

The Catholic Record.

"Christianus mihi nomen est Catholicus vero Cognomen."—(Christian is my Name, but Catholic my Surname)—St. Pacien, 4th Century.

VOLUME XXXVI.

LONDON, CANADA, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 7, 1914

1881

FATHER FRASER'S CHINESE MISSION

Taichowfu, China, June 7, 1914.
Dear Mr. Coffey,—When I came here two years ago I only had five catechists, now I have twenty-one. I owe this rapid progress principally to my dear friends of the CATHOLIC RECORD. God bless them and your worthy paper!

It takes about \$50 a year to support a catechist and for every such sum I receive I will place a man in a new district to open it up to the Faith. During the past few months I have opened up quite a number of new places and the neophytes are very pious and eager for baptism. You will appreciate the value of my catechists when I tell that I baptized eighty-five adults since the beginning of the year as a result of their work. I have even brighter hopes for the future if only my friends abroad will continue to back me up financially.

J. M. FRASER.
Previously acknowledged... \$4,424 93
Mrs. H. J. Mathewson, Ar-
prior..... 5 00
In memory of R. J. McN..... 1 00
In memory of Mrs. Murchi-
son..... 5 00

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ON GUARD

There are, it is to be feared, many Catholic young people who fancy their religious instruction to have been long since completed. When they are old enough to leave school they must of course abandon the Sunday School class because they are conversant with all the doctrines of their religion. Such a state of mind is foolish and short-sighted enough, but it becomes dangerous when the daily occupation of these young people throw them continually into the company of non-Catholics from whom they hear every sort of charge against the Catholic religion. They are forever hearing difficulties against Catholic doctrine and morality and because of ignorance they must remain dumb or break out into anger which is pathetically futile; and some of these Catholics, breathing this atmosphere of hostility and hearing charges which though mildewed with age are new to them, lapse into indifference. Instead of being able to defend their religion they stand weaponless and engender a suspicion in the minds of others that the creed which they profess has no justification. Hence the scoffer exults. The retailer of cant phrases dominates the office, the counting room, the factory. The sneer and the loud voice are the arguments for the prejudiced, and the poor dumb Catholic is powerless to admit the opportunity that knocks at his door. He is on the firing line but is without a rifle. He is but a target for the enemy. And this is surely a strange occupation for a man who gives allegiance to a Church that has survived the sophistries and persecutions of centuries, and is to-day throbbing with vitality that evokes the wonder and admiration of even those who know not whence comes her strength. There is no excuse for ignorance because there are to-day pamphlets dealing with all kinds of questions and written for men who have no time to dip into ponderous folios. They contain the essence of many books. We refer to the publications of the Catholic Truth Society. The pamphlets published of this admirable organization are devoted to exposition of Catholic doctrine, to refutation of calumnies and to treatment of current issues. They give us a clear knowledge of the Church's teaching and this, as a writer lately said, together with a little common sense, is sufficient to knock the bottom out of the many unproved assumptions or unwarranted conclusions which masquerade as scientific facts. The scientist so called gets his theories second hand, and so long as they are subversive of Catholic doctrine are set forth as argument against us. And this individual follows blindly, the while proclaiming his independence, the chariot of some writer who has a quarrel with God, and who calls upon us to lay down our beliefs for theories born of preconceived ideas and antipathy to the Church. We should bear in mind that writers of this type claim a good deal more for science than science claims for itself. While they blaspheme other

scientists of repute acknowledge as a result of their researches the existence of a Creator and Ruler of the universe. Dr. Pasteur, too, proved that original thought and scientific discovery are not incompatible with a humble faith and a devout Catholic life. Those who have been accustomed to imagine that every scientist can hardly help being an unbeliever and that faith has little if any rational basis for its teaching, will find it most refreshing to read the defence of faith in these pamphlets. It is a revelation to find how strong are the purely scientific grounds on which our faith is based and how powerless modern research is to weaken it. We recommend to our readers the series of pamphlets written by the late Father Gerard, S. J., dealing with all these modern difficulties. They furnish an excellent antidote to the attacks that are being made by the infidel press and that are sometimes indulged in by other editors who lose for the nonce their tone judicial. Father Lambert's "Notes on Ingersoll" is also invaluable.

AN INSTANCE

In his pamphlet "Evolution and Design" Father Gerard takes to task a Mr. Clodd who explicitly teaches in his "A Primer of Evolution" that morals are relative, not absolute—that is to say there is no fixed standard of right and wrong by which the actions of men throughout all time are measured. Where there is no society there is no sin. His main contention is that people may give free scope to their passions so long as they don't shock the ideas of those amongst whom they live. Here, as Father Gerard goes on to say is the slime of the serpent which experience teaches us to expect in evolutionary works of this kind. And not only in evolutionary works but also in fiction which is, unfortunately, to be found in the hands of some Catholics. In some novels heralded by critics, who are the hired men of the publisher, as works of genius, sin, especially in the matter of lubricity, is condoned or referred to as the inevitable outcome of natural forces. To do otherwise would be narrow-mindedness. To consort with this rag and bobtail is to court low ideals, ignoble standards and defilement. It means that we prefer to exchange our splendid vestment of tradition and principle for the nondescript attire fashioned by those who are guided by passion and prejudice. It means also that we allow evil thoughts and imaginations to thrust out austerity and purity from our souls. And that is a big price to pay for morbid curiosity—for dallying with books that are brilliant only with the phosphorescent gleam of corruption. It is well to remember in this connection that we must avoid all that is corrupting and must resolutely give up what we find by experience has led us to sins of thought and desire. We must bear in mind that no pretence of custom or of modern ideas can make lawful that which is wrong in itself.

GOOD EXAMPLE

Every noble life, says a well known writer, leaves the fibre of it interwoven forever in the work of the world. St. John Chrysostom places the power of example even above that of miracles and attributes the conversion of the world less to the miracles performed by the apostles than to the edification of their virtues. Every good Catholic is a sower of infinite seed. He can show in his life the purity and truth which he claims to possess.

FORGETTING

The art of forgetting is worth cultivating. Its attainment may entail labor, long and painful perhaps, but it adds immeasurably to the pleasure of living. It rings down the curtain on the hurts and wounds that introspection has made doubly grievous. It shuts the ears against the echo of words that seared our hearts. It gives us normal vision and divests us of the trappings of pride, of the cheap cynicism that distills venom in all things and persons.

Pretense is an infallible sign of vulgarity.

CONSTITUTION OF CANADA

SIR CHAS. FITZPATRICK BEFORE AMERICAN BAR ASSOCIATION

STRIKING CONTRAST BETWEEN THE BRITISH AND GERMAN SYSTEM OF COLONIZATION

Washington, D. C., Oct. 21.—Canada's pride in being a part of Great Britain, a nation which "keeps sacred its convents and maintains its pledged word," was asserted to night by Sir Charles Fitzpatrick, Chief Justice of the Dominion of Canada, in an address here before the American Bar Association on the "Constitution of Canada."

Sir Charles' speech was the feature of the night session of the association. Business had been disposed of during the afternoon to allow the members to make a pilgrimage to Mount Vernon. The associations adjourn to-morrow.

In describing the growth of the Canadian colonization system, Sir Charles commented upon the German system of colonization. "The German Government," he said, "apparently has not discovered that there can be no colonial enterprise where the colonist is checked at every turn by official limitations, and this may account for the fact that the German emigrant to-day selects the United States, Canada, or Australia as a field for his enterprise rather than the German colonies in South Africa, where freedom to work out his career to the best advantage is not yet permitted."

The speaker said some Americans inquired why a people of their same blood, and apparently of a manly, independent spirit, were content to remain in what they thought was a position of political inferiority and dependency.

POLITICAL STATUS NOT INFERIOR

"This inquiry arises, I think out of misconception of our relationship to the British Crown," he said. "You would not, perhaps, says that the political status of an Englishman or Scotsman was less free and independent than your own, but our position, you think, is different. We, on the contrary, realize no inferiority in ourselves nor in our political position to that of the Englishman or the Scotsman. What little check the colonial relationship places upon us we think is far more than offset by the pride we have in that glorious history and traditions of the mother country. She first taught the world that the divine right of ruling is not vested in kings and princes, but in the people. We glory in her literature and her laws, her poets, artists and statesmen."

PROUD OF OUR CITIZENSHIP

"If, in the zenith of her power and glory, when the Roman Empire included all the civilized, and most of the uncivilized globe, the highest boast of a free man was 'Civis Romanus sum,' so, without disparagement or offensive criticism of any nation, we, as Canadians, viewing ourselves as an integral part of the British Empire, are proud to declare our citizenship in the great mother of nations—in that nation which, to keep sacred its covenants, is willing to give up its treasure and to sacrifice the lives of the best and noblest of its children. We glory in the men who live to serve her and we reverence the memory of those who die to save her."

WITH NUNS ON THE FIRING LINE

On the recent feast of Our Lady of Sorrows, a singular procession took place in London in honor of the Blessed Virgin. Soldiers, refugees, priests, nuns, men, women and little children sang hymns and litanies along the streets until they reached the Westminster Cathedral, where the ceremonies were completed. The onlookers who lined the pavements were silently respectful and sympathetic. Certainly no more appropriate feast of the Queen of Heaven could have been chosen by her subjects who are so sorely tried by this present war. The following description of the procession is taken from the Tablet of London:

"The Feast of the Sorrows of Our Lady." There are few more appropriate days in the calendar that could have been chosen for the solemn procession to Westminster Cathedral. To pray for the living—the bereaved and suffering through the war; for the dead who have died on the field of honor, and for peace; these were the objects of the pilgrimage which consisted of about 3,000 persons of all ages and conditions—men and women, little children, soldiers in khaki, priests and nuns. But there was another striking feature. Its cosmopolitan character was shown by the English, Irish, French, Belgian and Polish contingents each carrying their own national colors and singing hymns and litanies in their mother tongue. This varied and international gathering was a living testimony to the Catholicity of the One Church of God.

ATTITUDES OF ONLOOKERS

Fortunately there was a lull in a stormy day when the procession left the Church of Saints Anselm and Cecilia Kingsway, and proceeded by way of Arundel street, the Embankment, and Victoria street to the cathedral. The attitude of the onlookers who lined the pavements left nothing to be desired, and the refugee soldiers evoked a sympathetic though silent recognition from the crowd. In addition to familiar Catholic hymns and litanies, the pilgrims recited prayers en route. By the time the procession had reached the cathedral, the numbers had swelled considerably and it is estimated that there were nearly 8,000 persons assembled at the service. Rarely has the building held so great a throng of the faithful—comparatively few of whom were merely sightseers.

The Blessed Sacrament was exposed on the high altar and prayers were offered for the intentions of the faithful, the responses being rendered with great fervor by the congregation. A spirit of intense reality seemed to pervade the multitude, amongst whom there must have been many who were enduring sorrow with heroic fortitude.

DEVOTION CONSOLES REFUGEES

Many of the refugees had lost the treasures of a life-time, enshrined in tender memories, and were exiles from the innumerable villages of some of the most beautiful home prospects in the world—over which the full tide of war has spread devastation and horror. Many mourned a loved one fallen on the field of battle, but like death itself, the prayers for "Nos chers morts" unite with us these many diverse children of the Church in one common bond of faith. Gladly did they live and gladly died, and so we cry, "Dona nobis pacem," "Dona eis requiem." After Benediction had been given, the French hymn, "Pis, mon Dieu," was sung, followed by "Hail Queen of Heaven," and a most impressive and consoling devotion was brought to a close.

AFTER THE BATTLE

SOLDIER FEELS LITTLE OR NOTHING WHILE ENGAGEMENT IS ON SAYS OFFICER

Rotterdam, October 17.—The psychology of the battlefield gets a rather thorough and able treatment by an Austrian reserve officer. After having been wounded in an engagement with the Russians, gave the following interview to a Hungarian journalist. The officer in question was with General Danki in the fighting southeast of Krasnik.

"You feel little or nothing while in battle," he said. "At least, you forget how things affect your mind. The eyes see and the ears hear, but those are perceptions which do not result in impressions one could co-ordinate. They do not even affect your sentiments. But it is not cynicism for all that, merely the lack of appreciation of what takes place. My captain, a most lovable fellow whom I did not alone respect as an officer, but of whom I also thought a great deal personally, was leading his company into fire when three bullets hit him in the abdomen. I saw him fall, but thought nothing of it and marched on."

"In spite of the fact that you have no ill feeling against the enemy, and may not even fear him, you destroy him as best you can. On the evening before our first battle we were sitting about the mess table—most of us officers of the line. None of us had ever killed a man. I said: 'Friends, when I meet the first Russian officer to-morrow my impulse will be to shake his hand.' My comrades agreed with me. But on the following day I was obliged to lay a number of Russians low."

"Of course, I have been scared. That was after I had been wounded. We had been firing a long time, and when next we advanced we came into a deep sandy road, out of which we could not get because of the enemy's terrible fire. We had to lie perfectly still while bullets simply poured over us. That was awful."

"It is a well known fact that the soldier sees very little of the battle. August 24 early in the morning we received orders to occupy a low hill at the edge of a track covered with brush wood. Forming part of the reserve, we were expected to remain under cover. In front of us was a large open battlefield. To each side of us were batteries which had thundered away since early morning. The result of this was that many of the enemy's shells dropped right in front of us. I realized, noticing that while the smoke of our shells had a lilac color, that of the enemy's was white."

"So far we had not been disquieted by the shell at all. On the edge of the brushwood had been planted a yellow-black flag, showing that some-where in that vicinity was to be found our general staff. Our colonel left us and walked towards it, possibly to get orders, but just as he got there a shrapnel exploded a little ahead of him in the air and we saw our commanding officer, in whom we placed all our confidence, go down. After that it was a terrible

feeling to lie still. From that moment on, too, a veritable hail of shells began to come. Some sappers, who had been busy digging a trench for the protection of the general staff, started to run. I feared that my soldiers would follow the example, and began to make fun of the poor sappers, scolding them at the same time. Thank God, my battalion found that funny and began to laugh. They lived through a terrific shrapnel fire with not a care, and even found occasion for laughter."

"A major took command of the regiment, and we received orders to retake a hill which the enemy had taken under heavy fire. But of the enemy nothing at all was to be seen as we neared the position though the hail of shells and shrapnels increased in fury. The flag bearer marched about three hundred paces off my side. By accident I looked in his direction, saw the white cloud of smoke of a Russian shell and where the flag bearer had been there was nothing more to be seen."

"The enemy meanwhile had taken to flight, and later we saw the Russian wading through a swamp. Then they got to the river and crossed it—we after them shooting and wading, our breath. Of a sudden a village behind us went up in flames, the light falling on us like the rays of a huge reflector. Then and there we received a rain of fire and saw the enemy had taken possession in good order of the other bank. We had to fall back, not because we were afraid but because those were the orders. The sensation of being in danger of death we did not have."

"Flags and drums are useless things in warfare. What is the use of a flag which by its bright colors reveals your position, which as the brown point on my saber shows it has been intended to conceal? In one case even the slightest reflection of light is guarded against while in the other a large field of colors undoes all that it has been wished to accomplish. The drummer on the other hand must beat his drum as he goes to the attack, yet he is expected to run into the enemy unarmed. He would prefer exchanging his drum for a rifle so that he would be able to shoot down a soldier."

"One feels nothing of the presence of the enemy in battle and on the marches. To be wounded is also not such a bad experience. But you begin to think after the battle. To bear the horrors of war a sort of ideal is necessary. Once, when I took my Slovacs into an attack we passed a cross by the wayside. Many of them knelt down for a moment and said a prayer. That was sincere and sublime. The ideal which makes it possible for me to bear everything is to be a good officer on the battlefield—under the circumstances my duty towards the social aggregate to which I belong."

EXILED TO SIBERIA

ARCHBISHOP SZEPTYCKY OF LEMBERG TAKEN PRISONER BY THE RUSSIANS — A NOBLEMAN BY BIRTH

Word has been received by the Right Reverend Stephen Orsytsky, Ruthenian Greek Catholic Bishop for the United States, that the Most Reverend Andrew Roman, Count Szeptycky, Metropolitan of Lemberg, Galicia, has been made a prisoner by the Russians and sent in exile to Siberia.

The communication was received from the Provincial of the Order of St. Basil, from Ungwar, Hungary, where he had fled and was making arrangements for the reception of the other monks who might be able to follow him.

The Provincial wrote that nearly all their monasteries are in the hands of the Russians. Thirty seven priests, twenty-nine lay brothers and eighteen scholars are imprisoned. The Metropolitan is a distinguished personage in the Austro-Hungarian empire. He is a nobleman by birth, and wealthy in his own right. He is a member of the House of Lords, Austria, and wielded much influence in his country.—St. Paul Bulletin.

