

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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GETTING ON

Most of us rise in the moral scale by imitation; noble examples fire us with some of their own enthusiasm for goodness. Great personalities affect us in that part of our nature which gladly responds to the appeal of inspired thinkers whose vision of life's meaning and end is exalted above the transient needs of the day and hour. What interest would past or current history have for those of us who are intellectually alive if only the dull average were reflected? The shining peaks in the human world's scenery are the distinguished lives and splendid achievements of select persons. Even those who formally dispute man's higher vocation and destiny share the pride that such greatness sustains. If that pride has too often stopped short at the great captains and physical explorers, we are at last gaining a higher standpoint: heroism is seen in manifold forms. The common man and woman often springs into eminence when some opportunity of new labor or sacrifice occurs. Thus personality vindicates its superiority to mere process.

"Miracles do not happen," Matthew Arnold told us a generation since. True in the outward and scientific sense, the statement leaves the claim of the spiritual sphere unimpaired.

The roll of honor which includes all the seers and reformers of ages gone by is full of transformations that throw the signs and wonders of tradition into the shade. The soul is the great miracle. We behold with the "mind's eye" prodigies accomplished by weak men and women. Martyrdom becomes easy to the invincible heroes of faith. Pain, loss of all things, death itself are welcomed at the resistless call of duty. As in earlier centuries, so today; our youth eagerly comes forward, knowing the fearful price to be paid, dares the horrors of demonic conflict, willingly endures unimaginable suffering and shame in a cause which grips the very soul of manhood, of whom indeed the world is not worthy. They are overcoming the world, as all the spiritual pioneers have done before them.

It may be that Christendom has too long looked behind to the so-called ages of faith. It is full time to turn from the dead past to the living present. The ashes of ancient altar-fires cannot warm chilly natures today, nor can the crusts of former feasts feed the growing minds of seekers after vital truth. The new paganism, which mimics the gospel of spiritual progress, demands a keener study than the old classic one. Plutarch spoke for all the greater thinkers of Greece and Rome when he said: "We know that among the great company of deities which are generally believed there is but One who is eternal and immutable; all the rest, having been born in time, will end in death."

OUR OPPORTUNITY

Saintship takes on new and striking forms—who can penetrate all its disguises? St. Theresa and St. Elizabeth have their modern followers; Francis of Assisi and Philip Neri would recognize many comrades among the philanthropists of our time.

The Calendar is never closed, only Life assumes more complex patterns of piety.

The immediate duty of all seriously-minded men and women is to revise their everyday judgments concerning human character and conduct. There is indeed no novelty in the suggestion that the Time-spirit works great changes in moral and spiritual matters; have not all the epochs of human progress been heralded by prophetic voices demanding repentance—that is, a radical change of mind and heart to meet the new day's requirements? Every age brings to life fresh needs. Each succeeding generation inherits unexpected responsibilities. Perfect knowledge is unattainable by mortals yet there is a beauty in the twilight, a satisfaction in taking risks when duty calls, such as may well suffice

to assure faithful souls that all is well in a Universe under law. All the pioneers of the human advance have felt the glow of a new enthusiasm when summoned to undertake a difficult and dangerous task. The rule is absolute—no cross, no crown. Great is the glory when the strife is hard. Nor is the victory always to the strong or the goal to the swiftest runner. "What would you have?" said Goethe. "Take it, and pay the price." Well, his apostate countrymen have made a bid for world-power, and they are paying heavily in all senses. That was a true and striking utterance of the Eastern sage—"Not in the sky, nor in the midst of the Sea, nor in the clefts of the mountains, is there a spot in the whole world where a man might be freed from the dark shadow of an evil deed." It is otherwise with innocent error; hence there need be no violent effort to destroy mistaken beliefs when they help to sustain the moral life. Bigotry does not spring from deep spiritual conviction, but is grounded in presumptuous confidence. As we think of our sponsors in the ravaged fields of Flanders and of France, of the boys whose lives have been freely given for the redemption of this later world, do not our hearts burn within us, and in the heat of this fresh experience ought not doubts generated in meaner times to give place to admiration, hope, and love? These are the elements out of which a living faith is born. In the older order it was thought that the warriors who fell in battle fought on in the upper zones for the causes they had maintained on earth; let us not fear that our heroes who have gone before cherish the same deathless ideals. Let us rather brace up our nerves and resolve that we wear the same spiritual armor unstained, so that at last we may also stand upon the glorious heights they have so quickly gained.

INFLUENZA DEATHS

TOLL IN CAMPS MAY EQUAL DEATHS IN BATTLE

Deaths from influenza in the United States greatly exceeded the deaths among American troops abroad, according to an estimate prepared by the Bureau of the Census. It is also estimated by the Bureau of Public Health that the deaths from influenza and pneumonia in camps and cantonments in this country nearly approached the number killed in actual battle among the expeditionary forces.

The bulletin issued by the Bureau of the Census on the ravages shows that the highest mortality per thousand was in Philadelphia, with Baltimore next.

"The influenza epidemic has thus far taken a much heavier toll of American life than has the great war," says the bulletin. "The total loss of life throughout the country is not known, but the Bureau of the Census has been publishing, for forty-six cities having a combined population estimated at 28,000,000, weekly reports showing the mortality from influenza and pneumonia. These reports, which cover the period from Sept. 8 to Nov. 9 inclusive, show a total of 23,000 deaths from these causes. It is estimated that during a similar period of time the number of deaths in the same cities would be about 4,000 leaving approximately 78,000 as the number properly chargeable to the epidemic."

"The total casualties in the American expeditionary forces have recently been unofficially estimated at 100,000. On the basis of the number thus far reported it may be assumed that the deaths from all causes, including disease and accidents, are probably less than 45 per cent, and may not be more than 40 per cent, of the total casualties. On American Expeditionary Forces to date is about 40,000 or 45,000."

"Thus, in forty-six American cities having a combined population of only a little more than one-fifth the total for the country the mortality resulting during the nine weeks' period ended Nov. 9 was nearly double that in the American expeditionary forces from the time the contingent landed in France until the cessation of hostilities."

"For the forty-six cities taken as a group the epidemic reached its height during the two weeks ended Oct. 26, for which period 40,782 deaths were reported—19,988 for the week ended Oct. 19 and 20,844 for the following week. Since Oct. 26, however, the decline has been pronounced. During the week ended Nov. 2, 14,857 deaths occurred, and during the following week only 7,798. The only city in which the number of deaths reported for the week ended Nov. 9 exceeded the number occurring dur-

ing the previous week was Spokane, Wash.

"In general the epidemic traversed the country from east to west. In a number of Eastern cities, notably Boston, where the greatest mortality occurred during the week ended Oct. 5, the largest number of deaths were reported for earlier periods than that which covered the height of the epidemic for the forty-six cities taken as a group. On the other hand in New Haven, New York, Pittsburgh, and Rochester the maximum mortality occurred somewhat later than in Eastern cities generally. In Baltimore, Buffalo, and Philadelphia the two weeks' period ended Oct. 26 showed the greatest number of deaths. For the entire nine weeks' period the greatest mortality due to the epidemic in proportion to population—7.4 per 1,000—occurred in Philadelphia, and the next greatest—6.7 per 1,000—was reported for Baltimore."—N. Y. Times.

TRIBUTE TO FOCH

To Ferdinand Foch the American people and the American army have paid a tribute that comes from the depths of their hearts. The presentation of the first of the distinguished service medals to the "godfather of the American army" is but a faint expression of the affectionate admiration that this nation feels for the military chief who organized the victory that was signalized by Germany's complete surrender on November 11.

The appointment of this genius of warfare and of statesmanship to the chief command of the armies ranged under the banners of the United States and the Allies marked the turning point in the tide which up to that time had been running with disastrous results against the allied forces. Foch, a soldier by training and a psychologist by intuition, knew when to retire and when to advance. He knew when to wait and when to strike. He wasted not a single life in useless and spectacular adventures. He hid his time. When that time came he struck with a sustained fury that knew no check and no let up. Once he had struck the enemy's fate was decided. Germany's collapse was only a question of time.

The supremely happy choice of Ferdinand Foch for the chief command of the forces of civilization was due largely to President Wilson's wise advocacy of a unified and coordinated military policy. In this advocacy he was warmly seconded by the commander of the American expeditionary forces, Gen. Pershing. In the President's vision of the inexorable necessity of the hour, the British and Italian statesmen and general staffs coincided without reservation. The unification of command and the co-ordination of aims and energies came not a whit too soon. The solid achievement recorded in history on November 11 is the heritage of a united purpose converted into deeds by the splendid military genius of Ferdinand Foch.

Foch's name will stand forever at the top of the long roll of honor which has been written in the blood of the free nations of the world in their triumphant response to the last onslaught of feudalism and the darkness of the middle ages upon the liberties of the world.—N. Y. World.

GERMANS ASSAILED CHURCH

PROPAGANDA AGAINST FRENCH CATHOLICS

Dr. James H. McMahon of the Church of Our Lady of Lourdes in West 142d Street, made an address before the Catholic Literary Association, New York, in which he discussed "The Catholic Soul of France."

"France is soundly and thoroughly Catholic," Dr. McMahon said. "The religious life is deep-rooted and fervent." Although American Catholics are proud, he added, because they have one Catholic university, the Catholics of France have established five institutions which have the rank of universities. France, although a republic, Dr. McMahon pointed out, has a highly centralized government. Every employee of the Government in all parts of the country is subservient to the party in power, and in order to hold his position is compelled to conform to the dictates of the party directing the Government.

Through German-inspired prejudice against the Church, he said, and through "nationalism and naturalism, also made in Germany and imported into France," a strongly anti-clerical government of clerics and adroit politicians has come into power which really deceives the electorate. In explaining Germany's influence in exciting ill feeling in France against the Catholics, Dr. McMahon read a copy of a letter from Bismarck to the German Ambassador in Paris, dated Nov. 16, 1872 in which he urged the Ambassador to "undertake a war" against the Catholic Church and "to maintain fear of clerical power" by

attacking the Papacy in jingoistic newspapers. This fear of the power of the Church spread to such an extent throughout France, Dr. McMahon said, that members of the Chamber of Deputies, themselves devout Catholics and representatives of Catholic communities, voted for measures which persecuted the Church.

REFLECTIONS ON THE WAR

BY JAMES CARDINAL GIBBONS, ARCHBISHOP OF BALTIMORE, IN N. Y. AMERICAN

America and her Allies triumphed in this world war because theirs was a cause that was just and honorable and righteous; because theirs was a fight not prompted by selfish aims and by insatiable ambitions of world conquest, but one that is to make the world free of despotism; a battle for freedom from the yoke of oppression that a militaristic Germany would have fastened upon us.

All schemes conceived in passion and fomented by hopes of the most lawless kind—as was this War—carry terror before them and leave ruin, desolation and death in their wake. But only for a time. God never relinquishes the reins of earthly government. In time right and justice must prevail; soon or later a Divine Will forces into submission those earthly kings and emperors who ruthlessly try to dominate. And the time has come when the aims of Germany have been shattered; when the yearning of her misguided ruler for world conquest has been crushed—forever.

AMERICA'S MOTIVES UNSHIELD

America's motive in this War is a high one—and a noble one. Hers is a battle unselfish and honorable; a fight not so much for herself but one that has the liberty and the good of the entire world as its goal. And because of this I feel—and I know—that God guided our armies, and those of our Allies, to glorious victory.

But to win decisively we must continue to fight—and every one of us. Millions of our boys are on the battlefields of France ready and willing to lay down their lives for the cause that they know is just; they are prepared to make the supreme sacrifice. They have seen their duty—and nobly do they go forward to perform it.

But cannot the soldiers on the battlefields? But those of us who are left at home can serve the noble cause by supporting our government to the limit of our powers; to win this war we must remain united—at home and at the front. No army can win that lacks the full support of the nation it defends. And so it is with us. We must help our army; we must make every sacrifice gladly and uncomplainingly. It is a solemn sacred duty.

AN IDEAL WORTH DYING FOR

We must be loyal and courageous; we must be unwavering in our allegiance to our nation. We must help; we must not hinder. We must be soldiers—good soldiers—doing what is asked of us by our superiors; doing it without questioning and without criticism.

Those who live in America should thank God that they have been blessed with a home-land such as this; one where liberty is granted without license; where there is authority without despotism; where the government holds over us a mantle of protection without interfering with a God-given right of conscience. It is a wonderful country; this America; a glorious country; one worth sacrificing for; one worth dying for.

At a time like this we must not complain—less the criticism we help. We must go to the limit of our powers in supporting the President and our Government. We must be whole-souled in our submission to their rulings. It is not our right now to question the laws that the War has imposed upon us. We must obey as all good soldiers have obeyed since the world began.

To those who sometimes have found fault with governmental rulings; to those whose own opinions have differed from the opinions of our great leaders in this world strife, I say this:

Remember that you are looking at things from only a single viewpoint, while those in authority view them from many different angles; yours is the conclusion of but a single brain; theirs is the concentrated thought of many master brains. It is not within your province to protest because you alone have ideas that conflict with those conceived by the men who are guiding the destiny of this nation—and guiding it with remarkable skill and judgment.

