches, and notable buildings and collections.

When the native Indian troops which have been called up by Great Britain landed at Marseilles, France, a short time ago, it was a pleasant surprise to many Frenchmen to find that thousands of them were Catholics, and very good Catholics, too. Another thing which greatly struck the people of the north was the fact that they were well supplied with Catholic chaplains.

At present excavations are going on in the Piazza Colonna, Rome, whence it is proposed to remove the unsightly structure that occupied the great part of the Piazza. Some valuable discoveries have been made. The excavators have struck upon the "Campus Agrippae" and magnificent specimens of ancient architecture have been brought to light. Two statues of some importance have also been discovered.

The most Reverend Archbishop Cerretti, first Apostolic Delegate to Australia and New Zealand, arrived in New York recently on his way to Sydney, Australia, via San Francisco. The Most Reverend Archbishop Kelly of Sydney, has placed at the disposal of the new Apostolic Delegate, his country villa on the outskirts of Sydney. Mgr. Cerretti was formerly auditor of the Apostolic Delegation, Washington, D. C.

The Knights of Columbus of Worcester under the title of the Knights of Columbus Religion, Educational, Charitable and Benevolent Association have begun a system of educational work that promises to be one of the most important features of the many activities planned by the organization. The Rev. Dr. John J. McCoy, John F. Gannon, John F. McGrath and Hon. John H. S. Hunt, comprise the committee on education, which has had this matter under consideration, and which has mapped out a plan of evening classes.

The will of Denis Hession who died recently on his farm near Humboldt, Ia., bequeathed \$45,000 for a memorial church at Humboldt, \$20,000 for a parochial school, \$65,000 for a pastoral residence, and \$85,000 for the maintenance of the school—a total of \$106,500 for religious and educational purposes in his home community. In addition to this, he left a number of other bequests for worthy purposes. Humboldt is a mission attended from Liverton by Rev. M. J. Costello. There are very few Catholics in the locality. Mr. Hession was the last of his family, his wife and daughter, who were converts to the faith, died several years ago.

The Ancient Order of Hibernians in Ireland has just completed a fine address of faith and loyalty, signed by 200,000 members, which it is proposed to present to Pope Benedict XV. The address has been beautifully illustrated in old Celtic characters and decorations and has been placed in a casket handsomely designed in bog oak and Galway marble. The designs on the casket include the Papal arms and the Irish harp, while the interior is lined with Irish poplin in St. Patrick's green. The casket and its contents are being conveyed to Rome, and will shortly be presented to His Holiness by some well-known representatives of the Irish clergy and laity.

A vacancy in the Westminster Chapter is caused by the recent date of Canon William L. Gildea, D. D., Knight Commander of the Order of Isidore the Catholic. He was born in Hampshire, England, and received his education at St. Charles' College, London, at St. Edmund's College, at St. Thomas' Seminary, and at Propaganda, Rome. Ordained in 1882, he was the same year appointed vicar of St. Thomas' Seminary. He held this position until 1893, when he was appointed to St. James' Church, Spanish Place, London, succeeding Mgr. Barry in full charge in 1900. He became a Canon of Westminster Chapter in 1899. Canon Gildea was senior chaplain to the Spanish Embassy. As an author he regularly contributed to the chief scholarly periodicals of England and America. Through all his literary labors he devoted unfailing attention to the details of his parochial charge.

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SO AS BY FIRE

BY JEAN O'CONNOR

CHAPTER XVII

A DEATH HOUR

The lights burned low in the death chamber. In the high, old-fashioned bed, whose damask curtains were flung back to give the dying man a clear view of the room, Judge Randall, his handsome old face pinched and ashen, was propped up among his pillows, struggling for breath.

The small table beside him, with its crucifix, its tapers, its "fayre white cloths" told that the last sacred rites of that Church to which he and his forefathers had clung through all change and time had been administered to its loyal son.

Dr. Vance stood gravely watchful at his patient's pillow. Father Lane, who had been kneeling by the bed whispering words of hope and comfort, rose as the newcomers entered, and made room for them by the dying man.

"Nellie!" the falling ear caught the sound of her coming. "My dear little girl, I can not see you, all is dark. Nellie, are you here?"

"Here—grandfather," the name came with a low, choked sob, as the speaker sank down and pressed the groping hand to her lips, the hand that had filled her life with all earth's gifts and blessings. How cold, how helpless it was to those lying lips now.

"I am leaving you, my little girl, leaving you forever. Ah, my child, my poor Eleanor's child, in this awful hour—you are my one thought—my one fear."

"Oh, I am not worth thought or fear, dear grandfather, best of friends. Do not think of me now," she sobbed.

"I must," he gasped, "I must. Before God I will be held—accountable. My stubborn pride—my neglect—my years—of—his breath failed. "Father," he whispered, "Father, speak for me. Tell her—what I would say."

"My child, the fear weighing upon this parting soul is that I should be remembered as the man who lived through all the long years that had blessed the little starveling of the Road House, that had roused the blinded girl at St. Barnabas, that had thundered God's judgment on the brilliant society queen scarcely two weeks ago. Its accents were solemn with pity and compassion.

"Your grandfather feels, too strongly indeed, as I tell him, that he is responsible for your refusal of the light of Faith that is your inheritance."

"Oh, no, no!" she cried, desperately, as a picture of the true Eleanor, clinging to her dead mother's faith with such pathetic trust, rose before her remorseful memory. "Grandfather, no, do not blame, do not reproach yourself. It is I who have given me the Faith—you have given it to me. Let no remorse darken your peace, for oh, I believe as you do. As God is my witness, I believe—I believe!"

"Then, then, my child," the icy hand seemed to tighten its dying grasp, "you will accept—you will confess—practice—that Faith? You will turn to God—to the Church of your fathers—you will live—in that Faith—as—as—as I do? Promise—promise, little girl, my little girl?"

"My God, my God!" she cried despairingly.

"Sweetheart," it was Allston Leigh's deep, tender voice in her ear, "give the promise he asks. I will make it easy, blessed, to keep, dearest."

She lifted her bowed head and looked up at him. Oh, the awful mockery of those tender, trusting eyes that met her wild, hunted gaze! He would make it easy, blessed, for her!

"My child," and again Father Lane spoke, "it is God who calls you by this dying voice. Surely, if you believe, you can not refuse this last request?"

"Father, no, no, I can not. I can not, grandfather. I promise, I promise, all I promise, too, in her name," Allston Leigh said, in a moved voice. "Leave her heart and soul in my care without fear, dear old friend. She is to be my wife."

"Allston, my dear boy, Allston," the dying eyes brightened, and the Judge stretched out his stiffening hand to Leigh's grasp, "this is more than I asked. God bless you both for it, my children, my dear children."

"Vance, the pain again, the pain!" The cold hand loosened its grasp. The Judge fell back gasping among his pillows. Vance moistened the dying lips. Leigh, dropping on his knees, flung his arm about the trembling form of his betrothed, while clear and strong, above the shriek and moan of the wind, above the sobs of the servants gathered in the hall without, above all the storm and tumult, passion and pain of earth, arose the voice of the priest.

"Depart, Christian soul, from this world in the name of God, the Father Almighty, who created thee, in the name of Jesus Christ, the Son of the Living God who suffered for thee, in the name of the Holy Ghost, who sanctified thee—"

And as those solemn words in all their surety of command fell upon her ear, it seemed to Barbara Graeme that she, too, gave up all life to which she had so madly, desperately, clung. The light had flamed into fire at last—the consuming fire into which she must fling all.

"He has gone, dearest!" Allston Leigh was whispering tenderly, "gone, blessing your love with his last breath."

She looked up. Vance was reverently closing the sightless eyes. Father Lane signing the cross on the death damp brow. Outside the servants had burst, after the fashion of their race, into unrestrained moans and lamentations.

"Nellie, dear child, all is over. Come away," said Aunt Van, tearfully.

"Not yet," was the gasping answer. "Not yet. Close the door, Allston. There is something I must say—here—and now—"

"Not now, dear," he answered gently. "You have made the promise and will keep it, I am sure. You are under too sharp a strain. Come away."

"No," she cried, quickly, "I must speak here and now. Speak in the presence of God, the presence of death. I must keep my promise to him who lies before me—and it can not hurt or shame him now. I must confess myself for what I am, a lying lie. I am not Judge Randall's granddaughter. I am not Eleanor Kent."

"Nellie!" interrupted Leigh, in terror. "Good God she is going mad. Nellie, dearest!"

"Hear me out!" she panted. "Eleanor Kent died in my wretched home nearly three years ago. You have heard of that home, Allston, you told me of it to-night. For I am Barbara Graeme, the starving, the beggar the convict's daughter, the girl whom poor Daddy Mills loved and mourned. Father Lane!" she started to her feet, and stood white, breathless, desperate, before the priest. "You can hear witness to what I say. Look at me, Father, and remember the mission at Graystone Ridge—the messenger who led you to Eleanor Kent's death bed in the old house under the pines, the girl with the crown in her arms, the girl whom you blessed—"

"My God! Yes, yes, I see! I remember all—you are that strange girl—whom I blessed."

"Eleanor Kent died the next day," the young voice rose clearer, steadier now on the breathless silence; "died even as the letter reached her calling her home to Rosecroft. And—there was no plea, no extenuation in the pitiless self-accusation, 'I stole her letters, her papers. I left her buried in a nameless grave in my own blighted, accursed home, and came here in her name, her place. How I could have done it I do not know, but the accident—the railroad wreck, made it easy for me at first, cruelly easy—and afterward, afterward," she paused, and for the first time in her confession her eyes were lifted to Allston Leigh's face. The hard lines into which that face had been washed at the look.

"Nellie," he said, hoarsely, "what this mad, strange thing means, I do not know. But—but, it changes nothing, nothing. I hold you to your promise—say, I claim it to you. Father, before any whisper of harm touches her, I would give her my name, home protection. I would make her my wife now and here."

"Allston," called Aunt Van, tremulously, "oh, Allston, my dear boy. Not—not yet."

"Ah you need not fear, you need not fear, Madame Van," and that grand dame, panopied in worldly wisdom as she was, felt a sharp pain pierce her heart at the dull despair of the young voice. "I will not marry him. I will not marry him, Madame Van, not if it were to save me all that I lose to-night, even, even, his love."

"I will go away, away from this world in which I have no right."

"Nellie, Nellie!" pleaded her lover.

"I am not Nellie," she said, and the sharpness of death's pang was in her voice. "Nellie lies dead under the old yew tree on the mountain. I am the convict's daughter of whom you told me to-night. I am the Weasel whom poor Daddy Mills loved."

