

# The Catholic Record.

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

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### OVERWORKING IT

Imagination may be the director and incentive of energy and it may also be a source of delusion. When it becomes superheated, as in the case of some clerical individuals, we have weird stories about the Church. We wonder why they do it. We presume that they are able to read and disposed to be fair minded. Yet with a wealth of information at hand they persist in gathering the discarded fotsam and jetsam of controversial waters. They pin scripture tags upon it and forthwith exploit it as an argument against the Church. The other day, for instance, we heard a statement to the effect that a Catholic cannot be a loyal subject of Canada. Despite the fact that this charge is very old, a derelict abandoned by common-sense and experience, it was welcomed into port by the good man and exhibited as a prize to, let us say, the Orangemen who worship loyalty Lodge-made and of the yellow variety. This type of clergymen is allowed at large because he perpetrates prejudices and is useful to the vote seekers whose way to Parliament is lighted by the fire of religious bigotry. They would be silenced or at least have their area of operation very much restricted if the respectable Protestant, who, according to report, frowns upon such methods, would give his frown energetic expression. Unnameable to argument they could however be forced to understand that the antics of a buffoon and the language of groundlings are incompatible with a serious profession.

### ANOTHER VICTIM

Another victim of perverted imagination is General Richardson of the Ulster volunteers. After the war he is going to "relegate Home Rule to the devil." There is his idea of loyalty. Drunk with hatred he would rather see law and order swept away than obey any mandate that does not harmonize with his ideas. While Catholic Irishmen are going to death for the Empire, this brave warrior is beginning a requiem for its death. While Catholic Irishmen are dying this soldier is flaunting his Orange insolence in the face of the Briton and getting ready for a bed in a psychopathic ward. Perhaps Earl Kitchener will give him the medicine he needs so badly and without delay.

### THE DREAMERS

Just now we have astrologers, crystal-gazers, etc., discussing the war, and making solemn pronouncements as to the results. They are given much attention because, we presume, they touch on and flatter the feelings and prejudices of many people. They remind us of the members of the "Anglo-Israel Association" who not so many years ago worked out a theory much to their own satisfaction and to the unquestioning belief of their readers. The theory was that the history of the British people began in the very twilight of known records. Queen Victoria was the lineal descendant of King David. The three lions on the royal standard were the lions of the tribe of Judah. The Coronation Stone at Westminster was identified as the stone which served as a pillow for Jacob's head. England was the stone cut out of the mountain without hands, that smote the feet of iron and clay in a tabulated series of victories from remote times down to Waterloo. This theory once widely popular is a classic example of the easy credulity of times past. And to-day, despite the Carnegie library and an enlightened generation, the dreamer and the prophet have many followers.

### FALLEN OUT

Carranza and Villa, who play the principal roles in the Mexican tragedy of sordid lust, robbery and murder, are no longer friends. Carranza charges Villa with the killing of U. B. Benton, regardless of international consequences. He condemns him for crimes against religion, etc. Perhaps our friends over the border who were disposed, judging from their apathy, to regard accounts of Mexican atrocities as exaggerated may

awake and bring into play the influence of which they boast. Carranza, who ought to know, tells them what is happening at their doors. Others have told them of unspeakably vile outrages against nuns and priests. True, they have "whereased and resolved" without, however, checking the tide of horror and misery that rushes over Mexico. Are we to infer that they are in the Republic on sufferance only or esteemed so little by the authorities that outrages against Catholics cause never a ripple in administrative circles. We venture to say that if Protestants had had suffered a tithe of the misery which has fallen to the lot of Mexican Catholics action with a business end to it would have been taken ere now. The newspaper would flame with indignation and from all over the country would come protests reminding legislators of their duties to their constituents. This has been done before and with prompt results. But so far, with the exception of articles in America, the protest of the Federation of Societies and a feeble bleat from a few newspapers, we have heard nothing. Perhaps they don't wish to embarrass the Government or are too persistent in devotion to Job, their patron saint

### THE CRITIC

We have just read a criticism on the "Glories of Mary," a book written many years ago by St. Alphonsus Liguori. The critic regards it as too florid in style and devoted to the championship of idolatry. So far as idolatry is concerned we may say that prejudice obscured the vision of the critic. What he thought was the text was but merely the reflection of his preconceived ideas. Others before him who were not afraid of the charge of controversial dishonesty, have also, by distorting sentences and wresting them from their context, made the saint a champion of idolatry. As to style St. Alphonsus wrote his book for the simple and imaginative and hot blooded people of Southern Italy. He wished to make them love the Immaculate Mother whose chivalrous Knight he was during all his years. He sought to make them realize her dignity, her prerogatives, and he succeeded because his methods were suited to the temperament of his readers. And national temperament affects, as our critic will admit, not only literature but also its mode of religious expression. But when a critic measures Italian books by his temperament he is apt to engender a suspicion that his critical qualifications are inadequate. He may not like it any more than people who feed on rag-time like Bach or symphonies, but his dislike is not an irrefutable argument against this little book. It is merely a sign that he is not keyed up enough to appreciate the music that came vibrant and hot from a saintly heart. When Miss Mulock in her "Fair France" says that "in Scotland they stand and are prayed at, in England they sit and are prayed for, and only in Catholic churches old and young, rich and poor, kneel down and pray for themselves," she gives our critic a portrayal of national temperament.

### SPIRITISM

To a correspondent we beg to say that the Church has had to do with spiritism from the very beginning. Modern spiritism when it is not fraud is necromancy and is forbidden in Deuteronomy 18, 10-11: "Let there be not found among you any that consulteth pythonic spouts, nor fortune tellers or that seeketh the truth from the dead." It is sometimes difficult to distinguish manifestations produced by trickery from those produced by the demons. But there are tests by which the distinction is made reasonably sure. When we see, for instance, an inanimate object rap out by indicating letters of the alphabet an answer to a question a sensible man will conclude that an intelligent being has communicated its power to the object that appears to give the answer. To suppose otherwise would be opposed to the principle which forms the basis of all sound reasoning, viz., that the cause includes the effect.

The people who amuse themselves in this wise are wont to say that the manifestation given by the "Ouija"

or Planchette are due to magnetism or to electricity. That they know little about electricity does not trouble them. But no conceivable development of the power of electricity can make an inert body move itself or cause a piece of wood to answer questions.

We have heard it said that the spirits who speak through mediums are the souls of departed friends. Catholics of course understand that the souls enjoying the beatific vision cannot be torn from their bliss by a medium for the amusement of those who do not believe in the existence of the devil. "Demons," says St. Thomas, "frequently pretend that they are the souls of the dead to confirm in their error the Gentiles who entertained this belief." This is the greatest delusion about Spiritism and the most fatal because it is the most attractive. "When the clever demons," says a writer, who by their fall have not lost their superior intelligence, and other gifts essential to their nature, counterfeit the ways and manner of a deceased friend of those who invoke the spirits, they bind the unfortunate victim of their deceit to their service by bonds that seem almost hopeless by any instruction or argument ever to loosen."

Learned priests in Europe have told me Catholics thus seduced seem to be absolutely incurable.

### THE CHURCH'S LOVE OF HER DEAD

The Rev. Kenelm Digby Best, who died some weeks ago, wrote in the Irish Monthly, (Nov., 1911) with great tenderness of the love of the Church for her dead. He spoke of the Protestant denial of assistance to the dead as un-Christian—"for it is so opposed to all our Saviour did and said." He continued, speaking of our Lord:

He gave not only consolation to mourners but pity and tears to the dead. He is the "same for ever." He is the Resurrection and the Life: but He hides His time, and is in no haste to restore to vigor those wearied, worn out limbs, nor will He bring back the look and color to that marble countenance, nor awake from its rest that sleeping body which in meek and submissive decay returns to the dust from which it came. "Till the Day of the Resurrection of the body, He delays His promised raising up. But for the soul—the living, suffering soul, that loves Him and is loved by Him, that is a bride-soul espoused unto Him in eternal love—Jesus has pity and compassion. This Lover of souls from the beginning has understood and felt the harm and evil caused by sin to His dear ones. He and He alone had the remedy for such guilt and pain. . . . By His cross He redeemed the world. On the cross He expired, that by His death we might be born to a new life, a life of grace to be followed by a life of unending glory. King, though death may be, Jesus, the King of kings, has conquered death, deprived him of his victory and the grave of its sting. . . . On the cross He offered Himself for all—the living, the dead, the future generations of the human race; and He applies by means of the holy Mass this same offering to the souls of men throughout the ages. Thus, the "prisoners of hope" are not forgotten. . . . It is from the Sacred Heart of her divine Spouse that the Church has learned to love her dead children and offer Masses for the repose of their souls.

In the Mass of Marriage the Church showers spiritual favors and blessings on her children on their wedding day; in her administration of the last Sacraments she is loving, watchful, prayerful; "but when the soul is gone does she consider her duties as an end?" Oh no! "She has been given power to reach and help the departed soul wherever it may be, so long as the hands of God hold it." The very body of her dead child is specially honored. "Are the dead to be carried off and hurried away from the home of their life to the cold earth and the grave-digger's dismal lodging?" "Not so! Bring them to me. Suffer your dear ones to come to me," the Church exclaims, and at the door of her dwelling she receives her dead:

Then begins the Sacrifice itself—the Mass of Requiem. The ministers are clad in black mourning—not as subjects of Death, for he is vanquished, his reign is over; the vestments by their color express sympathy with sorrow, and emphasize the repentance that is calling out of the depths. The hand of the celebrant signs not himself, as is usual, but the dead before the altar. Meanwhile the Church's magnificent music of mourning breathes forth melodies with which even the boldest of musicians have hardly dared to tamper. No Gloria, no words or

signs of gladness; nay, a certain abbreviation as if to hasten the relief. And in the selection of Epistle and Gospel what tenderness is shown! Of course, on All Souls' Day, in Epistle and Gospel there is a ring of victory, a trumpet sound of hope and triumph, an assertion of the Resurrection, a proclamation of the coming of Christ our King to judge the living and the dead. But, take the Epistle of the Mass for the day of death or burial; it promises that we shall meet them again, that thus we and they "shall be always with the Lord," and it bids us to "console one another in these words."

The Gospel of the same Mass tells us what the Master said to comfort and console not Martha alone, but all those homes that are invaded by death: "Again, on the anniversary day, the Church does not forget her dead child; and, as though an excuse was needed for her tender faithfulness, she repeats in the Epistle of that Mass the words from Macabees: "It is a holy and wholesome thought to pray for the dead." And from the Gospel, to testify to her confidence, that they are safe, she repeats those solemn words of Jesus: "This is the will of the Father Who hath sent Me; that of all that He hath given Me I should lose nothing, but should raise it up again in the last day." In the Mass of Requiem for daily rest, what beautiful and consoling sentences do we find: "Blessed are the dead. The Spirit saith they rest from their labors." "He that eateth my Flesh hath eternal life, and I will raise him up in the last day." At the very time of the consecration the choir may sing softly and plaintively the "Jesu, salvator mundi, exaudi preces supplicum." And throughout, the priest sings his own part in notes that are in harmony with the sadness of a funeral. The "Agnus Dei" is changed: as though we asked nothing for ourselves: we implore the Lamb of God to give to our dead the peace of eternal rest.

The Church, after the Mass again with respect to her dead, and treats with respect "the temple of God" to which the Holy Spirit will return at the Resurrection. The Libera me Domine is chanted, the Absolutions are given—"Her last blessing on that last departure from the church in which so many sacraments were received:"

Meanwhile, what has the Lamb of God done for His poor Prisoners of Hope? "Remember, Lord, Thy servants who are gone before us, and rest in the sleep of peace." Thus have we besought Him to hasten to their aid. And doubtless, with His corn and wine. He has appeased their hunger and slaked their thirst by shortening the term of their imprisonment. Nay perhaps they are released and speed away to the bosom of Jesus at the very time when that sweet Lord enters under the roof of His priest, and consummates the Sacrifice for the living and the dead on His humble servant's heart!

Let others, then, give their flowers—they know no other, no better way of testifying grief and affection—but we can feel assured that our dead expect from us that which St. Monica alone asked of her priest-son, St. Augustine, Requiem Masses at the altar of the Lord.

### THE LEPELERS' FRIEND IS DEAD

FATHER CONRADY, WHO HAD ASSISTED FATHER DAMIEN AT MOLOKAI, DIES IN CHINA

News of the death of Father L. L. Conrady, in charge of the colony of Chinese lepers at Sheklung, China, reached this country, Father Conrady died among his lepers on August 24.

He was seventy-four years of age, and was ill for the greater part of his time in Sheklung, but he struggled heroically, always praying that, if he were to die before his purpose was accomplished, it might be from leprosy, a martyr! But though he handled the lepers daily through the years that he worked among them, he never contracted the disease. Father Conrady was ordained to the priesthood on June 15, 1867, and four years later became a missionary. It was during a visit to India in 1871 that he became impressed by personal observation with the horrors of leprosy. This led him to offer his services to Father Damien, then working among the Molokai lepers. At that time the latter was in good health, and as he had only a small number of lepers to care for he advised Father Conrady to postpone his coming until later.

In 1887, however, when the dread disease attacked him, Father Damien was glad to accept the kind offer of help, and summoned Father Conrady to his side. He went and attended the "Martyr of Molokai" during his fatal sickness, and at his death succeeded him as head of the leper mission, where he remained until 1898. Father Conrady went from Molokai to Canton, China, intending to devote the remainder of his life to the Chinese lepers, but at that time, owing to lack of funds, he was ob-

liged to give up the idea. Accordingly he returned to America and studied medicine in Portland, Ore., from 1896 to 1900, and in the latter year received his medical diploma.

The determination to devote his life to the lepers was never given up, and after years of patient waiting his services were at last accepted, about five years ago, by Bishop Merel of Canton, China.

Shortly after his seventieth birthday, which occurred two years ago, rumor had it that Father Conrady had at last contracted the dread disease, and the good priest had the unique experience of reading the announcement of his own death. He remarked on this occasion to one of the Sisters: "No, I am not dead, nor do I wish to die. I want to live as long as I can for the sake of my poor lepers. When my time comes, I am willing to die for them—it is my fondest wish—but may the day be as far off as possible!"

Few are of the heroic mould of the aged French priest, who, when he had passed the age of what has been sometimes called the limit of usefulness, undertook the arduous task of rescuing the Lord thousands of Chinese lepers, for whom no one cared and whom most of their own leathers.

Father Conrady was one of the heroic band that joined Father Damien, the leper martyr, in Molokai, where he worked as the companion of Father Damien for twelve years. In 1896 he went to Canton to offer his services to the Chinese lepers, but it was only in 1906 that he finally succeeded in starting work on the Island of Sheklung, where, amid trial and tribulation, he fought the battle of the leper. Harassed by brigands, who stole his supplies and ransacked his island, and by floods that destroyed his trees and his homes, he toiled bravely, always trusting in the Lord to give him the strength to see his purpose accomplished. His prayer was answered, for, before his death, he saw two assistants established on the island, on which seven hundred lepers are cared for by them and a number of Sisters which he secured for the work. Father Conrady alone baptized thousands of lepers, who later died in the Faith.

