

# The Catholic Record.

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

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### GERMANY SUES FOR PEACE ON PRESIDENT'S TERMS

The great news that has come to us since Saturday night impels us to unlock the forms for a word with our readers on a subject that will this week engross the attention of the whole wide world. Much will have happened between the present writing (Monday morning) and the time the CATHOLIC RECORD reaches its readers; but the great outstanding fact already known will remain true—Germany and her allies have sued for peace on the terms and according to the principles laid down by President Wilson.

The latest and greatest pronouncement of President Wilson was an address to the organizers of the fourth Liberty Loan campaign in the Metropolitan Opera House, New York, Sept. 27th. This speech we place before our readers in the present number of the RECORD. The daily press of Canada gave only shreds and patches of it. Even before its acceptance by the enemy powers we considered it the most important and vital pronouncement yet made on the objects of the War. Now that Germany and Austria have specifically accepted this pronouncement as a basis for peace its importance becomes paramount.

In the highest, truest, noblest and holiest sense of a much used and much abused term the President in this address is the spokesman of the world's democracy. Head of the greatest democracy in the world's history, commander-in-chief of its mighty military forces actual and potential, with all its inexhaustible resources of every kind freely placed at his disposal for the purposes of the War, President Wilson is a power greater than any sovereign, and a dominating force in a world in arms. But greater and nobler and infinitely more powerful is Mr. Wilson the spokesman for the poor, the weak, the little peoples, the oppressed nationalities, the workaday people, engulfed in a world war.

In this role he speaks with an incisiveness that must pierce the armor of traditional reserve that hedges round the rulers of nations, enemy or ally. In what nation will not the people, the common people, feel that he is their interpreter even to their own Governments when he says:

"I take that to be the significance of the fact that assemblies and associations of many kinds made up of plain workaday people have demanded, almost every time they came together, and are still demanding, that the leaders of their Governments declare to them plainly what it is, that they are seeking in this War, and what they think the items of the final settlement should be. They are not yet satisfied with what they have been told. They still seem to fear that they are getting what they ask for only in statesman's terms—only in the terms of territorial arrangements and divisions of power, and not in terms of broad visioned justice and mercy and peace and the satisfaction of those deep seated longings of oppressed and distracted men and women and enslaved peoples that seem to them the only things worth fighting a war for that engulf the world. Perhaps statesmen have not always recognized this changed aspect of the whole world of policy and action. Perhaps they have not always spoken in direct reply to the questions asked because they did not know how searching those questions were and what sort of answers they demanded."

Again he emphasizes that there is an essential and fundamental truth in the oft-repeated statement that this war is to make the world safe for democracy, a truth that has gripped the consciousness of the people to an extent not realized by their rulers:

"At every turn of the War we gain a fresh consciousness of what we mean to accomplish by it. When our hope and expectation are most excited we think more definitely than before of the issues that hang upon it and of the purposes which must be realized by means of it. For it has positive and well defined purposes which we cannot alter. No statesman or assembly created them; no statesman or assembly can alter them. They have arisen out of the very nature and circumstances of the War. The most that statesmen or assemblies can do is to carry

them out or be false to them. They were perhaps not clear at the outset; but they are clear now. The War has lasted more than four years and the whole world has been drawn into it. The common will of mankind has been substituted for the particular purposes of individual States. Individual States may have started the conflict, but neither they nor their opponents can stop it as they please. It has become a people's war and peoples of all sort and races, of every degree and power and variety of fortune, are involved in its sweeping processes of change and settlement."

National ambitions, imperialistic aims, the plans of statesmen, all the traditional outlook of the rulers of the world must give place to the dominant and paramount interests of the people, for it is the common people who have fought and won the War for freedom.

This is the burden of his mighty message:

"It is the peculiarity of this great War that while statesmen have seemed to cast about for definitions of their purposes and have sometimes seemed to shift their ground and their point of view, the thought of the mass of men, whom statesmen are supposed to instruct and lead, has grown more and more unclouded, more and more certain of what it is that they are fighting for. National purposes have fallen more and more into the background and the common purpose of enlightened mankind has taken their place. The councils of plain men have become on all hands more simple and straightforward and more unified than the councils of sophisticated men of affairs, who still retain the impression that they are playing a game of power and playing for high stakes. That is why I have said that this is a people's war, not a statesmen's. Statesmen must follow the clarified common thought or be broken."

The principles the great President lays down are the very antithesis of German imperialism. They must gladden the hearts of all nations and races and peoples who have suffered and struggled to be free. Liberty-loving peoples everywhere will accept Mr. Wilson's definition of the issues of the War:

"We accepted the issues of the War as facts, not as any group of men either here or elsewhere had defined them, and we can expect no outcome which does not squarely meet and settle them. Those issues are these: Shall the military power of any nation or groups of nations be suffered to determine the fortunes of peoples over whom they have no right to rule except the right of force?"

Shall strong nations be free to wrong weak nations and make them subject to their purpose and interest? Shall people be ruled and dominated, even in their own internal affairs, by arbitrary and irresponsible force or by their own will and choice? Shall there be a common standard of right and privilege for all peoples and nations or shall the strong do as they will and the weak suffer without redress? Shall the assertion of right be haphazard and by casual alliance or shall there be a common concert to oblige the observance of common rights?"

No man, no group of men, chose these to be the issues of the struggle. They are the issues of it; and they must be settled—by no arrangement or compromise or adjustment of interests, but definitely and once for all and with a full and unequivocal acceptance of the principle that the interest of the weakest is as sacred as the interests of the strongest."

And now in the official notes of Germany and Austria we have this speech of Sept. 27th, specifically referred to and accepted as a basis for the new order to be ushered in by the terms of peace!

"Whether or not Germany is trying to make a diplomatic virtue of a military necessity, we feel that the interests of the people, the workaday people of the world are safe in the hands of President Wilson. The Central Powers cannot deceive him. He has spoken of them and to them in unmistakable terms:

"They have convinced us that they are without honor and do not intend justice. They observe no covenants, accept no principle but force and their own interest. We cannot come to terms with them. They have made it impossible."

And he not only fixes the price of peace, but indicates that ample and adequate security will be exacted to ensure that that price is paid:

"That price is impartial justice in every item of the settlement, no matter whose interest is crossed; and not only impartial justice, but also the satisfaction of the several peoples whose fortunes are dealt with. That indispensable instru-

mentality is a League of Nations formed under covenants that will be efficacious. Without such an instrumentality, by which the peace of the world can be guaranteed, peace will rest in part upon the word of outlaws, and only upon that word. For Germany will have to redeem her character, not by what happens at the peace table but by what follows."

Whether or not peace comes immediately the freedom loving people of the whole world will feel that the issues of the War and the terms of peace are safe in the hands of President Wilson. It is a marvellous tribute to his honesty of purpose and to his sincerity in defining the great issues that have convulsed the world for the past four years, that even the ruthless enemies of his ideals and purpose turn at last to him and place their destiny in his hands.

It is the one common ground on which defeated world-dominion and triumphant democracy can meet.

Peace on President Wilson's terms means the end of imperialism in the bad old sense and the ushering in of that era in which "statesmen must follow the clarified common thought or be broken."

### WILSON'S 14 BASES FOR PEACE

On January 8th President Wilson formulated the following fourteen concrete propositions as bases for peace negotiations:

1. Open covenants of peace without private international understandings.
2. Absolute freedom of the seas in peace or war, except as they may be closed by international action.
3. Removal of all economic barriers and establishments of equality of trade conditions among nations consenting to peace and associating themselves for its maintenance.
4. Guarantee for the reduction of national armaments to the lowest consistent with domestic safety.
5. Impartial adjustment of all colonial claims based upon the principle that the peoples concerned have equal weight with the interest of the Government.
6. Evacuation of all Russian territory and opportunity for Russia's political development.
7. Evacuation of Belgium without any attempt to limit her sovereignty.
8. All French territory to be freed and restored and reparation for the taking of Alsace-Lorraine.
9. Readjustment of Italy's frontiers along clearly recognizable lines of nationality.
10. Freest opportunity for autonomous development of the people of Austria-Hungary.
11. Evacuation of Roumania, Serbia and Montenegro, with access to the sea for Serbia and international guarantees of economic and political independence and territorial integrity of the Balkan States.
12. Secure sovereignty for Turkey's portion of the Ottoman Empire, but with other nationalities under Turkish rule assured security of life and opportunity for autonomous development, with the Dardanelles permanently opened to all nations.
13. Establishment of an independent Polish state, including territories inhabited by indisputably Polish population, with free access to the sea, and political and economical independence and territorial integrity guaranteed by international covenant.
14. General association of nations under specific covenants for mutual guarantees of political independence and territorial integrity of large and small states alike.

### WILSON'S FOUR FUNDAMENTAL PRINCIPLES OF PEACE

(From the President's Address of Feb. 11 Before Congress)

- First—That each part of the final settlement must be based upon the essential justice of that particular case and upon such adjustments as are most likely to bring a peace that will be permanent.
- Second—That peoples and provinces are not to be bartered about from sovereignty to sovereignty as if they were mere chattels and pawns in a game, even the great game, now forever discredited, of the balance of power; but that,
- Third—Every territorial settlement involved in this War must be made in the interest and for the benefit of the populations concerned, and not as a part of any mere adjustment or compromise of claims among rival States; and,
- Fourth—That all well defined national aspirations shall be accorded the utmost satisfaction that can be accorded them without introducing new or perpetuating old elements of discord and antagonism that would be likely in time to break the peace of Europe, and consequently of the world.

### GERMANY'S APPEAL TO PRESIDENT WILSON

Associated Press Cable

Amsterdam, Oct. 6.—The text of the note forwarded by the imperial German chancellor, Prince Maximilian, to President Wilson, through the Swiss Government, follows:

"The German Government requests the President of the United States to take in hand the restoration of peace, to acquaint all the belligerent states of this request, and invite them to send plenipotentiaries for the purpose of opening negotiations. It accepts the program set forth by the President of the United States in his message to Congress on Jan. 8, and in his later pronouncements, especially his speech of September 27, as a basis for peace negotiations."

"With a view to avoiding further bloodshed, the German Government requests the immediate conclusion of an armistice on land and water and in the air."

It is announced that Turkey will take a similar step.

### THE AUSTRIAN NOTE

The text of the proposal follows: "The Austro-Hungarian monarchy, which has made only defensive warfare, and has borne witness several times to the desire to put an end to the bloodshed and conclude an honorable peace, proposes by presentation to President Wilson to conclude immediately with him and his allies a general armistice on land, on sea and in the air, to start without delay negotiations for peace. These negotiations will be based on the 14 points in President Wilson's message of January 8, and four points of his speech of February 12 (February 11), 1918 and those equally of September 27, 1918."

### THE VATICAN AND THE ALLIES

#### A NEW ATMOSPHERE

FROM A ROMAN CORRESPONDENT  
London, Eng., Daily Telegraph, Aug. 30, 1918.

It is on the Pope's "impartiality" that England and the Pope split. He is "Sovereign Pontiff" and he is also "Common Father of the faithful," and the two cardinal points of his policy are that he desires peace and that he cannot take sides. It is because the two conceptions go together in his mind that his and the British Government points of view clash, though both want the same thing, just and lasting peace. In the minds of the British consideration of the original responsibility and guilt must go together with the consideration of the just and lasting peace desired, and that, even apart from moral reasoning, simply for the sake of ensuring on the material side that the peace shall be lasting. The ingrained bad faith of Germany, the lies and trickery by means of which she caught the world unprepared in 1914, are known, and we must safeguard ourselves against the repetition of such a disaster. The evidence of these things so overwhelming that they are perfectly well known to the Pope, too, but, unhappily, he does not allow himself officially to recognize them. He cannot say that Germany is responsible, guilty of this War, any more than he can lay on her the guilt of a thousand crimes that he and all the world know she has committed in the course of it. That is his impartiality—the line of conduct which his position laid on him. In the Consistorial Allocation of Jan. 22, 1915, he said:

If it is not given to us to hasten the end of a course so heavy, would that we could, at least, mitigate its sorrowful consequences. With this aim we have, as you are well aware, hitherto done everything possible for us. And we shall not cease in the future while the need lasts. To do more than this to-day is not committed to us by the Apostolic office. To proclaim that for nobody is it lawful, on any plea whatever, to offend justice belongs chiefly, beyond all question, to the Roman Pontiff, as to him who is by God appointed the supreme interpreter and defender of the eternal law; and we do proclaim it without phrases, condemning openly every injustice, by whatever side it may have been committed. But to involve the combatants in one sentence of the Pontifical authority in the very contests of the belligerents would surely be neither appropriate nor useful. Certainly, anybody who judges carefully cannot fail to see that in this enormous struggle the Apostolic See, though filled with the greatest anxiety, must remain perfectly impartial. The Roman Pontiff, as vicar of Jesus Christ who died for men, one and all, must embrace all the combatants in one sentence of charity; and as the Father of all Catholics he has among the belligerents a great number of children for whose salvation he must be equally and without distinction solicitous. It is necessary, therefore, that in them he must consider, not the special interests which divide them, but the common bond of faith

which makes them brothers; were he to do otherwise, not only would he not help at all the cause of peace, but what is worse, he would create aversions and enmities to religion, and would expose to grave disturbance the very tranquillity and internal concord of the Church.

#### CONDEMNATION OF WRONG

To paraphrase, the Pope says: "I condemn all wrong. That is my business. But it is not my business, and it is obviously impossible for me, to form myself into a court of judgment on every single accusation of wrong doing. I could not get the evidence; I certainly could not sift it sufficiently satisfactorily to give a judgment." There is reasonableness in that. Take the first flagrant case, the Belgian atrocities. The report of Lord Bryce's Commission established the guilt of the Germans beyond a shadow of doubt; the Pope himself could have no doubt about it. But German diplomatic agents in Rome denied it all. They had an answer ready and they said they could bring evidence if only circumstances allowed—to rebut every accusation. The same with the Lusitania crime and every crime that followed. Faced with the situation, the Pope has been able to condemn explicitly one crime alone—the violation of Belgian neutrality. "The invasion of Belgium is directly included in the words used by the Holy Father in the Consistorial Allocation of Jan. 22 last, when he condemned openly every injustice, by whatever side and for whatever motive committed." (Cardinal Gasparri's letter to the Belgian Minister to the Holy See, June, 1915.) And this not through any examination of evidence, but because the guilty party, the German Chancellor, had himself confessed.

But examination of Pope Benedict's important pronouncements shows that he has condemned implicitly practically all the German crimes as they were committed. The Consistorial Allocation above mentioned had an unmistakable, if tepid, reference to the German excesses in the early days of the War in Belgium: "That the districts invaded be not devastated more than is strictly required by the reasons of the military occupation, and the souls of the inhabitants be not wounded in what they hold most dear, the sacred temples, the ministers of God, the rights of religion and of the faith." To quote in every case would occupy too much space, but anyone who cares to make the references will find the following official acts and words of the Holy See: March 20, 1915, the Concordat with Serbia was ratified in spite of the fierce opposition of Austria. The Pope went as far as it was possible to go in courteous words to the new Belgian Minister in an audience in the same month: "In April he bore a Belgian flag offered to him, before being taken to Paray-le Monial. In June the Cardinal Secretary of State wrote the letter to the Belgian Minister referred to above, and one to Sir Henry Howard, our Minister to the Holy See. These, with a letter from the Pope to Cardinal Amette, Archbishop of Paris, had the purpose and effect of destroying the suggestions of Papal pro-Germanism arising out of the 'faked' Liberté interview. A letter to the Bishop of Ravenna in July condemned the Austrian bombardment of that undefended city. The Pope showed his good will towards France in letters to Cardinal Luçon in the same month, and to the Bishop of Arras in August. The Consistorial Allocation of December of that year contained condemnation of the Armenian atrocities. In February, 1918, the bombing of Ravenna gave occasion for a strong protest.

#### THE POPE'S ACTIONS

When Cardinal Mercier left Rome in March the Pope gave him a photograph with these words above his signature: "To our venerable brother we heartily grant the Apostolic blessing, assuring him that we are always with him, that we share his sorrows and anxieties, because his cause is ours too." The Pope knew as well as the rest of the world what Cardinal Mercier's cause was. In May of that year Mr. Aguirre saw the Pope. What passed between them has never been published, but there is no doubt about the cordiality of the sentiments the Pope expressed towards the British Empire. His good will towards France was emphasised in a striking way in an interview given by Cardinal Gasparri to M. Halsey, of the Journal, in August. . . . There was another protest against the bombing of undefended cities in the Pope's letter to the Bishop of Padua in November. . . . The Consistorial Allocation of Dec. 9 went a step further in explicit condemnation of German methods.

We behold in one place vile treatment inflicted on sacred things and on ministers of worship, even of high dignity, although both the former and the latter should be inviolable by Divine law and by the law of nations (an unmistakable allusion to Belgium and Cardinal Mercier); in another, numerous peaceable citizens taken away from their homes amid the tears of mothers, wives, children (the enslavement of the civil population of

Belgium and the French occupied territory.) in another, open cities and undefended populations made victims, especially of aerial raids (only one side had done this), everywhere by land and sea such misdeeds perpetrated as fill the soul with horror and anguish (an explicit condemnation of Germany's methods of submarine warfare.)

It was in that Consistory that the Pope paid France signal honour by creating three French Cardinals; Germany and Austria pressed for nominations, but got none. There are now in the Sacred College one German and four Austrian Cardinals, as against eight French, four from the British Empire, three from the United States, two from Portugal, and one, the outstanding figure of all, from Belgium. There are thirty-three Italians, too, but there are always so many Italians that it is not fair to quote the number for the sake of comparison. . . . It was at this time that the first rumors were circulated that the Pope was working for peace on behalf of Austria. They were explicitly and officially denied, and have been denied equally distinctly every time they have appeared since. In April of that year it was believed in Rome that Austria had approached the Pope directly for "peace help," but had failed. The Emperor Charles' letter to Prince Sixte of Bourbon is evidence that Austria would have gone far at that time to obtain peace, and, given the friendly relations between the Holy See and the Empress Zita, a belief that the help of Rome would be sought was not unnatural. The Holy See has authoritatively stated (April, 1918) that it knew nothing of the letter in question, and, more than once, that it was not helping an Austrian or German peace. Further, as regards the special activities of Herr Erzberger, in July, 1917, the German Catholic paper, the Kölnische Volkszeitung, have stated that his peace action was taken at the request of the Vatican, as the Pope was anxious to be peace mediator, and that the Papal nuncio at Vienna indicated this wish of His Holiness to the Austrian Emperor, who then communicated with Erzberger; it was at once authoritatively stated in Rome that the Holy See knew nothing whatever about the pushing German Deputy's peace move, the first news of which it got from the newspapers, and that it regarded his movements simply as those of a private individual, the Vatican not being connected with them in the slightest degree.

