

# 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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### A GHASTLY TRAGEDY

One of the ghastly tragedies of the war is the way in which compulsory military service has forced the Poles to fight against Poles. There are a great number of them in the Russian army; and perhaps as many more in the ranks of the Austrians and the Germans. They all have, as far as known, done their military duty; but it must add a bitterness to death for them to know that it is their own kindred, whom they are, in many cases, compelled to fight. International law no longer permits a conqueror like Napoleon to force the troops of a beaten army to take service under his banner, and possibly lead them against their own countrymen. But virtually such a fate has fallen the Poles: the far off consequences of the breaking up and partition of their ancient Kingdom having been to set them in unnatural battle array against each other. Plainly the case of the Poles demands special consideration. The wonderful way in which for a hundred and fifty years, though no longer a nation, they have kept alive their intense national spirit, refusing to blend with the conquerors; and the burning high again of their hopes in the midst even of the devastation which the war has brought upon them all—all this must and should be allowed weight. If the war is to make any worth-while alterations in the map of Europe, or to usher in a brighter day for small nationalities, the first demands of Poland cannot be wholly overlooked. The Belgians at least can fight for their own country. Whatever side they are on the Poles are fighting against theirs. Yet the Poles who fight for Russia, and they are in the majority, can take a certain grim joy in the conflict of their country. The Czar has promised that if the Allies win all Poland will be given autonomy. Austria made a similar promise, and the Kaiser also promised that whatever of Poland Germany acquired by the war should be given autonomy. The Poles, however, have generally chosen to rely on the Russian promise. Perhaps it is a belief in the ultimate victory of the Allies, or a mere faith in and a mere friendly feeling towards the Russian victory in which they see the hope of a United Poland.

The Russians have never Russianized the Poles, and the Prussians have never Prussianized the Poles, nor has France Joseph made Austrians of them. For a hundred years these people have had no country. By the arbitrary divisions of the Congress of Vienna they have lived a century as the subjects of three different rulers, and in all three countries, in a large measure, deprived of the political rights and privileges which are essential to the real development of a people. In 1772 a feeble and discouraged Poland was divided between Austria, Russia and Prussia. Now out of a cataclysm for which Poles are in no way responsible, but in which they are forced to fight each other to suit other peoples' needs, a hope of a reunited and partially free country appears. The slowly passing days of autocracy have never presented a more incongruous spectacle than this to the eyes of the world, that is becoming more and more convinced that every people has a right to work out its own salvation.

### A TONIC

Belgium is a tonic to the world. From its plains, black and desolate, comes a pungent odour that cleanses an atmosphere surcharged with cynicism. It is said that the days of chivalry are over; and that the lists of life are crowded with competitors for the things that pass, and for whom nought is sacred but the dollar. Some papers drip platitudes of the millionaire, grown wise and loquacious, when his money bags are filled and his dupes and victims are forgotten. Some novelists tell us that life is but the survival of the fittest, and that in the rush for place and pelf we may knock down our neighbor, and grind his face to powder without a feeling of compunction. A nasty business this, entailing a

destruction of principles and ideals, but it troubles not those who are eager to get out of the ruck, and to rub elbows with the mighty in finance. Belgium, however, reminds us that honor is dearer than even life, and that devotion to principle is far more impelling than love of gold. Disdaining the immunity that would have seared its soul with blasphemy against everything that is throned in the soul of the average citizen, it chose the way into the valley of death. It threw down the gage of battle to cynicism, to low ideals, to the smug conservatism that hides its soft hide behind any pretext and proved to the cleansing and strengthening of the world, that men buoyed up by principle are hand in hand with chivalry; that now, as in the days that are gone, they walk unafraid the highway of honor.

### THINK AGAIN

We do not agree with a contemporary, that bigness is identical with greatness. He forgot A. Ward's not to "slop over," or perhaps a too intent listening to some publicists beguiled him into echoing their statements. It is a bromide to say that a country without a mighty army and navy, may be on a high plane of civilization. It is also true, that a nation may be clad in iron and buttressed with gold, and yet have within it the seeds of disintegration and decay. More nations have died of plethora than of atrophy. Judas could not boast of great frontier lines, and yet it stood the test of civilization—the turning out of great men. Venice, Genoa, Florence, small republics, could boast of trophies of commerce and were pre eminent in the world of artistic and intellectual endeavor.

### VERY SIMPLE

The making of a big nation is, according to some statesmen, a very simple business. First they talk about national consolidation, security for country, natural frontiers, and then having convinced themselves that the end justifies the means, they leave the means to be defended by partisan journalists, and self-hypnotized professors. The principle of nationality can lead a country far afield into the mazes of dishonor, when it serves as a cloak for territorial rapacity and the exploits of militarism. Germany invoked it when it despoiled Denmark of Schleswig Holstein. Alsace and Lorraine were sacrificed to it. Napoleon III. had it in mind when he invaded Lombardy, and in after years had cause to regret his impetuous championship of the principle. When ever statecraft sought to enlarge the frontiers, it talked of the claims of race and kindred and was silent about the rights of weaker nationalities. Just now, however, the small nation is coming into its own. It is being wooed by the great powers, and has been promised the liberty to sit in its own house, with no shadow of tyranny upon its hearth. The only thing, in our opinion, that troubles the map-makers is Pan-Slavism, which may swallow up the Balkan states and southern Europe east of the Adriatic.

### KEEPING CLOSE

Nobody minds to be told that in thousands of households these days the common interests are growing fewer, and that there is a great deal of unhappiness as the result. This change is breaking up many families, not all of them to the point of actual desolation, but too many of them to the extent of bitterness and misunderstanding. We need to remind ourselves very often that the old conditions, which naturally held together the interest of these in one household, have given place to new conditions which tend to break households into several units, each going his or her own way so much of the time that when they are brought together they find themselves with few common interests. If we are not to drift with the current, which means if we are not to drift apart, we must make intelligent and determined effort to "keep close." Homes will not make themselves as naturally as they used to do in days when people had to cling together for protection, and because outside of homes it was almost impossible to live by one's labour. Society protects us now:

homes give us nothing that we cannot earn and enjoy outside of them, except fellowship. If, then, homes fail in fellowship there is little indeed to hold them together.

### MASS ON THE AISNE

BY A BRITISH CHAPLAIN

For the first fortnight of the war it was not possible to say Mass at all. After the battle of Mons, during the days of the retreat, time of beginning the day and starting point were both irregular. After marching for fifteen hours we lay down, tired out, in a stubble field—if we were lucky—and were roused up about three in the morning for an immediate start. Besides, one's altar was packed up on a baggage wagon, and it was not possible to get it. Then, when we turned our faces north again, our movements during the days of the Marne battle were almost equally rapid and irregular. However when we reached the Aisne, a period of rest began (rest, that is, absence of locomotion, not the rest of quietness). Our division had pushed across the river on Sunday evening, and by Monday afternoon we had established an advanced dressing station in a chateau about three miles north of the Aisne. It was, indeed, very advanced. The house lay on the slope of a hill, about a quarter of a mile from the crest. Four hundred yards above us were batteries of our Field Artillery, and on the crest our infantry trenches. From our position we were just in the right place to catch any shells that were a little beyond our guns and trenches. The house we had taken was a big place, beautifully furnished, the property of the man who had bred the Derby winner of this year. The owner himself with his wife and servants and all the inhabitants of the village hid themselves in the cellars, which must have been about a quarter of a mile in all their length, and which ran far back into the hillsides. They formed an excellent shelter against the "Black Marias" which we met for the first time that week. Monsieur X. at first failed quite to realize the situation. On the morning after our arrival he made complaint to me that the men were walking over some cherished beds of flowers in his grounds. Before many days had passed, most of those same beds had become shell holes—a "Black Maria" is very fatal to horticulture. For the most part, however, we saw very little of the proprietor, for we lived in different stories of the house. During the shelling hours he kept to the cellars, and thus was below ground day and night, for there was very little respite in the early days of the Aisne fight. However, we noticed in the course of a few days that the Germans did not begin the serious business of the day till nine o'clock, after they had breakfasted. One morning, as we were finishing breakfast about 8.45 we were surprised to hear their guns in full practice, and some one of us was just remarking on their lack of punctuality when there was a terrible hullabaloo outside the breakfast room door. Every possible note of lamentation mingled with terror and despair was sounded in the shrill voices of women. On opening the door we found the passage blocked by a weeping crowd of women and children, with Monsieur X. at the head of it, holding up a hand in a very dramatic way. He exclaimed: "Mes-sieurs je suis blessé."

However, for the credit of British politeness, nobody smiled, but two of our surgeons led him away and attended to him. They found out on examination that he had been hit also in the side, but no one thought his hurts were serious. It seems he too had noticed the German regularity in their shelling and he had gone a few yards from his gate to speak to one of his gardeners when the early shell of 8.45 caught him with one of its fragments.

We had a very busy day and were taking in wounded all that night till 2 o'clock the next morning. About half past two I went upstairs to lie on a bed for a few hours, and had just fallen asleep when an orderly roused me to say that Madame X. wished me to see her husband. I was guided down into the cellar and found the poor man lying on a truck bed, close to a big can of Burgundy. The rest of the floor space was filled by a small table and the chair on which Madame was sitting. I saw he was in a bad way, so I gave him the comforts of his religion, which he was desiring, and spoke a few words of consolation to his poor wife, as many as my small French would allow me. Then I went back to sleep. At 5.30 they called me to say he was dead.

I wished to do all I could to comfort, so told them, to their great consolation, that I would say Mass in the cellar by his side. This was not too easy a matter. I have spoken of the narrowness of the floor space; then the lowness of the vaulted stone roof made it impossible for me to stand upright, except when in the very centre. The head of the dead man's bed and the small table in use as altar filled the wall at the back, so I was erect only at the Epistle side. The only lights were the two candles on the altar, and the only congrega-

tion was the widow, her maid, and the dead man. Another cellar ran at right angles, and from the gloom of it there came muffled sobs and whispered prayers of the villagers who had come to pray for the soul of their dead seigneur. The cure told me later he was a man much beloved and very charitable to the poor and the church. In his setting that first Mass of the campaign reminded me of the first Masses of the Church's history said in the Catacombs.

