

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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STRONG MEN

The tendency towards self-assertion is not peculiar to any class, though favoring circumstances may develop it more fully. Doubtless it was implanted by nature, and ensured the continuance of tribal mankind in the struggle with savage beasts and determined foes. All through the ages the Will to Power, as certain modern philosophers style it, has enabled the strong to rule over the weak—not in the mass only, but in family and personal affairs.

That it has never been positively identified with Virtue or Freedom is notorious. Even in the higher spheres of religion, power has never been accepted as equivalent to truth. Authority has often had to bow to fresh revelations and acknowledge the findings of ripper experience. If governments were power-houses for the evolution and diffusion of spiritual energy the life of the nation might flourish; but it is too much to expect—had they been so, prophets and singers and saints would not have played such momentous parts on the world stage. Only blind folly and crass selfishness can ignore the higher calling of mankind, rushing to a tragic fate which is preordained in the nature of things.

Good and bad people crave the desire to acquire power for quite different ends. Also there are naturally weak men and women who long to wield control over others, and innately strong natures that have no ambition of that sort. These qualities are markedly displayed in a time like this, when scribbles of no weight put forth insolent claims to dictate to statesmen and administrators whose posts could be filled to perfection by their hasty nominees. The best qualified leaders are often singularly devoid of self assertiveness. The strong, silent rulers of history have usually carried states over great crises.

We hope and believe that our victory in the present struggle would make for the world's peace and good order. Germany's abuse of power for cruel and selfish purposes must now be clear to all impartial judges. From the most rigorously practical point of view, apart from sentiment and the spiritual outlook, the triumph of Teutonium would be anything but "the survival of the fittest."

On the whole we may perhaps assume that we are still bound to walk warily, remembering that national self-consciousness is now highly developed, even among the smaller states and peoples. Absolutism in its more open forms is in its last agony; in more subtle and evasive ones it has still to be reckoned with. The author of a new study of China and its problems points out that even in that home of intense conservatism a new dynamic factor has to be reckoned with—emperors and courtiers and priests can no longer make puppets of the common folk; even military and diplomatic forces have to wait on another despotic ruler—Finance is the power that overrides all. We are finding out by degrees that money rules in most things at home as well as abroad. Banking and exchange reach further than royal or parliamentary or presidential decrees. Our age has to deal with the doubt-edged problem of Wealth and Welfare before it can grapple successfully with the social and international difficulties that lie in the path of progress.

LEARNING AND GROWING

We have all to learn, and the sooner the better, that action and reaction make the warp and woof of this human life of ours. The common saying that "when things are at the worst they will mend" is grounded in the common experience, for, though it is not always literally true, it hints at that unseen mandate, "Thus far and no farther," which limits all excess in the realms of both mind and matter. The race has to conform to this law. The grand old monarchies rose to great heights of power and magnificence; each in turn declined and made way

for its successor—the Orient passed under the sway of Alexander and his heirs, then the Roman swept aside the Greek, in due course falling under barbarian assaults. The Saracen climbed Mount Zion, and the Turk enthroned himself in the City of Constantine. So light and darkness go on for the moulding of mankind. New births of civilization seem to go down in obscurity; but evermore progress reveals the underlying purpose of the whole in personal lives and on the grand scale. Treachery and hatred, selfish ambition, and greed of power, appear to be triumphant over weakness in all climes and epochs; but judgment follows crime, and Time's wheel brings round the avenging forces with startling results.

The tide of pleasure was at the full in August, 1914; then the ebb began. The stream runs thinly and turbidly now, for youth gives the impetus to enjoyment, and today our young men and maidens have to toil terribly at tasks which involve painful endurance or horrors that will not be analyzed. It may be long before the returning tide will fill the channels of our cheerful activity again.

So also with the suspended flow of happiness, that deeper and more complex gift which is our "being's end and aim"—it will come back, but in a purer form. The bright joys of the fleeting hours are wont to fade quickly, and happiness itself is often doomed to sudden blank eclipse. How well many are realizing this now! Even as our heroic champions are rolling back the foes of the world, in the desolated fields of France and Flanders, so are we in the way of finding increased resources wherewith to overcome the dark forces of error and unfaith. We are learning more truly and deeply that happiness is not solitary, that it cleaves to lives that are blended in mutual service. It is not a new revelation that we need in our despairing hours, but fresh light on the old gospel of sacrifice and redemptive suffering. Every new lesson, every unexpected reverse, every loss that prunes our personality of false growths, makes for spiritual illumination—they are letters in the alphabet of celestial knowledge, whispers of divine counsel from the void we have moved in too long. As for the dilemma that sometimes arrests our judgment—shall not life and sweetness once more prevail over the confusions of the time?

The shock of bereavement should liberate hidden powers. Virtue goes out from those who have fallen in the strife for freedom and progress—indeed even now our hearts crave the fulfillment of the yearning that looks for fruition "where beyond these voices there is peace." The tide of being will return. The season of revival matches that of wintry gloom.

THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND

Lloyd George is a busy man; but in spare moments he must concern himself with the Church of England as by law established. Lord William Cecil, late rector of Hatfield, has recently been made a Bishop and Mr. Lloyd George has to appoint a successor. Whereupon the Tablet remarks: "Mr. George Russell, to point a moral in the interests of Disestablishment, tells how this living has been bestowed in comparatively recent times. In the winter of 1835 Hatfield House was nearly destroyed by fire, and one wing of the building was completely burnt down. The rest was saved by the exertions of family, household, friends and neighbors, among whom one of the most active was a young Mr. Talbot, a cousin of Lord Salisbury. When the fire was extinguished, the thankful owner called young Talbot to him and said, 'You have worked right well, and have helped to save a great disaster. I will show my gratitude in a practical way. If you take Holy Orders I will make you Rector of Hatfield, which is worth £1,500 a year, with a capital house.' The offer was accepted: Mr. Talbot was ordained, and retained the rectory of Hatfield till he died, at a good old age, in 1888. He was succeeded by Lord William Cecil. Lord William now becomes a Bishop, and the right of presenting to Hatfield lapses to the Prime Minister. Here, indeed, is an instructive object lesson. 'Why don't you go to America,' I asked one young man, 'and take up a profession. You could study at night and work by day.'

An undergraduate helps to extinguish a fire; he becomes the incumbent on an important parish for fifty years. He goes the way of all flesh—even clerical flesh; which is proverbially enduring—and he is succeeded by the son, a curate of twenty-five, who holds the same benefice for twenty-eight years. A barrister-Premier who is a Dissenter if he is anything, turns the Rector into a bishop; and the fiery apostle of Welsh Disestablishment—the suddenly chosen head of a War Cabinet—must appoint a pastor for the flock which the Bishop resigns. Surely the force of anomaly could no further go." But if the control of the State and the Royal Supremacy are to be abolished—what becomes of the Blessed Reformation?

ALL IN THE POINT OF VIEW

By A. M. Nolan in Ireland

There is a clergyman in a certain Irish market town who refused a Carnegie library for his parishioners. His reason was the stereotyped one, "tainted money." He is a progressive man this clergyman. He has been instrumental in the building of good roads and better bridges for the county. He has caused bogs to be drained and useless ornamented lakes to be filled. And there are some splendid laborers' cottages to his credit. He has even turned the dark little street called Main Street, into a lighted thoroughfare at night by virtue of acetylene gas. He has, in fact, put his little town on the map.

But one must travel by rail just twenty-five miles from that town in order to get a book or magazine. The only reading matter one finds in the average home of that town is the Freeman's Journal or the Dublin Independent, according to the politics of the subscriber. And of course the Key of Heaven.

With no pretense at dovetailing ideas he said that the immigrants from that town are seldom to be found in high-salaried positions in the United States. One seldom finds this among the progressive Irish settlers in America. Their children with but few exceptions, are not receiving the full benefit of American education. These are facts.

There was a school teacher in another Irish town, or rather, a village. He was a man, by all the evidence which I found while visiting that little Roscommon village, of superior talents. He had brought with him a wonderful library, and he had distributed the books among the homes of the countryside. He is dead and gone these many years, but he has left the stamp of his own scholarship upon the community. In other Irish villages, when one drops into a farmer's cottage for an evening's social time, one hears only acrimonious attacks upon neighbors, threats of "having the law" on this man or that because his cattle are trespassing on the complainant's property, and always the pessimistic "Ireland is a poor place, indeed."

The only enthusiasm that can be aroused is that of an election contest. Quite different in tone was the conversation I heard before the turf fires of that Roscommon village. When the men would put up their chairs to the blaze, invariably would somebody begin, "I was reading a queer (he usually gave the Gaelic vowel sound and pronounced it queer) thing today in—'" And thus the symposium would open. Current events, past events, politics, poetry, science, co-operation, the advanced farming of the United States and Canada, the difference between home-grown and imported foodstuffs, the activities of the Irish Party in Parliament—everything worth while was threshed out by these Roscommon farmers, and threshed out intelligently.

Nor was this the most significant mark left by that old schoolmaster upon his pupils now grown to manhood and womanhood. It was rather to be found in their calm and judicial balancing of the facts of life. To be in the fields with them, "saying the hay," to be walking the roads with them to the market town or to be sitting among them at the fire-side was like being in the classroom of a college. There was a certain stateliness and dignity of manner upon these men and women which distinguished them as ladies and gentlemen. It was the mark of scholarship left by that old school teacher who had brought his library to them.

One might have thought this knowledge of the world without, which they received from their reading would have made the young people of the village long for adventure in America. This was not so. There was, indeed, a certain restlessness among them, but it was a dissatisfaction with existing conditions and the beginning of progress, not a desire to escape responsibility.

"Why don't you go to America," I asked one young man, "and take up a profession. You could study at night and work by day."

We were in the meadow piling the hay into little cocks, and as I watched the big, handsome farmer with his slow but graceful movements pitching the light forks into their place, I wondered how a man who read both economics and novels with the same zest could so content himself. Before replying he finished the last cock. Then leaning on the pitchfork he looked quizzically into my eyes.

"And you told me that you read 'The Simple Life,' he remarked. "But you have a brilliant mind," I remonstrated. "Why not leave the manual labor to those who are less equipped with mentality." "That is the trouble with the world," he replied. "We have been leaving the only real things of life with the stupid ones. What use would your professions, your doctors and lawyers and writers be if the people were educated back to the simple life, the life where one may rake hay and do his thinking at the same time? That would mean healthy bodies and minds too sane to get mixed up with the law. I am content here. I like this work. I have my books. I have my friends about me. I can go to a dance for a night's frolic. I have enough to eat, and—" he paused to point at the sun setting beyond Fairmount—"would your American doctors or lawyers or journalists get a better sunset than this?"

It was not the sunset, however, that I was looking at just then. It was the little thatched schoolhouse that lay between us and the rosy glow on Fairmount. Neither of us had included school teachers or books in the artificialities of the life this young farmer was foregoing. "And now, coming back to the other Irish community, whose pastor refused a 'tainted money' library, one wonders just what the result would be were the two communities made one. Farmer proprietors, good roads, drained bog land, modern laborers' cottages with slate roofs, books to give the Irish mentality a chance to develop." Consider that what Irish brains have already given the world under the most adverse circumstances, one must, to be accurate and artistic, finish with a dash. There would be no end at all to it, Ireland's progress.

THE IMMIGRATION BILL VETO

President Wilson has vetoed for the second time an Immigration bill which, by the unsound and untenable literacy test, seeks to exclude foreign labor at the demand of organized labor. Mr. Cleveland and Mr. Taft vetoed similar measures setting up a similar test. The present bill includes many desirable restrictions and provisions. Its framers have sought ingeniously but in vain to atone by these for its essential and fatal theory and principle. The unconvincing objections to a literacy test have been stated again and again in the last generation. Mr. Wilson summarizes them luminously and convincingly:

It is not a test of character, of quality, or of personal fitness, but would operate in most cases merely as a penalty for lack of opportunity in the country from which the alien seeking admission came. The opportunity to gain an education is in many cases one of the chief opportunities sought by the immigrant in coming to the United States, and our experience in the past has not been that the illiterate immigrant is, as such, an undesirable immigrant. Tests of equality and of purpose cannot be objected to on principle, but tests of opportunity surely may be.

There is nothing to be added to that. The proposers of the test are aware of its weakness. It was the avowed means of the unavowed purpose of keeping out foreign labor and keeping up the price of the domestic supply so curtailed. Furthermore, Mr. Wilson turns against the makers of the bill a provision adroitly inserted to dull the edge of the literacy test and to appeal to the generous sympathies of himself and all Americans with the victims of religious persecution. That provision exempts from the literacy test aliens "who shall prove to the satisfaction of the proper immigration officer or the Secretary of Labor" that they have come to the United States

to avoid religious persecution in the country of their permanent residence whether such persecution be evidenced by overt acts or by laws and governmental regulations that discriminate against the alien or the race to which he belongs because of his religious faith.

Mr. Wilson points out that the application of this exemption would require the immigration officers "to pass judgment upon the laws and practices of a foreign Government," and would probably raise "very serious questions of international justice and comity between this Government and the Government or Governments thus officially condemned." The immigration officials cause personal irritation enough now. Made in promptu judges and interpreters of foreign laws, history, fact,

heated and heated religious and ethnic questions, what international disputes, what straining of international relations, what exacerbation of foreign nerves might their zealous, floundering execution of their duties under this exemption cause?

The bill comes up in the House tomorrow. The attempt to put it over the veto should fail as it failed in the case of the veto of its predecessor in 1915. The large majorities which passed the bill last year, 268 to 87 in the House; 64 to 7 in the Senate, are curious and artificial. They are a sign, rather, of the effective discipline exercised by the American Federation of Labor and of a readiness of Congress to yield to the propaganda and demands of a minority of public opinion with an over-estimated batch of votes behind it. It is true that there is a strong and general wish, grown greatly in the last few years, for an honest regulation of immigration, for restriction of immigration.

The old easy faith in never barring the door has gone. A belated wisdom, a soberer view, has taken the place of the sentimental optimism that ruled so long. The literacy test is dishonest and unjust. History and daily life and everybody's experience tell him that. He knows that literacy is no guarantee of good morals, no certificate of the strong hands, the willing hearts, the industry, energy, integrity which the country needs. Some time, perhaps, the United States will approach this question, so vital to its growth and welfare, as Canada approaches it, coldly, sensibly, with no political intention; will ask of an Immigration bill "Are there votes in it?" but "Is it for the best interests of the United States, will it give us workers of the kind we need and keep out the other kind?"

It is usually difficult, it ought to be difficult, to override the President's veto. Mr. Wilson's veto of the Immigration Bill rests on irrefragable grounds. It is sustained we believe, by the intelligence, the sense of fair play and justice of the country. It should be sustained by Congress.—N. Y. Times.

OPTIMISTIC SPEECH

BY MR. T. P. O'CONNOR, M. P., AT THE PERKINS BULL HOSPITAL
The Canadian News, (London, Eng.)

Mr. T. P. O'Connor, M. P., dined with forty-five Canadian officers at the Perkins Bull Hospital on Monday, January 15.

Sir Edwin Cornwall, M. P., Controller of the Household, was also present. In proposing the health of the guests, Mr. Perkins Bull said that Mr. O'Connor had come from Ireland to London in 1870 in search of work. This was the year in which Mr. Perkins Bull was born. He referred to the illustrious career Mr. O'Connor had since carved for himself, to the great influence he wielded not only in the United Kingdom and Ireland, but throughout the Colonies and the Anglo-Saxon world.

Mr. O'Connor on rising was greeted with cheers and frequently applauded during the course of a brilliant speech: "I have come gladly here to night first because of my warm affection for Canada, the greatest triumph, as I have many a time said, of the greatest institutions in our Empire.

"I have come here to recognize the more than splendid contribution of Canada, whose sons have gained such imperishable laurels by their bravery on the battlefields. I come here to recognize the noble work done here to enrich this well-equipped hospital at expense in money and at the larger expenditure of time and superintendence, to supply good cheer and a warm and affectionate surrounding to all who have come from the battlefield, and one welcomes the information that not only Canada's sons but also those from Newfoundland, New Zealand, England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales have already enjoyed imperial hospitality here.

"I am glad that Mr. Perkins Bull is now delivering a series of lectures throughout the United Kingdom, echoing the voice of all Canada in demanding that when Peace comes it shall be a decisive Peace and not a premature Peace.

"Canada and the other Colonies cannot send to England too many men like your chairman; we like the strong Imperial sentiments which emanate from his vigorous and generous Canadian heart. We are going through terrible times, through heart-breaking times; let no man underestimate the horrors of this War, and least of all should I do it in the presence of men who have passed through the hell of the battlefield. I pray—we all pray—that the gigantic tragedy may soon be brought to an end. But we want the future of the world, of civilization, of democracy, of Christianity, to reap some adequate harvest from all this sowing in the blood of millions of gallant and self-sacrificing men. Across the bloody gulf which still stretches between the world and peace I look to that harvest; and, therefore, I feel that these terrible times are also sublime and ennobling times. It

seems again as if the progress of humanity should be purchased in blood and in tears; but the fact remains that humanity does grow and rise steadily from lower to higher things. The naked savage that roamed the untiled places of the world, fighting each with his own club and finding no means of securing food except by the murder of his rival, is replaced in the teeming cities and the fertile fields of civilized countries nearly all the world over. But to-day we have, by the strange atavism in one nation, a standard of government and of international relations which is in essence the restoration of the armed savage for the civilized and peaceful man.

"That gospel challenged the world; the world has given its response; the Allies by their swords, the majority of the neutral countries—and especially the greatest of all the neutrals—by the overwhelming support of their opinion and moral challenge to civilization has elicited such a knitting together of all the different components of a world-scattered Empire such as no man ever expected to see in his day. That knitting together of the Empire has been one of the many visions of my life to which I have steadily adhered, in season and out of season.

"Is it not an inevitable consequence of this brotherhood of arms that there should be another knitting together by the participation of all parts of the Empire in the discussion and the decision of its Imperial councils and Imperial resolves?