#### OCCUPATION OF JERUSALEM

In August of that year it was said that Mgr. Szeptycky, Archbishop of Lemberg, who had been imprisoned in Russia and after his release had been to Vienna, was coming to Rome at the request of the Pope. As a matter of plain fact, much as the Holy See sympathized with the Archbishop in his unmeritedly severe treatment inflicted on him by the old Government of the Tsar, as soon as it learned that he had been in the Austrian capital mixing in politics since his release, it let it be known that it had no desire at all that he should come to Rome, and he did not come. . . . In November of that year it was certainly at the wish of the Pope that the Cardinal Vicar issued instructions to the Society of Catholic Youth and other official bodies to place their organizations at the service of the refugees from the occupied Venetian Province, and ordered prayers for "the complete salvation, civil and Christian, of our Italy." . . . In December came the occupation of Jerusalem and the striking comment of the Osservatore Romano on the pleasure felt by all Catholics that British troops had carried it out. Even stronger testimony to this effect was given later in a letter from Cardinal Gasparri to Cardinal Bourne, May 2, 1918, in reply to some unfounded suggestions in London papers. It ran: . . . On several occasions I have stated that England, preferably to any other Power, would inspire absolute confidence, by her perfect impartiality, her entire respect for vested rights, and her zeal for progress in the Holy Places. . . . Early in January, 1918, the air was full of rumours of the connection of the Vatican with the Caillaux anti-ally machinations. The Holy See denied absolutely any connection at all, successfully refuted every single one of the circumstantial accusations made. . . . In the same month the Osservatore Romano, in an authoritative article after the publication of Mr. Lloyd George's and President Wilson's peace programme pronouncements, noted "the perfect harmony between them and the Pontifical document of last August." . . . In the consecration of the first British Episcopos Caerensis in February the Pope found occasion for a courteous act. It was by his wish that it took place at the English College Chapel in Rome, and he allowed the Cardinal Secretary of the Consistorial Congregation himself to act as consecrating bishop and the Vicar-general of Rome to be one of the co-consecrators.

#### A CHANGED ATMOSPHERE

In March, during the absence from Rome on leave of the British Minister to the Holy See, rumours were spread here by persons ill-disposed to the British Empire, that Count de Salis was in disgrace and would not return. The Holy See does not as a rule take notice of such paltry rumours, and there was distinct significance in a formal note published in the Vatican organ to the effect that the British Minister was expected back shortly and expressing pleasure thereat. In the same month a formal denial was given to the story that the Pope was supporting or would support a plea from Germany and Austria—now hoist with their own petard—for general suppression of air raids on cities distant from the war zone. It has been made clear that the Vatican had nothing to do with the Irish Bishop's attitude with regard to conscription. Lastly, there is the visit of the Prince of Wales to the Pope. There are degrees of cordiality, and it is abundantly evident that nothing was left undone by the Holy See to show all the cordiality and all the honor possible.

The above list does not pretend to be a complete summary of the Pope's public acts and pronouncements, but it surely does furnish consecutive and cumulative evidence that, while the Pope has remained strictly impartial, the atmosphere at the Vatican has entirely changed since 1914. German Catholic writers have seen this and attributed it to unscrupulous British propaganda. It is not that which has damned the German cause in the eyes of the Holy See; it is, first, the facts of the awful facts, which have shown up the criminal character of the German war enterprise and war methods, and, secondly, the realization that the Allies' aims and the Pope's aims, the "true and lasting peace," are identical, even if agreement with the Pope is not attained as to the means of reaching the end we both desire. That became evident after Lloyd George's and Wilson's pronouncements in January, 1918. It became so evident that a semi-official warning appeared in the Vatican organ that, however similar the Allies' programme and the Pope's programme might be, the neutrality of the Holy See remained as before.

Germany, in fact, has gone crooked and has lost the Vatican: the Allies have gone straight and have gained it. If—as was said at the beginning of this article—it is worth anything, then let it be kept.

Many will no doubt, continue to disagree profoundly with the Pope's conception of his duty in general, and find themselves unable to understand his actions on several particular occasions. In general one is inclined to ask whether he has not, by failing to condemn openly evident and flagrant German crimes, abdicated the moral authority he claims to possess. The answer of the Pope to that is given in the long quotation set out above from the Consistorial Allocation of January, 1915. The reasoning may not be convincing, but it is at least intelligible, straightforward reasoning. Let the Pope be given credit for being honest, even if we disagree.

### CATHOLIC NOTES

Rome, Sept. 19.—China has decided, owing to the opposition of France, not to receive a Papal Nuncio while the War lasts.

Rome, Sept. 19.—The Vatican has received confirmation of the news that a general massacre of Christians by Kurds has taken place in Persia the victims including Archbishop Sontag of Ispahan, Apostolic Delegate to Persia.

The gift of the clergy and laity of the Archdiocese of Baltimore to His Eminence, Cardinal Gibbons, on the occasion of the celebration of his episcopal golden jubilee will take the form of a \$50,000 Liberty Bond, according to a press dispatch from Baltimore.

Copenhagen, Sept. 17.—King Christian has bestowed the Grand Cross of the Order of Dannebrog on Dr. Maurice F. Egan, former American Minister to Denmark. This is the highest decoration which can be awarded anyone outside of royalty.

London, Eng.—The well known English Dominican, Father Raymond Devas, O. P., the author of "Dominican Martyrs of Great Britain" and "The Dominican Revival in the Nineteenth Century," who has been serving for some time on the western front as chaplain to the forces, has been awarded the military cross for conspicuous gallantry and devotion to duty in visiting the front line trenches during heavy fighting, where his coolness and courage assisted greatly in maintaining the confidence and morale of the men.

Baltimore, Md.—One of the greatest ecclesiastical celebrations ever held in this country will take place in the Baltimore Cathedral on Sunday, October 20, when Cardinal Gibbons will publicly observe his golden jubilee as a bishop. A solemn pontifical Mass will be celebrated by Cardinal Gibbons in the Cathedral Sunday morning, October 20, at 10.30 o'clock. The sermon will be delivered by Most Rev. George W. Mundelein, Archbishop of Chicago.



THE RETURN OF MARY O'MURROUGH

BY ROSA MULHOLLAND

Author "The Tragedy of Chris," "Nanno," "Onora," etc.

CHAPTER XX

THEY GIVE LEAVE FOR WHAT NEVER CAN BE DONE

Mary and Bess sat outside Meg Donohoe's door, knitting and sewing, now and then exchanging a few words about their work, or about the baby asleep in Mary's lap.

At last Bess said in a low voice, "When is it goin' to be, Mary?"

Mary looked up. "I mean your marriage."

"It's never goin' to be, Bess."

"What in under heaven do you mean by that?" said Bess.

"I'm too late," said Mary, with a faint smile.

"Meg Donohoe says she's sure he asked you since he came out of prison."

"He asked me. But he doesn't want me," said Mary.

"After him waitin' for you all those years!" said Bess.

"He was waitin' for a young girl that went to America," said Mary.

"But it was a stranger that came back. I stayed away too long; an' it's a pity I did. Shan would marry me not to disappoint me. But I won't disappoint him by marryin' him now."

Bess sat aghast. "An' is this the end of it?" she cried.

"It's the end of it," said Mary. "An' don't you go and spoil your own life in the same manner, Bess. You're young, an' rich now, an' you can't believe the change'll come. It doesn't come today or tomorrow, but it comes. There's a little something every year maybe, and after a good long while you're a different person. When I came back here I saw it in everybody's face, but most of all in Shan's. I never knew my whole loss till I saw it in his eyes. Don't let Miles lose sight of you. If he has to go away an' work, go you with him."

"I can't marry without my mother's blessing," said Bess. Her hazel eyes were full of tears.

"Ask her for her blessing," said Mary. "An' if she's too hard, marry without it. She'll send it after you. Shan didn't like to marry without his father's blessing, an' now he doesn't want to marry, with it or without it."

Bess's tears dropped. "I'm awful sorry for you," she said.

"Never mind me," said Mary. "But take care of yourself." She paused for a minute, and then went on in a low impressive voice. "There's many's the reason," she said, her eyes resting on the children who were playing on the road before them. "Meg Donohoe has a lot of blessing—"

Bess followed her eyes, and they both sat silent, knitting and stitching, and each busy with a woman's most sacred thoughts.

Suddenly Bess stood up and clenched her hands, exclaiming, "O God, you're not as hard as my mother!"

"It isn't God that's hard," said Mary softly. "It's the people."

Bess dropped on her seat again, and picked up her knitting, and a rain of tears fell on the little sock she was making for the Donohoe baby. But after that hour her thoughts about the future began to take a different colour.

A few days later, Shan came down to the forge one evening and spoke to Mary.

"I know you don't want to speak to me," he said, "an' it isn't for myself I have anything to say. But my father got a weakness today, an' he isn't well after it. He's callin' out that he wants you to come up to him. If you have that much charity as to come, I'll be grateful to you."

"I'll come," said Mary.

"An' I won't be in your way. I'll be out about my business."

"I'll go up to him in the morning," said Mary.

When she went up in the morning early, she found Owy recovering from one of the weaknesses to which he was subject, and covered with sweat, and she went up to him speaking and moving around him. She soon made him more comfortable and contented in her soothing way, and remained sitting with her sewing by his bedside. Through the open door of the room where Owy was lying, she heard Shan come in and take his breakfast in the kitchen. He knew that she was there, for he had seen her coming early along the footpath through the fields; but now, when he kept his promise of not getting in her way, and went out of the house again without saying a word. At dinner time it was the same; he was, as he had said he would, out about his business all the day long.

At evening he came into the house noiselessly, and lingered in the kitchen alone, alive to the sounds in the inner room; wishing he could venture to stay to bid her good-night when she went, or even to walk with her home to the forge. While he lingered, he heard Owy's voice raised complainingly:

"Why are you goin' away, Mary? Why can't you stay here, an' it to be your home? Why don't you marry Shan at once, now that you've come back? It's long enough that you've waited, an' none of us to blame, an' I'd like to see all settled before the life goes out of me."

Shan held his breath to hear what Mary would answer.

"Shan's time enough to marry," she said, after a little pause. "You mustn't be f'r'yryin' him. He's got a lot of contrariness this while back. You must leave him to God's care."

Shan waited to hear no more, but went quietly out of the house, and did not come near it again until Mary was long gone home.

Next morning brought her again, and Shan lay in wait behind the hedge to see her pass on her errand of kindness; but still he made her free to go and come without the trouble of his presence. Under her care Owy was getting well again, as well as he was likely to be in this world. On the day which was to be the last of her attendance, Shan knew that his father was to sit that evening at the kitchen fire as convalescent, and coming home early, he paused to look through the little window before entering.

Owy was in his old straw chair, with his back to the window, and Mary was giving him some polishment that she had prepared for him. Her face was to the light, irradiated with the tender smile of a nature overflowing with charity and sweetness. Her cheeks seemed to have grown round again, her brow smooth, and the love-light that used to be in the eyes of the Mary of Muckross seemed to have come back to them. It came on Shan like a blow, that the Mary of his youth—the Mary of Killarney—had in truth come back to him, and that he had driven her away from him.

He waited till she came out of the house, and stood by the wall as she went past. He wanted to speak to her, but he did not know what to say. Mary looked up as she passed him, and said:

"Good-night, Shan. I think your father's better."

"He is," said Mary. "You've been very good to him."

"That was easy enough," said Mary. "Good-night."

Then, as she walked on, Shan said to himself that this was the stranger again, and he went into the house feeling angry and miserable.

As Mary went on her way down the fields the air was full of the fragrance of bog-heath, aromatic with odours of herbs, trodden underfoot by the cattle. Masses of rich dunn, purple cloud, shadowing the hills, lay along the horizon, banded up against the mellow gold of the lower western sky. The woman was busy with thoughts that went to the maturing of a plan long in mind, sad and difficult enough in its conception, but grown possible through much pondering. She had reached and passed the climax of suffering, and, almost unconsciously, was descending again to the level of patient submission to the inevitable. She felt that it would be well for her to go away to some place where the sight of her could no longer cause pain and reproach to any man, where life might be taken up again aloof from the visible shadow of Shan's bitter disappointment. They were strangers to each other now. Assured of her perpetual absence, he would be certain of a return of happiness; and for herself there might be peace.

Down by a lower field, right in her path, she saw three figures standing dark in the luminous dusk. One of them was certainly Father Faby, the other two proved to be Miles Donohoe and Bess. Mary said good-night to them, and would have passed them, but Miles held out a hand to stay her.

"No, Mary, don't go on. You're the very person we want to help us."

"What is it?" said Mary.

"Here's a child wanting me to marry her without her mother's consent," said the priest. "What do you think of that, Mary?"

"I think it's right," said Mary.

"God bless your speech!" said Miles.

"Now, Mary, child, that's not like you," said the old man.

"Tell Father Faby what you said to me the other day," said Bess, who was in a state of nervous excitement.

"What did I say?" asked Mary in some confusion.

"You said that fathers an' mothers didn't know what was good for their children," said Bess.

"Did I?" said Mary. "I don't remember."

"You said, 'Ask her for her blessing, an' if she's too hard, marry with it. She'll send it after you.'"

"Maybe I did say that," said Mary.

"Fathers and mothers don't know their minds till it's too late. They want a lot of things for their children that they never expected for themselves. They want things that they couldn't have, no more nor they could have the stars up there, for playthings for children that'll never be born."

Mary had turned her face a little away, and was talking with her eyes on the fading hills.

"An' sometimes after the years have run round, an' they've had their fill of obedience from them they've crossed, and killed the life out of, then they're sorry, and they give their leave for what never can be done."

She was thinking of Owy as she spoke; his hardness to her young hope, his destruction of the joy that was here, and now his vain cry to her to stay with him and comfort his remaining days. The three listening glanced at her with sympathizing eyes, but she did not see them. She was confessing her own failure, that others might succeed. She did not want them to see that it hurt her to do it.

Miles and Bess felt that their case was stated, and that the priest, whose heart was with them, must now be conquered.

"I don't deny the truth of what you say, Mary," said Father Faby. "Now, Bess, I'll make a bargain with you. I'll talk to your mother, and do my best to persuade her. Give me three months to bring her round. And then, if she's still as hard as ever, the creature—as I hope she won't be—I give you my word that I'll marry you."

"Make it three days, Father," said Miles. "She won't give in, an' you may as well let us off sooner. There's a big emigration goin' out in a week, an' we might as well be in it. A friend has promised to put me into work in New York as soon as we land."

"I've promised all I can," said the priest. "I'll give my old friend Winnie Dermody the best chance I can. Unfortunately there will be many of a big emigration ready to swallow you up before the year is out."

And with this the lovers had to be contented.

TO BE CONTINUED

THE BOYS OF THE HOUSE

BY KATHERINE TYNON

She had been told the house was haunted, but when she came to it, in the second year of the War, it did not seem to her that its ghosts could be anything but gentle. The house was a low, brooding, tender old mother of children. The long corridors, the odd twists and turns, the little bowery and flowery rooms were all delightful.

There was one long low room with four windows set deeply in the wall, which must at one time have been a nursery. She made the room her own. When she approached it from outside she always looked up at the windows with an expectation of children's faces and children's brown and golden heads looking at her. Perhaps they were there. She was too short-sighted to see them if they were; or perhaps she only imagined things.

It was just the house for children to play in, with front and back staircases, rooms opening one into another, deep doors, covered with curtains and hidden sometimes by an article of furniture, a wardrobe or a bed on the other side. Her own children delighted in it. It was full of nooks and corners. Outside were spacious stable-yards, with lofts above the stables and granaries approached by twisting stone stairs. There was a lake, famous for its wild birds, covered with water lilies in summer, with a boat which you might navigate between the tall reeds. There were the most enchanting backwaters. Little spots of land ran between the back water, and if you were angry you could spring from one grassy path to another, or walk across an unsteady plank, surprising a heron or coot, or a flock of wild duck; or the moorhen's chickens; every kind of water-fowl haunted the little lake and the backwaters, to say nothing of the wild geese in the wonderful winter skies, and the gulls that came when the storms were out in the Atlantic.

There were all sorts of delicious walks in the woods and coppices, and in spring there were such a plenty of primroses as she had never seen anywhere else. If you can imagine to yourself a grassy hill, so covered with primroses that for a time there was no sign of grass between the flowers. The primroses had run over like a tide and had run out as a tide will in little tongues, leaving a trail of pale greenish-yellow foam behind.

Someone said one day: "The primroses must have been planted here, but what a labor! It would take the tirelessness of children to put in all those roots!"

After that she had a dream of children, generation after generation, planting the primroses, bringing them in little wheelbarrows and "dibbing" them in with toy trowels.

It was in the winter following her coming that she began to have an idea that the house was haunted, but so sweetly haunted! She heard a light young foot across the hall not ten paces from her. When she called no one answered; there was no one there.

Then in the shadows—the house was full of shadows that winter—down the long corridor or as she went up the stairs, something fitted before her, a boy's shape, light and slender. She caught a glimpse of it, thin as mist, against the end window of the corridor. From behind a closed door she heard a boy's laugh. Sometimes she heard voices—always young voices. When other people heard them she argued about the acoustic properties of the house and the queer tricks made by sound, instancing the echo. Why, if a child laughed on the tennis lawn, or shouted, the house gave back the sound from all its open windows, as though other children there laughed and shouted too in a thin fairy way.

At first there was only one young shape, one light step in the corridor or crossing the hall. That was before the last day of the old year, when she was awakened from her sleep by a quick eager voice calling "Mother! Mother!" She lay awake in the dusk of dawn wondering if she had only dreamed it; but it was not a dream. The call had come to the elder of her boys.

Soon the house was very quiet. The younger boy went to prepare to follow his brother. The girl went to school. Bitter cold came and heavy snow. The old house was cut off from the world by its mile-long

avenue. The wild duck went away to the sea. The gulls became pensioners on the bounty of the house, robbing the little birds by force majeure. The crows were melancholy—black against the unspotted snow. Everything was starving. There was a track made by the rabbits to the trees where they ate the bark. The sheep, dirty on the snow, nosed about pitiously, looking for a bit of grass, and grew lean on their bare rations of hay. The gulls screamed all day for food and were joined by others; and if you lifted a blind at night, you saw the ghosts of little rabbits and squirrels running against the background of snow.

