

HONOUR WITHOUT RENOWN

BY MRS. INNES BROWN
Author of "Three Daughters of the United Kingdom"

CHAPTER XXX.

De Woodville slept little that night. That which his brother had revealed concerning his unfortunate friend had roused within him a desire for immediate action. He could sit still no longer; the spirit of impulsive energy so characteristic of his sister, seemed for the time to have taken possession of his mind. He felt he must be up and moving; he must use every force and device to free from his long and unjust incarceration poor Edmund Leadbitter.

At an early hour, therefore, the following morning he called at the Convent door to inquire after, and, if possible, to see his sister. But Ma Soeur shook her head.

"You cannot see her, sir. She is better, and has just fallen asleep; I dare not disturb her now."

"You are sure she is better?" he inquired, anxiously.

"Certain of it. She has splendid spirits, a good constitution; and her pulse is calmer; so I have no great hopes of her recovery."

"Thank God!" he ejaculated firmly; then there was a pause, during which he appeared perplexed by conflicting feelings. Presently he resumed the conversation, looking the while with a penetrating gaze at his companion.

"If you are really so hopeful regarding my sister's present condition, and can assure me that I cannot, by remaining near her, materially aid her recovery, I am inclined to return to England and endeavor to procure the release of a dear friend from a very unjust punishment. Tell her that I am leaving in order to see justice done to my friend, Edmund Leadbitter."

"Yes, I understand something of that sad case, and will deliver with joy your welcome message. I am sure that the pleasure it will afford Sister Marguerite will serve as a grateful tonic to her. In fact, I know well that she would much rather feel that you were thus occupied, than that you should linger here."

"That is just the point which was troubling me—the fear lest she might feel I had neglected her in her present critical condition."

"Then you may safely rest out of your mind all doubt on that score; for I can assure you that our dear little Sister has, from the first, been filled rather with concern regarding her late patient's brother, than with anxiety as to herself. Nay, I feel quite justified in stating that the knowledge of your strenuous endeavors with regard to your friend will greatly forward her own recovery."

"I am sincerely glad to hear that your views coincide so exactly with my own, Ma Soeur. With your permission and assurance, I will return to England at once, for I am filled with unrest until this business of poor Leadbitter's is cleared up." And so they parted; he rushing off to bid adieu to Marie, and inform her of all his plans, and she to resume her arduous duties.

It was not until the afternoon of the following day that the long divided members of "The United Kingdom" were permitted to meet together once more. So excited were Marie and Madge at the prospect of seeing their dear friend again, that with their arms around each other, they felt in their anticipation like schoolgirls once more; for their hearts were still pure and young, and they seemed entirely to lose sight of the fact that they were or ought to be—important and sedate little matrons.

"Dear, dear little Bertie!" cried Marie; "how delighted she will be to see us."

"And we!—what pleasure for us to look upon her brave face once more," chimed in Madge. "You know, Marie, though we may not tell her so, she is quite a little heroine—a martyr to charity, is she not?"

"Indeed, she is! Ah, Madge, when I think of old times, and compare them with the present, how convinced I am of the wisdom of God—He knew which of us to choose." And so they chatted on until, by the time they had reached the Convent, they had worked themselves into a state of excitement. Ma Soeur observed the look of bright anticipation on their sweet faces, and had not the heart to damp their joy; she merely cautioned them gently to be careful, and not to overtax the strength of Sister Marguerite.

In their haste, and to their utter astonishment, they almost fell over the body of old Leo, who, as a faithful sentinel was keeping guard outside the parlor door.

"Yes, indeed!" interjected Ma Soeur, with a look of injured dignity. "Yes, well, madame la Comtesse look surprised; but, believe me, the Sister is well guarded. Many of her friends are around her, and they are of a charming variety. The dog is only one of the party who took us by storm a few nights ago."

"Leo, Leo! how did you get here?" inquired Marie, stooping low and caressing him affectionately. "Why, I left you safely at home, and you are here before me."

"Go in and ask his old mistress to tell you all about it," replied Ma Soeur, opening the parlor door. "See, this is the room into which she was carried; and as she likes it and is comfortable, we have not moved her yet."

Sister Marguerite was prepared for the visit, and was, perhaps, the calmest of the three, as the old friends hurried forward and sank on their knees at either side of the low bed.

Do what she would the little Countess could not suppress the tears of joy which rushed to her eyes when she saw her oldest and best-beloved friend lying thus helpless before them; and the colour came and went in oppressive waves over the fine face of Madge O'Hagan, and her heart beat fast and painfully, as she marked with a quick eye the traces of hard work and suffering stamped plainly upon dear Sister Marguerite's features.

"How delicate, how ill she looks," pondered Madge; and yet they both thought, "how beautiful and sweet!"

The minutes flew on wings. It was impossible to crowd into so short a time one-half of what they had to ask and to tell each other. Neither could I attempt to describe all the mutual joy and true, honest love and interest, expressed and understood in this first meeting after their long separation.

"Madge, how is my little Marguerite the Third, that sweet little girl of whom you ought to feel so proud?" And, Marie, how fares my little nephew, so like his dear old grandpapa that I love him with a special love?" It made them very happy to tell her all their hopes, their fears, in hearing which they found so full of kindness and sympathy; and their hearts were flooded anew with gratitude as they realised so keenly what the loss of her would have meant to them.

Thus marked with happy visits, the days passed on until three weeks had flown, during which time Father de Woodville had been recalled to England, and O'Hagan had been telegraphed for to join the Earl; meanwhile, the dear patient had made rapid progress towards recovery. Nothing that could be done to hasten the invalid's restoration to health was left undone.

Paris, too, was vigorously and thankfully settling down to that peace and order to which for so long she had been an absolute stranger. Hope, born of life endurance, was budding into life venture; and twined their joy at the new and pleasant change of affairs.

One morning Sister Margaret received a letter from the Lady Abbess of St. Benedict's which caused all three both pleasure and pain. Often the trio re-read and talked over the contents of this letter, and whether the little recipient's health really did return, or the purport of this epistle urged her to strenuous exertions towards recovery, puzzled Madge considerably. She leaned entirely towards the latter theory. This is what the Abbess wrote:

"Knowing of your serious illness, my dearest child, I have refrained from writing as long as, with a good conscience, I could do so; knowing that if my letter should find you still unable to move, it could but needlessly distress and pain you. Poor old Father Egbert is asking for you daily. He is almost blind, and very feeble, but never a day passes that he does not treat to know if 'dear little Bertie' is coming to see him. He seems to forget that you are a nun, and when I try to insinuate that you would certainly be with him if you could, he waves me away with great dignity, assuring me sternly that you promised to go and see him before he died, and that Bertie never breaks her word, etc. Often, too, he speaks of Marie and the sweet Scotch nightingale, as he calls Madge, as though he loved to linger in memory over the old children in whom he always took such deep interest. So I feel sure that, though he cannot see your faces, still it would give him genuine delight to hear your voices and feel your presence near him once more."

"Tell Ma Soeur that a branch convent of your own order has been opened in the little town close by, so that you might spend your convalescent days with us, returning at nights to your own Sisters; and need I say how, from dear old Fr. Egbert down to the youngest novice in the community, we should be delighted to have our 'United Kingdom' once more amongst us, and what care we would lavish upon our sick child?"

So Ma Soeur was coaxed into giving the necessary permission; and truth to tell, she was not loth to do so, for in her secret heart she was desirous that Sister Marguerite should be moved from Paris as soon as possible, for change of scene and for rest; and where could she find either better than at St. Benedict's Abbey?

Thus it was arranged that "The United Kingdom" should dwell once more—for a time at least—under the very roof where first the three had learnt to know and love each other.

CHAPTER XXXI.

And now we will follow De Woodville, as he speeds towards the confines of that hard, cold unfriendly building, upon which poor Marion

had gazed with such a forlorn and breaking heart that memorable morning.

Having previously notified his expected arrival at the prison, the Earl alighted at the adjoining town, and securing the most respectable-looking vehicle that he could find, drove at a rapid pace to the quarters of the Governor of the jail, who received him personally, and led him at once into his own private apartments. There they talked very earnestly together for some time, the Governor informing De Woodville of the unexpected visit of Monsieur Camard, and the strange revelations which he had made; also of the discovery of the papers declared by Manfred to be hidden beneath the old altar-stone in the ruined abbey, which, if genuine, would establish Leadbitter's innocence at once.

"Anticipating the best result of further inquiries," he continued condescendingly, "I have already given orders for the prisoner to be removed to more comfortable quarters, where the doctor has taken him under his special charge. He finds him weakly; his constitution has, perhaps, been a little tried of late." And he coughed pompously.

"He was not weakly when he entered this unfortunate place," answered his visitor sternly; "he was as fine, as manly a young fellow as ever trod this earth."

"Probably! In fact, he may have been, for all I know. But, carelessly—men are not sent here, you know, to gormandise on the fat of the land, and to grow burly and strong at their country's cost. The Earl rose abruptly.

"Will you allow me," he asked, "to see and speak to poor Leadbitter, since you own that his innocence is almost proved. Being his friend of long standing, I have suffered much anxiety on his account." The Governor rose slowly to his feet, remarking in an indifferent tone of voice:

"Yes, I suppose you may see him; but if this is the first time that you have done so since his entrance here, well, you must be prepared to find him much altered—that's all."

"And all you care, too," muttered the Earl to himself as he curled his lips in the old disdainful way, and looked down with dignity upon the five feet five inches of humanity before him. But there was something in the bearing and look of De Woodville which impressed the Governor with a feeling of respect, and, seeing that he was displeased, he added:

"Well, I will say, that whenever I have seen No. 75, I have noticed that there was an erect and manly look about him; he wasn't the sort of fellow to impress one with the idea that he was very deeply dyed in guilt. Still, you know, we get all sorts here, and it would not do for one's heart to run away with one's head in a place like this, would it?" De Woodville vouchsafed no reply, but followed in gloomy silence.

The Governor continued: "I have even heard it said by some of the warders that the language and manners of . . . your friend . . . I forget his name, have earned for him among his associates the name of The Philosopher; so calm and stoical has been his conduct at times."

"H'm!" grunted De Woodville savagely. "It would require the strength of a maniac to bear up amid such unenviable surroundings and such such uncompanionable as poor Sir Edmund has had to submit to for the last three years. It is terrible to think of all he has endured—and so unjustly too!"

"Well, sir," reiterated the Governor, turning sharply round. "I, at least, neither condemned him nor measured his sentence. The judgment and punishment of the prisoners is neither meted out nor commuted by me. It is my painful duty to see that the sentence is duly carried out."

De Woodville made no reply, but the further he proceeded the stronger grew the spirit of disgust and pity within him. "What an oppressive air of helplessness pervades this detestable abode," he thought; "the grey walls, scarcely touched by a gleam of Heaven's sunlight to cheer so many hearts! And how many are in here for life! Surely death must come to them as a happy release. God help the poor wretches doomed to pine away their lives here."

As De Woodville made no effort to conceal his disgust, the Governor purposely avoided the scene, and went on to the prisoners engaged in laborious occupations, and with the aid of a large bunch of keys led the way down long, unfriendly-looking passages, through strong, iron-clamped doors, and across several small paved yards, each of which latter was devoid of trees or the smallest shelter whatsoever.

"Poor Leadbitter!" ejaculated the Earl, gulping down his feelings. "And so these are the scenes upon which alone your kind eyes have gazed for so long. Would that Manfred could have tasted a little of your loneliness and sufferings!"

"Ah, there you are mistaken, sir. Your friend has frequently been out working in the quarries; so he has enjoyed as much change of scene as we could well give him."

"Keen enjoyment that, I should presume," remarked De Woodville, drily.

They paused at last in front of a door as heavily and strongly framed apparently as its neighbors; but instead of inserting the key at once, the Governor slid back a small panel, and after peeping through it himself, beckoned to his companion to do the same, remarking in a slightly injured tone of voice: "Now, sir, come and look for yourself; your friend does not appear so very gloomy or uncomfortable after all, does he?"

De Woodville stepped towards the small embrasure and looked in, his heart palpitating violently as he did so.

"That man with him has always been the poor fellow's best friend and comforter; he is one of the prison chaplains—Father Lawrence by name. He has from the first evinced a great regard for No. 75, and has frequently spoken of him to me; but, you know, men of his calling are often too soft-hearted, and I fear, are frequently deceived." But the Earl scarcely heard the remark, his attention was so riveted upon what he saw.

The apartment into which he peered seemed lofty, dry, and airy, but as destitute as it well could be of any of those comforts with which the Governor had assured him his friend was now surrounded. He did not know that the few small beds in which he saw standing at precise distances apart were considered by the prisoners as very havens of rest and luxury; nor could he realize how many in this same apartment had wept tears of joy when they had heard from the lips of their pastor or physician that their dreary punishment was almost over, and that freedom, eternal and unbounded, would be theirs for ever. Surely there was often great peace in those death-beds, for there was neither comfort nor luxury to leave, and the ties of nature had been severed long ago; so that when men whose duty it was to speak of hope and repentance had bidden them look up, and know that their term of punishment was completed at last, surely there was more joy and less pain at such death-beds than in a glorious room of the man who attended those who were wealthy and favored among us. They, poor fellows, had died, and rightly society had condemned and punished them; are we all so innocent that no punishment awaits us?

TO BE CONTINUED

THE RAGGEDY MAN TRIUMPHS

By Emma S. Chester in The Missionary

Some years ago, readers of The Missionary were asked to consider a convert's recital, entitled, "Altar Flowers in Old Shipton" wherein the Raggedy Man appeared. But that, very long since forgotten him, while he quite probably in Paradise, has not been mindful of us.

About a month ago, I learned of a human experience so profound and wonderful that, as one bearing witness to the miraculous events of God's providence, I purpose to record it.

At the time of the Raggedy Man's unheralded appearance in Old Shipton, there resided there an artist, somewhat advanced in years, but so complacent as to the fruits of his achievements. Of a frivolous and pleasure-loving temperament, he had, nevertheless, that professional worship of Beauty which characterizes the men of his class. Beauty of form and color, but also beauty of symbolism, ritual and idea—I might almost say faith.

This beauty, appealing to him through his senses rather than by way of mind, heart or soul, had sealed his adhesion to the Catholic Church as the custodian of everything most sublime in history, poetry, painting, architecture, sculpture and music. Michael Angelo, Dante, Palestrina, Leonardo, Gericco—these were the sons of Art, not Calvin, nor Luther, nor Cromwell, nor Huss. Set a Methodist convert, or a New England meeting-house, next to St. Peter's in Rome, and wherein would you find Almighty God most manifest to man?

