

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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OUR PART

Coming to social displays of a kind of courage which lack the safeguard of instructed habit, we may notice the bold self-assertiveness which relies upon the vulgar reverence for outward display in dress, lavish expenditure, fashionable repute and conventional symbols generally for the success it craves. How differently the courage of genius manifests itself, often in loneliness and poverty! It is the common tale of steady perseverance in face of obstacles until a new gift has been bestowed upon a too forgetful world. Art, science, philanthropy have enriched mankind ineluctably at the cost of pangs which were endured for the sake of benefits others received. The martyrs of Truth applied to large common ends have been and are the salt of the earth. Alas, that the salt should lose its savour by contact with inferior elements in the confusion of a sordid struggle. Corruption is most deadly when masked in forms of authority and external grace. It is heartening to turn from the scene of nerveless statecraft and civil discord to the spectacle of disciplined valour displayed by our troops and their leaders day by day. They are not splitting hairs, over the kind or degree of their country's claim upon them. They have staked all upon the issue. It is we talkers and scribblers who need to blend discretion with our over-confidence. The supreme joy of self-sacrifice is not within our reach; but even in our peaceful spheres of activity there is ample room for calm resolve and self mastery. The mine, the factory, and the public thoroughfare may be the scene of a true adventure of the soul. Why forfeit the distinction that fidelity secures by cowardly compromise in the hourly conflict with evil? Life is a battle throughout. We are conscripts, held under the discipline of changeable events. Aim and means are linked in the wise man's experience. Souls are not launched by blind fate on their sublime course; their orbit is defined and the wisdom that rises from life's depths decrees a glorious end to the valorous combatant. Age should contribute wise counsel, but it is the prerogative of youth to spring on the instant to meet the mystic summons that breaks upon the dull routine of a degenerate time. Valour and discretion coalesce in the crucible of a splendid trust—the cause abolishes personal interests, and quenches sordid hopes and fears.

"Though flesh trope and reason chafe,
There comes a voice without reply—
'Tis man's perdition to be safe
When for the truth he ought to die."

COMING—THIS YEAR

Naturally the influence of the War will be felt this year. Fewer German and more French phrases will be seen, especially in the writings of those who know no language but English, and that not very well. Our old friend chic (suggesting, as commonly uttered, a young fowl) will be much in evidence. A new word much affected is camouflage, generally mispronounced and misunderstood. On the whole, there will be a heavier draft than usual on the Italian case. In plain English the old favourite "crisp new bill," unknown to most of us in real life, will have its usual run. No one in this year's fiction will be interested or fascinated, but always "intrigued." There will be the regular quota of "virtile" women—the kind no man would ever care—or dare—to marry. Another favourite is "virginal." Through one short story some time ago ran a regular refrain describing the heroine as "tall, white, virginal." Obsess and obsession will continue to be prime favourites. No competition on any theme will be complete without at least one occurrence of one or the other. No writer who cares for good form will permit any character to say anything this year. He may murmur, whisper, wheeze, hush, compliment, equivocate, sparkle—do anything but say. An occasional old-fashioned writer in the Atlantic, Harper, Century, or

Scribner, may fail to observe this decree, but in the cheap weeklies and monthlies the correct style will always be followed.

As to content, the predominant notes will be war and love. The young officer or private who routs armies single-handed and outwits the shrewdest diplomats offhand, finally marrying either his nurse or the heiress of the most aristocratic family in France, will share honours with the youth who comes from the farm to the city and within a week or so earns the fortune demanded by his rich employer's daughter as the price of her hand. Of heroines the nurse or the infallibly omniscient spy will vie with the debutante. No "slackers" these—they will be sure to "do their bit." It promises to be a great year.

DOERS OF DISCRETION

The great Lord Bacon preaches discretion most eloquently in his Essays, but his own fate exemplified the contrast between theory and conduct which discloses itself in high places as in low. The New England maxim, "Be sure you are right, and then go ahead," was well illustrated by Washington, who was praised by Earl Stanhope for his extreme reluctance to draw the sword and for his "magnanimity in persevering." So also in the contest with France, Pitt hesitated before letting loose the British forces, but never swerved from his resolve to carry the war through to a victorious conclusion. Lincoln is of course a later and most impressive example of wise delay; but he was relentless in his justifiable determination to make an end of a rebellion which rested on the institution of slavery. President Wilson is worthily following in his great foregoer's footsteps.

A STRUGGLE OF PRINCIPLES

WE ARE FIGHTING FOR SUPREMACY OF JUSTICE AND RIGHT, SAYS ARCHBISHOP GLENNON

A stirring address was made recently before a congregation of 50,000 people by Archbishop John J. Glennon of St. Louis. The occasion was the celebration of a military field Mass, and the spectacle of the vast throng of worshippers assisting in the sacrifice was most impressive. Included in this vast throng were many whose kin is now enrolled with the colors, and the Archbishop said that their appearance in such numbers proved that the Catholic heart of St. Louis beats with its country, and that they stand beside the altar of their country as they stand beside the altar of God. Continuing, the Archbishop said:

"As the world war advances, and as the situation becomes more and more critical, it is very natural for our people to give way to extravagance of thought and action—whereas public opinion is slow to form and public interest not easily aroused in democracy; but once aroused it is not easily controlled or directed. More especially now, as we witness the troops journeying forth—as we hear from the front of the horrors of war—of the death of brave men—as we read the growing casualty list; and in its wake the crepe tells us of those who will return no more. Under such circumstances, it is, I say, but human to give vent to pent up feelings, and to resort to language of a kind inspired by hatred and vindictiveness.

"It is well for us, therefore, even if crises do arise, and dangers to our army and nation threaten or impend, to bring to mind those principles for which we struggle, whatever be the fate of the battle of yesterday and today, and which must and shall endure; and that we must work deliberately and calmly, so that they shall endure; and that their triumph shall be reached with the least sacrifice of human life and with the largest measure of effective permanency.

A STRUGGLE OF PRINCIPLES, NOT OF RACE

"In the struggle we must pay little heed to those who claim that this is a struggle of race against race, or language against language. It is a struggle of principles that are true and just as against principles that are false and unholy.

"We are struggling—we are fighting; and we propose to struggle and fight until we obtain our objective, which is destruction of a threatening militarism—the elimination of a philosophy which holds its right to govern by the sword—the assumption of the power that the stronger nation may oppress and hold in bondage the smaller and weaker nation; the undoing of national wrongs, the liberation of the nations

of the earth from fear, and from the danger that the superman or super-nation is prepared or has decided to oppress and crush them.

"Those who maintain methods and principles such as these are our enemies. If Prussia alone defends them, then Prussia alone is our enemy. But if all Germany is united in sustaining these principles, then all Germany is our enemy, and all other nations who join with her.

"Ofttimes we hear the statement that the German believes neither in militarism, autocracy or the divine right of his nation to rule the world; but he believes that position when he defends the dominant German school of the day—the school that is headed by the Kaiser, and his Prussian Junkers—the school that claims the fields that their armies conquer and a tribute from the nations of the earth.

"And yet, let me be understood, I do not believe that this is a war of races, nor a war of languages. It is true that at the beginning of the War, that on the eastern front, it was the Teuton opposed to the Slav, and it read like a war between them for race supremacy. France then was but a pawn on the checker board. In this latest year of the War it is again hinted that it is a fight for supremacy between the Teuton and the Anglo-Saxon. Let me say deliberately and advisedly that in so far as America is concerned it cannot be so regarded. We are not fighting for Anglo-Saxon supremacy. We are fighting for the supremacy of justice and right, rather than the supremacy of race.

"Indeed, that philosophy created and taught by English and German, that certain races must dominate and that it is their conscientious duty to reach that domination by destroying others, is a philosophy that is both false and damnable—a philosophy which should receive the immediate attention of our vigilantes, and be driven from school, university or lecture hall, or where ever found; for it is a philosophy that teaches disloyalty to your fellow men. It is the philosophy of the inhuman, and opposes, ridicules every element of mercy, altruism or love in the human heart. It is one of the chiefest causes of this war's commencement and dread devastation. It has done more to dechristianize and brutalize the world than any other known cause.

"Neither is this a war of languages. Language is but the vehicle of thought and is cursed or blessed by the thinker, whose servant it is. Sentiments of disloyalty may find their place in any language, and equally so, sentiments of loyalty and fidelity.

"I believe, again, that our care should be to eliminate and destroy disloyalty in word or act in whatever language or by whatever individual it may find expression. For the rest the English language will be, and must be, the language of this country. And for the others, it is better to leave them to their natural extinction through time, than to force an issue without a gravely sufficient cause. All our energies today should be listed up under four headings, to wit: Men to fight, arms to fight with, ships to carry them and food to sustain them.

EVERY AMERICAN FORCE UNITED FOR TRIUMPH OF JUSTICE

"And we may add thereto all those forces which will make for the protection, preservation and safety of our soldiers, that they may return triumphant in their safety and safe in their triumph. Among these forces one of the most helpful is the organization for war activities created by the Knights of Columbus, and sustained by them and by us all generously and effectively. It is true, they are not receiving the publicity and consequent support necessary for their organization to reach the full measure of its effectiveness. Perhaps it is because they have not the methods known to the modern promoter, nor the scientific way of reaching the public mind; or perhaps it is that conspiracy of silence which can be made so wonderfully effective when our managers resort to it as fitting in with their policy. But, whatever the cause may be, I wish now to make public acknowledgment of the great work, and pray for them and ask for their your continued support and co-operation.

"And now, turning to our soldiers and citizens here, I believe that it would ill-become me, speaking from the altar, to so appeal to you as to inflame your minds and souls with hatreds, even though there be just cause therefore; nor should I add to the volume of bitterness rising mountains high; but rather to seek to fill your minds with the justice of our cause, with its inherent nobility, and as a consequence to urge you to the right and duty there is to defend it. To your hearts should come a consecration—a spirit of service, and of sacrifice, such as would ennoble and transfigure them, that thus you would achieve victory worthy of your cause, your nation and yourselves.

"To you, mothers, who have given your sons—the best you had to give—the greatest sacrifice you could

make, are due our praise—our gratitude, and our sympathy. This consolation you can have, that in their going on the way your boys shall be guarded with all that a generous country—a grateful nation can offer them of protection, physical and moral. The country, itself, will be their mother; and as a mother will be slow to offer them as sacrifices. Her ample resources and genius will reduce the mortality to a minimum.

"And grateful, too, must we be to all others, those who work in the factory, the office, the laboratory, or the field, who give all their time and their strength, physical and mental, that victory may be achieved; that yours may be sustained and protected in its achievement. And with these latter a united nation moving onward, step by step, shoulder to shoulder, unto the grand consummation: Neither fearful, nor faint hearted, but united as one man should we all be, to promote each in our own way, as best we may, the great cause.

"A hundred millions are we, with manhood, resources and a patriotism unequalled in all the world; and yet, withal, we have no room—we should have no place, and less patience with the slacker, the striker, or the grafter. They are our real enemy aliens, whatever their race or tribe or creed, while he who loves our flag, and who fights for our cause is a friend and brother, whatever be the race he sprang from or the place of his birth."—The Monitor.

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH AND FREEDOM

John C. Reville, S. J., in America

If liberty exists in the world, we owe it to the Catholic Church. From the beginning of her history, the poor, the outcast, and above all the slave, were the object of her solicitude. As far as the religious society of the world is concerned, St. Paul announces the abolition of slavery, for he writes to the Galatians: "There is neither bond or free . . . For you are all one in Christ Jesus." No one before him had dared to write such a charter of freedom. Not content to define the rights of the slave, the Apostle pleads for him in his tenderest words when he begs Philemon to welcome back to his household the ungrateful Onesimus: "Not now as a servant, but instead of a servant, a most dear brother, especially to me; but how much more to these both in the flesh and in the Lord?" The conduct of St. Paul is the conduct of the Church. If from the spiritual point of view, there is no slavery for him, he recognizes that the civil law acknowledges serfdom, and that the law cannot be violently abrogated or changed. His reverence equals his zeal. So with the Church. While she proclaimed the equality of all men before God, she did not attempt the impossible task of upsetting at one blow the huge fabric of oppression which weighed so heavily on the multitude. She knew that freedom was the work of years. But she was nobly confident that one day the colossal fabric of slavery would fall.

Two things had to be done to free the slave. These had never been fully attempted even by the wisest philosophers and statesmen of antiquity. The slave himself had to be emancipated; his labor had to be ennobled. The first was to be the result of a moral upheaval and victory; the second was to be a political and economic triumph. It took time to accomplish these results. For the abolition on which slavery was built had to be deep down into the life of the people and rested on an almost unshakable substructure of selfishness and heartless indifference to suffering. It took a longer time to make the labor of the slave free, but before the end of the fifth century his person had been emancipated, or where that result had not been accomplished its speedy realization had been prepared.

Under the beneficent influence of the Church, thanks to the wise and humane legislation of the Popes, and the example of the early saints and martyrs, the slave regained his rights as man. He ceased to be a chattel, a plaything, serving the caprice and the passions of his master. In the religious society which he entered when he became a Christian, he regained the use of the rights and privileges of manhood, which for centuries had been denied him. The Gospel restored them. And thanks to the Gospel and its teaching, this despised creature, fit only in the eyes of pagans, for the vilest uses, gradually but surely ascended in the social scale and recovered even his civil and political freedom, accordingly as society became more and more imbued with the spirit of Christ. The world seems to have forgotten this inestimable benefit which it owes to the Catholic Church. She wrote the Magna Charta of the slave. She found him prostrate. She stretched out her hand to the thousands groaning in the mines, in the holds of Roman galleys or lash-driven to face the beasts of the Roman amphitheaters. She reminded the serfs that though their masters might bind their bodies in iron gyves, they could

not enchain their souls, and that slaves as well as the proudest Romans were called to the liberty of the children of God.

In the Catholic Church, the barriers everywhere also separating the slave from the freeman were broken down. From the bondsmen for the priest, there was but one Faith, one Lord, one Baptism. In the Catacombs, when the martyrs were preparing, by the reception of the bread of the strong and the wine that maketh virgins, for the contest of the arena, the slave knelt at the banquet table of the Lamb by the side of the heirs of the Gaiabrios and Caselli, the consuls and senators of old Rome. Time and again, slave and master died together for the Faith. Their mortal remains were buried together in the Catacombs and their brethren honored them both as stalwart soldiers of the Cross.

In the Church, the slave might even be held in higher estimation than the free man, if the former were baptized and the latter a catechumen only. The Church even opened to the former the ranks of the priesthood. As a rule, however, the Church prudently required that the priest or bishop should at least have been emancipated. But a former state of servitude she considered no bar to the highest office within her gift, and in the second and third centuries she was governed by two Popes, Pius and Callistus who had once been slaves.

Thanks also to the Church, this religious and spiritual emancipation was to be accompanied by the regeneration of the family life of the slave. For the serf of Greece and Rome, those sacred words, family, home, wife, husband, child, were empty sounds. In his case, the law recognized no such thing as the legitimate union of man and wife. It did not assure the permanence of the marriage bond or protect it against outrage. The slave was without family and without kin. The Church taught him that he was not so wretched or so forlorn. She sanctified and protected his affections and his love, taught him that the words father, husband, mother, children, bride, were as holy for him as they were for the sons of consuls. She admitted him to the sacramental contract of matrimony, blessed his nuptials and declared guilty whoever should attempt to outrage their integrity and sanctity. On the day she did so, the world went forward with a giant's step in the path of true progress and civilization. If she had not felt the strength of God Himself nerving her hand for the task, she would never have dared attempt it.

Passing further, the Church taught Christian masters to treat their slaves not as chattels, but as men. She reminded them that the noblest gift they could confer, the most welcome alms they could bestow on the poor of Christ, was the gift of freedom. A striking instance of liberality thus inspired is the well known story of St. Melania, who generously freed her 8,000 slaves.

Such were the results of the direct and personal action of the Church. It is doubtful whether in her long history she can point to another victory of similar magnitude and splendor. To have given back to millions the sense of their own dignity as human beings and to have slowly forced the world to recognize them as such was an undertaking which only she could carry through. It was beyond the power of natural forces and agents. God visibly helped her in the gigantic task.

In her religious society the slave had reconquered his place. It was not so easy for the Church to have all his civic rights restored to him. But when after the peace of Constantine she emerged from the Catacombs and had something like official recognition from the State, her influence and example gradually secured for the slave his personal liberty in the eyes of the law. Nothing can be more interesting than to watch, after Constantine's accession to power, the struggle between the spirit of paganism and that of the Church. It is one of the most dramatic spectacles of history. Two forces are in deadly conflict, the spirit of true liberty and that of pagan absolutism still potent enough to win many a heartless victory. Now paganism is triumphant and the cause of the slave seems lost; now Christianity wins the day, and the hopes of the oppressed revive. The victory long hung unsteady in the scales; but in the middle of the fourth century the first glimmerings of the coming triumph are faintly discernible. Through the fifth century the light of the full orb of day of freedom grows more resplendent. In spite of itself, the Roman State had to recognize the influence of Christian principles. These were the little mass of loaves vivifying the whole body. Even in the political sense there was progress. From the days of Nero and Domitian, in spite of the crimes of pagan rulers, in spite of the horrors of the reign of an Heliogabalus and a Galerius, Roman law had made substantial progress along nobler lines. Unconsciously it was influenced by the presence of millions of Christians in the Empire. After Constantine had taken the Church under his protec-

tion, the laws became still more humane, more tolerant; they recognize more definitely the dignity of man and safeguard his rights more jealously. They are approaching nearer and nearer every day to the spirit of the Gospel. The day is not far when at the head of the great book of the Roman Law the Cross will be inscribed to safeguard and ennoble its statutes.