The responsibilities that rest today upon the shoulders of our President; upon those of his Cabinet and upon the legislative bodies of the United States are tremendous responsibilities—greater perhaps than any group of men ever had been burdened with since time began. But these men are doing their work in a way that is wonderful; they are

doing all that is humanly possible to do to crush speedily a nation that aspires to the enslavement of the world.

WORLD HAS NOT GONE MAD

And remember—always—that Mr. Woodrow Wilson and his associates in authority in this country are instruments of God; that God has placed them in the high offices they hold so that they should serve His purpose of leading us out of the chaos of war in the haven of peace.

Some there are who have felt that the world has gone mad; that we are adrift, rudderless and helpless on a sea of murderous emotions. But that is wrong. Since the time of the Creation nothing has happened in this world by chance. An ever-ruling God has been constantly at the helm of the world, guiding it safely through every storm; piloting it always past the rocks that threatened absolute disaster into the calm harbor of peace and prosperity.

At times like this we must have faith—and a faith that is whole-souled and sublime. We must believe in God—in His Wisdom, His Justice and His Kindness. We must put our trust in the Almighty and calmly feel that at a time when God wills it the War will come to an end. And that the world will be better for the strife that now casts a pall over it.

Through the years corruption has increased in the world; greed, lust and avarice came to dominate. The world had come to need a cleansing, and God in His all-wise Providence has been sweeping His hand over it, cleansing and purifying it with the blood of martyrs who died so that those who survive—and those who will be born in the generations to come—will live in a world that is cleaner and better and purer.

AS A SPIRITUAL PURIFIER

History shows us that the world can go on only for a certain time before it degrades itself and degenerates. Helpless in itself to bring about a purification, it looks to our Heavenly Father to help it; to wash away the corruption. And this is an era, like those that history records, when God has come to the help of the world and in a way that He deems best, is purifying it.

Those who have loved ones on the battlefields of France must suffer in anguish and in grief. But to them must come a solace in knowing that their loved ones have not died in vain; that they gave up their lives for a cause that nothing has collapsed in worthiness. All of us who are born into this world must die, as there any nobler death than that which can come when one sacrifices his life for righteousness; when one dies acting as the instrument of his Creator in carrying on the work of cleansing the world?

The War already has brought about a spiritual revolution—in every religion. There has been developed since the fighting began a tremendous impetus to trust in God—and to keep His commandments. Men and women pray today—hold daily commune with their God—who hadn't prayed for many years. The world has ceased to think only of earthly things; its thoughts have turned to the spiritual. It turns for solace to the Church and lifts its voice in prayer, asking the Heavenly Father to protect the loved ones; to bring a speedy end to the frightful slaughter in France.

And God is hearing them. Their prayers will not go unanswered.

CONVERTING THE WORLD

From the battlefields of France comes even greater evidence that the War is converting the world; that it is bringing man closer to his God. Men think of God today—and pray to Him—who have had no religious thoughts for years. A religious fervor is sweeping the world. And, in the inferno of combat in France, men are responding to the cry of their souls; they are lifting their voices in prayer and finding in that action the sweetest joy that life has ever brought to them.

When the War is over and when peace and tranquility reign once again, the world will not go back to its old ways; it will not sever the bond of prayer that now unites it with its God. It will not forget what a comfort prayer has brought to them in these war-torn days. The world will raise its voice to its Creator in prayer of thanksgiving then, as it raises it in supplication now. And the world will continue to commune with its God and find in that communion a joy that surpasses understanding.

No man can prophesy when peace will come; God alone knows the day and the hour. But it will come. And when it does it shall be a glorious peace. Until then, let us put our fullest faith and trust in God—and in our President! Let us pledge day by day our loyalty to our country—and then let us show it. Let us be patient and long suffering, remembering always that out of evil comes good, and that out of this War shall come a new world—a better world—a purer, cleaner world than any of us have known.

And let us pray to our Heavenly Father that the peace which is to come will come to us soon.

"BOBS" PROVES A SEER WHEN FOCH WINS WAR

Montreal, Nov. 21.—A startlingly accurate prophecy made in Canada by the late Lord Roberts is referred to by L'Evenement of Quebec. The paper says Lord Roberts, while in Canada ten years ago, stated on one occasion:

"They refuse to believe me, and we are asleep under a false security, for I do not hesitate to affirm that we will have a frightful war in Europe, and England and France will have the hardest experience of their existence. They will, in fact, see defeat very near, but the war will finally be won by the genius of a French General named Ferdinand Foch, professor in a military school in Paris."

A NOTABLE INCIDENT

During the enthusiastic celebration of the end of the War in New York, there was many a notable and significant incident. Here's the way one is described in the New York Tribune of Tuesday, Nov. 12.

The flags of all the Allies waved and fluttered in the sunshine, and spectators reverently removed their hats for each passing flag. Wreathed by the frequency of the salute, many men threw their headgear away and went bareheaded for the rest of the day.

One flag was greeted with a sobbing cheer as it was unfurled in Times Square. Its color was green. Its single device a golden harp. Pinned to the waving folds was a placard with the numeral, '69.' Officers of five nations were accidentally thrown together between the converging streams at the corner of Forty second street—an Englishman, a Frenchman, an Italian, an American and a Japanese in service uniform. It was the Italian who first saw the green flag. He suddenly drew up at attention and the others straightened in a rigid line behind him. Then, without further introduction, the four linked arms and strode off together.

This was indeed a well-deserved honor for the green flag. Americans of Irish blood have freely sacrificed their lives for this, their country, either by birth or adoption, in this War, and, though the Stars and Stripes is the only flag to which their allegiance is pledged and heartily given, they cannot help but have a sentimental attachment to the banner of the land so sorely tried these many centuries, but whose day is drawing now when the whole world is ready to accept the principles of self-determination of peoples so eloquently announced by the President of the United States.—N. Y. Catholic News.

IRISH TRIBUTE TO CARDINAL

Baltimore, Nov. 7.—Cardinal Gibbons received today a document signed by Cardinal Logue, Primate of Ireland, and the other Bishops and Archbishops of Ireland, congratulating him on his fiftieth anniversary as a Bishop. In part it says:

"A delegation of the Bishops of Ireland would gladly journey to Baltimore, but now duty constrains each Irish Bishop to abide among his flock and render them, if the occasion should require, all the aid he can, as Irish Bishops have ever done in days of danger for their people."

"The jubilee tribute of esteem and affection which the Cardinal Primate, Archbishops and Bishops of Ireland in meeting assembled, for themselves, their clergy and people, tender to the Cardinal Archbishop of Baltimore is associated, in our thoughts with gratitude to America for all it has done for the Irish race and to its President, for his noble pronouncements on behalf of the freedom of nations small and great."

POPE BENEDICT XV. AND HIS OLD DIOCESE

When Cardinal Della Chiesa ascended the Papal Throne over four years ago he brought with him a deep, abiding love for the archdiocese of Bologna, a love that he never fails to exhibit when occasion arises. Hence when the day came for the transfer of the ashes of St. Petronius, patron of Bologna, from its old reliquary to the magnificent one of crystal which the Bologna had procured for the remains, the Pope himself desired to perform the ceremony. Accordingly, the Archbishop of Bologna, Cardinal Gusemini, accompanied by many of the clergy and faithful of Bologna, conveyed the relics to Rome so that His Holiness would personally make the transfer. Love breathed in every line of his speech to the group in the Throne Room next day. And to Bologna, Cardinal, priests and people returned with hearts overflowing with affection for the august occupant of St. Peter's Chair.

CATHOLIC NOTES

The Knights of Columbus in Baltimore, says the Catholic Transcript, subscribed five hundred thousand dollars for the Fourth Liberty Loan. In Philadelphia the Knights subscribed one million dollars.

The Catholic Printing Company of Dubuque, Ia., intends to publish The Catholic Tribune three times a week after November 1. It is planned to develop it into the first Catholic daily in the English language in the United States.

On Sunday, Nov. 10, at St. Louis Cathedral, St. Louis, Mo., Rt. Rev. C. H. Byrne, D. D., the beloved and well known pastor of the Church of the Holy Name of that city, was consecrated bishop of Galveston, Texas.

The recent earthquake in Porto Rico caused a loss of \$1,000,000 to Government buildings and damaged Catholic Church property to the extent of \$300,000. Bishop Jones is beset with anxieties because of this destruction.

It is now announced that Major Rev. A. Madden, O. M. I., M. C., has been awarded the D. S. O. instead of a bar to his M. C. This is a higher honor. The honors won by the Catholic Chaplains 9th Canadian Corps are: 1 D. S. O., M. C., 1 D. S. O., 9 M. C.

New Orleans, Nov. 4.—Rev. William Loneragan, S. J., aged eighty-four, one of the oldest and most widely known Jesuits in the Southern Province, died here last week. Father Loneragan was, at one time, President of Spring Hill College, where he had been student, scholastic, teacher and professor.

Sister Irene McCort, one of the most widely known Sisters of Charity in this country, died recently in Baltimore at a hospital where she has served fifty-four years as expert pharmacist. She was a native of Baltimore, was seventy-seven years old, and was one of that large army of nurses who did such heroic work during the Civil War.

The faculty of Fordham University, New York, has conferred the degree of Doctor of Letters on the Right Rev. Eugene Julien, Bishop of Arzac, whose Cathedral was destroyed by the Germans, and Mgr. Alfred Baudrillard, rector of the Catholic Institute of Paris, and a member of the French Academy. The presentation took place at a Solemn High Requiem Mass for Allied dead.

Marshal Foch is affectionately nicknamed "General Deux Sous," General Two Cents, because when he was once told years ago that unless he was more on his dignity and less friendly with ordinary people, he would injure his career as an army officer, he replied: "I don't care two cents in that case whether I do or not, and I'm going to speak to my old friends just the same as ever." He has been "Two Cents" ever since.

A good deal of satisfaction is expressed in ecclesiastical circles in Rome at the magnificent scenes of popular devotion that were evident at the funerals of His Eminence Cardinal Farley, Archbishop of New York, and the Most Rev. John Ireland, Archbishop of St. Paul. In the impressive demonstrations made on those occasions by the clergy and the people the Holy See beholds the crown to the life-work of these two great pillars of the Church in the United States.

Clarence Brown, a prominent professional and business man, whose death occurred recently in the City of Toledo, while not a Catholic, had on many occasions, both public and private, manifested a kindly regard for the Church and her institutions. His last will and testament was a most remarkable document. To St. Vincent's Hospital he bequeathed \$70,000, to Mercy Hospital \$50,000 and to the Little Sisters of the Poor \$20,000.

Over eighty "priests" and 100 laymen have been participating in a conference at Hoxton, England, to discuss the possibility of introducing the "Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament" into the Church of England. The Bishop of Truro, it appears, recently forbade such service in a Cornwall parish, and this conference was convened to protest against his action and to support the rector of the parish in his defiance of the Bishop.

New York, N. Y.—Pte. Daniel O'Connell, descendant of the illustrious Irish leader for whom he was named, has been killed in action, according to a war department message received by his mother, Mrs. Mary O'Connell. He was one of the youngest soldiers to be decorated with the Croix de Guerre for gallantry in action, being only eighteen last March, when he was honored for valor on the field. Private O'Connell was an altar boy in St. Rose of Lima church, Rockaway Beach, when he enlisted in the aid Twenty-third regiment in Brooklyn, and went to the Mexican border. When the national guard was federalized he was transferred to the One Hundred and Sixty-fifth Infantry, the old Fighting Sixty-ninth.

A DAUGHTER OF THE SIERRA

BY CHRISTIAN REID

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CHAPTER V—CONTINUED

"I know well that it is not, I have never yet asked hospitality in the Sierra and had it refused." "No, it is never refused," she replied; "but sometimes it is very ill required."

"There was a moment's pause; for Lloyd, who might have answered easily had he been ignorant of what special deed of ill requital was in her mind, felt all power of answer taken from him by his knowledge. And as he looked at her, in her noble beauty, her air of command, her pride and her just resentment, he said to himself that the work which lay before him was not only unenviable but doomed to failure, if this girl had the power, as she surely would have the will, to hold her own against the hand which came once more to return hospitality and trust by robbery."

"This was the report which he made a little later to Armistead. "If I were in your place," he added, "I would go back to Trafford and tell him to come and do his own contemptible work if he wanted it done. But I should also warn him that he will never accomplish it; for this girl will fight like a lioness, and she will have the country behind her."

"Armistead smiled—a superior and not altogether pleasant smile. "It's not remarkable," he observed, "that you haven't—er—succeeded very well in life."

"If you mean that I am a complete failure," Lloyd answered, "I agree with you that it's not remarkable; but I don't believe that it is absolutely necessary to choose between failure and doing such work as this."

"It is certainly necessary to choose between failure and carrying out the instructions of your employers. If I were foolish enough to go back to Trafford as you advise, do you know what would be the result?" "I shouldn't care."

"Probably not," but the result would simply be that Trafford would send some other man to carry out his instructions with regard to this matter, and that I should lose a very valuable connection without doing any good to anybody."

"Except to yourself. A man does good to himself when he keeps his hands out of such work."

with natural features so marvelously beautiful, and a life and customs that seem a perfect mingling of medieval Europe and the East. Don't you like it, or are you one of the Americans who pine for locomotives and trolleys?" "I am not," he assured her with commendable gravity. "I believe I appreciate all the charm you are feeling; although, of course, it is not so fresh to me as to you. But I have lived in the Sierra a long time and it has laid its spell upon me."