THE MENACE

(Fr. — the Monthly Brief of St. Peter's Church, Episcopalian, Geneva, N. Y.)

A few days ago a vilely printed "sheet" called the Menace, was delivered here.

The Menace is opposed to the Catholic Church. We received no less than five copies of this paper, and in case the publishers have been equally generous to others, we would like to express our opinion.

A more ignorant, disgusting and venomous production could not be imagined. Though we may differ many of us from some of the teaching of the Catholic Church, we know that she is of the true Church, and we know that she is a great living power for good, having a people who are intensely loyal, and who receive from her the Sacraments of our Lord.

That, then, this scurrilous, wretchedly written and miserably conceived paper, whose bigoted spirit is only equalled by its obvious greed, should

be able to issue false and vile accusations broadcast against this Church is a matter of reproach and shame.

Any of our readers who receive specimen copies of the Menace should believe that it lives up to its title, that his paper is a menace to all, truth, charity and love, and above all a menace to that unity for which we long, when there shall be again one undivided Church.

ANOTHER MEXICAN GOVERNOR BANS CONFESSION

Mexico City, October 18.—The new Constitutional Governor of Chiapas, in Southern Mexico, has put into force a programme of religious rule, the chief features of which are the following:

Confession is absolutely forbidden. Priests must wear ordinary civilian attire, without any distinctive badge of any kind.

Priests may solemnize only one Mass a week, and that on Sunday. Convents must be closed and religious symbols on the exterior of houses must be removed.

ANOTHER ANGLICAN RECTOR

THE FOURTH TO ENTER THE CHURCH IN FOUR WEEKS

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London, Oct. 9.—Rosary Sunday was celebrated in London with every evidence of devotion. At the great Church of St. Dominic on Haverstock Hill the Rosary was recited before the Blessed Sacrament publicly every half hour throughout the entire day and evening, and thousands came from all over London, while in pathetic groups amongst the congregation were many Belgian refugees dressed in deep mourning. In the evening the usual processions were held to close the celebrations and England was again dedicated to Our Lady as her dowry.

Apocryphal of this latter act it is understood that the influx of converts during the two months of the war has been enormous. While Catholics themselves have been busy preparing themselves in this solemn time for all eventualities and many lax Catholics have returned to their duties, the spiritual stock taking, which war brings, seems to have turned the balance for many who were hovering on the brink of conversion, and large numbers of men and women have applied for instruction in both the Westminster and Southwark Dioceses. The latest noteworthy convert is the Rev. Cecil Wilton, a very well known Yorkshire rector, whose conversion has created something like consternation in his district. He held till last week, the living of Lonesborough, in the East Riding, and was for many years lecturer of the Anglican Church Defence Society. He was received on Thursday last into the Church at Cardiff by the rector of St. Peter's. He is the fourth Anglican clergyman during the past four weeks to be converted.

FRENCH PRIESTS FALL IN BATTLE

According to reports that are current in various quarters a number of French priests have surrendered their lives in the defense of their country. The Abbe Luchat a sergeant in a cyclist corps, was killed recently on the field of battle after having been mentioned in dispatches on the day previous.

The Abbe Monbru, a captain of infantry, fell at the head of his company.

Another clerical lieutenant, the Abbe Genier, was struck down in leading his men in a charge.

The Abbe Famin, an ensign, was also slain in battle. On the roll of soldier priests are twelve abbots who are either officers, non commissioned officers, or private soldiers. In many cases the priests, wearing a stole with Christian emblems over their uniforms, have buried their fallen comrades in consecrated ground.

CARDINAL MERCIER WEEPS

Cardinal Mercier, Archbishop of Malines, Belgium, arrived at Antwerp, Sept. 17th, from England, where he went following the election of Pope Benedict XV. His Eminence was given a most cordial reception in that city. Before departing for Malines he is reported as saying: "The most extraordinary enthusiasm has been aroused in Italy by the heroism of the Belgian soldiers."

"In England I found the people to be among the strongest and most generous supporters the Belgians have."

The Cardinal showed deep emotion when he reached Malines and saw the havoc wrought by the German artillery. Accompanied by the Burgomaster he visited the Cathedral and made a tour of the principal streets. Tears streamed down his cheeks as he saw the ruin and listened to the sorrowful stories of his parishioners.

CATHOLIC NOTES

At Dublin, Ireland, a Gaelic college has been established. It is styled the Dublin College of Modern Irish.

At the official Requiem for Pius X. in the Westminster Cathedral, London, King George was represented.

Liege, Belgium, the suffering victim of an uncalced for war, has given to the Church 4 Popes and 10 Bishops.

Liege, Belgium, is a large city of nearly 130,000 souls. As a diocese it has 670 parishes, 40 deaneries and a Catholic population of 1,155,000. Its Bishop is Mgr. Martin Hubert Rutten.

Bologna has a great University. At the beginning of the thirteenth century it had 10,000 students. St. Thomas Aquinas lectured at it, and the great linguist Mezzofanti studied there.

The belfry of Ghent, Belgium, 375 feet high, contains 44 bells: one of them, now cracked, was cast in 1314. It bears this inscription: "My name is Roslandt; when I toll, there is a fire; when I peal, there is a victory in Flanders."

With no music, except that of male choirs, more than 25,000 men marched through the streets of Pittsburgh recently in the procession of the Holy Name Society. It took two hours to pass a given point. A prayer for peace in Europe concluded the exercises.

Pious Chinese Catholics are as eager as their Irish co-religionists to give to God's service some member of their family. The Rev. Leo Ting, of the Catholic mission of Che Kiang, says that of eight brothers and sisters in his family two became priests and two nuns.

His Holiness Pope Benedict XV has appointed a committee composed of their Eminences Cardinal Merry del Val, Biletti and Gagliano to prepare plans for the erection of a monument to the late Pope Pius X. in the crypt of St. Peter's where his remains were interred.

King Charles of Roumania, who died on October 10, at Bucharest, was one of the best known and most beloved Catholic rulers of Europe. Although a Catholic he was sovereign of a people over 91.5 per cent of whom belong to the Orthodox Greek Church.

According to reports received at the Vatican, more than 65,000 ecclesiastics are now serving in different capacities with the armies in the field, especially with the Belgian, French and Austrian forces. Most of these clergymen are engaged in hospital work. They include 7 bishops and 19 prelates.

Three Chinese Catholic priests arrived in New York recently from Liverpool on their way to China. They had been ordained in England. The Rev. Candido Vautra, a professor in the Jesuit College in Shanghai, accompanied them. They were the Rev. Vincent Zi Kabing, the Rev. Joseph Zi Shannong, and the Rev. Franz Tsang Shannong. In their clerical garb they attracted much attention on the ship.

According to the New World, Paul Fuller, who was recently sent to Mexico by President Wilson on a special mission, is a convert to the Church. He is dean of the Fordham University school of Law and "took part in the settlement of the Venezuela Portico and Philippe tariff and other cases, and has served as counsel for the French and Russian governments."

When Cardinals Bourne and Gasquet were on their way to the conclaves in Rome, passing through Belgium their train stopped on a siding, and by a curious chance a regiment of British troops which included in its ranks a large body of Irish Catholics, was drawn up alongside for a moment. The Cardinals leaned out of the window and gave the soldiers their blessing, which the Catholic soldiers knelt to receive.

A new use has been found for the aeroplane. As a German field hospital some distance behind the entrenched lines, a young Catholic German officer dying of his wounds implored those about him to bring him a priest. There was no priest in the vicinity, but a Taube aviator who had been resting near by, offered to obtain one. He flew a considerable distance and brought back in his aeroplane a priest who spoke German and who bore with him the Blessed Sacrament. Thus through the air came the Holy Viaticum to the wounded soldier.

In Belgium the "Liturgical Movement" has spread to such an extent that the people even at low Masses in many places make the responses which are commonly made by the acolytes as representing the congregation. They also join with the priest in the recitation of the "Gloria, Credo, Sanctus," and "Agnus Dei" and, in fact all the choral parts of the Holy Sacrifice. These "Messes Dialogues," writes Dom Benedict Stewart, O. S. B., in Pax, the quarterly of the Caldey Benedictines, are spreading throughout Belgium—in the parishes, colleges and seminaries and are both approved and encouraged by ecclesiastical authorities.

vival still going on in the Anglican body and the refusal of Rome to acknowledge the validity of their orders.

Even these Anglicans, who are temporizing with the question of organic reunion, acknowledge that Rome is the centre of unity and they accept all the doctrines of the Catholic Church. There is, therefore, strong reason to believe that ultimately many of them will take the decisive step, just as did the Benedictines of Caldey, who in March, 1912, still said they would be wrong "to doubt their present position in the Church of England as true members of the Catholic Church of Christ."

But for all these encouraging signs for the conversion of the Anglican Church, it must be confessed that so far there has been no corporate endeavor for reunion with the Mother Church. As for the adherents of the Broad and Low Church branches, they are as far removed from Rome as ever. Certainly the Church of England as a body has never identified itself with any pro-Roman movement. The Puseyite movement probably led to the conversion of some eminent men—such as Cardinals Newman and Manning, and Father Faber; but Dr. Pusey himself held that the Church's union with Christ is all that is essential to unity and that her unity need not be visible. The fact is that the Anglican Church as a whole rather discouraged all attempts to restore the doctrines and practices of the pre-Reformation time when England was still a fair daughter of Rome.

Some of the reunion schemes of certain Anglican bishops have been only attempts "to foist principles of the English Reformation on certain foreign Catholics, whose soundness of judgment and loyalty to the Holy See were not altogether above reproach."

But if England's return to the faith of her fathers does not seem to lie in the immediate future, it is not without hope. It is for Catholics still to pray for her conversion, and may the day of her return be not far distant!—Intermountain Catholic.

CALUMNIATING WOMEN

Who is responsible for the anti-Catholic war news that is making its way to the front pages of our newspapers? Some weeks ago, Catholics were shocked to learn that in an official communication from the Kaiser to the President of the United States, complaint had been made that Belgian Catholic priests had been guilty of "outrages against wounded soldiers, defenceless doctors and nurses." Anti Catholic agitators in this country immediately seized upon the occasion, and it need not be said that the story lost nothing in the retelling. German investigation has proved the utter falsehood of the accusation, and it has been officially withdrawn. The secular press, which widely circulated this falsehood can hardly be counted upon to give its withdrawal equal publicity. Up to the present, the New York Evening Post alone has been brave enough to notice the charge and its withdrawal, editorially. And now we are asked to believe that the Sisters attached to the German Hospital Corps, have been gouging out the eyes of disabled soldiers, and of murdering by means of anesthetics, the wounded left on the field of battle.

That this is an untruth prompted not even by the excesses of pseudo-patriotism, but by diabolical hatred, is obvious enough. A line or two of weak refutation will soon find its way to the darkened inner pages of the daily press. But who is going to lead a refutation? Written, weeks later perhaps, it either escapes notice, or in the minds of non-Catholic readers with an anti-Catholic bias, it creates the impression that, since the Catholic Church is continually on the defensive against all manner of vile charges, there must be something in the view that she is an enemy of the human race. This is precisely the effect intended, and usually secured, by the rasicals back of the anti-Catholic campaign. Lie, lie bravely, and directly a refutation makes its appearance, lie again about something else.

War is horrible enough in its midst aspects. Shall we, here in peaceful America allow ourselves to do anything which may make it worse? At this very moment, there are ministering angels on the bloody fields of France and Belgium, religious women of whom our crime sodden world is not worthy, the tenderly nurtured daughters of loving homes, who for God's love and the solacing of their suffering brothers and sisters, have renounced home and comfort and a worldly point of view, might make a woman happy. The story of the heroic deeds of the Sisters, done in the face of flaming cannon and the rack of bursting shell, on the bloodied battlefields of Europe and America, makes the veriest pagan thank whatever Power there be, that for all our villainous, human nature in the best of us can rise to a height of self-forgetting love that is above sublimity. The man who can deliberately calumniate any woman deserves contempt too deep for description. The skulking civilian who, safe at his desk, far from the noise of cannon, calumniate gentle, self-effacing Sisters who not only hold up white hands in prayer for the world's salvation, but at peril of their lives, leave their quiet homes for the battle-

field that war may be a little less like sheer brutality, writes himself down as an abnormal creature who in some mysterious way has slipped into the world without a mother. The newspaper, which for the sake of a few coins enfolded in the pockets of sensation-lovers, gives wide and colored utterance to these vile calumnies, is equally despicable.

Meanwhile, we ask our Catholic organizations to seek themselves to two questions: First, who is responsible for the original forging of these wretched calumnies of our heroic hospital Sisters? Second, what power induces our daily newspapers to print and circulate them? The answers are found, let Catholics ask. Refutation does little or nothing to efface the stain produced by these outrageous stories. Let our Catholics see to it, that these outpourings of European and American anti Catholic bigots, find no place in the pages of a paper which appeals to American readers for support.—America.

DECLINING CHURCH ATTENDANCE

The declining church attendance among non Catholic churches is becoming more remarkable every day. Despite the most energetic efforts of the ministers to entertain their congregations with sensational sermons, moving pictures and the like, empty pews are on the increase.

Deplorable as it may be, it is nevertheless an exhibition of consistency on the part of the people. Many of their ministers have long since given up religious topics to dabble in politics and the economic questions of the day. If the people wish to be entertained they go to a theatre; if they hunger for a political harangue they go to a political meeting. After all, why should they go to church?

To stem the exodus, the Protestant ministers of Canada are resorting to extraordinary means. The Methodist, Presbyterian and Congregational churches in Canada with all their diversities of creed, are contemplating a merger. They are going back hundreds of years to the "darkness of the Middle Ages." Their churches were founded upon the principle of private interpretation of the scriptures, and how they undo their founders' work and bind themselves to a common creed?

They will find the task a gigantic one. To successfully amalgamate their diversified beliefs will be well nigh impossible. Some believe in hell, others do not, and since none of them will admit a purgatory, they can hardly reach a satisfactory compromise.

The work of construction is far more difficult than that of destruction. It was with comparative ease that the decayed and crumbling towers and spires of the old churches were razed to the ground; but to build anew upon the rock upon which Christ founded His Church; but to weld these broken fragments into another rock which will successfully resist the passions of man and the inroads of time is quite another undertaking.

We sympathize most heartily with the shortsightedness of these ministers. It required the life blood of the Son of God to establish the Church from which they were separated by the overruling passions of a few degenerate men. And if they would lead their praying flocks back into the true fold it must be through the merits of the blood of Christ dispensed through the proper channel of grace—His Church—and not through any superficial and purely natural means.—Catholic Progress, Seattle.

CONDITIONS IN ITALY

The strained political relations between the Italian Government and the Holy See, the neglect of their religious duties by a number of the Italian immigrants to the United States, and the abuses of a few ultra radical Italian papers, make people in this country believe that religion in Italy is going from bad to worse, and that there are there only a few really good Catholics. This, however, is an altogether false idea. Religious conditions in Italy are infinitely better than many people are inclined to think, misled, as they are, by deceitful appearances or misinformed by a prejudiced and ill-intentioned press. For many and peculiar reasons Italy's attitude with regard to the Holy Father is not an index of the religion of its people, nor do the accounts published about Italy's religious conditions, especially in non-Catholic papers, do justice to the truth.

The Catholic spirit is keenly alive to day among the Italian people; it hovers over you wherever you go; it is felt in their feasts and in their mournings, in their public joys and public calamities; it asserts itself in their homes. The spotless purity of the Italian home life is due, without doubt, to the strong influence of the Catholic Church. Even people whose conduct is not altogether edifying can not avoid feeling that beneficent influence, and often must give in and comply with its requirements. Persons who have lived in Italy for some time, as we have, bear witness to this fact, and even mere travelers can not fail to notice it. But this is not all. The Italians do not content themselves with what we might call acting unconsciously under the influence of the Catholic spirit; they go farther; they practise their religion. Of course, it is not our intention to state that all the 38,000,000 Catholics of whom Italy can boast are church-going Catholics. No; there is to be found among them, as

among all large bodies of men, many a black sheep; still we can, and do, affirm that the majority, the bulk of the Italian people, are good, practical Catholics.

