

# 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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#017

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### A MYSTERY

Irishmen have fought for democracy all over the world. For it they have been in every forlorn hope and have salted the earth with their bones. It would seem strange indeed were Ireland to be deprived of self-government by animosities which are rooted in a shameful past and that it must still be the "One failure of the British race."

Similar problems have been solved in the dominions of the Empire with the result that races and creeds live side by side in tolerance and mutual respect; and the watchwords exuding the bitterness of the past have no significance. They who abhor despotism cannot with consistency deny a nation the right to manage its own affairs. Coercion is no remedy for discontent. Grattan declared "The Irish Protestant can never be free till the Irish Catholic has ceased to be a slave." And of Grattan's Parliament O'Connell said "Truly the Irish Parliament was most loyal to the British Crown and most useful to the British power—no country ever rose so rapidly in trade, manufacture, commerce, agricultural wealth and general prosperity as did Ireland from 1742 until 1798 when the 'fomented' rebellion broke out."

### WONDERING

Some individuals with a complacency born of ignorance wonder why Ireland is ever in the throes of agitation. They who understand marvel at Irish patience. Despite its ghastly history Ireland is loyal. Legislative independence does not mean the separation of the two countries, and John Redmond can say and has said what O'Connell wrote to Queen Victoria, "Illustrious Lady, these statements are made by men who know them to be unfounded. Our Legislative independence would, by conciliating your subjects, render the separation of Ireland from the lawful dominion of your Crown wholly impossible."

Sir Edward Carson has an opportunity rarely given to any man: to write his name in gold on the pages of history. He can be the leader of men who are blinded with prejudice, or he can demonstrate that he is lacking neither in nobility of character nor in patriotism by giving all the strength of his talents to the cementing of the Empire.

### DEMOCRACY

The Church, it has been said, follows all the natural movements of reason and of history with the intelligent tenderness of a mother for a child: she is ever ready to satisfy the legitimate desires of her child. To the man of ancient times crushed under the despotism of the Roman Empire, the Church offered refuge in one of her solitudes where he could renounce the corrupting goods of earth. In the Middle Ages when man had acknowledged her maternal authority the Church showed him that he could live according to the law of God, even in the world. At the time of the Renaissance the Church associated herself with the literary and artistic movement of civilization; and she furnished the world with inspiration and subjects which helped to immortalize so many works and men of the sixteenth century. Today democracy, the equality of all men in civil and social rights and duties, is a general aspiration of civilized people: and it does not entail upon the Church any necessity of changing her doctrines since she was the first to inculcate, under the superior law of Charity, the love of God and of men—the principle of equality among men.

### THE SPIRIT OF THE AGE

Now and then we happen upon the phrase "the spirit of the age." It sounds well, like "efficiency," "democracy," and "the rights of small nations," and "the brotherhood of humanity," but its meaning is elusive to us. Some people say that "the spirit of the age" is just what humanity needs, a thing to banish flabbiness and to impart vitality. So far as we can see "the spirit of the

age" means a new brand of liberty.

We used to think that liberty found security in religion, but in some sections of the world legislative bodies can pool their prejudices into laws which they call the voice of the people—liberty up to date.

"The spirit of the age" which connives at lying and perjury and acclaims the money-king, though he may have trampled upon his brethren, is not the spirit that will reconstruct Europe. Material helps will be needed, but in far greater measure the spirit of order, and subordination of obedience and respect: of personal quiet and peace in the family; of mercy towards the suffering and of resignation under suffering. The spirit that does not lead the world to the Divine is but a clown to amuse the flippant, or to tinsel over the things of darkness. Men who think are harking back to the days when the simplicity and the patience of her teaching were in honor. They are asking the reason of the then unanimity of fear, of hope and of belief. They are beginning to understand how men of the highest intellectual order leaned mainly upon the Church, and had a treasure of the noblest conceptions and sublime verities. One thing certain is that under the searching light of criticism many shams will disappear. The making of social politics for the organic ailments of society will go out of fashion, and the "philosophers" who lead men into the desert and leave them there may be prevailed upon to adopt a more decent way of making a livelihood.

### WHY COMPLAIN

Our friend the farmer is complaining that Spring comes slowly this year and that the weather is wretched. "Rain, rain, nothing but rain—and mud, of course." He forgets that one of the excellent experiences of the country is rain. Rain fills the springs, makes the grass perk up, washes out the rivers and streams, and seems, too, to wash the very air. Showers—great grey showers hanging from the heavens are beautiful, and often have great rain-bows hung on their peacock tails. But whether they are merely showers which come and go, or all day rains which come down in big drops and make a thousand jumping fountains on the surface of the river, and ripples on the roads, make the leaves to glisten and hang jewels at the end of every leaf or blade of grass. Complain! Nonsense. It is one of the beautiful phases of the country this beautiful rain. You can either go out and enjoy it as the Scotch say, "Sugar, and will melt," you can stay indoors, hear the rain drumming on the window panes, see it run down in streaky tears over the glass, and watch the grey day by its incessant deluge. But these days are the exception and not the rule.

Our skies are not only charitable but generous, both in summer and winter. In summer the sun is warm, but not too hot, and while it has spread its gold-beater's leaf of shine over lawns and fields, it has given us trees in the tangled woods which sprinkle down their baptism of cool shade; it has given us woods, where in the green shade, the day is cool in the centre of the oven noon! But although the summer, if you have to shoulder your way up the hill, may be hot and breathless in the afternoon, there comes the evening with its cool breeze, and even in the hollows which were so hot during the day there are seas of cool white mist. But every summer day is not all blue with white-sailed clouds trailing through the deeper blue of heaven. Some of the days are pearl grey with no bickering winds in the still sky and nothing but a sigh rustling the trembling aspens.

But an autumn day is as good almost as summer's best green bower. The sunshine is everywhere and even the ripe cornfields seem to bandy it back to the great sun. The trees are wearing a gorgeous motley, sometimes crimson red, sometimes daffodil yellow, sometimes burnt sienna brown, and all these brought into vivid contrast by the black-green firs, which seem to be turned coats and still stand like giant hearse plumes amongst the rest of the harlequin trees.

But winter days are not less excellent. The sun rises later and enlivened the woods and only marks a short day with what Burns calls a "short lived glower far yont the lift." But the level rays decorate a beautiful sleeping world. All the great-green trees are asleep, and it may be dreaming. But you can see every particular branch and twig, or in the distance the branch has a purple sheen on it. In the morning the world may rise like a ghost in the white sheet of hoar frost, the roads are sounding iron: the pools in the ruts are shot over with white flat spikes of ice which crunch and crumble under a foot-step. And when the sun has run its short "slithering" course, it goes down in robes of gorgeous clouds, and before its livery has been thrown off by these shining clouds the sky begins to throb with stars. We are living in a wonderful panorama of days, and we enjoy a glorious procession of weather in all seasons—for which we should use our eyes and be duly thankful to God for these writings on the wall of space.

### A WAR WORD TO MOTHERS

JESUIT ASKS THAT TENDERNESS NOW YIELD TO PATRIOTISM

By Rev. John A. McCloy, S. J.

"Ducit Et Decorum Est Pro Patria Mori."

Now is the hour of testing. A crisis is at hand in your lives. Peace has gone. War is here. Your souls must change with this change; for better or for worse. Molding virtues which can go by unchallenged in time of peace cannot survive in time of war. It must either expand into heroism or sink into baseness. The alternative presents itself to many of you now. It is an inspiring alternative, fraught with the grand possibility of patriotic self-sacrifice. It is a fear-compelling alternative, carrying with it the other possibility of failure to rise to the occasion. You have the choice. Will you be worthy of the women of the Revolution and Civil War, who gave their sons, husbands, brothers and lovers, weeping yet smiling through their tears, broken-hearted yet grand-hearted, grieving to lose a man, yet proud of gaining a soldier?

The women of Europe are gazing at you. Will you measure up to their heroic proportions? Their patriotic sufferings have been a splendor to your eyes. Will you radiate back to them a like splendor? The answer to this question rests with you.

It has become a truism that the blood of martyrs must moisten the roots of Faith before fruit can glow upon the tree of Religion. Is not the same true of the blood of soldiers, of the roots of a nation and the fruit of a genuine national greatness? The blood at the root gives the glow to the fruit. Suffering and greatness have seldom, if ever, been mutually dissevered either in the individual or the state.

For instance, will not our imperfect sense of nationality be made perfect by the trials of this War? Will not doubtful loyalty be made to blush, repent and transform itself radiantly?

In religion, martyrdom is not a slaughter but a triumph. In the State, patriotism unto the shedding of blood is not a calamity but an apotheosis. The mother of the seven Maccabees urged them to encounter death for their palms. Will any of our mothers hold back their sons from glory?

Let tenderness yield to magnanimity. You are a mother. But so is Columbia, and she has rights to the son as well as you. She has been in labor with us all that we might see the light of liberty! and what pang! Do we owe her no return? We have been living on the fat of her land; some of us proscribed from our own land beyond the sea. Shall we have received without being willing to give?

THE GREATER COMFORT

Besides, a dead brother of his country is a greater comfort to his mother than a live slacker. The one is a glorious memory for her, the other an inglorious reality.

And what is there in the average life of a man with its "tomorrow and tomorrow and tomorrow, creeping in into petty pace from day to day, often full of sound and fury signifying nothing"—what is there that should make a mother prefer it for her son to the splendor of a youthful military death for country? On the one hand she sees only a career of labor, amusement, trouble, grief, perhaps wrong-doing, ending in decrepit old age; on the other hand an heroic oblation upon which "the gods themselves throng incense."

Were this a war of conquest you well might hesitate. But it is a war of honor and self-defense. We have a right to course the seas. To maintain that right we ought to be willing to die. A barrier has been raised to

abstract us. We shall break through it, or at least be broken in the attempt. Our honor requires this much of us. Our fellow countrymen have been sunk. They cry to us for reparation from the deep. More of them will run the same risk; they ask Columbia to clear a path. And are we so secure at home from foreign aggression? Germany is by no means a conquered nation. We may soon become one at her hands if we sleep on. She has held England, France and Russia for nearly three years. Let us not exaggerate the importance of the late Allied successes. And the submarine! And the possible defection of Russia; at least her disorganized condition. And Germany's united persistency! We must take the initiative now or probably rue our negligence later. If England had waked up in time authority would be lost. We are safe from her that safety lies in immediate action.

PUTTING THE WORLD IN OUR DEBT

We are paying a debt of gratitude to France, the land of Lafayette. We are fighting to restore heroic Belgium and Poland. We may hope that Ireland will profit by our arms. In a word, the lessening of human suffering, the restoration and conservation of smaller states, the course of popular governments, our own rights, honor and safety are the motives of our entrance into the war. For this we have the solemn statement of our President. His word lends weight to the personal views of the case which we may have entertained. He has issued the call to arms. His authority is from God. We are safe in obeying. We are in the wrong if we do not. The President is weighted with a terrific responsibility; let us lessen its pressure by our loyalty. He prefers loyalty even to success. Your Church urges you. Your Archbishops encourage you. Your own sense of honor urges you.

Do not say: "War is terrible!" Lost honor is worse. Do not say: "How can we fight if we cannot eat?" For the President has promised to whip food robbers into line. These ghouls who follow in the wake of war to plunder the grave will feel the iron hand of government. Therefore give your sons. Nineteen hundred years ago One died for you. When He marched to the battlefield of Calvary, His mother, though broken-hearted, did not say: "Stay with me!" Your son goes today, probably to die for country. Can you summon enough courage to say "Go!"—The Tablet.

### THE ANGELUS BELL

How often, in far-away Mexico, have we stood in the quiet afternoon and listened to the angelus bell while it called the devout multitudes of the street and market to their accustomed brief meditation on the Incarnation, the men standing with their hats in hand and the women with their "rebosos" drawn over their heads, while their simple prayer ascended to the Blessed Lord who knoweth every heart and readeth every petition.

The Lord always conveys comfort and instruction to us in a reasonable way; although He is able at any time to cause a rain of manna in the wilderness and to pour in comfort to our souls without any labor on our part, usually He dispenses comforts according to a plain rule. When I remember These upon my bed, and meditate upon Thee in the night-watches, my soul shall be satisfied as with marrow and fatness. It is spiritual meditation which rejoices the divine part of our souls within us. Meditation is that which makes a man to be a citizen of the New Jerusalem: he can take a walk in the paradise of God every day, and pluck fruit of the tree of life and draw water from the wells of salvation. He that performs conscientiously his duty of meditation maintains such conversation with God as angels do: such a one enters into Heaven by degrees and steps. It was with reference to this important virtue that Lord Roberts, on his death bed, in November, 1914, said:

"Now that we have the men and the munitions, all we want is a nation on its knees. Come, come, my Christian critics—have we made so little progress, after all, since the gates of hell were opened in August, 1914? I had hoped that in the presence of the great world tragedy one narrow, sectarian wrangle had gone forever, and that we were all today yearning for one great Church and Faith, which should bring us nearer to God than we have ever been before. Let us take an item from the great Roman Catholic Church. No, my Protestant friends, don't protest because it is from that Church. What does it matter? Let us revive the Angelus Bell. Who has not seen the great picture by the French artist, Millet, depicting two gleaners in the field, with bowed heads, as the evening bell from the church in the distance is ringing out its call to prayer? Let the bells of every church—Catholic and Protestant, High Church and Low Church, established and Non-conformist—ring out the eventide, just for a minute—and during that

sacred interval let every man uncover and every woman bow the head—just for an instant's silent communion with God. I vow there would be no real sin that night: and we should look into each other's eyes with kindlier and purer gaze. The evening bell calls men and women to God. I sometimes wonder why a rite so acceptable to Protestant theology has been preserved in Roman Catholic countries and allowed to lapse in the lands that followed Luther."—The Missionary.

### CANADIAN SOLDIERS

CONSECRATED TO SACRED HEARTH

Rev. B. J. Murdoch, C. P., 38 Grosvenor Garden, London, S. W.

On Sunday the 6th of May, all the Catholic soldiers of Witley Camp, Surrey, England, were consecrated to the Sacred Heart of Jesus. The idea originated with the 150th French Canadian Battalion of Montreal. The first intention was that the soldiers of this Unit would perform this great act of faith in their own battalion lines with their beloved Chaplain, Father R. Crochetiere at the altar and their brave Colonel Barré, who already holds the Cross of the Legion of Honour, reading the act of consecration for his nine hundred and sixty odd Catholic lads; but when the other Catholic soldiers of the camp learned what their comrades in religion had decided to do, they did not wish this beautiful offering to be made without doing their bit.

So after much preparation, and after many arrangements, both military and religious, had been made, three thousand Catholic soldiers drew up in the grove of pine trees, on the border of the lake at the North West end of Witley Camp at 9.30 o'clock Sunday morning. There were French Canadian lads from Quebec, Irish Rangers from Montreal, Scotch laddies, with the feathers in their caps, from Nova Scotia, and Indian lads from East and West of Canada; New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island were represented by the 104th Battalion.

An altar was built against one of the very few oak trees that stand in the grove of pines, and above the cross that stood on the altar a large picture of the Sacred Heart of Jesus was nailed to the tree. A canopy of larch and ivy leaves was built above the picture and over the Holy Table. Daffodils, tulips and larch stood to the right and to the left of the altar and on the slight elevation where the altar stood there were many potted plants.

As the parade was drawn up beneath the trees on the carpet of dry pine needles and last year's oak leaves, bands of different battalions played pious and the killed laddies made music with the pipes. Father Crochetiere sang the Mass, and he was assisted by Father Ronald McDonald, of Pictou, N. S., who came over with the 85th Highlanders, as deacon, and Father B. J. Murdoch, of Chatham, N. B., who was Chaplain to the 132nd North Shore Battalion, as sub-deacon. The choir of thirty voices which sang the Royal Mass so beautifully was directed by Lt. Albert Provost of the 150th Battalion.

And so under the English oak where "Druids of old" once offered their pagan sacrifices, the Holy Sacrifice of the New Law was offered and Canadian lads knelt to adore. And there by the lake-side the miracle of God's wonderful love was wrought, and the promise made by the Divine Master on the border of another lake the day following the multiplication of the loaves and fishes, was fulfilled. For many of the lads had waited till this late Mass to go to Communion, and so under the beautiful sunlight that filtered through the trees they knelt before the little altar and ate the "Bread of Life."

After Mass a short sermon was preached in English and French by Father Hingston, S. J., Chaplain of the Irish Canadian Rangers, and he explained clearly and beautifully what the ceremony of the Consecration meant.

Then Colonel Barré read the Act of Consecration to the Sacred Heart of Jesus in French and Major McRory, Officer Commanding the 199th Irish Canadian Rangers, read it in English. Each soldier was then presented with a badge of the Sacred Heart.

And just as of old the multitude, who followed Divine Master, were blessed before they departed, so today, after the Consecration to the Sacred Heart was made, the lads knelt while Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament was given and then all was over. "He blessed them and sent them away."

There have been many different places where these Catholic soldiers lads have worshipped since they left Canada, and who can forget what strange scenes may be before them on the red road of war along which they will walk, but we may safely say that one day will stand out in their memories in bold relief—the day they made the act of Consecration to the Sacred Heart, when they knelt before God's altar built in the

open air under the trees by the lake-side, and Jesus passed.

### A PRIEST'S SLOW MARTYRDOM

The New Zealand Tablet reproduces the following touching story of a faithful Polish priest observing "the seal of the confessional."

"An old Spanish proverb has it that a secret known to two persons is God's secret; a secret among three is all men's property." The saying is singularly appropriate in so far as it applies to the confessional. It is in very truth 'God's secret.' The Editor then cites "the story of Father Koblowski, told in 1873 by the 'Reichzeitung' of Bonn. He was parish priest of Oranon, in Kiex (Russian Poland), and bore a high reputation for piety and zeal. A murder was committed in his parish and his gun, recently discharged, was found concealed under the altar. He was tried, found guilty, and condemned to penal servitude for life in the mines of Siberia. Twenty years later—1893—the organist of the church at Oranon lay dying. He summoned the authorities, and confessed that he was the murderer. He had used the priest's gun, hastily concealed it beneath the altar, and in the search which ensued had contrived to cast suspicion on Father Koblowski. In a remorseful mood he soon afterwards confessed to the priest, but had not the courage to surrender himself to the hands of justice. After his dying confession, orders were sent to Siberia for the immediate release of Father Koblowski. He had died a short time previously. He had endured the slow martyrdom of Siberian mines for twenty years. He had borne that far keener agony—the fearful ceremony of public degradation at Zhitomer. He bore his heavy cross in silence with him to the grave."