"I am Barbara Graeme," and she broke through the death-bed group as pale as the words, and made her way blindly, somehow, through the wide hall, with its moaning, sobbing servants, into her own room, where locking the door, she threw herself upon her knees, her face buried upon the bed.

She had flung away all things—she was crushed, ruined, broken-hearted, homeless—friendless, penniless, but at last—at last she could cry to God for mercy. At last she was free—she was free! But even while her long prisoned soul felt the thrill of release, the woman's heart knew all the anguish of its sacrifice. Her clear vision, sharpened by suffering, saw the way opening before her in all its hopeless desolation—a desert path—lit by fire—lit by fire! She must go back—back to the old home—the old life!

The old life, after all that she had known, after these years of dazzling quondam! She must go back humbled, beggared, disgraced, her story perhaps blazoned through the length and breadth of the land. She must go back, but where, how? The old Road House stood black and drear under its sheltering pines a thousand miles away, and she was here, here with all doors, all paths, all hearts closed against her—she had seized at it with daring, reckless grasp, and held it. Doubt, fear, trembling, his quickened thoughts recalled a thousand things that had bewildered and perplexed him in her changing moods, her mocking coquetries.

False, false, his whole soul seemed to cry out in anguish and bitterness, false to the heart's core!

And yet she had cast away a dual coronet she had turned from scores of eager suitors, she had given up dazzling place and power and safety in a far-off world to come back

here, to ever present peril and shame for love's sake.

And as the proud, lofty nature shook with its contending emotions, the words of that other lover came back to Allston Leigh. "You couldn't blame Weasel, no matter what she did, Judge, no matter what she did." Blame her! And then a great wave of conquering love overleaped all the stern barriers of pride, honor, bitterness. The lift of the red gold head, the glance of those starry eyes, the fair hands outstretched at last to his appeal as he stood before her in the freight glow last night—this had been truth, he knew, truth though all else were the blackest of lies. Truth—and he would hold to it and to her cost what it might.

"There is but one thing to be done," he said, briefly. "She is my promised wife. As my wife this story can be hushed forever. I am Judge Randall's lawyer, his executor. All matters of unjust inheritance can be quietly arranged without publicity or scandal. I can give her an honored name and home."

Allston pleaded. Aunt Van, "think in God's name, think. Think of her past—her father—her bold, daring, long lived lie."

"It has been confessed, atoned for, and forgiven," he answered. And from all that follows she must have the shelter of her husband's arms, her husband's heart. So to-morrow she shall be my wife—and your niece Aunt Van."

And from the stern resolve of that tone Aunt Van knew there could be no appeal. She went tearfully away to her own room—good, worldly wise woman that she was, with neither pity nor mercy for the girl she had loved in her heart to-night. In all her sixty odd years good Madame Van had never had such a shock, and she wept helplessly, helplessly, until she dropped at last into a fitful sleep. It was Lottie's frightened voice that roused her. The little maid had gone into her young lady's room as usual this morning to find it vacant.

"I've looked everywhere," said Lottie, tremulously, "up and down and round de house and Miss Nellie ain't nowhere, Madame Van. De bed ain't been stirred and that ar medicine is spilled all over de floor."

Aunt Van started up, conscious of a sharp stab of remorse in her quick alarm. The girl—the wretched, guilty girl that she had left alone in her despair! The girl who, from such a dazzling height of pride and beauty and power had fallen into depth beyond reach!

Chilled with an awful fear, Aunt Van hurried to Nellie's beautiful room. The soft white robe she had worn last evening lay in a snowy heap upon the floor, but jewelry, trinkets, even the silver purse, with its generous allowance of pocket money were untouched. Only the little box of *pillules de sommeil* lay open—its contents scattered. Aunt Van peered at the sight. It was a trembling, ashen-faced old woman that met Allston Leigh a few moments later in the hall. He had been roused, too, by Lottie's alarm.

"She is not here, not in the house, you say?" he cried. "Great heavens she could not have gone out in this waste of snow. Aunt Van, what have you heard? What have you seen?"

"These," whispered Aunt Van, opening her shaking hand, and showing the little white pellets within. "Allston, they are, if taken rashly, death—quick, painless death. Am I not right?" he asked, the pellets scattered. Oh, God forgive me for leaving that wretched girl alone in her despair!

An icy terror gripped her listener's heart, as a vivid memory flashed back to him—a white-robed girl, seated in a skiff, and looking with dreamy eyes into the shining river. What was it she had said to him on that summer day long ago? "If I am ever missed, Mr. Leigh, look for me in some such depths as these. It would be such a quick escape from poverty and shame." Oh, how cruelly the words came back to him—the words that even in that glad sunshine had struck a chill to his heart.

The shining river was closed against her despair now, but a darker shadow stood open—a river on which there was no gleam of sun or star.

"And with heaven and earth shut against her," he thought in his agony, "with no friends, no home, no God—"

"Beg pardon, Marse Allston"—old Scip had been standing for fully five minutes beside Leigh, unseen, unheard. "Don't like to be obtrusive, sah, but a boy just come over with dis hyah note, and I thought it mout be consequential, sah," concluded Scip, feeling that the solemnity of the time demanded polysyllables.

And Allston Leigh broke open the hastily folded missive and read in trembling, wavering lines:

"Nellie is here, safe with me. Leave her in peace, poor, sorrowing child, at the feet of her God."

"SISTER CELESTIA."

TO BE CONTINUED

READ THE BIBLE

In these days when those outside the Church are told by preachers and teachers of bigotry and misinformation on Catholic subjects that Catholics are forbidden to read the Bible, no pronouncement could be more opportune than the recommendation of the new Pope that the practice of reading the scriptures daily in the home should be maintained in every Christian family. Hope it comes to the notice of those who believe Catholics may not read the Bible.—Intermountain Catholic.

THE TOLL OF WAR

By A. M. Foley

The old gray house looked sad and gloomy enough in the twilight. Even the last rays of the November sunset slanting on the tower served but to accentuate its grimness. The gaunt, bare trees with their leafless branches seemed sighing an eternal Requiem that evening. The extensive grounds, now bare and brown, stretched away at the back of the old, gray house until they sloped gently to the shore of the heaving, rushing sea—a sea ever changing sea that he loved to watch, that had called to him with her siren voice since first he was able to toddle there, his tiny hand held close in his fair-haired mother's—the voice that had called to him all through life, until when the first alarm of cruel war sounded throughout the land—his face glowing and his eyes sparkling—he buckled on his sword, bled his mother good-bye, never seeing the heart-break in her eyes, clasped his father's hand, unmindful of his husky voice, and went off to join his comrades on the long, grim greyhound of the sea, which were keeping watch and ward in the waters, that England might still be mistress of the seas.

And no word had come from him—the brave laddie with the eager eyes.

Up the gravelled path, in the chill November sunset, an old man toiled, a bunch of letters in his hand that trembled as he held them. "If there be no news of Master Harry this time, sure m'lady's heart'll break—I know it," he muttered to himself. "Ay, he was the bonny laddie, may the Virgin Mother watch over him," and the gaunt trees paused to whisper "Amen," ere they went on with their Requiem.

As the old man reached the steps leading to the wide veranda, the door was suddenly thrown open, and a fair-haired woman rushed bare-headed to meet him.

"Give them to me, Mark," she cried eagerly. Oh, give them to me—My poor Harry, my son!"

She almost snatched the letters from the old man, and feverishly ran through them until she found one that bore the long-looked-for seal. She held it up with a cry and dropped the others in her eagerness. But ere her quick fingers had broken the flap, a firm hand was laid over hers and a deep voice cried:

"Margaret, Margaret, 'tis not June, love, and November evenings are chilly. How could you rush out so without your wraps?" His voice was gentle, but his eyes flashed as he saw the envelope in her hand.

Tenderly he drew her towards the door, and old Mark gazed up the scattered mail and handed it to the head of the house. Lord Elvin took it mechanically and passed with his wife indoors. Mark watched them for a moment, then walked away slowly, shaking his head.

"Ah, dearest," cried Margaret, as the door closed after them, "how could I think myself, when there may be news of our boy?" She handed him the letter. "It is not his writing," she cried tearfully, "open it, Robert, I cannot bear to wait."

They entered the low-beamed library and stood together in the great window as the day was dying. The mother, many years younger than her husband, her blue eyes dim with pain and tears, stood eagerly and expectantly, longing for the news she had waited for until now, in vain; her husband, a man broken in health, a semi invalid, in whose emancipated frame dwelt an indomitable spirit, and in whose dark eyes shone a light as piercing and as steady as of old, though his hair was turning very gray now, fingered the precious envelope with hands that trembled slightly. "It might contain—so many things!"

"Hurry dearest," breathed Margaret. Slowly Lord Elvin opened the letter, as though he feared what the contents might reveal.

"Wait, Margaret," he urged, and moved nearer the window that the last shafts of light might fall on the sheet.

When he opened the letter Lord Elvin ran his eye quickly down the sheet—then his hand shook so the paper nearly fell to the floor. He bit his lip to stave it trembling. Lady Margaret, watching his face, screamed sharply, and gripped her husband's arms. "What is it, Robert. Oh, what is it? Is he hurt?"

Tenderly Lord Robert placed his arm around her and drew her to him. "Be brave, little woman," he whispered huskily, "it was to be expected you know."

"Not—not—" Margaret's face grew white, and her eyes dilated. "What is it? O Robert, what—is it?"

"Dearest," very gently the fire in his own eyes dim now, dearest Harry, our Harry, is a hero, as we know he would be. His ship went down, but it was a glorious fight—he died bravely, our little son. See, this letter is from his officer, who was among the few saved. Shall I read it, dear?"

But Margaret was standing with her hands clasped tightly before her, an unseeing look in her eyes. Suddenly she broke from his protecting arms and threw herself with a low cry on a couch. "My little son," she cried, my little, little son—and her brave husband covered his face with his hands, and the officer's letter fell unheeded to the floor.

"He was a soldier's son," he murmured, and Margaret straightened up quickly.

"O Robert," she moaned, "that can make no difference to me. He is my little son, and he is gone—he has been killed, my poor baby—that's

all I know, all I care, Robert. O Harry, Harry, why did you go, why did you leave me, Harry boy?" and she rocked herself back and forth, moaning.

"Margaret, love, Harry could do nothing else; he belongs to a race of soldiers. Could he stay home, like any frightened woman, when his country needed him? Sweetest, generations of soldier-blood is stronger than a woman's arms, though it be his mother's."

"No, no," sobbed Margaret. "No, no, Robert." Then half wildly she threw out her arms in a frantic gesture. "His country needed him!" she mocked, "his country—who has thousands of men at her call—when I—only had the one, my poor, poor Harry." Then seeing the look on her husband's face, she sprang to her feet and clasped her arms around his neck.