"The answer is given by the Home Government in the summoning together of the Imperial Council for next month. What a spectacle we shall then present to the world—of this Empire united together to her last corner and to her last man in the united decisions and in united action; and all this tremendous instrument, forged, not for aggression, not for war, nor for plunder, but for the peaceful development of our immeasurable resources and the upholding of those principles of law and liberty and democracy for which our Empire, if true to its spirit and its mission, ought always to stand. If there be among my old opponents and my friends on the Irish question anybody who expects that this federation of our Empire can be consummated without the close of the struggle between England and Ireland by the concession to Ireland of the autonomy which has proved the salvation of the spiritual content of the Empire, then I have to say that all the world cannot become free and Ireland remain bound. Ireland's claim for autonomy has already won in England; there is no section that counts in any of the English schools of thought which is not convinced that such a measure of Irish self government is not an appeal to justice also to Imperial interest and Imperial regard. What stands in the way is not English opinion—it is united and is convinced and favourable—but the rivalry of those old divisions in Ireland herself, which come from the dark and distant ages of ignorant and unwise government. I cannot think that in face of the great world tragedy and this final Armageddon between the forces of light and darkness, any true Irishman can put the maintenance of these unhappy divisions above the interests of justice, democracy and the British Empire; and I speak in well-founded hope that this year will not have passed without seeing England and Ireland completely reconciled. I see in that reconciliation also promise of another and even a more dazzling vision on which the eyes of my inner soul have also always been bent. By the side of your glorious country there lies, with nothing more than an imaginary boundary, the most powerful democracy the world has ever seen. That democracy speaks the same language, obeys the same laws in its soul, worships the same ideals of liberty, democracy and justice as we do and you do. Its President has recently given expression to the instinctive hatred of every free nation for the settlement of international differences by the stupid and cruel arbitrament of the sword.

"It is not we who drew the sword; it was not we who chose that arbiter; it was not British writers or British statesmen who preached the gospel of the sword. But that issue is now before the world; we shall not stop till that issue is decided, then not only all the parts of the British Empire, but I do pray and hope the democracy of America will be united in safeguarding the verdict of the battlefield. Which shall win—the machine-gun shattering the human body, or the imperishable and free soul of man appealing to conscience, to justice, to freedom: which shall win?

"Can any man doubt who has seen enslaved nations rise after centuries of defeat and oceans of blood to full freedom—the Poles, the Irish, soon I hope, the Armenians. And when that victory comes, to you, gentle men, and to all like you who have crossed the seas to fight for freedom, I can say confidently the generations will arise and call blessings upon you and your work."

CATHOLIC NOTES

The Barre Wool Combining Company, of South Barre, Mass., recently donated to the diocese of Springfield, Mass., a plot of land to be used for the erection of a Catholic Church in South Barre.

Dr. Calvin S. White, head of the Oregon State Health Department, in an address said: "Where can you get together such a band of noble, devoted, self-sacrificing women as the Sisters of the Good Shepherd?"

In the year 1522, when Venice was threatened by the Turks, St. Cajetan established the continual exposition of the Blessed Sacrament in different churches. It was then a new devotion, and the Republic of Venice was saved.

Joyce Kilmer, convert and lecturer, poetry editor of the Literary Digest and contributor to the Sunday Magazine section of the New York Times, will teach a class in the present session in the School of Journalism of New York University.

Regarding Count de Salis, the newly appointed British minister to the Vatican, it is worth adding another to the several details already published about this person. Count de Salis is an Irish landlord, his estate being in County Limerick.

With the hearty approval of Cardinal Gibbons, the campaign arranged to raise \$100,000 for the erection of a parochial school and High school for girls, to take the place of the old Notre Dame Academy in Washington, D. C., has been launched. It will open Thursday evening, February 8, and continue for eight consecutive working days, the formal closing to be Sunday evening, February 18.

At St. Boniface, Manitoba, Rev. Damase Dandurand celebrated the seventy-fifth anniversary of his ordination as a priest. He is past ninety-eight years of age and is the oldest priest in North America. He was a missionary in the Northwest Territory in his early days and is still active as assistant at the cathedral of St. Boniface.

Bishop Shehan, rector of the Catholic University, Washington, has organized a movement to establish a Celtic Museum in Chicago. A committee of nine, headed by Judge John McGoorty, will undertake the carrying out of the project. Bishop Shehan says that Chicago is a particularly desirable spot for such a museum, which, he believes, could be made the most complete repository of Celtic historical data in the world.

Rev. Edmund Hill, C. P., who was widely known both as a missionary and an author, having exercised the ministry in the United States, Argentina, Chili and England died recently in the hospice of the Irish Sisters of Charity, London. He was a native of England and the son of an Anglican clergyman. While residing at the University of Cambridge he became a Catholic, and not long afterwards came to the United States. Here he joined the order of Passionists.

Vincennes, Indiana, took a prominent part in the recent centenary celebration of the State. The Knights of Columbus had an active part in the programme. The work of Father Gibault and of other Catholic pioneers was fittingly commemorated. It is said that the Knights are arranging for a worthy monument to Father Gibault's memory in the form of a school for neglected boys.

Advice received in Mexico City from Queretaro state that Archbishop Orozco Jimenez of Guadalajara who was arrested recently at Zacatecas on a charge of conspiracy against the government has been ordered deported. The reports say also that Right Rev. Miguel de la Mora, Bishop of Zacatecas, who was arrested at the same time, has been released and is in America. Representations were made to the Mexican Government by our state department.

A unique little chapel has been erected at La Panne, Belgium, near Queen Elizabeth's residence. It is known as the Relic Chapel, and many of its furnishings are part of the wreckage of bombarded churches. Beautiful old sacred pictures and crucifixes are to be seen here, some of them marred by shells. In one corner is a heap of stone cannon balls, dug up by the soldiers in making trenches near Neuport. It is supposed that these balls had been used centuries ago in the Battle of the Dunes.

Bids have been asked for a hall of philosophy to be erected on the grounds of the St. Joseph's Seminary, Dunwoody, N. Y. The new building will be more than 200 feet in length and five stories high. The architecture will be a combination of Renaissance, Italian and Gothic. The interior will be the last word in modern equipment. It is estimated that the cost will be about \$750,000, which will be made through the gift of a person whose name has not yet been revealed. The work will be done under the direct supervision of Cardinal Farley.

THE WATERS OF CONTRADICTION

BY ANNA C. MINOUE
Author of "Cardona," "Borrowed from the Night"

CHAPTER X

The attendance at Lucy's party, which, contrary to Arthur's expectations, he had enjoyed, necessitated a call. As he turned in at the gateway a few mornings later to discharge his social debt, he determined this time, not to come hither again. There were in the association elements that might prove dangerous to his future peace of mind, and he ever had considered if the height of folly in a man to risk a possession so essential to his happiness and well-being.

Lucy was sitting on the veranda. The heavy vines draping it hid her from him until he had mounted the steps. Then she spoke, and turning quickly he was conscious of a strange glancing in his heart as he saw her smiling face looking up at him from the piece of needlework in her hands.

"Mamma has gone to town," she said, rising to make room for him on the bench. Her thimble slipped from her finger and rolled across the floor.

"I am fortunate in finding her industrious daughter at home," he said, and then stooped to pick it up. "Permit me to return your dainty implement," he added, handing the thimble to her.

"It is so loose, for it is mamma's," she complained, slipping it back on her finger. "I lost mine."

"I will fix it so it won't come off," he said. He took a notebook from his pocket, and with her scissors cut a narrow strip of paper. "Now give me your hand," he commanded, and when she held it out, he wrapped the paper around the top of her finger with care and then fitted the thimble. "Now," he said, "that pretty little hand is equipped for its warfare with the needle! Don't grow indignant when I say I never imagined it was a warfare you let it often engage in."

"Why not, pray?" she inquired, taking up the napkin she was hem-stitching.

"Oh, why must a woman always demand a reason for everything?" he exclaimed.

"Because we are so unreasonable," she answered, and then both laughed. And Arthur Stanton swiftly realized that it was pleasant, indeed, to sit here in the vine-covered piazza with Lucy, cool and sweet as the day itself, in her simple muslin dress, with flowers blue as her eyes, scattered lavishly over its snowy ground. They talked of the party with the zest of youth which finds such joy in the retrospect of happy hours, and argued on the merits of the men and the beauty of the women who had attended it; and then their words were silenced by a mocking bird which broke forth into its rapturous song from his place in the locust tree at the end of the veranda. As they listened in silence, Lucy's eyes were fixed on her bent head, and the little hand swiftly drawing the needle in and out of the white cloth. A strange quietness enveloped her. It touched him with a feeling akin to awe, and the impulse came to him to slip away and leave her to the dreams of peace and joy of girlhood. It was then she lifted her eyes and encountered his. A moment followed of surprise for each. A flash of light had been turned upon their souls, and the wonder of what they felt rather than saw, for the moment was too brief for vision, left them dumb. The rush of joy that came after sent the light into his eyes, the color to her cheeks.

"Isn't it beautiful—his song?" she hastened to say, looking over her shoulder at the tree. "My window opens upon that locust, and oh, to hear him break the still heart of the night with his song! Why, sometimes it overpowers me and—I have to cry."

"Why do you let yourself feel things that way?" he asked, and his voice would have sounded harsh had it not been so muffled.

"I can't help it," she answered. "It is always so. When I am my own true self," she added, looking at him bravely enough now, "I know I would not have it otherwise. Think how deep, how complete is my enjoyment of that bird's song!"

"But there are other things in life besides birds' songs," he rejoined, his eyes dwelling tenderly on her flower-like face. "There is pain, and you'll feel it deeper likewise. It is the penalty paid for the deeper enjoyment."

"I shall not call it too high," she said, lifting her face, which showed a faint smile.

"You can say that now, because you do not know what suffering—real suffering is," he said hastily. "They wouldn't be so glibly spoken, those words, if you had ever felt its iron grasp upon your soul."

"If it were there now, I should still say it," she cried, "say it and believe it true, and find in the very pain something unknown to others."

The words seemed suddenly to draw a veil from some depths of his nature of whose existence he had not dreamed, and the sight perhaps more shocked than surprised him. It set him on his feet, and then he said, excitedly:

"I should like to see those roses of which you spoke a while ago. Did you know I have gone in for horticulture?"

"No," she replied, laying aside her work. "Wait until I get my hat."

"Oh Arthur!" she cried, bending slightly forward, her face glowing with feeling, "you do not call it so? You know that love would suffer itself to shield the loved one, that it lives in the thought of that loved one's happiness, that the sword that finds the loved one has first pierced love's own heart.

"You are talking now of God's love," he said slowly, "not man's."

"And man's love is the reflection of God's," she asserted.

"Perhaps, but the medium is so utterly bad we rarely find a true reflection," he said.

She looked at him, pitying him. Catching her expression, amusement flashed into his eyes.

"You regard me as one of the unredeemed?" he exclaimed, but almost instantly he grew grave. "I do not express those views often, perhaps I strive not to hold them; but a few years in the courtroom, Lucy, if you are a thinking person, do not tend to exalt your ideals of human nature."

"But it is only one portion of human nature you find there," she objected.

"Because there has arisen no occasion calling for the presence of the other portions," he said. "Had there been, we should be asked to examine the same picture of selfishness, thoughtlessness and cruelty—the three cornerstones of humanity."

"And the fourth, is what?" she asked.

"There is no fourth," he rejoined. "But the ground upon which the three stand is ignorance."

"Not always," she hastened to say. "There is wisdom—"

"A mere carving on the completed structure," he interrupted.

"I could never, never subscribe to so heartless a doctrine," she said. "It makes for despair."

"O no," he cried, looking up, his eyes now cleared of all the gloom brought by the thoughts. "You don't have to finish the house with the rough foundation stones. You can lay on them the trim, shapely bricks, or crown them with a structure of finely chiseled rock, or rear a glittering palace of costly marble. You can adorn it with all the beauty of column and niche and delicate tracery—"

But she shook her head.

"What does it matter what we build for the eyes of the world to see, when the unseen upon which it stands is so unsightly?" she cried.

"I should always have to remember the hideous cornerstone, the dank ground on which they stand."

"Is it not something calling for our respect and admiration, that upon such a foundation we can build so fair a temple?" he asked, his searching eyes on her face.

"I should rather know the foundation were fair," she said sadly.

"But it isn't, Lucy," he insisted. "Strike down far enough in the heart of the best of us and you find the primal animal. All that we may be superior to that, is the result of conscious or unconscious effort on our own part and the part of the race in the past."

Her hands were clasped around her knees, the slender figure was bent forward, while the eyes were bent thoughtfully on the green pasture sweeping back to a field of wheat, ripening for the harvest. As he gazed upon her, he felt his opinions beginning to waver, so improbable did it seem that this fair life upon which he looked rested on that foundation. The slip of paper he had placed on it to secure the thimble, was still securely wrapped around the tapering finger. He leaned forward and playfully removed it, and she started from her reveries at the touch of his hand on hers.

"See how it has marked your finger!" he said, holding it up for her inspection. She looked indifferently at the red hand below the nail and drew away her hand in silence. Her silence filled him with vague misgivings, which the troubled expression of her brow quickened. He could not understand it, and the withdrawal of her hand seemed to prohibit a question. But when he left she seemed to go with him to the office, as on that other day she had accompanied him to the field, and always the thought of her was thrusting itself before him when a moment's relaxation from work came. It was a seductive thought, too, one which, young as he was, he perceived had in it the power to gain the ascendancy in his mind, and thus interfere with his work. Work was all that now remained to live out its allotted time as you have."

"How do you know but it had done so?" she asked. "That it was his fate to be plucked by me in this way, in this very hour?"

"That is not nature's method," he answered, "hence I see in your act only a wanton interference with her plans, when, in passing through the clover, you snapped off this pretty blossom, to toss it from you when it suited your fancy to do so. If you take selfishness, and thoughtlessness, and cruelty out of the world, Lucy, you will find there is very little of Fate left."

"Those things are not Fate," she contradicted. "They may be the means by which Fate often operates, but that is all. Were they not in existence, she would find others through which to work her will upon life. Often those who live surrounded by love are the most helpless victims of her will."

"And who has not found love more often thoughtful, selfish and cruel than not?" he asked, his eyes leaving her face for the tree-belted horizon.

"But you cannot call that love!" she exclaimed.

"It is so catalogued," he rejoined, again turning toward her.

Frazier's way nor permit a thought of her to bother him. But the prospect of the long afternoon, with its disappointment rose before him, and he hesitated. As he stood there in indecision, the remark made by Uncle Major concerning the girl's loneliness occurred to him. He could readily believe that between her and her self contained mother there was little of that sympathy and comradeship which a nature like Lucy's hungered for, that rather the mother stood above her as a strict mentor and judge, and any lapse from what was held by her to be right would be mercilessly condemned in the daughter. With the idea strong in his mind, he left his place and went to the house; but when Lucy came down the little gleam in her eyes seemed to indicate that he had been mistaken in his opinion of the reason of her absence.

"Don't you think one ought to keep one's appointments?" he asked, trying not to be softened by the appealing loveliness of the face before him.

"Who has not done so?" she asked.

"Weren't we to read Tennyson under the oak tree this afternoon?" he asked.

"You said you would, but I did not promise to fall in with your plan," she replied. "Perhaps it doesn't suit me."

"Why does it not suit you?" he asked playfully, and then it suddenly occurred to him that Lucy was not in a playful mood. The smile on her face was forced, and the light in her eyes was too dry and coy.

"Why must a man always demand a reason for everything?" she explained, repeating his question of the other day.

"Because we are reasonable creatures," he answered, but he did not laugh. "And I am going to read Tennyson to you this afternoon, either here in this room or out there under the tree. Which is your choice?"

"And who said I was to be your audience?" she asked, and the short nervous laugh accompanying the words sounded strange from Lucy.

"I believe I did," he answered, looking into her restless eyes with a sudden feeling that this girl was not the Lucy he knew. "And you will not disappoint me?"

"Would it be a disappointment?" she asked, trying to speak lightly.

"A dreadful one," he rejoined. "It would spoil my whole day. You don't want to do that, I know."

"I can only stay a short while," she said, trying on her hat.

"Why not?" he asked, a sudden thought occurring to him. When she did not speak, he repeated his question and there was a tone in his voice that the girl was not likely to disobey.

"I am going out driving with Jasper later," she said, with a half-smothered gasp.

He heard only the words, and they made him set his teeth, while a new expression came into his young face. Then he said carelessly:

"Until four we will read Tennyson."

Arthur walked to his home through the fields in a bad frame of mind. He had exerted himself to make the hour one of pure intellectual enjoyment for Lucy, in order that she should contrast it, to Jasper's disadvantage, with the one that was to follow; and promptly at four o'clock he had closed the book, handed it to her, and taken his departure. As his face was turned from her, however, and his steps carried him through her father's land on his way home, the quiet expression that his countenance had worn faded, and in its stead came one of wounded pride.

Some bad epithets he applied to himself while journeying down the hill to the quiet valley, where the log house stood. Reaching the ancient privet bush which his great ancestors had planted near the brook, at the place over which later Uncle Major had built the bridge for his little niece, he paused, and remembered what had occurred, admitted that he had met punishment only adequate to his folly. Against every established rule of conduct, against every principle of pride, he had permitted the sentiments kindled by a girl's pretty face and fanned by an ignorant negro's words to dominate his actions and send him to those whom, according to every traditional feeling, he should avoid. While he had held aloof, he had plainly shown her he recognized as still existing the chain which had formerly been decreed divided them. He, not she, had denied his existence, and she had punished him this afternoon for his ever having admitted it. The thought seemed to burn his brain. He winced under it and in that moment was fully convinced that he hated Lucy Frazier more fiercely than he had done in childhood days. Thus convinced he resolved he would clip the wings of her victory, as he had done once before. There was now, however, no wise and honor-loving friend to point out the way to duty pursued, instead was a nature, lashed to fury by wounded pride and a misapprehended passion. But even in that moment the course it advised was such, it made him hasten to leave the place, sweet with the associations of happier hours of youthful friendship.

MARTHA'S DAUGHTER

MARTHA'S DAUGHTER

Mrs. McNeil, plump and comfortable, seated on the east porch beside a basket piled high with mending, nodded and smiled at the priest who had opened the gate.

"How is Martha's Daughter today?" he asked, returning her greeting. "I'm going over to see Mrs. Hollis' Jimmie, so I can't sit down."

"Miss Hollis' Jimmie?" Mrs. McNeil rose, her crisp gingham skirt billowing about her, and she started into the house. "Just wait a minute Father. I've got a bottle of raspberry shrub you can take over. You can tell her he'll find it real cool in these hot days."

"Martha's Daughter—I thought she would have," said the priest softly as she departed, "God bless her!"

When he had gone, the bottle of raspberry shrub stowed away in one capacious pocket, the girl in the rocking chair looked up and asked her question eagerly.

"Martha's Daughter?" Mrs. McNeil laughed comfortably. "Yes, they all do call me that considerable, specially Father Kelly. It all begun last year, the time the young ladies got up those 'retreats.' Molly Ferguson came up here with Father—she's a sweet friendly little thing—and I was settin' on this very porch restin' after gettin' my wash out. Ten o'clock Monday mornin' it was, an' you know how you feel after you've done a big wash—all steamy an' just sort of go over your life, same as I do when I plan my preserverin'."