### DIVISION OF ENGLISH DIOCESES

Catholic Press Association

London, May 10, 1917.—General interest is taken here in the visit of Bishop Amigo of Scotland to Rome, where he has already had a private audience with the Pope, the subject of which is said to be the division of English dioceses. History is repeating itself, for in the days when the Hierarchy was re-established in this country the English Catholics were in fear and trembling at the result, and now that the time seems ripe for the extension of the hierarchy there is a section who are averse to any disturbance of existing conditions, and who actually air their views thereon in a portion of the Catholic press.

### NUNS REMAIN IN RUINED RHEIMS

The Cardinal Archbishop of Rheims refuses to leave his episcopal city, which is now being furiously shelled. All the inhabitants who have not a distinct duty that binds them to their post have been ordered by the authorities to depart, and measures have been taken to insure their removal but there still remain many officials, many soldiers, many poor, sick and wounded. For the sake of these, the Cardinal and the Mayor, Dr. Lenglet, have requested three communities of nursing sisters not to leave. The Little Sisters of the Assumption, the Sisters of Charity, and the Sisters of the Infant Jesus therefore remain at their post. It is an honor that may cost them their lives, but even the government officials, prompt to persecute in times of peace, know that, in face of danger and death, they may rely on women whose daily sacrifice paves the way for the supreme gift of their lives. This may be demanded of them at any day or hour in a city that is being methodically shattered by the German artillery.

### THE CALL FOR THE PRIEST

Commenting on the presence of priests at scenes of disaster, the Catholic Herald says: "To the non-Catholic a scene of that kind at once raises the question, why do Catholics always want a priest when they are dying? Why do their priests, inevitably rush to such scenes and take chances even at the risk of death to administer the sacraments and final consolation to the people, many of whom were not of their faith, and others who had neglected it for years? Of course every Catholic knows why, but very few Protestants do and therefore they are impressed by the unusual, and to them, inexplicable spectacle. Only the other day we had the story in the papers of a priest crawling under a burning railroad car to hear the confession of a dying man, pinned there. Almost every day we read like stories. They are not marvelous to us who are of the household of the Faith, but the result in many cases is not only to save the soul that is about to start on its last journey, but to turn towards God others who knew Him not but who are led to ask what is the secret of this faith which works such miracles of heroism?"

### CATHOLIC NOTES

There is a bill before Congress to make the mountain laurel the national flower of the United States.

The Rev. Father Gordon Doe, who as army chaplain to the Canadian forces at the front has borne the burden of the day and the heat since the beginning of the War, has been promoted to the rank of Major.

Mr. Albert E. Aldington, the author ("Victor") of From Geneva to Rome via Canterbury, has been received into the Church by Father John M. Cronin at St. Etheldreda's Ely Place, (England.)

It is announced that the Lutherans intend to distribute 1,000,000 tracts during the present year in order to bring Luther and his work before all Americans. From what we have learned about the founder of Protestantism it appears that the less said about Luther the better for the sects, and incidentally for Americans.

According to a dispatch recently the property of the Catholic Church in Mexico will be subject to taxation. The church property in Mexico has been declared by the new Constitution to be the property of the Government. It is significant that Protestant churches will not be affected by the new tax schedules.

The Knights of Columbus of the National Capital adopted a resolution at a meeting held recently, which provides for the erection of a \$150,000 permanent home for the five councils of the District of Columbia. To get the money is planned to raise the initiation fees and dues of the councils and issue bonds. The plans of the clubhouse call for every modern improvement known for buildings of this kind.

The Ancient Order of Hibernians, at a meeting of the national board at Washington, called for an assessment of \$500,000 to be levied on the Order for the purpose of taking care of the families of members who have enlisted for service in the War. A second motion calls for voluntary subscriptions from members, whose means will permit, to insure at least the raising of \$1,000,000 for world peace.

The State Supreme Court, Jefferson City, Mo., brought to a close the famous Campbell will case by dismissing it from the docket, because an appeal had not been perfected. James Campbell, a broker and public service magnate, left an estate of \$18,000,000 to his wife and daughter. Under the terms of the will the bulk of the estate was to go ultimately to the St. Louis University. A sister and other collateral heirs attempted to break the will.

The Physical Science Laboratory of All Hallows Institute, conducted by the Irish Christian Brothers in New York City, has received a very valuable addition by the presentation of a Toeppler Voss Machine by Hon. John G. Goff. It is a generator of a powerful type and has an X-ray outfit in connection with it. Needless to say the Institute feels very grateful. With it the electrical experiments of the Science Class will be greatly extended and facilitated.

A very beautiful book of verse, says the correspondent at Madrid of the Irish Catholic, has been published by the Bishop of San Juan de los Rios, Right Rev. Joseph Montes de Oca, one of the most pathetic figures at present in Spain. This Mexican Bishop was on his way to Rome to pay his visit *ad limina* when the news came that the Mexican revolutionaries had destroyed his diocese, murdering many of his priests, abolishing all his diocesan institutions, and confiscating both his diocesan and personal property. In addition to this, he lost his sight.

Amid manuscripts done by craftsmen of the Middle Ages in gallery in Carnegie Institute, Pittsburgh, is a Cistercian manuscript done in the early half of the twelfth century, which bears witness to the discovery of the principle of printing three hundred years before the date generally recognized for that discovery. The manuscript in question deals with the teachings of St. Augustine. The startling feature is in the decorative initials. These show the same style for every use of the same letter, and the raised impress or offset on the reverse of the page proves that, instead of being drawn or colored individually, they were made by the use of large movable blocks of type.

The offerings from the dioceses of the country to the support of foreign missions have notably increased. New York has surpassed all contributions of individual dioceses in the world, having given a sum of \$207,409.44. Philadelphia increased its contribution over the previous year of more than \$7,000 making a net total of \$65,418.25. The Albany diocese, organized for the gathering of funds for the missions only one year has given the very large sum of \$86,485. The Archdiocese of Boston announces the contribution in excess of previous years but gives no figures. It is assumed that the sum is about \$100,000. Other dioceses have also increased their offerings to the Catholic Foreign missions.



they go about on their errands of mercy to the poor, but they never say anything about it. The doctor would be indignant. There is one place, though, where the doctor's name is written in honor. I am perfectly certain that if I ever get a peek into that great book above wherein are written the names of those who love God and their fellow men, somewhere near the top I will read the name of my friend the doctor blazoned in letters of gold.—Joseph Carey in the Boston Pilot.

LOURDES

"THE BEWILDERMENT OF THE SCEPTIC"

The following excerpt is from a sermon preached in the Church of the Sacred Heart, Liverpool, by Father J. Howard and reported in the Catholic Times of Liverpool. What story in the Christian annals could compare with the beauty, simplicity, and pathos of the story of Lourdes? The modern world might laugh at it: "What credulity! What superstition!" But Catholicity demanded the most searching, accurate, scientific investigation into all supernatural occurrences. The question of Lourdes had been debated and examined by learned men. As to the reality of the visions of Bernadette, was she telling a lie? No one was serious in asserting that. She was too innocent, too naive, to make up a story like that. Some said she was the victim of a delusion. Doctors examined her and found no trace of any nervous complaint. They found she was just a frank, smiling, healthy peasant girl, with no inclination to mysticism. She showed none of the signs of a person subject to delusions. The investigation of the whole case lasted for four years, and then only were the faithful told they were justified in believing in the reality of the apparition.

Millions from every quarter of the Christian world had flocked to Lourdes. A careful official computation showed that during the first fifty years four thousand pilgrimages, comprising five million people, had visited the shrine, in addition to more than another five million people who had gone there privately. Before the War the railway officials at Lourdes estimated that a million people visited the shrine every year. During the fifty years mentioned four thousand cures took place. They were examined by a board of doctors and skilled physicians from every country. Out of the four thousand cures one in fourteen was cured of nervous complaints, the rest were delivered from organic diseases. Scientists, hypnotists, chemists had offered their explanation, but would their theories stand? Some talked about the spiritual exaltation of the people, of emotion reacting on the body, but could the influence of mind on body explain the building up of new bones and tissue, the disappearance of cancer? But Catholics did not need laboured arguments. They saw at Lourdes Jesus once again walking the earth as He walked the soil of Palestine. They saw there: again the poor, sick, maimed, blind, deaf, those troubled with devils, or covered with leprosy; they saw the Gospel surging around Him once again. They saw the Gospel re-acted; the Gospel crowds, cries, cures; the Gospel faith; the Gospel of Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, today, and for ever. Lower nature, for the continuation of the Gospel; it stood for the annihilation, for the refutation, for the bewilderment of the sceptics and the cynics; it stood for the upholding of the Christian Faith.—Catholic Opinion.

VALUE OF CONFESSION

The weakness of the human mind is such that in spite of all efforts man is continually yielding to the inclinations of his lower nature. Knowledge alone unassisted by grace and the moral power of the will avails but little. Strive as a man may he inevitably sooner or later gives way to the inducements held out to him by the world, the flesh and the devil. So great a man as the Apostle of the Gentiles admitted: "The good which I will, I do not; but the evil which I will not, that I do." The result of this state of affairs is that man from time to time falls into sin. He is obliged to repeat with the great Paul, "I am delighted with the law of God concurring to the inward mind. But I see another law in my members, fighting against the law of my mind."

One of the great fruits of the Redemption is the remedy which Christ has left in order to counteract the effect of this inward struggle. Left to himself, man is sure to go down to defeat. He can of his own efforts enter the realm of sin; he cannot, unassisted, leave that realm. The great remedy for sin and its effects is the Sacrament of Penance. Every person feels at times the necessity of unburdening the secrets of his soul to an intelligent and sympathetic friend. This self-revelation and open avowal acts as a soothing balm to a ruffled spirit. Confession, however, does more. It furnishes a balm that not only soothes and tempers the heat of spiritual fever, but at the same time it removes from the soul every vestige of sin, restores the spirit to intimate friendship with God, and renders a man once more pure and innocent as he was when the saving waters of baptism washed out of his soul the stain of original guilt. Is not he careless, may foolish, who would neglect willfully so thorough and so valuable a remedy? —Catholic Bulletin.

EDIFYING WAR STORIES

Bavarian soldiers are doubly armed. Beside their physical equipment, they carry spiritual swords. Each one has a rosary. A procession of Bavarians on the march to the front is like a pilgrimage, for every soldier is reciting the beads. A young soldier of twenty-six years, a reservist from Cologne, who has been fighting on the western front, writes thus: "You write me that war has also its good side. And I can confirm it. Here many a one learns again to say his beads, which he had in his hands for the last time on the day of his first Communion. It is precisely the rosary which has become our inseparable companion. Five decades each day is the rule, but when I go on watch I often say all of the fifteen mysteries."

Another soldier in the hospital at Trier wrote to his pastor: "When I was wounded, several of my companions were also more or less seriously hurt. One of them who had received a fatal wound in his abdomen said to those around him: 'Comrades, say with me a 'Hail Mary,' and when this was finished, as death had not yet come, he bade them repeat the prayer: 'We fly to thy protection, O Holy Mother of God.' Holding his rosary in his hands, asking to be buried with it, and securing from his comrades a promise to say the beads at least once for the repose of his soul, he died what I think may be called a happy death. My our Blessed Lady, in whose honor he always said the beads, be a good intercessor for him with her Son!"

A soldier serving in Champagne writes to his loving wife at home: "On several occasions I have had an opportunity to present to the lips of some dying comrade the cross of the rosary, which you gave me before I left. Truly, a soldier going into the field cannot be given anything better than a rosary. I am glad to be able to tell you that every one of my Catholic comrades carries his beads. Those who did not bring them from home have received a pair from the division chaplain, Father J.—of Mainz."

Another soldier, in a letter to his parents, after describing a scene on the battlefield, says: "Here one learns to pray. This War is a blessing for many. One learns again to love and honor one's God. I have made a solemn promise that if I ever reach home again I will attend every possible religious service, and honor the Blessed Virgin whenever and wherever I can. I have promised her that as long as I live I will say the fifteen mysteries of the rosary every day."

A recent press report gave this description, written by a French officer, of a touching and pathetic experience: "Near me lay two soldiers, mortally wounded; one, a Bavarian, young and fair-haired, with a gaping wound in his stomach, and the other a young Frenchman, hit in the side and head."

"Both were in pain, growing paler and paler. I saw a feeble movement on the part of the Frenchman, who painfully slipped his hand under his coat for something hidden away under his breast. "He drew out a little silver crucifix, which he pressed to his lips. Feebly, but clearly, he began: 'Hail Mary, full of grace.' "The Bavarian opened his blue eyes, which were already glazing with approaching death, turned his head toward the Frenchman, and with a look, not of hate, but almost of love, finished in a murmur the prayer, 'Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for us sinners now and at the hour of our death.' "The eyes of the two men met, and understood. The Frenchman held out the crucifix to the other, who kissed it, and taking him by the hand, said, having served our country, let us go to God reconciled."

"The sun, disappearing behind a purple cloud, shed a golden gleam on the blood-stained bodies."—The Echo.

CHEERFULNESS AT HOME

Every father and mother has certain responsibilities. This is a truism. It seems foolish to repeat it so generally as it is accepted. But very few fathers and mothers ever accurately define for themselves just what these responsibilities are. They believe that their children ought to be taught, well clothed, well fed. They provide schools, often without much discrimination; they feed the children, they clothe them. The mother who runs a sewing machine all day to provide frills for her children considers herself a martyr to her duty to them, when, in truth she is only a martyr to that spirit of vanity which dictates that they shall be better dressed than other people's children. The father who spends his days in accumulating money, and who has no time to be personally acquainted with the dispositions of his boys, declares to his children that he, too, is a martyr. How can his sons go wrong with such an example before them? And yet this very devotion to what he calls his duty is separating them day by day from him. "We are slaves of our children," he cries out. "I work for my board, that I may be able to bring them up well, and leave them money." Society takes this father and mother at their own valuation, and looks on them as models. Society is wrong; for society judges superficially.

Children are what their parents make them; they are more precious gifts than wealth of reputation; they do not thrive best among the luxuries which the American parent thinks it is his duty to surround them with. They need, from the beginning, love and cheerfulness. Give them a happy home rather than a luxurious one, and they may be trusted to bloom as their Creator intends they should bloom.

When children are sent by God, He means that those to whom He sends them shall make them the object of their lives. The father ought to live for his children; the mother generally does. Unhappily, the mere business of living takes so much time and thought that the real good of children is lost sight of. Parents too often hold that money must make their children good and happy. The foolishness of this is made evident every day. The orphan is to be pitied because he has lost his father's and mother's influence; he has no memories as other children have; he has, like a grapevine unsupported, cast out his tendrils and found no answering touch. There is a blank in his life, and neither money nor reputation nor ease will ever atone for this immense loss. Who can deny this? And yet parents go through life acting as if the accumulation of money and the acquiring of luxuries for their children were all in all.

What father does not say to himself that he is a marvel of unselfishness, because he keeps close to his work day by day? A thing he would do whether he had children or not. And yet how few fathers are unselfish enough to give up their newspaper or the club at night, or to stay up an hour later in order to add to the cheerfulness of the home circle! How few mothers will repress the fault-finding word, the querulous objection, the ill-natured criticism on other people, and teach by example that cheerfulness is one of the first of Christian social duties! A parent's words are silver, but a parent's example is gold.

Better that children should be left poorer in this world's goods than that their father should not leave them the legacy of cheerful memories. Better that they should have one of the luxuries of life, provided their mother, by her unselfish love and cheerfulness, makes home humble though it be, an oasis in the way of life.—Maurice F. Egan, LL. D.

WHY I BECAME A CATHOLIC

By the Rev. Monsignor Arthur Stappleton Barnes, M. A., in The Catholic Convoy

On every occasion when I have hitherto been asked to tell the story of why I became a Catholic, I have always refused because I felt that I had not much of a story to tell. But since it is evident there is an interest taken in experiences such as mine have been,—it seems to me perhaps the best way of telling you what, after all, is a very simple tale, would be to go through the whole story of my life, which has been in many ways rather out of the ordinary, and so explain to you how more and more I became drawn to the Catholic Church until at last I decided it was my duty to join her without further delay.

On my father's side my family was not likely given a leaning towards Catholicism. On that side I come of a family of clergymen, and not only clergymen but Archdeacons. My father's brother was Archdeacon of Barnstable, my grandfather was also Archdeacon of Barnstable, my great-grandfather was Archdeacon of Totnes, and my great-great-grandfather was Bishop of Exeter.

On my mother's side, they are one of the oldest families in England. A long time ago, one of them sailed with Richard the Lionheart, and history states that he engaged in a sort of David and Goliath combat with the champion of the Saracen Army, and that while the two armies looked on, he defeated the Saracen and cut off his head. We know the story must be true, because we have the sword with which he did it. One of that family through a marriage gives me what I am proudest of in my ancestry, and that is that I can prove an absolute direct descent from a canonized saint, St. Ferdinand of Spain. Not only that, but I also had the privilege of being born on that saint's feast day. I do not know if there was anything in it, or whether the saint in Heaven takes any particular interest in his far-off descendant; but as on that side of the family we kept the Faith till long after the Reformation, some drawing towards Catholicity may have come to me from him.

My father I never knew. He was at the time of his death Foreign Secretary to the Government of India. I was brought up entirely by my mother. When I was old enough to be sent to school I was sent to Eton, and I think perhaps my first impulse towards the Church may have come from the services in the college chapel which were dignified and solemn, although there was nothing really Catholic about them. It was while I was there that I first went to a Catholic church. I wandered with a friend into the little church at Windsor. From what I can recollect of the service I now know that I must have been present at Benediction, though I had no idea at the time of what was going on.