"You do not understand," she cried. "I never thought he could die. I was sure he would be back with us again."

"Understand?" interrupted her husband. "Understand, Margaret? Why, do you not think I love our boy as much as you, dear? Do you think my heart does not ache for his tragic death, that my life won't be empty without him?" His voice shook and the tears gathered unheeded in his eyes. Margaret lifted her tear-stained face from his shoulder.

"But, oh, his lonely grave," she murmured brokenly, "his lonely, lonely grave."

"Dearest," the deep voice was saying, "he is as I am, a soldier's son. It pleases God to will that never again would I hold a sword either for Him or my country, hence Harry went alone to the war." Margaret tightened her clasp around his neck. "And you, love, are you not a soldier's wife and a soldier's mother? For Harry's sake, for the sake of all the broken-hearted mothers, can't you, too, be brave?"

"Oh!" she sprang away from him, "Oh! You are hard and cold, Robert. What do I care for his brave death? What of it, that he may be called a hero? Does it comfort my heart any to know that other mothers have lost their sons? That doesn't give me back my Harry." She threw out her arms passionately and her voice rang through the room. "How can I be brave?" she cried with blazing eyes and flaming cheeks, "when my poor boy is dead—dead, do you hear that? Dead, my pretty son!" Her voice trailed off into a sob. "I can't be brave, Robert, I can't, I can't! It is nothing to me that I am a soldier's mother, nothing, dear, but sorrow and heartbreak and dark, weary days, and darker, wearier nights."

"Margaret, O Margaret!" answered his voice, sobbing, "Why did you let Harry go? Tell me, why did you let him go to die—to die, away off there, without any mother near him?" Then spying the letter on the floor, she almost screamed:

"Look, look! Why—why in the name of a merciful heaven, was that man permitted to live, and my poor boy killed—killed, O Robert, killed! Her sobs choked her, and she did not see the great pain in her husband's eyes. Killed! And he loved life so! He was so beautiful, and now he is turned and dead—Oh!" Then turning to her husband, who stood white-faced and worn, in the shadow of the great window, she murmured, all her passion abated.

"Dear one, if all the riches, all the jewels in the great world were mine, I would give them all—everything—for just one moment to hold my Harry in my arms and kiss him once—just once." And the harsh sobs burst forth from her aching heart as she rushed from the room.

Lord Elvin sank into his chair, his hand pressed hard against his side. Sharp pain twisted his lips and darkened his eyes. "Poor Margaret!" he murmured, "I did not think she would take it like this."

He raised his eyes to a large picture of his son that hung on the opposite wall. It was a picture of a fair-haired, eager-eyed boy, who seemed to be looking forever and forever into some beautiful land whence no one else could follow. "You are there now, Harry," his father murmured, "my brave, brave son. But I knew, I knew I could trust you, lad, you would not fail."

The pain caught him again in his side and his lips turned gray. When the spasms had passed he raised his eyes again to the boy's picture. "It's really too bad, Harry," he said with a slight smile, much as though the boy was there listening to him. "It is too bad that after nearly losing my life a half hundred times on the battlefield, I must go forth at last on account of this tiresome pain." He rose and walked unsteadily to a little cabinet in the wall, and poured himself out a small glass of brandy, and then sank slowly into his chair again.

"I might just as well have gone with you, Harry," he muttered, "I will have to go just as soon. Brave lad! Poor, poor Margaret. Dear, where are you? Margaret! His head fell forward a little, and his lips doubled in with pain.

Up in her darkened chamber, Margaret lay prostrate on her bed. Her first passionate outburst had spent itself now, and she lay there sobbing quietly. Presently, the thought of Robert caused her sobs to cease. Her husband, she knew, must feel his son's death keenly—he was the idol of man's life—the breath of his existence—"Dear Robert," she murmured, "and I called him hard and cold. Ah, I have been the selfish, unfeeling one—" She rose hurriedly, smoothed back the fair hair, so like her son's, and once more hurried over the stairs. After all she

had Robert, and he was suffering as much as she.

When she entered the library, the fire had died in the grate and the room seemed strangely lonely and cold. Lord Elvin sat in his customary place, his head bowed on his chest and his arms hanging listlessly at his sides. A sob broke from her, and in a moment she was kneeling at his side, begging him to forgive her, that she had been wicked and cruel and hadn't meant the wicked things she said.

But her husband did not answer. Fearfully she lifted startled eyes to the drawn face. "Robert!" she almost screamed. Quickly she placed her hand on his heart. A faint, unsteady beat rewarded her. She rang the bell sharply and when old Mark entered commanded him in a tone, cold and dead, to place his Master on the couch—he had one of his bad turns—and send immediately for the doctor.

When the doctor had brought back consciousness, for a very little while, to the suffering man, Margaret was left with her husband. Dry eyes and pale she sat by his side, holding the cold hand in hers. There was no hysterical outburst now. The heart of her had been crushed at her son's death, it was dead now. He tried to talk, but she stopped him.

"Don't, dear," she whispered, and her voice sounded strange and far-away, "you will be with Harry soon; pray that I, too, won't have to wait long, Robert." She thought she would strangle, but swallowed hard and pressed the hand that lay in hers.

Her husband smiled wanly. "Kiss me, love," he whispered. "It won't be long." She bent and kissed him, then sank on her knees and buried her face in his pillow. "My brave little woman," murmured the dying man.

"No! no!" Margaret lifted her head quickly. "I have been a coward, a selfish woman, I was not worthy of you two great men. But I will try, truly, Robert, I will try. I will try to be brave like the other women and do what I can to help the poor soldier—boys, for your sake and Harry's."

Her husband could not speak now, but he smiled slightly. In his eyes she read farewell, and presently she stooped and kissed the cold pale lips and closed the wide, staring eyes, "Good-bye, beloved," she murmured, "give Harry my love."

THE BISHOP'S SUBSTITUTE

A mule-cart rattled up the one street of which Howchow could boast, and as it approached Father Labarge's hut the driver called "Nui-kai," two or three times in a voice loud enough to have been heard half a mile away.

In an instant the priest and John, his Chinese catechist, were at the door. The postman came but rarely and irregularly. His arrival was a great event and a letter or even a newspaper a treat not soon to be forgotten. On this day there was but one letter. It was addressed to Father Labarge, but John, catching a glimpse of large, peculiar writing, smiled broadly as he went back to his work of cleaning the three little rooms which formed the whole of their domain. He thought that almost immediately he would be called to hear the news, but minutes after minutes passed and Father Labarge said nothing, though as he pattered back and forth John could see he had finished reading. The hand that held the closely written sheets was hanging loosely at his side, and he was leaning wearily against the frame of the door, staring with troubled eyes at the dilapidated hut nearest their own. At last the boy could bear it no longer. He sidled over to Father Labarge and peered questioningly into his face. The priest smiled.

"Well, what is it?" he asked, mistakingly pretending not to understand the contents of the Bishop's letter.

"Is—he coming soon?" John asked.

"Who?" Father Labarge inquired, still wittily stupid.

"Oh, you know, Father; the Bishop, of course. Is he coming soon to Howchow?"

John was an orphan whom the Bishop had taken from the Sisters' asylum when he was a little fellow and had kept until at sixteen years of age, he had given him to Father Labarge to be his catechist.

"He won't come soon, John," the priest replied. "He is sorry that you must be disappointed, and so am I, but it can't be helped. He is unusually busy, and it will be a month or more before he can reach us at Howchow. He asks about you, and says that he still misses you."

John looked very sad when he heard that the Bishop's next visit was postponed; then grinned happily over what came next.

"A month isn't long. I can wait," he said.

Father Labarge said no more for a few moments, and when he did speak it was in so troubled a way that even John, too care-free and easy-going himself often to be conscious of the trials of others, even John perceived that he was worried.

"The bishop is not coming soon, but some one else is," he announced. "He writes that he is sending a substitute—an old woman, John, who cannot speak a word of anything but French. She has lately come from Europe and wishes to devote the remainder of her life to the missions and the missionaries. We are among the few who have no woman to help us, neither a housekeeper nor any Sisters nearby; that is why he is

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A HAPPY NEW YEAR

Another year with its indelible record of good and evil has rolled back into the irrevocable past; a new year dawns with its pages of virgin white on which we begin to write anew. Despite the cynic's sneer and the cheap wit's ridicule this is the time for new year's resolutions.

Standing on the threshold of this new year, whether we cast our eyes backward or forward, we see the portentous spectacle of the World War. An outbreak of medievalism, we are told by those typically conceited and typically ignorant glorifiers of the half-baked philosophies known as modern thought, and of the coarse and selfish materialism called modern progress.

This War is essentially a product of the age, absolutely modern. Nor, despite befuddled pacifism and baffled modernism is war—even this world-war—the greatest evil of the age. Naturally a materialistic and selfish and self-glorifying age regards the greatest material evil as the greatest of all evils.

We have already lost all interest in the superficial analysis of diplomatic documents immediately preceding the war. We recognize that the causes lie much deeper.

We who stand aghast at war's awful toll of human life had grown callous and indifferent to the countless deaths due to sweat-shops and

slum conditions in times of peace. Our hearts melt, thank God, at the sight of the starving and homeless Belgians; but they remained hard to the millions of fellow countrymen suffering from malnutrition in places that we are not ashamed to call their homes.

The war is lifting the souls of people above the petty, selfish interests of dreary materialism; self-sacrifice is ennobling those who fall in battle and those who mourn their fall.

Those who can see nothing in the War but useless waste of money and lives,—money first instinctively,—may have their vision broadened by such incidents as this described in a Baden newspaper:

An exalted person has visited the tombs of our soldiers fallen in August and September, on the banks of the Rhine, and found among many others two large mounds with wreaths of flowers laid upon them. The first bore the inscription: "Offered by the women of France to the German soldiers, our brothers in Jesus Christ."

Those who speak as though the mission of Christ, the Prince of Peace, were a failure, have neither faith nor understanding. Christ did not come to banish war; man's life is a warfare; the supreme evil is not war but sin.

On millions of lips, from the depths of millions of hearts, goes up to God the inspired prayer of the Royal Psalmist:

"Have mercy on me, O God, according to thy great mercy. And according to the multitude of thy tender mercies blot out my iniquity."

NO FAST NOR ABSTINENCE ON FRIDAY DAYS. All Catholics know that when Christmas falls on a Friday there is no fast nor abstinence on that day.

dition or New Year's Day, The Epiphany, The Ascension, The Immaculate Conception, The Assumption, SS. Peter and Paul, and All Saints; also the feasts of Patron Saints where these are solemnly observed.

LIFE INSURANCE III

As the stability and permanence of Life Insurance as a present-day institution are very largely due to what is known as mortality tables we shall give a brief history of their development.

