

BORROWED FROM THE NIGHT

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CHAPTER XXIV

After she had sat with the doctor during his light breakfast and saw him depart, Mrs. Martins returned to her watch by her husband's couch, sending Preston away to seek the rest which she said he needed. He left at her wish with the heavy consciousness that his last night's admittance of knowledge of his father's sinful past had made her to set up a barrier between her mother's heart and him. This consciousness was confirmed by her averted eyes and a certain apartness in her tones. But he felt no blame for her, for he understood her so thoroughly. To have known that her husband was such a man, that the stainless gentleman she deemed him would have been the demolition of her entire life. Sooner than see her standing amid such ruin, he would rather that she should not only regard him with this certain distrust, but trust him irrevocably from her heart. After last night's words, husband and son could not both hold their old places in her life. One had wronged her. One had outraged her wifely trust and love. By reason of her woman's love she must believe that it was the son rather than the father, rather set down his words to unfilial suspicion or the acceptance of them the revelation of a harrowing truth. And so loyal was his heart to her, his lady mother, he rejoiced because of her choice. But oh! the sorrow, the loneliness it brought him! He went downstairs to her little sitting room. Its windows were unclosed, and the velvet pink and purple morning-glories were resting against their white green leaves and each blossom a trumpet through which the hours blew a message from his happy past. He turned away and took a seat on the sofa. To tell him that breakfast was ready. He asked if Teresa were coming down, and on being informed that his mother had ordered breakfast sent up to her room, he dismissed the woman, saying that he wanted nothing just then. A few hours later Teresa came down, seeking him. The change in his attitude toward her she could not understand, and through all the tumultuous joy and knowledge of George Martin's conversion brought her, it smote her with a hand of pain. To his inquiries about her health she replied that she was feeling rested, and informed him that his father was awake, and that there was no indication of the fever which the doctor feared. "But Preston," she added, "you have taken no rest. Aunt Dilsey says that you have eaten no food. Won't you come, she pleaded, "and let me pour you a cup of coffee?"

He smiled a wintry smile down on her fair anxious face and then went with her to the breakfast room. The knowledge that "Miss Creasy" was her own precious child, the little child that she had cared for during those few weeks after her arrival in Kentucky so bewildered Aunt Dilsey that she had frequently to go in quest of her old man, Zach, to hear his oft-repeated assurance that it was a reality, not the strange notions of a sudden lunacy. As she entered the room with the toast and coffee, Teresa had ordered for Preston, and saw the man and girl seated at the table, she cried out, "Praise God! de good God! I doan have to change 'way from such a good young Mastah! I doan have to see mah happy home bruk up!" The ejaculatory words of the negress, who was standing with the coffee urn in one hand, the plate of toast in the other, made Teresa look up in bewilderment, if not actual alarm. "Dah yous lookin' at me wid dem big eyes, jus' like yuh ust to do w'en we wuz libin' in de cabin wid yuh po' fathah!" she cried, as her heart's joy bubbled through her words. "I know'd I couldn't evah fohgit dem big eyes, an' we'n I seed yuh dat fust Sunday mawnin' standin' a-foh Saha's cabin, I seed to myself, de grab's dun give up its dead, sho 'nough! I thought yuh wuz a speesit. Den wuz yuh said yuh ain't mah leetle Miss Amy, I tumbled sick like an' went back to de cabin an' jus' cried an' cried. An' now 'tis Miss Amy, sho' 'nough. An' it's goin' to be jus' ez I ust to 'tink it might a-be'n to live hyah in de ole house, wid Maxan an' Misus, an' keep de fambly togethah. An' evah-y-body's goin' to be happy, jus' ez 't nothin' evah happy. Oh! praise God! praise God!"

They understood her words now, words that embarrassed the girl and made the young man feel uncomfortable. But he let his eyes rest kindly on the affectionate old face, while the ghost of a smile met hers so broad and beaming. "Aunt Dilsey never forgot her little Miss Amy," she said. "And she never tired of telling me about her great dark eyes and beautiful face. She made me love the little cousin I had never seen—but he backs off abruptly, as he remembered the child's grave under the lone tree, and for the first time realized that his boyish love and devotion had been poured out over the dust of a little stranger, a cold and unresponsive mother to his robber father. It was a bitter moment for him, and an uncomfortable one for her. She felt, in that instant, an unreasoning dislike of the child who had occupied that place

by her parents' side, been the lost idol of his boyish worship. Was it jealousy? She waited for him to turn his face toward her and say that he was glad that the dead child-love was the living woman-love; and when his glance continued to follow Aunt Dilsey's movements a sudden chilled sense of repulsion crept over her heart. While he drank the coffee and made an occasional glance at his face, and she overpowered by its frozen tragedy. What had brought it there? Not his father's danger, she well knew, nor the story that St. John Worthington had told them of her parents' death. Had he been told, by Worthington, on his return from Lexington, what that paper contained? Why had he not saved him from pain as she had done? Had the jealousy of the lover overmastered John Worthington's heart, much less ruled by a sentiment so base? He could not! And yet what was written on this face by her side if not knowledge, the knowledge only two could give? Had he seen the Indian again? Yes, that must be the informant, not St. John Worthington. He could not be so cruel. Preston! what had he heard that had struck youth and serenity and happy smiles from his face, the old tender light from his eyes, life and love from the heart, leaving him but the shadow of the man she knew? But where had he met the Indian? Not on his way to town, for at that time their common foe was still in the house. Not on his return, because he was then in the company of the priest with whom he was hastening to his father. He could not have gained access to the house afterwards; and Preston's face had shown that expression, she now remembered, as he had knelt by his father's bed. Could it have been St. John? She felt that she must know and as they rose from the table, she asked in a hoarse voice, "Preston, did you see that man again last night?" He paused, with his eyes on her, surprised at the question; then he said, "No, when I got back from town, he was gone."