"Ah, I am a Catholic!" mused Romano. "Deo gratias! I worship His Beauty and His Truth!"

It was as an artist, therefore, and not as a Samaritan, that Romano had observed the Raggedy Man in the little church of Old Shipton.

Advancing toward the altar, with head bowed and meek hands folded, the Raggedy Man's once polite frock coat sagged in a fringe of broadcloth. He had trailed heavily from the farthest corner of the farthest pen in the rear. You have seen a whipped cat trail similarly, as if anticipating and warding off brutality.

He adored the Blessed Sacrament and lifted his head slightly to receive the host. Romano eyed him critically, from a well-favored pew. "Via dolorosa," he conjectured, "good model, but I haven't time."

He was at the moment engaged on some designs from "Aida" for a rich man's palace.

And it came to pass that soon thereafter Lazarus died and was gathered unto Abraham's bosom. Father Ott mentioned the fact when he called on Romano to enquire of his health which was stamping his face with an odd pallor.

"Your model," said he, "the Raggedy Man, has finished his sorrowful Way and has evaded you. You are too slow, Romano, in your undertakings. You know I advised you trying that. You're not looking fit. There's nothing like taking a little journey along the way of the Cross to make a man fervent and contented."

"Dead, is he?" enquired Romano, and lit his tenth cigarette. "Well, you don't take me for any supercilious Dives, Father?"

"No, but you lost a good chance. It is a mistake not to look twice at a man like that when he has really attracted you."

"You want an alms for him," said Romano. "No doubt you have the expense of his burial. You were his only friend."

Father Ott made the sign of the Cross. "May he rest in peace, and may perpetual light shine upon him."

There's his Purgatory, too," pursued Romano. "Well," he felt in his vest pocket, and touched a neglected rosary. Also, a five dollar bill. He handed the bill to Father Ott.

"Pray for him, Father, and—for me, too, if you don't object." The priest looked at the artist intently. "When you get ready, Romano, you will come to me. There's something on your mind. When you can't stand it any longer, you will tell me what it is. God bless you, my son. Good evening!"

The artist stood at the window staring into the empty street. "The Raggedy Man in Abraham's bosom, I believe. He's not in Purgatory. I don't know. Nobody knows. God knows, I'm in Purgatory."

Then, suddenly, Romano dropped out of Old Shipton. No man of his intimates in the Art Colony knew where he had gone. Some said he had some thought he had gone overseas, some that he had gone to the Camp of Louisiana. He had queer, melancholy attractions, for all his flip ways.

But Romano was neither overseas nor in a Leper Camp. He was behind bars, in a retreat for the mad. Something had happened to him. It happened on a glorious day in midsummer, somewhere near the festival of the Assumption.

His car stood at the door of a rural post-office where he was doing some landscape work for the summer. The little woman with drab hair, in a drab skirt, handed him his sheaf of mail. He extracted one letter dexterously, his foot on the step of the car. It was *Der Einige*.

He devoured it rapidly, turned white under his tan, and stumbled into the town. He motioned to a jitney driver standing on the curb. "I'm ill. I can't drive. Take me to 'shack 'Z'. The Barnacles."

No one ever saw him after that. He was shell-shocked, or such, I believe, is the sudden paralysis of will, and whirl of delirium which succeeds such a blow as Romano's emotions had received, in mentally rushing to meet it.

"Time only," said the chief alienist. "It may take ten years; give him all the paint and canvas he wants. Don't bother him. Let him alone."

Romano's eyes stared coldly through the iron bars. Ten years! Not Eternity, rather. He was doomed, damned; he knew it. His soliloquy never changed. Five years passed. Ten.

"Doomed, damned." He repeated the words. Remonstrances, entreaties, prayers, absolutions, All vain. Melancholia was his bride. Despair his daily companion. Memory of his father's face, and a sister who had died since he left Old Shipton, but the dates were unknown to him, and he felt no pang.

"Gone to Paradise," he said to himself, "and I hell."

Never once in those years had he failed to fiercely defend the Church when he heard her sanctity assailed. He gave generously to those about instructed converts and those about to die in his dream, who contained some relics and sacraments picked up on his foreign travels. His rosary and crucifix were wrapped in white tissue and buried deep in his trunk. He believed that his touch would be sacrilegious. He uttered no prayer. Not a word of the liturgy could he recall.

Some one had left a small crucifix upon his dressing table. He saw it and shuddered. "Doomed, damned, No. That was never done for me." Then, passionately, on his knees for the first time in fifteen years, he protested: "O my God, I love Thee. I adore Thee. I give Thee my heart."

He arose bewildered, and asked himself: Who was it that made that Act of Love? Not Romano, assuredly. Romano is doomed, damned!

Weeks passed. He was shaving himself, his razor uplifted, when a voice murmured in his ear, "Memorare. Remember what?"

"Memorare. Remember what?" he demanded. "You know, who ever you are, that I can't remember a thing."

"Memorare," the voice continued, "that never was it known that any one—"

The voice ceased, or Romano could no longer hear it.

A month passed in the hospital garden, walking short.

"I have it," he cried. "Remember that never was it known that any one who fled to thy protection, implored thy aid, and sought thy intercessions, was left unaided."

More weeks still passed before Romano seized and grappled with the remaining words: "O Virgin of Virgins, my Mother. To thee I come. Before thee I stand, sinful and sorrowful. O Mother of the Word Incarnate, despise not my petitions, but in thy mercy hear and answer me."

Little by little, day by day, he called the glorious prayer of the Church after Mass to St. Michael. He repeated this last continually: "St. Michael, Archangel, defend us in the battle, and be our protection against the malice and snares of the Serpent. Rebuke him, O Lord, and do Thou, O prince of the heavenly hosts, drive into Hell Satan and the other evil spirits who roam through the world seeking the destruction of souls."

Through sleepless nights he meditated on the fifteen mysteries of the Rosary, and their Fruits. Very particularly, the scourging at the Pillar. He dived to the bottom of his trunk and brought forth his crucifix veiled in white tissue. He knelt before it, and devoutly kissed the feet of our crucified Redeemer.

By Thy Cross and Passion," he said. "Thou knowest that I have never denied Thy beauty and Thy truth. I have been true to the mind of Thy Church. Thy doctrines and traditions are imprinted on my soul as the fern is imbedded in the granite rock of ages. I have abhorred blasphemy and sacrilege, and have ever rebuked them when manifested in my presence. I have borne witness to the Church when assailed by her enemies. I have testified to her cause, in season and out of season. For twenty years, I have adored these mysteries as a silent spectator in agony, unable to enter the Communion of Saints, deprived of their consolation."

He paused. Then memory again came to his assistance. He prostrated himself more profoundly. He repeated the words: "I contemplate the divine mystery of the Crucifixion. After many tortments, the cruel executioners pierce the hands and feet of Jesus, and having nailed Him to the cross, raise him between two thieves. They torture his taste with vinegar and gall. For the space of three hours they load Him with outrages and derision. In that state He expired, after having consummated the great work of our redemption."

Romano continued: "O my God, Thou knowest that I love Thee. I desire to place myself with Thee to receive the Scourging of the Pillar. My pride and ingratitude merit it, as Thou, O innocent Lamb, immaculate for me, dost not. I accept the calumnies and false accusations of the rabble. I accept their an-ha's! and O-ho's, as one worthy of their derision. I perceive that Thou, and not themselves, hast armed them to this work as instruments of my penance. I wish to be born again with Thee, between two beasts, a stable and a dung heap for my habitation. I turn my face from the goods and honors and evil amusements of this world as impediments to my race for eternal life, and ungratefully of a Christian runner who must be chaste and humble. I renounce the clothes and much furniture as a hindrance to my swift and clear course. By Thy Cross and Passion, have mercy on me."

Romano rose. Unknowingly, he appeared to have completed his twenty years of expiation. His malady fell from him like a garment. He was cured.

Weeks passed. He received the Sacraments again with a devotion and rapture hitherto unknown. Twenty years of the agonies, incident to the insanity of Despair, had left his body and brain wasted and exhausted. He did not recover his tone and resiliency at once. "Grant me the grace to suffer, and the strength to work," he prayed.

His prayer was granted. He recalled the young novice at Clairvaux, who observed the monks at the plough, the work-bench or the anvil, saying: "In the midst of their labor they appear to rest. Though they are always occupied and very busy, they seem entirely at leisure, because their hearts are tranquil, and their eyes are not entangled in their cares."

Later he said to himself: "It is wonderful, I feel so young. It is not true that I am growing old. I am, instead, advancing every hour toward eternal youth. The pursuit of Art has for its only end the education of the soul. My work will carry me on an ascending scale, straight to the Source of all Beauty and all Truth. I shall enjoy their delights forever. When I was moved to give Father Ott an alms for the repose of the soul of the Raggedy Man, he said: 'It is well. You are a proud and frivolous fellow. You have preferred to paint the acts of Aida rather than the Sorrowful Way of the Cross. Nevertheless, I predict that the Raggedy Man will in the end be your model. In the meantime, you will have need of his charity. The hour is coming when you will be as a dead man, forgotten, out of mind. You will languish in prison, and no art critic nor picture hanger will open your doors. Aida will adorn the walls of Dives, and be admired by connoisseurs who are not wise. What good will they do you—you will be saying the De Profundis. Out of the depths I have cried unto Thee, Lord, hear my voice. If Thou, O Lord, wert against me, could mark what is done amidst, who could stand it? In the hour, if I am not mistaken, the Raggedy Man will

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intercede for you, saying: 'I was naked and he clothed me; I was sick and in prison and he came unto me. Lord, remember not his offences. Be merciful to his transgressions.' Romano stood dumb with meditation before his easel. He was very pale, but taking on flesh. An air of serenity fitted him like a garment. His smile was transient, but very bright. 'It is true,' he said, 'the Raggedy Man Triumphs.'

THE PRESIDENT'S CALL FOR DISARMAMENT

The call for disarmament has been sounded in Washington. It is a cheering sign in a world still shadowed by the after-war gloom, that the nation in a position to follow up a policy of might and steel should be the first to take the step toward permanent world peace. For no nation is stronger than is our own today. We have the raw materials that go to make the armaments of war, we have millions of men who have had military training, and Europe is our debtor to the sum of billions of dollars. If the American people here and now were determined to play the game of militarism they could set the pace and make the other nations of the world follow. But it is to the credit of the President that he has sensed the feeling of the nation. The rank and file of our people were sincere when they gave their all in the War that they truly believed was a war to end war.

They were disappointed when their wishes were not written into the Treaty of Paris. Their disappointment was recorded at the polls. They would have nothing to do with a covenant that was drawn up by diplomats for the benefit of a few nations. They wanted a league of nations and not a league of diplomats with secret understandings explaining fair words in the interest of politicians and not of peoples. And the President has been the first to take a step forward toward a real league of nations. One action is stronger than fourteen paragraphs. A definite proposal for disarmament puts the question of international peace on a practical basis. It is America's challenge of practical idealism to the other nations of the world.

It is well to remember that even in the heat of war another voice spoke as the American President speaks today. On August 14, 1917, Benedict XV, issued his appeal to the leaders of the belligerent peoples to come to an agreement upon the following points which seem to be a basis of a just and durable peace:

"First of all the fundamental points must be that the material force of arms be supplanted by the moral force of right, from which shall arise a fair agreement for the simultaneous and reciprocal diminution of armament, according to the rules and guarantees to be established, such armament being maintained as is necessary and sufficient for the preservation of public order in each State. For arms should be substituted arbitration with its noble function of preserving peace, according to the rules to be laid down and the penalties to be imposed on a State which would refuse either to submit a national question to arbitration or to accept the decision rendered."

Following his proposition for real disarmament based on "the supremacy of right" the Holy Father advocated "the true liberty and community of the seas, which would diminish the numerous causes of conflict and would also open to all new sources of prosperity and progress." The sound and practical reasoning contained in the Pope's proposal was lost in the din of war. It found no place in a peace of conquest. And yet its first requisite "simultaneous and reciprocal disarmament" must form the basis of any practical and permanent peace.—America.

OUR LADY OF OXFORD

The celebrations at Oxford this month recall many interesting historical points about the city that are not generally known. Every visitor goes to the Cathedral and sees the tomb of St. Frideswide, the foundress of Oxford; he notices various links with Catholic Oxford in the College names and customs dating back to their monastic models; he does not know, generally, that he steps from the train on to the site of Osney Abbey, and that if he seeks he will find no less than fourteen statues of Our Lady looking down upon Oxford. Of these statues seven are survivals of the fury of the iconoclasts, while six have been erected in comparatively recent times by non-Catholics. The oldest statues are probably those in the Annunciation figures at New College, which date back to the foundation of the College in 1279, and the broken group at St. Mary Smithgate, formerly a chapel in an angle of the city wall and now known as "The Octagon." The most famous is the large statue over the porch of the church of St. Mary the Virgin in the High Street. This was erected in 1637, and defaced soon after by Puritans. Its erection was one of the articles of impeachment against Archbishop Laud, who was a High Churchman before the time. But remarkable as it may seem that these statues should have survived the orgy of

destruction at the Reformation, it is still remarkable that others should have joined them in modern times. One of these is to be found at Nazareth House, but the others are all the work of non-Catholics, who evidently realize something of the honor which should be paid to the Mother of God, and will, we trust, be helped on their way to the Fold by the intercession of "Our Lady of Oxford."—The Universe.

DEATH OF CONVERT

RECALLS DAYS OF BIG CONTROVERSY

Boston, August 19.—Recollections of a religious controversy that stirred New England thirty years ago were revived by the death last week in this city of the Rev. James Field Spalding, who before his conversion to the Catholic faith in 1891 was for twelve years rector of the exclusive Christ Episcopal Church of Cambridge, and a Protestant churchman of distinction. His farewell address to his Cambridge parishioners on Sunday, November 29, 1891, in which he set forth at great length his reasons for making the change, brought down upon his head from some quarters a storm of protest. He was charged not alone with attempting to sway the members of his flock to his new beliefs, through this farewell, but, as were Newman and his followers in England, with remaining in his pulpit for many months while at heart a Catholic, and deliberately dishonest and underhandedly making use of his position to sow "Romish" seed in the minds of his auditors.

For a long time the columns of the New England newspapers were filled with letters on both sides of the situation.

RATIONALISM PROVOKED THOUGHT

"What first set me thinking in the direction which has resulted in my giving up my rectorship," said Mr. Spalding in his farewell, "was the rationalism, the free thinking and the unbelieving in the Episcopal church and the entire Anglican community."

