

The Catholic Record.

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

VOLUME XXXVII.

LONDON, CANADA, SATURDAY, JANUARY 2, 1915

1889

The Catholic Record

LONDON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 2, 1915

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 quality 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 if by 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 deploring 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." (1 Tim. vi, 10.) And to this root are indeed attributable all the evils now afflicting the world. When godless schools, moulding as war 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, and that the different classes of fellow-citizens are in open antagonism,—those who have not striving by every means to obtain, and 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 are poor . . . Blessed shall ye 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

us the door to the Kingdom of Heaven. 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 happened to receive, or 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 endeavours 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 rank 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 deploring 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." (1 Tim. vi, 10.) And to this root are indeed attributable all the evils now afflicting the world. When godless schools, moulding as war 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, and that the different classes of fellow-citizens are in open antagonism,—those who have not striving by every means to obtain, and 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 are poor . . . Blessed shall ye 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

us the door to the Kingdom of Heaven. 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 happened to receive, or 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 endeavours 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 rank 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 deploring 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." (1 Tim. vi, 10.) And to this root are indeed attributable all the evils now afflicting the world. When godless schools, moulding as war 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, and that the different classes of fellow-citizens are in open antagonism,—those who have not striving by every means to obtain, and 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 are poor . . . Blessed shall ye 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

us the door to the Kingdom of Heaven. 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 happened to receive, or 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.

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 unimpaired; 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.

CONTINUED ON PAGE FIVE

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

"My child, the fear weighing upon this parting soul is that I should be the voice that had followed her 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?"

"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.

she had stolen name, home, love, as well as gold. Ah, the fire was burning with fiercer power each moment, the fire that must consume destiny, the glittering, mocking lie she had lived—the fire that alone could save her shrinking soul.

And the old pagan nature, unsubdued by long rejected grace, roused into a last fierce defiance at the pain. She could not bear it, she would not! There was escape still, escape from the shame, the horror, the awful death and desolation before her—there was one escape still. She rose from her knees, holding to the carved bed to steady her trembling limbs and slowly made her way to her lace-draped table, scattered with dainty trinkets in pearl and ivory and silver, with costly perfume and jewel caskets and all the exquisite toilet accessories of a reigning belle.

She opened a hidden drawer and took from it a tiny box she had bought almost for its weight in gold from an old French chemist last summer when her torturing doubts and fears prevented natural sleep. She had sold these *pillules de sommeil* with a solemn warning: "No more than two—never, never, mademoiselle. Three, four, and you would never wake."

"Never wake!" The words came back clearly as she stood there with the open box looking at the little silvery pellets gleaming therein. "Never wake!" What a restful end to all the pain, the shame, the agony before her. To sleep and never wake, and it would be so simple, so easy! It would quiet, hush all things, if, when they came to look for her next morning they could find her asleep, never to wake, never to hear the cold scorn or colder pity of the world's judgment, never to meet its curious, cruel eyes! Never, oh, never again to see Allston Leigh's face wear the stern, set look it had worn for one moment to-night before it had softened into a manly compassion that could not be love, oh, never more love!

Never to wake! The young face was very pale and cold now, all its delicate outlines sharp and clear; only the gray eyes burned with strange fire and light as the slender white fingers took up the silvery pellets two, three, four! Ah, there should be no doubt, five, five!

And then she would lie down in the beautiful bed there and sleep, never to wake, like the good man who had loved her. She paused as the thoughts of his last sleeping flashed before her mind. The struggle the pain, the darkness, and over it all the clear, strong voice rising in solemn command:

"Depart, Christian soul, from this world, in the name of God the Father Almighty, Who hath 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 the solemn words with which the Church ushers the soul before God's judgment seat came back to the wretched girl trembling on the brink of everlasting perdition, the deadly pellets fell from her hand. She flung herself down upon the floor with the penitent cry at last upon her lips: "O God, have mercy on me and forgive, forgive—"

And as she lay there crushed and broken a memory came back to her of the one sweet spot she had known, where the eyes and gaze of the world did not reach, where all was peace and pity and charity. Ah, if she might hide in that blessed shelter for a while, until she could find strength to keep on her desolate way. The gray light of the early dawn was stealing through her curtained window as she rose and looked out. The storm had ceased, all without was a white pathless waste, a death scene, in which hope and life were lost. Rose bower and rose garden, grassy slope and gleaming river were shrouded alike.

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?"

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.

"Ab, dearest," cried Margaret, as the door closed after them, "how could I think of 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.

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."

"Yes, yes, Robert, I mean it," answered his wife, 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.

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

The Catholic Record

Price of Subscription—\$1.00 per annum. United States & Europe only. Publisher and Proprietor, Thomas Coffey, L.L.D. Editor (Rev. James T. Foley, B. A. (Rev. D. A. Casey, S. J. Associate Editor (H. F. Mackintosh. Advertisements for teachers, situations wanted, etc., at 20 cents each insertion. Remittance to accompany the order. Approved and recommended by Archbishops of Toronto and Montreal, late Apostolic Delegates to Canada, the Archbishops of Toronto, Kingston, Ottawa and St. Boniface, the Bishops of London, Hamilton, Peterborough, and Oshawa, N. Y., and the clergy throughout the Dominion. Messrs. P. J. Moran, E. J. Broderick, M. J. Harty, D. J. Murray, George B. Howland, Mrs. W. E. South, Miss Sara Hanley, Miss L. Heringer and Miss Bridget Saunders are authorized to receive subscriptions and transact all other business for THE CATHOLIC RECORD. Ordinary and marriage notices cannot be inserted except in the usual condensed form. Each insertion 50 cents. Subscribers changing residence will please give old as well as new address. In St. John, N. B., single copies may be purchased from Mrs. M. A. McNeill, 400 Main Street, John J. Dwyer and The O'Neill Co. Pharmacy, 109 Brussels Street. In Montreal single copies may be purchased from Mr. E. O'Grady, Newsdealer, 106 St. Viateur street west, and J. Millroy, 41 St. Catherine street, west.

LONDON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 2, 1915

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. For it is only by honestly and humbly looking backward over the dying year's mistakes and failures and sins that with new courage and firm will we may enter on the new-born year resolved to rise on our dead selves to better things. "Of our voices we may frame a ladder if we but tread beneath our feet each deed of shame."

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. It takes a good deal of conceit and a good deal of ignorance just at the present time to invite comparison of our age with the age of spirituality and chivalry, the age which conceived and raised the glorious cathedrals which we are battering to pieces. True the world protests against such vandalism; but when the vandals of peace in France struck with greater savagery at all that the cathedrals stand for, when they warred on peaceful men and defenceless women, when they plundered property and outraged liberty, the world was silent.

