

# The Catholic Record.

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

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### TO DIRECT AND STIMULATE

No candid and competent writer can forget that his chief function is not to castigate those of his readers who, by reason of their excessive preoccupation in business or domestic affairs, are unable to devote much time and attention to literature, but to stimulate a healthy taste and inspire a love of the best that is attainable in this kind. It is well to mingle choice examples of "the pursuit of knowledge under difficulties" with direct instruction; but regard should be had for the special incentives to study which most of the sons and daughters of genius have experienced. Either ample leisure and native talent combine to form the bookish character, creative or critical: in which case you get a Lorenzo de Medici in one age, a Lord Rosebery in another, with many grades of dilettantism to follow, or else struggling genius forces its way to recognition and leads the advance by works which guide the judgment or inflame the imagination of their fellows. These are portents of change in the spiritual region of human activity, milestones on the path the generations have to travel, benefactors in the measure of their teaching and elevating influence. There is a great calling, and we men and women of lower stature have much to gain by sunning ourselves in their vivifying beams. To attempt serious rivalry where no marked indication of special talent exists is but to invite disappointment and to divert energies from the natural and useful channels in which they have been ordained to flow. These should be well understood truisms, commonplace which surely do not need to be insisted upon again and again. Alas, it is the first principles of every branch of knowledge that are generally slurred over! How many artists fail to reach a high level of excellence because they scamp their drawing exercises! In science the foundation has to be laid in willing drudgery among the elementary substances and laws of matter and motion. So it is of more importance to beget a healthy appetite for good reading of the simpler sort among our growing youth than to inflame them with the notion that they are ready for studies which imply developed faculties of comparison. Dogberry, in the play, allows that reading and writing come by nature; it is certain that appreciation of literature in any worthy sense, however much it owes to original penetration, owes more to diligent and purposeful study of the masters, to wide reading and clear thinking sustained through years of happy toil in chosen fields.

It follows then, that advice as to reading may have little value when it is given by persons who belong to the various guilds and coteries to whom literature, in the professional sense, is the crowning expression of life. Just as artists of competing schools push their wares, and often seem to vaunt their merits as civilizing agents and refining accessories to worthy existence, so authors and critics are apt to exalt certain branches of literary accomplishment as superior to all others. It is of no use complaining of this—poetry and biography, history and criticism, all that is implied in the old phrase belles-lettres, appeal to those sections of society which have been prepared for such studies by social surroundings and educational advantages that foster the taste for large discourse and leisured intellectual recreation. What chance have the many boys and girls who leave school at thirteen to acquire even a superficial interest in our own great Catholic writers—not to mention the famous writers outside the fold? The pressing claims of the household and the necessity of learning some trade or occupation by which a livelihood can be got, throw into the background all ideas which bear upon personal culture. It is not to be wondered at that games and light social distractions offer themselves as alternatives to the monotonous drudgery which fills the greater part of the peoples' lives. Who that has moved among those classes has not

found reason to modify his earlier notions concerning their acquaintance with the best authors? A journalist going the rounds of the stores tasters of the buyers—"In a bookshop I found a heated crowd round a table heaped with little leather classics. With coarse and careless fingers they knocked Emerson against Byron, and struck Burns on the face with a blow from Browning. 'Isn't the binding pretty? I must have this!' or 'I like this colour: it will match my parlor paper.' Pellets from Plato competed with wallings from Wilcox, and Wilcox won every time." But we must not be too hard. What are we most desirous of impressing on our readers—especially our younger friends—is this—Books are of all sorts, like companions, and their choice should be a matter of real solicitude. It is wise to follow the bent of our own minds in the main. We cannot radically change our preferences. If science attracts, then follow science, but do not be enslaved by its formulae. If fiction rests and diverts after exhausting toil, try to rise from the mere time killing level, by degrees getting to appreciate the work of the masters. Just as we progress by stages in general matters so should we grow mature in judgment. It may be that Dickens becomes the favorite; or again, the train of Scott is swollen by another disciple. Or the sensational school, which revels in wild adventures and the clever detection of crimes, serves to while away odd hours when the mental faculties can only work under strong stimulus. The great thing is to move on to higher things which promise deeper and more lasting delights. Once the imagination is fairly set free to play around the facts of life and history we are in the way of passing from the material world to the spiritual. Things and events begin to be seen in the revealing light of a controlling purpose. The ages and generations no longer present an unintelligible scene; chaos is being subdued to order, discord is being resolved into a complex harmony. Then literature is seen to be leading the choir that preludes the music of the future. Is there any art or cult, national or other, that can compare with the unifying influence of the chosen who keep the flag of the ideal flying from age to age?

### EDUCATION

The teacher must content himself with a little honour and less money; but for those who sit patently at his feet, there is prospect of large reward. Some day, perhaps, we may pay our college professors as well as our public playground directors, and may even advance the grammar-school teacher to a salary commensurate with that of our moderately skilled street cleaners; but the dawn of that day has not yet streaked the skies with so much as a ray of promising light. But what the teacher may not now possess he can teach his pupils to obtain. Surely the great work has been taught that lesson. In every department of army, navy and civilian effort, the cry was for the trained man, not necessarily the man with a fund of assorted information, but the man who knew how to use the best advantage, whatever modicum of brains had been bestowed upon him by an all-wise Creator. May our Catholic people take the lesson to heart, and at once!

It is impossible to indict a whole nation, as Burke reminds us, and unjust, perhaps, to charge our Catholic people with a diminished interest in Catholic education. So to ask if their interest, once so ardent, has not suffered some degree of cooling, is a fair question. Any Catholic now in his fifties, especially if he be a priest or a teacher, can look back to his youthful days and remember that many a fellow-student was at college simply because his family was glad to undergo a sacrifice little less than heroic to keep him there. A bishop who some years ago occupied a New England see was noted for his tender devotion to his mother quite as much as for his zeal and personal holiness. The devotion was fully deserved; for as a young widow his mother had worked in a cotton mill and by denying herself all but the bare necessities of life had secured for her boy the advantages of a college education. This example was not so singular forty or fifty years ago as it has since become. To send a boy to work at the earliest possible moment is an easy way of immediately increasing the family income, but it cuts down the lad's value as an economic factor

by at least fifty per cent. A boy, content at fifteen to toil for eight dollars a week, may count himself lucky if at forty his income is three times that princely sum. He is also cut off forever, or at least until his intellect is illumined in the Beatific Vision, from the enjoyment of those treasures of mind which are beyond all price; but the present consideration turns on the rewards in money, distinguished place, and opportunity for service afforded by a thorough education.

For the last ten years, priests, teachers and students of social conditions have viewed with a grave forboding the waning interest of Catholics in Catholic high schools and colleges. During this time, it is true, many new Catholic institutions have been founded; on the other hand, it may be doubted if the increase has kept pace with the increased number of young Catholics who either interrupt their studies on the completion of the eighth grade, or continue them in non-Catholic schools. The loss, both to these young people and to the Church is serious. A man may save his soul without even suspecting that there is any difference whatever between a logarithmic function and a logocidic verse; but ignorance, which is by no means synonymous with humbleness or child-like simplicity, has never been considered a distinct advantage in the spiritual life. If religion is to keep an honoured place in the world, we must have an educated laity, but there is no chance of developing it if short-sighted Catholic parents prefer a "job" for Johnny to four years in a Catholic college.—America.

### CARDINAL MERCIER

#### GERMAN PRESS HAS HIGH WORDS FOR CARDINAL

London, Jan. 10, 1919.—So far as is known at present, the first public message to do honor in Germany to the Primate of Belgium, was a Socialist Deputy to the Reichstag. So far at least as the Catholics are concerned there is certain evidence that Cardinal Mercier is not without admirers among the ranks of his fellow Catholics in Germany. In a recent issue of Germania (No. 574), the leading organ of the German Catholics, publishes a long article on the Belgian Cardinal, which it prefaces with the introduction "Germany's views with regard to reparation extend even to the domain of morals."

Without any hesitation the article acquiesces in the attitude of the Cardinal during the war, and the writer continues:

"Today we may openly acknowledge that everything that has been written in Germany concerning Cardinal Mercier was more or less false, or, at the very least, distorted, and that the merciless attacks which were made upon him, not merely by certain sections of the press, but also from official quarters were either due to national Pan German jingoism or to combatant zeal for the fur."

"War psychology blinded us to the realization of this man, as to many other facts—this man was a Belgian, and so had a natural affection for his country and a perfect right to stand up for it, even after we had invaded it. As a patriot, Cardinal Mercier would naturally condemn the violation of Belgian neutrality, and deprecate the victory and rehabilitation of his native land. As Bishop he was more than ever bound to resent the wrong done, according to his views, in the invasion of Belgium with all its consequences, and he naturally felt compelled to give public expression to such views."

"He was also in the right in protesting against the violation of the rights and property of the Church, as, for example, in the proposed seizure of church bells, or when he judged it necessary to plead for the safety of his countrymen, as in the case of the deportation of Belgian workmen. Only because we were mad enough to imagine that under German rule Belgians must cease to think and act as Belgians, because we refused to recognize that in the long run patriotism can neither be strangled nor conquered by force—because of these things we saw in every manifestation of sympathy for Belgium, or of love of country, an act of hostility against Germany, and in Cardinal Mercier one of the bitterest of Germany's foes. We delighted in reproaching him with misusing his high ecclesiastical position to injure Germany. Only the deliberate and willful misconception and neglect of moral worth and the impossibility of appreciating other people's attitudes—qualities which have everywhere been mitigated in no small degree against us—can explain such a judgment of the Cardinal. Other factors in the matter were the disgust of certain circles for everything Catholic, even in their own land, and the foolish depreciation of Belgian intellectualism aggravated by the over-estimation of our own worth."

"That Cardinal Mercier was far from entertaining any un-Christian hatred and desire for revenge is proved by his actions since the re- turn of the tide. He is said to have pleaded very insistently with King Albert and President Wilson to ac-

cept the German petition for an armistice, and when the German troops were leaving Belgium to have successfully exhorted the people by sermons and placards on the churches to refrain from all excesses. Then when finally his country was fully delivered he is reported to have devoted his energies to the care of those Germans who remained behind in Belgium. His sermon at St. Gaudule in Brussels on the occasion of the solemn Te Deum attended by the king and the chief civil and military authorities is stated to have been an exhortation to Christian forgiveness and reconciliation."

The writer then quotes the letter of Cardinal von Erzbischof to Cardinal Mercier, in which the Archbishop of Cologne urgently and confidently implores the Belgian Primate to use his great influence for the amelioration of the terms of the armistice, as Germany was threatened with famine.

### WHAT BOLSHEVISM MEANS

(From The National Civic Education Review)

Mr. W. F. Dixon, director of the Russian Singer Company, who lived in Russia for twenty-three years, leaving it in November, 1917, says:

"The Bolsheviki have killed a large number of the technical staffs in industrial centres. These included a great many of the more intelligent, experienced technical engineers, foremen and administrators. Others of the technical staffs have fled. However plausibly the decrees of Lenin and Trotsky may read, the Central Soviet has no authority outside of Petrograd and Moscow. Lenin is credited with having some months ago, declared in favor of employing technical staffs and paying them higher wages than manual workers. Such a decree means nothing. It is only a paper decree. What is actually happening may be judged from a recent report from Petrograd, that at the Poutiloff Works—a loco motive, car and artillery plant—100 members of the technical staffs were killed in one batch."

"The so-called Bolsheviki rule is really a mutiny of slaves and criminals. In the very act of slaughtering what they call the bourgeoisie, they themselves are becoming a new bourgeoisie. Many of them have enriched themselves. There was a report that a notorious Commissioner of the Interior, Mosses Uritsky, who on August 30, 1918, was assassinated by a Socialist, had salted away 4,000,000 rubles. Paper money is so common that every laborer has plenty."

"The chaos of conditions in Bolsheviki Russia is such that we haven't been able to get any advices from our Russian representatives since February, 1918. What has become of the Russian Singer Company's plant since then we don't know."

### REQUEST JUSTICE FOR HOLY SEE

#### APOSTOLIC LEAGUE OF FRANCE APPEALS FOR RESTORATION OF PAPAL STATES

An important letter from the Apostolic League of France for the return of the Papal States has been addressed to the heads of the various governments, including King George of England, the King of Spain, King Albert of Belgium, the Queen of Holland, President Poincaré, President Wilson, M. Ador, the Swiss President, also to the principal Cabinet Ministers, including Premier Clemenceau, Marshal Foch, Minister Meda of Italy, and Lloyd George. The letter runs as follows:

"Among the considerations which, in the present conflict, have been most often emphasized, is the appeal to the principle of giving to each people an administration and a government responding to its aspirations. Poland, dead for centuries, is about to live again; and other little nations are to enjoy their independence. The desire to realize all things in strict justice in conformity with previous conditions, seems to guide the wishes of the belligerents. Thus there exists a situation altogether unique, upon which we ask you to fix your benevolent attention."