And now our Lord has called him to his well-earned reward, after allowing him to see his humble beginnings blessed with success, for the Chinese government has entrusted to Bishop Merel the entire leper settlement of Canton, containing about one thousand lepers, of whom two hundred female patients have been placed in charge of the Sisters of the Immaculate Conception of Montreal.—Omaha True Voice.

### K. OF C. AID SOLDIERS

WILL PAY INSURANCE FOR MEMBERS KILLED IN WAR

At the quarterly meeting of the board of directors of the Knights of Columbus held in New York recently, it was decided to pay insurance to all members of the order who lose their lives in the European war. None of the fraternal or old-line insurance policies covers the loss of life in war, and the Knights of Columbus is the first order in America to make such a liberal ruling. The announcement is taken as an evidence of the excellent financial condition of the insurance department of the society.

Quite a few members of the Knights of Columbus are in the European armies, so that the order is liable to have to pay a number of insurance claims. They are mostly men who came to this country and became American citizens, joining the order, then went back to aid their mother countries when the war broke out.—St. Paul Bulletin.

### THE PATHETIC DEATH OF A PRIEST SOLDIER

The Pope has written to the Archbishop of Cologne to express his gratification that the German Emperor has ordered that French priests who have been taken as prisoners of war shall be treated as officers. There are at present some 20,000 French priests serving as privates in the ranks of the French army. The conscription law makes no exception in favor of those in Holy Orders. If they are of the proper age and physically fit for military service, they must shoulder a rifle and take their place in the ranks.

Lieutenant Granier who has just died of his wounds in the hospital of Besancon was one of these conscripted priests. He was leading his company when he was hit on the hip by a bursting shell. In the Catholic Press Association account of his death we read: "Newly ordained a priest, they found on his breast, when he was undressed in hospital, a scrap of paper on which was carefully written the formula of absolution, which he had cherished in case any of the precious words should escape his memory, a pathetic suggestion of the young career. His greatest happiness when dying was that he had kept, even through the hard days of fight-

ing, the undertaking he had made at the commencement of his studies for the priesthood—namely, to say daily the fifteen mysteries of the Rosary." It was a pathetic ending of a noble life which had been consecrated to the saving of souls, but which was doomed by an atheistic government to end in the act of trying to kill others.—N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

### CARDINAL URGES PRIESTS TO RETURN

TELLS THEM SUCH ACTION WILL INDUCE BELGIANS TO COME BACK TO HOMES

London, Oct. 28.—Cardinal Mercier, Archbishop of Malines, has circulated a letter to his priests, scattered throughout France, Holland and Great Britain urging them all to return to their parishes, as the roads are open and public security is everywhere guaranteed. He says that their return will induce the Belgian refugees to seek their homes again and thus assist in the resumption of normal life.

The Cardinal adds that the German Governor of Antwerp has authorized him to declare that the young men need have no fear of being taken prisoners into Germany, either to be enrolled in the army or employed at forced labor; that the general population will not be held responsible for individual infringements of the police regulations, and that both German and Belgian authorities will take all possible steps to procure food supplies for the people.—N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

### PORTABLE WIRELESS WINS PRIEST FAME

(Special Cable Despatch to the Globe)

Milan, Nov. 4.—Professor Domenico Argentieri Abruzzi, a priest, whose recent claim to have invented a small portable wireless telegraphy apparatus capable of receiving messages from high power stations at even 1,250 miles distant has raised a storm of controversy in Italy, to day triumphantly demonstrated the genuineness of his invention.

At the British Embassy in Rome, in the presence of a large gathering of public men and scientific experts, including Sir Rennell Rodd, he gave a series of astonishing experiments without bobbins or receiving poles or other stock-in-trade connected with radio telegraphy.

A simple switch, attached by ordinary domestic electric cord to his pocket apparatus, was what he used for intercepting the wireless communications transmitted by the London Foreign Office. He also picked up others from Paris and from the war vessels out at sea.

Some of the messages were in cipher, and their accuracy has been rigidly verified by French, Russian, and Japanese military and naval attaches, who also witnessed the experiments.

### A TRIBUTE TO THE NUNS IN HOSPITALS

A special correspondent of the Times, (London, England), at Nancy, in a long article on hospital work in France, writes:

The Civil Hospital, at present a civil hospital only in name, is another wonderfully well-equipped and well-offered institution, with the same spirit of devotion and self-sacrifice for the good of the nation running through it, and the same high level of surgical and scientific attainment among the members of the staff. The nurses here are largely Sisters of Religious Orders, and the affectionate care with which they all tend and mother the poor wounded men is unspeakably touching. And the men—*mes garcons* they call them—just love their nurses, and are as eager as they to show you their wounds, because they share their pride in the cure of them. War and wounds certainly have the effect of putting the human body in its right place and of doing away with all the false shams and prudery with which we are so apt to surround it. When these thousands of men are well and strong again it hardly seems possible that they can ever forget the frank purity of those sweet-faced, tender-hearted Sisters of Mercy, or can ever forget the lessons of the dignity of the body and of life that they have unconsciously learnt from them. One day I saw some of them on their knees in the little chapel in the hospital grounds. The choir was singing some kind of a litaney, the burden or which was the words "sauvez la France," repeated over and over again. It was one of the days when the sound of the guns, from some trick of the wind, as well as from their actual nearness, was more than usually loud and close, and each time that the three words of the prayer rang out through the open door they were followed without a moment's pause by the booming roar of the heavy shells. And of the two, of the cannon that had shattered their limbs or the kneeling women that soothed and tended them, there was not, I think, much doubt in the minds of the wounded men as to which was the finer force—and the stronger.

### CATHOLIC NOTES

At Bellgrade, in Servia, the government has never permitted the erection of a Catholic church, although the city has 3,000 Catholics. The recent concordate will probably remedy this.

In the current issue of L'Illustration, of Paris, France, there is a beautiful picture of Franciscan nuns of the Chatelets, near St. Brieux, at work in the harvest field in their white robes and wide flowing veils. They are cutting wheat, and stacking it in place of the young peasants who are engaged in the war.

The attention of the Secretary of War and the Postmaster General has been called to a letter showing that American soldiers are suffering from a flood of immoral reading matter circulated by stealth. The Rev. Franz J. Feinler, Catholic chaplain at Tokyo, Japan, and formerly with the First U. S. Infantry, has received complaints from a soldier friend of the circulation of this evil matter.

A movement has been started in New Zealand to raise a memorial monument over the grave of Thomas Bracken, a Catholic Irishman, whose work as a journalistic writer and poet gained him an affectionate place in the hearts of New Zealanders. One of Mr. Bracken's poems "Not Understood," has become well known throughout the English speaking world.

Among the list of killed in battle printed in Paris, recently, are the names of three priests and a Christian brother who were serving in the army. They are a priest named Beau, who was a sub-lieutenant in the Alpine Chasseurs; Brother Jourlin, head of the St. Vincent de Paul Society, a sub-lieutenant, who met his death during the bombardment of Longwy, and two other priests, Sergeants Manent and Beckenmeier.

A statement lately appeared in a New York paper attributing to Bishop O'Donnell of Raphoe a declaration that no Irish leader has any right to pledge Irishmen's support to England against Germany. On learning of the statement, the Bishop at once telegraphed to New York saying that the statement attributed to him was "a concoction from beginning to end," and adding—"I work now as hitherto with the Irish leaders in their difficult task."

The Manchester Guardian, in an appreciative article on Mgr. Benson, recalls the fact that he was the first English Protestant since Toby Matthews who, being the son of a Protestant Archbishop in England, had joined the Church of Rome. It says that, like Newman, he wrote English with distinction, and that his influence in literature might have been more considerable had he been less concerned with literature as a means and more concerned with literature as an end. His latest book—a book of prayers for soldiers in the war—will shortly appear.

It is interesting to learn that China was represented in the Catholic episcopacy as early as 1885. The first and as yet the only Chinaman to be raised to the episcopacy was Gregory Lopez. He was born in 1818 at Fokien, became a convert of the Dominicans, studied at their college in Manila and later joined the order. After his ordination in 1844 he returned with a party of his colleagues to work for the conversion of his countrymen, and his labors were most fruitful. Pope Clement X. in 1865, appointed him Bishop of the northern portion of China. He fulfilled his duties with the utmost exactitude, and so highly did the Holy See approve of his conduct that he was granted the privilege of choosing his successor.

The University of Louvain, which is located in the city of the same name and which place was recently captured by the Germans, was founded by Pope Martin V. and the Duke John of Brabant in 1428. Students flocked there from all over the world. In the sixteenth century it had 4,000 students and 45 colleges. It was given up by the government in 1834, since that time has been conducted solely under Catholic auspices. Last year it had 2,000 students in attendance. Throughout the various buildings were to be found many carvings, sculptures and bas-reliefs by the old masters. Its library was especially valuable. It contained nearly 200,000 volumes, besides many manuscripts which were priceless.

It will, no doubt, be interesting to our readers to learn that two of the grandchildren of General U. S. Grant, President of the United States, after the war, were received into the Catholic Church during the past decade. These are Algernon Sartoris and his sister, Rosemary Sartoris, children of General Grant's daughter, Mrs. Nellie Grant Sartoris Jones of Chicago. Algernon Sartoris was received into the Church by Archbishop Glendon of New York, in 1906. His sister who married George H. Woolston of New York, in 1906, made her abjuration and received baptism and first Communion at the hands of Father Morris, a Passionist, in Hempstead, Long Island, in 1912. Her death occurred recently at the age of thirty-four.



SO AS BY FIRE

BY JEAN CONNOR

CHAPTER X  
THE SHADOW OF THE PAST

For a moment Barbara Greene's strong heart seemed to stand still, the gray eyes darkened and dilated with terror. Church, altar, worshippers—all were in a dizzy whirl about her—only a mighty effort of will kept her from fainting outright.

Then the clear, piercing glance passed her by, the deep voice whose strange blessing had lingered through all change and peril in her ear, began to speak, and the warm blood rushed through the girl's chilled veins again. Did he know? Did he remember her? What had the dying girl told him in that hour they had spent together? Could those clear eyes recognize in the dainty white-robed little lady of Roscrofte, the shabby starveling of the Road House? What would happen when all this chanting and bowing and preaching were over? What would happen to her—Barbara Greene?

Allston Leigh, stealing a look at the young face, wondered at its rigidity. Bess Dixon could scarcely restrain her pious horror. Even Judge Randall was conscious of a painful shock, as, through all the solemn part of the Mass, this grandchild sat with unbowed head, unheaving knee, with unseeing eye, unheeding ear. All around her was dim, shadowy, unreal—she was back again on her own mountain ridge, in her old grey sweater and sun-bonnet.

She was sitting on the soapbox in Duffy's store, hearing his talk of the strange preacher. She was standing in "Union Hall" at the mission altar; she was guiding this tall, grave-eyed speaker through the springtime woods to "help Elinor to die."

And when at last the Mass was over and the congregation rose to go, she started up like one roused from a dream.

"Take me home!" she whispered to Allston Leigh. "Please, quick, take me home."

"You are ill?" he said, anxiously. "No, no," she answered. "I only want breath—air again."

And while the Randalls stopped to exchange greetings with old friends and neighbors, "Nellie" hurried her escort feverishly to the river where the little boat was waiting in the sunshine, and the shimmering waters stretched into dizzying distance. For the moment there seemed safety and escape. But the preacher! The preacher whom she had guided through the springtime woods to Elinor's dying bed. Every nerve thrilled with sickening suspense as the girl thought of what those clear eyes had seen, what that deep voice might tell.

What a story it would be for all those proud visitors gathered at Roscrofte to hear—what a story to rouse the Randall spirit into fierce passion—what a story to echo and re-echo forever in this great world where the daughter of Buck Greene had forced a path for herself through the pale cheek and a desperate glitter into the gray eyes as they looked down into the shining waters of which the dead Elinor had dreamed. "I wonder if it hurts much to—drown," she said, suddenly to her companion.

"There is no last word on that subject," he laughed, "but according to the most authentic information we have it is not a bad way to shake off this mortal coil."

"It would be such a quick way out of trouble," she said, "just to jump in and let the waters close over you and be done with—everything and everybody. If you ever hear of me as being dead, Mr. Leigh, you may be sure that I am at the bottom of some nice, clear, deep river like this."

"Don't," he said, sharply, "don't talk like that. It makes my flesh creep."

"Does it?" she asked, with a short laugh. "It makes mine creep, too. Still, I think if I were driven very hard and there was no help—no hope for me—nothing but misery and disgrace—"

"I can't imagine anything more direful and impossible," he said, lightly. "In such a beautiful life as yours no such morbid fancies can find place." Then as if vaguely conscious of some gloomy undercurrent in her mood, he resolutely turned the conversation to lighter things, telling her of the old houses on the river banks, that they passed—of the Oriole club-house, whose gay pennant fluttered from the little island in midstream, of the "fete champetre" that Aunt Van, as he called Madame Van Arsdale, gave at her old manor house, twenty miles away.

"It's the dear old lady's one yearly splurge, as the boys would call it. She is not rich enough to entertain as all her family traditions demand, and the manor is an utterly impossible place in winter. But for a short, bright time in summer the Van Arsdale comes to her own again. When the white jasmine is in bloom, and the old house is wreathed with it, the doors are thrown open, the old family servants flock back from their little cabin to Missus' call—and the lady of the manor is at home again. The old furniture is uncovered, and the old silver polished, and the bats and beetles are driven off. Then, when all is ready, Aunt Van proceeds to entertain for two weeks in the good hospitable fashion of old."

of it all. Everybody comes, young and old, but especially the young. It is a sort of presentation at court. To make it gay, dear old Aunt Van insists on fancy dress, something quaint and picturesque. I was just thinking this morning I would like to choose your costume. You would make an ideal Undine."

"Undine!" She started. It had been one of the Books in the Road House—it was one of the stories she knew. And the shadow deepened over the young face—darkened in the gray eyes. Ah, those old, old, days, how bare and dread and lonely they had been, but oh, how free—how safe! How honest and true!

In the dim shaded old priest's house of St. Barnabas, Father Lane and his host, Father Martin, were at dinner. They had been classmates years ago, and the brief meeting of to-day was a great pleasure to both. "Well, I am glad to have seen old St. Barnabas" at last, even though I had to pay for it with a Sunday sermon," said Father Lane, smiling. "It's the slowest, the sleepiest place I have struck for many a day. But all good people I am sure—that don't need waking up. I don't suppose there's a real mortal sinner in the whole parish. By the way, who are the great folks in your front pew? That fine-looking, white-haired old man and his family?"

"The Randalls, I suppose you mean—Judge Roger Randall. If you were a Marylander," laughed Father Martin, "that would be quite enough to say, but as you are not, I will say that the family came over with Lord Baltimore, after holding the Faith against fire and sword from the days of Catholic England."

"Randall, Randall," repeated Father Lane, thoughtfully. There was a girl dressed in white beside the old gentleman that I have seen somewhere before. I can't just recall where, but the remembrance was really a distraction to me. She had an unusual face and as it was lifted to the pulpit it impressed one strangely as if it were associated with some painful, almost tragic experience in the past."