It was at this time, when she had to walk the long corridors for exercise, that she became aware quite suddenly, of two misty shapes where one had been. More often now she heard the voices and the laughter. She began to see glimmering faces in the shadows, eyes blue, eyes brown; when she looked close, there was nothing. Or something went by her, brushing her skirt, lifting her hair, as with a little wind.

There were two of the boys. She was sure of that in time. One had a serious sweet young voice. The other was merrier. There was a roger in the smile, in the blue eyes; the brown eyes were of a curious velvety depth—almost black. The brows were arched to a point. A Vandeyck face. He was the elder of the two, she thought. It was the blue-eyed, golden-haired one who laughed from behind doors and peeped at her from dark corners.

Then, when the snow had broken up and the grass, liberated from the ice prison, was smelling deliciously, praising God; when the first lambs were running with their mothers, and the thrushes and blackbirds sang; when the gulls had gone back to sea and the rooks were making a tremendous do-do over the building of their houses, someone came to make a call. After the usual talk about the weather and the house and the neighbors the caller said:

"I hear your elder boy has gone to the war. So sad that the two boys who used to be in this house were killed. One after the other. Two beautiful boys! Their poor mother!"

"Oh, poor children! Guy last October and Pat just recently. They were so devoted to each other. Pat always said that he was going to follow Guy—quite happily and without any gloom. He was such a darling—so full of life and merriment. Guy was quite different. He was already painting beautifully. That is one of his pictures over there."

"Oh!" She had been wondering about those pictures with their strange glow of light and color. They lit any room they were in; and they were in many rooms. When you entered a room with one of these pictures in it your eye was unconsciously drawn to it; you saw nothing else. I was wondering who the painter was. They are so beautiful. He gets the strange Western color, the cloud of indigo blue above a group of feather-like trees with their feet in the bog-flood; a sky of immense mole-colored cloud with light below it, light silver and gold and primrose green all in one."

"People rave about his pictures," the caller said, getting up to go. "A thousand pities the war should take such as he! They were both beautiful boys."

After that she became quite familiar with the coming and going of the boys. She saw them or thought she saw them—she was so short-sighted that she could not be quite sure—passing through the sunlight glades of the woods, tall and young, one with a fond arm about the neck of the other, the golden head and the thrush-brown head side by side. Or they rocked in the boat under the pale green uncurling leaves. When she came nearer there was no one. It might have been imagination.

The house overflowed with pictures. At the end of the long corridor there was a room full of them. Her father had taken the house from an agent, and had gone through the inventory with his clerk, she had not troubled to see what lay the other side of the curtain. But since she had become interested in the pictures of the elder of the two brothers, she had gone from one room to another—there were a great many rooms—examining the pictures good, bad and indifferent. And so, at last, she came to the room where the pictures stood with their faces hidden, three or four deep.

It was one of the long bright evenings of high summer, and all outside, raising to the height of the immense sky, was flooded with pale gold. The room in which the pictures were faced North was full of a dazzling reflection. For a time nothing retarded her search. There were many oil paintings, some good, some bad copies of famous originals. Very little of interest. She had all but concluded that the little room was a lumber-room when she found a portrait.

It was with a quick leap of the heart that she recognized it. It was Guy, the painter. He had been painted in a scarlet hunting coat and there was a little black velvet cap on his hair, which showed brown beneath it. There were the velvety brown eyes and the thin brows arched to a point. The skin was olive-tinted, with something of the color of a ripe peach in the cheeks. The lips were sweet and grave. There was something compassionate in the young face, from which she turned away half-frightened.

The picture was not well painted—

it was amateurish—but there was life in it. The great flood of pale gold from the North sky seemed to have a reflection from the depths of the brown eyes. Sharply she turned the picture again with its face to the other canvases. She loved it, but it hurt her.

During that summer, with the succession of its flowers, they did not often come. Once, smelling the sharp sweetness of clove pink under her window, she looked up from her writing and had a momentary glimpse of the boy; but they stayed away so long sometimes that she thought they were gone for ever. Sometimes, too, she had a sense that they were there, though she could not see them. She prayed for them with her own boys, and others in need, and those killed in the War, in the little oratory where they had knelt at their childish and boyish prayers. It seemed to her that in the narrow room with its crucifix, its never extinguished lamp and flowers, where they were glad to see her come and grieved when she went away, these two young sons of the house often knelt beside her. When she lifted her bowed head from the prayer that she knelt she saw them. It was though they too, like all the others whose pictures hung about the crucifix or crept close to it on the table with its fair linen cloth, like those whose names were on the scrolls that hung either side of the crucifix, found the shrine warm to troop into out of the night and rain.

She was not at all afraid of these gentle ghosts. On the contrary she felt the house lonely when they did not come; she began to wonder how, when the time came for her to leave this place where at first she had felt fast asleep, she could endure that they should look for her and not find her.

No one else apparently knew of their presence. The ghosts the people had attributed to the house, much less pleasant ghosts, had no existence. She was sure of that after a couple of years of occupation. They would have frightened her; not these radiant boys—yes, they were radiant. In that third long winter they shone on her in those glimpses with a most benignant light, their presence became a reassurance. She thought that if the old hideous ghosts the people had believed in were to come, these young knights would be flashing sword in hand on either side of her to protect her.

That was the winter when her elder boy was in deadly peril, and the younger was coming near the point to go. The elder boy was in the East, threatened as much by pestilence as by fire and sword. Someone had said to her: "Every man who stays long enough, unless he is disabled and sent home not to return, is killed at last."

She did not know if it were true or not. She heard it with a faint cold wonder that anyone should say the like to the mother of a son out there amid the deadly rivers, with the sudden agonizing diseases that lay in wait for him if he went scatheless from shell or sword.

Some time midway of this winter, the young ghost deserted her. As she went up and down the house, shaking off the dogs barked, lest there should be a telegram, she looked in vain for them in the places where they had shone upon her like a light in mist. No more when she knelt at prayers did they kneel beside her. They had deserted the house. And now the least lonely place in the wintry house was the oratory, where she pictured faces of "her boys" as she called them—many a one came to her for comfort in these days because somehow the tale of her comfort had got abroad—brought her reassurance when the wind cried around the house like a banshee, and her heart was heavy and cold for what might be happening far away.

Then, midway of a great frost, there came news, not the news she dreaded, but the news she had hoped for. He was wounded. He had fought a great fight; he was to be decorated. These things she knew afterwards. When the news came that he had been wounded and would be sent home she felt that it was answer to her prayers. He would be out of it, out of that hell of sickness and death; she would have him to nurse back to health. Curiously enough it did not occur to her that he might die of his wounds. He had been two years from her arms. Now that he was coming home her heart sang like a bird's.

The most wonderful May that was ever known had come on the tracks of a dreadful spring, and the primroses had replaced the snow—since they had so short a time to stay there was never such a blossoming—when she brought him home. She had gone as far as she could to meet him. What dismay she felt at the first sight of him—this gaunt, serious suffering man to be her boy, her little boy, as she had called him in her tender thoughts, though his brother was still her littlest one, her baby—she hid in her heart. His eyes had leaped at her out of their deep sockets. "By Jove, Mummy, how pretty and how young you look!" he said.

He was there still—her own boy, gay and full of singing, the soul of him just the same only hurt—to be coaxed back to what he once was.

She brought him home to the primroses. He lay out among them on an invalid couch, and the scent of them, he said, clung to everything, the soft wind came with salt of the ocean in it and the days were hot; gorse and pine gave out delicious pungent odors, and the color crept

back to his cheeks. He smiled—he had been very slow in smiling—and after a while he talked; but by that time all the primroses had flocked back to Fairyland for another year, and the white pinks had come and the forget-me-nots were like a sheet of sky under the apple trees.

She had not asked him about his wound or about the battle. But one day when he said at last that he was better, he talked of his own accord, and his talk flowed on quietly, like the lapping of a wave, even when he talked of dreadful things.

"I have been wanting to tell you," he said "of the two to whom I owe my life. They came to my help when I was left behind, wounded. You know I was two nights and a day under the Turkish fire between the trenches. The odd thing was that they had been fighting beside me in the advance, and one was an Irish Guardsman and the other was a Dubliner. There were no Irish Guards there and no Irish Guards; and I remember wondering how they came to be there. Anyhow they were great fighters."

"Yes?" she said, breathlessly.

"Sometimes I will tell it to you at length," he said, lying with closed eyes, "when I am quite well and you can hear it. We were up against the enemy guns. Our men were going down all over the place. Over and over again I felt one or the other of these two covering me. They did not seem to get hit themselves. They were like lions—irresistible."

"Yes?" she said again. "Yes?"

"There were a good many prisoners taken," he went on. "When our men fell back I was left behind, pumping blood like a horse. I once saw a horse bleed to death. It was an artery. Nothing could stop it. I was bleeding like that; and I was in sickening pain. I suppose I must have fainted or something. I know I had been asked for some one to come and finish me, and I must have gone off. When I knew anything again the stars were above me—immense stars they were, like lamps rather than the tiny specks we have here. I didn't know at first whether they were stars or star shells, only as they stayed I concluded they must be stars. You see I couldn't think very well, I was ragedly thirsty, and though it was night there came a hot desert wind that parched me. Soon I said to myself the sun would rise; then \* \* \* Before I could do more than think of the torture, someone lifted my head and held water to my lips. Such water! It tasted as though it came from Paradise. Someone else was doing something to the wound, so gently. The bleeding had stopped. I felt something soft under me. It was grass. And I thought to myself that I knew now about green pastures and cool waters."

She listened—her lips apart, her eyes fixed on his face.

"Well dear?" she breathed, when he paused.

"There's not much more," he said. "I'm afraid. \* \* \* I am rather slow. How keen you are?"

She said to herself that he was tired. She ought not to let him talk more now, but she said nothing to stop him; she must hear the rest.

"It was those two again," he went on. "The Irish Guardsman and the Dublin Fusilier. I believe they carried me in. The chaps said I must have wriggled in. They had no idea any one had been left behind. They thought they had picked up everyone. I never found who those two fellows were. No one had seen them. I'd never have got in only for them. As soon as the sun got up I'd have been potted. That is all now."

"Don't talk any more," she said, hastily. "You must rest. You can, just say yes or no. Was one—the Irish Guardsman—brown-eyed, with closely growing brown hair—the color of an Irish setter. Eyebrows with a queer pointed arch to them—a straight nose?"

"Yes, I noticed the eyebrows. They gave me a look of asking a question. Do you know him then?"

"And the other, peculiarly merry-looking, blue-eyed, fair-haired, very long dark lashes to the eyes?"

"I don't think \* \* \* I noticed the lashes. He was fair—and he laughed, even then."

He opened his eyes, looking at her in wonder.

"Wait a moment," she said. "She ran upstairs, her heart beating fast. She dragged the portrait of the elder son of the house from where it stood behind two or three others. The dust of it was a brown white dress as she carried it down stairs and went back on to the lawn."

"Hello!" he said. "I ought to be carrying that for you. Why have you dragged that great thing out here?"

"Can you look, dear?" she asked, supporting the picture on the end of the couch.

"It is the Irish Guardsman," he said. "So you do know him?"

"He used to live here. The other was his brother, the golden one. I'll tell you about them another time. You've been talking too much and must have a good rest."

"As she went away," with the portrait she said to herself:

"Now, I shall not be so much afraid of my baby boy going to the war."—Catholic World.

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LONDON, SATURDAY, OCT. 12, 1918

STUMBLING BLOCKS TO  
GERMAN PROPAGANDA

One of the most startling revelations  
of the War is the stupendous  
and world-wide nature of German  
propaganda. It sought to bend to  
its own purposes every influence that  
could be brought to bear on the  
formation of opinion. Individuals,  
classes, nations, races were brought  
to a greater or less extent under its  
sinister dominion. It infected the  
mind and heart of the world.

In last week's Saturday Evening  
Post, Will Irwin thus summarizes  
the extent and success of German  
propaganda in the United States:

"We know now what was happening  
among us. In 1902 Prince Henry,  
the Kaiser's brother, visited the  
United States; this was for pur-  
poses of propaganda, and also by  
way of spying out the land.

"On the way home an eminent mem-  
ber of his suite burst out to an acquaint-  
ance of mine: 'We expected to meet  
Germans in Milwaukee, Cincinnati  
and St. Louis; and when we saw  
them they were Americans! This  
must not be!'

"What happened subsequently has  
been often told during the past year.  
German singing societies, shooting  
clubs, turnvereins, social clubs  
sprang into sudden prominence and  
prosperity. German instead of  
French became the great modern  
language of the schools. Our uni-  
versities received German instructors  
and a set of German professors just  
popular enough in their methods,  
the Kaiser must have felt, to take  
hold of the American mind. In our  
schools an artificial rage was created  
for German higher education. Young  
men finishing off in their specialties  
went by instinct to Germany where  
in many cases England or France  
would have served much better had  
they only known it. Americans of  
the old stock were hypnotized into a  
belief in the superiority of Germany  
in many things wherein she was  
actually inferior. The German-  
American was hypnotized into a  
passionate artificial Germanism  
which totally checked his develop-  
ment as an American citizen. The  
German-American awoke after we  
entered the War; but not until the  
Kaiser had gathered the fruits of his  
policy in our two years and a half  
of uneasy hesitation. I need go no  
farther with this; every day now the  
Federal inquiry is adding details to  
the story, which we all know.

"Most of us do not know, however,  
that Germany was working just as  
systematically in other countries."

We know how deeply German  
propaganda penetrated into influ-  
ential circles in England, indeed  
there are not wanting English pub-  
licists and publications who main-  
tain that its effects are far from  
eradicated in some quarters even to  
the present day. Be that as it may  
no one who is at all familiar with  
English literature of recent years  
could be insensible of the deep hold  
of German influence. Not only did  
German science, German thought,  
German philosophy, hold dominant  
sway over the intellectual classes;  
but even the most radical elements  
in political life were content to copy  
German social legislation. German  
Biblical criticism was received as  
though it were a new revelation;  
and ministers of the Gospel with  
any pretensions to scholarship  
patronisingly explained away the  
"theology" of St. Paul while hanging  
with reverential awe on the latest  
pronouncement of Ernest Haackel.  
Doctors in Israel and leaders of  
secular thought openly acknowledged  
Germany as their "spiritual mother."  
And a great English historian  
proudly and quite as a matter of  
course points out that to England's  
"firm and energetic support" in the  
Seven Years' War, Germany owes its  
imperial greatness and "its intellec-  
tual supremacy over Europe." Proud  
of being an acolyte to German *kultur*.

All this time the one great inter-  
national force and omnipresent

stumbling-block to the progress of  
German *kultur* was the living voice  
of Christ's Church issuing from  
Peter's chair and reverberating in  
every corner of the world. When  
ever German rationalism would  
undermine revelation, whenever  
German *kultur* clashed with Christ's  
Gospel the unerring voice of Peter  
fearlessly condemned. English intel-  
lectuals and advanced thinkers,  
commiseratingly deplored the hope-  
less reaction of Rome. But even  
these can now hardly fail to see that  
the principles and tendencies con-  
demned by Rome are the very prin-  
ciples and tendencies whose logical  
evolution has plunged civilization  
into the present disastrous war.

But the Government of God's  
Church is in the hands of men—  
Divinely guided in matters of faith  
and in the principles of Christian  
morals there are yet a thousand and  
one matters of policy on which even  
the Pope himself as well as his ad-  
visers must depend upon purely  
human sources of information. In-  
fallibility is restricted within limits  
well understood by intelligent Cath-  
olics, but woefully misunderstood and  
often wilfully misrepresented by  
even educated non Catholics.

In the remarkable series of articles  
by a Roman correspondent which the  
CATHOLIC RECORD is now reprinting  
from the Daily Telegraph the writer  
points out that the extreme Protestan-  
tism of Prussia did not blind  
Germany to the obvious fact that the  
Pope was and ever must be a great  
international influence.

He writes:

"The King of Prussia kept a very  
efficient representative in Rome, a  
Lutheran, a Jew, a smooth and at  
the same time a strong diplomat,  
and his efforts were well seconded by  
two Christians representing Austria  
and Bavaria. Their diplomatic ac-  
tivity was surprising. When the  
Secretariat of State looks up now the  
records of August, 1914, and there-  
abouts, in the light of the revelations  
furnished by the War, it is more sur-  
prised than ever. But in those days  
Germany and Austria possessed the  
Vatican. There was no one to con-  
tradict anything they said. The Bel-  
gian representative was past his  
prime; the Russian did not count;  
the British Government had no one  
nor had France."

If opinion in Vatican circles had  
been influenced, if German propa-  
ganda in one of its protean forms  
attained some measure of success here  
as elsewhere throughout the world  
is it a matter for wonderment. Ad-  
mitting the possibility or even the  
probability of this is in no sense  
suggesting that the course pursued  
by the Pope since the War has been  
anything other than the inevitable  
and imperative one of impartial neu-  
trality.

The writer aforementioned sug-  
gests to the most unreflecting and  
even prejudiced mind another source  
of information available to the Pope  
which no other sovereign or govern-  
ment can parallel:

"No one" is hardly right; for  
there was one person in Rome; and  
if the poison diffused by the German  
coterie did not sink deeper than was  
actually the case, England and the  
Allies owe that to the presence in  
Rome of that fearless and, happily,  
trusted pillar of truth, Cardinal Gas-  
quet."

Whether or not there be diplo-  
matic relations with the Vatican the  
Pope is always in communication  
with the bishops of all nations.

The articles are worth reading and  
rereading. Whether the writer is a  
Catholic we cannot say; but he pre-  
sents a much misunderstood and  
much misrepresented situation clear-  
ly, fairly and convincingly, not so  
much from the viewpoint of a Cath-  
olic as from that of a well-informed  
and patriotic Englishman who de-  
sires his fellow countrymen to face  
facts squarely and shape their course  
of action undeterred by ignorant  
prejudice.

Even the writer, whose graphic  
description of German propaganda  
in the United States is quoted as the  
beginning of this article and whose  
realization of the evil is so vivid,  
neither in point of time nor extent  
takes in the whole sweep of that  
comprehensive movement. Twelve  
years before Prince Henry's visit a  
most insidious attempt was made to  
secure a permanent source of Ger-  
man influence in America through  
the Catholic Church. It is known as  
the Cahensly movement. Peter Paul  
Cahensly, a prominent merchant of  
Limburg, Prussia, suggested in 1866  
the formation of a society for the  
systematic protection of German  
emigrants both at the point of  
departure and at the port of landing.  
Three years afterward St. Raphael's  
Society was formed for this purpose,  
with a branch in New York, and this  
rendered invaluable service to tens

of thousands of Catholic immigrants.  
This very natural and commendable  
interest and activity of Herr Cahensly  
made him an eminently available  
instrument in an apparently inno-  
cent but really audacious scheme of  
German propaganda. There is no  
doubt that many of the most power-  
ful influences in this insidious  
scheme were entirely ignorant of the  
fact that they were catpaws of Protes-  
tant Prussia in furthering Ger-  
many's imperialistic aims.