"In 1870 the secular domain of the Sovereign Pontiff of the Universal Church was violently wrested from him—a domain which was providentially given to him to assure the full independence of his apostolic ministry. We do not wish to enter into considerations, which regard only the head of the Church, but we beg you to remember that millions of Catholics, spread through the entire world, claim that the independence and liberty of their common father should be assured by all the nations, in which Catholics are to be found. The peace conference will be a unique occasion for proposing this act of justice. If Poland, Bohemia, etc., are to be reconstituted because the aspirations of these people claim the re-constitution of their countries, why should they not listen to the demand of the Catholics of the universe, asking from each country and

government the necessary conditions for the liberty of the Sovereign Pontiff?"

"The Pope, whose sons are spread everywhere, should be admitted, in spite of all pacts, to the debates on great questions of moral order and the peace of the world. According to the Holy Spirit: 'Nisi Dominus adjuverit qui edificavit eam, frustra vigilat qui custodit eam.' It is to be feared, if the Prince of Peace, Jesus Christ, and His Vicar are not to be found at the base of the grave negotiations which are about to take place, all the human calculations will only end in bitter deception."

Can not the governments take account of the thoughts and aspirations of millions of Catholics in the treaties they are about to conclude? We address our appeals to princes, kings and governments; to all who enjoy authority in this world, in fact. Render to Christ and the Church their place in society, and you will have the true peace, the only peace which can satisfy humanity."

### CHAUVINISM

The war is over; hardly, it appears to be only beginning. True, in answer to a new appeal, it has taken a new turn; but it is the more, not the less, portentous for that. For the new cry is the most popular ever uttered: the right of the workmen not to bread, but to transfiguration from economic and intellectual serfdom into the full liberty of complete manhood. This is the significance of the armies marching westward, and what will stop them? Barricades and prison bars never snuffed out an idea, much less stifled an ideal. And ideals are in the pit now.

Men are marching westward and calling westward, because the star of their hope has risen there and rests now over Paris, beckoning them to come quickly, before its fire burns too low for human vision. And Paris? If it is wise, it will hearken to the trend of those weary feet, the weary feet of those broken hearts—peasant feet and peasant hearts, but noble for a that."

In honest language it is stupid and criminal—in diplomatic parlance it is criminal, worse, it is stupid—to pretend that the millions of armed men who are moving here and there in Europe, like hungry locusts, are swayed by ignoble passion. Their passion is high; the manner in which they are giving expression to it, is vile; but yet, God pity them, perhaps it is the only expression they know. Their demands are not unreasoning; at boundaries may seem petty; it is so, it is but the extenuation of a primal God given desire that they and their fellows be free from cruel masters.

If Junkerdom, English and American but especially English, really wishes peace it can have it. But it will acquire it in one only way, by granting the common people their rights. This denied, there can be no peace, but only a calm preceding a more frightful storm."

No people can be safely excluded from their rights, not even the Irish. And France, too, perhaps especially, should take notice of this. The Irish fought bravely in this war, and not for England either, but for France, for Belgium, for themselves, for freedom. Captain Esmond, M. P., has said in the House of Commons:

"I have seen, myself, buried in one grave, 400 Nationalist soldiers killed in one fight. . . . And that mournful spectacle has been repeated not after one fight, but after fifty during the war. In the most desperate days of the war—at Mons and at the Marne—Irishmen were present at the thickest of the fighting, and battalion after battalion gave itself up to the slaughter, singing 'The Bold Fenian Men,' 'A Nation Once Again,' and other songs of the kind that the police nowadays suppress with baton charges in Ireland."

More than that, at Gallipoli the Dublin and Munster were the first to attempt a landing. In six or eight hours some sixteen or eighteen hundreds of them were dead, the rest were led by two lieutenants, the only officers alive; and not for Britain did this happen; but for France, for Belgium, for freedom. France exclaimed "magnificent" at that time, and when the armistice was signed, France gave battered Ireland the tribute of tears and consoled the poor, harried, little nation by declaring that the sacred soil of France furnished a fitting grave for liberty-loving Irishmen. And so it does; but not all Irishmen are dead. Many, very many are alive in Ireland, in England, in Scotland, in Australia, in Canada, in Argentina, in the United States, all over the world, and to a man they are watching France to see if she will be grateful to Ireland, or chauvinistic only.

The result would not matter so much, if the structure of western civilization were not tottering to a heavy fall. And the fall will come sooner or later, if justice be not done small nations. Then the yellow man of the East will pick the bones of the white man of the West.—America.

### PAPAL ENVOY TO POLAND

#### MGR. RATTI WELCOMED EVEN BY RABBI AND MAJORITY OF SYNAGOGUE

The Papal envoy to the new Republic of Poland, Right Rev. Mgr. Ratti, was welcomed by the Rabbi of St. Damar, accompanied by the majority of the synagogue.

This news was brought to Baltimore in a letter from Rome, telling of the reports drawn up by Mgr. Ratti, on his mission of reconstruction of the dioceses of Poland and investigation into the needs of the Polish people.

Speaking of the reception accorded the envoy of the Pope, the Roman correspondent remarks:

"At the ancient city of St. Damar the Bishop of the diocese with 8,000 persons of all rank met the Papal Envoy some miles from the city walls. The Bishop embraced the illustrious visitor, saluting him in the Latin tongue. It is pleasing to be able to note here (now that some individuals vainly try to send forth rumors charging the Poles with persecuting the Hebrew element of Poland), that the Rabbi of St. Damar, accompanied by the majority of the synagogue, came forth to welcome the Pope's Envoy and to recall in the course of his address the privileges which the Roman Pontiffs conceded to the Hebrews in Poland.—Catholic Transcript.

### DEATH OF PRESIDENT PAES REGARDED AS BLOW TO TOLERANCE

#### (Special Service)

London.—It is feared, says the London Catholic Times, that owing to the death of President Sidonio Paes of Portugal the Church has reason to apprehend a return of the persecution which followed the revolution of 1910. The men who came to the front at that time in Portugal—chiefly Freemasons—had no conception of the rights of people. Bitter enemies of Christianity, and even of belief in God they sought to stifle the claims of conscience and devised for the purpose of oppressive and intolerable system of ecclesiastical regulations.

Cardinal Tonti, who was then Nuncio at Lisbon, found it necessary to leave for Rome. Bishops were banished. Priests were so restricted in the discharge of their duties as to be rendered almost powerless. They were forbidden to criticize the government, but encouraged to disobey the bishops, and the laity were spurred on to disloyalty toward the clergy. It is, the Catholic Times continues, from recollection of this kind that Sidonio Paes relieved Portugal.

### CRUCIFIX ENTHRONED

#### IN COURT OF GRAND JURY—PRELATE FOR GOVERNOR

The Municipal Council of Caravelos (Bahia State) Brazil has promulgated a law which obliges all business houses, under penalty of a fine or three days in prison, to close on Sundays. On working days they may remain open from 9 a. m. to 5 p. m.

The image of our crucified Saviour was solemnly placed in the court of the grand jury in Curitiba. This city has thus followed the noble example of San Paulo, which on a memorable occasion, in midst of a concourse of 30,000 persons, enthroned the crucifix to preside in all courts of justice.

The newspapers of Brazil have launched the candidature of Archbishop don Manuel de Silva Gomes, of Fortaleza, as president or governor of the State of the same name, and as in the case of the Bishop-governor of Mato Grosso, the whole constituency favors the election of the most worthy prelate.—Catholic Transcript.

### CHURCH IN MEXICO AT PEACE CONFERENCE

The French Episcopacy, which has already brought its influence to bear in endeavoring to bring the position of the Holy See before the peace conference, may now petition the French Government to introduce at the peace table the question of religious freedom for Mexico.

In a recent letter to the Archbishop of Guadalajara, Mexico, Cardinal Amette of Paris expressed the following sentiments:

"We wish most ardently that our voices might be heard and listened to so effectively that justice might be dealt to you, and that, in Mexico as well as in all civilized nations, the great and sacred principles of liberty and of freedom of conscience may reign supreme and be respected by and assured to all peoples."

"The speedy attainment of these coveted ends all over the world will be the object of the coming peace conference."

The Rector of the "Paris Institute Catholique," Mgr. Bréchet, entertains the sanguine hope that among the momentous questions that will come up for discussion at the peace conference the Mexican situation may have a place.—Buffalo Echo.

### CATHOLIC NOTES

In Chile there is now an aerial postal service. In many times the republics of South America are in advance of countries of North America.

Practically all the members of the American hierarchy will assemble in Washington on Thursday, February 20th, to greet Archbishop Cerratti, the Holy Father's special representative to convey the congratulations of His Holiness to Cardinal Gibbons in honor of the episcopal golden jubilee of His Eminence.

According to a list recently compiled, 68 Catholic alumni priests of St. Charles' College, Catonsville, Md., volunteered their services to the United States Government and administered to the spiritual needs of the soldiers and sailors in camps at home and abroad, on ocean transports and battleships and on the firing line in France.

Washington, Feb. 7.—Rev. Bernard A. McKenna, S. T. L., secretary to the Right Rev. Bishop Shanahan, rector of the Catholic University, has conferred upon him by the Holy See the title of Doctor of Theology. The recipient of this great honor also enjoys a most unusual distinction, as the document was brought to this country by His Excellency, Most Rev. Archbishop Cerratti. For the last four years Father McKenna has devoted his zeal and energy to the great work of the national shrine of the Immaculate Conception.

The official report of Rev. Dr. Flood, superintendent of parochial schools in Philadelphia, notes the interesting fact that nine new parish schools were opened last year and three schools erected in places where the old buildings had proved inadequate. This speaks very well for religious life and confirms the generally known fact that this important archdiocese appreciates Catholic education. There are nearly 100,000 children now enrolled, an increase of close to 5,000, notwithstanding war conditions.

Paris, Jan. 18.—The proposed votive Basilica to the Sacred Heart, to be erected at Jerusalem, an idea emanating from some pious souls, has now taken shape. It has been blessed by the Sovereign Pontiff, to whom the suggestion was submitted, and an organization has been formed to regulate the matter, and make the necessary propaganda. The Archbishop of Toulouse has charged himself with all the necessary details; he has drafted statutes, which fix the center of the work at Toulouse at the Monastery of the Visitation, which is now the headquarters for this great project.

Holy Mass has once again been celebrated in the ruined sanctuary of St. Robert's Cove, Knaresborough, Leeds, the first since its destruction under Henry VIII., or its further desecration by Eugene Aram's crime. On a beautiful morning an altar was set up over the old foundations, beneath a leafy hollyhock-tree of overhanging boughs, and a choir of birds sang morn'g lads, whilst kneeling pilgrims crowded on the rock floor round the empty tomb where St. Robert's remains were laid in 1218. Including Boy Scouts from Bradford, some seventy or eighty were present, most of whom received Holy Communion. Father Tindal gave a brief address and offered Mass for the welfare of John Martin, whose pious zeal has secured this ancient shrine for Catholic devotion.

The world famous Cathedral at Milan, Italy, is second only to St. Peter's for size. Delicate as lace are the instinctive words of description that spring to the lips of the traveler looking for the first time upon the forest of spires, pinnacles, and turrets that are well nigh countless. In striking contrast to the interior of the exterior—every foot of available space being occupied by a statue or ornament in the solemn grandeur of the vaulted interior with the soft, rich light mellowing through colored glass in an effect that is worth traveling far to see. Patient indeed have been the Italian church makers and decorators throughout the ages—the present cathedral is the third to have occupied this site. The first was destroyed by that famous king of the Huns, Attila, known to history as "The Scourge of God."

The monumental church in honor of Mary Immaculate which is to cost at least \$1,000,000 and which is to be built by the Catholic University of America, will be dedicated as a thank offering for the glorious victories of our soldiers and sailors, and will also commemorate the golden jubilee of Cardinal Gibbons' episcopate. The Cardinal has appealed to the Catholics of the country, and especially to the women, to complete the fund for the erection of the shrine. The project was prepared several years ago, and received the blessing of Pope Pius X., who urged all Catholics to contribute generously toward the happy completion of this church. The exact location on the campus of the Catholic University has not been determined upon, but the shrine will be of marble and will accommodate at least 8,000 persons. There will also be, adjoining it, a convent and rector's house.