A MEXICAN REBEL

Towards evening a tall and handsome man, dressed like a rebel officer, but not bearing any arms, was directing his steps toward the rebel camp, situated then at about ten miles from X, the city he had just left. His business was doubtless of an urgent nature, since he continued to walk even when the night overtook him on the lonely road. The rebel encampment toward which he was going was a large one and the officer in command, General Rodriguez was famous not only by reason of the many victories he had gained over the Federals, but also because of his severity toward his soldiers and his cruelty toward his prisoners. All feared him, and his name was whispered with awe in many homes. The Constitutionalist had been stationed around X for about a week or two and were soon to move southward. This was known to the stranger and was the cause of his haste. "I must see the General before they strike tents," he was muttering to himself as he walked. He was suddenly out of the darkness ahead of him came a sharp "Quito vive?" "A friend," he answered. "Halt, or you will be shot," was the reply. The stranger had stopped already. Through the gloom of the night he could scarcely distinguish the trees, and the mountain road was almost completely hidden. He had been told that the rebel camp was on the western slope of the mountain and he had directed his steps thither, but did not expect to encounter the pickets so soon. Three armed men approached him and asked him where he was going, who he was and what he wanted. The stranger told them that he was a gentleman of a neighboring town, on his way to their camp, where he hoped to find their chief, whom he must see on important business. "All right," they said, "we will bring you to him, but if he is asleep you will have to remain the whole night as a prisoner of war." The stranger made no protest, and so was led forward, with a picket soldier on either side of him. They walked together for about a quarter of an hour, meeting now and then sentinels on duty, who, on receiving the watchword, let them pass, and finally, after marching through a long line of tents, they reached a small house guarded by several armed men. The stranger was told that the general had not yet retired, and after a short time was shown in. Like many of the colleagues of the general was a young man; his eyes, his gait, his whole bearing, bespoke his Spanish descent. He asked the stranger his name, and on hearing it seemed to start. The stranger explained the reason of his visit. A young man who was worked in a hacienda not far away had been forced by his (the general's) soldiers to join the rebel army, and as he was the only support of a large family, the visitor had come to ask for his release. On leaving the town for the rebel camp the stranger had been warned that it was very difficult to secure such a favor as he was going to ask. Great, then, was his surprise and joy when the general not only granted his petition, but offered him two horses, one for himself and another for the young man, and placed at the visitor's disposal for the night his own quarters. The stranger thanked the general for his kindness, and was about to leave him, when, to his great surprise, he was asked to follow his host into another room. When there, after having the door with great care, the man of war uncovered his head and, kissing the right hand of his guest, said: "Father, it is useless for you to hide yourself under such clothes as you are wearing now; you are Father Tapia; you taught me seven years ago in old Puebla. Do you not remember me?" "I do not," answered the other. "Your name is Rodriguez, and I do not remember having had a pupil of that name in all my life as a professor." The general smiled. "I know I can trust you," he said. "Rodriguez is not my name. I am John Bernal." "You, John!" the priest exclaimed. "And you, one of my best boys, have become the sanguinary Rodriguez?" "Sanguinary," came the sad reply. "How many are the crimes imputed to me which I never knew of? Still, let it pass. I became the sanguinary General Rodriguez in a very simple way. I joined the Constitutionalist revolution at the very beginning, thinking I was right in doing so. My superior education, my courage, my will power have done the rest. After a few months I have found myself at the head of a thousand men with the title of general." "And are you happy?" asked the old professor. "Happy?" he answered. "I was happy at the beginning of the revolution. I thought we were fighting for a good cause. I thought we were right. But when I saw the predatory instinct of my soldiers; when I saw justice and chastity and religion trampled under foot; when I saw that we were more like bandits than soldiers of liberty, I began to grow weary of this life and to think of leaving it." "Why do you not leave it?" "Leave it? How can I? As long as I lead my soldiers against the enemy or to plunder I am obeyed as never general was obeyed, and I can dispose of my soldiers' lives as I can of my pocket money. But were I to give any sign of being remiss in my cause I am fighting for; were I to

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The Catholic Record

Price of Subscription—\$1.50 per annum... Publisher and Proprietor, Thomas Coffey, L.L.D. Editors: Rev. James T. Foley, B.A., Thomas Coffey, L.L.D.

LONDON, SATURDAY, JUNE 5, 1916

THE REGENERATION OF FRANCE

That the heart and soul of France is turning to God and returning to the practice of religion is so strikingly apparent that no one gainsays the multiplied evidence of that consoling fact.

Such doubters forget that there was a marvellous revival of religion in France before the War, a revival which was characterized by the Headmaster of Eton preaching in Westminster Abbey in November, 1913, as "the most momentous event occurring in Europe for at least a century."

There are many things in the present situation that indicate a permanent change for the better in the national life of France.

Only ten years ago was exposed the most contemptible, and at the same time the most dangerous of the petty intrigues that have disgraced and degraded French political life.

"M. Guyot de Villeneuve, Nationalist deputy for St. Denis, who had been dismissed from the army by General de Galliffet, brought before the Chamber a collection of documents, which, it seemed, had been abstracted from the Grand Orient of France, the headquarters of French freemasonry, by an official of that order?"

It is necessary to glance at this degradation of anticlerical politics in order to realize the incredible advance from such politics to patriotism which France has achieved in one short decade.

In politics we have seen the recognition of this life and strength of the Church in France by the greatest and most patriotic of her free-thinking statesmen in the inauguration of the great movement of apaisement. Though not immedi-

ately successful in securing a parliamentary majority the movement did its share in preparing the way for the magnificent national unity which France to-day is showing to her enemies.

In an article "Joffre and the New France," James Middleton, in the World's Work, gives a luminous and accurate account of the transformation effected in the last few years. In 1911, when France determined to reform and reorganize the army demoralized by anti-clerical politicians "the whole French mind and heart turned towards General Pau, the one-armed survivor of the Franco-Prussian War. The Cabinet and the army heads themselves indorsed this popular demand. While France was eagerly preparing to applaud Pau's elevation it was suddenly informed that General Joseph Joffre had accepted the appointment. The newspapers made rather disagreeable comments. Once more, we were informed, politics had taken possession of the army. General Pau was a monarchist; General Castelnau, who also had great claims, was a reactionary and a cleric. Joffre, the newspapers soon discovered, was a Protestant in religion, a Free Mason, and an ardent republican. These facts, of course, explained his preference. In a few months, however, when Pau and Castelnau, both on Joffre's recommendation, received the next highest appointments and set to work enthusiastically to assist the new general in his mighty task—to prepare the French army for the daily expected attack of Germany—the real truth became public property. The fact was that the Superior War Council had offered the headship of the army to Pau, who had refused it. "No patriotic Frenchman," he declared, "had any right to accept this post when such a man as Joffre was available."

This is a great fact of double significance. That Pau the Catholic monarchist should be offered the supreme command of the army would have been impossible a few years previously; that he should decline in favor of his Masonic and Republican rival is a glorious evidence that patriots are superseding petty politicians in the control of affairs in France. And Joffre was patriotic enough to dismiss forthwith several generals, who owed their promotion to political and Masonic influence. Astonished France heard that in future promotion would go purely by merit.

Another interesting sidelight on the passing of the clique of Masonic politicians is furnished by this extract from an article in the New York Times on "General Foch, the New Master of War."