Guesses at the probable length of life for the purpose of valuing or commuting life-estates, leases or annuities were made even by the ancients, and crude estimates of the number of years' purchase such interests are worth occur in Roman Law and in many medieval writings.

Now we find all this of supreme and stimulating interest. Attempt to talk to the average man who has theories and convictions as to life insurance, and he will probably dismiss the subject as of no practical importance.

A WIFE'S CONVERSION. Transcona, Dec. 19, 1914. Editor CATHOLIC RECORD.—Enclosed please find one year's subscription to your valuable paper. I should like to give my experience as an illustration of the value of good Catholic papers in the home.

But while Halley thus firmly and lastingly drew, in outline, the theory of life contingencies, through lack of sufficient data the numerical results attained by him were grossly inaccurate.

The Northampton Table (1780) in spite of gross defects remained for a century by far the most important table of mortality and was adopted by the courts practically as a part of common law.

This historical sketch will make plain why some insurance societies within the memory of living persons were founded without the knowledge of underlying principles and facts which are the common possession and guiding light of life insurance to-day.

FROM OUR READERS' POINT OF VIEW

These letters from subscribers, though not written for publication, may be useful as well as interesting to our readers. It is always good to see things from different points of view.

CATHOLIC FRANCE

With this enclosure of my annual subscription to the RECORD, permit me to express my hearty appreciation of your recent editorials on France. Although of pure Anglo-Saxon descent, environment has caused me to place a very great stress upon the relationship of France with holy Mother Church.

Continue your good work then. Tell us more about France the "Eldest Daughter of Holy Church." To-day her armed chivalry is shattering the greatest foe that democracy ever had.

NOTES AND COMMENTS

ADMIRERS of Sir Walter Scott (an who that loves the pure and the good in literature, or steadfastness and integrity of character, is not his admirer?) are not, we assume, generally aware that he had a brother whom it was at one time thought probable, would become a resident of Upper Canada.

IN 1817 it was proposed to appoint an additional Judge in Upper Canada, and Thomas Scott's name was put forward by influential friends for the office.

THE NAME of Thomas à Kempis is so inseparably connected with that of the "Following of Christ," that the world is prone to lose sight of his authorship of other books which in their day were highly valued by Christian readers.

There is luxury and luxury; ease that makes us forget God, and ease that makes us only more conscious of heavenly blessings that are to be.

BUSINESS AS USUAL?

The good business man always makes it a point to take stock at certain fixed periods. Otherwise he would go on from day to day never knowing on which side of the book the balance stood.

Beginning a new year it is well for us to think of these things. Exercising the prudence of the children of the world we should go over our accounts and see how our business stands.

"Business as usual" is a very good slogan for those who trade in the coin of the realm. But it will not do at all for the business that has to do with the things of the soul.

Doing good business for God will not only ensure our happiness in eternity but it will make us happy here below. Looking back on the years of our life that have passed for ever from us let us ask ourselves what profit we have had in the things of which we are now ashamed?

ON THE BATTLE LINE

THE developments of the war situation during the past week though important may be summed up in few words.

THE Austro-German victory in Poland is very far from breaking down Russian resistance. Still stubbornly fighting they have fallen back to new lines.

One item of news may be of vital importance. The Russians are again on the plains of Hungary. If they are there in force, and if they can strike heavily the Austro-German advance will be not only neutralized in effect but turned into a disaster.

translating with the result that five additional volumes of pious meditation were placed at the disposal of devout readers. "None of them, however, have become well known for the reason perhaps, that the author's name has been so long identified exclusively with the Following, or the Imitation, as not to admit readily of other association.

THREE OF THE writings of a Kempis just mentioned are of the same class as the Imitation, viz., "Prayers and Meditations on the Life of Christ," "A Meditation on the Incarnation of Christ," and "Sermons to the Novices Regular." The author was a member of the Brotherhood of Common Life and it was to its novices these latter were no doubt addressed.

DEVOUT STUDENTS of the author of the Imitation may recall the incident told of him that in the midst of recreation or of discussion in the community room of his monastery he would sometimes pause, and addressing his brethren say: "I must leave you now—there is someone waiting for me in my cell."

Turn with me from the city's clamorous street, Where throng and push passions and lusts and hate, And enter, through this age-browned, ivied gate, For many summers' birds a sure retreat, The place of perfect peace. And here, most meet For meditation, where no idle prate Of the world's ways may come, rest these and wait.

AMONG RECENT publications of Longmans Green & Co. (New York), is "A Garden of Girls, or Famous Schoolgirls of Former Days," by Mrs. Helena Concannon, a well-known contributor to the Irish Rosary.

The following reports throw a light at least on the probabilities or possibilities in the development of the situation and may be of greater interest than the accounts of progress and reverses along the far-

"A GARDEN of Girls," is indeed very entertaining as well as an instructive book. In the sketch of Margaret More, for instance, we have a delightful human account of daily life in the home of England's great Chancellor, Blessed Thomas More, the wisest and wildest man of his age, who, in that famous household at Chelsea, exemplified alike the charms of Christian mirth and the beauty of holiness.

So WITH St. Elizabeth of Hungary, with Cecilia Gonzaga, the child of the Italian Renaissance, and with Marie Jeanne d'Autume of Paris. Each of them has a touch of kindred with the girls of this day and generation and an unobtrusive lesson of virtue and womanliness to impart.

A NEW and rather startling development of Presbyterianism in Scotland is the revival of prayers for the dead. Quite recently there was celebrated in St. Giles, Edinburgh, a function which was announced as a "service of intercession for those who have fallen in the war."

BUT IT is certainly remarkable that a Presbyterian Moderator should bid a congregation to remember the Faithful Departed and should offer what are described as "prayers of intercession and remembrance." In view, however, of the widespread growth of pure rationalism in the Presbyterian as in other sectarian bodies, there is much consolation in the thought that there exists also a conservative reaction, which displays an increasing tendency to undo the evil of the sixteenth century, and to return to the salutary practices of their forefathers.

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lung battle front, which leave matters largely as they were a week ago.

An incident worthy of record is the first aerial duel over English soil. It occurred near Sheerness yesterday at 12.55 in misty weather.

RUSSIA NEGOTIATING WITH THE GERMANS?

Washington, Dec. 24.—The Washington Post gives great prominence to a news despatch stating that overtures for peace between Russia and Germany are already well under way.

The statement attracts great attention in Washington, simply because it is published in The Post, which is owned and edited by John R. McLean, known to have very close personal relations with eminent diplomats.

The Post says negotiations are being conducted through "one of the most powerful agencies in the world," a medium friendly to both Germany and Russia, and that they look for an adjustment of all differences between Russia and Germany, notwithstanding the joint agreement signed early in the war by Russia, France and Britain not to discuss terms of peace separately.

"With Serbia's showing of ability to protect her own integrity, Russia's real interest in the war has practically ceased. To fight further means chiefly to aid the world diplomacy and policies of Great Britain, against which Russia has had an historic aversion."

AUSTRIA RENEWS PEACE OVERTURES

Paris, Dec. 24.—It is definitely asserted here that Austria has made independent peace overtures to the allies through Vienna bankers upon the basis of the concession of Galicia to Russia and Bosnia to Serbia.

ENCYCICAL

CONTINUED FROM PAGE ONE ourselves a way to the possession of those true and imperishable goods, which God has prepared for those who love Him. (1 Cor., ii, 9.) But this important teaching of the faith is neglected by too many, and by not a few is altogether forgotten. It is for you, venerable brethren, to make this teaching live again amongst men; without it men and communities of men will never find peace. We urge therefore all who are suffering under any kind of hardship, not to keep their eyes fixed on earth, which is but a place of exile, but to lift them up to heaven, whither we are tending; for "we have not here a lasting city, but we seek one that is to come." (Hebr., xiii, 13.)

In times of adversity, with which God tries the steadfastness of their service, let them often reflect on the greatness of the reward when they have come victorious out of the struggle: "For that which is at present momentary and light of our tribulation, worketh for us above measure exceedingly an eternal weight of glory." (II Cor., iv, 17.) Lastly, it should be one of your chief cares, venerable Brethren, with all zeal and energy to make faith in the supernatural live again amongst men, and with faith the pursuit, the desire and the hope of what is eternal; for this work we ask the co-operation not only of the clergy, but of all those Catholics who, banded together in various societies, are labouring for God's honour and man's true good.

In Catholic associations; the sacred hierarchy consolidated or extended; the education of aspirants to the priesthood promoted according to the strict demands of ecclesiastical legislation and the needs of our own times; the danger of rash innovations removed from the teaching of the sacred sciences; music made to bear a worthy part in the solemn service of God and the dignity of the liturgy increased; the knowledge of Christianity more widely spread by fresh contingents of ministers of the Gospel.

Such are the services rendered to the Church by Our Predecessor and those who come after us will gratefully remember them. But since, God permitting, the field spoken of in the parable is always exposed to the evil working of the enemy, there never will come a time when we shall not have to be on our guard, lest the cockle do harm to the good wheat. For this reason, applying to Ourselves what God spoke to the prophet: "Lo, I have set thee this day over the nations and over kingdoms, to root up . . . and to destroy, and to build, and to plant." (Jerm., i, 10.) We shall labour incessantly to the best of Our power in opposing what is evil, in promoting what is good, until it shall please the Prince of Pastors to demand an account of Our stewardship.

In this Our first Encyclical We find opportunity to set before you, venerable Brethren, some of the chief matters calling for Our solicitude so that by your now getting ready to help We may the sooner obtain the good We desire.

The first element on which the success of any society of men depends is the concord of its members. We shall therefore make it one of Our chief cares to do away with, and to prevent, dissension and discord amongst Catholics, and thus to secure unity of plan and of action. The enemies of God and the Church clearly see that a way to victory over us is opened, whenever our defence is weakened by divided councils; hence they are ever on the alert, when they find us united, to divide us by craftily sowing in our midst the seed of discord. Would that their scheme had not been so often successful, to the great detriment of religion. For this reason it is wrong that anyone should set aside the commands of lawful authority on the pretence that he does not approve of them; let each submit his opinion to the judgment of authority, and then over his duty of conscience. No private person is allowed, by the medium of books or of newspapers or of public speeches, to put himself forward as teacher in the Church. All know to whom God has given the teaching authority of the Church; to him it belongs to decide when and how he shall speak; the duty of others is to receive his words with reverence and obedience. In matters about which the Holy See has not given a decision, and in which, without injury to faith and ecclesiastical discipline, there may be diversity of opinion, each may lawfully defend his own. But in such disputes there must be no offensive language, for this may lead to grave breaches of charity; each is free to maintain his own opinion, but with propriety, and if others do not accept his view, he must not cast suspicion on their faith or spirit of discipline. We desire that that practice lately come into use, of using distinctive names by which Catholics are marked off from Catholics, should cease; such names must be avoided, not only as "profane novelties of words," that are neither true nor just, but also because they lead to grave disturbance and confusion in the Catholic body. It is of the nature of the Catholic faith that nothing can be added to it, nothing taken away; it is either accepted in full or rejected in full; "This is the Catholic faith, which unless a man believe faithfully and steadfastly he cannot be saved." (Symb. Athanas.) There is no need to qualify by fresh epithets the profession of this faith; let it be enough for a man to say: "Christian is my name, Catholic my name"; only let him take heed to be in truth what he calls himself.