The whole scheme and the manner  
in which it was frustrated are suf-  
ficiently indicated in this extract from  
an address of Archbishop Ireland:

"Recently, as your papers have in-  
formed you, a memorial was ad-  
dressed by some Catholics in Ger-  
many to the Holy See, asking that,  
in the nomination of bishops in the  
United States, the question of  
nationality be taken into account,  
and that German, Italian, French,  
Polish and Bohemian priests be ap-  
pointed bishops in proportion to the  
number of Catholics of their respec-  
tive nationalities. The American  
Episcopate at once forwarded to Rome  
a formal protest against this  
memorial, and their protest was  
heeded. Had the memorial been  
listened to by the Holy See, the  
Episcopate of America would now  
be an object of suspicion to the  
government, and Catholics would be  
looked upon as foreigners encamped  
upon the soil of the Republic. We  
choose our bishops, and we will  
always choose them, from among  
priests worthy of the Episcopate,  
irrespective of their origin or nation-  
ality; we will never allow foreigners  
to impose bishops upon us.

"In civil matters we have, as you  
are aware, our Monroe Doctrine.  
Let Europeans, we say, arrange their  
own affairs as they think best.  
Americans will arrange theirs as  
they think best. In religious  
matters we recognize will-  
ingly and loyally the supreme  
authority of Christ's Vicar, the  
Pontiff at Rome; but let no one  
imagine that our country is a Congo  
to be partitioned at the good pleasure  
of foreigners. We have, under  
Peter's successor, our autonomy, and  
for the sake of the American Church  
and of the American Republic, we  
will maintain that autonomy."

In was in Paris in June, 1892, on  
his way back from Rome that at the  
invitation of a committee of promi-  
nent Frenchmen, Archbishop Ireland  
thus promulgated the American  
ecclesiastical Munroe Doctrine.

When we bear in mind, what in the  
light of subsequent knowledge of  
German propaganda is beyond doubt,  
that the activities of the foreign  
language advocates were powerfully  
supported by German diplomatic  
action, Archbishop Ireland's sturdy  
and fearless patriotism, as well as  
his clear vision of Catholic welfare  
in this continent, place him in the  
ranks of great statesmen as well as  
of great churchmen.

In the same address the great  
American prelate laid great stress on  
assimilation as the fundamental  
essential condition on which immi-  
grants are welcome to our shores:  
"that they loyally adopt our insti-  
tutions and become with us one and  
the same people."

The statesmanlike foresight and  
outlook of this great leader of men has  
now become the intimate conviction  
of the most indifferent of American  
citizens; and while recent events  
have seared his views into the  
national consciousness there is not  
wanting generous recognition of the  
fact that in the great leaders of the  
American episcopate German propa-  
ganda in the United States met its  
most effective stumbling-block; and  
that, properly informed, the Pope  
of Rome was a potent influence in the  
solution of America's greatest of  
social problems.

THE TORONTO CAMPAIGN FOR  
THE CATHOLIC HUTS

The campaign to raise half a  
million dollars to finance the activi-  
ties of the Catholic Army Huts at  
the front, at the rest camps in France  
and the recreation centres in Eng-  
land, has been brought to a success-  
ful conclusion. While the complete  
results are not yet available, the fact  
that the delayed drive in Toronto  
for \$150,000 has at the present  
writing reached the magnifi-  
cent total of \$181,224.75 is a guaran-  
tee that the national objective will  
not only be attained but surpassed  
by a handsome margin. In London  
the allotment was exceeded by 50  
per cent; and Ottawa, from the  
latest advice, will probably do as  
well. And when all returns are in it  
is thought that Toronto will have  
passed the \$200,000 mark.

Elsewhere we give the Mail and  
Empire's account of the great Massey  
Hall meeting addressed by Bishop  
Fallon. The thousands who thronged  
the vast auditorium and the thous-  
ands who were turned away gave  
eloquent testimony of the place which

the Bishop of London holds in the  
affection and esteem of the people  
of Toronto. But there were other  
elements which made the meeting  
unique in the history of Ontario's  
capital. The bishop had just returned  
from the front where he saw every-  
thing and everybody. Delivering  
addresses two, three and sometimes  
five times a day he carried in eloquent  
sincerity the message from the heart  
of Canada to the hearts of Canada's  
sons. Letters innumerable from the  
front had already reached homes  
in all parts of Canada, and many  
thousands of these carried to Toronto  
families the joy and enthusiasm of the  
absent loved ones at Bishop Fallon's  
message from home. In that vast  
audience in Massey Hall a loved one  
over there tugged at every heart-  
string and every ear was strained  
to hear the message that Bishop  
Fallon brought back across the sea.  
Great and tense as were the expecta-  
tions greatly were they satisfied  
if one may judge the verdict of many  
thousands from the unanimity of  
some scores of those present. Yet  
if it be not too presumptuous in the  
circumstances we may permit our-  
selves a tiny bit of adverse criticism  
of an otherwise admirable arrange-  
ment. Having heard Bishop Fallon's  
address to the London Canadian  
Club the present writer was some-  
what disappointed and uneasy in  
Massey Hall until the explanation  
thrust itself upon his attention in the  
peremptory line on the first page  
of the programme:

"The programme has been so ar-  
ranged that the meeting will be con-  
cluded by 10 p. m. sharp."

Then we understood the condensa-  
tions and omissions which deprived  
the Toronto address of many of those  
touches and incidents which would  
have given a more intimate and per-  
sonal tone to the Bishop's message,  
and which would have met with de-  
lighted and grateful appreciation  
from a wonderfully responsive audi-  
ence.

Bishop Fallon, at the request of a  
Protestant general, blessing five thou-  
sand Protestant soldiers, the rever-  
ence of the men, their enthusiastic  
appreciation of the bishop's patri-  
otic address, was one of those omit-  
ted incidents. The occasion, the  
magnificent cooperation of Protes-  
tants in the object of the meeting,  
suggested, demanded its inclusion  
and the lesson therefrom which  
Bishop Fallon has on other occasions  
so forcefully and eloquently driven  
home. But the peremptory "10 p. m.  
sharp" made it incumbent on the  
speaker to choose and doubtless to  
choose hastily, from an in-  
exhaustible fund of experiences  
and impressions. And so perhaps 20  
minutes were saved. However,  
*ignoti nulla cupido*, and those who  
heard the bishop for the first time  
could not feel the omissions and cur-  
tailments that disappointed those  
who had already heard him under  
other circumstances. With this per-  
haps ungracious bit of criticism we  
give wholeheartedly our enthusiastic  
praise to the admirable organization  
of a magnificent campaign unique in  
the annals of Toronto and marking,  
let us hope, an epoch in the history  
of Canada.

THE DEVIL'S NURSERIES

Of all the agencies for evil that  
exist in our day there is none that is  
more widespread and more ruinous  
to character than the "movies." Old  
and young are alike infected with  
the movie craze. My lady's limousine  
may be seen nightly at the curb,  
while the workingman's wife scarcely  
takes time to get her husband's  
supper, so anxious is she not to miss  
any portion of the serial that is run-  
ning at the local theatre. Strange  
to say, even young lady teachers,  
some of them with university de-  
grees, whose training should at least  
have started them upon the way to  
self-culture, find apparently no more  
profitable way of spending their  
evenings than viewing the vulgar  
antics on the movie screen. Some  
of these people will admit that  
having become accustomed to going  
to the picture show they are too  
nervous to sit quietly at home.

The worst feature of those moving  
pictures is the appeal that they make  
to the impressionable minds of chil-  
dren, and the consequent physical,  
mental and moral evils that follow.  
We might be performing a real ser-  
vice if we were to point out some  
of those evils categorically.

Not being a physician we cannot  
speak with authority of the physical  
injury to the child consequent upon  
the movie habit, but it does not  
require any technical knowledge to  
understand that the viewing of those  
quick moving shifty scenes must be

injurious to the eyes. Is not, may  
we ask, the very common use of  
glasses by young people nowadays  
in large measure to be attributed to  
this cause? Again, does not the  
excitement created by viewing the  
exploits of the heroes and heroines  
of this mimic world, which to the  
little ones is a reality, react upon  
the nervous system of the child?  
It can scarcely be expected that it  
it should have after just leaving one  
of those crowded and often badly  
ventilated theatres with its nerves  
excited and its imagination all  
ablaze.

Habitual attendance at the movies  
inevitably produces mental paralysis.  
The humdrum work of school and  
the prosaic task of doing its home  
work become a bore to the child  
whose mind is occupied with stir-  
ring incidents in the life of the lack  
adaistal movie star. The students  
of a past generation learned to love  
the old master pieces of our lan-  
guage, and around the family fireside  
they committed to memory many  
passages that appealed to them. In  
a word, they acquired a taste for  
good literature, that exercised a  
refining influence upon them and  
intensified the joys of their home  
life. What chance is there that the  
chaotic and elevated sentiments of  
our great poets and prose writers  
will make any appeal to the minds  
of young persons who are growing  
up in the atmosphere of modern vul-  
garity. Our school system tends to  
relieve the pupils of the burden of  
self-initiative. They are not asked  
to think for themselves. The think-  
ing is done for them. Quite in line  
with this the movies have even dis-  
placed them from the trouble of  
reading even the thrillers. The  
story is presented to them in pic-  
ture language. Is it any wonder  
that they have ceased to think, and  
that the mental state of a large  
section of the present generation is  
little removed from that of mere  
sensitive beings?

It is the moral effects of the pic-  
ture show that justify their being  
designated as the devil's nurseries.  
Notwithstanding the "passed by the  
censor" camouflage, there is no  
denying the fact that much that  
is presented in the movies makes  
a very thinly veiled appeal to  
sensuality. The salacious features  
of a play are broadly hinted at in  
the advertisement; and it is these  
very features that the managers  
count upon as the chief drawing  
card. Catholics should set little value  
upon the imprimatur of men whose  
ideals of modesty are little higher  
than those of the pagans of old.  
But through cowardice, through fear  
of being considered old-fashioned,  
Catholic parents will in opposition to  
their better judgment permit their  
children to become ensnared by the  
devil's wiles, just as our women, for  
similar reasons, become the slaves of  
the vulgar fashions of the day.

Not the least of the damnable  
results of the movie screen upon  
the minds of young people is that it  
destroys in them the virtue of rever-  
ence. Reverence for religion will  
scarcely be proof against the carica-  
tures of its ministers and ceremonies,  
while the unlovable role often  
allotted to the champion of virtue  
tends to make it but a by-word for  
hypocrisy. In destroying respect for  
old age, human infirmity and parental  
authority, the moving picture is an  
able auxiliary to the colored supple-  
ment of the Sunday paper. The  
recent refusal of school children in  
Toronto to give a hearing to an  
invited lecturer in Convocation Hall  
is an index of just how much rever-  
ence remains in the mind of the  
rising generation. The Church and  
the Catholic press must fight this  
soul destroying pestilence. Even at  
the risk of being tedious the evil  
must be denounced in season and  
out of season. This is the month of  
the Rosary, the special time for  
family devotions. It behooves every  
Catholic parent to see to it that the  
movies give place to the nightly  
recitation of the beads in the family  
circle.

THE GLEANER

NOTES AND COMMENTS

THE GLOBE writes of the grave of  
a certain Protestant hymn-writer as  
a "shrine" and opines that "num-  
erous pilgrimages" will yet be made to  
the spot. We had thought in such  
quarters "shrines" and "pilgrim-  
ages," were things of the "dark ages."  
It would seem that the recrudescence  
of the terminology of the ages of  
faith keeps pace with the decay of  
faith itself.

REFERRING to the revision of the  
Book of Common Prayer at the recent

Synod in Toronto the Canadian  
Churchman says: "It still remains  
Reformed, Protestant, Apostolic and  
reasonably Catholic." Just what is  
meant by this none but an Anglican  
divine could fathom. "Protestant"  
and "reasonably Catholic"! This is  
Pickwickian philosophy with a ven-  
geance. The same organ says of the  
Athenasian Creed that "at last it is  
out of the way." How long will it  
take the Apostles Creed to follow  
suit?

WHEN PREMIER Clemeceau pinned  
the Cross of the Legion of Honor upon  
the breast of Father Laurent, chap-  
lain of the 123rd Infantry, as related  
in press despatches some weeks ago,  
he said: "Father, I have not the  
honor of being a Capuchin, but I am  
sure that you will accept from my  
hand that which I am bringing to  
you, for it is a cross, and it is France  
that offers it to you." Clemeceau  
is a Freemason and an unbeliever.  
Let us hope that the cross which he  
pinned upon the Capuchin's breast  
may prove to be not only the symbol  
of his own future conversion, but of  
the re-baptism of official France into  
the Faith which the humble chaplain  
represented. Then, indeed, will the  
War have proved a blessing to this  
heroic and much enduring people.

IN HIS address at Massey Hall,  
Toronto, on Tuesday of last week,  
Bishop Fallon, in describing the  
bombing of hospitals by the Ger-  
mans, the effects of which he had  
himself been a witness, said that the  
sight had given rise in his heart to  
a feeling which he had never felt  
before—a feeling which could not be  
described by any other term than that  
of hatred—hatred that is of the heart-  
less cruelty and barbarity which  
had actuated these infamous deeds.  
A kindred sentiment is expressed by  
the London (England) Daily Mail in  
these words:

"Everyone who preaches the heresy  
of forgiveness is helping the Germans  
to win the victory and is even  
making himself an accomplice in  
their wickedness. To forgive is to  
condone, and condonation of the  
Huns will ensure that, if war came  
again to destroy the earth, worse  
practices and foul weapons than  
those invented by the Germans will  
be used and approved."

And he who loves or hopes to love a  
German proclaims himself the foe of  
his own land. The Germans hope  
for forgiveness—that is certain.  
They rely upon our weakness and  
inability for a complete reconcilia-  
tion. They are sure that when the  
War is over we shall forget all the  
atrocities which they have com-  
mitted by land and sea. That they  
believe because this they wish. It  
is not that they repent them or that  
they are ready to promise amend-  
ment. If it were to come again  
they would commit the same crimes  
and worse."

The German must kneel long on  
the penitent bench ere outraged  
humanity will consent to erase the  
score.

THE DEATH of Archbishop Ireland  
removes from this changing scene  
one of the "biggest" men in the  
United States, and certainly one of the  
greatest churchmen the Republic has  
yet produced. Like his friend the  
late James J. Hill, Archbishop Ireland  
would have been a "big" man in any  
walk of life. Endowed with a fore-  
ful personality and mental gifts of a  
high order, he was one of those men  
born to lead and command. He  
might have been a great statesman,  
a great soldier, or a leader in in-  
dustry. That he heard and answered  
the call to a higher life might, on the  
other hand, have seemed to condemn  
him to a life of obscurity. But grace,  
no less than nature, marked him out  
for high office in the Church, and he  
came into his own in the fullness of  
manhood. He, no less than Hill, was  
one of the builders of the Great North  
West. The two were fast friends  
always, and that the Archbishop had  
the happiness of receiving his friend  
into the Church in his last days came  
as a fitting crown to his own life's  
work. The removal now by death of  
the great churchman deprives his  
flock of a father and guide, and his  
country of one of the greatest of its  
citizens.

SUNDAY NEWSPAPERS have, not-  
withstanding the horrors of war, been  
making merry over the bagpipes.  
One relates how a Highlander lying  
in hospital in a dying condition  
asked that he might hear once more  
the strains of his ancestral music,  
and the doctor in charge, seeing no  
hope of his recovery, said he might  
as well have his wish. So a piper  
was brought and the weird notes of  
the pibroch resounded through the  
hospital wards. Returning a little  
later and enquiring for the patient's  
condition, the doctor was told that

he was better. "Remarkable!" ex-  
claimed the doctor. "Yes," was the  
nurse's response, "but still more  
remarkable every other man in the  
ward is dead."

A NEW ZEALAND paper grows quite  
facetious on the subject of the pipes:

(1) An evolutionist suggests that  
they are a throw-back to the chorus  
of the orang-outang what time our  
ancestors went to war, or made  
merry, as the case might be. (2) A  
philosopher says that there is some-  
thing good in everything; even in  
bagpipes, which do not smell. (3) A  
student of tactics says that the  
reason a man who plays the bagpipes  
always walks quickly up and down  
is that he is thus much more difficult  
to hit. Personally our opinion is  
that bagpipes should be played in  
Parliament only, and always."

IT IS FAIR to assume that this is  
really an excerpt culled from the  
note-book of a dead Hun on the  
battlefield. Or, possibly, it emanates  
direct from Potsdam. Certain it is,  
that the occupants of a German  
trench, when an avalanche of killed  
troops, poured in upon them, and the  
weird shriek of the pipes pierced  
the air, thought that all Hell was let  
loose upon them, as well they may.  
It may be conceded, however, that  
there is one occasion when the notes  
of the pipes may be described as  
"truly horrible," and that is in a  
Toronto Twelfth of July parade.

IN VIEW of the threatened invasion  
of "Spanish Influenza" in Canada  
our readers may like to be reminded  
of the late Father Kneipp's cure for  
the malady or *la grippe*, or any other  
name under which it may occur.  
Rev. Sebastian Kneipp was decorated  
by Pope Leo XIII for his services to  
suffering humanity, and we are  
assured by our contemporary, the  
Catholic Herald of India, that his  
methods of treating disease has been  
singularly efficacious in that far-off  
country. "Twenty years ago," writes  
a Jesuit missionary to that journal,  
"three friends of mine got influenza.  
One used Kneipp's system and was  
cured in one night, and is hale and  
sound up to this day. The other two  
did not, and were ill for three  
weeks."

HERE IS Father Kneipp's cure: To  
a workman who went to him, feeling  
half paralyzed, hardly able to walk,  
his feet shaking, his head splitting,  
quite giddy, and feeling such a burn-  
ing in his throat that he could scarcely  
swallow, the priest said:

"Go home at once and lie down on  
your bed; wash with quite cold  
water your neck, your chest and the  
whole upper part of your body, then  
put around your neck a dry piece of  
cloth (table napkin or towel) and  
cover yourself warmly, but not too  
heavily. Repeat this operation 10  
times in 10 hours. After that, you  
must wash your whole body with  
cold water, as briskly as possible  
(one or two minutes). Lastly, after  
each of the 10 hours, take a spoonful  
of water."