I left Eton at sixteen and got a commission in the Royal Artillery. I was only seventeen and a half when I received it and for six months was the youngest officer in the

British Army. It was while I was in the army that for the first time I heard Mass in a Catholic church. I was told off, there being no Catholic officer available, to march the Catholics to church. Years afterwards I found that Father Reginald Collins, who became a great friend of mine, was the priest who had said the Mass.

I left the army before I was twenty and went up to Oxford. While there I became more and more convinced that I ought to enter the Church. So on leaving Oxford I went to Ely Theological College, and there I found my soul. It was there that I first realized what Catholicity meant, and all my life from that time has been merely the logical development of what I learned there. When I was ordained my first curacy was at St. Agnes, Kennington Park, one of the most "advanced" churches in London at that time. My bishop was Bishop Thorold of Rochester, who prayed for me, I remember, at the interview I had with him, that I might be delivered from "the three great dangers of Ritualism, Romanism, and Atheism." The good Bishop's prayer has not been answered with regard to the two first items, but I hope it may be with regard to the third.

My second curacy was at the Church of the Annunciation, Brighton, under one of the most saintly men I have ever come across, Mr. George Chapman, who was doing a wonderful work among the poor of Brighton. It was while I was there that I first had difficulties about the Catholic Church. They were started by the conversion of Father Luke Rivington to the Church. His book "Authority" sent me to Mr. Allist's two works "St. Peter: His Name and Office," and "The See of Peter." These two books cleared the whole question for me. In a moment I saw that Catholicity was right, since my religion had no place for Peter in it, and, like Newman, "I saw the ghost for the first time." It took me seven years after that before I was actually received into the Church, while I was studying out the subject. But from that time I was never really comfortable in the Church of England.

I left Brighton soon after that in order to make an effort which had been in the minds of some of us for some little time to try to found a religious order in the Church of England. There were four of us who made the attempt together, and I acted as superior. The attempt broke up at the end of a year owing to the continual bad temper of the other three. We remained great friends, but we decided that we were not meant to start a new religious order together. What we broke up the Bishop of Ely appointed me to be Vicar of St. Ives, an important charge considering my age, for I was still only twenty-eight, and had the charge of three churches and four curates.

I remained at St. Ives for three years, and then Lord Salisbury offered me a somewhat singular piece of preferment, the chaplaincy of the Hospital of St. Mary and St. Thomas at Ilford. It was a hospital in the old sense of the word, originally founded for lepers by the sister of St. Thomas of Canterbury, and refounded by Good Queen Bess, for six old men, a master and a chaplain. The mastership is hereditary in the Salisbury family, and Lord Salisbury appointed the chaplain for life. There was this curious fact about the position, that it was free from all episcopal control through a Bull granted by Pope Urban IV. many centuries ago, which Bull still holds the force of law although the Pope's authority has since been done away with. So while I was there in the happy position of having no ecclesiastical superior on earth, it was while I was there that the "ghost" came back for the second time. My difficulty was still the same—the claims of the See of Peter. And this time I made up my mind that there was nothing to be done but to submit to that authority. I went to Rome and received my instruction from Monsignor Merry del Val, who at that time was one of the personal chaplains of the Holy Father. Pope Leo XIII. was kind enough to take a great interest in my conversion, of which he was told by his chaplain, and he offered to give me the exceptional privilege of receiving my first Communion from his own hands. I was received on May 31, 1895, and received my first Communion two days later. I did my studies at Rome and was ordained priest in 1897.

My work as a Catholic priest has been almost entirely in connection with the Universities of Cambridge and Oxford. Although Oxford is my own university, as I have already told you, I was sent to the University of Cambridge, and have been acting for the last fourteen years as Catholic Chaplain there. Now, as such as the War is over, and the universities recover once more from the state of depletion to which they have been reduced, I am to take up a similar position at my own university, where a vacancy has occurred through the lamented death of the late Father Basil Maturin, who was no doubt well known to many of you, and was drowned just two years ago in the sinking of the Lusitania. The position at Oxford is now in every interesting way a Catholic point of view. Just as the university, as we now know it, came into existence in the thirteenth century through the coming of the friars and the other religious orders, so now in the twentieth century the religious orders are once more com-

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ing back to their old haunts. The Benedictines, the Capuchins, and the Jesuits are there already, and others are contemplating making a foundation before long. For the Chaplain's house and a center of the work among the lay undergraduates, I have been fortunate enough to be able to purchase the old sixteenth century house, much the most beautiful house of the period in all Oxford, which was once the Palace of the one and only Catholic Bishop of Oxford, Bishop King, in the time of Queen Mary. It is a very interesting house, each story of which overhangs, and built of enormous oak timbers, it must have been in the great room of that house that the degradation of Cranmer, Latimer, and Ridley was signed, and it has many other Catholic associations. Since we have bought it I have been able to show, what nobody had hitherto realized,—that its history goes back far behind the time of Bishop King, and that it was originally the guest-house of the Black Friars' Priory of Oxford, the earliest Dominican foundation in England, and one which played a great part on several occasions in English history. More than that, we have discovered that the present stable yard, where we are intending to erect the University chapel, is the site of the choir of the old Dominican church. So this piece of ground sanctified for three hundred years by the continual offering of the Holy Sacrifice, will now, we hope, come back after a lapse of four hundred years once more to Catholic worship. Since we had no idea of this when we bought the ground, there will be many of you, I think, who will agree with me that here we have something more than the mere workings of blind chance. We may hope before very long to see the new church and a new altar rising upon the foundations of the old.

wouldn't you rather take a chance of being right with the Church than wrong with your mere individual views? If the inquiry as to your origin and destiny must simmer itself down to a question of authority, wouldn't you rather believe the Church than yourself or the mutually self-contradicting modern philosophers? If the question regarding man's destiny is merely a matter of authority, the Church, with her wonderful democracy of faith embracing over two hundred and fifty millions of people and covering centuries of experience, surely wins by miles and miles.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF THE CATECHISM

TO KNOW AND UNDERSTAND THE CATECHISM, IS NOT SO SIMPLE A MATTER
By Rev. H. C. Hengell, Madison, Wis.
In his book "Orthodoxy" Gilbert K. Chesterton, the brilliant London essayist, says he learned his catechism when a small boy, that he forgot it later and studied the various philosophies of modern times, that he finally constructed a philosophy of his own out of their mutual contradictions, but that he found, to his great mental shock, that this system of philosophy was not his own after all. It was the Christian system of philosophy, and he might have spared himself a lot of laborious study by sticking to his catechism in the first place.

Unfortunately there are not many men so brilliant and so unprejudiced in the pursuit of truth as Chesterton. Not many have both the ability and the courage to penetrate through the mists of error and the fogs of sophistry of a Kant, Hegel, Spencer, Haeckel, and other so-called philosophers. Even Catholics sometimes get lost in these mists and fogs, because they ignore or neglect the deeper meaning of the catechism which contains a philosophy of life sense that is old and yet always new. Catholic philosophy satisfies common sense. It is the applied philosophy of the average men in the street.

For example, a man asks himself about his own origin, about his relation to others and to the universe and about his destiny or his end and purpose in life. To find the answer he may study the works of all the philosophers until his brain wears out, but nowhere will he find an answer more definite, more positive, and more satisfying to common sense than the answer which he reads in the catechism: "God made me to know Him, to love Him, to serve Him in this life and to be happy with Him forever in the life to come." In other words, "From God, to God, and for God," is the only reasonable answer to the riddle of existence. Tell me not the answer is based upon faith only. It is also based upon the right use of reason. For that matter all answers which essentially differ from this one are also based upon faith, not in God but in fallible human philosophers.

Agnostics dogmatically insist that we can know nothing about our origin and destiny, but must depend upon faith; that is to say, upon the authority of others. Even if this unfounded assertion were true,

Her catechism tells us that this world is a place of trial, of probation for a short time, but that we are to pass on to an eternal life of happiness with God and in God. God alone can satisfy our craving for lasting perfect happiness, because He alone is lasting and perfect. God, however, does not exist for us, but we exist for God. His infinite goodness is expressed or manifested in us. If we seek to be with God in eternity, we are not at all selfish for we are but cooperating in the highest and most perfect realization of His good will towards us.

But here in this placid village of lovely France, one thrills with ecstatic joy to remember that, as Margaret Mary at Paray-le-Monial decades later, this chosen soul was favored with the apparitions of the Sacred Heart. Such is the thrill one experiences in Montargis, placid and pretty today, but one of the places in the world hallowed by the personal apparition of the Lord Christ.

MARIE GRANGER, A PRECURSOR OF THE SACRED HEART

And so our thrill is the greater as we learn that here in 1630, nearly a generation before Margaret Mary Laqueue was born, our Divine Saviour appeared to Marie Granger holding a cross in His hand, and showing her His heart pierced with three nails and surmounted with a crown of thorns. From this heart oozed drops of blood. "My daughter," said Our Lord to her, "I give you this escutcheon and I wish you never to assume another. By the cross you will triumph." With great thankfulness the servant of God accepted it. She carved it on a seal which to this day, so wrote M'rs de Blenru in 1679, "we Religieuses of Montargis use." Forty-three years later to Margaret Mary at Paray-le-Monial came the commission that was to spread throughout the world devotion to the Sacred Heart like the spark leaping through the stubble.—Joseph P. MacMahon, Ph. D., in the Catholic World.

THE FUTILITY OF HATE

Sydney Smith said that it was his idea of hell to hate somebody. Hate, malice, envy, hard thoughts of any sort poison first the heart in which they originate. They form a brackish, unhealthy pool where all sorts of foul mental conditions generate. It is only in our loves that we really live. What we hate is dead to us. The wider the range of our hates, the narrower are our lives. It is a beautiful belief that every kindly act, word, thought or impulse continues in its influence forever, brightening and sweetening the world, and that every evil deed or thought permanently destroys a part of the sum total of human happiness. Certainly this is the effect upon the life in which the thought originates. Every thought elevates or lowers purifies or debases. Love thoughts are wings. Hate thoughts are weights. Your own feeling is reflected back to you from others. If you give love you get love. It is one of the things the more of which you give the more you have. It is your own attitude that attracts or repels others. According as you love you get love or hate you surround yourself with an atmosphere of inviting sweetness or you hedge yourself in like the quilled porcupine. Love is the light in which we see and live. Hates are malarial mists in which we blindly grope and miserably rot.—Yonkers Herald.

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LONDON, SATURDAY, JUNE 16, 1917

INDIVIDUAL EFFORT IN THE SPREAD OF CATHOLIC TRUTH

At the recent annual meeting of the English Catholic Truth Society Mr. Hilaire Belloc gave an address in which he emphasized the importance of individual effort. Catholics in this country (England) lived entirely surrounded by, permeated with, in constant reaction with a non-Catholic, an anti-Catholic society. We are surrounded by this ocean of non-Catholic thought and attitude in everything. How is it to be met?

"He thought that the corrective to the extraordinary point of view that he had put before them was that the method by which the Faith had always been propagated was by individual effort acting upon a few surrounding individuals—not upon the mass; it got to the mass later. So far as he could judge, the Church had never increased its power by efforts upon the mass; what had been done in that direction had been done by individuals."

Newman likewise wrote:

"I have already suggested what is too obvious almost to insist upon, that in making a select few the ministers of His mercy to mankind at large, our Lord was but acting according to the general course of His providence. It is plain every great change is effected by the few, not by the many; by the resolute, undaunted zealous few."

"But men are not easily wrought upon to be faithful advocates of any cause. Not only is the multitude fickle: but the best men—unless urged, tutored, disciplined to their work, give way; untrained nature has no principles."

By contrast we are reminded of an article by Ambrose Gallagher, O. S. B., in the Ecclesiastical Review for January. Here we have an aspiration for Catholic action which is at the opposite pole from that of the two English thinkers just quoted. Father Gallagher would move the whole mass of Catholics; "We need the organized, unified, crystallized effort of our sixteen million people."

Again: "A Lay Union through its conventions will solidify Catholic sentiment, bring unanimity of concerted action, sweep with watchful eye over the broad field of our national wants, impress the country with the numerical strength of our organism, and embody with dignity, leverage, and dynamic force the concentrated message of Catholic thought to society."

In the fervor of his grandiloquent advocacy of a Lay Union the writer seems to forget that there is something far greater already existing, Catholic unity divinely organized and sustained.

If we take an example or two, perhaps we shall see more clearly how widely Father Gallagher differs from Newman and Mr. Belloc in his conception of what form effective Catholic action should take. Speaking of the need of priests and lecturers in certain parts of the States, he faintly praises the Knights of Columbus for its work along this line and adds, "but the field is too broad for a limited organization."

"Concurrent with this is the distribution and dissemination of Catholic literature upon a broad, specific and systematic plan." Of course the Lay Union "will guarantee both these activities, incorporating them perhaps later as an auxiliary of the Extension Society."

A more preposterous notion and one more at variance with all experience, it would be difficult to conceive. Instead of waiting for the miraculous birth of these things from an

impractical and impossible Lay Union why not begin by upholding the hands of Extension and the Catholic Truth Societies increasing their resources, and developing their activities until they reach the full and perfect fruition of their ideals. If we waited for the "organized, unified, crystallized effort of our sixteen million people" we should have neither Extension nor Catholic Truth Societies nor Knights of Columbus nor anything else. Here again is a typical bit of pious spread-eagleism:

"A Catholic magazine that will take its rank in the field of literature with the prominent secular publications is another needed moral help to tone the higher intellectual breadth of Catholic life and thought in America. Not a religious publication is here specified, but a magazine of fiction, travel, art, literature, criticism, politics, sociology, economics, and religion, whose standard in literary values shall equal the best, and whose standard in moral values shall excel the best because imbued with Catholic morality. This is no reflection on existing publications. They nearly all are excellent in matter within limits, and admirable in purpose. But they lack scope. They make only a limited appeal and are restricted in circulation. The magazine which this article contemplates will be secular in all its advantages, national in all its influences, and Catholic in all its principles. A Lay Union may materialize this venture through its possibilities in finance and circulation."

Pico Della Mirandola, with his nine hundred theses concerning everything knowable, might hope for a modest place in this marvellous magazine. Magazines, as a matter of fact, with the everwidening sphere of knowledge tend more and more to specialization.

There are still some high class magazines, however, which make their appeal to the reader of average culture, but it would be impossible to find amongst "prominent secular publications" a single one with anything like the ambitious aims proposed by Father Gallagher. We have in the Catholic World a Catholic magazine equal to the best amongst secular magazines of this class. Its articles are timely, give the Catholic point of view on questions of interest and are vastly informative even to educated Catholics. Equally applicable to them are the words of Hilaire Belloc with regard to Catholic Truth pamphlets: "I do not know in what proportion they are read by non-Catholics and Catholics, but, paradoxical as it may seem, it is almost as valuable when they are bought by the one as by the other, because we are living in a non-Catholic country and the mass of our people do not know how the Catholic view should be presented and what is to be said in favor of it." More is really accomplished for the spread of Catholic truth, for the real apprehension of the Catholic attitude on vital questions by getting one additional intelligent reader—Catholic or non-Catholic—for the Catholic World than by a thousand vague longings for "a magazine of fiction, travel, art, literature, criticism, politics, sociology, economics, and religion, . . . secular in all its advantages, national in all its influence, and Catholic in all its principles."

And what is true in this case is equally true of others. Practical aid, enthusiastic support for Extension here and now in its present stage of development is worth infinitely more than ideal future projects to be "incorporated later perhaps as an auxiliary of the Extension Society." Intelligent interest in and cooperation with Catholic Truth Societies is the shortest road to the "distribution and dissemination of Catholic literature upon a broad, specific and systematic plan." Intelligent individual effort and influence is practicable and effective; thinking and talking of moving millions in mass formation is idle and pernicious dreaming. "Not only is the multitude fickle; but the best men unless urged, tutored, disciplined to their work, give way. . . . One or two men, of small outward pretensions, but with their hearts in their work, these do great things." Instead of vainly longing for the millennium of our imagination, support the few, with their hearts in their work who, without much encouragement or cooperation, are accomplishing great things through existing organizations and activities. These, too, have their dreams, but they are the visions of faith which inspire individual effort and personal sacrifice. We can help them to plant and water, trusting that God will give the increase.

THE LATE DR. FILLATRE, O. M. I. Back in the eighties there was in the University of Ottawa a group of priests learned, zealous, imbued with a large share of that spirit which sent out from France the missionaries whose lives illumine the most heroic pages of Canada's early history. Among them was Father Fillatre, Professor of Philosophy, whose recent death in his native France took place at the age of sixty-nine years.

Born in 1848 at Gorron, in the diocese of Laval, Father Fillatre was ordained priest in 1871. Coming to Canada with a band of apostolic missionaries recruited for the Indian missions by the late Bishop Grandin, Father Fillatre made his profession as an Oblate of Mary Immaculate in 1875. But the Indians of the then unsettled North West were never to see the young priest whose generous zeal impelled him to place his life at their service. Recognizing his intellectual gifts and his scholarly attainments, his superiors added Father Fillatre to the teaching staff of the College of Ottawa.

The students of Ottawa who accepted things as a matter of course at the time, looking backward across the intervening years are now better able to realize the heroic devotion of these scholarly men to the duties they assumed toward the youth of a strange land and foreign tongue. Their simple, direct, Catholic point of view informed and inspired all their work for Catholic education. In another column we have quoted Hilaire Belloc's reference to a matter that he never tires insisting upon. In English-speaking countries Catholics are immersed in an ocean of non-Catholic if not anti-Catholic thought and attitude on everything. It would be difficult to measure the influence on Catholic life and thought of those learned sons of Catholic France who devoted themselves to Catholic education in Canada.

As Professor of Philosophy, Dr. Fillatre played a big part in this work. He was enthusiastic. He made metaphysics intensely interesting. Few indeed who sat beneath him but will remember with life-long gratitude the interest, the charm even, with which he invested those metaphysical principles which are the basis of all clear thinking and of all definite knowledge.

Though the College which he loved and for which he labored was departed from the lines laid down by its founders, Dr. Fillatre's influence will live in the minds and hearts and characters of his students.

ORANGE AND GREEN

The magnificent advance of the British troops goes far to prove that no German position is impregnable, that to the allied armies fully equipped and imbued with indomitable will nothing is impossible.