"It was the Judge's new granddaughter, I presume," said Father Martin. "I call her new because she is only a recent acquisition by the family. And he proceeded briefly to sketch Elinor Kane's story. As it went on, a curious expression came over the missionary's face. The vague experience of the past began to take bewildering shape, a picture stood out with startling distinctness against the busy, crowded background of his strenuous life. The dim old room at the Road House, the pale, dying girl propped up among her pillows, confessing her pitiful sins into his fatherly ear, the guide who had called him to her, waiting on the dusky porch below.

"And this—this girl I saw to-day is the Judge's granddaughter, you say? She came a stranger to him—without proof?"

"Oh, there was no proof," said Father Martin. "Letters, papers, everything were found with her at the time of the accident. The doctor telegraphed to the Judge at once and he went on and claimed her. She was coming to him on the ill-fated train that was wrecked at Bixby's Creek. It was rather a close call for her, poor child. And she was ill for a long time. This is the first time she has been at church. She has grown up absolutely without Faith—with no religious training whatever. A strange offshoot for the Catholic Randalls."

"Strange, indeed," said Father Lane in a low voice, "very strange! So she was willing to accept the family Faith—to receive religious instruction?"

"Quite willing, I understand. I advised the Judge to send her to the good Sisters at Mount Merri this summer. She has taken a strong hold of his heart already, and his self-reproach for his years of neglect is really pathetic. They tell me he will allow no allusion to the girl's past; he insists upon it being a closed book—forgiven and forgotten."

"An impossible condition," said Father Lane, gravely. "I fear they will find it so. Meantime, I trust, Father you will be able to guide this stray lamb safe into your fold—God's light and grace can do all things. Now I have just time to catch my train, I believe, so I must say a quick and rather brusque good-by. I open a retreat at Pittsburgh to-morrow night. I am glad to have had this little peep at you, old friend, in your green pastures with your quiet flock. It will be a restful memory to take with me in the dusky highway." And after a few more pleasant parting words the old friends said good-by and Father Lane turned his face toward busy scenes of labor, in which the vague doubt and perplexity caused by Judge Randall's "granddaughter" were soon effaced by the deeper shadows and fancier light of the missionary life.

And so the "preacher" passed and gave no sign. But there had been serious discussion in the party that rode home from St. Barnabas on the wild weed of paganism they had transplanted to the family garden. Nellie's public denial of the faith, as evinced by her attitude during Mass, was a shock that no Randall could stand.

"She must go to Mount Merri for instruction to-morrow," said the Judge decidedly. "It is not her fault, poor child, that she is ignorant or irreverent. It is mine."

And late in the afternoon, when the day of fear and suspense was nearly over, the old man sought out

the little-robed figure that was gradually growing to be the dearest thing to him on earth—the child of his remorse, his expiation, his dead daughter's neglected little girl.

He found her, apart from the rest, down by the waterside where the shalving mossy bank was shaded by leaning willows, and the river ran dark and deep in the leafy gloom. She was seated in a low fork of a tree, with her head resting against the rough trunk, a hard, set look on the young face and the glittering gray eyes. She started up like some wild hunted thing at bay as she saw the old man coming toward her. But one glance into the kind face, into the tender eyes, and she sank back into her rustic seat all at once.

"Nellie, my dear child, what is it you are doing here alone?" "What are you doing here alone?" "You must not steal off like this, my little girl. I want to see you bright, happy, and gay like the others."

"Like the others?" she echoed. "But I am not like them—I can never be. I—I do not know how," she added desperately. "They have always been happy—and I—I—" All the fear and despair of the day unnerfed her; she burst into a wild passion of tears that wrung the old man's heart. And, as with fatherly tenderness, he soothed her, he told her of Mount Merri and the gentle Sisters there, where he would take her on the morrow, where she would learn new beautiful lessons that her past life had never taught.

And as the girl listened the fear that had troubled her all day died in her breast—the cold, despairing eyes kindled again.

"Oh, I will go," she said, tremulously. "I will learn all things that you ask. I will try to think, to believe as you wish, if—I can, if I can."

"You can and will, dear child, I know," he answered, "for the faith is your heritage. It is a part of that sad past of which we have agreed never to speak, that you have been deprived of your birthright, but it will be given back to you, I am sure."

And after that long, long day of suspense and terror, Nellie found herself in the evening by Allston Leigh's side, in the great, oak-beamed hall that, lighted by a soft moon-beam lamp swinging by silver chains from the ceiling, stretched in dim vista through the full length of the spacious house.

It was the "pictured hall" of which the dying girl had told in the old Road House. The Randalls of six generations looked down from the painted walls. Cavaliers, Colonial buds, Revolutionary heroes, prelates and statesmen, royal dames in ruffs and farthingales, coquettes with powdered hair and Watteau gowns, and soft eyed little maids who had vanished beyond convent grilles to bring unseemly benediction on their race and name. And the girl who sat here, with the lamp light falling on her delicate face, her red-gold hair, seemed, in Allston Leigh's eyes, a fitting addition to this stately line. She wore one of her daintiest gowns to-night; a soft white crepe that fell in the graceful folds that only a French modiste can accomplish.

"You look as if you ought to be put in a frame and hung up with the rest," the gentleman said, as he sank on the carved "settle" beside her.

"I wouldn't stay there," she answered. "I can't imagine anything more dreadful than staring down for hundreds of years at a world you have left behind."

"It must be somewhat monotonous, I confess," he laughed. "Still, they make a goodly company, these old Randalls. Have you been introduced to them all yet?"

"No," she answered; "and I don't think I want to be. Most of them look very cross."

"I suppose most of them do. They lived in sterner times than ours, you see, Miss Nellie, and perhaps were made of sterner stuff. That gentleman to the right there had to choose between giving up his faith or his head, and he went to the block without hesitation; that dark-eyed cavalier beside him died in the Tower for loyalty to his exiled king; that pale-faced saint above was the father John Randall hanged at Tyburn. And there to the left is Sir Roger, the sturdy gentleman who gave up title and lands to plant his race in these far shores to which they brought the ancient faith; and the danger she would have met when she had times. Mistress Dorothy Randall, there, it is said, held this very house two days and two nights against the Indians, until her lord, who was down at St. Mary's, came back to the rescue. And there is a pretty story of that Elinor Randall in the corner, your namesake, I believe, who rowed across the river with only a faithful slave at midnight to carry a dispatch to General Washington's courier on the opposite shore, the young lady's lover who bore it having unwisely stopped at Roscrofte and been captured by the enemy."

"It is all a goodly record, you see, of noble women and brave men, Miss Nellie, a record of which the Randalls are justly proud."

"He was. That is your great-uncle, Martin Randall, the judge's younger brother. Aunt Van—he belonged to her generation—knew him well. He was not like the others at all. He had not the stiff Randall backbone, but was quite a gentle, quiet fellow, one of the men who see visions and dream dreams. He was an artist, too, which was another departure from family precedent, all the Randalls having been either soldiers, statesmen, or saints. And this new trade proved his undoing, for he fell in love with a pretty girl in some out-of-the-way place where he had gone to paint wild scenery—and was broken up forever."

"Why?" she asked, quietly. "Why, indeed?" he echoed, laughing. "You have a way of putting questions that is most upsetting to social standards. Why, indeed? Should not a free American love and marry as he wills? Because—because tradition, precedent, family pride, all sorts of stern unrealities forbid. In this case the girl was quite impossible. Her father was a tavern keeper in the mountains, her mother even was a gypsy—so the story goes. Though the girl had been sent to school and educated beyond her class, the combination was unthinkable. Yet poor Martin Randall's head was so turned that he was ready to throw the Randall pride to the winds and marry the girl offhand, when your grandfather broke things up."

"Grandfather! Grandfather!" repeated the girl's listener, breathlessly, a sudden memory bringing startled color to her cheek. "How?"

"As the strong can control the weak," was the answer. "Unfortunately, or perhaps fortunately in this case, your great-uncle was weak. And when the family batteries, with the accumulated ammunition of five hundred years, were brought to bear upon his summer love dream, it could not withstand the shock. But something must have gone down with it, for love and life slipped from the poor fellow almost together. He went into a rapid decline and died the following year in Italy, whether he had gone to find health, your grandfather and grandmother were with him, and Mrs. Randall told Aunt Van that the last words on poor Martin's lips were Rachel Varney's name!"

"Rachel Varney! Rachel Varney!" Allston Leigh went on lightly with his family story, but his listener heard nothing more. She was back again in the dusky gloom of the Road House, a harsh old voice croaking in her ear. "He stood between me and my spring sunshine. It was my one glint of light in fifty years of darkness and I cannot forget—I can not forget."

"No! Rachel Varney could not forget. For it was her granddaughter who sat in the proud home that had been closed against Martin Randall's love, listening to her story. It was her grand daughter who held the place she had been denied fifty years ago, it was Rachel Varney's granddaughter whom she had forced upon the proud Randalls of Roscrofte as their own. Truly the croaking old mistress of the Road House had found her revenge."

"I don't think you like family history," Allston Leigh was saying, when she sat at last caught his words. "No, I don't," she answered, slowly. "It seems like the opening of a grave. And Martin Randall was a fool and a coward!" she added passionately.

"Oh, don't be too hard on your great-uncle, Miss Nellie," was the light answer. "He was confronted by the impossible. Can you imagine Rachel Varney here?"

"Yes, Mr. Leigh, I can." "Oh, you are a hopeless little Anarchist," he laughed. "But a year at Roscrofte will convert you. You will be as proud a Randall as ever bore the name. Aunt Van assures me you have an 'air' of the old noblesse—even beyond the Randall stamp. So even she," he added, gaily, "I can not escape my fate."

"I can not escape my fate," she repeated his words slowly, almost drearily. "I believe that is true, Mr. Leigh. I cannot escape my fate." Then there was a call to supper and the conversation was over.

But far into the night, Rachel Varney's grand-daughter sat by her open window, wide-eyed and restless, Allston Leigh's words echoing and re-echoing in her troubled brain.

Stunned, dazed, dazzled, she had wakened into her new life so gently, so quietly, that she had not seen the perils among which she must walk, the dangers she would have to meet. The past day had been a revelation to her—a sudden shock waking her from her dream of peace and rest.

A glance, a word, a meeting with the strange preacher and all would have been over for her. Love and tenderness would have turned into horror and contempt. Rachel Varney's grand-daughter would have been turned out from the proud Randall home, shamed and disgraced, as the criminal, the impostor, the living lie that she was.

Ah, the watcher by the window was beginning to see—she was beginning to see! And as the lurid light of danger flashed upon her broadening horizon, something fierce and wild and reckless in Barbara Greene's blood flamed up in defiant response. She would dare it all—she would hold her vantage ground until the last—she would fight it out (Allston Leigh had given her the word)—fight it out to the death.

THE CONVICT

BY REV. RICHARD W. ALEXANDER

Reader, have you ever heard the clang of a prison door, or have you ever seen the iron ribbed calls whose wretched men, who have lost all sense of moral rights, are immured day and night until the majesty of the law is satisfied? Perhaps not. Well, follow me, and I will introduce you to a scene where God's mercy has not refused to enter, though man has set his seal against salvation.

It was visiting day in the "West" Penitentiary of a certain State. Among the regular visitors were two nuns that were permitted to go among the female prisoners, who often, alas, are harder to manage than the men. Their gentle influence had wrought a great change among the prisoners in a short time. The warden had only to say, "I'll tell the Sisters about this matter, and they will come no more," when, lo! there would be immediate, if sullen, submission. No matter how hardened the criminals were, they loved the sweet faced, low voiced religious, who spent an hour with them every week, and seemed to love these hardened outcasts. Many were persuaded to a better life—the memory of prayers learned in happy, innocent days, was revived. Some kissed the rosary beads the nuns gave them, and resolved on a better life. The officials noted with satisfaction the good results of the Sisters' visits, and they were always received by the subordinate with extreme respect and courtesy.

To reach the women's ward the Sisters had to pass by the hospital where the sick men were treated. For weeks a convict under sentence of death, but who had been confined to bed in the hospital, watched them pass the open door. As they disappeared out of sight he would sigh heavily, and turn his face to the wall. One day the Sisters noticed him, and asked the guide who he was.

"Why he is the notorious X—, who is only waiting till he is well enough to stand on the gallows. He is a murderer. You have surely read about him," was the answer. "A hardened wretch!" "Poor fellow," said the horrified Sister, "I hope he is at peace with God."

"He scoffs at religion, curses its ministers, glories in his crimes, and until he was semi-paralyzed was the hardest wretch to manage we have ever dealt with. You see he is helpless at present, thank heaven!" "The Sisters said nothing, but went to their women prisoners. On their return home, the story was told, and from those cloistered hearts in the sanctuary went up fervent petitions to the merciful God that this poor sinner might be restored to grace. Was ever a prayer for mercy uttered in vain? All week long prayers and Communions were offered for the ungodly, and the Sisters pleaded and wrestled, so to say, with God's pity for the man who was doomed, as soon as he was physically able, to die on the gallows.

Visiting day came again, and the Sisters prepared to go to the penitentiary. It was a beautiful autumn day; one of those soft, sunny days of Indian summer when to live is a delight, and the exquisite beauty of nature appeals to the coldest hearts. The Sisters noted the glorious beauty of the shrubbery and foliage in the prison enclosure; the green grass, the autumn flowers with their rich tints, the flaming colors of the maples and other trees that shaded the broad avenue, making a contrast with the frowning stone walls and iron gates, which gave evidence that these were kept grounds, were but a mask for the stern scenes within.

As usual the Sisters were admitted courteously and passing the hospital one of them asked the guide how the convict was.

"He has been fretful, and evidently worse," was the reply. "Look in as you pass. The door is always open." The Sisters looked in, and the sick man who was propped up in bed, saw them and beckoned to the warden. He left the Sisters, went up the steps, and paused by the sick man's bed. He stayed only a few minutes, and returned to the Sisters.

"The poor fellow says he would like to speak to you ladies," was the message he brought to the Sisters. "Why, certainly," said the nun. "Shall we go over now, or when we return from the women's ward?"

"When you return; because I have to get you a special permit," was the answer.

The warden waved his hand at the patient who was looking earnestly through the open door, and the Sisters continued on their way.

When the rounds of the department were finished, the Sisters, who were breathing silent prayers for their new effort, found the warden awaiting them at the door.

"I have the permit for half an hour," he said, "and I am to remain on guard. You know this is just a formality. I will stay in the open. All the men sentenced to death are constantly guarded—never left alone—suicide, you know; or anything else!" And he shrugged his shoulders.

The Sisters, who appreciated the man's evident desire to be kind, thanked him and entered the room of the convict. It was a small, square room, scrupulously clean, with white washed walls, iron bed, and iron table, both screwed to the floor. There was a good sized barred window, at one end, and the open door opposite. As the Sisters entered a guard arose and joined the warden.

The convict held out a thin hand. He had been a handsome man, but the lines of dissipation on his face were accentuated by the prison-pallor and his dark eyes seemed to burn in his head. Just now they began to grow soft and moist.

The Sister took his hand and pressed it, and both greeted him kindly, standing by the bed.

"Thank God you came," said the convict. "I have been watching you for weeks, and wanted to speak to you, but feared you would not touch a blood stained wretch like me. I was once a Catholic, and I went to the Sister's school. That was long ago. The sight of your garb brought it all back to me. Do you think, Sister, that God would forgive a poor devil like me if I asked Him, or if you asked Him?"