So many glasses of grape jelly lasted so long last winter: got to have more this time; that means so many pounds of sugar an' baskets of grapes. Well, you go through your life that way; sort of see what you'd ought to be doin' and what you ain't done; if your goin' to treat God an' your neighbors the way you should. An' the priest that gives the retreat, he helps you all he can. You make your plans an' some good resolutions. If certainly does you good; like a spring house cleanin' of your soul."

"Well," says Molly, "we want you should make it. Us young ladies is awful anxious to have it a success."

"An' I'd just got through that wash an' cleaned house the week before; an' I knew I had a confirmation dress to make for El'nor the next week. So I just looked at her an' says, pretty short:

"Who do you s'pose would keep my house an' look after the children while I went retreatin' around the country? You just wait till you're married, Molly Ferguson, an' got five o' your own to take care of."

"But couldn't Helen' (she's my oldest, you know),—couldn't Helen take care of 'em?" says Molly.

"No," says I, "Helen couldn't. She ain't out o' the academy till next spring; an' even then she won't be responsible enough. An' I've got to make El'nor's dress for confirmation, an' put up the screens, an' see that Frankie passes his examinations, an' get them sweet peas wired, an' head off the white hen from settin', an' start my strawberry preserverin', an' make sugar cookies for Leo, an' doughnuts for his father, an' ginger-bread for somebody else. An' what's more, I never was no hand for meditati' even when I was a girl in school; an' if you think you can meditate when every other minute you're wonderin' what the baby's into now, or if the biscuits has burned you're welcome to try it—I shan't though."

"An' then I stopped, all out of breath."

"Father Kelly he just leaned back an' laughed an' laughed. Not disagreeable, you know—just a nice, understandin' laugh. So pretty soon I was laughin', too."

"All the same, Father, that's the way I feel," says I.

"You are one of Martha's Daughters, ain't you?" says he.

"You mean Martha in the Bible?" says I, kinda sharp—the Martha that was 'careful about many things'—well, let me tell you, Father, a married woman has to be rakin' an' ruinin', an' her family, too. An' my sympathies has always been with Martha; Mary didn't show much consideration, seems to me."

"Father Kelly give me a look then, 'You don't mean it quite that way,' says he. 'You know Our Lord was rebukin' Martha's worryin' over her dinner, and thinkin' He cared more for it than to talk to her. An' you don't want to forget that when it says a little further along, 'Now, Jesus loved Martha, and Mary, her sister,' it mentions Martha first. What our Lord wanted was that Martha should stop frettin' for fear the biscuits would burn, and pay a little 'tenshun to 'the one thing necessary.'

"All the same," says I, stubborn as you please, "I shan't make no retreat, an' there's an end of it!"

"Well, they hadn't more than gone when over cross-lots come little Marietta Veronica Farrington. Miss Farrington had been dead a year an' a month, an' I declare I know she

turned over in her grave that mornin', Marietta was such a sight. She's the palest, pimpest little thing ever was, anyway; an' that day her hair was strugglin' all down her back, an' her dirty little petticoat showed below her torn dress, an' one stocking was down over the top of her shoe; an' her face was as white as skim milk.

"For the land's sake, Marietta Veronica," says I, "fasten up that stockin'!"

"Marietta just looked at me. 'It's busted,' she says, an' went on without takin' breath; an' her poor little eyes bulgin' out of her head, she was that scairt. 'Miss McNeil,' says she, 'won't you come over to our house, please right now? I'm fraid something dreadful's goin' to happen. My papa's walked up an' down, up an' down all night; an' Hughie, he's cleanin' his revolver; an' Ingeborg's gone, an' we ain't had no breakfast—"

"I got on my feet then, an' got a pin an' fixed her stockin'. Then I grabbed up the baby an' put him an' his sand bucket an' shoveled right over the fence into Miss O'Farrell's backyard."

"You tend to him, I call; an' stop Frankie an' El'nor on their way home an' give 'em some dinner, if you will. I got to go over to Judge Farrington's right off."

"I knew Miss O'Farrell would; she's the salt of the earth. An' before she got her mouth open to answer, I was halfway home with Marietta, an' gettin' the rest of her story out of her a piece at a time."

"Hughie (that's her brother) hadn't been home at all the night before. Seventeen he was, an' not to say wild—just curious an' high-spirited, the kind that's got to touch the stove to see if it's hot. You'll know when you get a boy of your own, my dear. An' when the Judge finally found him an' brought him home, both of 'em was lookin' like thunder clouds. Marietta heard something about it, that was all; but I could guess pretty near where Hughie had been. There's a pool hall down street a ways, that ain't any too respectable; an' the police around there get a spasm o' morality every once in a while, an' raid it. I knew they'd done it the night before, an' I could surmise that that boy had been down there seein' if the stove was hot."

"Now, the Judge is a good Catholic, but he's one of these proud men that's harder'n rock with their own, and his wife's death hadn't helped him any. An' when Marietta told me that Ingeborg, the kitchen girl, had up an' gone the mornin' without gettin' him so much as a cup of coffee, I knew just about the mood he'd be in."

"Well, I give Marietta some milk and crackers in the kitchen, an' sent her right back across-lots after the pan of ginger-bread I'd made for lunch."

"My dear, such a lookin' house you never saw! If that lazy girl had ever touched a broom to it, I don't know when it was. Every dish was sticky, the silver spoons was in the garbage can, the milk picher was so sour you could smell it way out on the porch; an' flies! My land! you could hardly breathe there; she was so thick. I could hear the Judge pacing up an' down the library, but of Hughie there wasn't a sign. Locked in his room, he was, an' still as the grave."

"Now, maybe you know—but, not bein' married, I s'pose you don't—there ain't a thing that'll set a family marlin' at each other quicker than a dirty house an' poor food; an' when I went through that pantry I didn't need no one to tell me that they hadn't had a decent meal in that house since Ingeborg had been there. There's a plain, old-fashioned name used to be given that kind of woman. It ain't han'some, but it's truthful. We used to call 'em 'sluts.' An' that's what Ingeborg was. There's only one thing worse, to my mind, an' that's the pizen neat kind. The Judge's oldest sister was like that—her that kept the house the first six months after Miss Farrington died. So, all in all, I didn't wonder that Hughie an' his father was quarrelin' like Kilkeny cats."

"Says I to myself: 'Here's where they need Martha's Daughters, every last one of 'em.' An' I rolls up my sleeves an' jumps in."

"The coffee I sent them men folks came back without bein' tasted, but do you think that phased me? Not much! I cleaned the kitchen enough so I could turn round without stickin' to anything; then I took Marietta Veronica an' got out clean clothes for her, an' packed her off to take a bath. An' let me tell you I never prayed harder in my life than I did all the time I was mendin' that child's little stockings. 'Dear Lord, I keep sayin', 'show me something to do quick before the Judge sends that poor, head-strong boy off to his ruin! Show me something to do!' Blessed Mother, help me!"

"It come to me while I was out in the hen-yard killin' a couple o' fry's, though I didn't dream the Lord had answered my prayer. I just thought I was plannin' dinner. Just come into my mind like that: 'I'll make a lemon pie.' Miss Farrington an' me, we used to be pretty near neck an' neck in the lemon pie race, so I knew the family liked 'em. An' I hustled right in and went after it—an' I made a plate of tarts, too, while I was about it. 'Marietta Veronica'll like these,' says I. Poor little Marietta Veronica! If anybody'd thought of what she liked an' didn't like since her mother died, the child certainly didn't show it."

"I set the back stair open, so the smell would stir Hughie up a little; an' while that pie was bakin' I gave

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the dinin' room a lick here and there. Hughie heard my broom agoin', an' pretty soon down he come. I never saw anything in trousers yet that wasn't courouser'n a cat, anyway.

"Oh!" says he, kinda startled. "Beg pardon, Mis' McNeill! I thought it was that she-devil come back again."

"Hughie," says I, "that's no name to call your aunt. There's some tarts in the kitchen your little sister'll make herself sick on if you don't go an' help her eat 'em." An' I went on sweetie'ly.

"He looked kind o' superior for a minute, an' made believe he'd come after something or other; but when he saw I wasn't noticin' him, he sidled over toward the kitchen door, an' after a little I heard it squeak. Poor boy! His face was haggard with the tears he wouldn't let come; an' if there's any tears in the world that'll turn the heart bitter an' old an' hard, it's the tears a boy is ashamed to shed for fear somebody'll think he ain't a man."

"I let 'em alone a while, for I knew Marietta Veronica was out there in a clean dress and fresh hair-ribbons. An', anyway, I wanted that dinin' room to look half-way decent. When I did go out at last they was sittin' on the table finishin' off the crumbs, and Hughie'd stopped lookin' superior long enough to lick the jelly off his fingers like a ten-year-old. Marietta give me one of her shy little smiles as she slid down an' went off to feed her kitten. I went ahead mixin' a pan of biscuits—not ignorin' him, you know, but just hein' too busy to see how embarrassed he was. He swung his feet a minute an' then he began:

"You used to be my mother's friend, Mis' McNeill, an' I want you should know the straight of this. I honor her memory every bit as much as he does; but there's some things no fellow can bear, an' this house has been one of 'em this last year. First it was my aunt, an' she was so clean, she couldn't stand to have me underfoot. Then it was Ingeborg. You saw what she made of it. A fellow has to go somewhere. So—I got to goin' down there."

"I didn't, so to say, answer him—just agreed with him enow to keep him talkin' an' kept right on at my work. But I could see out o' the tail of my eye he was getting real interested in that fried chicken."

"I know you think I'm a tough kid," says he, "but I'm not. I never drunk more'n a glass or two of beer, an' the bunch of us only just played a little poker for fun. It ain't such a bad place, Mis' McNeill—honest, it ain't. But he won't believe that, so I'm goin' away. If I'm such a disgrace to her name an' her memory, the best thing I can do is to get out." His voice kept gettin' bitter an' bitter, an' just there it broke. By an' by he stood up an' kind of squared his shoulders. I'll never speak to him again," he says; "but I wanted you to know; an'—an' I wish you'd explain it to Marietta Veronica when she's old enough to understand." An' with that he stalks off upstairs.

"These chickens'll be ready in half an hour or so! I calls after him. I'll send Marietta up to tell you when."

"Did he come down? Well, I should say he did; an' the Judge, too, after Marietta Veronica'd tapped on his door a couple o' times an' told him real plain: 'Mis' McNeill says please come to dinner.'"

"But, my dear, that was the queerest meal I ever set down to in all my life. First off the Judge come marchin' in, with his face like the granite tombston on his wife's grave. "Don't expect me to speak to Hugh, Mis' McNeill," says he, "with Hughie standin' right there. He's forgotten what he owes to his mother's memory, an' he's bound to drag the name she gave him in the dust. He'll not stay under this roof while he does it."

"Hughie turned white an' his mouth hardened. He's his father's own son. An' neither of 'em would look at the other; an', naturally, neither one had much to say to me or Marietta Veronica; so you can guess things was kind o' stiffish until everyone was served. But they ate—oh, yes, they ate that chicken and biscuit fast enough! I'm a good cook, if I do say it; an' I guess it had been so long since they'd ate a decent meal that they'd sort of accumulated an appetite. An' by the time the Judge had helped Hughie twice to chicken an' eaten five biscuits himself, his face wasn't quite so hard-lookin'."

"Then I brought in the pie. It did look pretty nice, I can tell you, with the meringue all heaped up in little crispy golden-brown hills. I cut into it, an' put a good, generous piece on the Judge's plate. You know how a real lemon pie looks when you cut it? I dunno as there's anything more appetizin'."

"Marietta Veronica's eyes had kept gettin' bigger an' bigger, an' when she set her father's plate down in front of him, she gave the most heart-felt sigh you ever heard. "Oh," she says, "I wish I was twins—one for lemon pie an' one for biscuit an' gravy!"

"We all laughed. You couldn't a helped it if you'd been a corpse at a funeral. An' the Judge looked across at me and said, as polite as you please: "It is a fine pie, Mis' McNeill—an' a fine dinner. We are indebted to you."

"Mother was always makin' lemon pies, went on Marietta. "Member, Hughie, she used to make us little ones, when we was babies. 'Member?' (She took another big mouthful.) 'She made one just the week before she died. It tasted just like this, didn't it—didn't it, Hughie?"

"An' that was just the drop too much for Hughie. He kind o' choked an' then jumped up so quick he tipped his chair over. 'Mis' McNeill!' he says. 'Father I—I—oh! An' he puts his arms over his face an' bolted out of the room."

"His father's mouth was workin' now an' his eyes kind o' misty. 'You'll excuse me, I know,' he says, 'an' up he gets. 'I guess I've been too hard on the boy. His mother—' An' with that he goes after Hughie. "A little thing? Well, yes, maybe so, my dear! Lemon pie does seem kind of ordinary to switch things round like that. But it ain't angels with flamin' swords that's appearin' to bar most of us out o' the wrong path: it's just such common, everyday things as that. If we get to lookin' for angels, we're liable to go astray. You remember what the Bible says about the weak things of this world confoundin' the strong things?"

"Well, Hughie an' his father settled it in the library, Farrington fashion; an' man fashion too, for that matter—a hand-shake or two an' not many words. When they came out, the Judge's hand was on Hughie's shoulder, an' the way he looked at him just choked me right up, it had so much motherliness mixed up with a man's pride. I was thankful to be puttin' dishes away in the pantry, where I could wipe my eyes on my apron without their seein' me."

"The retreat? Yes, I did get to make it. You see, when the Judge's youngest sister come—the widow with the two little boys you was talkin' to this mornin'—she an' he just insisted that my folks come over there to meals while I took a vacation. It didn't come till the last of July, anyhow, so I had the worst of the summer's work out of the way. An' the Sisters let me bring the baby with me; one of the young ladies that's a kinder-garner agreed to tend him an' four or five others their mas couldn't leave. An' when Father Kelly heard about the lemon pie business—an' he generally does hear things about his people—what do you s'pose he said? That he was glad his Parish had one o' Martha's Daughters that took right after her mother—'the kind that could work an' pray both. An' that made me feel pretty good.'—Lucile Kling in the Ave Maria.

CARDINAL O'CONNELL

ARRAIGNS LEADERS OF FALSE THINKING

His Eminence, the Cardinal, attended the annual dinner of the Holy Cross College Club of Boston in the Lenox Hotel on Wednesday evening, Jan. 17, and delivered an address. Adverting to the awful War in Europe, the Cardinal questioned whether it was due to the prevalent general confusion of mental processes or whether the prevalent mental confusion is a result of the conflict, inasmuch as many leaders among the nations of the world, particularly in the educational field, and notably so in the United States, are obsessed with the most confused and pernicious ideas regarding Christianity and what it stands for.

His Eminence, the Cardinal, spoke as follows: "I have been wondering of late whether the present awful War is due to a general confusion of mental processes or whether the mental fusion which is prevalent everywhere just now is a result of the War.

"Certainly, whether the War be the cause or the consequence, the mental attitude ascribed to very prominent people and manifest in their printed utterances is so confusing as to stirle us into wondering what the world has lost its head, and whether clear thinking has become a lost art and whether an age which is never tired of boasting of its scientific attainments has literally become absolutely befuddled.

"I confess that, as day after day I see utterances of many leaders in government, in school and in art, I can scarcely believe my own eyes. For I see, not only today denied acrimoniously what the same man yesterday naavely affirmed, but even biscuit fast enough! I'm a good cook, if I do say it; an' I guess it had been so long since they'd ate a decent meal that they'd sort of accumulated an appetite. An' by the time the Judge had helped Hughie twice to chicken an' eaten five biscuits himself, his face wasn't quite so hard-lookin'."

"Then I brought in the pie. It did look pretty nice, I can tell you, with the meringue all heaped up in little crispy golden-brown hills. I cut into it, an' put a good, generous piece on the Judge's plate. You know how a real lemon pie looks when you cut it? I dunno as there's anything more appetizin'."

"Marietta Veronica's eyes had kept gettin' bigger an' bigger, an' when she set her father's plate down in front of him, she gave the most heart-felt sigh you ever heard. "Oh," she says, "I wish I was twins—one for lemon pie an' one for biscuit an' gravy!"

"We all laughed. You couldn't a helped it if you'd been a corpse at a funeral. An' the Judge looked across at me and said, as polite as you please: "It is a fine pie, Mis' McNeill—an' a fine dinner. We are indebted to you."

"Mother was always makin' lemon pies, went on Marietta. "Member, Hughie, she used to make us little ones, when we was babies. 'Member?' (She took another big mouthful.) 'She made one just the week before she died. It tasted just like this, didn't it—didn't it, Hughie?"

the whole damnable account to the Church which they had held in shackle while they set the fire.

"Is that a joke or is it insanity, or is it still worse—just crookedness?" "When I read of the outbreak in France and in England against the Pope for not taking the side of the Allies, when they know better than anyone else in the world that they for a whole generation have spent all their fury upon the Pope for daring to have an opinion about international law, I ask myself: 'Is this a joke or a tragedy?' Is it serious, or only another trap set for the Sovereign Pontiff, whatever he does, or even when he does nothing? Yesterday he was of no consequence—today a word from him seems to be the only thing that counts. Is this mania, or is it trickery?"

"When I read that the whole reason, as set forth by both sides, of this awful destruction of civilization, is the love of culture or humanity the question comes: Are they insane or do they think we are?"

"When we have for years seen the underlying motive for all this terrible destruction and know that 99% of it is natural jealousy and the rest talk, what are we to think of the column after column of platitudes about small nations and the love of righteousness?"

"Again, do they really think that we believe these assertions? If they do, how they must be laughing at us. Why some of these men have yielded the hypocrite so long that they would not know righteousness if it was under their eyes."

"What are we to think of ministers of the gospel who read the air with hysterical cries against concluding a peace or even a truce? What especially are we to think of these very same individuals who, when the War began, declared openly that no war was ever justifiable and that no country should ever enter any war?"

"Is this war-madness, or is it merely the result of a lifelong habit of illogical thinking and irresponsible chattering?"

"What again are we to think of these same clergymen who never by any chance talk of anything else from their pulpits but party politics, and yet, like true Quixotes, arm themselves cap-a-pie against any union of church and state—a thing which, outside their own pulpits, nowhere exists?"

"Is this a sort of insanity, or is it again the mere shouting of any old catch word which suits?"

"I could go on for an hour giving concrete instances of this sort of inconsequent twaddle—culled from the daily press and even from serious essayists, but let me call your attention to the latest exhibit—the latest and most startling, and perhaps the one which gives the clue to all the others."