When King George of England was at the front in France recently he conferred the Grand Cross of the Order of the Bath—the highest military distinction in the form of an order within the gift of the British Crown—on two Frenchmen. Joffre was one. The other was Foch.

"Foch? Foch? Who is Foch?" asked the British public, perplexed, when the newspapers printed the news of the granting of this signal honor.

The English newspapers demanded from their correspondents in France an answer to the query, "Who is Foch? Why the Grand Cross?"

And the main features of the answers to that query were these: Foch is the "greatest strategist in Europe and the humblest," in the words of Joffre.

Foch is the hero of the Marne, the man who perceived on Sept. 9 that there must be a gap between the Prussian Guard and the Saxon Army, and who gathered enough artillery to crush the guard in the St. Gond marshes and forced both the Prussians and the Saxons, now separated, to retreat.

tionization of the schools of France, declared lately to an interviewer: "If you ask me to summarize my views, my choice is made: the policy of to-morrow should be the methodical and organic continuation of what is called to-day the 'sacred union.'"

These and many other things which we have noted from time to time lead us to believe that the War will go far to complete the regeneration of Catholic France.

PRAYER FOR PEACE

So much heathenish humbug has been talked about prayer, and so much savagery has entered into the discussion of peace that it is perhaps not surprising that Dr. Elliot's advice on prayer for peace should receive such respectful not to say reverential hearing. It was given at a meeting of Baptist ministers in Boston:

"Do not pray for peace now. I cannot conceive a worse catastrophe for the human race than peace in Europe now." And so on.

Asked when ministers might begin to pray for peace, Dr. Elliot said: "When Germany is driven back into her own territory and forced to pay full indemnity to Belgium."

Dr. Elliot is a great educationalist and was for forty years president of Harvard University; but he is not a Christian; he possesses the prophetic reason why he is sure of a respectful hearing from professedly Christian clergymen.

We had grown accustomed to the cheap scoffing of shallow and irreverent writers at the people of contending nations praying to the same God for victory for their respective sides in the great War. President Elliot gives us a slight variation of the popular misconception of prayer.

It is necessary to clarify our ideas of prayer when such rubbish passes for wisdom. The Catechism teaches that "prayer is an elevation of the soul to God, to adore Him, to bless His holy name, to praise His goodness, and to return Him thanks for all His benefits."

And prayer is also but only in the second place "a humble petition to God for all necessities for soul and body."

all such insane phariseism and worship of force Our Holy Father's voice is heard pleading for peace, praying for peace, enjoining on all the faithful prayer for peace; that God may touch the hearts of the rulers of the warring nations, that the death and agony and destruction and horrors of this fratricidal war may cease. That does not mean that injustice shall be perpetuated; we pray to the God of Justice. It means only that we who pray have a humble and unlimited faith in God's justice, His wisdom and His mercy. We believe that the merits and grace of Jesus Christ are infinitely more potent to change the hearts of men than brutal and bloody god of Force. And we pray as Christ taught us to pray to our common Father that the blessings of peace may quickly succeed to the horrors of war.

ABOUT BOOKS AND READERS

The Catholic author and the Catholic reading public are usually strangers to one another. For this neglect of our own writers we have many excuses. In the first place, Catholic books are inferior. Are they? What non-Catholic novelists excel Benson, Sheehan, John Ayscough, to mention but a few. What non-Catholic poets are superior to Francis Thompson or Alice Meynell? What essayist is more charming than Agnes Repplier? Who has given us more delightful books than Rosa Mulholland? Right here in Ontario we have writers whose books are worthy of a place, and an honored place, in any library. Why should we read Service and ignore Father Dollard? If we are in search of a good story why should we pass over Fischer's "Child of Destiny?" How many of us are acquainted with the sweet poetry of Dr. O'Hagan? We could fill columns of the RECORD with queries such as these. Let us hear no more, then, of this excuse that Catholic writers cannot deliver the goods. To advance such an argument is but to advertise our own ignorance.

Again we are told that Catholic books are too dear. If Catholic books are dearer than the like publications of non Catholics there must be a reason. And it hardly ever occurs to us that the reason is our own rigorous boycott of the literary output of our co-religionists. The cost of the production of two books of similar size and binding, etc., will be the same. The price of the two books will vary in accordance with the probable circulation. If the non-Catholic publisher can count on a circulation of 5,000 copies, it follows that he can sell his wares at a lower price than the Catholic publisher who knows that 1,000 copies will be the high water mark of his sales. We refuse to patronize our own writers, and then raise an outcry against exorbitant prices, when it is our refusal to buy his books that forces the Catholic publisher to charge more than his trade rival. Printers, and book binders, and proof readers, and even authors, have to live, and the non-Catholic publisher sells five books for the Catholic publisher's one, he can fix his price considerably lower and still make a larger profit.

Another objection that our indifferent Catholic readers make is that one has to hunt in the byways, and have the detective sense highly developed, before he can discover Catholic books, whereas the works of other writers stare us in the face at every book stall. Again the reason lies with ourselves. Demand creates the supply, and if booksellers do not carry Catholic books it is simply because they are never asked for them. When we are educated up to the point that we will read our own authors, then, and not till then, will the book stalls carry them.

The most crushing argument of all is that very many of our people cannot afford to buy books, and have to be satisfied with what is provided for them in the public libraries. But this is no argument at all, for just as the booksellers will carry our books when it pays them to do so, in the same way the public libraries will stock our authors when their clients teach them the necessity of so doing. If the patrons of the libraries ask for Catholic books, and keep on asking, they will eventually have their needs supplied.

The colored sunsets and the starry heavens, the beautiful mountains and the shiny seas, the fragrant woods and the painted flowers,—they are not half so beautiful as a soul that is serving Jesus out of love, in the wear and tear of common, unpoetic life.—Faber.

NOTES AND COMMENTS

THE LATEST information about General Joffe is that while always at least a nominal Catholic or nothing, he has since the outbreak of the Great War become what we are accustomed to call, a practical Catholic. This is definitely and undeniably asserted and proved by the well-known author and Academician, M. Maurice Barres. In the course of a remarkable article in one of the French reviews, M. Barres lays special stress upon the confidence which the French people repose in their Commander-in-Chief, and the affection with which he is regarded not in the Army alone, but by civilians who know him only through the tributes of subordinates and friends.

THAT A GREAT commander should inspire such affection is perhaps not extraordinary. Genius has ever had its warmest devotees in the multitude. Its possessor may be a man of austere character and frigid exterior, but, in the case of a soldier, the strong arm, the penetrating intellect and the far seeing sagacity which is able to anticipate the designs of the enemy and to forestall them, not only effects conquests in the field but becomes a conqueror also of the far wider realm of the hearts of his countrymen. Thus we have the endearing sobriquets applied to many of the great commanders of history as "The Little Corporal," "Old Jack," "Bobs" and many others. To this category must now be added "Papa," applied to the latest but not the least of them, General Joffe.