It was the wish of his wife that Monsieur X. should be buried in the family vault that lay in the village churchyard. I arranged this for midnight, but before night I was called away some three miles to bury a Catholic opelion, who had died from wounds received the day we entered the chateau. When I returned the next day again the funeral was postponed, for during the day a spy had been discovered among the villagers living in the cellar. He had a telephone wire communicating from the house to the German lines, and he was giving away the position of our batteries. It was forbidden for anyone I do not know who buried Monsieur X.—The Tablet.

### WAS TO BE EXPECTED

The latest grievance that Protestantism has against the Catholic Church is that it "took advantage of the stress of the war" to have an English envoy sent to the Vatican. This is a broad charge that calls for substantiation. It is hard to do what Protestantism's boasted anxiety for peace with its opposition to the appointment of Sir Henry Howard. The sending of this Englishman to the Papal court gives the first faint hope for the realization of the peace dreams of humanity. Peace negotiations must of necessity be transacted in a neutral state. The Vatican is in every respect the only neutral power that no possibility can draw into the war. It may criticize any of the belligerents or protest against their acts but it will never become involved on the field of battle. The first agreement that all the powers at war have come to, namely, the exchange of permanently disabled prisoners, was accomplished through the instrumentality of the Holy Father. It is only reasonable to conclude that further negotiations will be effected in the same manner. Catholicism is the one religion that in a greater or lesser degree, holds in check all the nations at war.—New World.

### A GREAT POWER

WITHOUT ARMY OR NAVY  
The Ottawa Citizen

There is one power on earth which Germany does not offend. That is the Church of Rome. See how promptly the German Government took back water in the case of Cardinal Mercier? If the Cardinal's patriotic pastoral address to the Belgian people had been issued by a layman, that layman would have faced a file of soldiers with levelled rifles. The German Government, having received the message from the Vatican, hastens to protest that nothing more was done than the stationing of guards at his palace to prevent ingress or egress.—Hamilton Herald.

Perhaps few students realize that a great change has been effected in recent years in the policy of the Papacy in regard to external matters and a very serious claim can be made for Papal influence in world councils to-day, however much it may seem to be in decline as compared with conditions in other centuries. In so far as any external human power may be looked to in any effort to pacify Europe, the Vatican must be considered. The British Government with astute diplomacy has recognized this before any of the other belligerents and the sending of Sir Henry Howard, K. C. B., K. C. M. G., head of one of the oldest Catholic houses in Britain, as envoy to the Roman See, is the outward manifestation of this realization. In this matter delay was not risked by asking Parliament, and although an effort has been made by extremists in Britain to use this appointment as a religio-political weapon the plain fact is that the appointment is a shrewd diplomatic move without any religious significance whatever.

So far as the change in the Vatican's outward policy is concerned the main difference is that to-day Rome is exerting its influence through democratic channels chiefly. And remarkably enough this is due in great measure to Bismarck's determination to crush clericalism in Germany, or what he considered clericalism. The Catholics promptly obeyed the laws, formed a political party and secured their old rights and privileges in a constitutional way. For years the Catholic party in Germany has been a political power. In other countries like wise the church is able to sway majorities.

During the reign of Leo XIII. the complete change in the long established politics of the Vatican was finally brought about which is the basis of the silent and unseen influence of the Catholic Church in the

world of politics of to-day. French Catholics were instructed to break with the monarchy and at many points there came a departure from the old system of alliance with centralized powers. The Vatican began to gain strength in the rapidly growing democracies and the proletariat began to realize that the Catholic Church was not altogether or always on the side of the restricted class or those accustomed to greater mental or spiritual independence than the democracy. As a result the Papacy is today not opposed, particularly in English speaking countries, to the same extent as it was in the middle of the nineteenth century.

A review of the numerical strength of the Catholic Church in the countries involved in the war is illuminating. Belgium is one of the strongest Catholic countries in the world. And it is likewise an example of modern Papal methods. In 1894 there came about a tenfold extension of the suffrage and the Liberal party, antagonistic to Catholicism, was practically wiped out for good at the polls. Under the free Catholic school system education is far advanced, with the Catholic university of Louvain at its top. The population of Belgium is made up of 6,700,000 Catholics and 20,000 Protestants.

France has a Catholic population of 38,100,000 out of a total of 38,700,000; Germany has a Catholic population of 86.7 per cent.; Austria is 78.8 per cent. Catholic; Portugal is almost entirely Catholic, less than 2 per cent. belonging to other faiths; Italy has a Catholic percentage of 97.2 of her total population. A remarkable fact is that Russia has now over 11,000,000 Catholics—more than one-eighth as many as are counted in the Orthodox Greek and United Church.

In the circumstances the reluctance of the Kaiser to offend the Vatican is not strange, nor is it based on any but the most elemental considerations. The Bavarians are perhaps the Kaiser's best troops, and Bavaria is overwhelmingly Catholic. Outside this, however, the Germans realize that the Vatican's good will must be preserved at all costs. The final reckoning will be severe enough with out having against the defeated party all the prestige, influence and practical weight of a Church whose members constitute such large proportions of every nation now at war or likely to be dragged into the conflict.

### G. BERNARD SHAW

FAMOUS DRAMATIST CONVERTS HIM TO CATHOLICITY, ADMITS CECIL CHESTERTON AT CATHOLIC WOMAN'S LEAGUE

Rev. Dickson in Chicago News World  
"In the literary circles of England to-day," said Cecil Chesterton, editor of the New Witness of London, speaking on the "Return to Orthodoxy" before the Catholic Woman's League in the assembly room at the Fine Arts building, Chicago, "every one is Catholic or pro Catholic."  
"When I was emerging from boyhood, about fifteen years ago, literary men were in two camps—those who were violently hostile to the Christian religion and those who apologized for it. Smugly satisfied that science had explained away God, and that society was progressing towards a higher state, the majority completely abjured orthodoxy."  
"What disturbed this complacency? Great social unrest on the part of the people and the expression of this dissatisfaction in the writers of the day."  
SHAW CONVERTS CHESTERTON  
"Writers who shook upper class England out of self-satisfaction are George Bernard Shaw and H. G. Wells. It was Bernard Shaw who first upset my comfortable free thinking and so prepared me to accept Catholic doctrines. While these writers were impartially iconoclastic, their smashing of the science idols of the nineties cleared the way for orthodox Catholic writers."  
BENSON NOT A FACTOR IN RETURN TO ORTHODOXY  
"Monsieur Benson, Francis Thompson and Alice Meynell, while their writings are Catholic, were not factors in the return to orthodoxy. In no way did they challenge the thought characteristic of the nineties. Thinkers said of Benson: 'He is a natural mystic, a lover of the supernatural, and is therefore attracted to Romanism.' Of Thompson, they agreed: 'He is a poet who likes the smell of incense and the candle-lit gloom of a church, that is why he is a Catholic.' Of Mrs. Meynell, 'A lover of the quiet, who naturally seeks out a church rich in tradition.'"  
BELLOC'S "PATH TO ROME"  
"But it was Hilaire Belloc who first threw the glove in the face of the unorthodox. His 'Path to Rome,' not as one might think at first, the confessions of a convert but the record of polemic discussion supposed to take place on a walking trip from Tours to Rome, was obstreperously Catholic. With the greatest enthusiasm Mr. Belloc defended most strenuously those doctrinal points which were likely to be the most distasteful to his readers."  
"An outbreak of vituperation met the first edition. But after emotion had subsided, Mr. Belloc's critics

found it difficult coolly to overturn his arguments with arguments. Not only through his writings but through his personality Mr. Belloc has brought men to orthodoxy. He has personally influenced me."

G. K. CHESTERTON VS. HERESY  
"Although it may be scarcely suitable for me to mention my brother, I cannot conclude my subject satisfactorily without mentioning him. An unafraid champion against heresy, he has not only done much to turn England back to Catholicism, but he has revived literature by proving that a writer can be more amusing and startling when he has sincere convictions to bring to art—and there-by has done much to silence the decadent cry of art for art's sake."  
Although Mr. G. K. Chesterton has effected much for Catholicity, he has never been received into the Church, and the probability of his conversion is a fertile topic of conversation in literary and religious circles everywhere.

"A LOW-GRADE IRISH NAME"  
"I don't want to be known as a Hogan," Mrs. Hogan explained, "because that name originated in Ireland," said Mrs. Geneva Hogan to Judge George in the Suffolk (N. Y.) probate court as she petitioned to have her name changed to Homans or Homan.  
"Besides," she continued, "there are many grades of Irish names, and that of Hogan is in the lower grade. It is associated with cheap jokes too much to suit me."  
Spectators who filled every bench in the court room, crowded the available standing room in the aisles and then clamored outside for admission, listened while the Hogans, one after another, were grilled by Edward H. Shanley about their dislike for all things Irish Catholic. Young Hogan complained that he received Democratic literature at his home, 77 Westland avenue, soliciting votes for Democratic candidates, because his last name was Hogan, and the Democratic campaign papers annoyed him very much.  
Hogan never, he said, heard of Robert Emmett, John Philip Curran, Farnell or other Irishmen whose names Shanley reeled off. He said he was unable to state whether he thought it was a handicap to any of them to be Irish or whether their names were a detriment to them. His invariable reply was that he didn't know anything about them.  
"My main reason," lisped young Hogan, "is that a non-Catholic name would bring me more happiness."  
Mrs. Hogan was emphatic in denunciation of her name, saying it has caused her humiliation, disappointment and sorrow on a great many occasions. She was married in the Church of St. John the Evangelist on Bowdoin street by an Episcopal clergyman, she said, and all her children were christened Episcopalians.  
"Are you a member of the Episcopal church?" Shanley asked her.  
"It's none of your business, Mrs. Hogan snapped. 'I refuse to answer.'"  
She said her daughter, who has literary aspirations, was refused admission to a girls' literary circle because of her last name.  
"Testimony drawn from Mr. Hogan, Sr., showed that this was the old pitiful shabby story of a mixed marriage in which, as the Catholic husband's backbone grew flabby, the wife's bigotry flourished like a weed until it choked all respect for their father's name, for his nationality and his religion in the hearts of his children."  
Hogan's parents lie in Catholic graveyards. He confessed to having been baptized a Catholic but said he ceased to be one 30 or 40 years ago. He was married in an Episcopal church.  
Mrs. Homan and her young brood may enjoy a life purged of Irish-Catholic influences, but surely the ghost of Hogan will long haunt poor spineless Homan—the man who couldn't be himself.—New York Freeman's Journal.