This passage from the account of the Associated Press Correspondent will be read with mingled feelings of regret and hope by millions:

"On all sides was heard great praise of the Irish troops, which participated in the victorious sweep over the very center of the Messines Ridge and to the farthest objective line beyond. Men from the south of Ireland fought alongside organizations from Ulster. There was considerable rivalry among the Irish forces as to which would make the better showing. When the fighting came, however, there was nothing to choose between them."

The Irishmen swept forward irresistibly and everywhere the German lines fell away, broken by their assaults. They fought gallantly and impetuously, and the only difficulty experienced was in holding them back to the fixed schedule. On the position map at one of the British headquarters offices the South Irishmen are represented by green flags and the Ulstermen by orange. They fly side by side."

No true Irishman throughout the world but will feel a thrill of pride and exultation on reading of his gallant countrymen, Orange and Catholic, side by side sweeping irresistibly forward united in a common cause, a common victory, many lying side by side in a common grave. It is a thousand pities that sordid politics can still divide at home the brothers of those who across the channel fight and die side by side, rivals only in gallant and heroic service to a cause which transcends all traditional divisions and dissensions.

Naturally one turns to the Irish Convention, the great war measure now under way to effect that long desired and long deferred settlement which it is hoped will bring about in Ireland the conditions prevailing at the front.

Through the Literary Digest we learn that the Irish World and the Freeman's Journal of New York regard the proposed Convention as a "very clever plan for discrediting Ireland and the Irish cause before the world devised by a very unscrupulous English politician." It has been stated, also, that the Carsonites will enter the Convention with the Premier's pledge that there will be no coercion for Ulster. These views, we have every reason to think, are utterly groundless. They are utterly incompatible with the Premier's statement:

"Evidence has accumulated from many quarters as to the importance from the War point of view of getting this controversy settled in order to win the good will and co-operation of the Irish race throughout the world. The support of Ireland as a whole is essential to victory. For that reason I appeal to Irishmen of all sections and especially the patriotic spirit of Ulster, to help."

Even more emphatic and convincing was Lord Curzon's solemn statement in the House of Lords that the proposed means of settling the Irish question was a war measure as urgent as any taken since the outbreak of the War.

It would be utterly folly to attempt anything less than real and permanent settlement by consent. Ulster political leaders derived their strength from the support of the English Unionists. There is every evidence that this support will be forfeited if Ulster representatives assume a truculent and irreconcilable attitude. Partition is out of the question. There is but one reservation made by Lloyd George; that concerns the British treasury; he could not commit himself beforehand to any and every demand that might be made on it. Beyond that he pledged the British Parliament to carry into effect any decision arrived at by the Convention. The care taken, also, to make the Convention thoroughly representative of all phases of Irish opinion is an additional guarantee of a sincere desire to reach a solution of the problem.

Without any disposition to minimize the difficulties in the way of arriving at a settlement by consent of all the conflicting elements of Irish opinion and sentiment, we think it well to state our belief that the full force of Government influence is honestly behind this Government measure. Behind it, too, is the overwhelming sentiment of the people of Great Britain. If it failed it will not be for the reasons alleged by the distrustful and suspicious element of Irish-American opinion which is voiced by the Irish World.

NOTES AND COMMENTS

THE EXPANSION of English as a world-language is demonstrated in a foot note in the concluding volume of "The Cambridge History of English Literature." Whereas at the beginning of the seventeenth century there were about 6,000,000 people speaking the English tongue, and this number was very greatly exceeded by users of either French, German, Italian or Spanish, to-day English is spoken by about double the aggregate of French, Italian or Spanish, and by half as many again as speak German or Russian.

ONE OF the curious reversions of history has come to light in regard to a statue of Our Lady in the Dominican Priory Church at Haverstock Hill, London. The statue is of great interest in itself, being the work of a Flemish artist of the fifteenth century, and the fact that it adorned a pre-Reformation Dominican church in England renders it singularly fitting that it should now be restored to public veneration in a church of that Order. The curious reversion we speak of, however, is that the pedestal and canopy of old oak once formed part of the choir-stalls of St. Giles, Edinburgh, which were demolished and thrown into the street by the "reforming" zealots fired into iconoclastic fervor by the redoubtable John Knox. That it should have escaped destruction entirely at their hands and after three centuries be now restored to sacred uses is surely suggestive as well as curious. There are doubtless many such relics of a holy past still in existence and destined to similar restoration as the years go on.

THAT ENGLAND in particular is in these times of stress more than ever casting wistful glances back into the past is evident. The ruined way-

side shrines of Catholic France have told their own tale and preached the most eloquent of sermons to the spiritually destitute soldier from across the Channel. Time was when the crucifix was to him but the symbol of idolatry; now, as the result of his experiences, it has come to be the evidence of a living faith in the heart of his Catholic comrade. On his way to the trenches, or lying stricken upon the battlefield, these wayside crucifixes have been ever before him, and in the silent look, we are told by correspondent after correspondent, he has found strength or consolation. Little is it to be wondered at, therefore, that all through England a movement is on foot to erect similar wayside shrines—a movement which, if persevered in, must result in a re-born faith.

THE PART borne by the women and old men of France in maintaining the welfare and efficiency of their armies in the field is well described by a writer in the Cornhill Magazine—M. E. Clarke. "From the grey solitudes of Brittany," he says, "to the sunny hillsides of the Pyrenees, the peasants of France have kept the land under cultivation during nearly three years of war. Their young men have all gone to fight, and many of the men who are no longer young—for no part of the population has given so generously to the active army as the peasantry."

"IN CONSEQUENCE," continues this writer, "the greater part of the work on the land has fallen to the lot of the women, helped by the old men and the children. What they have achieved is stupendous, and their endurance has been epic. The results of their work have necessarily varied with the difference in climate, soil and experience; but from end to end of the country there is only one thing to say of the French peasants: their effort in the War has been magnificently patriotic." Which would seem to indicate that not by an infidel government, or a frankly secular press will the ultimate destiny of France be determined, but by the simple faith, the patient endurance, and the steadfast loyalty to all that is greatest and noblest in their history of the Catholic peasantry.

THERE CAN be no doubt that the German propaganda has up to the present time been very active in Spain, especially among those of the "Intellectuals" who, in disregard of theological considerations, have affected to see in Teutonic Kultur the surest antidote to political unrest. Some of the clergy also are known to have, on the same plea, imbibed German ideas. The Bishops, however, and the most influential classes in Spain are attached to the ideals of the Allies. The former have as a body made it clear that they regard German philosophy as utterly opposed to Christian teaching, and that German ascendancy would mean a severe blow to the Church. Accordingly, they are doing everything possible to counteract the German propaganda. The Archbishop of Tenacona, has openly declared that Catholics cannot in good faith support the cause of Lutheran Prussia. With such ideas prevalent in the highest ecclesiastical circles, and with the national temper inflamed into white heat over the ruthless sinking of Spanish ships, it is not unreasonable to assume that the country will yet wheel into line on the Allied side.

COMMENTING UPON Montreal as the meeting-place this year of the Presbyterian General Assembly, the official organ of that body has this to say:

"This is the meeting place of the two races, separated by language and religion, in whose hands the destiny of our country chiefly lies. What wisdom, what forbearance, what sympathetic insight into the standpoint of others; what high nobility of temper and of aim, are needed if we are to find a way by which our differences may be overcome and the divergent elements united in the task of building up a happy, prosperous, and God-fearing Canadian nation!"

WORDS VERY true and very timely, it must be owned. But, it is pertinent to ask, does our contemporary regard the Presbyterian scheme of "French Evangelization," persevered in for a long course of years with every accompaniment of slander and vituperation against the Faith of the French Canadian and against his priests, as consistent with this affirmation?

THE PRESBYTERY of Winnipeg, urging upon the Assembly the immediate consummation of Union with the Methodist and Congregational bodies, delivers itself after this fashion:

"As Parliaments and other deliberative bodies are legislating in the midst of the terrible War in Europe, the Churches may well rise as soon as possible to the high position of accomplishing a Union in order that the Saviour's prayer may be somewhat answered, 'That they all may be one!'"

"Somewhat answered" is rather good! But why not widen their vision and look beyond the petty amalgamation which these good people have in mind to that larger union which, having God-given Authority as its centre, can alone make for permanency and ensure that Christ's prayer shall be wholly answered.

T. P. O'CONNOR'S LETTER

IRISH HOPES AND FEARS CENTRE IN THE CONVENTION

BELIEF THAT SANITY AND GOOD SENSE WILL PREVAIL

SPECIAL CABLE TO THE CATHOLIC RECORD (Copyright 1917, Central News)

London, June 9th.—The prospects for the Irish convention continue to rise and fall like a barometer. Each passing day sees a change. Delay, which is always dangerous, has been greatly increased by the action of the Orangemen. The government plan was ready more than a week ago and the Irish leaders without accepting any responsibility but in order to help expedite matters, agreed to the proposals but the Orangemen balked and insisted on first holding a committee meeting rather than a general council. And so the days have passed without anything definite being accomplished.

If this attitude of Orange irreconcilability be persisted in, it is quite possible, though not probable, that the proposed convention for the settlement of the Irish Home Rule question may never sit. Under the government plan every county, city and town in Ireland would be represented, thus covering the entire urban and rural population. Five members were allowed the Orangemen, only about one-fifth of their representation. The same number of delegates was allowed the Southern Unionists and three members to the Protestant churches as compared with four allotted to the Catholics. Though the former represents only a fourth of the population, what the Orangemen dread is that all parties in Ireland, including the Southern Unionists, will combine against partition and partition still seems to be their unalterable belief.

On the other hand Murphy of the Independents is leaving no stone unturned in his attempts to wreck the convention by the vilification of the Irish leaders and mendacious suggestions that they are helping Premier Lloyd George to rig the convention and by also demanding the most impossible condition before they will consent to enter the convention.

The difficulty of finding a satisfactory chairman for the body still continues. General Smuts, of Boer War fame, would willingly consent to preside over the convention if all parties equally demanded him, but the Orangemen suspect him too good a home ruler. Speaker Lowther of the House of Commons, who is possibly the next choice, finds he has too much work already on his hand to accept the chairmanship even if the various factions could agree on him. Other names which have been considered are Lord Sloughnessy and Lord Chief Justice Madden of Victoria.

If the convention, in spite of all the obstacles thrown in the way, finally does succeed in convening it is quite possible that business and professional men, of whom fifteen will be nominated by the government, may finally induce the politicians to get together and agree to some acceptable compromise. However, I certainly feel that I must warn the American public, especially the Irish section of it, that the proposed convention will no more end than it will begin the Irish question.

In the meantime signs continue and even multiply that in our own interest and that of our Allies, England must in some manner settle the question for all time. The protest of the Russian Government joins that of American opinion against the very great inconsistency of fighting for the small nations and the principle of nationality in Europe while leaving both principles unrealized in Ireland. And indeed, England to-day is much more anxious for a settlement of this long disputed question than is Ireland.

A state of unrest still persists in many sections of Ireland, although Joseph Devlin received one of the biggest receptions of his life last Sunday in Connemara. He was met at every station along his route by enthusiastic and cheering crowds.

If the convention can soon be summoned: if its composition is such as to satisfy Ireland and then if its membership is able to reach a reasonable compromise, Ireland will probably soon settle down as all that is sane and honest remains inflexibly attached to the Irish party. The release of the Sinn Fein prisoners will certainly take place, the delay in the

matter being entirely due to a desire not to give the Orangemen any further reason for delaying or refusing to take part in the proposed convention.

ON THE BATTLE LINE

BRITISH FORCES yesterday completed an operation commenced during the previous night north of the Scarpe River, resulting in the capture of enemy positions on a front of a mile and the taking of a number of prisoners. General Haig's brief report of the event says: "The British gained all their objectives."—Globe, June 7.

ADDITIONAL REPORTS of the British victory of Thursday, official and unofficial alike, show that its importance has not been exaggerated in any particular. It was a win of magnitude, in which every arm of the service played a part. Striking testimony to its importance comes in the German official report, which admits the loss of Wyschaete, Messines and other points, and speaks of a withdrawal into positions between the bend of the canal north of Hallebeke and the Douve basin, west of Warneton. This line may not be held by the Germans, despite their talk, as behind it are the Comines Canal and the Lys River. Another successful advance by the British would mean that the foe would be compelled to retreat across waterways under conditions of peril. It is not unlikely that the enemy will prefer to continue his retreat farther east. The redemption of Belgium and the freeing of France will not be speedy accomplishments, but they are well begun. A report that cavalry is again active against the Germans is of interest. Over 6,400 prisoners have been taken by the British, the ground consolidated, and several German counter-attacks have been repulsed, according to last night's British official reports.

GERMAN DEFENCE upon the machinery of war has received a rude shock as the result of Thursday's fighting. For more than two years the enemy had worked almost incessantly to strengthen and maintain the Messines Ridge. He had applied the lessons of the bitter experiences of the Somme and Arras battles to the problem of making stronger still a position he already considered to be impregnable. And then he lost it in a day, because the British, whom he once despised, have shown themselves to be more than a match in devising weapons of warfare not only to meet the best that the German could use, but to make that best of no avail in the hour of testing. Proof of the state of efficiency attained by the British in the weapons and the art of war is carried in all the phases of the latest success, and in none more than in the statement that the losses were light.

FRENCH FORCES may soon have to bear the brunt of a tremendous offensive by the enemy in an attempt to save his face following his defeat by the British. Southeast of St. Quentin and on the Aisne front the artillery bombarded the French lines with great violence, and in the former sector made attempts to leave their trenches in order to attack. These, the French reports say, were frustrated. There is no reason yet for abandoning the idea that the French have a big attack in preparation, and careful reading of the reports from day to day justifies the conclusion that the German activity is based on the hope of defeating this plan in its inception.

REPORTS THAT Austria has sent a peace mission to Russia probably have a basis in truth, though they may be denied. Austria has everything to gain by an early peace. She has suffered much since she set about with a light heart to whip little Serbia. The Italians again report the repulse of further enemy attacks on the Carso.—Globe, June 9.

VATICAN GAINING PRESTIGE AS WORLD FACTOR

EVEN FRENCH ARE REVOLVING RESUMPTION OF RELATIONS WITH HOLY SEE

The signs of the times in France are said to show a remarkable change of opinion. "Republicans of the left" are demanding the resumption of diplomatic relations with the Vatican. Three important articles from the same source appear in the authoritative in a number of Debats, and show that the national interests demand such representation. Particular attention is paid to the questions which will arise when peace comes, and especially those of the Orient, where the Holy See has great influence.

All are beginning to feel the truth of Mgr. Glorieux's words regarding the power and prestige of the Papacy and the reasons for the humiliating and complete failure of the Hague convention. This eloquent bishop says of the Peace Conference and the Pope: "He will be there, as head of the Catholic Church, as temporal Sovereign of the Vatican, in virtue of his diplomatic right, still vigorous and always recognized and practiced, as mediator, the most accredited by the actual role and prestige of the Papacy, and as the most disinterested arbitrator to direct moral conflicts, sanction decisions and make them obligatory on the conscience. The nations do not wish to renew the fiasco of the Hague Congress when the absence of the Pope derived the conventions of diplomacy and of the

most powerful means of sanction, prestige and inviolability—the promulgation of its conclusions by all the bishops of the world from the pulpits of Christendom.

"GOD, HOME, COUNTRY"

ARCHBISHOP HANNA RECEIVES TREMENDOUS OVATION FROM PEOPLE OF SACRAMENTO

A vast Sacramento audience felt its heart throbbing with patriotism on the evening of Friday, May 25, when the Most Reverend Edward J. Hanna, Archbishop of San Francisco, delivered a memorable address before a record crowd in the Clunie Theater at a patriotic rally held under the auspices of the State Immigration and Housing Commission.

The populace was not exhorted to tear the enemy asunder. Archbishop Hanna spoke none of those "blood and thunder" words of the carpet-bagger; neither did he "make the eagle scream." But in a voice trembling with emotion and with a fervor which reached everyone's heart he pleaded rather for righteousness, self-sacrifice, humanity and steadfastness in the faith.

"God, home, country," he began in a slow, appealing, sympathetic voice. No three words could better have introduced the address. They arrested the attention and spurred the brain to thought of the subject.

Continuing the Archbishop said: "There are no nobler, no finer, no truer sentiments than these. Through home we have a vision of her who led our baby steps through troubled infancy to maturity. Here is the refuge of the oppressed. Here man was given the greatest opportunity to demonstrate to the world that man can rule men justly and well. Ours is the greatest glory.

"What a beautiful land it is, what diversity of soil and climate and people. From the sturdy northland to the sweet south. With treasures in our mountains and valleys fertile and rich. But it is not in our wealth, in our fertility of soil or in our beauty of scenery, but in our history that we have our glory.

"Breathes there a man with soul so dead, Who never to himself hath said, This is my own, my native land! Whose heart has ne'er within him burn'd As home his footsteps he hath turned, From wandering in a foreign strand!"

"This, our country, has grown to greatness because the men and women who made it were great. This nation was founded upon men of strength and courage and vision—those who recognized the sovereignty of the most high. The men who made our democracy believed in the dignity of man. They saw God reflected in man, His intelligence, His power, His love. They were, above all, men who loved their fellow men. They put not their trust in beauty, power and riches—their treasure was truth, justice, mercy, love and service. Because they put their hope and trust in things that pass not with the night, they were able to fight the greatest power the world has ever known and come out victorious.

"Again when the life of the democracy seemed threatened, poor and undisciplined though they were, they poured out their wealth and their blood that liberty and the union might be preserved.

"If we in our day hope to uphold our honor, our sacred traditions, we must be ready to sacrifice. We must recognize the dignity of man and must love our fellow men. Our standard must not be one of luxury and riches, which has lately risen rapidly in our land, but rather one of truth and justice and righteousness. We must be willing to give all, even our lives, in order that liberty must not perish.

"In the midst of a titanic struggle, the greatest the world has ever known, we are gathered here tonight. The old order passes and the new order comes in. We strive as best we could to keep the peace until life seemed of no value and small nations of no moment. A day came when our own citizens' lives were at stake—a day when American blood was spilled and we were told that we must keep off the seas. That was the day when we rose in our might and claimed justice.