"Dr. James Henry Leuba, professor of psychology at Bryn Mawr, has published lately some very interesting results of his recent investigations and inquiries among professors and students of our American colleges and schools."

"I will not weary you with detail. It will come at once to the chief point of interest in his report. He finds that more than 50% of the most distinguished professors in American colleges are atheists—do not believe in God. In fact only 27% of the more eminent believe in God. Moreover, pushing still further his investigations, he finds that only 35% of the more eminent professors believe in the immortality of the soul."

"And after such consoling results of his investigation listen to his conclusion: "If these groups do not include all the intellectual leaders of the United States they certainly include the great majority of them. Most of them are teachers in schools of higher learning. In that capacity they should be and doubtless are in a very real sense moral leaders. There is no class of men who on the whole rival them for the influence exerted upon the educated public and upon the young men from whom are to come most of the leaders of the next generation."

"The situation revealed by the present statistical studies demands a revision of public opinion regarding the prevalence and the future of the two cardinal beliefs of official Christianity, and shows the futility of the efforts of those who would meet the present religious crisis by devising a more efficient organization and co-operation of the churches, or more attractive social features or even a more complete consecration of the church membership to its task."

"Here at least the horror is revealed in all its hideousness. "However confused is the mind of Professor Leuba of Bryn Mawr on the question of religion and its importance, however mixed up are his phrases when he attempts to prove the antagonism of religion to mental freedom, in this much at least he is clear—that the vast majority of professors of higher learning are infidels, agnostics and atheists—that these are the real leaders of America today and that their pupils, of whom already the vast majority do not believe even in the immortality of the soul, will naturally be the leaders of the nation tomorrow."

"Here indeed, is food for thought. Here, indeed, is a problem which confronts the whole nation. "Is it possible that these facts are known to the fathers and mothers of this country? Is it possible that what that nation must now look forward to with boastful pride is that

America in a short time will be the greatest infidel country in the whole world?"

"Is it to this the land of Columbus and Washington and Lincoln, all devout worshippers of God and believers in the sublime destiny of America under the benign influence of Christian faith and Christian morality, is it to this mental and moral decay and death that their country will soon be inevitably reduced?"

"Mr. Leuba seems to be very sure of his future, sure that no effort on the part of believing and God-loving men and women of America can now avail to fasten upon her citizens the fetters of a faith in God which seems to him and his colleagues to be an indication of mental weakness and moral slavery."

"Ah, no; he and his fellow moral leaders will see to it that not a vestige of Christianity is left in the land. "But thank God, we are not yet all of us so sure of all this as the eminent professors of pedagogy and psychology. On the contrary, we are rather sure, sublimely confident, that before the dread fate has overtaken this nation, blighting its hopes and paralyzing its life, something will appear of which this Leuba with all his knowledge of psychology seems strangely ignorant—it will happen. I confidently predict, that the same men and women of America, the plain men and women who make small pretense at ambitious learning but who, nevertheless, have what these intoxicated professors seem to have bidden adieu to, stern common sense, these men and women realizing finally the wrecks, intellectually and morally, that have been made of their sons and daughters by the utterly unscientific method of these self-styled scientists, will arise in their just anger and indignation and empty every school of these impious tyrants with all their hypocritical chatter about mental freedom, and make it clear once for all to the whole half-educated brotherhood of atheists that this country will accept no such godless leadership—that true learning and true science can never exclude God and the soul from its program and that such an attempt, thus far under cover, but now brazenly revealed at last, must end—and these same men and women will give these eminent leaders such a lesson in practical psychology, the psychology of a just and righteous wrath, that they will cease to rob the whole people and nation of America of the two most precious possessions she still holds—belief in God, and a care for their immortal souls."

"For years the Catholic Church has been cautioning America against these growing evils in the training of youth. For years, by dint of tremendous sacrifices, our people have warded off this danger to their own children. Until now the only answer has been either a mocking smile or a bitter frown. But now it is not we who warn, but Professor Leuba who cautions. Christian parents, what is to be your answer?"—Boston Pilot.

A LOST CHORD

In 1851 Miss Procter, the poetical daughter of the noted English astronomer, R. A. Procter, with two of her sisters, became a convert to the Catholic Church. In her zeal in behalf of charity she is said to have overtaxed her strength and this was, probably the cause of her early death, which occurred in her thirty-ninth year.

"Perhaps the most popular of all her poems is that entitled, "A Lost Chord," which Sir Arthur Sullivan, composer of the "Mikado," "Pinafore," and other comic operas, set to music:

Seated one day at the organ,
I was weary and ill at ease,
And my fingers wandered idly
Over the noisy keys.

I know not what I was playing,
Or what I was dreaming then;
But I struck one chord of music,
Like the sound of a great Amen.

It flooded the crimson twilight,
Like the close of an Angel's Psalm,
And it lay on my fevered spirit
With a touch of infinite calm.

It quieted pain and sorrow,
Like love overcoming strife;
It seemed the harmonious echo
From our discordant life.

It linked all perplexed meanings
Into one perfect peace,
And trembled away into silence
As if it were loath to cease.

I have sought, but I seek it vainly,
That one lost chord divine,
Which came from the soul of the
organ,
And entered into mine.

It may be that Death's bright angel
Will speak in that chord again,
It may be that only in Heaven
I shall hear that grand Amen.

CONFIDENCE IN PARENTS

A recent writer well remarks: "If some parents would take a deeper interest in the welfare of their children, if they would strive to gain their entire confidence, there would be fewer children led astray by evil companions." There is much deeper wisdom in this remark than may appear at first flash.

Few parents fully realize the meaning of confidence as applied to their sons and daughters. The average child is constantly developing mentally and morally as well as physically; new ideas are forming in his mind; strange images from the world about him are implanted upon his memory; unusual scenes are passing before his eyes; in a word, life with all its good and its bad is passing before his mental vision in a bewildering, panoramic review. True, he has been taught within the circle of the home certain fundamental principles that are supposed and expected to guide him in his conduct. His contact with life, however, tends to distort these simple principles and to infuse into his soul a suspicion that soon turns into a doubt as to the truthfulness or the adaptability of these principles.

It is when the boy or the girl reaches this stage, this parting of ways, "where the brook and river meet," that confidence towards parents should be cultivated by the parents themselves. If the child has been reared in an atmosphere of love and sincerity he will turn naturally in his perplexity to those who have hitherto guided him aright. "If, on the contrary, he unfortunately possesses parents who are less than mere guardians in the interest they manifest towards him, his natural tendency is to seek advice from some one else whom his immature judgment may select. Frequently, Divine Providence will turn his thoughts towards some one person who will sympathize and guide him aright, and who will prove to be a whole bulwark of strength during the period of the transition to manhood or to womanhood.

Many a young life has been blighted and blasted, not because of innate evil-mindedness or weakness of character, but solely on account of original stupidity and brutal carelessness on the part of idiotic and

indifferent parents. Rest assured that if you fail to win the confidence, the complete and unreserved confidence, of your boy and girl some one else will win that confidence. If you have failed, pray heaven that some one else may be inspired by high motives to do for your child what you have criminally neglected to accomplish. —St. Paul Bulletin.

"The habit of criticizing those with whom you are associated is very bad and is too often indulged in," comments the Annals of St. Joseph. "It injures not only the man criticized, but the one who makes the criticism. 'Ashes fly back into the face of him who throws them.' The injury of adverse criticism reaches the man who makes it first. Frequently, indeed, usually, it is unjust as well as unkind."

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Editors—Rev. James T. Foley, B.A.,
Thomas Coffey, L.L.D.

Associate Editors—Rev. F. J. O'Sullivan,
H. F. MacKintosh,
E. F. MacKintosh.

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LONDON, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 17, 1917

"DISTRIBUTIVE JUSTICE"

In "Distributive Justice" Dr. Ryan treats of subjects intensely interesting to every intelligent Catholic. And this quite regardless of whether his lot is cast in industrial centres whose populations seethe with sullen discontent and at times menace social order with open rebellion; or in the farmhouse where production and distribution, capital and labor and all such problems merge into the simple, peaceful and independent life of the farmer at once owner and tiller of the soil; or in any position that may be considered as lying between these extremes. For the intelligent Catholic is found, thank God, in every walk of life. He is not satisfied with the pert and parrot-like dictum: "Socialism is condemned by the Church." He wants to know what Socialism is, why it is growing in numbers, power and influence, why and in what sense it is condemned. Taken at its face value, Socialism is fighting for the poor and the oppressed—for distributive justice. Angry Socialists cry out that the Church is opposed to the movement to render justice to the working man because she is allied with his oppressors. Not because he is disloyal to the Church—indeed because of his very loyalty—the Catholic desires to give some reason for the hope that is in him when discussing questions which claim the attention of all thinking men. It is precisely this treatment of such questions that is found in Father Ryan's "Distributive Justice." The title is one familiar to all theologians; for a treatise on Justice and Right forms a part of every course of moral theology. The author himself in his introductory chapter limits and defines the scope of distributive justice: "Its province is not the distribution of all the goods of the country among all the people of the country, but only the distribution of the products of industry among the classes that have taken part in the making of these products. These classes are four, designated as landowners, capitalists, undertakers or business men, and laborers or wage earners."

It will be seen, then, that the scope of the work covers the whole range of subjects which have given rise to Socialistic and other modern movements whose object is to find a remedy for the admitted injustice of the existing state of things.

There is not a question concerning land—private ownership, single tax, the unearned increment, and similar theories and problems—that is not involved in the consideration of whether mere ownership of this factor of production gives a just claim upon the product. And so with all other factors and agents of production.

"Scarcely less formidable is the task of suggesting means to correct the injustices of the present distribution. The difficulties in this part of the field are indicated by the multiplicity of social remedies that have been proposed, and by the fact that none of them has succeeded in winning the adhesion of more than a minority of the population. We shall be obliged not only to pass moral judgment upon the most important of these proposals, but to indicate and advocate a more or less complete and systematic group of such reforms as seem to be at once feasible and righteous."

Who is not familiar with the sneering calumny that the Church is indifferent to the sufferings of the poor and oppressed, and that she condemns discontent with one's lot

and preaches submission. The whole history of the Church and of civilization gives the lie to such unwarranted charges. The extracts which we gave last week from Leo XIII's encyclical, *Reverentissimum*, must read strangely to those who know the Church only through the misrepresentations of ignorance or envy.

When she condemns the errors and follies of Socialism it does not follow that she denies that the evils which Socialists deplore do not cry out for adequate remedies. Nor does she deny that such remedies are to be sought through the intervention of the State. In the same encyclical, Leo XIII, after denouncing in no uncertain tone the iniquity of the system which has reduced working-men to a condition little better than slavery, expressly indicates that it is the duty of the State to remove the injustice:

"As regards the State, the interests of all whether high or low, are equal. The poor are members of the national community equally with the rich; they are real component, living members which constitute, through the family, the living body; and it need hardly be said they are in every State very largely in the majority. It would be irrational to neglect one portion of the citizens and favor another; and, therefore, the public administration must duly and solicitously provide for the welfare and comfort of the working classes; otherwise that law of justice will be violated which ordains that each man shall have his due. Among the many and grave duties of rulers who would do their best for the people, the first and chief is to act with strict justice—with that justice which is called by the schoolmen *distributive*—towards each and every class alike.

"At the time being, the condition of the working classes is the pressing question of the hour; and nothing can be of higher interest to all classes of the State than that it should be rightly and reasonably adjusted."

The principles which Pope Leo outlined with such lucidity Father Ryan applies to concrete conditions. He examines in the light of sound political science and Christian morality the economic theories which clamor for a hearing, and, separating the wheat from the chaff, "indicates such reforms as seem to be at once feasible and righteous."

PROHIBITION THAT PROHIBITS

Down in Texas the logic of Prohibition threatens to work itself out. Senator Montee refuses point-blank to have his Prohibition bill so amended as to admit alcohol for sacramental and medicinal purposes. Whether this measure be enacted into law or not it should give some food for thought to those Catholics who make a virtue of human respect and a jest of human liberty. If the State has the right to prohibit the use of alcoholic beverages who is to say: "thus far thou shalt go and no further?"

Who is above the State? Why should the State for the general good not be logical in applying the principle of prohibition? And what more logical than Prohibition which absolutely prohibits?

In the Ecclesiastical Review some time ago the question of Prohibition was very freely and very amply discussed. Not only those who sanely interpreted the mind of the Church but those also who were under the sway of sentimental prohibitionist fanaticism were given free scope in the discussion.

One of the latter, a priest, thus wrote of the scientific formula expressing the nature of alcohol: "Translated into plain United States, this formula means that alcohol is the poisonous excretion of a low form of life, namely the ferment germ. This germ after feeding on certain substances casts off alcohol. Ergo it is proved that alcohol is the filthy excretion of a low germ and a mischievous poison to plants, animals and men."

This and much more of the Prohibition gospel is eloquently preached by this good prohibitionist before he triumphantly asks:

"What logical argument could Aristotle or any one of his numerous successors bring to show that all their efforts are only evidences of sentimentality?"

It would be very interesting to listen to the non-Aristotelian logical arguments which this good priest could bring to show his fellow-prohibitionist, Senator Montee, that "something just as good," should not be substituted for the "filthy excretion" and "mischievous poison" contained in altar wine.

Until recently people in "dry" States, like those in our "dry" provinces, were free to import the forbidden beverages. The recent Webb-Kenyon decision of the United States Supreme Court gives the State control of the liquor as soon as it enters State territory. This reversal of previous interstate commerce decisions makes it possible and practicable for any State to prohibit the possession or use of wine for any purpose. A Catholic lawyer in the discussion referred to above, pointed out that nothing but an amendment to the constitution of the United States could prevent this.

"This amendment which would not become effective until adopted by three-fourths of all the States (36). The fight is likely to be furious in the States. The rabid anti-Catholics, realizing that the Mass is the central element of Catholic worship, will see the importance to them of striking at the Church in this way, and they will move heaven and earth to prevent the adoption of the amendment and secure the adoption in every State of prohibition laws similar to the law in Arizona. Ultimately, Catholics properly directed, are likely to win out; but the crisis will be a grave one."

Montee of Texas has a worthy collaborator in Catt of Georgia. This reverend gentleman of feline name and nature was elected by prohibitionists and anti-Catholics as governor of the State. And these logical and lovable individuals give a pretty clear indication that the state-worshipping reformers think of limiting their activities by considerations of "freedom of conscience," and "free exercise of religion," no whit more than their fellow precursors would allow State-made morality to be hindered in its onward and upward course by considerations of "personal liberty."

IRISH HOME RULE

About one month ago the London correspondent of the Manchester Guardian, "who is usually behind the scenes in Irish affairs," asserted that informal discussions and negotiations of a significant character were being carried on with a view to the immediate settlement of the Irish question. He even went so far as to give a forecast of the first Irish administration in which Protestants and Unionists would have equal representation with Catholics and Nationalists. He stated emphatically that neither Unionists nor Nationalists would seriously consider the exclusion of Ulster or any part thereof. This of course is well known to all who realize that the exclusion of Ulster was never seriously desired, and as a piece of political tactics became impossible when its dishonest advocates were utterly discredited and discomfited in last spring's abortive negotiations. There is nothing inherently improbable that equal representation may now be the basis of agreement between Unionists and Nationalists. Irish Nationalists, unlike their opponents, never identified their national aspirations with religion. That would be degrading to religion and subversive of true nationalism.

A despatch informs us that John Redmond is to ask for an early discussion of the following motion: "That with a view to strengthening the hands of the Allies and to achieving recognition of the equal rights of small nations and of the principle of the Nationalists against the opposite German principle of military domination and Government without the consent of the governed, it is essential, without further delay, to confer on Ireland the free institutions long promised her."

In view of the Manchester Guardian's information and prediction some weeks ago this motion is of unusual interest. It probably is the outcome of the discussions and consultations then referred to, and has, therefore, a significance which otherwise it would not have. Should the basis of agreement be that forecasted by the Guardian's London correspondent, namely equal representation of creed and politics in the first Irish administration, it will be remembered that O'Connell was willing to accept repeal of the union even though it entailed the entire exclusion of Catholics as in Grattan's Parliament.

In any case the concession to Ireland of her just claims to national self-government is no longer a question of domestic politics. In the light of her objects in this War as proclaimed in the face of the world, in the light of her appeal to the conscience of the world, Ireland denied self-government would be a Banquo's ghost at the coming peace conference when those principles for which England professedly stands will become the basis of discussion.

Not even the most pachydermatous Tory would care thus to stand amidst the world's representatives and invite the world's scorn for such glaring inconsistency and hypocrisy.

The case is well put by John Dillon whose single minded patriotism compels the respect of his bitterest opponents and whose life-long devotion to Ireland's cause has won the love of all Irish hearts and the admiration of all lovers of liberty:

"Never in the history of this country has Ireland occupied so strong a position. Her rights and her national freedom are no longer the domestic affair of England. They have now come forward with irresistible claims on the conscience of mankind."

"VATICAN PRELATE IN PLOT TO BLOW UP WARSHIPS"

We have received some inquiries relative to the news item which appeared in the papers, in some cases under some such startling headlines as the above.

The facts are that one Ambrogetti was charged with being implicated in the blowing up of two Italian warships. During the investigation it transpired that this suspect had, before Italy declared war on Austria, been connected with a pro-Austrian newspaper in which Monsignor Gerlach was also alleged to have been interested. It was further stated that Mgr. Gerlach had been an Austrian cavalry officer before becoming a priest.

Before war was declared there were many Englishmen who were opposed to England's entry into it. Many newspapers and many public men took this stand without incurring any odium whatsoever. There was, then, nothing wrong in the fact that the Italian Ambrogetti, or the Austrian, Mgr. Gerlach, advocated the maintenance of peace between Austria and Italy before the outbreak of hostilities. There was no allegation that this continued after war was declared. There was not, so far as the despatch indicated, the shadow of proof or even of suspicion that Mgr. Gerlach had any knowledge of, much less anything to do with the blowing up of the battle-ships. Nevertheless he was asked by the Italian Government to leave Italy. It will be recalled that German Jesuits were deported from India during the first months of the War simply because they were Germans.

Many of our newspapers headed the item sanely and truthfully. For instance, the London Free Press had it: "German Prelate Forced to Leave Italy." The sensational and baseless headlines such as the one quoted above were simply stupid or malignant—perhaps a little of both.

THE TEACHING OF CATECHISM

In approaching this subject, it might be well to state at the outset that we do not wish to be considered as assuming a didactic role. Our purpose is simply to offer some suggestions that may be helpful, to arouse some interest in a matter that vitally affects the spiritual well being of our Catholic people and even those without the fold.