A DAUGHTER OF THE SIERRA

BY CHRISTIAN REID

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CHAPTER XX

IN THE QUEBRADA ONDA

Among the many quebradas which abound in the Sierra, the greatest and deepest, as its name implies, is the Quebrada Onda. This vast chasm cuts across the range, and is of such extent that no trail following the course of the Sierra can avoid it; so that those who journey there must of necessity consume at least half a day in going down into its depths and climbing out of them again. It is all up-and-down work; for the quebrada, though several thousand feet deep, is so narrow at the bottom that it would be possible to fling a stone across it. Hence the traveller who last followed the trail as it zig-zags for miles down the steep mountain slopes to the depths of the abyss, must immediately face a similar acclivity on the opposite side, and has an opportunity to decide which is worse—to journey painfully and perilously downward, or to strain laboriously and perilously upward.

Most travellers pause a little between the two experiences, in order to rest themselves and their animals. But it is not likely that the marvelous picturesqueness of the spot appeals to many of them. The tourist has not yet penetrated into the Sierra; and to those who journey among these mighty heights, the tremendous canon is only a very unpleasant feature of the way. "Ah, que mala!" the arrieros say, shaking their heads, when the Quebrada Onda is mentioned; and this is the sum of popular opinion concerning it.

Occasionally, however, chance brings a pair of eyes into these scenes which are capable of perceiving their picturesque grandeur, their wild, entrancing loveliness. Such eyes belong to one or two travellers who on a certain day rode down into the Quebrada Onda. The first of these was a Mexican—a mozo of the type found in rich men's households—a man of muscular frame and honest, trustworthy face, wearing tight-fitting breeches of leather, girded about the waist with a red sash; short jacket, also of leather, elaborately braided; wide, heavily-trimmed sombrero, high boots and great spurs. The second was a young woman dressed in a habit of water-proof serge, and heavily veiled to guard against the sunburn which even men dread in these regions; but not so heavily as to hide the outlines of charming features, not to obscure the luminous glances of eyes which lost no detail of the beauty through which their owners were passing. These eyes were shining with delight when, as the two riders reached the bottom of the quebrada, the mozo who had led the way down the steep trail drew aside, and the girl—Miss Rivers, in brief—rode forward toward the crystal-clear stream which flows through the gorge. For Nature has lavished on this spot, hidden deep in the everlasting hills, everything which is here to give. Here are great masses of rock—like titanic bastions and towers, luxuriant verdure, groups of stately, tapering pines, flashing water, stupendous over-shadowing heights, and far, far above a sky of lucent sapphire.

"O Manuel," she explained in Spanish, "how beautiful—how wonderfully beautiful! You never told me of the Quebrada Onda was so lovely!" "No, senorita," responded Manuel, gravely. "It is bad—very bad indeed, the Quebrada."

The girl laughed, not only at his words but for very joy in the beauty around her. "Oh, it is heavenly!" she cried. "I must have a picture of it. Quick! give me my camera and bag."

She sprang lightly to the ground as she spoke; and the Mexican, who had already dismounted, lifted from his shoulder the straps of a camera case and a small bag and brought them to her.

In an instant she had the camera out, and, going a little farther up the stream, where the channel was strewn with rocks, sprang from one to another until she gained a mid-point in the current. "Perfect!" she said to herself, as her eye took in the view of the water, the rocks, the foliage, and the majestic heights, with their jutting cliffs, which closed the vista. But while she gazed into the "finder," endeavoring to bring as much of this picture as possible into her photograph, a figure suddenly passed into her field of vision and passed her. A horseman had ridden into the stream where the trail crossed it, and sat motionless, while his horse drank—his face turned with what she felt was astonishment toward herself.

It was not necessary for her to look up to recognize this horseman. She knew him even in the "finder," and was conscious of a distinct throbbing of pleasure, while the eyes behind the silvery veil shone a trifle more brightly. But she did not speak. She only smiled as she gave the touch which moved her shutter, and then quietly proceeded to wind up the camera for another view.

Meanwhile Lloyd knew almost as soon as herself what fortune—good or bad—it was which had befallen him. His heart did more than throb; it gave a great bound as he recognized the graceful figure, veiled though the face might be. For a moment he remained quite still. Then, touching

his horse with the spur, he rode up the stream towards her. "So you have come into the Sierra, after all! he said, as drawing up beside the rock where she stood, he leaned from the saddle to take her hand. And Isabel, looking up at him, replied: "Did I not tell you that I would come? You were very discouraging about the prospect of our meeting. Yet, you see we have met—after all, as you say."

"Yes, we have met," he observed, in apparently unnecessary confirmation of her statement. "It is kismet!"

If it occurred to her that he had not said he was glad to meet her, she showed no sign of any consciousness of the omission. Her manner had never been more brightly frank than when she replied: "And this is better than the mountain top on which I foretold that I should meet you. The Quebrada is the culmination of all the enchanting picturesqueness through which I have been traveling, and therefore it is the most appropriate place in which I could thank you for the invitation to Las Joyas which has brought me into the Sierra. I am sure that I owe it to you."

"Only in a very limited sense. But are you wandering in the Sierra alone, like a lady in a romance?"

"Oh, no! Papa is behind, with mozo and mules galore. But I ride in advance, in order to have time to stop and take pictures when I like. Manuel—on know our major domo—is in charge of me, and very sensible of his responsibility."

"He had better exercise it, then, by hurrying you on at present; for there is a heavy cloud coming up. You cannot see it from here, but it may overtake you before you reach the top of the mountain, if you do not make haste."

"A cloud!" She looked up incredulously at the strip of brilliant sky overhead. "I know it is near the top of the mountain—everyone told us we should have come into the Sierra earlier—but there are always clouds for many days before it begins to rain, are there not?"

"Not better off than here, perhaps; but better off than climbing a steep and dangerous trail, hanging between heaven and earth."

"Then, cloud or no cloud, I shall wait here for papa. And meanwhile it strikes me that, unless you are in haste to go on, fate seems to have clearly intended that you shall make a sketch for me of this wonderful place."

"I should be very happy to do so, but I have no materials for drawing."

She motioned toward the bank where her bag lay. "I have everything there; for I, too, make attempts at sketching sometimes. So if I am really not detaining you—"

It would have been easy to say that he could not delay, to express regret at his inability to gratify her, to utter a few platitudes of farewell to shake hands to ride away; but he did none of these things. A great hunger leaped up within him to enjoy for a little while the delight of her society, to taste for a little while the things he had renounced. What did a few hours more or less matter? It would be no more than that—a few hours or minutes of pleasure such as might never again come into his life. And if this pleasure was to be paid for afterward with pain—well, had he not learned that pain is the price which, sooner or later, must be paid for all things?

"You are not delaying me," he said. "Wherever night finds me in the Sierra I lie down and sleep. But even if you were, there are delays which more or less matter. Can I assist you to the shore?"

She shook her head. "There is no need, I shall be there as soon as you, and then we'll decide on the best point of view. I want those grand cliffs, which I couldn't bring into my photograph."

And so it came to pass that, far down in the depths of the wildest canon of the Sierra, Lloyd, putting all thought of past or future away from him, knew some entirely happy moments. For if he had found Isabel Rivers charming when he met her in Topia, where the atmosphere around them was in a certain sense conventional, what term could fitly describe what he found her now, when the spell of the Sierra, its wild freedom and surpassing beauty, seemed to have entered into and to possess her, "like a passion"? While they sat together and he sketched the scene before them, she talked to him of the other scenes through which she had been passing, and every word was full of keenest pleasure and deepest appreciation.

louched so strangely home, they were so hued and scented, they were so beset and canopied by the dome of the blue air of heaven?"

"I remember them," he said; and to himself he added that they would ever after be associated with a voice which was like a haunting strain of music, and the shining of a pair of eyes full of golden light.

"I am not very much like the princess," Isabel went on with a laugh; "but the description has seemed to suit my case. I, too, as I have 'sped along in the bright air,' have 'looked with a rapture of surprise' on scenes so beautiful that they seemed to touch and thrill in the deepest, strangest, yet most familiar manner. Is there a strain of the dryad in some of us—or the gypsy, perhaps?"

"The dryad in you, I am sure—Ah, there it comes!"

What came was a blaze of white light around them, and simultaneous only a crash of thunder over their heads which seemed to shake the encompassing heights. Lloyd sprang to his feet almost as hastily as he had sprung when they sat together at the San Benito and he heard the sound of the loosened boulder on the mountain side above them.

"Come!" he said. "There isn't a moment to lose, if you don't want to be smothered by the rock!"

"But—where can we go?" she asked bewildered, snatching up her camera, while she stuffed the dry ingredients into the bag and threw it over her shoulder.

"You'll see," Lloyd answered. "Only come quickly, for the rain will be here in a half a minute."

She asked no more questions, but ran with him toward Manuel and the animals. The former stood a picture of consternation.

"Ah, Don Felipe!" he gasped, as Lloyd came up. "Las aguas have arrived! I told Don Roberto—"

"The mule of the senorita—quick!" Lloyd interrupted. He seized the bride of the animal, held out his hand, and the next instant she was in the saddle. He flung himself into his own, and, bidding her follow him, dashed across the stream. On the other side he turned down the quebrada toward a mass of towering cliffs which projected from the over-shadowing mountain. Another blinding flash of lightning, another terrific crash of thunder, and the rain came down in a pouring sheet just as he led the way, at breakneck pace, up a steep incline to the shelter of a great overhanging rock, which formed the roof of a deep cave. Here he sprang quickly to the ground as Miss Rivers rode up.

"Any port in a storm!" he said. "Here we can at least keep dry."

"Why, this is an admirable port!" she gasped breathlessly. "Who could have imagined such a perfect place of shelter within reach?"

"There are many of these caves along the trail—regular camping places of the arrieros. But I think not many know of this in the Quebrada Onda."

"It is lucky for us that you knew of it. Manuel, what should we have done if we had not met the senor?"

"Very badly, senorita, Manuel, who had now ridden up, acknowledged. "For I did not know of this place, although I know of many like it farther along the way. The blessed saints must have sent the senor to assist us."

"I did not think of that," said Isabel, looking at Lloyd; "but it is quite evident that fate—or the blessed saints—had a kinder purpose even than I imagined in sending you into the Quebrada Onda. You have certainly played the part of a guardian angel, although it has been somewhat unwillingly. For if you knew of this place of shelter, why did you want to send us on in the face of a coming storm?"

Lloyd felt himself flush.

Manuel crosses himself. You had better draw farther back into the cave, Miss Rivers; for the storm is increasing in violence, and the very windings of heaven seem opened."

CHAPTER XXI

IN A CAVE OF THE SIERRA

Kismet!—It is Fate! Lloyd had said when he found whom he had been journeying to meet in the Quebrada Onda; and he repeated the words to himself while he sat beside Miss Rivers in their place of refuge during the hour or so that the rain lasted. It was a torrential down-pour, accompanied by lightning which filled the air with the blinding glare of its white fire, and thunder which echoed in crashing peals from crag to crag. Lloyd arranged a seat for Isabel in the back of the cave, where the rock shelved down nearly touching their heads; and he was relieved to note her fearlessness in the face of a storm which tried even the iron nerves of Manuel, and made the animals now and again start and quiver from head to foot, as some particularly vivid flash of electricity seemed to envelop them, some terrific shock of thunder to shake the solid foundations of the granite hills. At such moments he found himself glancing apprehensively at his companion; and he had a new realization of what a great thing is courage when he met her eyes, bright with excitement and something like pleasure.

"Isn't it magnificent?" she cried to him once or twice; and he shouted back: "Wonderful!"

But Lloyd had occasion to repeat "Kismet" again, when, after the storm had passed—the cloud rolling away with its thunder still echoing solemnly among the heights, and a great flood of sunshine breaking forth and making the world brilliant,—he went out like the dove from the Ark, to learn how matters were; and, like that adventurous wanderer, found that the waters covered the face of the earth,—at least all that part of the earth which at present concerned him. The river, which even in its normal state flowed very near the foot of the height in which the cave was situated, had now risen until it swept the base of the cliff, completely covering the path by which they had gained their eyrie; so that to leave it was impossible without incurring certain discomfort and possible danger.

It was with a very grave face that he returned, shook his head in answer to Manuel's eager inquiries, and went up to Miss Rivers, who was now standing on the verge of the great rock, gazing rapturously out over the marvelous beauty of the rain-drenched, sun-bathed scene, and listening to the sound of the streams, which formed a wonderful diapason of harmony. For blending with the deep voice of the river below, was the music of unnumbered waterfalls, leaping in white cascades over rocks and down defiles where before the rain had been no drop of water; their flashing, tumbling beauty gleamed through the wealth of verdure which was already fresher, greener, more delightful to the eye for the gracious gift of the rain; and their hurrying waters singing as they poured into the gorge to join the brimming river."