"Why, my dear friend," said the Sister eagerly, "He is just waiting for you to turn to Him. Did He not forgive on Mount Calvary the good thief who was on a cross beside Him? Did He not promise Him paradise? Do you know that every Sister in our convent has been praying for you all the week? We have wanted to come to see you often—in fact, every time we passed here we have been longing for your return to God. Why, there will be joy in heaven when you are reconciled to Him."

"Can that be true? You prayed for my conversion?" "How will I do it?" said the poor fellow.

"Why, let me send you a good priest this very day. Tell him all your troubles, and you will find such peace of heart that everything will be easy. Do let me send you a priest, my good friend. You remember how you prayed to God, and His dear, holy Mother when you were an innocent little boy. It will all come back."

"Perhaps he won't come to a convicted criminal. You know I am to be hanged when I am better."

"That makes no difference. I will promise that he will be here within an hour, if you say so, and in the meantime we will pray for you every moment."

"Send him, then; the sooner the better," said the man wearily. The Sister took his hand once more, and placed in it a small rosary and crucifix. He started, but then reverently kissed the crucifix. He pressed the Sister's hands and smiled.

The guard was waiting a few steps away outside. The warden sent him back to the room, and the Sister said:

"That poor man wants to see a priest. If I send one in will you see that he is admitted without delay?"

The warden started. "Surely I will. But it's a mighty big chance for Dan! Are you sure? I never heard him mention anything about religion, except to curse it."

Well, he made the request himself, and added: "The sooner the better." So I will lose no time. I will ask Father P—. The church is close by, and he will come without delay."

The Sisters left the penitentiary, and on their way home stopped at the rectory. Father P—, on hearing who it was, at once reached for his hat and departed for the convict's bedside. The Sisters returned to their convent, thanking God, and silently praying for the poor prisoner.

All in the convent were interested, and many fervent prayers were offered for the sinner's perfect conversion.

A VANISHING VIRTUE

"There is one virtue which lies at the root of all greatness, personal and collective," asserts Mr. W. S. Lilly, in the Nineteenth Century (August). This virtue, he contends, is not believed in and practiced as it should be. Men treat it as out of date, as a romance. "It is the virtue of obedience." Considering the importance of obedience as the force that unites and controls societies, smaller or larger, Mr. Lilly quotes the dictum of St. Augustine that the general pact of human society is to obey rulers; he analyzes the rule of physical law, of moral law, and then points to the changes wrought in the lives of men by the teaching of Christianity. Christianity preached the moral law in ampler measure than mankind had before known, and invested it with diviner sanctions.

Christianity changed the lives of men by changing the ideal of life, and it changed that ideal by proclaiming the supreme value of obedience. Henceforward the rule of action was not to be the individual will, perverse or corrupt, but the Divine Will, good and acceptable and perfect.

Christ was to be the Great Exemplar. His holy life was the model set before the neophyte, and on that holy life "from beginning to end, obedience is written." Christ's own last words "Not My will but Thine" became the law of His followers:

"Thus did the new religion recreate the individual. And thus too, did it create a new civil society. The true foundation of civil society—no other will be found enduring—is the family. Now the family rests upon marriage. . . . The Catholic Church, consecrated, at holy matrimony, the lifelong and indissoluble union of two personalities, and proclaimed their spiritual equality. But while insisting upon woman's spiritual equality with man, it insisted also on her economic subjection to him. . . . In the family the husband is the king, and his wife is the first of his subjects—obedience her primal duty. St. Paul puts it with much emphasis; indeed he could hardly be more emphatic: "Wives, be subject to your husbands, as to the Lord." . . . According, then, to the teaching with which the Catholic Church indoctrinated Christendom, the wife is the first of her husband's subjects in the little kingdom of the family. Her loyal obedience to him is a religious duty. The same duty was held by the new faith to be obligatory upon children.

As the teaching of the Church transformed the family, so also it transformed the State, through obedience for conscience sake.

"Now as we look around the world, what trace do we find of that virtue?" asks Mr. Lilly. "It is everywhere vanishing," is his answer to his own question. It was all very well for an age of chivalry or romance, but it is out of date in this twentieth century. "Quite another principle has taken its place, and rules the minds of men at large. For the simple reason that it is indispensable it survives in certain relations—the soldier, sailor, public functionary still obeys, even if reluctantly," but it has ceased to be the common and universal law of human existence, as the old Christian tradition has become inoperative," says Mr. Lilly, and he reiterates:

"Obedience, as we have seen, is the bond of the family as the Catholic Church has established it on the basis of monogamy, holy and indissoluble. Against that obedience what calls itself modern thought rebels. . . .

Hardly less—probably more—significant than the attack from without on the family as established by Christianity is the attack from within. The authority of the husband as its king and governor is derided and denied. The words in the Anglican marriage service which the wife promises to obey are, I am told, not seldom omitted. Equality is to take the place of subjection for women. . . . Certain it is that when the true position of the husband as the ruler of the family is invaded, and his rightful authority impugned, not only is the dignity of the wife impaired, but the filial tie is relaxed, and the moral level of society sinks.

Turning next to the children, Mr. Lilly again refers to St. Paul, who, in warning Timothy of perilous times to come, mentions as a note of them, disobedience to parents. Citing our own day, he says:

"Assuredly it is a special feature of the times. The boy is infected with a notion of his own sovereignty. Why should I obey? he asks. And the application of the rod of correction which in a saner age would have replied to his query, is seldom forthcoming. I was talking a day or two ago to the Vicar of a large London parish, who told me that the children were his great difficulty. 'They are utterly undisciplined,' he said, 'the parents don't keep them in order, the word is, 'Let them please themselves, let them do what they like.' Parental authority can hardly be said to exist.'"

In this connection Mr. Lilly remarks that the responsibility of the State for this condition of affairs should not be forgotten. It has helped to undermine sacred authority, and to destroy filial obedience by infringing upon the right of the father to determine the religious education of his children.

The writer finds in London's "militants" a striking example of the impotence to which law has been reduced. "Obedience to law! Why should they render it? It is not for them 'great harm to disobey,'"

THERE'S A DIFFERENCE

"The Catholic Advance has been wondering what has become of Combes and the rest of the psgr crowd that has been ruling France for the past thirty years under the sacred name of a Republic." "There is a war to death going on in France, and we haven't heard of one of them," remarks the Advance, "but the priests they drove out of their ungrateful country are now back fighting for it and the nuns, too, have returned to nurse the soldiers that pillaged their homes but a short time ago."

TO BE CONTINUED



The penalty is light. Seeking, in his summing up, for a force to replace the vanishing virtue of obedience, he calls attention to the experiment now being tried in several European countries, and particularly in France.

JUSTICE TO MEXICO

REIGN OF TERROR MAY FOLLOW WITHDRAWAL OF UNITED STATES PROTECTION

It is said at Washington that the government expects to see the way soon to recall our troops from Vera Cruz. In that city are congregated those who were forced to fly the murderous hands of the revolutionary forces, and among them some six hundred religious. All these people are clamoring for the protection of the American flag.

THE SANCTITY OF THE CHURCH

In his work on "Catholicism, Roman and Anglican," Professor A. M. Fairburn, a non-Catholic, speaks as follows about the sanctity of the Church:

"I freely admit the pre-eminence of Catholicism as an historical institution; here she is without a rival, or a peer. It is to be at once the most permanent and extensive, the most plastic, and inflexible ecclesiastical organization, were the same thing as the most perfect embodiment, and vehicle of religion, then the claim of Catholicism were simply indisputable. The man in search of an authoritative Church may not hesitate; once let him assume that a visible and audible authority is of the essence of religion, and he has no choice; he must become or get himself reckoned a Catholic.

Symbols are deeper than words; speak where words become silent; gain where words lose in meaning; and so in hours of holiest worship the Church teaches by symbols truths language may not utter.—St Paul Bulletin.

"It is unthinkable," writes a resident of Mexico City, "that Washington should aid and abet such men and abandon to their mercy the poor refugees huddled at Vera Cruz? Can even the United States stay the avalanche of destruction its policy has made possible?"

TRUST IN HOME

In one of his conferences for Children of Mary in the Homiletic Monthly, the Rev. Reynold Kuehnel urges young girls to have no secrets from their parents, and in all perplexities and doubts to go to them for help and counsel.

LOURDES MIRACLES ATTESTED

That the miracles which happen time and again at Lourdes are genuine is attested by scientific and medical investigation. Since 1898 a medical bureau established at the world renowned shrine examines critically into every reported cure and passes on those cases which cannot be explained by natural means.

testimony for granted and who did not blush to stoop to forgery to support his theories. But to the Catholic, and many a devout non-Catholic, the miracles of Lourdes are real and truthful.

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inspires a mutual love and trust between parents and children.

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LONDON, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 14, 1914

THE CHURCH IN FRANCE

Hilaire Belloc is a loyal son of the Church. His whole mentality, more French than English, is entirely Catholic. Yet, he tells us himself, in political sympathy he is strongly attached to the political theory of the Revolution.

In his sketch of the French Revolution he traces the origin and development of the unfortunate antagonism between the Church and the Revolution. For this we must refer our readers to the brief but masterly and comprehensive little volume "The French Revolution." The concluding paragraphs of the chapter, "The Revolution and the Catholic Church, may, however, be usefully quoted here:

"The attempt at mere 'de-christianization' as it was called failed, but the months of terror and cruelty, the vast number of martyrs (for they were no less) and the incredible sufferings and indignities, to which the priests who refused to remain in the country were subjected, burnt itself, as it were, into the very fibre of the Catholic organization in France, and remained, in spite of political theory one way or the other, and in spite of the national sympathies of the priesthood, the one great active memory inherited from that time.

"Conversely, the picture of the priest, his habit and character, as the fatal and necessary opponent of the revolutionary theory, became so fixed in the mind of the Republican that two generations did nothing to eliminate it, and that even in our time the older men, in spite of pure theory, cannot rid themselves of an imagined connection between the Catholic Church and an international conspiracy against democracy. Nor does this non-rational but very real feeling lack support from the utterances of those who, in opposing the political theory of the French Revolution, consistently quote the Catholic Church as its necessary and holy antagonist.

"The attempt to de-christianize France failed, as I have said, completely. Public worship was restored, and the concordat of Napoleon was believed to have settled the relations between Church and State in a permanent fashion. We have lived to see it dissolved; but this generation will not see, nor perhaps the generation succeeding it, the issue of the struggle between two bodies of thought which are divided by no process of reason, but profoundly divorced by the action of vivid and tragic historical memories."

In the generation before the Revolution the Catholic Faith was at its lowest ebb. "In the wealthy the bureaucratic, and the governing classes, to ridicule the Faith was an attitude taken for granted. . . . Few of the middle classes went to Mass in the great towns, hardly any of the artisans." The Republicans looked on religion in France as a moribund superstition and they wished to prepare the way for its peaceful demise. Our author thinks the National Assembly's argument just and statesmanlike "save for one miscalculation."

"The Catholic Church was not dead, and was not even dying. It was exhibiting many of the symptoms which in other organisms and institutions correspond to the approach of death, but the Catholic Church is an organism and an institution quite unlike any other. It fructifies and expands immediately under the touch of a lethal weapon; it has at its very roots the conception that material prosperity is stifling it, to poverty, and misfortune nutritious."

Throughout the whole of the nineteenth century the Catholic reaction grew apace. "It is safe to say," writes Belloc, "that where one adult of the educated classes concerned himself seriously with Catholic Faith and Practice in France before the Revolution, there are five to-day."

Again, after the recent separation of Church and State, and the spoliation of religious orders, the Church in France "fructified and expanded under the touch of the lethal weapon." In the debate on the

Welsh Disestablishment Bill the Bishop of Oxford contrasted the supreme anxiety of the Anglican Church for endowments with the indifference to "doctrinal disintegration unparalleled in its history." He bore striking testimony to the "spiritual revival in the French Church. It had passed through a great crisis—a crisis of Disestablishment and Disendowment. What attracted his attention was the magnificent loyalty with which in asserting its principles and spiritual claims it displayed an extraordinary indifference to its secular position and financial resources."

The Head Master of Eton preaching in Westminster Abbey a little less than a year ago—November 23rd, 1913—said that the Catholic revival in France, if it continues, is "the most momentous event occurring in Europe for at least a century."

Coincident with the marvellous growth of the spiritual power of the Church there is a corresponding growing contempt for the self-seeking and incompetent politicians who are the degenerate heirs to the anticlerical traditions of the Revolution.

The Abbé Ernest Dunnet in the September Nineteenth Century, describing the rising generation in France, says:

"They also have sober ideas about the rights of man the mention of which was formerly enough to throw down every barrier to individual freedom. They stand for duties and discipline. They take no nonsense from Socialism. They respect the police, and despite indulgent jurymen; in short they are a great deal more reasonable than their own fathers."

"But if the environment and circumstances in which this phenomenon took place, you will find that the fathers and tutors of these young men are largely responsible for it. "No lad of eighteen ever took up the cudgels for wisdom, order, restraint, and generally the sober virtues unless he was made to love them, and it takes considerable eloquence to make him love them. But there seldom were more eloquent people than the fathers of these young fellows, because they were not only sincere but pathetic, and to a certain extent comical in their disappointments. If they had not so heartily believed in Liberty they would not have been so heartily tired of seeing Liberty never result in liberties. If they had not listened with complaisance to the florid speeches of Jaurès and his compères they would have been less irresistible when they at last broke out into the 'words, words, words' of perfect disgust. Perhaps if they had not been deluged with so much filthy literature they would not have had such a surfeit of it."

"To-day our young men find that scientism is superannuated, determinism coarse, and skepticism provincial. "There is no positive evidence that they are better Catholics than their seniors but they are hardly ever anticlerical, and their philosophy leads to, rather than from, a religious life."

The foregoing opinions of competent and qualified observers point to the complete reconquest of France by the Catholic Church.

The political movement with its watchword *apaisement* led by the ablest and most patriotic of French politicians, and the strong desire evidenced for proportional representation are of deep significance and may well be taken to indicate the beginning of the end of the reign of unscrupulous professional politicians with their common bond of plunder thinly veiled by pseudo patriotic anticlericalism.

IF IT WERE REDMOND AND THE NATIONALISTS!

Suppose that Irish Nationalists repeatedly threatened during the past two or three years to transfer their allegiance to the Kaiser; suppose that they had openly organized a military force with the avowed purpose of resisting the authority of King and Parliament; suppose that this military force had been armed with German rifles; and in such circumstances suppose John Redmond had had only a year ago a much heralded interview with the Kaiser; suppose that the Irish Nationalist volunteers had amongst their drill instructors a German who was subsequently arrested as a spy; suppose that in the present crisis which had helped to bring on John Redmond were suddenly to threaten civil war as soon as the crisis is over. If all this were true how Redmond and the Nationalists would now be held up to public execration; "loyalist" newspapers even here in Canada would burn with patriotic indignation; and any one who had the temerity to say a word in favor of Home Rule would be hissed and jeered off any platform in the Empire.