"The Sierra," she repeated. "Somehow, when you and Dona Victoria utter that name it has a kind of magical suggestiveness. You speak of it as if it were a land apart."

"It is a land apart—one of the few untouched regions of primeval wildness and grandeur yet remaining on earth."

"And you want to bring a railroad into it and destroy it!" "I want to bring a railroad into it! Who has been traducing me to you?"

"Somebody—papa or Mr. Thornston—said yesterday that is what you are here for—you and Mr. Armistead."

"Mr. Armistead may be contemplating such an enormity, but I am quite guiltless of it. The useful mule suffices me." Then, as they walked toward the house, he added: "I am glad you admire the country so much; but do you think that you may grow a little tired of Topia—after the novelty has worn off?"

"No, I don't think so," she answered. "That is papa's fear; but, then, he does not know me very well. You see, she went on confidentially, "we have not lived together for years—notice my mother died when I was quite a child. Since then I have lived with my aunt in San Francisco, or been abroad with another aunt. So papa regards me as simply one of the gentry young ladies, and credits me with what he supposes to be the tastes of that genus. I had to insist upon coming with him to Mexico."

"The insensibility of fathers to their privileges is sometimes astonishing."

"Is it not? But I hope to make him acquainted with me before I leave Topia. You know he can not get rid of me for at least six months. When the rainy season comes, it seems that this river rises and the way down the quebrada is closed."

"I suppose you are the only person who anticipates that event with pleasure. But you know you can always, if you like, go out over the Sierra."

ward by one of these wild gorges, has tracked its rushing river to its source high in the everlasting hills, he finds himself in the vast Alpine world of mountains and valleys, of hanging woods and singing waters, of abounding freshness, greenness and delight, which forms the crest of the mighty Mother-Range. In these solitudes the homes of men are few; but now and then the hills open and on some uplifted plain are Arcadian breadths of productive fields, and cattle in pastoral idyl, set in the frame of the surrounding mountains."

It was such a picture that Lloyd and Armistead saw before them as they drew up their horses on a hillside, which they were descending along a winding trail; and, at a point where the wooded steep fell sharply away, looked out between the tall stems of giant trees, and through their great crowns of verdure, at a wide, cultivated valley, on either side of which bold, green hills rolled up; while a crystal stream, shining just now with sunset reflections, flowed through the levels. In the distance a cluster of buildings stood embowered in shade, and the whole scene breathed an air of exquisite tranquillity.

"This," said Lloyd, "is Las Joyas."

"Las Joyas?" Armistead replied. "I thought it was Santa Cruz."

"The Santa Cruz Mine is two or three leagues distant, among the hills," Lloyd answered. "This is the Calderon hacienda, which is older than the mine and bears a different name."

"It is a very prosperous-looking place," said Armistead, taking in with sweeping glance the far-reaching fields and the stone walls, miles in length, which enclosed them. "I suppose that it was here Trafford found the—er—lady of whom we are now in search."

"No doubt," Lloyd responded dryly, "since it was her father's property. He was what we would call a self-made man, coming from some small ranch among these mountains; but he must have had uncommon abilities, for he died owning a principality in land."

"If it all in the Sierra, it can't be very valuable."

"It will be valuable if this country is ever opened up, for the timber on it alone is worth a fortune; and meanwhile there are ranches enough besides this hacienda, to produce a fine income—from the point of view of the Sierra."

"Man wants but little here below," I should judge, whether he wants that little gold or not," said Armistead as they rode on. "But, now that we have reached here, the question is how shall we be received?"

or end. In the west, on a sky of pellucid aquamarine, a few clouds of pure, intense gold were floating; and above them the evening-star gleamed like a diamond. The crystal lilt of the atmosphere, with its inexpressible coolness and freshness, gave the sense of great elevation and every breath taken into the lungs was laden with the balmy odors of the surrounding forests."

After a ride of about a mile they reached the gates of the hacienda, from which a broad road led across the verdant expanse to where the white arches of the dwelling shone under tall trees. On this road their figures were of course marks for observation from the time they entered the gates; so when they finally drew up before the corridor that ran across the front of the long house they were not surprised to find Don Mariano awaiting them there, a wonderfully dignified and picturesque figure, with his bronzed eagle face and gray hair."

He greeted them with the courtesy which never fails any stranger at the door of a Mexican house, making them welcome with a hospitality which was not apparently lessened by the knowledge that they came on the errand of one who could only be regarded as an enemy. Then, while their horses were led away, he bowed them through a great doorway—the massive, nail-studded doors of which might have served for a fortress,—into an inner court, surrounded by a corridor, or gallery, on which the apartments of the house opened. From this it was evident that there had lately been an exodus. A group of chairs near a table were not only empty, but one lay overturned as if from the hasty flight of some one who had occupied it; and there were traces of feminine presence in a work-basket filled with materials for sewing, which had been left on the brick-paved floor of the corridor.

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"Better than we deserve, I haven't the least doubt," Lloyd replied. "I spoke to Don Mariano frankly when we parted at Canelas, and told him that you had business to transact with Dona Beatriz on behalf of her husband."

"Her husband! Trafford was born divorced from her for at least fifteen years."

"Such trifles are not recognized here. In the eyes of these people, and as they believe in the eyes of God, Trafford is simply an unfaithful husband."

the lack of setting and adornment. As she approached the two men, who rose to their feet, she held out a slender, sunburnt hand, and gave the tips of her fingers for an instant to each."

"Scientific studies," she said, with a queenly gesture; and as they seated themselves again, she also sat down and regarded them with her dark, proud eyes. "We learn from Don Mariano, senora, that you wish to see my mother."

"Yes, senorita," Lloyd replied. "Mr. Armistead is charged with a matter of business to present to the consideration of the Senora your mother."

"She requests that he will present it to me, senor."

Lloyd glanced at Armistead, who, comprehending the words, shook his head.

"I never do business except with principals—if it can possibly be avoided," he replied. "Say to Dona Victoria that it is necessary I should deliver my communication to her mother, but that I will very willingly wait until it is quite convenient for Dona Beatriz to see me."

Victoria frowned slightly when this was repeated to her.

"It is not a question of convenience," she said, with a note of anger in her voice. "It is that I wish to spare my mother something which can not be so painful to her."

"I understand," Lloyd answered; and if there was anger in her voice, there was unmistakable sympathy in his. "But although Mr. Armistead must state his business to you if you insist upon his doing so, it will be better that he should speak with your mother directly. Then there can be no doubt of her answer."

"When I speak for my mother, it is as if she spoke for herself, senor."

they were people of wealth and social position—and Anne was ambitious. The old man tried hard to be contented in the grand new home. Anne was good to him, but she was trying hard to emulate her friends; there was a maid in the kitchen, the meals were served in style. Dinny would have preferred the old-fashioned ways. It seemed to him he could be content if only he could have his supper out in the kitchen, and sit with his feet on the hearth of the cook stove, reading the paper by the light of a kerosene lamp; it would seem "natural" he told himself. But it was no use wishing for that, for the maid would have no one in her kitchen—and what good was a gas-range anyway? In the old days Dinny's last move each night before getting ready for bed was to get down the old drawing knife and the soft pine board to make shavings for the morning fire. There was no need of shavings for the gas range, nor was there comfort in locking into its blue flame.

Now he was trying to console himself with arguments: "Sure, I'm always dressed up, an' have nothing to do," he told himself with an attempt at cheerfulness. "What more should I want? Then he began thinking about the work he used to do on the farm—the chores around orchard and stables. "I've not even a woodshed now," he thought sadly. He got up from his chair and took a roundabout way to the rear of the house. Anne had a "roomful of company" he knew, and he didn't want to see them.

"What good is their talk," he muttered contemptuously. He was remembering the group of his old friends that used to gather about the yard on a Sunday afternoon; some one would produce a copy of "The Irish World," and Tim Galvin would open the discussion of Home Rule. That was talk indeed!

He stole up the stairs that led to the attic. Here were stored many old relics that Dinny had not the heart to part with. He sank down into the rocking chair that had been his particular favorite for many years; automatically his elbow found the supporting curves of the padded arms.

It was strangely still in the attic; the little shaded windows made a twilight in the room, friendly shadows filling the corners. Near him was the bench that he himself had put together when he and Bridget had first begun housekeeping in the New World; there was the small hair trunk that had brought their scant possessions from the old country; there was the old book case with its treasure of dusty, time-stained volumes. The friendly shadows shifted further into the room, like old familiar shapes seen dimly. Dinny could almost hear the ears of corn swung by their hooks from the rafters; he could imagine the faint sweet fragrance from festoons of dried apples. He went over to the old hair trunk and took out the battered violin that had been his treasured possession through life. A little tremulously, he slipped it into position and began to play "The Wind that Shakes the Barley," but the bent old fingers were even less nimble than usual and the tune died quaveringly away as the old man sat with head bowed low.

Presently he arose and tip-toed down the stairs, through the immaculate kitchen, into the yard in the rear of the house. A wire netting fence ran along the edge of the yard. A wide gateway gave access to the alley, or driveway, that cleft the square. With a sudden overpowering longing for the byways of the world, the old man opened the gate and wandered down the alley-way. He walked slowly, with his shoulders a little more bent than usual. Once he stopped to pull a straggling weed, naming it over to himself as something familiar. It seemed as alien to the fashionable square as himself. After a while he had passed out of the square in which he lived and into another, still keeping to the byways. Then suddenly he "stopped in his tracks" as he himself afterward said. He was standing in the alley-way behind a grand stone house—finer than his own, it was—and coming toward the alley, steadily, with many a backward look, was one whom Dinny instantly described to himself as "the cut an' likeness av Patrick Casey, my good old friend." There was the long, slightly aquiline nose, the pointed white chin-whisker thrust forward as he walked with neck a trifle outstretched, and even the walking stick, clasped in both hands behind his back.

Dinny stood waiting, a pathetic eagerness gripping him. He knew it was not Patrick Casey—but it was some one that looked like him.

The newcomer upon the alley paused, and looked at Dinny in surprise and uncertainty.

Then Dinny staked his all: "Thigga thu Gaelic?" "It was the old cry of the Celt heart-hunger in alien land. The newcomer reached for Dinny's hand: "Thigga thu, shanvar, thigga thu!" Then followed questions and answers. Dinny gave the outlines of his story, trying not to make it seem like complaining; but Cavanaugh slipped an arm through his and fell into step.

"Don't I know, then? Didn't I farm it thirty years an' more, an' then didn't we come here to the city, and the old woman an' the girls goin' in for style an' all!" Dinny listened with mouth half-gaped, there was growing in his heart the joy of a comrade found.

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"But do ye come with me," went on Cavanaugh. "I've found what beats the style!"

Dinny sought explanation, but he only answered: "Y'll see, y'll see!"

In the meantime he had led the way to the nearest street-car line.

It was a long ride they took, whirling away from the neighborhood of wealthy homes, through a long stretch of business area; then swerving abruptly, the carline wound into a quiet avenue, where the homes were modest and unpretentious, yet in no way shabby.

Next little houses were set well back upon lawns shaded by box elder and cottonwood, and behind each house stretched a garden plot tidily cared for; two vacant lots joined to form a long, meadow-like stretch of grass in which grew wild hemp and field daisies; a red cow browsed leisurely. Dinny saw it all with a warm glow in his heart.

Across from the vacant lots stood a small red brick store building, with evidences of living rooms above it. It was to this store that his friend was leading him.

"Well—this is comfortable!" admitted her father, sinking into the chair and putting his feet on the footstool that was there for them.

"I happened in Roscommon—I saw this myself—" another voice, laden with mystery, was narrating.

"Any man that knows Irish history—" thundered a burly man, pounding his own knee for emphasis; Dinny stood listening as if to music.

"Have ye welcome for a stranger?" "We have that!" cried all heartily. A man and woman came forward to be made acquainted with the new guest.

These two were O'Toole and his wife, who owned the little store which their son was running for them. Then Dinny was introduced all around and given a seat in the circle, with Cavanaugh beside him.

Now the latter was ready to tell him the story of how, sick of the fine neighborhood that he lived in, and longing for country scenes, he had once voiced his homesickness in the presence of Father Maloney, the kindly-faced priest of the big church on the Avenue.

"He said nothing at all at the time," said Cavanaugh, "but a few days afterward he came to me with his car, and down here he brought me an' made me acquainted. 'Twas his first parish in the city, an' being country-born himself, 'twas always like home to him. Well with him backing me up the girls could say nothing, so I come down here once a week regular—or oftener, if I can slip away unbeknownst, as I did today."

Almost all the people who lived in this neighborhood were originally from the country, or small towns, and had preserved their rural habits and customs; all were of humble station in life. The men of the neighborhood who were too old for work, other than the small chores about the house or garden, had gotten into the habit of rounding up at O'Toole's, knowing there was always company and a welcome.

Dinny tipped his chair back on two legs and rocked contentedly, though dangerously, to and fro, while Cavanaugh in an undertone enlightened him as to who was in the company: "Him across there—with the one arm—'e's an old soldier; look his arm at Gethysburg—y'll hear; him tell about it sometime, too; farmed at Clear Lake, near the Iowa line, till a few years ago. Clancy, there—the thin fellow with the pipe—he's been everywhere—'tis he that can tell ye adventures!"