Constantine forbids masters or magistrates to brand slaves on the face where "resides an image of the Divine Beauty." He gives to priests and even to the simple Faithful, by the mere act of "manumission" performed in their presence, the privilege of conferring all rights of citizenship. He decrees the abolition of those gladiatorial contests where so many were butchered to make a Roman holiday. He safeguards the sanctity of the family life of the slave, forbids the separation of parents from children and husband from wife. The slave was thus made to feel that the law realized at last that he had a right to love and be loved, and that his humble hovel was a sanctuary inviolable to the law and the cruelty of his master. Constantine also declares guilty of homicide those who so maltreat their slaves as to cause their death. The laws of his successors, Constantine, Valentinian, Gratian, Honorius, Theodosius, those particularly relating to the protection of female slaves, hitherto the most unfortunate because the most helpless, carry on his work, until, under Justinian, the great movement of civil emancipation, more especially of the woman and the girl, reaches its height.

A cursory view even of the history of the early ages of the Catholic Church affords convincing proof that she is not the enemy of liberty. Had she been such, she needed only to keep silent about the oppression and outrages under which thousands groaned. But she championed their cause. She warned their oppressors that slaves were men redeemed by Christ. She herself treated these wretched outcasts as her favored children. By patience, by prayers, by threats, by sacrifice and deeds of heroic courage, she won the sacred battle of freedom. Of the many services she has conferred on humanity, this is one of the noblest. When the slave lifted up to her his shackled hands, God gave her the will and the power to break his chain.

A FEW PERTINENT FACTS

ABOUT THE IRISH QUESTION

We note from criticisms which are sent to us that few people in this country are sufficiently acquainted with the Irish situation to discuss it at all. Here are a few facts which must not be left out of consideration when thinking of the Irish question:

- (1) Ireland was not only the first country to furnish volunteers for the British army, but has up to date, supplied 170,000 men. This represents about 5% of Ireland's population. Hence it means that she gave three times as many men, proportionately, as the United States has both by volunteer enlistments and conscription.

- (2) Ireland's population, because of unsatisfactory conditions, has diminished by one-third during the past fifty years, and she has the largest percentage of old people of any country on earth; the young, principally, have been the ones who have emigrated.

- (3) To Ireland must be credited not merely the 170,000 men who joined the colors at home, but the hundreds of thousands who have been fighting with the British from the United States, Canada, Australia, India, New Zealand, and countries allied with Great Britain against the Central Powers.

- (4) Many more soldiers would have enlisted voluntarily if England had permitted Ireland to organize, recruit, and equip her own regiments as do other dependencies of Great Britain. The British War Office set itself against the raising of Irish divisions as such.

- (5) Ireland has been awaiting the fulfillment of England's promise to grant Home Rule by which an Irish Parliament could be formed and to which the Conscription proposal might be submitted as it was in Canada, Australia, New England, Newfoundland.

- (6) Some months ago the United States Government published a report revealing the percentage of un-naturalized citizens who waived the exemption (from conscription) to which they were entitled, and the proportion of Irish who ceded their right to exemption was the largest of any of the allies.

- (7) If the Catholic Bishops of Ireland are acting as advisers of the Irish people in their resistance of conscription, it is to so take the opposition movement in hand as to prevent bloodshed and violence in any form. They remember the disturbance of two years ago.

- (8) The Irish situation is not at all a religious situation, but a purely national one. The Pope was neither consulted, nor did he offer advice. The Pope never meddles in the political affairs of any nation.—Our Sunday Visitor.

CATHOLIC NOTES

William P. Larkin, director of the Knights of Columbus Committee on War Activities, announces that fifty Knights of Columbus secretaries and chaplains have arrived safely in France and have been assigned to duty along the American front in Flanders.

The Catholic Bulletin of Feking announces that four Sisters of Charity have been decorated by the President of the Chinese Republic in recognition of services rendered him at St. Michael's hospital, when, pursued by revolutionists, he was in great danger of his life.

John McCormack has more than fulfilled his promise to raise \$50,000 for the K. of C. war fund, for in the five concerts given for the fund in the early part of June the receipts were over \$52,700. Every dollar of this goes to the fund providing spiritual protection and mental and physical recreation for America's fighting forces.

The American naval authorities are building a big base hospital at a port in Ireland for sick and wounded sailors, to be manned by the Red Cross with a staff brought from America. A big residence has been taken for the main building and sectional huts are being imported from home to give room for additional beds. The site is an ideal one for convalescents.

Queen Wilhelmina of the Netherlands, according to a dispatch from the Hague, has charged Deputy Nolens, leader of the Catholic party, with the formation of a cabinet in succession to the ministry headed by Premier Cort van der Linden, which recently resigned. The Catholics now have thirty representatives in the Dutch Chamber.

By decree of the Sacred Consistorial Congregation at Rome a Bishop Inspector for the French Navy, as well as established in the person of Mgr. Gillibert, Bishop of Frejus and Toulon. He is, to all intents and purposes, though it is more convenient not to give the title, Field Ordinary for the French Navy, as were the two Bishop Inspectors appointed some time ago for the army.

Pope Benedict XV. has appointed the Most Rev. Joseph Petrelli, Titular Archbishop of Nisibis and Apostolic Delegate to the Philippine Islands, as Papal Nuncio to China. China has appointed Tai-Tcheng-Lin as Minister to the Holy See. He had previously served as Minister to Portugal. His appointment has received the official approval of the Holy Father.

The United Press correspondent with the American army in Lorraine has cabled: "Chaplain Walter F. Dankers of Worcester, Mass., died July 14 of wounds received during the German bombardment which followed Mass on Sunday. He is the first American chaplain to be killed in France. The 'doughboys' considered Dankers the bravest and staunchest friend they had. He recently was decorated with the French war cross for carrying in wounded from No Man's Land during a heavy enemy barrage."

Abbe Marcel Gauthier, of the Paris church damaged on Good Friday by a shell from a German long range gun, has been awarded the war cross for his courage at that time. The citation which was ordered by Premier Clemenceau, reads in part: "He gave evidence on March 29, 1918, in his bombed church, of remarkable courage and coolness. Amidst the ruins and under tumbling arches he promptly took charge of the work of rescue. By his example as well as by his energy, he did much to prevent a panic and refused to leave the church until all the victims had been rescued."

A check representing the results of the recent National Catholic War Fund Drive in New York city, when approximately \$5,000,000 was raised for War work, will be presented to Knights of Columbus at the Victory Convocation of the Order at the Waldorf, August 6 and 7. James A. Flaherty, Supreme Knight of the Order, will receive the check for the K. of C. Presentation will be made by a Church dignitary. The entire efforts of the delegates will be directed toward the development of the "Help Win the War" policy.

Annie Lowry, the noted nun and anti-Catholic lecturer, lost her suit against the Grand Lodge of the K. of P. of Indiana in Judge Eubank's court in Indianapolis recently. The woman advertised an anti-Catholic lecture in the K. of P. hall in Indianapolis in April, 1917. The custodian of the hall rented her the hall without knowing the nature of the lecture, but said he had to have the approval of the Board of Trustees. The woman deposited \$25 on account for the hall rent. In the meantime the board discovered the nature of the lecture and the record of the woman and refused to allow her to have the hall as a consequence. The trustees offered to give her back her money, but she refused to take it and brought suit for \$1,000 damages. Judge Eubank in giving his decision for the defendants, said the trustees had the right to rent the hall, and no one else, and that they were within their rights in refusing to rent it for certain purposes.

THE RETURN OF MARY O'MURROUGH

BY ROSA MULHOLLAND
Author of "The Tragedy of Christ," "Nanno," "Omnia," etc.

CHAPTER VI THE REMOVAL OF OWNY

Shan on his way home had to pass Father Fahy's little shanty. The priest's house was a thatched cottage with a narrow path leading to it, shut off from the road by a small wooden gate. You walked straight into a little earthen floored kitchen, off which were two small rooms. The father's private apartment was one of the latter, with a boarded floor, a table covered with books and papers, a blue check-curtained bed in the corner, a shelf for books, two tiny windows placed so that neither could be opened when the storm beat on the other side of the house, and a flagged hearth for the turf fire.

Father Fahy was growing old as a curate, and would probably never be a parish priest. His cure was at the difficult and remote end of the parish, and he had no wish for a change, for his heart had taken root in these scanty pastures and in the fissures of these grand rocks. He had seen a good deal of missionary work in the world before coming to Killelagh, and was the more pleased with the peace and innocency of his now long accustomed surroundings, in the midst of which he hoped to end his mortal life.

He came out of his little gate as Shan approached, and stood expecting him; a spare figure, somewhat stooped, with a face which in repose was slightly austere, but benignant in its frequent smiles.

"I'm waiting for you, Shan. I'm going up to see your father."

"It's good of y', Soggarth Oir. Will y' take a seat?"

"Thank you for a lift, Shan. It was a little message I got. Your father's not so well. Don't be frightened. It isn't going to be much, I think."

Shan was silent a moment from shock. Then he spoke:

"My father's not what he was. The years is beginnin' to be hard on him."

"None of us are getting younger," said the priest, "but please God he'll not be leaving us yet awhile."

Shan urged his horse, and the cart soon arrived at the little farm of O'willyan. It was about the last of the better class holdings in the mountain direction, and a glance showed that fostering care had long been at work to improve it. The new close thatch, the trim fence, the climbing rose on the sheltered wall, told a tale of their own of which Shan was the hero, and his love for Mary the romance.

A big sheep dog came out to welcome them into the kitchen. An old woman putting turf on the fire turned and cursed to the priest.

"He's middlin' now," she said, "but the turn he took was a most his last."

Owney was lying on his bed, but spoke and welcomed his son and the soggarth.

It was a little weakness I took," he explained, "an I'm over it, thank God. All the same, I'm glad to see your reverence comin' in."

"Well Owney, that's good news; but now that I'm here, you'd better make the best of a good opportunity. I'll do y' no harm to be firin' an square with God."

"It's thrue for y' Father, but I'd rather have a little longer to think ab'ot it."

"None of us can count on a minute, Owney. And you haven't a whole mountain on your conscience. It won't take you any quicker out of the world to settle up your affairs with the Almighty."

After a little more encouragement Owney agreed to make his confession, and Shan left him alone with the priest, and went out and walked about the farm that had cost him so dear, thinking his own thoughts.

Owney's sins were not heavy ones, but every fault was dwelt on with scrupulous exactness. The thing that troubled him the most was mentioned last, and after the confession was all over he returned to the subject with anxiety.

"Y' see, Father, as I tould God in y'ar presence, it's weighin' on me little that I was a bit too hard about sendin' Mary to America. The time's gone over, an' the farm isn't bought out yet, an' maybe won't be ever. An' I would have liked to see Shan's childer about my knees—"

"It's a pity, Owney—it's a pity. You know I was against her going."

"I know y' were, Father; but, what could we do? The pair o' them might ha' gone together, an' Shan's mother an' me to the poorhouse. An' now she has the little place to come back to, an' they're young still. Could y' do nothin' to hurry up them that has the sellin' o' the farms?"

"They wouldn't mind me Owney. They're askin' too much money, an' we can't give it."

"Why need you wait to have the farm bought before Mary comes home?"

"See that now! Maybe we needn't. But it's a kind of a pride we have to bring her home to what'll be our own. When she did go, it's what she has a right to expect to come back to."

"She will have a little money, I suppose, after her years of industry?"

"Of course she will. But that'll be wanted for stock, an' to make a good beginnin'. The debt to buy the

farm'll be enough of a load on our backs—"

"Well, Owney, I think you have been a little over careful. Prudence is an excellent thing, but trust in God is better. And now, take my advice, and let Shan write at once to Mary, and tell her to put her foot on the next boat and come home to Killelagh. It will be better than regretting and lamenting the past."

"It's thrue for y' reverence. It's what I was thinkin' a couple of hours ago, when I thought I was off. But some way, I would like a little longer to think about it all, now I'm bether. A few more months is not goin' to make so much of a differ."

"I'm afraid you're a hard man, Owney. I hope that little bit of pride of yours won't make a delay for you in purgatory. Now that you're better, you have time to put things right before you go. It's what I sometimes think, that Mary's a great deal too good for either you or Shan."

"Is it Shan, Father? Is it the boy that worships the very thought of her?"

"Well, Owney," said Father Fahy laughing, "I'm glad to see you're so much better, anyhow, and able to argue your point the same as ever. I'll see you to-morrow, and in the meantime, think of what I said to you."

He went out and found Shan waiting for him in the field.

"The old man is not going to leave us yet," said the priest, "but his mind is uneasy. I think you and he would both be happier if you would send for Mary at once, and have her sitting there between you."

Shan's face lit up. "Is that what he was sayin' ty y', Father?"

"He said it, and he went back of it. But I hope he'll say it to you again."

"If he does, he'll go back of it again. He's set on havin' the place bought out before he'll see me married."

"I'm afraid you'll both be sorry for it some day, Shan."

"Why would I be sorry, Father. Isn't Mary as thrue as the stars? An' things'll all be settled about the land, they tell me, in six months or a year at farthest."

"Do you mean that you yourself are willing for a longer delay, as your father is?"

"God knows I'm not," said Shan. "But Shan, tell y' what it is, Father. When Mary brings home her hard earnin's, I'd feel a sort of a shame if I hadn't the place to offer her as a kind of a balance against it."

"I see. I see. Well, God send you both happiness! Mary's the best girl I ever christened in Killelagh, the sweetest and the bravest. She was a mother to her own mother when she was young, and to the brothers and sisters that died, and she's worthy to be a mother of children of her own, if God will give them to her. I don't want to say a word against the others, but Mary's the best."

Shan's face was radiant, listening.

"I could say more to the back of that, Father," he said.

"Well, well, say it to herself, here soon, Shan."

"You're not thinkin' ill o' me, Father, after all my strivin' to get Mary for my wife?"

"I'm not, I'm not. You've been as true to Mary as Mary has been to you. But don't be losing the race when the winning post's in view. I'll come to see your father again in a day or two. No, no, put up the cart and go, and look after him. I'd rather have the walk home this splendid evening, and I have a bit of my office to read on the way."

The priest's walk home was through what might be called the most beautiful bit of Ireland, if other visions did not rise before one to dispute the statement. Nowhere is there a more continuous stretch of absolute loveliness and striking grandeur, made up of mountain and valley, lake and river, and scattered woodland. That mingled tenderness and sternness of expression which is the great charm of Irish scenery is hardly more impressive anywhere than here; and, for colouring, the solemn greys and violets, the solemn purples deepening to black, of the mountain crags and sides, the fantastic fringes of orange and tawny brown, the sprightly greens of the fields and pastures that bring their golden irises and star daisies to the wayfarer's feet, all these have a peculiar brilliance and softness in the dreamy and luminous Southern atmosphere.

The sun was setting as Father Fahy closed his breviary, and walked on meditatively through the glamour of the after glow transfiguring heaven and earth. The priest's heart was sad as his eyes rested on one after another of the little cots and cabins, and saw them caught into the glory, their gables shining rose-red and golden, looking as though each little dwelling might be the very home and secure haven of happiness. Yet, what happiness, what security were possible here? In almost every house there reigned the woe of impending separation. The coming autumn movement of a wholesale emigration was already casting its shadow before it, was creeping round every homestead, and would settle on every poor thatched roof as surely as the night would in a few hours blot out the splendor of declining day, and plunge the hills and the valleys and the woods in darkness.

The young were going and the old staying behind. Killelagh would soon be depopulated.

The father's memory was busy with visions of forty years ago, when he came to this mission. He recalled the warm welcome of generous souls, whose joys and sorrows had become his own. How many brave young pairs he had married before yonder rude altar; what a number of babes he had christened at the worn font, now men and women hastening from their hills and glens to the cities of America, there, perhaps, to unlearn the lessons of purity and faith which he had labored to teach them. Could nothing be done to stop this fatal exodus? He, who loved them, was impotent. Those who did not love them were pitiless.

When the old who were left weeping on the lonely hearths had joined those others in the near God's Acre, and wept and pined no more as despoiled of love, who would build new homes where? What magic would accomplish the return of the flock by the old mountain passes? Would children's voices never more mingle with the piping of the wind around Killelagh?

He himself would soon lie, like the rest of the old, under the cross now shining in the twilight with a lingering glimmer reflected from the Western sky.

Long after that day of release had dawned when his wife would drive home the goats to be milked, and gather the red foxgloves on the banks, when the children would be all gone?

The stranger from a foreign land would not endure life in these fastnesses, would not live in them and love them in contentment with poverty. The habits of prosperity would not thrive on this poor soil so near the bed-rock of the mountain. The stranger would come and look around him, and hasten away again.

"A land," he would say, "only fit for a picture! None but savages could live in it!"

Yet God's children have lived in it! said the old priest with tears. The savages are those who are driving them out of it.

And the old, who were so generous, are growing hard, and cold, and niggardly, refusing their blessing to the natural desires of the young they have nurtured.

"O God, show forth Thy face, and save Thy faithful children!"

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CHAPTER VII

"I WOULDN'T HA' LET HER GO"

The next evening, Tom Donohoe was at work shoeing a horse when Bess Dermody came into the forge, and stood aside watching the iron glow and the sparks fly, while the big hammer rang its music; until the horse was shod and the owner of it finished his gossip and departed with his business done.

Then she came forward into the red light, her pretty face looking fretted and her eyes swollen with crying.

"Ob, Mister Donohoe, you're Miles' father, an' I'm ashamed to look at y' after the trouble he's been gettin', an' all through me!"

"Never say the word! Yer a girl that has courage! My soul, but Miles can take care o' himself, and I'll back him to take care o' you as well. Sure a bit of a row will do neither of yer any harm."

"You're not goin' again us?" said Bess.

"Not a vein in my body but is for yer."

"God bless y'! Miles has a good father! Oh, what's come over my mother at all, at all?"

She's a good mother, if she would let herself alone. To think of her bankerin' after the likes o' Foxy Flynn for a girl like you. If y' take my advice, y'll marry Miles at wast and no more about it."

"I couldn't marry without my mother's blessin'," said Bess. "But I can wait till God sends us some thin'."

"Oh, I warrant y' will! Such waitin' an' waitin'. By my faith, I didn't wait long before I married Miles' mother, but of course I hadn't the bit o' land to be comin' between me an' her. We worked hard together, an' we've never been wantin' for the bit or sup'."