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. Each side with characteristically modern assumption of intolerant infallibility, with equal vehemence and equal sincerity, blames the other. Altruism is the ephemeristic name of the modern substitute for,—shall we say the medieval—virtue of Christian charity, the greatest and holiest and most God-like thing that ever lightened the darkness of human life or sweetened the sorrow of this vale of tears. In the name of altruism Germany would impose its "Kultur"—the German substitute for Christianity—on an unenlightened world. In the name of altruism we would crush and cripple and disarm Germany, sink her fleet, destroy her armament works, send her Kaiser to St. Helena and divide her territory—all for Germany's own good; the only good Germany is a dead Germany. Germany with devilish pride sings "Deutschland Ueber Alles" while we with all reverence and humility hymn "Rule Britannia."

"All things shall be the subject main And every shore it circles, thine."

But judgment has not fled to brutish beasts, men have not lost their reason. Out of the great evil of this war will come—has already come—much greater and higher good.

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 admit that under the conditions obtaining war was sooner or later inevitable. This is one great step toward clear thinking and honest examination of conscience.

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. Is it so much worse to die on the battlefield than to live under conditions which recruit the ever-growing ranks of degenerate unemployables? Is the battle fury at its worst more inhuman than the soul-stifling life conditions of millions of our industrial peace army? We would free the German people, free Europe, from the tyranny of German militarism, but we were far from unanimous in the war for the freedom and right to decent living of the millions whom our industrial civilization had reduced to "a condition little better than slavery itself." The War has sowed some seeds that will blossom and bear fruit when, chastened, we face again in peace the social problems for which Germany is not responsible.

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. And far and away above all else the great heart of the people—of all the peoples doing their duty with heroic self-sacrifice on both sides—is turning in humble acknowledgment of unworthiness and sin to God, the Searcher of hearts, Almighty and All-merciful.

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." A second inscription read: "For the German soldiers our brothers in Jesus, dead far away from their country, wept by their families. We pray for them." German mothers will read, certainly not without emotion, how France treats their sons fallen in the great battle.

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. "Peace on earth to men of good will" was the angelic hymn at His birth. Peace be to you was His greeting after His resurrection when He committed to men the ministry of reconciliation—of peace. My peace I leave you; my peace I give you. Not as the world understandeth—but peace with God, peace with ourselves, that peace which nothing can disturb but sin, the peace of soul in which Christ, the Prince of Peace, reigns. This war is making for peace in the higher, the Christian sense.

From 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. "Wash me yet more from my iniquity and cleanse me from my sin."

The way to peace is through humility and penance. Through War the world is learning the way to Peace. Tired of the husks of boastful and blatant materialism we are coming back from the far country to our Father's house. Even though the road be rough, and through the crash and roar of battle, yet joy and peace await us at the end of the journey. In this sense and in the spirit of Christian faith and hope and charity, through the clouds of battle darken the horizon, we wish to each and all a happy new year. May its close find us all nearer to that peace which passeth understanding; and may every nation have learned to know the things that are for its peace.

NO FAST NOR ABSTINENCE ON FEAST DAYS

All Catholics know that when Christmas falls on a Friday there is no fast nor abstinence on that day. Not yet so well known is the fact that the late Holy Father, Pius X., by a decree dated July 2nd, 1911, extended the same general dispensation from the law of fasting and abstinence to the following feasts: Christmas, (as before) The Circum-

cision 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. Should any of these feasts fall on a Friday (or other day of fast or abstinence) there is no special dispensation required, nor any announcement of the general dispensation; there is neither fast nor abstinence on any of the feasts enumerated above.

Consequently Friday of this week, being New Year's Day, is not a day of abstinence from flesh meat.

LIFE INSURANCE III MORTALITY TABLES

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. The sketch is summarized from the Encyclopaedia Britannica article by Charles Thomas Lewis, Ph. D., and Thomas Allan Ingram, M. A., LL. D., of Trinity College, Dublin. Dr. Lewis was at one time lecturer on Life Insurance at Harvard and Columbia Universities, and on Principles of Insurance, Cornell University.

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. In 1540 the English parliament enacted that an estate for a single life should be valued as a lease of seven years, one for two lives at fourteen years, and for three lives at twenty-one years. More than a century later a standard work in England with a certificate of Sir Isaac Newton to its accuracy, proposed as a remedy for the inequity of this fanciful rule, to value a single life as ten years, two lives as nineteen, and three lives as twenty-seven years. No distinction of ages was recognized so that the results, tabulated to decimal parts of months, are worthless. Thus the foremost minds of the world had as yet no apprehension of the true method of reasoning on the subject.

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 with "Oh I know all about that," and proceed to discuss with a zeal not according to knowledge his pet theory or pet grievance. Nevertheless it took the human race a long time to come to its present knowledge of mortality tables. Governments in the 17th century discounted future revenues by the sale of annuities. They had no mortality tables and they paid dearly for their ignorant assumptions. This loss to the public treasury led Dr. Edmond Halley, the eminent mathematician and astronomer, whose name is familiar to us from the recent visit of the comet named for him, to examine the subject. The parish registers of England at the time took no note of age at death, and Halley, perceiving that the average duration of life in large groups of persons can only be determined when ages at death are known, sought in vain a statistical basis for such inquiry in his own and many other countries. But it happened that the city of Breslau in Silesia kept such records, and he succeeded in obtaining the registers for five years, from 1687-1691, including 6,198 births and 5,869 deaths. No census of the city being taken, Halley had to estimate the population as best he could, and computed how many of a thousand children taken at the age of one year will die in each succeeding year. Arranging the results in three parallel columns, showing in successive lines the age, the number living at that age, and the number of deaths during the year, he formed the first mortality table. The arrangement itself was a discovery, exhibiting at a glance the essential data for valuing life-risks, and suggesting solutions for problems which had puzzled the ablest students.

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. Throughout the eighteenth century the treatment of life annuities was as chaotic and fanciful as before.

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. In 1872 the Institute of Actuaries (England) published tables founded on the experience, up to 1863, of twenty life insurance companies.

It is only since the middle of the 19th century that actuarial science has rapidly advanced in other countries, chiefly under the stimulus of the extending practice of life insurance.

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 Dresden, Ont. Editor CATHOLIC RECORD:

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. Born and bred in a non-Catholic community, with all that implies, having literary tastes and compelled to drink of springs drugged with the ever present venom of religious bigotry, or at any rate insidious even if honest misrepresentation, I have turned towards France as a thirsty wanderer might turn towards a fertile oasis in the desert. To me she has been a sort of fabled city, the home of all that is great and noble, the shrine of all that the Catholic heart could long for. Did I wish for dauntless explorers? There were La Salle and Charlier, Champlain and Hennepin! Was it military splendor that attracted? Who might vie with her mighty warriors? Was it missionary effort that inspired? Who but her devout sons might carry the cross through fire and flood to make a fitting oblation to the Most High! And yet there are Catholic editors who would forget these things and in the hour of her fiery trial turn from her and gratify those who secretly hate her by heaping ignominy upon her brow. Oh how narrow and short sighted is this policy. Her glory is all our glory; her shame our shame.