We will not prove our assertion by pointing to the large number of dioceses in Italy, a number unequalled the world over, nor to the many flourishing social and political organizations that glory in the open profession of their faith, nor to the thousands and thousands of churches—rather we simply invite our readers to glance at the numberless sodalities spread all over Italy, with their sole purpose of furthering Christian piety and perfection, to consider the well attended and well taught Sunday schools, the very large number of priests and religious busy in zealous works for the spiritual welfare of the people. We invite our readers to look at the large crowds of the faithful frequenting the churches at all hours, filled with simple yet strong piety and trust in God. A public joy gladdens the hearts of the people, and behold! churches and shrines are decorated. A public sorrow spreads its gloom over cities and villages, and the churches become the refuge of the people, and God and His Blessed Mother are audibly invoked with great faith and earnestness. In 1906, while ashes and *tapilli* darkened the sky of Southern Italy and a descending torrent of lava was cleaving a broad pathway of death, then it was that the people's hearts turned to God and implored mercy. Along the slopes of Mount Vesuvius, while the lava was destroying all that many a poor peasant had in his walls rather a pleasure-loving than a God loving population, namely, Naples. In Naples there are at least four hundred churches, in which a number of Masses are said through the hours and half hours of Sunday morning. As a matter of fact, in many of the churches, there is Mass from 5 or 6 o'clock to noon, or even 1 o'clock. Immense crowds of people attend these Masses. Surely, this is proof that the Italians practise their religion. We say the Italians, and not the Neapolitans, because what is true of Naples, is true also, without exception, of every town and hamlet *dalle Alpi alla Sicilia*.

If, in addition to this, we take account of the many retreats and missions, the attendance at which often over taxes the capacity of the very largest churches, the devout and numerous pilgrimages, the display of profound piety during Lent and the months of May and June, when in many churches no day passes without a sermon to huge throngs, as we ourselves have witnessed, if we say, we take account of these things, there will be bred within us the sincere conviction that faith is not dead nor dormant, but emphatically active and living, blossoming and bearing fruit throughout all the length and breadth of Italy.

If Italy's children showed no other proof of their deep religious feeling than their love for the Madonna, a love childlike yet strong, which makes them treat her as their dearest Mother, a love that knows no bounds and makes them hope to obtain all heavenly favors through her, a love that adorns her numberless shrines throughout the Kingdom and has turned the desolate Valley of Pompeii into a valley of Paradise, that makes Mary the most revered and loved of all names—this alone would be proof of the strength of their religion, and would be more than sufficient to show that they still keep enshrined in their hearts the faith preached in their country by the Prince of the Apostles, sealed by the blood of thousands and thousands of their forefathers, tenderly reflected in their art and letters.—Joseph M. Sorrentino, S. J., in America.

NO ONE LIVETH TO HIMSELF

Our Lord once said to St. Catherine of Sienna: "It would indeed have been easy to give each man all that is necessary for his body and soul. But I willed that men should need one another, and that they should become ministers and dispensers of My gifts. Whether a man will or not, I force him to exercise charity toward his neighbor. See, therefore, it is to increase charity that I have made men My ministers and placed them in different states. There are many ways of living in My mansion, but loving the only way I demand. For who loves his neighbor loves Me and fulfills the law. And who so possesses love renders to his neighbor all possible service.

In this life, while we pass as strangers and as pilgrims, I have found you together by insoluble ties of charity; each man is forcibly united to his kind. Should he wish to separate himself, he is yet held by necessity. For I have bound you by your works as well as by love. I have not given to each what is necessary for his existence, so that should man lose the love of his brother, yet shall his actual needs enforce him. You are each bound to

the other by the decrees of charity. For the tradesman needs the farmer, and the farmer needs the manufacturer. The religious needs the secular man, and the secular, the religious. The one cannot act without the other. And so it is with all men."—St. Paul Bulletin.

CARDINAL GIBBONS

TELLS OF SAD CHANGES WROUGHT BY WAR

During the Catholic Federation Convention, held recently at Baltimore, Cardinal Gibbons spoke of his recent visit to Europe. "I have travelled more than 25,000 miles in the last summer," said the Cardinal, "and in that time I have witnessed scenes that gladdened me and scenes that made me sad and heart-heavy. When I first went to Europe in the spring I travelled over many smiling lands. I admired the great temples and the great mountains. I admired the fields promising their great harvest of food for the world and wealth for the farmer. I admired the spirit of the people, happy and contented, looking to the future with hope and confidence, fearing nothing. There were family groups that delighted the hearts—the husband and wife, with their children gathered around them and feeling that they would end their days by the fireside in peace and in the love of those they loved. I had the honor on that first trip to be invited by the King of Belgium to take dinner with him in his palace. He little realized then, that happy monarch, the evils that were to come upon his country.

How changed was the scene the second time. Hostile troops, great armies of destruction occupy the fields where had been sown the seeds to raise the food that was to sustain life. These armies were gathered to crush out life. The flowers and the fields were drenched with fratricidal blood. I must call this conflict fratricidal because we are all brothers. They who are fighting to day are fighting against those whose hands they should be clasping in all affection. You who have not been upon the scenes can never realize the horrors of this war. You may conjure it up in fancy, but in this particular case fancy falls far short of the terrible mark. Reality can only tell the story.

It is not those who are at the front fighting the battles of their country who suffer the most. They have excitement to buoy them up, the flash and clash of battle to make them forget the terrors, the cries of patriotism to urge them on, glory and honor of a nation to inspire them. It was the home folk who suffered the most marks of the conflict. There I saw the mother and the father, the wife, the sister, the daughter and the son waiting with anguished face for the news of death of him whom they loved, whom they would never see again."—Catholic Telegraph.

DISTORTION OF FACTS

Much has been written by Protestants about the illiteracy of Spain, yet without any foundation on facts. The truth is that the alleged high illiteracy is largely due to the manner in which the statistics are compiled. These statistics include children under ten, and class as illiterate all those who cannot read and write the official Castilian language. Yet very many of these read and write the Catalan and Basque dialects, used by large portions of the population. Thus there were many distinguished scholars in Ireland in the penal days, who were returned as "illiterate" because they refused to learn the tongue of the Saxon invader. It is absurd to speak of the illiteracy of Spain, when she can boast of ten universities and fifty eight "institutions" or middle class schools.

It has been asserted that 70 per cent. of the population of Spain are illiterate. But even Protestant writers deny this, and one authority gives the figure as 49.9. In 1910 there were in Spain 38,000 Public schools and 8,000 private schools, with over 2,000,000 pupils in a population of over 20,000,000. When it is considered that Spain has largely an agrarian population, that is not a bad showing.

The trouble with Protestant writers is that they regard Catholic countries with too many prejudices, and even in this free country of ours, where Church and State are rigidly separated, they distort facts and state untruths about the Catholic Church and its membership. No good ever comes from sectarian partisanship and bigotry.—Intermountain Catholic.

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LONDON, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 7, 1914

THE CAUSE OF THE WAR

III. SELF DEFENCE

The German idea of the State which dominates and overshadows the individual, which claims as a right and receives as a patriotic duty the entire devotion and subordination of the individual citizen is not an easy one to grasp. Professor James Bryce says:

"The German State is a much more tremendous entity than it is to Englishmen or Americans. It is the supreme power with a sort of mystic sanctity—a power conceived of as it were, self-created, a force altogether distinct from and superior to the persons who compose it."

The philosophy of Evolution has taken possession of men's minds. Not evolution as a biological theory, but a self-existing and self-sufficing "Law of Evolution" to which everything in the world must be ascribed, including all human progress and all social development.

The great leader and prophet of this school is Professor Ernst Haeckel. Its adherents, however, are by no means confined to Germany. An English writer says that the last half of the nineteenth century is one of the most remarkable epochs in the history of human thought.

"The revolution, which began with the application of the doctrines of evolutionary science, and which received its first great impetus with the publication of Darwin's Origin of Species, has gradually extended its scope until it has affected the entire intellectual life of our Western civilization."

"The man in the street quotes glibly 'the struggle for life' and 'the survival of the fittest.' Though Darwin meant nothing but the perpetuation of those changes or modifications which rendered plants or animals better fitted physically to survive in the struggle for existence, the phrase is extended into the moral and social spheres as an incontrovertible principle in human development and human progress.

Thus the law of the jungle becomes the accepted principle of ethical development. Treitschke is the great national historian of the German Empire. Von Bernhardi in his now widely read work merely expounds and applies Treitschke's philosophy of German history.

Thus they apply the familiar principles of evolution to German policy: "Efforts for peace would, if they attained their goal lead to general degeneration as happens everywhere in nature where the struggle for existence is eliminated."

"War is the greatest factor in the furtherance of culture and power." "The inevitableness, the idealism, the blessing of war as an indispensable and stimulating law of development must be repeatedly emphasized."

"God will see to it," says Treitschke, "that war always recurs as a drastic medicine for the human race." "The State is the sole judge of the morality of its own action."

"In fact, the State is a law unto itself. Weak nations have not the same right to live as powerful and vigorous nations."

With these principles and a "healthy egotism" directing Germany's policy, we have not far to seek for the cause of the war. Germany has to-day a population of nearly 70,000,000. It is increasing at the rate of 1,000,000 a year. There is now practically no loss by emigration. Thirty years ago she was losing her population at the rate of 200,000 a year. These went to strengthen her rivals.

"To civilization at large wrote Treitschke at that time, 'the Anglicizing of the German-Americans means a heavy loss. . . Among Germans there can no longer be any question that the civilization of mankind suffers every time a German is transformed into a Yankee."

Thirty-two years ago Treitschke faced the question of colonial expansion. Here is a passage from his paper on "The Beginnings of German Colonial Policy."

"If our Empire ventures resolutely forth upon the path of an independent colonial policy, it must inevitably face a conflict of interests with England. It was natural and logical that the new great power of Central Europe had to settle affairs with all great powers. We have settled our accounts with Austria-Hungary, with France, with Russia. The last settlement, the settlement with England, will probably be the lengthiest and the most difficult."

Again, in 1882 Treitschke writes pointing out more definitely where German colonial expansion might begin at England's expense:

"The English colonial policy, otherwise everywhere successful, has not been fortunate at the Cape. The civilization that flourishes there is Teutonic, Dutch; and the action of England alternately violent and weak, has aroused in the brave Boers a deadly and inextinguishable enmity. Since Holland has in the East Indies more colonies than she knows what to do with, it would be only natural that Germany, a kindred nation, should take over in one form or another the protection of the Teutonic people of South Africa, and should enter upon the heritage of the British in an unprotected colony which the Suez Canal has rendered of little worth to England."

But the great opportunity afforded by the Boer War, Germany found herself powerless to seize. Sea-power was the lesson. "Our future lies upon the waters," said the Kaiser. It was not the pronouncement of a dictator; it was the expression of a determination. In 1900 the Reichstag passed a navy bill which declared in its preamble that Germany needed a navy of "such strength that a war, even against the mightiest naval power, would involve risks threatening the supremacy of that power." For the last fourteen years everyone knows that the competitive struggle of England and Germany in the construction of naval armaments has been limited only by the resources of German revenue. So great was the strain that the Liberals came into power on a policy of reduction of armaments, but so far from being able to redeem their promises they were compelled in simple self-defense to increase enormously naval expenditure.

The entente with France and Russia was another measure for self-defense. It was not an offensive and defensive alliance. England was not bound by it to enter into this war; but she was bound by every consideration of honor as well as by the most elementary considerations of self-preservation to strike with her friends at the outset of Germany's war for "World-Dominion or Down-fall."

We are at war because it is a necessary and unavoidable measure of self-defense on the part of the British Empire against the premeditated and carefully matured plans of German colonial expansion at our expense. And apart altogether from national sentiment, apart from comparative merits or achievements of Germans and English, we are fighting for a great principle—the principle of individual liberty as against the nearest possible modern approximation of the deified State of pagan Rome.

IS THIS THE ANSWER?

In its war summary the other day The Globe poses this riddle:

It is not well to ignore altogether the statements of the Berlin War Office, for sometimes the truth slips past the censor. Yesterday a despatch was sent out saying that the calling out of the Landsturm was declared to be unnecessary, and that enormous numbers of the Landwehr, consisting of men under 39, were still available. The Landsturm consists of men between the ages of 39 and 45. If these assertions are true the German armies in the field are not nearly so large as has been supposed. But are they true? British official reports say that grey bearded men and very young lads are in the firing line. If the Landsturm has not been called out where are the greybeards coming from? Do Germans turn grey in any large numbers before they reach the age of 39? The point is important. If Germany has still great reserves of trained men under the age of 39 the road to Berlin will be longer than most people imagined. The Globe prefers to trust the British reports rather than Berlin's claims. "Bluffing" is one of the German Staff's greatest accomplishments.

R. S. Nolan, an English civil prisoner of war in Germany from the outbreak of hostilities until the 20th of September, has an article in the current Nineteenth Century telling of his impressions and experiences during that time. The following paragraph may be an answer to the Globe's riddle; at any rate it is entirely at variance with the cherished theory that the war was imposed on an unwilling and helpless people by the influence of the powerful and war-mad military caste:

"To say that the War is popular in Germany is not sufficient; they are heart and soul in it; the whole national life at present is identified with it. Within less than a couple of weeks of the outbreak of war, 1,500,000 had volunteered, and shortly after the numbers reached over two millions—men under and over age and some approaching old age. They admit very heavy losses, and especially heavy losses of officers, but that does not in the least affect their spirit."

ERNEST HAECKEL—ANOTHER FALLEN IDOL

In the Open Court, one of the mushroom American publications which are being used in the attempt to turn the people of the United States against Britain and her allies, Professor Ernest Haeckel discusses "England's blood guilt in the world war." England, he says, declared war on Germany ostensibly because of the violation of Belgian neutrality, but in reality because the longed-for moment appeared at last to have arrived for the carrying out of the long-planned attack on the German Empire. After a series of bitter reflections on British perfidy and hypocrisy, Professor Haeckel continues: "The annihilation of the independent German Empire, the destruction of German life and works, the subjection of the German people to British domination, that is the proud dream of the English Government." Again he declares: "The curse of millions of unhappy human beings is on the head of Britain, whose boundless national egotism knows no other aim than the extension of British dominion over the whole world, the exploitation of all other nations for her own advantage, and the swelling of her insatiable coffers with the gold of all other peoples."

The Toronto News thus summarizes Professor Haeckel's article and proceeds to point out the obvious absurdities of his assertions.

Well, it is refreshing at any rate to have it openly said that this great high priest of Science can be quite absurd in his assertions. These are not his first absurdities. And Ernst Haeckel has a record of "perfidy and hypocrisy" all his own in his zeal for Scientific Truth. But that is, perhaps, a bit too technical to mention here.

However, here are some of Professor Haeckel's ante-bellum assertions:

"The universe, or cosmos, is eternal, infinite and illimitable. Its substance, with its two attributes (matter and energy) fills infinite space and is in eternal motion."

"The two fundamental forms of substance, ponderable matter and ether, are not dead and moved only by extrinsic force, but they are endowed also with sensation and will (though naturally of the lowest grade)."

"Movement is as innate and original a property of substance as is sensation."

"The absurdity of these assertions is obvious," but we have been accustomed to listen to this prophet of a new dispensation with reverence when he spoke in the name of Science.

Still in the name of Science he tells us that:

"The human will has no more freedom than that of the higher animals, from which it differs only in degree, not in kind. In the last [i. e. the eighteenth] century the doctrine of liberty was fought with general philosophic and cosmological arguments. The nineteenth century has given us very different weapons for its definitive destruction—the powerful weapons which we find in the arsenal of comparative physiology and evolution. We know now that each act of the will is as fatally determined by the organization of the individual, and as dependent on the momentary condition of his environment as every other physical activity. The character of the inclination was determined long ago by heredity from parents and ancestors; the determination of each particular act is an instance of adaptation to the circumstances of the moment where the strongest motive prevails, according to the laws which govern the statics of emotion."

Elsewhere he says, "The freedom of the will is not an object for critical scientific inquiry at all, for it is pure dogma based on an illusion, and has no real existence."

It is a good thing that Professor Haeckel's ancestors had no sense of humor or he might have inherited something that would have disturbed his fine scientific scorn for "pure dogma." While Haeckel's obviously absurd assertions merely flouted religion and common-sense he re-

tained the profound respect, even reverence, of English admirers and disciples; but when with equally wonderful scientific intuition he reads English history for us why is he impenetrably stupid, prejudiced or dishonest.

"Sir," said Dr. Johnson, "we know our will is free; and there's an end on't."

How very antiquated the down-right English common sense of Dr. Johnson would seem in many cultured circles of the English-speaking world to-day.