Time and again, the Catholic press and pulpit have deplored the fact that many of our men and women who have had opportunities to be well instructed in their religion, who have attended Catholic schools and listened every Sunday to sermons, are incapable of refuting the ordinary objections in regard to their faith, or of answering the simplest questions that are not couched in the language of the Catechism. Converts, on the contrary, who often in a brief period have read and reasoned themselves into the Church, of course with the assistance of divine grace, are more capable of giving a reason for the faith that is in them and of enlightening others than life-long Catholics. What, we may ask, is the reason for this strange phenomenon? Of course many reasons might be put forward; but it seems to us that the principal cause of this weakness in our armour lies in a defect in the manner in which Catechism is taught in many of our schools.

Theology is a science. Consequently Catechism, which is a simply worded compendium of Theology, is likewise a science. It follows, therefore, that the pedagogical rules that hold in regard to the teaching of a science should also be applied, with due modifications, to the teaching of Catechism. If a professor were introducing a class, let us say, to the study of Chemistry, we presume that he would, first of all, point out the place that Chemistry occupies in the

economy of the physical sciences, and then give his pupils a bird's-eye view of the whole subject, outlining its divisions, viz., organic and inorganic, theoretical and applied, etc., before starting them out upon the first page of the text book. Why should not religious knowledge be imparted in the same manner? It goes without saying that we do not refer to the junior classes. To see that the pupils memorize the prayers, the acts and the answers to the set questions is the chief duty of the teacher in the lower grades, and, we might add, one of his chief duties even in the more advanced classes. Catechism differs from profane subjects in this that a special illumination of grace accompanies the learning of the words of the text, and excites in the child's mind an interest in and an attraction for the subject that are alien to those in whose souls the germ of faith has not been planted, who do not breathe a supernatural atmosphere. This special privilege that Catechism enjoys does not, however, proscribe the application to it of the rules that govern the teaching of other subjects.

In the first forms, including probably the third, the object of the Catechism is not, it is true, to teach a compendium of Theology, but to teach Religion. The difference is like that between language lessons and formal Grammar. In this period the definition is useless as a means of imparting knowledge. The teacher may explain every word of the definition, but the child's mind is unable to make a synthesis of it all and form therefrom a notion of the thing defined. Hence all textbooks in other subjects use the definition as a summing up of knowledge already imparted, not as a means of imparting knowledge. Our Catechism was written at a time when Scholastic Philosophy had lost influence. Hence, the formation of ideas from sense impressions was not acted upon. In the lower forms all intellectual analogies should give place to concrete images, illustrations, pictures, stories, etc.

But when the fourth class is starting a review of the Catechism, would it not be well to call their attention to the plan that the author had in mind in arranging the chapters, to point out to them that the latter follow the order of the Apostles' Creed, and that each is a commentary on or a development of one of the twelve articles of that creed? Or again, it might be explained to the class that the contents of the little book may be divided into three sections: first, what we must believe, embracing the chapters on the principal mysteries of faith; next, what we must do—the Commandments of God and the Precepts of the Church—and lastly, the aids that God has vouchsafed us to believe and to do, viz., Prayer, the Mass, and the Sacraments.

The result of this analysis would be to heighten the pupils' interest in the subject, to reveal to them that the Catechism is not a mere catalogue of questions and answers that have no relation one to another, but a well ordered exposition of belief and practice. If this clear outline of the whole subject were impressed upon their minds, the pupils would assimilate much more readily the information that they might later acquire by listening to sermons or by reading books of instruction; and they would be better able to assign that information to its proper place in their personal treasure-house of religious knowledge. If so many of our people take little interest in reading Catholic books of instruction, it is often because they are unable to associate the information that they would thus obtain with the fundamental truths that they learned in their Catechism.

"Johnnie," says the teacher, "repeat the seven gifts of the Holy Ghost." Johnnie, being a diligent pupil and having a good memory, strings them off correctly but has only the vaguest idea of the meaning of his answer. But, if it were explained to Johnnie that the two principal faculties of his soul by which he avoids evil and does good are his intelligence and his free-will and that four of these gifts enlighten the intelligence and that the other three strengthen the will, he would have a better idea of the purposes and the effects of the sacrament of Confirmation, O, how much more interesting would not the Catechism class be, if, instead of the usual series of questions and answers—giving the memory a shove by suggesting the first word of the text

—a little local coloring were introduced as a background for the truth that is enunciated! Take for example the question "what is Baptism?" How much more indelibly would not the answer to that question be impressed upon the mind of the pupil if the Scripture narrative of the baptism of Christ in the Jordan were introduced, if the child saw in his mind's eye the running waters symbolizing the washing away of sin, the heaven's opening to the regenerated soul as the sonship of God is proclaimed by the Father's voice, and the Holy Ghost descending under the guise of the emblem of peace to take possession of His temple!

A further suggestion in regard to this matter will be discussed in a subsequent issue.

THE GLEANER.

NOTES AND COMMENTS

It is stated on the authority of Cardinal Mercier (the real hero of the War) that an offer has been made to Von Bissing, the German Governor, by the Catholic clergy of Belgium to act as substitutes for their compatriots who have been driven into exile and slavery by their ruthless conquerors. It will be in order for a certain clique in Toronto to arrange for the distribution of Bibles among these benighted priests, that they may have an opportunity of learning the rudiments of religion and imparting it to their people when, their sacrifice completed, they are permitted to return to their own country. Somehow, a certain text arises in one's mind about a man laying down his life or his liberty for his friend. But then, these Belgians have never had an opportunity of staying at home and making fortunes on War contracts like these Toronto pharisees. They have been content to exemplify true religion in their lives, leaving the shouting on the house-tops to the ignorant bigots who have profited by their misfortunes.

It has been the habit of historians throughout the centuries, in every civilized country, to distinguish one sovereign from others of the same name by applying to him some sobriquet descriptive of his personal qualities or characteristics, or, it may be, of his physical peculiarities. Thus, in England, we have Alfred the Great, Edward the Confessor, William the Conqueror, and Richard the Lion-Hearted; in France, Charles the Bold, Philip the Wise and Louis the Debonnaire. In Germany the practice has not been so general, yet we have Frederick the Great (the reputed father of modern Prussianism), and, in our own day, Frederick the Noble, father of the present Kaiser. These titles are sometimes aptly descriptive of the individual, but more often are purely fanciful. The sobriquet which some waggish genius has applied to his present Imperial German Majesty, William the Liar, is as liable to stick as any of them. Certainly, if what one half the Kaiser is credited with is true, the epithet is not inappropriate. One French King struts across the historical page as Charles the Bad; it is perhaps only fair under the circumstances that William the Liar should now keep him company.

THE LOVE WHICH THE LATE CARDINAL

Manning bore to Ireland, and the respect which he always showed for her representatives in the British Parliament was sometimes referred to as remarkable, as coming from a typical Englishman. If love of his own country, and devotion to its highest interests constitute the typical Englishman, no man merited the title more than the Cardinal. It may not be generally known, however, that the great Churchman had a strain of Irish blood in his veins, for his paternal grandmother, wife of William Manning, who died in 1791, was a Ryan, and, as all the world knows, the Ryans hail in the words of an old song, from "somewhere in Tipperary." So that while the Cardinal was in the best sense of the word a typical Englishman, his love for Ireland was "in the blood." His well-known cosmopolitan sympathies were also honestly come by, for his mother, whose family name was Hunter, claimed Italian extraction, Hunter being the English for Venetian.

AMONG THE MIGHTY HAVE BEENS OF Canadian ecclesiastical history was the celebrated Abbé Mann—who, English by birth and European in service, died at Prague in Bohemia, in 1809. The Abbé was born in Yorkshire in 1735, proceeded to

France in his nineteenth year, and there became a Catholic. After a short experience as a soldier in Spain he joined the English Carthusians at Nieuport in the Netherlands, where he was subsequently professed, and ordained priest in 1760.

MANN, OR Father Augustus, as he was called in the monastery, had from that out a career of distinction and arduous service. He was elected prior in 1764, which office he retained until 1777. About two years before he was nominated for the bishopric of Antwerp, and, declining that, there seemed some prospect of his coming to Canada. His name was proposed as coadjutor to the Bishop of Quebec, the proposal coming through the British Minister at the Hague, who acted for the Colonial authorities, at that time making every effort to conciliate the French in Canada after the conquest. An English priest of continental training was evidently considered best fitted to effect this purpose. But the Abbé had no episcopal or colonial ambitions, and the proposal was summarily declined.

THE SUBSEQUENT CAREER OF ABBE

MANN IS MATTER OF European history. He had ever been a hard student and a prodigious reader, and his talents and attainments could not be hidden from the great world. He became, indeed, a recognized celebrity in the world of letters. In 1776 he became Minister of Public Instruction in Brussels, an appointment which he owed to the Austrian plenipotentiary. A year later, at the instance of the Austrian Government, he withdrew from the Carthusian Order and became secularized by dispensation of the Holy See. His writings on scientific subjects soon earned for him an European reputation and his house in Brussels became the rendezvous for every English traveller of erudition. A mere catalogue of his writings would fill many pages. His death at the age of 73 brought to a close what may be called a picturesque career. Had he come to Quebec as proposed he might have become the father of Canadian letters.

ON THE BATTLE LINE

The new submarine blockade continues to absorb the attention of the world. It is too early yet to pronounce it a failure or a success. On certain days of the past week the submarines sunk their quota of 1,000,000 tons a month; on others they fell far below it. But it must be remembered that some days grace were allowed to neutral ships both going to and coming from English ports; and further, that there has been a great falling off from the normal amount of shipping. We are assured that the situation was neither unexpected nor unforeseen. Every possible means has been taken to cope with it. Only the outcome of the next few weeks can determine whether or not the means are effective.

Following the capture of Grand-court, reported yesterday, the British midnight despatch states that the advance has been vigorously pushed on both sides of the Ancre, considerable progress being made by General Haig's troops. During the night the British captured Bailles-court Farm, on the Miramont road. South of the Ancre, between Grand-court and the old British front line, another German trench was carried by assault, the bag in these operations totalling 82 prisoners. Enemy trenches also were raided south of Boncasse, where Dugouts were bombed and a number of the enemy killed. Prisoners and a machine gun were brought back by the raiding party. In the vicinity of Gneudecourt a German advance was stopped by the British barrage before it had reached its objective. The enemy failed in a similar raid southwest of La Basse. The big guns were active on both sides in the neighborhood of Arrentes and Ypres. The enemy's air service continues to suffer at the hands of the superior British air machines.

On the Belgian front the Germans, who have been steadily bombarding this sector, entered the Belgian lines. The enemy advanced in force and attacked the Belgian post south of Dix nude. Under a galling fire from the Belgian infantry and machine guns the German offensive was repulsed, the enemy leaving numerous dead piled up before the Belgian trenches. The strength and insistency of the enemy's advance in this flooded region indicates that the Germans may be feeling their way preparatory to a sustained assault on the Belgian position.—Globe, Feb. 9.

The Rout of Sey-ed Ahmed's forces in Egypt, on February 4, brings to a successful end the operations against the Senussi leader. The tribesmen fled when the British attacked them

at Gibrá, first destroying their tents and ammunition. Pursued by the British, the fleeing enemy was ambushed in the Munassib Pass by another British force that had previously been sent ahead to lie in wait and cut off the retreat. At the head of his main body, Seyed Ahmed was forced to make a dash for safety southward into a waste desert. The casualties among the enemy numbered 200, and included several Turkish officers. The enlistment of this powerful Moslem sect on their side was regarded by the Turks and Germans as a powerful blow at British power and prestige in Egypt. With the flight of Seyed Ahmed the menace from the Senaussi is removed.

A British destroyer of an obsolete type was sunk by a mine in the English Channel on Thursday night. Out of the total complement of fifty men five were saved. All the officers were lost. The submarine menace shrunk yesterday to smaller proportions. Six vessels, totalling ten thousand tons, was the day's result—less than half of the tonnage sunk on the previous day. If this shrinkage in losses is maintained it will bear out the Admiralty's assurance that decreasing losses may be regarded as a proof that the effective steps taken to minimize the danger have proved successful. The fleet of mo-quito cruisers that proved so effective in previous submarine attacks has increased considerably in numerical strength. The next few days will show whether the latest German undersea plans are more successful than the previous efforts to destroy British shipping and cut off supplies. —Globe, Feb. 10.

P. P. O'CONNOR'S LETTER
OPTIMISTIC AS TO THE WAR
PARLIAMENT LIKELY TO DEAL WITH IR-LAND—COUNT PLUNKETT, LLOYD GEORGE AT HOME

Special Cable to the Catholic Record (Copyright 1917, Central News)
London, Feb. 10th.—It is impossible to exaggerate the thrill of surprised relief and delight with which all here especially those who love America had broken with Germany and had joined hands with civilized nations in the enterprise of breaking forever the savage reign of militarism. His impression was greatly encouraged and strengthened by cable extracts from American speeches and newspapers with their unbroken chorus of rallying American opinion behind the President, including even the byphenates whose American patriotism so easily conquered old racial afflictions.

Never since the war started has optimism been so rampant among the Allies as today and in addition there is the growing opinion that they will defeat the Germans on the Western front and news that each day brings near the approach of actual famine in Germany. On top of all this comes the entrance of America, which is felt to be the coup de grace. The chief anxiety is whether Germany will withdraw her bluff and avoid war with America or rush with mad dog fury into an encounter with the last and most formidable enemy.

Up to the moment that war is declared the British people here will restrain any demonstrative expression of their feelings but if that dread eventuality comes, there will be a national outburst here which may bring the American and British peoples nearer than at any moment since the rupture in the Eighteenth Century. All the Americans in London are enthused, though as the cables say of the people in America, they meet the situation with a calmness and self-control worthy of so great an occasion.

The Parliamentary session is likely to be interesting and perhaps exciting. Ireland will soon again claim the attention of politicians of all parties. The Roscommon election was one of those ridiculous paradoxes which is possible in every democracy. Count Plunkett, who stood as an extremist opponent of the constitutional party, was doing his duty as a government official while his unhappy but brave sons were in the post office or in one case dying in a gaol yard, is known to have constantly applied to John Redmond for official promotion to a better office with higher pay. The people gave the father their votes not for himself but in pity and sympathy for his children.

greatest elevation of the highest place it is possible for him to attain. I have read some very interesting studies in self-knowledge by President Wilson when he was addressing the frank and unillusioned audience of newspaper men at Washington. I have talked with Rufus Isaacs—as he is still known to his friends—after he had become Lord Chief Justice, the highest judicial office, as everybody knows, in the British Empire, on how it felt to be a Lord Chief Justice. He first made the general observation that a mishow or other after any great advance in life, one felt a day or two after as if it had always been like that; surprise and gratification die almost immediately. As to the Lord Chief Justiceship, he felt at home and as if he had been doing the job all his life, within five minutes after he had taken his seat for the first time.

I had the opportunity the other day of seeing how another of the greatest personal triumphs of modern times felt on reaching his giddy eminence. It was the first time I had seen Lloyd George, since he became Prime Minister. I make it a rule not to go and see men in high office unless I have something to say that must be said, or unless they send for me; partly because I think it inconsiderate to tax the time and attention of men who have such terrific responsibilities; partly because their doorsteps are sufficiently crowded already with the people that want something from them; and I want nothing.

Mr. Lloyd George, as everybody knows, lives when he is not at Downing Street at a house in Walton Heath. It is a smallish house, with a pleasant balcony looking out on a couple of acres of land. To me it is uncomfortable in winter time; for Walton Heath is seven hundred feet up and a wide exposed common; but Lloyd George doesn't seem to mind the cold, and the garden is a source of unending joy to him. Probably it recalls that little garden he cultivated when he was a child in a Welsh village, and the productions of which, though small and due entirely to his labour and skill, helped to realize the family budget. In spring and summer time he occasionally works at it; though as a rule he prefers to spend every moment he can spare on the very fine golf links which are within a few minutes of his house.

Close by is the House of Mr. Robert Donald, the editor and director of the two powerful papers—the Daily Chronicle and Lloyd's Weekly—the one with a circulation of nearly a million daily, the other with a weekly circulation of more than a million. Mr. Donald asked me to pay this visit; when I arrived I was whisked up to Mr. Lloyd George's house; but the Premier was starting off to see the scene of the big explosion, and we had only a few minutes to talk. But as he wanted to have a chat with me he invited me to breakfast with him on Tuesday. He laughed like a boy when he saw my face fall for the breakfast at nine, and I have an old journalist's unconquerable hatred of getting up early in the morning. "Well, it shall be half past nine for you," he said, "on this morning;" and I assented, glad of even that little concession. But as a matter of fact, what happened was that when he returned from the scene of the explosion, he found it too cold in the snowy weather to go back to Walton, and resolved to dine at the National Liberal Club; and his secretary, Mr. Sutherland, rang me up and asked me to join the party. The National Liberal Club is no longer in the palatial buildings it occupied on the Thames Embankment; that building like so many others has been commandeered by the Government. Its abode now is the Westminster Palace Hotel—the nearest big hotel to the House of Commons, and therefore, in older days, the favorite resort of lawyers from the country and all people interested in the doings of the House of Parliament. It was in the eighties, when we had constant all-night sittings, the favorite residence also of the most active members of the Irish Party. Parnell, Justin McCarthy and myself were once all resident there together and often we had to rush over from the House of Commons to snatch a few hours sleep so as to be able to keep on our then merciless warfare against all parties in the House of Commons.

I observe that Mr. Dillon had a contradict—he did it playfully as it deserved—a statement that he had a champagne breakfast with Mr. Lloyd George. Champagne at breakfast is for the country; as all people would say; but champagne with Lloyd George at breakfast, or almost any other time, is a curious and amusing antithesis to his tastes and habits. He is quite willing to give champagne or anything else to his friends if he thinks they want it; for he is no stern and narrow puritan who likes to be a kill joy to his friends. But he doesn't know the difference between one wine and another; and whenever he tastes wine he sips it like a young lady at her wedding who has never touched it before. He is equally indifferent to what he eats. I found him surrounded by his wife and children—all of them, except one, the young lady universally known as Olwen; and I do not know that in any working man's house in England you could find a simpler table or a simpler environment. A little cold chicken, a little apple tart—that was the lordly fare, enjoyed. I am glad to say, with quite a respectable appetite. All the family are testotolers; Mrs.

Lloyd George is a strict Methodist; has never, I believe, touched wine of any sort in her life. Little Megan, that weird reproduction in short petticoats of her father, of course touches no alcohol. "What are you taking Dick," Lloyd George said to his son. "Tonic water," said the son. "Give me some," Lloyd George touched it; made a dry face, but said it was as good as anything else, and consumed a bottle. Ginger ale or lemonade was the beverage of the rest of the party—including William Sutherland, his secretary, and Edmond Browne, a great big Tipperary man, now a highly prosperous barrister in London who, asking nothing and expecting nothing from Lloyd George, is one of his most devoted friends.