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. Shall we not share in the glory of her victory?

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. I was married about eight years ago to a well bred Presbyterian, an only daughter. Of course being well trained in her faith she could not see her way clear to come with me for the sake of marrying, nor did I try to persuade her; but I always thought that by having Catholic literature in our home she would gradually come to know the truth. So with the CATHOLIC RECORD and North West Review visiting us weekly and "The Faith of Our Fathers" and other books explaining our holy religion, as well as fervent prayers to the Sacred Heart and to Our Blessed Mother, the effect came last May. Voluntarily, and much to my glad surprise, she told me she felt that the Catholic Church had more help for her and she wanted to be baptized and become a real good Catholic. On request our parish priest gave her instructions and the more she learned the more she liked the Faith. We have three children and you can just imagine the feeling of joy that overcame me when entirely of her own accord without so much as a suggestion from me she announced the good news—truly for me "good tidings of great joy." My dear wife, the mother of our little ones, is now a good practical Catholic. In our happiness and gratitude we would like all Catholics to join with us in thanking the tender Heart of the loving Jesus for His great mercy to us.

I always felt that I should be satisfied to wait in faith and hope for fifteen years, but it has taken only half that time for the Sacred Heart of Jesus to draw the mother heart of my wife to the fullness of His truth and to the sacramental treasures of His love. . . . Wishing you and your staff the compliments of the season.

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. —Charles Fluke.

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. But in the great business of life how few ever think of going over the books. We are all of us trading with the securities of heaven, and yet how many of us would be ready to hand over our books if the Head of the firm came now and demanded a return?

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. How have we traded in the year that has passed out into eternity? Have we made a profit or suffered a loss? How does the balance stand? What amount is credited to us in the great bank of heaven? Have we advanced in virtue? Have we more of the grace of God?

"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. For the trader in spiritual things the slogan must be "bigger and better business." To profit by the mistakes of the past, to give ourselves more generously to the affair of our salvation, such should be our resolve. "Business as usual" for many of us means very poor business. And very poor business will not do at all. We must do good business. And we must begin now, for the passing of the dead year reminds us that the night cometh when no man can work. As 1914 has passed so will the remaining years of life pass. The bell that tolled for the dead year will one day toll for us. And then how shall we dare to face the Master if our coffers are empty of aught else but dead hopes and vain regrets?

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? The things that were not done for God are they not worse than useless? What brings us the most satisfaction now—the time spent in amusement, and even in sin, or the time spent in prayer? So it will be at the end. We shall then be prouder of one Hall Mary well said than of all the praise that the world may have heaped upon us. For God will praise us for the Hall Mary, and His praise is the only praise that counts. COLUMBA

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. Sir Walter was the third son of a large family born to his father, a member of a younger branch of the great Border family of Buccleuch. One of the elder sons, Thomas, was a man "of great talents," (as Sir Walter, in a letter which we have seen, describes him), who devoted himself to the legal profession, and became, in due time, a Writer to the Signet, a title corresponding to that of Barrister in 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. There is in existence a letter of Sir Walter's, addressed to John Wilson Croker, the celebrated diarist, emphasizing his brother's fitness for the post and soliciting Croker's influence in his behalf. In the event, the aspiration was not realized, and the possibility which hinged upon it of the great Bard visiting Canada, and possibly making it the scene of one of his romances, departed. Thomas Scott himself was once thought to be the author of Waverley.

THE NAME of Thomas à Kempis is so inseparably connected with that of the "Imitation 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. A few years ago an effort was made to collect and republish some of these in an English

translation 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. It goes without saying, nevertheless, that all that Thomas à Kempis has written is worthy of earnest study and meditation, and that his less known works will in time become household treasures throughout the Catholic world.

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 to be its novices these latter were no doubt addressed. His two other known writings, included in this series, were of an historical character. One is entitled "Founders of the New Devotion," 1840-1439, and comprises the Lives of Gerard Groot, Florentius Radewin, and their followers. The other, "Chronicle of the Canons Regular of Mount Agnes," is a further account of the same movement. Both have, for the first time, been available in English since 1905-6. And both add to the volume of evidence uncovered in recent years that in the pre-Reformation life of Europe much greater scope existed for the exercise of individuality and freedom of discussion than was possible after the incendiary outbreak of the sixteenth century. In other words, it was in the Middle Ages that the meaning of liberty was best understood. The license of the sixteenth century both narrowed the limits of human freedom and for mankind in general spilled the cup of Christian gladness.

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." Who the unnamed Guest was is well understood by all who read the Following of Christ. The spirit of that precious volume and of its saintly author is admirably interpreted in the following sonnet, the author of whom is unknown to us. Perhaps someone among our readers can supply the information:

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. 'Tis very quiet, Thus doth still Heaven entreat. With rev'rent feet, his face so worn, so fair, Walks one who bears the cross, who waits the crown. Tumult is past. In those calm eyes I see The image of the Master, Christ, alone. And from those patient lips I hear one prayer: "Dear Lord, dear Lord, that I may be like Thee!"

AMONG RECENT PUBLICATIONS

Longmans Green & Co. (New York), is "A Garden of Girls, or Famous Schoolgirls of Former Days," by Mrs. Helena Conncannon, a well-known contributor to the Irish Rosary. In the avalanche of books for youth constantly issuing from the press—most of them of an extremely doubtful or even pronouncedly deleterious character—it is well that now and then we should have a book of the character of Mrs. Conncannon's "Garden," which instructs while it entertains and elevates while it relaxes the tension of modern average life. The author selects nine girls from various periods dating from the time of Ireland's great Patroness, St. Brigid, and while relating the little drama of their lives (for they are not all 'famous') endeavors to place them in touch with the trials, the joys, the hopes and the aspirations of the girls of to-day and to show that human nature amid the many mutations of time remains substantially the same in all ages.

"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 wisest man of his age, who, in that famous household at Chelsea, exemplified alike the charms of Christian mirth and the beauty of holiness. Margaret was her own father's daughter, and whether amidst the joviality around the hearthstone or in her father's cell in the Tower, waiting for the hour which was to raise him to the great company of Saints and Martyrs, exhibited in her person the grace and dignity of Christian maidenhood.