So Cavanaugh went over the list. One had helped build the "Jim Hill" road (he took almost as much pride in the road as he would had he furnished the capital instead of the muscle); one had headed through the Indian outbreak near Mendota; some had lived all their lives in one place, since coming to America; others had ranged the country over, before finally settling down to steady occupation.

possible that Cavanaugh could be right when he suggested that it was time for him and his friend to go; but, looking at the big silver watch that he had carried all his life Dinny jumped up with some alacrity, remembering the hour that Anne had set for supper—or "dinner," as she called it. But before he could get away a stolid-faced, quiet man who had been watching him for a long time laid a hand upon his arm:

"D'y' mind Jimmy Mahaffy that came over from the old sod on the same boat with ye—d'y' mind him now?"

"I do," said Dinny, his mind reaching back to that first journey. "I'm him," said the stolid man, holding out his hand solemnly.

There was general rejoicing among all at this unexpected denouement. Dinny wanted to sit down again and talk, but Cavanaugh said no.

"Y'll have that to look forward to," he urged, for he was getting uneasy, knowing that "the wife and the girls" would be worrying about him if he failed to appear at the accustomed time.

Dinny himself was in some trepidation at the thought of Anne finding him gone—and no explanation given beforehand. He went very quietly into the house, for it was later than the usual hour of their evening meal. Anne was up-stairs at the time, but she came down soon after. He thought she looked at him rather queerly as she came in; it seemed to him too, that there was an added affection in her attitude to him during the meal—and he noticed she absent called it "supper." Afterward they went into a small room that Anne called the library. A fire burned in the fireplace that had hitherto been banked with fern in a way that Anne had seen somewhere.

An easy chair stood before the fire. "Well—this is comfortable!" admitted her father, sinking into the chair and putting his feet on the footstool that was there for them.

Anne sat beside him working on a piece of embroidery. To the old man the open fire and the tender solicitude of his daughter seemed a fitting ending to the day. He did not know that Anne, going to the maid's room to give some directions about the refreshments for her afternoon guests, had looked from the kitchen window just as her father wandered into the alley-way, or that she had noticed the stoop of his shoulders and the loneliness in his face, and had gone back to her guests with a disquieting feeling of self-reproach.

"And where did you spend the afternoon?" she questioned. Soon she drew out the whole story. Finding that Anne was interested in hearing it, Dinny found renewed pleasure in the telling.

Climbing the stairs to his room, he pondered in pleased surprise her promise to go with him sometime to get acquainted with his new friends. She got "the look of her mother" more and more, he told himself, the thought bringing comfort somehow.

Now the latter was ready to tell him the story of how, sick of the fine neighborhood that he lived in, and longing for country scenes, he had once voiced his homesickness in the presence of Father Maloney, the kindly-faced priest of the big church on the Avenue.

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At last some one claimed Cavanaugh's attention, and the little man on the other side of Dinny took that opportunity of pulling his chair closer. He held a paper in his hand and a stubby forefinger pointed to a paragraph. Dinny leaned toward him, a light shining in his eyes. Sure enough—it was the Irish World—then he and the little man went off, like hounds upon the scent, following the trail of Ireland's woes.

It was a grand talk, and several others dropped their own lines to get into the discussion, which was high compliment indeed. It seemed im-

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If you would know how the infatuation of keeping a journal is entangled with every root and fibre of self love, throw your journal into the fire, and you will find out. Forget yourself, and what you have surely that is enough. If your visions and your ecstasies are the sweet thoughts of God are a boon the world could hardly do without to command you under holy obedience God will send you a spiritual director to write them down. Wait till he does so. (4) Never remove a misunderstanding which has arisen about you, until you have quietly looked at it three separate times, in honor of the Father, the Son and the Holy Ghost, and are satisfied that it is really for God's glory that you should do so. On most cases God gets more glory out of the misunderstanding than out of the removal of it. But the removal of it is always for our own glory. These two thoughts put together should make us slow, cautious and reluctant to come out again into the sunshine of men's good opinion, when we have been so fortunate as to forfeit it without our fault.—Father Faber.

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If you would know how the infatuation of keeping a journal is entangled with every root and fibre of self love, throw your journal into the fire, and you will find out. Forget yourself, and what you have surely that is enough. If your visions and your ecstasies are the sweet thoughts of God are a boon the world could hardly do without to command you under holy obedience God will send you a spiritual director to write them down. Wait till he does so. (4) Never remove a misunderstanding which has arisen about you, until you have quietly looked at it three separate times, in honor of the Father, the Son and the Holy Ghost, and are satisfied that it is really for God's glory that you should do so. On most cases God gets more glory out of the misunderstanding than out of the removal of it. But the removal of it is always for our own glory. These two thoughts put together should make us slow, cautious and reluctant to come out again into the sunshine of men's good opinion, when we have been so fortunate as to forfeit it without our fault.—Father Faber.

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find their strongest support in the philosophy of materialism so prevalent in every institution of higher education except those under Catholic auspices.

Our country has awakened to the menace of Socialism. From the beginning the Church realized its danger and in its higher educational institutions took a firm stand against it. In our Catholic colleges are taught the only solutions for the vexed social and economic conditions which Socialists propose to settle. It is necessary that we have well equipped intellectual leaders to defeat the Socialist propaganda, for the leaders of Socialism are no mean antagonists. They are skilled in argument, have a world of facts ready at hand, and enthusiasm and earnestness that commands attention. One of our greatest statesmen has said: "The only salvation of the United States from Socialism is the Catholic Church." Our colleges and universities will afford the greatest assistance to the Church in this great work for our country.

The most popular superstition of today is evolution. It is accepted with more than religious faith by millions who are not competent to give a reason for the faith that is in them. Evolution is not presented as a working hypothesis in the study of nature, but as a demonstrated scientific fact, the greatest achievement of modern research. With calm assurance newspapers, magazines and public lecturers proclaim the tenets of evolution as undeniable axioms. Darwin and Herbert Spencer have spoken the last word in physical and mental science and it is a sacrilege to change or vary one jot or tittle of their sacred utterances. In Catholic educational institutions the lofty pretensions of evolution are weighed and measured at their proper valuation. It is given its place as an hypothesis for investigating neutral phenomena and its value is based solely on its work. In the domain of morals and religion it can have little or nothing to say. Catholic teachers stand on too firm an intellectual footing to be moved from the tried and proved methods of study and will not permit a mere hypothesis to become a mental tyrant. The Catholic philosophy of our colleges and universities has not retreated an inch before evolution. Our students refuse to offer their morning prayers to Darwin and do not at evening offer thanks to the spirit of Herbert Spencer that by the grace of evolution they have been permitted to develop for another day.

Our Catholic higher institutions of learning still place much accent on the cultural rather than the vocational value of a liberal education. The word vocation has a meaning for Catholics not understood by others. The great life work of man is the salvation of his soul. His work of the world is subordinated to his work for heaven. Catholic higher education carries out this idea in all its branches and thus keeps steadily in view the true purpose of education—the development of the entire man on both the intellectual and moral side.—Intermountain Catholic.

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one-half to one-third. There are Catholic colleges where from seventy five to ninety per cent of the ordinary expense is met by the devoted labor of members of the teaching Order. Tuition will more than cover the remaining expenditures. We believe, then, that we can claim with justice that the Catholic colleges have an endowment of men which in every respect takes the place of an endowment of money.

MAN-MADE RELIGION

Lieutenant Kenneth Cassidy, a Baptist, strange to say contributes to the Baptist Standard the story of how he kept Easter Sunday. It was by attending Mass. He writes: "Anyhow you have the picture of me at Mass at six a. m. on Easter Sunday, standing silent through a simple but impressive service with a thousand other Irishmen, heads bowed, faces earnest. Probably in that assembly there were men of as many faiths as I could count on the fingers of four hands. Yet there they were joined in a mutual brotherhood, all gathered with the single purpose of worship, and as we stood there in the early dawn, listening to the few words spoken by a man loved as few men are loved, a man who fills the very atmosphere that surrounds him with holiness—for such a man is Father Duffy, I felt a stronger kinship for my brothers there than I have ever felt before."

In that scene of peace he wondered why there should be war and ruin; and then again he wondered that Catholic and scientist, Protestant and non-sectarian should be there side by side engaged in the same act of worship. The answer as he heard it was that all "minor disputes were set aside." He continues:

"Then as I continued to think along these lines the belief seemed forced upon me that there was and is something fundamentally wrong with the very foundation of our modern ethics. Religion should be the social stabilizer—humanity should find in the Church, which teaches peace and brotherhood, instead what does humanity too often find? A state of turmoil and unrest; wrangling and jealousy over comparatively petty trifles; a regular calendar of trouble instead of the peace and good fellowship to be expected. So I wondered. Is it not natural that when the foundation of a great people, which is the religion, I believe, begins to crumble, after a while the whole structure of their civilization will fall with a cataclysmic crash? When can we begin being brothers in the fundamental thing I believe we can begin to hope to attain some day that mythical Utopia called by some one 'lasting universal peace.'"

And thus Lieutenant Cassidy, worshipping at the shrine were in other days his fathers worshipped, comes to the conclusion that we need on the earth a new religion. "I wish," writes he, "that we could have a religion of man where all would worship God with Christ as their ideal; and what seems in the face of big things to be trivial quibbling would be done away with."

Mr. Cassidy had his answer in that Mass on Easter Sunday if he had but listened to it. It impressed him as it impressed all the non-Catholics there, just because it was not a man-made religion. Religion outside the Catholic Church has failed, has degenerated into petty quibbling because men have put aside authority and have set up their own judgment as the one thing to be followed.

They have tried the new religion of "man" long enough to know that it will always be an utter failure. The very word religion means a binding to God. The sacrifice of the Mass is the great act of worship. And all efforts at religion will be vain until it is seen that the only union worth while is the gathering of all peoples at the foot of the altar worshipping at the Mass.—The Pilot

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London, Saturday, Nov. 30, 1918

THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION

We pointed out last week that ordinarily the first logical step of a non-Catholic—especially a non-Catholic who already believes in the divinity and mission of Jesus Christ—should take is to examine the claim of the Catholic Church to have been founded by the Redeemer to carry on His mission, to teach the truths of revelation, and to apply the effects of the Redemption to mankind even to the consummation of the world. This is the corner-stone of the edifice of Catholic Faith. This is the great truth by which all truths of doctrine, all principles of morality taught by the Church are primarily authenticated. Nevertheless we know that often it is the appreciation of the truth and beauty of some particular doctrine that leads the inquirer on to examine later the foundation on which the Church of God is built. And it must therefore depend on the circumstances of each case whether or not the apparently logical course should be insisted upon.

On the 8th of December, 1854, Pius IX. set at rest all controversy on the matter by proclaiming and solemnly defining that the Blessed Virgin Mary "in the first instant of her conception, by a singular privilege and grace granted by God, in view of the merits of Jesus Christ, the Saviour of the human race was preserved exempt from all stain of original sin."

Clear as the terms are in which this doctrinal truth is defined there is misapprehension of its meaning amongst those who condemn anything distinctively Catholic without taking the trouble of knowing whereof they speak. The doctrine of original sin was taught in the old dispensation and is accepted by all Christians. We need not here trouble ourselves with so-called Christians who think themselves advanced and liberal and progressive when they deny all doctrinal truth; who would propagate the fragrance of the rose but destroy the rose-bush. No doctrine is more clearly taught or more repeatedly emphasized throughout the whole Bible than that of original sin. The doctrine of the Immaculate Conception teaches that Mary through whom the Son of the Eternal God assumed our human nature was preserved from original sin which is inherited by every other member of the human race; and for this reason she is "our stained nature's solitary boast." Original sin was not removed or washed away from Mary's soul as it is removed from others by baptism; it was excluded, it was never in her soul. The immunity from original sin was given to Mary through the same merits of Jesus Christ by which others are cleansed from the sin by baptism. The person of Mary, in consequence of her origin from Adam, should have been subject to original sin, but, being the new Eve who was to be the mother of the new Adam, she was, by the eternal counsel of God and by the merits of Christ, withdrawn from the general law of original sin. Catholics do not place Mary outside the redeemed, as not needing a Redeemer. As Bishop Ullathorne says, Mary's redemption was the very masterpiece of Christ's redeeming power and wisdom. He is the greater redeemer who pays the debt that it may not be incurred, than he who pays after it has fallen on the debtor.

Holy Scripture does not directly and categorically teach the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception of Mary. But the first scriptural pas-

sage which contains the promise of redemption mentions also the Mother of the Redeemer. The sentence against the first parents was accompanied by what is called the Proto-evangelium—the Earliest Gospel—which put enmity between the serpent and the woman: "And I will put enmity between thee and the woman, between thy seed and her seed; she (he) shall crush thy head and thou shalt lie in wait for her (his) heel." (Genesis III., 15.) It matters not whether the pronoun refers to the woman or her seed. God puts enmity between the woman and Satan in the same manner and measure as there is enmity between Christ and the seed of the serpent. Only the continuous union of Mary with God by grace, the complete absence of Satan's dominion over her soul through sin actual, or original, explains sufficiently this mighty promise of God to put enmity between her and Satan. The very first promise of the Redeemer implies the manifestation of the masterpiece of His Redemption, the perfect preservation of His Virgin Mother from original sin.