However, if free-will is an illusion and what is infinitely worse—a pure dogma—how can Professor Haeckel bring his critically scientific mind to the study of the question of "England's blood guilt in the world war?" Does he not know that the character of her actions was determined by heredity and each particular act by the laws which govern the statics of emotion? "Guilt!" What an unscientific word! But perhaps Professor Haeckel is only using some of the old free-will terms to influence the statics of emotion on the unscientific American.

In any case it will be well to remember when the war is over the wholesome contempt of German culture for their English imitation. We may then begin to suspect that men who have been so utterly wrong on many things may not be infallible in their scientific dogmatizing about everything.

THE LABOR LEADER'S RETORT

In a letter to the London Times which, it will be remembered took a prominent part in supporting Carson and other disloyalists in their campaign in Ulster, and thus led the Germans to believe that England was on the brink of a Civil War, and could not intervene to protect Belgium, Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, M. P., in answer to the charge that some words of his had had a similar effect upon the German mind, says:

"If we are to assume that the enemy is encouraged by the opinions expressed on this side, and that I have to bear some share of that responsibility, how much greater is the responsibility of those of much greater authority who up to the end of July were supporting Civil War in Ulster, who were using language regarding the motives and conduct of Ministers which would have been true only if these men were no better than pickpockets, and who were generally engaged in a propaganda besmirching the whole public life of the country?"

ENGLAND'S DIFFICULTY AND IRELAND

There is a certain satisfaction in being able to say to your opponent "I told you so." The apologists of Irish self-government are now enjoying that delicious tit-bit to the full.

In the not very remote past the very idea of Home Rule was laughed out of court on the plea that a self-governing Ireland would be "a source of weakness in the Empire's hour of need. Well, Home Rule is an act, if not a fact; the Empire is menaced as never before in all its eventful history, and lo, the prophets of evil have all been falsified. Ireland, to quote the British Prime Minister, is "the one bright spot" in the hour of trial.

At the outbreak of hostilities Mr. Redmond rose in his place in the Commons and assured the Government that they could withdraw every soldier from his country and that Ireland's armed sons would hold Ireland for the Empire. A few weeks later Premier Asquith and the Irish Leader stood on the same platform in Dublin to appeal for recruits for Kitchener's army, and for the first time in its history the historic Dublin Mansion House re-echoed to the strains of "God Save the King."

Later at Wexford, Waterford, Galway, and other centres Mr. Redmond and his lieutenants rallied Ireland's sons to the flag. The Irish Leader even ventured into the lion's den, and in Carson's etchard of Belfast he preached the gospel of loyalty to the Empire, meeting with an enthusiastic reception, and progressing through streets that flaunted the Union Jack and the Green Flag of Ireland side by side. The appeal of the Nationalist Leader met with a ready response. In a few weeks 35,000 men joined the colors, in addition to the 98,000 Irishmen already serving at the front. Truly not a bad showing for a nation of 4,000,000 "rebels." Be it remembered that Canada's loyal 7,000,000 have, so far, but contributed 38,000 to the Empire's fighting strength. Had England responded to the call in equal proportion our

readers can easily figure out what an army would now be opposed to the German hordes. Disloyal Ireland has given a force far in excess of her fair quota, and, as always, the "fighting race" have given a good account of themselves. Whole regiments like the Dablns, the Munsters, and the Royal Irish, have been annihilated, but not before they had taken heavy toll of the enemy, as the despatches testify. "We're all in that dead man's list by Cripe; Kelly and Burke and Shea." It used to be that "England's difficulty was Ireland's opportunity" to achieve her independence. Now England's difficulty is Ireland's opportunity to prove her loyalty.

But it is too much to expect that we have heard the last of this disloyalty cry. When the smoke of battle has cleared away, and the last shot has been fired and the last soldier buried, men who mouth of loyalty, but who would never dream of proving it in the fighting line, will parade the same old bogey of Irish disaffection. And there will be those who, forgetful of the bones that are whitening in the trenches of Belgium and France, will pretend to be danger in the setting up of an Irish Parliament. Even now, when the very whisper of disunion is treason to King and country, men like General Richardson, "Commander in chief" of the Carson warriors, proclaim their intention of rebelling against an act of the British Parliament duly signed by His Majesty the King as soon as the war is over. And Carson, member of His Majesty's Privy Council, and chief Government Censor, solemnly assures us that when the German Emperor is defeated by the aid of Nationalist regiments he will proceed to annul the Home Rule Act in his own Kingdom of Ulster. But we have too much faith in the good sense of the English people to believe that the Covenanters can work any further mischief to the cause of Ireland a Nation. The sacrifice of the "fighting race" will not have been made in vain, and an indignant people will hurl into well-merited obscurity an impudent Ascendancy that would play ducks and drakes with the nation's cause in the day of its greatest peril. Actions speak louder than words, and the graves of Ireland's dead will be a greater proof of loyalty than the empty protestations of a bigoted oligarchy that is only loyal to its own selfish interests.

COLUMBA

NOTES AND COMMENTS

WE HAVE not seen in the Canadian daily press any reference to a remarkable article which appeared some weeks ago in the New York Sun, with regard to the innate stamina of the British people as evidenced so strikingly by the present crisis. Great Britain, in the estimation of the Sun writer, presents at the present moment a noteworthy spectacle of national regeneration. Until three months ago, he considers, she seemed to be plunged into a torpor from which it appeared almost impossible to awaken her. The remainder of the world either gloated or mourned over her decadence. But since the beginning of August there has been a remarkable change. Britain has shown that the world misjudged her apparent lethargy and that Germany's audacious challenge has but served to fire the old fighting blood and to prove to the world that the dauntless spirit of the Viking, and the fearless vigor of the Celt are as alive to-day as ever they were in the brave days of old.

IT NEEDED but the call to arms to work the miracle—and a call not for the purpose of protecting distant possessions or of acquiring new, but to maintain the solemnly pledged word of the nation. Like magic, the men who but yesterday were the "dannelled fools" of a national poet, and were thought to have no interest beyond their own diversion, sprang to their feet, and on the morrow were in the trenches in France, prepared to shed the last drop of their blood for the safety and honor of their native land, in the same spirit as did their sires in the Napoleonic wars of a century ago.

IT HAS been rather rashly concluded that because he tolerated matters that were distasteful to him, rather than deal promptly and energetically with them, the Briton was willing to submit to anything, and was on the down-grade. But let a time come when the honor and the safety of the nation are at stake as in the present juncture, and no time is lost in proving that the old spirit

which has inscribed with glory two thousand years of history almost, instantly and spontaneously displays itself. This, says the Sun, is one of the lessons—one of the most inspiring lessons of the war now raging in the Old World. And not the least significant feature of this testimony is the source from which it comes.

THE MEMORY of that remarkable group of Irish Franciscans who in the seventeenth century shed lustre upon the University of Louvain has been recalled by the destruction of that city by the Germans in the present war. To the special memory of one of them, Father John Colgan, a spacious Parochial Hall and Technical School has just been dedicated at Cardonagh, Donegal, his birth-place. It was Colgan who gave form and permanence to the researches of Father Michael O'Clery, the chief of the Four Masters, and turned the precious Irish manuscripts gathered by the latter at the instigation of Father Hugh Ward, into those imperishable monuments of Irish scholarship, the Trias Thaumaturga, the Acta Sanctuarum and the Life of Duns Scotus. It is fitting that Colgan's memory should be honored in the land of his birth, and it is also well that, in the present crisis, Ireland should not forget that to the valorous little Kingdom of Belgium her priestly sons owed asylum when in their own land the rack and gibbet held sway. It is this thought that lies behind John Redmond's most recent public utterances.

AN INTERESTING episode in the life of the late Archbishop Howley centred in his endeavors to vindicate for his predecessor, Bishop Mulock, the right to the honor of having been the first to suggest the feasibility of an Atlantic cable. To his great learning as a theologian Bishop Mulock added considerable skill in the sciences, and the possibility of transatlantic telegraphic communication occurred to him in the course of his studies. Archbishop Howley unearthed all the evidence available on this point, and made it clear that the contention was well grounded. The honor had, however, been appropriated by others, and Bishop Mulock's title to it has not yet received its just recognition.

THE READERS OF ROT

"In condemning the course of infamous papers manufactured for spite, we are very apt to forget, in our indignation," says the Catholic Union and Times, "the pity we owe the duped readers of these salacious sheets. How lamentable that in this enlightened land there are coarse minds that swallow raw every compound of malice and madness that despicable editors desire to serve them. They, indeed, are subjects for pity and prayer. Any true fact of wretched humanity from which a distorted conclusion is drawn, or any distorted fact from which no conclusion flows, are equally acceptable to the poor fools that wallow in sin and have no stomach for truth and logic."

ON THE BATTLE LINE

TURKEY OPENS WAR ON RUSSIA

The great event of the week past was the entrance of Turkey into the war. This is fraught with the gravest possibilities as the Sultan of Turkey is Caliph or spiritual head of all Mohammedans throughout the world. With these the sword is the key of heaven and hell. To die fighting for the Prophet is to be sure of heaven. India, Egypt, Morocco have large Mohammedan populations. Now when the Christian nations are locked in deadly struggle amongst themselves a Jihad or holy war may spread into a terrible conflagration throughout the Moslem world.

London, Oct. 30.—The complications of the European War have been increased by the entrance of the Turkish Empire into the conflict on the side of the Teutonic allies. Following the Breslau's exploit in bombarding Theodosia, Russia, Turkish destroyers have sunk the Russian gunboat Donets in Odessa Harbor and damaged three Russian and one French merchantman.

ANTI-CHRISTIAN FEELING

There have been great manifestations at Damascus, in Asiatic Turkey, in favor of a war against Christian and especially against Great Britain, according to a dispatch to the Exchange Telegraph Company from Athens. The massing of Beoumins along the Egyptian frontier, the dispatch adds, is being continued.

No official declaration of war has yet been made, but Turkey's action seems to make it probable that the area of conflict may be greatly widened and the issues complicated. The Balkans, whence sprang the present European conflict, present such a network of hostile interests that Greece and the other Balkan nations may easily be drawn into the vortex. The Russian ambassador has already been withdrawn from Constantinople and Russian consuls are leaving.

It is thought Greece may declare war against Turkey. The bitter war of the Balkan allies amongst themselves last year following their successful combined attack on Turkey leaves the situation most problematical. It is by no means certain that they will again combine against Turkey. Italy's course seems less clear than ever.

The English papers are confident that the protection of the Suez Canal against a raid and of Egypt against invasion are well provided for. They recognize that the addition of Turkey to the belligerent forces probably will prolong the war and increase its horrors. They say that this means that Great Britain must raise more men.

THE EMDEN AGAIN

The little German cruiser Emden, flying the Japanese flag, slipped into the port of Penang in the Straits Settlements and torpedoed the Russian cruiser Jemchug and a French destroyer that were in the harbor. Both are reported to have been sunk with considerable loss of life.

It is also reported that a first class British battleship has been sunk by a mine. The name of the battleship is not reported. The news is unconfirmed.

IN THE EAST

There is no longer any doubt that the Russians have inflicted a very severe defeat on the Germans in Russian Poland. A Petrograd official communication states: "We have broken the resistance of the enemy's last units which still attempted to hold on the north of the Piltza. On the front beyond the Viestula all the Austro-German troops are now in retreat. We have occupied Strykow, Ileschow and Nowemiasto. Russian cavalry has entered Radom and captured several automobile convoys."

"In Galicia the situation is unchanged. On the front in East Prussia the first German corps, supported by other units, during the last four days have made unceasing attacks in the region of Bakalargevo. The enemy's losses are very great."

IN FRANCE AND BELGIUM

The German attempt to reach Dunkirk and Calais has failed. After a terrific struggle in which the naval guns of British and French war ships played an important part, the enemy has been compelled to attempt to break through the allied line farther away from the coast out of range of the guns from the ships.

BOTH SIDES SHOW BRAVERY

Around La Bassée both the allies and the Germans have displayed indomitable bravery in the hand-to-hand fighting which has been going on day and night for weeks. First one side and then the other had taken the offensive. The country is interspersed with thick hedges and ditches, which makes operations difficult, and often those obstacles must be overcome by the troops in the face of a withering fire.

The Globe summary says:

The pace is too swift for Hungary and Serbia. It is reported that the Servians, who have gone through three exhausting campaigns since October, 1913, find it no longer possible to continue offensive opera-

Hungary, and are likely to confine themselves to the defence of their own territory against Austria. The loss of men must have been terrible. Serbia to day must be a country wherein the male population consists chiefly of boys and old men. In Hungary, too, for different reasons, the people are tired of war. The Magyars have little to gain even from a success. They do not desire to see the Germanic element of the population of Austria-Hungary too greatly strengthened by a successful Pan-German war of conquest. On the other hand, they know that if the Germanic League is worsted Hungary will be shorn of much of her territory. For these reasons the Hungarian Government is said to be seeking occasion for making peace on its own behalf, leaving Austria to continue the war as best she may.

FAREWELL TO BOLOGNA

THE POPE'S TOUCHING WORDS TO PILGRIMS FROM FORMER SEE

Pope Benedict's address to the priests and laymen whom Bologna sent to Rome on hearing her Archbishop had been elected to the supreme dignity in the Church is the Holy Father's leave taking of a diocese which he certainly loved.

"This morning, said Benedict XV. to the group who encircled him, despite whatever strength of character that I possess, I have failed to dominate my commotion of soul when I received Holy Communion and distributed the Bread of Angels to you, my dearest children. For I experienced all the sorrow of separation from souls to which I feel at this moment particularly attached. But let us not talk of separation, because if there is such, it affects only bodies; souls remain strongly bound together.

"I shall never return to my beloved Bologna, but you, my dear people, will come to Rome to visit your Holy Father, and I shall be glad to see you and to console you by glad tidings of your piety and good works. I shall no more return to Bologna. Nor shall I ever climb Mount Guadalupe to venerate there the most holy Virgin. But my children will visit the shrine of the Blessed Virgin for their father and ask Most Holy Mary to protect and assist him in the new and onerous office to which the Lord has called him.

"With a view to render more lively this admirable union of thrice-sacred affection I recommend to my dear children devotion to the most august Sacrament of the Altar. In this Sacrament takes place that supernatural union which human changes do not affect, and it is in the blessed life of heaven that it is completed.

"During the Pontiff's speech many of those present wearily. Monsignor Menzani, Vicar General of Bologna, attempted to reply to the Holy Father, but he burst into tears at the first few words, and another priest had to take his place. Thus ended one of the most touching audiences of these busy weeks.—Catholic Telegraph.

MEXICAN PRIESTS

SENT TO CHAIN GANGS OR PRISON

Never in modern history has the Catholic Church been so nearly eradicated from a nation as under the present government of Carranza and Villa, in Mexico, according to Mexican priests who have been forced to leave that country and have arrived in Los Angeles.

There were more than twenty in this party. They say that more than eight hundred priests have been forced to flee Mexico under the edict of General Villareal, which is sustained by Carranza. Those who refused are working in chain gangs on the roads and streets of various parts of the country or are in prison. There are some exceptions in the larger cities, where some of the priests have been friendly to the present administration. "Our Church Order has taught us that we must be obedient to the authority of the government in all things secular, for which reason we obeyed Huerta and his regime during the last revolution which ended in this overthrow," said one of the Fathers.

"The victors were furious at our stand and have taken the present attitude of hostility as a result. We would show the new government the same spirit as we have that of Diaz, Madero or Huerta in turn. As soon as conditions are normal we will probably return to the country and resume our educational and spiritual work. Our schools and churches are now being used for barracks and even fortifications when necessary. In a few of the large city churches the people are still allowed the privilege of worshipping, but this is entirely under state administration.

"This will undo in a measure what it has taken nearly two centuries to accomplish. The change has been brought that the Catholic Church has been responsible for holding back rather than advancing education, which is a falsehood. The government has been an antagonist to the Church ever since the overthrow of Spanish domination. Despite such opposition the gradual winning over of the savage Indian has been accomplished. With facilities at hand and material to work with the achievement of the Church to date has been remarkable and rather the object of praise than that of censure, an obliquity which is so often the case from a unthinking and prejudiced person."

A WAR THAT IS NEEDED

When the enemies of religion plot a campaign against God and virtue, they always begin by inventing lies about the self-sacrificing priest and nun, and never desist until their deceit has boy-cooted nearly every Catholic in the world of business, politics and letters.

What our nation most needs to day is war, a gigantic war against lying and deceit. The practice of living is a national evil. Lies are told in the nursery and are making boobies of our children. Lies are printed in school books and are poisoning the minds of unsuspecting pupils. Lies are circulated in business and are creating universal distrust and Socialism. Lies are sanctioned in politics and are the cause of anarchy. Lies are invented in the name of religion and are making skeptics, scoffers and infidels of our people.