His investigation, painstakingly made, led him to the conclusion that the Roman Catholic Church is the one true Church of Christ. He had been a firm believer in the so-called "branch theory" of the Anglican Church. But his investigation showed the falsity of that theory, to which so many Anglicans still cling tenaciously. His change was not a hasty one. It was the result of many years of thought—of almost an entire lifetime of thought, in fact.

Born in Enfield, Conn. in 1839, he graduated from Williston Seminary, Easthampton, Mass. and, in 1862, from Williams College. In his college days he was a Congregationalist, but experienced a change of belief when, after his graduation, he was a teacher at Williams for two years. It was at the age of twenty-eight that he decided to become an Episcopalian, and in the following year he was ordained a deacon by Bishop Williams Lawrence, present Episcopal Bishop of Massachusetts.

After rectorships at Ithaca, N. Y. and Portland, Conn. he was assigned to Christ Church, Cambridge, in 1879. Always a deep thinker, he was called "superior" as a theologian to any other clergyman of his denomination in New England "at the time of his conversion to Catholicity."

HIS SEARCH FOR SAFEGUARDS

"When I came into the Episcopal church," he said in his farewell address at Cambridge, "I thought that there would be greater safeguards against this spirit of rationalism and free thinking, for I believed that I was coming into the church of Christ. I was from that day a high church member."

"I think the Anglican Church from which the Episcopal church is descended and from which it broke at the time of Henry VIII. was completely revolutionized at the time of his death. Instead of the Church of England it had become the church in England. It had become for the first time in its history a separate community and lost its continuity with the ancient Church. Mr. Spalding was received into the church shortly after resigning his rectorate. He was in after years a frequent lecturer in English literature in Catholic schools. From 1899 to 1903 he was professor of English literature at Boston College.

DON'T FORGET THE POOR

As a rule, Catholics give generously. But there are exceptions; Catholics who forget that to support their pastors is a duty, not a work of supererogation, and that to help Christ's poorer brethren, according to their means, is a real obligation. The point is well illustrated in an anecdote quoted in the Living Church, which tells how a prominent church member attended a mission, and "coming out, dropped a ten-dollar bill in the box, and then went home, full of satisfaction over his generosity. He told his wife of his good deed, expecting approbation. Instead, she said something like this: 'Well, Jim, you think yourself a fine fellow, don't you, putting just \$10

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in that box? You have just paid \$250 for a victrola, \$125 for a suit, \$185 for your month's club expenses, and are about to make a trip that will cost you \$50 a day. You are generous."

"Jim" hardly merited this castigation, for under the circumstances he had done pretty well. But when Mrs. Caudle had concluded, "he went back to the mission and put in \$50," and at once they began to float to him across the waters. For "on the way home from church he met a man whom he had not seen for years, and who owed him money. The debtor had made a pile, and handed him something he was not to look at just then. It proved to be \$1,000, much more than the amount of the debt."

Now, not many of our Catholic people are taking summer trips which will cost them \$50 a day. Most of us, however, are probably spending a little more than usual in these vacation days for our comfort and amusement. Let us not forget Christ's poor, even during vacation.

There are thousands of hard-working men, exhausted mothers, and frail little children, who never have a vacation, but must remain all summer in the crowded, sweltering city. To increase our donations to charity in proportion to what we expend upon ourselves, is good policy. Our generosity may not face us with a man who owes us \$1,000, and is ready to pay the debt. But it will bring us infinitely more than that paltry sum, payable in the golden coin which secures our entrance to the Kingdom of God. So Our Saviour has promised, and He will infallibly keep His promise. Whatever we do in His name to the least of our brethren He will take as done to Himself.

There is no vacation from the Ten Commandments, and there is no time in which we cannot lay up for ourselves treasures in heaven by helping the poor. Perils to body and soul lie in wait for the summer traveler, and he is a wise man who buys insurance from Him who has promised life everlasting in return for a cup of cold water, given in His Name.—America.

THE WORLD'S UNREST

There can be no true order in society and consequently no basis for permanent peace where men do not reverence and practice the virtue of Christian obedience. The submission of the creature to the Creator is as essential for the maintenance of social order as it is fundamental in the personal sanctification of the individual. Whenever men lose sight of this elemental Christian truth, they quickly descend to habits of lawless selfishness and are betrayed into the commission of such acts of injustice as breed anarchy in this world and make impossible union with God in the life to come.

The world today is not at peace. Strife and contention and bitterness are everywhere rampant. Individuals and nations are in rebellion and are restless with a discontent that is not difficult to understand, but that is hard to exercise or restrain. Recently the Holy Father, Pope Benedict XV, stressed this fact as he gave expression to the grave fears that filled his soul at the spectacle of a disordered world at once confused and defiant.

The source of the world's unrest the Holy Father affirmed to be the absence of faith in the lives of men and the consequent lack of motives and sanctions that would encourage the practice of obedience, by which alone order can be established and permanent peace assured. His Holiness declared: "There can be no order in society without the acknowledgment of the dominion of God over His creatures. And inasmuch as modern society has attempted to set itself above God, this forgetfulness of the supernatural and this triumph of the natural has led individuals to egotism and society to revolution and anarchy." The only hope out of this unhappy condition is a revival and an increase of faith — faith in God and in God's Providence and faith in man's moral responsibility.

Men must renew their faith in Jesus Christ as the Revealer of the Divine Will, and in His Gospel as the source of sanctions and motives for just and charitable action before there can be established in the world that orderly condition of life which we all desire. Bitter experience is teaching us that there is no short-cut to social justice and universal contentment any more than there is a short-cut to individual happiness and individual righteousness. Neither individuals nor

nation can be brought to sudden perfection by legislation and political change, however radical it may be. Happiness and contentment so far as this life can give them are not found in idleness and irresponsibility and the loud assertion of one's right, but in patient labor, honest effort, and lawful contention.

It is worth while recalling that the spirit of rebellion and lawlessness which threatens society today is not the creation of our generation; neither is it a by-product of the World War. It is the natural, the inevitable development of that doctrine of revolt and that heresy of naturalism preached in the sixteenth century as a protest against the Church of Jesus Christ; a monstrous doctrine, so fundamentally false that in every succeeding age it has been productive of evil infinitely worse than the human frailties against which it was first directed. That original defiance of God, through the rejection of the Church which He had set up in the world by His Son Jesus Christ, has since so widened in scope and deepened in vehemence that today it denies not only the authority of Christ and His Church, but questions the very existence of God and rejects as definite and final the laws of morality by which men live and by which they shall be judged. Of course, now, as in that other day, when Israel forgot her God, mankind learns anew and—in a school of painful experience—that apart from God and the morality that is based on God there can be no true life. Men but dig to their ruin when they reject the authority of the Living God.—The Missionary.

OUR LADY'S SHRINE

Off have I seen, at some cathedral door,
A laborer, pausing in the dust and heat,
Lay down his burden, and with reverent feet,
Enter, and cross himself, and on the floor
Kneel to repeat his "Pater Noster" o'er;
The loud vociferations of the street
Became an indistinguishable roar,
So, as I enter here, from day to day,
And leave my burden at this minister gate,
Kneeling in prayer, and not ashamed to pray,
The tumult of the times, disconsolate
To inarticulate murmurs dies away,
While the eternal ages watch and wait.

—LONGFELLOW

ROCK OF AGES

There is much food for kindly and uncaptioned reflection in the accounts given in the daily papers of the "pilgrimage" made recently by a number of Anglicans and Nonconformists to the cleft rock which suggested to its author one of the most popular Protestant hymns in existence—"Rock of Ages." Dr. Toplady, the writer of the hymn, was also the author of many volumes of strongly Calvinistic sermons, to be found half a century ago on every respectable equipped parsonage bookshelf. The hymn "Rock of Ages," which aimed at epitomizing the dour theology of the "Predestination" school, by what one might also be tempted to call a curiosity of Divine grace, embodied a doctrine strikingly Catholic in its sentiment, irrefragably Catholic in its intent, albeit that the author clearly intends "justification by faith alone" to loom in every line. The Catholic devotion to the Sacred Heart is forcibly suggested by the lines composed in the cleft rock before which an "inter-Church" service was held by pilgrims whose devotional act was likewise a curious reflection of the pilgrimage to one of Christianity's accredited shrines. One may gather from the

incident a testimony to a religious instinct fostered by the Catholic Church, uttered not without pathos, seeing how pale the reflection necessarily was. And other significance as well: Toplady, in writing the lines

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee."

wrote a Catholic hymn in spite of himself. His commemorators, in saluting the "rock of ages" at Burrington Combe, were making an unwitting approach towards a Catholic devotion containing the substance rather than the similitude of Truth, as well as giving it due expression in an approved Catholic form.—The Universe.

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LONDON, SATURDAY, SEPT. 3, 1921

THE NEW BISHOP OF ALEXANDRIA

The historic See of Alexandria, so closely identified with the Right Reverend Alexander Macdonell, first Bishop of Upper Canada, has lately witnessed the installation of its new Bishop, the Right Reverend Felix Couturier, O. P., who was appointed to that office by His Holiness Benedict XV. Though the new Bishop comes as a stranger, never having visited America before, he was none the less welcomed by his new flock. In this regard, the Rev. J. J. Macdonell of St. Finan's Cathedral, in announcing the appointment of Bishop Couturier paid a high tribute to the scholarly attainments, patriotic devotion and ecclesiastical eminence of the Bishop designate who in the near future would be one of ourselves.

The qualities and virtues which the new Bishop was most fortunate in the possession of, were only secondary in as much as they pertained to the priests and people of the Diocese of Alexandria. The primary matter was that his appointment was sanctioned by His Holy Father, the Pope, and that it was our duty to accept in obedience to the voice of the Vicar of Christ this appointment, thereby showing our unswerving loyalty and devotion to our Holy Father. In concluding he asked the parishioners to pray for the temporal and spiritual welfare of the Right Reverend Felix Couturier, assuring them that his appointment would be for the greater honor and glory of God.

From a letter addressed by Bishop Couturier to the Very Rev. George Corbett of Cornwall, Administrator of the Diocese of Alexandria, the following biographical details are extracted. His Lordship writes: "I was born in 1876, of French-English parentage and my education, ordination and priestly life have been spent in England. I have preached for fifteen years all over England, Ireland and Scotland, and during the War I was Military Chaplain, at home for awhile and then in Egypt and in the Holy Land. I was consecrated in 1919, and the Holy Father entrusted the Apostolic Visitation of Egypt to my charge."

THE CATHOLIC RECORD joins with the good people and worthy clergy of Alexandria in extending a hearty welcome to their new chief pastor, whose many talents and previous wide experience so admirably fit him for his new office. Ad multos annos!

THE DEBASEMENT OF THE AMERICAN POPULAR SONG

A recent issue of the Dearborn Independent, Henry Ford's Journal, contains an excellent article on the debasement of the American popular song. The article in question undertakes to show that the morality of popular songs began to decline precisely at the time when the latter became the monopoly of Jewry.

That the Jews did not create the popular song is, of course, a well-known fact. That they are in present possession of it, is proven by United States government statistics according to which 80% of these popular songs are under the control of seven Jewish music houses. It is, likewise, an incontestable fact that under their control popular music has degenerated.

It is interesting to trace the stages through which the popular song has passed during the last few decades. After the Civil War,

war songs were of course the predominant fashion. These were gradually intermingled with songs which were picturesque, romantic clean, and for the most part serious with a tinge of melancholy. "Silver Threads Among the Gold," "When You and I Were Young, Maggie," may be cited as examples.

The ballads of that period were not the unwholesome products of song factories, but the creation of individuals whose gifts were given natural expression, and who labored for the satisfaction which their work afforded.

The music of this school yielded to songs of a lighter character, but still just as clean as their predecessors. It was the time when, "My Wild Irish Rose," "Annie Rooney," "Down Went McGinty to the Bottom of the Sea," were in vogue.

Then came the "ragtime" period, a development of Negro minstrelsy. With its seductive syncopation it captured the public ear. It was about this time that the Jews gained control and to their clever methods of advertising we owe the craze for "Jazz" music, or ragtime run riot.

This music, if it may be called such, which resembles the infernal din of tin pans, made to recall a recalcitrant swarm of bees to a proper sense of their domestic allegiance, is what is demanded by the public.

"The first self-styled 'King of Jazz,' says the Independent, 'was a Jew named Frisco. The general directors of the whole downward trend have been Jews. It needed just their touch of cleverness to camouflage the moral filth and raise it half a degree above that natural stage where it begets nothing but disgust. They cannot gild the lily, but they can veil the skunk-cabbage, and that is exactly what has been done. The modern popular song is a whitened sepulchre, sparkling without, but within full of the dead bones of all the old disgusting indecencies."

"Sentiment has been turned into sensuous suggestion. The popular lilt slid into ragtime, and ragtime has been superseded by jazz. Song topics became lower and lower, until at last they were dredges of the slimy bottom of the underworld."

"We are now in the period of 'The Vamp'—that great modern goddess upon whom tens of thousands of silly girls are modeling themselves. The original 'vamp' is to be found in a forbidden French novel, upon which Morris Gest founded his grossly immoral spectacle called Aphrodite."

Songs, in which low ideals or debased notions of marriage, love, parental authority and home life are inculcated, are not without their influence on public morals. "Let me make a nation's songs, and I care not who makes its laws," is a statement accredited to a profound thinker. If this be true, it is indeed time that the public voice should be raised against the insidious menace of the debased popular song, which has mobilized in its work of undermining public morals, the vaudeville, the dance-hall, the player-piano and the phonograph.

EDUCATION SUNDAY

The designation of a certain Sunday in August, as "Education Sunday," on which, by order of the united voice of the Hierarchy of Ontario, pastors are required to present to the consideration of their people the desirability of providing their children with the benefits of higher education, has indeed been attended by splendid results.

Already the effects of this prudent regulation have manifested themselves, for, last year, all the Catholic institutions of higher learning were able to report a large, if not the largest enrollment in their history.

Nevertheless, there is yet a great deal to be desired. The fact cannot be overlooked that in proportion to our population the number of Catholics in such walks of life as the legal, medical and teaching professions is still far below what it should be.

There is always a temptation for parents with large families or of limited means, to send their children to work as soon as possible. In some cases, they are compelled to do so by necessity, in others their action is the result of culpable indifference in the matter of education. It is to this latter class that we wish to appeal—to those parents

who cannot plead necessity and yet who send their children to work for the sake of the few paltry dollars they are able to earn.