The immortal words in which God's angelic messenger announced the most stupendous message that has ever passed or ever can pass from heaven to earth begin with the greeting from the Most High God to Mary: "Hail full of grace." We who are born to the great heritage of the Catholic Faith, recalling that great event, repeating again and again the words of the angelic salutation realize that after a life time of devotion and meditation we can but taste their inexhaustible sweetness, but glimpse their boundless significance. To indicate to whom these unique words were addressed we add the name of Mary; but the angel Gabriel charged with the wondrous message addressed Mary as if "full of grace" were her own proper title: "Hail, full of grace." There is no limit to the fullness, the completeness with which grace filled Mary's soul; the limit, the hindrance, the obstacle to grace is sin, whether actual or original. So that the unique abundance, the unrestricted plenitude of grace indicated by the angel finds its adequate explanation only in the Immaculate Conception of Mary.

The objection is sometimes urged that this is a novel and recent doctrine, and to superficial minds its definition by Pius IX. in 1854 seems to prove the charge; but such an objection could be urged against all development of doctrine. When Peter acknowledged and professed his belief that Jesus was the Christ the Son of the living God he had no thought of two persons in Christ. That was the conclusion of subtler minds of a later generation. When the Church defined that in Christ there is only one person it was not a novel doctrine but an assertion and defence of the truth contained in the deposit of faith and implied in Peter's words.

From the earliest times the Fathers insist on Mary's absolute purity and her position as the second Eve. This celebrated comparison between Eve, while yet immaculate and incorrupt—that is to say not subject to original sin—and the Blessed Virgin is developed in innumerable passages. Origin calls her "worthy of God, immaculate of the immaculate." Ambrose, "a virgin immune through grace from every stain of sin;" in refuting Pelagius St. Augustine declares that all the just have truly known of sin "except the Holy Virgin Mary, of whom, for the honor of the Lord, I will have no question whatever where sin is concerned." There was no controversy over the Immaculate Conception in Europe before the twelfth century. In 1439 the dispute was brought before the Council of Basle where after it had been discussed for two years the bishops declared the Immaculate Conception to be a doctrine which was pious, consonant with Catholic faith, right reason and Holy Scripture. After this the controversy practically ceased and the feast which had been celebrated in many monasteries and cathedrals for centuries was adopted for the entire Latin Church in 1476 by Pope Sixtus IV.

So that the definition fifty odd years ago did not create a new doctrine but set at rest forever all controversy by the solemn definition of a truth held explicitly or implicitly throughout the ages.

To day throughout the Church the belief is universal that after death Mary's body was assumed into heaven, though this is not defined as an article of faith. If or when it is so defined it will obviously be not a new or novel doctrine, but an author-

itative statement of an ancient and universal belief. The feast of the Assumption is one of obligation in the United States.

To those who believe that Jesus is the Eternal Son of the Most High God in whose sight the very heavens are not clean, who meditate on the mystery of the Incarnation, who think of Mary as His mother, the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception, even had it never been defined, declares itself as the necessary and only fitting preparation of her who is the Mother of God made man.

REASONS FOR THANKSGIVING

The Mass of Thanksgiving for victory in the Great War and the Requiem Mass for the soldiers who gave their lives to make that victory possible were an event in many respects notable in the history of this city. The local members of Parliament and Legislature, the County Judge, the Mayor and Board of Control, the General Officer Commanding this military district, the President and Board of Governors of Western University, the Public Utilities Commission, the City Council, the Board of Education, the Chamber of Commerce and the Red Cross organizations were all either present or largely represented.

The khaki of soldiers in training and the Great War Veterans was noticeable in the great congregation that thronged the Cathedral beyond its seating capacity.

His Lordship Bishop Fallon pontificated and the students of St. Peter's Seminary sang the impressive Gregorian chant on both occasions.

Without attempting to give a summary of the Bishop's sermon which quite evidently gripped the interest of the vast congregation we may be permitted to call attention to one or two points which seem to merit special consideration.

Briefly tracing the idea of sacrifice from that of the sons of Adam down through the scriptural sacrifices of the Old Law, and amongst all branches of the human family, the preacher explained that the service just concluded was not merely a prayer or a series of prayers but a great sacrificial action at once typifying, reproducing and applying the dread Sacrifice of Calvary. It is the self-same supreme act of worship which in ages past was the inspiration and the cause of the artistic and architectural glory of those cathedrals whose destruction has filled the world with sorrow.

And here we may permit ourselves to interpolate a reflection. Newman has written: "Christianity has been long enough in the world to justify us in dealing with it as a fact in the world's history. Its genius and character, its doctrines, precepts and objects cannot be treated as matters of private opinion or deduction, unless we may reasonably so regard the Spartan institutions or the religion of Mahomet. . . . It has from the first had an objective existence, and has thrown itself upon the great concourse of men. Its home is in the world; and to know what it is, we must seek it in the world, and hear the world's witness of it. . . . And this one thing at least is certain; whatever history teaches, whatever it omits, whatever it exaggerates or extenuates, what ever it says or unsays, at least the Christianity of history is not Protestantism. If ever there was a safe truth it is this. And Protestantism has ever felt it so. . . . This is shown in the determination of dispensing with historical Christianity altogether and forming a Christianity from the Bible alone; men never would have put it aside, unless they had despaired of it. It is shown by the long neglect of ecclesiastical history in England which prevails even in the English Church. Our popular religion scarcely recognizes the fact of the twelve long ages which lie between the Councils of Nicea and Trent. . . . It is melancholy to say it, but the chief, perhaps the only English writer who has any claim to be considered an ecclesiastical historian, is the unbeliever Gibbon. To be deep in history is to cease to be a Protestant."

One of the incidental effects of the Great War was to bring millions of Protestants thus ignorant of history into close and intimate contact with historical Christianity typified and expressed not alone in the glory of immortal cathedrals but in the lives of the Catholic nations of Belgium, France and Italy. This is not perhaps "to be deep in history;" but it is a marvellously graphic lesson in

history. Peoples formed, individually and nationally, by the Catholic Church whom they had been taught to distrust and despise they found shoulder to shoulder with them in the life and death struggle with that giant power which was the very embodiment of historic Protestantism and of Protestant political principles.

The full effect of this mighty lesson in history will not be measured by the conversions of this generation; but rather by the new orientation of non-Catholic views of historic Christianity.

Another striking passage in Bishop Fallon's sermon was this: We humbly thank God who gave us victory over the military power of Germany. We had been blind to the growth and menace of that power. But we have reason, far and away deeper reason, to thank God for the overthrow of Germany's intellectual domination of the world by means of which she was disseminating principles subversive of the rights of God as well as the rights of man. The principle of the absolute supremacy of the State over the conscience of men was carried to its logical conclusion in the ideals and largely in the practices of the German Empire. Her scholarship denied the inspiration of the Bible and enthroned human reason over against faith in God and belief in the divinity of Jesus Christ. And principles good or bad, true or false, once accepted always work their way into inevitable though unforeseen application. The military power and ambition of Germany manœuvred the political freedom of the world, the work of Christian civilization; her intellectual supremacy in pre War times threatened to subvert, wherever her influence extended, the very foundations of Christianity itself.

Now that the world has seen whether the principles of German scholarship led the intellectual domination of Germany is overturned as completely as her military power.

And this is the greatest and most profound reason for thanksgiving to the God of Justice and Mercy and Truth.

SOME REFLECTIONS ON THE PEACE CELEBRATION

After four years of gloom Canada has seen a day of unrestrained rejoicing. People, even intelligent adults, acted foolishly; but who could blame them? As tears are a safety valve for great sorrow, so the glad emotions that were aroused by the tidings of peace found vent in childish pranks that perhaps in many instances prevented hysteria. It is significant that the first impulse of the people was to do two things that the Church has ever sanctioned, one of which Protestants in normal times never think of doing while they have condemned and ridiculed the other. They visited their churches to pray silently on a week day and they held a procession.

Some local papers announced that Protestant ministers had opened their churches in order to give the people an opportunity to satisfy their desire to unburden their joyful hearts to God in the place dedicated to His worship. During the day organists played soulful melodies to create, we presume, a suitable atmosphere. Many, impelled by the solemnity of the occasion and prompted by the impulse of religion, did betake themselves to their places of worship. But they will not continue to do so. Why? Because while there is the subjective impulse there is no objective attraction. There is nothing in the cold, empty conventicle to draw the worshipper. The men of four centuries ago, who were responsible for the primal cause of this War, banished God from His dwelling place in the midst of His children, and the people, who would gladly bring their joys and sorrows to the feet of their Saviour, can only cry out with Magdalen at the door of the empty tomb: "They have stolen away my Lord and I know not where they have laid Him."

In days of sorrow and in days of rejoicing, it has been the custom of the Church from time immemorial to hold processions. In this she has but given a religious impulse and lent a religious setting to the natural demonstration of emotion. The Church is the most skillful of all artists, whether it be in the matter of sculpture, painting, architecture or ceremonial display. Moreover, her ritual arrangements for and furnishes such unity of design, such solemnity of action, such wealth and beauty of color, such sweet and majestic

melody as no other institution can command. What an abortive attempt to give expression to a Nation's joy were those callithumpian parades that were staged in almost every Canadian town and city on that eventful anniversary of the feast of St. Martin, the great patron of the Church in France, that marked the advent of peace! They exactly conformed to the following definition of a callithump that is found in the dictionary: "a noisy parade, in which horn-blowing, the beating of tin pans, and the use of other discordant instruments are the principle feature, done in rough play to express hostility to someone." They were as lacking in unity and harmony as are the religious views of those who planned them; they were as devoid of beauty and good taste as are the decorations of an Orange lodge. They certainly gave point to Father Garesche's contention that this country is suffering from an epidemic of vulgarity. Making due allowance for thoughtlessness and youthful indiscretions, a little more consideration for the feelings of the sorrowing relatives of the boys who will not come back would have been indicative of a more Christian spirit and of a more refined temperament.

No section of the community had so much reason to rejoice in the victory as Catholics, not only because it meant the downfall of the very home and stronghold of Protestantism but because the great majority of those entrusted with the command of the Allied army and navy, since the victorious drive began, were members of the Church. But there has been such a persistent attempt on the part of the press to associate the Pope with the Kaiser that no wonder Guy Fawkes and the German War Lord were burned in effigy together, and that hilarious youths terminated the peace celebration by playing "The Protestant Boys." We attach very little importance to this for the element in question knew perhaps nothing of the history of the Gunpowder Plot and could play no tune that was not associated with the Boyne. What was much more significant was the studied elimination on the part of prominent speakers of any reference to the one man above all others to whom, humanly speaking, victory was due.

Quite in line with this was an editorial in the Globe in which the writer expressed the hope that General Foch, having covered himself with glory as a military genius, would not tarnish his laurels by any interference with French politics. Did Washington, we may ask, retire from public life after the surrender at Yorktown? Was any fault found with Wellington for entering political life after his victorious return from the continent; notwithstanding that he used his political influence to prevent the emancipation of the very men who helped him to win at Waterloo? What is back of the Globe's great solicitude for the honor of General Foch? It is simply this: The Globe, and those whose sympathies are with the masonic coteries of infidels that would drive religion from France, know that Foch, the hero of the French people and the idol of his soldiers, is really the uncrowned king of that country. Knowing that he is a devout Catholic they fear that he would use his influence to restore the Catholic religion to its rightful ascendancy in the land of Charlemagne and St. Louis. Every true Christian will breathe a prayer that Foch may finish his work, that having freed France from the ruthless invader he may liberate it from domestic thralldom.

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"We are extremely pleased with our reception," said Abbe Patrick Flynn, speaking for Bishop Eugene Julien, of Arras. "We made a great effort to get here, and the Bishop and monsignori must rush away east today on their way home. But they did not wish to leave America without coming to this great Catholic centre of the middle west. It has been most delightful, and especially as it was here we received the great news of victory." The party spent a busy three days, having been the guests of honor at a number of affairs. One of the most interesting of their experiences was the visit they paid Monday morning to the institutions at Desplaines, where 1,200 orphan children are cared for. It was very interesting to the Bishop of Arras, who has more little children orphaned by the War in his diocese than there are in any similar territory in the world.

"One of my purposes in inviting the French mission to come so far out of their way," said Archbishop Mundelein, "was to show the Bishop how we care for the orphans. We

have the most successful institution of the kind in the country, and I should be very happy if our ideas could be used to help the French people in their great problem." The prelates were delighted with the great school, and declared that they had learned much that they could take back with them. The return of peace, the Bishop of Arras said, while it aided, did not solve their problems. Peace could not bring back the millions of French heroes to their orphaned little ones. Peace Day was one of triumph to these churchmen who had been in the thick of War so long. It began when the racket in the loop aroused them early, and closed at a reception at Orchestra hall, after they had fought their astonished way through the mob from the Blackstone Hotel, where they had been entertained at a dinner, at which were many Chicago leaders in finance, education, industry, church and public life. David Shanahan presided at the banquet, and Abbe Felix Klein, for years chaplain at the American Red Cross headquarters at Neuilly, France, spoke.