SON OF PRESIDENT MACMAHON OF FRANCE, KILLED IN BATTLE  
Among those who have been killed in the war is Colonel Patrick de MacMahon, the eldest son of the late Marshal MacMahon, who was created Duke of Magenta in 1859 for turning the stubborn light at Magenta into a brilliant French victory. He afterwards commanded the French army which was defeated at Woerth in 1870, reorganized it at Chalons-sur-Marne, and was ordered by the Paris Regency to relieve Marshal Bazaine at Metz, via Sedan, where he was wounded and defeated. The late Colonel MacMahon was killed in Lorraine at the head of his regiment, the Thirty fifth Infantry of the line. He was married to one of the Orleans princesses, Marie, daughter of the Duke of Chartres, uncle of the Duke of Orleans. Deceased was fifty nine years of age was due early for promotion to general of brigade. He leaves two daughters and a son, who now becomes the third Duke of Magenta.

## CATHOLIC NOTES

The Knights of Columbus have donated an altar to the St. Louis City Hospital.

Last year the Protectorate of the Catholic Woman's League of Chicago gave assistance to 8,205 women. The Mill Hill missionary, Father Rogan, has 16,000 native Christians under his charge in the Philippines.

Mr. George W. Nevil, a non-Catholic of Philadelphia, has donated \$5,000 to St. Joseph's Hospital for a free bed as a memorial of Joseph and Amelia Nevil.

Miss Mary A. Williams, a Catholic lady of St. Joseph, has been elected public administrator of Buchanan County, Mo. She is the first woman ever elected in that county.

The New England States, according to the table furnished by William Sidney Rosseter, a census official at Washington, may now be regarded as the stronghold of Catholicism in this country.

Fifty years ago the Vicariate of British Columbia was erected, with Bishop J. Herboomez, O. M. I., as the first Vicar Apostolic. Vancouver is now an Archdiocese with 48 priests, and a Catholic population of 38,000.

During the recent four weeks' mission in the Church of the Epiphany, Philadelphia, there were about 38,000 Communions. Between 8,000 and 9,000 adults, and 1,000 children made the mission.

To Archbishop Blenk, of New Orleans, has been left the bulk of an estate valued at nearly \$100,000, which he is to devote to charitable purposes, according to the terms of the will of Miss Caroline Lefort, of Franklin, La.

The Catholic Women's League of London has sent off to the front twenty-two fully trained and certified Catholic nurses. Each nurse carried a crucifix specially indulged by Cardinal Bourne.

For the first time there are six Catholics in the United States Senate: Ashurst of Arizona, O'Gorman of New York, Walsh of Montana, Ransdell and Broussard of Louisiana, Phelan of California.

We learn from The Lamp that the Rev. Henry Rufus Sargent, at one time superior of the Anglican Holy Cross Fathers, is now at Downside Abbey, England, preparing himself to found a Benedictine house in the United States, on his return to America.

Under the leadership of Rev. Joseph Wuest, C. S. Sp., the colored Catholics of Detroit, Mich., have purchased the property of the St. Mary Episcopal Church society, and will convert the edifice into a place of Catholic worship.

Rev. Dr. Mieczyslaw Barabas, forty-nine years old, a prince of Poland, who renounced titles, position and wealth to become a priest, died suddenly on Dec. 9 at the rectory of Holy Rosary Catholic Church, Baltimore, of which he had been rector for twenty-two years.

The premiation list which has just been issued by the Sacred College of the Propaganda shows that students of the American College in Rome have been awarded seven doctorates in theology, eleven doctorates in philosophy, eight gold medals of the first class, nineteen gold medals of the second class, and a large number of other honors.

Twenty-two new members were received into the Catholic Convert's League at its first meeting of the season held recently at the Hotel Plaza, New York. The Rev. Signor Fay, of the Catholic University, Washington, D. C., gave a notable lecture upon the significance of the conversion movement.

Patrick Gilday, one of the committee of three named recently by President Woodrow Wilson to act as an arbitration board in any future difference that may arise between Colorado operators and coal miners, is a member of the Catholic Church. Frank P. Walsh and James O'Connell, two members of the national committee on industrial relations, are also members of the Church. Mr. Gilday lives at Clearfield, Pa., in the heart of one of the most famous bituminous mining regions in the world. He is a member of the United Mine Workers of America.

Writing to the Corriere d'Italia, the Right Reverend Dr. Phelan, Bishop of Salt, thus sums up the story of Catholic progress in Australia to date: "I shall fix in a few figures the change which has come about in this last century. Just 100 years ago there was only one priest and a few thousand Catholics in Australia. To-day there are 900,000, not counting those of Tasmania and New Zealand. There are 5 Archbishops, 12 Bishops, 3 Vicars Apostolic, and about 1,000 priests. The Catholic episcopacy as well as the clergy and laity are, with few exceptions, all Irish. We have 1,400 churches, 3 seminaries, 24 high schools, 193 boarding schools, 162 semi boarding schools, and 732 elementary schools. All these are maintained by the contributions of the faithful. The government contributes nothing to the Catholic schools, while the Catholics must contribute to the maintenance of the state schools."

BORROWED FROM THE NIGHT

By ANNA C. MINOGUE CHAPTER X

Early the next morning Mrs. Martins tapped on Teresa's door. "I scarcely expected to find you up and dressed, as young girls are proverbially fond of their morning pillow," she said, as she kissed the ivory cheek.

"Early rising is counted among Loretto's cardinal virtues," replied Teresa. "I practised it continually for nearly fifteen years—often from necessity, I admit, laughing—and we cannot break from the habits of that period of time in nine months. Moreover, I remembered the fields of dandelions and the orchards."

"There was a delightful shower last night, and the world is radiantly beautiful this morning," exclaimed the lady, as she clasped the girl's hand and went with her down the broad stairs and out to the long piazza. They crossed the lawn, and when the trees were passed, Teresa uttered an exclamation of delight as her eyes rested on the long field, thickly gammed with Lowell's "dear common flower."

"High hearted buccaners, over joyed that they An Eldorado in the grass have found." This field, heavily set in blue grass, was somewhat narrow, and skirted the lawn, separating it from the woodland pastures that stretched out for miles toward the west. A tree stood in this narrow field, a spomore, somewhat stunted in height, but with a remarkable large bulb. Its strange growth gave it the appearance of a white tent, capped with green, and when the view was from the west this appearance was strengthened by a door-like aperture which disclosed a dark cavity, fashioned by the teeth of decay or the sharp tomahawk of the red man.

"Is not this a picture to charm the eyes!" exclaimed Mrs. Martins. "George laughs at my enthusiasm, but respects it, and never a four-footed creature is allowed here until blown away." But Teresa's eyes had wandered from the pasture's cloth of gold to the tree, standing white and lone in the world's Maytime beauty.

"You think that an odd-looking tree?" remarked Mrs. Martins, following the direction of her guest's eyes. "Few fail to observe it. It is the one object that mars the loveliness of my field, while the thoughts it suggests sadden my happiest moments. It was in the hollow of that tree they found our cousin, Gerald Martins' wife, who, as you have heard, was lured into the forest and slain. There seems to be a superstitious dread of the tree among the people, for when George began to clear away the wood, when the property came to him by the death of little Amy, the choppers would not touch it. When I heard of this, I begged that tree should remain unharmed by axe of ours. He yielded to my wish, but unwillingly."

Teresa shuddered. Was there no escape from the silent reminders of that fearful tragedy? She marvelled that the Martins could be happy in this haunted place. Her eyes left the tree and went down the gold-strewn glade, but its charm had departed; the smiling faces that he had thus stood face to face with his past. From his waistcoat pocket he took a tiny key and fitted it into the lock of one of the small drawers, and the odor wafted to him from dead violets was like a blow from a strong hand. With his fingers still on the key, his mind flew back to the night he had wandered out to the new grave in the "clearing" to pour out his soul's agony through long lonely hours, while below in the log house slept the husband and child of the woman he mourned. When the song of the earliest bird warned him of his vigil's close, he gathered a few of the violets which covered her low bed, and these he had scattered over his grave in the little drawer. He now took that drawer from its place and looked upon it before him on the desk, putting upon it as a father might look upon the face of his dead child. There was a slender package of letters, tied with a blue silk ribbon. The ribbon was faded, the writing was dim, but the fragrance of the violets breathed from every page, as he opened the faint envelopes and read their lines, hastily or carefully, penned lines. There were notes in a childish hand, and as his eyes went over the words, he saw again his grandfather's old house and Uncle Isaac, the trusted messenger of Amy Howard, crossing its lawn to lay these precious notes in his eager, boyish hand. There were other notes and letters until the last was reached, one that his tears, and perchance, hers, had blotted, her letter of farewell. He bound the letters together again with the faded blue ribbon, and lifted from the drawer a ringlet of flossy hair. A ray of sunlight, that had broken its way into the room through a found slit of the shutter, fell on the curl and warmed its chestnut into pale gold. Then he took up her picture, and gazed on hair and portrait until the sunlight crept from the desk, across the floor, and made a streak of white on the dark wall. A withered red rose which had died on her breast one sweet, long-past June day, and which she had clasped as his reward for rowing her home, when the sunset was making a sheet of crimson of the smiling James River; a handkerchief of filmy lace, with the star-of-roses still clinging to it; a pink ribbon, which she had

that her listener could scarcely catch them: "Scuse me, honey, but isn't yoh Miss Amy?" "Miss Amy!" It was the name, spoken by this voice, that used to echo through her dreams, the name she had so often tried to remember when the Sisters would ask her who she was. "Miss Amy! Miss Amy!" she seemed to hear this voice, loud yet ever tender, calling after her as she chased butterflies across the green field. But the woman was waiting for an answer. The girl turned her perplexed eyes on the quivering light brown face and said slowly, "No, I am not Miss Amy; my name is Teresa."