Isabel held up her hand with a silencing gesture as Lloyd came to her side.

"Listen!" she said. "Is it not like a grand Te Deum? As if Nature were calling aloud, praising and thanking God!"

He was silent for a moment, listening as she commanded. Then he said: "Yes; the Sierra is speaking. I have often gone far out into the mountains after a storm to listen to its voice. There is nothing like it, when the great hills, unlocking their fountains, send up a cry to heaven—though whether it is a Te Deum or not I can't say."

"Isn't it worshipful enough to be one?"

"What is worshipful, like the prosperity of a just, rests in the ear of the listener. To me it only expresses the spell of the Sierra, its austere loneliness, its wild and perfect solitude."

She looked at him now with a smile. "It is the loneliness which appeals to you most, is it not?" she said. "I begin to understand why you do not care to meet your friends in the Sierra."

"And yet," he parried reproachfully, "you said only a little while ago that you, too, felt the charm of the loneliness of these enchanting solitudes."

"I do," she eagerly affirmed. "Indeed I can understand how the charm might become so great that one would break away from all the attractions and restraints of civilization to bury oneself in the wild, green recesses of the hills, and to say with all one's heart:

Now thanks to heaven, that of its grace Hath led me to this lonely place!"

It was his turn to smile. "I hope you will remain thankful to Heaven for leading you to this particular lonely place when you hear that all these malicious waters have made you a prisoner, he observed. "A prisoner! Impossible! How could they—in so short a time?"

the river, which, churned to the white foam over its rocks swept in turbulent, rushing flood below. When she drew back she looked a trifle started.

"It has certainly risen very high and has a very wild aspect," she said; "but it can't possibly be deep. We must simply ride through it. A little wetting will not matter."

"You would get more than a little wetting if you attempted to ride through that water—even if your mule could keep his footing, which is doubtful," Lloyd answered. "There is a terribly strong current. I tried it."

"You tried it!" Miss Rivers' glance swept over him and rested on some soaked garments. "Plainly you don't mind a wetting."

"Oh," he said carelessly. "I turned back when the water rose over my boots! I saw that it would not do for you to venture. There is really nothing for it but to stay here until the stream goes down."

"And how long will that be?" "Not more than a few hours."

"A few hours!" What will papa think has become of me? And what will he do?"

"If he comes down into the quebrada, he will have to remain on the other side of the river until it falls."

"In absolute uncertainty about my fate—whether I have been swept away by the flood or struck by lightning!"

"I don't think Mr. Rivers has a sensational imagination. I have no doubt he will be anxious about you, but he will not be likely to anticipate anything worse than that you have been thoroughly drenched."

"But I certainly should have been but for you. I suppose there is no doubt, alas! that he has been drenched?"

"Not much, I fear. But he is an old Sierra traveller, who knows how to take care of himself and to accept the inevitable with philosophy."

"Which we must practice also. Manuel, do you know that the river has made us prisoners here?"

"Yes, senorita," Manuel replied; "but that is better than that we should have been without shelter in the storm. We can wait until the waters go down."

"What do you think Don Roberto is saying?"

Manuel shrugged his shoulders. Plainly he did not care to commit himself to any conjecture on this point.

to be damaging and uncomfortable. Briefly, there was an accident. I fell down the mountain of the Santa Cruz, was picked up insensible and taken to Las Joyas—"

"A moment, please!" interrupted Miss Rivers, regarding him closely and a little suspiciously. "You have not said how the accident occurred. I am sure you are for too good a mountaineer to have fallen down a mountain."

"You are very kind; but, owing to the attraction of gravity, even the best of mountaineers must fall if he is thrown over the edge of the precipice."

TO BE CONTINUED

THE WAY IT HAPPENED

By Helen Moriarty

Baker of the Flying Corps had a few hours' leave, and sailing forth sought the adjacent small town where the boys were wont to find relaxation from the strain of their work. It was a lively little town, even in war time, full of American and English soldiers, and the usual entertainments were going at full swing. The day was a beautiful one for November, the air bland and the sunshine as golden and glowing as on a summer morning. Paul whistled as he drifted along the narrow streets, stopping to chat with first one crowd of soldiers and then another, amusing himself idly until he should be joined by others of the airmen who were coming in later. He was particularly fond of this town, where with his companions he had spent so many carefree hours, and had told his mother more than once how quaint and interesting it was, with its curious straggling streets and compact, small houses. He knew all the shopkeepers, too, especially the Little Postage Stamp Woman, as he called her, whose tiny stall obtruded itself on the street at one of the busiest corners. He had given her that name first, because she was never out of stamps, and, second, because she was not unlike a postage stamp herself, he declared—small, and square, and always on the spot. Her postcards, too, were of the most attractive kind, and as small as was her stall, there was a table and two chairs, seldom empty of soldiers, who were welcome to the pens and the clean blotter, and the ink, "with a regular French backbone" in it. Here he would up today, removing his cap with a flourish when he saw that Mother Beauvoir was alone.

"Hello, Mother Postage Stamp!" he called gayly.

"Ah, M'sieur Paul, it's you, is it? Her face breaking into a welcome smile. "I did not expect you today. She had acquired a fairly good knowledge of English and was proud of it, preferring to have the boys speak to her in their own tongue."

"No? This is my regular day." He began running through the cards.

"Yes," she answered, eyeing him a bit doubtfully, "but the cure—what you say?—the chaplain, has gone out today to your camp, to hear confessions, and it is his last day; so I have been told."

"Oh, yes, Father Rainer," carelessly. "I know. He and I are great friends. He's been here a week, you know, and he's spent most of it with us. He went up with me the other day. He's a good sport. He never turned a hair."

"Ah, in a relieved tone," he is your friend. Then all is well." The young man gave her a quizzical glance. Then he dropped his eyes to the cards again.

"Oh, I don't know," he drawled. "If you mean by that you suppose I went to confession and all that sort of thing, you've got another guess coming. Oh, here's a dandy card for mother! I just wrote to her yesterday, but she likes the cards—"

"Ah, M'sieur Paul!" Mother Beauvoir's voice was gently reproachful.

"Don't you want me to send a card to my mother?" innocently. "Ah, M'sieur Paul!" she repeated, shaking her head.

"Very well, I won't. And I shan't buy so many from you, and your receipts will fall off, and—"

"Such a rattle!" Mother Beauvoir broke in in a grumbling tone. "Here is your chair, and the pen and the ink. Voila! Tell her that you are a very bad boy!"

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Catholic Record. LONDON CANADA. Mother Beauvoir watched them disappear down the street with a satisfied light in her small gray eyes. "I knew he was the good boy," she told herself. "It is only on the surface—this lightness."

She would have been grieved to the heart, however, so greatly had she come to like the genial young American, could she have known his real indifference to "confession and all that sort of thing," as he put it. He would tell you he was a Catholic perhaps, with the negligent addendum that he knew he wasn't a very good one, "though I used to be an altar-boy," he might tell with a comical smile. "Picture me as an altar boy, if you can!"

"I not only can, but I will!" had been Father Rainer's cool response to this remark, made the day of their first meeting at the Field. "You will please assist Lieutenant Moore to serve my Mass in the morning."

"Oh, but Father—" protested Paul quickly. "I've forgotten, you know—I don't think I—"

"Oh, it will come back to you." Then as the boy still looked flushed and doubtful, the priest added quietly: "I'm sure you want to help me. I don't believe there's any one else I could call on."

"Of course, Father," hastily, "I want to help. Only—"

"Then that's all right. Now we'll have to see about a place for Mass," and somewhat to his own surprise Paul Baker became Father Rainer's chief factotum in arranging for the services and fixing up the building assigned for their use.

It was a curious experience to the young man, who, though he had been raised a Catholic, in the last few years had grown careless in his religion and lax in the observance of its laws. This, however, was the not unnatural outcome of his education and environment and had come about so gradually that he himself was almost unaware of the change. His mother was a convert, his father, who died when he was a child, had been a Methodist; hence, all his relatives were non-Catholics, and all the friends among whom he grew up. For a while he had been sent to a Catholic school—these were the days of his altar-boy experience—but later his mother was prevailed upon to let him go where his cousins and friends were going. After all, it was just as well, she thought. She could train him herself in his religion. With all his gaiety and light-hearted carelessness, he was naturally of a religious turn of mind and it would be easy to keep him in the right path. Thus she reasoned, and thus for a long time it seemed to be. But the mother had not counted on the influence of his companions, most of them unreligious when they were not actually irreligious; on the deadening effect of that peculiar atmosphere of the secular university which looks upon any suggestion of immortality with a doubtful eye, the same eye which turned a contemptuous stare upon anything approaching Catholic teaching; she had not counted on

her own weakness in dealing with her son when she found him growing careless. They were such chums, such companions, she could not bear to endanger this dear unity by fault-finding, by quarrelling. So she let matters drift, praying, weeping in secret, and wrestling with this trouble, which alas, she began to realize was of her own building. Then came the War and Paul's departure for France.

"Paul," she had whispered to him at the last moment, "you will say your prayers, won't you? And go to church? It would make me so happy if I knew—if I thought—" she stopped, her lips quivering despite her determination not to break down to show a brave face. The boy, a little pale in the stress of parting, held her hands tightly.

"I will, mother," he promised earnestly. "Don't worry—I'll be all right. I'll say my prayers every night, and if you pray for me—"

They smiled at each other tremulously, and he was gone. That he found himself praying often and earnestly was, he thought, the result of this promise; but it was not long before he began vaguely to realize a difference in those about him. Everybody prayed, and mostly they were not ashamed of their prayers. Indeed, it was not unusual to hear one say that this was a hazardous life and you might as well be prepared, you know, in case.

Withal, they did not take either their prayers or hazards with any degree of gloom, but were the cheerfullest and most carefree lot in the world. There was nothing they would not dare, and accidents, and even deaths, in their midst made no difference in the eagerness with which they offered themselves for difficult and dangerous flights. So when Father Rainer, sent down from Paris to look after the Catholics of this corps, arrived one bright autumn day, Paul was not surprised to see the welcome which he received on all sides. Non-Catholics as well as Catholics took to him warmly, begging him earnestly for medals and crosses like those his own men exhibited with no little pride. And the reverence with which they regarded these Catholic emblems was somewhat of a staggering revelation to Paul, so used to taking them as a matter of course, and latterly, if the truth were known as properly belonging to women's devotions anyhow. But here were the bukiest, the most manly, and to his mounting surprise those whom he had considered the least mindful of religion, coming openly to Father Rainer for a crucifix, or a medal; even the little prayer-books in French, with which he had supplied himself, disappeared like dew before the sun. Paris was requisitioned for a second supply, and meanwhile the men engaged Paul, as being so much

with the priest, to see that they were not overlooked in the next distribution. All this was not without its effect on Baker. But though he served Mass daily for ten days he did not go to confession. Father Rainer waited, biding his time, expecting every day that the boy would come around, but here now was the last day. He knew the type and had not wished to force his hand, but dalliance was no longer the word.

This was the priest's thought as with Paul he went about the town rounding up those of the Catholic boys in on leave, and he had not yet decided what method he would take when the stuttering motor bus discharged its load at the aviation camp. The boys were all a little sober. They were sincerely grieved that Father Rainer must go—he had seemed like a link with home, somehow, and the alacrity with which they had relinquished the remainder of their leave that day proved the reality of their regret. They were all gathered about the priest, making their way slowly down the Long Walk, when Pierce of the Headquarters Staff turned the corner by the Major's hut. He stopped when he saw the crowd.

"Hello!" he said. "What's up. I thought all you fellows were on leave and me in a deuce of a hurry for an extra man."

Father Rainer explained. "It's providential, Father," Pierce said gravely. "All the men are out and the local scout has sighted some enemy planes in a new direction. The Major wants half a dozen volunteers, and one man for quick contact duty. Who will go?" Paul had stepped forward even before Pierce had stopped speaking.

"I will," he said eagerly, and in an instant was off for his quarters, the six volunteers following Pierce to the Major's quarters for special instructions. In the distance the hangars were humming with activity, and the air was palpitant with preparations. Walking up and down outside Baker's quarters, Father Rainer was sunk in thought, but he looked up with a smile as the boy came out accounted for his flight.

"Quick work, Father," he said, laughing, but I'll be back in double quick time, too!"