After washing his whole body, the  
patient was in such a perspiration  
that he felt in his bed as if he were  
plunged in a bath. This perspiring  
had taken away the very last vestiges  
of the malady, and the man felt  
himself completely cured.

ON THE BATTLE LINE

BY GEN. P. M. G. MALLETERRE  
Special Cable to The Mail and Empire

Paris, Oct. 1.—Victories follow vic-  
tories in such rapid succession and  
events come to pass so quickly that  
it becomes difficult for a critic to  
finish a resume of them in a few  
lines. Moreover, the communiques  
seem sufficient without any comment,  
and yet we may notice a factor which  
we may qualify as new.

The whole of these victorious  
operations, indeed, constitute a  
general allied offensive on all fronts.  
This is the first time since 1914 that  
we witness a general offensive. One  
must go back to the summer of 1916  
to find a situation which resembles a  
general allied offensive. This was  
after the German defeat of Verdun.

The British armies attacked on  
the Somme; Brusiloff's armies  
attacked in Galicia; the Italian  
army had taken Gorizia and scaled  
the redoubtable Carni, and Rumania  
has just come into line. We then  
had high hopes of victory, but Ger-  
many was all too strong. The Allies  
were short the essential factor for  
victory—unity of command in the  
conduct of the War.

Battles lacking a directing will to  
bring them into absolute accord re-  
mained unfruitful in each theatre of  
the War. The Allies could not find  
the necessary chief to oppose Hun-  
denburg. Today that chief exists.  
See the difference.

But Foch's battles are being fought  
elsewhere than in France. The  
Near East is also afire. The Bul-  
garian surrender in Macedonia and  
the Turkish defeat in Palestine are  
taking on grandiose proportions and  
opening up a large perspective. It



is the whole German plan which founders in the Near East.

Bulgaria opened her roads to Serbia, Greece and Constantinople to the Germans and now she must close them. The key to them is in Sofia. It must be in Allied hands as Sofia is an essential guarantee to the military situation in the Balkans.

There remains the Turks. They will be long in capitulating, more so as the Sofia-Constantinople road will be barred. No more Germans in Constantinople, no more Young Turks, no more Enver Pasha. Then the roads to the Straits will be open and, with Constantinople in Allied hands, the salvation of Russia and Rumania will be assured.

Russia also is playing its part in the general offensive. Allied action there is still distant, but we can see what will happen after the capitulation of Bulgaria and Turkey.

A DELAYED despatch from Mr. Livesey, the Canadian Press correspondent, states that beyond Tuesday's battle was the most savage and sustained in which the Canadian Corps has been engaged. He adds that "our casualties are now heavier in the recent operation than in the battles of the previous seven weeks before Amiens and Arras, and when we went through the Queen's Drocourt line." The cost has indeed been great, but the Canadians holding this pivotal sector of the line north of Cambrai know that they have made possible one of the great Allied victories of the War. The capture of Bourlon Wood and of the northern suburbs of Cambrai forced the German leaders to throw in against the Canadians several reserve divisions which—used to the south—would probably have prevented the penetration of the Hindenburg line.

SOME INDICATION of the extent and direction of the probable German retreat from the Hindenburg line is to be found in the statement of prisoners taken in the sector northeast of St. Quentin. They were given orders to hold on till the last moment in order to give the German engineers an opportunity to construct a defensive line at Valenciennes, on the Belgian border. It would appear, therefore, that Douai and Lille are to be given up, as well as Cambrai. British aviators report that behind the pierced sector of the Hindenburg line the railways are jammed with war material moving eastward. On some roads groups of civilians who have evidently been compelled by the enemy to leave their homes are also enroute to eastern points.

RECOMMENDED FOR LEGION OF HONOR

FATHER DUFFY, CHAPLAIN WITH AMERICANS, SERVED 117 HOURS AT STRETCH

Special Despatch to the Globe

Cobourg, Sept. 26.—Father Duffy, chaplain of New York's 69th Regiment, and a former Cobourg boy, who is overseas as chaplain with the American army, has been recommended for the Legion of Honor. Father Duffy put in 117 hours' continuous work on the battlefield during the Franco-American drive, hearing confessions, carrying stretchers and receiving last messages. Father Duffy was raised to the priesthood at St. Michael's Church here in Sept., 1890. Up to the time of the Mexican Rebellion he was pastor of the Church of Our Saviour, New York City.

TO END COERCION

London, Sept. 26.—At a special meeting of the Irish Parliamentary Party in Dublin yesterday, the following resolutions were adopted, Capt. Gwynn alone dissenting from the part dealing with conscription while heartily supporting the other parts:

"That the continued threat of conscription, combined with the policy of coercion carried out by wholesale arrests, seizures, suppression by imprisonment, deportation without definite charges or trials and by outrageous sentences inflicted by courts martial for nominal and trivial offenses, has created a feeling of profound indignation throughout the length and breadth of Ireland, and has evoked the strongest indignation among all sections of the people;

"That such a policy, if persisted in, can serve no other end than to strengthen and intensify the existing resentment against misgovernment, coercion and military rule in this country;

"That we protest in the strongest possible manner against the continuance of this policy, as the very negation of liberty and of all those principles of freedom and right for which the Allied nations profess to be in arms;

"That we, therefore, call upon the Government forthwith to abandon both conscription and coercion in Ireland, and warn them that persistence in their present policy is fraught with most far-reaching and dangerous consequences, both to Ireland and the Allied cause;

"That we still adhere to the position we took up at the beginning of the War, that the principles for which the Allies are fighting are those of liberty and justice, but we recognize that the policy of the British Government since the War began has completely shaken the confidence of our people that those principles are to be given effect in Ireland, and in our opinion the only effective method of restoring that confidence is to apply those principles to Ire-

land without delay when we are convinced that they are without honor and do not intend justice. They observe no covenants, accept no principles but force and their own interest. We cannot 'come to terms' with them. They have made it impossible. The German people must by this time be fully aware that we cannot accept the word of those who forced this war upon us. We do not think the same thoughts or speak the same language of agreement.

It is of capital importance that we should also be explicitly agreed that no peace shall be obtained by any kind of compromise or abatement of the principles we have avowed as the principles for which we are fighting. There should exist no doubt about that. I am, therefore, going to take the liberty of speaking with the utmost frankness about the practical implications that are involved in it.

If it is indeed and in truth the common object of the Governments associated against Germany and of the nations whom they govern, as I believe it to be, to achieve by the coming settlements a secure and lasting peace, it will be necessary that all who sit down at the peace table shall come ready and willing to pay the price, the only price, that will procure it; and ready and willing, also, to create in some virile fashion the only instrumentality by which it can be made certain that the agreements of the peace will be honored and fulfilled.

That price is impartial justice in every term of the settlement, no matter whose interest is crossed; and not only impartial justice, but also the satisfaction of the several peoples whose fortunes are dealt with. That indispensable instrumentality is a League of Nations formed under covenants that will be efficacious. Without such an instrumentality, by which the peace of the world can be guaranteed, peace will rest in part upon the word of outlaws, and only upon that word. For Germany will have to redeem her character, not by what happens at the peace table but by what follows.

And, as I see it, the constitution of that League of Nations and the clear definition of its objects must be a part, in a sense the most essential part, of the peace settlement itself. It cannot be formed now. If formed now, it would be merely a new alliance confined to the nations associated against a common enemy. It is not likely that it could be formed after the settlement. It is necessary to guarantee the peace; and the peace cannot be guaranteed as an afterthought. The reason, to speak in plain terms, why it must be guaranteed is that there will be parties to the peace whose promises have proved untrustworthy, and means must be found in connection with the peace settlement itself to remove that source of insecurity. It would be folly to leave the guarantee to the subsequent voluntary action of the Governments we have seen destroy Russia and deceive Rumania.

But these general terms do not disclose the whole matter. Some details are needed to make them sound less like thesis and more like a practical program. These, then, are some of the particulars, and I state them with the greater confidence because I can state them authoritatively as representing this Government's interpretation of its own duty with regard to peace:

PRESIDENT'S ADDRESS SEPTEMBER 27

MOST IMPORTANT STATEMENT SINCE THE WAR BEGAN

WILSON FEARLESSLY PROCLAIMS TO ENEMY AND ALLY UNIVERSAL PRINCIPLES OF LIBERTY

My Fellow-Citizens:

I am not here to promote the loan. That will be done—ably and enthusiastically done—by the hundreds of thousands of loyal and tireless men and women who have undertaken to present it to you and to our fellow-citizens throughout the country; and I have not the least doubt of their success: for I know their spirit and the spirit of the country. My confidence is confirmed, too, by the thoughtful and experienced co-operation of the bankers here and everywhere, who are lending their invaluable aid and guidance. I have come, rather, to seek an opportunity to present to you some thoughts which I trust will serve to give you, in perhaps fuller measure than before, a vivid sense of the great issues involved, in order that you may appreciate and accept with added enthusiasm the grave significance of the duty of supporting the Government to the utmost point of sacrifice and self-denial. No man or woman who has really taken in what this War means can hesitate to give to the very limit of what they have and it is my mission here tonight to try to make it clear once more what the War really means. You will need no other stimulation or reminder of your duty.

At every turn of the War we gain a fresh consciousness of what we mean to accomplish by it. When our hope and expectation are most excited we think more definitely than before of the issues that hang upon it and of the purpose which must be realized by means of it. For it is a purpose and well defined purposes which we did not determine and which we cannot alter. No statesman or assembly created them; no statesman or assembly can alter them. They have arisen out of the very nature and circumstances of the War. The most that statesmen or assemblies can do is to carry them out or be false to them. They were perhaps not clear at the outset; but they are clear now. The War has lasted more than four years and the whole world has been drawn into it. The common will of mankind has been substituted for the particular purposes of individual States. Individual statesmen may have started the conflict, but neither they nor their opponents can stop it as they please. It has become a people's war and peoples of all sort and races, of every degree of power and variety of fortune, are involved in its sweeping processes of change and settlement. We came into it when its character had become fully defined and it was plain that no nation could stand apart or be indifferent to its outcome. Its challenge drove to the heart of everything we cared for and lived for. The voices of war had become clear and gripped our hearts. Our brothers from many lands, as well as our own murdered dead under the sea, were calling to us, and we responded, fiercely and of course.

The air was clear about us. We saw things in their full, convincing proportions as they were; and we have seen them with steady eyes and unchanging comprehension ever since. We accepted the issues of the war as facts, not as any group of men either here or elsewhere had defined them, and we can accept no outcome which does not squarely meet and settle them. These issues are these:

First, the military power of any nation or group of nations by superior force to determine the fortunes of peoples over whom they have no right to rule except the right of force?

Second, shall strong nations be free to wrong weak nations and make them subject to their purpose and interest?

Third, shall peoples be ruled and dominated, even in their own internal affairs by arbitrary and irresponsible force or by their own will and choice?

Fourth, shall there be a common standard of right and privilege for all peoples and nations or shall the strong do as they will and the weak suffer without redress?

Fifth, shall the assertion of right be hazardous and by casual alliance or shall there be a common concert to oblige the observance of common rights?

Sixth, no man, no group of men, chosen these to be the issues of the struggle. They are the issues of it; and they must be settled—by no arrangement or compromise or adjustment of interests, but definitely and once for all and with a full and unequivocal acceptance of the principle that the interest of the weakest is as sacred as the interest of the strongest.

These are the issues which we speak of as a permanent peace, if we speak sincerely, intelligently, and with a real knowledge and comprehension of the matter we deal with.

We are all agreed that there can be no peace obtained by any kind of bargain or compromise with the Government of the Central Empires, because we have dealt with them already and have seen them deal with other Governments that were parties to this struggle, at Brest-Litovsk

and Bucharest. They have convinced us that they are without honor and do not intend justice. They observe no covenants, accept no principles but force and their own interest. We cannot 'come to terms' with them. They have made it impossible. The German people must by this time be fully aware that we cannot accept the word of those who forced this war upon us. We do not think the same thoughts or speak the same language of agreement.

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First, the impartial justice meted out must involve no discrimination between those to whom we wish to be just and those to whom we do not wish to be just. It must be a justice that plays no favorites and knows no standard but the equal rights of the several peoples concerned;

Second, no special or separate interest of any single nation or any group of nations can be made the basis of any part of the settlement which is not consistent with the common interest of all;

Third, there can be no leagues or alliances or special covenants and understandings within the general and common family of the League of Nations;

Fourth, and more specifically, there can be no special, selfish economic combinations within the league and no employment of any form of economic boycott or exclusion except as the power of economic penalty by exclusion from the markets of the world may be vested in the League of Nations itself as a means of discipline and control;

Fifth, all international agreements and treaties of every kind must be made known in their entirety to the rest of the world.

Special alliances and economic rivalries and hostilities have been the prolific source in the modern world of the plans and passions that produce war. It would be no insincere as well as an insecure peace that did not exclude them in definite and binding terms.

The confidence with which I venture to speak for our people in these matters does not spring from our traditions merely and the well known principles of international action which we have always professed and followed. In the same sentence in which I say that the United States will enter into no special arrangements or understandings with particular nations let me say also that the United States is prepared to assume its full share of responsibility for the maintenance of the common covenants and understandings upon which peace must henceforth rest. We still read Washington's immortal warning against "entangling alliances" with full comprehension and an answering purpose. But only special and limited alliances entangle;

and we recognize and accept the duty of a new day in which we are permitted to hope for a general alliance which will avoid entanglements and clear the air of the world for common understandings and the maintenance of common rights.

I have made this analysis of the international situation which the War has created, not, of course, because I doubted whether the leaders of the great nations and peoples with whom we are associated were of the same mind and entertained a like purpose, but because the air every now and again gets darkened by mists and groundless doubts and mischievous perversions of counsel and it is necessary once and again to sweep all the irresponsible talk about peace intrigues and weakening morale and doubtful purpose on the part of those in authority utterly, and if need be unceremoniously, aside and say things in the plainest words that can be found, even when it is only to say over again what has been said before, quite as plainly if in less unvarnished terms.

As I have said, neither I nor any other citizen of this country can prevent unless it be willfully, I am bound to fight for them, and happy to fight for them as time and circumstances have revealed them to me as to all the world. Our enthusiasm for them grows more and more irresistible as they stand out in more and more vivid and unmistakable outline.

And the forces that fight for them draw into closer and closer array, organize their millions into more and more unconquerable might, as they become more and more distinct to the thought and purpose of the people engaged. It is the peculiarity of this great War that while statesmen have seemed to cast about for definitions of their purposes and have sometimes seemed to shift their ground and their point of view, the essential part of the mass of men, whom statesmen are supposed to instruct and lead, has grown more and more unclouded, more and more certain of what it is that they are fighting for. National purposes have fallen more and more into the background and the common purpose of enlightened mankind has taken their place. The councils of plain men have become on all hands more simple and straightforward and more unified than the councils of sophisticated men of affairs, who still retain the impression that they are playing a game of power and playing for high stakes. That is why I have said that this is a people's war, not a statesmen's. Statesmen must follow the clarified common thought or be broken.

I take that to be the significance of the fact that assembler and associations of many kinds made up of plain workaday people have demanded, and in every time they came together, and are still demanding, that the leaders of their Governments declare to them plainly what it is, that they are seeking in this War, and what they think the items of the final settlement should be. They are not yet satisfied with what they have been told. They still seem to fear that they are getting what they ask for only in settlement between those to whom we wish to be just and those to whom we do not wish to be just. It must be a justice that plays no favorites and knows no standard but the equal rights of the several peoples concerned;

FOR CATHOLIC HUTS

MASSEY HALL CROWDED TO THE DOORS AT OPENING OF CAMPAIGN

WENT WITH BIG SWING

Toronto Mail and Empire, Oct. 2

"I wonder am I awake or am I just dreaming. If I am awake and if there is no dream about it, then Toronto takes its proper place at night in the Dominion of Canada. I have never been in the habit of paying tributes to Toronto, but I suppose while the lamp of life does burn the vilest sinner may return, and I am glad to come back and try to make amends for all I have said."

These were the first words of Bishop Fallon, of London, when he arose to speak at Massey Hall last night after receiving one of the greatest receptions ever accorded a public speaker in Toronto from one of the most enthusiastic audiences that have ever packed the historic building. The occasion was the launching of a campaign in aid of the Catholic huts for soldiers overseas. One hour before the time set for the meeting to commence the hall was filled to capacity, and thousands thronged the steps and the Victoria Streets clamoring for admission. Back of the platform sat a specially rehearsed chorus of 300 voices from the Protestant and Catholic churches of the city under the direction of Mr. D. A. Morel and from shortly after 7 o'clock the organization rendered patriotic and sacred music, including three verses of "God Save the King" and "Oward, Christian Soldiers." The singing was taken up by the audience, and as the music swelled to its farthest part of the huge auditorium it presented an inspiring and remarkable spectacle. Frank Oldfield in splendid voice rendered "Sussex by the Sea," and introduced "For the Glory of the Grand Old Flag," a patriotic number by Gordon V. Thompson, which seemed to delight the audience. The band of the 109th Regiment gave a number of selections and accompanied the singing by the audience.

A REPRESENTATIVE GATHERING

Supporting Sir John Hendrie, Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario, on the platform, where the representatives of every class and creed, the nucleus of a real community plan, including Sir William Mulock, Hon. T. W. McArthur, Senator Nicholls, Hon. Senator Macdonell, Mr. Justice Latchford, Major-General Logie, Archbishop Neil McNeil, Col. Noel Marshall, G. A. Warburton, Mr. Norman Sommerville, Lieut.-Col. W. S. Dinnick, Ralph Connable, Controller John O'Neill, Controller Sam McBride, A. Albert Abbott, Brig.-Gen. J. H. Emsley, J. E. Day, W. T. Kerahan, Sir Edmund Walker and Rev. Father Burke. Bishop Fallon was the speaker of the evening, and was followed with splendid addresses by Mr. Warburton and Mr. Sommerville. Bishop Fallon told the story of his five months' trip overseas and in the battle area, and described in detail the work and bravery of the Canadian soldiers. His narrative of the trenches and the scenes behind the lines was full of heart-interest. It was pregnant with pathetic incidents but his humorous quips relieved any tense feeling that may have been created. Particularly touching were his descriptions of the graves of Canadians decked with their red poppies, "which marked the place where Canadians had laid down their lives that the cause of right and civilization might triumph." Sir Edmund Walker paid a sterling tribute to the men who have made Canada's name immortal, and declared that there is little in the gift of Canada too good within the measure of justice and reasonableness, for the Canadian soldiers who return.