Well here are some well known and indisputable facts of which London Truth, October 14th, 1914, reminds its readers:

"Time after time during the past two or three years it has been publicly proclaimed that the Ulster 'loyalists' would prefer to transfer their allegiance to the Kaiser rather than submit to a Home Rule Act signed by King George. The Right Hon. Thomas Andrews, the hon. secretary of the Ulster Unionist Council, Captain Craig, M. P., and Mayor Crawford have made statements to that effect. A year ago Sir Edward Carson's interview with the Kaiser was ostentatiously reported for the benefit of his followers in Ulster. It was from Germany that rifles were imported into Ulster last April and at the same time a swarm of German newspaper correspondents and agents were busy there. One of the drill instructors of the Ulster Volunteers in Belfast was a German who has been arrested since the war broke out."

This War is readjusting our views of many things and when it is over it is safe to say Carson and Carsonism will get short shrift from the British democracy.

THE EFFECT OF THE WAR ON THE CHURCH IN FRANCE

Everyone is familiar with the bitterly hostile attitude of the French politicians toward the Catholic Church. They abolished the Concordat; they confiscated Church property and robbed religious orders; they denied the right of Frenchmen to form associations to live and work together because they were priests; they made war on women because these women consecrated their lives to the service of the poor, of the sick, of childhood, of humanity in any way needy or helpless or suffering; they have not only invaded personal liberty but usurped parental rights and imposed on children an education irreligious, atheistic. The wonder is that Catholic France stands for it all. As outsiders, forgetful of the limitations of outsiders, we are disposed to judge harshly and finally that Frenchmen are either not Catholics or they are not men. We should probably be as far astray as Frenchmen often are in their judgment of us.

Without attempting any exhaustive analysis of the situation it may be well to mention one or two things that help explain the anomaly. The government of republican France is quite as centralized as it was under the absolute monarchy of Louis XIV. There is an army of government officials who are dependent on the favor of the politicians; there are patriotic and convinced republicans who regard the Church as the enemy of the Republic; fanatical anticlericals for whom prejudice is both religion and patriotism; and no doubt the usual proportion of self-interested, stupid or indifferent found in the electorate of every country who gravitate toward the party in power.

The reaction against the anti-religious policy of the French governing clique is very pronounced even if not shown in the way English-speaking communities express themselves. Abbé Dinnet, from whom we quoted in the preceding article, says: "It is not surprising that the verbiage of mere politicians should be treated with contempt by the rising generation. The politician is regarded as not only intellectually but morally inferior, a man who drives a profitable though disreputable trade and covers his dealings with patriotic pretences." And again, "The purely patriotic feeling has almost universally replaced political tendencies." Very remarkable is the following when we remember how universal was the desire a generation ago for Government careers and official position: "Another proof of this change is the comparative desertion of Government careers. The official is frequently despised on account of his lack of independence, his indifference to his work, the uneventfulness of his life, and the habit he has of thinking himself the master instead of the servant of the public. This contempt begins to tell." All of which is indicative of a profound and wholesome revulsion of national sentiment against the pettiness of anti-clerical politicians and their ubiquitous and hitherto respected or dreaded officials. It is of much deeper significance than a successful election campaign. This will come in due time and will mark not a temporary defeat but the passing of the old order and the ushering in of the new.

Amongst the measures of a hostile government to cripple the activities of the Church was that taken twenty-nine years ago in the abolition of the exemption of seminarians from military training and of priests from active military service. The result is that to-day there are 22,000 priests (including two bishops) serving in the ranks or as officers in the French army. Not only from France, but from Canada, from China, from every country the world over where this great missionary nation had devoted sons, they came to take their place beside their brother-Frenchmen, to shed their blood and give their lives for France. And the dear gentle nuns, compelled by no law—but no law dare hinder them now—have also come at the all-compelling call of Christian charity, that beacon light of their holy selfless lives, to be the ministering angels of battlefield and hospital, to redeem the brutality of war and to steady our faith in humanity and Christian civilization.

Let us get a glimpse of those brave men never bringing discredit to the reputation of the gallant soldiers of France and always animated with the higher and nobler courage of the soldiers of Christ.

FROM AN ANGLICAN VICAR AT THE FRONT

An Anglican vicar, Rev. Mr. Forbes Phillips, who is at the front, sends the following touching letter to the Jesuit Fathers at Yarmouth, England: "Dear Father: I am writing this by the side of a French soldier who is wounded through his right lung and is spitting quantities of blood. I was with some of our men when he beckoned me to him: 'Come, I want to talk to a priest.' 'I give his own words: 'I am not religious—I have hated the Church and all belonging to it; why—I do not know, but O my God! I now see the brave priests! Always I thought them mere things in black petticoats; now I know they are men—real men and true soldiers of the good God. They are so calm on the field of battle and as quiet-voiced as before the altar. Ah! I was born a Catholic; I would be one again; but, enough! It is now too late. Monsieur l'abbé says God is good; well, I am bad, but I should like to do justice to brave men. I know nothing about God; all that I know is this—' Here he made the sign of the cross. The poor fellow had to do this with his left hand, and it caused twinges of pain. I shall not forget his sign of the cross. I told him I was an Anglican clergyman.'"

A NUN'S HEROISM

Sister Julie, of the Sisters of St. Charles of Nancy, was at Gerbeville when it was attacked. The church, the old chateau and all the houses were set on fire by shells. In the midst of these scenes of horror the good Sister did not take refuge with the other inhabitants of the place in their cellars, but remained in the streets while the battle was going on, looking after the wounded. She refused to leave when the German commander urged her to do so, saying, "My Mother Superior placed me here, and here I shall stay." And stay she did, and other Sisters of the same order came, until nearly one thousand wounded were gathered together among the ruins of the town.

The bravery of Sister Julie and her noble assistants has been acknowledged in an official order issued by the headquarters of the French army, and M. Mirman, Prefect of the Meurthe-et-Moselle Department, has been deputed by the Government to convey the thanks of the nation to these brave women.

A MEDAL FOR A PRIEST

A French priest sergeant, Frederic E. C. Lamy, who has just said his first Mass after recovery from five bullet wounds, has been decorated with the military medal for conspicuous bravery under fire. According to the official notification, this brave man did not give up fighting or looking after his men, in spite of his many wounds. When unable to walk, he crawled about to assist his wounded comrades-in-arms, giving them brandy, and as a priest ministering to them the consolations of religion. His words and his abnegation whilst being removed to the ambulance evoked unanimous admiration. It may be added that the Abbé Lamy, who belongs to the diocese of Amiens, had just finished a brilliant course of theology at Rome.

CHAPLAIN'S TOUCHING STORY

A French military chaplain has given sad details of the present war in the following letter: "How very beautiful is the role of the priest in this furnace of war! I have already given hundreds of absolutions to the brave fellows dying away from their relatives. I have endeavored as far as I could to dry their tears and to bring heaven before them. One becomes accustomed to see very terrible suffering and fearful wounds, and the sight of these produces a desire to be gentle like a mother to the victims. What touching recollections will remain in my mind of this terrible time! The day before yesterday we arrived in a village where the fighting had been very severe. Hundreds of wounded were lying in a barn. It was almost impossible to find room to enter. I got in and spoke a few words to the sufferers in order to tell them that I was a priest. Many thanked me warmly. I spoke to them of God and of His love for them, and also of His suffering for them, and I gave a general absolution. At the door of the barn a wounded man was lying. He

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THE PRIEST SOLDIERS AND THE CURES

In a letter from Père Bouvier, dated Lyons, September 20, is an account of the arrival of nearly one hundred wounded from Argonne: "Amongst them was a soldier priest who had given absolution to a number of men. The wounded from the front (mostly from Montfaucon) are unanimous in their admiration for the cures who are fighting in the ranks or looking for the wounded in the firing line and for their officers. An old adjutant spoke with enthusiasm of a priest soldier who had distinguished himself and been made an adjutant on the field of battle. 'He has no fear in the face of the enemy, but all the same he is a bit timid before his men.' It is the priests especially who, in the firing line, go to seek for the wounded under fire. The cures of the villages through which the troops pass are full of charity for our men. Sticking to their posts, they improvise ambulances for the wounded. Where the Germans have passed, say the wounded, the village churches are destroyed, and in many cases it is the church only that has suffered. Truly, this is a war waged by fanatics."

Multiply these instances by 22,000, and that again by the number of days and hours these soldier-priests spend with fellow-soldiers. If each priest come into contact with a hundred of his comrades over two millions of French citizen soldiers will realize that priests are not "mere things in black petticoats but men—real men and true soldiers of the good God."

From the baptism of blood France will come forth regenerated; priests and people re-united. Perverted political theories will disappear in the deeper and more wholesome patriotism; neither "tragic historical memories" nor spurious republicanism nor any other thing can ever efface from the mind and heart of France the tremendous fact that her priests have stood the supreme test—"Greater love than this no man hath that he lay down his life for his friend."

GENERAL BULFIN

The announcement was made the other day that Col. Bulfin was made a General for distinguished services on the battle-field. Amongst the list of Catholic officers mentioned in despatches, which we publish in another column, his name occurs. Edward Stanislaus Bulfin is the second son of the late Patrick Bulfin, J. P., of Woodtown Park, Rathfarnham, Ireland. He was educated at Stonyhurst and at Kensington Catholic Public School and entered Trinity College, Dublin. In 1884 he joined a column in Upper Burma against Katchin hill-tribes in 1892-3; military secretary to Sir William Butler at the Cape in 1898; served on the staff throughout the South African War including actions at Belmont, Enslin, Modder River and Magersfontein, and the command of mobile column. He was three times mentioned in despatches and made Major and Lt.-Colonel. Since then he held other commands and at the outbreak of the War was temporary Brigadier-General in command of the 2nd Infantry Brigade at Aldershot. He was created Commander of the Victorian Order in 1910.

Show yourself grateful.

Gratitude attracts new favors, and this sweet exchange of the treasures of hearts softens them, opens them to grace, frees them from those little anti-pathies, base jealousies, petty rivalries which are to the family what the thorns are to the rose. Prove yourself grateful. A grateful heart can never be a wicked heart.

NOTES AND COMMENTS

Mr. W. S. LILLY, whose reputation as Catholic publicist and man of letters is well established throughout the English-speaking world, has recently made a discovery. He has been reading a volume entitled: "Newman, An Appreciation," by a Scottish Presbyterian Professor, the Rev. Alexander Whyte, D. D., and has hit upon a passage to which he takes "strong exception." The passage is objectionable certainly, and might be characterized by a much stronger epithet. Mr. Lilly's objection, however, comes very late in the day. Dr. Whyte's book was published twelve years ago, and, if we mistake not, he was at the time publicly taken to task for the passage to which Mr. Lilly refers, and for many others scattered throughout the volume. One reviewer referred to it as a "silly book," and across the title page of another copy we have seen was written in pencil Pope's well-known line: "Fools rush in where angels fear to tread"—a phrase which, in our humble judgment, epitomizes exactly the quality of Dr. Whyte's "Appreciation."

THE PASSAGE WHICH MR. LILLY HAS

selected for censure attributes to Cardinal Newman a return in his last days to the Huguenot and Puritan faith of his mother, and to this silly and baseless slander the writer adds the inuendo: "But, then, he should have said so himself, and he should have openly apologised for and repudiated all he had ever written, and had instigated others to write, to the detriment of apostolical and evangelical religion." To have given ear to idle gossip of that kind and to have perpetuated it in print, when with little trouble he could have ascertained the truth, was scarcely consistent with either the dignity of a professional chair or the elementary ideas of honesty and candor.

MR. LILLY is very mild in his protest and even pats the author on the back and assures him of his "cordial sympathy" with much that his volume contains. The underlying spirit of smug patronization and puritan cant which should be evident to any discerning reader of the book, has evidently escaped Mr. Lilly's eagle eye. For ourselves we have no patience with that type of "appreciation" which while assuring us continually of its admiration for a writer's "style" and reverence for his moral excellence "is all the while laboring to show that he was a dupe, or a trickster, or both, and that the religion which he professed was the very essence of superstition and moral degradation. That is about Dr. Whyte's standpoint and it is walled round about with all the sickening twaddle about "evangelical truth," "free grace," "Pauline simplicity," and the like which we have learned to associate with the warring sects whose adherents recognize no authority above their own petty intellects and prejudices. Mr. Lilly might very properly have spared the public his encomiums.

THE WIDESPREAD CHARACTER OF THE

Catholic Truth Society and its increasing activity in every part of the world is evidenced by the issue of its publications in countries as remote from one another and from the parent Society in England, as Australia, India and Canada. The list covering the Australian issues includes in addition to reprints of English pamphlets, many written by Australians—some by members of the Society of Jesus, by secular priests and by laymen. This is as it should be, for while Catholic Truth is the same everywhere, every country has its own peculiar problems which call for its individual application.

WE ARE GLAD TO LEARN THAT THE

Catholic Truth Society of Canada is following this excellent example and that the headquarters in Toronto are not only reprinting certain of the English leaflets, but propose to issue a series dealing especially with

THE COMFORT OF CATHOLICISM

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Death, that sunders all other ties, is powerless to sever the link of faith. The Church still claims as her own those who have passed beyond the portals of eternity. It matters not whether they are already in the enjoyment of the Beatific Vision, or whether they are still denied the Presence of the Saviour, they are her children. The crowned in heaven, the suffering in purgatory, the militant on earth, all still answer to her roll call, and all are one in the wonderful realm of faith and prayer. She reminds us of the saints in heaven, the better to nerve us for the conflict by the thought of what they have achieved. She bids them pray for us, their brothers, and would have us ask the assistance of their prayers. And when we complain that the way is rough and the night has never a star, she would have us remember that they, too, passed through like tribulations before they obtained the crown. But if her chief glory is in her veterans in paradise, her chiefest care is of her wounded soldiers in that dark hospital of purgatorial suffering. Like a fond mother she lavishes her tenderest care upon these helpless ones, and she is forever sounding the call for volunteers to succor them in their need. And wise with the wisdom of the ages, she well knows that with the world's cares in our hearts and the world's voices in our ears, we are very apt to forget these sufferers who have been carried behind the fighting line, so she dedicates one special month to their remembrance, and with all the appeal of solemn service would guard against our forgetfulness.

Those beyond the pale will tell us that this doctrine of Purgatory is a cruel thing. But what child of the faith has ever thought so? To us it is the most consoling dogma of Catholicism. Our dead have left us. Our love could not blind us to their little human frailties. Our faith teaches us that nothing defiled can enter the Presence of the All-Holy. Are we, then, to believe them eternally lost? The Church bids us be of good cheer. There is a place of purgatorial fire where the dead who die in the Lord are purified from the gross of sin, and made worthy to stand in the presence of the Lamb Unspotted. Thus Purgatory, in the minds of the ignorant the cruellest tenet of a cruel faith, is to us the sweetest consolation, the strongest ground of hope.