"Better go to confession before you go up, Paul," the priest said quietly. "Scout duty is treacherous work."

Paul glanced at him quickly. "Oh, but I wouldn't have time, Father," was his protest. "But I will go when I come down—I had made up my mind."

Father Rainer took his stole out of his coat pocket and slipped it around his neck. "In that case," as though it were the most natural thing in the world, "you can go right now, while I walk with you to the hangar."

Paul started, flushed, and opened his lips perhaps for another protest, but at the grave, recollected look on the priest's face he drew himself together and began, as humbly as a little boy: "Bless me, Father, for I have sinned."

Those who saw them walking there in the reluctant November sunshine never forgot the scene, nor the impressive moment when at the machine's side the young man knelt and the priest raised his hand in absolution. Both looked around a moment later to smile at one of the boys who snatched them as they stood.

"Mother will like to see that!" Paul shouted over the hum of the motor. They watched him soar up until they lost the faint whirring sound and his plane was but a faint speck against the blue.

"His orders are to be back in an hour," Pierce told Father Rainer as they turned away. But the hour passed, two hours, and the afternoon rolled away, while anxious eyes momentarily scanned the unrevealing blue. It was late that night when he was brought back from the front, twelve miles away, where he had fallen in a daring fight with the intruding planes. They laid him to rest where the hum of the motors that he loved would sing his requiem and not far from the gravelled path his active feet had pressed so often.

"A clean oblation," Father Rainer murmured, as he went to take leave of the little mound before his departure for Paris not without a pain at his heart, for he had come to love the young man. "Thank God, it was a white soul that you took with you. May this comfort your stricken mother!"

THE NEW JOAN OF ARC  
PROPHECIES MADE BY CLAIRE FERCHAUD SEEM TO HAVE BEEN REAL

Has France, for the second time in her history, been saved by God, through visions granted to a peasant maiden in time of war? Catholics nowhere have the least doubt that this was the case when Joan of Arc led the national army to victory against the English after having been commanded to do so by heavenly visions. But another Jeanne d'Arc seemingly arose in the world war—Claire Ferchaud, whose prophecy about the ultimate victory of her country through consecration of the army to the Sacred Heart has proved true. The Catholic Press association says:

"France is taking of nothing else but the Sacred Heart and the Victory; and some significant facts have just become public property. It is remembered that on June 9th,

solemnity of the Sacred Heart, when a new attack menaced tragically the Compiegne front, General Mangin threw back the enemy by a marvelous counter offensive, which signified that he might not pass henceforth. Then followed the great sacerdotal application of June 29th, the national prayer of August 4th, and above all, the memorable and mysterious date of July 18th.

"For some time it had been known amongst Catholics that a great religious event took place on this last date, but only a few knew what that event was. Today the secret is disclosed. It was told by Pere Perroy, preaching the other day in the Cathedral of Chalons, for on that day the Generalissimo of the Allied Armies, Foch, consecrated those Armies to the Sacred Heart in the little church at General Headquarters. On his knees before the altar, Marshal Foch demanded from the Sacred Heart, in consecrating to Him the Armies of which he had charge, a prompt and definite victory and a peace glorious for France.

"It seemed as if only this act was awaited by Our Blessed Lord, for it was precisely from this date, July 18th, that the tide turned. Three days before all had seemed favorable for the rush of the enemy to Paris, but on the dawn of July 18th General Mangin broke through the enemy lines with a bound, since when there have but been the glorious halting periods of a triumphal march; and the hand of God has visibly appeared.

"The heroic soldiers of France were no less sure than their Generalissimo. At dawn on July 23rd the French armored cars, tanks, sprang forward to the assault but were stopped by heavy barrage fire. One car alone resisted, and dashing through the barrage, reached and crushed the German gun posts, and opened thus a passage for the infantry. On that car, fastened beside the cannon, fluttered a flag of the Sacred Heart, torn and pierced, like the car itself; and the gallant crew, returning and finding themselves surrounded by admiring comrades, turning without a word, pointed to the flag which had led them to victory."

The case of Claire Ferchaud has been written up a great deal and a lot of nonsense has been told about her, both in secular and Catholic papers. Some reports said, for instance, that she had been ordered to place herself at the head of the French army. The word the writer has from French Catholic sources does not indicate this. In an official communication issued by the Bishop of Poitiers, France, under date of September 2, 1918, he declared that an ecclesiastical commission appointed to consider the case of Claire Ferchaud had com-

pleted its work and that the Holy See had received to itself the examination and solution of the matter. The Cardinal Archbishop of Bordeaux assisted in conducting this inquiry. The young girl has been leading a saintly life, having founded a religious order at Loublande, her native place, with girls of her own age. She has conducted herself with reserve and has shown beyond any doubt that she is thoroughly sincere in her belief that she was given visions.

She is now twenty-two years old. She was introduced to President Poincare and told him that France would gain victory when it again became religious and the Sacred Heart was carried on the tricolor. Cardinal Amette, Archbishop of Paris, believing the girl, solemnly placed the Sacred Heart picture on the national tricolor of St. Mary's, and thousands of French soldiers pinned the Sacred Heart badge on their uniforms. Claire called on Premier Clemenceau a Vendean like herself, being promised five minutes for the interview, but he kept her an hour. It was she who decided him to transfer General Mangin, the hero of the Marne, who had been a victim of political intrigues, which she, although a simple peasant girl who could not know this naturally, divulged. At the end of 1916, she announced that powerful politicians and members of the government were plotting against France. This was before the Bolo Paasha, Malvy and Callicux scandals became known, and long before the mutinies of 1917. Not much was written about these mutinies at the time, but they happened all the same. She foretold the piercing of the German lines and the speedy passing from despair to victory.

Now, finally, it comes to light that the girl's full prophecy regarding the Sacred Heart has been fulfilled. Catholics all over the world will await the official Roman report on this case with the greatest interest. —Denver Register.

CATHEDRAL OF THANN

The Cathedral of Thann in Alsace is once more in French possession, after forty years of German domination. The entry of the French troops into the town was celebrated with great joy by the people of Thann, and on the uninjured steeple of the Cathedral the tricolor floated gaily. Three Chasseurs Alpin had succeeded in making the perilous climb, and as the flag of France broke out over the highest edifice of the reconquered territory the great crowd knelt in fervent thanksgiving. The more boisterous element was outside celebrating victory, but all the old people for miles around had gathered to pray and to listen to the Cure who

speaking now in patois, told how the God of battles had blessed the arms of France and of her allies because their cause was the cause of justice and liberty. The service ended with the sermon, for the Cure was unable to make his way back to the altar, so dense was the crowd of officers and peasants and American soldiers who thronged the nave and transept and packed themselves in the choir and where the stalls had stood.

"A VICTORY, HOWEVER EASY COSTS THE LIVES OF MEN"

Treves, January 18.—It is the conviction of Marshal Foch that the Rhine must be made the barrier between Germany and France. He expressed this clearly when he received American newspaper correspondents. The Marshal is here in connection with the meeting concerning the extension of the German armistice.

Marshal Foch was asked by the correspondents: "But was not the armistice concluded too soon?" "It was not possible to do otherwise," answered the Marshal, "because the Germans gave up everything that we asked for at once. They satisfied all of our conditions. It was difficult to ask more."

"Doubtless the Generals would have preferred to have continued the struggle and to have battle when the battle which offered itself was so promising, but a father of a family could not help think of the blood that would be shed. A victory, however easy, costs the lives of men. We held victory in our grasp without any further sacrifice. We took it as it came."

"The German High Command was not ignorant of the fact that it faced a colossal disaster. When it surrendered, everything was prepared for an offensive in which it would infallibly have succumbed. On the fourteenth we were to attack in Lorraine with twenty French divisions and six American divisions. This attack would have been supported by other movements in Flanders and in the centre."

"The Germans were lost. They capitulated. There is the whole story. "It is on the Rhine that we must hold the Germans. It is by using the Rhine that we must make it impossible for them to recommence the coup of 1914. The Rhine is the common barrier of all the Allies."

"England has the Channel to cross. America is far away. France must always be in a position to safeguard the general interests of mankind. Those interests are at stake on the Rhine. It is there that we must prepare to guard against the painful surprises of the future."

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LONDON, SATURDAY, MARCH 1, 1919

SIR WILFRID LAURIER

"Our friend sleepeth: he is dead."

When unworthy prejudice and factitious misunderstanding shall have ceased to cloud the reason or obstruct the natural impulse of the heart there is not a single Canadian of whatever race or creed, whether claiming Canada as his native land or as the country of his adoption, who will not feel that in the death of Sir Wilfrid Laurier he has lost a friend. His love for Canada and for Canadians was so transparently and convincingly sincere that it begot in the hearts of all a reciprocal love for the great statesman who gave unsparingly his work and his life to their service. He may have made mistakes; that is human. Only a few short weeks ago he said publicly with an absence of false pride and false humility, with characteristic simplicity: "I know I have made mistakes." But they are few who do not believe in the honesty of his purpose, the singleness of his motive; and there are few indeed who do not think that his public life was as free from blame as that of any public man charged with great responsibilities in this or any other country. He has been the object of as virulent abuse as that meted out to Gladstone, but, like that great statesman's, Laurier's name will go down in history with even political rancor failing to attach a single stain to the personal integrity of his public or private life.

Entering Parliament as a Liberal when Quebec was intensely Conservative in politics, Sir Wilfrid as a young man gave the most signal evidence of those qualities which characterized his whole public life. Courage and persistence and fidelity to conviction were imperatively necessary if he would breast the tide of opinion in his native province which regarded Liberalism in politics as a species of apostasy from the Faith.

It may seem to the younger generation of Canadians an incredibly ludicrous thing that Catholics were held in odium by hierarchy and clergy for presuming to vote against the party with which the Orange order was then as afterwards very closely affiliated. Yet such was the case when Laurier as a young man, with indomitable courage yet with never-failing courtesy, fought the fight for his political convictions.

Elections were set aside by Catholic judges on account of undue clerical influence in favor of the Conservative and against the Liberal candidates. There was a time when the Liberals of Canada called themselves Reformers so great was the odium attaching to the term Liberal in Quebec. A Delegate from Rome was necessary to decide finally that the Liberalism of Canadian politics was not that which was condemned by the Syllabus of Pius IX.

Slowly the political principles which young Laurier championed made their way in his native province; but he was nearing middle age before he succeeded in seriously dividing that stronghold of Conservatism.

The Manitoba School Question was the chief issue in the election of 1896 and Laurier, then Leader of the Liberal party, adopted the solution of conciliation and compromise. Whether or not that was the wisest course does not for the moment concern us. The genesis of Manitoba Separate schools as a question in federal politics is briefly this: The Liberal Government of Manitoba abolished Separate schools through the Manitoba Act of 1870, which constituted Manitoba a province of the Dominion,

afforded precisely the same guarantee for the Separate schools as the British North America Act gives for Separate schools in Ontario. From motives of political prudence the Conservative Government at Ottawa, instead of disallowing the Manitoba School Act as they clearly had the right to do, decided to carry the matter to the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council. Here had Sir Richard Webster had competent knowledge of the case the history of Canadian politics might have been different. But Webster, afterwards Lord Alverstone, was too fully occupied with his own election to master his brief in the school question. Stripped of technicalities it appears that the statement of the case before the Committee determines the limits within which it must be argued. On hearing Sir Richard conclude his presentation of the case for Separate schools the Canadian Counsel, in shocked surprise at the incomplete and inadequate statement, is said to have briefly commented, "We're done for."