REVERTING to the religious character of the French Generalissimo, it may be said that though always a man of high character—above reproach, it is said, in public as well as in private life—he could not, before the War be said to belong to the "body" of the Church. Public life in France within the past decade could not be said to be conducive to the development of the religious character, and to be a practical Catholic was not the passport to favor or promotion. It is probable that in this respect General Joffe was the victim rather of the secular character of state education, than that he carried favor with officialdom. His demeanor since the War began is not in harmony with the latter supposition. Whatever may have been his deficiencies to-day certainly was not amongst them, and now that he has been brought face to face with the dependence of man upon his Creator, his real character has come into view and the religion of his fathers claimed him for its own.

IT IS STATED authoritatively that of the members of the Newfoundland contingent to Europe the majority are of Irish descent. From Waterford and from County Wexford chiefly, came those sturdy men whose pluck and tenacity laid the foundation of the Island's fisheries, and made famous her reputation for producing the best of the world's seamen. From the same stock come these soldiers who at the call of duty have now placed themselves at humanity's disposal. The Governor of the Island has officially testified to this fact in a letter, now made public, addressed to the Lord Provost of Edinburgh, thanking him for the courtesy and hospitality extended to the Newfoundland Regiment placed in garrison at the Castle. The "Oldest Colony" is nobly represented in both Army and Navy.

WE HAVE SEEN little reference in the daily papers to the death on the field of battle of "Jimmy" Duffy the well-known athlete, who has so often carried the colors of Canada to the front on many a hard fought clunder path. Duffy enlisted in the First Contingent and was assigned to the 16th Battalion. In this capacity he served valiantly in the trenches and, dying a hero's death, has found his last resting place in the blood-stained soil of France. His death has caused profound regret in athletic circles in Great Britain where he was well and favorably known as in the United States and Canada.

ALTHOUGH DUFFY has been in Canada for several years, he was by birth a Scotman. His progenitors of course were Irish. He is especially well-remembered in Edinburgh where he was born, educated, and first came into prominence as a runner. Having early showed signs of speed and remarkable powers of endurance he was taken in hand by Father Smith-Steinmetz, then of St. Patrick's, who foresaw his possibilities, and assisted

in his early training. To the careful coaching of this priest "Jimmy" undoubtedly owed his later successes. Chief of these in Scotland was the making the new five-mile record of 25 minutes, 52 seconds. This was in 1910. A few months later he came to Canada and his subsequent achievements are fresh in memory. He was easily the premier long-distance runner of America when the War broke out, and he found a still more strenuous vocation as a soldier on active service.

IT IS PLEASANT now to remember that Duffy remained to the last unspoiled by success. It is related of him that much as he prized his athletic honors he thought still more highly of his mother's letters of appreciation. If she were pleased it seemed to him that nothing else mattered. He was always attentive to his religious duties, and now that he is gone those who knew him but he spoke of him as "so exemplary a son and so good and practical a Catholic." His amiable disposition and agreeable manners endeared him to all, and the memory of Private James Duffy will not soon be forgotten. R. I. P.

ON THE BATTLE LINE

THE SUBMARINE

THE ADMIRALTY announced last night that the battleship Majestic was torpedoed and sunk yesterday morning while supporting the army on the Gallipoli Peninsula, and that nearly all her officers and men had been saved. The submarine which has sunk two battleships in two days is still foot loose in the Aegean Sea, with at least half a dozen more torpedoes to use, and a great fleet of British and French warships from among which to choose its victims. The combat between submarine and battleship is like that between the swordfish and the whale. Size and strength count for nothing against the lightning stroke of the torpedo rushing through the water at a speed of thirty miles an hour. The situation is serious. Five British battleships and a French pre-dreadnought have been sunk in the Dardanelles by mine or torpedo in a little over two months. Several of them were on the way to the scrap-heap in any event, and Britain can still risk and lose more of the same class without impairing materially her naval supremacy; but the facility with which the lurking submarine, manned by a crew of perhaps 25 men, can send a mighty ironclad with 700 or 800 men upon her to the bottom makes it plain that Sir Percy Scott's recent assertion that the submarine would revolutionize naval warfare and ultimately drive the battleship off the seas is not the idle chatter of an alarmist, but the reasoned judgment of a profound student of maritime warfare.

The range of under-water craft in hostile areas closed to other ships of war was further illustrated yesterday by an announcement that in a raid upon shipping in the Sea of Marmora the British submarine E-11 sank a Turkish vessel with a great quantity of ammunition on board, chased and torpedoed a supply ship off Rodosto, on the north shores about midway between Gallipoli and Constantinople, ran another ship ashore, and finally entered the harbor of Constantinople and discharged a torpedo at a transport lying alongside the arsenal. The torpedo was heard to strike. A few more raids like those of the E-11 recently and now of the E-11 in destroying Turkish shipping will even the score run up by the submarine that sank the Triumph and the Majestic.—Globe, May 29.

IN GALICIA

FOR THE FIRST time since the Austro-German drive toward Przemysl and Lemberg began the German official bulletin reports reverse. It is stated that a German force on the right, or eastern bank of the San, ten miles north of Jaroslau, was driven back, and lost six cannon during the retreat. The Russians claim that there is no possibility of the Germans cutting off and besieging Przemysl. The strength of their attacks has greatly diminished, and to the southeast of the city, in the marshes lying along the Dniester, they have had very great losses without making appreciable progress. The German casualties alone during the advance from the Dniester are understood to have totaled 106,000, while those of the Austrians, who form a large part of the army operating along the Dniester, have been even greater. The problem of supplies and ammunition for the large number of troops fighting in districts not served by railways is also becoming a serious one. Russian Staff officers conversant with the conditions are convinced that Przemysl is safe.—Globe, May 29.

IN FLANDERS

UPON THE front there has been relative quiet, and the centre of interest in the west is the region between Armentieres and Arras, where the British and the French are hammering away in the direction of Lille La Bassée and Lens. In a French official report issued last night it was stated that the British have made progress toward La Bassée. To the south, where the French have recently made important advances, the Germans are attacking with absolute

recklessness in the hope of winning back their trenches. The report says that during yesterday they made five of these counter-attacks, but every time they were rolled back. On Thursday night two similar attacks had been made, so that in less than twenty-four hours the Germans near Arras, tried seven times to retake their lost positions and failed every time. In addition to these infantry attacks an artillery duel of especial violence continued throughout the day. It would seem that the storm of war which recently spent its violence around Ypres has now broken out with increased strength east of the Lys.