"Why didn't y' give Miles yer trade?" asked Bess. "My mother hits it up that he's nothin' but a laborer."

"Miles didn't like it. He has his own notions. An' I have another's son that likes it. Of course he's a laborer, an' so am I. An' isn't yer mother a laborer, feedin' pigs, an' fightin' with wind an' rain, workin' the flesh off her bones to pay the rent? Why didn't yer mother let Anne Bridget marry the decent boy that could have got work nearher home, but went to America in disgust at bein' looked down on? If she wants to keep the little place and have gran'-childer in it after her, why does she provoke a neighbor's son, and get him put in the lock-up, an' a bad name sent before him to Dublin Castle, tacked to a string o' lies to make money for the polis that is tired kickin' their heels in Ballyrogin'?"

The bang of the hammer which served Tom Donohoe as a mark of interrogation at the end of his sentence did not alarm Bess as it might have alarmed her mother. The blacksmith's mind was running on the same lines as her own, and it was a relief to the girl to hear him express the thoughts which loyalty to an affectionate mother forbade her to utter.

"She doesn't look at it that way, she doesn't," said Bess. "But seein' how things is goin', an' the big emigration startin' out in a month or two, I'm thinkin' of goin' myself to

earn a little money for Miles, the way Mary O'Murrough did. We might earn between us, there an' here, what would buy us a little houseen an' a cow, an' a couple o' fields."

"If you go, I think Miles 'll be with y'."

"I wouldn't marry him without my mother's blessin'. I love him thrue, an' I'll stick to him thrue. But my mother 'll have to give her consent before we stand up before the altar."

"An' will she give y' her blessin' to go out on the world like a stray bird?" asked the blacksmith.

"She'll think it'll part us; but it won't," said Bess.

"Here's himself!" said Tom Donohoe; and Miles walked in. He had just been over at Flynn's shaking hands with Foxy.

"Look at this girl here, cryin' about y'," said the father to the son with a proud glance at the square shoulders and the well-set head of the "boy" he thought good enough for a princess, let alone the daughter of Mrs. Dermody.

Ab, sure she needn't say Miles softly. The way she went out o' the place—an' I whistlin' 'Harvey Duff'!"

"There's nothin' can be proved against y', says he to me."

"Thank you for the news," says I. Myself could I have give it to y' handy, an' saved yer men the walk."

"Don't be impertinent, sir," says he, an' remember that the polis has their eye on y', an' yer down as a bad lot on the outrage list."

"Thank y' Serjeant," says I. 'A good turn is never lost, an' maybe y'll be paid back for this, some day or other."

"Then he out with this book, an' put me down for intimidation; an' I laughed at him, an' went out of the place—an' I whistlin' 'Harvey Duff'!"

Bess made a despairing exclamation and began to cry.

"Stop that, asthoreen! There isn't a ha'porth o' harm in the whole transaction. They can't shake an outrage out o' yer pockets when y've ne'er a wan about y'."

"If this thing goes on, the pair o' y'd better head for America," said the blacksmith.

Bess's tears flowed afresh. She was the joy and comfort of her mother, whom she loved with a tender, daughterly affection, and the thought of going from her, never to see her again was terrible. She could speak of emigrating when she knew that Miles' father was against it, but the proposal coming from him overwhelmed her.

"There, now, I thought y' were wantin' to go," said the blacksmith, "with yer mother's blessin'. An' in such a case she could hardly refuse it, seein' she's nothin' else to give y'."

Bess was silent, except for her weeping.

"Bess," said Miles, "what are y' thinkin' about? What are we goin' to do?"

"I said to my mother, that why wouldn't she hold out her han' to y', an' take us both, an' let you work for her as well as for another; an' myself to work on for her as I'm always doin'?" Anne Bridget's good, an' she does a lot, out an' in, but she's quiet in herself, an' my mother doesn't make much o' her. My own way is to keep a bit of heartseasiness about the place, an' she'd miss me horrib'."

"An' what did she say to that?" asked the blacksmith.

"Oh, she said somethin' about no man comin' to push her out o' the little place my father an' her worked so hard to get. If me an' Anne Bridget didn't marry into another man's land, she'd leave her own to us to live on respectable to the end o' our days." Mathias Dermody's notes is in the ground, says she, an' I won't have any other man's son comin' diggin' them up."

"An' then she sat at the fire an' cried, an' wouldn't taste her cup o' tea; an' my own eyes are boiled in my head with the day's cryin'!"

The men were silent for a few moments, while Bess sobbed. Then Miles said:

"Bess, yer work many's the place nearher home. All'd be well if y'd take courage to make a run for it."

"I'll never marry without my mother's blessin'," reiterated Bess.

"Well, avourneen, dhyr your eyes, an' take heart o' hope. We'll wait on a bit yet, an' see what'll turn up for us," said Miles cheerily. "I'll go on with the job at Ballyrogin at the buildin' o' the new poorhouse, an' I'll be up an' around here a Sunday."

"I wish to God I could marry the pair o' ye myself this minute, here at the anvil, if it was a thing that I had to hammer an old horse's shoe into a ring!" said Tom Donohoe, but yet know yer own business best. An' here's a good man with a little pony to get a shoe on him; so be off with ye, an' take yer walk before the night gets dark."

Miles and Bess went out of the forge, and took their way across the fields.

"It's what I was sayin' to your father," said Bess, as they stood about the golden irises in the red sunset; "that I would go away like Mary O'Murrough, and earn money to come home with. But I don't know how I could do it. I haven't the courage to go away over there without either you or my mother."

"If I had been Shan, I wouldn't ha' let her go without me," said Miles.

"My mother says it wasn't his fault. He had to stay with his father on the land to keep all to

gether for better times. An' Mary had no mother to leave, an' nobody belongin' to her."

"I mind seein' her before she went," said Miles. "I declare but it was her that had the beauty! She was a grand crature, every bit of her!"

"An' she'll soon be comin' home now with her money saved," said Bess wistfully. "I wish to God I was doin' the same. Will y' come in now with me to Mrs. Mulquin's, to see how they are? I hear some of the girls is goin'."

Mrs. Mulquin's house was a mere cabin compared with Mrs. Dermody's snug little cot. As Miles and Bess drew near the open door, a sound of sobbing was audible from within, and crossing the threshold they saw the mother and two of her daughters sitting on three stools, crying with their heads together.

Mrs. Mulquin raised her eyes at the sound of footsteps.

"Oh, come in, come in!" she said. "God forgive our foolishness when it's His will to part us! Kate an' Ellen Jane have made it up for America."

Bess, with her heart full of her own trouble, joined in the weeping, and Miles stood with his head bent, as if in a sacred presence.

Bess soon recovered herself.

"Why would y' be goin' girls?" she said. "Miles is always sayin' that there's work nearher home."

"Where is it, then, Bess? Would y' point it out?" asked Kate sadly.

"My Jim writes to me from Dublin that the poor 'll be atin' each other in the winter, for the want of work," said Mrs. Mulquin. "An' the boy that went to Liverpool says the towns is all the same. The girls know nothin' about service in a gentleman's house, an' I'll never let her go harvestin' or hoppickin' to England, to lose their goodness."

"Is America good?" asked Bess.

"It's big enough to have everythin' in it, good and bad," said Mrs. Mulquin. "There be to be goodness in it, or it wouldn't have Mary O'Murrough in it all these years back."

TO BE CONTINUED

THE CROSS OF THE O'KELLEYS

The soft summer breeze on this Sunday afternoon was fragrant with the odor of pine and fir as Anna O'Kelleys walked down in the path thickly carpeted with needles, across which the sunlight flickered and danced, to the small wooden chapel in the clearing. Her niece Eileen, a restless little sprite, accompanied her. Reaching the door, Anna gave a gentle push and to her delight it opened.

The chapel was but a temporary affair for the convenience of the Catholic visitors at the summer resorts near by. Many visited this town of Granby, on the Maine coast, and here Anna O'Kelleys had come to spend the summer with her brother and his family at their summer cottage.

She was pleased to find she could enter and say a few prayers, as it was closed during the week, and sometimes immediately after Mass on Sunday. To-day Father Burns had not returned at once to his own town, ten miles distant, and the chapel would be open until he was ready to return. The place was cool and quiet, and so soothing after a week of fun and excitement that she felt inclined to spend the afternoon there in prayer.

She finished her Rosary and began on some special prayers for favors received, when Eileen began to get restless. She gave the child her Rosary beads to keep her quiet; but after a while the child tired of these and began walking up and down, going into the different pews and picking up the prayer-books which had been left in the benches.

A few moments later she wandered outside and spent the remainder of the time running in and out until her young aunt was ready to return home.

Anna was just closing the door when she missed her Rosary beads and then remembered that she had given them to the child.

"Eileen, darling, where are auntie's beads?" she said.

Eileen ran back into the chapel and returned with the beads, but as Anna took them in her hands she felt a thrill of alarm, for the small silver cross was gone.

"Eileen," she cried, "what did you do with auntie's cross?"

Eileen was frightened and began to cry.

"Didn't do nothin' with it."

Anna saw that if she was to get any information she must keep calm; so taking her small niece by the hand she led her into the church.

"Now, dear, show Aunt Anna where you put the cross," she said gently.

Eileen went straight to one of the pews.

"It commed off and I put it in this book."

There were several prayer-books about and Anna examined them all, but no cross appeared. She searched up and down, inside and outside of the chapel, but her labor was fruitless. Then she knelt in one of the pews and prayed, with a sob in her throat, that she would find the missing cross.

It was near supper-time when she at last gave up the search and started wearily for home. The scent of the pines, the flickering shadows across her path and the roar of the sea in

the distance were lost upon her, for her heart was heavy with the shadow of her loss.

Granny O'Kelleys had given her the cross. It was a family heirloom.

"It's an Irish cross, given me by the O'Kelleys himself," the white-haired old lady had said proudly as she placed it in her granddaughter's hands a few hours before the Angel of Death had summoned her, "and when I'm gone, child, it's to be yours. It's blessed for a happy death and it has brought me many a blessing. I give it to you with my blessing and the blessing of those before me."

The family at the cottage were much concerned over her loss, especially when they saw how badly she felt about it. Continued questioning of Eileen elicited the information that she had put it "in the birdie's nest."

"Try and not think about it tonight Anna," her brother comforted her, "and to-morrow we will make a systematic search."

But the systematic search failed to bring the cross to light.

"The little rogue hid it carefully," was the comment of her father, but one by one they came to the conclusion that she had dropped it somewhere, perhaps among the pine needles and really did not know where she had lost it.

"Keep up your courage, Anna; we'll hear of it before the summer is over," John O'Kelleys cheerfully assured her.

At the post office, on trees by the path leading to the chapel, in the hotel office, at the boat landing—anywhere that there was a good chance of being seen—she posted notices offering a reward to the finder of its return. But the summer passed and it was not found.

Day after day Anna knelt and offered a prayer to St. Anthony, begging his intercession for the finding of her beloved cross. Sometimes the tears came unbidden as she thought of the little old lady who had given it to her. "Poor Granny, to think I had it so short a time, and she brought it over the sea and had it for

"It's yours, aunt! Its yours!" she persisted, alive with excitement.

"I beg your pardon," she heard a low voice say, "but your young friend seems to think I have something of yours. Perhaps I have; but as I get out at the South Station, and must catch a train, I have no time for explanations."

He gave her a card on which she read: "Edward J. Burke."

"If you will give me your address, I will communicate with you on my return," he said simply.

She hesitated, but his face was so frank and so honest that she yielded to impulse, and taking her visiting-card scribbled her address on the back and handed it to him.

"South Station!" called the guard. There was a general collection of luggage, and in a moment he had disappeared with his party.

It was a wonderful tale of adventure to tell at home.

"It sounds like a fairy tale," John O'Kelly said, but he smiled good-naturedly as Anna, excited and happy, said: "Now did St. Anthony forget me?" and Eileen talked incessantly of the bad man who took "aunt's cross."

Two postcards came from a town in Connecticut, signed "E. J. Burke," the first words: "Just to show that I haven't forgotten," and the second: "Will call on Tuesday of next week."

John O'Kelly liked his looks the moment he saw him. "A straight, clean young fellow," was his mental verdict as he listened to his story.

"We were surveying a tract of land near Granby, Me., last spring," he said. "There had been a fire the autumn before and we saw the ruins of a chapel. I heard it was a Catholic church. In making the boundaries we cut into the trunk of a tree near the church and found it hollow. There was a very small opening, made by some animal, and inside were about a dozen prayer-books. We could not get it through our heads how they came there. I, being the only Catholic in the party, took charge of them and I thought the best thing I could do was to burn the lot. The last book while burning turned over on its side and this cross dropped out. There was no name in the book; no one about the town seemed to know anything about the prayer-books and I made no mention of the cross. The priest who had charge of the chapel in the summer had been transferred to a distant place; so I showed it to the fellows and hung it on my watch fob for luck."

He handed it to Anna who received it gratefully. They then entered into explanations.

"Eileen must have spent her time pushing prayer-books through the hole," they said laughingly; but Eileen, who had been listening made the old persistent answer:

"I put it in the birdie's nest," and then light dawned upon them as to her meaning.

This first visit of young Mr. Burke was not his last by any means, and as he grew to be a favorite with the family and also to realize that the sincere regard he had for Anna was beginning to be returned, he said joyfully to himself:

"The cross of the O'Kellys seems to have brought me their blessing, too."—Margaret E. Donnellan in The Mount Angel Magazine.

A MAN OF FAITH

SIMPLE PIETY OF HIM WHO KNEELS WITH THE REST

In an article in Studies, by M. Charles Bausan, where General Foch is placed before the reader, we have a reiterated tribute to the "simple piety of the man who kneels down with the rest," having "the faith which sees the hand of God in all that happens," who, when commander-in-chief of the armies of the north, "walked in the Corpus Christi procession and knelt in the dust with the others at the benediction."

General Foch's record in the present War is well known. He was one of the victors of the Marne, the victor on the Yser and Ypres. As M. Bausan says, he is the directing brain of the French army. His was the characteristic message to Joffre: "Outflanked on the right, outflanked on the left, situation on the whole excellent. Am going to advance. His, too, the answer to the congratulations of the Bishop of Cahors after the Marne victory: "Monseigneur, do not thank me, but Him to Whom victory alone belongs."

According to Hillaire Belloc, the victory of the Marne lies virtually to the credit of General Foch, whose strategic doctrine produced the superb tactics of stroke of Sept. 9, 1914: "Had it not been for the 9th army and had that army not had a Foch for a commander the plan inspired by the genius of Gallieni would have failed, and there would have been no victory of the Marne. Gallieni and Manoury were the hammer, but Foch was the anvil on which victory was forged."

M. Bausan reminds us that at Dixmude, after the Germans had been reinforced, and a retreat to the Somme contemplated, it was, in fact, General Foch who "called in the sea as a fresh ally. The sluices were opened at Nieu port, and the Belgian army retired beyond the

railway embankment. An embankment four feet high saved France." The sea poured in, the flood grew, the German heavy guns were buried. The road to Dunkirk was closed. Of these "sudden and saving inspirations," Ferdinand Foch says simply "God gives me ideas."

We are told of General Foch that he can turn to account the mistakes of his own lieutenants. With him a repulse is a half-way home to victory, he makes use of it to defeat the enemy by an unexpected maneuver. He is further described as a psychologist with a knowledge of the enemy's state of mind. His personality "radiates tranquillity and security."

Possibly the France of today has come to realize that it is the man of faith who is the man of daring—the man with the knowledge of God who knows men, and that the man who has been appointed chief of the French general staff has become the directing brain of the army by virtue of his "disabilities."

"Tomorrow," said Foch, to one of his army chaplains, "we are to make our supreme effort in arms. Do you also make a supreme effort in prayer—all my trust is in God." No wonder the French say, "Foch is imperturbable."—Milwaukee Citizen.

WE CAN NEVER BE TOO GOOD

Men and women can never be too good, nor better than God can reward them for. And He will reward everyone as much as they have merited.

But He has the right to reserve that reward till we are in the other and better world. Even when men and women commit no grievous sins, their venial sins are reason enough for their being tried by affliction.

Affliction, borne with patience, for God's sake, and with resignation to His will, is a means of merit, and God will reward all merit in this world or in the next. We human beings are so constituted that we look on worldly misfortunes as great evils.

We see these close at hand, and feel them; they hurt us in the body, or the mind; they come home to us; because our limited perceptions are able to grasp them. The evil of a cut or bruise is more real in our minds than the lack of God's grace, coldness in religion, or indifference to prayer, which are spiritual evils, and great ones, which may lose us our salvation and land us in hell for eternity.