So WITH St. Elizabeth of Hungary, with Cecilia Gonzaga, the child of the Italian Renaissance, and with Marie Jeanne d'Autumale 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. In such company, Scott's heroine, Marjorie Fleming, or the Puritan maiden, Anna Green Winslow of Boston, may seem a little out of place. But Mrs. Conncannon is not narrow in her sympathies or in her regards and in an age of increasing laxity respecting woman's place in the economy of life it is fitting that the time-honored ideal of womanhood as inspired and developed by Christianity should be recalled, whatever the narrowing influence of sectarian environment. This Mrs. Conncannon has essayed to do, and, notwithstanding minor blemishes, with a considerable degree of success.

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." Dr. Wallace Williamson, a leading Edinburgh minister, officiated, and with him were associated others scarcely less well-known. The Lord Provost and other civic dignitaries attended in their official capacity. Notably there were many features in the celebration inappropriate to such a form of service, such as the reading of the lesson used by Catholics in the Mass of All Saints' Day and the singing of hymns referable only to the Saints in Paradise.

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. A generation ago a demonstration such as described would have convulsed Presbyterianism in Scotland and split the Kirk in twain. May it not be that now it points the way to the only solution of the ever-growing desire for Christian unity?

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. The inexhaustible supply of men at Russia's disposal will be a big factor in determining the ultimate result. Though it must be borne in mind that the effective fighting force is definitely limited by Russia's arm, equip and food her soldiers in the field. However the farther the Russians fall back and the farther the Germans advance, the more nearly are the hostile forces on equal terms in this respect.

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. The Servians rallying after their defeat and retirement have routed the Austrian army which has withdrawn entirely from Servian territory.

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-

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

It is well to realize that anything, even the most improbable and unexpected, is possible as a result of the diplomatic war which is waged as strenuously as the struggle on the field of battle.

RUSSIA NEGOTIATING WITH THE GERMANS?

Special Cable Despatch to the Globe. 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.

The reception given the preliminary negotiations indicates that there may suddenly emerge from Europe a new alignment shattering all predictions as to the outcome of the present war, and stamping on the maps of Europe, Asia and Africa new boundaries unthought of when the war began.

"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

(Special Cable Despatch to the Globe.) 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.

The proposal is favorably received, but is held in abeyance until it is known what the attitude of Italy and Roumania will be respecting such concessions.

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. The more this faith grows amongst men the more will the feverish pursuit of earthly vanities cease, and as charity grows strong social conflicts and tumults will gradually die away.

And now saving this subject, and turning to what more immediately concerns the state of the Church, Our spirit, saddened by the present calamities of the world, finds some relief. For, in addition to the manifest proofs of the divine power and stability of the Church, we find no little consolation in the admirable fruits of the laborious Pontificate of Our Predecessor Pius X., who during that Pontificate adorned the Apostolic See with the example of a life in every way saintly. It is owing to him that we see the religious spirit of the clergy everywhere intensified; the piety of the faithful aroused; a disciplined activity promoted

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 obligations which 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, they are not obedient to the Church.

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 other 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, they are not obedient to the Church.

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." (Epist., ad Episc., 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. Cyr., ep. 68) (ad, 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 the good of Christ's 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-

sarily 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, why don't you 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 send 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-

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. Previously acknowledged... \$4,684 98 For Hope..... 2 00 M. C. H. Mission..... 1 00 In memory of Mrs. Murchison..... 5 00

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

ZEALOUS PRIEST

LOST IN STORM, BOTH FEET FROZEN, AND AMPUTATION MAY BE NECESSARY

The Morning Albertan, Calgary, Dec. 16

The Rev. Father P. O'Dell Russell, whose activities have resulted in the building of five Catholic churches in Alberta during the past eighteen months, is in the Holy Cross hospital, with both feet badly frozen, and it is possible that an amputation may be necessary.

Father Russell was lost in the snow storm that visited Southern Alberta on the night of December 6. He was driving from Empress to Asak. It was a bitter cold night, his driver became confused in the blinding storm and got off the road, and the two wandered out on the prairie until daylight came. Father Russell was under the impression that he had frost-bitten his feet only, and continued with his work, returning to Calgary a few days ago. Yesterday he consulted with Dr. B. J. Madden, with regard to his injuries. The physician forbade a trip that the priest was about to make to Munson, and ordered to the hospital. It is the opinion of the physician that one foot is so badly injured that amputation will be necessary, although every effort is being made to save the injured member.

Father Russell is one of the most active of the younger priests in Alberta, and it is entirely due to his efforts that churches have been built in Oyen, Richards, Munson, Belskier, Drumheller and Youngstown recently. He has a host of friends, both in and out of the church who will learn with regret of his misfortune.

To him who does everything in its proper time one day is worth three.

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. They will then see their great mistake, but it will be too late.

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.

The drunkard's home is the picture of hell upon earth. For in it is found blasphemy, quarrelling, disorder and confusion.

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.

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—

"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.

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

AFRAID SHE WAS DYING

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

ST. JEAN DE MATIEA, 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.

Spec. a box, 6 for \$2.50, trial size, 25c. At all dealers or sent on receipt of price by Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.

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 only or merely for the sake of suffering, but also, for the sake 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 retracted, 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

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 battle-past house, at the lonely 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 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

Send for catalogue. Our bells made of special Copper and East India Tin. Famous for full tone, sweet, long penetrating peals. Write for full particulars, prices and quality. The Bell Foundry, E. W. HANZLICKY CO., Proprietors, Bell Foundry (Est. 1837), E. Second St., CINCINNATI, O.

Church Bells

Memorial Bells a Specialty. Bell Foundry Co., Baltimore, Md., U.S.A.

Memorial Bells a Specialty. Bell Foundry Co., Baltimore, Md., U.S.A.

Memorial Bells a Specialty. Bell Foundry Co., Baltimore, Md., U.S.A.

Memorial Bells a Specialty. Bell Foundry Co., Baltimore, Md., U.S.A.

Memorial Bells a Specialty. Bell Foundry Co., Baltimore, Md., U.S.A.

Memorial Bells a Specialty. Bell Foundry Co., Baltimore, Md., U.S.A.

Memorial Bells a Specialty. Bell Foundry Co., Baltimore, Md., U.S.A.

Memorial Bells a Specialty. Bell Foundry Co., Baltimore, Md., U.S.A.

Memorial Bells a Specialty. Bell Foundry Co., Baltimore, Md., U.S.A.

Memorial Bells a Specialty. Bell Foundry Co., Baltimore, Md., U.S.A.

Memorial Bells a Specialty. Bell Foundry Co., Baltimore, Md., U.S.A.

Memorial Bells a Specialty. Bell Foundry Co., Baltimore, Md., U.S.A.