ST. PETER'S SEMINARY

ON Saturday, May 29th, the Ordination services conducted in St. Peter's Cathedral, London, were among the most impressive ever held in the Diocese. His Lordship Bishop Fallon ordained six young men to the Holy Priesthood as well as a large number to the other orders. In officiating he was assisted by Very Rev. D. O'Connor, Rector of St. Peter's Seminary, Archdeacon; Very Rev. P. J. McKean, Rector of St. Peter's Cathedral and Rev. J. Harding, Master of Ceremonies.

Those ordained to the Holy Priesthood were: Rev. Wilfrid J. Langlois, of Windsor; Rev. Arthur Finn, Windsor; Rev. Joseph Bell, Blyth; Rev. Frederick Costello, London; Rev. Hubert Dignan, London; Rev. Francis McCarthy, Kinkora; to Tonson, Maxime Brisson, Drysdale; John Isaac Ducharme and Joseph Gerard: to Minor Orders, Leonard Forrietal.

After the ceremony the Bishop addressed the newly ordained priests and the congregation in telling words, encouraging the young men to zealous and faithful work in the house of God, thanking the parents of the newly ordained for their sacrifice and inspiring every one of the hundreds present with faith and piety.

The following priests were present in the sanctuary: Right Rev. Mgr. Aylward, Sarnia; Very Rev. C. E. McGee, Stratford; Very Rev. D. J. Downey, Windsor; Rev. F. P. White, St. Columban; Rev. J. Hogan, Lucan; Rev. W. J. Kelly, Logan; Rev. D. J. Egan, Stratford; Rev. A. E. Goodwin, St. Thomas; Rev. E. Goetz, Tilsonburg; Rev. J. Gnam, Ingersoll; Rev. J. Stroeder, Zurich; Rev. W. Murray, C. S. B., Toronto; Rev. F. Powell, C. S. B., Sandwich; Rev. J. Stanley, Woodstock; Rev. P. Mahoney, Woodstock; Rev. J. Mahoney, Bathwell; Rev. Father Carey, Detroit; Rev. R. Fleming, Detroit; Rev. P. Lennon, Hamilton; Rev. M. J. Brady, Wallaceburg; Rev. J. Ronan, St. Mary's; Rev. P. Quinlan, Strathroy; Rev. Father Hodgkinson, London; Rev. T. Valentin, London; Rev. P. N. Doyle, C. S. B., London; Rev. V. J. Hanlon, London; Rev. F. X. Laurendeau, London; Rev. J. T. Foley, London; Rev. J. V. Tobin, London; Rev. C. Parent, Tilbury; Rev. J. P. Brennan, London; Rev. J. G. Labelle, London; Rev. T. Corcoran, London; Rev. T. G. Hussey, Kinkora; Rev. T. Ford, Woodlee; Rev. C. Laliberte, Ruscom River; Rev. P. McCabe, Maidstone; Rev. D. Forster, Redgown; Rev. J. Dantzer, Haddon; Rev. H. R. Robert, Windsor; Rev. E. L. Tierney, Mount Carmel; Rev. T. McCarthy, Mount Carmel; Rev. A. Fuerth, West Lorne; Rev. M. O'Neill, Parkhill; Rev. J. Fallon, Wingham.

SIDELIGHTS ON THE GREAT WAR

THE ATTITUDE OF ENGLISHMEN

By way of contrast with the above, the following testimony from that offered by a fine art publisher, recently returned to Germany from England, and printed in the Berliner Tagblatt, may be given:

Hatred against Germany does not exist, and the great feeling of hatred that one encounters on arriving in Germany is quite foreign, and indeed, is incomprehensible to the English. . . . Both I and my relations as well as numerous German friends and acquaintances, have received from all classes nothing but friendly sympathy and exceeding politeness. . . . Still greater consideration and friendliness were shown us by the Home Office officials in the numerous conversations I had with regard to obtaining a permit to leave the country. No English official and no Englishman with whom we had to deal during the days preceding our departure parted from us without the most cordial wishes for our journey. Germans who go away may take with them any sum of money they like, though, of course, gold is prohibited. Not only do Germans receive kind words, but the tremendous amount of relief work, which is undertaken for German prisoners as well as for German women and children, would not have been possible without the collaboration of the authorities, and especially without the financial help of English people.

LIKE SARDINES IN A BOX

Private N. Revelle, of the 2nd Battalion Royal Irish Regiment, writing from France in acknowledgment of a packet of religious articles, says: "We had a small service in one of the wooden huts at this place, and there were some of the men who came a long distance to go to confession and Communion. . . . Father King is very anxious about the welfare of all his soldiers here, and he goes to a lot of pains to meet every

one, night and day, and he is not satisfied, unless everyone from here who is going up to the Front again receives Holy Communion.

I have been in the past. Little by little I came to see my faults. We have had a word of praise and congratulation to day, and I have just come away from singing at Mass.

FATHER VAUGHAN, S. J., ON ENGLAND'S TASK

The Rev. Father Bernard Vaughan, S. J., preached at Exmouth recently in connection with the formal opening of the new Church of the Holy Ghost in its finished state.

Touching upon the present unprecedented conflict, the preacher said millions of our fellow-beings were engaged in a life and death struggle, but the sword would not be sheathed until from Petrograd to London the chorus of a shout of victory could be heard.

On the day of intercession (January 8), in St. Francis Xavier's Cathedral, Adelaide, Father Stanislaus Hogan, O. P., preached a sermon in which he thus described the peace for which the people were asked to pray:

Surely there was never a request so urgent, never a boon to be prayed for with greater insistence than this, that the days of strife shall be quickly shortened, and that peace shall speedily reign in the land once again.

THE SOLDIER'S RELIGIOUS OPPORTUNITIES

Private J. McDonnell, of the Royal Irish Rifles, with the Expeditionary Force, in a letter of thanks for a packet of rosaries, etc., with which he says "the boys were very delighted," thus describes their opportunities for religious exercises:

CONVERSION IN THE TRENCHES

A priest soldier, writing to the curé of Valenciennes d'Agon tells the following incident:

At 3 o'clock on the afternoon of January 9, I presented myself with another soldier, a man of German birth, who, after four years in the Prussian Army, had passed into the Foreign Legion, before our chaplain. My catechumen went through his examination in the Catechism splendidly. Next morning I went with him to the church, where he made his abjuration and his confession, and received conditional baptism and absolution. Then I said Mass, and had the joy of giving him his First Communion.