We do not realize spiritual evils. They do not come home to our perceptions; and so it is that the Church has to pound them into our ears day in and day out, through all the years of our life. The idea that a worldly affliction may be the means of grace coming to us from God which will save our souls from a great danger, that idea seldom occurs to us. God does not tell us what He means every time He permits us to be afflicted. If He saw fit to do so we should see His justice in all cases. We never know exactly what danger our souls may be in, if we did not realize how much more important such a danger is than sickness, wounds, or even death, we should never complain that means of grace are given us, even though they be painful means. Tell a man who is sick, "You must be cut, or you will die," and He asks for the surgeon's knife. Tell him: "You must swallow this bitter dose, or your health is in danger," and he swallows it down day after day, even with a smile. God is the great physician of the soul; and He makes no mistakes in His diagnosis. He knows not only how our soul is now, but how it will be every day and every hour to the day of our death. He knows when we shall pass from venial sin to mortal sin. He knows every temptation in wait for us from childhood to the grave. We see only a few moments ahead, hardly that; God sees on to the end of our lives, the end of the world; on into eternity. We do not trust Him, because we do not realize Him or His ways, or His mode of dealing with us. Our understanding is darkened by the sin of Adam. Our judgment is infirm; especially in our own case. We are like a man paralysed on one side. That side of us, so to speak, which is affected by worldly trials, is all alive; sensitive; delicate. But that side of us which ought to be affected by spiritual evils is paralysed by original sin; and we feel and see nothing clearly. We look on earthly and perishable goods, the esteem and respect of men, high position, riches, freedom, health, and bodily comfort, as great and valuable possessions; and the loss of them seems to us a bitter and terrible evil. And we cry out, oh, what that poor man has to suffer in the loss he lately experienced; how miserable is the lot of those wretched people who lack enough to eat; how deplorable is the condition of that man who is unjustly persecuted; how sad for this young woman to have lost her husband by an untimely death; how pitiable the fate of that man, bedridden for years. We look on all these things, as exceedingly great evils. But many of the holiest and best of men from the beginning of the race to this day, have had to endure these things. God then, must have other views than ours as to what are the greatest evils that can befall His creatures. On the other hand, what do we make of a sin, great or small? Some people who seldom commit a great sin, do nevertheless commit multitudes of lesser sins. And can they expect God, though He will not send them to hell for these sins, to be satisfied with them? For these lesser sins, moreover, there is little

or no sorrow. They are openly deluged in; and God cannot be indifferent about them. God is infinitely above us, and no sin against Him can be unimportant, as men commonly think. To gain the whole world and to have earthly joy forever would not justify any sin, small or great. The whole world is not worth any sin, small or great. For every sin, small or great, God's justice must be satisfied: We must pay the penalty. If God chooses that we should pay that penalty in this world He has the right to do so; and we have no right to complain. We cannot drive a bargain with God. We cannot arrange to have an easy life and to pay for our lesser sins in Purgatory. He may choose to punish us here; and when He does, we only aggravate our case by being impatient or complaining.—The Caskeet.

HOW THE BRITISH ARMY FED THE SISTERS

An old Ushaw chaplain in England contributes to the Ushaw Magazine an interesting article in which he recounts a few personal incidents to illustrate the courage, heroism and loyalty the French nuns have displayed. "The first time I went up the line was after a heavy attack on the part of the Germans, in which they met with partial success. It was at a time when the English were none too numerous, and candidly, we did not know what would follow. Villages near the line were ordered to be evacuated, and these poor people will never be able to forget it."

"I must dismiss the description with the phrase that it was heart-rending, but everywhere you saw the nuns, who must have been as much afflicted as any one, aiding, helping and giving consolation."

"They were guides, philosophers, friends, and in the hope of helping, I asked one of the Sisters what could be done. She actually smiled in answering that it would be all right, they would be well cared for by the good Sisters in the Convent de Ste. —, in a town a few kilometers back. Gas had just been used by the Germans, and fear of the hidden death was gripping us in a way that made that smile a thing of value. We were not finished with the Sisters even on that day, for later on, and within measurable distance of the line we were greeted by the Reverend Mother and her community even then held some of our wounded and gassed."

Continuing, the chaplain tells the following: "As is well known, the gas found us more or less unprepared, and even in the zone of it these Sisters had materially helped our own authorities to cope with the ghastly results that attended its use. More than that, for hours after hour all through the night, with death imminent to each and every one of them, they helped to make the first of our gas masks. My brigadier knew this, and he passed the word down for 'eyes left,' and gave them the full military salute, as the men passed their convent."

Later, when attached to an advanced dressing station near the German lines, the chaplain, on his first morning there, went round the ruined place. "Coming round the ruins of the church, I suddenly came face to face with a nun, and naturally, I expressed my surprise. I then learned that the second respectable adobe in the place had been, and was still, a convent."

"The Sisters had obtained special leave to stay where they were, though apart from ourselves they were the only occupants of the village. Frequently sheltered, indeed, there were abundant proofs of the fact everywhere one looked, so I asked why they stayed. The answer was, to bring me inside the convent and to take me to the chapel. We cannot leave it," said the Sister; "besides, we help at the other convent over yonder, and there is no room for us to stay there."

"Then follows the pathetic reference to the street to which the Sisters were reduced."

"After breakfast I went over to the other convent, which lay in one

of those lucky neighborhoods where shells had never fallen, and which consequently I found full of refugees who were being cared for by the nuns. Later on in the day I saw two nuns obviously returning from a little tour of the soldiers' billets farther down the line; they were carrying a huge clothes basket which was full of things that we English soldiers had thrown away. Curious again—but I hope not entirely so—I asked what they would do with it all, and was promptly told, 'Eat it.'"

"Only a few days later a shell tore its way through the kitchen of the little convent opposite to our dressing station, and though the shells were coming with a steady regularity, one of our orderlies came to me with the message that one of the ladies wanted me. It was to tell me that two of the Sisters were killed and two others wounded. I found white faces but no tears and no hysterics; indeed, the bearing of the Sisters lent a dignity to the tragedy that is impossible to explain."

"Eventually the nuns gave up their school to the British authorities, retaining only an isolated part of the building for their own use."

"The writer was asked where he was billeted, and when he returned to his billet after acquainting the general of the offer, he found that bed, pillow and sheets, and little odds and ends had been sent from the convent to make him comfortable. Subsequently, the general came to pay his respects to the Sisters, the immediate result of which was that, as they had nono too much to live upon, they were put upon the rations of the British expeditionary force. A field ambulance soon after took up its station near the convent, and indeed utilized all that was left of it for its work, and from that time on a friendly rivalry existed between the Sisters and the unit as to who would show more acts of kindness the one to the other."—The Caskeet.

O MARY, MY MOTHER!

O Mary! my mother! what joys in that name!

Bright star of our hope, sweet solace in pain!

A shield to protect us when enemies rage.

A guide to our youth, a comfort in age.

When the last joy is fled, and the last hope is gone,

And the death-stricken victim stands trembling and lone,

When the gloom of the grave gathers round my soul fast,

And the child of affliction fears mercy is past;

When the cold sweat of death trickles down my pale brow,

And my spirit in agony breathes its last vow:

Oh! then, in that moment when life shall depart,

And the pulse cease forever to throb in my heart,

Oh, Mary, my mother! with my last feeble breath,

As I love thee in life, let me love thee in death!

Oh! be thou my refuge, my solace, my shield;

Be thy name on my lips when my spirit I yield!

When friendless and lone in that strange, distant land,

My spirit, with trembling, in judgment shall stand,

I know that my mother will meet her child there,

I know that fond mother will hear her child's prayer.

Her name is my refuge, her bosom my rest;

Her love is the dearest, the sweetest, the best;

Then Mary, my mother, be it e'er to me given,

As I love thee on earth, still to love thee in Heaven.

NEED THE ANCHOR OF TRUTH

Intelligent Catholics need an impartial and objective presentation of the events that are making history

so fast today before our eyes, says The Monitor, San Francisco. We are living in a world where social, economic, political and other conditions are changing rapidly and need interpretation according to the immutable principles of Catholic faith. Wild and erroneous ideas threaten revolution and an upheaval of society. Thinking people need the anchor of Christian truth to keep them from going adrift with the raging floods of discredited and false doctrine.

THE ONLY REMEDY

As was natural, the uselessness of the protests made against the appointment of Dr. Henley Henson to the Anglican Bishopric of Hereford has seriously disturbed the minds of many Anglicans. Of those who believe that the new Bishop is thoroughly unsound on fundamental Christian doctrines not a few are asking themselves whether the Established Church is a Church in which they can remain any longer with safety for their souls. Hazy talk about disestablishment at some future time does not satisfy them and they are anxious and uneasy. Some have already solved their difficulties by becoming Catholics. It is announced that amongst those who have already been received into the Catholic Church are the Rev. Gerald Rowland Fothergill, M. A., Vicar for the last six years of St. Stephen's, Poplar, and his curate, the Rev. Duncan St. John Kennedy-Bell, formerly of St. James', Wednesbury, and St. Peter's, Vauxhall. Mr. Fothergill was received at Eastbourne by Mgr. Cocks, Mr. Bell at St. Vincent's, Clapham, by Mgr. Hinde, both former Anglican clergymen at Brighton.—Catholic Times.

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LONDON, SATURDAY, AUG. 17, 1918

PREACHING THE FAITH AT THE FRONT

"When the nations lie in blood, and their kings a broken brood, Look up, O most sorrowful of daughters! Lift up thy head and hark what sounds are in the dark. For His feet are coming to thee on the waters."

In one of his most majestic poems, Francis Thompson uttered the prophecy that after a great scourge of the nations of the world they would once again turn their eyes in the direction of Catholicism and see in Christ's Church the healer of their wounds. With the eyes of the flesh as well as of faith we can even now see the fulfillment of the poet's prophecy. The Church Catholic is standing forth as the biggest thing in the world. The Catholic Church is a big thing in Canada and America. Even those of our countrymen who have spent their lives in the most purely Protestant sections of the country, who have had the minimum of travel and reading to take the sectarian blinders from their eyes, even these men know that the Catholic Church is one of the great factors of the national life. But what a revelation it is to these Protestant young men when they get to Belgium and France. They see the monuments of the most magnificent civilization of Europe, monuments of the history of more than a thousand years. And what are those monuments? Not principally the palaces of kings or the halls of parliaments or the mansions of rich men. The buildings that overshadow all others in Europe, that surpass all in glory and beauty and history are the shrines of saints. Ypres and Amiens, Laon and Rheims, the great cities round which our soldiers now fight are famous above all for their cathedrals. The Protestant soldiers from Canada and the United States see everywhere the temples of Christian Europe, with the Cross on high and with statues of Christ's sweet Mother and His saints. They do not see the chapels of Baptists or Methodists or Presbyterians or Anglicans. They see the cathedrals centuries old and they are all Catholic. Could any more eloquent Catholic sermon be preached to Protestants than is preached by the cathedral of Rheims.

WHERE CATHOLICS LAGGED

In a thousand ways the Protestant soldiers on the Allied side are seeing evidences of the greatness of Catholicism such as they never dreamed of. But there was, until recently, one department, very important in the soldiers' eyes, where Protestantism held pride of place. This was the Y. M. C. A. Huts. These admirable institutions must have done something to make the soldier think that Catholics had to yield some part of the foreground to Protestantism. There were no Catholic Huts! We were even glad to accept Y. M. C. A. hospitality for rooms in which to celebrate the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. It must be confessed that Catholics had allowed themselves to be excelled by non-Catholics in this branch of social, patriotic, and we might almost say religious service. But thanks be to God, the Catholics of North America are lagging no longer.

A THRILLING ACHIEVEMENT

It is now about twelve months ago since the Catholics of Canada awoke to a sense of the needs of our soldiers overseas. The Canadian Chaplains Hut campaign was the result of this awakening. Ontario had the honour of being the banner province in this work. What was done last year was very good, but it was only a first instalment of what needed to be done and of what the Catholics of

Canada would willingly do when they were brought to understand the need. Our fellow-Catholics in the United States have set us an inspiring lead. A Catholic could only be thrilled at the following news item which appeared on August 8 in the Toronto Star.

"A check for five million dollars representing the results of the recent Catholic war fund drive in New York city, will be presented to the Knights of Columbus at the Victory convention of the order, which is to be held in the Waldorf-Astoria on August 6 and 7."

Five Million Dollars raised in one city by voluntary contributions! What generosity of sacrifice is represented by such an achievement! But there is more and better to tell. That Victory Convention of the Knights of Columbus decided on a new drive to obtain Fifty Million Dollars for Catholic work for soldiers overseas. American Catholicism has a consciousness of its own power and faith in the willingness of Catholic people not to be outdone by any in generosity towards our soldiers. No more will Protestantism monopolize the field in providing for the recreation and social welfare of the men overseas.

THE CAMPAIGN IN THE MARITIME PROVINCES

On Monday next, August 19th, the Knights of Columbus in the Maritime Provinces will go "over the top" in a drive for a hundred thousand dollars in behalf of Catholic Army Huts. Every Catholic heart in Canada will hope for the success of the drive. It is for the Catholics of the Maritime Provinces to justify these hopes of Catholic Canada. "How much will I give?" No one should ask that question. It should rather be: "How much can I give?" Give until your heart says stop. Give until your patriotism says you have done enough for the defenders of your country and your Catholic interests tell you that you have done all you ought to do for the honour of the Faith! Do not give as little as can be given with a saving of your face. The fruits of one day's labour is surely the least that a Catholic will offer for such a cause.

THE INTOLERANCE OF TRUTH

"It has often been pointed out that the sole reason why Christianity was persecuted by the Roman Empire was because of its refusal to be regarded as one out of many religions, and its consequent insistence on being the only method of approach to God. If it had been willing to take its place in the Roman Pantheon with other faiths not a life would have been lost, not a limb injured. But because it claimed to be the sole religion, and as such supreme over all life, it had to endure opposition, ostracism, and persecution, even to death. In other words, it was the intolerance of Christianity that led to opposition."

The heading of this article and the above paragraph are taken from an editorial in The Toronto Globe. The whole editorial is exceedingly well written and well-argued, and though the writer probably does not dream of it, he shows that only the Catholic position is right, and that the Protestant attitude to religion is not worthy of intellectual respect. What we have quoted above is the opening paragraph of the editorial. What follows is the concluding paragraph:

"It is obvious that a religion which makes such claims, and which has such an enduring principle of regeneration, must be 'intolerant' in the sense of admitting no rivals. And this is simply due to the fundamental difference between right and wrong. If there are such things as right and truth, then wrong and error are their opposites. We see this illustrated before our eyes today. If Germany's aim is right, that of the Allies is wrong; if the Allies are right, Germany is wrong; and it is because Christianity stands for a principle of right that it cannot help being 'intolerant' as it echoes the words of its Founder: 'I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life; no man cometh to the Father but by Me.'"

The Globe writer is speaking of Christianity in relation to its ancient and modern rivals, but if he substituted for "Christianity" the word "Catholicism" the logic is the same. If Catholicism consented "to be regarded as one out of many religions," one out of many forms of Christianity, it would not have to "endure opposition, ostracism and persecution." We know that there is never a moment when the Catholic Church is not enduring opposition, ostracism and persecution, not indeed in all places at all times, but always at some place, whether in England, Canada, Germany, France, Portugal or Mexico. The Catholic Church is distrusted, and disliked and feared,

chiefly because of her "intolerance." Catholics personally are not disliked to anything approaching the same extent. There are some creeds whose professors are disliked, but Catholicism is not one of them. A Catholic is generally welcomed as a good neighbor, companion and friend. It is true to say that Methodists, for instance, are as a class not popular. Whether there is good ground for the common antipathy towards them need not be discussed, but there is no widespread antagonism to the Methodist Church. That Church quite openly busies itself with politics and does its utmost to influence legislation. But when Col. Machin speaks of the Methodist Church as a "menace" to Ontario nobody takes him seriously. If any person, in such a position as Col. Machin, said the Catholic Church was a menace, tens of thousands of people would get a cold shudder, and they would say that this view of the Catholic Church had always been their own.

Why is the Catholic Church thus singled out for special hatred and distrust? It is because the Catholic Church singles herself out, because she makes tremendous claims upon a man which he may admit or deny, but which he cannot treat lightly. Catholicism claims to be the religion of Christ, and as The Globe argues unanswerably, the religion of Christ "must be intolerant in the sense of admitting no rivals." We suppose that a Protestant who believes that while Christianity must be intolerant of non-Christianity the various creeds which profess to be Christian should be tolerant of each other. But why should they be tolerant? Truth must be intolerant of error. The Globe writer affirms, and there is no escape from the logic, that "if there are such things as right and truth then wrong and error are their opposites." If Christian sects or creeds are to be tolerant it cannot be because they have the conviction of their own truth, but because they feel themselves liable to error. The Protestant state of mind is that there are different forms of Christianity, each form having more or less of truth and more or less of error. As no form is quite free from error it must not be intolerant of other forms though they contain error. Thus we see that it is consciousness of error, or at least, uncertainty as to the truth, that makes toleration the policy of Protestant sects. Truth itself cannot be tolerant of what is not truth.

The Catholic Church claims that she teaches only truth, that she is preserved by Christ from teaching error, that He Who is the Way, the Truth and the Life has not left His doctrine to be lost among a number of opposing "forms of Christianity," the truth inextricably mingled with falsehood. The Catholic Church is all truth as Christianity is all truth, and the Catholic Church is intolerant as Christianity is intolerant, as truth is intolerant. When the Archbishop of Toronto objects to Catholic children in the Technical School joining with non-Catholics in the religious exercises which take place daily in the school he is branded as intolerant. When Catholics refuse to take part in undenominational services it is said that their religion is intolerant. And so it is intolerant, in the sense that truth is intolerant of error. It may be an intolerant thing to say, but it is indisputable that there cannot be more than one true religion.

THE COMING COLLEGE YEAR

It is the well-understood duty of the Catholic press at this period of the year to encourage parents to be thinking of their children's Catholic education during the academic year which starts next month. We want our High Schools and Colleges to be filled. The Military Service Act has reduced the number of senior students in our colleges, and therefore every effort should be made to have as many students as possible in the junior classes. This will be to the advantage of the children, and of the colleges, and above all, of the Catholic body in general. Education is the best of all investments at the present time.

NOTES AND COMMENTS

THE CATHOLIC Truth Society of Canada has issued in a small pamphlet, "The Facts of the Raid upon the Jesuit Novitiate." It is desirable that said facts should receive as wide publicity as possible, in order that it may come home to the Protestants of Canada that, in the concluding words of the pamphlet, the charges

made by certain designing ministers in Guelph against the Novitiate may be seen to be simple calumnies.

IT SHOULD BE good news to readers of THE CATHOLIC RECORD that the Canadian missionary to China, Father Fraser, has arrived in Canada on the business of his mission, and will, during his stay, which may extend over twelve months, visit the different parts of the Dominion in that behalf. Father Fraser's chief purpose is to enlist assistance in the way of volunteers to carry on and extend the work to which he has himself given the best years of his manhood. Among other evils which the War has inflicted upon humanity is the withdrawal from the foreign missions of so many priests and brothers who answered to the call of patriotism. Many of these have shed their blood for the great cause in France, and very few, probably, will be able to return to their missions when the day of conflict is over. It devolves, therefore, upon the Catholics of this continent to step into the breach, with the great object of extending the boundaries of God's Kingdom upon earth.