As for those who devote themselves to the good of the Catholic cause, the Church now asks of them not to be over eager about useless questions, but, following the leadership of him whom Christ has appointed guardian and interpreter of the truth, to use all their power to preserve the faith in fullness and freedom from error. There are still men, and these not a few, who, as the Apostle says: "having itching ears, when they will not endure sound doctrine, according to their desires will heap to themselves teachers, and will indeed turn away their hearing from the truth, but will be turned unto fables." (II Tim., iv, 3, 4.) Some there are who, puffed up and emboldened in mind by the wonderful advance of natural science—an advance due to the gift of God—have gone so far in their rashness that, exulting their own judgment above the authority of the Church, they have not hesitated to reduce the deep things of God and the whole revelation of God to the measure of their own understanding, and to accommodate them to the modern spirit. Hence have arisen the monstrous errors of Modernism, which Our Predecessor justly declared to be "a synthesis of all heresies," and which he solemnly condemned. That condemnation, venerable Brethren, We now renew to the full; and since this so pestiferous evil has not been altogether stamped out, but even yet secretly creeps here and there, We admonish all to be most carefully on

their guard against its contagion; one can well say of it, what Job said of another plague: "It is a fire that devoureth even to destruction, and rooteth up all things that spring." (Job, xxxi, 12.) We desire that Catholics should reject, not only the errors of Modernism, but also its tendency,—what is called the Modernist spirit; a spirit that fastidiously rejects what is ancient, and is ever on the search for novelties,—novelties in the way of speaking of divine things, in the celebration of divine worship, in Catholic practices, and even in the exercises of private devotion. We desire, therefore, that the old rule be religiously observed: "Let nothing be introduced but what has been handed down;" a rule which, while being invariably observed in matters of faith, must be taken as a guide also in matters liable to change, although even here the sentence holds: "Not new things, but in new way."

Knowing, venerable Brethren, that men are greatly helped in their open profession and proper practice of the faith by mutual encouragement and example, We rejoice exceedingly at the multiplication of Catholic associations. But not only do We wish them to increase, We also desire that they flourish under Our protection and favor; and they will flourish, if they continue faithfully to observe the regulations that have been given, or may be given, by the Holy See. Let all members of such associations, who are laboring for God and the Church, keep ever in mind that saying of the divine wisdom: "An obedient man shall speak of victory" (Prov., xxi, 28) for unless they are obedient to God, but in addition to these things, you know, venerable Brethren, that there is need of the prudent and assiduous work of those whom Christ our Lord has sent as labourers into his harvest, that is to say of the clergy. For this reason you are aware that it is in the highest degree incumbent upon you to promote in your clergy that holiness of life which is demanded by their state, and by perfect discipline and training properly to prepare for their holy calling aspirants of the sanctuary. Although your care needs no exhortation in this matter, nevertheless We exhort, and even beseech you, to attend to it with all possible zeal. For it is a matter that which none can be of more importance to the good of the Church; but since Our predecessors of happy memory, Pope Leo XIII, and Pius X, have attended to this subject, We add nothing further. Only this We beg, that the instructions of those most wise Pontiffs, and especially those given by Pius X, of saintly memory, in his Exhortatio ad clerum, may by your effective oversight be always kept in mind, and most scrupulously observed.

There is one thing about which We cannot be silent. We wish to admonish all the clergy, whom We love as most dear sons, how absolutely necessary it is for their own salvation, and for the fruitfulness of their ministry, that they be perfectly united with, and obedient to their own bishops. We have already deplored that some ministers of the sanctuary have been infected by that spirit of independence and insubordination so characteristic of these days; and it has not unfrequently happened for the pastors of the Church, to meet with sorrow and opposition where they had every right to expect consolation and help. May those who have been so unhappily forgetful of their duty seriously reflect that the authority possessed by bishops, whom "the Holy Ghost hath placed to rule the Church of God" (Act., xx, 28) is a divine authority; and if as We have seen, those who resist any lawful authority resist God, far more wickedly do they not who refuse obedience to the bishop whom God has consecrated by the seal of his own power. "Since charity," says St. Ignatius Martyr, "does not suffer me to be silent in your regard, therefore have I been forward to admonish you, that you be in agreement with the mind of God. For Jesus Christ, our inseparable life, is the mind of the Father, as the bishops also, set throughout the earth, are in the mind of Jesus Christ. Wherefore it is fitting that you run in agreement with the mind of the bishop." (Epi., ad Eges, iii.) The language of the illustrious martyr has been repeated generation after generation, by the Fathers and Doctors of the Church.

Owing to the difficulties of our time, the burden of the bishops is already too heavy; heavier still is their anxiety for the protection of their flocks: "For they watch as being to render an account of your souls." (Hebr., xiii, 17) Is it not cruel that anyone, by refusing proper obedience should increase the weight and anxieties of their office? To such as the Apostle would say: "This is not expedient for you, (Ibid) and this because "The Church is a people united with the priest, and a flock cleaving to the shepherd" (S. Cyp., ep. 68) (al, 69) therefore he that is not with the bishop, is not with the Church.

And now, venerable Brethren, at the close of this letter, Our mind goes back spontaneously to the thought of peace with which We began. We pray with unceasing prayer for the good of men, and of the Church that this disastrous war may cease; for the good of men so that by the bringing back of peace they may go forward on the path of true progress; for the good of the Church, that it may be left unhindered to bear help and salvation to every part of the world. Too long has the Church been curtailed of its neces-

sary freedom of action, ever since the Head of the Church, the supreme Pontiff, began to lack that defence of his freedom which the providence of God had raised up during the course of centuries. The loss of that protection has inevitably caused no light anxiety in the Catholic body; for all the children of the Roman Pontiff, whether near or living afar, have a right not to be left in doubt concerning the possession by their common Father of a true and undeniable freedom in the exercise of his Apostolic ministry.

While We pray for the speedy return of peace to the world, We also pray that an end be put to the abnormal state in which the Head of the Church is placed—a state which in many ways is an impediment to the common tranquillity. Our Predecessors have protested, not from self-interest, but from a sense of sacred duty, against this state of things; those protests We renew, and for the same reason—to protect the rights and dignity of the Apostolic See.

It remains for Us, venerable Brethren, to lift up our voices in prayer to God, in whose hands are the hearts of princes, and of all responsible for the continuance of the scourges now afflicting us, and to cry in the name of all mankind: "Give peace, O Lord, in our days." And may he who said of himself: "I am the Lord, I make peace." (Isai., xli, 6, 7) be moved by our prayers, and speedily still the tempest now tossing civil and religious society. And may the Blessed Virgin be mercifully at hand to assist us—she who bore the Prince of Peace; may she regard and protect with a mother's love Us in Our lowliness, Our Pontificate, The Church, and with the Church the souls of all men redeemed by the divine Blood of her Son.

As a pledge of heaven's gifts, and in sign of our good will We lovingly bestow on you, venerable Brethren, on your clergy, and on your people the Apostolic Blessing.

Given in Rome, at St. Peter's, on the Feast of All Saints, November 1st, 1914, in the first year of Our Pontificate.

BENEDICTUS PP. XV.

SIDEGLIMTS ON THE GREAT WAR

HORRORS SUGGESTED THAT CANNOT BE DESCRIBED

William G. Sheppard, United Press correspondent, writing from the Austrian battle-front in Galicia, Oct. 29th, gives the following picture of the ravages of cholera amongst the troops. Death amid the clash of arms, the roar of howitzers, and the scream of bursting shells is less terrible than the writhing horrors of Asiatic cholera. Scarcely taking information is to the effect that the cold weather has ended such heart-rending scenes as are herein described.

We come to the cholera hospital along the road. It is an old farm house. The scene in the yard is indescribable. I have my pencil and paper in hand but I don't know what to write. All about the yard, lying on straw under the trees, through which the sunshine filters, are innumerable men, sick of cholera. Here is a soldier lying, wearing on his feet army shoes, a Red Cross band on his arm, and a heavy overcoat. He wears a gold cloth apron over his coat. A soldier rises weakly from the straw to his knees. He folds his hands before him and the army priest bends over him. This is absolution for the dying that this priest is granting. This muttering soldier, who is still strong enough to kneel upright and to cross himself, probably will be dead by night, surely by morning. And as the priest (who the soldier falls back weakly on the straw, pulls a dirty blue handkerchief from his pocket and sobs out his misery.

But the Asiatic cholera will have its way with him before many hours. The priest goes to another man and arouses him. This man seems stronger than the first. He gets to his feet and falls to his knees and raises his face expectantly and hopefully to the churchman and takes his absolution without a sign of weakness.

KNEEL FOR PRIEST'S BLESSING

But the Red Cross doctors know when to call the priest. Four hours usually see the finish of the Asiatic cholera victim and the priest can be called none too soon after the first unfeeling symptoms are discovered. This symptom is like a death sentence, and these men, lying under the trees in the sunshine, their faces greenish in hue, their eyes closed, are dying, even though some of them have strength enough left to kneel upright as the priest blesses them.

I have seen men killed: I've seen men hanged; I've seen men executed at the wall; but this sight that I have happened upon by accident in Galicia is one of the most pitiable that the sun could ever shine upon or that a human being could ever behold. I got the picture with my camera, but it is burned into my mind more clearly than any film can ever show it. I'm going to put down the exact words as I wrote them at the moment while trying to force my stunned mind to grasp what I was seeing. They will show how weak words can be:

"Army priest goes to side of little white's shack, where three men lie in straw in sunshine. They struggle for their knees, fold their hands as he bends over to hear one confess. Other two wait their turns with heads bowed. Their faces are ter-

rily drawn and ghastly green. They'll be dead by morning or the priest would not have been called. There is misery unspeakable about the yard. Twelve men are lying under the trees. Sunshine dripping on them. With almost their last strength they crawl to their knees one after the other as the priest arouses them, and mumble weakly into his ear. They fall back weakly the priest straightens up and raises his hands in blessing over them."