We want the truth to rule in this country. We want nothing but the truth in the home, in business, in politics and in religion. The truth will make us free. The truth will make us children of God and noble citizens of earth and heaven. The truth, and nothing but the truth, can save our people and our Republic.

Every honest citizen of our country should enroll himself under the standard of truth and wage merciless war against the widespread enemy of lying and deceit.—Father Alexis, C. P.

RELIGION, SCIENCE, HARMONIZE

It is a universally admitted fact that science and religion must necessarily and fundamentally agree, because they are both based upon truth, and God, as the author of truth, cannot contradict Himself. Many devout men and women in the Catholic Church do not sufficiently appreciate the importance of this fact. Even some of the clergy are slow in commending scientific truths for fear they might clash with accepted doctrines of the Church. All this is wrong and must prove to the detriment of religion. Truth is narrow only in the one sense—that it is incompatible with error—in all other respects it is broad and all embracing. It is impossible that a demonstration in mathematics, or astronomy, or the natural sciences should contradict any of the teachings of our Holy Mother Church, whether revealed in the Scriptures or handed down by revelation. A Christian apologist never accomplishes anything by crying down the discoveries of science on the ground that they will uproot religious convictions. Even those who are outside the pale of the Catholic Church—eminent scientists and educators affirm that religion and science should not and need not contradict each other. A short time ago President Andrews of Brown University wrote an able article showing that science is the natural ally of religion, because the Supreme Author of the universe is responsible for both. Among his comments we find: "Even if a tenet of science is not proved, and is destined yet to be much modified, it is nearly certain to contain important truth, which must be recognized at last, putting to shame such as refused its right to be heard. Religion has suffered immeasurably from these false alarms, of which in the end it has always been obliged, however reluctantly, to admit the ground, the worst. To do anything against real science is to shut a prophet's mouth, to stifle a voice from on high. We may be sure of it, every discovery in any field of truth has its religious bearing. To suppress or to hinder this from coming to due influence is fighting against God."

Aubrey de Vere in his essay on modern belief warns his readers against the credulous acceptance of scientific theories which in the end may prove to be erroneous, but he also reminds religious teachers that to disparage science is equivalent to dishonoring one of God's great gifts to man. He says: "It is to her progress, and that of liberty, that humanity looks forward with much trust for her future. Only in one sense can religion be an enemy in science. Scientific truth can not contradict religious truth; but religious error can contradict it; and the path of science ever lies, through error, more or less partial, to a larger and purer truth. Before atmospheric pressure had become understood it was philosophical to believe that Nature abhorred a vacuum, and to add that her abhorrence extended only to a well thirty-two feet in depth. Science advances the more steadily for her victories being thus tardily won."

Professor Gray of Yale college puts the relation thus: "I remember the time when it was a mooted question whether geology and Christian Christianity were compatible. Many of us remember the time when schemes for reconciling Genesis with Geology had an importance in the churches, and among thoughtful people, which few if any would now assign to them; when it was thought necessary—for only necessity could justify it—to bring the details of the two into agreement by extraneous suppositions and forced constructions of language, such as would now offend our critical and sometimes our moral sense. The change of view which we have witnessed amounts to this: Our predecessors implicitly hold that Holy Scripture must somehow truly teach such natural science as it has occasion to refer to, or at least could never contradict, while the most that is now intelligently claimed is that the teachings of the two, properly understood, are not incompatible. We may take it to be the accepted idea that the Mosaic books were not handed down to us for our instruction, in scientific knowledge, and that it is our duty to ground our scientific beliefs upon observation and inference, unimpaired with considerations of a different order. Half a century ago, when I began to read scientific books and journals, the commonly received doctrine was that the earth had been completely depopulated and repopulated over and over, each time with a distinct population; and that the species which now, along with man, occupy the present surface of the earth, belong to an ultimate and independent creation, having an ideal but no genealogical connection with those that preceded. This view, as a rounded whole and in all its essential elements, has very recently disappeared from science. It died a royal death in the Agassiz, who maintained it with all his great ability, as long as it was tenable. I am not aware that it now has any scientific upholder. It is certain that there has been no absolute severance of the present from the nearer past."

In a second lecture this distinguished scientist of the present day speaks memorably to the subject: "If I, in my solicitude to attract scientific men to religion, be taught to have minimized the divergence of certain scientific from religious beliefs, I pray that you, on the other hand, will never needlessly exaggerate them, for that may be more harmful. I am persuaded, that you in your day, will enjoy the comfort of a much better understanding between the scientific and the religious mind that has prevailed. Yet, without doubt, a full share of intellectual and traditional difficulties will fall to your lot. Discreetly to deal with them, as well for yourselves as those who may look to you for guidance: rightly to do so, both to the learned and the ignorant, the lowly and the lofty-minded, the simple believer and the astute speculator. You will need all the knowledge and judgment you can acquire from science and philosophy, and all the superior wisdom your supplications may draw from the Infinite Source of knowledge, wisdom, and grace."

It shows indeed a man of weak faith or ingrained ignorance who is afraid of the approved Biblical study and research, forsooth they might clash with scientific investigations and truths. The greatest scientists expressed a belief in God and His revealed truths. Religion and science are handmaids to each other under the supervision and guidance of the Supreme Being. They need not fear each other, for they emanate from the same divine source.—Intermountain Catholic.

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status of Our Lady is borne through the streets accompanied by a procession of about three thousand persons praying and singing. At Tongre, where the statue of the Madonna is never taken down save in some terrible calamity, it has been escorted through the streets by thousands, while at Poperinghe the hundreds of aged men with the women and children are making the "Domkeren Ommegang" in honor of Our Lady. All Belgium is in supplication before the Mother of God.—Church Progress.

ENGLAND IN WAR TIME

It is nearly incredible how great a change has passed over England and how wholly for the better, since the tremendous war cloud broke suddenly some time ago. Two months ago Great Britain was in a deplorable state, at least to all outward appearances. She was torn by party strife to such an extent that civil war was within calculable distance; she was nervous, she was fretful; she was selfish; she was pleasure-loving; she was tormented by social troubles; she resembled an idle, self-indulgent person of uncertain temper who does not know what she wants and complains bitterly of not getting it; she was, in short, in an unsatisfactory condition as a nation well as that it is not actually corrupt or ruined. And now, without boasting, it may be said that she has never been more worthy of her destiny or of her place in history. On the report of at least one magistrate, never, in recent years, have the statistics of crime fallen so low.

It is not hard to see why it is that this extraordinary transformation has taken place. It is as true of nations as of individuals—of nations, that is, that have not altogether lost nobility of character—that when they are once confronted by a call to really great sacrifice, all littleness and peevishness disappear. It is a very rate one part of the truth to say that they who sacrifice and gain full before small temptations can yet resist great ones; that there are certain types of character which need great crises if they are to do justice to themselves. For about three weeks the test of Britain's character hung in the balance. The troops disappeared to the front, and the navy into the fogs of the North Sea; and financial conditions were readjusted; and the party politicians said what was expected of them; but the rest waited. There were still voices which, almost unregarded, deplored the war, and endeavored to distract the attention of the Germans as distinct from the Prussians; there were still arm chair critics who discussed strategy with a detached air; and prudent housekeepers who laid in stocks of provisions, and hosts of young men in flannels who argued philosophically and congratulated themselves on being wise enough to keep out of trouble. At last Namur fell; and a silence fell with it. Men had supposed that gallant little Belgium could repeat for ever the miracle of Liege; it was a shock to find there were no more heroic possibilities. Then the British force reappeared at Mons, fighting desperately, losing men desperately and retreating.

At this silence was broken; and to the heart's relief of all who loved England, it was broken in the right way. The arm-chair critics laid aside their newspapers on their club tables and went home to see whether, after all, forty was too old; the voices that had talked smooth nonsense now began to discuss facts; the young men disappeared from the watering places and reappeared at recruiting offices; business men left their business; officers left their horses; travellers came home and home birds became travellers. In one word, Britain woke up as never since the Napoleonic wars and woke sane and reasonable.

When Louvain fell there was no screaming, only one more resolve was taken; when the wounded men began to stream back to the hospital, there was neither wailing nor hysteria; when tales of outrage began to come across the channel, there was no yelling for revenge or reprisals; there was just quiet determination, quiet resolve that the enemy should be restrained and punished. When the gallant little affair of Heligoland was reported, again there was no exultation; there was just a quiet triumph with a few smiles and nods. In short, disaster and peril did for us in three weeks what prosperity could not have done in thirty years; and now that at last the tide seems to be going back home, one more there is no hysteria; there is just the resolve that it shall go all the way back to Berlin and shall there learn a few lessons in a school which perhaps it will respect.

Such is the temper of England today. But who would have dreamed of such restraint and such determination even some time ago?—Robert Hugh Benson in America.

A SUPREME ARBITRATOR — THE POPE

Says the Catholic Columbian: "If the nations of Christendom now engaged in mutual conflict would accept the Pope as arbitrator, the war in Europe could stop to day. Must the slaughter of men continue? Must the destruction of property go on? Must widows and orphans be made by the millions? If the voice of the Ambassador of Christ would ring out over the embattled nations,

saying: 'O brothers, stop this carnage and listen to counsels of peace,' and if they would hear and heed his voice, what unspeakable horrors would come to an end, what sufferings would be obviated, what losses would be saved!"

SPLENDID HEROISM DISPLAYED

BY PRIESTS AND NUNS ON EUROPE'S BATTLEFIELD

The story of Risamis traveled over the world with the same speed that the fires took to work destruction on the petrified prayer of centuries. Let us hope that the magnificent courage of Fathers Landrieux and Camu has also been recorded—how the first, after risking his life to place the white flag above the glorious pile, helped to save the German wounded within it, and made a ramp part of his own body between them and the maddened crowd of towns folk, who met them as they emerged, how the second, after twice putting out the fire on the roof with pails of water, lined up the wounded German troops and marched them to a place of safety, calling a French officer to his aid to protect them from the naturally infuriated people. Thirteen wounded Germans were burnt to death in the Cathedral despite all the efforts of their Christian jailers and beside them lie the bones of four Sisters of St. Vincent who died, struck by shells, before the building ignited.

A HEROIC SEMINARIST

From the battlefields still come stories of wonderful faith and courage showing the great harvest the priests of France are reaping ere the great Reaper Death cuts them also down at their labors. A captain of the 98th infantry tells how at length he fell through weakness and pain from a wound. While he lay he saw a wounded soldier dragging himself towards him, who extended his arms over him under the hail of shot to protect him. The officer tried to remove him, but the poor, brave fellow cried, "No, no, my captain; you must be saved." There he remained until the officer felt a warm gush of blood over his head. "I did not know I was wounded in the neck," he exclaimed. "No," said the soldier. "It is only I. A bullet has pierced my shoulders." He continued to protect his officer, forbidding the Germans to retire, when sent off to the hospital. "I asked his name," the officer concludes, "and learned he was a young seminarist. My soldiers listened with pride when I told them of this splendid example and I send the tale home that it may gladden the heart of some old Bishop proud of his spiritual son."

RELIGION ON THE BATTLEFIELD

Here is another no less touching story. It is told by Abbe Ponsard of the Red Cross, to the Bishop of Nice, who he writes from Dijon. A French regiment was lying down before the German mitrailleuses. Suddenly the cry came from the ranks to one of their comrades: "Rev. Father, give us absolution." A young soldier priest rose in the midst of the regiment and making the sacred sign pronounced the words of absolution. Hardly had he said amen when he fell before the last volley left his lips before he fell, cut in two by a shell. This is less than a week before the war. This is not an isolated instance. There are many more, and these young soldiers of God receive their reward, for they find their comrades ready and yearning for the comforts they have to give. A soldier tells how during the battle of the Aisne he and his comrades assisted at 3 a. m. at Mass said in the open air and received Communion, officers and men afterwards singing the "Credo" together to the accompaniment of the roar of the guns not many miles away. Lieutenant Ru of the 220th infantry, better known a month or two ago as the Rev. Professor of the Little Seminary at Perrignan, who showed conspicuous bravery and was seriously injured on the battlefield, has been recommended for the Legion of Honor. The Deputy of Ain, Pierre Gonyon, has died on the battlefield. Through a patriot he was without religious principles apparently but had recently abstained from the sectarian governmental policy. The night before he was killed, this Deputy confessed and received absolution from a soldier priest of his company. Nor are our priests without wit. A soldier priest taken prisoner has written a letter to his parents which says: "Do not trouble yourselves.

THE Thornton-Smith Co. Church Decorators Have recently received some striking testimonials regarding the last few churches decorated by them. Their completed work during the past season has given particular satisfaction. STUDIOS 11 King St. West, Toronto

Though a prisoner, I am treated very well, and want for nothing.

ANGELS OF THE BATTLEFIELD

Whole communities have gone to the battle. The Convent of the Dominicans of Saulchoir has already furnished forty-four soldiers. One, Father Deiberger has died on the battlefield, while three are wounded. Five missionaries of the same order from the depths of Asia have arrived to replace their brethren placed hors de combat. No less heroes are our nuns. At Angers a German Protestant officer who died of his wounds said just before his death to the Sisters who had nursed him: "You are the most beautiful souls God ever made." At Tournai in Belgium, M^{me}. Adrienne Buket, Provincial Superior of the Ladies of the Sacred Heart, and late Superior of the Nantes, was killed by a German mitrailleuse while in discharge of her duty to the wounded. Moreover, the Sisters have still to put up with some curious proceedings on the part of the government. The Trappist Sisters of Maubege, Diocese of Valence, prepared to receive the wounded in the vast enclosure where their orphanage stands. The authorities have sent them 1,200 German prisoners in place of the wounded, without a word of explanation.

SPECIAL TO THE CATHOLIC RECORD

THE FALLEN ENEMY

Where once rose happy homes and gardens smiled, Here in the harvest field the dead are piled. Foes of but yesterday sleep side by side, Death gathers here the sheaves of War's red tide. O ye who watch above the common hier, 'E'en to the foe grudge not a pitying tear.

What though they wrought destruction on your land, Yet censure not, but rather these who planned War's awful drama at the Council Board, And in a frenzied moment drew the sword That deluged Europe with a sea of blood, The guilt is theirs, they stand accused of God.

Bear then, no thought of enmity 'gainst those Who silent sleep in hated garb of foes. They had no choice, nor have they ought of blame, They die but fight because the order came.

Another conscience settled Wrong and Right, But simple soldiers these, just made to fight. For these dead brothers sleeping silent there, One Requiem do ye, Christ-like, spare. —REV. D. A. CASSY

It is a good rule to be dead when a slanderer begins to talk.

"It would seem," says Father Faber, "as if very few of us give this power of kind words the consideration which is due to it. So great a power, such a facility in the exercise of it, such a frequency of opportunities for the application of it, and yet the world still what it is, and we what we are! It seems incredible."

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FIVE MINUTE SERMON TWENTY-THIRD SUNDAY AFTER PENTECOST

REVERENCE FOR GOD

Brethren: I wish to speak to you this morning on reverence for God. But it is natural to ask, why talk about reverence? why is not that included in the love of God? So it is. But even if one does not love God, even if he is in mortal sin, that is no reason why he should give up all respect and reverence for God. Take an example. Here is a disobedient son; yet he is not disrespectful. 'I won't obey my father,' he says, 'but that's no reason why I should despise him; I won't spit at him, I won't insult him, even if I haven't the virtue to obey him.' So with a sinner: if he gives up the love of God by mortal sin, it is a terrible state to be in and an awful calamity. He has lost the divine love. But in addition to this, he has no respect for God, talks slightly of him, cracks his jokes about God's Holy Scriptures, makes little of the sacraments and the Church, ridicules her laws and despises those who keep them, do you not see the difference? Do you not see that such a one has not only lost the love of God, but that, having lost all reverence for Him, you cannot help suspecting that there is something the matter with his faith?

I will give you another illustration. Here is a man who is a hard sinner; and yet he never eats meat on Friday. Sick and well, and in all his fulness, he sticks to the observance of the Friday abstinence. Now, why does he do that? Because it is a test of personal reverence for what that man knows to be the true religion. It is a very conspicuous act of respect for Him Who died that day. It is one of the great outward signs of veneration for our Lord and His Church. If the sinner gives that up he drops away down low in his own opinion and considers himself a reprobate. Having before lost love by mortal sin, he has now lost reverence by slighting the Friday abstinence.