At Orchestra hall there was a most distinguished audience, when Bishop Julian said the invocation, following which the Paulist choir sang. M. Berthelemy presided, and in a pretty tribute introduced Archbishop Mundelein. "It is only eighteen months since Chicago welcomed a mission of French men, headed by Marshal Joffre, which came to us to sound the clarion cry of war. Tonight we welcome another mission, which comes with a message of peace. It is the work of these men of peace that strengthened the hearts and the arms of the men of war and it is fitting that they are here on this great day." Many times during the address by the Archbishop was he interrupted by storms of applause. More than once did the audience spring to its feet with cheers as the prelate paid tribute to LaFayette, Pershing, Wilson and Foch. "Today," he resumed, "after years of suffering, the dazzling smile of happiness is breaking through the tears of France. Today's event binds closer than ever the friendship of the nations of LaFayette and America. Today also ends for another people the nightmare of world power for which they were neither intended nor were they capable." Abbe Flynn had his hearers alternately weeping softly, and laughing with glee at his address, which while without a title on the program might be named "The Soul of France." With the true spirit of the Frenchman, Abbe Flynn told little of what France suffered. He told some things, but these were but a tiny fragment of what he might have told. But like France, the abbe preferred to console the suffering and dwell upon the spiritual aspect of the world tragedy.

"I was in Paris when France declared war. It was a wonderful memory. France is an old nation, and like old families we had our little differences. But on the day of the declaration and from that day until this great day of triumph France has forgotten her differences. Catholic, Protestant, Jew, monarchist, republican, clerical and anti-clerical have known only one purpose, and that is the saving of France. We have not let down the bars, but have united in a common cause. I trust the spirit of unity that is the soul of France will live forever and that the unity which we have had with great America will never be broken."—Chicago New World, Nov. 15.

"FAITH IN GOD WON THE WAR"

CARDINAL GIBBONS ADDRESSES MEN AT FIELD MASS IN CAMP MEADE

Camp Meade, Admiral, Md., Nov. 13.—An address by Cardinal Gibbons, in which he expressed thanks to God for the victory of American arms in France, was the feature of an open-air Mass here Sunday morning in memory of the men of this camp who have died in battle and of disease. With the sunlight flashing on the unheated bayonets, thousands of men in olive drab stood forming a hollow square as the Cardinal spoke and gave his blessing as the Mass ended. The sight was one of the most impressive that has been witnessed at Camp Meade.

FRENCH PRELATES

GREET RETURN OF PEACE IN CHICAGO

"Before I give you my blessing there are a few words I wish to say to you. First of all, let me exhort you to have absolute confidence in the Lord of Hosts, the God of Battle." "We have conquered because we had faith in God; because we fought for and had faith in justice, righteousness and truth. We commenced this War bowing down and worshipping the overruled providence of God who has created all by His wisdom, governs all through Divine Providence and watches over nations as well as men." "Now love God; trust God. Be men of prayer." "We have conquered because we believed righteousness excited a nation. You have been obedient to those in authority—every corporal, sergeant, major and the general himself commands your obedience. These in authority have been clothed with the mantle of authority, and when you obey it is not only obedience to them, but to God Himself. This will sanctify and ennoble your obedience. Your obedience is not an act of servility, but obedience to God Himself.

ONE OF the melancholy incidents of the War in the East was the destruction of the celebrated Carmelite Library at Bagdad, and the incident is all the more regrettable since it was an act of pure vandalism on the part of the Turk. The surmise is that upon the entry of General Maude into Bagdad, on 11th March, 1917, the Turks made an end of the library so that its precious contents might not fall into the hands of the British. The collection, it is said, consisted of more than 20,000 volumes, including an array of 2,758 Arabic manuscripts which it is impossible to replace. These were purchased in the course of the past century by the Carmelite monks, assisted by friends in Europe, and while from a monetary point of view they represented a large figure this does not weigh in the balance with the loss to the world of science and letters.

UNHAPPILY, this sort of vandalism is not rare among the Turks or other Asiatic tribes. The destruction of the great Alexandrian Library by the Saracens under Caliph Omar is a case in point. That worthy was responsible for other similar acts of vandalism under the plea that "if the books agree with the Book of God they are superfluous; if they differ from it they are impious. In either case let them be destroyed." In the case of the Carmelite Library, however, there was not even that justification. Pure lust for destruction, whether of human life or of the works of man, has ever been the Turk's master passion. Perhaps, in the present instance he was inspired by his European prototype's ruthless holocaust of Louvain. In any case it is well that the happy termination of the War has put an end forever, let us hope, to his domination over Christian peoples and Christian sanctuaries.

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FIVE MINUTE SERMON

Rev. J. P. Hickey, O. S. B.

FIRST SUNDAY OF ADVENT

THE JUDGMENT

It is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God. (Heb. 10, 31)

In this one phrase St. Paul, my dear brethren, depicts the horror and the dread of the Judgment Day. It would be cruel and tyrannical to bid one think of the Judgment if it were useless to do so. But as by meditating on it and studying it now we can mitigate its terrors, learn how to escape condemnation, and secure a favourable sentence, is it not the height of madness and cowardice not to give it our attention humbly, frequently, and devoutly?

For now we can approach Almighty God, pray, beg pardon, disarm His wrath; but then it will be too late—our poor soul will be utterly powerless and filled with anguish. Fear will make us wither away. To the right, our accusing sins—we cannot disown them; to the left a crowd of evil spirits bearing witness against us; below, the open abyss of hell; within, our conscience—aye, withdrawing away its object terror; and before us, the Judge!

Yes, the Judge, Jesus Christ, God and Man—the Almighty Judge, from Whom there is no escape, against Whom no resistance can avail. "The Lord will judge His people. . . there is no other God besides Me; I will kill, I will strike, and there is none that can deliver out of My hand." (Deut. xxxii, 36, 39)

The All-Wise Judge! "Therefore am I troubled at His presence, and when I consider Him I am made penitent with fear." (Job xxii, 15.) Before Whom every secret is laid bare, the hidden stand forth, the dumb reply, silence confesses, the mind gives utterance without words. Against such knowledge no excuse, no pleading, no cunning will avail." (St. Leo.)

The Just Judge! Alas for us, His justice equals His mercy, and how vividly then, when too late, shall we recall His infinite mercies. The just to judge the unjust. "Enter not into judgment with thy servant; for in thy sight no man living shall be justified." (Ps. cxlii, 2.)

And the sentence of the Judge is irrevocable. The time for mercy has now passed. No favour will be granted; no mistake can be made; no repentance then accepted; no imploring heard. He has warned us, and at Judgment the warning will cut off all hope from the sinner forever. "My word shall not pass away." (Mark xiii, 31.)

The sentence, moreover, is that of an angry, outraged God. It is that of the consuming scorn of Him, so long despised, forgotten, and disobeyed. We shall wish to hide ourselves in hell even to avoid the eye of that avenging Judge.

That sentence is eternal damnation, everlasting fire, and dwelling with the devil. "Depart from Me, you cursed, unto everlasting fire, which was prepared for the devil and his angels." (Matt. xxv, 41.)

Do we believe in this day of Judgment, that each one of us shall be called up for trial, and an eternal verdict pronounced upon each and every one of us? Do we believe it? If not, our present easy-going, pleasure-seeking existence can be understood. But if we do believe, where is our anxiety about it, our solicitude and earnestness to make our salvation safe and sure?

To force us to bestir ourselves, let us remember the shame and publicity for us to have all our sins of thought, word, and deed made known to all the world. We find it so hard and painful even to whisper our sins to one poor, sinful priest in all secrecy now that we put off our confessions repeatedly, and some give up the practice altogether. Sin must be brought to judgment—either the judgment of mercy and forgiveness in the sacrament of penance, or the general public judgment of the last day. All our villainies, hypocrisy, secret sins of our hearts will then be revealed. It is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God, and then to be made the object of scorn, contempt, and hatred, not only to the saints and angels and all good men, but even the damned, who hate and despise each other. Our sins will bring all this upon our soul and an endless eternity of torment—yes, those very sins that we think so little of now, those very sins which we commit for things so paltry and vile; those very sins which now a good confession might so easily, secretly, and safely have had forgiven.

Remember the Judgment Day, the anguish and horror of it; the Almighty, All-Wise, and Most Just Judge; the sentence, irrevocable, avenging, and eternal; and our own public shame and condemnation. Remember these things, and fear them, and then you will repent of sin, keep out of sin, and be filled with one longing desire—I wish to save my soul and escape the Judgment!

BENAN AND PRIESTS

The apostate Renan, who had spent his early years in a French seminary, in the closest intimacy with the clergy, once declared: "I have known none but good priests." A Protestant writer, Mr. J. E. C. Bodley, quotes Renan's words approvingly in a work on "France"; and he adds: "Seven years of constant association with

French ecclesiastics of every rank has impressed upon me the full value of this testimony. . . . There is not a more exemplary body of men in the land."

No question is raised nowadays on this subject by any but a lot of very bigoted and very vulgar people who had their gullibility and their taste for obscene sensationalism pandered to by occasional vagabond "experts" and "ex-nuns."—St. Paul Bulletin.

DEATH

The most certain thing in life is death. The most uncertain thing is the time of our death and the circumstances connected with it. At some time or other, we know not when, we must all die. There is no escape from death. The Holy Psalmist asks: "Who is the man that shall live, and not see death? Even long before we came into the world, the death sentence was passed upon us. We were born only to die. In the Garden of Eden an angry Judge condemned every man in Adam." "From dust thou art and into dust thou shalt return." No more than this was said. It was not told us how long we should be permitted to enjoy life or endure it; how we should die; where we should die; when we should die. Only the fact that we must die was made known to us. The circumstances are sealed up in the Divine decrees, to become known to us only at the moment of our death.

But of this we have been made certain: that one day we must die. Why, then, do we live as if we were to be here forever? We are always in danger of death. When we arise in the morning, we cannot promise ourselves that we shall live until evening. When we lie down at night to sleep, we cannot be certain that we shall see the next day's sun. Today thousands of souls will be called out of the world. Hundreds of these will be in perfect health. Living their lives without giving any thought to death, all unconscious of its proximity, they will be overtaken. Suddenly and silently the Angel of Death will steal upon them like a thief in the night. Gently, he will whisper the summons and depart. Immediately they will stand unexpectedly before their God. Perhaps this will be the manner of our going. Others have received no warning. They have been allowed no time to prepare. Why do we make so bold as to promise ourselves any more than has been allotted to them!

PREPAREDNESS NECESSARY

We are kept in ignorance of the time of our going that we may learn to be always prepared. At any moment the sword of the angel is liable to fall severing the thin thread of life and we will return to the earth whence we have been taken. There is the handwriting upon the wall standing out prominently so that he who runs may read. It is a warning to us. "Remember man from dust thou art and into dust shalt thou return." This has not been spoken of the soul. The soul came forth from God. It goes again to God to be judged. This is the reason why we should give much consideration to this most important affair in our lives. If there was not within us that something that we know to be immortal, we might go on enjoying life to the fullest extent until its allotted course should be run. We could give our whole attention to the business of getting the greatest amount of pleasure possible out of life. Having no dire consequences to fear, we could live without a thought of death. Or if we thought of it at all it would only be to regard it as the end of our enjoyment and not as the time when we must render an account of all our deeds, good and bad.

But we have a soul, one that often troubles us. We have a soul that upbraids us when we fail to do our duty. We have a soul that fills us with remorse after we have done what is wrong. And that soul of ours will never give us so much concern as at the hour when it is about to leave the body. Then we will stand on the brink of eternity, and gaze back into the past. If we have lived well then we shall be happy; for we can die well. If not, we have reason to be troubled. "It is appointed for man once to die." In most things in life we have a second chance if we have failed in the first. We can plead and obtain a reprieve. We can offer an excuse and gain an extension of time. But not so with this all-important affair of dying. Our time comes but once and when it comes we must go. The soul must separate itself from the body, leaving the body cold and lifeless, dust to return to dust, the soul to Heaven or to hell.

In an old graveyard there stands an old tombstone crumbling. Through its inscription that can scarcely be discerned it prescribes a sermon on death, eloquent as only a tombstone can be: "What you are, I was; what I am, you will be." The end of us all is the grave. The mouldering bodies that now lie under the earth in our cemeteries were once animated by a soul and enjoyed life as we do, little thinking of the time when they should be no more. We, too, will have our turn. Future generations will go on living their lives giving little thought to us who shall be resting beneath a tombstone in some cemetery. Thus the world goes round. Night follows day, winter follows summer, death follows life. Death is only a different aspect of life. The same principle that makes us living leaves us

dead. Breathed into us, we live; breathed out of us, we die. But it does not die. It cannot die.

THE LOVE OF LIFE

Within us we have a love of life. We cling to it. We have also a hankering after happiness. We look for it everywhere and in everything. What we all desire is a life of happiness. God created us for this, but because of sin we were condemned to labor and toil for it. There is no happiness of a permanent nature here upon this earth. We cannot hope to be eternally happy until after our death. For this we are to live our lives while we are in exile here. Unless we do this there is nothing for us but eternal unhappiness. The way to an eternally happy life is through a happy death. And a happy death is the departure of the soul without stain of grievous sin. To be certain of this kind of a death we must live this kind of life, for we never know how close we are to our last end.