Such parents would do well to consider that a good education is the best gift that they can give their children, in the temporal order. For children who leave school with but a meagre education, all things being equal, unable to compete with those who have received the benefits of higher education. A well-trained intellect is prepared to achieve success which is quite beyond the reach of a half-trained or ill-trained mind.

As we know of no stronger indictment against indifference in educational matters with its attendant bad results, than that penned by the Right Rev. Alexander Macdonell, Ontario's first Bishop, to the people of Sandwich, we shall quote therefrom as follows: Addressing himself "to the Rev. Joseph Crevier, and the Elders and Churchwardens of the parish of the Assumption in the Township of Sandwich, Western District," His Lordship wrote under date of Nov. 20th, 1890:

"It is a great misfortune to your parish, and a great reflection upon those who have had the management and control of it, that in so wealthy and in every other respect so respectable a parish as yours, education should have been so shamefully neglected."

"Were the same advantages afforded to the Catholic youth of the Western District as to their Protestant fellow subjects, there can be no doubt but that they would display equal talents and equal ability with those of any other part of the Province and would at this day fill some of the most lucrative and confidential situations in the State. While every description of Protestants are coming forward and obtaining seats in the National Legislature and thus by possessing weight and influence in the Government, procure for themselves and their friends posts and places of emolument and distinction, the Catholics for want of education are not only kept in the background and neglected, but are made the hewers of wood, and the drawers of water, to those who came into the country, adventurers and beggars."

It is hoped that the approaching scholastic term will again show that Catholic parents are disposed to do all in their power to provide their children with the best education which their means will permit. To what institutions of learning should our children be sent? Unquestionably to Catholic schools, if it be reasonably possible to do so. Throughout the various Provinces of Canada, there are several splendid colleges and convents, where a thorough higher education may be obtained in a healthy Catholic atmosphere.

There are, however, pupils who for various reasons cannot be sent to these institutions. In this event they should avail themselves of the advantages offered by the High Schools and Collegiate Institutes of our country. Catholic taxes aid in building and maintaining these institutions and Catholics should patronize them, if needs be.

If parents cooperate to their utmost with their ecclesiastical superiors, in this all-important matter of Catholic education we may hope to see the rising generation of Catholic youth, creditably occupying the places which they should, in the social, political and religious life of our country.

NEW LIGHT BUT NOT BETTER LIGHT

By THE OBSERVER

The Albany Evening Journal, of Albany, N. Y., on August 22nd, had an editorial entitled "A New Light on Queen Victoria," commenting on a recent biography of the late Queen Victoria.

The author, it seems, has used "the new psychology," whatever that is. We are told that he "does not psycho-analyse the Queen," but that he presents us with the materials for doing so, drawn from her letters and journals: "her spasms of childish egoism, the unrestrained sentimentality, the self-will, prejudice, conventionality and obstinacy which characterized her whole life."

We pause to remark that though many people keep private diaries, most people are lucky enough never to have them published; and few of

us would look well in the eyes of posterity if the thoughts and ideas which pass through our minds from day to day were published just as they come and go. And that is the point; or one of the points; our ideas come; and go; provided we have sense enough not to record them, for some absurd person to publish at a later time, divorced from their mental context, and taking on an appearance of settled conclusions, which we never intended. Biographers would do well to try, sometimes, a little psycho-analysis on themselves. But let us get on.

We are told that:

"She emphasized, without discrimination, every event of her life, however trivial. The decree went forth at the beginning of her reign that nothing should be thrown away. The dresses, furs, bonnets, and parasols of seventy years were kept in chronological order, dated and complete. The rooms at Windsor which had been occupied by the Prince Consort were kept as they had been at his death. His clothes were laid afresh on the bed in the morning, the water set ready, etc.; and this incredible rite was performed with scrupulous regularity for nearly forty years."

Now, no one ever said that Victoria was a great queen. She was narrow in some ways; her line have never been noted for mental greatness. But in two respects, at least, she was a great woman; she was great in her moral character, and great in her great love for the man she married.

Had she been a wanton as so many sovereigns have been, and had the love she gave her husband been given to a paramour, all the mawkishness and the sentimental slush of the world would have been poured out by her biographers, to the end that she might be rottenly famous forever.

But the case was different. Fancy loving a man for forty years after he was dead; and continuing that love into an age when it was fashionable to take a second husband before the first was dead! "An incredible rite," the laying out of clothes, and all that. Perhaps; but a rite which had a far closer connection with the eternal principles of decency and propriety than the rites performed in our times in the divorce courts and the offices of justices of the peace, where wives are swapped like horses or cows.

Victoria was capable of a great love; and a great love is the negation of selfishness. It is not strange that in 1921, that great love is hardly understood; for this is the most selfish age the world has yet seen.

But it is not enough for "modern" writers to sneer at Queen Victoria. That is only by way of introduction to the topic they want to come to; which is, the glory of 1921 and the backwardness, the narrowness, of 1841, or 1851, or 1861.

They might go back to 1831 or 1821, but that would not suit their book; for 1821 and 1831 were rotten, with a rottenness which is about, or nearly equalled, in 1921, but equalled, or approached, without the honesty which characterized the rottenness of the Georgian period.

"The attitude," says The Journal, "which prompted such a heathen ceremony, was characteristic of the time. Victorian belles preserved love letters, pressed flowers, and dance programmes. Victorian brides laid away their wedding gowns in lavender. Victorian mothers and wives kept their baby's shoes and curls and wore rings and bracelets of their husband's hair. Whatever may be the demerits of our present-day thought we refuse to clutter our minds or our houses with sentimental relics. The rummage sale is a significant manifestation of a changed spirit."

Who refuses to keep sentimental relics? They are preserved in at least seventy-five per cent. of the homes in North America. Who are "we"?

But it must be admitted that that part of the world which calls itself society is going back to the Georgian period; when social leaders had families of illegitimate children. They allowed the children to be born, anyhow; whereas it is now the fashion to murder them.

Victoria, more than any other one person, raised English society out of the foul slough of the Georgian period; and that was no small task. Some of her predecessors, of the same royal line, were moral lepers;

and they gave the tone to English society. With that to her credit, who that has a sense of proportion, should care to mention her personal eccentricities? She was brought up with some racial and religious prejudices. Well, the "broad-minded" people of today dislike an Irishman or a Catholic as much as she did. Why do they not improve on her before beginning to criticize her?

We admit that the tendency of our times is towards the discarding of "baby's shoes and curls," and such "sentimental relics." In fact, in "society," there is not now considered to be a place for baby anyhow.

The Journal says: "We are threatened with a revival of Victorian fashions in clothes and decorations; furbelows and horse-hair sofas are coming back; but it is, like all revivals, a mere external aping of the past. The Victorian spirit is as dead as Methuselah."

We see no probability of a revival of Victorian fashions in clothes. At present, we are nearer the fashions of the Restoration period or the Georgian period; in the main feature of our fashions, which is indecent exposure of the person.

No, no Victorian revival is at hand. Grandma is fox-trotting with her skirts cut to her knees, and with enough rouge on her face to paint a door; and her granddaughter looks so like a street-walker that the most experienced eye fails to discern the difference.

We have over-leaped the Victorian period. We have gone farther back.

NOTES AND COMMENTS

THE REPORT brought back to Canada by an Ontario barrister of name that the demolition of Edinburgh Castle, to make way for a War memorial, is in contemplation is a thing unthinkable to Scotsmen animated with the old national tradition. As well talk of removing Westminster Abbey; for Edinburgh Castle is rooted no less deep down in the history of the Scottish people than is the venerable abbey in that of the English. But nothing can be said to be proof against innovation in this material age, and Scotland long since parted with her national birthright for a much less worthy consideration than now threatens the Castle. Nevertheless, if there is a spark of the old spirit left in Scotland it should assert itself now.

A NOTORIOUS apostate-priest, one Joseph McCabe, has compiled a biographical dictionary of those whom he classifies as nationalists, covering a period extending over the last three hundred years. It is noteworthy that out of the vast array of famous names embraced within that period he has been able to find only 3,000 who were not believers to a greater or lesser extent in the Christian revelation and for even that 3000, or a large proportion of them, we have no other warrant for their classification as unbelievers than the questionable warrant of McCabe. But even if all of them in their tenure of activity professed a greater or lesser degree of skepticism how many of them, it would be interesting to know, turned to God at the last? This side of the question did not of course come within the scope of McCabe's enquiry.

WITH RESPECT to McCabe's book, an English university man of reputation, Professor Bury of Cambridge, who is himself a reputed nationalist, has this to say: "One's first thought is that 3,000 names are not very many for 320 years. In order to draw useful statistical conclusions, the names should, in the first place, be arranged in at least four chronological sections, two before and two after the French Revolution. That would give an indication of the growth of liberal opinion which one alphabetical enumeration does not exhibit. But we want, in the second place, something more. We want, in fact, another dictionary, including people, equally distinguished, of the same period, who have clung to the theological beliefs of their fathers. If some diligent person, possessing Mr. McCabe's wide knowledge, were to compile such a list, we should be able to estimate the statistical significance of Mr. McCabe's 3,000."

A PRESBYTERIAN contemporary, referring to this book, seems to see

some significance in the fact that the most aggressive and blatant assailant of Christianity in recent years is an unfrocked Catholic priest, and that his assaults are directed not alone against the Church he had left, but against all things Christian, even atheistic. There is, indeed, very great significance in the fact, for in nine cases out of ten it will be found that when once a man has turned away from the Catholic Church he ultimately loses all faith in the supernatural, and while he continues to recognize in the Church the only real obstacle in the way of the atheistic propaganda, he only too often adopts, his warfare is against the very name of Christianity. He may seek to disguise that fact, and even, for material considerations ally himself with this or that sect separated from the parent stem, but sooner or later, unless the grace of God brings him back to the starting point, his warfare will be found to be against the very kernel of the Christian creed. There is then much significance in McCabe's antecedents, and there is a lesson too for every penetrating mind and understanding heart.

AT A SOCIAL gathering a short time ago some discussion arose as to the singular facts and fancies connected with numbers, and the peculiarities of the figure 9 was especially noted. Its most striking quality is that when once you use it you cannot get rid of it. All through the multiplication table the product of 9 comes to 9. No matter what you multiply with, or how many times you repeat or change the figures the result is always the same. Here are some examples of it:

Twice 9 = 18; add 8 to 1, and you have 9. Three times 9 are 27; 2 and 7 make 9 again. Go on until you try eleven times 9—99. This seems to bring an exception, but add the digits—9 and 9 make 18 and again 1 and 8 makes 9. Go on to an indeterminate extent, and the thing continues. Take any number at random, for example 875 times 9 equals 7,875, and the digits added make 27, which if added again make 9. Take any row of figures, reverse the order, and subtract the less from the greater, the total will certainly be made 9 or a multiple of 9. For example, take 5,071-1,775=3,296. Add these digits and you have 18, and 1 and 8 make the familiar 9. You have the same result no matter how you raise the numbers by squares and cubes.

ONE MORE way was given by which number 9 shows its strange powers. Write down any number you please, add its digits, and then subtract the sum of digits from the original number. No matter what numbers you start with the sum of the digits in the answer will be 9 and so on through all the mazes of calculation. These are in effect the cogitations of an old mathematician and it will repay any one whose tastes lie in that direction to pursue the enquiry.

BOY LIFE

BOY SCOUTS CAMP AT LAKE SIMCOE

Under the auspices of the Most Reverend Neil McNeil, Archbishop of Toronto, a most successful camp for Scoutmasters was held at Lake Simcoe from August 1st to the 15th. His Grace is deeply interested in developing this phase of Boy Work and with his usual foresight has started the ball rolling in the right direction by having a camp conducted where properly fitted Boy Leaders might be trained as Scoutmasters before actually becoming connected with a Scout troop. This is the first practical step taken since the inspiring visit of Mr. Victor Ridder, the well-known Boy Worker from New York, who addressed the representative gatherings of Catholics in Toronto, concerning this subject early in June. A better selection than that of Mr. N. F. Foy, as Scoutmaster in charge of the camp, could not have been made. Under his capable direction a great deal of ground was covered in two weeks and this was very well shown by the high calibre of the papers handed in by the candidates and the excellent manner in which they handled their practical tests when examinations both written and practical were given on Saturday, August 13th. The following is the programme of lectures given:

- August 1st—The Big Idea in Scouting.
- August 2nd—Boy Life and Its Needs.
- August 3rd—The Promise and Law.
- August 4th—Scouting and Patriotism.
- August 5th—Outdoor Life.
- August 6th—The Training of Patrol Leaders.
- August 7th—Camp Fire.
- August 8th—Policy, Organization and Rules.
- August 9th—The Badge Programme.
- August 10th—Patrol System. (Gang Tendencies.)
- August 11th—The Scoutmaster and His Work. (Leadership.)
- August 12th—Application and Results.
- August 13th—Camp Regulations.
- August 14th—First-Aid.
- August 15th—Week-end Hikes.

There were ten young men registered in the course and these were nobly assisted by eighteen King Scouts who were in camp during the entire period. These were picked from the best troops in the Toronto District, and their model camp and the efficient manner in which they conducted themselves at all times fully justified their title of "King Scouts."

Lectures were delivered in the morning, and the remainder of the day was spent in study in overcoming the difficulties of the practical work, rope-knots, first-aid, cooking tests, etc., and in fraternising with the Scouts. Very pleasant afternoons were spent; the young gentlemen joined the boys in their games and hikes and learned much of Scouting from the boy's point of view. A few days sufficed to gather together a crackerjack of a ball team, and, out of six games played with the teams from Jackson's Point, Glen Sibbald Inn, Lakeview House, Pine Plaza, and the De La Salle Camp, the Scouts came off with four victories, which is no mean reputation, considering the quality of the players opposed. This fraternising with the boys could not but inspire the future Scoutmasters, and they all went home fully determined to put their theory into practice, and see that other young boys will be able to enjoy the same advantages which have produced such remarkable traits in these young citizens.