Take another case. You hear a man rip out a big curse; you look at him, you see him in a towering rage. All bad enough. Such habits place one in mortal sin. But here is another man, who coolly embellishes a filthy story with the venerable Name of Jesus. Are you not much more shocked? Does not this last one seem to you a worse enemy of God than the former, far worse? Sinner, if you have made up your mind to go to hell by a life of mortal sin, what is the sense of going clean to the bottom?

Irreverence towards God and holy things is often by word of mouth and takes the form of some kind of blasphemy. It was so in the case of the heathen King Sennacherib. He ravaged the land of Judea and put multitudes of the people of God to death; yet God spared him. He laid siege to the Holy City, threatened to destroy the Jewish nation, and even the God gave him time to repent. But he blasphemed, he insulted the God of Israel, he cast off all reverence and respect for Him. And the angel of God came down from heaven and slew his army; Sennacherib fled to his own country and was put to death by his two sons.

We see from all this why it is that the first petition of our Lord's own prayer concerns inward and outward reverence for the divine Name—'Hallowed be Thy Name.' We see, too, why the great commandment of God, 'Thou shalt not take the Name of the Lord thy God in vain,' not only forbids blasphemy, and cursing, and false swearing, but that every disrespectful use of that Holy Name. Yet how many are there not only whose words but whose conduct is marked with utter indifference, total want of reverence for God, His saints, His word, His sacraments, His Church! Let us hope that such persons do not always realize the deep guilt of their offence. At any rate, let us for our part pay true reverence to God and godlike things. However conscious we may be of our own failings, let us who hope to be in the enjoyment of God's friendship for ever show our reverence for Him. When we pray, let it be reverently and slowly and respectfully. When we are in the house of God, let us act with decorum as becomes children of God. When we speak of holy things, let us do so seriously and with reverence.

UNCHANGING ROME

The world has not failed to attack the immutability of the Church and her doctrines. And surely it is an extraordinary privilege, a prodigy, a challenge to mankind. Therefore, all ages, jealous of glory disdained their own, have tried their strength against it. They have come, one after the other, to the doors of the Vatican; they have knocked there with buskin and boot, and the doctrine has appeared under the frail and wasted form of some old man of three score years and ten, who says, 'What do you desire of me?' 'Change.'

'But everything is changed in this world. Astronomy, chemistry, philosophy have changed; the empire has changed. Why are you always the same?'

'Because I came from God, and because God is always the same.' 'But you know that we are the masters; we have a million of men under arms; we shall draw the sword; the sword which breaks down thrones is well able to cut off the

OWES HER LIFE TO 'FRUIT-A-TIVES'

Cured Both Stomach Trouble and Headaches

PALMERSTON, ONT., JUN 20th, 1913. 'I really believe that I owe my life to "Fruit-a-tives". Ever since childhood, I have been under the care of physicians and have been paying doctor's bills. I was so sick and worn out that people on the street often asked me if I thought I could get along without help. The same old Stomach Trouble and distressing Headaches nearly drove me wild. Sometime ago, I got a box of "Fruit-a-tives" and the first box did me good. My husband was delighted and advised a continuation of their use.

Today, I am feeling fine, and a physician meeting me on the street, noticed my improved appearance and asked the reason. I replied, "I am taking Fruit-a-tives". He said, "Well, if Fruit-a-tives are making you look so well, go ahead and take them. They are doing more for you than I can".

Mrs. H. S. WILLIAMS. "Fruit-a-tives" are sold by all dealers at 50c. a box. 6 for \$2.50, trial size 25c. or sent postpaid on receipt of price by Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.

head of an old man and tear up the leaves of a book."

"Do so; blood is the aroma in which I recover my youthful vigor."

"Well, then, here is half my scepter; make a sacrifice to peace and let us share together."

"Keep thy purple, Caesar. Tomorrow they will bury thee in it; and we will chant over thee the 'Alleluia' and the 'De Profundis,' which never change."—Lacordaire.

TEMPERANCE

BEER AND LONG LIFE

The President of the Connecticut Mutual Life Insurance Company has for years been investigating the relation of beer drinking to longevity, and he declared, as the result of a series of observations carried on among a selected group of persons who were habitual drinkers of beer, that although for two or three years there was nothing remarkable, yet presently death began to strike, and then the mortality became astounding and uniform in its manifestations. There was no mistaking it. The history was almost invariably. Robust, apparent health, full muscles a fair outside, increasing weight, florid faces; then a touch of cold or a sniff of malaria, and instantly some acute disease, with almost invariably typhoid symptoms, was in violent action, and ten days or less ended it.

A SURGEON'S TESTIMONY

Dr. S. S. Lungren, a leading homeopathic physician and surgeon, says, after twenty-five years' practice: "It is difficult to find any part in the confirmed beer drinker's machinery that is doing its work as it should. This is why their life cords snap off like glass rods when disease or accident gives them a little blow. Beer drinking shortens life. This is not a mere opinion; it is a well-settled, recognized fact. Physicians and insurance companies accept this as unquestionably as any other undisputed fact of science. The great English physicians decide that the heart's action is increased 13 per cent. in its efforts to throw off alcohol introduced into the circulation. The result is easily figured out. The natural pulse beat is 76 per minute. If we multiply this by 60 an hour, and twenty-four hours in a day, and add 13 per cent., we find that the heart has been compelled to

do an extra work during that time in throwing off the burden of a few drinks equal to 15.5 tons lifted one foot high.

THE EFFECT OF SALOONS ON TRADE

The Dry Goods Economist has lately been looking the matter up and comes to the conclusion that the dry goods business at least does not suffer in a "dry" town. It took Rockford, Ill., with 55,000 inhabitants, a large percentage of them foreign born, as a good example in which to make tests. Every dry goods dealer visited by its representative said that he had no desire to have the town go back to license. They did not believe that the saloons drew any business into the city that had been lost, and those who went out of town on Saturday nights to get liquor denied them at home were, they thought, fellows with the least money to spend. The reporter of the Economist asked a drummer how his business was effected in Rockford by prohibition. He said that of his 28 regular customers 27 were satisfied to have things continue dry. "We are not sure but the dry goods business is exceptional in this respect," comments the Waterbury American. "So the other kinds of business might be affected differently, though we are inclined to doubt it. Probably they will be pulled as time goes on. It is plain enough that in cities like Waterbury there are at least twice or thrice as many saloons as are needed and that general business is not profited by their existence."

ALCOHOL HAS NO VALUE "In the opinion of many of our greatest doctors, it has practically no value. The great weight of science leads to the conclusion that it is an unmitigated evil."

Every intelligent man knows that it is ten thousand times more destructive than war, that it has no food value, that it causes more crime than all other agencies combined, that it defies nature, cures God; that it lowers vitality, invites disease; that its deadly breath blows out the mental flame from one of every four that sit in mental darkness; that not satisfied with blighting hopes, damning souls, it shoots the forked lightning of its blasting curse beyond life as it lives, into the future and takes its awful toll of progeny even to the fourth and fifth generation. It is more to be dreaded than a mad dog. On every occasion it should be booted and the boot thrown away.

"It is about, if not already, to be eliminated from the pharmacopoeia."

—Dr. J. Parrot, President of the North Carolina Medical Society.

"WATER WAGON CLUB"

Unquestionably it is a big gain for temperance when the managers of large corporations, like the railroads, make a rule that their employees must keep sober. But it is a bigger gain when the employees themselves decide that they choose to keep sober. Such is the significance of the "Water Wagon Club," which C. E. Redrup, of Van Wert, Ohio, has been organizing along the line of the Cincinnati Northern Railroad. Mr. Redrup is one of the veteran engineers of the line and his influence and popularity have brought into the club since he began in January, nearly 150 of his fellow employees—a large proportion on a comparatively short local road. There is a similar organization among the Baltimore and Ohio men on the divisions centering at Chicago Junction. "This is first class missionary and good citizenship work combined in one effort.—Continued."

WHAT VON MOLTKE SAID

Von Moltke, the great German soldier said: "Beer is a far more dangerous enemy to Germany than all the armies in France."

THE "WHITE LIST" HAS GREAT INFLUENCE

A CATHOLIC ACTOR WHO REGARDS IT AS RESPONSIBLE FOR BETTER CONDITIONS From The Tablet, Brooklyn

Fritz Williams, the comedian, who plays one of the principal roles in "A Pair of Sixes," believes that the day of the stinky play has passed and that the stage offerings of the coming season will be on a higher plane than of the two preceding seasons. Mr. Williams thinks that the improvement in stage offerings is largely due to the attitude of Catholics throughout the country who have withheld their patronage from obnoxious entertainments of all kinds, and particularly from those plays that offend good taste and morals.

The views of this player on this question are worthy of consideration, for Mr. Williams is a Catholic. He was educated in Fordham University, in New York, and has occupied an honored place on the stage for years. He has frequently given of his services to aid Catholic charities and he numbers hundreds of clergymen all over the country as his personal friends.

"The day of the white slave play and the turbid drama that offends good taste is gone," says Mr. Williams, "and in my opinion the Catholics of this country are responsible for the change. The Catholic white list of the sanction and approval of His Eminence Cardinal Farley has had a tremendous influence in this regard. Producers realize now more than ever that it means something to have the names of their plays on the Catholic white list. When a play is placed on the list by the committee who sit in judgment on new pro-

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ductions, it is a commercial asset of which managers are quick to see the value."

THE HOLY SHROUD

QUESTIONS OF ITS AUTHENTICITY REVIVED BY ITS DISPLAY AT TURIN

The display of the holy shroud at Turin has again brought up the question of its authenticity, says a Rome cable dispatch. Two men, one a scientist and the other an artist, have arrived at the conclusion that the shroud possesses the true likeness of Christ.

Dr. Paul Vignon, a Frenchman, after long investigation, declares that the holy shroud bears a picture of a man caused by vapors from the body acting upon the stuff impregnated with oils and aloes.

Sir Wyke Bayliss, president of the Royal Institute of British Artists, is convinced that the portrait of Christ in the catacombs of San Callisto was made by a contemporary artist, that is, one who has seen his subject, and as the faces of the shroud and the catacombs are the same it might be concluded that the holy shroud really inclosed the Body of Christ.

It was taken from Cyprus to Chambery (then part of Italy) in 1452, and has since been in Turin.

The Lancet, the British medical journal, said at the time that Dr. Vignon brought out his theory: "There seems to be little doubt that M. Vignon has established that the outlines on the shroud are due to the emanations of vapors. He certainly seems to have proved that the material must have been the shroud of a crucified person and one who underwent scourgings and the other accompaniments of death, which by both the scriptures and tradition are ascribed to the Passion of Christ."—The Missionary.

THE WISDOM OF ROME

Deeply do I feel, ever will I protest—for I can appeal to the ample testimony of History to bear me out—that, in question of right and wrong, there is nothing really strong in the whole world, nothing decisive and operative, but the voice of him to whom have been committed the keys of the Kingdom and the oversight of Christ's flock. The voice of Peter is now, as it ever has been, a real authority, infallible when it teaches, ever taking the lead wisely and distinctly in its own province; adding certainty to what is probable, and persuasion to what is certain. Before it speaks, the most saintly may mistake; and after it has spoken, the most gifted must obey.

Peter, is no recluse, no abstracted student, no dreamer about the past, no doter upon the dead and gone, no projector of the visionary. Peter for eighteen hundred years has lived in the world; he has seen all fortunes, he has encountered all adversities, he has shaped himself for all emergencies. If there ever was a power on earth who has had an eye for the times, who has confined himself to the practical and has been happy in his anticipations; whose words have been deeds and whose commands prophecies, such is he in the history of ages who sits from generation to generation in the Chair of the Apostles as the Vicar of Christ and the Doctor of His Church.

When was he ever unequal to the occasion? When has he not risen

with the crisis? What dangers have ever daunted him? What sophistry misled him? What uncertainties misled him? When did he ever any power, material or moral, civilized or savage, go to war with Peter and get better? When did the whole world ever band together against him solitary, and not find him too many for it?

All who take part with Peter are on the winning side. . . Has he fallen in his enterprises up to this hour? Did he in our father's day fall in his struggle with Joseph of Germany and his confederates—with Napoleon, a greater name, and his dependant kings,—that, though in another kind of fight, he should fall in ours? What gray hairs are on the head of Judah, whose youth is renewed as the eagle's, whose feet are like the feet of harts, and underneath all the Everlasting Arms?—Newman.

MANY DANGERS OF SOCIALISM

The great danger to the Catholic workman from Socialism is that it claims to have nothing to do with religion. Its leaders stoutly maintain that they welcome to its ranks men of all religious denominations. The stand is taken that Socialism, like Democracy or Republicanism, makes room in its membership for believer and unbeliever alike. It stands for the economic betterment of the workingman, that is all. Pamphlets are published in which the most virulent atheists of the Socialist party do not scruple to quote unctuously the Gospels and the Fathers of the Church in support of their theories, and they quote them with veneration and respect which could not possibly offend the most religiously minded. They make public boast that they count many believers in their ranks. And it is a fact that Catholic workmen are enticed into their fellowship because they believe Socialism concerns itself solely with economic conditions and political questions. There are many church members who, while they do not entirely endorse the principles of Socialism, nevertheless eagerly devour its literature, attend its meetings and vote the party's ticket. In doing this, the strongest appeal to them is that since there is no connection between Church and State, they may belong to any political party without compromising their attitude as Catholics.

Whenever some conspicuous Socialist makes a break, denouncing religion or unmasking the infidelity and rank immorality of Socialism as a system, it is pronounced merely an expression of private opinion, and not authoritative. Some such assertion as the following is made by the Catholic: "In this country, Socialism is only a political party for the benefit of the toilers; there is no union between Church and State; I fail to see why I cannot vote the Socialist ticket, since believer and unbeliever alike note the Republican and Democratic tickets."

Much more danger lurks for the Catholic immigrant. He is reminded by Socialistic literature that he is now living in a free country, where his rights may be vindicated in spite of the claims of the Catholic Church. After a while he may sever his church connections entirely and from that time on he will become an enthusiastic Socialist—willing to do even violent deeds for the sake of the cause which he has espoused. After he has once thrown the Church overboard he will hesitate at nothing, and very often he becomes one of the extremists of the party. He now holds in fierce hatred everything that he considered sacred before. It is from this class that the desperadoes emerge, who are willing to commit murder or any other foul deed.

Socialism pretends to have nothing to do with religion to those who are outside of its pale; but no sooner are they initiated and become full-fledged members than the iniquity of the system is allowed to blossom forth and do its deadly work. It is against this system, which is meant to supplant all other systems, that the Catholic Church is directing all her forces, all her strength and power. She is in a hand-to-hand conflict with the arch enemy of the human race—who is working his destruction through the agency of Socialism.—Intermountain Catholic.

POPULATION AND RELIGION OF WARRING EUROPEAN NATIONS

Germany, 20,800,000 Catholics; 85,400,000 Protestants; total, 106,200,000. Austria, 35,900,000 Catholics; 4,000,000 Protestants; 4,200,000 Greek Catholics; total, 44,400,000. Russia, 12,100,000 Catholics; 84,100,000 Greek Catholics; 4,000,000 Protestants; total, 100,200,000. France, 38,100,000 Catholics; 700,000 Protestants; total, 38,800,000. Great Britain, 5,600,000 Catholics; 34,400,000 Protestants; total, 42,000,000. Belgium, 6,700,000 Catholics; 20,000 Protestants; total, 6,720,000. Serbia, 60,000 Catholics; 6,000 Protestants; 1,600,000 Greek Catholics; total, 1,666,000. The totals are: 118,760,000 Catholics, 89,900,000 Greek Catholics, 80,926,000 Protestants, making a grand total of 289,486,000.

Pleasure is but the refreshment that cheers us in the pursuit of true happiness, which is found in the way of goodness.

For Sore Muscles, Strains, Sprains, Bruises

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THE HEROISM OF ONE WOMAN

A Devoted Wife Saves Husband from Drink and Unemployment.

Mrs. S. of Trenton, was in despair. A loving father and a careful provider when sober, her husband had gradually fallen into drinking habits, which were ruining his home, health and happiness. Drink had inflamed his stomach and nerves and created that unnatural craving that kills conscience, love, honor, and breaks all family ties. But read her letter: "I feel it my duty to say a few words about your Tablets. As you are aware, I sent and got a bottle, thinking I would try them in secret. My husband had only taken them a week when he told me he was going to Fort Arthur for the summer, so I had to tell him all about the Tablets. He said he would take them just the same. He writes me saying that he has taken it and feels splendid, does not care for drink. In fact, he has not taken any liquor from

Mrs. Newlywed says:

"I can't imagine how you manage to be dressed by the time your husband comes home on a washday"

Mrs. Wiseneighbour says:

"I use an EDDY 'Globe' Washboard and an EDDY Indurated Fibreware Tub, which keeps the water hot a long time."