Memorial Bells a Specialty. Bell Foundry Co., Baltimore, Md., U.S.A.

Memorial Bells a Specialty. Bell Foundry Co., Baltimore, Md., U.S.A.

Memorial Bells a Specialty. Bell Foundry Co., Baltimore, Md., U.S.A.

Memorial Bells a Specialty. Bell Foundry Co., Baltimore, Md., U.S.A.

Memorial Bells a Specialty. Bell Foundry Co., Baltimore, Md., U.S.A.

Memorial Bells a Specialty. Bell Foundry Co., Baltimore, Md., U.S.A.

Memorial Bells a Specialty. Bell Foundry Co., Baltimore, Md., U.S.A.

Memorial Bells a Specialty. Bell Foundry Co., Baltimore, Md., U.S.A.

Memorial Bells a Specialty. Bell Foundry Co., Baltimore, Md., U.S.A.

Memorial Bells a Specialty. Bell Foundry Co., Baltimore, Md., U.S.A.

Memorial Bells a Specialty. Bell Foundry Co., Baltimore, Md., U.S.A.

Memorial Bells a Specialty. Bell Foundry Co., Baltimore, Md., U.S.A.

Memorial Bells a Specialty. Bell Foundry Co., Baltimore, Md., U.S.A.

Memorial Bells a Specialty. Bell Foundry Co., Baltimore, Md., U.S.A.

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.

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 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

Send for catalogue. Our bells made of special Copper and East India Tin. Famous for full tone, sweet, long penetrating peals. Write for full particulars, prices and quality. The Bell Foundry, E. W. HANZLICKY CO., Proprietors, Bell Foundry (Est. 1837), E. Second St., CINCINNATI, O.

Church Bells

Memorial Bells a Specialty. Bell Foundry Co., Baltimore, Md., U.S.A.

Memorial Bells a Specialty. Bell Foundry Co., Baltimore, Md., U.S.A.

Memorial Bells a Specialty. Bell Foundry Co., Baltimore, Md., U.S.A.

Memorial Bells a Specialty. Bell Foundry Co., Baltimore, Md., U.S.A.

Memorial Bells a Specialty. Bell Foundry Co., Baltimore, Md., U.S.A.

Memorial Bells a Specialty. Bell Foundry Co., Baltimore, Md., U.S.A.

Memorial Bells a Specialty. Bell Foundry Co., Baltimore, Md., U.S.A.

Memorial Bells a Specialty. Bell Foundry Co., Baltimore, Md., U.S.A.

Memorial Bells a Specialty. Bell Foundry Co., Baltimore, Md., U.S.A.

Memorial Bells a Specialty. Bell Foundry Co., Baltimore, Md., U.S.A.

Memorial Bells a Specialty. Bell Foundry Co., Baltimore, Md., U.S.A.

Memorial Bells a Specialty. Bell Foundry Co., Baltimore, Md., U.S.A.

Memorial Bells a Specialty. Bell Foundry Co., Baltimore, Md., U.S.A.

Memorial Bells a Specialty. Bell Foundry Co., Baltimore, Md., U.S.A.

Memorial Bells a Specialty. Bell Foundry Co., Baltimore, Md., U.S.A.

Memorial Bells a Specialty. Bell Foundry Co., Baltimore, Md., U.S.A.

Memorial Bells a Specialty. Bell Foundry Co., Baltimore, Md., U.S.A.

Memorial Bells a Specialty. Bell Foundry Co., Baltimore, Md., U.S.A.

Memorial Bells a Specialty. Bell Foundry Co., Baltimore, Md., U.S.A.

Memorial Bells a Specialty. Bell Foundry Co., Baltimore, Md., U.S.A.

Memorial Bells a Specialty. Bell Foundry Co., Baltimore, Md., U.S.A.

Memorial Bells a Specialty. Bell Foundry Co., Baltimore, Md., U.S.A.

THIS BIG 4HP. ENGINE IS YOURS FOR \$15 DOWN AND BALANCE IN EASY PAYMENTS. IT IS EASY TO BUY the Gilson "GOES LIKE SIXTY" Engine. "GOES LIKE SIXTY" means 40,000,000,000,000,

EIGHT

Church Decoration

THE Thornton-Smith Company

have a long and varied experience in this branch of their work.

They will be pleased to put you into communication with the authorities of Churches which have passed through their hands for Decoration during the past six or seven years.

STUDIOS
11 King St. West, Toronto

THE OLD YEAR'S BLESSING

I am fading from you,
But one draweth near,
Called the Angel guardian
Of the coming year.

If my gifts and graces
Coldly you forget,
Let the New-Year's Angel
Bless and crown them yet.

For we work together;
He and I are one;
Let him make me perfect
All I leave undone.

I brought Good Desires,
Though as yet but seeds;
Let the New-Year make them
Blossom into Deeds.

I brought Joy to brighten
Many happy days;
Let the New-Year's Angel
Turn it into Praise.

If I gave you Sickness,
If I brought you Care,
Let him make me Patient,
And the other Prayer.

Where I brought you Sorrow,
Through his care, at length,
It may rise triumphant
Into future Strength.

If I brought you Plenty,
All wealth's bounteous charms,
Shall not the New Angel
Turn them into Aims?

I gave Health and Leisure,
Skill to dream and plan;
Let him make them nobler;
Work for God and Man.

If I broke your Idols
Showing you they were dust,
Let him turn the Knowledge
Into heavenly Trust.

If I brought Temptation,
Let sin die away
Into boundless Pity
For all hearts that stray.

If your list of Errors
Dark and long appears,
Let this new-born Monarch
Melt them into Tears.

May you hold this Angel
Dearer than the last—
So I bless his Future,
While he crowns my Past.

—A. A. PROCTOR

peace and silence of that sanctuary. I thought of a preacher I had seen, crazed by the scenes of carnage, through which he had passed, walking with his hands lifted in horror and repeating over and over this dolorous refrain: "The God that failed! The God that failed!"

Presently the women fled out, strangely comforted, their faces sweetly calm. They had been fed and clothed in that place by their faith, by the evidences they somehow retained of things hoped for, beyond vision of this awful moment in their lives. They had projected themselves into that peaceful future of believing souls. They had prayed, at last, before an altar for their dead sons and husbands and fathers. These were now safe. The priest—they had seen him. He promised also to pray—not for them, but for their dead at Mass, who had not even been buried and who had been trampled beneath the feet of the German soldiers.