"We have no fear, and in our hearts there is no hatred. We have certain rights to reserve and for them we live and, if necessary, we will calmly die. Our own young men will go forth and battle. They will consider it a privilege to go to the front rank, and there struggle that Liberty must not die.

"If it is a question of men, of fighting, we in America have no fear. Our young men will stand shoulder to shoulder; they will be brave and courageous in the test, for the spirit which fired our forefathers at Lexington and at San Juan will live again in them. We at home have a great work to do. We must prepare them properly for the battle. We must feed the world—those fighting in the struggle for democracy.

"We approach the greatest task that has ever come to us, with confidence. We ask, is the governor of our great State able to put every man in the right place? The answer comes—Yes. We ask if the great wheels of our state machinery are running smooth and true in this time of trouble and peril. The answer comes—Yes.

"There are among you many foreigners. Men and women who have sought refuge here from the oppression and tyranny and old order

of things abroad. We find the most of them loyal to the land in which they have found liberty and justice. Take these men to your farms. When you have exhausted the supply, and have placed the last one of them, take the boys. They will aid in this great struggle as only the youth with his fire and enthusiasm can. When the last boy has been taken, take the women, and then the girls.

"We'll battle, will we Americans, every battle unto victory. This is our country, our War, our business, and we, who are Americans, will do the work without asking other nations or races to do what is our task to fulfill. And you who hire them, remember to give them a living wage, and decent living conditions. Treat them as human beings have a right to be treated, not like dogs.

"With our country united as it is united—with our young men holding forth the Stars and Stripes—with every one doing his part, there is no doubt of the result. Victory is already won. And when the smoke of battle rolls away and peace comes again to the earth, out of this tumult and this tempest, let us pray that peace may come forever.

"It is easy to live when men fight, when the pulse is quickened and when excitement is uppermost. When all is over and things are quiet, then it is harder, and our task is greatest. Remember in the days of victory it is not enough to die for the country, but we must live that the country may live. Remember it is strength and righteousness of man that makes a nation great. Let us ask God to bless our country and to make men worthy of the noble traditions which have marked our way from the beginning.

"Let us then return thanks to God for what He has done for us, and pray that He will make us worthy of the liberty for which we fight, and die."—Intermountain Catholic.

BRADSHAW'S EDITOR A CONVERT

The Rev. W. J. Scott, who for more than twenty years was vicar of St. Saviour's Church, Sunbury, near London, has been received into the Catholic Church at Eastbourne by Monsignor Cocks, formerly vicar of the Anglican Church of St. Bartholomew at Brighton, England. Mr. Scott was in his time, one of the stalwarts of Anglo-Catholicism, and for many years his church was singled out for special attacks of the ultra-Protestants of the Church of England under the leadership of the late John Kensit. In addition to his fame as a preacher, Mr. Scott had the reputation of being the editor-in-chief of that most highly complicated of all documents, Bradshaw's Railway Guide, to understand which one was supposed to have the intuition of an angel. The reception of Mr. Scott into the Church is a further blow to the theories of the advanced group of Anglo-Catholics, of which his church was one of the most important strongholds.—The Catholic Convert.

WILL BE TRIED FOR MURDER OF PRIESTS

TWO ESKIMOS CAPTURED AFTER ADVENTUROUS EXPLOIT IN THE ARCTIC REGIONS

Upon receiving information pointing to foul play against two Catholic missionaries in the ice-bound regions beyond the Arctic Circle, Inspector Lanauze of the Mounted Police at Great Bear Lake, set out to get the culprits. With little more than rations for their chum, the searching party braved the blasts of the far North, camping when the elements would not permit them to go farther. For a whole year they were on their expedition until they finally ascertained the facts and captured two Eskimos who had murdered the missionaries.

The exploits of Inspector Lanauze are recalled in connection with the advices from Ottawa that the department of justice has decided to bring the two Eskimos to Edmonton for trial this summer. The Eskimos are now at Herschell Island, where they were taken in the fall by Inspector Lanauze of the Mounted Police, and through the winter they have been in mild confinement, on the understanding that a trial would take place some time in the spring or early summer. It was not known whether that trial would be held in the north or at some outside point, but the decision of the authorities at Ottawa now settles the question, and arrangements will be made in due course for this unusual and interesting application of British law and justice.

The story of the case reads like a bit of Arctic romance. In the fall of 1913, two priests, Father Rouvriere and Leroux, belonging to the Catholic mission at Fort Norman, went on a tour of investigation in the region between the Arctic Circle and Coronation Gulf. They did not return within the time expected, and it was supposed they had perished in the wilderness.

Nearly a year afterward the Mounted Police at Great Bear Lake heard from a band of Indians that some cassocks and surplices had been seen in the possession of the Eskimos in the north, and further rumors of the same kind came in during the next winter. To verify these rumors, a patrol of three experienced policemen went out in May, 1915, in search of either the priests or their murderers, since it already looked as if murder had been committed. A native interpreter went with them, and the whole party was in charge of

Inspector Lanauze, one of the youngest but most trusted members of the police force.

In the following winter the patrol camped at Dease Bay on the north coast of the lake, and in the spring of 1916, they pushed on into the country lying immediately north of that point. In May they came upon a band of Eskimos that gave them further information about the priests, who, they said, had been killed by two native tribesmen, at that time a little further inland. Shortly afterward the man-hunters came upon the men they were looking for, and had a little difficulty in getting the story from them. They confessed to the murder, but could give no clear explanation of why they committed it. As near as could be made out, there had been a misunderstanding between the priests and the Eskimos, and, in a sudden fit of temper, they stabbed and killed the two missionaries, appropriating some of their personal belongings.

JUST A WORD IN SEASON

Here is a true conversion episode occurring very recently, which shows how Catholics on the look-out for bringing others into the Faith can accomplish a great deal by making only a few simple advances. Five years ago Mr. Arthur Kuntz, of New York City, member of the Philharmonic Orchestra, was giving violin instructions at the Convoy of the Sacred Heart in Boston. His particular pupil was one of the nuns who had charge of the music department in the convent school. Mr. Kuntz had been brought up a Lutheran, but became very much interested in Catholicism during his visits to the convent. On leaving, the Sister gave him some Catholic books to read. These increased his interest in the subject, but led to no definite results immediately.

It was not until the present year that the violin instructor became acquainted with a Catholic man, who is an enthusiastic convert to the Faith. In the course of their conversations this convert found out Mr. Kuntz's experience in Boston, and asked him why he had never thought of becoming a Catholic. The reply was that he was perfectly willing, and had been so all along, but had had nobody to tell him what to do. When the proposal was made that he go under instruction, he accepted it with alacrity. His instructor was Rev. Father Moran, O. P., who received him at the Dominican Church of St. Vincent Ferrer, New York City, on Holy Saturday. Mr. Kuntz made his first Holy Communion on Easter Day, and is now most happy in the Church.

There is material for thought in this experience for Catholics who think it is the right thing to do never to mention their religion, and never even to volunteer information to those on the outside. All this convert needed was a very little help—merely somebody to tell him what to do.—The Catholic Convert.

THE CULT OF FLIPPANCY

James J. Walsh, M. D., Ph.D., in America.

A series of Mr. W. L. George's essays were recently published. Readers of America have made the acquaintance of this writer through his serious allusion in the Atlantic Monthly, to the Ecumenical Council said to have deliberated upon the question whether woman has a soul. After other equally brilliant displays of historic ignorance Mr. George now offers an entire volume dealing with such topics as "The Intelligence of Woman," "The Downfall of the Home," "The Breakup of the Family," together with various articles on marriage. These have been his subjects in serious magazines.

Mr. George is glad that all old things are going. For him only the new is worth consideration. He rejoices, for instance, that "there is no place like home, which is one comfort for, thank God it is going." He finds it good, too, that the old reverence for mother is disappearing, and no wonder, for "now mother pretends to be very socialistic or very fast; on the whole she affects rather the fast style." Mr. George's acquaintances must be very select and of the very best people. But then, of the modern mother he hastens to add that her offspring do not say: "What is home without a mother? Peace, perfect peace." But the modern mother is ever so much better than the old fogy mother, though "she is a little too conscientious perhaps," but then, in Mr. George's question: "Is not brown paint in the dining room worse than pink paint on the face?"

"Clever" is the word all Mr. George's critics have used with regard to his essays. Clever people, I may recall, are sharp at the point but not large at the head. There is a formula for this cleverness. Here it is: Take all the old-fashioned proverbs and maxims and put a "not" in them; or take all the old moral and social truths, literally all of them, and put a question mark or exclamation point after them. Then add some flippant remarks about all the beautiful things of life.

Woman of the modern time is ever so much better than her ancient sister, declares Mr. George. This is true of the mothers above all, because "as mothers they did not start with the prejudices left in the male mind by the slow evolution from one

form of learning to another; women did not have to live down Plato, Descartes, or Adam Smith; they began on Haeckel and H. G. Wells." Of course anybody that begins on Haeckel and H. G. Wells gets "to know it all" very soon. That must be how Mr. George started. He does not seem to have got very far, even in them, for, since the War at least, Mr. Wells has developed some regard for the past.

Mr. George foresees the breakup of the family. It is going to come mainly because young folk must have their rights and at the present time they are not getting them. Think of high-class magazines publishing such "rot" as this: "I suspect that after sixteen or some other early age children will, if they choose, be entitled to leave home for some municipal hostel where for a while their parents will be compelled to pay for their support." The real question in family relations, according to Mr. George, is:

"By what right should this creature, for whom you are responsible, be tied to a house into which it has been called unconsulted? Why should it submit to your moral and religious views, to your friends, to your wall paper? It is a strong case, and I believe that as time goes on and the law is strengthened the young will more and more tend to leave their homes. In good liberal homes they will stay, but the others they will abandon, and I believe that no social philosopher will regret that children should leave homes where they stay only because they are fed and not because they love."

Duty has absolutely no place in Mr. George's scheme of things. In spite of the way the war has mobilized even the writers and literary folk generally in the warring countries, Mr. George says: "The man who dies for his country because he loves it is an idealist and a hero; the man who does that because he thinks it his duty is a fool." In view of this it is not surprising that Mr. George rejoices over the fact that the idea of duty is gradually disappearing from the child's mind. He says: "The conception of duty has suffered, from the child's point of view it is almost extinct; it has been turned upside down and there is a growth of opinion that the parents should have the duties and the child the privileges." We have heard it said: "There is just as much obedience in the American family as ever, only now the parents obey the children." But then that expression, when used originally, was considered to be humor, now we have the solemn justification of it, and young folk are reaching out in every direction to bring Episcopalians into closer union with the Catholic Church. As one of the foremost advocates of unity he has often taken part in services at the altars of the Eastern Church.

Toward the end of October, 1915, a lively scene was precipitated at the quarterly session in New York City of the Protestant Episcopal Board of Missions, when Dr. Manning and another prominent clergyman and three Bishops resigned from the board, because the latter would not rescind its decision to participate in the forthcoming Pan-Protestant Congress at Panama. Dr. Manning and his associates regarded that Congress as an affront to Catholics and an obstacle to Christian unity.

Bishop Weller of Fond du Lac, Wis., one of the three bishops who resigned, said that siding with Pan-Protestantism at that time was peculiarly unfortunate, for the Anglican community, including both the English and Episcopal Churches, had always regarded itself as an intermediary between the Catholics and the Protestants. "The Catholics can understand us," he said, "for we have orders and a priesthood and an episcopate. We can treat with them with the idea of bringing about unity and help in drawing all Christian bodies into one fold."

The Bishop said he and the Rev. Dr. William T. Manning were members of a Congress on Faith and Orders, which had church unity for its ultimate goal. Letters had been interchanged between members of a committee of this congress and the Papal Secretary of State just before the outbreak of the European war.

"It was the intention," said the Bishop, "eventually to send a delegation of Episcopal bishops from this country to confer with the Pope on this matter, but everything was stopped by the war. After that conflict is over, I think the hearts of men will be more disposed toward religion and something can be done. I do not expect to see church unity come in my life, but I believe it will some day."—Buffalo Echo.

ENGLISH BIGOTS PROPERLY REBUKED

CAMPAIGN AGAINST GERMAN MONKS COLLAPSES FOR GOOD REASONS

An attempt made by bigots in England to get up a scare about alien enemy monks ended disastrously in the House of Commons. Mr. Johnson Hicks said the special constables of Buckfast, designated to watch the alien monks of the Abbey did not like their task and the Urban Council called for the internment of all of these men. The reply of the home secretary was that the commission was satisfied that all was well there and it was better to leave the alien monks where they were. The Home Office Commission, he it noted, snubbed the local council bigots pretty severely at the time. On pressure

from Hicks, the government replied that if the monks were interned they could claim immediate repatriation because they were Priests. Several members demanded to know why they should not be got rid of in this way. The reply was that the forty monks were doing most useful work in England and were just the sort of men whom Germany would be very glad indeed to have back again! Consternation followed amongst the bigots.

GENEROUS FRENCH CATHOLICS

The French religious paper "La Croix" has just informed its readers that the subscription started by its directors at the beginning of the War, has, after two years and nine months, attained the sum of 1,000,000 francs. This plain fact has its eloquence for two reasons; first the object of the subscription is to supply the soldier-priests with portable chapels, where, in a small compass, are packed all the articles necessary for celebrating Mass. Each one of these chapels costs 150 francs, and on an average, from five to six thousand are sent to the front every month. The object of the work is, therefore, purely religious; it has been established to supply the soldiers' spiritual needs, and not to extend the reign of God. Its popularity proves that motives such as this one, wholly spiritual and apostolic, find an echo in thousands of souls. Another circumstance to be noted is that, as a rule, the readers of "La Croix" belong to the middle class of citizens; they are quiet and devout folk, whose royal generosity often takes us by surprise. They spend nothing for show, live plainly and have absolute confidence in "La Croix," whose length they are always ready to follow in matters of almsgiving.—The Monitor.

A PARALLEL

The growth of the Catholic Creed by means of dogmatic definitions during the course of centuries, from the time of the first Council, is a stumbling block to those who view the Catholic Church from the outside. And it is to be suspected that not even all Catholics have an intimate knowledge of the logic of this phenomenon. It would seem that after the time of Christ there should be no growth of the Christian revelation.

Nor has there been any growth in the sense of additions to the original deposit of faith. We are at one with those who maintain that the supernatural revelation of God reached its consummation with the teaching of Christ. But this admission does not imply that the Christian revelation presented to the world in the preaching of the apostles was at once fully realized in all its bearings by the minds of men. There was room for deeper insight and consequent growth of understanding.

For a clearer perception of this fact let us draw a parallel. There are two revelations of God: the natural revelation embodying all the laws and phenomena of the visible universe, and the supernatural revelation containing all the direct communications from God to mankind. Now all the facts and laws of the visible universe were in existence when the first man looked at the miracle of God's creation. But it took centuries to find out some of the most fundamental laws that govern the visible world, and the searching minds of men have not yet attained the end of their investigation. All the truth was there from the beginning of creation, but it was not in the minds of beholding men.

Similarly all the truth of God's revelation sounded in the ears of men at the preaching of the apostles. But it is a long distance from hearing or reading to a perfect understanding of a deep and complicated truth. Hence, as in the natural order, we see men advancing from guesses to theories and from theories to established facts of science, so in the supernatural order the profound and hidden meanings of God's word only gradually dawned upon the consciousness of men.

Was it an addition to God's natural revelation when, after thousands of years of human gazing at the stars, science published the fact that, contrary to all evidences of the senses, the earth is moving around the sun and not vice versa as had been believed? It was simply a coming to the understanding of a truth that was as old as creation. This truth did not burst upon the world at once; but the weighing of indications, the combination of phenomena, led first to a hypothesis and finally to scientific certainty.

Why, then, should we be scandalized because, for instance, the Immaculate Conception did not reach the certainty of faith until 1854? In the beginning of Christianity men who heard the gospel preached thought as little of that particular truth as men of those days thought of the Copernican system of the universe, though both these things were facts at that time. With a deeper study of Christianity, with the focusing of light from various angles, the exceptional purity of the Mother of the Saviour was perceived to have extended to the very origin of her existence. At the time of the schoolmen, when scholastic theology discussed the pros and cons of every question, the Immaculate Conception had reached the stage of a hypothesis and finally, after a further profound and extensive analysis of the subject, the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception was ripe for dogmatic definition in 1854. Its meaning is that the Blessed Mother of the Saviour was preserved from original sin, that on account of her close relationship to the Redeemer she was redeemed in a more excellent way, i. e., not cleansed from actual sin, but by prevention, saved from impending sin. On account of her sublime mission, to give birth to the Saviour, she was sanctified from the very beginning of her existence, though she entered the world in the natural way and not—as we are mistakenly supposed to claim—by a virginal birth.

We have drawn a parallel for the sake of illustration, but it must be remembered that scientific research and theological investigation are not exactly on a par. Certainty of reason is one thing, and certainty of

faith is another thing. The latter is only attainable through a divinely appointed and guided authority, which guarantees the truth of a dogmatic definition. This authority is the infallible Church, promised the assistance of Christ to the end of the world, endowed with the Holy Spirit to lead her into all truth, built upon Peter, the Rock, impregnable to the gates of hell. Under her superintendence the searching of Scriptures and tradition is carried on, and her seal stamps the ultimate findings with the signature of divine truth.—The Guardian.

FOUR HUNDRED CHAPLAINS NEEDED

The Rev. George J. Waring, chaplain of the 11th Cavalry, U. S. A., states that the American Army will need four hundred Catholic chaplains. "The soldiers of the new army will be chosen from every section of the country," he says. "Thousands of Catholic young men will be enrolled. They will be at a formative and critical period of their lives, their ages ranging from nineteen to twenty-four years. The need for spiritual guidance and immediate supervision, that they may avoid the serious temptations that will beset them, is beyond all question. We all stand in need of such ministrations in the normal, civil walks of life; how much more they who are young, who are vigorous in active physical life, who are suddenly taken away from the blessed influence of home and of private life and thrown among new and strange associates, many of whom have little or no religious training? Their life with its hours of idleness, of reaction, demands the presence of a spiritual friend and guide as the Catholic priest always is. We have not spoken of the supreme need of the grace of the sacraments and of Holy Mass, because there is no need to dwell upon that."—Sacred Heart Review.