Dear reader, as you look around

the family circle you see a vacant chair that was not vacant once. You miss a once familiar face, and have memories of a voice that mingles no more with the other voices of your household. Go back in thought to that hour when you knelt distracted by the bedside, and deemed, because of the bereavement you were about to suffer, earth could never be bright for you again. Your sorrow, then, was keen, but it did not last. You went out into the world, and the world supplied you with new thoughts, and the dead friend was soon entirely forgotten. And you were so sure that that memory was to be eternal. Make amends for your neglect during this month of

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Perhaps it is in this month of the Holy Souls that we are most forcibly reminded of the supreme consolation of Catholicism. Death is at all times heart-breaking, but without our belief in the Communion of Saints it would be absolutely intolerable. Did human friendship and human love reach only to the grave, who could withstand the hopeless grief of that final parting? Could we bury our dead out of sight; wait till the last sod had been heaped upon the grave; and then go back and mix with the busy world, and believe we had no more to do with the departed? Who then could murmur "Fiat?" But, thank God for the blessing of Catholic faith, it is not so. There is no final parting. The gloom of the sepulchre is brightened by the hope of a future meeting. But the heart looks for more than this. It refuses to live through all the weary years upon a hope. It refuses to believe that though love and friendship shall bloom again in a brighter land, that yet, until that land is reached, they are dead, and can make no sign. It seeks a means to bind together the world in which it still remains, and that mysterious world beyond the grave, whether the dead have gone, and to which the living are hourly speeding. And lo! faith guarantees that it is even so; that love and friendship can reach beyond the tomb; that there is a bond that unites the dead soul and the living.

THE COMFORT OF CATHOLICISM

Death, that sunders all other ties, is powerless to sever the link of faith. The Church still claims as her own those who have passed beyond the portals of eternity. It matters not whether they are already in the enjoyment of the Beatific Vision, or whether they are still denied the Presence of the Saviour, they are her children. The crowned in heaven, the suffering in purgatory, the militant on earth, all still answer to her roll call, and all are one in the wonderful realm of faith and prayer. She reminds us of the saints in heaven, the better to nerve us for the conflict by the thought of what they have achieved. She bids them pray for us, their brothers, and would have us ask the assistance of their prayers. And when we complain that the way is rough and the night has never a star, she would have us remember that they, too, passed through like tribulations before they obtained the crown. But if her chief glory is in her veterans in paradise, her chiefest care is of her wounded soldiers in that dark hospital of purgatorial suffering. Like a fond mother she lavishes her tenderest care upon these helpless ones, and she is forever sounding the call for volunteers to succor them in their need. And wise with the wisdom of the ages, she well knows that with the world's cares in our hearts and the world's voices in our ears, we are very apt to forget these sufferers who have been carried behind the fighting line, so she dedicates one special month to their remembrance, and with all the appeal of solemn service would guard against our forgetfulness.

THE COMFORT OF CATHOLICISM

Those beyond the pale will tell us that this doctrine of Purgatory is a cruel thing. But what child of the faith has ever thought so? To us it is the most consoling dogma of Catholicism. Our dead have left us. Our love could not blind us to their little human frailties. Our faith teaches us that nothing defiled can enter the Presence of the All-Holy. Are we, then, to believe them eternally lost? The Church bids us be of good cheer. There is a place of purgatorial fire where the dead who die in the Lord are purified from the gross of sin, and made worthy to stand in the presence of the Lamb Unspotted. Thus Purgatory, in the minds of the ignorant the cruellest tenet of a cruel faith, is to us the sweetest consolation, the strongest ground of hope.

Dear reader, as you look around

the family circle you see a vacant chair that was not vacant once. You miss a once familiar face, and have memories of a voice that mingles no more with the other voices of your household. Go back in thought to that hour when you knelt distracted by the bedside, and deemed, because of the bereavement you were about to suffer, earth could never be bright for you again. Your sorrow, then, was keen, but it did not last. You went out into the world, and the world supplied you with new thoughts, and the dead friend was soon entirely forgotten. And you were so sure that that memory was to be eternal. Make amends for your neglect during this month of



Canadian requirements. An excellent leaflet on "Religious Worship in Public Schools" has already appeared and others are in preparation.

IN FRANCE AND BELGIUM
The situation is practically unchanged; but this is the best of good news. Despite desperate fighting and enormous losses the enemy has made practically no progress.

A CURIOUS SIDE-LIGHT on the modern craze for relic-hunting is afforded by an incident which took place recently in Scotland, and which we find fully described in Scots exchanges.

IN RUSSIA
London, Nov. 6.—The following message has been received by Lord Kitchener from the Grand Duke Nicholas, Commander-in-chief of Russian forces:

ON THE BATTLE LINE
The most startling news of the week was the naval battle off the coast of Chile.

THE CHURCH IN RUSSIA
From all points of view the standing of the Catholic clergy in the land of the Tsar is the highest of all the clergy of all denominations within that vast empire which contains a population equal nearly to more than a third of that of all Europe.

"killed" in the dispatch; Lieut. J. R. Hamilton Dalrymple, King's Own Scottish Borderers (Beaumont and Wimbleton), who has been elsewhere returned as wounded; Major Walter R. Chichester, Worcestershire Regiment (Prior Park), already noted in our columns as severely wounded; Captain Edward M. Wolfe Flanagan, East Surrey Regiment (Oratory); Captain Christopher Berkeley, D. S. O., Welsh Regiment (Oratory); Lieut. R. J. H. Purcell, King's Royal Rifle Corps (Beaumont); Lieutenant S. J. Leahy, Royal Dublin Fusiliers (Beaumont and Wimbleton), the only officer of his regiment mentioned in the dispatch.

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TSING-TAU SURRENDERS
Tsing-Tau has surrendered to the Japanese and British forces. From Tokio comes official news that Germany's Gibraltar on the coast of China has lowered its flag to the Allies.

reform that is essentially Christian and sound should be evolved—a programme that Catholics everywhere could safely subscribe to and labor for—and the exposition of this programme should then be entrusted to men who know their subject thoroughly and who have the ability to present it sympathetically and winningly.

CATHOLICS AND SOCIALISM
DEVOTING OURSELVES EXCLUSIVELY TO THE "ANTI" SIDE MAY PLACE US IN A FALSE LIGHT BEFORE THE PUBLIC

CHURCH IN SOUTH AMERICA
Mr. Hilliard Atteridge has been contributing a series of highly interesting and useful articles on the Church in the South American Republics in the Month, in which he exposes the lying character of the attacks upon her by outlying the actual position of the Church in that continent and the good work she is doing there.

THE SITUATION IN MEXICO
Without discussing the political side of the situation in Mexico, it is very evident," says the Catholic Herald, "that the present government of Carranza can only be temporary at best, because it is founded among other things on the abolition of religion and the spoliation of the Church.

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FALLACIES OF BIBLE INTERPRETATION
Many years ago a young man, says the Bombay Examiner, very saw to the subject, got engaged in controversy on the sacerdotal character of the Catholic clergy—on which depended the sacrificial character of the Mass.

Reduced Quotations FOR THE Decoration of Churches Are Being Offered by THE Thornton-Smith Co.

THE VALUE OF A SOUL
"Have you the missionary spirit?" asks the Monitor. "Is there a Catholic child in your neighborhood who is neglected and who is drifting away from the faith? Do you recognize that you have a duty toward this lamb of the flock? China and the Congo are lying at your door. Meditate on the value of a soul!"

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

Capital Trust Corporation, Limited
Authorized Capital \$2,000,000.00
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FIVE MINUTE SERMON  
TWENTY-FOURTH SUNDAY AFTER  
PENTECOST

(MARRYING OUT OF THE CHURCH)

In our course of instructions on marriage, my dear friends, we have so far spoken chiefly of the care which should be taken in the selection of the person who is to be one's constant companion through life, and show that not only earthly happiness, but even the salvation of the soul, may depend on this choice being made wisely. We will now go on to consider the ceremony of marriage itself.

Some people, though they have always been Catholics and lived among Catholics, seem to be entirely ignorant of the laws and requirements of the church on this subject. They appear to think that nothing has to be done but to call on the priest some fine evening, and that he will marry them then and there. And if it is not convenient to go to the priest, or if he makes any difficulty about it, why, then a Protestant minister or his honor the mayor will do a pinch.

Now there are several points which these people need instruction about, and several mistakes which they make in this very important affair. We shall have to consider them separately. And we will begin with the greatest mistake of all which can be fallen into by Catholics who wish to get married, and that is to go to a Protestant minister for the purpose.

What is, then, the harm exactly of going to a Protestant minister to get married? Is it that a Protestant minister is an immoral or vicious character, with whom we should have nothing to do? By no means. He is, indeed, more likely to be blame for his errors in religion than his people, for he has, from his greater knowledge in religious matters, a better chance to know the truth; but even a minister may be in good faith about his doctrine. And in other respects he may be a worthy and estimable gentleman.

But the reason why Catholics should avoid going to him for marriage is that marriage is one of the seven sacraments which our Lord has entrusted to the keeping of His Church. These sacraments, then, belong to the Church, and we cannot recognize the right of those who separate from her to administer them or to assist officially at them, though they may have the power to do so validly. Therefore, though marriage be real and valid when contracted before a Protestant minister, and though his own people, of course, are not to blame, if in good faith, for availing themselves of his services, we cannot do so. Indeed, this would be the case even if marriage were not a sacrament, but merely a religious rite or ceremony; we cannot allow the ministers of any sect separated from the Church to act as such for us in any religious function; to do so would be to allow their claim to act in the name of Christ. This we can never do, and, above all, where the sacraments are concerned.

Another, and a very weighty reason, why Catholics cannot go before a minister for marriage, is that no one but the Catholic clergy can be supposed to be sufficiently acquainted with the laws of God and of the Church regarding Christian marriage. There are impediments, as they are called, which make marriage invalid unless a dispensation is obtained from the proper source. Some of these are commonly known, such as those which proceed from a near relationship of the parties; but there are others which are not known even by name to the great mass of the faithful, and which a Protestant minister, even should he happen to know them, would never for a moment regard. Catholics, therefore, if they marry at all, owing to these impediments not being detected or attended to, are in a state of mortal sin. By the law of the State their marriage may be a good and real one, but in the sight of God it will not be so, if any such impediment should exist, and not have been removed by dispensation; and this holds, even though no suspicion of such an impediment should have arisen. You see, then, how important it is in this matter to consult those who are competent to advise them.

TEMPERANCE

TOTAL ABSTAINERS WILL REMEMBER PIUS X.

The Catholic Temperance Advocate, writing of Pope Pius X, says: "Lovers of the cause of temperance will remember him as their defender on earth and will regard him as their patron in heaven. His approbation of the International Catholic Anti-Alcohol League and his appeal to all Catholics to stand in the very van of the movement against alcoholism will for all time make clearer the duty of good Catholics everywhere, and will make easier the labors of those who have been making every effort to promote the virtue of temperance. The indulgences offered to the members of all temperance societies have sealed the approval given by our saintly pontiff to those who strive by word and example to make all Christ's brethren forget Pius X. We shall never indeed pray for the repose of his soul. We shall not cease to pray that he remain our patron in heaven. We need his intercession in the heavenly courts that we may continue on earth our efforts to re-

A POSITIVE CURE FOR RHEUMATISM

Hundreds of People Have Found "Fruit-a-tives" Their Only Help

READ THIS LETTER

Superintendent of Sunday School in Toronto Tells How He Cured Himself of Chronic Rheumatism After Suffering for Years.

55 DEVERCOURT ROAD, Oct., 1st, 1913.

"For a long time, I have thought of writing you regarding what I term a most remarkable cure effected by your remedy 'Fruit-a-tives'. I suffered from Rheumatism, especially in my hands. I have spent a lot of money without any good results. I have taken 'Fruit-a-tives' for 18 months now, and am pleased to tell you that I am cured. All the enlargement has not left my hands and perhaps never will, but the soreness is all gone and I can do any kind of work. I have gained 35 pounds in 18 months."

R. A. WAUGH

Rheumatism is no longer the dreaded disease it once was. Rheumatism is no longer one of the "incurable diseases". "Fruit-a-tives" has proved its marvellous powers over Rheumatism, Sciatica, Lumbago—in fact, over all such diseases which arise from some derangement of stomach, bowels, kidneys or skin.

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

store some things in Christ that need restoring badly.

"When history has passed its final verdict on Pius X. it will, we believe, place him among those who have rendered signal service to the cause of Christ among the sons of men. It will count him as a greater pope than we who have lived in his day and revered him as our saintly father in Christ can yet appreciate."

TEMPERANCE NOTES

You young men, or middle-aged men, or old men, had best take note of the signs of the times and make up your minds to the fact that in this day and generation it is your drink or your job. You may compromise with your conscience, or laugh at the atrocious temperance orator, but you can not fool the man with your job in his hand. Nor can you sign a truce with the growing ostracism that separates success from the man who habitually crooks his elbow.—Atlanta Constitution.

A young player may bat in the three hundred class for a season, and fandom may hail him as a second Cobb. Let him begin to patronize the saloon, and spend his leisure hours before a bar, and he drops like a spent rocket. Whisky nerves and beer weakened muscles are spotted on the instant on the diamond.—Ben Johnson, President American League.

ATTITUDES TOWARDS CONVERTS

In his work "Roads to Rome" (Kegan Paul) which gives the story of the conversion to our Church of some sixty-five persons of more or less celebrity, Mr. I. G. Raupert, who was himself the holder of Anglican Orders during ten years, declares that the tendency of modern times is to take very seriously in all parts the migration of non-Catholics into the body of the Catholic Church. When the message comes to the fortunate being who is called to perform the most important act of his life, it is rare to find in these days that men look upon the Church as a gigantic force which cannot in any of its activities or forms be at all overlooked. Mr. Raupert says that in this age he finds from his large experience two distinctive states of mind and feeling which the very mention of the Catholic Church isapt to call into operation. The first is that of sympathy, or at least of respectful and sympathetic interest. It is everywhere exhibited by that steadily growing class of persons who although not Catholics themselves, have nevertheless a keen appreciation of Catholic doctrine and seem to be conscious in a vague sort of way

that in spite of all that can be said and is being said and urged against the Catholic faith, it is the most stable and consistent system of Christian thought and the most emphatic and also most uncompromising witness to the existence and reality of the supernatural in this very materializing and rationalizing age. This whole matter from sympathetic point of view. They are apt to interpret all the current statements respecting the Catholic Church, her doctrine, her clergy, her influence, the motives inducing so many thoughtful and distinguished persons to submit to her claims in a way favorable to herself. They are conscious of that indefinable thrill of joy which is experienced at the thought that there are even in this sceptical and pleasure-loving age people who really live upon a belief and hope in the invisible and who count all as dross to win Christ.

The other state of mind is the distinctly hostile antagonistic one. It is represented by that daily diminishing number of persons who have been trained to view Rome and her doing with grave suspicion and distrust, who cannot get themselves to believe that anything true and good and holy can emanate from that quarter and that the motives which prompt those who often after many years of anxious search and wanderings and of incessant prayer have sought and found rest in her Fold, can possibly be honest and reasonable and valid ones. These people will of course place their own peculiar construction upon the reports respecting the present advance towards Rome which reach them from time to time. They will look upon the flow of converts into the Church as a downward movement rather than an upward one. They seek to tone down its real meaning and significance, and they will forevermore be casting about for reasons that may serve in a plausible way to account for so unique and strange and to them so very incomprehensible a phenomenon.