The trouble with us we think always of the providence of God in the terms of time, with the mortal sense of limitation. As I watched these simple women I understood that this war and the horrors it brings are only moments in the fate of those people. Beyond the moment of death, beyond these swift years of poverty and privation, there is eternity, in which to live and to accomplish righteousness and peace.

priesthood, but no one had the courage to inform his father of this fact and he was ordained. In Hungary he found enemies wherever he went; this may have been his misfortune, but it suggests to the reader that it may have been partially the result of some defect of his own character. Eventually he came to America, where he does not seem to have got on with his Bishop and fellow-clergy any better than in his own country. Eventually he transferred his allegiance to our Communion, chiefly on account of the kindness and consideration with which he was treated by the Episcopal clergy. His book makes us fear, however, that some day when he is better acquainted with our little faults and failings he will again set sail and drop anchor in another port and write another book dealing candidly with them he does with the faults he has found among the Roman clergy.

Our objection to this book is that the author makes capital of the faults of his brethren. . . . We maintain that the exposure of the faults of others with any intent that their reformation is the author's life. This incident is the author's life which seems most in his favor is that at one time when he found his congregation willing ignorantly to follow him, into the Episcopal Church or wherever he chose to go, he simply ran away from them and took up his residence in Chicago. With a sincere desire for the Church at large, we advise that he should be cut out of circulation and devote, say the next five years, to study and do work amongst his fellow-countrymen.

It may be added to this remarkably candid review of what is evidently another contribution to the anti-Catholic "literature of the day" that "congregation" that followed F. Kubinyi out of the Church was never a recognized Catholic parish. It comprises a very small number of families in a Middle Western city, who had no church building of their own. To them F. Kubinyi ministered in the role of a Bishop consecrated by the notorious Vilatte. When they broke away from the influence of being they saw the advantage of the latter courted and supported by the gullible clergy of the Anglican Church, who jumped at the opportunity of an accession from Rome. As far as we can find, F. Kubinyi never had any facilities in this country.—Philadelphia Standard and Times.

by the correct slang, are very apt to be taken with a sort of quiet disgust toward the whole interest which they find thus badly fettered, and thus to look favorably in the same measure on the other side, as being, at so many points, plainly an injured and persecuted cause.—St. Paul Bulletin.

DEATH OF FATHER QUIGLEY'S FATHER

Mr. Patrick Quigley, father of Rev. J. R. Quigley, of St. Alphonsus Church, Windsor, Ont., died at his home in Elginfield, on Saturday December 19. The late Mr. Quigley was a most highly respected resident of Elginfield, beloved by all who had the pleasure of his acquaintance. He leaves three daughters and four sons. The funeral was held on Monday from St. Patrick's Church, Biddulph. Grand High Mass was celebrated by his son, Rev. J. R. Quigley, assisted by Rev. James Hanlon, London, and Rev. James Harding, London, and Rev. James Macdonald, London. A very touching and appropriate and touching sermon was preached by Rev. C. Nagle, Simcoe. The priests present in the Sanctuary were: Rev. P. J. McKeon, Rector St. Peter's Cathedral, London; Rev. J. Gleason, Sarnia; Rev. C. Nagle, Simcoe; Rev. T. Corcoran, St. Mary's Church, London and Rev. J. Hogan, the pastor.

DEATH OF SISTER STE MARY CHARLES

The announcement of the death in Montreal on Wednesday, Dec. 9th, of Sister Ste. Mary Charles of Congregation de Notre Dame, was heard with deep regret by a large circle of friends. She entered at the age of twenty and in three short years of religious life she won, by her beautiful disposition, the love of all who knew her. While assistant commercial teacher in Kingston she made a host of friends. She was a niece of Rev. C. J. Killen, Belleville, Ont., and sister of Sister Ste. Mary Johanna, Notre Dame Academy, Kingston, R. I. P.

HENRY VIII BARRED THE BIBLE

But few people know that in the sixteenth century an Englishman was not allowed to read the Bible, yet it is perfectly true. Henry VIII. issued a decree prohibiting the common people from reading the Bible. Officers of state were exempt from this law. Probably the king thought these officials would be none the less for perusing the sacred work, and noble ladies or gentlewomen might read the prescribed volume if they did so in their gardens or orchards, but no one was allowed even to read it to the lower classes.—Westminster Gazette.

This, from a secular daily newspaper, is interesting. After all the talk of the Catholic Church refusing to allow the "poor people hungry for the word of God, to read the Bible," and the further talk of how the Reformation ended all this, it is also almost mirth-provoking. Perhaps the "chain bible" has been discovered.—St. Paul Bulletin.

RECENT CONVERTS

The Rev. P. G. M. Rhodes, M. A., formerly assistant curate at Kidderminster, England.

The Rev. Cyril Howard Stenson, B. A., curate of Stoney Stratford, Bucks, England, and formerly an Exhibitor of Keble College, Oxford, has been received by the Abbot of Caldey.

Rev. Arthur Dilly, a London clergyman and the Rev. Samuel Fairbairn, of the Anglican church, were confirmed by the Bishop of Southwark, London, on October 4, along with the Misses Rachel Parkinson and Veronica Wightman, formerly Anglican nuns.

The Rev. R. Cecil Wilton, B.A., rector of Londeborough, E. Yorks, Honors in History, Cambridge, Lightfoot Scholar, 1897, and for many years lecturer for the Church Defence Society. He is a son of the late Canon Wilton, a well known writer of religious verse.

The late Col. I. C. Guinn, President of the First National Bank, Milan, Mo., and director and stockholder in the Quincy National Bank; received a few days before his death.

Miss Lavinia Clair Wiseman, Denver.

A TOAST

Here's to health and happiness throughout the glad New Year. May every trouble fade away and every joy appear. But while we toast the days to come with hope and courage high Let's not with base ingratitude forget the days gone by.

Here's to friendships we may gain throughout the coming year. May they be strong and worthy all, and every day more dear. But while we toast the friends to be and to their virtues bow, Let's not forget the dear old friends who stand about us now.

Here's to Past and Future both; for each shall hold its store Of ever blessed memories both now and ever more; But days gone by and days to come can hold no joys above The peace and perfect happiness of old, but lasting love. —F. T.