A CHANGED SITUATION

The Abbé Langé, of Caracassonne, who is a corporal stretcher bearer, after telling of tragic doings at La Bassée adds:

I notice here the change that has come over the souls of the soldiers of the South. All my stretcher-bearers are devout; few of them fail to say their rosary, and one of them, the mayor of his commune, serves my Mass. Several whom I knew when with the regiment as hostile to religion, now openly wear on their breasts the badge of the Sacred Heart.

SOLDIERS' TESTIMONY

And this is borne out by the witness of the soldiers themselves. The curé of Valenciennes d'Agon has received a letter from one who writes:

I have a little confession to make to you. My life until the war was anything but edifying. I was not even a believer, though I had come to like the curé during the two years of service for the interest he showed in us. But now it is not only the curé that I reverence, but the God he represents and the religion of which he is a minister.

Have is similar testimony from a soldier belonging to Lavelanet, in the diocese of Pamier, who says that he regarded himself as "irreligious":

and superstitious to assent to what the Church "chooses that we should believe," as they put it. The state of mind which can so debase itself, this term slavish, and such demands upon the unreasoning faith of men, they call priestcraft. What they feel now is just what both Jew and Greek felt before them in the time of the Apostles, and what the natural man has felt ever since.

THE PRESS A POWER

What a power is the press! The devil, in intelligence an archangel, quotes it as a confirmation of his diabolical tenet, while our dear Lord, to confirm His argument, declares "it is written again."

Under the direction of the Middlesex County Branch of the American Federation of Catholic Societies, a mass meeting was held recently in Lowell, Mass., at which an address was delivered by His Eminence Cardinal O'Connell, who said that his purpose in attending the meeting was to encourage a greater interest in Federation on the part of the Catholics of Lowell.

CARDINAL O'CONNELL ON FEDERATION

There is only one way of remaining a Catholic, says Newman, in effect, in a tract bearing the above title, and that is to submit to the authority of the Catholic Church and accept all the teachings of Christ, even as the Apostles and Early Christians accepted them, that is to say, without questioning any one of them.

NEWMAN ON FAITH

Faith, the Cardinal defines as "a state of mind, a peculiar mode of thinking and acting which is exercised, always, indeed, towards God, but in various ways."

LEARNING AND PHILOSOPHY NOT ENOUGH

Continuing the Cardinal pointed out the fact that the countries now at each other's throats in Europe had learning and philosophy enough and yet it did not prevent them from going to war.

WON BY KINDNESS

It is not only among the soldiers on the line of fire that the Church is daily gaining converts; the work begun in the trenches by the soldier priest is brought to a happy conclusion in the hospitals directed by nuns.

Needless to add that by degrees the wounded man's attitude completely changed. Old prejudices gave way to new convictions, based upon personal experience, and the happy convert was baptized in the chapel of the hospital.—B. C. Orphan's Friend.

THE SACRED HEART

What wouldst thou have, O soul, Thou weary soul? Lo! I have sought for rest On the Earth's heaving breast, From pole to pole.

A PROTESTANT IN MEXICO

In a letter to the Churchman, an organ of the Protestant Episcopal Church, William Watson, who has lived for nearly eight years in Mexico in some of its best known centers of population, used vigorous language in criticizing the statements regarding the religious condition of Mexico that appear in the American press.

TRIBUTE TO NUNS

A splendid tribute to the business ability of Catholic nuns was paid on a recent Sunday by Vernon Z. Reed, the millionaire non-Catholic, who was speaking before a large assemblage at Mount St. Vincent's orphanage in Denver, Colo.

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This plain recital of facts by a Protestant Episcopalian on religious conditions in Mexico is a sufficient answer to the clerical agitators who, for their own purposes, seek to put all the blame for the misery and strife in Mexico upon the Catholic Church.

BIBLES HERE AND THERE

The American Bible Society has just published its annual report: The work achieved is marvelous: 6,870,465 copies of the Scriptures were scattered broadcast over the earth. This is an increase of 1,119,289 volumes over last year, so that now after almost a century of existence, the society has distributed 108,890,856 bibles. The books have gone to Mexico and Central America and South America, to all parts of Europe, to China, Japan and the Philippines and to most other parts of the earth.

FATHER FRASER'S CHINESE MISSION

Taichowfun, March 22, 1915. Dear Readers of CATHOLIC RECORD: Yesterday (Passion Sunday) I laid the cornerstone of the church in Taichowfun. The former church was too small for the crowds who are being converted in the city and neighboring towns.

PREVIOUSLY ACKNOWLEDGED

J. G. Zimmerman, Hamilton 1 00 Friend, Ponoka..... 1 00 F. B. M..... 1 00 Promoter, Pt. L'Oratoire..... 1 00 J. A. Devine, Victoria..... 8 50 Alberta Subscriber..... 1 00

THE ROMAN CHURCH

He said that the Sisters in charge of the orphanage had taken on themselves a work which belonged to all men, for we are all members of one great family, and the duty devolves on us to care for our less fortunate brethren.

He closed his talk with describing a master painter which hangs in an obscure convent in Granada, Spain. A man, dead and naked, lies on a bier. Opposite him lies a king's crown, the sword of a conqueror, the sextant of a scientist, the gold of a Midas, and other emblems.

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FIVE MINUTE SERMON

BY REV. F. FEPPERT SECOND SUNDAY AFTER PENTECOST

"They began all at once to make excuse." (Luke xiv, 18.) Our time is spent in all sorts of different occupations; we think one thing very important and another absolutely necessary, and we are only too apt to devote all our attention to what appears indispensable, and to overlook what is really of supreme importance.

Why are we bound to busy ourselves with what concerns God, rather than with anything else? We belong to Him with all that we are and all that we have.

Our chief duty therefore is, as our Lord Himself taught us, to render to God the things that are God's. Whatever tends to God's honor must be done first of all.

Even if all our toil and efforts meet with no temporal reward, it brings us unappreciated by men and brings us nothing but poverty, contempt, ingratitude and insults, we need not be disturbed, for we know that we shall not have our reward here, but when nothing remains to a worldly minded man but the grave, when perhaps his soul is irretrievably lost, we shall be admitted to the Paradise of God's infinite love.

Indeed, even on earth those who busy themselves with the things of God, enjoy great consolation. A worldly man may complain of being disappointed, but one who seeks God is sure of his reward.

Let us therefore ask God for grace to occupy ourselves principally with the things of eternity. The more our hearts are filled with this spirit, the more blessed and pleasing to God will our whole lives become, and the greater will be our joy in heaven.

Such an effort to reach higher things is alone worthy of creatures endowed with reason. If we pursue earthly pleasures and occupy ourselves exclusively with what is temporal, what have we at last? Everything passes away, and what we acquire with so much exertion vanishes, and our labor is wasted.