11,500 CONVERTED

JESUITS HAVE DONE GREAT WORK FOR FAITH IN ALASKA

Now that Alaska has risen to the dignity of a vicariate apostolic, interest in its religious history is re-awakened. Christianity was introduced there more than one hundred years ago by Russian traders, and various missions were established. It was not the Catholic religion, however, but the Russian orthodox faith.

The Catholic missionaries eventually began work there, and it has resulted in bringing into the Church 11,500 converts, who constitute the present Catholic population. All the missions are in charge of the Jesuit Fathers, to whom was assigned the difficult work of building up the Church among the natives.

In 1916 there were twenty-two Jesuit priests, ten Jesuit Brothers and fifty-seven nuns of different communities. The Sisters conduct four boarding schools, five day schools, six hospitals and one orphanage. —Philadelphia Standard and Times.

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. Peregrin 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.

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Two Friends, St. John.....	5 00
A Friend, Black River, Ont.	5 00
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A Friend, New Glasgow.....	10 00
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FIVE MINUTE SERMON

REV. F. P. HICKEY, O. S. B. THIRD SUNDAY AFTER PENTECOST

HOLY MASS

"In every place there is sacrifice, and there is offered to My name a clean oblation." (Mal. 1. 11)

The Holy Eucharist is not only a Sacrament, but also a Sacrifice. And we are bound to believe that the Sacrifice of the New Law is the Holy Mass, which is the Sacrifice of the Body and Blood of Jesus Christ, really present on the Altar, under the appearances of bread and wine, and offered to God for the living and the dead.

This is the incomparable Sacrifice—God offering Himself to God. Its value, then, is supreme. "If all the prayers and worship of men and angels, and even Mary's devotion, were offered in one act of praise and adoration, they would not even approach in efficacy the infinite worth of a single Mass. God alone is worthy of God."

And this Holy Mass is given to the Church; priests are ordained to offer it, sinners are welcome to it, and we are compelled to attend, that we may give glory to God and save our souls. We are bound to hear and attend Mass to show we are God's creatures. For the Mass is not a prayer, a devotion merely, but it is a Sacrifice, and a Sacrifice is the offering of a Victim by a priest to God alone, in testimony of His being the sovereign Lord of all things.

To neglect this sacrifice is withdrawing our allegiance from Almighty God; is disputing His sovereignty; is setting ourselves up as self-existing, self-sufficient—is a denial that we are God's creatures.

Moreover, the Holy Mass is one and the same Sacrifice with that of the cross, inasmuch as Christ, Who offered Himself a bleeding Victim on the cross, continues to offer Himself in an unbloody manner on the altar, through the ministrations of His priests.

Therefore we are bound to hear Mass to acknowledge our Redeemer and to obey His words. "Do this in commemoration of Me." (Luke xxii. 19.) We are bound to hear Mass, that the Redemption may be applied to our souls. Repeated falls into sin necessitate repeated forgiveness. Christ died once, but continues to offer Himself on the altar. And His complaint to so many is: "You will not come to Me, that you may have life." (John v. 40.) It is as great a sin to neglect a Mass of Obligation as it was for the Jews to deride the Crucified Saviour.

By staying away and despising Holy Mass, Catholics who know what it is, wilfully deny their Redeemer. "I have spread forth My hands all the day to an unbelieving people, who walk in a way that is not good, after their own thoughts; a people who continually provoke Me to anger before My face." (Isaiah lxxv. 2, 3.)

Thirdly, we are bound to come to Mass for our own souls' sake, to obtain God's mercy and forgiveness. Mass is offered up for our "innumerable sins, and offences, and negligences." To despise the Mass is to reject the means for these sins and shortcomings to be forgiven.

Thus, then, it is imperative on all Catholics, who are not lawfully prevented, to hear Mass on Sundays and festivals of Obligation to show that they are God's creatures, to acknowledge the Redemption of Jesus Christ, to obtain God's mercy and forgiveness. Thus far duty and the law.

But oh! my brethren, do we require to be driven to Holy Mass? Are we denying its efficacy? Have we given ear to those who blaspheme it? Oh no! To a good Catholic, Mass is the joy and glory of his life. "It is the last invention of the Creator's love which converts our fallen world into a true paradise." It would require a Chrysostom or a St. Bernard to tell you of the joys, the fervour, the enthusiasm, that devotion to Holy Mass can kindle in the hearts of men. It will be a wonder—an incomprehensible wonder—for all eternity to the Saints of God how men could be found who were not anxious to attend Holy Mass! Yes, it is a mystery even to the evil spirits how men, Catholics, knowing what the Holy Mass is, could neglect and despise it.

Let us ask God to illuminate our souls to understand and appreciate the Holy Sacrifice, for the best of us think little of it, to what we should. For it is the sacrifice in which we poor sinners, through Jesus Christ Our Lord, can approach the Almighty, Sovereign Lord of all things, not with empty hands, but with that which can pay Him all, and which is the full price of all that we need and pray for. Jesus Christ gives Himself to us and for us in the Mass. United to Him, we pay the Almighty honour, and glory, and obedience. We render Him thanks—full and complete thanks—for all His mercies and graces. The Father looks down upon us, and is pleased that He has created us, and that His Son redeemed us.

And then, in the Mass, we do not supplicate, as beggars and outcasts, for what we need. We can pay for all we need. We have the priceless treasure of the Blood of Jesus Christ. That Blood was shed for the remission of sin, and that is our first petition—forgiveness. We ask for the remission of sin and of the punishment due to our sins, and that same relief for the souls in Purgatory.

Then we ask for the graces and favors we need, and which our parents, children, or friends, for whom we pray, may need. And the price is there upon the Altar! The price for a thousand worlds' Redemp-

ton and all the graces they could want. We obtain little because we ask for little. "Ask and you shall receive, that your joy may be full." (John xvi. 24.)

We cannot always kneel around the Altar, safe near Our Lord. We have to go forth and battle with the world, and work for our living, and be distracted, and worried, and annoyed, and tempted. Before you go, get strength from the Holy Mass. The Holy Eucharist is the food and life of our souls. So Sunday's Mass is the time to obtain the graces that we need to battle through the coming week. See where you have previously failed, ask especially for the grace and strength you require. Pray for good will to put Jesus and His interests first and foremost, for loyalty, fidelity, loving acceptance of the Holy Will of God, for perseverance and a holy death.

To believe in the Mass, to hear it as often as may be, this is a Catholic's privilege and joy. It is our strength and our glory. By the Mass we can honour God, glorify our Redeemer, receive a pledge of the forgiveness of our sins, and be enriched with all the graces and blessings to guard us and guide us safe. "The mercies of the Lord are new every morning; great is Thy faithfulness." (Lam. iii. 22, 23.)

TEMPERANCE

ARCHBISHOP IRELAND ON TEMPERANCE

Archbishop Ireland's temperance sermons have been the means of making many happy homes in the West. He always pleaded as follows to drunken fathers: "When you go to town from your farm, take the money you are going to spend for rum, go to a candy store, buy a box of candy, go to the toy store, buy some toys, go to the dry goods store and buy your wife some little thing and buy your wife some little thing to please her, then go home and see the difference in your homecoming; the wonder in your wife's face, the children's happy countenance when you distribute the toys and candy. Do this three times and the sunshine and joy you will have brought to your home and family will convince you of the great wrong you have done them. Your wife, who was crushed with despair, will again fill her breast with hope; your children who always feared your coming footsteps will run to meet you with joy in their hearts; you who were once like a beast of the field, will be a man, after God's image and likeness, once again."

WHY HE SIGNED THE PLEDGE "My reasons for taking the temperance pledge were partly general and partly special," says Dean Farrar.

"1. I became convinced that the use of alcohol in any form was not a necessity. I saw that whole nations have lived and flourished without it. I believed that the whole race of man had existed for centuries previous to its discovery.

"2. I was struck by the indisputable fact that in England fifty thousand inhabitants of our prisons, accustomed to strong drink all their lives, and the majority of them brought into prison directly or indirectly by it, could be, and were, from the moment of their imprisonment, absolutely deprived of it, not only without loss, but with entire gain to their personal health.

"3. I derived from the recorded testimony of our most eminent physicians that the use of alcohol is a subtle and manifold source of disease even to thousands who use it in quantities conveniently deemed moderate; also that all the young, and all the healthy, and all who eat well and sleep well do not require it, and are better without it."—Sacred Heart Review.

WHY THE POOR ARE OFTEN POOR

(From Ben Franklin's Autobiography) At my first admission into this printing house (at London) I took to working at press, imagining I felt a want of the bodily exercise I had been used to in America, where presswork is mixed with composing. I drank only water; the other workmen, nearly fifty in number, were great guzzlers of beer. On occasion, I carried up and down stairs a large form of types in each hand, when others carried but one in both hands. They wondered to see, from this and several instances, that the Water-American, as they called me, was stronger than themselves, who drank strong beer!

We had an alehouse boy who attended always in the house to supply the workmen. My companion at the press drank every day a pint before breakfast, a pint at breakfast with his bread and cheese, a pint between breakfast and dinner, a pint at dinner, a pint in the afternoon about 6 o'clock, and another when he had done his day's work. I thought it a detestable custom; but it was necessary, he supposed, to drink strong beer, that he might be strong to labor. I endeavored to convince him that the bodily strength afforded by beer could only be in proportion to the grain of flour of the barley dissolved in the water of which it was made; that there was more flour in a pennyworth of bread; and, therefore, if he would eat that with a pint of water, it would give him more strength than a quart of beer. He drank on, however, and had four or five shillings to pay out of his wages every Saturday night for that muddling liquor; an expense I was free from. And thus these poor devils keep themselves always under.

ELEANOR C. DONNELLY

Intermountain Catholic

Less than a month ago there died a poet whose years of contribution to literature were seventy. All of those years were not equal in either quality or quantity of production, for the first poem from her pen was printed when she was nine. Miss Donnelly loved the lives of the saints and made choice of many of her themes from pious legends of their lives. Eight years after the publication of her "Vision of the Monk Gabriel," Longfellow wrote his "Legend Beautiful" and admitted his theme to have been borrowed from Miss Donnelly's "Vision."

Deep in the cell Sat the monk Gabriel, In his book he read The words the Master to His ones said:

"A little while and ye Shall gaze on Me; A little while again Ye shall not see Me then." "A little while!" The monk looked up, a smile Making his visage brilliant, liquid-eyed:

"O, Thou, Who gracious art Unto the poor of heart, O blessed Christ!" he cried, "Great is the misery Of mine iniquity; But would I now might see, Might feast on Thee!" The Blood, with sudden start, Nigh rent his veins apart— (O condescension of the Crucified!) In all the brilliancy Of His humanity The Christ stood by his side!

"'Twas but a moment; then, upon The spell Of that sweet Presence, lo, a something, trembling, in the belfry woke.

A shower of metal music flinging O'er wold and moat, o'er park and lake and fell; And, through the open window of the cell In silver chimes came ringing. It was the bell Calling Monk Gabriel Unto his daily task, To feed the paupers at the abbey gate.

An hour thence, his duty nobly done, Back to his cell he came. Unasked, unsought, lo, his reward was won! Rafters and walls and floor were yet a flame With all the matchless glory of that Sun, And in the center stood the Blessed One, (Praised be His holy name!) Who for our sakes our crosses made His own And bore our weight of shame!

Down on the threshold fell Monk Gabriel, His forehead pressed upon the floor of clay; And, while in deep humility he lay, Tears raining from his happy eyes away, "Whence is this favor, Lord?" he strove to say. The vision only said, Lifting its shining head: "If thou hadst stayed, O son, I must have fled!"

FACT AND FANCY ABOUT YUCATAN

Eber Cole Ryan, in America

In a recent issue of a popular American magazine Mr. George Miner, one of those guileless writers who go to Mexico in the care of the Carranza Government and later return home to misinform their compatriots about that unhappy country, has written at length on religious conditions beyond the Rio Grande.

This particular pilgrim modestly admits that he was in Mexico "last August, to be exact." He makes this convincing statement to clinch his refutation of the report that "there is no religious freedom in Mexico, and that there are no Catholic churches open for worship in many sections, especially in the State of Yucatan." "This is not true," he declares, "I know personally to the contrary. Not only have I seen Catholic churches open but I have been in them when services were being held." To support further his declaration, Mr. Miner presents several photographic reproductions purporting to be views of churches in Merida that are "open" to worshippers. According to him "these photographs were taken on Sunday, November 12, 1916, during the hours that Mass was being celebrated."

That these pictures were taken sometime after Mr. Miner left Yucatan is evident from his narrative and would partially account for his neglect to observe the tell-tale fact that in the picture showing the interior of the Church of Santa Ana the congregation is gathered before a vacant altar. The "faker" who posed the picture did not even take the trouble to set up some candles, and there is not a priest in sight. I am not a Catholic, but at the same time I cannot imagine "services being held," "Mass celebrated," without a priest. Quite in keeping with the fraud picture and "Mass" without a celebrant is Mr. Miner's declaration that: "It is the announced policy of the Constitutional Government that there shall be religious freedom in Mexico but not religious intolerance." In proof of the sincerity of this assertion, we are told that "To this end more churches will be opened to devotional purposes as soon as it

appears that there is any demand or need of them."

"This is in conformity with the new Constitution, which says: 'The Federal authorities are empowered to exercise such intervention as the laws may indicate in the matter of religious cult and external discipline.' Some of us had thought, until enlightened to the contrary, that 'religious freedom' meant non-interference by government in religious affairs, and that any attempt by government to interfere in religious affairs was most decidedly religious intolerance."

Mr. Miner reminds us that 12 of the 16 churches of Merida were closed because 16 churches, all of one denomination, are certainly out of all proportion for a city of that size. The city of Merida has a population, according to the article under review, of 80,000 people. Despite this the magazine writer naively remarks: "So most of them were closed up; 4 seem to answer the demands of the inhabitants very well indeed, for none of them are ever crowded at any of the services." In view of savage restrictive conditions, familiar to all well-informed persons, the reason that none of the churches of Merida is ever crowded becomes apparent.

As a matter of fact, at last accounts not four churches, but only two were "open," and their interiors were divested of every evidence of the purpose for which they had been constructed. But this is neither here nor there with apologists for brutal tyranny. Facts do not count with them, hence Mr. Miner feels free to declare that the "non-church goers" outnumber the "church goers," a statement which holds true only because the Carranza-Alvarado terror throttles Yucatan. Merida is Catholic, Yucatan is Catholic, Mexico is Catholic, and those who are not Catholic form so small a proportion as to be of no consequence. Sixteen churches to 80,000 people mean one church to each group of 5,000 inhabitants. In the United States it is estimated that nearly one-half the population is "non-church going," yet those who do go to church are permitted to use some 225,000 churches, or, a ratio of one church to every 100,000,000 of the total population of 444 people. This ratio would permit the presence in Merida of no fewer than 180 churches, in place of the 16 reduced to four. Mr. Miner considers 6 churches all told, 4 Catholic and 2 non-Catholic, sufficient for Merida, or, a ratio of one church for each 13,333 inhabitants. This ratio would allow 7,500 churches in the United States for 100,000,000. Does Mr. Miner think that 217,500 churches in the United States should be closed as superfluous?

One, explaining the "religious freedom" which shut up twelve churches in Merida, Mr. Miner tells us that "one is used as a sort of uplift club and library for young men." He should have been more frank. In reality the church is the headquarters of the I. W. W., an organization that teaches the gentle art of murder according to the Alvarado plan. Readers are also informed that "another is used as a warehouse to store food-supplies to be distributed to the needy in case of emergency, and whose bodily needs are believed to take precedence over the spiritual." Mr. Miner might have gone a bit further and told us that this particular "warehouse" has been wrecked. The pretext as given is somewhat misleading. The materials stored in the Cathedral are there by the personal enterprise of Mr. Alvarado, who was once a store-clerk in Sonora, and the goods are sold at a good profit.

Indeed, Mr. Miner might have gone still further and told us that six churches, besides the Cathedral, are used as warehouses by Alvarado. And if he had been really exact and given us the names of the six churches so used, we would have discovered that three of them are churches that Mr. Miner claims are "open."

Mr. Miner sings the praises of this Alvarado, who, as Carranza's Governor, curses Yucatan. It was Alvarado who harangued the crowds in Merida in an attempt to induce them to sack the churches. After much effort he found a few criminals who did his bidding under military protection. They sacked the churches, destroyed images and decorations, buried confessionals and desecrated altars.

Yet in speaking of this monster, Alvarado, Mr. Miner says: "Unless I am greatly mistaken, he is a Roman Catholic." The retort is by way of suggesting that to be a Catholic, or even a Protestant, one must subscribe to a certain set of laws known as the Ten Commandments. In the violation of all these Commandments the Mexican revolutionaries, from the top down, are peculiarly active, and there appear to be some American newspaper-writers who would like to imitate them, but have not the courage to do more than violate the one which says: "Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor."

WAIFS WHO BECAME FAMOUS Stanley, the explorer, was a founding. D'Alembert, the French philosopher and scientific leader, was left on the steps of the Church of St. Jean Le Rond in Paris one stormy night. John Brady, Governor of Alaska, was a throw-away. John J. Sullivan, United States District Attorney of the Northern District of Ohio, was a New York waif picked up by the police and "made good" by

the city. Michael Dempsey, the Washington portrait painter, was a founding. There is a long list of them.—The Monitor.

ARE CATHOLICS PRIEST RIDDEN?

Enemies of the Catholic Church try to explain the unity of Catholics and their regular attendance at church to the influence which the priest has over them. They would convey the impression that, especially in Catholic countries, priests are so numerous that they can keep a vigilant eye on their people and hold them in line.

Now, what are the real facts? The proportion of priests to church-members is far lower than that of Protestant ministers to people in any denomination. In April, 1901, The Independent, a Protestant weekly, carried the following comment apropos of the matter in question:

"From the elaborate statistics of the diverse Christian denominations published, we gather the result that the adjective 'priest-ridden' attaches not to Catholics, but in its fullest sense to Protestant denominations. These very statistics show that the Catholic priests have the largest parishes, and the Baptists the smallest; that the Methodists have four times as many churches; and three times as many ministers; the Baptists nearly five times as many ministers as there are Catholic priests in the country, although they have little more than one-half the communicants. The result is that there are only 90 Baptists on an average to one of the churches; 110 Methodists to each of their congregations, while the average number of Catholics to one church is not less than 767."