The light faded from the eyes, a shadow fell over the face. "Please 'ouse old Dilsey's 'quaintness, Miss Greecy," she said, and with a low courtesy she turned back to her cabin. In due time the carriage was brought around to convey Mrs. Martins, her guest, and son, to church. The coachman drove first to the Episcopal church, and, after escorting his mother to her pew, Preston Martins returned to the carriage, which was then driven to the Catholic church. Teresa was conscious of a certain embarrassment as she passed down the aisle to her seat, with Preston Martins following. She seemed to feel the surprise on the faces she did not turn her eyes to see, the exchange of glances, or significant lifting of eyebrows, and a tinge of red warmed up her ivory like face. She thought in that seemingly endless walk from the door to her place that Preston Martins had taken an unfair advantage of her interest in his spiritual affairs. But her sense of duty came speedily to her rescue, and reproached her for her cowardly fear of the opinion of the world; and on reaching her pew she sank on her knees and begged God for the gift of faith for this soul. Finishing her devotions, Teresa took her seat. It was then Mr. Worthington entered the pew across the aisle. Teresa had turned slightly to take her prayer-book from Preston and she met the eyes of Worthington, and they seemed to smite her soul. He recognized her with a smile, faint and fleeting as the gleam of a star from a cloud-swept midnight sky, then he turned his face toward the altar. Preston, noting his companion's prolonged glance to, across the aisle, and as he saw St. John Worthington, a flood of thought poured into his mind, bewildering him, rendering him, oblivious to his surroundings, until he heard Teresa's whispered request for her prayer-book. He handed it to her, and leaned back in his seat while the gray came into his young face and settled there.

"No! no! no! It cannot be—can never be! The past holds me. I belong to it. I can make no new garden in my heart, for there is not a spot that my old love has not walked over and claimed as hers forever! Forever!" Thus he cried out, with his eyes on the ruins of his youth. Then Memory, with one of her cruel flash lights, showed him Teresa Martinez' face as she had looked toward him that morning with Preston Martins between them, and again he sprang to his feet, and began to pace the floor. In the gray light his face was hard as stone, his eyes were cold as steel, and the sabbon hue of grief had given place to the white of hate. As he walked, he thought: "Again am I to be crossed by one of that name? But let the dead rest! He was a rival that a Worthington could yield to and feel no shame over his defeat. But this one! His son! To lose again and to him!"

He paused in his quick walk: "Lose? Would I lose? If the choice were offered me, would I not rather make Gerald Martins' place by dead Amy's side than Preston Martins' place by the living Teresa?" "Why do you hold me?" he asked taking up the picture. You were not cruel living. Why has death made you relentless? Why will you rise from your wife's grave and walk through my heart with your maiden grace, defy me with your maiden smile? All my life I paid you homage. Living you gave me nothing, nothing; now dead, you reassert your claim upon me, return to dispute place with this other love. I would take her into my lonely life, love her for her love, her grace, her beauty, only you come back with your blue eyes and brown hair to forbid me.

And to lose to him, to the son of his father! Must I stand by and see that girl duped by him? What his motive is I cannot fathom, but that there is something not right prompting it, I am certain. He expected his son to take a wife of wealth and high station, yet he is encouraging his attentions to a poor music teacher. Why?"

Again he crossed the desk, but now he lifted the blood-stained purse, and for a longer time than he had regarded the portrait he studied the pearl-ornamented case. "Oh, to undo it all!" he moaned, half aloud. "To have again one brief hour of that time of indecision, and my share of the weight of this crime should not have lain on my heart all these years! But—God is just. And shall I permit that girl, though innocent of all evil, to become a partaker of the suffering that will follow when retribution falls, as fall it must? Would not inaction now be as great a crime as it was then?"

TO BE CONTINUED

CHAPTER XI That Sunday afternoon, contrary to his custom, St. John Worthington went down to his office. He closed and locked its door, and for an hour paced the narrow room, his hands clasped behind his back, his head bent so low that his chin rested on his breast. Then he threw himself into his chair, and leaning his elbows on the desk, rested his brow on the palms of his hands. Twice a sigh that was half a sob broke the silence of the room. When finally he raised his head there was the stain of a tear upon his cheek. It was the first time for nearly fifteen years that he had thus stood face to face with his past. From his waistcoat pocket he took a tiny key and fitted it into the lock of one of the small drawers, and the odor wafted to him from dead violets was like a blow from a strong hand. With his fingers still on the key, his mind flew back to the night he had wandered out to the new grave in the "clearing" to pour out his soul's agony through long lonely hours, while below in the log house slept the husband and child of the woman he mourned. When the song of the earliest bird warned him of his vigil's close, he gathered a few of the violets which covered her low bed, and these he had scattered over his grave in the little drawer. He now took that drawer from its place and looked upon it before him on the desk, putting upon it as a father might look upon the face of his dead child. There was a slender package of letters, tied with a blue silk ribbon. The ribbon was faded, the writing was dim, but the fragrance of the violets breathed from every page, as he opened the faint envelopes and read their lines, hastily or carefully, penned lines. There were notes in a childish hand, and as his eyes went over the words, he saw again his grandfather's old house and Uncle Isaac, the trusted messenger of Amy Howard, crossing its lawn to lay these precious notes in his eager, boyish hand. There were other notes and letters until the last was reached, one that his tears, and perchance, hers, had blotted, her letter of farewell. He bound the letters together again with the faded blue ribbon, and lifted from the drawer a ringlet of flossy hair. A ray of sunlight, that had broken its way into the room through a found slit of the shutter, fell on the curl and warmed its chestnut into pale gold. Then he took up her picture, and gazed on hair and portrait until the sunlight crept from the desk, across the floor, and made a streak of white on the dark wall. A withered red rose which had died on her breast one sweet, long-past June day, and which she had clasped as his reward for rowing her home, when the sunset was making a sheet of crimson of the smiling James River; a handkerchief of filmy lace, with the star-of-roses still clinging to it; a pink ribbon, which she had

fallen into a position in his friend's office, which he had filled faithfully during many years. He was a short man, inclined to be stout, and his sedentary life had encouraged the inclination. His round face, with its insignificant nose, had a flat look which was unattractive, but the brown eyes that smiled from behind his glasses were as modest as a child's and as friendly. In the office he was on equal footing with his colleagues, who tormented him a little because they loved him a great deal; but he had always been a frequent and welcome guest at Mr. Burton's fireside, and if father and son patronized him somewhat, they were all unconscious of the fact. However, since his friend's death, two years before, Mr. Orthwein had seen less of the son, who, ideally handsome, gay, rich, was much sought after. Not that the young man had lost his affection for Mr. Orthwein, but his life had become full to the brim of fascinating pleasures to which the staid, slow old man was alien, and of friends who, George Burton was certain, would consider him tiresome and unquestionably phibian.

"What is it, Orthwein?" George Burton said, smilingly, when the former carefully closed the door behind him. "Did you promise to intercede for some other poor fellow?" "No, no, George. I want to remind you that it is this evening that you agreed to go with me to the meeting of the St. Vincent de Paul society," and catching a look of annoyance, as it passed quickly over the young man's face, he added, a little hurt. "You hadn't forgotten?" "I must confess that I had, Orthwein, I made another engagement. I am very sorry." But he was touched by the old man's evident disappointment and after a moment's consideration he asked, "At what time could I get away from your meeting?" "So early?" he and he laughed a little. "Then I can go. I'll call for you. But I don't promise to join that society. I have no time. I told you so when you mentioned it before."

of joy and affection, while George Burton, standing unobserved behind him, noted the details of the place in a few covert glances. There were two small rooms, clean but with little and poor furniture, and only a feeble imitation of a fire. In a corner of the one which they had entered a young man lay upon a cot, eyed to Mr. Burton's inexperienced eyes it was evident that he was seriously ill. A child about three years of age was sitting on the floor, amusing himself with bits of unpainted wood by way of building blocks, and a little girl, a couple of years older, was crouched beside her father, and, from time to time, patted his face with a chapped and grimy hand. The mother gave Mr. Orthwein the one chair and Mr. Burton found himself seated on a box in the corner. There he sat, unobserved, throughout the visit. Those poor people, face to face with life in its grimmest aspect, had no thought to spare for a stranger; it was evident that they considered Mr. Orthwein a trained, a true friend.

Will they hold Tim's place for him? The little worn wife asked anxiously before Mr. Orthwein had time to say a word. "Yes, Mr. Burton was very kind. He said at once that Tim will find his place waiting whenever he is well enough to come back."

And George Burton, sitting in the background, blushed fiery red. With a sharp pang he understood that this was the man for whom Mr. Orthwein had interceded a few days before, begging that his position be saved for him no matter how long he might be ill. He had been getting \$40 a month, as did many another in the factory, and this, Mr. Burton saw, this was what \$40 meant when sickness came.

"And how is Tim to-day—any better?" Mr. Orthwein asked. His voice could not have been more tender if he had been addressing his own sister. "No better. Can't you see for yourself? It will be a long time before he's fit to go back to the factory. If I could get work I'd send him to the Charity hospital and put the children in the day nursery each morning, though I'd hate to do it. It'd rather take care of him myself, and make the light hearted Mr. Burton laugh again."