A representative body of Catholic business men of Toronto have been asked to serve on the Catholic Boy Life Council. The following members were present on Sunday, Aug. 7th, at the Boy Scouts Rally: Messrs. P. J. Mulqueen, E. M. Carroll, A. J. Gough, C. J. Gilhooly, T. E. MacDonnell, P. G. Cherry, W. J. Commis, Frank Shannon, J. M. Lalor, Fred O'Connor, R. Fitzpatrick, and J. P. Hynes. Unfortunately, His Grace the Archbishop was ill and could not attend. Several officers of the Provincial and District of Toronto Boy Scout Councils also came up to be present at the Rally; Provincial Commissioner W. K. George, Lt.-Col. Noel Marshall, John G. Kent, Toronto Commissioner Charles Mitchell, President of the Toronto Executive Council, Earle H. Davison, Provincial Field-Secretary, and many other gentlemen. They all expressed gratification at the progress being made and were particularly delighted with the camp "grub" cooked and served by the Scouts. There were over one hundred Scouts in Camp during this week-end, ranging in rank from the tiny Tenderfoot to the King Scout. All remained till the following Tuesday, and this gave the students a chance to note the progress made from Tenderfoot up through all the grades. Many thanks are due to Lt.-Col. T. H. Lennox who entertained the visitors to dinner at his very beautiful "Bungle-oh" and for many other favors shown to the boys.

On Sunday, August 14th, the camp was honored by a visit of His Worship T. L. Church, Mayor of Toronto, and party, including Property-Commissioner Chisholm, Mr. Fred O'Connor, Lt.-Col. T. H. Lennox, Mr. David, Mr. E. M. Carroll, Mr. Roach and Mr. J. H. Forrest. "Tommy," as the boys familiarly addressed him, won all their hearts with his usual affability and goodheartedness. Several other visitors called during the week and all left with the very best impressions of Boy Scouting.

The aim of the Boy Scout Association is to develop good citizenship among boys by forming their character—training them in habits of

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observation, obedience and self-reliance—inculcating loyalty and thoughtfulness for others—teaching them service to the public and handicrafts useful to themselves—and promoting their moral and physical development by true comradeship and by healthy open-air pursuits and games. Dean James E. Russell, of Columbia University, in a noteworthy address on Scouting, has stated very well its advantages when he declared the Boy Scout Movement to be "the most intelligent educational contribution of our time."

"The advantages which such an organization offers must be apparent to all. Under such influences the boy mind turns naturally to the higher things of life. The first Scout Law is that "a Scout's honor is to be trusted," and Scouting aims to develop such a high sense of personal honor, supported by the individual's own religious faith, as to control every activity of his life—his work, his play, his study, and later on his business career—thus ensuring that these shall be honorable in all respects. It is in boyhood that life habits are formed.

"In conclusion, then, let us grant all speed and prosperity to the Boy Scout Movement which develops them so carefully and well."

RAYMOND E. CONLOGUE, M. A.

SOME OPINIONS OF SCOUTING

Our new Governor-General, Sir Julian Byng, while commanding the "Byng Boys," the Canadian Corps in France: "All Scout ideals have been exemplified out here, and the mental and moral training have brought Scouts to the front."

The Reverend Father Patton, O. M. I.: "I am here to represent His Grace Archbishop Sinnott, and to bear to you the message of his hearty support and sympathy to the Boy Scout Movement. There is nothing we can advise that will do what is required so effectively as the Boy Scout organization."

The late Theodore Roosevelt: "The Boy Scout Movement is distinctly an asset to our country for the development of efficiency, virility and good citizenship."

AMERICAN CHAPLAIN ASSIGNED TO FRENCH BOY SCOUTS CAMP

(By N. C. W. C. News Service)

Paris, August 28.—Rev. D. J. Daly, representing the National Catholic Welfare Council, and who has come here to co-operate with the American Society for Devastated France, has been assigned to the great camp at La Croix St. Ouen, near Compeigne, on the banks of the Oise. There on a battle-ground that extends into two thousand years of French and Gallic history, hundreds of youth and young men are being instructed in scoutcraft.

The Bishops of Beauvais and Soissons have granted permission to Father Daly to act as chaplain for the camp and already the American chaplain has made an excellent impression on the young men and boys.

George W. Boyle who accompanied Father Daly, is acting as assistant camp-director and has also become a general favorite.

Great praise is being bestowed by bishops, priests and scout-masters on the enterprise of the National Catholic Welfare Council in co-operating with the work on behalf of the boy scouts here. The scouts camp will be continued till the end of August, provision being made for a camping site at Corey, on the bank of the Aisne.

Richmond, Va., July 6.—One of the new Public schools of Richmond may be named in memory of Father John Bannister Tabb, the poet-priest who, through years of blindness, wrote verse that has immortalized him. Father Tabb was born at "The Forest," near Richmond, March 22, 1845, and was descended from the most distinguished families of Virginia.

OUR HEROIC SOLDIER DEAD

A sermon preached by Major the Rev. John J. O'Connell, O. B. E., D. C. L., at a Memorial Service for Deceased Soldiers held in the Sepulchral Cemetery, Hamilton, on August 28th.

"Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord. From henceforth now, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours, for their works follow them." Apocalypse, xiv, 13.

My Lord Bishop and Dearly Beloved Brethren—Blessed are the dead! It requires courage for the bereaved to utter these words. Applied to our heroic dead, who as true Christian soldiers offered up their lives as a sacrifice for their country and their friends and for the ideals of justice and liberty, they spell great suffering and greater hope. Our heroic soldier dead who died in the Lord! they are now blessed; they rest from their labours; for their works follow them. Their sacrifice was of untold benefit to them and of manifold benefit to us. Through we shall ever be their debtors, we must make them what return we can.

Over 60,000 Canadian soldiers laid down their lives in the Great War. Of these, no less than 31,674 were killed in action or died of wounds. The greatness of our sacrifice may be estimated from the fact that, although the population of Canada is only about twelfth of that of the United States, the number of Canadian soldiers who were killed in action or died of wounds exceeds the number of American soldiers who were killed in action or died of wounds by 5,808. Think of it, 5,000 Canadian corpses, pierced by bullet or torn by shell or poisoned by gas, lie in the great military cemeteries of Normandy, Flanders and Picardy. These young heroes, the hope and pride of our country, had they died in the death, and they did not flinch from giving all. Today in this Catholic cemetery as we are offering up prayers for their behalf, we ask ourselves the questions: Did their sacrifice benefit them? Did it better their eternity? Did they die in the Lord? These questions are to them of infinitely more importance than how many prisoners they captured, how much territory they liberated, and how great was their contribution to the Allied victory.

"What doth it profit a man if he gain the whole world and suffer the loss of his own soul?" Matthew, xvi, 26. It profits him nothing. War, even a just war, brings in its train lust and cruelty and blasphemy. It has been ever thus in history. The soldier is exposed to many extraordinary temptations and is deprived of many familiar aids. He is engaged in a double contest; he must fight the enemies of his country and overcome the enemies of his soul. Whatever soldiers or pagans may say, the latter conflict is far the more terrible in its nature and far the more important in its consequences. The moral evil of war is greater than the physical. War at best is a necessary evil resulting from sin and conducive to sin; yet at the same time a just war is, as we read in the eighth verse of the fifth chapter of Judges, "chosen by God" Himself as a just punishment for an unjust nation and a glorious opportunity for heroic sacrifices and holy deaths. That Canada's entry into the Great War on August 4th, 1914, was morally justified is certain. That Canadians surprised the world by their phenomenal military successes is now a fact of history. But history will be unable to record more than one percent of the acts of heroism which made that victory possible. The further question, however, remains: Did our soldiers succeed as well in the spiritual combat as in the temporal? Did the sacrifice which our heroic dead made benefit them unto life everlasting?

To answer this question in as much as flesh and blood may dare attempt it, we must examine chiefly the motive which led them into the army and the disposition they possessed when death called them out of the army.

That our soldiers, whether they generously volunteered to the colors or manfully obeyed the law of military conscription, did so from a sense of duty, will not be denied. No matter what contributory motives there may have been, there was the fundamental conviction that, as God commanded us, we must "Render unto Caesar, the things that are Caesar's." Hence implicitly at least the duty of serving one's country was recognized as a duty which we owe to God. Consequently to those soldiers who left home in the performance of a Christian duty can rightfully be applied the glorious promise of Christ: "Amen, I say to you, there is no man that hath left house or parents or brethren or wife, or children, for the kingdom of God's sake, who shall not receive much more in this present time, and in the world to come, life everlasting." (Luke xviii, 29, 30.)

Of course, it is possible to forfeit any reward by failing to persevere. One mortal sin deprives the Christian of all right to heaven, even though he should deliver his body to be burned or killed, for it makes him an enemy of God. A soldier, if he dies an enemy of God, will go to hell, though he possessed the Military Cross, the Distinguished Service Cross and the Victoria Cross. It is the Cross of Christ which alone saves and it was the Cross of Christ which saved our

soldier dead. Many of them sinned grievously, but many of them also expiated in their own blood the sins and ignorance of their youth and, having repented, were pardoned by the all-merciful God. If one act of mortal sin makes a man an enemy of God, one act of perfect contrition makes a man a friend of God and an heir of heaven. One does not require to be a theologian to make an act of perfect contrition. Perfect contrition simply means that sorrow and detestation which have as their motive not merely the fear of God, but the love of God. One may know very little indeed of religion, one may be invincibly ignorant of the saving truths of the Catholic Church, one may even never have heard of Christ, the Son of God, and yet, believing that God exists and is a rewarder to them that seek Him, love Him above all things and thus obtain the grace which sanctifies. The soldier who joined the army and hence risked his life from a conscientious sense of duty, as the vast majority of our soldiers did, was not denied by God copious graces of repentance when his last hour approached. Otherwise no Christian would ever volunteer for war or obey the call to the colors. We should all be conscientious objectors! However, the conscientious objectors for their action or rather inaction. The whole history of the Chosen People of old from Moses to the Machabees and the whole history of the Church of Christ during the past nineteen centuries show us that the child of God is encouraged, when occasion calls for it, to take his part in suffering hardship "as a good soldier." (I Timothy ii, 3.)

Turn, first of all, to the Old Testament. The Holy Ghost, who inspired it, is infinite in his knowledge of the evils of war, and yet He encourages and commands the children of God to assume the dangers of the military life when their country requires their assistance. Already, in the first Book of the Bible we read that Abraham, the father of the Jewish race, had recourse to arms when necessary and won a noted victory. Moses imposed the law of military conscription on the children of Israel, on "all that were of the male sex, from twenty years of age and upward from that time to go forth to war." (Numbers i, 20.) The prophetess Deborah, praised voluntary enlistment in her victory canticle found in the fifth chapter of the Book of Judges:

"O you of Israel that have willingly offered your lives to danger, bless the Lord."

My heart loveth the princes of Israel. O you that of your own good will offered yourselves to danger, bless the Lord. Judges v, 2, 9.

The Books of Jesse and Judges and the Four Books of Kings record nine hundred years of wars, most of them just, in which the children of Israel were engaged often at the direct command of God. When the Jews returned from the Babylonian Captivity, and began rebuilding the temple, with one hand they held a sword, and the other they held a scroll, and the command given them by Nehemiah was: "Remember the Lord who is great and terrible, and fight for your brethren, your sons and your daughters, your wives and your houses." (Second Esdras, IV, 14.) Finally, the last two books of the Old Testament were written to glorify the war of liberation waged by the Machabean leaders. "The success of war," said Judas the Machabee to his soldiers, "is not in the multitude of the army, but in the strength cometh from heaven. They come against us with an innumerable multitude, and with pride to destroy us and our wives and our children and take our spoils. But we will fight for our lives and our laws." (I Mach. iii, 20.) "Gird yourselves and be valiant men and be ready against the morning, that you may fight with these nations that are assembled against us to destroy us. . . For it is better for us to die in battle than see the evils us to die in battle than see the evils of our nation. . . Nevertheless, so be it shall be the will of Heaven, so be it done." (I Mach iii, 65-69.) When the independence regained at the cost of many battles was again threatened, Simon the Machabee, high priest though he was, published a proclamation of war, which contains the quintessence of Christian chivalry. "Far be it from me to spare my life in any time of trouble, for I am not better than my brethren." (I Mach. xiii, 5.) Such is the doctrine of the Old Testament. "It is better for us to die in battle than to see the evils of our nation." If that was true of the Jews who fought a war for political and religious liberty two thousand years ago, it was also true of the Christian soldiers who went forth dutifully at the call of their country from 1914 to 1918. This doctrine of the Old Testament is not one which disappears in the more perfect law of the New. Were the command of the universal Christian charity observed, there would indeed be no wars. As however, "the whole world is seated in wickedness," (I John, V, 19), even the follower of Christ must be ready to defend justice and save his friend at the cost of his life.

To the soldiers as to the tax-collector, who came to John, the Baptist, with the request, "Master, what shall we do?" he answered, simply that they should their duty.

(Luke iii, 12, 14). Our Saviour himself composed the Christian soldier's epitaph when he said: "Greater love than this, no man hath, than a man lay down his life for his friends." (John XV, 13). Rightly can a true Christian soldier apply to himself the following words of Christ, words which have indeed a far wider application also: "He that hateth his life shall lose it, and he that hateth his life in this world, keepeth it unto life everlasting." (John xii, 25). "Fear ye not them that kill the body and are not able to kill the soul." (Matthew, x, 28). "For whosoever will save his life shall lose it, and he that shall lose his life for my sake shall save it." (Luke IX, 24). The Christian soldier who loses his life in the conscientious performance of his duty is not a martyr to Christ's sake. Hence he dies Christ's friend, a martyr to duty, and obtains life everlasting as Christ promised. That this is the interpretation which the Catholic Church has put on these words, the whole history of Christendom proves. It will be sufficient to cite the one fact, that against one of the enemy nations in the recent War, that is, against the Turks, the Pope, not one but twenty of them, despite the perversity of aims and arms, the ocean of blood and the centuries of alternant defeat which were incidental to this policy, for seven hundred years, from the Norman Invasion to the French Revolution, called forth the Christian nations to a crusade of war. The war against the Turk is one of the glories of the papacy; it saved Christendom. Our war against the Turk was as justified as any of the Crusades. The Turks were as busy massacring the Armenian Christians in our day as they were in the eleventh century. Nor are the moral evils to which our soldiers are exposed today different either in kind or degree from those which beset the Crusaders. When God gives a man a duty to perform, He gives him at the same time the grace of his state of life. Hence whilst the Church, with all God fearing men, hates war as an evil, she does not hesitate to bless the soldier and encourage him to perform his arduous duties by the promise of an everlasting life. For God, who awards the man who gives the least of his brethren even a cup of water, will certainly grant mercy to him who lays down his life for his friends. Such also is the lesson we learn from the Liturgy of the Church. How aptly can the words which the Church uses in her Recommendation of a Departing Soul be applied to those Canadians whose bodies lie from Etaples to Kemmelst and from Amiens to Mons:

Comend to Thee, O Lord! the soul of this Thy servant, and beseech Thee, O Jesus Christ, Redeemer of the world! that, as in Thy love for him, Thou becamest man, so now Thou wouldst vouchsafe to admit him into the number of the blessed. Remember, O Lord! he is Thy creature, not made by strange gods, but by Thee, the only true and living God; for there is none other living God but Thee, and Thy soul find consolation in Thy sight, and remember not his sins, nor any of those excesses which he has fallen into, through the violence of passion and corruption. For although he has sinned, yet he still retains a true faith in Thee, Father, Son and Holy Ghost; he has had a zeal for Thy honour and faithfully adored Thee, his God. Remember Creator of all things. Remember that his youth, but according to the tender mercy, be mindful of him in the eternal glory."

that believeth in me although he be dead shall live." (John xi, 25.)