The decision going in favor of the Manitoba Government a later case was taken before the Privy Council which resulted in the decision that the Catholics of Manitoba had a grievance and that it was within the power of the Federal Government to pass remedial legislation. On this the parties divided. The Liberals had always been the champions of provincial rights. "Not an acre of land, not a stick of timber, not an ounce of mineral in that territory will pass under the control of the little tyrant [Mowatt] at Toronto," declared Sir John Macdonald, during the bitter contest over what is now known as New Ontario. Every stick of timber, every acre of land and every ounce of mineral passed forever under the undisputed control of Ontario as a result of Liberal contention for provincial rights. The Rivers and Streams Bill, the Dominion License Act were other instances of successful resistance to what Liberals regarded as federal encroachments on the constitutional rights of the province. It may be that Liberals have laid too much stress on provincial rights. It is an open question whether a stronger central government would not be more effective in the upbuilding of a Canadian nationality. The fathers of Confederation saw the result of a weak central government in the American Civil War. It took that war, and gradual but continuous usurpation of powers altogether incompatible with the original theory of sovereign states, to establish a federal government in the United States sufficiently strong for national purposes. After a study of all federations the framers of the South African constitution gave to the states powers far more limited than those enjoyed by the Canadian provinces. Here again we are not concerned with the ideal but with the practical and the actual. The Canadian provinces have, and had in 1896, wide powers amongst which was, with certain specified limitations, exclusive control of education. To override a provincial act which the highest court of the Empire had decided was intra vires would be to inject endless contention and strife into the political life of Canada. Apart from what many considered the worthlessness of the Remedial Bill and the alleged insincerity of the Government proposing it—while Sir Charles Tupper pledged himself to stand or fall on the measure, he accepted as his supporters half the candidates of Ontario who publicly pledged themselves to vote against it—we believe it was Sir Wilfrid's honest and conscientious conviction that the only course consistent with Liberal principles and Liberal history was conciliation and compromise and not coercion. But conciliation and compromise were words not found in the lexicon of Archbishop Langevin when the French language was concerned. And it was the French language rather than the Catholic religion that caused the whole Manitoba school difficulty. A compromise offered by the Conservative Government in March, 1896, was pre-emptively rejected by the Archbishop who would consider nothing less than the status quo ante. That the Remedial Bill was supposed to restore. The whole episcopate of the province came out in a joint mandement supporting the measure. Add to this the fact that despite democratic and liberal professions there is a certain proportion of the Protestant electorate swayed by very undemocratic and illiberal prejudice which invariably

makes itself felt when a Catholic fellow-citizen seeks their suffrages at the polls. However discreditable, the existence of this unreasoning prejudice is undeniable, and to none was it better known than to Sir Wilfrid. Notwithstanding the discouraging outlook he remained steadfast in his fidelity to his political convictions. The outcome astounded both parties. Quebec, long the great stronghold of Conservatism, went overwhelmingly in favor of Laurier and against the bishops. The people of that province had too long been accustomed to identify race and language with religion, if not to subordinate religion to racial and language considerations, to rid themselves at the bidding of even of their bishops of the effects of that teaching. Their almost unanimous support made "un des notables" the Prime Minister of Canada.

All are agreed that his fifteen years as pilot of the ship of state were the most prosperous and progressive since Confederation. More recent events are too fresh in the memory of all to call for comment. Suffice it to say that we believe that in the contentious measure of conscription Sir Wilfrid was guided by the highest considerations of conscience and patriotism. Indeed it is perhaps here that his characteristic qualities of courage, persistence and fidelity to conviction are most clearly evinced. The one predominant motive of his whole public life, his heart's desire at all times, was to promote union between the two great races, to interpret the English to the French and the French to the English, to upbuild a united Canada. No one better than he knew the probable course the sorry election campaign would take—and actually did take. It seemed to many a grievously pathetic thing that the evening of his long life devoted to the promotion of sympathetic understanding and union should be darkened by the lowering storm clouds of an election campaign which appealed so largely to passion and prejudice and which menaced the edifice of Canadian unity which he had given the best of himself to upbuild.

Doubtless it did cause him keen sorrow and disappointment; but the serenity of his mind, his quiet optimism, his unshakable democratic faith in the common people, made him see the passing of the storm and the sun of good sense and good will shining again, the air perhaps clearer and the earth all the better for the violence of the storm. Dimly seen already even by his opponents, it will become clearer as time goes on that in his last election contest Laurier was true to himself and to his guiding principles, and was even greater in defeat than in the hour of his proudest victories.

Our friend is dead. He has passed before the judgment seat where the rank and dignities and honors of this world are pitifully small except in so far as they carry with them grave responsibilities for which an account must be rendered. He was of the household of the faith; he fought the good fight and kept the faith under conditions which have driven smaller men out of the Church; he finished his course and died a patriot and a Catholic. His life was a concrete refutation of a charge too widely believed. Be it to us, his fellow citizens and brother Catholics, a sacred duty to pray for his soul.

"THE POOR YOU HAVE ALWAYS WITH YOU"

In the course of the report of Dr. Nelson's Bolshevist sermon occurs this paragraph:

"Did Jesus really mean what He said when He declared 'The poor ye have always with you'?" said the speaker, "is a question that Christianity has to answer today. If He did, then we must set ourselves against Jesus, but if we study the Bible we find that it was to Judas, who carried the bag, that the words were addressed after he had asked why the value of the alabaster box of ointment had not been given to the poor."

The shocking, the blasphemous irreverence of this reference to our divine Lord is equalled by the colossal self-assurance which coolly states: "then we must set ourselves against Jesus." It seems inconceivable that a professedly Christian minister could so speak of the Saviour if he really believed that Jesus was the Eternal Son of God, omnipotent and omniscient. But shocking irreverence and egregious egotism aside, the speaker here calls attention to an all too frequent misapplication of the quoted words of Christ. The context in which the words were used makes their mean-

ing clear. In the fourteenth chapter of St. Mark we read:

3. And when he was in Bethania, in the house of Simon the leper, and was at meat, there came a woman having an alabaster box of ointment of precious spikenard; and breaking the alabaster box, she poured it out upon his head.

4. Now there were some that had indignation within themselves, and said: Why was this waste of the ointment made?

5. For this ointment might have been sold for more than three hundred pence, and given to the poor. And they murmured against her.

6. But Jesus said: Let her alone, why do you molest her? She hath wrought a good work upon me.

7. For the poor you have always with you; and whenever you will, you may do them good; but me you have not always.

8. She hath done what she could; she is come beforehand to anoint my body for the burial.

In the beginning of the chapter St. Mark says: "Now the feast of the passch and of the Azymes was after two days." St. Matthew, also, (xxvi 2) tells that Jesus said to his disciples: "You know that after two days shall be the passch, and the son of man shall be delivered up to be crucified."

The occasion, therefore, was the eve of our blessed Lord's death. To those who complained of the waste He said: "She hath wrought a good work upon me. For the poor you have always with you; and whenever you will, you may do them good; but me you have not always. . . . She is come beforehand to anoint my body for the burial."

It is so perfectly clear that it was in relation to His own impending death and burial that Jesus said: "For the poor you have always with you," that it is difficult to see how any one could distort these words of Christ into a prophecy that there would always, to the end of time, be a poor and needy class amongst the people. Not by way of prophecy but emphasizing the fact that He was about to die and the opportunity of doing "a good work" for Him was limited to a couple of days, our Lord said to the murrurers "the poor ye have always with you; and whenever you will, you may do them good."

The interpretation of our Lord's words in a prophetic sense as applying to conditions for all time is not only unwarranted but mischievous; and anti-Christian agitators have not been slow to base on this misinterpretation an argument against the Christian religion.

AN APOSTLE OF BOLSHIEVISM

The Reverend S. Banks Nelson, D.D., is a prominent Presbyterian clergyman of Hamilton, Ontario. The vagaries of Protestant pulpiteres have become so much a commonplace, matter of course sort of thing that they attract no more than passing attention; and perhaps it is as well, for failure to attract attention is a potent influence in keeping such notoriety-seekers within the limits of sanity; they glimpse the fact that behind the indifference lies contempt.

Still at a time when stiff sentences of fines and imprisonment are meted out to those who have Bolshevistic literature in their possession; when sympathy with Bolshevism is urged as reason and justification for the deportation of those so affected as undesirable raw material for Canadian citizenship; then it becomes pertinent to ask why a reputable minister of the Gospel should be allowed fervently to extol these same Bolshevistic principles with impunity. And this precisely is what the Rev. Dr. Nelson, "one of the most brilliant and effective speakers in Canada," does. The London Free Press thus reports his address here a few weeks ago:

That Presbyterianism and Bolshevism are in principle on a common level and that they have both a common foundation in the Mosaic plan of government by elders was, to the majority of the large audience which met last night in the auditorium of First Presbyterian Church, the rather startling but thought compelling claim Nelson, D. D., of Hamilton, who was billed to speak on "Providence and Presbyterianism."

The meeting was the closing event of the special meeting of the London Presbytery, which had combined business sessions with a conference on "The Deepening of Spiritual Life," in conjunction with the great forward movement and was attended by a large number of citizens, in addition to the ministers and elders of the presbytery. For one hour and three-quarters Dr. Nelson held his audience

entranced with the, to many, daring of his statements, his eloquence, diction and wit; and many, including Moderator-elect Rev. I. H. McDonald, who presided, were "almost persuaded to an entire change of their judgment of Bolshevism."

That, presumably, is a fair summary of the thesis and trend of argument of this apologist of Bolshevism. At any rate he has found no fault with the published account of his sermon. It will be noted that it was no ordinary occasion and that the sermon, therefore, may be taken as the deliberate and matured conviction of the preacher; a conclusion which is further warranted by the fact that this was not the first time Mr. Nelson emphatically endorsed the Bolshevist movement. And if he "almost persuaded" his brother ministers, including the Moderator elect, what effect would the "brilliant and effective" eloquence of this man have on the equally unbalanced minds of the "undesirable aliens" whom we are doing, imprisoning and deporting for holding or propagating similar opinions?

The Free Press report continues: That Bolshevism, like Presbyterianism, is based on the equality of all and the leadership of the elders, and that Lenin and Trotsky are Jews, and that they have based the government of Russia on Jewish lines, was argued by Dr. Nelson, who strongly warned his audience that "you may some day laugh at the other side of the street. The day is being laughed at today. The day was when the Christians were laughed at. Take care you don't laugh the wrong way." He described at some length the plan of Russian government from the small gathering of farmers to the larger assembly of the town, and thence to the Soviet, which he declared to be the same democratic principle that governed the government of the Presbyterian church. "The Russians," he declared, "may be fools, but they have the right idea."

That the civilization of Europe was the work of the Catholic Church no reputable historian now attempts to deny; that the Reformation was a serious, even a disastrous, break in the orderly development of that civilization is now admitted by many thoughtful non-Catholic students of history; and that what has chiefly made for stability and order up to the present is the conservation of principles and institutions rooted deep in the Catholic centuries is hardly open to question. That the present social upheaval, actual in Russia, menacing elsewhere, is largely due to the loosening hold of religion, and above all to the weakening of the power of the Church to continue her age-long championship of the rights of the people against all forms of tyranny is recognized by such non-Catholic students of history as G. K. Chesterton, and despite his Protestant optimism, plainly indicated by Dr. Gairdner in his historical studies of the Reformation and pre-Reformation periods.

The Rev. Dr. Nelson recognizes in Bolshevism the translation into the political order of the principles of Presbyterianism. He may be right; he certainly should know the spirit and tendencies of the principles of his own sect. Protestantism as a whole in its fundamental principle of private judgment is necessarily subversive of all divinely constituted authority in the teaching of that saving revelation made by God through Jesus Christ. And he is remembered that in these revealed truths lies not alone the salvation of the individual but the salvation of Christian society. Wild as Dr. Nelson's views may appear at first sight he may have a deeper insight into the principles which he professes than others who hold them more lightly and with a looser grasp of their logical implications.

There is serious ground for hope that Bolshevism in all its manifestations, actual and prospective, will turn the minds of thoughtful, observant and earnest men to the ordered liberty, both civil and religious, which is possible only when its rightful place is given to authority; that they will come to see that in the Catholic Church which created Christian civilization, and there alone, will civilized society find salvation.

WHY FAITH FLOURISHES ON THE FARM

BY THE GLEANER

Statistics show that there is a much greater leakage among Catholics in cities than in rural districts. In fact it is not for the leaven from the country, that is being continually infused into the urban mass, the percentage of fallen-aways would be very much greater in our large

centres of population. It is true that a very large number of ought-to-be may be found in those parts of the country that have not enjoyed the blessing of a resident pastor; but in well organized parishes apostates are comparatively few. It would seem at first sight that the city Catholic has more means of fortifying his faith than his rural brother. He has the church and the Separate school close at hand, the advantage of many special devotions, the opportunity of going frequently to confession and Communion with little attendant fatigue or hardship, the privilege of hearing many eloquent sermons and lectures and of membership in Catholic societies, all of which should give him an advantage over his less favorably situated co-religionist in the country. Nevertheless it is a fact that the unpretentious rural congregation represents a more lively and enlightened faith than the smart city parish. The reason for this, we make bold to state, that the former is better instructed.