These two very divergent states of mind and feeling respecting the Catholic Church have certainly found emphatic expression in the press in recent times, but it is (says Mr. Raupert) only by the recognition of these divergent attitudes of thought, these states of mind and feeling, indeed, are able to understand much that is otherwise dark and incomprehensible. It is for example customary for many sceptical people to declare that conversion to the Church is a matter of weakness and vanity and that "impatience often plays a conspicuous part in the change of religion which is plausibly represented as an agonizing conflict." (London Protestant Guardian). Then, again, other critics fall back upon the old theory that all intellectual experiences which lead to conversion are the result of emotionalism. It is, indeed, (says Mr. Raupert) a matter of common and constant experience that no step in life is so calculated to be misinterpreted by the prejudiced non-Catholic mind as the act of submission on the part of admittedly highly intelligent persons to the Catholic body. The wildest statements are apt to be made and the most irrational motives assigned—often with the result that the moral effect which such an act is likely to produce, is either entirely lost or at least is very considerably modified. Most of the would-be converts, even those who eventually come over to our Church, find their most obstinate stumbling-block in the question of the Infallibility of the Pope. Catholics have no hesitation at all about it, since we hold that the doctrine of Infallibility is essential to the existence and persistence among men of Revealed Truth. For the intelligent Catholic it is enough to know that with the visible Head of the Church there is a divine and supernatural assistance and that God co-operates with him. And indeed if anything were wanting to demonstrate the need of such an Infallible Authority, it is the chaotic condition in which we find to day the sects of non-Catholic Christianity. Many and strangely varying statements have been made as to the causes which are instrumental in producing the modern movement towards the great historic Church, but few of them, says Mr. Raupert, are of any particular weight and most of them show little knowledge of the processes of thought which are at work in the sphere of the religious life of our time. Personally Mr. Raupert thinks the movement is due to the increasing re-assertion of those fundamental needs and aims of the human heart which no passing or Christian philosophy or mere fragmentary form of Christian thought or belief can ever wholly satisfy, but which the Catholic Church alone with her perfect system of doctrine, her divine authority, the wondrous adaptability of her teaching to the human soul, does most fully satisfy.—N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

CATHOLIC WOMEN

Catholic women, you are called upon to follow Mary, and to help in the regeneration of a corrupt world. At this moment we want women who regard life as a mission, and not as a masquerade of pleasure-seekers. There is a wide field of Catholic woman young and old, who have good minds and firm wills and broad sympathies. You can be apostles of prayer. Pray for yourself; pray in your home with your brothers, with your sons, with your husbands, with your children. You can be apostles by your good example in your homes,

GRUBBING is well begun and half done when you start it with — Old Dutch Cleanser

emulating Mary's virtues—humility, purity, devotedness and patience. You can be apostles of good example at your business and work by your pure lives and your fidelity to Christ. At home and in public you can make some reparation for the lives of those who have fallen away from the Church. Catholic women if you know the power you have, if you only used it, what glory would be given to the Most High! You would see what theorists and faddists ignore—that the true power and dignity of women lies in her weakness; that the virtues that have made women respected and honored and that gave her real influence over men, are the virtues of Mary.—Truth.

THE HEROISM OF NON-COMBATANTS

We are all baffled and annoyed by the inconsistencies and contradictions of the war news. But God knows the very truth of these awful butcheries and these fierce hatreds, and He overbalances their horror by the noble virtues He inspires in the women and the children and all the other non-combatants left at home. He knows and will well reward the patient love, and the trustful love, and the brotherly love, whose shrine is the desolate home and the tearful heart far in the rear of the battle front.

One can hardly read the following address of the Belgian Cardinal to his people without feeling one's eyes moistening. How noble is that race whose chief pastor can bear this witness to its Christian fortitude at home, whilst all the world reverences its patriotic valor on the firing line—in both cases cleansed of all narrow and religious motives the most admirable! The scourge of war is the direct adversity known to mankind, and the Belgians bear up under it with truest heroism. How bright are the warlike laurels on which shines the favor of heaven!

The following extract from Cardinal Mercier's war-pastoral is the occasion of our remarks:

"Belgium is writing in the battle-fields the grandest page in her history. But what she does not write what God alone is witness of—is the heroism of sorrow. We can only trace some indications of it, and how eloquent they are already! On Sunday, during a procession which the city of Malines had organized in honor of our Lady of Hanswyck, a father gave me a vigorous handshake and said: 'I have six sons and they are all in the army.' A young mother writes to me: 'My eldest son has gone to the front. I have had the courage to bless him without trembling.' A workingman who has seven children says to me: 'I do not resist the irresistible current, but will you not assure bread to my wife and children?' And how noble in their sad solitude are those humble farms where the men are absent and

Drunkenness Can be Cured

It is a Disease, Not a Habit

"Some years ago I was a heavy drinker. Demon drink had me in his grip. Friends, business, family were slipping from me. Ruin stared me in the face. But one friend remained, a physician. Through his efforts

I WAS SAVED

"This man had made a scientific study of drunkenness as a disease. He had found a cure for it."

It was a case like this that made me realize how many others were in need of aid and determined me if possible, to offer Samaria Prescription to the world. The treatment is absolutely different from others. It can be given without the patient's knowledge if desired. Thousands of wives, mothers, daughters, sisters, have saved their men, folk from the curse of alcohol through it.

IT CURES In a few days. All craving for alcohol is gone and the patient is restored to health, happiness, family and friends, and the respect of all. I am ready to tell you about it absolutely

FREE SEND NO MONEY

Just send your name and address, saying—"Please tell me how I can cure drunkenness." That is all you need to say. I will understand and will write you at once. I will send you a book telling you all about my wonderful cure for DRUNKENNESS, and will also send you a TRIAL PACKAGE, which will show you how the treatment can be given without the patient's knowledge. All this I will send you ABSOLUTELY FREE in a plain sealed package at once. Do not delay; send me a post-card, or write me a letter to-day. Do not be afraid to send in your name. I always treat correspondence as sacredly confidential. WRITE NOW. E. R. HERD, THE SAMARIA REMEDY CO., 1428 Mutual Street, Toronto, Canada

the stables empty! It is the woman who with their own hands bring home the harvest.

"We knew not the magnanimity of our country. Let us continue to pray that the fortunes of war will confirm the moral victory of our patriotism."

"There is no decline in the attendance at our parish churches. At daybreak the people attend Mass, and the number of Communions are multiplied. In the evening there is united prayer in the families; at 8 o'clock there is the adoration of the Blessed Sacrament, the singing of the Litany of the Saints and the Seven Penitential Psalms, the uninterrupted recitation of the Rosary in the House of God and public processions. All these religious exercises, conducted calmly, the soul being strong though in anguish, the heart resolute though wounded, bear testimony to your unanimous confidence in the mercy of our God.

"Courage, my brethren; persevere in your faith, your repentance and your charity. Put above everything purity of conscience, for what is chiefly of importance is not what the world sees, but the bottom of the heart, the invisible part which is known only to the eye of Divine Justice and Divine Love.

"Christian mothers, your sons have made their peace with God before leaving you. Encourage their faith when you write to them. Recommend them to their angel guardians. Stir up the piety of those who are at home. Bring your little children to the altar rails."—The Missionary.

REASONABLENESS OF MIRACLES

The reasonableness of miracles needs no defense by the Catholic Church. Since her Divine Founder, Jesus Christ, worked many miracles, thousands more perhaps than are of record in the gospels, and since the Apostles in accordance with the Saviour's promise wrought many more and even greater, if such a thing were possible, the reasonableness and veracity of miracles have ceased to be problematical from the very foundations of Christianity. Unbelievers, rationalists, materialists, pantheists, monists and modernists—all those who deny the supernatural in religion—have put miracles into the scrap-heap of unmitigated nonsense and absurdity long ago. But while these have professed themselves the Apostles of Reason it can easily be shown that they are the Apostles of Unreason. They all have made the most unreasonable claims. Bergson, the French philosopher, who has a considerable following, is so unreasonable as to hold that we may find out what we want by trying to get it—without knowing what it is. The late Professor William James is quite as unreasonable in many points of his philosophy. Nietzsche, too, may be put down as an Apostle of Unreason, when he makes the unintelligible statement: "We must have chaos within, that we may give birth to a dancing star." Pragmatists do not escape the criticisms that they are Apostles of Unreason. Modernists as condemned by the Encyclical of the late Pope, are in the same category. Oscar Wilde was in this company when he declared that brute reason hit below the intellect. Dr. Brandes was amenable to the charge of lunacy when he asked the question: "Who knows that two and two do not make five in the planet Jupiter?" John Davidson became an Apostle of Unreason when he championed the cause of pure force and will. Bernard Shaw is another Apostle of Unreason when he maintains that all logic leads to killing oneself.

It is objected to miracles that they suppose a Supreme Being, the Creator and Arbiter of the Universe, could change His mind. A miracle is something taken out from nature, extraordinary, different from the eternal run of things. But this is begging the question. God from all eternity sees as present everything that is going to happen. He therefore does not change His mind when something unusual occurs out of the ordinary course of Nature. From all eternity, He has willed it to be so according to His own wisdom, for the benefit of created man, and His own glory. Only God can perform a miracle. What He has made He can unmake, or change. If by human ingenuity a piece of machinery has been constructed according to certain mathematical principles and rules, it can be unmade by the same artificer and reconstructed on different lines.

In so far as a miracle is a stupendous occurrence, beyond our comprehension, it is not so great as the miracles with which we are surrounded in the ordinary course of nature and events. We cannot explain the multiplication of seed in the fields, which makes for the bountiful harvest; nor the mystery in the growth of a single blade of grass. St. Augustine says that a miracle wrought is not so great as thousands of other miracles with which we are daily surrounded. We become so accustomed to them that they become commonplace. Among the greatest miracles to which we have become callous is our body and soul—making one personality and working in harmony with each other.

It is God's privilege and within His power to set aside the laws of nature—for as He made, so also can He unmake them.

The reasonableness of miracles cannot be explained away by any quibbling or sophistry. It stands secure on God's omnipotence.—Intermountain Catholic.

Boys! Girls! Big Money

Easily Earned Selling Xmas Cards

Bertha Jefferies sold \$10.00 worth in an hour and a half. Maurice Blackman sold \$8.00 worth in one afternoon. You can do the same. Everybody buys Xmas Cards

Ours are the latest and prettiest, straight from London, England. LOVELY BOOKLETS 2 for 5c. CHARMING POSTCARDS 3 for 5c. Hundreds of kinds, every card a perfect gem. People can't help buying. You just show the cards and take the money.

To prove this, WE WILL SEND YOU \$3.00 WORTH WITHOUT ASKING ONE CENT IN ADVANCE. After selling the cards you keep \$1.20, sending us \$1.80, or send us the whole \$3.00 and we will send you another \$3.00 worth of cards, for which you keep the \$3.00.

People are buying Xmas Cards every day now, so there is no time to lose. WRITE AT ONCE.

The Gold Medal Card Co., Dept. R.2, Toronto, Ont.

Baby's Food Step by Step. THIS problem solved for mothers, by the "Allenburys" Foods. The best food for baby is the maternal milk. If for any reason the mother cannot feed her baby, the "Allenburys" Foods should be given, because they are practically identical with healthy human milk in composition, nutritive value and digestibility. The "Allenburys" Foods promote sound sleep, give freedom from digestive ills and ensure vigorous health and growth. The "Allenburys" Foods are absolutely free from harmful germs. They provide a complete and progressive food, and are specially adapted to every stage of a child's development. MILK FOOD No. 1. From birth to 3 months. MILK FOOD No. 2. From 3 to 6 months. MALTED FOOD No. 3. From 6 months upward. Write for the Booklet, free. "Infant Feeding and Management". The Allen & Hanburys Co. Limited, 66 Gerrard Street East, Toronto.

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"Canada's Biggest Piano Value" We offer these facts as first evidence: A ten-year guarantee goes with every piano sold. You will find in any Sherlock-Manning Piano the famous 4700 Hertz Double Repeating Action, the Finis Imported Poshlman Wire Strings and the Guaranteed Weiskopf Fell Hammer. Only high grade instruments have these standard parts. There are no better made. Furthermore, we have one of the most complete plants in the Dominion and employ highly skilled workmen in every branch. Many of Canada's wealthiest citizens own Sherlock-Manning Pianos; many of our foremost educational and musical institutions use them exclusively. We want to mail you a copy of our handsome art catalogue. It is beautifully illustrated and free. Write to-day to Dept. 3, and ask for it. Style 70-Colonial. 60 THE SHERLOCK-MANNING PIANO CO., London (No Street Address Necessary) Canada.

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EIGHT

SOME RECENT CONVERTS

Compiled by Scannell O'Neill
Rev. P. G. M. Rhodes, M. A., formerly assistant curate at Kidderminster, England.
Rev. Cyril Howard Stenson, B. A., curate of Stoney Stratford, Bucks, England, and formerly an exhibitor of Kible College Oxford, has been received by the Abbot of Caldey.
Rev. Arthur D. Ily, a London clergyman, and Rev. Samuel Fairbourn of the Anglican Church, were confirmed by the Bishop of Southwark, London, on Oct. 4, along with the Messrs Rachel Parkinson and Veronica Wightman, formerly Anglican nuns.
Rev. R. Cecil Wilton, B. A., rector of Londesborough, E. Yorks, honors in history, Cambridge, Lightfoot scholar, 1887, and for many years lecturer for the Church Defense Society. He is a son of the late Canon Wilton, a well known writer of religious verse.
The late Col. I. C. Quinn, president of the First National Bank, Milan, Mo., and director and stockholder in the Quincy National bank, received a few days before his death.
Miss Lavinia C. Wiseman, Denver.
Mrs. R. A. Hedley, Portland, Ore.; Lutheran.
Miss Blanche Owen, Galveston, Tex.
Mrs. Leonard J. McEnnis, Houston, Tex.
Miss Catherine E. Stricklin, Toledo, Ohio.
George Arpp and Miss Clara Dennis, Huntington, W. Va.
Mr. and Mrs. Mantell, Memphis.
Mr. Mantell is city chemist and a graduate of Cornell University.
Meyer R. Ruffner, Denver. So far this year there have been twenty six converts at the cathedral, according to the Denver Register.
Dee Brown, Denver, converted at a Billy Sunday revival.
W. R. Mitchell, Colorado Springs, Col.
Miss Clara K. Stadlauder, Denver; Lutheran.
Henry Trepper, Denver, (son, grandson and nephew of Lutheran ministers)
Charles Shinn and Mrs. J. C. O'Neill have been received into the Church in Denver.
Mrs. George W. Doyle, Kerrville, Tex.; Episcopalian.
Miss Louise Strackbein, Kerrville, Tex. Now a Sister of Charity.
Dr. Orville Egbert, Kerrville, Tex.
Julius C. Tips, Sr., a prominent merchant of San Antonio, Tex.; received on his deathbed.
Lieut. G. R. F. Rowley of the Coldstream Guards, England.