"Oh, I understood from the first that you hope to rope me in!" he said. "There are so many poor," Mr. Orthwein pleaded in excuse, "and we aren't rich, most of us who are trying to help. Besides, George, you have too much. Something of this kind would keep you from becoming spoiled," and he looked anxiously into the bright, winsome, self-satisfied face that smiled down upon him. Mr. Burton's heart, a big and tender, though self-centered heart, was touched by Mr. Orthwein's solicitude. He was reminded of his father. He laid both his hands on the old man's shoulders, as he said "I'll gladly go with you this time, and who can tell what—?" He did not finish, being interrupted by a knock at the door. One of his managers entered when he said "Come in," and Mr. Orthwein went back to his stool with so broad a smile upon his face that the weary clerk at the next desk leaned towards him and whispered, "What's up? Did you get a raise?"

It was a little late when George Burton's auto reached the shabby boarding house which had been Mr. Orthwein's home for a year. In consequence they were the last to enter the meeting hall, and dropped into seats behind the other men. At first Mr. Burton paid scant attention to the business being transacted; instead, he curiously scanned the bare room and the men assembled there. To his amusement he saw (side by side with a few bright-faced medical students, a shabby German music teacher and a little man whom he recognized as his grocer) two or three men who stood for all that was best in X—not only mentally and morally but socially.

"If these men are interested in this affair, it must be worth while," he thought, with the deference, only half conscious, which the new-rich feel for those whose grandfathers and great grandfathers were of some importance, and at once he began to listen with interest to the reports—simple, matter-of-fact echoes of sublime charity. They impressed him deeply. He quickly forgot the social standing of some few of the members. He forgot, too, that his time was being absorbed by business and pleasure to the exclusion of all things else and before the meeting adjourned he gave in his name and was told to make certain visits in company with Mr. Orthwein.

THE ONLY ANSWER

Mr. Orthwein leaned to one side and peered over his spectacles in an effort to see around the half open door of the president's office. Ascertaining at last that Mr. Burton was writing busily, he resumed his work, but after every two or three laborious, but careful entries in his book, he glanced again towards the private office. All around him a hundred or more men and women were toiling, trying to forget their fatigue and that their work was accumulating faster than they could dispose of it. There was no sound save now and then a low voice dictating a letter and the monotonous click of typewriters, or, when these were hushed, the slight scratching of an old pen and the frequent long drawn sigh which characterized one of the book keepers, a cadaverous, melancholy fellow.

For half an hour Mr. Orthwein kept watch upon the president, surprised that he was working so long after his usual time for going home. He had looked at the clock and found that it was almost 5 before Mr. Burton rose and closed his desk—a certain indication that his day's work was done. At once, Mr. Orthwein climbed down from his high stool, and, after a knock that was wholly perfunctory, passed into the elegant inner office. Mr. Burton glanced over his shoulder and, seeing who had entered, turned about with a friendly smile. Mr. Orthwein and his father had been boys together and close friends then and ever after. As the years sped by, Mr. Burton had made a vast fortune, and Mr. Orthwein, not succeeding,

loved sinners best, even more than the active saints who were wearing out their lives to convert them. Is this the reason why the contemplative element is an essential ingredient in a complete apostle?—True Voice.

A COMPARISON

WORK OF THE CHURCH IN MEXICO AS DESCRIBED BY THE REV. JOHN BUTLER AND CHARLES F. LUMMIS

"The Rev. Dr. John W. Butler, who for nearly forty years has been a missionary in Mexico" and who has been for many years "the head of the Methodist Missions Board in Mexico City and dean of all the missionaries in that district," has written a letter to the New York "Evening Post," which was published in the January 5 issue of that paper, answering the charges brought against the present Mexican "government" by Theodore Roosevelt. In the course of which letter, of course, the reverend doctor proceeds to attack the Spaniards, who settled the country, and the Catholic religion, which they established there.

"The rulers," he tells us, "the aristocracy, which included military officers and the high clergy, who were generally foreigners, have always been against the best interests of the masses. The priests from Europe were, most of them, too worldly and partook too largely of that 'lust for gold' which characterized the early conquerors, to have much concern in the uplift of the Indians, and generally played into the hands of the aristocracy." And he adds: "So here we find indigenous peoples of Mexico, who have been in control since, at least, a thousand years before the Christian era and part of them representing a civilization equal in some cases to that forced on them by military alacrity; compelled to live in ignorance, degradation and superstition, deprived of the ownership of their own God-given lands, and then required to till them for masters from overseas, given absolutely no participation in the choice of their rulers, and then after 300 years of Christian civilization (?) told that they 'were born to be silent and obey.'"

All of which would serve as a serious indictment against the Spanish conquerors and the Church in Mexico were the statements at all correct. But sadly for the reverend doctor, they are eminently incorrect. Quite a number of years ago the distinguished writer, Charles F. Lummis, the disciple of Ad. F. Bandelier, the greatest authority on Spanish America, in his book on "The Awakening of a Nation," refuted exactly the same charges as have now been put forth by the dean of the Methodist missions. Because of the importance of the subject it would be well to quote Lummis at some length. In Chapter v. of his book he says:

"I have pleased that certain class of historians whose emotions swell with distance and the dark to depict the Spaniard as having destroyed some Utopian civilization of the Aztecs and replaced it with his inferior own. To this amiable freak of prejudice and the armchair there is but one competent answer—go and see." We now, he tells us, thanks to the efforts of Lewis Morgan and his successors, "know just what the 'empire of Montezuma' was. It is instructive to stand here in the heart of the National confederacy of tribes banded together for immunity in robbing their neighbors—and look and remember.

"Civilization is measured by its fruits of hand and heart and head. Just yonder was the reeking teocalli, upon whose pyramid five hundred captives in a day had their contracting hearts bound before Huitzilopochtli and their carcasses kicked down the staircase to be ceremonially devoured by the multitude—where stands now the largest Christian church in America, and one of the noblest. To the right, on the ground where dwelt the war-chief—head of a government whose principal policies was to massacre, enslave and rob the neighboring tribes—is to day the venerable Mount of Piety, one of the most beneficent charities in any land. In front, among stores rich in every product of modern commerce, is the hall of a city government which has for centuries cared for the needy, restrained the rich and spent vast sums in municipal improvements for health, security, comfort and even aesthetic training. To the right is a central government which at its worst was far more merciful, more intelligent and more progressive than any tribal organization ever knew. Within revolver shot are the cradles of printing, education, art and organized charity in the New World, for all these things came a century and a half to two centuries and a half earlier in Mexico than in the United States. Bishop Zumarraga set up here, in 1538, the first printing press in the Western Hemisphere; one did not reach the English colonies till 1638.

"On every side, where were the squat adobes of the Indian pueblo, is now an architecture we have nothing to parallel, and only those who have never seen either could dream of comparing the brute bulk of Aztec architecture (wonderful as it was for man in the tribal relation) with the magnificent art which has succeeded it. Here is still, as Humboldt found it, the city of palaces; possibly even yet, as he declared it, 'the handsomest capital in America.' And instead of immolating its outside Indians upon porphyry altars, the new dispensa-

tion of Friends of Sinners

There is in truth a sort of reverence due to sinners, writes Father Faber, when we look at them not as in their sins, but simply as having sinned, and being the objects of a Divine yearning. It is the manifestation of this feeling in apostolic men that led to their conversion. The devotedness of Our Blessed Lord to sinners transfers a peculiar feeling to the hearts of His servants. And when the offenders come to repent, the mark of Divine predilection in the great grace they are receiving is a thing more to admire and revere and love than the sin is a thing to hate in connection with the sinner. In all reformatory institutions it is the want of a supernatural respect for sinners which is the cause of failure, the abundance of it which is the cause of success. When Our Lord came to convert, it was always by kind words, by loving words, by an indulgence which appeared to border upon laxity. He did not convert by rebuking. He rebuked Herod and the Pharisees, just because He did not vouchsafe to try to convert them. Because He let them alone, therefore He spoke sharply to them. It is always contemplative saints who have

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LONDON, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 20, 1915

LENTEN REGULATIONS FOR 1915

FOLLOWING ARE THE LENTEN REGULATIONS FOR DIOCESE OF LONDON

1st. All days in Lent, Sundays excepted, are fast days.

2nd. By special permission of the Holy See, meat is allowed at all meals on Sundays and at the principal meal on Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, except the Saturday of Ember Week and Holy Saturday.

3rd. The use of fish and flesh at the same meal is not permitted during Lent. Children under seven years of age are exempted from the law of fasting.

Persons under twenty years or over sixty years of age are not bound by the law of fasting; and all persons in ill health or engaged in hard labor, or who have any other legitimate excuse, may be exempted both from the law of fast and of abstinence.

In order, however, to safeguard conscience, the faithful should have the judgment of their pastor or confessor in all cases where they seek exemption from the law of fast or abstinence.

Whatever may be the obligation in the matter of fast or abstinence, Lent is for everybody a season of mortification and of penance.

From this law no one can escape, and in it no one has the right of dispensation. Pastors are earnestly requested to preach during the holy season of Lent the necessity of penance and the obligation of Christian mortification. They will also provide special means whereby their people may advance in devotion and piety.

As in the past, two appropriate week day services will be held in each church, and the necessary permission for Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament on these occasions is hereby accorded.

A special effort ought also to be made to have the sacred practice of family prayer in common, and especially the recitation of the Rosary, a duty of honor and religion during this penitential time.

MICHAEL FRANCIS FALLON, Bishop of London.

THE C. M. B. A.