SIMPLY CAN'T BE WRITTEN

That's the best I can do. I've never learned any words that would tell such a story as that, and Adams, who has painted emperors and kings, says there's no brush or paint that can tell the story on canvas.

"At last there's a picture I can't paint," he said.

And as for me, I've found a story I couldn't write.

And above all this the artillery is booming, and all around soldiers are working, cooking, cleaning horses, building fires, chopping wood, for the living must live and fight as well as the dying must die.

One figure under a blanket, an unshaved soldier, whom the priest had been unable to arouse, writhed and tossed about. The priest hurried over to that corner of the yard and stood with outstretched hands and uplifted face, with a Red Cross doctor standing helplessly by his side, until the writhing ceased with a sudden jerk and the soldier of Austria came to his end.

BRINGING IT HOME
By Emma Wise in the London Daily Mail

Another day I visited a friend in a Paris suburb. War has robbed our pretty suburb of most of its men. My friend's husband, being an 1870 veteran, is exempt from service, but the neighbor women all up and down the street have sent their menfolk to the war. It is wonderful how they have taken over the business of those absent men. They run bakeries, florists' shops, greenhouses, groceries, cafes; and one woman, the cleverest of the lot, manages to keep a sand business going with the few horses the Government has left her.

The sand woman is a cheerful soul but that afternoon she came crying into my friend's house. In her hand she held a letter and a scrap of something that looked like a very thin piece of grey material.

"Oh, Mrs. Martine," my friend exclaimed, "no bad news from M. Martine, I hope?"

"He is not dead, nor even wounded if that is what you mean," she said, "but still the news is sad. Just look at this. What do you think this is?"

She handed over the piece of board.

"It is a piece of M. Martine's shirt," she said. "The only shirt he has at the war."

Then she explained. A man who had fought beside M. Martine in the trenches had contracted an illness which had necessitated his being invalided home. By him M. Martine had sent that bit of shirt and a letter.

"Again I ask you, I wrote, 'why in Heaven's name you don't send me a shirt? Four letters I have written begging you for a shirt. Did you get them? If so, I have had no reply. I have no shirt. Every week I get picture postcards from the children. They are very pretty and I am pleased to get them, but—why, oh, why, can I get postcards and no shirt?"

"I have worn this thing I have on for two months. Yesterday I had the misfortune to break—I say break, not tear, for this stuff is past tearing—a piece out of one of the sleeves. I sent it to you as a souvenir. I may stir you up to sending me a shirt."

"And I have sent him eight," said Mrs. Martine: "two in reply to each letter. To think of Francois wearing this—Francois, who was always washing and shampooing and changing his clothes. Gaston says he is like the ground. And he cannot get a shirt."

We laughed, but behind the laughter were tears. We handled the scrap of sodden cloth almost reverently—it represented so much of human privation, suffering, devotion. That piece of shirt had been in the war. And that brought it home.

MIDNIGHT MASS

AT ST. PETER'S CATHEDRAL, LONDON

London Free Press, December 15

A congregation that not alone filled the seating capacity of St. Peter's Cathedral, but which required upwards of three hundred to stand in the rear of the edifice, attended the solemn celebration of Pontifical High Mass at midnight.

Right Rev. M. F. Fallon, D. D., was the celebrant and was assisted by the rector, Rev. P. J. McKeon, the priests of the staff of the cathedral, deacons, subdeacons and seminarians, who, with a score of acolytes, presented a truly impressive spectacle.

With Christmas day one minute off the ceremony commenced and its conclusion was reached shortly before 3 o'clock.

Pontifical High Mass is one of the most impressive services in the Catholic ritual and its celebration at the midnight hour was rendered even more solemn and inspiring by a musical service of great splendor. The rendition of the Venite Adoramus, the Christmas hymn, so well known, was of such a character as to afterwards evoke the greatest praise of the choir and its leader, Mr. William Mullins. Scores of citizens who embrace other faiths than that of Catholicity were present, and especi-

ally to those who are not accustomed to a ritualistic service of such scope the event was viewed with special interest and recognized as one of great solemnity.

Bishop Fallon read the Gospels prescribed for the three Masses of Christmas day, relating the story of the birth of Christ, and of the guidance of shepherds and wise men of the East to the manger, in which they found the Infant Saviour wrapped in swaddling clothes.

His Lordship spoke briefly, describing the motives by which the Catholic Church is actuated in celebrating the birth of Christ on the first moment of Christmas with the expression of the wish that all might have the true happiness of a Christmas day in the love and confidence of Christ, rather than in the satisfaction of any human desire.

THE GIFTS

For the Record

He stood all trembling at the half-closed door.

A little, bare-foot, dark-eyed shepherd boy.

And looked down shyly at the gifts he bore.

Two hill-side flowers, culled with eager joy.

One red as blood, the other heavenly pure—

Yet still he waited at the half shut door.

When lo! upon His little manger-bed

The infant turned and smiled upon the boy.

And in that smile a heavenly radiance shed

Upon the shepherd's up-turned face of joy:

And with a heart all glowing with delight,

He entered shyly from the starlit night.

He laid his tender buds, fast drooping low

Within the Little Hand that called him in.

The pure white rose-bud whiter than the snow,

The blood-red flower, deeper-dyed than sin.

The infant smiled upon the awe-struck boy,

And gently laid the waxen rose-bud fair.

Within the hands of one who knelt in joy

Beside His manger low, in love and prayer.

Her tender eyes caressed the wondrous child,

Herself the fairest rose—sweet Mary mild.

But from the blood-red flower He turned away,

E'en while He pressed it closer to His Heart,

As though within its flame He saw the day

When life and love and friendship would depart—

And in the crimson petals seemed to see

His life blood ebbing on the cruel tree!

And while He shuddered at the awful sight—

That waited God's own Son some cruel day,

The baby-eyes grew dim with sudden fright.

The little fingers trembled in dismay.

And on His Face there grew a look of pain

That made the little shepherd's heart stand still—

Years after did he see that look again.

The day he followed Jesus up the Hill!

—AGNES M. FOLEY

RECOGNITION OF THE HOLY SEE

The announcement that England has accredited Sir Henry Howard as Envoy to the Holy See is a matter of more than ordinary interest to all Catholics. Whether the appointment is permanent or only temporary has not been officially disclosed and no doubt will depend largely on the importance of the issues that may arise and the manner in which Sir Henry carries on the negotiations. It was a wise and prudent move on the part of England inasmuch as there is a large number of Catholics under the jurisdiction of her flag at home and in the colonies, and questions of a political religious nature arise from time to time, involving a reference to the Vatican and it is well to have an accredited representative there to take up these questions directly with the Papal Secretary of State.

Russia also has renewed her former relations with the Holy See by sending an ambassador in the person of Baron Nelidow who has just presented his credentials to the Holy Father. Prussia and Austria are officially accredited there. Other countries, too, are considering the advisability of sending envoys to the Vatican. This world wide recognition of the important part which the Holy See plays in international affairs is a matter of deep interest to Catholics in all countries. It shows that the Holy See is gradually coming into its own.—St. Paul Bulletin.

MR. BRYAN'S ANSWER

In a letter to Father Tierney of New York, the Honorable W. J. Bryan, Secretary of State, says: "With reference to the priests and nuns who had taken refuge at Vera Cruz, the Department would advise you that orders have been issued by the Secretary of War to General Funston to convey all priests and nuns who desire to leave, to the United States, and it is the understanding of the Department that this order has been complied with."

"Regarding your request that this Government, withhold its recognition of any government in Mexico that does not grant real freedom of worship, the Department informs you that it will defer final decision as to whether or not to accord recognition to a government in Mexico until the time shall have arrived for making such a decision. When that time arrives, the Department assures you that the question of religious freedom in Mexico will receive due consideration."

This letter was written nearly two months after the Committee, of which Father Tierney was Chairman, waited on Mr. Bryan to protest against the outrages to which Catholics were subjected in Mexico. However, it is pleasing to have this belated assurance that the State Department will do what it can to stop this persecution and obtain guarantees of future security for Mexican Catholics. It is all right as far as it goes, but why the delay in giving this assurance? We hope the Department will see that performance treads on the heels of promise.—St. Paul Bulletin.

FOURTH CLERGYMAN OF ESTABLISHMENT TO ENTER FOLD IN MONTH

The influx of converts in England during the two months of the war has been enormous. While Catholics themselves have been busy preparing themselves in this solemn time for all eventualities and many lax Catholics have returned to their duties, the spiritual stock taking which war brings seems to have turned the balance for many who were hovering on the brink of conversion, and large numbers of men and women have applied for instruction in both Westminster and South-west districts. The latest noteworthy convert is the Rev. Cecil Wilton, a very well known Yorkshire rector, whose conversion has created something like consternation in his district. He held the living of Londonborough, in the East Riding, and was for many years lecturer of the Anglican Church Defence society. Recently he was received into the Church at Cardiff by the rector of St. Peter's. He is the fourth Anglican clergyman to be converted during the past four weeks.—The Missionary.

FATHER FRASER'S CHINESE MISSION

Taichowta, China, June 7, 1914. Dear Mr. Coffey,—When I came here two years ago I only had five catechists, now I have twenty-one. I owe this rapid progress principally to my dear friends of the CATHOLIC RECORD. God bless them and your worthy paper!

It takes about \$50 a year to support a catechist and for every such sum I receive I will place a man in a new district to open it up to the Faith. During the past few months I have opened up quite a number of new places and the neophytes are very pious and eager for baptism. You will appreciate the value of my catechists when I tell that I baptized eighty-five adults since the beginning of the year as a result of their work. I have even brighter hopes for the future if only my friends abroad will continue to back me up financially.

J. M. FRASER.

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For Hope..... 2 00

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In memory of Mrs. Murchison..... 5 00

FIVE MINUTE SERMON SUNDAY WITHIN THE OCTAVE OF CHRISTMAS

A GREAT SIN—INTEMPERANCE

And the grace of God was in him. (Luke ii-40) As the end of the year draws near, it is well for us to pause, examine ourselves and see how we stand in the sight of Almighty God.

Of the many obstacles to God's grace, none is more potent than intemperance. Intemperance is an inordinate love of eating and drinking.

Drunkness is a grievous mortal sin. Reason alone teaches this. For a man who voluntarily deprives himself of the reason without a grave cause acts against his rational nature.

Scripture also teaches the grievousness of the sin of drunkenness. St. Paul says, "Neither the impure, nor idolaters, nor drunkards shall possess the kingdom of God."

Drunkards insult and outrage God beyond measure by preferring their low appetite to Him and by making as the same Apostle Paul says, "their God of their belly."

Drunkness is the source of a multitude of other sins. Anger, quarrelling, fighting, murder, impurity and all kinds of wickedness are its daughters.