TEACHERS WANTED

A QUALIFIED NORMAL TRAINED CATHOLIC teacher for Separate school. Duties beginning Christmas holidays. Apply stating salary to W. Ryan, Box 23, Charlton, Ont. 1884-tf

WANTED FEMALE TEACHER, THIRD class certificate, for primary department. Apply at once to M. J. Dunn, Chairman Catholic Separate School Board, Dundas, Ont. 1889-3

WANTED NORMAL TRAINED TEACHER for Bogart school. Apply to P. Kinlin, Bogart, Ontario. 1889-2

WANTED A QUALIFIED TEACHER CAPABLE of teaching English and French for school No. 11, Lancaster. Apply to Armand Proulx, Sec., Treas., Green Valley, Ont. 1889-2

A QUALIFIED TEACHER FOR SEPARATE school. Salary \$800 per annum. Duties to commence New Year. E. L. Byrne, Sec., Treas., Stanleyville. 1889-3

FEMALE TEACHER FOR C. S. S. No. 3, AND 4, Anderson. Salary \$450 per annum. Apply to Sec., Treas., Timothy Kelly, Amherstburg, P. O. Ontario. 1888-3

TEACHER WANTED FOR ROLE SEPARATE school No. 4, for senior class room. Township Sherwood. Apply to William Kirwan, Sec., Treas., Barry Bay, Ont. 1888-3

WANTED FEMALE TEACHER FOR C. S. S. professional certificate. Duties to commence after Christmas. Apply to C. P. Smith, Sec., L. Waddick, Sec., R. R. No. 6, Chatham, Ont. 1888-tf

WANTED FOR C. S. S. No. 1, Stanley, professional teacher. Salary \$600 per annum. Duties to commence Jan. 4th. Apply E. J. Gelinus, Zurich, R. R. No. 2. 1888-3

WANTED A CATHOLIC TEACHER FOR the bilingual Separate school No. 2, of Massey, Ont. Apply to Rev. Ed. Proulx, S. J., Sec., R. S. O. No. 2, Massey, Ont. 1888-3

TEACHER WANTED, HOLDING FIRST OR second class certificate, for Catholic school, Fort William, Ont. Salary \$600 per year. Duties to commence Jan. 4th. Apply to C. P. Smith, Sec., 114 Simpson street, Fort William, Ont. 1888-tf.

HOUSEKEEPER WANTED

HOUSEKEEPER WANTED IN Western Ontario parish. Applicants please give references and salary expected. Address Box 9, CATHOLIC RECORD, London, Ont. 1889-3

FARMS FOR SALE

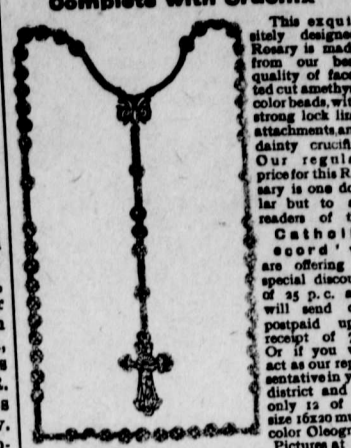
EXECUTOR'S SALE OF STOCK AND GRAIN farm in Oxford county, 23 acres clay loam; solid red brick house, basement barn 60x40; cement floor pen 60x20; cement silo 12x12; near towns; village, depots, schools, churches, creameries, confectioneries, hydro power, telephone and rural delivery (borden) hydro power, telephone and rural delivery installed. Within easy driving distance of three Catholic churches. Write for printed description and price list to J. McNally, executor, Ottawa, Ont., R. R. No. 1. 1889-3

St. John's, Newfoundland

324 WATER ST.
John T. Kelly
MONUMENTAL and HEADSTONE
Dealer in Granite and Marble

C. M. B. A. Branch No. 4, London
Meets on the 2nd and 4th Thursday of every month at eight o'clock, at their Rooms, St. Peter's Parish Hall, Richmond Street. P. H. Kanahan, President.

Beautiful Rosary



Complete with Crucifix

This exquisitely designed Rosary is made from our best quality of faceted cut amethyst color beads, with strong lock link attachments and dainty crucifix. Our regular price for this Rosary is one dollar but to all readers of the Catholic Record we are offering a special discount of 25 p.c. and will send our postpaid upon receipt of 75c. Or if you will act as our representative in your district and sell only 25 of our size 12mm. color glass pictures at \$1.00 each, we will give you one of these beautiful Rosaries absolutely free.

Our Pictures are all reproductions of famous paintings and sell regularly in Art Stores at 50 cents each, so that at our wholesale price of 15 cents, you can sell the entire lot in an hour. Order today when pictures are sold, remit us the amount of your sale \$1.50, and your Rosary will be sent you by return mail.

Address:
COLONIAL ART CO., Desk #2., Toronto, Ont.

MEMORIAL WINDOWS STAINED GLASS

A BOOK BY "COLUMBA"
"At the Gate of the Temple"

A "People's" Book of Irish and Catholic Poems by "Columba" (Rev. D. A. Casey.) AN IDEAL GIFT BOOK. Bound in cloth with portrait.

POST FREE, \$1.00, from
The Catholic Record, London, Ont.
W. E. BLAKE, 123 Church St., Toronto, Ont.
or The Author, Bracebridge, Ont.

Solid Gold Plated Beautiful Rosary

Complete with satin-lined box, in Amethyst, Emerald Topaz, or Ruby, 18 inches long, open link chain. This is not to be confused with the ordinary Rosary advertised, but is a beautiful Rosary, suitable for Christmas Gifts or for personal use.

Price \$1.00, Post Free
Cash to Accompany Order

W. E. Blake & Son, Ltd.
123 Church St. Toronto

"POULTRY AND LIVESTOCK"
FREE WE WILL GIVE FREE TO ANY person interested in stock or poultry how to build, hen houses; tells the common diseases of poultry and stock with remedies for same; tells how to cure roup in four days; tells all about our Royal Poultry Stock and Poultry fairs and remedies. Write W. A. Jenkins, Mfg. Co., London, Canada.

J. J. M. Landy

Everything in
Catholic Church Supplies
Special Sale of Vestments
408 YONGE ST.
Long Distance Phones
Main 8555 and 5499
College 452 Toronto, Ont.

W. E. Blake & Son, Ltd.

123 Church St. Toronto

COWAN'S SOLID CHOCOLATE MAPLE BUDS

"Maple Buds" is a name which distinguishes a quality, a flawless standard of chocolate purity and deliciousness, rather than simply the form in which the chocolate is moulded.

"Made in Canada."

287

The Ontario Catholic Year Book and Directory

PUBLISHED BY NEWMAN CLUB, TORONTO

DIRECTORY OF CHURCHES AND PRIESTS
CALENDAR AND FEASTS FOR 1915
TWENTY-THREE ILLUSTRATIONS
TIMELY ARTICLES 160 PAGES
25c. Postpaid

Publication Office: 97 St. Joseph St., TORONTO

THE MARVEL OF THE AGE LUMINOUS CRUCIFIX

This Crucifix is indeed a beautiful and strangely marvelous work of art. By means of a wonderful and secret preparation, the body of this figure is made to absorb the rays of light during the day and at night these rays will shine forth a brilliant light showing the Christ Figure in the darkest night. The light continues to glow the result. The luminous effect is everlasting. When darkness first comes on, the light is blue at first, and gradually changes to a bright yellow light. This wonderful Crucifix is especially useful and comforting in a sick room. One can imagine the company and soothing effect to a sick person lying restless in the darkness of the night. This Crucifix makes an ideal gift for Christmas, Easter, Thanksgiving, Birthdays, or any special occasion. Schools, Churches and Hospitals throughout the world. This Crucifix has been highly praised by Clergymen, Schools, Convents and Hospitals throughout the world. The size of the Crucifix is 14 inches high by 8 inches wide and is made of a fine grain colonial wood, with and is made of an unbreakable material richly finished in imitation of fine marble.