After mature consideration and considerable correspondence with members in various parts of the country we have decided to place at the disposal of C. M. B. A. correspondents one column weekly in the CATHOLIC RECORD. This decision is due chiefly to the obvious fact that it must be to the advantage of the widely scattered membership of the Association to have a medium for the interchange of ideas and the discussion of proposed remedies for the admittedly unsatisfactory present condition of affairs. Moreover, it will provide the opportunity for members of this society to get into direct communication with each other. A letter from, say, Halifax, may strike a sympathetic chord in a fellow member in Toronto or Winnipeg. These may then write each other directly and if they so desire communicate the result of such discussion to the whole membership through our correspondence column. Such discussion and interchange of views publicly and privately can hardly fail to promote a better understanding of the situation, and result in improved prospects for united action. If a convention be deemed desirable the delegates would be in a much better position to come to some intelligent agreement; while if a convention be deemed a useless expense those who favor calling one may be convinced that it would serve no useful purpose. Indeed the discussion of this most question itself may not be the least of the advantages.

There is another reason for opening this correspondence column. So far as may be judged from our correspondence on the subject only a very small proportion of the membership of the C. M. B. A. misunderstands the position of the CATHOLIC RECORD in

"BELGIANS SPONGE ON ENGLAND"

A London, Ontario, businessman writes the Free Press from London, England. Amongst other things he says:

"While every one gives a great deal of credit to the Belgians for stopping the advance of the Germans, a lot of people are disgusted with the 'sponging' which they practice here in London."

"Able-bodied men are lodged about the city, men who should be at the front, but who prefer the fleshpots of Old England to fighting."

"One paper published a letter this morning, among hundreds, where one Belgian writes to his cousin about as follows: 'Leave at once. Put on your old clothes when traveling so as to appear poor, put your diamonds and good clothes at the bottom of your trunk and come over here, where there is an abundance of good things to eat, money handed you right and left and a good time into the bargain.'"

This sort of gossip is probably picked up from 'able-bodied men who should be at the front' and whom the press and the women of England have been trying in vain to shame into fighting for their country."

Suppose there are some Belgians who 'put their diamonds and good clothes at the bottom of their trunk' and 'sponge'; two hundred and fifty thousand Belgians fighting at the front saved France and saved England. The battle of Liege gave France time to mobilize. The first battle of the Yser stopped the German rush for the Channel ports."

It must not be forgotten that Belgium is fighting for England in quite as true a sense as England is fighting for Belgium; and that up to the present Belgium has had altogether a disproportionate share of fighting and suffering. It is a pity that the general appreciation of Belgium's heroic resistance and the general sympathy with her no less heroic suffering should be marred by the publication with glaring headlines of the gossip picked up by a London businessman, even one who 'has had the good fortune to be made a member of a Motor Club which has already sent five hundred of its roll to the front.' Even motoring through Belgium might give him the grace to be ashamed of himself; but if he wrote that letter for publication there is little fear of his taking such an uncomfortable trip."

"ROMAN CATHOLICISM AND THE WAR"

Under this heading our Anglican contemporary of Toronto says:

"We welcome every testimony to the reality and power of true religion, but it is impossible to avoid noticing that many interests are at work to utilize the war for the advantage of Roman Catholicism. Stories in our papers and pictures of incidents in France and Belgium are all made the most of."

In the light of this querulous welcome to the evidences of the reality of the power of the Catholic religion the following from the London Catholic Times is interesting:

"The English Churchman appears to think that since the commencement of the war there has been particular activity amongst the Catholics of England in appealing to Protestants to examine the claims of the Catholic Church. If the fact is so worrisome, for it is pretty evident from an article which appears in the English Churchman that the appeals have not been without effect. The writer avows that 'organized and prompt reply missions are in almost every case desirable.' The project will not alarm Catholics. They are not at all afraid of controversy. When engaged with a genuine desire to reach the truth it can only prove serviceable to the Catholic Church."

If our Canadian papers do not suppress Catholic news sufficiently to suit our jealous Anglican friend the English and American journals must be positively depressing."

However, here is the Churchman's valiant attempt to stem the tide, its frontal attack on the "errors of Rome."

"We rejoice in every indication of France of a revived concern for religion, as opposed to atheism; but we cannot but realize that Roman Catholicism does not represent pure, unadulterated Christianity. It is unutterably sad to read the letter of a man from the West of Ireland, who is now bravely serving his country, writing to his wife that his 'hope is not to be buried in France, and asking her to get for him the 'Scapular of the Blessed Virgin blessed,' and to tell him 'what prayers he will have to repeat every day.' The letter gives no idea of any true conception of our Blessed Lord, and is ample evidence of the profound need for spreading abroad the pure light of the Gospel."

"It is unutterably sad! One can almost hear the flutter of sympathy and admiration amongst the good

ladies of the Dorothy sewing society

at such genuine Christian charity so faintly expressed. But is our esteemed contemporary not a bit behind the age? Even the pious ladies of the sewing circles may ask why should a brave soldier not honor and trust and invoke the intercession of the Mother of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ? Only a true conception of our Blessed Lord can inspire such confidence in his beloved Mother."

"And if our faith had given us nothing more Than this Example of all Womanhood, So mild, so merciful, so strong, so good, So patient, peaceful, loyal, loving, pure, This was enough to prove it higher, truer, Than all the creeds the world had known before."

Thus sang a poet who was not a Catholic but whose clear vision was not clouded by fear of Rome. Is it, perchance, the wearing of a Scapular that fills the Churchman's heart with unutterable sadness? The Victoria Cross, the Iron Cross, the triple links, the square and compass, the maple leaf, the shamrock, the rose, the thistle, and a thousand and one other badges and emblems worn for what they signify are all quite as unutterably sad. The Union Jack with its threefold cross is another bit of cloth which, like the scapular of the Blessed Virgin, may be meaningless to some, and even an object of hatred or derision to others. A letter referring to it in terms of love and trust might give 'no idea of any true conception' of liberty; but we should pity the ignorance which failed to understand. And we pity the "pure, unadulterated Christianity" of the Churchman which leads it to make its puny attack on Roman Catholicism by scoffing at the badge worn in honor of our Blessed Lord's dear Mother. Mother, whose virgin bosom was uncrossed With the least thought to sin allied; Woman above all women glorified, Our tainted nature's solitary boast; Purer than foam on central ocean tost."

Long may the Irish soldier fighting bravely for his country show his deep faith in Jesus Christ by wearing with loving confidence the Scapular in honor of His Blessed Mother."

CARDINAL MERCIER'S FAMOUS PASTORAL

Some Catholic gentlemen of Ottawa have had Cardinal Mercier's Pastoral Letter, which the Garman attempt to suppress has rendered world-famous, printed in convenient pamphlet form.

Many American papers gave their readers this remarkable document in full or published lengthy extracts from it. Our secular papers, so far as we have noticed, failed to do either.

In a second editorial reference the New York Times calls attention to one of the many beautiful lessons which the Letter teaches with all the grace and force that might be expected from one who is not only a prince of the Church but at the same time one of the foremost scholars of the age.

Says the New York Times: "Many of the readers of Cardinal Mercier's pastoral may have been struck by his significant and moving use of the word charity. We have made the word mean, usually, the giving of alms; but it is in its original, beautiful and true sense that the Belgian prelate uses it. After quoting the words of Jesus, 'Greater love than this no man hath, that a man lay down his life for his friends,' he says: 'And the soldier who dies to save his brothers and to defend the hearths and altars of his country reaches this highest of all degrees of charity.'"

Love of country, then, is included in this understanding of charity. Further on another of the virtues grouped under this large and Catholic word is given: "Multiply the efforts of your charity, corporeal and spiritual. Like the great Apostle, do you endure daily the cares of your Church so that no man shall suffer loss and you not suffer loss, and no man fall and you not burn with zeal for him."

So sympathy is added. One must feel the sufferings of another as his own. It is not true or useless to call attention to these true meanings of the gracious word; by custom we have taken a word luminous with tender significance and have lessened its import. It is good to be reminded what it really means.

Now read these extracts from a Globe editorial on the brutalizing effects of the war news: "When a man, who is not already half-dead, faces himself, and looks steadily into the interior of his own life, it is with horror he marks how

the fountain of human sympathy is drying up within.

The daily headlines, in their reflex influence on the imagination and sensibilities of those who read, are often as deadly as is the shrapnel for the men in the trenches. Indeed war's deadliest work is not in the flesh and blood of its victims on the sinking battlefield or behind the guns, but in the thoughts and feelings and ideals of those at home, whose conscience is seared, whose social sympathies are numbed, whose humanity is brutalized."

"And yet to-day there is no alternative. The risk must be taken. The brutalizing facts of war must be faced by thousands of our fellows, and we who stay at home cannot shut our own eyes and hearts to the brutalizing stories of war's hideous experience."

"But as one would fight against a plague, so must one fight against the deadlier pestilence of the mind."

What the Globe so forcibly points out we have long borne in mind. We have restricted to the narrowest limits possible, consistent with a fair knowledge of the facts, all harrowing details of atrocities no matter how well substantiated. And in the Sidelights we give each week the kindly, sympathetic, human side of the soldier's life, as well as the touching often heroic spirituality of those who are doing battle for their country. This is not only wholesome reading of lively human interest but a necessary antidote to the "brutalizing effect of the war news."

For a similar reason though the Pastoral of Cardinal Mercier has already been published in the columns of the RECORD we are glad to know that its publication in more convenient form will facilitate its distribution and ensure a wider or more frequent reading. Amongst all the books and pamphlets occasioned by the war we know of none more eminently suitable to counteract the savagery and brutality which too often characterize the "newsless dream" that passes for war news.

The pamphlet may be had in quantities for distribution from Mr. A. E. Corrigan, Capital Life Assurance Co., Ottawa.

When the Pastoral was published in the RECORD we said: "The dignified and fearlessly truthful Pastoral Letter of martyred Belgium's dauntless Primate is one of the finest evidences of simple but unflinching devotion to duty during a war relieved by many deeds of glorious heroism as well as blackened, alas! by unspeakable brutality."