Such then, is a characteristic day in the life of Lloyd George. It will give an indication of that Spartan simplicity of the greatest figure in the British Empire, and it explains the appeal he makes to the masses of the people, and the strict self-discipline which reserves all his strength for his gigantic task.

KETTLE'S MEMORY IN VERSE

Printed in Dublin upon fine imperishable paper the verses of the late Professor Kettle have been put by for another generation to treasure. We welcome the first copy which has reached this country—stamped with what must have been among his last lines to those whom he loved—"Memorial I would have . . . a constant presence with those that love me."

It is all the memorial for which he craved, a large circle of friends can look round and say "si quaeris monumentum circumspice." For his friends who knew and treasured his presence will never allow it to pass out of this world except with themselves. One at least has endeavored to set down as much of that bitter fragrance as three pages of print can hold. Mr. Dawson speaks in his introduction of the "genial critic, pleasant pessimist, earnest trifler," whose "prototypes were Hamlet or the melancholy Jacques." The sketch he appends is taken from life.

"He was a great talker in the Johnnsonian sense. As a story-teller, it was not so much the point of his tale that counted as his telling of it. The deviations from the text in which he loved to indulge were the delight of his auditors. With truth it may be said that his rich humor, his brilliant, mordant wit caused his listeners to hang upon his words. And his outlook was so wide, his soul so big, his mind so broad, and a deep love of humanity so permeated him that his talk, or one might more fittingly say, his discourse was educating and uplifting. But he was a man of moods, descending from heights of Homeric humor to the depths of a divine despair."

And now come the poems so richly Irish, yet so utterly unlike the conventional bleatings and musings of the green muse. There is tenderness and there is sentiment, but it stirs his wine with an iron spoon and drops a drop of gall on the sweet froth. As a professional pessimist and amateur optimist he has probed depths that the ordinary reader and certainly the ordinary conversation alist in Ireland was a little disinclined to hear. Themes of doom, disaster and wreck pursued him. He could endure tragedy but not ennui. For ennui fogged his life with pessimism, just at the moment when he would have enjoyed it most. As he sang in his "Lady of Life":

"When lo! inked clouds and absolute eclipse,
Courteous, but unmistakable ennui."

But sheer darkness was a comfort to him compared to crepuscular boredom, when even the elements seemed middle rate:

"And the moon said to the sun:
—Another day to irk us!
The sun to the tormented moon,
—Imagine it a circus."

There is a stronger and more virile note in the epigram:

"If grief like fire, smoked up against
our sight,
The earth were scarred in eternal
night."

He was better content with an epical tragedy in the past than the hopes of little bourgeois improvements in the present. He always asked for things to be done in the big way. He was quite right. Nothing in Ireland can be done except in the big way. All that was not big fell under his irony and biting scorn, tempered with that pity which hides itself under humor.

In 1870 he came into the Irish arena with his generous cry "To young Ireland" in the stagnant years following the fall of Parnell:

"So now, when Lenten years
Burgeon, at last, to bless
This Land of Faith and Tears
With fruitful nobleness,
The poet, for a coin,
Hands to the gabbling rout,
A bucketful of Boyne
To put the sunrise out."

The strength and subtlety of the last two lines form a perfect example of how controversial verse should be written. For weeks and weeks everybody in Ireland who loved the incommunicable charm of phrase went litling over and over to themselves—

delights of scholarship and the sterner work of an Irish patriot. Already he knew that politics could never give him such keen pleasure as his studies. He lingered for a moment.

Let us twine a wreath of science, let us play our play,
Ere we fight the fight of ages, one sweet prelude-day."

In entering his work for Ireland he braced himself against the old enemy and dreamed a whisper of encouragement from God:

"For He has whispered to us, 'The secret shuttles fly,
Ye know not warp or weaver, yet neither swerve nor sigh,
The eater of hearts shall wither, the drinker of blood shall die.'"

Then follow his political poems. His devotion for Parnell expressed itself in lines written for the unveiling of the Dublin statue:

"Fewness of words is best; he was too great
For ours or any phrase.
Love could not guess, nor the slipped hound of hate
Track that soul's secret ways,
And the moral that he drew:
'He taught us more, this best as it was last:
When comrades go apart
They shall go greatly cancelling the past,
Staying the kindlier heart.
Friendship and love, all clean things
And unclean,
Shall be as drifted leaves,
Spurned by our Ireland's feet, that
queenliest queen,
Who gives but not receives!'"

It was the finest wreath laid at the foot of the St. Gauden's statue that week and its savor was stronger and more virile than the tear-logged articles and often hypocritical speeches that were offered to the memory of the unbearing dead.

"The House of Lords," Mr. Asquith in Dublin" and bitter parodies of Watson and Kipling, the Imperialist bards, cover the range of his political hostilities. The strong triumphant spirit upon which Redmond was once buoyed as he advanced to tear down the privilege of the Lords is well caught in the fierce stanzas:

"So you prescribe and you forbid
Peace and the trooping ghosts of
hate,
Enfranchise of the coffin lid,
Your lordship's lordship speaks too late

The poor who are the lords of death,
To you were mud in foundered ways;
Your sun was red Elizabeth,
Your noon, the Datchman's penal days.

This Ireland whom my lords despised,
Languid behind inverted thumbs,
She who believed and agonized,
Leads on the loud, victorious drums."

Good political balladry, but the replies to Watson and Kipling were magnificent, perhaps too full of rippling thought to be heard carefully in those days of flabby delirium when all Nationalists (except a few) believed in Asquith. There was much talk of cancelling the past and wringing out the dregs of history into the political gutter for ever. But Kettle could keep his head and write:

"Bond, from the toil of hate we may not cease;
Free, we are free to be your friend.
And when you make your banquet,
and we come,
Soldier with equal soldier must we sit,
Closing a battle, not forgetting it.

We keep the past for pride;
No deepest pence shall strike our poets dumb;
No rawest squad of all Death's volunteers,
No rudest man who died,
To tear your flag down in the bitter years,
But shall have praise and three times thrice again,
When at that table men shall drink with men."

It was this refusal to surrender a title of the Nationalist memory that would not allow him to wipe out the past as history, however wise and strong the line he took in Constitutionalism. During those last years of expectation and suspense not unminged with suspicion at times and dismay at the last, when home Rule was danging, unglung, dangling to her own gibbet some said, Kettle's pen was one that could always strike a new note. His verses or speeches were bright spots in the journalisms of the time. He replied to Kipling's reactionary and dangerous appeal to Ulster with a mixture of sarcasm, parody and real sublimity.

"So now, when Lenten years
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Disappointed but undismayed Kettle stood with naught but a mystic's dream between himself and the Great Horror. He felt afraid for Ireland, but not for himself. Then the irony of his life and the bitterness of his death must have come home to him . . . stripped of all, his career, his ambitions, his friends, and his love, with his back turned to Ireland and his heart turned against England he threw himself over the mighty Gulf, where at least he could

be sure that all things good or evil were on the great scale his soul had always required. With earth's littleness he was done.—S. L., in Ireland

TWO DISTINGUISHED EDUCATORS

Twice within a week the Catholics of New York have assisted at the obsequies of noted educators, Brothers Potamian and Chrysostom. Both were Christian Brothers, scholarly and devout men, such as St. John Baptist de La Salle dreamed of, two centuries and more ago, when he was founding, amidst trials and difficulties, the company of educators to whom, in many lands, is to be attributed a large share in preserving the integrity of the Faith. Brother Potamian was a scientist of international reputation, the holder of degrees won at home and abroad, the recipient of honors conferred both by the British and American Governments, but withal a simple, unassuming man who fled fame and gave himself to the humble work of the classroom. Scarcely less capable was Brother Chrysostom, author of books, teacher of men, a Christian gentleman, indefatigable in duty to the pupils who through thirty years and more, came under his inspiring direction.

The influence, combined and individual, of these two Christian Brothers, has done more for Catholicism in New York than can be estimated. Though not laymen, for they had bound themselves to a life of Christian perfection by the vows of religion, nevertheless they were not priests; and for that very reason, because they did not have the consolation of offering at the altar the Holy Sacrifice, they were able to give an example of what men, not priests, could be and should be. Consistently and courageously, for the life of the Christian Brother calls for a degree of heroism that only those who know it intimately are able to appreciate, these two Brothers, unobtrusively molded the boys entrusted to them into strong, ardent citizens devoted to those high ideals which distinguish Christian gentlemen from others less fortunate. New York can ill afford to lose two such men as Brothers Potamian and Chrysostom, but perhaps God is already filling their places with two others, a new Potamian and a new Chrysostom, quite as learned and devout as those who have gone home signed with the make of faith and stamped with the seal of salvation.—America.

"The trumpets summon to death and Ireland rallies—
Tool or free? We have paid, and overpaid the price . . .
The days draw in and the ways narrow down to decision—
Will they chaffer and cheapen and ruin or yield to be great?"

From the atmosphere of mean intrigue, petty lying, deceit, conceit and littleness, which characterized bureaucratic conduct to Ireland and Ireland's leaders during those months Kettle was glad to get away into the clearer winds of battle, where men at least sought to undo each other with iron and not with treacherous words—

"'Twas 'Murphy of the Munsters' when the blast of battle blew,
It was Burke, and Shea, and Kelly when we marched to Waterloo."

In July 1916, after the curtains of tragedy had fallen upon the comedy of ineptitude in his own country, Kettle left Ireland forever. He wrote home—

"I never felt my own essay 'on saying Good-bye' so profoundly 'aux frefonds de coeur.' The sun was a clear globe of blood which we caught hanging over Ben Adair, with a trail of pure blood vibrating to us across the waves. It dropped into darkness before we left the deck."
Lines arose to catch and seal his grief and the rhythm of song stole his heart against the doom foreseen—

"But I against the great sun's burial
Thought only of bayonet-flash and bugle call,
And saw him as God's eye upon the deep,
Closed in the dream in which no women weep
And knew that even I shall fall on sleep."

Then followed silence and the battle of the Somme. But a few days before he was killed Kettle penned his last lines for his little daughter—full of the bitterness of life, full of the sweetness of death

"And oh! they'll give you rhyme
And reason: some will call the thing sublime,
And some decry it in a knowing tone,
So here while the mad guns curse overhead,
And tired men sigh with mud for couch and floor,
Know that we fools, now with the foolish dead,
Died not for flag, nor King, nor Emperor,
But for a dream, born in a herdman's shed,
And for the secret Scripture of the poor."

Perhaps one of the truest pieces of writing that has come to us yet out of the trenches, one for which "the foolish dead" will many of them be not ungrateful. It is true, because of its irony and because the tender strength of the close is preceded by a torch of wild laughter, of genuine mockery. Politics, Imperialism, all the shams and disappointments of life had slipped away from his little soul. He had put away small things and his last and only demand was that great things should be done in a great way in Ireland. The failure of the little ways was so complete. He did not resent the littleness that had dogged his life and left him lonely at the end—but he looked back and hated the pettiness and meanness which had injured Ireland—which had taken every advantage of Ireland, which had fooled her leaders and shuffled off her children on feeble promises. He asked for that touch of greatness by which alone great things are achieved. Like a thousand ardent spirits in Ireland at the time he was ready to leap to a new era by the bridge of great things greatly done, even if the bridge was to be the bridge of death. English statesmen offered them a bridge of paper and an insecure footing at that, but many rushed forward, hopeful of the future. Others turned bitterly back. All who died, whether they died in Ireland or France, died bitterly.

Disappointed but undismayed Kettle stood with naught but a mystic's dream between himself and the Great Horror. He felt afraid for Ireland, but not for himself. Then the irony of his life and the bitterness of his death must have come home to him . . . stripped of all, his career, his ambitions, his friends, and his love, with his back turned to Ireland and his heart turned against England he threw himself over the mighty Gulf, where at least he could

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touchstone by which you will be able to tell whether God is giving you this new power—the test of your sincerity in your honorable claim that you are fighting today for the rights of small nations—will be the way you find yourselves thinking of those Irishmen who still hate you, the way you look upon Ireland (more especially the way you look upon "rebel" Ireland), and the nature of your plans for her future. For if you have understood this, you hold the key by which you can unlock the secret of every Irish rebellion in history, including the one which took place last Easter.—Ireland.

VENERABLE GARACOITS AND COTTOLENGO

In a solemn pontifical audience recently presided over by the Holy Father, two decrees were read and approved. The first was the decree preparatory to the beatification of the Venerable Joseph Benedict Cottolengo, the saintly priest of Turin, who has been called the modern Vincent de Paul. The second proclaimed the heroic virtues of the Venerable Michael Garacoits, the Founder of the Congregation of the Fathers of Betharran, a shrine of Our Lady a few miles from her more celebrated shrine of Lourdes. The second cause had for itsponent His Eminence Cardinal Billot. After the reading of the decrees and the approval made to him by the Very Rev. Father Hippolyte Pailles, Superior General to the Fathers of Betharran, the Holy Father addressed the assembly and spoke of the virtues of the two distinguished servants of God. He dwelt at length on the virtues of the Venerable Michael Garacoits, especially praising the respect and reverence he had always shown to authority.

"We wish to address Ourselves in a particular manner to the children of Catholic France, whose many representatives we are glad to welcome at the present moment. Beloved sons, you are soon to return to your country. Carry to your brethren the assurance of Our love towards your country as well as of Our interest in its welfare. But do not forget to tell them all that we have considered it our duty to proclaim before you the heroic virtues of the Venerable Garacoits, because we earnestly desire that France, through the example of her illustrious son, may learn at last that there can be a life worthy of a Christian without the love of God, and that the love of God has no more solid foundation than respect of authority."

The ceremony brought home to all present the fact that the official roster of the Saints is ever growing, and that the Holy Father, like the good householder, is bringing out of the treasury of the Church and his own wisdom good things, old and new, for the needs of the times.—America.

WHAT GOSSIP CAN DO

"A recent writer informs us that gossip is drunkennes of the tongue, that it runs the scale from mere ignorance into the limit of assassination of reputation," says the Catholic Bulletin. "If facts do not exist it creates them. If they be innocent, it transforms them into evidence of black guilt by ingenious perversion. In interpretation it always chooses the worse of two possible motives."

FATHER FRASER'S CHINESE MISSION

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

Yours faithfully in Jesus and Mary,
J. M. FRASER,
Previously acknowledged, \$9,445 90
Mrs. J. E. Plamondon, 1 00
W Montreal, 1 00
M. J. O'Neil, Bay de Verde 2 50
Thos. Moore of A. Bay de Verde 1 00
M. F. G. (For a conversion) 1 00
J. L. McAleer, Char'town 3 00
A Friend, Halifax, 5 00
A Friend, 1 00
J. L. Cunningham, Ottawa 1 00

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ESTABLISHED 1864
Paid-up Capital \$7,000,000
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GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS
26 Branches and Agencies in Canada
Savings Department at All Branches
Deposits Received and Interest Allowed at Best Current Rates
Bankers to the Grey Nuns, Montreal; St. Augustine's Seminary, St. Joseph's Academy, and St. Michael's Hospital, Toronto.

FIVE MINUTE SERMON

By Rev. N. M. Redmond
QUINQUAGESIMA SUNDAY
KNOWLEDGE OF OURSELVES OUR GREATEST NEED

What wilt thou that I do to thee? ... Great and numerous are our needs, but how few know that which to them is of greatest moment.

TEMPERANCE

ALCOHOL AND HEALTH

There is nothing so dependable as the law of average. Throw up a penny three times and it may come down heads every time or tails every time.

HOW THE HABIT GROWS

The "Delineator" had, recently, an article by former Governor Malcolm Patterson, of Tennessee, who described among other things the beginnings and the hold of the alcohol habit.

FOLLOWING CHRIST

In the holy season of Lent, which opens on next Wednesday, we should strive each day to meditate quietly for even a brief interval on the closing events of our Lord's last days on earth.

cross, and to the acceptance of our own share of sorrow and suffering. There is something to be borne by us, some difficulties to be overcome, some disappointments, some agonies in the busy streets, some loneliness, some betrayals, some jeers.

WONDERFUL GROWTH OF CHURCH

CATHOLIC POPULATION IS NOW WELL OVER 16,000,000

Thirty-two years have elapsed since the third Plenary Council of Baltimore. The archbishops and the bishops of the country, then assembled in joint pastoral, commented on the remarkable growth of the Church during the eighteen years since the second Plenary Council.

ONLY FIVE LIVING

The roll of honor of the Third Plenary Council contained the names of 12 archbishops and 71 bishops present, either personally or by proxy.

In 1884 there were 12 Arch-episcopal Sees, to which have since been added those of St. Paul and Dubuque, Episcopal Sees, together with Vicarates Apostolic numbered 59—in all, 71 Sees.

In 1884 there were 7,763 churches in the United States. The Catholic Directory for this year gives the number of churches at the beginning of 1916 as 11,950.

NOW OVER 16,000,000

Bishop McQuaid, in a sermon at the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore, estimated the Catholic population of the United States at 6,500,000.

A STERN LESSON

"While I was a student, I once spent my vacation with a good Catholic family in the western part of Switzerland," wrote an eminent prelate.

In 1884 there were in this country 2,582 Catholic schools in which were taught 481,884 children.

the million and a half pupils under Catholic care and training do not include those who are engaged in the study of the higher branches.

A CHASTENING EXPERIENCE

A New Zealand Tablet suggests a remedy for carpers in the following: "A Swiss Catholic Bishop, who had been an editor, and speaks from first-hand experience, says: 'I do not wonder that many editors grow old early and that there are many tragedies of overwork in the journalistic profession bringing in their train heart disease and death.'"

BIGOTRY IN GEORGIA

The forces of bigotry in Georgia, aiming to cripple Catholic education in that State, have overhauled their mark.

Recently the accusation was made that two Catholic schools in Savannah were receiving State aid.

Consternation spread in the Protestant camp when the attorney general announced to the State superintendent that it was illegal for him to aid the two Savannah Catholic schools.

The Methodist and Baptist schools especially have been hard hit; a great many more schools are concerned therein than mentioned.

Altars Pulpits Pews

Confessionals, Vestment Cases, Baptismal Fonts, Etc.

Any style, from the least expensive to the most elaborate

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DEPARTMENT OF FINANCE, OTTAWA OCTOBER 7th, 1916.

the family. In all my experiences," remarks the Bishop, "I remember but few incidents that impressed me



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I will send free trial package and booklet giving full particulars, testimonials, etc., to any sufferer or friend who wishes to help. Write true name, plain sealed package. Correspondence sacredly confidential.