IT WILL BE consoling also to Father Fraser's friends among readers of THE CATHOLIC RECORD that the fund to which they have contributed in his behalf has enabled the zealous missionary to erect something like twelve churches in different parts of his field, and that every one of these has been a rallying place for converts. To maintain the great work that has been accomplished, and to extend it, assistance in the way of English-speaking priests is absolutely necessary, and Father Fraser is hopeful that among his young countrymen he may find a number who will dedicate themselves to so necessary a work. The vast field for missionary endeavor which China presents need not here be enlarged upon. To the Canadian people Father Fraser will himself present the needs of his mission and we bespeak for him their warm-hearted, even enthusiastic cooperation.

ON THE BATTLE LINE

LUDENDORFF or Hindenburg, or whoever has charge of the fight in France, is now too busy to remember the Marne. The German High Command are now seeking means by which they can prevent the destruction of a large and highly trained army before it reaches the Hindenburg line. In two days the French, Canadian, Australian and English troops have captured 17,000 prisoners, about 800 guns many important towns and villages, and achieved an almost complete paralysis of the foe's principal lines of communication leading out of the great Albert-Montdidier salient. The new line, according to the British War Office statement issued last night, runs from Pierrepont, four miles north of Montdidier, to Comtoir, to Arvillers, Beaufort, Wavillers, Rosieres, Raincourt, Morcourt, and northwesterly to Morlandcourt. Raincourt represents the extreme advance of the Allies thus far, being about twelve miles straight east of the starting point Thursday morning.

THE OUTSTANDING results of yesterday's operations are: The capture by English troops of Rosieres, which is the junction point of the main railway running north and south between Albert and Montdidier, and a serious menace to Chatlines, now one of the main objectives of Sir Douglas Haig, as this last named town is believed to be one of the big German supply centres; the threat and envelopment of Montdidier itself by the important gains of the French forces; and the complete reversal of any peril to Amiens and the valuable railroad running from there south through St. Just to Paris, which already is being operated by the Allies as a great artery of military supply. Great havoc is being inflicted upon the enemy troops and material. The British War Office last night announced that, in addition to the capture of prisoners and guns a large number of trench mortars and machine guns have been taken, also immense quantities of stores and materials of all description, including a complete railway train and other rolling stock. The taking of this last mentioned booty indicates clearly that the enemy's strategic railroads have suffered heavily. Allied flyers, tanks and armored motor cars, even cavalry, are well in advance of the infantry blowing up bridges across the Somme, bombing railways and depots, and making it absolutely impossible for the Germans to make any effective use of the larger means of removing supplies. Railway guns of heavy calibre were also taken by Haig's men. Of vastly greater importance than the mere delivery of more French territory from the Germans is this tremendous loss caused to the foe in men and munitions, for it is this very smashing of the German armies themselves that Foch and Haig seek more than anything else, to make deep penetrations over

areas held by the foe without damaging the foe to any large extent only leaves the way open for effectual counter strokes such as that at Cambrai last November, which proved disastrous for the Allies. Now, however, the pursuit is so rapid and continuous that Prince Rupprecht is unable either to organize real assistance or save his men from destruction. Four years ago this month German cavalry, known as the Uhlans, were pursuing and cutting up Allied regiments. To day Canadian, French and English mounted forces are carrying death and dismay into the enemy's land to an astonishing degree. The freedom of movement and comparative immunity enjoyed by the Allied horsemen is one of the most hopeful and spectacular features of the offensive. Both the British and French official statements last night said that the Allied losses were extremely light. Berlin maintains its relative silence on this body blow to the Kaiser's legions. The day report says that German counter-attacks stopped Allied progress between the Somme and the Avre, but admits that "we suffered losses in prisoners and guns." The evening report simply says that "the enemy is continuing his attacks between the Somme and the Avre."

CANADA WILL BE stirred by the news of the valuable work being done by her soldiers in conjunction with the Australians. It was stated unofficially that a large proportion of the prisoners so far captured are in the hands of the troops from this country and the Antipodes. Operat ing between Rosieres and Arvillers the Canadians yesterday occupied the villages of Beaufort and Wavillers, the latter situated on the main highway between Rosieres and Montdidier. Only local fighting occurred yesterday north of the Somme where the Germans desperately resisted the advances of the English forces. The latter held Morlandcourt in spite of the foe's efforts to retake it. It was officially reported that the foe had succeeded in recapturing Chipilly, just north of the Somme.

INCREASED PRESSURE by the British in the Lys sector compelled the Germans to retire from the villages of Loon, Le Corneil, Quantin, Pascut and Le Sart, which places Haig's new hold. North of Kemmel the British extended their line on a thousand yard front. The enemy will without doubt be forced to quit all his positions in the Lys Valley. A despatch from Paris last night said that the American troops operating on the north bank of the Vesle River, between Rheims and Soissons, captured the village of Fismes, a short distance northwest of Fismes. One hundred prisoners were taken in the action.

ACTIVITY INCREASES in the mountain section of the Italian front. The British War Office announced that General Plummer's forces on Thursday night carried out eight raids against enemy positions between Asiago and Canove, capturing 315 prisoners. The Italian War Office announced that Austrian attacks in the Asiago, directed against Col. del Roso, were repulsed by artillery fire on Austrian concentrations at other points on the mountain front.

MASTERLY SERMON BY ARCHBISHOP HANNA

AT OPENING OF THE CATHOLIC EDUCATOR'S CONVENTION

The scope of Catholic educational forces in presenting to the American people the ideals of their cause in the world war was graphically portrayed to the gathering which attended the celebration of Pontifical High Mass at St. Mary's Cathedral, San Francisco, Cal., to mark the formal opening of the convention of the Catholic Educational Association of America.

At the conclusion of the Mass Archbishop Hanna entered the pulpit and addressed the congregation and delegates on the subject of Religion and Democracy. The Archbishop spoke as follows:

ARCHBISHOP'S SERMON
In the midst of the most titanic struggle that earth has ever known, we gather here, representatives of Jesus Christ; representatives of His Church, which has been, through the ages, the teacher of mankind. From the heights of heaven did the Father send Christ, the Light of the world, and Christ sent the Apostles, and their successors to continue His mission—"As the Father hath sent Me, so I send you." "Go teach all nations." In virtue of this command Divine, the apostles sent forth upon the conquest of the Roman Empire, and in virtue of the same command, teachers in Christ's Church, have, in every crisis in the world's history, ministered wisely upon man's needs; have solved the problems that have vexed the human race; have directed men upon the realization of their high destiny; have saved our civilization from impending ruin.

CATHOLIC TEACHER'S MESSAGE

Today the same teachers, illumined by light from on high, have a message for our battle-scarred world; a message of hope; a message of power; a message of healing. We come, therefore, not in the name of any earthly potentate, but in the name of the God of Hosts; we come, not in our name but in the name of Christ—"to Whom all power has been given, in heaven and on earth," and though humble followers in the footsteps of the man-God, we come with the

same good tidings that went forth from Jerusalem unto the conquest of the pagan world; with the same strength that conquered the hosts of Mohammed; with the same wisdom that saved the world's culture through the tenth and eleventh centuries; with the same puissance that made the Papacy omnipotent world in the days of Albert, and Thomas, and Innocent; with the same teaching that held the banner of Christ triumphant through the Reformation; with the same mystic message that holds the love of millions in these days when the promised progress of science has left the world cold, doubting, selfish, even hopeless; and when the boasting enemies of Christ, proclaiming their independence of His teaching, and of His power, have failed beyond hope of recall. We come with the faith that can move the mountains, and with a devotion that knows no bounds.

CHRISTIANITY AND PAGANISM

The struggle, which today involves the nations of the earth, has many phases. It is the pagan ideal opposing the ideal that has come into the world with Christ. It is the supernatural that lifts unto heaven; struggling against the natural that seeks only the things of earth. It is the gospel of national selfishness making strife against that generosity which would give to every defined group its inborn right to freedom. It is the last stand of imperial autocracy against the rights of the people to rule themselves, and to develop their own powers unto fulness. It is a battle against men who would bring the world under the domination of their cold, cynical, inhuman philosophy. We have espoused the cause of freedom, the cause of democracy, and we must transmit our inheritance of liberty unto the children of the next generation; and with liberty, we must hand down the inheritance of Christian culture, which has come to us across the ages. Nor do we believe that we can pass on to posterity, our cherished hopes, our boasted liberties, unless we ourselves, feel in ourselves, all that is good and true in our freedom, all that is great in our culture; nor is such feeling possible, unless in us are developed those ideals which spring from religion, yes, the religion, which is from Christ. For in the development of a Democracy, such as we have in mind, religion has been, and will be, supreme.

MEANING OF DEMOCRACY

Democracy means government by the people, and government by the people implies faith in our fellow-men. But faith in our fellow-men, and confidence in their power to realize great ideals, are based on man's inborn dignity. Going back over the history of the struggle for men for freedom, of the struggle for the right to rule themselves, it is clear that the great democrats, since the time of Christ, believed in man's high place in creation. But where have the ages learned man's great worth, his place in the world around him? Where, save in that revelation that teaches us that man was made in God's image, and that in his being he reflects the intelligence, the power, the beauty, and the love of the Most High. Where, save in that same revelation, have they learned that what is great and noble in man, is in the end triumph, in spite of inborn weakness and tendency to evil. Where, save in the clear light that has come from God, through Christ, have men learned to trust men, conscious that they will grow by being placed in a position of responsibility? Where, save in the light beyond reason, have men been able to recognize that the voice within, which told them of their dignity, of their rights, was but the far-off echo in the voice of God Himself, speaking for right and for truth.

FAITH ESSENTIAL TO DEMOCRACY

Faith, such as this, is the finest flower of religion, and Democracy, without such enabling faith, could never be perfect, never be enduring.

Democracy must be anchored to hope, and indeed, the men who have fought the battle for liberty, and for the rule of the people, have always been men of great and of yearning hope. Nor could it be otherwise, for they must have believed in the righteousness of their cause, they must have had confidence in the permanency of their ideals, in spite of man's weakness, in spite of his tendency to follow his personal selfishness, in spite of the oppressive tyranny of those who ruled with a rod of iron. And is not this faith, this confidence, this hope, another of religion's finest products? Can the hope that makes sure of the final victory of truth, and of right, be possible save in him who believes in God, and who knows that God will make triumphant what is just, and right, and available unto man's destiny? And where save in religion, has man thus learned of God?

The men, who through the ages, have fought for freedom; the men who believe that their fellows developed unto highest things, under the rule of the people, must have been lovers of men. But man is only worthy of enduring love, when viewed from the standpoint of religion, when viewed through the eyes of God. For history attests, that those who have labored in behalf of humankind, and have had their eyes only upon the present, have regarded only the things of earth have soon tired, because they found man, in spite of his high estate, weak, as low, so vile. Again, the great democrats, the great lovers of men, those who are willing to give up all

for their brethren, how they will be cheered on to victory, when they look upon men as reflecting God's glory; look upon men, even as Christ saw them, when He loved to the end, giving for them His life that they might live. And this great love for men is absolutely fundamental if democracy ever achieve a perfect triumph; and only religion will be able to make the triumph effective.

THE SURVIVAL OF DEMOCRACY DEPENDS ON THE EXISTENCE OF HIGH IDEALS

But these are indeed, lofty I deals and seemingly beyond the power of man, as we know his recorded deeds in history, nor can we deny this contention; but democrats of the type which the great Leo describes in his Encyclical "The Christian Constitution of States," democrats of the type of our great Lincoln, believe that in God's hands were the destinies of nations; that the aspirations of men for liberty, were God's inspirations unto higher things, and consequently they looked to God to heal man's weakness; they looked to God's presence in man to make him feel, not only his dignity, but the great need of help from on high, without which he could not live in keeping with his high place; they looked to God's kindly answer to the prayer of his children, to make them worthy of the faith and of the confidence which their fellows must repose in them; and they looked to this faith, triumphant in God's mercy and in God's aid, to make them eager and ready to risk all, that their great ideal might stand.

But men will say that democracy, in the course of the ages, has invariably failed. The obvious comment on this assertion is, that in the world's history, every form of government that has depended upon the unaided wisdom, the unaided strength of man, has had its day; has reached the apogee of its glory, and then has passed away. Recall Greece and Rome; recall the story of the growth of the nations that make up our modern world. But, tracing through history the failures of the world's democracies, it is clear that the corruption of the high ideals must ever accompany democracy has always been the forerunner of revolution, and the beginning of that tyranny, and of that oppression, which in the end have brought on democracy's doom. The old story always. Men, in their longing for happiness, the fulfillment of their hearts' desires, in treasuring wealth, in seeking comfort, in abandoning themselves to idle luxury, and to the pleasures of sense; they loved the acclaim of the people; they longed for power over their fellow men. But they forgot that the human heart finds no lasting rest in these things; they forgot that man must subordinate all these things to catch his fancy to truth and virtue, to mercy and affection, to service born of love—for these only can fill his mind and his heart. They forgot that treasure and luxury, and pleasure and power, no matter how they may fascinate, pass with the night, while truth and justice are everlasting; and though man must use these passing things, as stepping stones to the good things of God, they forget that he must not place in them his happiness for he was made for God and his heart will find no peace till it rests in God.

THE LIBERTY-LOVING MAN MUST BE THE "SLAVE OF LAW"

But if these be the great securities of democracy, then in a democracy, religion must have the largest place, for only in religion have men learned these mighty, these saving truths; only religion has made men adopt those high and lofty standards; only religion has taught men to place the fulfillment of their hopes, not in the things that pass with this life, but in the possession of the treasures which belong to the life to come; only religion, through the confidence, has begotten that faith in the life beyond, which has made men give up consistently, yes, and finally, the things which the heart of man so craves, to the end that truth and justice may be triumphant.

Often where liberty abounds, there is a tendency to believe that freedom means the privilege of doing as one pleases. No matter how much we desire to follow the passing whim, the thoughtful man must know that the full enjoyment of freedom is only possible in the reign of law, which is ever Reason's Ordinance, and so true is this, that Rome's greatest genius defines the liberty-loving man as the "Slave of Law." True, in our democracy, the law represents the will and good pleasure of the governed, but can we leave the observance of the law to the fickle fancy of each individual? When passion stirs, and personal interest urges, will he still obey? Only when men recognize that man's law is the reflection of God's eternal ordinance; only when men know that all authority comes from God; only when men see in the law giving body, representatives of the Most High; only when men obey because God speaks unto them in those who rule, will there come in the reign of law, without which no government can endure. Again, only religion, yes, more, only the religion of Christ has brought men to recognize the supremacy of law, as the reflection of the mind and will of God Himself, and only religion has made obedience to law sacred to the individual who lives where men are free.

FOUNDATION OF IDEAL DEMOCRACY

The very essence, therefore, of our freedom is the restraint and compulsion we place upon ourselves; the

very success of our democracy must come from the sacrifice of our personal likes and tendencies into the good of the whole body politic—and is not sacrifice the supreme test of all religion? We can also affirm that our ideal democracy must ultimately depend upon the developed sense of personal responsibility in each individual making up the nation, for as the individuals are, so will be the nation. Every man, no matter of what estate, must take his place; he must do all that falls to his lot, and in particular, he must, with wise appreciation, and without hope of personal advantage, choose the men whom he places in authority over his fellow men. This must mean a high appreciation of man's personal dignity, a clear insight into the value of liberty, a knowledge of the checks necessary because of man's frailty, and the willingness to sacrifice every personal interest that would stand in the way of the great good of the larger group. Here again, it is man's deep religious convictions which make him appreciate his dignity, and his God given freedom, and force him to forget his private, personal interests, that the higher rights and privileges of his brothers may rest secure.

INSPIRATIONS TO HIGHEST IDEALS OF DEMOCRACY

In the ideal democracy, where the people really rule, religion must ever be a directing, energizing power, and if we hope for such a democracy in the future, the Church which represents religion, and bears upon the world the message and the power of Christ, will ever be democracy's greatest bulwark.

It has ever been the boast of democracies, especially in our age, that they mean to save solicitude for the welfare of man because they are men; that they mean anxiety for the equal rights of our fellows before the law, no matter what may be their station, that they mean care for those who because of their circumstances in life, are least able to care for themselves—in a word, "a benevolent movement in behalf of the people." In this, too, history teaches us that religion has been effective. Christ, when He came unto our estate, was born on the wayside; His early life was one of exile in a foreign land; He was a Nazareth boy among the poor; He came to His bread with the sweat of His brow, and when He came forth unto the light of public gaze, He ascended the world by His simplicity of life; by His attitude towards the rich and powerful; by His championship of the cause of the weak, the poor, the down-trodden; and through the ages, the religion of Christ, as personified by the Church, has ever been the champion and the advocate of the cause of the people. I need not recall the early Christian Church, whose democratic spirit has passed into proverb. I need not tell the story of the organizations for relief, that under the leadership of the Bishops, lifted the awful burden of hunger and sickness from the poor, in the time of Constantine, and during the reign of the Emperors that followed him. Did not Julian, the bitterest of foes, exhort his pagan priests to emulate the Christian Aged, in the field of popular action? And when the empire fell, and the feudal lords began their sway, the Catholic Church continued to advocate the claims of the masses; and in the laws of Charlemagne, her impress is marked to a high degree. Is not the great rule of St. Benedict the charter for popular action? Did not the crusades in which men fought for God and not for gold, bring in an age of democratic feeling, such as was never known before? The great Franciscan movement is democratic, surely, and the guilds of Medieval Europe, under the guidance and leadership of the Church, taught the people the power of organized effort, and taught them, too, that they could gain for themselves much greater advantage than they could hope for from kings and princes, who promised much and did so little. And the highest places in the gifts of the Church, went unto the men who rose from the poorest and lowliest of places, while her theologians, from Thomas to Suarez, spoke with uncommon clearness, of the inborn rights of the people, even in an age when the privileges of caste were not questioned. Surely, too, the monasteries, in all time, have been the center of democratic action, and the Church celebrates the deeds and the prowess of one, who with organized effort, did more to help the social fabric, did more to champion the cause of the poor than any man since the days of Christ—and his spirit today, marches triumphant through the land. Nor was the interest in the people's cause ever asserted with stronger emphasis, than in the great Leo, whose pronouncements on democracy, and on the rights and duties of States and of peoples, form the Greater Charter of all our modern Christian Sociology. To many of the modern democrats, these things indeed sound strange, to them religion seemingly has no place in advancing the people's cause, for they have abandoned the God of their Fathers, they have forgotten that the laws made of men, must reflect the truth, and the justice which are God Himself; they have, by asserting too great a freedom, thrown off the yoke of authority which is from God, or they have robbed man of his own individual dignity, by making him a slave, a plaything of the Dominant State; they have weakened the force of conscience in the life of man, and forgetting that they must give to God an account of their gifts and

their stewardship, they have used the vast opportunities of freedom for selfish aggrandizement, and for imposing upon their fellows burdens more onerous than were known in the days of the tyranny of kings and of feudal lords—of these things, the traditional doctrine of the Church is the corrective; against this impiety, in all its forms, the Church has been, and must be, the safeguard. She teaches man's subjection to God's behests; she teaches man's high estate, and that he must not be a slave; she teaches man's obligation to listen to the voice of conscience, speaking with the authority of God; she tells of justice and judgment before God's august tribunal; she detests greed and dishonesty; she defines the obligations of wealth, and the rights of the poor; she inspires unto highest ideals of justice, and purity, and truth; she ministers strength unto men, that in spite of inborn weakness, they may stand valiantly for the things that contribute most unto the great purpose of our life here and hereafter.