This sentence, together with our summary of the facts, was appropriated by our zealous Ottawa friends without mention of the CATHOLIC RECORD. The sentence quoted is true; however, it is not alone the fearlessness and devotion to duty of the writer but the whole contents of the magnificent Pastoral Letter that make its repeated perusal profitable an hundredfold. It is in the words of Professor Kettle "one of the noblest documents in the whole epic of human freedom."

A GREAT UNDERTAKING

Some years ago Sir Horace Plunkett, then vice-president of the Department of Agriculture, wrote a book in which he attempted to place the blame for Ireland's backward economic condition on the Church. Agriculture and industries and everything else languished, according to Sir Horace, because the people were being bled to death by the priests, and the money that should have been expended on factories was being squandered in extravagant church building. A simple curate in a Limerick city church joined issue with Sir Horace, and in the columns of the Dublin Leader gave the public a brilliant and masterly reply in a series of papers since republished under the title of "Catholicity and Progress in Ireland." Before the inexorable logic of the then unknown priest, now the distinguished rector of the Irish College, Rome, the arguments of Sir Horace were dissipated like chaff before the winds of heaven. Yes, said Monsignor O'Riordan, we Irish are extravagant church builders. We built two churches where one would have sufficed, but Sir Horace's friends stole the first one from us. Their worst enemy could not accuse them of extravagant church building. They found a readier way. They appropriated ours.

Point is given to this debate between two able men by the announcement that at last Dublin is to have a Catholic cathedral. That the Catholic capital of Catholic Ireland should until now have lacked a worthy cathedral consecrated to the services of the Catholic Faith, whereas it rejoices in the possession of two Pro-

testant cathedrals, looks like a sublime example of that paradox that is supposed by some to be indigenous to the Green Isle.

Philosophical week end trippers, reminding themselves that the diocese has a Catholic population of more than 400,000, with an Archbishop and assistant bishop, a multitude of churches and priests, and a bewildering number of religious and charitable institutions, smile broadly and blandly at this typical omission. But the paradoxical Dubliner neither smiles nor wonders, for he knows that beyond the Liffey, to the south end of the city, there are two cathedrals that Dublin Catholics built, and that imported English Protestants appropriated. Christ Church and St. Patrick's were built by the Catholics of Dublin. Did they but possess "the economic sense" they might have put their money into a factory. The "Reformers" had the economic sense, so they coolly confiscated the two cathedrals, and from that day to this Dublin has had the unique distinction of having no Catholic cathedral for its thousands of worshippers, whereas its two grand old temples were given over to curious sightseers, peopled only with heartbreaking memories. Verily the Dubliners would have been wiser to have built a factory. But the chances are they would have lost their money anyway for the economic sense of the Plunketts did not stop at the confiscation of churches.

Once again the Catholics of Dublin are about to build a cathedral worthy of the Catholic capital of one of the most Catholic countries in the world. For sentimental reasons some might have preferred to see one of the grand old temples of other days handed back to its original owners. It would surely thrill the blood of the coldest to see the Holy Sacrifice offered once again within the venerable walls of Christ Church. But since it is idle to dream of such, the Most Rev. Dr. Walsh is to be congratulated on initiating the scheme that will add one more monument of Catholic faith to the line of Europe's unsurpassed cathedrals. The new Dublin cathedral will be worthy to rank with the greatest of its kind. Archbishop Walsh does not hope to do more than initiate the undertaking. The completion of the edifice will take long years, for this is to be a great cathedral. Dr. Walsh is of opinion that the reason why there are no really great cathedrals built in modern times is the desire of cathedral-building bishops to see the work completed in their own time. The medieval way was far different. In those days the work took centuries, and was handed on from one bishop to another, each doing all the good work possible for his own time, until at last the glorious work was finished, a triumph of art, and a worthy expression of man's love and worship of his Creator. We may not, then, look for the speedy completion of Archbishop Walsh's noble undertaking, but we may rest assured that when completed the Dublin cathedral will be worthy of Ireland and Ireland's Faith.

NOTES AND COMMENTS

BIGOTRY SOMETIMES makes strange bedfellows. The Canadian Churchman publishes a eulogistic review of "The Pagan Conquest," a book by the Rev. Dr. Robertson of Venice. And yet the Churchman would be very angry at any imputation on its scholarship or respectability. Those who know anything of "Robertson of Venice" will not stand in need of further enlightenment.

AN ENTERPRISING Baltimore undertaker, not to be outdone by trusts and combines, advertises cut-rates in regard to funerals. You can have all that other undertakers furnish—eleven distinct items enumerated, with your choice of horse-drawn or motor hearse and limousines—for less than half the price, and the portrait of the advertiser thrown in. As the price holds good, presumably for a limited period only, Baltimoreans might very well, in the interests of economy, arrange for their funerals in the interval.

WITHIN THE last hundred years no single family has rendered more distinguished service to the Church in France than the Comtes de Mun. Comte Albert, who died a few months ago, stood almost alone among the titled Frenchmen of his generation for his attachment to religion and chivalrous devotion to the Holy See. These sentiments have found admirable expression in his Last Will and

Testament which has just been made public by the son Comte Bertrand de Mun, who, in compliance with the wish of his illustrious father, has sent a copy to Pope Benedict XV. The terms in which this trust was expressed are as follows: "I charge Bertrand after my death to lay at the feet of the Sovereign Pontiff the ardent homage of my absolute devotion to the Catholic, Apostolic and Roman Church, of my entire obedience to her teachings promulgated by the infallible words of her head, of my love for the Pope and my illimitable attachment to his cause." His Holiness as can readily be understood, was deeply touched by these sentiments so admirably expressed in the life of the great Frenchman.

AN IDEA of the historical treasures preserved in the monastic library and municipal archives of Europe may be formed from an enumeration in brief of the documents housed in the Archives of the ancient and historical city of Ravenna in Italy. These have been assembled from numerous small collections in that borough and placed in fire proof receptacles. There are no less than 2,553 large envelopes filled with antique parchments from the Monasteries of S. Vitale and S. Maria in Porto. There are over 8,000 documents from other conventual collections and 14,000 parchments from other sources, besides hundreds of volumes of papers from the Romagna, Acts of the Government of Venice, of the Holy See and a great storehouse of documents dealing with the French occupation after 1796. All these are only slightly known to historians, jurists, etc., so that the wealth of unexplored material awaiting the investigator can be but inadequately estimated. Many pages of history have had to be rewritten in the light of documents uncovered in recent years, and we may be sure that many more will undergo the same process as investigation proceeds. We are only beginning to know the Middle Ages.

WHAT IS true of Ravenna is true of numerous other cities. No country in Europe was richer in historical material than heroic and long suffering Belgium. With this the German armies have played sad havoc in the present War, and when the time comes to estimate the less forgiveness will not readily be extended them by civilized mankind. The treasures of Louvain alone were rich beyond description and they have been reduced to ashes. We have not heard how the great collection of the Bollandists has fared, but if tampered with by the invader, the greatest single achievement in scholarship within the past three centuries, has been dealt a staggering blow.

IN PRESENCE of the ruin which has overtaken his country and of which the above are no more than phases, the world will reecho the hearty cry of Belgium's great Primate as expressed in the famous Pastoral. "In this dear city of Louvain, perpetually in my thoughts," he said, "the magnificent church of St. Peter will never recover its former splendor. The ancient college of St. Ives, the art schools, consular and commercial schools of the University, the old markets, our rich library with its collections, its unique and unpublished manuscripts, its archives, its gallery of great portraits of illustrious rectors, chancellors, professors, dating from the time of its foundation, which preserved for masters and students alike a noble tradition and were an incitement to their studies—all this accumulation of intellectual, of historic, and of artistic riches, the fruit of the labors of five centuries—all is in the dust." And in reechoing Cardinal Mercier's words it will not be forgotten to whom the disaster thus described is due. No assurance of German "kultur" can mitigate the magnitude of the crime.

DESPITE the publicity which the War has given to Belgium there still remains much misconception as to the real character of her people. One correspondent of an English paper states that "a very large proportion of them are Protestants"—a statement that could have its birth in sheer ignorance only. As a matter of fact there were at the beginning of the War only 30,000 Protestants out of a population of 7,500,000, and most of these were British, Dutch or Germans. It is noteworthy that throughout Belgium, Protestant churches, where they exist, are known as "English churches," and the ministers in charge are for the most part of that nationality. Bruges has (or had) two such churches—one Anglican





CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

THE CHEAT

A dishonest business man is as despicable as an impure woman, and for the same reason. He has betrayed his greatest trust in life. His sin is deliberate perversion. He has turned the enormous powers given him into instruments of hell.

Nor is it always the size of his crime that makes him despicable. The greater a man's trust in life, the more we look to him not only for fulfillment of that particular trust but for sterling example in all his acts.

A certain American consular in Europe this summer gave a distracted refugee 500 francs in exchange for the 3000 franc draft.

A large employer often betrays his trust in exactly the same way. Laborers, generally in more or less distress, come to him and offer certain terms. They come to him because his reputation and position are good.

What such employers forget is the economic pressure on the other party. Our consular agent forgot this. Thousands of men who make unfair contracts forget this every day.

Nearly all the dishonesty that poisons our economic system is of this sort. The dishonest contract which the law allows and equity condemns is actually a Bible for some men.

In this chaos of activity, the liberty of the other man is lost. It may very well be that labor unions have sinned; but at least one of their principles is sound.

But equity still has a little voice in this country. In many places, there is a general tendency to make more of its doctrines available. But this tendency is feeble.

Real public opinion is often ineffectual because the specialist despises it. But public opinion, in the narrower sense, that is, the collected opinion of specialists in the same field, is

the greatest force, for good and bad, of to-day. Sometimes it condones the most contemptible crimes; again it works a transformation for good.

Do you remain on good terms with the man who cheats at cards? Do you continue to welcome him to your house, to introduce him to your wife and children, and show him every sign of respect? Of course not.

Ask yourself this question: Just why do I want to keep the friendship of a man who cheats a poor laborer, or a humble shopkeeper, when I would loathe the very sight of a man who cheated at cards?