No Fear of Rust

But, be Sure They're

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Be sure to ask for "GIN PILLS" and see that the box you are offered bears the legend "GIN PILLS", together with the name, National Drug and Chemical Co. of Canada, Limited, on band around the box.

At all dealers—50c. a box, 6 for \$2.50—Gin Pills may also be had in the United States under the name "GINO" Pills—trial treatment sent free on receipt of name, National Drug and Chemical Co. of Canada, Limited, Toronto.

Gin Pills FOR THE KIDNEYS

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

PASS IT ON
Once when I was a schoolboy going home for the holidays, says a writer in an English journal, I had a long way to go to reach the far away little town in which I dwelt. I arrived at Bristol and got on board the steamer with just enough money to pay my fare, and that being settled I thought in my innocence I had paid for everything in the way of meals. I had what I wanted as long as we were in smooth water. Then came the rough Atlantic, and the need of nothing more, I had been lying in my berth for hours, wretchedly ill, and past caring for anything, when there came the steward and stood beside me.

"Your bill," said he, holding out a piece of paper.
"I have no money," said I, in my wretchedness.
"Then I shall keep your luggage. What is your name and address?" I told him. Instantly he took off the cap he wore, with the gilt band about it, and held out his hand. "I should like to shake hands with you," he said.
I gave him my hand and shook his as well as I could. Then came the explanation—how that some years before some little kindness had been shown his mother by my father in the sorrow of her widowhood.

"I never thought the chance would come to me to repay it," said he, pleasantly, "but I am glad it has."
As soon as I got ashore I told my father what had happened. "Ah," said he, "see how a bit of kindness lives! Now he has passed it on to you. Remember if you meet anybody that needs a friendly hand, you must pass it on to him."
Years had gone by, I had grown up and quite forgotten it all, until one day I had gone to the station on one of our main lines. I was just going to take my ticket, when I saw a little lad crying a thorough gentleman he was, trying to keep back the troublesome tears he pleaded with the booking clerk.

"What is the matter, my lad?" I asked.
"If you please, sir, I haven't money to pay my fare. I have all but a few pence, and I tell the clerk if he will trust me I will be sure to pay him."
Instantly it flashed upon me the forgotten story of long ago. Here, then was my chance to pass it on. I gave him the sum needed and then got into the carriage with him. Then I told the little fellow the story of long ago and of the steward's kindness to me. "Now, to-day," I said, "I pass it on to you, and remember, if you meet with any one who needs a kindly hand, you must pass it on to him."
"I will, sir, I will!" cried the lad as he took my hand, and his eyes flashed with earnestness.
"I am sure you will," I answered.
I reached my destination, and left my little friend. The last sign I had of him was the handkerchief fluttering from the window of the carriage, as if to say: "It's all right, sir, I will pass it on."

TO A YOUNG SERVANT OF GOD
In 1555 a wise old abbot named Ludovicus Blossius, wrote the following instruction to a boy who wished to become a monk:
"The young servant of God should learn by heart certain sweet and loving aspirations, with which wherever he may be, whether moving about or remaining quiet in one place, he may join and unite his soul to God. These he should repeat and turn over in his mind. By aspirations we mean little prayers of ejaculatory full of tender affection, which we send forth lovingly unto God. For example:
"O good Jesus, good Jesus.
"O most dear of all loved ones.
"O my only Love.
"O Sweetness of my heart and Love of my soul.
"When shall I please Thee in all things?
"Have mercy, have mercy, I beseech Thee, on me and help me.
"Behold I salute and venerate Thy wounds as red as roses.
"O Lord God, my most sweet beginning!
"O Abyss of Love!
"O serene Light of my inmost soul!
"O my most Joyful and only Good!
"When shall I love Thee with burning love."
"Aspirations of this nature," continues the abbot, "ought to be sent forth to God calmly. It is not necessary that they should be pronounced by the lips, unless indeed he who uses them should find his devotion helped by saying words. This kind of prayer all agree in declaring to be most efficacious and fruitful."

BEST "DON'T WORRY" CLUB
Nowadays we hear and read frequently about "don't worry clubs." Membership in one of these clubs may be a desideratum, but it is not a necessity to a practical Catholic; the best "don't worry club" in the world is the Catholic Church, because she directs her members to lead a pure and holy life, to do their duty, to rejoice in the Lord always, and to preserve their peace of soul by a simple, childlike confidence in the providence of Our Father in heaven, in accordance with the words of St. Paul: "We know that to them that love God all things work together unto good." (Rom. viii, 28.)

MERELY A DISTINCTION
"We have troubles of our own," is a pregnant statement. It should be sedulously kept before the minds of those who think themselves unfortun-

nate. There is no line of cleavage between the happy and the miserable in this world. There is merely a distinction between those who take life bravely and those who whimper about it. Take your choice; carry the pack on your back and keep your eyes on the ground, or carry it on your head and walk upright. If you need strength to lift it high and carry it evenly, only One can give you that—God.

REFLECTING OURSELVES
The musician understands no more music than is in him, and the artist only what art is in his own soul. The execution may be beyond him, but he appreciates and understands, because he has the music of the art in himself. Some kinds of truth we can see irrespective of what our character is—mathematical truth, for example; but other kinds of truth we are able to grasp only when our character is adjusted to them.
"In the final valuation," said a noted man to the graduating class of a university, "I am what I will. What a man effects his capacity to know. A good man and a bad man can each know and appreciate books and mathematics and the fine arts, but the moment we pass to the correlation of knowledge in the world of philosophy, for example, whether a man sees true or false depends on character. Whole realms of truth are closed to the morally perverted or the disingenuous."
A bad man cannot appreciate Jesus Christ unless he is conscious of his badness and has in him a real germ of good. The impure in heart cannot see God. It is not surprising if they deny the existence of God.—True Voice.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

THE TRIAL OF SHEP

"My Shep never killed your sheep, Frank Maynard obstinately reiterated.
How comes blood on him, then?" angrily asked Mr. Thomas for the eleventh time.
"I know Shep wasn't there last night or any other time," desperately declared Frank.

"Prove it, then," thundered Mr. Thomas.
Frank's father stepped out to the yard. He had been quietly listening from a nearby window while Mr. Thomas, a high-tempered, vindictive neighbor, accused the beautiful collie, the idol of Frank's heart, of killing his sheep.
"That dog's got to die, that's all there is to it," said Mr. Thomas, glad to be able to make his announcement in Mr. Maynard's presence.
Mr. Maynard asked Frank into the house, then waved quietly. "What evidence have you against Shep?" at the same time looking keenly into the big dog's honest eyes.
"Evidence!" sneered Mr. Thomas. "A bloody dog when sheep have been killed is pretty good evidence."
"I am not so sure of that," returned Mr. Maynard, with his keen eyes still fixed upon the brown ones of the collie.

That the dog understood every word which had been said Mr. Maynard was convinced, and with his keen gaze he was asking the collie if he was guilty.
The dog's clear eyes never flinched, and suddenly Mr. Maynard turned, squared his shoulders, and said: "Shep shall not forfeit his life till he is proved guilty in a court of justice."
Mr. Thomas laughed a big, sneering laugh.
"All right; if you want to make yourself all that expense, you're welcome. You will have to pay the costs and lose the dog besides."
"We shall see," said Mr. Maynard firmly, and motioning to Shep, they went into the house, leaving the accuser nothing to do but go.

Mr. Thomas was a shiftless farmer, whose straggling, dirty sheep were always getting into trouble, and was bitterly jealous of the trim, beautiful neighboring place to which the city man and his family came each summer.
Mr. Maynard found Frank sitting in the house in dumb despair.
"Wall son," he said cheerily, "I am satisfied Shep is not guilty. I have asked him and he says, 'No,' most emphatically. We will have the case tried to-morrow, and I believe we can prove an alibi for him. I am going to make inquiry at once and see if I cannot find someone who was out that night and saw Shep here. I believe it is possible; at any rate, we won't give up without a struggle."
"But, oh, father, he has blood on him, you know," said Frank, his lip quivering. He was a sturdy boy of twelve, but with a keenly sensitive nature, and this was his serious trial.

"Never mind if he has," said Mr. Maynard stoutly. "That dog has killed no sheep." As he said, the big collie jumped up and gratefully licked his hands.
At that Frank, too, sprang up, put his arms about the dog's neck, and said joyfully. "If father believes in you, I will, too. I don't care what comes," and the dog in turn nestled his head against the boy's breast.
Mr. Maynard began inquiry among the servants at once, only to find discouraging reticence. Then he and Frank went out upon the suburban road where they lived and into the town, trying everywhere to find someone who could or would say definitely where the dog had been the night before; and as they hurried from point to point they failed to think of a little cabin among the trees on a creek bank, where a

woman was anxiously watching over a sick baby.
The trial came on next day and enlisted the interest of the entire community. Frank was very downhearted as he entered the court room with his father and Shep, for the only thing gained by the previous day's investigation was the establishment of Shep's good character, to which every one, excepting Mr. Thomas, was ready to testify.

Mr. Maynard himself was disheartened, but he would not allow Frank to see it, and he still believed in Shep. Firmly he strode up the aisle and turned the collar into the prisoner's box, for the dog's fine presence was his best defense, then with Frank took seats nearby.
The magistrate soon began the taking of testimony, and Mr. Thomas told how he had suspected the dog from the very first, for he had all ways considered him a sneaking cur. The judge interrupted here and told the witness sternly that he must confine himself to facts of which he had accurate knowledge; the dog should have as fair and unprejudiced a trial as any other prisoner at the bar of justice.
Mr. Thomas went on, scowling unpleasantly, and told how he had gone at once to the Maynard place and found blood on the dog's breast, which to his mind was all the proof needed. The boy saw it, too, when he did, and he can't deny it," ended the accuser threateningly.

Then the Maynard servants were brought before the desk and sorrowfully acknowledged that although out late sometimes during the past week, the dog had failed to meet them as was his custom, when they came home, and nobody had heard his bark at night for a week past. Questioned as to where the dog had probably been staying nights during that time, they couldn't say.
Frank's face suddenly took on a look of astonishment as these facts were brought out, and a moment's intense thinking followed, ending with a flash of light from his eyes. Then he sprang from his seat, whispered to his father, and almost ran from the room.

The trial went on undisturbed. So keen, indeed, was the interest in the beautiful collie's fate that no notice was taken of the boy's leaving except by Mr. Maynard.
Mr. Thomas confidently produced a witness from his place. The man was a stranger to the community.
"Have you ever seen this dog before?" asked the judge.
"Yea, sir," replied the man; "I met him on the road one night last week. He was going toward Mr. Thomas' place."
"Are you sure this was the dog?" persisted the judge.
"I am sure, for there ain't no other 'round here like him."
This was true.
Then Mr. Thomas triumphantly brought forward another man who testified to having seen the dog on the road going toward the Thomas place.

"What night was it?" inquired the magistrate.
The very night of the sheep-killing, firmly answered the witness.
"You can take your oath on that, can you?"
And the next morning blood had been found upon Shep's shaggy breast. What could be more conclusive in the way of circumstantial evidence?
The room was very still when all this had been brought out, while the fine dog sat facing the court, his clear eyes holding a wistful appeal that went to everybody's heart, excepting the prosecutor.
It hardly seemed worth while to attempt a defense, but Mr. Maynard's lawyer, after looking inquiringly at his client and receiving a nod, began calling his witnesses. Many were examined and all testified to the dog's good character, but there was a half heartedness in it all that was most evident.

The magistrate looked regretfully over at the dog, but there was little question as to what should be done. The dog must be sacrificed, and the judge was very, very reluctant, for he was an ardent dog lover himself.
There was a breathless silence as the verdict was awaited.
Then came a sound of hurrying feet at the courtroom door.
A moment more and a woman, poorly clad, with thin, anxious face, almost ran up the aisle to the magistrate's desk. As she came, the dog stirred eagerly, as if in glad recognition.
Frank Maynard hurried close behind her and slipped into his old seat, his face flushed and sparkling. Panting with haste and excitement but forgetful of herself and her surroundings, the woman rushed up to the judge's desk and gasped out: "That dog mustn't die! He ain't killed nobody's sheep."
At once the room was alert with excited interest.

"What do you know about it?" inquired the magistrate with encouraging heartiness.
"Why, that dog's been to my cabin all night an' every night fer more'n a week, till las' night. My little gal's been powerful sick fer two weeks an' one night he come to my door an' found me settin' up, an' I talked to him, so he stayed till mornin' with me an' he's been comin' every night since, as I said, till las' night goin' home every mornin' 'bout daylight."
"A few days ago he came along in the daytime with the boy, an' I give both a drink o' water. The dog made a heap over me then, and I saw the boy look surprised, but, but I didn't say nothin', fer I was afraid the boy mightn't like his coming to

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my house nights, an' I knew it wa'n't doing no harm. Well, I missed him powerful las' night, an' when the boy started after me a while ago, he met me comin' to town after some medicine an' he tole me the dog was goin' to be killed fer bleedin' Mr. Thomas' sheep. I tole him 'fer he could ask me if I knew anything about it, that I knew 'twan't no. Then he said the trial was a goin' on right now, an' we both come a runnin', fer I couldn't have that dog killed fer nothin'."
"Where do you live?" the judge asked.

"Down in the bottom, 'twixt that city man's place an' Mr. Thomas'—not on the road, but back on the creek bank in the bushes—where folks don't go 'less they have to," she said with simple pathos.
"How do you know the dog did not kill the sheep before or after he was with you?" went on the magistrate. "He had blood on his breast next morning."
"Yea," said the woman excitedly, while the dog listened to every word she said with eager, alert gaze fixed upon her. "I can tell you all about that. The dog came to me night before last, by 8:30 o'clock. My baby was so sick I thought every minute she would die, an' the dog lay down across the doorsill an' never stirred all night long, except now an' then he'd come an' lick my hand." She paused with agitation.

"I know 'bout that blood—sure I do. He was toward mornin' that he suddenly sat up listening, then rushed out in front of the cabin, an' the next minute, I heard dogs fightin'. I ran to the door an' called Shep, an' when I called them dogs hung their tails an' run fer dear life, all 'cept Shep, an' he come back to my door step. I said to him 'Them dogs is been killin' somebody's sheep I'll bet,' an' he knowed it, too; that was the reason he went out to lick 'em. An' then's when he got the blood on him, from off them murderers. I know them rascals, too; they're Mr. Thomas' own two dogs," she turned and looked at him fearlessly. "I saw 'em good. They run on down to the creek past my house to wash the blood off themselves, jes' like sheep killin' dogs allus will 'day after daylight."
"The prisoner is acquitted," thundered the judge, and shouts went up again and again from the crowded room, while Frank, forgetful of everybody, hugged his dog in rapture.

As for the woman, a new day had dawned for her in her lonely struggle for she had won the unfailing friendship of the dog's young master and his father.—Youth's World.

ALL SOULS

With the coming of All Souls Day, one's mind reverts to the "Passing of Arthur" in the "Idyls of the King," where the great Tennyson pays a tribute, unintentional perhaps, to the Church's doctrine concerning prayers for the dead. Said Arthur to the mourning Sir Bedivere:
I have lived my life, and that which I have done
May He within Himself make pure!
but thou;
If thou shouldst never see my face again
Pray for my soul. More things are wrought by prayer
Than this world dreams of. Wherefore, let thy voice
Rise like a fountain for me night and day.
For what are men better than sheep or goats
That nourish a blind life within the brain.
If, knowing God, they lift not hands of prayer
Both for themselves and those who call them friend?

We do not need, of course, even the tribute of a Tennyson to show the necessity of Purgatory. It is sufficient for us that the Church teaches its existence. That is argument enough without having recourse to the well-known texts of Scripture which show that Purgatory was believed in even before the institution of the Christian Church.
Looking at the matter from the comings of theological convenience, there is every reason to show why there should be Purgatory. Nothing defiled can enter the Kingdom of Heaven. The awful holiness of God requires that no soul shall come into the beatific vision until it has been wholly purified. Even when the sinner repents, and the sentence of eternal loss is revoked, there remains a debt of satisfaction

to be paid either here or in the life to come. Who is so bold as to think that he even if he be free from mortal sin, would be ready this instant to be admitted to the joys of heaven? The sense of sin, of our own unworthiness demands the period of expiation. And that is why some writers tell us that the soul in need of purification, so well does it realize the holiness of God, would not escape Purgatory even if it could.