Let us beware of hating what is eternal for what is temporal. Let us engrave deeply on our hearts the words: "Vanity of vanities, all is vanity, but to love God and serve Him alone."

Let us secure by all his work and endeavor, that we may be able to say: "I have loved God with all my heart, mind, strength, and my neighbor as myself."

Let us therefore do our utmost to busy ourselves chiefly about matters concerning our heavenly Father. Let us do our everyday work, whatever it may be, for love of Him, and then we shall be serving His interest.

ANY DYSPEPTIC CAN GET WELL

By Taking "Fruit-a-lives" Says Capt. Swan

Life is very miserable to those who suffer with Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Sour Stomach and Biliousness. This letter from Captain Swan (one of the best known skippers on the Great Lakes) tells how to get quick relief from Stomach Trouble.

"Fruit-a-lives" are sold by all dealers at 50c. a box 6 for \$2.50, or trial size 25c. or sent postpaid on receipt of price by Fruit-a-lives Limited, Ottawa.

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The Journal can see three possible explanations for this remarkable phenomenon.

1. That the modern excess of male insanity is really due to the increase of disease spread by commercialized vice, and that its association with alcohol is accidental.

2. That some new and at present unknown factor makes liquor drinking more dangerous now than formerly, a factor strong enough to more than offset all the gains of temperance.

3. That the increased strain of modern industrial life bears more heavily on men than on women, so that masculine habits which once wreaked little damage now cause utter breakdowns.

Each of these explanations is plausible, but this paper is unable even to guess which one is true - if any. The question is decidedly interesting. -Chicago Journal.

NO MENTAL AID There used to be an idea abroad that wine was a help to wit because many men of genius drank wine and drank it to excess.

He then answered the often repeated calumny that the Church is the enemy of the Bible by appealing to her past history, which showed that from the very earliest days she taught her children to love, revere and with patient toil copy out the sacred books.

Going on to the important question of the interpretation of the Bible, Father Corbett said in part as reported in the Pasado Daily News: "For the mere possession of the Bible is of little avail, if I do not understand its meaning correctly. It is my duty to find out the truth of God's word."

NOVELIST DESCRIBES AN AUDIENCE WITH POPE BENEDICT Rene Bazin, the famous French novelist, has been in Rome and has had an audience with the Holy Father.

"I have had the great honor," he says, "of being received by the new Pope. I have seen restored the old ceremonial which so well suits that universal spiritual power which alone has kept up the habit of judging without delegation the great causes of the world."

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but the most perfect of the blessings of peace: a keen sense of justice, pity for the suffering, power of divining causes. I left him truly happy and thanking God for having given another good Pope to the Church." -Intermountain Catholic.

Mr. George Moore's volume, "Hall and Farwell," has recently been esteemed in the Yale Review by Mr. W. L. Ferris, who declares that Catholicism has produced no great literature.

Then from Dante, whose divine comedy points to his Divine church to Thompson's "Sound of the Lord's" has Catholicism, loving literature, making it, and advancing the mind for the sake of the soul. Has Mr.

What preserved our civilization? An article in The Dublin Review, by Mr. Hilaire Belloc, entitled "The Entry into the Dark Ages," does not agree with a writer in a late number of the Fortnightly Review that Monarchy was the force that kept together and developed the modern currents of civilization.

Miss Blanche Rose, a well-known actress who darkened her gray hair with a simple preparation which she mixed at home, in a recent interview at Chicago, Ill., made the following statement:

"Any lady or gentleman can darken their gray hair and make it soft and glossy with this simple recipe, which they can mix at home. To a half pint of water add 1 oz. of bay rum, a small box of Orlex Compound, and 1/2 oz. of glycerine. These ingredients can be bought at any drug store at every price. Apply to the hair twice a week until it becomes the required shade. This will make a gray haired person look 20 years younger. It is also fine to promote the growth of hair, relieve itching and scalp humors and is excellent for dandruff and falling hair."

When hubby "lights up" for his after dinner smoke be sure he has a Match which will give him a steady light, first stroke.

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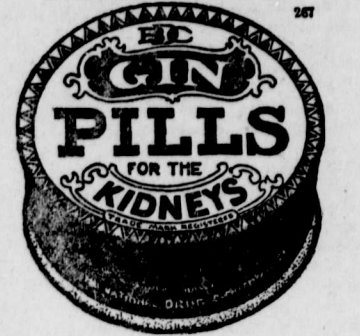
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creation within the European body is not the Monarchy, that only held the reins. The institution that vitalized was the Church." -The Missionary.

WE'LL SEND THE FIRST few doses of Gin-Pill to you free if you have any Kidney or Bladder Trouble. After you see how good they are - get the 50c. size at your dealer's.



Actress Tells Secret

A Well Known Actress Tells How She Darkened Her Gray Hair and Promoted Its Growth With a Simple Home Made Mixture

Miss Blanche Rose, a well-known actress who darkened her gray hair with a simple preparation which she mixed at home, in a recent interview at Chicago, Ill., made the following statement:

Keep the Men In Good Humor

When hubby "lights up" for his after dinner smoke be sure he has a Match which will give him a steady light, first stroke.

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Safety First

You need an effective, dependable liniment and germicide in your home. Safety demands that it shall be harmless.

Use Absorbine, Jr. wherever a high-grade liniment or a safe, powerful, germicide is indicated. To allay pain, to reduce sprains, wrenches, swollen veins or glands, wens, soft bunions; to heal cuts, bruises, sores, and ulcers; to spray the throat if sore or infected.

Liquor and Tobacco Habits

Dr. McTaggart's Vegetable Remedies for these habits are safe, inexpensive home treatments. No hypodermic injections, no loss of time from business, no special preparation.

RIDER AGENTS WANTED

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CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

THROUGH THE EYES OF AN OUT-OF-WORK

"You should think more and read less. Think by the yard, read by the foot—and talk by the inch," said a father who had never been to school, to a son who was a very fine cultured fellow indeed.

"I thought it rather a joke that my father should lecture me on reading, I was rather inclined to patronize him. . . I wonder often just what his feelings were in those days.

My reading was intellectual drama—drinking, drug-taking—call it what you will. A fresh book was opened as soon as its predecessor was closed (just as a cigarette flend lights a fresh cigarette on the stump of the old).

His superior attitude towards his father grew more marked, but he had the laugh on me before the end. The despised father rose to be manager where he had been a laborer, and spent his spare time happily in his garden or green-house, with his pipe between his teeth.

At 5:30 I was dead beat, no nearer a situation than when I started off, and the total amount of cash in the exchequer was threepence!