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CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

GOLDEN WORDS FOR THE TREASURY OF YOUTH

The following golden words might profitably be treasured up by our Catholic young men. They were spoken by Father Herculano, at a mission given in St. Mary's church, Marion, Ohio, and were especially directed to the young men of the congregation:

"Youth is the time to lay the foundation for life. Lay a good foundation in youth and you will have blessings in this life and in the next. No matter what are our inclinations and ideals we all have the desire to be happy. No matter what we do, we do it that we may become happy. This is a natural instinct instilled in us by the Creator.

"There is only one thing in life that can make man really unhappy. This is not poverty. We know people who are extremely poor and yet their hearts are filled with happiness. Sickness is not a thing to be desired, yet we know many who are happy in spite of long continued illness. No, it is not poverty, nor hard work, nor sickness that makes man unhappy. It is sin.

"There is one sin in particular that so frequently causes the unhappiness and ruination of young men and to this I want to draw your special attention. If that one sin gets hold of a young man he becomes its slave. That is the sin of impurity which holds its head like a poisonous serpent above all other transgressions of the law of God. That one sin is so hated by God that it seems He cannot wait to punish it in the next life. He always begins its punishment in this world.

"And sins of impurity are mortal sins. It is a mortal sin to wilfully entertain impure imaginations. The minds of some men are saturated as a sponge with these thoughts. In order to avoid temptations of this kind you must not let the devil find you idle. While you are busy these thoughts do not come. It is only when you are sitting around dreaming or holding up some building on the street corner down town that you are tempted by bad thoughts. Keep busy, whether at work or some innocent amusement.

"The sixth commandment forbids looking at any object with impure lust, whether that object be person or thing. It is a mortal sin to do this. Frequently you sin by attending theaters. When is a play or show sinful? You may judge for yourselves. When you go for the sake of seeing something smutty or satisfying your animal passions, you are committing sin.

"It is sinful to read impure publications of whatever character. It is wrong to read anything that brings to the mind impure thoughts. These set the spark to the soul and often you will not only think these things but go and do them. One of the great evils of the day is impure talk and one of the grandest institutions of this Church is the Holy Name Society, which is pledged to observe purity of language. But sad to say, some Catholic young men cannot open their mouths without displaying the impurity of their hearts. Whenever you tell a dirty story, another sins by listening to you and thus you have a double guilt on your soul. So make it a rule of your life to never let an impure remark pass your lips.

"Impure actions, of course, are mortal sins.

"Dancing is a dangerous thing. Is it wrong? That depends on the circumstances. Dances that are improper are positively sinful. If dancing is an occasion of sin for you, you must give it up.

"There are but two vocations in life, the married and the religious state. Most of you are called to the married state of life. Man who does not follow either of these without sufficient cause passes through life without a vocation.

"The preparation for marriage is keeping company. You should not begin to keep company until you are old enough to get married and have the intention to do so. This modern idea of keeping company at fourteen and getting married at forty is a great cause of impurity. Some men are too wise at fourteen and not wise enough at forty. A young man of twenty-one is old enough to get married. Get married young. The happiest couples are those who do so.

"How long should you keep company? A year is plenty of time. If you have been keeping company for over a year it is time you were getting married. The next question is, how keep company? Young men, never dare attempt to do anything which your conscience tells you is wrong. You sometimes find couples that are disgusted with each other six months after they are married. What is the cause of this? It is God's curse for what they did before they were married. Remember that these sins are paid for in this life. Enter the married state a pure man.

"The next question is, with whom keep company? The Catholic Church forbids the marriage of a Catholic with a non-Catholic because she wishes the happiness of both parties which is impossible without the common bond of religion. If you are a non-Catholic and feel that you are right and wish to remain a non-Catholic, do not marry a Catholic. You will never be happy and your children will never be happy.

"Young men, if you wish to lay the foundation for a happy manhood, avoid intemperance; do not gamble, say your prayers every day. Look

back in your past life and you will find that when you are sinning it was because you had neglected your prayers. Go to the Sacraments every month. This is not too much for any man and it will be the greatest consolation in your dying hour."

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

HONOR THE HOLY NAME

A newsboy when passing the parish church took off his cap. "A good little Catholic," thought a passer-by, who noticed the act. But, alas! another boy running head-first in the opposite direction collided with the newsboy and both went down, and both spoke the Holy Name in anger, not once only, but often, in the argument that would have ended in a fight, if the officer on the beat had not come around the corner at that moment. "I wish that I didn't know that that boy is a Catholic," thought the passer-by. "He is certainly no credit to his teachers or his Church." Which is quite true, young folks. It is a very easy matter for a boy, when feeling ill-tempered, to utter as he passes the church, but the real test of his respect for his God is the way he acts when his temper flares up. Just imagine any boy who calls himself a Catholic indulging in profanity because another boy ran into him! He has no respect for the Holy Name. How pleased the devil must be when he hears a boy swear! The devil hates God and he delights in hearing the Holy Name used in disrespect. You may be sure he was hovering near those two boys, gloating over the words that fell from their lips, and saying to himself: "These are not God's children—if they were they would not use their Father's Name in vain; it would not speak to him in anger and contempt!"

Respect the Holy Name, love and honor it, and lead others to do the same.—Sacred Heart Review.

A VALENTINE FOR SAINT VALENTINE

"O mama, please, I want 10 cents to buy a valentine; all the boys and girls are going to send Valentines tomorrow" and Harry was breathless in his hurry to purchase the coveted valentine.

It was a sad, sweet face that looked lovingly into the merry blue eyes of the boy. The young mother was a widow and earned her own living and that of her child by decorating china for the few wealthy friends who remembered her now in adversity.

The mother was a convent girl, and the beautiful stories connected with her faith were treasured memories of her convent life; she felt that she was living life over again as she taxed her memory when Harry begged a story at bedtime and it was the same old story that pleased her when she was a child that she told now to her own child.

Harry returned jubilant. He had purchased a very pretty valentine, which he showed with delight. In the evening, when he begged for the customary story, his mother took the valentine from the envelope and said: "Would you like to know the story of this dainty bit of paper?"

"A story about that valentine? Oh, yes, mama. Why do we have Valentines, mama?"

"Long, long ago, in the days when the Christians were few, the pagan people of Rome thought they were doing a great favor to their false gods by killing the Christians. The people who knew of Jesus and loved Him were often put in prison, whipped, and punished in various cruel ways, and then put to death.

"About three hundred years after Christ there lived a good and holy priest named Valentine. When he heard of any of his brethren who were sick, or in prison, or suffering, he always went to see them and brought messages of love and peace and good cheer, until Valentine and a loving message came to mean one and the same thing.

"At last Valentine was seized and put into prison, and was finally put to death because he would not deny his Divine Master.

"People have ever remembered about his loving messages, and Valentine has become known as the 'Loving Messenger.'

"In the days when Saint Valentine lived, and after, the Roman youths had a custom that was peculiar to their own country. On a certain day they drew from a box on the altar of a heathen goddess the names of Roman ladies, and at some feast afterwards each young man showed the name which he had drawn.

Colonel Phelps, Missouri State Senator, was received at Carthage, Mo., shortly before his death. He was a well known leader of the Democratic party in the State. Miss Gertrude Glenn Barrette, of San Marcos, Texas Normal School, is another recent convert, and so is Miss Inez L. Danlap, of St. Louis. Prof. Eno D. Harding and his wife, formerly Miss Velva Hales, of Memphis, Tenn., and Ralph G. Criswell, of Redondo Beach, Cal., son of a former socialist candidate for Mayor of Los Angeles, are among the additions to the list. Of special interest in the group of converts from Pittsburg, Kansas, is Dr. Thomas Morton Wright, whose grandfather on his father's side was a Methodist minister and whose maternal grandfather occupied a pulpit in the Baptist church.

From the Lutheran church comes Dr. Charles L. Mattfeldt, of Catonsville, Md., former president of the Board of Commissioners of Baltimore County. Miss Mary Byrne, portrait painter, has renounced her allegi-

NOTED CONVERTS AT HOME AND ABROAD

In a review of the conversions that have occurred during the last three months, says the December number of the Catholic Convert, a prominent place should be given to that of Judge S. B. Spalding, of Hannibal, Mo. Acknowledging no definite religion before, he received instruction and was baptized quite recently at a hospital in St. Louis, by the Rev. F. J. O'Connor, pastor of the Church of Our Lady of Lourdes.

The wedding of Miss Margaret Preston Draper and Prince Andrea Boncompagni occupied a conspicuous place in the secular press last October. Miss Draper is the daughter of the late Gen. William F. Draper, former United States Ambassador to Rome. Her long stay in the Eternal City had brought her under Catholic influences and to this was added her years of study at the Sacred Heart Convent, Manhattanville, New York. She became a convert to the Church shortly before her marriage, which was one of the most brilliant of the Washington season. The Right Rev. Monsignor Russell administered the sacrament of baptism with the Chief Justice of the United States and Mrs. White representing the sponsors. Cardinal Gibbons presided at the wedding ceremony which, through the special privilege accorded to the Boncompagni family, was celebrated in a private chapel erected in the Draper ballroom. Miss Draper's mother is still an Episcopalian, but several of her family are converts to the Catholic Church.

William Fink, of Chicago, who had been studying for the Episcopal ministry, was announced as a convert to Catholicism two months ago. He is now a student with the Victorians and will enter the priesthood. Miss Alice Payne, Episcopal choir singer of Waukegan, Ill., came in at about the same time. Then there was Mrs. Dorothy Ritter Flagg, of New York; Spencer N. Johnson, of Astoria, Oreg., received shortly before his death; the Misses Ruth and Muriel Carroll, of Denver, Col., and Dr. William Henry Johnson, of Albany, N. Y., one of the most prominent colored men in the country, friend of Abraham Lincoln and a noted orator.

On Sept. 19, Frater Hugo, convert to the Catholic faith, made his profession as a member of the Franciscan order of Minor Conventuals at Syracuse, N. Y. He comes from a distinguished family, the third son of H. R. C. Tromp and the late Countess De Leloux. His paternal ancestors were the famous Dutch Admirals, Marten and Cornelius Tromp—the former renowned in history as the sea captain who swept the English Channel with a broom at his waist.

The Rev. Dr. Kemper, of Texas, editor of the Antidote, keeps up his reputation as a convert-maker. One of his latest converts is Mrs. E. Nye, of Kerrville, Texas, whose husband is the secretary of the Public School Board and assistant cashier of the Kerrville Bank. She had been a Baptist and a member of the Eastern Star Masonic Auxiliary. Another is Delmore C. Reeves, of Camp Verde, Texas, formerly a Campbellite who used to travel 28 miles to receive his Catholic instruction.

During the three months under review two more former Protestant clergymen have turned to the Catholic Church. On Oct. 12, at Newman School, Hackensack, N. J., Arthur Clement Chapman was received and conditionally baptized by the rector of the school, the Rev. Signoury W. Fay. Mr. Chapman had been a minister of the Protestant Episcopal Church. So had Mr. Henry B. Sanderson who stood as his godfather, so had Dr. Fay, and so had Dr. Jesse Albert Locke, who was head master of the Newman School before Dr. Fay. Mr. Chapman made the fourth Episcopalian minister received a Catholic in the Newman School Chapel.

The other minister-convert was the Rev. Albert L. Ott, of the Protestant Episcopal diocese of Milwaukee, a graduate of Nashotah Seminary and afterwards connected with the Episcopal Cathedral of Sts. Peter and Paul, Chicago. Mr. Ott will study for the priesthood.

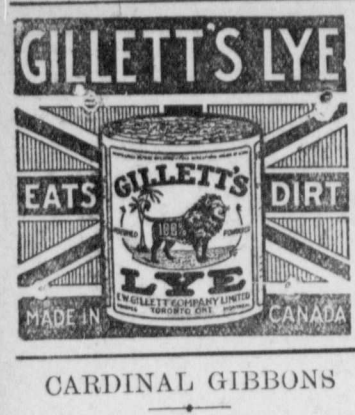
On Sunday, Oct. 22, the Right Rev. Bishop Hennessy confirmed a class of 100 adults at Pittsburg, Kas. Of these, 40 men and 27 women were converts, products of the last year of the famous inquiry class conducted by the Rev. Father Pomperoy of St. Mary's Church, Pittsburg. Some of the candidates came from a distance to be present at the celebration.

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From the Lutheran church comes Dr. Charles L. Mattfeldt, of Catonsville, Md., former president of the Board of Commissioners of Baltimore County. Miss Mary Byrne, portrait painter, has renounced her allegi-

ance to Anglicanism, after ten years' residence in Rome. The names are also reported of John H. Jeffries, of Memphis, Tenn., of the late Mrs. Charles Watts, of Indianapolis, and of John F. Stanton, deceased, formerly State architect of Kansas.

In the last review which was for the quarter ending Aug. 31, the names of three former Anglican ministers were recorded as having become Catholics during that period. In the quarter ending November, there are again three converts of the same type, two of whom were ministers and one who was a lay-reader. One of the ministers was the Rev. S. A. Cuthbert who as an Anglican had been curate of All Saints' Church, Wellington, and later rector of the church at Moleworth. He was received by the Oratorians at Brompton. The other minister was the Rev. W. B. Black, pastor of St. Columba's Anglican Church, Granton-on-Spey, Scotland. His lay-reader Mr. H. B. Easter came in November. They are again three converts of the same type, two of whom were ministers and one who was a lay-reader. One of the ministers was the Rev. S. A. Cuthbert who as an Anglican had been curate of All Saints' Church, Wellington, and later rector of the church at Moleworth. He was received by the Oratorians at Brompton. 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CARDINAL GIBBONS

ANSWERS EX-PRÉSIDENT ELIOT OF HARVARD

SAYS "NO" TO CLAIM THAT WAR HAS PROVED CHRISTIANITY A FAILURE

"Is Christianity a failure? When a man of the prominence of ex-President Eliot, of Harvard, asks this question, it is incumbent upon the Church to accept the gauntlet thus thrown down and to bring to bear against her antagonists her strongest controversial weapons."

Thus spoke His Eminence James Cardinal Gibbons, writes Edward S. Van Zile in the Chicago American of January 28, as I sat with him in the library of his residence adjoining the Cathedral in Baltimore, Maryland. His Eminence had granted me an audience that he might make public comment upon a recent utterance of ex-President Eliot, running as follows:

"For nineteen hundred years the ethics of Jesus of Nazareth have been in the world, but have had no effect to prevent or even reduce the evils of war, the greatest of the evils which afflict mankind. The ethical doctrines of Christianity in regard to justice, humility and mercy have not found expression in the relations between Christian nations, whether in peace or war, or indeed in the history of institutional Christianity itself."

CALLS DR. ELIOT'S LACK OF APPRECIATION INCREDIBLE

"Nevertheless, and here the smile faded from the Cardinal's face and was replaced by an expression of uncompromising sternness. 'I am amazed at his sweeping denunciation of Christianity. It seems incredible that a man of his learning, experience and opportunities for observation should not realize that Christianity has been for centuries a softening, elevating, civilizing influence upon the human race.'

"Suddenly his voice, hitherto carefully modulated, rang out harshly: 'Is Dr. Eliot blind? When he can remove from my sight our schools, our asylums, our homes for the old and the poverty-stricken, our institutions for helping the afflicted of all kinds, for providing for the orphans and the friendless; when I can no longer see colleges and hospitals, then only will I admit that Christianity is a failure.'

"When I can no longer see dispersed over the groaning earth that magnificent army of saintly men and women who are warring, in the name of Christ, against sin, and disease, and all forms of human weakness and error, then—and then only—will I acknowledge that Dr. Eliot is right and that I, and my Church, are wrong."

The Cardinal sat silent for a moment. Then he said gently:

"Let us take, for example, our hospitals. I wonder if ex-President Eliot ever reflects upon the significant fact that a hospital, in our sense of the term, is an institution having its direct origin in Christianity?"

"The great pagan civilization produced nothing of this nature. To Greece and Rome, in their days of greatest material splendor, hospitals were unknown. You may go through the writings of the classic authors of old with the most minute care and find nothing there to suggest that before the time of Christ the basic idea underlying our word 'hospital' had come to the minds of men."

"If Christianity had done nothing more in the world than to make hospitals an adjunct of civilization, it could, upon that fact alone, base its claim that it had been something more praiseworthy than a dire failure."

"JESUS OF NAZARETH WAS NOT A PACIFIST"

The Cardinal sat back in his chair, and it seemed to me that his eyes suggested an inclination upon his part to allow me an opportunity to answer, if I was inclined to do the arguments that he had been presenting in behalf of his religion and his Church.

Presently, after earnest consideration, I put to the Cardinal a question that precipitated the most dramatic moment of the afternoon.

"And what about the War, Your Eminence?"

The Cardinal bent toward me with almost startling suddenness, his gray eyes grown black with the fervor of his question had aroused.

"How dare Dr. Eliot imply that the Christ ever said anything against war?" he returned sharply. "Surely they have heard at Harvard the prophecy, 'There shall be wars and rumors of wars.' Dr. Eliot must know that the Christ said that He came to earth to bring not peace, but a sword."

His Eminence paused for a moment, his pale, thin face slightly flushed by the earnestness of his mood.

"Do not mistake my meaning," he urged presently. "Do not imagine, for a moment, that I am advocating warfare as a desirable, or even necessary, human activity. But I deny that there is anything in the authenticated teachings of Jesus of Nazareth that would place Him among those whom we know today as pacifists."

On the contrary, He repeatedly recognized the moral value of strife and conflict among men, and implied in all His teachings that warfare, in the eternal struggle between good and evil, is inherent in the nature of the universe. "Render unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's, and unto God the things that are God's." In these words the Christ makes a distinction that comes logically from the lips of Him who came to bring not an olive-branch but a sword to earth."

CHRISTIANITY HAS MADE WARS LESS FREQUENT

The Cardinal paused, and leaning back again in his chair, gazed musingly at the ceiling.

"When we discuss the subject of war," he went on presently, "we need historical bases for any conclusion we may reach. War, though it apparently has received divine sanction, is inherently a pernicious and abnormal manifestation of human nature. We get the right light upon it only by employing a long perspective and comparing recent centuries with those more remote."

"In former ages war was universal and continuous; the main occupation of men in those dark times consisted in the slaughter of their fellows."

"Take, for instance, the seven hundred years in the history of Rome from the time of its founder, Romulus, to the age of Augustus. During that whole period the Romans were in practically a permanent state of war. During these seven centuries they enjoyed only seven years of what could be reasonably called peace."

"Contrast this appalling record with that of the United States for the past century. We have had in that time only ten years of war—that is one year of war for ten years of peace in contrast with Rome's ten years of war for one year of peace."