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THE CHURCH AND THE WAR

"I came to set the earth on fire, and what do I wish but that it be kindled." The fire with which unfortunately the earth is burning, is not the fire of divine love which Christ speaks, but the fire of hatred and vengeance. The present European conflict clearly shows it.
The religion of might, foretold by Nietzsche, is to day celebrating in the civilized world its magnificent, but at the same time, horrible solemnities of its nefarious cult.
Let us go back to the iron age. Philanthropy, love, fraternity, benevolence, civility, are all words without meaning and have no reason to be unless they are brought into being by the teachings of the great Galilean philosopher.
These words are so many masks worn in the carnival of life to hide the writing on every man's face: "Man to man is a wolf." A bitter truth forcing itself to the front wherever the spirit of Christianity has not conquered. Our moral cult is then but a farce, and as Campaomor in one of his works was wont to say: "It walks timidly, smothering the tiger's paws."
These tigers to-day smother their paws casting away the mask, and destroying the "pity," of that falsehood which we call right, morality and love.
That in government circles Nietzsche had a greater following than Christ the actual European conflict clearly shows it, as it shows likewise that diplomacy, culture and elegant phrases have no moral value because whatever is flippant and violent cannot subsist.
It shows that the Carpenter's son, as Julian the apostate contemptuously used to call Christ, still continues digging graves to bury therein everything that is not moved by Him.
France will have to spend more money than the amount stolen from the Church to defend herself from an enemy which even if conquered (?) will bring her more anxieties than her pious congregations.
When Donoso Cortes used to wonder why Prudhomme could not understand how it was that theology would intermittently be found at the bottom of every political and social question, he did not foresee the fact that to day mathematics have supplanted religion and morality; that the dogmas of all jurisprudence and legislation is in numbers; that might is in numbers; and might the Supreme ratio the Alma Mater of everything worshipped here on this earth; because the fire of divine love which Christ brought to set the world on fire has been quenched. To day we see but the fire of hatred and union cord; if love begets union, and union produces strength, then the truth spoken of by the great poet David: "Iniquity deceives itself." Is here evidently demonstrated. To prefer modern civilization, Nietzsche to Jesus, strength to religion, is to remain empty handed. There is no true union and strength without the fire of divine charity and Christian love.
The natural equilibrium is hampered by the loss of strength, and then follows war and the desolation we are to-day deploring.
It is a well-known fact that the moment we cast off the spirit of that great Founder of twenty centuries of civilization; the moment we separate ourselves from Him, the wisest of all philosophers, who told His disciples: "You ask me to let fire fall from heaven to destroy your enemies, because you do not know from what spirit you are;" the moment we separate ourselves from that loving heart who in His last conversation with His disciples told them: "In this shall the world know that you are My disciples if you love one another," the moment, I say, we separate ourselves from that life of love, which is force, union and liberty, we fall back into barbarism, progress is held back, culture is forgotten, science darkened and religion suffers.
Undoubtedly we are to-day twenty centuries behind civilization, we do not yet know "from what spirit we are;" we are still asking God to let fire fall from heaven to consume our enemies.
The world hardly knows because it does not clearly see in us that spirit which Christ said would be a sign by which men would know we are His disciples. That is the reason why the Catholic Social Action has so little influence on all those social and political problems.
The Church, the true and only Church of Christ; the school, the only and true school of the Wise Man of Galilee, do not cease clamoring to-day for union and love in Europe as well as everywhere.
There is no difference for us between a Frenchman and a German, and a Serb, a Belgian or an Austrian. Sons we are of the same Father, heirs of the same glory, and

BANDAGE OR BON-BON?

Famine is closing in on desolate Belgium. England appeals to the world for help, that her orphaned children may not be forced from their asylums into the street. The peasant of France, inured to toil and privation, await with anxiety the coming of a bitter winter. Fathers and husbands, sons and brothers, the bread-winner, lie in the trenches. And in the homes they have left behind, there is dread, and the sound of weeping, wail little faces, and the plaintive voices of children who ask in vain for bread. The world is drenched in a rain of blood and tears. Rachel who will not be comforted, lives again in the mothers of Europe.
Frenchmen or Englishmen, Belgians or Germans, they are all our brothers, children of God, redeemed in the blood of His Son. What can you do, what can all of us do, whom God has mercifully spared? We can pray for those who will not, we can not, pray for ourselves. We can ask our Father in heaven to wrap in the mantle of His infinite love, the almost countless souls who, in these dark autumn days of the world, are rudely torn from life by war's unsparring blast. In our own hearts, we can foster a deeper love of God, that from its depths may spring a peace-giving love of all men, a love that is constant, a love that is Catholic. Last of all as proof that our love is real, we can give of our means, in measure pressed down and overflowing, in His Name, to the innocent victims from whom famine may soon withhold the broken crumbs of the poor.
But let us give with a generosity guided by wisdom. We have been asked to send a "Santa Claus" ship to the children of Europe. "No real Christmas without toys, oranges, candies and nuts," we are told. "What will Christmas be for the war kiddies whose fathers are fighting far away from home?" For the gentle, mother like spirit, awakened to sympathy by the grief of a child, who in his broken toy sees all his world in ruins, we have nothing but the truest respect. But in the present circumstances, we can not praise his wisdom. To day there are little children in the Protectorates of England, France and Belgium, who in default of speedy aid, will shortly lack a roof over their heads. The hospital Sisters and the Red Cross Associates, report a shortage in medicines, in surgical appliances, even in suitable bandages. Plague now knocks at the gates of Austria. By the time these lines are read, famine and disease may be leading the maelstrom of death across the broad saege of Europe.
It is to our credit that our wishes are more generous than our resources. But when children ask for food, it is not kindness to give them a diverting toy. When their fathers and brothers lie with wounds unhealed, "the rude cots of a military hospital, let us buy bandages, not bon-bons. The empty Christmas stockings of the little ones of Europe, lend an added pathos to the story of the grim toll of war. Would that we might fill them, and for every desolate home in Europe, dress a Christmas tree, and bring father and brother home to light the candles, and make merry, as they did one short year ago, in the laughter of happy children. But we can not. Our slender funds must buy necessities. To employ them in the purchase of toys and bon-bons for the children would be folly; a lovable sort of folly, it is true, but none the less unwise.—America.

TIPPERARY TOWN!

An Irish paper says: "There are five hundred widows in the town of Tipperary alone, as a result of the late fighting in which Irish regiments took a prominent part."
There are just five hundred widows in Tipperary Town, Who miss their gallant soldiers gone for aye; But there's more pride than tears For the Munster Fusiliers, For the Dublins and the Royal Irish gey!
At Compeigne they're lying, and at Mons and Charleroi, And their kinsmen make no wail of it—for why? They have died on honor's field, They have died the weak to shield, And this is how the Irish want to die. They stood up to face the enemy, Ne'er quailing from their fate, And their bayonets flashed terror, as they burst Through the shrapnel and the mines, And the foe man's serried lines, For the Irish in the battle must be first!
They said no word of vengeance to be wreaked when they got back, 'Gainst their brethren in the grim and stubborn North; But with hearts elate and gay They went singing to the fray— Let the North go in and emulate their worth! (Send your best-will take your best—O noble North!) —SILVER-BA MORN in the Globe.

DEATH OF FATHER MCKEON'S MOTHER

Mrs. Ann McKeon, mother of Rev. Father McKeon, Rector of St. Peter's Cathedral, this city, died on Tuesday evening at the residence of her son John, 95 Goyson street, Windsor, at the age of ninety-two. She leaves behind her four daughters and three sons: Mrs. Mary Gada, of Blind River, Ont.; Mrs. Frank Pingree, Detroit; Mother Aldegonde, St. Joseph's Hospital, Parry Sound; Sister Monica, Loreto Convent, Stratford; John A. McKeon, Windsor, Stephen McKeon, Windsor, and Rev. Father McKeon, Rector of St. Peter's Cathedral and Chancellor of the Diocese of London. Her husband predeceased her about fifty years ago. She also had a son James who was a Christian Brother in Montreal. He died in 1871. The late Mrs. McKeon's home was in Raleigh township where she lived until about twenty five years ago, when the family moved to Windsor. The funeral was held on Thursday, November 5, to St. Alphonse Church, Windsor. Her son, Rev. P. J. McKeon, 1871, was in charge of the funeral. He sang the Mass. Father Gabriel, of St. Peter's Cathedral, was deacon. Father O'Connor, of St. Peter's Seminary, London, subdeacon, Father Ryan, Stratford, master of ceremonies. Besides those already mentioned were: Dean Downey, Rector of St. Alphonse Church, Windsor; Father Frank Forster, Superior of Assumption College, Fathers Howard and Collins of Assumption College, Father Cote, Rector of Assumption Church, Sandwich; Father McCabe, Maidstone; Father Tobin, Hanlon and Valentin, London; Father Blair, Walkerville; Father Ford, Woodlee; Father Neville, Windsor; Father O'Reilly, C. S. R., St. Patrick's Church, London, who preached the funeral sermon, paid a high tribute to the deceased as the mother of a priest, a Christian Brother and two Religions.

DEATH OF FATHER MORLEY

Windsor Record, Nov. 6
Rev. Father Arthur J. Morley, for the past seven years connected with Assumption college, died at Hotel Dieu Friday morning after a short illness. Last Sunday he was assisting Rev. Father Van Antwerp in Holy Rosary church, Detroit, and was taken ill. He was removed to Hotel Dieu Tuesday, and was pronounced dead this morning.
Father Morley was well known and popular in this vicinity and had a large circle of friends. He was ordained a priest ten years ago, and was formerly stationed in St. Anne's church, Detroit. He spent a year in Texas and then came to Assumption college, where he became secretary. He was born in Leigh, England, thirty eight years ago and has lived in this country for twenty years. Surviving him are his mother in England, three sisters and one brother. One sister is in Germany, and one in Toronto. His brother lives in South America.
Funeral services were conducted Monday morning in Assumption church, Sandwich, after which the remains were interred in Assumption cemetery.

CATHOLIC PRACTICES WANING?

Are any of our good old Catholic practices falling into "innocuous desuetude"? How many of those who read this paragraph wear a scapular medal, or an Agnus Dei, or savor still a "rosary"? Do you keep holy water in a convenient place or use at home perhaps a had better say, at first, or a blessed candle, or a crucifix, or a little statue of the Blessed Virgin, or

TEACHERS WANTED

WANTED A MALE SINGLE SCHOOL teacher for Qu'Appelle, Indian Industrial School, Lebert, P. O. Sask. Good position, local. Apply to Mr. Dillon, Sec. Treas. Phone rural 47-22, Melita, P. O. Ont. 188-2
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WANTED TEACHER FOR C. S. S. No. 5 Glenelg, Grey Co., with first or second class certificate. Duties to commence Jan. 2nd, 1915. Applicants state qualifications, experience and salary to Frank Meagher, Sec. Treas. C. S. S. No. 5, Glenelg, R. R. No. 6, Markdale, Ont. 188-3
A QUALIFIED NORMAL TRAINED CATHOLIC teacher for separate school. Duties beginning after Christmas holidays. Apply stating salary, to W. Ryan, Box 23, Chatham, Ont. 188-17

HOME WANTED FOR CATHOLIC BOY

WE HAVE A BRIGHT, INTELLIGENT, AND healthy Catholic boy of seven years whom we would like to see good Catholic family. He is a very desirable child. Parties interested should write Rev. Hugh Ferguson, Children's Aid Society Shelter, Stratford, Ont. 188-3

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This exquisite design. Rosary is made from our best quality of face gold and set with strong lock link attachments and dainty crucifix. Our regular price for this Rosary is one dollar but to all readers of the Catholic Record we are offering a special discount of 25 per cent. Or if you will act as our representative in your district and sell only 12 of our size rosaries at 15c each, we will give you one of these beautiful Rosaries absolutely free. Our Pictures are all reproductions of Famous Paintings and sell regularly in Art Stores at 50 cents each, so that at our wholesale price of 15 cents, you can sell the entire lot in an hour. Order today. When pictures are sold, remit us the amount of your sales \$1.80, and your Rosary will be sent you by return mail Address: COLONIAL ART CO., Box 22., Toronto, Ont.

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A Detroit musician has invented a wonderful new system which enables anyone or little child to learn to play the piano or organ in one evening. Even though you know absolutely nothing about music or have never touched a piano or organ, you can now learn to play in an hour or two. People who do not know one note from another are able to play their favorite music with this method without any assistance whatever from anyone.
This new system which is called the Numerical Method, is sold in Canada by the Numerical Method Music Co. of Canada, and as they are desirous of at once making it known in every locality, they are making the following special free trial and half-price offer to our readers.
You are not asked to send any money until you have tried and are satisfied with the new method. The Numerical Company is willing to send it to you on one week's free trial, and you will not have to pay them one cent unless you desire to keep it. There are no express charges to be paid, as everything will be sent by mail. Simply write a letter or post card to the Numerical Method Music Co. of Canada, 118R Curry Hall, Windsor, Ontario, saying Please send me the Numerical Method on seven days' free trial. If you are satisfied after trying it, the Method will cost you only \$5, although the regular price of these is \$10. You should not delay writing, as the Numerical Company will not continue this special half-price offer indefinitely. Later on, the Method and fifty different pieces of sheet music will cost you only \$5, although the regular price of these is \$10. You should not delay writing, as the Numerical Company will not continue this special half-price offer indefinitely. Later on, the Method and fifty pieces of music will be sold at the regular price.

DIED

MCDONNELL.—At Peterboro, (Ontario) on Sept. 30, 1914, Mr. Louis McDonnell. May his soul rest in peace!
QUILTY.—On Monday, Oct. 12, 1914, Joseph A. Quilty, beloved son of Mr. and Mrs. John Quilty, Ashdod, in his twenty-fourth year. May his soul rest in peace!
GILLESPIE.—At Vancouver, B. C., Mrs. M. G. Gillespie, formerly Miss Blanche Gillis, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John A. Gillis of Halifax. May her soul rest in peace!
FOGARTY.—At Moncton, Nov. 2nd, 1914, Mrs. E. J. Fogarty, aged 88 years, leaving a husband, three brothers and two sisters to mourn their loss. The deceased was a daughter of the late Patrick Hagarty, of Halifax, N. S. May her soul rest in peace.

WANTED

WANTED AN INDUSTRIOUS YOUNG MAN who would prefer a comfortable home to wages. Apply to Mr. Jas. Tobin, Wincennes, P. O. Muskoka, Ont. 188-1

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If you've been waiting, knowing you were going to buy a Talking Machine some time, but have hesitated to put \$250 into it—the time has come. You don't have to spend \$250; you don't have to spend \$100; nor \$75; nor \$50; nor even \$25—for here is the new Columbia COMET at \$20.
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So come and let us demonstrate it. We'll send it home on approval if you wish.
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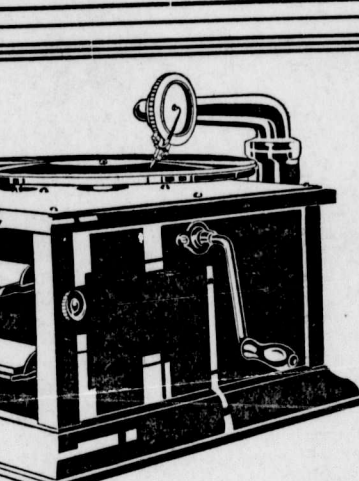


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NOTICE OF QUARTERLY DIVIDEND
Notice is hereby given that a Dividend at the rate of SEVEN PER CENT (7%) PER ANNUM upon the paid-up Capital Stock of this Bank has been declared for the THREE MONTHS ending the 30th of November, 1914, and that the same will be payable at the Head Office and Branches on and after Tuesday, the 1st of December, 1914. The Transfer Books will be closed from the 16th to the 30th of November, 1914, both days inclusive.
By Order of the Board, JAMES MASON, General Manager.
Toronto, October 21st, 1914.

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