The present is the time to settle our account and prepare for our last end. During the past we may have sinned often and grievously. We may have offended God in many ways. But let us bear in mind that God does not will the death of a sinner, but that he be converted and live. If we turn to Him with a contrite heart He will not despise us. On the contrary He will receive us with open arms. We should break with our sinful past, repent of our sins and resolve to live the future in God and for God as a preparation for all eternity with Him. Then at that last dread hour when we are called to die it will give us great confidence to be able to look back and remember that we have tried to live well, that we have made use of the means that God has given us to enable us to be always ready.—Brooklyn Tablet.

THE POWER OF A GOOD EXAMPLE

During the Civil War, there chanced to be in the same regiment and company two young men, scarcely more than boys, who were assigned to the same mess and tent throughout the greater portion of their campaign. One of these lads was the product of a devout Catholic family, had been taught in the parochial school, and had well learned the principles of his religion. The other was an infidel, who knew little and cared less about God or religion in any form. As the day drew to a close, whether in camp or on the march, the Catholic boy would devoutly drop to his knees and say his prayers before retiring, and no matter how hard had been the day's work, or whatever else he left undone, this one thing he never omitted or forgot. At such times his tent-mate took occasion to make all the noise possible; he would throw boots and other things which happened to be handy, in the direction of the kneeling figure and tried in every possible way to break up the habit. But it was to no avail, for no sooner had he reviled and sneered through the camp than the Catholic boy went through the same devotions as though nothing had happened, nor could he ever either be disuaded from them or made to retaliate in any way.

The war ended, the young infidel went West and took up a soldier's homestead. Here he prospered and "grew up with the country," coming in time to own an extensive farm of some of the finest and richest land in his adopted state. Always eccentric, he made no more profession of religion in his later days than he had in his youth. A woman hater, he lived alone in the midst of his acres, occupying a small hut and seemingly never caring to better his personal surroundings, but merely to increase his wealth.

Many years went by after nearly half a century of this existence the old man died. Unfortunately he died as he had lived without any acknowledgment of God or His Church, but when his will was read a most astounding thing was discovered. Nearly all of his property was left to charitable and educational purposes, and the finest piece of land, nearly a quarter section, was left to the nearest parochial school. This land was recently sold for \$100 an acre.

After the fact of this deed became known the lawyer who had drawn up the will made public the facts of this story. It seems he had asked the old man how it happened that he, an infidel and a woman-hater, had left her the very best of his property to a Catholic institution, taught by the Sisters. His reply was that although he himself had never professed any belief in anything Divine, yet throughout all the intervening years he had never been able to get away from the sight of that soldier lad kneeling in his tent, night and morning, day after day, saying his prayers. His steadfastness and loyalty to his religion and his sweetness of temper under the persecutions heaped upon him, so impressed the mind of his tent-mate that he felt that any institution which has the ability to produce such results was one worthy to be maintained.

What became of the young lad whose good example bore fruit so long afterward is not known, though he may have gone to his reward, and probably he never knew what he had accomplished by simply doing his duty, but the power of a good example reaches out and touches those whom we least suspect of being sus-

HOW TO GET RID OF RHEUMATISM

"Fruit-a-tives" Point the Way to Quick Relief

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ceptible to it. No good deed is allowed to be lost and the least of them, through the mercies of God, brings forth sometimes a most unexpected reward.—The Sentinel of the Blessed Sacrament.

SOME DELUSIONS THAT DIE HARD

Marion Pharo Hilliard in Truth

It is the boast of the modern philosopher that scientific research destroys the delusions of the past. This boasting is too loud. In the first place, though this is called a scientific age, not all of us have the scientific habit of mind. We still have our thinking done for us, just as we have our clothes made for us. As Dr. James Walsh often reminds us, we buy our opinions ready-made at the nearest newsstand. It is a much simpler process than buying our shoes—and vastly cheaper. When listening to the Sunday sermon of a "popular" preacher, it is often possible to tell just what magazines he had read throughout the week. There is a delightful lecture-platform story of a gentleman much addicted to the ready-made habit. His clothes were ready-made, so were his conversation and his opinions. Finally he married a widow with six children, and one of his friends remarked: "Just what I expected of him—a ready-made family!"

The most convincing proof that science has not destroyed all the old delusions is the fact that so many old delusions are very much alive. Take the delusion of Autocracy, the ancient curse of Military Despotism. As old as human history, it is alive in the twentieth century! Vigorous and powerful as ever, it has driven a noble nation mad; and its titanic struggle with the Spirit of Freedom is tearing up the whole world. What an immense tragedy! What a pity that the progress of civilization could not have prevented the most colossal catastrophe of all history!

We are forced to the conclusion that there are certain delusions that science cannot cure. Of this class are the delusions concerning the Catholic Religion. With many good people today these delusions are congenital, deep-seated, very difficult to uproot. There is the belief that religious faith is intellectual slavery. The great majority of those who are victims of this eighteenth century delusion do not know they are simply echoing the voice of Voltaire. They know little of history, they have never read the writings of the rationalistic philosophers. But the theories of those philosophers have filtered down to modern readers through the pages of the magazines and were the fashion until the world war forced even the superficial to think more seriously. "No one scoffs at God now in Europe," I heard a noted non-Catholic physician say. So, perhaps, the world catastrophe will destroy this delusion of agnosticism.

Another delusion in regard to the Catholic Religion that is most amusing to Catholics is the idea that Catholicism is a dark and gloomy affair, and must, therefore, have a depressing influence upon those who practice it. That a man can be serious and light-hearted both at once is incredible to some minds. Only the other day a brilliant and charming non-Catholic lady was speaking of a cousin of hers who is one of our greatest convert priests. I had told her I hoped to have the privilege of making a retreat conducted by her cousin. She replied: "I can't imagine him conducting a retreat. He is so full of fun! He has an unusual sense of humor."

"That is the very reason he is so successful in conducting retreats," I replied. She seemed much surprised by my answer. I do hope I didn't give her the impression that Catholic priests are frivolous! It seems to me the sense of humor is the sense of the incongruous. The very reason so many brilliant men and women become Catholics is because they see the incongruities of Protestantism. A radiant sense of humor is characteristic of Catholics generally, and of the priests and religious in particular. A few weeks ago a secular magazine (I think it was The Ladies Home Journal) published a delightful story of a Catholic priest and Protestant minister who were always quarreling. One day they met on the street. The good min-

ister magnanimously held out his hand, saying, "Brother let us be friends, and each worship God in his own way."

"With all my heart," replied the priest. "You may worship Him in your way, and I'll worship Him in His way."

The Catholic sense of humor is illustrated in the little book, "The Making of a Saint in the Church of England." A group of High Churchmen discover that nobody has been canonized in the English Church since the separation from Rome. If the Church of England is a true and living branch of the Catholic Church, of course it has the power of making saints. It is therefore proposed to make some Anglican saints! But three puzzling questions must be answered. First—Who shall be made saints? Second—How shall the Saints be made? Third—what shall be done with the saints after they are made? The grave discussion of these problems is indescribably humorous. Such witty satire is the wisest method of attacking the inconsistencies of Protestantism, for it must appeal to any one with a sense of humor; and people devoid of that "saving grace" are hopeless, anyway!

If you want to be convinced that the Catholic Church is a bright and happy place, instead of a doleful dungeon you have imagined it, my sceptical friend, go and live in a religious house! No, of course, you won't do it until you have tried it. I did not believe it myself until I lived in the beautiful Convent of Our Lady of Peace, New York. The devotion of the nuns expressed the power and the sanctity of the Catholic Faith which was then new to me. But their wit and humor was astonishing to me then as it would be to the lady who does not understand how a priest who is "full of fun" can conduct a retreat.

"I thought nuns were so sanctimonious to be jolly," I said to a convert friend who had been many years in the Church. "Catholic nuns are different from Protestant sisters," I asked. "How different?" she said. "Oh, I don't know. It's hard to express it—but they're not so old-maidish," was the reply.

The house of all others that, to my mind, illustrates the beauty and holiness and the joy of the Faith is the Convent of the Cenacle at Newport. It combines the aesthetic charm of the Old World with the idealism of the New. The dream of the Pilgrim Fathers who "sought a faith's pure shrine," is realized there. For there, in surroundings of the most romantic beauty—a veritable garden of Paradise—the nuns of the Cenacle guard the Hidden Treasure of the ages. There the contemplative life may be found in its perfection. And all who wish to draw nearer to our Lord may do so freely, for the beautiful house is open the year around for retreats for women in the world. That is the purpose of the Order. The beauty of holiness combined with the beauty of nature makes "a little bit of Heaven" there on the shore of Narragansett Bay (apologies to the Irish).

But all this devotion to the contemplative life does not shut out the active life of good works. Nearly every phase of social service, including Red Cross classes, is carried on at the Cenacle. The whole life of the Catholic Church is illustrated there.

If you visit the Cenacle you must say good-bye to that foolish delusion that the unceasing practice of the Catholic Religion makes people sad and sombre. You will lose forever that picture you have cherished in your imagination of melancholy and emaciated nuns shut up in dark cells, knowing nothing of the joy and beauty of life, shutting their eyes to the sunlight! There will not be even a shadowy outline of that picture left in your mind, if you visit the Cenacle.

One day last May it was my privilege to be present when one of the sisters made her perpetual vows. The words "perpetual vows" have an awful sound to Protestant ears! But there was nothing awful about the ceremony. The most cynical unbeliever (if such had been present) must have felt the influence of the Spirit of Love in the beautiful chapel that morning. The spring sunshine, the bright flowers, the white vestments, all beamed a feast of joy. There were tears on many faces, but they were not tears of sorrow. It was indeed the joy of a bridal. It is impossible for one brought up a Protestant to describe the emotions aroused by witnessing such a ceremony for the first time. But one triumphant thought is dominant: "The Catholic Church is true! I have not been deceived. The Faith is all I have been told, and infinitely more!"

After the ceremony a nun comes over the aisle of the chapel to speak to her relatives in the front pew. Her radiant face tells us who she is. It is she who has just spoken those "awful" vows! Only a few years ago I would have pictured her as a deluded victim of dark and gloomy superstition. Oh, how the Catholic point of view transforms the whole aspect of life!

The joyous feast is celebrated all day. The house is radiant with sunlight, flowers and music. The reverend Mother sends word to the dining room: "In honor of our great feast day, will the guests talk and entertain each other at dinner today?" The lay sisters who wait on the table are bubbling over with fun. One of them, her face sparkling with suppressed mischief, passes the ice cream to a lady noted for her healthy

appetite for dainties. "What a very heavy plate for a small person to carry," remarks the lady as she helps herself.

"It's lighter now," replies the sister demurely. "Who said nuns never have any fun?"

"You're not a real scientist and find out the truth for yourself?"

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CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

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In speaking of a person's faults, Pray don't forget your own...

I'll tell you of a better plan, And find it works full well, To try my own defects to cure...

HARRY LAUDER ON DRINK
In a recent article published by "Association Men," Harry Lauder, the comedian, gave this personal testimony...

KEEP THE HEART CHEERFUL
To keep the face cheerful, to do good like a medicine, we must keep the heart cheerful...

SET DOWN THE BURDEN
An aged, weary-looking woman, with a heavy basket upon her arm, entered a train at a way station...

THE QUITTER
How we all despise him—whether it is as a lad in the game or in the bigger game of life...

not come right. Perhaps it is in our school days and a problem has seemed to be too much for us...

This is the time to cling tighter than ever, to work harder, to believe more, and by sheer personal force, by the spirit that must animate all of us...

Now especially, when the world has been written in the agonies of war and its consequences, want and despair on the other side of the Atlantic is almost incalculable...

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

SHORT SKETCH OF LIVES OF SAINTS OF THE WEEK
NOVEMBER 25.—ST. CATHERINE OF ALEXANDRIA

Catherine was a noble virgin of Alexandria. Before her baptism, it is said, she saw in vision the Blessed Virgin ask her son to receive her among His servants...

NOVEMBER 29.—ST. SATURNINUS, MARTYR

Saturninus went from Rome, by direction of Pope Fabian, about the year 245, to preach the faith in Gaul. He fixed his episcopal see at Toulouse, and thus became the first Christian bishop of that city...

NOVEMBER 30.—ST. ANDREW, APOSTLE

St. Andrew was one of the fishermen of Bethsaida, and brother, perhaps elder brother, of St. Peter, and became a disciple of St. John the Baptist...

THE ADVENT SPIRIT

The advent season, with its lessons, its promises, its beautiful fulfillment in Christmas, and its deep Christian symbolism, is familiar to us all yet perhaps on account of the fact that its main features are familiar, its greater meaning escapes us...

There is always a danger that we may unconsciously lose sight of this spiritual significance of the Advent time. Of late since Christmas has become the great popular holiday of the year...

But while according all due credit to those sentiments and the good they do, we must not forget that they are not necessarily Christian sentiments, that in the main they confine themselves to material things and material giving...

FREEMASONRY AND CATHOLICS

There are Catholics to be found who assert that the opposition of the Church to Freemasonry is based on misapprehension. Its high-sounding platitudes about the brotherhood of man and toleration towards all forms of religion appeal to men who are quite ignorant of Masonic history and incapable of judging Masonic principles...

When everything material has been swept away by calamity, and all that is left is the human soul, trust in and reliance upon has disappeared, the mind turns to God, who is the only true and lasting hope of the nations...