Mr. Warburton immediately found the sympathy of the audience with his frank speaking, and, in giving his reasons for supporting the campaign, declared that any organization bearing the name of Christian might better be buried than be bigoted, and that if it died because of such a breadth of sympathy, it would soon have a glorious resurrection. Mr. Sommerville won great applause for his forceful speaking and made a fine impression. He declared that the unity found in Flanders fields, and that though the effect of the spirit shown could not be seen they may be participating in the greatest benediction that their country had ever known.

Before the addresses commenced Lieut.-Col. Dinnick appealed to the audience to forget their differences during the campaign. The Lieutenant-Governor said he had presided at many meetings during the last four years, but that it was the most enthusiastic he had ever attended. The demand made upon the citizens for the Catholic huts was a reasonable one, and from what he knew of Toronto's generosity it would be more than amply met.

FOOLED THE GERMANS

When he went to the front line trenches he met a British General, and was told that the Canadian soldiers were not only the finest troops on the western front, but the finest in Europe. The glory of the Canadians required no praise in Canada. It was world wide. The enemy knew of their fighting ability, and wherever they knew Canadians were in line they expected something to happen. Bishop Fallon described how the Canadians had fooled the enemy at Amiens by sending a number of groups of soldiers north along the road smoking their cigarettes with great gusto and making such a noise while the real army marched eighty miles south and carried out one of the finest operations in the history of the War. And while speaking on this incident he said he was very sorry to see that some people were endeavoring to deprive the soldiers of their little cigarettes which brought them comfort and removed the sense of misery that was very often their lot. He didn't smoke cigarettes, but some of his lady friends did, and he was sorry to think that the men at the front who offered their lives could be brought to feel that the little comfort they enjoyed in a smoke should be begrudged them.

Referring to the bombing of hospitals by the Germans the speaker stated that he had visited the graves of the victims and as he stood looking at the mounds in the earth he felt something that he had never experienced before and he could not call it other than hatred. He could not help but feel that the Supreme Justice would bring upon the perpetrators of such brutality the consequences of their act. Concluding he said they in Canada must hold the hand of the Motherland and her allies after the War to meet the problems of reconstruction and readjustment so that from many come world of sacrifice and blood may come greater ideas of human freedom and civilization, of free will, the highest of God's gifts, and that each man would be able to live his own existence.

spirit, and there was no fundamental reason or cause to bring religion into the great public questions which Canadians discussed as citizens. But when it was introduced it was found generally that the opposition was some form of antagonism that masqueraded in the form of religion. There was no need, he said, to bring religious differences into their public life, and he thought it would be a regrettable thing if after the War the rest of the world should read of their internal conflicts and racial and religious upheavals. That was not the reputation which their sons overseas had set them to uphold.

Bishop Fallon, after delivering the remarks attributed to him at the beginning, stated in all sincerity and in all humility that there would be no man in Canada who would rejoice more than he at the realization of a new community spirit in Toronto. The object of the campaign he said was already assured. The Catholic huts at the front were wide open for every soldier of any denomination in England and France. In Bramshott camp, which he had visited, he had found in one of the huts that one-fifth of the 200 soldiers there when he inspected it were Catholic. The work of caring for the men in a spiritual and recreational way should be a branch of the service, subject to respectability and the criticism of the people. The Catholic huts were just as open as those of the Y. M. C. A. or the Salvation Army, which were doing wonderful work, and any money the people gave—and he hoped it would be worthy of the splendid generosity of Toronto—would be used very judiciously in putting a little happiness and comfort into the lives of men who, God knows, had not many joyous or happy moments in their contest of death.

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"I wonder am I awake or am I just dreaming. If I am awake and if there is no dream about it, then Toronto takes its proper place at night in the Dominion of Canada. I have never been in the habit of paying tributes to Toronto, but I suppose while the lamp of life does burn the vilest sinner may return, and I am glad to come back and try to make amends for all I have said."

These were the first words of Bishop Fallon, of London, when he arose to speak at Massey Hall last night after receiving one of the greatest receptions ever accorded a public speaker in Toronto from one of the most enthusiastic audiences that have ever packed the historic building. The occasion was the launching of a campaign in aid of the Catholic huts for soldiers overseas. One hour before the time set for the meeting to commence the hall was filled to capacity, and thousands thronged the steps and the Victoria Streets clamoring for admission. Back of the platform sat a specially rehearsed chorus of 300 voices from the Protestant and Catholic churches of the city under the direction of Mr. D. A. Morel and from shortly after 7 o'clock the organization rendered patriotic and sacred music, including three verses of "God Save the King" and "Oward, Christian Soldiers." The singing was taken up by the audience, and as the music swelled to its farthest part of the huge auditorium it presented an inspiring and remarkable spectacle. Frank Oldfield in splendid voice rendered "Sussex by the Sea," and introduced "For the Glory of the Grand Old Flag," a patriotic number by Gordon V. Thompson, which seemed to delight the audience. The band of the 109th Regiment gave a number of selections and accompanied the singing by the audience.

A REPRESENTATIVE GATHERING

Supporting Sir John Hendrie, Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario, on the platform, where the representatives of every class and creed, the nucleus of a real community plan, including Sir William Mulock, Hon. T. W. McArthur, Senator Nicholls, Hon. Senator Macdonell, Mr. Justice Latchford, Major-General Logie, Archbishop Neil McNeil, Col. Noel Marshall, G. A. Warburton, Mr. Norman Sommerville, Lieut.-Col. W. S. Dinnick, Ralph Connable, Controller John O'Neill, Controller Sam McBride, A. Albert Abbott, Brig.-Gen. J. H. Emsley, J. E. Day, W. T. Kerahan, Sir Edmund Walker and Rev. Father Burke. Bishop Fallon was the speaker of the evening, and was followed with splendid addresses by Mr. Warburton and Mr. Sommerville. Bishop Fallon told the story of his five months' trip overseas and in the battle area, and described in detail the work and bravery of the Canadian soldiers. His narrative of the trenches and the scenes behind the lines was full of heart-interest. It was pregnant with pathetic incidents but his humorous quips relieved any tense feeling that may have been created. Particularly touching were his descriptions of the graves of Canadians decked with their red poppies, "which marked the place where Canadians had laid down their lives that the cause of right and civilization might triumph." Sir Edmund Walker paid a sterling tribute to the men who have made Canada's name immortal, and declared that there is little in the gift of Canada too good within the measure of justice and reasonableness, for the Canadian soldiers who return.

Mr. Warburton immediately found the sympathy of the audience with his frank speaking, and, in giving his reasons for supporting the campaign, declared that any organization bearing the name of Christian might better be buried than be bigoted, and that if it died because of such a breadth of sympathy, it would soon have a glorious resurrection. Mr. Sommerville won great applause for his forceful speaking and made a fine impression. He declared that the unity found in Flanders fields, and that though the effect of the spirit shown could not be seen they may be participating in the greatest benediction that their country had ever known.

Before the addresses commenced Lieut.-Col. Dinnick appealed to the audience to forget their differences during the campaign. The Lieutenant-Governor said he had presided at many meetings during the last four years, but that it was the most enthusiastic he had ever attended. The demand made upon the citizens for the Catholic huts was a reasonable one, and from what he knew of Toronto's generosity it would be more than amply met.

FOOLED THE GERMANS

When he went to the front line trenches he met a British General, and was told that the Canadian soldiers were not only the finest troops on the western front, but the finest in Europe. The glory of the Canadians required no praise in Canada. It was world wide. The enemy knew of their fighting ability, and wherever they knew Canadians were in line they expected something to happen. Bishop Fallon described how the Canadians had fooled the enemy at Amiens by sending a number of groups of soldiers north along the road smoking their cigarettes with great gusto and making such a noise while the real army marched eighty miles south and carried out one of the finest operations in the history of the War. And while speaking on this incident he said he was very sorry to see that some people were endeavoring to deprive the soldiers of their little cigarettes which brought them comfort and removed the sense of misery that was very often their lot. He didn't smoke cigarettes, but some of his lady friends did, and he was sorry to think that the men at the front who offered their lives could be brought to feel that the little comfort they enjoyed in a smoke should be begrudged them.

Referring to the bombing of hospitals by the Germans the speaker stated that he had visited the graves of the victims and as he stood looking at the mounds in the earth he felt something that he had never experienced before and he could not call it other than hatred. He could not help but feel that the Supreme Justice would bring upon the perpetrators of such brutality the consequences of their act. Concluding he said they in Canada must hold the hand of the Motherland and her allies after the War to meet the problems of reconstruction and readjustment so that from many come world of sacrifice and blood may come greater ideas of human freedom and civilization, of free will, the highest of God's gifts, and that each man would be able to live his own existence.

spirit, and there was no fundamental reason or cause to bring religion into the great public questions which Canadians discussed as citizens. But when it was introduced it was found generally that the opposition was some form of antagonism that masqueraded in the form of religion. There was no need, he said, to bring religious differences into their public life, and he thought it would be a regrettable thing if after the War the rest of the world should read of their internal conflicts and racial and religious upheavals. That was not the reputation which their sons overseas had set them to uphold.

Bishop Fallon, after delivering the remarks attributed to him at the beginning, stated in all sincerity and in all humility that there would be no man in Canada who would rejoice more than he at the realization of a new community spirit in Toronto. The object of the campaign he said was already assured. The Catholic huts at the front were wide open for every soldier of any denomination in England and France. In Bramshott camp, which he had visited, he had found in one of the huts that one-fifth of the 200 soldiers there when he inspected it were Catholic. The work of caring for the men in a spiritual and recreational way should be a branch of the service, subject to respectability and the criticism of the people. The Catholic huts were just as open as those of the Y. M. C. A. or the Salvation Army, which were doing wonderful work, and any money the people gave—and he hoped it would be worthy of the splendid generosity of Toronto—would be used very judiciously in putting a little happiness and comfort into the lives of men who, God knows, had not many joyous or happy moments in their contest of death.

FOR CATHOLIC HUTS

MASSEY HALL CROWDED TO THE DOORS AT OPENING OF CAMPAIGN

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FIVE MINUTE SERMON

Rev. F. P. HICKS, O. S. B. TWENTY FIRST SUNDAY AFTER PENTECOST

FREE WILL "And he would not." (Matt. xviii, 30.)

We are creatures of God. Everything we have is from Him. On Him are we dependent for every breath we draw. And yet in the midst of all this frailty and utter dependency God has planted in us a free and independent power—our will. God gives us this power, and then even the Almighty cannot force it. It is free to choose or reject: it is free to turn to God and serve Him, or become a rebel. Our free will has the power of meriting or of sinning. God's grace is never wanting to us, but it is powerless to save us unless we will.

And sinful man can allow this will to become blinded and headstrong and perverse. It is often, then, our own greatest enemy. Mark in the Gospel how this servant, whom his master had forgiven, was callous to the pleading of his fellow-servant, was blind to his own interest, risked his master's certain anger, and yet "he would not." His will had got the mastery over his heart, his intellect, and his memory, for how soon he had forgotten his own misery, his prayer for mercy, and his master's kindness! So his will had its way, and brought him to ruin.

It is our own fault if we allow our will to be a tyrant over us, therefore sin is essentially our own. Whether it is by thought, word, or deed that we commit a willful, deliberate sin, there is no excuse or palliation; our will consented, wished it, would have it, and the sin is our own. At our judgment both our Angel Guardian and Satan the accuser will agree in one thing—in ascribing the guilt of every sin to our own free will. We would, or we would not.

Exemplify our own sins—unchastity, avarice, drink, bad thoughts and the sins against God. The essence of all their sinfulness is in our will—we would not. For instance, our brother has offended us, we are bitter against him. Time after time, when we waken in the night, when we try to say our prayers, when we enter into the Sacred Presence of Jesus on the Altar, the words of our Blessed Lord constantly recur: "But I say to you, Love your enemies, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them that persecute and calumniate you," (Matt. v, 44). And how many times we would not!

And the greed of money, the envy of others when they grow rich, the anxiety about it that chokes all other thoughts and aspirations in our soul. We hear the voice: "Thou fool, this night do they require thy soul of thee," (Luke xii, 20). But our will clings to the love of money! Give it up? We would not.

And one sin, drink, instead of hardening our will, makes it such a weak, irresolute, senseless thing that it cannot resolve, cannot even try to give up the evil. And yet, "he would not" is at the root of this evil too; he would not as long as he could, and now he is its slave, and he could not.

And what company the will chooses for its intimates: Bad thoughts and evil desires run riot in many a soul. At first they are loathed, and the soul shudders to have them for a friend. And after a time the will, that should aspire to heaven, has given itself up to them, and though conscience has often bidden it to cast them out, it would not.

And as regards the sins against God, how hard it is that the Almighty should be offended by that venerated, our free will, that He implanted in our soul that we might merit heaven. Instead of our own will adhering to God in faith, it makes idols of other things, and sets them up for gods. Instead of our will rejoicing in the blessed hope of God's goodness and the promises to come, it banishes the thought of heaven, and centres all its hope in the pleasures and follies, and vanities of life. And our will can rob God of that which He justly claims, to be loved above all things, and add to the injustice by the insult of preferring such common, vile, and sinful things to God—the holy, the loving God.

This is whether our wills are tending, but, please God, they have not been so utterly turned against Him as yet. But still there is something that each one of us is unwilling to do or to give up for the love of God. We all have some weakness, and the Evil One is planning and plotting about it. That unwillingness—that "he would not"—will work our ruin if we let it have its way. My dear brethren, we can each put our finger on the very spot at once. Let us not be cowards and shrink it and put it off to another time. Let us own it now, humbly and sorrowfully before God. Many a time His grace has pleaded with us to give it up, to break with it, to make an effort worthy of God's acceptance, and we would not. Whatever it is, is it worth while to cling to it and forfeit Heaven? To cling to spite and hatred because we were a little unwilling to give up our miserable money, perhaps unjustly gained and wickedly used; to cling to an evil companion, how we shall hate each other for all eternity if we both are lost! To cling to anything that the remorseless hand of death may soon snatch from us; to cling to any neglect of God in prayers, at Mass, at Holy Communion, when soon we shall have to own Him Lord and

Master. Yes, our will has it in its power that we shall own Him Lord and Master joyfully with the Saints in heaven, or in anguish and remorse in the unquenchable torments of the lost.

Let us turn to God now and offer Him the free will that He has given us. Let us offer it as a sacrifice to Him. It is all we have. Let us unite it to His Blessed Will, and pray for the grace that all the endeavour and joy of our will may be in seeking the good pleasure and glory of God.

ARCHBISHOP IRELAND ON THE ROSARY

Every Catholic should carry with him his beads. It exacts but slender room in the folds of your garb. It is a mystic charm, of itself bringing down upon the bearer the blessing of God, as it already has brought down upon itself the blessing of the Church. It is a symbol of your faith. He is surely the Catholic with whom the beads is found. An accident may befall you where you are the stranger. The question is asked—who is he? What the first aid we must bestow? The beads is with you: there is no doubt that you are the Catholic and the priest of the Church must be quickly bidden nigh unto you. Carry with you the beads, even if you do not repeat the prayers which its use calls for. Carry with you the beads: it is the livery of Mary, by itself a claim to her love and intercession. Carry with you your beads; in it is the invitation, which you will not always repel, to take into your fingers and say, "Hail Mary, full of grace, the Lord is with thee."

Repeat the Apostles Creed, the solemn formula of Christian faith; repeat the prayer taught by Jesus Himself—"Our Father Who art in Heaven;" rehearse in mental glance the mysteries of the Incarnation and the Redemption; salute ten times over the Virgin of Nazareth; crave ten times over her prayers, meanwhile, to fasten attention the more closely to the realities you are contemplating, pass through your fingers the grains of the beads upon which previously the blessing of the Church has descended—you are reciting the Rosary.

The month of October is the month of the Rosary—the month during which the devotion of the Rosary, that should be ours the year throughout, will be ours in a manner more special, more impressive. Let us keep holy the month of the Rosary. In your parish church, every evening the Rosary is publicly recited. Let us, as many as easily may, attend this sacred exercise. Let those who are held away from the church repeat the Rosary in the family home—the father leading; if not the father, the mother; if not the mother, the child. If even this much cannot be done, let each Catholic privately, by himself, say the Rosary at some moment of the day, or night, quietly, unostentatiously, but always piously. This for the month of October; and this, I exhort you, throughout the entire year.

Off and oft care and sorrow weigh heavily on us; why not seek to lighten the burden by securing to ourselves the intercession of Mary? Off and oft the remembrance of our sins frightens us; why not ask through Mary that for her sake, if not for ours, those sins be forgiven? Off and oft in our journey through the day's labors we are sad and lonely; why not walk with the thought of Mary in our mind, with the name of Mary on our lips, with the hand of Mary fondly resting upon our forehead? This, for the day that is. But let us not forget that the moment is coming—sure to come for all—when perhaps we shall be too feeble to pray, when, nevertheless, there is need of prayer as never before—the hour of our death. Then we may not be able to pray; yet how much we should wish that then we could say, "Holy Mary, pray for us."

While now our lips may move and our hearts may throbb, let us say, again and again, the sweet words, "Holy Mary, pray for us now and at the hour of death." And so when the hour of death does come, whether we ourselves pray or not, whether those around us pray or not, the prayers of days gone by will be remembered: Mary will pray for us, and in the answer to the prayer of Mary, Jesus will bestow upon us in richly flowing streams the mercies of Bethlehem and of Calvary.—The Monitor.

PRACTICAL CATHOLICITY

If our country is ever to become Catholic—and the more we love it the more ardently do we desire this consummation—it will be due in no small measure to the example of devout practical Catholics whose faith shines out in their works; to those who have learned their faith in a Catholic home and a Catholic school, who have made it more intelligent and solid by good reading and study, who have not exposed themselves or their children to the disastrous consequences of mixed marriages, who have not permitted money or position or honor to swerve them in the least from the full performance of the duties of their faith.

Such Catholics are the staunch exponents of the teachings of Christ and His Church, and torch-bearers to those who wander in the darkness of heresy or unbelief. Protestantism is visibly crumbling. It has no longer the appearance of conservatism that at one time made certain forms of it—Episcopalian-

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The chief cause of poor health is our neglect of the bowels. Waste matter, instead of passing from the lower intestine regularly every day, is allowed to remain there, generating poisons which are absorbed by the blood. In other words, a person who is habitually constipated, is poisoning himself. We know now that Auto-intoxication, due to non-action of the bowels, is directly responsible for serious Kidney and Bladder Troubles; that it upsets the Stomach, causes Indigestion, Loss of Appetite and Sleeplessness; that chronic Rheumatism, Gout, Pain In The Back, are relieved as soon as the bowels become regular; and that Pimples, Rashes, Eczema and other Skin Affections disappear when "Fruit-a-tives" are taken to correct Constipation.