He had a cup of tea and some food ready when I was finished the notices, and, as I was eating, he, noticing that the very light shoes I wore had given way under the strain, brought me a pair of heavy boots which he told me to put on.

His kindly words cheered me up. I came out of his shop with my head up, feeling that after all I was akin to the people who were hurrying along on business or pleasure bent.

Let us hear in mind this truth—that on the bed of death, and in the day of judgment, to have saved one soul will be not only better than to have won a kingdom, but will overpay by an exceeding great reward all the pains and toils of the longest and most toilsome life.—Cardinal Manning.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

THE GIRLS AND THE ROSES

"My pink rose bush is going to be planted right here where folks can see it," said Amy, showing a sunny place on the lawn that was easy to see from the street.

"I'm afraid I can't plant mine where folk can see," said Bess, soberly. "We have such a teeny weeny lawn, and it's so crowded now."

"I don't suppose it will," said Bess. "There's so many folks who need pink roses that maybe there won't be enough to go around."

"Your roses will do only one person good, while mine will make lots of folks happy," said Amy. "I'm so anxious to hear what they'll say when they see the lovely flowers."

"I'm so glad," cried Bess, jumping up and down. "I guess Grandma Curtis never saw a big, sweet, pink rose. Won't she be surprised?"

"For me!" cried poor old Grandma Curtis, when the first fine rose was laid on her lap. "This is the most beautiful flower I ever saw. Dearly, will you put it in a glass of water where I can see it all day?"

"Your rose bush hasn't anything on it either?" said Amy, one day in August, when she happened to see the bare rose bush in Bess' yard.

"Mine has bloomed all summer!" cried Bess, in surprise. "I took a big rose to Aunt Letty only yesterday."

He was a boy, most likely just such a boy as you are. He grew up and did great things for his country; and when General Outram died it was written of him, "For truth and right this hand has always striven."

Did you ever think—that a kind word put out at interest brings back an enormous percentage of love and appreciation? That though a loving thought may not seem appreciated it has yet made you better, and braver because of it?

M. Emile Vandervelde, announcing himself socialist, internationalist, and republican, writes in the literary tongue of Belgium an article on the present and the future of his country in the Nineteenth Century.

He found me three days' work. On an upturned packing case in his workshop this article has been written, and after the short rest the three days' work has enabled me to enjoy, I am assuming my Odyssey.—Sacred Heart Review.

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sharpnel. During all the hours of daylight the telephone wire is his only tie with the army he serves. The man he commands are relieved; he will not consent to be relieved. At night, when it is possible, he receives food; when it is impossible he fasts. Lately he had to pass three days without drinkable water.

JUNE—THE MONTH OF THE SACRED HEART

May, the beautiful month of May, has now come to a close. Throughout the land her devoted children have practiced some devotion daily in her honor.

The Holy Mass is the central act of our religion. The Catholic who is careless about Holy Mass is a victim of the terrible spiritual malady that is destroying so many souls to-day.

There lies the mystery of life. For the problem here on earth is a stone wall against which many are continually knocking their heads.

Those who make use of this excuse are the doubting Thomases of every age. Because they cannot see and feel the spirit—which in reality is the secret of life—they give themselves up wholly to the pleasures of the senses.

IN CONVERSATION

It is the correct thing: To remember that, according to the old philosophers, speech is silver, and silence is golden.

To remember that those who think twice before they speak, and in some instances do not speak at all, save themselves many after regrets.

To remember that mere talk lacks a great deal of being conversation.

To remember that personalities are ill bred.

To listen respectfully to old people and those whose position entitles them to consideration.

To avoid talking scandal and gossip.

To avoid coarseness in conversation as one would the leprosy.

To remember that stabbing one's body is not half so great a crime as stabbing one's reputation.

To remember the Golden Rule and do unto others as you would have them do unto you, when tempted to repeat an ill natured or compromising bit of gossip.

To remember that women, old and young, married and single, who indulge in indelicate and coarse conversation, and select topics for conversation which they would blush to have overheard by gentlemen, have forfeited all right to the title of Christians.

To manifest marked displeasure when indelicate and immodest subjects are broached.

To remember that if you can not keep your own secrets, it is hardly fair to expect your friends to keep them for you.

GILLETT'S LYE EATS DIRT. THE BEST CLEANER AND DISINFECTANT KNOWN. USED FOR SOFTENING WATER-FOR MAKING SOAP. REMOVES GREASE AND CRUST FROM FRYING AND ROASTING PANS. REFUSE SUBSTITUTES.

LIFE

Have you ever watched a child blow a soap bubble? That seems to me to represent our life. Just as the youngster makes the bubble by breathing into the soapy water, so God made man by breathing into the clay He had formed into human shape.

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THE SUNDAY MASS

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to sit out interminable games of cards, to hear all the dreary yarns and chestnuts that helped Sham, Ham and Japzet to while away the time in the ark, to read all the trash of the Sunday papers. The fact is that such persons are not straight and honest with themselves. What they need is a good talking. The pastor cannot be there to do it in all cases. Let the laymen lend a hand. This is the age of the lay apostolate, and right here is the place to begin.

NO NEW CATHEDRAL FOR DUBLIN

Great disappointment has fallen on the people of Dublin. It was only a few weeks ago that Catholic hopes for a suitable mother church of Ireland, a Cathedral in Dublin worthy of the nation, were raised to the highest pitch by the announcement that Archbishop Walsh was in negotiation with the City Fathers for the acquisition of an important site on Ormond Quay for the new edifice, the money being already in hand.

The Archbishop, however, has found vested interests too strong for him. In a letter he has just sent the housing committee of the city council, all His Grace says that the opposition shown by certain of the tenants on the quay site would make the cost of

acquiring such site prohibitive, and he is forced back to the conclusion he came to twenty years ago, that there is no adequate site in Dublin obtainable for a Catholic Cathedral. The city council has therefore decided to proceed with their scheme for dwellings in the proposed area, which they had abandoned in deference to the plans of the Archbishop. Speculation is rife as to the influences which have been at work to nullify this fine project.—Church Progress.

MGR. BENSON

Mr. Arthur C. Benson in his book "Hugh"—which is the story of the life of his brother, the late Monsignor Robert Hugh Benson relates an incident that showed his devotion to the Blessed Virgin. The brothers were accustomed to talking freely and openly on all subjects, and sometimes argued on religion.

"Once I remember his exhibiting very strong emotion," Mr. Benson recalls. "I had spoken of the worship of the Virgin, and said something that seemed to him to be in a spirit of levity. He stopped and turned quite pale. 'Ah, don't say that,' he said. 'I feel as if you had said something cynical about someone very dear to me, and far more than that. Please promise not to speak of it again.'—Sacred Heart Review.



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