Our Catholic soldiers had at their disposal in the battle area all the channels of grace enjoyed at home: the Mass, Holy Communion, the Sacrament of Penance and Extreme Unction. Speaking generally, our soldiers in the Canadian Corps went to confession and received Communion oftener than they did as civilians at home. The stern realities and awful dangers of war brought thousands upon thousands to a better realization of their duties to God. It was a common thing to hear the confessions of men who had not been to the sacraments for years. Many, who as civilians, had been living in sin and would probably have died in sin received through the army the grace of repentance and died heirs of heaven. Certainly if any Catholic soldier did not receive the consolations of religion overseas, it was his own fault. No army corps in the whole world was as well provided with commissioned Catholic military chaplains as was the Canadian Corps with its twenty-five Catholic chaplains, one of whom was a lieutenant-colonel, six of whom were majors and the rest of whom were captains. They had the sole and exclusive charge of the religious needs of the Catholic soldiers. In order that you may have the names of those who can bear the amplest witness to the truly Christian deaths of our Catholic soldiers, the following are the eleven priests who at the Armistice had spent two years or more at the Front, despite shells, bullets, gas and sickness: Father Ambrose Madden, D. S. O., M. C., of the Oblates of Mary Immaculate, who was two years and a half with the Second Canadian Infantry Brigade and who though twice wounded, twice went out again to his battalion.

Father Frank French, D. S. O., parish priest of Renfrew, Ontario, who spent a year and a half of his two years with the corps as the capable Senior Catholic Chaplain of the Canadian Corps, with the title of Deputy Assistant Director of Chaplain Services. Father French, who was twice mentioned in despatches, was the number of Catholic chaplains in the Canadian Corps increased during his administration from fourteen to twenty-five. Father J. A. Fortier, M. C., mentioned in despatches, also of the Oblates of Mary Immaculate, who was with the Cavalry and Artillery in France from the beginning of May 1915 till the cessation of hostilities.

Father Thomas McCarthy, M. C., of Stratford, Ontario, who was the only chaplain the P. P. C. L. I. ever had and whose record of two years and eight months with an infantry battalion at the Front is the longest in the Canadian Chaplain Service.

Father William B. Carleton, rector of the Pro-Cathedral of Edmonton, who was two years and five months with the Corps and won the Belgian Croix de Guerre.

Father H. H. Letang, a parish priest of Pembroke diocese, who was two years and three months with the 2nd Battalion, was mentioned in despatches and awarded a French medal.

Father F. M. Lechary of Woodstock, N. B., who was a similar length of time with the 2nd Battalion and was twice mentioned in despatches. Father R. A. MacDonell, M. C., of the order of St. Benedict, who was with the Fourth Division during the day it entered France till the day it left it.

Father M. de la Taille, a Jesuit from France now at the Gregorian University in Rome, who was somewhat over two years with the Corps and Calvary.

And finally that famous pair of padres from Antigonish diocese, Father Miles Tompkins, M. C., who was prophetically christened Miles, a soldier, and who despite sickness and wounds spent two years at the Front, and Father R. C. McMillivray, M. C., who added to the eel of his chaplain's career by capturing a gun from the enemy.

These priests, and a score of others whose period of service at the Front was somewhat shorter, though long enough for eight of them to win military decorations, will one and all bear witness that the Catholic soldiers of the Canadian Corps had as good opportunities of receiving the sacraments in the battle area in France as in any province in Canada and that on the whole they actually availed themselves oftener of the Sacraments at the Front than when civilians at home. When called upon to lay down their lives for their friends, they did not flinch from the sacrifice, nor did they forfeit the reward. Truly then can be applied the words of Holy Writ: "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord. Their works follow them."

Thus far we have considered but the one all-important truth: that the Christian sacrifice of our soldiers merited for them eternal salvation. There remains to be indicated briefly how great is the debt which we owe them and how best we can pay it. There are some who are so disappointed at the manifest imperfections of the peace treaties that they exclaim that we fought the War in vain! Certainly the achievements to date of the Peace are not commensurable with the enormous sacrifices of the War. Yet instead of foolishly de-liming that our soldiers fought in vain, we

should remember three things. First had our Allied soldiers not fought as they did, the Turkic-Teutonic Empires would have imposed their ruthless will on a hapless and hopeless world. Their peace would have spelt ruin for us. Secondly, the War, thank God, saw the ruin of four Empires, that of the Czars, of the Hohenzollerns, of the Hapsburgs and of the Turks. These Empires, with their past guilt and future menace, saw written on the walls of their kingdoms the words of judgement—MANE THEBEC PHARES—and saw that judgement executed. The nations which composed them are now free to develop in liberty and peace, if they be wise. Thirdly, while our treaty makers in several important decisions ignored the ethics of international justice, forgot the rights of small nations, even of those who fought for them, and put aside principles to which they pledged their country's honour—these truths, which were undersigned by the blood of millions, cannot be permanently denied application, least of all by the victors. Sooner or later they will come back with redoubled force, and the nations which in the hour of their pride of victory sought to ignore them will be required to pay the debt and the interest as well. No country is truly represented by its Jingoism and its Junkers. Though there were perversions of aims and of arms in the War and its aftermath, as there were in the case of the great medieval Crusades, for perfection is not of this world, though we fell short, as did the Crusaders, of achieving our ideals, nevertheless our victory saved us, as that of the Crusaders saved Christendom. Let no one mock our mourners, the bereaved parents and sorrowing widows and orphaned children, by telling them with lying lips that the sacrifice was in vain. The heroic dead have already reaped for themselves fruit a hundredfold, and if we but possess our souls in patience, and do our duty and be loyal to our dead, we shall share superabundant fruits of their victory.

Greatly, indeed, did this City of Hamilton suffer during the War. Your honour rolls are a silent indication of what you gave. To cite but one example, already on May 6, 1917, an uncontroverted and incontrovertible public statement showed that 372 men had volunteered from the Cathedral Parish of St. Mary's alone. As the casualty lists were published from the beginning of 1915 till the end of 1918, many a house in this City was made lonely. Do not regret it. The soldiers who did not win victory for us, and as soon as we are worthy, we shall enjoy it as completely as can be expected in this world. Greater than the temporal peace which they won for us was the eternal rest in God they won for themselves. They, corruptible mortals, have put on incorruptible immortality and in them has come to pass the saying, that is written, "Death is swallowed up in victory." (I Cor. xv, 54.) Brethren, we will not have you ignorant concerning them that are asleep, that you be not sorrowful, even as others who have no hope. For if we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so them that have slept through Jesus will God bring with Him. Wherefore, comfort ye one another with these words. (I Thessalonians, iv, 12, 17.)

Would that a cross of victory were erected in every Catholic cemetery throughout Canada to commemorate the soldiers of the parish who died for us. May the sacrifice of the Mass, in which is continued really and truly the sacrifice of the Cross, for it is the identical self-offering of Christ, be offered again and again for the souls of our departed soldiers that their entrance into heaven be not delayed.

In conclusion may we imitate the example of the great and Holy general, Judas, the Machabee, and offer up constant prayer and public sacrifice to purge the souls of our soldiers from whatever debt of sin

remains upon them in Purgatory. "And so betaking themselves to prayer, they besought God that the sin which had been committed might be forgotten. But the most valiant Judas exhorted the people to keep themselves from sin and making a gathering he sent twelve thousand drachms of silver to Jerusalem for sacrifice to be offered for the sins of the dead, thinking well and religiously concerning the resurrection. For if he had not hoped that they that were slain should rise again, it would have seemed superfluous and vain to pray for the dead, and because he considered that they who had fallen asleep with godliness, had great grace laid up for them. It is, therefore, a holy and wholesome thought to pray for the dead, that they may be loosed from their sins." (II Machabees, xii, 42, 46.)

Therefore let us pray! O God! to whom it belongeth always to show mercy and to spare, we humbly beseech Thee for the souls of Thy soldiers. Whom Thou hast called out of this world, that Thou deliver not them into the hands of the enemy, nor forget them forever; but command that they be received by Thy holy angels and taken to Paradise, their true country, and that as they have believed and hoped in Thee, they may not suffer the pains of hell, but have joy everlasting. Through Christ our Lord. Amen.

FATHER FRASER'S CHINA MISSION FUND

There are four hundred million pagans in China. If they were to pass in review at the rate of a thousand a minute, it would take nine months for them all to go by. Thirty-three thousand of them die daily unbaptized! Missionaries are urgently needed to go to their rescue. China Mission College, Almonte, Ontario, Canada, is for the education of priests for China. It has already twenty-two students, and many more are applying for admittance. Unfortunately funds are lacking to accept them all. China is crying out for missionaries. They are ready to go. Will you send them. The salvation of millions of souls depends on your answer to this urgent appeal. His Holiness the Pope blesses benefactors, and the students pray for them daily.

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Gratefully yours in Jesus and Mary. J. M. FRASER.

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FIVE MINUTE SERMON

BY REV. WILLIAM DEMOUY, D. D.

SIXTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER PENTECOST

THE LORD'S DAY

And Jesus answering, spoke to the lawyers and Pharisees, saying: Is it lawful to heal on the Sabbath day? But they held their peace.

God, in founding the world, established order in it. Any one contemplating the regularity and harmonious adjustment of the material world can not fail to be struck with wonder at it. How surely night succeeds day, and season follows season. The sun sets over the land we inhabit, certain to rise again; its rays give forth light, warmth and strength; we never doubt its beneficence. Never have we even thought that the morrow's sun would not rise. It seems an eternal persuasion in us that nature ever will act uniformly; nay, it seems almost as evident to us as that two and two make four. But we need not particularize in nature; all nature has its laws; all its parts have their laws. Many of these laws may not have been discovered as yet, but if the day comes when the majority of them will be known, it will be seen that there exists in them the same unchanging uniformity. Order is perfection, and God, the Infinite Perfect Being, has instilled some degree of order in all His works. This order is not infinite, but it is perfect. There can be nothing as perfect as God, but all His works have some of His perfection.

It was God's intention also to have this uniformity in the spiritual order. In the Old Law, as in the New, the truths He revealed were but the truths of this uniform order and perfection. What were these truths? They were truths about Himself and His works—especially His work in creating man and the universe, man's home. God Himself is perfect; without order there can be no perfection; without uniformity there can be no order. God created one man and one woman. They were to propagate human beings like themselves; such only could they bring forth. His order demanded this, and He made nature accordingly. Hence, we see nothing but order in God's works. How could the truths regarding them be otherwise?

As physically He established creatures in uniformity, so spiritually the laws governing them must be uniform. One could not say he had different obligations from another; he could not say that God did not endow him with an immortal soul; he could not say that God was different when He created him than when He created another; or that God was in a different mood when creating him than His mood when creating his neighbor. The nature of God is also perfect and unchangeable. Truths about Him are always truths, and are likewise unchangeable. God must not be worshipped today and disregarded tomorrow. One thing can not be believed of Him today and denied of Him tomorrow. There must be uniformity of belief, otherwise there is a lack of truth, in the creeds of man.

God would have this order observed even in regard to the worship we pay Him. We must serve Him and worship Him every day, it is true; but He has set aside a day for special worship. It is expressed in the commandment, "Remember thou keep holy the Sabbath day." He wishes us to have a time for everything. He gives man six days of the week in which he is to gain sustenance for himself; the other day he must give to God. On that day he should forget, as much as possible, his worldly occupations, and remember his other obligations—service to God and the salvation of his soul.

The Pharisees spoken of in today's Gospel attempt to have Our Lord appear as disobeying this commandment of God regarding the sanctification of the Sabbath. Our Divine Saviour, in His manner of acting, gives us an excellent example to follow. We need to have before our minds every day of our lives. The Law is the Law. The belief of the Pharisees or their ill-will can not excuse from its observance. Christ knew it was His Father's will that He cure this sick man. He knew it was no violation of the Sabbath; hence, He worked the miracle. In our own lives we are confronted by difficulties similar to those placed in the way of Christ. There is an unbelieving world that mocks at us, that questions our rights, that doubts our sincerity. In the face of all this, we must do our duty and do it fearlessly. Once we know God's command we know our duty, and no power on earth should prevent us from doing it. The Pharisees were not Christ's teachers; neither were they commissioned by God to interpret the Law. For this reason, if for no other, Our Lord disregarded protests entirely. When Catholics are confronted with a questioning mob, such as are their enemies, let them remember that God is their teacher; and that the Church is the interpreter of God's word and commands. Let them hear the Church, therefore, lending at the same time a deaf ear to their foes. They may pray for their enemies, but never should they be influenced by them.

When, more than at the present time, were Catholics confronted by difficulties? The very trend of society is in a direction contrary to that of the path the Christian must follow. People are being persuaded more and more by the world's teaching, rather than by that of Christ. What will you say of the divorce courts? How common it is now to obtain a divorce and how easy! Did Christ make it so? Not He, but the world. He absolutely forbade total divorce. Now, when you are in difficulty, whom will you follow—Christ or the world? Your duty as a Catholic is to disregard total divorce absolutely. No law, no court established to grant divorces in the modern sense, is sanctioned by God. The prevalence of certain things in the world today is no justification for their existence. People should remember this always. The world in its misnamed "uplift" movements of Christ and has substituted new ones, as if it were wiser than Our Saviour. No wonder we have divorces innumerable; no wonder they are prating about sex hygiene; no wonder children are growing so independent that we need courts to try them for their delinquencies! It would be impossible to begin to enumerate the abuses which have sprung up after Christ's law has been laid aside. You may say the world prospers, nevertheless. Yes, it thrives, but a great part of the world, like the Pharisees, is blinded by its own wisdom.