But how about the condition in Europe? The proportion is still smaller according to the figures of Herr Paul Baumgarten, in Die Koelnische Volkszeitung, who calculates that there is only one priest to every 992 Catholics, if we omit members of religious orders, the most of whom do not have parishes, or one priest to every 731 people, if we count every priest, secular and regular.

Mexico, which is generally believed to have been overrun with priests, has had less than one priest to 1,000 people.—Our Sunday Visitor.

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It was a shame to dirty that clean floor. Is that so? I was there myself last week. My Gosh! they have got the House fixed up beautifully, and the Meals are just as good as ever. In fact, I think they are a little better. It does an old timer of that Hotel a lot of good to see the way in which they look after women and children when they go in there. Mr. Wright, the Proprietor, is on the job all the time, moving around to see that everybody is attended to. Nothing escapes his eye. No doubt there will be lots of other Hotels in Toronto, and many of them pretty good ones, Billy, but there is only one WALKER HOUSE for mine. Well, Good-Bye Old Chap! All right, that's a Go! Walker House next Tuesday. Mind your Step, you are getting old now, Bill. Good-Bye!

WHO WOULD EVER have expected to see you here? I thought you left Canada some years ago. My Bill! You look just as natural as ever. Let me see now, it must be thirty years since I saw you before. That was the time that your father and my father were attending a meeting in Toronto, and were staying at the Walker House. Gee! Those were the happy days. I will never forget. My! How you laughed at me when I fell sliding on the clean floor of the Office of the Hotel. My Dad thought I had been in Toronto lately? Have you been in Toronto lately? Is that so? I was there myself last week. My Gosh! they have got the House fixed up beautifully, and the Meals are just as good as ever. In fact, I think they are a little better. It does an old timer of that Hotel a lot of good to see the way in which they look after women and children when they go in there. Mr. Wright, the Proprietor, is on the job all the time, moving around to see that everybody is attended to. Nothing escapes his eye. No doubt there will be lots of other Hotels in Toronto, and many of them pretty good ones, Billy, but there is only one WALKER HOUSE for mine. Well, Good-Bye Old Chap! All right, that's a Go! Walker House next Tuesday. Mind your Step, you are getting old now, Bill. Good-Bye!

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CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

A SONG OF GLADNESS

Each little day That slips away And finds for thee no pleasure, That steals along Without a song Is just a wasted treasure.

The sands that pass The hour glass And find thee in repining, Marks the lost hours, The freshest flowers Blow when the sun is shining.

Thou shalt not grope For the lost hope Through darkness, dim, unending, Ne'er vain regret Succeeded yet A broken thread in mending.

The chance that's lost Let not the cost Be flowing tears and sighing, When countless more From life's vast store Are to be had for trying.

So put away Thy cares today And cease thy fate reviling, For Chance eludes The soul that broods, And courts the soul that's smiling.

-JAMES W. FOLEY

THE YOUNG MAN'S CHANCE

From pulpit and platform much has been said from time to time on the young man's chance. Much has been written on the subject. But when everything has been said the question is after all up to the young man himself.

"It is a mistaken idea," says Judge O'Brien, "to suppose that a young man must have extraordinary talent to become a successful lawyer. Average brains will serve a man so long as he develops character."

"And if you ask me how character is developed I can provide the recipe in one compound word—self-denial. Let a young man while he is young satisfy himself with a modicum of pleasure."

"It is a slow and somewhat painful process—this development of character. It means a wholesale slaughter of habits of indolence and taste for luxuries. But it pays splendid material and spiritual dividends."

"Once character is developed, once a young man of sound, normal mind, with a good brain in a good body, can control all his desires and inclinations, there is hardly anything within reason that he will not accomplish if he sets his mind and energy upon it."

SYMPATHY

A little while ago I was present at one of the most wonderful, most inspiring talks, by a man of manifold experience. It was the most interesting talk I ever listened to in my life.

I could not help noticing the expression of the different faces near me as they listened to the marvelous reminiscences of one of the richest lives. Some of them were drinking in the words as though they were nectar of the gods. One young man, especially, seemed so afraid he would miss a word that nothing would distract his attention.

Two people walk side by side through life and do not see the same things or hear the same things, or get the same results out of the same experience. One sees with the inner eye, and absorbs knowledge, ambition, power, enlargement of purpose, from things which mean nothing to the other.

WHAT WE COULD DO

Emerson says, "What we need more than anything else in the world is somebody who can make us do what we would." What a splendid thing it would be if every human being had some level-headed loyal friend who would be frank with him, and show him how much more he is capable of than he is actually doing.

If your achievement does not approximate your ambition there is something wrong somewhere, because your ability to achieve, and your ambition to achieve were intended to go together. The enormous discrepancy between the ambition and the actual performance of

most of us shows that there is a serious lack somewhere. What is it? This is a problem which we must solve if we would give our best service to the world.—Catholic Columbian.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

THE TOUR OF A SMILE

My papa smiled this morning when He came downstairs, you see, At Mamma; and when he smiled then She turned and smiled at me; And when she smiled at me I went And smiled at Mary Ann Out in the kitchen, and she lent It to the hired man.

So then he smiled at some one who He saw when going by, Who also smiled and ere he knew Had twinkled in his eye; So he went to his office then And smiled right at his clerk, Who put some more ink on his pen And smiled back from his work.

So when his clerk went home he smiled Right at his wife, and she Smiled over at their little child As happy as could be; And then their little child, she took The smile to school, and when She smiled at teacher from her book Teacher smiled back again.

And then the teacher passed on one To little James McBride, Who couldn't get his lessons done No matter how he tried; And Jamesy took it home and told How teacher smiled at him When he was tired, and didn't scold, But said: "Don't worry, Jim!"

And when I happened to be there That very night to play His mother had a smile to spare Which came across my way; And then I took it after while Back home, and mamma said: "Here is that very same smile Come back with us to bed!"

-Ladies Home Journal

A LITTLE GIRL'S DEFINITION OF CONTRITION

The little girl's definition of repentance is worth recalling at this time when every one feels the necessity of being a more fervent Christian—of rising from the grave of sin and "walking in newness of life," as St. Paul says. Having explained at some length what repentance consists in, the teacher called upon each one of the class to give a definition in his or her own words.

"Two boys stood close to a number of workmen busily engaged in constructing a building. 'That seems like nice work,' said one to the other, observing, as he watched a mechanic driving, with well-aimed force, nail after nail into place."

"Yes, I should like to be a carpenter, but I could never have the patience to hit the same nail so many times," answered the other boy. The workman paused, his hammer lifted midway, and smiled. You would never make a mechanic, then," he said, "since it is only repeated effort that brings good results."

"This is true along any line of work you may pursue. The art of accomplishing a task skillfully is not learned in a day, but often represents years of steadfast toil. This ought not to discourage us, however, but rather to increase our desire to succeed. It is true that 'no great thing was ever lightly won.'"

A boy who, early in life, sets about his work, whatever it may be, in earnest, is likely to accomplish wonderful results. "That son of yours is a born farmer," remarked one man approvingly to another, as he noted the energetic manner in which the lad performed his task.

"John always does his level best at everything," was the reply. "That is really the secret of the whole matter—our level best, and stopping at nothing short of it. Lately a man who had distinguished himself in war was being entertained in a home, where a bright-eyed lad sat in his seat, eagerly listening to the conversation."

"Well, my boy," said the gentleman, "of what are you thinking?" "Sir," was the answer, "I mean to be a great soldier like you."

"O," he said, as he laid bare a hidden scar, are you willing to pay the cost?"

TRY THE MELTING PROCESS

A girl was trying to remove some wax from a candlestick which was rather thickly coated with the melted wax from candles of different colors. She took a knife to the task and was scraping away vigorously when her mother saw what she was doing and checked her.

"Don't do that, Ann," she said, "or you will scratch the brass. Hold the candlesticks over the fire."

some of Edgar's playmates are not the right sort of boys, she adopts very much the tactics that this untrained girl adopted with the candlestick. She accuses, and declares that this sort of thing is going to stop that very minute. This method is not very successful in bringing about the results she is after, and it puts her brothers' affection to a severe test. Some day she is likely to find that it is irrevocably marred.

Sara is another girl with several younger brothers, but it is rare indeed, to hear her scolding any one of them. Sara does not think the boys are perfect, but she tries to win their confidence by tact and kindness, and she is helping them to overcome their faults, as it would be impossible to do if she adopted Esther's tactics. Many a weakness held to the fire of love will drop off of itself.

A LYRIC TO THE SACRED HEART

By Rev. Joseph Husslein

Three centuries before devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus had begun to spread through the universal Church, St. Gertrude had written of it in words that are the very breath of love. Some one has gathered the symbols that she uses, and each one is a poem in itself. She describes the Sacred Heart as a treasury, a lyra, a golden censer, an altar, a fountain overflowing, and in every other precious way that her love suggests.

It is a treasury wherein all riches of virtue and of grace and of happiness are to be found. It is filled with humility and purity, with charity and zeal, and with all the sevenfold gifts of the Holy Ghost. Its doors are not locked, but ever open, and its wealth can never be exhausted.

It is a lyre touched by the Holy Spirit, whose sound rejoices the courts of the Celestial Kingdom, and the Blessed Trinity on high, while it thrills with a new and wonderful love the hearts of men in this vale of tears.

It is a golden censer whence the odor of all sweetness arises, and where as many perfumes blend as there are races of men for whom the Saviour suffered and died, and for whom that Heart was opened that it might give for them the last drop of its Precious Blood.

It is an altar whereon the faithful place their offerings, the Saints their homage, the angels their acts of reverence, and where the Eternal High Priest made His great oblation of Himself that it might be completed for us upon the Cross.

It is the fountain overflowing, whose streams bear refreshment to the souls in purgatory, strengthening graces to the militant souls that combat upon earth, and torrents of delight which inebriate the elect in their Heavenly City.

In it was conceived that prayer of the Lord, wherein, as God's own children, we are taught to call on Him in confidence and affection: "Our Father, Who art in Heaven." By it is supplied all the homage due to God which the world has failed to give, and all that love which as Mary's children we have so imperfectly given her. For Christ is Mary's Son, and His Heart's Blood was first drawn from hers.

In union with that Sacred Heart should all our works be done and all our lives be lived. Its intentions we should make our own at each morning's dawn, as indeed we do in that beautiful offering of the Apostleship of Prayer which begins: "O Jesus, through the Immaculate Heart of Mary, I offer Thee my prayers, works and sufferings of this day for all the intentions of Thy Sacred Heart."

PROTESTANTS AND PRAYERS FOR THE DEAD

WAR-BEREAVED FINDING COMFORT IN CATHOLIC DOCTRINE

(By "M. C. L." in Edinburgh Herald)

At a Church Congress held recently in Dundee under the auspices of the Established and the U. F. Kirks, the Rev. James Black said that "countless pious Protestant people were unconsciously indulging in prayers for the dead. Many men at the front had spoken to him on that subject, and quite frankly. It was astonishing to find how deeply that subject had forced itself on their minds."

There is really nothing astonishing about it, when we know that the men at the front live face to face with death and witness their comrades launched into eternity, sometimes without a moment's warning; the longing to cry to God to have mercy on the souls so suddenly called before Him, and on the souls of others slain in thousands, must be well-nigh irresistible. Poor men at the front, robbed by the Reformers of the consolation of praying for their departed comrades and of being prayed for themselves when dead!

The rev. speaker went on to say that he "knew for their Reformed Church such a practice would drag many problems in its train, but in view of the fact that many were anxious about these things, it would be worth asking if such a practice involved any wrong views of God's way or of God's character?" You perceive that the questions to be asked are not: did Christ teach the doctrine, did He sanction the practice, and is it part of Divine Revelation? The vital point would seem to be "views" of

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God's character and ways, not what is the teaching of His Divine Son! Another Presbyterian cleric, preaching in Aberdeen, said: "One question was—should we pray for the dead? Unfortunately this question had been prejudiced by the claims of the Roman Catholic Church, and by her abuses of the doctrine of Purgatory. Behind every Roman Catholic error there was and there is an element of truth. In getting rid of the error the Reformers often ignored and sacrificed the truth which it perverted."

That casts a serious reflection on those tin Gods of the Sects, the Reformers. As it indicates at least a dim discerning of who are responsible for the rending of the seamless Garment into fragments we may hope that ere long non-Catholics will discover and accept those other portions of the truth, ignored and sacrificed by the Reformers, and grasping the fact that Christ commanded that all nations were to be taught to observe "all things" whatsoever He had commanded—not merely selected portions, not just what suited local conditions or current "atmosphere"—may come to accept the whole truth as revealed by Him, as taught by His Church, and defended by her against mutilating "Reformers," whether Luther, Knox, Calvin, or Higher Critic. Curiously enough, the worthy men who are gib in reference to "the errors of Rome," and eager to prove that Catholic doctrines were in need of "reform"—i. e., alteration or rejection, do not perceive that they are thereby declaring that the promises of Christ failed. If, as He promised, God the Holy Ghost, the Spirit of Truth, abides with her forever, she cannot teach false doctrine; if she can and does, then the Spirit of Truth has forsaken her, notwithstanding Our Lord's solemn promise to the contrary. To justify the Reformation and the existence of the sects, it is necessary to contradict the plain words of Scripture and of our Lord Himself. For it is certain that Scripture tells us that God the Holy Ghost, and God the Son, too, would dwell in the Church, and that she should never decay and come to nothing, as the works of men do, and that she should never teach anything but the truth. But according to "reformed" doctrine, the gates of hell did prevail. The sects, of course, cannot claim to be guided by the Holy Ghost, as they own to teaching error. The Catholic Church alone has never taught false doctrine, never given the lie to Christ by asserting that His promises failed, never ceased to be what the apostle called her, "the pillar and ground of truth."

There are no passages in Scripture on any subject of Divine Faith, clearer or more emphatic than those which enforce and guarantee a living, infallible, teaching authority. Protestantism denies that, but, in truth, anything more unlike the religion presented to us by the New Testament than Protestantism it would be impossible to imagine. The speaker last quoted did not state that he meant by the "claims" of the Church, or by her "abuses" of the doctrine, and may merely have failed to reason on the subject, or be disturbed by creations of his own imagination; like, for instance, the man who imagined that Catholics were never allowed to pray for themselves, but had always to get a priest to do it for them; and his affinity, who objected to the Church because of her claim to be the one, true Church, not having considered whether a claim to be the one, false Church would entitle her to be heard, nor having asked himself how many true Churches Christ founded, fifty, a hundred—or only one. As to abuses, there is nothing so holy that it may not be abused by man; even Scripture, which may be wrested to our own destruction, even Holy Communion, as St. Paul warns us. But the one abuse does not destroy the inspiration of Scripture any more than the other falsifies the doctrine of the Real Presence. The Church has always condemned abuses, and rev. orators should not speak of them as if they were part of her authoritative teaching, or the dogmatic decisions of a Pope. In view of the shaking of heads over the doctrine of Purgatory, it is rather amusing to note that the prevalent Protestant belief implies that the next world is all Purgatory and Heaven, and no Hell; many Protestants preach that the punishment of the wicked does not last for ever. Nevertheless, they say that there is nothing in the New Testament to warrant the Catholic belief in Purgatory. It is interesting to compare that statement with the statement of Mr. Stanley Russell (Protestant) in the "Christian Commonwealth," September, 1916: "Jesus referred to a prison from which

there should be no exit until the uttermost farthing had been paid, but that very sentence postulates a release when the uttermost farthing has been paid. But," says someone again, "this is the Roman Catholic doctrine of Purgatory." Oh, those labels! I got it from the stages of His Majesty's Theatre, and turned to my New Testament and my heart, and both assured me that it was true." The Rev. H. P. Dyer, another Protestant, said at Philadelphia, 1915: "The Protestant belief is that every soul that does not go to hell goes to Heaven at the moment of death. . . . It takes no account of the quality or character of a man's mode of life. A man whose life has been so low and bestial that he barely escapes damnation goes as surely and quickly to Heaven as a man who has lived a holy and beautiful life. The ancient belief is one of holy commonsense. Few souls are so pure that they are fit for Heaven, where nothing that is defiled may enter. And yet there are many millions of people who are too good to go to hell. This vast body of immortal beings will at death go . . . to an intermediate state, a sort of vestibule to Heaven, where their stains will be removed, and where a divine process of purification, is mercifully provided by Almighty God." (Sunday Visitor, December 29th, 1916.) That is, of course, Catholic doctrine. The Rev. J. D. Jones, another Protestant, says: "It may be permitted to a sturdy Protestant to say that when our fathers in their revolt against the abuses of Purgatory swept away the very idea of a probationary life, they went too far. There was a real truth in this doctrine which had been held by the Church for centuries. No doctrine which persists throughout the generations can be dismissed as wholly untrue." ("The Great Hereafter.") The Reformers are at last being found out by their spiritual descendants. In his well-known "Is Life Worth Living?" Mr. W. Mallet writes that though the doctrine of Purgatory has long been a stumbling-block to the whole Protestant world, the view men take of it is changing, and it is being recognized as the only doctrine that brings a belief in future rewards and punishments into anything like accordance with our ideas of what is just and reasonable. "So far from its being a superfluous superstition, it is seen to be just what is demanded by reason and morality; and a belief in it to be not only an intellectual asset, but a partial harmonizing of the whole moral idea. We Catholics may say with one of our own writers that to us it is astonishing that the doctrine of Purgatory should ever have been called in question by those who believe in the Christian dispensation, and profess to be the children of a holy, just and merciful God. The denial of it is a cruelty to the dead because it deprives them of a help which the living can give them, to which they have a sacred claim, and it is an injustice to the living because it deprives them of the benefit and the solace of discharging a charitable duty. Therefore, then, we are astonished, and wonder where can be the Christianity of those who break asunder a bond of love which, as the Communion of Saints implies, connects us so intimately and so sacredly with those who have passed away. Obviously, hatred of the Pope and the Catholic Church were stronger in the hearts of the Reformers than love of God and the truth. But the great War is teaching much to those who have long been deluded by the "Reformed" Churches, and we may hope and believe that it will shatter the prejudice (due to want of thought, to lack of information, to misrepresentation, and the impediment Protestantism places in reasoning powers) against praying for the souls which have passed out of this world, yet not beyond reach of our love and prayers, as we are not beyond reach of theirs. May the light of Truth and of Faith shine on those brave men at the front, robbed of their heritage, defrauded of their right, yet turning instinctively, as a child to its mother for comfort, to the teaching of that Church who holds the hearts of her children in her hand, and can pour balm of healing into every wound!"