You have all met him, the dapper city man, smart, well-groomed, enthusiastic and proud of his affiliation with some Catholic club. He will tell you of the dandy lecture he heard recently, or of the eloquent sermon that Bishop—or Rev. Doctor—preached. But question him as to the subject matter of the discourse, as to the ideas put forth, and he is beautifully vague. The fact is that he carried away not ideas but merely sense perceptions. He was so engrossed with the circumstances of the occasion and the personality, gestures and voice of the speaker that he failed to catch the message intended for him. After all it is not the occasional eloquent sermon or lecture that enlightens the people, but the ordinary course of instructions. Now in cities many are deprived of the latter because it is not given at Mass but in the evening. On account of the large number of Masses there is time in the morning only for the announcements and a brief exhortation. Thus it is that the city man who merely fulfils the grave obligation of hearing Mass on Sundays learns very little about his religion. A perfunctory attendance at Mass without instruction will not preserve the faith.

In the country it is different. The people come to Mass prepared to listen to an instruction—and let it be said right here that there are, as a rule, much better sermons preached in the country parishes than in our cities. The appearance and voice of the priest, in fact all the surroundings are familiar to the audience, so that there is nothing to distract their minds from the truths that are being enunciated. As a consequence the large majority of the congregation acquire a thorough knowledge of their religion. The best proof of this is that vocations to the priesthood and to the religious life, which are the choicest fruits of the spirit of faith, are much more numerous in the country than in our cities.

Then again faith comes by hearing, "and how shall they hear," says St. Paul, "without a preacher, and how shall they preach unless they be sent." In the cities people, whose pastor may not be celebrated as an orator, often run to this church or to that to hear some preacher of repute who has not been sent to preach to them but to the people belonging to the particular church in which he is speaking. Such persons gain little information because to gain such is not the primary motive of their presence at the sermon. In the country those who have not an automobile have little opportunity of hearing other than the man who has been sent to teach them, and to whose words there is consequently attached a special grace of enlightenment.

The chief reason, however, why there is such an exuberance of faith on the farm is that the country Catholic is a reader not of the daily press but of Catholic literature. This statement, we admit, is not as true of the generation of today as of that of yesterday, since rural mail delivery brings the secular paper daily to the farmer's door. It is true nevertheless that the Catholic paper is read by a much larger percentage of the people in the country than in the city. The distractions that invade the winter evenings and the summer twilights of the urban Catholic are alien to the country home. Hence there is more leisure for serious study, there is more chance to develop the mind which communes closer with nature and which sees things in a truer per-

spective because it is not blunted and obscured by the round of distractions that the whirligig of city life evolves.

A striking illustration of what we have said is afforded by the Maritime Provinces. Down by the sea the Catholic population is mostly rural or confined to small towns. What is the record of Catholicity there? A larger percentage of readers than in any other part of the Dominion, a newspaper that is not a mere recorder of events but an orthodox and well-informed guide to a progressive spirit of Catholicity, a University that upholds the best traditions of Catholic scholarship, a large and evergrowing list of public men who are holding many of the chief offices of trust in Church and State throughout Canada, and a generosity in mission work that spells an intelligent realization of the obligation that faith imposes. In a word faith flourishes there because the people are well instructed.

NOTES AND COMMENTS

BY GENERAL CONSENT of all classes Canada has lost her First Citizen in the death of Sir Wilfrid Laurier. Like Washington it may be truthfully said of him that, notwithstanding conflicting ideas in a time of great trial and stress, he was "first in peace, first in war, and first in the hearts of his countrymen." It is well known that, concerning his policy in regard to the War, he was content to leave the final verdict to the jury of history. Time is the great solvent of all things earthly, and to its final adjudication Sir Wilfrid Laurier may well have looked forward with confidence.

ONLY BY the casting vote of the chairman did the Toronto Board of Education decide that the modicum of justice should be meted out to the only Catholic teacher under its jurisdiction. Which is a reminder to the rest of Canada that Toronto is not only the chief educational centre of the Dominion but is a beacon light of civilization to the world at large. With the spirit of chivalry as historically understood, the Capital of Ontario may be said fairly to reek.

BY NO means the least interesting portion of Bishop Fallon's inspiring Toronto address on "Education" was the recital of his meeting at Oxford with the Catholic daughter of Hon. George Brown. The Globe in George Brown's day was the rallying point for everything that was inimical not only to Separate schools, but to the growth and spiritual welfare of the Catholic population. The "Covenanting old Chap," as Sir John A. Macdonald was wont to call him, found no greater pleasure than in fomenting opposition to the Church, and in circumscribing her liberties. Pope-baiting was almost his daily bread. That a daughter of his, therefore, and not only as the Bishop related, a daughter, but six grandchildren into the bargain, should now be numbered among the Church's loyal and zealous children, is certainly something like a nemesis. That, however, is the fate that has overtaken many of the Faith's most violent antagonists, yet it is a lesson which the world is very slow to learn. That, in reporting the Bishop's lecture all the Toronto papers, the Globe included, should have ignored this interesting episode is surely as significant as it is characteristic.

THE WEEKLY Bulletin of the Canadian Department of Trade and Commerce publishes some interesting statistics regarding the population of the Australian Commonwealth. In 1800, but seventeen years after the first settlement, the population, exclusive of aborigines, was but 5,217. The first million was reached in 1858, the second in 1897, the third in 1899, and the fourth in 1916. Before the War it was estimated that the five million point would be reached in 1914 or 1915, but the departure of troops and the cessation of immigration caused by the great conflict in Europe put back this period to the present time. In September, 1918, it was officially announced that the five million mark had been passed, and it is now confidently predicted that the next census (1921) there will be in the antipodean Commonwealth close upon 5,500,000 persons. This is exclusive of the native population, concerning which there are no figures to hand.

AUSTRALIA IS a land of immense possibilities. A veritable terra incognita little more than a century ago, it has, like our own Canada, blossomed into a nation during the

MARCH 1, 1919

time of war, and with the resumption now of normal conditions, and the repatriation of her soldier sons, a splendid future awaits her. The vigor of her war time activities, and the valor of her sons on many a hard-fought battle field, have focused the attention of the world upon her, and who can doubt that her reward will come not only in immense accession of population from without and increased national self-respect, but in the influence she is bound to exercise in the future councils of the world. To us as members of the universal Church it is matter for gratification that in the foundation and up-building of their nation our fellow Catholics of the Island Continent have borne their full share. And for the dawning epoch it may be safely predicted that in their contribution to the elements that make for a nation's greatness the Catholics of Australia, true to their inherited traditions, will not lag behind.

Bolshevism, under which name Socialism is now masquerading abroad, is in danger of becoming a real menace in Canada. The "Provisional Council of Soldiers' and Workers' Deputies of Canada" is busy circulating inflammatory sheets in every industrial centre. From the "third manifesto" of this council we call the following:

"Comrade Workmen in the factories, mines and railroads, form councils immediately to seize each factory, each mine, each railroad for the working class. . . . Organize them now secretly, and do everything in your power to rouse the workers to take the action necessary for the overthrow of the capitalist class, and the establishment of the Workers' Socialist Republic."

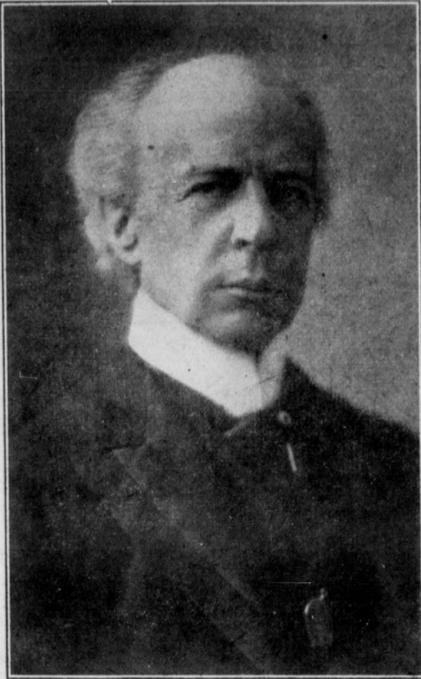
WHAT, it may be asked, are our legislators doing to reduce this menace to social order and the rights of property? Class legislation and the fostering of monopoly is not the path to peace and progress. The one extreme breeds the other, and gives rise to evils which add to the present unrest. Socialism, or Bolshevism, or by whatever other name the doctrines of Karl Marx may be known, is, as the Catholic Church has unceasingly pointed out, the relentless foe of God and man. Only the wisest of legislation, and the removal of unjust discrimination can cure the evils under which society is writhing, and avert the far greater evils which a misguided Socialism carries in its train. Mere repression will not effect a cure. Only the practice of Christian charity and fidelity to the maxims of the Gospel can effect that much-to-be-desired end.

EDITORIAL TRIBUTES

TO CANADA'S GREATEST STATESMAN

LOSS IRREPARABLE
To-day "Our chief State oracle is mute." Canada has lost the greatest of her sons. At another time it may be possible to form some estimation as to how much greater was Sir Wilfrid Laurier than any of his competitors for fame and power. But at the moment of writing these lines the sense of loss is alike too poignant and too profound for any such task to be attempted. Be it ours to pay our tribute of grief at the removal of the figure which, for a quarter of a century, either in office or in opposition, has loomed the largest in our national life.

Of all our great names there is no name more closely linked with the advent of Canada as a world entity than that of the veteran statesman who, for so many and such illustrious years, guided the destinies of his country, guided them wisely and guided them well, as we are sure history, with the supreme advantage of perspective, will testify in no uncertain sort. There is no real Canadian who has not felt that, viewed aside from the narrow region of party warfare, Sir Wilfrid Laurier was a figure, at once able, honorable and distinguished, of whom his country had reason to be proud, and whose renown was the common property of all his fellow-countrymen. But naturally with Liberals, members as they are of that party which, in serving his country, he led so long and so well, there was an especial measure of affection, mingled with the admiration which they felt for their honored chief. Sir Wilfrid was a man of rare and remarkable magnetism. In any assemblage in the world his must have been a notable presence, conspicuous for his loftiness of mind, no less than for his dignity of mien. But beyond and above all his varied and various gifts, it was his unflinching and unwavering devotion to the principles of Liberalism which endeared him to Liberals in especial degree, and not in Canada alone. Throughout his political career he belonged to the same school of Liberalism as did Gladstone. It is the school which, both in Canada and in Great Britain has laid, deep and sure,



SIR WILFRID LAURIER

the foundations of ordered progress and of rational reform. He was always a loyal party man, but his party loyalty was due to no petty motives or rancorous animosities, but because he, like Gladstone, saw in the Liberal Party alike the most effective organ and the most efficient safeguard of human rights and human freedom. Suave in manner and courteous in speech, to an unusual degree, in matters of principle he was always adamant. No considerations of momentary advantage to his party, and certainly not to himself, could ever tempt him for an instant to swerve from the path of fidelity to principle. If he suffered as he undoubtedly did, and more than once, for the faith which he so sternly kept with principle, he was never of the sort to indulge in unmanly repining. He was always equal to the extreme of Fortune, neither unduly depressed by reverses nor unduly elated by success. To many of us, indeed, he never appeared more nearly allied to the sublime than during the last two years. Deserted and betrayed by some who should have been among his dearest and nearest supporters, he was yet neither ashamed nor afraid to struggle on for the good old cause, the cause of Liberalism, the cause of the people, the cause of Canada, the Nation. Alike on public and on personal grounds, his removal is an irreparable loss to Canada and Canadians.—The Statesman.

THE GREATEST CANADIAN

Canadians mourn today the greatest Canadian of his generation, stricken amid the manifold activities that were his as Leader of the Opposition. Sir Wilfrid died in harness—the representative to the very end of the people in whose service he had spent almost fifty years of his life. In that long span of time there had been alternations of success and failure of victory and defeat, of the flowing tide and the ebb of popularity, but vicissitudes of fortune never affected the mental serenity of Sir Wilfrid Laurier. In the intimacies of confidential intercourse few men ever saw the Chief of the Liberal party moved to anger, and none ever heard an unworthy word pass his lips. The eloquence of Sir Wilfrid had its root in a poetic temperament that blossomed early and never withered, but felicity of expression that gave him his power to sway the multitude came largely from the study of the masters of English prose. He was steeped in the tradition of British Liberalism, and in all his projects for political and social reform was governed by the belief that too much exercise of authority must always be a far greater hindrance to the ordered progress of a free people than too little. There is left in the public life of the Dominion no man who can wear with dignity the mantle of Sir Wilfrid.