RELIGION THE BULWARK OF IDEAL DEMOCRACY

Religion, then, will be the great bulwark of our ideal democracy, religion provides, and has provided ever for the betterment of the masses, and for increasing the measure of men's happiness here below, while it always avails itself of the chance to fashion minds and hearts to things which are everlasting. You who gather here, are representatives of religion in a very high sense; you speak as others may not, for the Catholic cause; your deliberations shadow forth the Catholic mind, as others do not, cannot, and of a consequence upon your utterance, your own people will stand, while those outside the pale of the Church will listen, at least, with that respect which is due to the great institution, the wisdom of which, you so honorably represent.

What, then, is your message to the American Nation in these awful days of ruin and bloodshed? What word of strengthening, of hope and of consolation, do you send forth from the city of St. Francis? Watchman, what of the night? And the answer rings clear—with banners unfurled you call us to battle, to battle for God, to battle for Christ, to battle for truth, to battle for justice, to battle for our fellows may be truly free, to battle for the highest national ideals that have ever been set before a people to battle for the inheritance of light and of power, which has been transmitted to us adown the centuries, to battle that our children may live in peace, and may grow unto the fullness of the age which is in Christ. More efficacious than the crash of cannon and the clang of arms, will be the Christian teacher, at whose feet we can learn the answer to the questions that vex our age, and can learn the cause of the desolation, which has come upon us; more efficacious than embattled militarism will be the Christian School wherein the children of our great Republic will learn that there is a God in Heaven to whose behests they must bow, and before whose judgment seat they must stand—wherein they will be taught the place of Christ in the economy of Divine Providence, and that He lives and teaches in the Church against which the Gates of Hell cannot prevail. The Christian School wherein they will know the great moral sanction of the law unto the children of men—wherein they will on the counsel of Christ, and from His lips take their rule of life—wherein they may find that man is God's image, and of more worth than all earth's possessions, wherein they will learn the love of their kind, and that mercy must ever season justice—wherein they will be taught to make sacrifice of personal interests for the higher things of the Spirit—wherein they will be taught to recognize the higher code taught by Christ, in accordance with which men are ruled by moral force, not by armed power—wherein they will search out the mystery of man's weakness, and learn God's way of strength—wherein they will know the power of humble prayer, and the moral strength that flows from the heavenly Sacraments—wherein they will be trained unto self-conquest, and be made, verily great by becoming verily humble, where, in a word, mind and heart, in the School of Christ, will be made to reflect Him, who, in the end, must reign, "yes, until He puts His enemies under His footstool." Thus will you fulfill your great task, and through education and through its mighty force, place our Republic on a foundation so strong and so deep that it may rise majestic through the years to come, to the unto men, of every clime, a refuge from danger, and a home of peace: to be unto all men, the opportunity to develop what is best and noblest in them, while they journey here below; to be in very deed the City of God here, that ever leads to the City of God, which is everlasting.—San Francisco Monitor.

BENEFIT OF BEING QUICK-WITTED

The quick wit of a traveling salesman who has since become a well-known proprietor was severely tested one day. He sent in his card by the office boy to the manager of a large concern, whose inner office was separated from the waiting room by a ground-glass partition. When the boy handed his card to the manager the salesman saw him impatiently tear it in half and throw it in the

waste-basket the boy came out and told the caller that he could not see the chief. The salesman told the boy to go back and get him his card; the boy brought back five cents, with the message that his card was torn up. Then the salesman took out another card and sent the boy back, saying: "Tell your boss I sell two cards for five cents."

He got his interview and sold a large bill of goods.—Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

THE MYSTERY OF THE SILENT KHAKI LINE

Preaching at a military Mass before thousands of officers and men and in the presence of the Governor of the State at Newport Camp, the Rev. Joseph N. Dinand, S. J., president of Holy Cross College, paid a worthy tribute to the exceptional heroism and humanity of the American navy. Looking out then over the cantonments and navy yards of the nation, each a "crucible of sacrifice," he asked the pertinent question:

To me as I visited Camp Bartlett and Camp Devens, Newport and Charlestown, and saw the fusing process in action, the overwhelming, crushing thought that seemed to buffet and benumb me was: Why this annihilation of the individual? Personal ambitions, past experiences, individual talents—all all were swallowed up in the military routine of the present.

At the call of duty every man had laid aside his toils, his pen, his books, his bright hopes, future success, the affection of dear ones, the very center of his heart's love, home, all were forgotten as each boy contributed his best and his all to the crucible of sacrifice. As he stood in that silent, strong, khaki line, each man, no matter what his qualities, his studies, his influence, his race, his creed, was "one," "two," "three," or "four" when the order was given. This was the mystery of Bartlett and Devens to me, and what is the mystery of Bartlett and Devens to the mystery of Upton, Dix, and every camp clear across to Lewis on the Pacific.

Is it not a crime against reason? Is it not folly and madness of national pride to demand such sacrifice, so utterly to crush and seemingly annihilate the individual? Every man in that line is a living breathing witness of sacrifice. Was it for this service uniform and hat that the college man exchanged his academic cap and gown? Was it for this service rifle he exchanged the parchment of his degree? Was it to fit him for a commission in a camp that his Alma Mater gave of her life, her talents, her years of toil?

Shall the mystery of Bartlett, Devens, Upton, Dix, and Lewis be solved when before the bow of the transiting mist-clouds of ocean shall lift and, revealed in clear vision, shall be seen the outline of the shores of France? The man who stands beneath that emblem of our liberties, the man who takes that sacred standard in his hand, can never, according to our American mind, be too worthy of it, whatever be his education, his environment, his character. When his country's honor is at stake, when her safety is to be guarded, her preservation maintained, no sacrifice is too heroic, no obedience too irksome, no labor too difficult, no annihilation too profound. "Sacrifice" is the call from the soul of America; "Service" is the reply from the heart of the people.

HENRY SOMERVILLE COMES TO ST. FRANCIS XAVIER'S COLLEGE

Henry Somerville, M. A., the well-known writer and authority on social problems, will join the staff of St. Francis Xavier's College, Aptigouash, N. S., in September next. Though only a young man of twenty-eight years, Mr. Somerville has had a great deal of experience in social work both in England and in Canada. Some years ago he won a scholarship at Ruskin College, Oxford, where he spent two years, devoting himself exclusively to the study of Political Science, including History and Economics. He received the University Diploma in this department with the highest honours. Before coming to Canada Mr. Somerville was sub-editor of The Manchester Guardian. He is a contributor to the Dublin Review, The Month, Studies, The Spectator, American and other periodicals. He has also written much during the last six months for the Toronto Star. Before coming to Canada he lectured extensively for the Catholic Social Guild and was one of the founders of Catholic Social Study Clubs. Mr. Somerville in his lectures at St. Francis Xavier's College will deal with the following:

THE SPIRIT OF EVIL

The Church does not put forth decisions without good reason. When she speaks, no matter what the subject, we listen attentively. A few months ago she spoke in no uncertain tones about the present dangers of Spiritualism. Those dangers, as we know, have increased through the War. How great they have become is evident alone from the fact that the Church with so many serious subjects ever holding her attention has deemed it necessary to call the attention of her children to the evils of Spiritualism and the dangers to those who even play with it.

Twenty circles looking for business. We even find one "ordained medium," whatever an ordained medium may be. We find, too, a "Reverend Mrs.," medium. So, down the line through all sorts of promises—psychic healing, free fibbers and even "circles and supper."

Where there are so many advertised mediums there must be a great number of patrons. It is terrifying when one thinks of it. Let one read Benson's "Necromancers," so filled as it is with the conviction that Spiritualism is essentially diabolical and then run down the list of advertised mediums in Boston. One thought arises that the devil is still the roaring lion going about seeking whom he may devour.

It cannot be dismissed with a smile at the utter silliness of it. It is one of the modern evils infecting society. It is a thing to be feared, to be guarded against, to pray against. There can be no dallying with it even if the forms which may seem but as appeals to curiosity. It is all of the devil and should inspire horror.—Boston Pilot.

THE CHAPLAIN

How often in the letters that come from France we see clear and impressive evidence of the love and esteem in which the Catholic chaplain is held by the soldiers. The priest is the real "padre" over there, and although others may appropriate the title, the soldiers know when the word rings true. And the priest, in turn, loves the men under him, and is happy in the continuous sacrifice which his position demands. In all his dangerous and exhausting trials he is amply consoled and rewarded by the strong attachment of "his boys."

It is some time since the following letter was written to the Chaplains' Aid Society by the Rev. John de Valles one of the chaplains with the Expeditionary Force; but we publish it now because the spiritual conditions it describes are continuous "over there" and because, too, of its interesting reference to the Little Flower:

"With my heart's desire fulfilled, here I am, right in the danger zone in a Massachusetts regiment of 3,700 men—70 per cent of which is Catholic. They had been clamoring for an English-speaking priest. You may then imagine what a royal welcome I received when I arrived and established myself in their midst. There are ten quarters along three neighboring villages, in which there are medieval style cold stone churches, without even the luxury of old fashioned stoves. The men do not, however, complain even after waiting three or four hours on confession nights for their turn. We are suffering hardships and privations, but I wouldn't exchange the experience for the best parish in the land. 'Tis an inspiring sight to see these churches filled to every inch of space with our soldiers in khaki. Every evening they file into the church for Rosary and night prayers. In these medieval inland villages, far from the theatres, dance halls and saloons, these men are closer to God than ever before.

"I believe I've already told you in my previous letter that I made a pilgrimage to Sister Theresa's convent and grave. Devotion to her has become very popular among the men. The Protestant boys have often asked me for medals and are wearing them. I gave a lecture on Lisieux and Sister Theresa in the Y. M. C. A. hut and the rush for medals and souvenirs was something to be remembered. You remember how troubled I was in New York and how I relied on prayer. Well, the Little Flower has been a great help to me in my work over here. The night before going into the trenches I am going to consecrate all my men to the Sacred Heart and to the protection of Sister Theresa."

Since this letter was written Father de Valles and his boys have gone into the trenches. Gold stars on the service flag of many a Catholic church in Boston, tell the story. And our readers doubtless know, many of the survivors, including Father de Valles, were decorated on the field of battle for conspicuous bravery.—Buffalo Union and Times.

DEFENDS THE POPE'S ATTITUDE IN THE WAR

The following letter was addressed to the London Tablet by Rev. Spencer Jones, an Anglican minister, who commended the protest made by the ministers against bigotry:

"Sir: May I say how overjoyed I was to read the protest in your paper of May 15th? Had I known of it before, I should have begged to be allowed to add my name, and I am sure there are many others in the same case. As it is, I salute the signatories and thank them for what they have done, for I am sure it is a step in the right direction.

"I am as certain as I am of my own existence that from the very outset, the Pope and Cardinal Secretary of State have held themselves firmly, as it were, in the presence of God, in regard to this whole question, and have striven under a sense of awful responsibility to speak and to act justly in the matter of the War. There may have been others who have betrayed strong leanings towards the Central Powers—for the forces of German corruption are ubiquitous—but these, I believe, have diminished in number as the truth has come more and more to light. But I feel equally certain that the Rev. R. J. Campbell never wilfully misrepresented any one or any body of men. I say this with out being able to claim the privilege of his acquaintance. It is easier to be carried away by a prejudice of this kind than by any other.

"It would be easy to demonstrate the absurdity of stating that the Pope has sided with Germany. Here

is a passage I tore from one of our papers at the time: The Rheinisch Westfaelische Zeitung adds, 'It is natural that our Government should appreciate the Vatican's good intentions, but it is equally natural that the final reply of the Allied Governments should be framed in the most courteous but distinctly non-acquisitional form, because the Pope's proposal in effect is one-sided, and exhibits partiality in favor of our enemies.'"

"In other words the German journal is sure the Pope means well, but it is equally sure that he is partial to England and her Allies; and if English journals are equally sure that he is partial to Germany, that suggests that he has succeeded in securing his neutrality after all. No reader of the Tablet would respect any of us Anglicans if we rejoiced in posing as enemies to our own people; but the point is, that we should step forward as chivalrous gentlemen, and not leave to God alone the task of repudiating what we, equally with ourselves know to be a grave misunderstanding."

"THE BELLS OF MAUREPAS"

The Rev. Thomas Tipiady, a Methodist chaplain, describes in his recent book, "The Cross at the Front," how he found nothing left of the church at Maurepas but two great bells which lay just where they fell when the steeply tumbled down under shell fire. He writes: "The church had gone, but its music lingered. In peace time, the music of the bells had floated over the rolling downs and through the sleeping valleys that lie around the village. As the people ploughed the land, gathered in the corn, or fed their stock, the sound of the bells came to them as a voice from heaven. Daily, like the peasants in Millet's picture, 'The Angels,' they had, at the call of the bells bowed their heads and said an evening prayer ere the passing of the sun brought on the night, with its train of stars. On the first day of each new week they had left their fields at the sound of the music, and, donning their best garb, had sought in the church the absolution of their sins, and a fresh start. Mothers looking on the picture of the Virgin and Child had felt a new sacredness in the duties of motherhood. Fathers had gazed upon the crucifix and become reconciled to a life of self-renouncing labor for their offspring. Children, with wondering eyes, had looked upon the picture of the Angels surrounding the ascending Lord, and felt the power and glory of the world to come. All had listened to the simple words of the village priest and been reminded that they were but pilgrims, and must not set their affections too deeply on farmstead or field, but on things which are eternal and beyond the chances and changes of this mortal life. When Christmas had come the bells had rung merrily, calling to the farmers as aforetime the Angels of Bethlehem had called to the shepherds, 'O come, let us adore Him, Christ the Lord.' Holy days had come and gone, but never without the bells calling the people from the toil of the fields to rest and rejoicings in home and church. When the children went to First Communion, or when the Church's blessing was given to a bridal pair, how happily the bells rang! And how sadly, when some old man finished his journey and went to his long home! Back home in England old people and young children often die without any notice being taken of their passing. They just slip away like the birds in autumn. But in the district about Maurepas neither man nor child could pass away unnoticed and unlamented. The bells toll the news to all, and expressed the sorrow of all. Now the church in which the old and young had prayed, bridal parties rejoiced, and mourners wept, was no more. Only the bells remained. But as 'Music, when soft voices die, vibrates in the memory,' so there abide the spiritual experiences to which the bells called.

May the bells of Maurepas soon again ring forth a jubilate peal in resurrected France!—América.

The little birds were flying north, and on Cathedral spires They stayed their homing flight To hear a King's desires, The birds that sing the love of God At dusk and break of day Folded their little wings and stood To hear the Kaiser pray.

"Now, God, send fear to children, Let none be comforted, And give my great guns power To scatter death," he said, "Forget the promises you made To those who weep or are afraid."

The swallow said: "My wings are strong, I come from sun-warm palace walls Across blue seas. The way is long And I have stopped and heard men pray By wayside shrines and in great halls, In houses and hovels by the way; But I have not heard anywhere A prayer that was like this man's prayer."

The sparrow said: "No sparrow falls Without God's pity! Does he know This man who prays—on Whom he calls?"

The King of Prussia stood below In the Cathedral nave and said: "Now let their harvests be their dead. Let gas and shell go tear and kill! Until the world bends to my will!"

The birds on the Cathedral spires Waited to see the prayer go by. (The little birds can see your prayers, White-winged, ascending to the sky!) Pale lilies on the marble grew. Carved saints were on the walls, and through The flower windows shone the sun. The sparrow said: "His prayer is done!"

The swallow said: "Where did it go? It is a strange prayer, flying low! They rose and scarched the larkspur sky. They asked the clouds that drifted by, But the prayer had no wings and stayed In the dark heart where it was made.

TRIBUTE TO THE CONFESSORIAL

The late Rev. Dr. Watson, under his pen name of "Jan Maclaren," contributed an article to the British Weekly, shortly before he died. In the course of his article he writes: "One thing I have learned, and it has kept me from criticizing the Roman Confessional with the high spirit of many Protestant writers. There are certain situations where a man or woman must confide in some person to obtain advice or sympathy, or simply to unload the soul, and there is no one to whom it is more becoming they should turn than a sincere and honorable minister of Christ. For one thing he knows more of life, if he has been a receptive person, than even a lawyer or a doctor, and he is bound by every sacred consideration to absolute secrecy. During the course of his life he has become the depository of many hidden sorrows and family tragedies. He has been with people through many a cruel trial of which the world knows nothing, and has suffered with them in ways even his nearest friend does not suspect."