"Fruit-a-tives" will protect you against Auto-intoxication because this wonderful fruit medicine acts directly on all the eliminating organs. 50c. a box, 8 for \$2.50, trial size 25c. At all dealers or sent on receipt of price by Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.

ism, for instance—so rich in imaginative suggestion and esthetic stimulation to the cultivated and discriminating mind. It is gradually, as discerning observers have long since acknowledged, succumbing to those influences of disintegration which shall destroy it, leaving it impotent.

If the drift of modern thought continues in its present direction, the Catholic Church within the next half century will be the only sanctuary where the believing soul can find refuge and solace. The example of the practical and pious Catholic will help to attract such souls to the Church which reveals itself as the great social savior, the guardian of the family, the inspirer of the finest philanthropy, the foster mother of art, the friend of true freedom, the charter of a national democracy.—Southern Messenger, San Antonio.

"WE HAVE SHED ALL OUR TEARS"

"There is a terrible significance in the words, 'We have shed all our tears,'" remarks Noelle Roger, the author of a poignant little book called "The Victims' Return," in which she describes the pitiful state of the people who had been "evacuated" from the occupied districts of France, and first received humane treatment from the kind nuns of Switzerland. Typical of many tales she heard from the refugees is this account of an old peasant woman of Dompierre-au-Bois gave of incidents that happened in the village during the German occupation:

"They [the Germans] put the whole lot of us in the church, and while we were there, pillaged all our houses one after the other. They threatened to shoot us, and for two days we believed that they were coming to fetch us out to execution, every time the door opened. Some of the women fainted through fright. . . . A shell burst in the church. Then it seemed as if one could not see properly any longer. Everybody rushed out and then went back again. . . . We saw the dead and wounded—twenty two dead and seventeen wounded." It was a terrible scene: families wiped out; a woman lying dead with her six-week-old baby in her arms; another killed while suckling her child, which was found alive. . . . The most severely wounded were left in the church among the dead bodies till the following day. From the uninjured altar the statue of the Virgin looked down on this hecatomb of women, children and old men. "My poor wife kept asking for water," said an old man, "but I was not allowed to take her any, and she died thirty-six hours later."

To those innocent sufferers from the horrors of the German invasion seem henceforward like ordinary happenings. The souls of the citizens of Lille, too, are likely to be almost as deeply seared by the memory of the present war as are those of the poor peasants of Dompierre-au-Bois. For in the current Atlantic Monthly Vernon Kellogg, who was in France in the spring of 1916, thus describes the ruthless "Lille deportations":

"The seizures were made during the successive days and nights of Holy Week [1916] by officers accompanied by squads of soldiers. Mostly they came to the houses at night, especially in the last hours before dawn. They did not take whole families. They did worse. They tore away the fathers alone, or the

older sons and daughters, mothers, children of fifteen and up, girls as well as boys: one from this family, two from that, three from another, and so on. They tore families apart, they wrecked families. And with one and a half hour's notice they carried off their selected slaves."

"Twenty thousand were taken from families of all grades, piled into cattle trains and transported from their homes to filthy barracks hastily flung up in the concentration camps and fields of the southern districts. There they were put to work, strong and frail, workingman and office-clerk, sturdy woman and frail girl, adolescent youth and child of fifteen, from dawn till dark, with spade and hoe and cart, in the fields of France—to make German crops; housed together at night promiscuously, like cattle in long sheds; worked by day in groups under overseers, not with whips, but with loaded guns, with fixed bayonets."

No count one of the powerful motives that is giving such irresistible vigor to the attacks of the American troops or the western front is a grim determination in the heart of every soldier there, that as far as in him lies this War will end with such an overwhelming defeat for Germany that the smiling fields, peaceful villages and busy towns of France and Belgium will never be ravaged again by the Kaiser's pitiless military despotism. When the Allies dictate the terms of peace in Berlin, within a year from now, as we hope, they should exact from the crushed and humiliated autocracy that brought on this War the fullest reparation possible for all the pain, sorrow, and misery that the blameless people of Belgium and France have suffered at the hands of the invader.—America.

THE CHAPLAIN OF THE 69TH

When the famous Sixty-ninth Regiment of the New York National Guard (renamed the One Hundred and Sixty-fifth Infantry when it entered the federal service) went to France with the Rainbow Division every one who knew its chaplain, the Rev. Francis P. Duffy, said: "When the boys get into the fight we'll hear wonderful things of Father Duffy." And we have heard wonderful things of him. It isn't an exaggeration to say that he is today one of the most heroic American figures of the Great War. No sooner had the Sixty-ninth boys arrived in France than the name came home that Father Duffy was the most popular man in the regiment. He was always looking after the welfare of every one, no matter whether he was Catholic, Protestant or Jew—for the one time exclusively Irish Catholic character of the regiment had been changed somewhat by the taking in of many hundreds of men from other units to bring this regiment and all other National Guard regiments up to war strength of over 3,000 men. But when the Sixty-ninth boys went into the fight in earnest and acquitted themselves as befitting members of the noble old regiment then it was that Father Duffy rose to heroic heights. Every newspaper correspondent has sung his praises, and the boys—Catholics, Protestants and Jews—when they hear his name always speak in fonder terms of Father Duffy. General Pershing, the commander of all the American forces in France, is the latest to laud Father Duffy, when awarding the Distinguished Service Cross to him. Elsewhere in our news columns we tell the story. Here we shall quote an editorial tribute to Father Duffy from the New York Times of last Monday:

"There are heroes and heroes: some who achieve fame in hot blood, in a fine frenzy winning their laurels, others who have heroism thrust upon them in the imminent deadly breach, for life is dear; but rarer is the hero whose flame of valor burns luminously, steadily, inspiringly, whenever death confronts men and that the soul that loves its kind. Such a hero is Father Duffy, chaplain of the One Hundred and Sixty-fifth Regiment, the old Sixty-ninth, to whom General Pershing has awarded the Distinguished Service Cross."

Father Duffy is the hero of a regiment of which heroism is always expected. Chaplain and non-combatant, he devoted himself, when it crossed the Ourcq on July 28 in a hell of fire, to bringing in the wounded as well as to bandaging the last words of the dying, oblivious of danger, thinking only of those in danger, tireless in helpfulness, spending his strength in good deeds—lion hearted tender Father Duffy! In making the award, which so many brave soldiers covet, General Pershing said of the chaplain's work on the three terrible days from July 28 to 31:

Despite constant and severe bombardment with shells and aerial bombs he continued to circulate in and about the two aid stations and hospitals, creating an atmosphere of cheerfulness and confidence by his courageous and inspiring example."

Long before the decoration was bestowed upon Father Duffy the men of the old Sixty-ninth wanted to have his praises sung, so that New York should be as proud of their hero as they were, but a vigilant censor deleted his name from the despatches. Of what avail? The censor may have done his duty as he saw it, but now all America, and England, too, no doubt, is ringing with the story of how Francis P. Duffy did his duty, as he loved to do

stowed, and workrooms where women and girls can earn some money

publicity will result in the appointment of some Catholic representative on the Palestine Relief Board, but, unfortunately, this body is a Protestant organization, and the only remedy is for Catholics to send funds for their own people to the Catholic missionaries, direct.

HEROISM OF CHAPLAIN UNDER FIRE

In the letters that come from the front are so many pathetic and heroic traits that one is inclined after more than three years' war, to consider them as a matter of course. Tragedy has lost its element of novelty, and we have grown used to incidents that in less strenuous times would have impressed us deeply. The following anecdote has been related by the officer who witnessed it, and who in fact was, when the incident took place, in command of an important post, a fort in the region of Verdun, that the Germans attacked incessantly. From their entrenched position behind the half destroyed outworks the defenders of Verdun saw a young lieutenant, a mere boy, who either because he did not realize the situation or else had been impelled by the rashness of youth, was quietly crossing a particular dangerous zone, swept by the German's shells and bullets. One of these struck the lad, who fell, whereupon the military chaplain solicited the officer's permission to go to him. This meant certain death, and the leave was impatiently refused; but the chaplain, took leave to be repulsed. He continued to entreat his chief, who ended by giving way; he then started on his errand of charity, but he too was struck, probably by the same marksman. His body lay at no great distance from the fort, and, to the officer's surprise, another soldier, a curé, was seen to make for the spot. With deep reverence, leisurely, as if performing a sacred rite, he bent over the dead chaplain, took from his breast the "custode," containing several consecrated Hosts, that were touched by the enemy's bullets; before piercing the heart of the priest he had wounded the Sacred Hosts. "With a look of beatitude," the soldier communicated himself. "He had the face of an ecstatic," said the admiring chief.—The Sentinel of the Blessed Sacrament.

THE JERUSALEM PATRIARCH APPEALS FOR FUNDS

A serious state of things is disclosed in Palestine by the appeal made to Cardinal Logue and the faithful of Ireland from the Catholic Greek Patriarch of Jerusalem, through his Vicar General. The latter writes to say that not only are large sums of money for relief of the sufferers entirely in the hands of Protestants, but they are being used by the latter for proselytizing purposes. Food and clothing are be-



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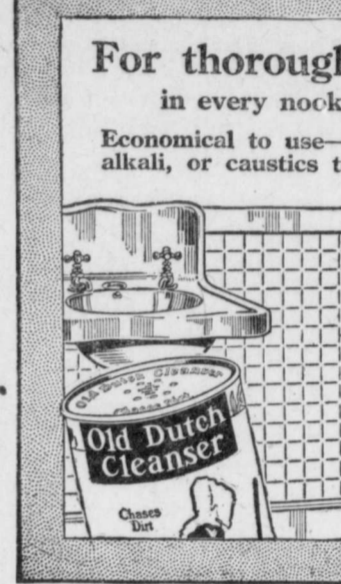
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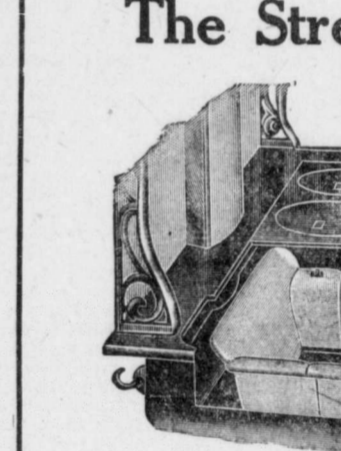
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Ever notice that steel rails are laid with a space at the ends—it is wider in winter than in summer. That space allows for stretching in the warm summer weather.

Kootenay fireboxes are made of nine pieces of pure semi-steel. They can expand without cracking. That is why Kootenay fireboxes last so long. If you do have to change a piece it comes out with a tap of a hammer—no bolts, no rivets or other fastenings—just good accurate fitting.

"Service in the Kitchen."—Booklet Free

This is only one of the many features of the Kootenay Range described in a beautiful little booklet, "Service in the Kitchen," which will be mailed free on request. It tells all a woman wants to know about a range before she buys it.

McClary's Kootenay Range

London Toronto Montreal Winnipeg Vancouver St. John, N.B. Hamilton Calgary Edmonton Saskatoon

There is BIG MONEY IN TRAPPING

when you ship your RAW FURS to John Hallam Limited 230 HALLAM BUILDING, TORONTO.



CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

WHEN YOU'RE MAKING GOOD
The sun shines when you're making good.
Your heart is light, your pathway seems

A journey through a golden wood
Where all the trees bear golden dreams.
You laugh at trouble and at care.

The heart smiles when you're doing right.
The soul in wider measure wings;
Your feet tread upward to the light.

The perfect beauty of man's life
In golden revivings looms;
Your feet are on stair of stars,

DECISION

Decision is the outward sign of that inward strength called character.
It may at times be hasty and wrong;
It may become the occasion of injustice and lead to deplorable consequences.

Nothing will take the place of the faculty of decision if this be lacking.
Ability, learning, magnetism are useless when bereft of the dynamic force that makes them useful.

People in general are woefully astray in this matter. They will tell you in perplexity: "It is strange that Smith amounted to nothing.
He had talent and an excellent education; he made friends readily and many opportunities came his way, but he never seemed able to make anything of all these advantages."

Any keen analyst of human nature will assure you that the comparative measures of native ability and schooling in men are vastly overestimated.
These things are nothing more than raw material which is of little or no use until it is fashioned into available shape.

Masterful men make many mistakes, but they do not exaggerate these mistakes.
Few of those now recognized as the leaders in the various departments of modern affairs had time and again encountered heart-breaking failures and errors of policy, but they possessed a store of unflinching courage and confidence in themselves that enabled them to retrieve success from failure and order from chaos.

The career of Napoleon is an excellent instance. From the day when the ambitious and moody boy left his native Ajaccio to enter the military school to the day he reached the apex of achievement his life was a series of swift and accurate decisions.
He found early in the course of events that the majority of people, irrespective of position in society, are deficient in the faculty of decision, that they are waiting for someone to lead them.

A story of his Egyptian campaign illustrates the matter. Late one afternoon, as he was conducting a reconnaissance surrounded by his staff and a company of soldiers, the party found themselves caught in the rising tide.
In the gathering twilight it was impossible to determine which way the course to firm ground lay. Instantly the General issued the order: "Each man ride out in a different direction from me as a centre and let the first man who strikes firm ground call out." They

rode out like the spokes of a great wheel and in a few moments one announced that he had reached the shore and all followed to safety.
It was touch-and-go. Napoleon's career depended on that instantaneous and correct decision.

Without reference to the moral elements of the great Corsican's policies and considering his rise and fall in the light of cold fact, the ruin that finally enveloped him was the plain result of the loss of that faculty of decision that had made him an emperor.
The enervation that came from excess, the blindness of judgment that came from overindulged egotism swept him into the clutches of a merciless Nemesis. Had the Napoleon of Waterloo still possessed that faculty of decision that won him Marengo and Lodi and enabled him to outwit and crush one Austrian marshal after another with inferior armies the name of Wellington today could hardly be found in the histories.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

SHORT SKETCH OF LIVES OF SAINTS OF THE WEEK

OCTOBER 8.—ST. BRIDGET OF SWEDEN
Bridget was born of the Swedish royal family, A. D. 1304. In obedience to her father, she was married to Prince Ulfho of Sweden, and became the mother of eight children, one of whom, Catherine, is honored as a Saint.

OCTOBER 10.—ST. FRANCIS BORGIA
Francis Borgia, Duke of Gandia and Captain-General of Catalonia, was one of the handsomest, richest, and most honored nobles in Spain, when, in 1539, they was laid upon him the sad duty of escorting the remains of his sovereign, Queen Isabella, to the royal burying-place at Granada. The coffin had to be opened for him that he might verify the body before it was placed in the tomb, and so foul a sight met his eyes that he vowed never again to serve a sovereign who could suffer so base a change. It was some years before he could follow the call of his Lord; at length he entered the Society of Jesus to cut himself off from any chance of dignity or preferment. But his Order chose him to be its head. The Turks were threatening Christendom, and St. Pius V. sent his nephew to gather Christian princes into a league for its defence. The holy Pope chose Francis to accompany him, and, worn out though he was, the Saint obeyed at once. The fatigues of the embassy exhausted what little life was left. St. Francis died on his return to Rome, October 10, 1572.

OCTOBER 12.—ST. WILFRID, BISHOP
A quick walker, expert at all good works, with never a sour face—such was the great St. Wilfrid, whose glory it was to secure the happy links which bound England to Rome. He was born about the year 634, and was trained by the Celtic monks at Lindisfarne in the peculiar rites and usages of the British Church. Yet even as a boy Wilfrid longed for perfect conformity in discipline, as in doctrine, with the Holy See, and at the first chance set off himself for Rome. On his return he founded at Ripon a strictly Roman monastery, under the rule of St. Benedict. In the year 664 he was elected Bishop of Lindisfarne, and five years later was transferred to the See of York. He had to combat the passions of wicked kings, the cowardice of worldly prelates, the errors of holy men. He was twice exiled and once imprisoned; yet the battle which he fought was won. He swept away the abuses of many years and a koo national system, and substituted instead a vigorous Catholic discipline, modelled and dependent on Rome. He died October 12, 709, and at his death was heard the sweet melody of the angels conducting his soul to Christ.

TWENTY-THREE ANGLICAN MINISTERS JOIN CHURCH

London, September 3.—There has been a wave of animosity against the Church coming from the sects in these islands and the receding tide has left no fewer than twenty-three Anglican clergymen in the Net of the Fisherman. Of these 11 come from one diocese—that to which Bishop Henson was recently appointed—and it can only be supposed that the appointment of a man as chief shepherd who neither believes in the Divinity of our Blessed Lord nor in other fundamental truths of Christianity settled the question for these wavering. Among the others are three London clergymen, four vicars of country parishes, a bishop's secretary, who was received in France by the Bishop of Arras, having worked there for some time with the Red Cross, and four M. A's. No wonder that men as widely apart in the Anglican heresy as Bishop Gore of Oxford, who is "High," and Bishop Weldon, who is "Low," have nothing but spiteful things to say of the Catholic Church, particularly as her converts are not confined to the clergy but include a large proportion of the laity. Addressing a gathering of Anglicans who had met in the famous Church of St. Martin in the Fields, London, the other afternoon, Bishop Gore spoke of the desire of Anglicanism

OCTOBER 13.—ST. EDWARD THE CONFESSOR

Edward was unexpectedly raised to the throne of England at the age of forty years, twenty-seven of which he had passed in exile. On the throne, the virtues of his earlier years, simplicity, gentleness, lowliness, but above all his angelic purity, shone with new brightness. By a rare inspiration of God, though he married to content his nobles and people, he preserved perfect chastity in the wedded state. So little did he set his heart on riches, that thrice when he saw a servant robbing his treasury he let him escape, saying the poor fellow needed the gold more than he. He loved to stand at the palace gate, speaking kindly to the poor beggars and lepers who crowded about him, and many of whom he healed of their diseases. The long wars had brought the kingdom to a sad state, but Edward's zeal and

sanctity soon wrought a great change. His reign of twenty-four years was one of almost unbroken peace, the country grew prosperous, and ruined churches rose under his hand, the weak fell secure, and for ages afterwards men spoke with affection of the "days of good St. Edward." The holy king had a great devotion to building and enriching churches. Westminster Abbey was his latest and noblest work. He died January 5, 1066.

WOMAN'S MISSION

It is the fashion today to blame the woman for everything wrong in the world. "Find the woman" is the philosophy that is supposed to settle every difficulty. The latest thing is to blame her for the War. A writer in the Transcript declares that "had the mothers of Germany of a generation ago been true to their religion and insisted upon training their children accordingly the world-wide war could hardly have happened." That is a very easy way to cut the knot. But it is an argument that gets you nowhere. You cannot indict a whole nation, and you cannot indict the motherhood of the world.