Young people nearly always, and parents far too often, associate discipline with punishment. That is unfortunate. Discipline is really only the conforming to wholesome rules, the training of mind and body to obey laws and to perform certain tasks at stated and required periods. It is that ruling of the "spirit" which makes a man greater than the taker of a city. There is no other way to success in life. Without discipline, the native force, however great, remains unconcentrated and unapplied.

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CATHOLIC GROWTH

The table of statistics prepared by the compiler of the Catholic Directory for 1917 is a record of the growth of the Church in this country. The tabulated figures from the dioceses of the United States and possessions show that the number of Catholics under the protection of this great republic has passed the 25,000,000 mark. In over half the states of the Union the Catholic population is over 100,000; in four it is over 1,000,000.

In the United States there are 19,000,000 Catholics, who are ministered to by 30,000 priests. In every department of education and charitable work there are numerous institutions carrying on the work of God. One feature, which promises great things for the future of the Church here is the increasing number of parochial schools of which there are nearly 6,000 with an enrollment of over one million and a half children. In every line the Church has made progress during the past year.

The growth of the Church in this country makes one of the most remarkable pages in the history of a nation whose expansion and progress have been the wonder of the whole world. At the time of the Revolution the Church was as insignificant, numerically, as the tiny mustard seed, while today she resembles the great tree under whose sheltering branches are gathered the children of all the nations of the earth.

In our own diocese, the former stronghold of Puritan rigor, the little flock that worshipped in the dilapidated Huguenot Chapel on School Street has grown to the majestic proportions of one of the greatest seats of the Catholic world with activities which extend to every human need. Where, a century ago, there were but a few hundred Catholics scattered throughout six States, today the Church counts her children by the millions.

And similar growth has taken place throughout the length and breadth of our great and noble Union. God has surely blessed the Catholics of this land.

The continued growth and progress of the Church is brought into greater relief by the unconceivable decadence of American Protestantism. Condemnation reigns among the sects as they behold the constant falling off in their membership. The number of the unchurched is appalling. Protestantism has lost its hold upon its former adherents who have become indifferent and deaf to its appeals.

In spite of all efforts—many of them sensational in the extreme—organized Protestantism is fast breaking up. The principle of private judgment is rapidly bringing about the result predicted by the Church at the very beginning of Luther's revolt. The fundamental truths of Christianity which Protestantism took with it from the Catholic Church are being gradually abandoned, and in their stead have sprung various systems of rationalism. Faith in Christ, the very foundation of all Christianity, is no longer considered necessary. The Protestant pulpit has become a forum for politics, economics and various isms, and is not concerned with the preaching of the Gospel. The Bible is not now the word of God, but a great volume of some such nonsense.

Only in the Catholic Church is Christ recognized now, as from the beginning, as the Son of God, our Redeemer and Savior. She alone has kept undefiled and incorrupt the deposit of Faith received from Christ and His Apostles. And so He is with her always, to bless her, and give her abundant increase.—The Pilot.

NO MIRACLE WOULD BE GREATEST MIRACLE HERE

"To change the face of the universe, to convert, without force or violence of any kind, to the Christian Religion persons of every age, sex, and condition, old and young, rich and poor, learned and unlearned, and this with immense sacrifices on their part, at the expense of their goods, and loss of their lives, amidst torments of the most cruel—to establish the foundation, to promote the extension, and secure the continuance of this Religion in spite of the resistance of princes, the opposition of the wise men of the world, and the contradiction of the passions of human nature—to accomplish all this, did the Apostles and first Pastors of the Church perform miracles? Yes, or no? If yes, that is if they performed miracles, then the Christian Religion is Divine, proved so by these miracles; if no, that is if they performed no miracles, then I would ask would not the conversion of the world without miracles, by such instruments and against such opposition, be in itself the greatest of all miracles, stamping thereby on the Religion of Christ the most undeniable mark and seal of its Divinity?—St. Augustine.

THE ROSARY AT THE FRONT

What the rosary means to the Catholic soldier at the front is suggested by this incident, related in the London Chronicle:

At one side of the hill where the men lay a file and drum band was playing well known Irish airs, and they were listened to with keen appreciation and followed by cheers. At the same time, these men, so gray and light-hearted, are filled with the deepest and purest feelings of religion. On the particular night the writer refers to, just as the camp fires were dying down and the men were preparing to wrap themselves in their coats for the rest which they might be able to snatch, an officer came over the hill and down to the centre of the camp. It was the Catholic chaplain—a devoted priest who had been with the Irish troops in Ireland, in England and in France, and whose never-ceasing work is keenly appreciated by all ranks. In a moment he was surrounded by the men. They came to him without orders—they came gladly and willingly, and they hailed his visit with delight. He spoke to them in the simple, homely language which they liked. It was a simple yet most moving address, and deeply affected the soldiers. When the chaplain had finished his address he signed to the men to kneel, and administered to them the General Absolution given in times of emergency. The vast majority of the men present knelt and those of other faiths stood by in attitudes of reverent respect. The chaplain then asked the men to recite with him the Rosary. It was most wonderful, the effect produced as hundreds of voices repeated the prayers and recited the words, "Pray for us now and at the hour of death. Amen,"—the hour of death now approaching on swift wings for many a gallant son of the "ould land."

WHEN A PROTESTANT DIES

A CATHOLIC MAY DO MUCH TO CONSOLE HIM IN HIS LAST MOMENTS

To counteract the somewhat prevalent false notion that a Catholic can do nothing to help a dying Protestant, the London Catholic Truth Society has published a pamphlet by Rev. James F. Splaine, S. J., with the "Imprimatur" of the Archbishop of Edinburgh.

It may interest readers to learn just what they may do to help a dying Protestant. It may console a convert to learn that he or she need not stand idly by while a Protestant relative or friend is leaving this world. We assume that no friend will be admitted to the dying Protestant. All depends on the Catholic layman or the Catholic woman. How shall these act to help a Protestant to die well? Attention to the following principles may save many souls.

These are the principles: God is merciful. God is just. Inevitable ignorance is not a crime. Good-will towards God will attract divine grace.

Human prejudice, a long line of bigoted ancestors, social surroundings, may have prevented your Protestant relative or friend from seeing the truth of Catholicity. But he or she has followed his or her conscience. A wall of traditional prejudice separates them from the One True Church of God. Must these Protestants be lost? Not so! The highest authority in the Church has told us otherwise. Pius IX., in his Encyclical to the Italian Episcopate, August 10, 1863, wrote these consoling words: "It is known to us and to you that those who are in invincible ignorance of our holy religion, and who, carefully fulfilling the natural law and the precepts thereof inscribed by God in the heart of all, besides being in the disposition to obey God, live a good and upright life, can, by the aid of Divine light and grace, attain to life eternal."

These words of a great Pope should encourage us to help the dying Protestant. The manner of our help will depend upon circumstances. If the dying Protestant has been properly baptized there is one way of helping him or her. If the Protestant has not been properly baptized there is another way to help.

CONVINCED OF THE TRUTH

IN HIS ZEAL TO HELP THEM HE HIMSELF WAS CONVERTED

Wm. H. Sloan (formerly a Baptist Minister)

"I labored for seven years on the compiling of a [Spanish] Concordance of the Holy Scriptures, and I scrutinized every text that could bear upon the subject I had in hand. I found the authority of the Church a pillar and ground of the truth, the Primacy of Peter, the power of the priest to forgive sins, Transubstantiation, the efficacy of the Sacraments and one or two other greater dogmas to be so clearly taught in God's Word that I dare no longer close my eyes to the truth. Once I was convinced of the truth that ultimate authority lay in the Church, and that she was the authorized interpreter of the Word, the rest followed as a natural consequence. The Holy Spirit said to me: 'This is the way; walk in it.' It was more difficult for me to accept the discipline of the Church, its ceremonies and ritual, but here again I was aided by Him who guides into all truth when the seeker is willing to be led.

"On the other hand, I asked myself: By what authority am I persuading these people to give up the faith of their fathers? No church has given me such authority, for none in Protestantism claims any. The Missionary Board is not a New Testament institution, and does not pretend to be. Did Christ send me? If so, how is it that a hundred others around me claim the same authorization, and yet each one leads the people along a different road? For not only among the multi-colored Protestant church, but in my own church there were a score or more of different faiths, many, even in the Baptist congregation of which I had been pastor. There was no author-

ity anywhere to deliver a distinct message of Christian truth.

"To become a Catholic meant the severing of old ties, the grieving of loved ones, the tears of wife and children, the cutting off of every means of support for myself and family, the entire overturning of the old life and the forced adjustment to a new and strange one—a somewhat difficult thing for a man of sixty-four years of age. I consulted no one but God, talked with no man or priest, until I was about ready to stand publicly by my conscience. Then I called upon Father J. A. Reis, pastor of the English-speaking Church of San Lorenzo, City of Mexico; and later I called upon the Archbishop, whose pious advice, given to me only a short time before his lamented decease, I shall never forget. And on the 20th of January, 1908, I was baptized by Father Reis, General J. B. Frisbie and Judge Ignacio Sepulveda being my sponsors. I have found "the peace of God which passeth all understanding."

IN THE ABSENCE OF BAPTISM

Now, if the dying Protestant has never been baptized or has been improperly baptized, the Catholic's chief concern is to see that such a person is properly baptized before he or she leaves this world for baptism is absolutely necessary to salvation. Wherefore, whenever there is any doubt about a person's baptism such a person may be rebaptized conditionally. The condition may be made in the mind of the Catholic. There is no need of expressing the condition in words. Verbal expression of the condition belong to public or solemn baptism.

Your dying Protestant relative or friend has never been properly baptized. Now, religious controversy is out of place at the death bed. It may do much harm. It may change a good will into a bad will. Therefore let the Catholic utter clear, religious arguments at such a time. Pay strict attention to the essential or necessary truths of salvation. Your dying Protestant must believe in God and Jesus Christ, whom He has sent. Try to get the dying person to do this. Read the 102d Psalm. Talk of the Good Shepherd as above. Arouse sorrow for sin because of the punishment they have descended. If the Catholic gets this far with the dying Protestant, the state of attrition is reached and the dying person is ready for baptism. If the dying person is willing to be baptized, let the Catholic administer baptism in the manner prescribed by the catechism.

If ingrained prejudice or the interference of Protestant friends prevents the Catholic from speaking of Baptism, then let the Catholic get the dying Protestant to say sincerely that he or she is willing to do whatever is necessary for salvation. This is an implicit desire of Baptism. Upon the expression of this implicit desire, the Catholic party is warranted in baptizing the dying Protestant. As Father Splaine says a sick man desires health, but may object to a certain medicine. Now the objectionable medicine is very necessary to the recovery of health. The prudent physician ignores the sick man's prejudice, gives him the medicine, and rightly interprets the sick man's real desire. Of reputable theologians and the common sense of mankind will agree with Father Splaine that the physician did what he should have done. The Reverend Jesuit emphasizes this quotation from St. Alphonsus Liguori: "It is far better to give a Sacrament accidentally to one who is unwilling to receive, than to run the risk of refusing it to one who wishes for it."

"Multo satius est nolenti dare quam volenti negare, ubi velit unum nolle magis nolle apparet." This was also the teaching of St. Antoninus and Augustine.

Finally, let the Catholic assisting at the deathbed of a Protestant remember that unconsciousness is no bar to baptism. And above all things let the Catholic be tactful.—Sebastian, in The Tablet.

ORDINATIONS AT MARYKNOLL

Twelve students from the Foreign Mission Seminary at Maryknoll participated in the recent ordinations at New York. One of these, Rev. John J. Massoth, of Kansas, was advanced to the priesthood. Two others, Rev. William P. O'Shea, of New Jersey, and Rev. Alphonsus S. Vogel, of New York City, received the deaconate. Minor orders were conferred on Joseph Hunt, Raymond Lane and Robert Cairns, of Massachusetts, and on Anthony Hodgins of New York. Tonsure was given to Philip Taggart, also of New York, to Joseph Sweeney of Connecticut, Joseph Shack, of Washington, D. C., John Murray, of Massachusetts, and Frederick Gregory of Rhode Island.

The Seminary at Maryknoll now counts ten priests, and it is understood, will soon take the necessary steps to secure its first field of labor. Its development is being watched with keen interest, not only by the bishops and priests of this country, but by hundreds of priests in heathen lands, and by the Seminaries of Europe, now almost emptied by the ravages of war.

EMERSON'S TRIBUTE

The following beautiful tribute was paid by Emerson to the Catholic Church in the days when the Anglican Establishment was yet unborn to its artificial life of pretense and untruth. "In seeing old castles and cathedrals," he writes, "I sometimes say, as today in front of Dundee Church tower, which is eight hundred years old: This was built by another and a better race than that now looking on it. . . . England felt the full heat of Christianity of which fermented Europe and drew, like the chemistry of fire, a firm line between barbarism and culture. The power of the religious sentiment put an end to human sacrifices, checked appetite, inspired the crusades, inspired resistance to tyrants, inspired self-respect, set bounds to serfdom and slavery, founded liberty, created the religious architecture.—York, Newstead, Westminster, etc., works to which the key is lost with the sentiment which created them.

"Thus, out of the mouths of prophets, not of our own household, comes the need of appreciation we ourselves often cannot give, because we know so little to understand the glories which are ours by right of inheritance from so ancient and worthy a mother.—Catholic Bulletin.

WE MUST GET BACK TO GOD

"We must get back to God," is the keynote which the Right Rev. Joseph Chartrand, D. D., Coadjutor Bishop of Indianapolis, Ind., sounds in a war pastoral just issued. The following is one of the striking passages: "We have prostrated ourselves before the golden calf in the worship of money. We have in our intoxication, our unparalleled material prosperity, our unparalyzed materialism, lost sight of Him, from whom we must come, and to whom we must go. Behold now how our very boast, our inventions and discoveries, are turned into instruments of the most frightful slaughter the world has ever known. Have we not made ease, and self-indulgence and pleasure, and luxury our highest aims? See, now, how the nations are bowed down in sorrow, how they are face to face with want, and

suffering, and famine and desolation. The false philosophies of the age have been weighed in the balance, and have been found wanting. The handwriting is on the wall of the grand banquet hall of the world: We must get back to God! We must once more get down on our knees, and humbly listen to His voice, as it rings through the earth and sweeps through the ages—I am the Lord, thy God!"—The Monitor.

THE CATHOLIC TRUTH SOCIETY

The President of the society, Mr. James P. Murray, has been visiting Eastern cities during the past two weeks in the interest of the society. While in Quebec he had a very pleasant interview with His Eminence Cardinal Begin, who expressed his approval of the work of the society and gave assurances of his cooperation.

In Montreal he visited the offices of the Canadian Messenger of the Sacred Heart, and was taken over the splendid printing plant by Rev. E. J. Devine, S. J.

The influence of the society is now found in the Diocese of P. E. I. in the East and Vancouver on the West. Fifty-eight parcels, containing 293 copies of reprinted newspapers and magazines were forwarded to missionaries, homes, hospitals, etc., throughout Canada during the month of May from the office of the Society, 67 Bond St., Toronto.

High School Results at De La Salle

To those who have been accustomed to lament the small number of Catholic boys who go on for the professions, it will be a pleasant surprise to learn of the results in High School work that are being obtained by the Christian Brothers in Toronto. Despite the fact that their school, the De La Salle, does not receive the government grant to High schools, it is showing results far in excess of even the very best-equipped and highest-paid collegiates of the Province.

This year it sends forth 37 graduates. Twenty-five of these obtained Junior Matriculation, 2 are writing on Honor Matriculation and 10 completed in Commerce and obtained good positions with reliable business firms. Besides, every one of the 25 Matriculation pupils has volunteered his services and will spend the summer months of his holidays on the farm that we and our brave Allies may have bread.

It is a well-known fact that only 10% to 15% of the boys who pass the Entrance Examination in Ontario stay long enough at High school to matriculate. Such is not the case at the De La Salle as the following figures will show: 237 pupils entered the matriculation course at the De La Salle from 1907 to 1913 (inclusive). Of these 120 or 53% have already obtained Junior Matriculation or Normal Entrance; 194 pupils entered the commercial course during the same period and 89 of them or 46% completed the three years' course. Of the 110 boys who obtained High school entrance from the Toronto Separate schools in 1913, 85 went to the De La Salle and 13 went to the other High schools of the city. Of these 85 who entered De La Salle 29 have obtained Junior Matriculation and 19 have completed the commercial course.

Neither does the good work end with the matriculation as so often happens in this Province, for the De La Salle has 32 of its former pupils doing first year university work. These are distributed as follows: Toronto University, B. A. course, 13; Toronto University, Medicine, 6; Toronto University, Dentistry, 1; Honor Matriculation 2, Commerce 2, Osgoode Hall Law School 2, Seminars, 6. Nine De La Salle pupils completed a course in higher studies this year: Theology (ordained) 2, Toronto University, B. A., 3, Dental College Graduates, School of Science Graduates 1, School of Science, C. E. degree 1. It is worthy of note that all three who obtained the University B. A. are studying for the Church. To the world-wide appeal for young men for the priesthood, De La Salle is trying to respond. This year 10 of its pupils entered the seminary. Six of these entered directly from the De La Salle and 4 were former pupils who have been attending St. Michael's College or elsewhere since leaving the De La Salle. Five of these went to St. Augustine's Seminary, 2 to Baltimore, 1 to St. Basil's, 1 to St. Louis, 1 to Washington.

DIED

DONLEVY.—At Edmonton, Alta., on May 13, 1917, M. Patrick Garvey Donlevy, of St. Albert. May his soul rest in peace.

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