Let us, as Catholics, be led by Christ, be guided by Him, and be blessed by Him. Let us do our duty fearlessly, and that gentle voice will whisper in our inmost conscience: "Well done, thou good and faithful servant." Is this not better than to add our voice to the noisy din of a selfish crowd, and to follow the sound of an empty drum?

OLD MOTHERS

I love old mothers—mothers with white hair And kindly eyes, and lips grown softly sweet With murmured blessings over sleeping babes. There is something in their quiet grace That speaks the calm of Sabbath afternoons; A knowledge in their deep unfaltering eyes That far outstretches all philosophy. Time, with caressing touch, about them weaves The silver-threaded fairy shawl of age. While all the echoes of forgotten songs Seem joined to lend a sweetness to their speech. Old mothers!—as they pass with slow-timed step, Their trembling hands cling gently to youth's strength; Sweet mothers! as they pass, one sees again Old garden walks, old roses, and old loves.

WEEKLY CALENDAR

Sunday August 29.—St. Augustine, Bishop of Hippo, and one of the great doctors of the church, was born in Tagaste in Africa in 354. His father was a pagan, his mother St. Monica. He was reared a Christian, but not baptised when young. He lost faith and innocence and persisted in an irregular life until thirty-two. When converted he began to make amends for his wasted years and was consecrated Bishop of Hippo in 395. For thirty-five years he was the center of ecclesiastical life in Africa and a mighty champion against heresy. He died in 430.

Monday August 29.—The beheading of St. John Baptist on the order of Herod, who yielded to the request of Salome, daughter of Herodias, whom Herod, in defiance of all laws, had married despite the fact that she was the wife of his brother Philip, who was still living.

Tuesday August 30.—St. Rose of Lima, the first canonized saint of the new world, was born at Lima in 1586, she grew to great beauty, but fearing she might become vain she cut off her hair and blistered her face. She devoted her life to most severe penance and the Blessed Sacrament was her only food for long periods. She died in 1617 at the age of thirty.

Wednesday August 31.—Raymond Nonnatus, a member of the Order of Our Lady of Mercy for the redemption of captives, who being sent into Algiers to purchase slaves expended all his money and then gave himself into captivity as ransom for others. He encouraged the captive Christians and converted some of the Mohammedans. He was treated barbarously by the infidels. Finally he was released and on his return to Spain was nominated a cardinal. He died at Cardona on the way to Rome in 1240 at the age of thirty-seven.

Thursday September 1.—St. Giles, a noble Athenian, who could not find the solitude he desired in his own country. He sailed for France and chose a hermitage at the mouth of the Rhine. He was renowned for his sanctity and miracles, and great devotion to him has sprung up in France and England.

Friday September 2.—St. Stephen, King of Hungary. He rooted out idolatry, suppressed pagan rebel-

ions and founded many monasteries and churches. He had particular devotion to Our Lady, and died as he had wished on the Feast of the Assumption, 1088.

Saturday September 3.—St. Seraphia, virgin and martyr, born at Antioch, who disposed of her possessions, distributed her goods to the poor and sold herself into the voluntary service of a Roman matron, Sabina. She converted her mistress. Seraphia was condemned to be burned to death, but flames could not touch her and she was beheaded. Sabina met a martyr's death a year later.

GENERAL INTENTION FOR SEPTEMBER

RECOMMENDED AND BLESSED BY HIS HOLINESS POPE BENEDICT XV.

OUR FOREIGN MISSIONS

Catholic missionaries claim the privilege of working for souls wherever souls are to be found. Obedient to the summons of their Divine Master to preach the Gospel to all nations, they have labored in the past and are laboring today in various parts of the world, where the victories of conversion gained by them have been marvellous. History records the fact that the millions won over by them to the true Faith rejoiced that they had found the way to heaven, just as the descendants of those millions continue to rejoice in the fact that they find in the bosom of the Church the source of eternal truth and the hope of eternal life.

And yet after nineteen hundred years of strenuous effort, and after miracles of zeal on the part of Catholic missionaries, it is sad to have to admit that there are hundreds of millions of the human race living today who have never had the Gospel preached to them and who have never received an invitation to enter the true fold of Christ. Does this mean that the value of human souls has depreciated in the mind of our generation? Or does it mean that missionary activity has lessened? Certainly not. At the present day, as in the past, there are thousands of heroic men and women devoting their lives to the conversion of pagans in foreign lands, armies of them who have given up home and kindred and have crossed oceans for the purpose of instructing and baptizing the heathen, and thus laboring for the extension of God's Kingdom on earth.

Why, then, is it that there are still more pagans than Christians in the world? It cannot be the fault of the Church or of its members who will that all souls be saved, because the Catholic spirit of zeal has grown less intense. Is it not rather because the harvest is so large for the number of reapers employed? A great deal of work is being done in our Catholic foreign missions; but the field is world-wide, and if the workers are not as numerous as they should be, it is because little is being done to augment their numbers; if results are not as satisfactory as the front lines of the Church, it is because those who are in the thick of the fight are not adequately supported by the people at home? It would seem that we who have received the gift of Faith are not thankful enough for it, and consequently do not manifest zeal enough for those who have not yet received this precious gift.

People who live in lands where Christianity is taught and practised often fail to realize that they have a duty to perform in favor of heathen missions. God made it a law that everyone should be interested in his equals (Ecl. xvii, 12), and this law of charity is all the more pressing when the neighbor is placed in great distress. But who are in greater distress than people who know not God? Who deserve greater sympathy from us than the millions of poor heathen who, because of their ignorance of the true God and of the precepts of His Gospel, are held not merely in the slavery of their passions, but even in the more odious slavery of Satan? To aid in the enlightenment of those unfortunate pagan millions is to fulfil one of the most important obligations of Christianity. When we fulfil this obligation we give God an agreeable testimony of our gratitude for the gift of Faith which we ourselves possess.

Three ways are open to us to help in the conversion of the heathen in foreign lands. The first one, possible to all, is to bring down the blessings of heaven on those who, while engaged in the work, are asking God to give efficacy to their labors and sufferings. Missionary activity is vain and sterile if grace does not make it fruitful. St. Paul declared, "I have sown, Apollo has watered, but it is God who gives the increase." (I Cor iii, 6.) One of the most powerful ways, therefore, of moving Him to grant fruitfulness of missionary labors in foreign lands is humble and persevering prayer. Normally speaking, it is the will of God that men be saved by the ministry of their fellow-men. Surely if there is an intention for which our prayer is assured of being listened to, it is that offered for the success of missions among pagan nations.

While missionaries are laboring for souls in distant vineyards, Catholics at home should have their hands

raised in prayer, imploring heaven for their success. It was precisely to enable millions in every Catholic country to exercise this intercessory power that the work of the Apostleship of Prayer was founded, and, within the past two years Benedict XV has strongly urged all Catholics without exception to affiliate themselves to this Apostleship, so that the foreign missions might have the benefit of their intercession.

A second and more heroic way is to consecrate one's own life to the work. At the present time there are tens of thousands of devoted souls, among whom are not merely bishops and priests but even the laity of both sexes, Brotherhoods and Sisterhoods, living and laboring in foreign countries. These zealous men and women are at work instructing peoples for whom the faith is a new experience. They are gathering in souls one by one, and thus little by little widening the field of action which the Church is exercising in the world. But missionaries, like other people, grow old with fatigue and years, and they die and disappear, leaving their work incomplete unless there are other hands to take it up after them. It may seem heroic to give up all to go to work in the foreign mission field but hundreds of thousands have done this in the past, and what they have done others will do in the future.

The recent European War wrought havoc in the ranks of our Catholic missionaries, and the call is urgent for recruits to fill those depleted ranks. How many who read these lines will obey this call? Our Holy Father has issued a pressing invitation to the heads of religious orders and congregations, asking them to choose their subjects for foreign service. Home needs might suffer for the moment, but he consoled those religious superiors by explaining what they undoubtedly already know, that God would be generous with His graces, and that vocations for the field at home would not be lacking to replace those who were sent away.

Conformably to the wish of the Father of the faithful, various missionary centers are sending out appeals for recruits. It may never have dawned upon many a college student that the Divine Shepherd was expecting something noble from him, or that He was calling him to give his life to the apostolate in foreign fields. Some day or other, the student reads the story of some poor unknown missionary in China or Africa; immediately the spark is kindled in his soul. Vocations to missionary life are mysteries of grace. How often has the simple perusal of an article on missionary hardships and sufferings excited not merely admiration but also a spirit of generous emulation and self-sacrifice! At other times, it may be only a passing thought that comes unbidden to the young man, or a desire as yet dimly outlined, to work in this apostolate. But it is the Master who inspires both the thought and the desire; it is the Master who has begun to whisper to the soul; it is the Master inviting the student to consider as a serious proposition the call to enter the foreign service, and at the same time gently suggesting the means by which he must take to overcome all the difficulties and objections to the design of Providence over him. Happy the youth who is generous enough and brave enough to answer: "Lord, here I am! Do with me what Thou wilt for Thy glory!"

The third way to help the foreign missions is to contribute to their material support by almsgiving. The personal needs of our missionaries are not many, for foreign workers are men of average education who look to heaven for their reward; but they must live if they are to work; and if their work is to succeed, churches and mission houses and schools must be built, traveling expenses must be paid, and catechists must have their needs provided for. The missionary gives his life and his labor for the conversion of the heathen; is it fair to look for results if, through lack of support, he be handicapped in his work at every turn?

As a general rule, it is not the cheques of the wealthy that keep missionaries alive and active in foreign parts, but rather the pennies of the poor. One of the most powerful helps Catholic missionary effort can boast of during the past century is the Society of the Propagation of the Faith, which, for a whole hundred years, has gathered millions of dollars from the offerings of the poor. Why should not our wealthy Catholics also help in this important work? Wealth has its obligations as well as its privileges; the stewards of wealth in this world are apparently indifferent to the interests of Him who gave them their wealth and permits them to retain it. Unhappily, the solidarity which all Catholics should profess in this important matter of helping foreign missions is made more speculative than practical; the triumph of Christ and His Church in this world does not appeal to them as it should. And yet St. John warns the rich: "He that hath the substance of this world and shall see his brother in need, how doth the charity of God abide in him?" The wealthy are not called upon to sacrifice their lives in the work, but they are called upon to sacrifice a part of their substance to help those who are doing the work. When they

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CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

JUDGE NOT TOO RASHLY
Could we but draw back the curtain
That surrounds each other's lives;
See their hearts as God can see
Them...

LAUGHTER AN AID TO HOLINESS

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being a hindrance to holiness, is
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know of is one of the mellowest and
the best read. When we asked him
how he found the time to read so
much, he said:

"I really don't read much. In
fact I have little time for it. I am,
too, a slow reader. But I suppose
I remember what I read. If I read
more I might not remember so
much. I've noticed that great
readers sometimes have poor mem-
ories; their minds are like sieves."

"But there are certain authors,
Newman, Brownson and Trollope,
for instance," I said, "that you
seem to know inside out."
"O, yes. If I like an author I'm
certain to get well acquainted with
him. I enjoy following the pro-
cesses of his mind. I feel toward
him as I do toward a friend."

"I meant all the time to tell you
more about it, mamma," she said
abruptly, "but I'm afraid you won't
think we're doing—just right!
You see it's this way!" And again
mother waited patiently.

"Norah's uncle is awfully strict
with her, it isn't as if she had a
father and mother, and if she gets
too many conditions he may—why,
he make take her out of school.
They haven't much money, you
know, and I suppose it's been quite
an effort to keep her in school as
long as this. She's so anxious to
graduate with the rest of us—and
she simply can't do it unless we
help her out!"

Another silence; then, "Well
mamma, I might as well tell you
just what we've undertaken. Betty
is going to give her a lift with the
geometry from now on—well, to
put it just the way it is, she's
going to give Norah a copy of her
solutions, with some little modifi-
cations." Molly added hurriedly,
and I'm going to write some Ger-
man exercises for her. It's a play
for me, and a perfectly wonderful
help to her. Of course Norah will
copy them out in the German
script, and perhaps she'll make
some little changes, too, as she
goes along, so there will be some
of her own work in it.

The silence now became a trifle
embarrassing. Mother said nothing
for a moment, and a new
realization of all that she, Molly,
was doing, was pressing home to
the girl. Somehow, putting it
clearly into words for mother had
made appallingly plain to Molly,
too, all that she was doing! But
how could she go back now?
Norah was depending upon their
help.

"Dear, I wouldn't do it!"
mother spoke earnestly. "You are
trying to help Norah, and no doubt
it will be a real help, as far as
marks are concerned. It may be
the means of her winning a
diploma! But dear heart, what a
price to pay for it!"

Everybody Enjoys a fine cup of Tea.



IF YOU DRINK JAPANS TRY "SALADA" GREEN TEA
Infinitely Superior to the best of Japans.

We're not doing right about Norah,
I do hope you won't be angry with
me, Molly, but— Molly threw her
arms around her friend—her eyes
shining.

"Bless you, dear! That's what
I came over to say to you. I didn't
quite realize it at first, but when I
did! We wouldn't either of us
cheat for the world—for our own
benefit! And yet—"

"I know it!" Betty said, with
fervor. "This would have been
worse. We'd be cheating and
encouraging Norah to cheat, too!"

"It doesn't seem right to drop
her altogether, leave her to
struggle by herself." Molly went
on hurriedly. "I thought I would
give up the walk with the Club
today, and see if I can't help her a
little, sort of show her how to take
hold of German! She's so shy in
class, and there are so many of us
that Frau Bernhelm can't do much
for her. I thought it was last
night—just where Norah's weakest
points are in German, and I believe
I can get her started on the right
track! Anyway, I'm going to
try."

given the whole subject, for no
other question, national or inter-
national, is of equal importance.
Not only the churches, but likewise
every organized society, having the
welfare of the nation at heart,
should drive home the present
weaknesses and teach the rising
generation.

"I am prepared to throw my
entire strength and influence into a
movement, and the time is now ripe,
whereby such legislation may be
enacted as will require that at least
five days shall intervene between
the issuance of the license and the
publication of the license, and five days'
delay, in my judgment, would do
away with half the unfortunate and
ill-mated marriages."

A Wonderful Fur Coat Bargain

Betty drew a long sigh. "I
suppose I'll have to do what I can
with her in geometry, though to
say she hasn't a mathematical
mind is to put it mildly. It'll be
dreadfully uphill work, but then,
that's the only real way to help
her! She's such a dear, weak
little thing!"