Few there are, anyway, that escape the purifying in the pains of Purgatory. And this is where our duty to the suffering souls has play. Our relatives, our friends, in whatever way they are joined to us, are looking to us for help. We are all brothers in Christ, and by the consoling doctrine of the Communion of Saints, our friendship for them does not cease with the grave. We can help them by our prayers, and especially by the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass.

What a comforting doctrine it is! How fraternal this love to those who cannot help themselves! And what friends we by our suffrages are making of these souls against our own days of tribulation.
The thought of our own future, the thought of the sufferings we will one day endure in Purgatory, ought to be incentive enough to us to make use of all the means which the Church places at our disposal for the help of the suffering souls. But more than this is the incentive of true Christian love toward the aid of those who call us "friend." Surely, "It is a holy and wholesome thought to pray for the dead that they may be loosed from their sins."—The Pilot.

TOUCHING WAR-TIME SCENES WITNESSED IN LOURDES

HOSPICE FOR PILGRIMS HAS BEEN TRANSFORMED INTO A HOSPITAL

"I entered France by way of Bayonne," writes L. J. Steane from Lourdes to the Sacred Heart Review. "From Bayonne I came to Lourdes where I am now (September 18) and where I have witnessed some of the most touching scenes one would wish to see. It was only two months ago that 127 convents and monasteries—the last remnant of religious communities in France—were closed by an unbelieving government, and now what a change! The hand of the Lord has touched this people indeed.
"France, as I can see it, is transformed into one immense hospital, and what is not hospital is battlefield. The icy touch of death leaves its mark in nearly every family, and the nation which had groped in darkness seems to be finding its God again. Here in Lourdes there are over 1,200 wounded, more or less seriously. All those that are able to do so drag themselves about on crutches or canes; others are carried about by boy scouts in invalid chairs. Nearly all of them direct their steps towards the miraculous grotto, where the Immaculate Conception, with open arms is ready to receive them. The crippled and the maimed, the more seriously and the less seriously wounded all remain there for hours, in dense and silent groups. Now and then a tear comes down from their eyes. Rough and inexperienced hands can be seen fingering the beads. The priests—these Wonderful French priests!—go and come amongst them, encouraging, cheering, advising. What may all this mean? Will the French nation find itself again? I believe so, because what is taking place in Lourdes is not an exception but the French papers inform me that the same things happen everywhere in France.
"Some touching incidents I must refer to. The hospice for pilgrims has been transformed into a hospital. Outside, a short and stolidly built Sister has entire charge of the proceedings. Officers, graduates and privates all take order from her. She receives the wounded, gives orders as to where they should be placed, confers with doctors, and does all this with such a radiant face, that the happiness which fills her soul in being useful to her country communicates itself to all present. Then I catch sight of another group coming down from the basilica. It consists of about fifteen or twenty wounded, marshaled by another Sister. This one is rather old, little and frail. Nevertheless, no mother could have watched more carefully over her little children. She seems to follow all of them at the same time with her eyes, trying to place the weaker near those that are stronger so that assistance may be given the former.

A big artillery man, wounded in the leg, brings up the rear, and it is positively moving to see the little woman trying to force the big soldier to lean on her shoulder!

"When this terrible war will be over, it will be found to have definitely checked the growth of the menace of Socialism in all the States now involved. I can feel it, and it will come true. This is just the opposite of what the average American paper prophesies. And if this war will leave at its end a crippled Socialism in Europe, a free Poland, a free Ireland, an intense or more intense religious spirit in the people, who can say that these dead have died in vain or that even the scourge of war cannot be productive of much good?"

WHAT MORE AUTHORITATIVE?

On the Church, in relation to the war, a writer in "Christian Work and Evangelist" observes that: "If there is anything in this world that should be pushed at just this moment, it is the unity of the Churches. The Church is going to play a great part in the stopping of this war, and a great part in the consideration of

what the new order of the world shall consist in after the war is over. For this we need a united Church, one which can speak with unanimous voice, with a nation-wide authority. . . . Perhaps the world has never looked to the Church for some great authoritative word as it will look to it in this time of crisis."

There is but one Church that answers this description—one Church not only of nation-wide, but world-wide authority—one Church of "great authoritative word." The name of that Church, in the connection indicated, at once suggests itself to the mind of every reader. What more authoritative word for bringing about peace than that of the Church founded by the Prince of Peace?

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CATHOLICS IN THE REVOLUTION

P. H. Winston (a Protestant) in his book "American Catholics and the A. P. A." pages 25-27, says: "Without Catholic aid the American colonies could never have achieved their independence. Catholic Ireland was the first to sympathize with and assist the struggling Patriots and this aid and sympathy were alleged by the British court as reasons why petitions of Ireland for religious and political enfranchisement should be rejected. Of the soldiers of the Revolution, none were more illustrious than Gen John Stark, the hero of Bennington; Gen Richard Montgomery, who captured the British general and his forces at the Cowpens; the brave Gen Moylan, who fought by Washington's side on every field; Commodore John Barry, the father and founder of the American navy, commander of the first ship to hoist the Stars and Stripes; Commander John O'Brien, who fought in Machias Bay the first sea fight of the Revolution—the Lexington of the sea.

"Maj Gen Robinson, commissioner for the exchange of prisoners of the British forces, in answer to the question by Edmund Burke, 'Of what nationality was Washington's army composed?' testified before the sum of committees June 8, 1779, 'One half Irish about one fourth British, and the rest were Scotch, Germans and English.'

"Ireland was not the only Catholic friend of the colonies in their long struggle for independence. Catholic France sent a formidable fleet and furnished 10,000 men and \$3,000,000 in aid of the Revolution, and the names of Lafayette, De Grasse and Rochambeau are imperishably connected with it.

"The Catholics of Canada raised, armed and equipped two full regiments that rendered invaluable aid and performed heroic service, while Catholic Spain threw open her home ports and the port of Havana to the American marine, and contributed 2,000 barrels of gunpowder, blankets for ten regiments and 1,000,000 francs for the young republic.

"From Catholic Poland came Pulaski and Kosciuszko—immortal names. "All the foreign assistance that came to the struggling patriots came from Catholics and Catholic countries while at home there was not a single Catholic tribe, not a single Catholic that faltered in his allegiance to the cause of American independence. Even among the native Indian tribes, there were found Catholics to aid in the work of achieving American independence. One of the Catholic chief of the Penobscot, was commissioned an officer by the continental congress and with his tribe rendered invaluable service along the Canadian frontier.

"The names of Lafayette, Rochambeau, Pulaski, Kosciuszko, De Kalb and De Grasse should silence forever the tongue of slander which imputes their religious motives utterly at variance with the cause which they so bravely and manfully upheld. No one at that time even whispered that Catholics entertained religious principles incompatible with the safety and freedom of the country. Both in war and peace American Catholics have been devoted and loyal subjects of the Republic."

Gen. Washington, in an order issued by him on November 5, 1775, prohibiting the non-Catholics of Boston from burning the Pope in effigy, says: "As the commander-in-chief has been apprised of a design formed for the observance of that ridiculous and childish custom of burning the effigy of the Pope, he cannot help expressing his surprise that there should be officers and men in this army so devoid of common sense as not to see the impropriety of such a step. It is so monstrous as not to be suffered or excused; indeed, instead of offering the most remote insult, it is our duty to address public thanks to our Catholic brethren, as to them we are indebted for very late success over the common enemy in Canada."

Father Lobbiniere, in one of his writings, says: "It was a Catholic priest to whose exertions we owe the raising of the American flag over the cities of the great West, thus gaining the great Northwest, now teeming with powerful states, to the cause of independence—this was Father Peter Gibault, the patriot-priest of Vincennes, who blessed the Catholic company of Kaskaskia as they fled into the continental army of the Northwest. The Catholic officer, Francis Vigo, and the Catholic priest, Peter Gibault, by the aid they rendered to the army of states to the union. In 1790 Washington's own State of Virginia acknowledged Father Gibault's services by a public resolution of its legislature. The first chaplain's commission issued by the continental congress was given to a Catholic priest."—St. Paul Bulletin.

FAKED "QUOTATIONS"

"We have had occasion during the past few weeks," says the True Voice, "to comment on the unreliable character of recent dispatches purporting to give quotations from the utterances of Pope Benedict XV., regarding the war in Europe. Most of these may safely be put down as inventions of enterprising correspondents. Some weeks ago we were given a quotation from an allocution of the Pope said to have been delivered during his first consistory. Our correspondent in Rome later assured us



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that the Pope delivered no allocution on that occasion. The supposed allocution was invented by some correspondent of a press-agency. The supposed protest to the Kaiser after the destruction of the Rheims Cathedral was another invention of the reporters. The Pope had made no comment on the event."

DEATH OF FATHER O'FARRELL

The Kingston Freeman, Oct. 31. Sad indeed was the news received at the Archbishops' Palace on last Thursday afternoon when His Grace the Archbishop received a telegram from Frankford announcing the tragic and untimely death of a highly respected young priest in the person of Rev. Father Richard M. O'Farrell, who met his death in the faithful discharge of his pastoral duties. It seems that on that fatal afternoon he was called to Trenton to attend a sick call for the resident priest who was absent from town. Upon returning to Frankford he received another urgent call, twenty four miles out of Frankford to attend a dying parishioner. When about three quarters of a mile out of Frankford the car swerved and putting on the brakes quickly it turned over and Father O'Farrell was thrown out head first, his death being instantaneous. The sad accident was discovered at once and Dr. Davis was immediately called, but his services could be of no avail.

SKETCH OF HIS CAREER

The late Rev. Father O'Farrell was a native of Lismore, Diocese of Waterford, Ireland. He was born there on December 31st, 1879, and was therefore in his 35th year at the time of his death. He was educated at the Convent School of that place and at St. Brendan's Seminary at Melery. He completed his classical studies at that institution and pursued his philosophical and theological courses at St. John's College, Waterford, Ireland, an institution that for many years was presided over by the late lamented Archbishop Cleary, and has given several priests to the Archdiocese of Kingston. He was ordained to the priesthood in June, 1904, in the Cathedral at Waterford by Bishop Sheehan. Having affiliated with the Archdiocese under Archbishop Gauthier, he came to Canada in the fall of 1904, and in October of that year was appointed assistant to Very Rev. Dean Murray at St. Francis' Church, Brockville. He remained there until August, 1906, when he was appointed curate at St. Michael's Church, Belleville. In 1907 he took charge of the parish of South Mountain, where he labored with great success until about a year ago when he was promoted by Archbishop Spratt to the parish of St. Joseph and St. Vincent. Only a few months ago he was bereaved by the death of his mother. He is survived by his father and three brothers.

He was a charter member of the Knights of Columbus. By his death the Archdiocese of Kingston has indeed lost a zealous and devout priest. He was possessed of an affable and kindly disposition, and made friends where he exercised the holy offices of the holy priesthood. He has gone to the reward of a well spent life, and one that this world was the better of his sojourn in it and many are they who will miss the genial smile, kindly handshake, and prudent counsel of the departed priest. Requested in pace.

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THE TRUE LAYMAN

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In his living he is upright and unswerving. In his thinking he is accurate, careful and sufficiently independent.

ent to let people know that he has a mind and will of his own. If he has knowledge he is willing to impart it to others. If he has wealth, he is truly charitable to the poor for God's sake—not to blazon his name upon his contributions nor with smug religiosity and self-satisfaction, to proclaim to the gaping multitude that earth is heaven. If he is a man in public life, he is dominated by an abiding and never failing sense of fairness, honor and high-mindedness.

THE MEXICAN MUDDLE

It now appears that General Carranza has not stepped down and out of the struggle for leadership in Mexico, as given out in a lengthy and apparently disinterested message from Aguascalientes recently. Fighting of a very serious character was continued along the American and North Mexican border, at Naco, between forces representing the respective parties of Carranza and Villa, all last week and portion of the present week, and a good many Americans were wounded by the bullets that were sent in showers across the border. The American troops guarding the line returned the fire when it became intolerably annoying, and it is believed that the marauders got a lesson to be more particular, though the amount of their losses is not known. A large number of wounded Mexicans were, by permission of our Government, taken across the border for protection last Monday, as the Carranza party feared that they would be killed by the Indian fighters of the Villa crowd, should they get into Naco. The convention of Mexican generals assembled at Aguascalientes to decide the choice of candidates for the Presidency and Vice-Presidency has sent a very polite and flattering invitation to "General Emiliano Zapata" to send representatives to the convention to assist in its patriotic deliberations. The invitation is rather lengthy, and its phraseology high flown and sonorous in the extreme. We quote the concluding paragraphs of the document, as a literary curiosity of a period when the terms patriot and brigand are convertible terms in Mexico.

This convention, being well advised of your patriotism and sincerity, its desires that your representatives shall not be the only ones absent from our midst, hastens to invite you to attend, either personally or through your representatives. It is the desire of the members of this convention, now assembled in sovereign session, that the generals of the liberating army under your command join with us in the study and discussion of the problems that have divided our common country.

This invitation is tendered in the full confidence that, with the spirit of harmony and co-operation now prevalent in this convention, the problems above referred to may be solved within a short time and in such manner as to serve the best interests of our fatherland and at the same time maintain the prestige of our beloved Mexico before the world. We earnestly urge you to acknowledge the receipt of this note at your earliest convenience, having in mind the fact that the proceedings of this convention have been halted pending the receipt of your patriotic reply. "The general" to whom this ceremonious document is addressed, as the Southern press reports, is the person who threatened that if he were not furnished with an enormous contribution by the Bishop, who was his prisoner at the time, he would have him crucified on Good Friday last; and the robber bands whom he calls an army have surpassed even Villa's ruffians in brutality toward the priest and nuns in the various regions where those eminent "generals" have been exercising command since the murder of Madero. The idea of such personages as these parading as "Constitutionalists" and noble patriots is a thought too fine for the depiction of any satirist below the level of the author of "Don Quixote."—Philadelphia Standard and Times.

DIED

MCPHAIL.—At Hotel Dieu Cornwall, on October 10, 1914, Mr. Alex. Angus McPhail, of M. M. Lane's Corners, Ont. May his soul rest in peace! GURNEY.—At Sydney, N. S., in his fifty sixth year, Patrick Gurney, leaving a wife, five sons and one daughter to mourn the loss of a faithful husband and kind father. May his soul rest in peace.

SCHOOL OF WAR TEACHES ITS MARVELOUS LESSON

COUNT DE MUN RECLARES REVIVAL OF FAITH IN GREATEST MIRACLE OF MODERN DAYS. In his last article contributed to the Echo de Paris, the late Count de Mun declared the revival of religion in France, as one salutary effect of the war, to be the great miracle of these modern days. The Count wrote:

"I have often spoken of the school of war and its marvelous lessons. This is neither the least nor the least fruitful, and it is not only the soldier-priests, the military chaplains, and the nursing Sisters, fallen on the field of honor who give it; it is the instructive reawakening of faith in the soul of the people in face of the terrible drama of war that brings it to us. The witnesses are unanimous in their testimony, on the battlefield together with the usual formula, and they may be sent to the soldiers by their friends.

churches the prayers of the crowds respond. This is the great miracle of these days. God Who is working such wonders is writing in the book of history. A supernatural life is rising out of the hecatombs of victims."

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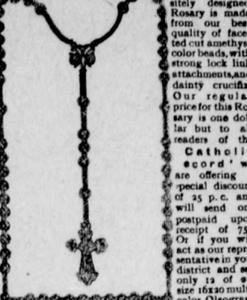
SCAPULARS FOR THE SOLDIERS

The Rev. J. Hughes supplies the following useful information in the columns of our fine English contemporary the Catholic Times. We join with Father Hughes in urging that our readers clip this article and send it to the friends of our Catholic soldiers: (1) Amongst our Catholic soldiers on service at home and abroad there may be many whose friends would like to have them enrolled in the Brown Scapular of Our Lady. In ordinary circumstances only a priest who has received special faculties for the purpose can enroll persons in the Brown Scapular, but six years ago the General of the Discolored Carmelites asked the Holy Father to grant to soldiers the power to enroll themselves in the Brown Scapular by putting on themselves a scapular already rightly blessed and reciting some prayers in honor of Our Lady. This privilege the Holy Father granted on the 4th of January, 1908. As the petition made special mention of the difficulties of soldiers in camps or hospitals during war, and thus the privilege might seem meant for them only, the General again asked the Holy Father that the privilege should be granted to all soldiers without exception, and this petition the Holy Father granted on the 30th March, 1908. According to the terms of the concession:

(1) The scapular must be rightly blessed beforehand. Any priest who has the faculty, as most rectors have, may bless a large number of scapulars together with the usual formula, and these may be sent to the soldiers by their friends.

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