Of all sins it is the unapproachable chief. Not because it is worse in itself than some other sins; but because of its consequences—because of the sin and vice and crime and shame—the robberies and murders and divorces and suicides that flow directly from it.

On that dreadful day, that day of woe, when the veil will be removed from the bottomless pit and we will perhaps be permitted to gaze down on the poor deluded victims suffering there for all eternity on account of the sin of drunkenness, then and then only will we have the faintest idea of the enormity of this sin and of the great number of victims who have fallen on account of it to gain heaven, our being's end and aim.

The drunkard not only injures himself, ruins his body and his soul, but he also brings untold misery on others. Losing everything—health, money, honor, friends and peace of conscience—he makes wife and family miserable. He robs them of their bread, of their peace and often of their virtue by his evil example.

Drunkness undermines the most robust constitution, destroys the body and kills the soul. It is the greatest scourge of the age, the curse of our nation, the terror of the family, the heart break of the wife and the path that leads to perdition.

It is the curse of the nation from every point of view—politically, materially and morally. It fills our jails and our poor houses and causes more sorrow, pain and misery than fire and sword, famine and earthquake.

But let me tell you this: no Catholic is a drunkard. When I say this I mean that no true Catholic, no Catholic worthy of the name, no Catholic who attends to his religious duties is or can be a drunkard. The drunkard may lay claim to be a Catholic, but he is a Catholic only in name. For the true Catholic is one who not only believes all the teachings of Jesus Christ and His Church, but who also practices them. He is a follower of Christ in word and in deed. And would you say that the drunkard is a follower of Jesus Christ, that he practices the teachings of the crucified? The thought is blasphemous.

Jesus Christ taught both by word and example, and His Church ever teaches, the beautiful virtue of temperance—moderation in all things. The Church approves of total abstinence and encourages all to join total abstinence societies.

We know full well that a taste often begets a liking, and a liking, a craving. The only safe course to pursue is never to taste the abominable stuff.

The one who never touches intoxicating drink will never become a drunkard. The one who does indulge occasionally in strong drink is in danger of some time taking too much. The bad habit of treating the fear of being considered mean or stingy and the desire of being called a good fellow have led many to their temporal and eternal ruin. For this reason all reasonable persons admit that it is far better never to taste the vile poison, than to steal away the brain and change men to demons.

The work of temperance, and of total abstinence is a slow, a difficult and an unpopular one. But it is right, it is God's work and should be aided by all true followers of the Saviour.

Every good work, every strong work, every enduring work, like the mighty oak whose lofty head and wide spreading branches defy the fiercest storms of winter, is of slow and steady growth.

The better the work, the slower the growth and frequently the greater the opposition it excites. Take as an example the Catholic Church, the greatest of God's works on earth. How slow has been its growth! How great has ever been the opposition to it!

As the devil and bad people are continually opposing the work of God's Church, so you will find people claiming to be Christians who oppose such societies and everyone who works for temperance, for justice, for honesty, for righteousness and for the good of humanity.

As God's Church, though its growth was slow through the centuries, triumphed over all her enemies; so, too, the temperance cause, though of slow growth, will triumph in the end.

Endeavor at all times to be on the side of temperance, of justice, of honesty and of God.

Follow the teachings of the Church. Frequently approach the sacraments. The grace of God is all powerful.

Avoid the occasion, keep away from drinking places and companions. Join a temperance society, if convenient for you to do so. Even if you do not need it yourself, do so for the good you may do to others.

One who avoids the occasion, who follows the teaching of the Church and partakes of her means of grace will obtain the grace to overcome all temptation.

Of such a person it can be said, "And the grace of God was in him."

TEMPERANCE

"DO YOU DRINK?"

"Going South one spring," said Connie Mack, "I took a fancy to a youngster who was to be tried out. I liked his looks and I liked his line of talk—above all, I liked his high spirits. Seemed to me that he would be there fighting all the time—never down in the mouth and ready to quit. So, having taken such a fancy to him, I began to pry into his private life a little, but in such a way as to make him see that I was— you know—really interested in him, not merely curious about his own affairs. Quite casually, as I might have asked him if he liked to go to the theatre, I inquired if he drank.

"Well, that young fellow was frank and above board about it. Said he took a drink once in a while—a glass of beer occasionally, sometimes a whisky; but almost always he drank to be sociable—to be a 'good fellow.'"

"Do you ever go a while without drinking?" I asked him.

"Sure!" he exclaimed. "Sometimes I go two weeks or a month without taking a drink."

"Don't you miss it?" I asked him.

"Not a bit! Never miss it at all." "I kept quiet a few minutes. Then I came at the youngster this way: 'Of course, I understand—I know your drinking doesn't amount to anything. But if anybody was to ask me about you, of course I couldn't ring in exceptions—I'd have to say you drink.' Here I stopped—to let it sink in: then I went on.

"Now, so long as you don't miss it when you're not taking it, if I were you I'd think it over and decide whether the drinking is worth classing with those who can't get along without the stuff."

"Say, in two days that youngster came to me and said:

"Mr. Mack, if anybody asks you whether I drink, you tell 'em I don't, for I do not drink."

"Perhaps there's something like a tip in that," commented Mack. "Any business man who has to handle men can take it for what it's worth. I haven't any patent on it, although it's my method."

NEVER GIVE HIM WHISKY!

A western railroad issues instructions on how to give "first aid" to an injured man. The following passage is of particular interest:

"Now we have stopped the bleeding and have the man lying down, but another good friend with a bottle of whisky arrives and gives whisky to the injured man in such large quantities that he often becomes drunk, and by the time he reaches the hospital he is drunk.

The injured man is put on the operating table and the doctors and nurses try to hold him down in order

DR. MCGAGGART'S VEGETABLE REMEDIES FOR THESE HABITS ARE SOLELY OF NATURAL HOME TREATMENT. No hypodermic injections, no loss of time from business, and positive cures. LITERATURE AND MEDICINE SENT IN PLAIN SEALED PACK. Give address or consult Dr. McTaggart's Remedies, 251 St. Clair St., Toronto, Can.

to administer chloroform. By his struggles, due to his intoxication, he probably wears the doctors and nurses out. You can readily understand that if a man uses his strength to the extent of wearing out four or five other people, he has wasted a tremendous amount of his own energy and vitality, which he needed to stand the shock of the operation.

The man needed all his reserve strength, and that is the reason he should not have been given whisky. So you see the net results are that the man has been shocked when he was hurt, and we have to shock him twice as much with chloroform as would have been necessary if he had been sober. Occasionally, however, a man is seriously injured who has to travel some distance. This man needs a stimulant. There is just one stimulant that will do no damage, and that is hot black coffee. So when a man is being taken to the hospital and needs a stimulant, give him hot black coffee, put warm things around him, but never give him, whisky."

GENERAL INTENTION FOR JANUARY

RECOMMENDED AND BLESSED BY HIS HOLINESS PIUS X.

THE APOSTLESHIP OF PRAYER IN DAILY LIFE

The whole work of the Apostleship of Prayer is summed up in the words of St. Paul to the Philippians (vi. 5): "Let this mind be in you which was also in Christ Jesus." The foundation on which the Apostleship rests is the truth that our Lord by His incarnation established between Himself and us as a union similar to that which unites together the members of the human body.

"Know you not that your bodies are the members of Christ?" For as in our body we have many members, but all members have not the same office, so we being many, are one body in Christ and every one member of one another" (I Cor. vi, 15; Rom. xii, 4, 5) And yet this union of Christ and His members is a fact that appeals to our intellects only as an abstract truth. Unless we use our wills to make it flower in our souls, it is a truth that will profit us little for eternity. The object of the Apostleship of Prayer is to bring this into activity, to give it a practical issue in our lives, to establish in Catholics something more than a speculative interest in their Divine Head, to urge them to unite their prayers to His prayers, and to consider His sentiments and desires as being theirs also. In this way the members of Christ will co-operate with their Head in the sublime work for which He died on the Cross, and for which He continues to live His eucharistic life, namely, the salvation of souls.

The Apostleship of Prayer urges its members to become the fellow-apostles of Christ, and to exercise their zeal for the good of souls. Usually we couple apostolic zeal with preaching, teaching, suffering, carrying the Gospel to foreign countries, sending one's life possibly by martyrdom. We are quite aware that every one is not called to teach, or preach, or go to foreign countries, but even so, are we aware that all may become apostles by prayer? It rarely occurs to us that we can exercise our apostolic zeal even in our own homes; and this is a point that should be well understood.

How may we become everyday apostles of prayer? The answer is very simple. According to the ancient Fathers and ascetical writers there are three kinds of prayer, vocal prayer, mental prayer, and vital prayer, all three being powerful instruments in the hand of an apostle; it is merely a question of choosing the handiest and easiest for our purpose. Vocal prayer is the prayer which we offer with our lips to God in private, as well as the public prayers which are recited during the Divine services in our temples. Mental prayer is prayer uttered by the heart without any set form of words; it is the prayer of meditation and contemplation. Both forms of prayer are agreeable to God and both are sources of grace and merit. Vital prayer is possibly not so familiar to us; it is what St. Francis of Sales calls prayer of action when we offer to God our good works, sufferings, and so on, with the intention of appealing to His generosity for ourselves or for others. Vital prayer is efficacious, first, when the works offered are good, that is, when they are not sinful, and secondly, when they are offered up to God with the intention of gaining some grace from Him; thereby giving them an imperative value.

We can give little time to vocal and mental power in our busy lives, but we can see at once what a large field is open for the operation of vital prayer. Our lives are made up of little deeds, one succeeding the other, we are acting or suffering all the time; the thousand and one incidents that fill up our days are the material that may be turned into vital prayer; we have simply to offer our actions to God, asking Him to accept them as apostolic prayer of force for the intentions He has most at heart.

Naturally our actions are not all equally efficacious. Even though our fervor be equal, the little daily sacrifices that we impose upon ourselves or that we accept voluntarily from the hand of God, if offered with an imperative intention, will be more powerful than actions that entail no suffering or sacrifice. The axiom is always true; it is well to pray; better to work; best of all to suffer.

To the question, must one be in the state of grace to transform thus all one's works and sufferings into efficacious vital prayer? The answer is, a state of grace is necessary, not merely for the sake of the sufferings, but that is, worthy of an eternal recompense, but a state of grace is not necessary to give them an imperative value. Naturally, if our souls are in this happy condition, our prayers of whatever nature will be more agreeable to God and will have greater imperative power; that is, they will have greater efficacy in obtaining favors from God.