"A stumblingblock to them that
are weak!"
The words rang again in Molly's
mind.
"Let's go over to see her right
away," she said, "and see if we
can't make her understand just
how we feel!"—Catholic Sun.



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OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

BUT GOD IS SWEET

My mother told me so,
When I knelt at her feet
Long—so long—ago;
She clasped my hands in hers.
Ah! me, that memory stirs
My soul's profoundest deep—
No wonder that I weep.
She clasped my hands and smiled,
Ah! then I was a child—
I knew not harm—
My mother's arm
Was flung around me; and I felt
That, when I knelt
To listen to my mother's prayer,
God was with mother there.

HELPING NORAH

"Dear child! It's half-past
nine! Aren't you almost through?"
Mrs. Willis looked rather anxiously
at her pretty young daughter.
"You know we don't like to have
you working so late, and right up
to your bedtime."

HONESTY ALWAYS LEADS

Hugh S. Fullerton is responsible
for the following: One evening last
week a man rather well known in
New York came across a restaurant
in New York, stopped at a table
where two men were dining, and
handed one of the men a \$20 bill.
The recipient looked puzzled, then
recognized the other, and asked:
"Way the money?" The other sat
down. "That's twenty I cheated
you out of more than ten years
ago," he confessed seriously. "I'd
make it a hundred if it would
square the thing." He explained
the incident and the other remem-
bered it. "I was a kid then," said
the conscience-stricken one. "I had
the idea it was smart to cheat and
put something over. I swindled
you out of \$20 and I think it has
cost me hundreds of dollars. I've
told myself a hundred times that it
was the costliest bit of sharp prac-
tice I ever had. I lost a dozen
chances to make money honestly
dealing with you. Maybe you for-
got it, but I never could come to
you and suggest a legitimate bit of
business for fear you would remem-
ber that I was a cheat. I cheated
you, but I never could cheat myself.
You could forget it, but I never
could." He is right. Money
acquired by cheating, by sharp
practice, is never worth par. The
most expensive investment any man
can make is to cheat another.—
Catholic Transcript.

REGULAR READING

By systematic reading, a little at
time, but done regularly, a library
can be easily gone through. A
special study can be followed. The

ARCHBISHOP HANNA ON THE DIVORCE EVIL

San Francisco, August 5.—The
widest publicity on the divorce evil
and the enactment of legislation
which will require at least five days
to elapse between the granting of
the license and the marriage of
couples were urged here today by
Archbishop Edward J. Hanna as
possible remedies whereby the
present tide of divorce may be
stemmed in this country.

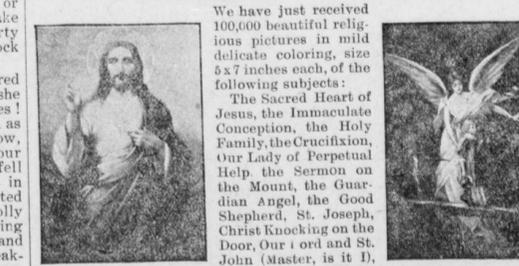
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Burned Dreadfully. Lost
Rest. Cuticura Heals.

"I had an itching rash on my back
and shoulders which was very irri-
tating and tiresome. It kept spread-
ing all over my body and broke out
into sore eruptions. They caused
itching, and when I would rub or
press them they burned dreadfully
and I could not enjoy a night's rest."

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Family, the Crucifixion,
Our Lady of Perpetual
Help, the Sermon on
the Mount, the Good
Shepherd, St. Joseph,
Christ Knocking on the
Door, Our Lord and St.
John (Master, is it I),
and St. Rita. These
pictures sell at the very low price of .05c. each, and sell quickly, as they
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tion cut stone, Gold-Filled mounted, 18 inches long. Send in your order
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A GREAT WORK

We can scarcely exaggerate the value to our missionaries of the encouraging help which we give them. We are daily facing the task, as many of them are, of visiting numberless churches and mission stations, of supplying from meagre resources the means of travel and of equipping churches as well as we might easily appreciate the value of outside cooperation and help.

We heard of a missionary recently who is saying Mass at fifty-two different points. When the Bishop spoke of moving him to more favorable conditions, he begged to be left at his post. This missionary is getting aid from Extension and appreciates all we can do. Men like him give us courage to appeal, week after week, for assistance for the men in the pioneer fields.

THE POPE'S APPRECIATION

When the Extension Society was founded this was well understood by the Holy Father who gave his sanction to the work and the Prelates whose co-operation made the Society possible. It was then decided to make an annual appeal. It was also decided to make membership in the Society a question of importance. The matter being brought to the attention of the Holy See, innumerable spiritual advantages were immediately attached to show how the Pope valued this work.

A plenary indulgence, to each member, on the day of admission, on the Feast of St. Philip Neri, the Immaculate Conception, St. Ann, St. Francis de Sales, St. Rose of Lima, the Holy Apostles, and at the hour of death.

To every member of the Society an indulgence of seven years and seven times forty days for every good work done in the interests of the Extension Society.

An indulgence of three hundred days as often as they piously recite the formula "St. Philip, pray for us."

The above indulgences, plenary and partial, may be applied to the souls in purgatory.

Priests who are moderators or directors of the Society may enjoy a privileged altar three times a week; Founders and Life Members, six times a week. (Brief of Pius X.)

Moreover, all contributors share in the countless Masses and prayers offered up by the priests and people aided by the Society.

May our members never forget these great blessings and may they endeavor to have others share them! But we know that no work of God can prosper without prayer, so we ask their constant assistance. Say every day this prayer for the Extension Society:

"St. Philip, our Holy Patron, who was so careful for the souls of thy brethren when on earth, grant through thy powerful intercession, we may care for the souls of our brethren and so ask God to bless the Church Extension Society, through which our desires may be realized through Christ our Lord. Amen." Donations may be addressed to:

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

Contributions through this office should be addressed:

EXTENSION, CATHOLIC RECORD OFFICE, London, Ont.

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THE METHODISTS IN ROME

VULGAR AND UNSCRUPULOUS PROPAGANDA AGAINST THE POPE

The Methodist propaganda, always very active in Italy, has attained very large proportions during and since the War, and has culminated in the disgraceful project to erect a counter-Vatican on the hill known as Monte Mario, which is immediately behind St. Peter's, and closes the panorama of Rome towards the north.

This shameful proposal has raised a storm of protest on the part of all decent-minded Italians, of whatever religious tendency they may be, and the press has initiated a vigorous campaign against the project in the name of the national dignity, and for the preservation of the national religion from insult and for the observance of the aesthetic fitness of things, which has hitherto maintained Monte Mario clear of buildings on that slope which immediately surmounts Rome and the Vatican.

It is only too true that the proposed buildings, which would include a residence for a Protestant bishop, schools, colleges—in a word, all the necessities of a regular Protestant university, besides marking an immense advance in the insidious Anglo-Saxon policy of infiltration, which have sought to undermine the faith of the people in this land during the last years. Always active and inspired by hatred of the Church, the Protestant propaganda has received immense aid by the advent of the Y. M. C. A., which society spares no expense or trouble in order to propagate its poisonous doctrines amongst the young.

It is a notable fact, for instance, and needless of comment that during the recent spiritualistic campaign, carried out by a prominent Roman daily newspaper, in which long articles in favor of spiritualism were published, answers given to enquirers and séances arranged for the interested, these séances were held in the rooms of the Y. M. C. A.!

ENGLAND'S SHARE

The immense expenses of the Protestant propaganda are defrayed chiefly by American gold, but English Protestantism takes also its share, and especially owing to the feverish activities of the British and Foreign Bible Society. It goes without saying that the methods of these propagandists are vile and disreputable in the extreme, and know no considerations of nicety or decency. It is well known that the Methodist College is the usual resort of the unfrocked priest. To cite only one case, it is generally known that the unhappy priest, Verdesi, who in 1911 denounced the Jesuit Father, Bricarelli, for violation of the confessional in denouncing certain modernists to Pius X., and was condemned for defamation in the subsequent action, was subsidized by the Methodists, of whom he is today a 'pastor.'

More disgusting is the method employed to entrap the poor. On the occasion of some domestic misfortune, and more particularly

when the head of the family is suddenly removed, a kindly philanthropist presents himself to the widow and offers her his consolations, at the same time expressing his desire to be of use, and concluding with an offer to undertake the education of one or all of the children, placing them in a Protestant college. The only sign of gratitude he asks for is that the sacrament of confession be abandoned! The reason of this demand is self-evident!

OBITUARY

PHYLLIS KELLET

The funeral of Phyllis Kellet, who died Monday afternoon, August 8th, 1921, in Corunna, was held on August 10th from the Catholic Church in Corunna. A solemn Requiem High Mass was sung by Father LaBelle, of Corunna, assisted by Fathers Pecoek, Foristal and Brennan.

Monsignor Aylward of Our Lady of Mercy Church, Sarnia, delivered a very impressive eulogy of Miss Kellet dealing with the many fine qualities of the deceased young lady.

Miss Kellet is survived by her mother Mrs. Ida Kellet; two aunts, Sister Hilda of Holy Convent, London, Ont., and Miss Minnie McParland, and an uncle, Charles McParland. Interment took place in the cemetery adjoining the Catholic Church at Corunna. R. I. P.

MRS. J. W. WRIGHT

On Saturday, August 20th, there passed to its eternal reward the soul of Mrs. J. W. Wright, 18 Southampton St., Guelph.

The deceased had been ailing in health for the last year, but not until two weeks ago did her illness assume serious nature, making her death come as a great shock to her many friends.

The late Mrs. Wright was the last and youngest member of the family of Denis Burns of Guelph.

Mrs. Wright was a noble example of a Catholic mother, no sacrifice for her faith ever being too great, and as a reward of her faithfulness to her God, she was granted one of the happiest and holiest of deaths, receiving Holy Communion the morning of her death, and being conscious to the end, calmly awaiting her death although suffering intensely from her illness.

The funeral took place from her late residence to the Church of Our Lady where Solemn High Requiem Mass was sung by Rev. F. W. Doyle, S.J., as celebrant, assisted by Rev. J. I. Bergin, S.J., as deacon, and Rev. J. Knox, S.J., as sub-deacon. At the conclusion of the Requiem the choir sang "Jerusalem, How do I Sigh for Thee."

The interment was made at the R. C. cemetery, services being conducted by Rev. N. Quirk, S. J.

The funeral was one of the largest ever held from the Church of Our Lady. Many spiritual and floral offerings were received showing the high esteem in which the deceased was held.

Besides a sorrowing husband Mrs. Wright leaves nine children: James P. of Englehart, Albert F., Denis, Joseph and Mrs. F. P. Cummings of Pilkington, Sr. M. Ethelreda of St. Joseph's Community, Toronto, Sr. M. Anita of Notre Dame Community, Kitchener, and Misses Edith and Irene at home.

ALONE WITH THEE

Alone with Thee, a little while apart

From all the world, I love to be away.

And in the twilight calm, O Sacred Heart,

I love to be alone with Thee and pray.

Before Thy altar, silent and alone,

What human tongue can tell the joy I feel

To know I am, dear Lord, Thy very own,

And Thou are near me when at eve I kneel.

DIED

JORDAN.—On Sunday, August 7th, at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Peter McGrath, McKillop, Mrs. Ann Jordan, widow of the late Patrick Jordan of Dublin, Ontario, in her eighty-ninth year. Deceased was a native of Nenagh, Co. Tipperary, Ireland. May her soul rest in peace.

CALLAGHAN.—At Montreal, Que., on August 16, 1921, Nell McDonald, beloved wife of S. J. Callaghan, 1256 St. Hubert St., aged fifty-five years. May her soul rest in peace.

DOYLE.—At Prescott, Ont., on April 12th, 1921, Teresa Doyle, daughter of Mrs. Margaret Doyle, aged thirty-five years. May her soul rest in peace.

O'FLAHERTY.—On Tuesday, Aug. 16, 1921, Mr. Gerald O'Flaherty, son of Mr. and Mrs. Edward O'Flaherty, 134 Cambria Street, Stratford. May his soul rest in peace.

MARRIAGE

DERMODY—FLEMING.—On Wednesday, August 3, 1921, in St. Patrick's Church, Hamilton, Ont., by Rev. Dean Cassidy, Mr. P. J. Dermody to Miss Nellie Fleming, daughter of Mrs. Ellen Fleming, 35 Erie Avenue, Hamilton.

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TEACHERS wanted for Catholic Separate Schools, Fort William Ont., holding second class Ontario certificates. Salary \$200 per annum. Duties to commence September, 1921. Apply to G. P. Smith, Secretary, Room 11, Murray Block, Fort William, Ont. 2238-1f

WANTED, Teacher of Household Arts, (Cooking, Sewing), Salary \$100 per annum with yearly increase. Duties to begin October 1 or earlier if possible. Address, Calgary Separate School Board, 314 P. Burns Bldg., Calgary, Alta. 2237-3.

WANTED, EXPERIENCED TEACHER FOR first grade, holding a second class professional certificate for S. S. S. No. 12, New Germany, Ont. Salary \$200. Apply to Mr. Frank Klein, R. I. Breslau, Ont. 2236-3.

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HOUSEKEEPER WANTED Wanted post as priest's housekeeper; can answer Mass, active, experienced, free now. Write Abram, Alhambra, B. C. 2237-2

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TRAINING FOR NURSES NEVER BEFORE SO ATTRACTIVE A two and one half year course, earnestly undertaken, will qualify ambitious, refined women over eighteen. Candidates must have personal nursing experience unlimited future opportunities. For particulars regarding thorough practical and theoretical courses, registered modern school, Class A hospital, good surroundings, private residence, address Director of Training School, Catholic Hospital Bushwick Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y. 2232-1f

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DE LA SALLE COLLEGE, AURORA, ONT. CONDUCTED BY THE CHRISTIAN BROTHERS OF (TRAINING COLLEGE AND NOVITIATE) Students are prepared to become qualified teachers and members of the Institute of the Brothers of the Christian Schools. The course of studies is that of the High Schools of Ontario leading to the Normal School and the Faculty of Education. It includes Music, Art and Handicraft. Training particulars apply to Rev. Brother Director. 2238-12

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FAIRM FOR SALE 100 ACRES, Lot North 1/2 10, Con. 2, Arthur. Good bank barn, new pressed brick house, driving shed; on rural mail and telephone line. 4 1/2 miles from Kenilworth; convenient to church and school. This farm is in first class condition. For further particulars apply to Mr. Francis Lehmann, Mount Forest, or to John Lehmann, R. R. No. 2, Kenilworth Ont. 2238-5

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