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH EXTENSION SOCIETY OF CANADA

PERSONAL INTEREST

To do the will of God as expressed by "Thy Kingdom Come" means missionary work or the extension of the Catholic Church. Every member of the Church is called to this work and expected to use his energies in some measure for the propagation of the Faith. Personal service, much prayer and large material gifts are the instruments of toil in this holy vocation of the service of the Master. It is a remarkable disposition of Divine Providence that God saves humanity by man. The second person of the Holy Trinity was made man, assumed a body and soul by the operation of the Holy Spirit, in

order that salvation might be wrought. The continuation of this salutary work is given by Christ to other men. So we really carry in our hands the Eternal fate of others! How seldom however, does it ever strike us or influence us that some sacrifice, some act of self-denial, some prayer of ours, is the very means upon which depends, by the dispensation of God, some souls glorious immortality! So true, we are each one of us our brother's keeper, more than we suspect or reckon.

When God, without any merit of ours, gave us the true Faith, it was not that we should take it and greedily relish it in private and wrap it up in the napkin of self-sufficiency and selfishness. Far from it! Our precious gift was bestowed for a purpose, for the honor and glory of God, for our own salvation and for the benefit of our less favoured brethren.

THE KAISER PRAYED

By taking an active part in mission work we are doing the will of God, fulfilling our obligations as members of the Church and meriting the "Well done" of the Lord.

As citizens of the Kingdom of God we have privileges, but we have, too, responsibilities. The supreme law of the Kingdom is obedience to the King's mandate. This mandate says: "Go forth and teach My doctrine to every creature, make My word known to the uttermost parts of the earth."

The mission-field of the Church is of vast dimensions. The Vicar of Christ and the successors of the Apostles are the directors of the sowing and reaping of the harvest. We are the labourers under their direction. Without our co-operation, our prayers and sacrifices, the field will not be tilled and sown; without our aid the harvest will not be garnered into the storehouse of the Lord and the field will remain barren and hateful to the Master's eyes.

Why do not Catholics give personal service and material gifts to missions more than Protestants do? Protestants have more money, Catholics are poor. Again, Catholics have so many urgent needs at home that they are to be excused from their seeming lack of interest in mission work.

These explanations are not to be admitted. The reason for Catholic indifference—to call it by an honest name—is that Protestants look upon mission work as something peculiarly their own, a work for individual church-goers. Catholic look upon mission work as something belonging to the ecclesiastical authorities. Why is this? Just a matter of training. Once upon a time our people were well trained in mission work. They had the mission habit. Persecution, poverty and the resulting ignorance destroyed the habit. We must commence all over again and by frequent missionary actions acquire gradually the salutary practice, once ours, and lost by no fault of ours.

When will this happen? When we learn and realize the meaning of our daily prayers, for example, "Thy Kingdom Come" "I believe in the Communion of Saints" and that the gift of Faith begets with it not only privileges but also responsibilities.

Donations may be addressed to: REV. T. O'DONNELL, President, Catholic Church Extension Society, 67 Bond St., Toronto.

Contributions through this office should be addressed to: EXTENSION, CATHOLIC RECORD OFFICE, London, Ont.

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Friend, London.....	50
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Friend, Dundas.....	1 00
Thos. Richards, Mundare, Alta.....	2 50
Love of Sacred Heart.....	10 00

FATHER FRASER'S CHINESE MISSION

Taichowin, China, Nov. 26, 1916. Dear Readers of CATHOLIC RECORD: That your charity towards my mission is approved by the highest ecclesiastical authorities of Canada let me quote from a letter from His Excellency, The Most Rev. Peregrine F. Stagni, O. S. M., D. D., Apostolic Delegate, Ottawa: "I have been watching with much interest the contributions to the Fund opened on behalf of your missions by the CATHOLIC RECORD. The success has been very gratifying and shows the deep interest which our Catholic people take in the work of the missionary in foreign lands. . . I bless you most cordially and all your labors, as a pledge my earnest wishes for your greatest success in all your undertakings." I entreat you to continue the support of my struggling mission, assuring you a remembrance in my prayers and Masses.

Yours faithfully in Jesus and Mary J. M. FRASER.

PREVIOUSLY ACKNOWLEDGED \$13,063 58

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FIVE MINUTE SERMON

REV. F. P. HOCKEY, O.S.B. THIRTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER PENTECOST

A TYPE OF OURSELVES

"There is no one found to return and give glory to God, but this stranger."

We cannot afford, my dear brethren, to pass by the Gospel reading today. It is a picture, in which we shall find ourselves. Which likeness is ours? That is just the question.

At the entrance of a certain town ten men, who were lepers, lifted up their voices, saying: "Jesus, Master, have mercy on us."

My dear brethren, repeatedly in the Scripture leprosy is spoken of as the type of sin. So we must not be offended, when we are told that these ten lepers represent ourselves.

But what happened when they were made clean, that so hurt the Sacred Heart of our Lord that He complained? He freely cured them at a word. Yes, God's grace is given freely; the only price is thanks.

If ingratitude were not a common sin, this miracle would not have happened so. We must not say nine ungrateful out of ten, that were cured, is out of all proportion. If it were not true, our Blessed Lord would not have drawn notice to it in so marked a manner.

Are we clasped by God amongst the nine, or happily, are we pictured by the grateful one?

Let us test ourselves and see. Many pray a good deal, but is not the asking, begging, petitioning out of all proportion to the thanksgiving?

And another way we can test our spirit of thankfulness is this: is our gratitude as fervent after confession and absolution, as our anxiety was keen before? There is an old saying, "Eaten bread is soon forgotten."

The practice of being thankful has a good effect on our own heart. Selfishness naturally makes us hard. Gratitude takes us out of self, by referring the good we have received to the kindness of another.

Such a heart receives and imbibes fresh graces from God. The graces do not run like thunder-rain from parched ground; they sink in, and make it more and more fertile in piety and goodness.

But the wonderful power of gratitude is over God. Yes, over the Almighty. Why, from the very first, did God demand sacrifices and holocausts to be offered Him?

Abraham's, when he was ready, at God's word, to sacrifice his only son. And there is one sacrifice that God never rejected. Sometimes He turned away His face from holocausts and burnt-offerings, but never from a contrite and humble heart.

Being grateful makes our own hearts happy; pleases God, and causes Him to shower down His choicest blessings on our soul. We have not been sufficiently grateful in the past; be humble, and afraid that

we have actually been ungrateful. Nine out of ten never thanked the good Saviour for their cure. The only price for fresh blessings is thankfulness and gratitude for past ones.

THE METHODISTS SUGGEST GRAPE JUICE

In a recent issue of a widely read Methodist weekly there is an editorial which in courteous language conveys the impression that there is considerable controversy among Catholics as to whether the use of unfermented wine would invalidate the Holy Sacrifice.

The thought of a political issue in the United States, settling a question of Catholic doctrine is rather amusing, hardly less so than the prospect of the Pope aligning himself with the Methodists in opposition to the century-old teaching of his predecessors.

Recognition of the economic and civilizing achievements of the monks of old is particularly gratifying when coming from such a source. Yet a word of correction, lest a false impression be permitted to spread along with this avowal of merit, will surely be opportune.

It must be remembered, that when Prof. Carver speaks of the economic duties of present-day priests and the achievements of those who lived centuries ago, he ignores the fact that these endeavors are not the first and principal duties of the priest.

The economic achievements of the monks in ages past, are wholesome as their effect has been, essentially secondary to their initial vocation and pursuits. Their work was a missionary work primarily.

The earliest writers of the Church, from the first to the fourth century, make no mention of it, which fact may be reasonably accounted for in many ways.

The Church was an acutely suffering, militant body, and had martyrs to chronicle every day and to properly place in the liturgies. Self-evident truths required no conferences to settle them.

That Mary was carried to Heaven body and soul was understood and believed and handed down from father to son without any wonder or question. It was natural and reasonable that the Ark of the Covenant, the womb and the breast and the arms that bore and nourished as a Son of God, the second person of the Blessed Trinity, should not know the foolishness of the grave.

It was to be expected that the beautiful body of the Mother of God, the Queen of Saints, should be honored above all created things. And so it was easy and sweet to believe that when the body of Mary was not to be found, a few days after her death, that her divine Son took it to Himself, and reuniting it with her august Soul, crowned it and placed it next Himself in the glory of Heaven.

That God in His wisdom did not see fit to have the translation of His Holy Mother to Heaven witnessed by even His disciples, is no wonder. God's ways are not our ways. His own glorious resurrection, a fact so necessary to the foundation of His Holy Church, had no witnesses but the few blind tools of His enemies.

The Bishop of Soissons, who is now in Paris, described the havoc wrought in the bishopric of Soissons during the recent offensive of the Germans. He said 100 churches had been destroyed by the Germans and that at least 100 others had been pillaged and partially demolished.

The Bishop added that the Germans knew neither faith nor law; they knew nothing but war and pillage. They were methodically stripping and carrying away everything, he said.

The Bishop also asserted that women, children and old men had been brutally murdered by German aviators, who flew over and with machine guns fired upon long lines of refugees on country roads.

ever, of the splendid service performed by the monks of an earlier day in preserving the learning of the ancient world and handing it down to the newer civilization of modern Europe and America.

The laboring monks especially call for our admiration. The clearing of the land, the draining of the swamps, the preservation of the arts of horticulture and agriculture, and the further development of both, was constructive work of the very highest order.

Moreover, it was performed at a time when constructive industry was all but submerged by the general brutality and violence which prevailed over the whole of Europe.

In those countries where the priests are still doing that kind of work, they deserve the highest commendation. The countries with the largest numbers of such priests are the countries which are advancing most rapidly not only in the arts of civilization, but in wealth and power as well.

The way in which they are using their influence to decrease the number of holidays is of the highest utility and must have a profound influence upon the national efficiency. One cannot help being impressed also with the fact that much of the co-operative work among the farmers of Ireland, Belgium, Holland, Denmark and Germany is fostered by the priests in Catholic communities and by the pastors in Protestant communities.

The president of the local co-operative society is usually the priest or the pastor.

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THE ASSUMPTION OF OUR LADY

The Assumption of the Blessed Virgin Mary, Mother of God, the translation of her body as well as her soul after death into Heaven, is not an article of Faith. But it evidently has been tacitly believed by Catholics from the beginning of the Church, and at no time in the two thousand years of the Church's history has there seemed a necessity to define it dogmatically.

St. Gregory of Tours, St. Thomas Aquinas, St. Bernard, St. Peter Damiani, and other theologians, speak of the bodily Assumption of the Blessed Virgin without any reserve or hesitance, as a universally accepted fact.

The earliest writers of the Church, from the first to the fourth century, make no mention of it, which fact may be reasonably accounted for in many ways. In the first place, so near to the event itself, being known as a fact there was no disputing it, and no need of proving it.

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The Bishop also asserted that women, children and old men had been brutally murdered by German aviators, who flew over and with machine guns fired upon long lines of refugees on country roads.

Mary have not been revealed to some favored souls, but these pictures are precious ornaments of Faith, and the skeptical and the uninquiring may pass them by without incurring the charge of infidelity.

But the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin, body and soul, into Heaven shortly after her death, has been a tradition of the Church always, and to doubt or to deny it would incur the blame of heresy.

The Church, while not defining the Assumption as an article of Faith, sanctioned the belief, by instituting the Feast of the Assumption—one of the earliest Feasts of the Mother of God—giving it a vigil and an octave and prescribing for it the prayer of the Introit:

Let us all rejoice in the Lord, celebrating a feast, not in honor of the Blessed Virgin Mary, for whose Assumption the Angels rejoice, and give praise to the Son of God. My heart hath uttered a good word. I speak my words to the Kings.—(Ps. xlv.)

In the old martyrology of the Latin Church the Feast of the Assumption is clearly mentioned. The tradition avers that the Blessed Virgin died under patronage of the Apostles. That on the third day after her death they visited the tomb, but found only her garments and these emitting a sweet odor. They naturally and logically inferred that her body was taken to Heaven.

This is the substance of the tradition. There are many details which added to the beauty and poetry of it, but which are not necessary to the reasonable or to the historical evidence of the tradition.

But though the Church has never settled in what manner the Mother of God was translated into the presence and the company of her Divine Son in Heaven the inspired artists of the ages of Faith have been allowed to represent this closing scene of the earthly career of the Blessed Virgin Mary; and under patronage of the Pope, and the full sanction of saints and scholars, have filled the world with representations of the august Mother of God lifted from the tomb and borne aloft by the power of God, through the very clouds which He Himself was pleased to ascend through bodily some eighteen or twenty years before in the sight of Mary and His Apostles and disciples.

Of all the representations of the Mother of God by the early Christian painters none has been more popular or more oft and variously repeated on canvas and stone and shining glass than the exaltation of Mary through space, surrounded by angels, under the title of "The Assumption."

The early Byzantine artists have left to the world numerous pictures of the death and Assumption of the Blessed Virgin, all with some, and some with many, of the fanciful accessories found in the oldest legends. Such as the falling to earth of her girdle which the Apostle Thomas receives and is again cured of doubt, as he was after the Lord's Resurrection.

More numerous and more beautiful, and fully expressive of all the feast and the fact imply, are the works of the great masters on this subject. Raphael, Titian, Correggio, Durer, Rubens, Ghirlandajo in fact all the great painters of the renaissance, found in the Assumption an inspiration to some of their very best work.

In all we have the glorified body cleaving the skies surrounded by innumerable angels, and below the empty tomb surrounded by the Apostles. These with their eyes lifted heavenwards as if actually seeing what they believe—the body and soul of their mother and queen carried to glory to reign with her divine Son forever.

But the Church moves with a grave and careful slowness in all matters of Faith. In her bosom she carries the whole deposit of Faith given her by the Son of God, with the authority to "teach all men."

To this deposit of Faith she may add nothing nor subtract. When time and circumstances call for it, she takes from the treasure thus given her a gem and holding it up to the world, explains and defines it and puts it beyond doubt forever.

The Church long ago instituted the Feast of the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin Mary, calling on her children to lift their eyes on her and her applications to Mary in Heaven triumphant through the power of Jesus Christ over sin and death.

But whether in her Assumption we must celebrate the Assumption of her soul into glory and power over all the angels and saints; or the Assumption of her body also with her soul

the Church has not yet said. Finally we may believe both the body and soul of Mary are together in Heaven, and incur no blame. We may believe that the glorious soul of Mary is in Paradise but that her virginal body somewhere awaits the General Resurrection, and incur no anathema.

Circumstances will require the Church some day to declare, aided by the Holy Ghost, which is the truth and all Catholics of the world will accept the Fiat. Hasten the day! for though "blessed are they who have not seen and have believed," the merit of believing, what we do believe, is enhanced when we can say "I believe, because the Holy Catholic Church teaches."—St. Paul Bulletin.

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CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

MOTHER
"God is good," she used to say
In her calm and gentle tone;

BEATEN BY TRIFLES
When we allow a thing to conquer us
We are practically confessing our

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS
SHORT SKETCH OF LIVES OF
SAINTS OF THE WEEK

AUGUST 12.—ST. CLARE, ABBESS

On Palm Sunday, March 17, 1212,
the Bishop of Assisi left the altar
to present a palm to a noble maiden,

AUGUST 14.—ST. EUSEBIUS, PRIEST
The Church celebrates this day
the memory of St. Eusebius, who

by the stream. Such habits tend to
the true development of the mind
and soul, leading to that delight in

gave them the full military salute as
the men passed the convent." So
again the Sisters are pictured as the

"EXCEPT IN SUMMER"
A satirical minister of Ritualistic
leanings, on observing how many

SISTERS AT THE FRONT
Announcing the arrival of a pioneer
band of Sisters of Charity at New

DISCARDING PRAYER
While our Holy Father is urging
us to pray during this world crisis,

The other correspondent is a bit
more pointed, but equally blasphemous.
"There was once a time when, if

AUGUST 15.—THE ASSUMPTION OF
THE BLESSED VIRGIN MARY

On this festival the Church com-
memorates the happy departure from
life of the Blessed Virgin Mary, and

AUGUST 16.—ST. HYACINTH
Hyacinth, the glorious apostle of
Poland and Russia, was born of

THE FOLLY OF DOUBT
The tendency of the age is to
doubt. It is thought a sign of intel-

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RELIGION AND THE WAR

The War with its myriad domestic calamities is making serious people think more of eternal things. They pray more. In England the roadside cross is being reinstated in pride of place. The Anglicans in great numbers are beginning to pray for their dead soldiers. In a recent issue of the London Times a reprint from the Church Union Gazette appeared. It read as follows:

"Herbert, Earl Kitchener, F. R. M. June 6, 1916. "We have been requested to ask the prayers of the members of the Union and their remembrance of him at the altar on June 6, for Herbert, Earl Kitchener, Field Marshal, for seventeen years member of the E. C. U. for whom a solemn requiem Mass was sung at St. Mathew's, Westminster, on June 21, 1916, at the request of the president of the Council of E. C. U."

Prayer for the dead has been for many years a distinctively Catholic practice. Those who broke away from the center of unity repudiating belief in Purgatory, by that very act made prayers for the dead a superstition and a Popish device. Despite their ridicule, the Catholic Church has clung to the consoling dogma, a dogma that is required by humanity and by the simplest dictates of logic.

The return of the Angelus to the ancient belief is another proof that they acted rashly who repudiated the universal belief of the Church of ages.

In Washington all the church bells are henceforth to ring at the noon hour each day to remind the people to stop and pray for the success of our arms. The same practice has been inaugurated throughout the state of California.

The noon day prayer at the Capital is called the "War Angelus." Among devout Catholics the Angelus is recited in times of peace as well as in times of war. Calling the practice the "Angelus" will not contribute to its popularity among those who are keen to discern and to denounce anything savouring of Popery. But the necessities of the hour demand that we repair to the God of Consolation and Strength in order to gain that fortitude which is necessary to meet the exigencies of battle.