PROTESTANTS LEARN

"Catholics teach us the lesson of constant attendance upon public worship. Protestants go when the weather is just to their liking. Who has not heard early on Sunday mornings the tramp, tramp of people, with a hard week's work behind them, while we are asleep, hastening to the Catholic Church with prayer book in hand?"

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swung to the other extreme and not put enough stress on good works. Good works do not save, but faith without works is dead. Our religion is too much talk. We have too many women's meetings and not enough Men's Meetings. Kindly, generous acts—people believe that kind of religion.

The Catholic charities, covering every conceivable case of need and suffering put protestants to shame. One orphanage is worth a whole ton of talk.

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READING MATTER FOR GIRLS

Avoid Sensational Reading While everyone admits that this is a newspaper reading age, and that we must keep close track of the day's news...

Indeed, the home that boasts of its many publications, yet lacks a paper of Catholic tone is managed by a woman evidently quite indifferent to a most important duty—that of instilling into the minds of the reading members of her family ideals of the right sort.

Any girl, particularly the business girl who foolishly draws her conclusions from the highly-colored accounts of the day's doings which appear in certain "big sellers" may rest assured that her knowledge of those important matters is limited; and if she regards a Catholic newspaper or magazine simply as an organ whose only object is to expound religious truths, in this she is gravely mistaken.

No matter how clever a young woman may be, or thinks she is, she should not delude herself with the idea that sensational reading will in any way add to her fund of information. Far better to know little, or in fact nothing about what is going on in the great world around us than to poison our minds with reading which is nothing more than the over-drawn fancies of some misguided individual's imagination.

By all means read a Catholic publication, and thus not only learn more about your faith, but keep your mind brightened and alert by following its honest, unprejudiced accounts of the day's worth-while events. Remember, some of the cleverest and best writers of the hour are contributing to Catholic newspapers and magazines, and what they have to say about these matters in the public eye, is without any question, news of the first and finest order.

Standard Library

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Adventures of Four Young Americans, By Henrietta E. Delamar. This book describes the stirring times during their trip abroad, and the experience of Johnny who was lost in the Catskills.

Back to Rome, by Scrutator (J. Godfrey Rupert). Being a series of Private Letters, etc., addressed to an English Clergyman, by the deceased Rev. Alley Moore in a new dress will serve a good purpose.

Cardinal Democrat, The: Henry Edward Manning, whose own ideal of a good bishop he surely realized. Catholic Pioneers of America, By John O'Keefe. Map, New York, revised, from the first edition, 1853.

Convents to Rome, by Gordon W. German, Biographical List of the Most Notable Convents in the Catholic Church in the United Kingdom for the Last Sixty Years, by Anna T. Sadler.

Deer Jane, by Isabel Cecilia Williams. A sweet, simple tale of a self-sacrificing elder sister who smothered to keep the little household together...

Four Great Evils of the Day, by Cardinal Manning. A most interesting and instructive study of the four great evils of the day, including "A Little Heretic," "New's Bushell Club," "Fury and His Friends," "The Boys and the Girls," "Christmas Stocking."

Heavenly Home, by Clara M. Thompson. A story of American life founded on fact. Heroes of Colonial, by Mrs. J. Sadler. History and fiction combined, very interesting.

In the Crucible, by Isabel Cecilia Williams. These stories of high endeavor, of the patient bearing of pain, the sacrifice of self for others' good, are keyed on the truest and most inspiring of themes...

Lady Annabel and the Shepherd Boy, by Elizabeth Gaskell. A touching story of a little girl who, in the love of an humble shepherd boy, finds the daughter of a noble English family is identified...

Mary Brackets, by Mrs. Anna H. Dorsey. The story of two cousins, one a poor girl, the other a rich one, who meet in the most unexpected way...

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REQUIESCAT IN PACE

"Greater love than this no man hath, that a man lay down his life for his friends." And what was said of old by our dear Lord to His disciples applies also to the members of our devoted clergy today, who during the recent epidemic gave up their lives in the service of God and in administering the last sacraments to the dying.

How true once more are those loving words of Christ when applied to Himself and to His faithful ministers: "I am the good shepherd. The good shepherd giveth his life for his sheep. . . . I know mine and mine know me . . . and I lay down my life for my sheep."

May God have mercy on the souls of these dear priests, who have passed away to their reward, and may He, by blessing vocations, send other laborers into His field to fill up the depleted ranks.

The following is a list, although not complete, of the priests of Canada who have passed away during the epidemic, giving the diocese to which they belonged:

- Rev. C. A. Collet, Quebec.
Rev. Conrad Raymond, Quebec.
Rev. Joseph Lavoye, Quebec.
Rev. Omer Coulombe, Quebec.
Rev. J. A. Narcisse Dufresne, Quebec.
Rev. Stanislas Irenée Lecours, Quebec.
Rev. Edmond Dallaire, Quebec.
Rev. Antonio Courchesne, Quebec.
Rev. C. A. Leclerc, Quebec.
Rev. Alfred Carrier, Quebec.
Rev. W. Proulx, Quebec.
Rev. Raphael Legris, C. S. S. R. Quebec.
Rev. Jos. Rene Williams, Montreal.
Rev. Henri Goffert, Montreal.
Rev. Arthur Gaillard, Montreal.
Rev. Albert Leduc, Montreal.
Rev. Joseph Gaudette, Montreal.
Rev. Honoré Lavigne, Nicolet.
Rev. Odilon Ducharme, Nicolet.
Rev. Jos. Arthur Descoteaux, Nicolet.
Rev. Rodolphe Belcourt, Nicolet.
Rev. Victor Charlier, St. Hyacinthe.
Rev. Elphège Proulx, St. Hyacinthe.
Rev. Amédée Goyette, St. Hyacinthe.
Rev. Thomas Ryan, Toronto.
Rev. William Robert, Toronto.
Rev. Francis Corrigan, C. S. S. R., Toronto.
Rev. William Dermody, Hamilton.
Rev. Father Culliton, Hamilton.
Rev. Rodolphe Marion, Ottawa.
Rev. Eugene Courso, Ottawa.
Rev. Joseph Origène Baudry, Pembroke.
Rev. Charles Sndre, Pembroke.
Rev. M. F. King, Kingston.
Rev. R. S. Halligan, Kingston.
Rev. Arthur Taibodeau, Valleyfield.
Rev. H. Quessel, Valleyfield.
Rev. Joseph Paquin, Taree Rivers.
Rev. Wilbrod Parroault, O. M. I., Three Rivers.
Rev. Mgr. F. X. Piette, Joliette.
Rev. John A. Macdonell, Alexandria.
Rev. J. E. Dutoit, Chatham.
Rev. Onasime Tremblay, Chicoutimi.
Rev. Ronald Angus McDonald, Antigonish.
Rev. Dr. B. Kingsley, Peterboro.
Rev. H. L. Vachon, O. M. I., Prince Albert.
Rev. Joseph Boivin, Regina.
Rev. Dr. Joseph McNeil, Vancouver.
Rev. George Latalle, Sault Ste. Marie.
Rev. J. J. Parcell, C. S. B., London.

MGR. WIART

BRINGS JUBILEE GOOD WISHES FROM CARDINAL MERCIER

A third European jubilee reached Baltimore, in the person of Rt. Rev. Mgr. Carton de Wiart, cousin of General Carton de Wiart, V. C., etc., of the British Army. Mgr. de Wiart comes as the special envoy of the Belgian Government and of Cardinal Mercier, who, although he was unable to send a written message to the noble jubilarian, was able to send a verbal one. Mgr. de Wiart says "Cardinal Gibbons is deeply appreciated in Belgium, and is held in the highest esteem by their Majesties, the King and Queen of the Belgians."

On last Friday afternoon President Wilson received Mgr. Carton de Wiart, the distinguished Belgian prelate, who was the guest of the Belgian minister, M. De Cartier de Marchienne, who accompanied him to the White House.

The Monsignor came to this country to deliver King Albert's congratulations to His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons on the occasion of his golden anniversary, and when presented to the President offered the thanks of the Catholics of Belgium to the United States for the manner in which the nation has come to the rescue of that outraged people.

Though a Belgian by birth, Mgr. de Wiart was ordained and has spent the 27 years of his priestly life in England. He was secretary to the late Bishop of Northampton, and for a short time to His Lordship Bishop Keating. He is now secretary to His Eminence Cardinal Bourne and administrator of St. Andrew's Hospital, Dollis Hill, one of the most modern hospitals in London.

hospitals. After serving at various posts, they were sent to the Franco-Belgian frontier, where they took over three ambulances of that district, rendering aid to the Belgian and French troops and to the Belgian and French civil population.

Word has reached Washington that Mgr. Bonaventura Cerretti, papal under-secretary of state and former apostolic delegate to Austria, will come to the United States as special envoy of the Vatican to attend the jubilee celebration of His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons.

Monsignor Corretti is well known in the national capital, for when stationed at the apostolic delegation he was generally regarded as one of the most popular, learned and distinguished members of the Church.—Chicago New World, Nov. 17.

DIED

FORD.—In Perley Home, Ottawa, Tuesday, Nov. 12, 1918, George Henry Ford in his twenty eighth year. May his soul rest in peace.

STROEDER.—At Midway, Ont., on Sunday, Nov. 10, 1918, Matilda, eldest and beloved daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Stroeder, aged thirty years. May her soul rest in peace.

MCCABE.—At his late residence, 86 Gore street, Hamilton, on Saturday, November 16, Dr. John C. McCabe, aged sixty-three years. May his soul rest in peace.

KINSELLA.—At the home of her sister, Mrs. P. F. Maloney, 10932 92nd St., Edmonton, Alta., on Nov. 9th, 1918, of heart failure following an attack of pleura pneumonia, Miss Margaret KinSELLA, aged twenty-seven years, four months, seven days, beloved daughter of Mr. and Mrs. P. KinSELLA of Riviere Qui-Barre, Alta. May her soul rest in peace.

KILT.—On October 25, 1918, Margaret, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Patrick Kilt, 100 Kent St., Ottawa. May her soul rest in peace.

OBITUARY

FLIGHT CADET CYRIL CASSELY

The War is over! Toronto was wildly celebrating this glad news yesterday when suddenly one family was plunged into the depths of sorrow over the receipt of a cable from England announcing the death of Thursday, Nov. 7th, 1918, of Flight Cadet Cyril Cassely. Two days ago his father, Mr. M. J. Cassely, postmaster at Tottenham, received news that his youngest son had been seriously wounded in an airplane accident on Tuesday, Nov. 5th, 1918.

Just about a year ago the young aviator gave up a promising position in Detroit, Mich., to come to his home, 1867 Lansdowne avenue, in order to enlist in the Royal Flying Corps. This news was kept from his mother, who was in a critical condition, and until her death in December he was exempted from military duties. After training at Leaside, Cadet Cassely left for England towards the end of May, and was making his final flights there before being granted his commission. In his last letter to his sister, Miss Camilla Cassely, of Ottawa, he stated he was having some trouble with his machine. Cyril had many friends in this city when, for a time, he attended Parkdale Collegiate Institute, and his death will be keenly felt by many. He was of a very lovable disposition, and always had a happy, care-free smile that won for him many close friends.

Captain Joseph M. Cassely, R. A. M. C., his only brother, who has been on active service for three years with the Royal Army Medical Corps in Saloniki, Mesopotamia and France, is now probably on his way home.—The Toronto Star, Nov. 12.

MRS. HUBERT SMITH

One of the sad effects of the recent epidemic, the loss of so many young parents, has been brought home vividly to St. Mary's Parish, London, in the loss of Mrs. Hubert Smith after an illness of but a few days in St. Joseph's Hospital. Besides her husband and baby daughter, Agnes, she leaves to mourn her loss, her mother, Mrs. James Mitchell, Dorchester; her four brothers, John James and Alex. Dorchester, and George, London; five sisters, Sister Martina, St. Joseph's Convent, Kalamazoo, Mich.; Sister Dolores, St. Joseph's Convent, London; Sister Xavier, St. Joseph's Convent, Peterborough; Mrs. F. Baker and Miss Bertha, Dorchester.

The funeral took place from the home of her father-in-law, Mr. Martin Smith, 660 York St., to St. Mary's Church, where Solemn Requiem High Mass was celebrated by Very Rev. F. Forster, Provincial General of the Basilian Fathers, an uncle of the deceased, assisted by Rev. W. T. Corcoran as Deacon and Rev. M. A. Brison as Sub Deacon. In the sanctuary were Rev. P. J. McKeon, Rev. Jos. Kennedy, and Rev. J. Barry, C. S. S. R. Sister Zita of St. Joseph's Convent, London, an aunt, was also present at the funeral. Rev. D. Forster, an uncle of the deceased, Sister M. Forster, Sacred Heart Convent, Vancouver, an aunt, Sister M. Emma, Detroit, an aunt, and Sister M. Corona, Ursuline Convent, Chatham, a sister-in-law, were

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unable to be present at the funeral. A very wide circle of friends extended their sympathy to the bereaved family. R. I. P.

BAZAAR AT URSULINE COLLEGE, "THE PINES," CHATHAM

The Grand Bazaar under the auspices of the Alumnae Association of "The Pines," Chatham, Ont., for the benefit and promotion of education at the Ursuline College, will take place during the first week of December, from the second to the seventh. If all those holding tickets will return the stubs immediately, they will still be in time to take part in the contest for the Grand Drawing of Prizes, the last two days of the Bazaar.

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