We recommend these beautiful Crucifixes which were made to sell at \$5.00 each. But in order to quickly introduce them into every Catholic home in Canada, we are offering them now at \$2.00 each. We will send them securely packed—postpaid to any place in Canada. This is a real bargain and we know the wonderful Luminous Crucifix will delight you.

WRITE US A POSTCARD TODAY and ask for OUR SPECIAL OFFER TO AGENTS

COLONIAL ART CO. DESK R.O., TORONTO, Ont.

C. M. B. A.

At a regular meeting of Branch 159 of the C. M. B. A., held in Ottawa, on December 16th, 1914, the following resolution was moved by Brother P. J. Coffey and seconded by Brother W. F. Hartly and unanimously adopted:

Whereas deep and justifiable dissatisfaction and disappointment is felt by the members of this branch in consequence of the new schedule of rates submitted by the Grand Trustees in the circular issued by that body and which was, by that notification, to come into force on January 1st next.

And whereas in view of the storm of protest from all over Canada the Grand Trustees have decided to postpone the adoption of the new scale rates until July 1st next as stated in the notice just read.

And whereas, in the opinion of this branch, the existence of the association is gravely imperilled by the course adopted and the options offered by the Grand Trustees, in as much as many of the older members, who are not in affluent circumstances, will be forced to abandon their membership.

And whereas the disruption of the Association would result in thousands of widows and orphans being left helpless and hopeless to face the battle of life, we desire, by every means in our power, to avert such a disaster.

And whereas the notification just read states that the postponement is made for the reason that the Grand Trustees "desire to earnestly consult the membership" on the subject.

Be it resolved that Branch 159 of the C. M. B. A. in regular meeting assembled emphatically demand that an extraordinary representative convention of the Association be called, not later than May 15th to discuss this particular matter and other matters pertaining to the welfare and stability of the Association and that such convention be composed of one delegate from, say every four branches, in a county or locality, to be chosen in joint meeting.

Resolved that copies of this resolution be sent to the Grand Secretary, to sister branches in the city, to the local daily papers, and to the CATHOLIC RECORD, London, Ont.; to The Antigonish Casnet, The Canadian Freeman, Kingston, Ont.; and The Catholic Register, Toronto, for publication.

W. G. TRAFFE, president,
J. L. BURKE, Rec. Sec'y.

THE BELGIAN FAITH

In a splendidly written article for the Saturday Evening Post, entitled "The New Militants," Corra Harris thus describes the beautiful faith of the Belgian women, whose first question upon landing in England was, "Where is the church?"

The Belgians, like people who have had the very world in which they live literally destroyed, are reduced to their faith in God—the last resort for the hard pressed soul of man. One of the most pathetic sights I have witnessed in England was a crowd of Belgian women and children standing in the railroad station of an old Sussex town, where they were met by English women who were to conduct them to homes.

These pallid faced Flemish peasant mothers, with the eyes of crucified Madonnas, with wailing children clasped to their breasts and clinging to their skirts, craved another shelter. Their first question was, "Where is the church?" And by the church they meant the Catholic Church.

So they were led there, already shriven by the mighty sorrows of war and sacrifice, stripped of their worldly goods and often of every earthly tie, to make their prayer to the Prince of Peace, who is the Kaiser's God of War. Their faith was not shaken; it was intensified.

They fell on their knees before the Mary Mother in this little village church—fifty women, with their eyes fixed on the passionless faces of their dear saints. I could not bear the sight. I waited outside the church door with the Protestant women who had taken them there. We stood with bowed heads. Not a word was spoken. Not a sound came from within. Even the famished children had ceased to cry, in wonder at the

VOCATIONLESS PRIEST

A short time ago something of a sensation was caused in the ranks of the High Church party by the announcement that the Rev. Victor von Kubinyi, an alleged Catholic priest and Hungarian nobleman, had brought his whole Magyar congregation over to the Episcopal Church. Since then those who understand something of the ways of clerical apostates have been waiting for the inevitable smash that if it were coming. Here is what the American Catholic and High Church magazine, has to say on the subject. The article is entitled "An Unpleasant Book."

We sincerely regret the publication of a book which has just come into our hands entitled "Through Fog to Light," by the Rev. Victor von Kubinyi. This book is an autobiography of a young Hungarian noble who took orders in the Roman Communion and who has lately come into the Episcopal Church with his whole congregation. Unfortunately, the writer sees other people's faults more clearly than his own, and seems to have the courage of his impulses rather than his convictions. From his book we gather that he was the third son of a powerful Hungarian nobleman, who wished him to take Holy Orders. The one subject which the young man and his various instructors seemed to have thoroughly agreed upon was that he had no vocation for the

Merchants Bank of Canada
ESTABLISHED 1864

Paid-up Capital \$7,000,000
Reserve Fund and Undivided Profits 7,248,134

217 Branches and Agencies in Canada

Savings Department at All Branches
Deposits Received and Interest allowed at best current rates
Bankers to the Grey Nuns, Montreal; St. Augustine's Seminary, St. Joseph's Academy, and St. Michael's Hospital, Toronto.

Capital Trust Corporation, Limited
Authorized Capital \$2,000,000.00

BOARD OF DIRECTORS:
President: M. J. O'Brien, Toronto.
Vice-Presidents: Hon. S. N. Parent, Ottawa; Denis Murphy, Ottawa; R. F. Gough, Toronto; A. E. Corrigan, Ottawa.

L. G. McPhillips, K. C., Vancouver.
Geo. C. H. Lang, Berlin.
J. J. Smith, Toronto.
J. E. Provost, Ottawa.
Hon. R. C. Bower, Halifax.
W. F. O'Brien, Montreal.
E. Fabre Survever, K. C., Montreal.
Hugh Dobson, Montreal.
E. Tobin, M. P., Brantford.

Managing Director: B. G. Connolly.

Offices: 29 Sparks St., Ottawa, Ont.
DO THIS WITHOUT FURTHER DELAY. If your will is not made, consult a lawyer without delay, draw your will and make provision for the perfect administration of your estate by naming as your Executor the Capital Trust Corporation, Limited.