When the struggle is over, the "War Angelus" will doubtless become a memory. It does not argue well for our sense of religion that we recur to the Alashty in time of distress, and turn away from Him in time of success. Such a manner of dealing with the Most High indicates and indeed demonstrates that we approach Him rather through the love of consciousness than through the love of benevolence.

We do not so much take complacency in the divine good as seek the divine help for ourselves. We go to Him in our extreme needs and forget Him in our prosperity.

Were we less selfish in serving the Most High, we would think of Him and of His glory in good fortune as well as in ill fortune. Instead of a "War Angelus" we would have an Angelus that would be perennial. God is always good. He is always worthy of whatever of worship we can bestow upon Him. Moreover He is absolutely necessary to us and if our faith were right we would never cease to protest our gratitude and never stop trying to prove our appreciation of His goodness to us.

However, it is well for the race that they obey the instincts of the soul and turn to God in time of trial. Men of finer fiber will not forget to pray and be grateful when the War is over. Some will remain faithful to the practice which will learn in the dark hours of distress. The spectacle of so many earnest people outside the Church adopting Catholic practices ought to make Catholics themselves more exact in the discharge of their religious duties and more eager to display in their lives the teachings and the principles of the Church which alone holds men to their duties in storm, whether the face of the Lord be hidden or whether His smile be as legible as the beneficent rays of the sun that make glad the just and the unjust.—Catholic Transcript.

DEATH OF MOTHER MARY JOACHIM OF "THE PINES," CHATHAM, ONT.

It is with deep regret that we record the death of one of the members of the Ursuline Convent, Chatham, in the person of Mother Mary Joachim, who passed to her eternal reward in St. Joseph's Hospital, London, on Tuesday, August 11. The deceased had been suffering for the entire past year, and had ample time to prepare for the holy and happy death which was hers a few days ago. During her sickness Mother Joachim was a constant example to those around her of resignation and patient faith in the designs of Divine Providence, in that she ever displayed a beautiful submission, and a cheerful complacency with the trials, so inevitably characteristic of a prolonged and painful illness.

Mother Joachim, known in the world as Miss Mary Elizabeth McGrath of Hastings, Ont., has been an active and zealous member of the Ursuline Community of "The Pines," Chatham, for the past twenty years, having been professed in 1893. During all these years, she has proved herself a devout religious, and has earned the respect and gratitude of many young people, whose privilege it was to be numbered among her music students.

The deceased has always resided in the Mother House in Chatham, filling at different times many responsible positions, as Directress of Music, Treasurer of the College, and Secretary-General of the Institute, which latter office she held at the time of her death. Her bright, cheerful personality and winning manner has won the hearts of many, who will be truly grieved at the news of her death.

Her mother Mrs. Henry McGrath, and a brother reside at Grand Rapids, Mich. The funeral obsequies were held in the convent chapel of "The Pines," on Thursday morning at 9.30, at which Very Rev. Fr. O'Connor, Vicar-General of the London Diocese officiated. Rev. Dean Downey, Windsor, Ont., sang the funeral Mass assisted by Rev. Fr. Moylan, Sandwich, as deacon, and Rev. Fr. Corcoran, London, as sub-deacon, while Rev. Fr. Prospero, O. F. M., Chatham, acted as master of ceremonies. Other clergy present were Rev. Fr. Hanlon, London, and Rev. Fr. John Capistrano, O. F. M., Chatham.

Organizers have been appointed from Halifax and Antigonish dioceses. J. A. Walker is organizer in Antigonish and D. O'Connor in Halifax. R. G. Sars of the Merchants' Bank of Halifax, is Honorary Treasurer; D. T. Lynch, treasurer of Halifax diocese and J. M. Wall for Antigonish section.

A very ambitious publicity campaign has been inaugurated. The Publicity Department is in the hands of J. F. O'Connell, chairman, with W. E. Donovan, secretary. A speaker's committee has been appointed, headed by J. P. Quinn: Hon. Justice Chisholm, Deputy Mayor Godwin, T. W. Murphy, K. C., Ald. F. A. Gillis, W. B. Walker, with Grand Knight Godwin taking an active interest in the work. The Province is fairly well organized and it is to be hoped that in another week all Catholics throughout the Maritime Provinces will be actively associated with the work.

THE WESTERN FAIR

LONDON'S POPULAR EXHIBITION

This Popular Exhibition will be held this year from Sept. 6th to 14th, Queen's Park, where the Exhibition is held, has been occupied since last year by the Military Authorities. They have recently vacated the buildings and grounds, going up to Carling Heights. This leaves a lot of work to do to prepare the place for the Exhibition. Large gangs of men are at work and more will be secured as the work goes on. An addition will be built to the sheep pens in order to accommodate the large entry expected. The large cattle barn will have a new roof put on, making it comfortable and dry for the cattle exhibited. It is expected there will be a large entry of live stock of all kinds this year as the Prize List has had such a substantial increase. All information supplied by the Secretary, A. M. Hunt, London, Ont.

A very gratifying feature of the Campaign is the co-operation of our non-Catholic friends, who have already interested themselves to a great extent and expressed the wish to associate themselves in any way which will help to make the Drive a success. Nova Scotia Knights are very optimistic and Chairman J. A. Neville has expressed himself as delighted with the hearty support that has been accorded on every side.

Colonel Thompson and the Military Authorities at Halifax and throughout the Province are doing their share to make this, the first Knights of Columbus Drive in Canada, one that is going to set the pace for the other sections of the Dominion.

The Archbishop of Halifax, the Bishop of Antigonish, with clergy throughout the diocese, by their inspiration and co-operation are proving a great factor in helping to secure the co-operation of all the Catholic Societies.

The slogan of the Knights in this Drive is "Everybody welcome, Everybody free!" and it is the duty of every Catholic in Nova Scotia to accord by their financial and energetic assistance, every support so that this, the first organized attempt of Catholics in Nova Scotia to associate themselves with this work, will be even a greater success than is anticipated.

Mr. McLaughlin is survived by one brother Edward, three daughters, Mother M. Veronica, The Pines, Chatham; Mrs. Thos. Ryder, Stratford; Mrs. Wm. Barry, Detroit, Mich.; and five sons, Thos., London; Edward, Goderich; Dennis and Michael, Edmonton and Joseph at home. His wife who was a sister of the late Rev. Thos. Quigley predeceased him nine years ago. "Requiescat in pace."

Mrs. Mary O'Donoghue In Lindsay on the 4th of July last, Mary O'Donoghue, beloved wife of William O'Neill, died after a short illness, fortified by the rites of Holy Mother Church. She was an excellent member of the Catholic Church and was beloved by all both old and young.

Besides her sorrowing husband she leaves to mourn her loss two sisters, Mrs. W. F. O'Boyle of Ottawa, and Mrs. James F. Crowley of Peterboro, and one brother, D. G. O'Donoghue of New York. Her eldest brother, Daniel, in religion Rev. Brother Agapetus Leo of the teaching staff of De La Salle College of Baltimore, recently predeceased her. May her soul rest in peace.

MRS. THOMAS LANGAN

It is with the deepest regret and heartfelt sorrow that we record the death of Mrs. Thomas Langan, who died on July 16, after a few weeks illness. The deceased, whose maiden name was Elizabeth Ann Doyle, parish of Marysville, County of Hastings, Ont., was sixty-three years of age and was forty years married. She died as she lived in the bosom of the Church, with the names of Jesus, Mary and Joseph on her lips. While she was able she received Holy Communion daily and was very charitable to the poor, a practical Catholic, a good neighbor, a faithful wife and kind mother. Solemn Requiem Mass was celebrated by Monsignor Aylward, assisted by Father Rooney, her nephew, and Father Bell, while Father Mahoney, Bothwell, and Father Harding, London, offered Mass at the side altar, and Father Gleeson from Wallaceburg

ST. BRIGID'S YOUNG MEN'S ASSOCIATION OF OTTAWA

"A very impressive and patriotic ceremony took place in the club-rooms of St. Brigid's Young Men's Association, Ottawa, on Tuesday evening, July 23. The occasion being the blessing of a service flag, contributed by the Association, bearing Seventy-Five (75) Maple leaves, four of which are red showing four of the boys have made the Supreme Sacrifice, and six yellow, (this meaning returned), wounded or permanently disabled. All this is significant of the unselfishness of so many members of this Progressive Society, doing their bit, fighting in this World War for Democracy and Liberty of Small Nations. The blessing of the Service Flag was conducted by Rev. Father MacGregor, Chaplain of the Association, with Rev. F. Bernacki, Barry's Bay, Ont. Patriotic speeches as to the duty of Canada's participation in the War, were given by

said Mass in the vestry. Her pall bearers were her six nephews, Michael Carlin, Thomas Langan, John Langan, Joseph Langan, John Doyle and Joseph Rooney. On July 19 her remains were borne to her resting place in the family plot in the cemetery followed by her many friends and laid to rest amid tears and prayers. Her nephew, Father Rooney, Windsor, performed the services at the grave, assisted by five other priests. She leaves behind her a husband and seven children who were all home, Sister Bertrand, Chatham; Sister Anselm, London; Sister Gonzaga, Kingsbridge; Alphonso, of the Royal Air Forces, Toronto; J. J., a merchant in Sarnia; Mrs. McAlpine, Marysville, and Margaret at home. Kind readers please offer a prayer for the repose of her soul.

Hon. Chas. Doherty, Minister of Justice, Brig. Gen. Helmer, Lieut. Ladlamme, (returned), E. P. Gleeson, Barrister, Dr. H. L. Sims, and Father MacGregor. Musical numbers were rendered by Miss Stringer, vocalist, and Miss Lynott, accompanist, Mrs. Driscoll, vocalist, and Miss Poulin, accompanist.

ARMY HUT CAMPAIGN

The Knights of Columbus of Nova Scotia open their campaign August 19th,—objective, one hundred thousand dollars for Knights of Columbus Army Huts. The Maritime Knights have organized strong and energetic committees, and His Honor, Lieut. Governor McCallum Grant, has kindly consented to act as Honorary Chairman. J. A. Neville is Chairman.

Organizers have been appointed from Halifax and Antigonish dioceses. J. A. Walker is organizer in Antigonish and D. O'Connor in Halifax. R. G. Sars of the Merchants' Bank of Halifax, is Honorary Treasurer; D. T. Lynch, treasurer of Halifax diocese and J. M. Wall for Antigonish section.

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TEACHERS WANTED

WANTED, FOR S. S. NO. 12, LANCASTER, Glenagry Co. Ont., a Normal trained Catholic teacher. Duties to commence Sept. 3, 1918. Salary \$500 per annum. Apply to J. H. Tremblay, Grand, Ont. via Cochrane, Sec. Treas. Box 43, R. R. 1, Dalhousie Sta., Que. 2078-2

TEACHER WANTED FOR R. C. S. S. NO. 24 Woodville. Duties to begin Sept. 3. Apply stating qualifications and salary expected to J. P. Fawcett, Sec. Treas., Woodville, Ont. 2078-3

TEACHER WANTED FOR S. S. NO. 12, LANCASTER with second class professional certificate. Small school attendance last term, 2 pupils, 1st to 8th. Apply to J. H. Tremblay, Grand, Ont. via Cochrane, Sec. Treas. Box 43, R. R. 1, Dalhousie Sta., Que. 2078-2

QUALIFIED TEACHER WANTED FOR S. S. NO. 9, Percy. Duties to commence Sept. 3. Apply stating qualifications and salary to J. H. Tremblay, Grand, Ont. via Cochrane, Sec. Treas. Box 43, R. R. 1, Dalhousie Sta., Que. 2078-2

TEACHER WANTED FOR GRANT, ONT. R. C. Separate school. Duties to commence Sept. 1. State salary and qualifications to J. H. Tremblay, Grand, Ont. via Cochrane, Sec. Treas. Box 43, R. R. 1, Dalhousie Sta., Que. 2078-2

A QUALIFIED TEACHER WANTED FOR A Separate school, Section No. 3, Griffith, Ont. One holding Normal certificate preferred. Apply stating qualifications and salary to J. H. Tremblay, Grand, Ont. via Cochrane, Sec. Treas. Box 43, R. R. 1, Dalhousie Sta., Que. 2078-2

TEACHER WANTED FOR R. C. S. S. NO. 6, Raleigh, holding a second class certificate. Salary \$525 per annum. Duties to commence Sept. 3rd. Apply to Wm. A. Dillon, Sec. Treas., Merlin, Ont. 2077-8

TEACHER WANTED FOR R. C. S. S. SEPARATE school No. 11, Anderson; second or third class professional certificate. Salary \$500 per annum. Small school average attendance for 1917 was ten. Duties to commence Sept. 3. Apply to Wm. A. Dillon, Sec. Treas., Merlin, Ont. 2077-8

FEMALE TEACHER WANTED FOR JUNIOR room, second class certificate. Salary \$500 per annum. Small school average attendance for 1917 was ten. Duties to commence Sept. 3. Apply to Wm. A. Dillon, Sec. Treas., Merlin, Ont. 2077-8

TEACHER WANTED FOR R. C. S. S. SALARY \$400 per year. Apply to R. E. No. 1, Phelan, Amherstburg 170-2-1. 2077-4

TEACHER WITH SECOND CLASS PROFESSIONAL certificate wanted for Public School Section No. 4, Flos and S. of Vespera. Salary \$500 per annum. Small school average attendance for 1917 was ten. Duties to commence Sept. 3. Apply to Wm. A. Dillon, Sec. Treas., Merlin, Ont. 2077-4

TEACHER WANTED, WITH SECOND OR third class certificate for No. 2, Hiramworth, Salary \$400 per year. Apply to J. H. Tremblay, Grand, Ont. via Cochrane, Sec. Treas. Box 43, R. R. 1, Dalhousie Sta., Que. 2078-2

WANTED, A QUALIFIED TEACHER FOR Public School No. 1, Griffith, Co. Lennox. Duties to commence Sept. 2nd, 1918. Salary \$500 per annum. Apply to J. H. Tremblay, Grand, Ont. via Cochrane, Sec. Treas. Box 43, R. R. 1, Dalhousie Sta., Que. 2078-2

TEACHER WANTED FOR R. C. S. S. NO. 2, Bromley, holding a second class professional certificate. Duties to begin September next. Apply stating salary and experience to M. J. Breen, Sec. Treas., R. R. No. 3, Eganville, Ont. 2078-4

NORMAL TRAINED TEACHER WANTED for R. C. S. S. No. 1, Westmeath, Lanes. Duties to begin Sept. 3rd, 1918. One capable of teaching French and English. Apply stating salary and experience to W. C. Corvax, Sec. Treas., Lanes, Ont. 2078-7

MANAGER WANTED WANTED CATHOLIC MAN (MARRIED) preferred to manage a General Store in village of Excelsior, Manitowish (Island) Ont. Must have some experience. Post office and Telephone office in connection with store. Excelsior has a resident priest and Mass twice a month. Apply to H. L. Corbiari, Excelsior, Ont. 2078-4

PRIESTS HOUSEKEEPER WANTED WANTED, A PRIESTS HOUSEKEEPER. Must be competent, reliable and good cook. References required from your pastor. Good wages. Address Pastor, 211 Church St., St. Joseph, Michigan, U. S. A. 2070-17

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African, The. The story of a Catholic College Boy, Africa, Fabiola, The; translated by Right Rev. Fr. Joseph O'Connell, M. A., O. S. B., of the Life of St. Perpetua, who suffered martyrdom together with her slave, Felicitas, at Carthage in the year 203. One of the most moving in the annals of the Church.

Alchemist's Secret, The; by Isabel Cecilia Williams. This collection of short stories is not of the sort written simply for amusement; they have that simple direct teaching which they lead us to think of and to pity sorrows and trials of others rather than our own.

Alias Kitty Casey, by Marie Gertrude Williams. Kitty Casey is in reality Catherine Carey, a girl threatened with marriage, who in an endeavor to secure herself, and at the same time enjoy the advantages of the country in summer time, accepts a nominal position in a hotel, taking the position of waitress refused by her maid, Kitty Casey. The story is well written, and a romance cleverly told.

Beach Hut, by Fanny Warner. A tale of the South before the Civil War. Two other stories are contained in this volume: "Agnes," and "For Many Days."

Blakes and Flanagan's, by Mrs. James Sadler. This book is the masterpiece of the illustrious author whose writings have made her name a household word among the Catholics of America.

Borrowed From The Night, by Anna C. Mingo. Miss Mingo takes this historic half decade in the delightful Southern character. It is in charm and gentility. No one will read "Borrowed From The Night," without being fascinated by Miss Martine, whose early life is surrounded with so much interest.

Caroline, by Anna C. Mingo. A Romance of Kentucky. Much has been written of the trouble some times from 1860 to 1865, but seldom has a Catholic author taken this historic half decade as material for a story. Miss Mingo is a resident of Kentucky and in Caroline presents a picture of the confusion and uncertainty which existed in that state. The story is admirably presented and bristles with romantic adventures.

Callista, by Cardinal Newman. A tale of the Third Century; attempting to imagine and express the feelings and relations between Christians and heathens of that time.

Captain Kowaleff, by Raoul de Navery. A thrilling story of adventures in the East. The hero is a young man, who is a student of the University of France. He is a noble and generous heart, who is a student of the University of France. He is a noble and generous heart, who is a student of the University of France.

Cinema, by J. M. Villafraña. A study of civilization and a comparison of Christianity, not only with Paganism and purely human philosophy but with Judaism also, towards the close of its reign. The scenes are laid in Rome and in the East, and include the burning of Rome, the author has created imaginary characters such as Cines of the Roman Guard around whose conversion to Christianity the plot of the story is woven.

Commander, The; by Charles D'Hericault. An historical novel of the French Revolution.

Conscience's Tale, by Genesieve Walsh. Conscience. Thoroughly interesting and well written tale of Flemish life, including "The Recruiter," "Minister of the Gospel," "Blind Hope," and "The Nobleman."

"Dear Jane," by Isabel Cecilia Williams. A sweet simple tale of a self-sacrificing elder sister's submission to keep the little household together in a time of great distress. It is a story of a noble and generous heart, who is a student of the University of France.

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