From what precedes we may learn how easy it is to turn our daily prayers, sufferings and actions into works of imperation. We are doing something all the time; if not praying vocally or mentally, we are acting or suffering. The Apostleship of Prayer shows how to turn all these deeds, active and passive, into weapons of apostolic zeal. It asks us to offer at the beginning of each day all our prayers, sufferings and good works to God for the intentions and desires of His Sacred Heart. By this offering we become fellow apostles of Jesus, our actions are spiritually vitalized, and even though we do not think of repeating the act during the day; the formal daily offering we made continues to have an imperative power throughout the day. This is really the Mass touch that turns all our actions and sufferings into gold. Our Daily Offering transforms our works into vital prayer, in exchange for which God is pleased to shower down in profusion His most precious graces on ourselves and on those for whom we crave them.

It was the efficacy of vital prayer, as expressed in the Morning Offering of the League, that drew these lines from a holy bishop who had been a diocesan director for twenty years: "If I shall hence a small corner in Paradise it will be due in great part to the Apostleship of prayer. I began to practise the Morning Offering early in life. While I was still a pupil at college the formula was as familiar to me as the 'Our Father,' and I became convinced that this offering which, theologically it is not refracted, influences all the works of the day, would end by gathering up a great deal of merit for me." It is precisely the object of the First Degree (the daily Morning Offering), to direct the intention, and give merit to a great many actions that would otherwise have none.

The Apostleship of Prayer, better known as the League of the Sacred Heart, is so familiar to Canadian Catholics that the object of the present article is simply to explain a little more fully than usual the spirit of the organization, and to give our readers a more intellectual grasp of it. Some people find that the League is too mystic to be popular, and yet its rapid extension since it was founded in 1845 down to the present time, is a proof that even the most uneducated seize the simplicity of the work. It is simple in its object, which is to save souls by prayer and action rendered efficacious by an ardent devotion to the Sacred Heart. It is simple in its practices, for what could be simpler than to offer one's works and sufferings every morning to God in union with His Sacred Heart? What simpler than to ask our Lady's intercession in this work by a decade of her rosary every day? This is the Second Degree. What simpler or easier than to go to Communion once a month to atone for our own sins and for those of our fellowmen? This is the Third Degree.

The duty to pray to the Sacred Heart, to ask the intercession of our Lady to receive Holy Communion, apparently has very little in it that recalls mystic speculation or that is beyond the scope of the humblest minds. Prayer, devotion to Mary, frequentation of the sacraments, are practices that lie at the foundation of religion. To offer our daily actions to God and spiritualize them is the basis of a reasonable Christian life; to cultivate a devotion to our Lady is a duty dear to every child of the Church; to go to Communion at least once a month is a view of the

AFRAID SHE WAS DYING

Suffered Terribly Until She Took "Fruit-a-tives"

ST. JEAN DE MATIA, JAN. 27th, 1914. "After suffering for a long time with Dyspepsia, I have been cured by 'Fruit-a-tives'. I suffered so much that I would not dare eat for I was afraid of dying. Five years ago, I received samples of 'Fruit-a-tives'. I did not wish to try them for I had little confidence in them but, seeing my husband's anxiety, I decided to do so and at once I felt relief. Then I ate more and more and I kept improving until I was cured. While sick, I lost several pounds, but after taking 'Fruit-a-tives', I quickly regained what I had lost. Now I eat, sleep and digest well—in a word, I am completely cured, thanks to 'Fruit-a-tives'."

MADAM M. CHARBONNEAU "Fruit-a-tives" is the greatest stomach tonic in the world and will always cure indigestion, Sour Stomach, "Heartburn", Dyspepsia and other Stomach Troubles.

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eternal interests at stake, is in this age a powerful means of perseverance. The Apostleship of Prayer, far from being mystic or unintelligible, is easily understood by everybody and adds nothing to the burdens of an ordinary Christian life. And yet a remark is inevitable here. A mechanism may be very simple, but it will never go until some one takes the time and the trouble to set in motion. If a clock runs down and stops, it will stay stopped until some one winds it up again. If the League of the Sacred Heart languishes here and there, or even dies out, the fault is not to be attributed to its mysticism or to any complicated wheelwork, but rather to the inertia of the motor.

The best way to see what the League can do in the life of a parish is to look at results. For fifty years it has been in operation in various countries, and has now about sixty-nine thousand affiliated centers. Here in Canada it is exercising a spiritualizing influence on the lives of six hundred thousand Catholics and it has multiplied Holy Communion everywhere. The League of the Sacred Heart arouses in Catholics a continual consciousness of the presence of God; it keeps up in parishes the spirit of piety, it fosters zeal for the reception of the Sacraments; it promotes eagerness to hear the word of truth as well as assiduity in the service of God; it gives life to sodalities and other parish organizations already existing; it encourages Catholics to profess the faith openly; it inspires devotedness to the interests of Christ and His Church; it excites a spirit of love and concord and good order in families. How then, can a parish fail to grow better if parishioners are fervent members of the League and practise the devotions to the Sacred Heart, the source of all personal piety?

Nay more, the League unites the hearts of men to the apostolic Heart of Jesus. Not merely is it a great help to personal piety, but it is also a potent spiritual help for those apostolic men and women who are laboring for souls in foreign lands. Knowing that prayer fertilizes the seeds of truth they are planting in the hearts of the heathen, those brave missionaries are continually craving the prayers of their brethren at home. Our daily deeds and sufferings, turned into vital prayer by the offering we make of them to God, will be our response to their petitions. What a consolation to know that the little things of life—things that often seem to us petty and trivial—may be of priceless value, if we are wise enough to use them for apostolic ends! When we learn that we may become apostles by prayer without moving from our own firesides, life assumes a brighter aspect for us pilgrims on our way to eternity; new and unsuspected sources of merit reveal themselves to us; new consolations will await us, when souls that have been converted and saved by our vital prayers, stand up to plead for us on the Day of Judgment.

E. J. DEVINE, S. J.

"HIS NAME COULD NOT BE LEARNED"

Recently a young man seized with vertigo, fell from the platform of a New York subway station to the track. Two cars of the approaching express passed over his body.

"In the crowd that saw the accident," writes the reporter of a New York newspaper, "there was much hysterical excitement. Women fainted and had to be carried to the street, children were led away crying, and people swarmed from the street, blocking the subway. In the midst of the excitement, a priest shouldered his way through the crowd on the platform. With some difficulty, he got in between the cars, and administered the last rites of the Church to the dying man who was perfectly unconscious, as he lay upon the tracks. Then the priest clambered back to the platform, and went his way. His name could not be learned."

From the New York subway station, let your thoughts take you back to the Rome of nearly nineteen centuries ago. The little group of men and women standing on the sands of the Colosseum, anxiously scan the faces of the clamoring mob about them. Somewhere in that vast crowd is an old Jewish fisherman. As death rushes upon Christ's witnesses, the old man will raise his hand, and pronounce the words that were spoken by the unknown priest in the darkness and turmoil of the New York subway recently. The old fisherman and the priest, whose name could not be learned, are thinking of that merciful commission which their Lord gave them when He walked among men in the fields of Galilee, "Whose sins you shall forgive, they are forgiven them."

"Ah, thank God, the priest is here!" In the palaces of kings and the huts of beggars, in the roar of the battle-field and the quietude of the bedside where there was only one to comfort, how often has the priest of God brought light and peace and consolation to the trembling souls of Christian men and women, about to go forth on the last long journey from which there is no returning. "Then he went his way. His name could not be learned." What does that matter? He is God's priest, and healing is in his hands. That is enough. That is everything—America.

KNOW THE TRUTH

We hear that the Church teaches this or that, when the fact is that the Church teaches nothing of the kind. We are told that the Church takes this or that position, when as a matter of fact it takes none. And so we go on through life, hearing the Church charged with doing many things that it never does and with holding views that it never held. But if we have never studied Church history or doctrine, how can we know that the charges are false, or how can we answer them even if they have no foundation in fact? It is therefore a very serious and grievous matter when parents or guardians allow their children to grow up in ignorance of Catholic doctrine and history, when they never see that they go to Church, never take them there themselves and never insist that they shall be well acquainted with Catholic truths and history.

It is true that persons well instructed sometimes are allowed by God to fall from faith, but their number is small, is insignificant, compared to the number who sink into apostasy because they have not been properly instructed when they were children, because they never read anything Catholics and are as ignorant of Catholicity practically as they are religious tenets of the Llama. Catholics who know their religion will learn to love it, and loving it they will not lose it. They will cling to the faith as they should, and God will bless them in this world and the next.—Catholic Herald.

To suffer and be silent, that is a divine art. There is a weakness in the excessive craving for sympathy. You think you are having a harder time than your neighbor, from whose lips no complaint ever escapes; but if you know his or her lot you might deem yourself fortunate compared to them.

FOR ROUGH SKIN, SORE LIPS, OR CHAPPED HANDS

Campana's Italian Balm is soothing, healing and pleasant. Send 4 cents for sample—27 years on the market. E. G. WEST & CO., 80 GEORGE ST., TORONTO.

BELLS, PEALS, CHIMES

Church Chime Bells

Memorial Bells a Specialty.

A Clean Mouth Promotes Health

Oral hygiene is quite properly focusing the attention of the medical profession as well as the laity. A noted authority is quoted as saying: "There is not one single thing more important in the whole range of hygiene than hygiene of the mouth."

In the process of sterilizing the mouth—destroying disease germs—dependence may be placed on Absorbine, Jr. This germicidal liniment has made good under severe laboratory tests and its use as a germ destroyer and preventive is becoming quite general. It is unlike the usual germicide because it is non-poisonous, and is safe and harmless to use.

Prof. J. D. Hird, Biological Chemist, Washington, D. C., after an extensive laboratory examination of Absorbine, Jr. reports: "Four or five drops of Absorbine, Jr. to an ounce of water is sufficient to thoroughly cleanse the mouth and teeth of injurious bacteria, without injurious action on the teeth." (Complete report mailed upon request.) Sold by most druggists at \$1.00 per bottle or sent post-paid by the manufacturer, W. F. Young, P. O. 299, Lyman's Bldg., Montreal, Canada.

Mrs. Housekeeper!

Christmas time you have a little extra money. Why not make the home a present of an EDDY WASHBOARD and an EDDY INDURATED FIBREWARE TUB?

YOU WILL FEEL THE BENEFIT every wash day in the year for the Indurated Tub keeps the water hot for so long that it saves much lifting and carrying of water. And the Washboards have a special crimp which, without tearing the clothes, loosens the dirt very easily.

Buy your home an Xmas Present, Mrs. Housekeeper. But be sure they are Eddy's

Church Chime Bells

THIS BIG 4HP. ENGINE IS YOURS FOR \$15 DOWN AND BALANCE IN EASY PAYMENTS

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