The first element which goes to the making of a "gentleman" viewed from the standpoint of civilization, is "justice." Justice in general is defined as "the will to give to every one his due."

Now, we may take for granted that our candidate for the rank of gentleman is already sufficiently schooled in virtue to be free from the grosser outrages of personal justice.

We find other people doing things which they have a perfect right to do, but which in some way conflict with our interests, or fill us with dislike.

Why do you want to keep thinking of what happened yesterday and the day before? Of course you are going to tumble off if you think that you are just because you took a tumble yesterday and the day before!

It would surely help every woman who reads this to make successful the efforts of to-day if she, too would let the blunders of yesterday and the day before and all the other days of the past "go hang."

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"Bless my life!" exclaimed the conductor of train No. 55. The train had just pulled out, and as there was a long run without a stop the tired conductor had dropped into a back seat to rest a bit when Louis came up and asked for a story.

"Don't tell me that," answered the little boy. "I know that myself," and he began to rattle off:

"This is the house that Jack built, This is the rat that lived in the house that Jack built; This is the cat that caught the rat that—"

"Stop right there!" said the conductor; "that reminds me of something. On my last trip east, as I went through one of the coaches to look at tickets I found a little girl about your size sitting by herself."

"Tickets," I said, without thinking. "Mamma has 'em," she said, 'an' she's gone to get a 'dink of water. But won't you please take my orange to that little girl back there with the red handkerchief on her head?"

"I looked for the little girl with the red handkerchief, and saw a poor woman with five children. They didn't have on much clothes, they didn't look as if they had had much to eat, but nobody was paying any attention to them."

"Where is the dog that worried the cat that killed the rat that lived in the house that Jack built?"

"I believe that some people make failures of their lives by constantly thinking of the long list of failures behind them. There is no better way of creating a lack of confidence. The other day I was standing on a corner waiting for a car.

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MAGIC BAKING POWDER advertisement featuring an image of the product and text: 'We unhesitatingly recommend Magic Baking Powder as being the best, purest and most healthful baking powder that it is possible to produce. CONTAINS NO ALUM. All ingredients are plainly printed on the label.'

life is the surest way of adding to the failures of the future.—True Voice.

THE FOLLY OF SUPERSTITIONS

A sermon in the Homiletic Monthly points out the folly of believing that certain charms and articles give protection against harm. For instance: Some one, perhaps, wears a four-leaved clover, fancying that it will bring him good luck; another thinks it lucky to nail a horse shoe over his door; others carry about with them some wonderful prayer, on which is stated that if any carries it about and repeats it daily, he is sure to be safe from misfortune by sea and by land, from fire, thieves and highway robbery, or from an unhappy death.

"All right," I said, and I went back to the little party and gave the orange; and this I said in a loud tone of voice: "This is from a little girl whose mamma just loves her to give things." At that ever so many mothers pricked up their ears and presently I saw another little girl bring a box of lunch to the poor children.

"Ah," said I to myself, "this is like that old song about 'the house that Jack built.' This is the cat that killed the rat that lived in the house that Jack built, and so on."

"I went on singing easy to myself: 'Where is the dog that worried the cat that killed the rat that lived in the house that Jack built?'"

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future from dreams. They know God sometimes has allowed people to have true dreams so they go to old women who profess to be able to interpret every dream, or they buy dream books, in order to interpret them for themselves. How very foolish! Pharaoh had a wonderful dream, and sent for all the interpreters and prophets, but none of them could tell him what it meant.

"If God sends a true dream, He always gives the interpretation of it one way or another. Silly signs are next considered, 'they are always saying what a thing portends,' spilling salt means there will be a quarrel; thirteen at table means death to one of the party; occasionally a happening seems to bear out the sign, but believers in such signs never stop to count the number of times nothing has happened."

"If the English people were to come to me to-morrow and offer themselves to conform to the Catholic Church without Catholic faith, I should say, 'I will not admit one of you.' And if any man were to say that by acts of the supreme power of the legislature a Catholic majority may coerce the people of England into Catholic schools and Catholic churches, I should say that in doing so we would violate one of the most vital principles of the Catholic faith. In order to be as brief as I can, I will give one, and only one example. What is faith? The free spontaneous act of the intellect and the will, accepting upon due and proper evidence, the revelation of God. And you will observe that it is not only the act of the intellect, but

perseverance does not mean never to fail, never to hesitate in our way, but it means to begin every day, and not only every day, but every moment in the day.

Getting over life's rough places bruises some and leaves them helpless; others it hardens and makes stronger than before.

There is a communion of saints, there is a communion of noble minds living and dead.

Forgive and forget injuries, but never forget benefits.

Certain thoughts are prayers. There are moments when whatever be the attitude of the body, the soul is on its knees.—Victor Hugo.

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is the act of the will. And the reason why multitudes of men reject the truth is not to be found in their intellect, but in to be found in their will. Our Divine Master said, 'He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved, and he that believeth not shall be condemned.' But can any one be condemned for an involuntary act, for an act in which his will has no part, for an act that has no mental act? Faith is eminently a moral act; it is an act of the will as well as of the intellect. And if to morrow, by an act of legislative coercion, the whole people of England were to be constrained into conformity with the faith which I believe to be the sole faith, I should say, in the name of God, let no such legislative coercion ever be made."

A MARVELOUS RECORD The Congregation of Missions continues to do most excellent work. The record returned by the members laboring on the Foreign Mission for the year October, 1913, to October, 1914, is certainly a marvelous one—31,908 baptisms of adults, 445 conversions of heretics, and 181,841 baptisms of pagan children.

The number of Bishops and missionaries is exactly 1,400, and that of the Christian villages under their zealous care 1,567,468. In the Missions confided to the care of the Vincentian Fathers there are 911 active priests, 3,277 catechists, 5,850 churches and chapels, 50 seminaries, with 2,382 students; 4,785 schools, with 157,140 pupils; 389 orphanages, with 12,291 children; 628 hospitals and refuges for those afflicted with leprosy. A marvellous record indeed of work done for God's glory.—Church Progress.

My catarrh was filthy and loathsome. It made me ill. It dulled my mind. It undermined my health and was weakening my will. The hacking coughing, spitting made me obnoxious to all, and my foul breath and disgusting habits made even my loved ones avoid me secretly. My delight in life was dulled and my faculties impaired. I knew that in time it would bring me to an untimely grave, because every moment of the day and night it was slowly yet surely sapping my vitality.

But I found the cure, and I am ready to tell you about it FREE. Write me promptly.

Send no money. Just your name and address on a postal card. Say: "Dear Sam Katz: Please tell me how you cured your catarrh, and how I can cure mine. That's all you need to say. I will understand, and I will write to you with complete information, FREE, at once. Do not delay. Send postal card or write me a letter today. Do not think of turning this page until you have asked for this wonderful treatment that can do for you what it has done for me."

What is it? LUX is something new and good. The finest essence of soap in flakes. It makes the richest, creamiest lather you ever saw. It means "luxury" in washing because it's such a clothes saver. Absolutely prevents woollens, flannels and all loosely woven garments from hardening and shrinking in the wash. Try LUX and be delighted with it.

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CATARRH TRUTH

Told in a Simple Way No Apparatus, Inhalers, Salves, Lotions, Harmful Drugs, Smoke or Electricity

Heals Day and Night

It is a new way. It is something absolutely different. No lotions, sprays or sickly smelling salves or creams. No atomizer, or any apparatus of any kind. Nothing to smoke or inhale. No steaming or rubbing or injections. No electricity or vibration or massage. No powder; no plasters; no keeping in the house. Nothing of that kind at all. Something new and different, something delightful and healthy, something instantly successful. You do not have to wait and linger and pay out a lot of money. You can stop it over night—and I will gladly tell you how—FREE. I am not a doctor and this is not a so-called doctor's prescription—but I am cured and my friends are cured, and you can be cured. Your suffering will stop at once like magic.



I Am Free—You Can Be Free My catarrh was filthy and loathsome. It made me ill. It dulled my mind. It undermined my health and was weakening my will. The hacking coughing, spitting made me obnoxious to all, and my foul breath and disgusting habits made even my loved ones avoid me secretly. My delight in life was dulled and my faculties impaired. I knew that in time it would bring me to an untimely grave, because every moment of the day and night it was slowly yet surely sapping my vitality.

But I found the cure, and I am ready to tell you about it FREE. Write me promptly.

Send no money. Just your name and address on a postal card. Say: "Dear Sam Katz: Please tell me how you cured your catarrh, and how I can cure mine. That's all you need to say. I will understand, and I will write to you with complete information, FREE, at once. Do not delay. Send postal card or write me a letter today. Do not think of turning this page until you have asked for this wonderful treatment that can do for you what it has done for me."

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LIBERTY OF CONSCIENCE

At a great Catholic meeting held a few years ago in Nottingham, England, the Right Reverend Bishop of the Diocese being in the chair, Cardinal Manning thus forcibly expressed himself, amidst the repeated applause of his hearers in regard to the coercion of non-Catholics in religious matters:

"And here let me say in passing that I have seen, I may say, a challenge thrown out to us in this form: 'Catholics know that if they were in a majority, they would coerce the matter of religious education.' To that I say, absolutely, no, and I say no, as a Catholic, for this reason: by coercion you make hypocrites; you cannot make believers."

"If the English people were to come to me to-morrow and offer themselves to conform to the Catholic Church without Catholic faith, I should say, 'I will not admit one of you.' And if any man were to say that by acts of the supreme power of the legislature a Catholic majority may coerce the people of England into Catholic schools and Catholic churches, I should say that in doing so we would violate one of the most vital principles of the Catholic faith. In order to be as brief as I can, I will give one, and only one example. What is faith? The free spontaneous act of the intellect and the will, accepting upon due and proper evidence, the revelation of God. And you will observe that it is not only the act of the intellect, but

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