"This decrease in the activities of war during the lapse of centuries can be traced directly to the influence of Christianity. It is a demonstrable fact that paganism has always made for war and Christianity for peace."

As the Cardinal paused for a moment, I ventured to ask:

"Do you consider, Your Eminence, the expression 'civilized warfare' a contradiction of terms?" I am of the belief that the great cleric did not hear my query, for he went on immediately:

"There was that most efficient and unprincipled conqueror Titus, who, in the year 70 A. D., captured and partially destroyed Jerusalem. The details of his methods as warrior and victor are frightful. Gibbon asserts that the siege of Jerusalem resulted in the annihilation of nearly a million Jews. Large numbers of them were brutally massacred and thousands of them expatriated to Rome, to adorn the triumphal ceremonies attending the return of Titus to that city. With most ingenious cruelty the Emperor compelled these captive Jews to erect a monument in the Eternal City to commemorate the glory of Titus and their own defeat and degradation. And the Romans of that period, who seem to have been strangely lacking in a sense of humor, conferred upon their slave making Emperor the grandiloquent title of 'Glory of the Human Race.'"

His Eminence gazed dreamily at the sunset glow pouring through a western window into a room that seemed to me more than ever haunted by the grim shadows of mankind's bloody past.

"Let us compare the record left by Emperor Titus with that of our own General Grant," suggested His Eminence presently. "Supposing that, at the end of our Civil War, General Grant had forced General Lee and his heroic followers into captivity and had compelled them to build in Washington a monument perpetuating the memory of their failure and humiliation."

"Can you imagine for a moment that the American people, whether North or South of Mason and Dixon's line, would have permitted such a barbaric outrage to be perpetrated? Stern and uncompromising as Grant was as a warrior, he showed in his hour of victory that the spirit of Christ was infinitely more powerful in America even when the passions of fratricidal war were still hot, than the spirit of a Titus. Upon Grant's tomb are carved his immortal words:

"Let us have peace!"

"Would Dr. Eliot contend that between the words and deeds of a Grant and those of a Titus there is nothing to show that Christianity, far from being a failure, is a strong, triumphant force in our modern world?"

Realizing as I did that it would be in bad taste for me to ask His Eminence to voice his views regarding the tragedy now being enacted in Europe, I could not refrain from the temptation to refer to Belgium, his recent words having brought that afflicted country vividly into my mind.

"Belgium," exclaimed His Eminence. "How sad it all is, is not it? I am actively engaged in raising funds for that afflicted country. Cardinal Mercier has my admiration and friendship. It is appalling the amount of suffering the world is called upon at present to endure."

"But is it not marvelous how all that is best, most Christlike, in human nature has been brought forth by this great cataclysm of war? On the one side we see, with horror, man's inhumanity to man, but, on the other, gloriously resplendent, appears what is noblest, most godlike in the soul of the race."

"But the question of responsibility? I could not refrain from exclaiming."

The Cardinal smiled sympathetically.

"You have in mind, I see, the great problem of free will," he remarked. "But is there not given to nations, as to individuals, the power to make the crucial choice between good and evil? We must believe this. We must believe that there is a divine purpose in it all that is being fulfilled."

"WHO CAN DOUBT GREATNESS OF AMERICA'S DESTINY?" HE ASKS

"And the destiny of America?" I queried.

"Who can doubt its greatness?" returned His Eminence warmly. "We came into the family of nations with a mission, and that mission grows constantly clearer to our sight and more glorious."

"And it is not true, as the late Prof. Cram asserted," I asked, "that in the modern world Corsica has conquered Galilee?"

"As I have said," answered the Cardinal gravely, rising to intimate that my audience with him was at an end, "they who, like Dr. Eliot, argue that war demonstrates the failure of Christianity reason upon false premises and so reach a false conclusion."

"Christianity has prevailed upon earth in spite of war, and during the centuries of its increasing influence war has changed from a permanent manifestation of man's baser qualities into a sporadic and occasional."

"And until Dr. Eliot can bring proof to show that the Christ baser from man's activities, his recent utterances will remain in my ears as the exalted position as a thinker and publicist."—Catholic Columbian.

A SUGGESTIVE COINCIDENCE

An interesting fact has developed in connection with the Patriotic Fund. It has been found that, broadly speaking, the sums granted from the Fund, as supplementary to the separation allowance and assigned pay, bring the total income of families on the Fund, in each province, to a parity with the cost of living as estimated by the Dominion Government's Labor Bureau. This result goes to confirm the substantial accuracy of the Labor Bureau's estimates, and also indicates that the administrators of the Patriotic Fund in each province are keeping their grants reasonably close to the actual wants of the people dependent on it.

Naturally, the cost of living increases as we move westward, and therefore the grants from the Fund increase also. For illustration, the average grant in Prince Edward Island is about \$10 per month, while in British Columbia it is nearly \$21. The average over the Dominion about \$16. It is estimated that the degree of comfort ensured by the Patriotic Fund is practically the same in each Province, notwithstanding the difference in the average grants.

DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI'S DEMAND FOR A PRIEST

A terribly significant passage, descriptive of the last hours of Dante Gabriel Rossetti, is quoted by a correspondent to the London Tablet. It is taken from the "autobiographical Notes of the Life of William Bell Scott." The full import of the scene it pictures will be intelligible to the Catholic reader.

"A new idea had taken possession of his mind, which caused us painful agitation. He wanted a priest to give him absolution for his sins. At first no one took any notice of this demand for a confessor. We thought his mind wandering or that he was dreaming. But on its earnest repetition, with his eyes open, I for one put him in mind of his not being a Papist, and of his extreme agnosticism. 'I don't care about that,' was his puzzling reply: 'I can make nothing of Christianity, but I only want a confessor to give me absolution for my sins!'"

This was so truly like a man living or rather dying, in A. D. 1300, that it was impossible to do anything but smile. Yet he was serious and went on: 'I believe in a future life, but I do not have evidence of that. Have I not heard and seen those that died long years ago? What I want now is absolution for my sins, that's all! And very little, too!' some outsider in the room whispered, as a gloomy joke. None of us, the deeply interested few who heard him, could answer a word." (ll. 807-8.)

"This," the correspondent remarks, "has always seemed to me a terrible passage." And well it might. Dante Gabriel Rossetti, he adds, was assuredly never a Catholic, although his poem "Ave" shows his acquaintance with Catholic teaching and his first picture. "The Girlhood of Mary Virgin," with the sonnet accompanying it, "This is that blessed Mary, pre-elect God's Virgin," is entirely Catholic in conception.—America.

PRISONERS OF WAR IN GERMANY

The Post Office Department is in receipt of a cablegram from the British authorities stating that no parcels containing food-stuffs or articles of clothing should be forwarded in future from Canada for Prisoners of War in Germany.

The British authorities represent that this is absolutely necessary, that the above caution should be complied with. Therefore, on and from the 1st February, 1917, the Post Office Department will refuse to accept any such parcels for prisoners of war in Germany. The Department is advised by the English authorities that such parcels cannot be accepted for transmission to the prisoners, and could not get through.

The Canadian Red Cross Society through its London Office undertakes that every Canadian prisoner shall receive adequate relief in the form of food, clothing, bedding, etc., as well as other articles of clothing. The Department will refuse to accept any such parcels for prisoners of war in Germany. The Department is advised by the English authorities that such parcels cannot be accepted for transmission to the prisoners, and could not get through.

The famous well of St. Winefride at Holywell, in Wales, has suddenly run dry. The news will cause regret amongst Catholics all the world over, as the well was justly termed the "Lourdes of Wales." The well was situated at the bottom of a steep hill, and many were the cures which were wrought there, as is testified by the crutches, sticks and other apparatus which were left behind by grateful clients of St. Winefride who wished to show the world that they had really been cured. It is said that two thousand gallons an hour flowed into the baths; there was one for women and another for men.

The stoppage of the water has not alone affected the well, but also the townsfolk, as their water supply has ceased also. The stoppage is due to the fact that some workmen were draining an abandoned lead mine in the vicinity blew in an obstruction, and diverted the water downhill into Bagil, and thence by way of a ditch into the river.—Philadelphia Standard and Times.

SCHOLARSHIPS

TO SEPARATE SCHOOLS FROM CATHOLIC SOCIETIES

Hamilton Times, Feb. 6

At the meeting of the Separate School Board last evening a report was brought in by the special committee appointed to revise the insurance. It reported that some changes had been made in insuring buildings and contents, in every instance more being added.

Several offers of scholarships were received, which the board accepted with thanks. They are to be offered for composition, and come from the Knights of Columbus, Catholic Orders of Foresters and Hibernians.

Special committees were appointed for the purpose of visiting each of the schools every two weeks during the year. They will report on the conditions and surroundings of the schools which are visited.

A vote of thanks was passed by His Lordship Bishop Dowling for his many favors and gifts. During the past five years he gave the following: Site for St. Patrick's School, valued at \$25,000; site for Cathedral School, valued at \$15,000; site for St. Ann's School, valued at \$25,000; Mount Carmel site and school, \$4,000; gift to construction of Cathedral School, \$5,000, and a similar amount to the construction of St. Ann's School.

It was reported that Mr. Edwards, caretaker of St. Vincent's School, was unable to fulfil his duties. The board decided to pay his salary during his illness.

Accounts totalling \$1,150 were passed by the board. Chairman W. D. Keating presided.

DIED

KEARNEY.—In London, on May 10, 1916, Mrs. Mary Ann Kearney, wife of R. J. Kearney. May her soul rest in peace.

KEARNEY.—In London, on January 10, 1917, Mr. T. W. Kearney, son of Mr. R. J. and the late Mrs. Mary Ann Kearney, aged twenty-seven years. May his soul rest in peace.

KEARNEY.—In London, on February 6, 1917, Miss Margaret, daughter of Mr. R. J. and the late Mrs. Mary Ann Kearney, aged twenty years. May her soul rest in peace.

BLANCHFIELD.—At Osgoode, Ont., on Jan. 27th, 1917, Terese M. Dolan, beloved wife of Chas. Blanchfield, aged fifty years. May her soul rest in peace.

BRELL.—At Wyman, Que., on Jan. 27, 1917, Mr. Peter Francis Bell, one of the most highly respected residents of Bristol Township, aged seventy years. May his soul rest in peace.

TOLIN.—At St. Mary's Hospital, Minneapolis, Minn., on January 10, 1917, after a short illness of pneumonia, James Angus Tolin, of Moose Jaw, Sask., formerly of Smith's Falls, Ont., aged thirty-eight years. May his soul rest in peace.

THE HOME BANK OF CANADA

Let your plans for the year 1917 provide for setting aside at least one dollar each week towards a savings account in the Home Bank of Canada.

"A man may, if he knows not how to save as he gets, keep his nose all his life to the grindstone."

BRANCHES AND CONNECTIONS THROUGHOUT CANADA

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LONDON, Richmond St. (Opposite Smallman & Ingram's)

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THE "LOURDES OF WALES"

WATER OF ST. WINEFRIDE'S WELL CREEKS TO FLOW, FOLLOWING MINING ACCIDENT

The famous well of St. Winefride at Holywell, in Wales, has suddenly run dry. The news will cause regret amongst Catholics all the world over, as the well was justly termed the "Lourdes of Wales." The well was situated at the bottom of a steep hill, and many were the cures which were wrought there, as is testified by the crutches, sticks and other apparatus which were left behind by grateful clients of St. Winefride who wished to show the world that they had really been cured. It is said that two thousand gallons an hour flowed into the baths; there was one for women and another for men.

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TEACHERS WANTED

TEACHER WANTED, FOR S. S. NO. 2 GUIDED & HIGHER, having 2nd or 3rd class certificate. Must be qualified. Salary \$450 to \$500 per year. Address to Casper Verbeke, Sec. Trust Corp., O.T.

WANTED BRIGHT, HEALTHY BOY, AGE fifteen or slightly older, for light work with lot near Ottawa. Preferred—ambitious for study and knowledge of music. Best of care, board, clothing and comfortable home. Reply immediately giving particulars to CATHERINE RECORD, Box E, London, Ont. 2000-2

FARM FOR SALE TWO HUNDRED ACRES OF LAND FOR OTHER GRAIN OR TRADING, splendid for cattle. On the property is a first class frame house. Two river runs near. Good barn with underground, stable. Splendid chance for a Catholic man to make money. Church and separate school within a mile. Owner returning to town. Will sell on easy terms. Address Box 11, Kearney, Ont. 2000-2

REGUL ORGANIST AND FIRST CLASS choir trainer, at liberty, shortly desires position in Catholic cathedral or large church. Good monthly pay. Highest references. Apply Box F, CATHOLIC RECORD, London, Ont. 2000-1

HOUSEKEEPER WANTED FOR PRIEST living in Western province. Good wages. Apply with references to Box G, CATHOLIC RECORD, London, Ont. 2000-2

FIREMAN WANTED WANTED FIRST CLASS FIREMAN. ONE who has a knowledge of machinery. Single man preferred. Salary \$3.00 per week. St. Joseph's Retreat, Deseronto, Mich. 2000-2

CATHOLIC HOMES WANTED FOR TWO girls between the ages of eleven and twelve years. Attendance at school necessary for these children, and homes will be preferred where there are no other young children. Apply to Wm. J. Connor, Inspector, Children's Aid, Branch 149 University Avenue, Toronto. 1900-3

WANTED GENERAL HOUSEMAID, BY Catholic family on farm in Saskatchewan. Must be good with children. \$20 a month plus board. References to Mrs. H. H. Catholic Record, London, Ont. 2000-4

SHAMROCKS ARE GOING TO BE VERY scarce this year, as we buy them in England and they are a very pretty silk threaded shamrock at \$1.25 a gross; they will be largely used for patriotic and Bazaar purposes. We give credit to any society. Easter Lilies, Fleur de lis, Violet Bunches, Apple Blossom Sprays, Mums 50 cents a doz.; Carnations, 25 cents a doz.; Shamrock Roses, Jack Roses 75 cents a doz. We pay charges. Bramford Artificial Flower Co., Bramford, Ont. 2000-3

TO TRAIN AS NURSES APPLICANTS WANTED TO TRAIN AS nurses. Apply to Dept. of Nurses, Holy Family Hospital, Prince Albert, Sask. 1900-4

MEMORIAL WINDOWS ENGLISH ANTIQUE STAINED GLASS LYON GLASS CO. 313 CHURCH ST. TORONTO ONT.

Before Insuring Your Life PLEASE OBTAIN THE RATES OF THE MUTUAL LIFE OF NEW YORK

73 years honorable record; no stock holders to pay dividends to; all the profits go to the policy-holders. No tying up your profits for 5, 10 or 20 years. Dividends paid annually, while you are alive to receive them

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Very Complete FIRE-PROOF STEEL CABINETS to hold your Cash, Cheques, etc., at the PRICE OF \$20

ORDER NOW PALM For Palm Sunday J. J. M. LANDY 405 YONGE ST. TORONTO

SHAMROCKS SHAMROCKS ARE GOING TO BE VERY scarce this year, as we buy them in England and they are a very pretty silk threaded shamrock at \$1.25 a gross; they will be largely used for patriotic and Bazaar purposes. We give credit to any society. Easter Lilies, Fleur de lis, Violet Bunches, Apple Blossom Sprays, Mums 50 cents a doz.; Carnations, 25 cents a doz.; Shamrock Roses, Jack Roses 75 cents a doz. We pay charges. Bramford Artificial Flower Co., Bramford, Ont. 2000-3

Charity to our neighbor is more pleasing to God than solitude and pious thoughts.—St. Teresa.

NEW BOOKS 50C. EACH

Adventures of Four Young Americans, By Henriette E. DeLamare. This book describes the strange times during their trip abroad, and the experiences of Johnny who was lost in the Catskills.

Atheism, By Dr. Ella Nirdinger. A thoughtful story giving some of the author's own experiences and the plays of her happy childhood. It is a merry comedy of four brothers, a sister, and their beloved parents.

Brownie And I, By Richard Auerick. Brownie is a college boy who during his new boyhood is seen as they arrive and with them a host of other sports. He even succeeds in winning the decisive baseball game of the year. Boys who wish to know how they will follow with deep interest his genuine record of two years of a college life.

Catholic Poets of America, By John O'Kane Murray. New edition revised. From the birth of Christopher Columbus 1492, to the death of Father Bacon, 1851.

Claremont, By Rev. Walter T. Leahy. This is a fine college story, full of happy vitality, and it will amuse all the boys who forward their own advices of a college boy.

Dear Friends By Edna Nirdinger. A home story, and that too special charm. There are three days and bright days pictured, just as they come to every home, and love the scenes of the moral sunshine shining through the story.

Five Diamonds, By Mrs. Guthrie. An interesting novel of the romance of a noble house, and a fine scene is laid in England, and afterwards directed to Russia and Berlin.

Feudalism, By Antonio Giulio Barilli. A Quaint Italian tale, describing the hardships of an artist who finally won in the hands of a beautiful young girl a maiden's marriage.

Five Birds in a Nest, By Gertrude Eugenie DeLamare. The scene of this story is in a quiet village of France, of which the author knows every inch of ground. It is the story of a young girl, who incidentally introduces many of the local customs.

Flourange, By Madame Augustus Grew. This charming novel has been written by a young lady, which moves in an atmosphere of delicate delicacy.

Gettysburg, By Frances Noble. The charming novel has been regarded as a model novel, showing the tremendous influence of a young man's conversion to his noble life.

Gracie, By Maurice Francis Egan. There are eight stories and every one of them has a very interesting plot worked out with dramatic skill.

Lost Lode, By Christian Reid and Stella Duce. This is a story of sea-coast, so interesting, and like everything from the same pen, charmingly well written. In the second story, a young man who is some light literature, and we find it judiciously written.

Nelly Kelly, By Gertrude E. DeLamare. Nelly Kelly is a lovely girl, who has a very interesting story, which moves in an atmosphere of delicate delicacy.

One Tale of the Con of Games, By Rev. Patrick Justin McMahon. A thrilling and well-told story of the days of the Monte Carlo. Well written and colorful with a good deal of character to chapter.

Round Table of American Catholic Novelists, A delightful compilation of short stories by re-nowned American Catholic novelists.

Round Table of Irish and English Catholic Novelists, A delightful compilation of short stories by re-nowned Irish and English Catholic novelists.

Round Table of French Catholic Novelists, A charming selection of brief tales by the foremost of French Catholic writers.

Round Table of the French of Martha MacLennan, By Miss Elaine Stump. (An admirable story to be read with both pleasure and profit, in which the interest of the story is a young man's conversion to a religion which is not a religion.)

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