But, while we can have no sympathy with these wholesale attacks upon woman, we have to recognize the fact that there are many evils for which women have been responsible, or rather it would be a better way to put it, that many evils have come to exist which women could have prevented. Says the Transcript writer:

"The mothers of today are making about as bad a failure with the children now growing up. The lack of home education, home training, home discipline, is a notorious and crying evil of the times. Of course there are a vast number of exceptions, a saving remnant in every community, but too many boys and girls run wild, choose their own associates and amusements, and are led into all manner of evil habits, with little or no restraint on the part of their parents. . . . Women also are responsible for most of their own troubles, domestic and otherwise."

"If a woman has once won the whole soul devotion of a decent man and subsequently loses his affection it is largely her own fault. She has simply ceased to be the woman he loved. Our divorce court grists and the multitude of separations tell the result. Likewise a mother who cannot by her motherly influence mould her child's character as she wishes is seriously lacking in her own character."

"That is a serious indictment. It does not lose its seriousness because it is not applicable to the majority of women. The God it does not apply to most of them. But that is should apply to even a small number is serious enough. And it does so apply. The influence of motherhood is almost beyond estimation. And it is because many women have fallen from the motherhood ideal that much of the evil which could have been prevented has happened. The woman who goes to the divorce courts or is dragged into them has no conception of the duties of motherhood; the woman who is vain, a pursuer of pleasure and fashion at the cost of the happiness of her home has never learned that her greatest glory is the bringing up of children to be good men and women."

"Thank God our Catholic women are not victims of the divorce evil. But some of them have followed the evil example of the world and have lost the knowledge that their greatest duty and privilege in life is to bring up children in the fear and love of God. The seriousness of the world today is turning hearts back to God. The women of this country have responded admirably to the appeals to their loyalty. They have come to see that a nation depends upon its manpower, and that manpower depends upon their steadfastness to the motherhood ideal. Woman is finding that her true mission in life is after all the good old motherhood, the making of good men.—Boston Pilot.

for union with the Eastern Churches and said that his church and the "Orthodox" church stood for a wider catholicism than that of the Roman communion and Roman authority—a catholicity which repudiated the despotism of the Pope. The other gentleman, Bishop Weldon, considers that the Catholic Church should have no part in the reunion of the Christian churches because she will not make overtures to Anglicans, Nonconformists or members of the Orthodox church.

MANY PROBLEMS ARE FACING CHURCH

That the Church and country are face to face with many problems; that a Catholic civic forum should be established in Brooklyn, and that Catholic literature should receive better support was the message that Rev. Richard H. Tierney, S. J., editor of America, delivered to the delegates of Federation at the quarterly meeting in St. Ambrose's School Hall, Brooklyn. Father Tierney, in his usual forceful manner, thrilled his entire audience. Although he claimed unpreparedness, he delivered a message that those fortunate to be present will never forget.

He spoke as follows: "I did not come here this afternoon to deliver an oration or make to give you an informal talk on some of the problems which we are to face within the immediate future and after the War. Some of these problems are economic, some social, but Catholics in general, and Federation in particular, must play an important part in their solution."

"First let us consider what might be called the woman question. This brings into being a problem which has especially come to the fore recently. Women now have to vote. The various political leaders are giving the entry of this new element into politics considerable thought. The Democrats, the Republicans and the Socialists are saying: 'How are we going to attract these new voters to our party?' They will endeavor to place planks in their platforms that will appeal to a majority of the women. They will undoubtedly appeal to the emotions, to the heart; they will appeal to the primal instincts, the school, the home, the child. And the good morality of those planks will depend not so much upon the platform makers as the disposition of women. If the woman voter wants easy divorce laws, anti-religious schools, etc., and if she makes her views known then we can expect platform planks containing pledges to de-Christianize the Nation. What will be the attitude of women? It depends upon the Catholic women to decide the question. If our women do not go to the polls, if they do not take a superior activity in deciding what platforms shall contain, if they do not make their presence and power known just as much as those of the radical type, then we can expect to find the Church and America face to face with a problem that will work tremendous harm."

ANTI-FEMININE LEADERS

"There is another side to this same question. I have lived in many parts of the world and have become familiar with the philosophy of many professional and influential women. Most of them are anti-feminine and anti-domestic. Their theories are being exploited day and night in a subtle and deadly way. They aim to spread about an anti-domestic philosophy. And conditions are aiding them. We are putting women into painful occupations so fast that no one has time to inquire into the moral surroundings which in many cases are bad. What is the effect on a woman who works twelve hours a day on the trolley cars brushing shoulders with many undesirable elements? It simply brings about a deadening of her instincts and a decay of the domestic ideal. Destroy the domestic ideal and you destroy the nation. Let us at once destroy the moral surroundings which in many cases are bad. 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HOLY NAME SOCIETY AT THE FRONT

CORDIAL CO-OPERATION AND HEARTY ENDORSATION OF CANADIAN OFFICERS

BISHOP'S LETTER OF ABSORBING INTEREST

London, Ont., Oct. 1st, 1918.

Editor CATHOLIC RECORD:

No news can make more pleasant reading for our Canadian Catholics than the fact that the religious and spiritual welfare of the men in the Canadian Army Overseas is being actively and zealously promoted, and the knowledge I obtained of this fact was one of my greatest consolations during my recent visit to the Front. I ask the courtesy of your columns to communicate to your readers one very striking evidence both of the religious activity of our Canadian Catholic Chaplains and of the sympathy and co-operation of the distinguished Commanding Officers of our splendid Canadian Army. It concerns the establishment and promotion of the Holy Name Society in the Canadian Corps.

The idea originated with the Reverend Andrew MacDonnell, O. S. B., Catholic Chaplain in the Twelfth Canadian Infantry Brigade. Father MacDonnell placed the matter before the Brigade Commanding General J. H. MacBrien, who gave the project his hearty support. A leaflet was issued setting forth the aims and objects of the Society and in this connection the following "Special Brigade Order" was issued:

SOCIETY OF THE HOLY NAME "Officers, N. C. O.'s, and men of the Brigade are invited to study and leaflet with the above title, which will soon be distributed to all ranks.

The object in calling this matter to the attention of the Brigade is to emphasize the importance of refraining from blasphemous and vile or indecent language, and to point out that there is a great necessity for the prayers of all that our cause may be victorious. Even the best soldiers gain strength from, and are better for, prayer.

The object is to form a Society which, when formed, will be composed of thinking men who realize that morale is as vital to the success of an Army as proficiency in arms and plentiful munitions, and further that morale in its best sense, cannot be separated from religion.

The aim of the Society is to honour the name of Jesus, thereby to invoke the blessing of God on our arms and so obtain victory. "The members of the Society undertake on their word of honour— (a)—To hold in honour, love, and due reverence the name of God and our Lord Jesus Christ, consequently (b)—To avoid its improper use in profanity, cursing, in idle or vain talk. To avoid all blasphemy. (c)—To restrain their tongue from foul language, from all indecency in speech.

The whole subject will be placed before the Brigade and fully explained by the Chaplains on three consecutive Sundays. After the first Sunday, a copy of the leaflet dealing with the subject will be distributed to the Company Commanders, so that each man in the Brigade will have a copy. When the subject matter has been read and thought over by the men for a week, each Platoon Commander will get the name of every N. C. O. and man who wishes to join the Society.

The method of becoming a member (a)—To sign the promise on last page of leaflet and hand same to Platoon Commander. Or (b)—To inform the Platoon Commander that he is willing to undertake what the Society required, although he does not care to sign any form. The signatures, as well as names of those joining up but not signing, shall be handed to O. C. Companies who will give them to the Chaplains for enrolment.

A preliminary meeting of Commanding Officers and Senior Officers of the Brigade will be called on a date to be fixed later to consider the aims of the Society and to devise further ways of promoting the same. It is hoped that the Society shall have members from every Canadian Unit in France, and as it originated within this Brigade, that all members of the Brigade shall give it their hearty support."

(Sgd.) J. H. MACBRIEN, Brigadier-General, Commanding 12th Canadian Infantry Brigade.

From the twelfth Brigade the idea of the Holy Name Society spread throughout the Canadian Forces, and the membership was greatly increased by the sympathetic attitude and encouraging words of the officers in high command. The leaflet setting forth the purposes of the Society had a preface which contained the following letters:

"This little leaflet is timely, helpful and necessary, pointing out our duty in touching and convincing language, supported by well chosen proofs from Holy Writ. I am most anxious that it should be placed in the hands of all ranks of the 1st Canadian Division. We shall all be the better for reading it, and adhesion to the Society of the Holy Name will be a strong prop to support many a man who might otherwise transgress thoughtlessly or wilfully."

A. C. MACDONNELL, Major General, Commanding 1st Canadian Division.

"A man is all the better soldier for a firm faith and belief in the Divine Power, but irrespective of the religious aspect, profane, obscene, and baseless language is unmanly and unbecoming.

"I am glad to think that it is not common amongst our men. I hope that the pamphlet will have a wide circulation in this Division and be sympathetically considered by all ranks."

(Sgd.) G. LIPSETT, Major General, Commanding 3rd Canadian Division.

"The remarks in this leaflet are of beautiful religious sentiment, and contain sound advice, which should make all its readers better men.

"I earnestly hope that every Officer, N. C. O. and man in the Division which I have the honor to command will read and take to heart the contents of this leaflet."

(Sgd.) D. WATSON, Major General, Commanding 4th Canadian Division.

There was indeed but one further endorsement to give the Holy Name Society the highest official approbation in the Canadian Corps. It came with a confession of Christian faith that does equal honor to the Army and to its brilliant and beloved Commander, Sir Arthur W. Currie, who wrote to the Director of Chaplain Services in the following terms:

"My attention has been drawn to the fact that in one of the Divisions of the Corps, there has been formed the 'Society of the Holy Name,' the members of which pledge themselves to honour the Name of God the Father and of Jesus Christ, His Son and our Saviour.

"I would like to be enrolled as a member. I know that on many occasions I shall probably fail, but with God's help, I shall try to keep His Name hallowed and not take it in vain.

"In taking this pledge our attitude should not be merely a negative one. While pledging ourselves to refrain from using blasphemous language, we should endeavour by our words, by our actions and by the thoughts of our hearts to show our faith, our confidence and our trust in the love and power of Him Who gave His only begotten Son to die upon the Cross that whosoever believed in Him should not perish but should have everlasting Life.

"May our daily prayer to the Great Ruler of the Universe be 'Thy will be done.'"

Yours faithfully, (Sgd.) A. W. CURRIE.

When the history of the Great War is written it will contain many pages of fascinating interest and describe many events of supreme importance. But among them none will be more deserving of immortality than the simple, beautiful story of the formation of the Holy Name Society in the Canadian Corps in France.

(Sgd.) M. F. FALLON, Bishop of London.

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH EXTENSION SOCIETY OF CANADA

RUTHENIAN PROBLEM IN SASKATCHEWAN

Seventy thousand Ruthenians are today within the bounds of the Province of Saskatchewan. These Ruthenians are, almost without exception, Catholics. In doctrine, they hold and believe what we hold and believe and differ from us of the Latin rite only in ceremonial. In a word, the Ruthenians are our brethren in Christ and are members of the household of the faith.

Scattered over the vast Province of Saskatchewan these Catholics are in a disorganized state. Disorganization arises from two causes, viz., the lack of priests and the invasion of moneyed enemies of the Catholic Faith.

To minister to Seventy Thousand Catholic Ruthenians there are at present only four priests. Catholic schools and Catholic school teachers are a minus quantity.

The Educational Department of the Saskatchewan Government directs Separate Schools in the Province. Because of the disorganized condition of the Ruthenian congregations the school law, so favorable to Catholics, cannot be advantageously put into operation.

In the large district surrounding Yorkton—ministered to by two Redemptorist Fathers of the Greek Rite—there are many schools attended by Ruthenian children. But, these children from about 3,000 Ruthenian Catholic families have at present only one Catholic teacher in the Public Schools.

When we recollect that the two priests, above mentioned, serve—or rather make an abortive attempt to serve—twenty-six missions we can readily understand how impossible it is to give these children Catholic instruction. The results of these adverse conditions are only too evident and spell spiritual disaster.

A private Boarding School has been established at Yorkton under the direction of the Immaculate Conception nuns. In this school, one hundred children—boys and girls—in the lowest grades of the primary school, are accommodated. One hundred and thirty-seven children were refused admission to this school this year; there was no room for them.

At present there is no Catholic school for boys and girls fit for the seventh or eighth grades. As a result they attend the Public Schools or leave school for good. In either

case, religious instruction ceases and the future hope of the Catholic Church in Saskatchewan is disappointed.

What is the remedy? Only one cure—Catholic Schools and Catholic teachers!

Christian Brothers and Sisters have it in their power, if they take up the work to save thousands of souls. The Establishment of schools and teachers demands an initial expenditure of money and some self-sacrifice. The will to sacrifice personal likes and comforts is, we know, not wanting in our teaching orders but the sums of money necessary for this work are not within reach.

Can't the Ruthenian Bishop attend to the matter? No! The task, as it stands today, is super-human and surpasses the power of any one man or charitable association.

The Catholic Ruthenian problem, in Saskatchewan alone, is so difficult and complex that it demands for solution the united efforts of the Catholic dioceses of Canada.

If this effort is made the dioceses of Canada will not, as now, rejoice and glory over a mere handful of converts made each year but will have to their credit thousands of souls saved to God and the Church.

The facts given above are on the authority of Bishop Budka, the Redemptorist Fathers and from the personal observation of an officer of the Extension Society.

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.

DONATIONS Previously acknowledged... \$840 00 J. C. Belleville... 1 00 P. O'Brien, St. John's, Nfld... 4 00 Mrs. A. Giguere, Cobden... 5 00

GOLDEN WEDDING

On Saturday, Sept. 28th, a very happy event took place in Owen Sound, when Mr. and Mrs. Michael Forhan celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of their marriage.

During his lifetime spent in Owen Sound Mr. Forhan has been one of the town's most useful and energetic citizens, serving for some years in the town council, and as a trustee of the Separate School Board. Later as a representative of the S. S. Board he served on the Collegiate Board for twenty years. For twelve years he was a member of the Hospital Board; a director in the Children's Aid Society since its inception, also a director in the Owen Sound Building and Savings Society since its incorporation.

With the late Rev. F. X. Granottier Mr. Forhan was closely associated in the many Catholic interests of the parish. Mrs. Forhan has always taken a deep interest in all church work, being President of the Altar Society and of the League of the Sacred Heart until ill health deprived her of the strength to conduct the work.

Solemn High Mass was celebrated at St. Mary's Church at nine o'clock; Rev. F. Roach, celebrated with Rev. Frs. Sharpe and McNulty as deacon and sub-deacon. Miss Mary Scully ably presided at the organ, and the solos were beautifully rendered by Mrs. J. E. Doyle, Misses Viola McLarty, Lynette and Mr. R. Keenan. During the Offertory Mrs. Amyot sang Lige's Ave Maria and O Salutaris at the conclusion of Mass to the great pleasure of all present.

The children of St. Mary's school attended in a body out of respect for one who had worked so long and successfully in their interests.

Luncheon was served later at their beautiful home on the West Hill to the officiating clergy, Mrs. Isabel Julien, Mr. Leon Julien, Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Doyle and daughter Isabel, the immediate members of the family and the house party which included Rev. Mother General Clare of the Ursulines; Sister Aloysius (nee Miss Beatrice Forhan), London; Mrs. Josephine Forhan, Detroit; Mrs. Amyot and daughters Ima and Margaret, Windsor; and Mr. and Mrs. P. H. Forhan, Hepworth.

In the afternoon an informal reception was held which gave many old friends an opportunity of congratulating Mr. and Mrs. Forhan and wishing them many more years of happiness.

THE TABLET FUND

Toronto, Oct. 1st, 1918. Editor CATHOLIC RECORD: I thank you for giving space to the Appeal for the Tablet Fund for the Relief of the Belgians. So far I have received because of this appeal:

- Previously acknowledged... \$1,588 49 Women's Institute, Clayton... 8 00 E. A. Dwyer, Dwyer Hill... 1 00 In memory of John and Joseph Mahoney, Douro... 2 00 A Friend, Ottawa... 2 00 Miss E. J. Rankins, Ottawa... 1 00 Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Breen, Renfrew... 1 00 N. C. Mount Carmel... 5 00 D. and E... 10 00 Miss F. Podleski, London... 3 00 Women's Institute, Clayton... 5 00

If you would be good enough to acknowledge publicly these amounts in the columns of the Record I would be very grateful.

Respectfully yours, W. E. BLAKE, 98 Pembroke St., Toronto.

DIED

MACKELL.—March 6th, 1917, John Mackell in his eighty-third year, at his late residence, 217 Waverley Street, Ottawa, Ont. May he rest in peace.

MACKELL.—September 7th, 1918, Mrs. Ellen Mackell, widow of the late John Mackell, in her seventy-eighth year, at her late residence 217 Waverley Street, Ottawa, Ont. May she rest in peace.

COLLISON.—On Sept. 11, 1918, at his late residence Biddulph Tp., Jos. R. Collison aged fifty-nine years. May his soul rest in peace.

KING OF BELGIUM CONFERS MEDAL ON SISTER OF CHARITY

The Belgian minister to Great Britain, Baron Moncheur, who was formerly minister at Washington, D. C., has transmitted the following communication to the Superior, Rev. Mother Lambertine of the Sisters of Charity of Our Lady of Mercy, which has branch houses in Willimantic, Baltic and Tataville, Conn.:

Legation de Belgique. Madam—I have the pleasure to inform you that the King of the Belgians has been graciously pleased to confer upon you the "Medaille de Reine Elisabeth," in recognition of the kind help and valuable assistance you have personally given to the Belgian refugees and the Belgian soldiers during the War.

The insignia of this medal will be forwarded to you in due course.

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TEACHERS WANTED

TEACHER WANTED, HOLDING FIRST OR second class certificate, for R. C. S. S. No. 7, Rochester. Duties to commence Oct. 15. Apply stating salary and experience to John Dunn, Woodlee, Ont. R. R. No. 3. 2085-2

CHILDREN FOR ADOPTION

THE CHILDREN'S AID SOCIETY OF Guelph have under their care as wards of their Society four girls from eleven to three years of age, and a boy eight years of age, for whom they wish to secure good foster homes. All are Roman Catholics. Address: Amos Towel, 291 Queen St., Guelph, Ont. 2085-3

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through the intermediary of this legation. Forsake yourself, resign yourself, and you shall enjoy great inward peace. Give all for all. Ask for nothing, desire no return. You shall be free in heart and darkness shall not cover you.—a Kempis.

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