And none can hope to win or hold the unique place in the love and admiration of the French-Canadians that has been his since the far-off days when he first entered the Legislature of Quebec. And Sir Wilfrid's influence in Quebec has been unmistakably for good. He fought a good fight against clerical domination when political Liberalism was anathema in high places. He strove manfully against the separatist tendencies that were disclosed during the Marceller regime. He was the spokesman of national unity in season and out of season. He risked all in Quebec in opposition to the coercion of Manitoba at a time when an English-speaking Protestant Premier was prepared to force separate schools upon the unwilling people of that Province. He stood for a better understanding with the United States throughout the perilous days of the fisheries and boundary controversies. During his Premiership the foundations were laid for the good relations that

now exist between Canada and the United States, relations which made participation by the Republic in the war for freedom much less difficult than it would have been had a hostile Canada been regarded with aversion at Washington as the outpost on this continent of an Imperialistic Britain. Peace, unity, religious liberty, racial harmony, ordered progress—these were the outstanding notes of Sir Wilfrid's career. May those who come after him in the leadership of Canadian Liberalism keep their shields as bright as that which Sir Wilfrid Laurier has laid down.—The Globe.

OF BRITISH LIBERAL SCHOOL

Sir Wilfrid Laurier's career as a Canadian statesman began when he delivered his maiden speech in moving the address in reply to the speech from the throne in 1874. When he entered the Mackenzie Government in 1877 his Liberalism had brought him into conflict with the heads of the Roman Catholic Church in Quebec, and he was bitterly opposed and suffered defeat when he first offered himself for re-election. His address on "Political Liberalism" before the Club Canadien was an eloquent vindication of the principles which guided his career. He avowed that he took his inspiration from the British Liberalism as championed by a line of statesmen from Fox to Gladstone. He made an eloquent plea against a political cleavage upon religious lines. He warned the Conservative leaders in Quebec not to attempt to organize a political party "without other basis than a common religion" and thus "throw open the door to a religious war, the most terrible of all wars." These sentiments were the inspiration of his career as a statesman.

When he was made leader of the Liberal party in 1887, there was a general impression that his temperament was that of the scholar and poet, and that he was two gentles and conciliatory leaders in Quebec not to attempt to organize a political party.

This impression proved to be unfounded. He had all the essential fighting qualities, his courage was high, and there never was any doubt of his dominating influence over his followers, or, afterwards, of his control of his Cabinet. It was the old story of the steel hand under the velvet glove. The progress and prosperity that followed the Laurier tariff revision were without precedent in Canadian history. Partisans will, of course, disagree as to the extent to which this result was due to legislation and administration. But it seems clear that the new tariff was well adapted to the needs of industry, and that the amazingly rapid progress of the West was due to a vigorous policy for promoting immigration and settlement.

Now we are faced with a problem of reconstruction perhaps as difficult as that of organizing the institutions created by the federal union of 1867. The details of the work are different, but the spirit must be the same as that of Macdonald and Laurier. Both these men were profoundly impressed with the vital necessity of unity in a young country inhabited by men differing in race to some extent in political conceptions. Unity is still our need. Of racial strife we now hear less than of the danger of cleavage between East and West, between town and country, between employers and employed. It is still true that in order to achieve a national destiny worthy of our great heritage we must unite in a spirit of good-will and common patriotism and resolutely meet the evil forces of hatred, prejudice, and suspicion.—Toronto Daily Star.

STRENUOUS WORKER

As a party chief Sir Wilfrid Laurier stood in a class by himself. For a time he attained to a popular in-

fluence hardly exceeded by that of Sir John Macdonald. The gifts which gave him such a power over the hearts of men were only in some respects the same as those that were the secret of Sir John's greatness. Like Sir John, Laurier had bonhomie and adroitness. In a greater degree he had eloquence. If he had not had eloquence and a winning personality, it would not have been possible for him to hold so long to the course he followed in our politics. By his magnetism he was able to keep in the same party camp elements of the population supporting policies on which at heart they were not agreed. Sir Wilfrid had courage, but he relied more upon tact. Justice, neither more nor less, is perhaps too much for a party leader in this country to expect either from supporters or opponents. Where religious, racial, sectional and even industrial differences come into the national politics, it must be the study of leaders to base their policies chiefly on matters of residual agreement.

He was a strenuous worker, a courteous opponent, and, though a lovable leader, he could be a stiff disciplinarian. If he had been as sound on the side of national and Imperial policy as he was strong in the personal qualities of leadership he would have been one of the greatest party chiefs of his time.—The Mail and Empire.

PATRIOTISM UNDENIABLE

Sir Wilfrid Laurier has passed beyond the sound of earthly voices, and neither praise nor blame can disturb his rest. In life, probably neither much affected him, for he was well accustomed to both. No Canadian in public life since Sir John Macdonald has been the recipient of more unstinted admiration or more unmeasured abuse. For years Sir Wilfrid occupied in the public life of Canada a place almost commanding and always unique. If in later years his influence waned it was because the majority of his fellow-countrymen disagreed with him on vital issues of national policy. But though many questioned his statesmanship, few, we venture to think, denied his patriotism. The historians of the future may find that after all the differences that divided them were not so irreconcilable as they appeared in the emergency of war and the fierce excitement of an election contest.—The Toronto World.

LEFT HIS MARK ON HISTORY

We differed from Sir Wilfrid Laurier on questions of public policy. We seldom saw eye to eye with him on National and Imperial issues. He was, nevertheless, a very distinguished Canadian—a man of unusual gifts, who played a great role in the public life of the country for nearly half a century. He was Prime Minister for almost 16 years. He left his mark on history, and future historians will assign him his full share in the development of the Dominion. Even in his declining years he was a factor to be reckoned with. His disappearance affects the political situation in the profoundest manner.—The Toronto News.

QUEBEC'S GIFT TO CANADA

The personality of Sir Wilfrid Laurier, viewed in all the changing aspects of his long career, was a link between the two great racial elements that make up this Canadian nation. His life, viewed in perspective, should become a bond of closer understanding between them.

It is a proud title to the recognition of history to furnish in one's personality a basis for such understanding. Canada's fault will be depressing indeed if she fails to appreciate the meaning of this message from life which brought into touch the two strains of racial culture that make up our birthright as Canadians.

The lofty aim he pursued, in his chosen task of making the nation a unit, had its distractions and its omissions but nevertheless it gives him in our history a place of honor and regard. That he sought a united Canada, and did not spare himself in the effort to realize his conception, is honor to his name. Whatever he may have lacked seems small in the light of this reflection.

There were two Lauriers. The Laurier of public life had enemies, the Laurier of private associations had none. Canada was not unanimous in approval of the statesman throughout his long career; in respect and love for the man she was agreed. She mourns in his passing the loss of a gracious influence which ornamented our public life with both talent and sympathy. In the years to come, she will treasure the Laurier tradition as an earnest example of that harmony which alone can be depended upon to realize her legitimate ambition.

That tradition is a gift to the Dominion from Quebec.—The Montreal Daily Star.

SUPERIOR TO PREFERENCES

The N. Y. Sun: "Sir Wilfrid Laurier's public life of nearly half a century covers the development of Canada from a colony into something very like an independent nation. The fifteen years in which he served as Premier saw the greatest growth of the Dominion in railroads, trade and agriculture of any period in its marvelous history. It has often been the subject of comment that Sir Wilfrid, being French by race and Catholic by religion, should have been able to remain so long the dominant figure in Canadian politics; but his qualities enabled him at all times to rise superior to matters of personal preference."

HAD BROAD VISION

New York, Feb. 18.—The Tribune says, editorially, this morning: "Among Canadian statesmen of our day Sir Wilfrid Laurier easily ranked first. The Canada of the present is in a large measure his work."

"His greatest service, perhaps, to his countrymen was in moderating the antagonisms which had distracted Canada before the union, and which persisted long after it. His loyalty to his own race, religion and section did not prevent him from pursuing a broad national policy. Laurier had in a high degree imagination and vision. He also had the courage to subordinate the interests of the moment to the interests of the future."

PROMINENT CANADIANS

PAY TRIBUTE TO LAURIER'S LIFE WORK

Messages of appreciation of the late Sir Wilfrid Laurier were received by the Globe over the wires from prominent Canadians in all parts of the Dominion. Among them were the following:

FROM HON. W. S. FIELDING

"Sir Wilfrid's services to Canada and the Empire were of the highest value. If he had one wish above others, it was that he might be useful in promoting the best relations between the people of the two races in Canada, and uniting them in the service of the State. Every incident that afforded either reason or excuse for anything like a racial cleavage he viewed with the utmost sorrow. It was this aspect of the difference that arose between him and some of his followers a few months ago that caused him the deepest regret. His hope, I know, was that these differences were passing away, and that those who had participated in them would be reunited."

FROM ACTING PREMIER

"I am deeply shocked and grieved at the sad news. The sudden and lamented death of Sir Wilfrid Laurier removes a great and historic figure from Canadian public life and a most distinguished and commanding personality from the deliberations of Parliament. I shall reserve for expression in the House my appreciation of his political career and of his achievements as a statesman. Personally, Sir Wilfrid Laurier was a man of high intellectual gifts and rare social charm, with a singularly attractive winsomeness of disposition and manner which endeared him to countless admirers throughout the Dominion and made warm personal friends of strong political opponents. SIR THOMAS WHITE."

FROM FORMER CHIEF WHIP

Sarnia, Feb. 17.—"The greatest Canadian of all time has passed. During many years of the most intimate friendship I revered him as a man of the highest ideals—a man who won love, admiration and respect in every walk of life. He honored conventions, and always respected the conscientious opinions, though holding firmly to his own. There will not be another his like. F. F. PARDEE."

FROM NOVA SCOTIA'S PREMIER

"The desire of his life was to promote harmony between the two dominant races in Canada. On all occasions he directed his great influence toward this end. He loved Canada more than everything else, and his life was devoted to serving what he considered the best interests of our people. G. H. MURRAY."

HON. NEWTON ROWELL, K. C.

"He was the oldest, ablest and most experienced Parliamentarian of our time. He will rank with Sir John Macdonald as one of the two greatest political leaders since Confederation. N. W. ROWELL."

MR. P. C. LARKIN

"It is the greatest loss to the country. The think, conceivable. Everybody that knew him will feel they have lost a very dear friend. I never knew him to have an unkind word to say of anyone. His one thought was always what was best for Canadians of all classes, races and creeds. Personally, I have lost a very dear friend."

MR. HARTLEY DEWART

"The greatest of Canadian statesmen is gone. He stood for right through all his lengthened days always for principle, and never sacrificed his honest principle for political expediency or personal advantage."

MR. K. J. DUNSTAN

"In the presence of death there is no place for party passion or prejudice. A great Canadian has passed out of our national life. During his many years of public service he devoted his exceptional ability and his unrivalled power of personal charm and magnetism to the country that he loved."

SIR JOHN WILLISON

"The disappearance of Sir Wilfrid Laurier ends an era in Canada. No other man save Sir John Macdonald has so touched the imagination of the Canadian people. Even among the strongest political opponents he was held in respect which bordered on affection. In Parliament he was a great gentleman. On the platform he was a picturesque and impressive figure. There was something in the man

himself which so held the most turbulent audience in subjection that those who came to disturb remained to hear. He rarely said an offensive word and never struck an unfair blow. He was an ardent party man, rejoicing in personal successes and in the successes of his party. One remembers when he was regarded as too amiable for the rough warfare of politics. He never made politics rough, from the day that he became Leader of the Liberal party he was the master in the household, with adequate courage for any situation. He dominated his Cabinet and was strong enough to dismiss powerful Ministers when they became rebellious. Under him the Liberal party has had its chief triumphs. Indeed, he recreated the party and brought great new elements to his support, if, perhaps, some fell by the way who could not keep step with his ideas and principles."

MR. WILLIAM HOUSTON, M. A.

"In the lengthening roll of eminent departed Canadian statesmen the late Sir Wilfrid Laurier stands, and in my opinion always will stand, as the peer of the foremost. I base this opinion on the results of more than ordinarily favorable opportunities for observation, extending over nearly fifty years, and of a close personal intimacy extending over nearly forty. Sir Wilfrid was so admittedly pre-eminent in oratory of purely classic quality that the public at large were apt to overlook his title to credit for the ability in politics and the aptitude for statesmanship which he perennially displayed during his long public career."

FROM A FORMER COLLEAGUE

Edmonton, Feb. 17.—"Since his defeat and retirement from office in 1911 Sir Wilfrid Laurier has been less a personality than an ideal. Of blameless private as of public life, cherishing no animosity, always standing for what he believed to be right without regard to personal or party advantage, he was a far more dominating figure in defeat than his successful opponent was in victory. But it was his record of adherence to right principle in defeat as in success, not his outstanding personal ability or charm of speech or manner that caused so many men of every race and all religions in all parts of Canada to be proud to follow his lead and call themselves Liberals—or whenever a distinguishing word was thought necessary, 'Laurier Liberals.' That he was able to overcome to such a degree as he did the race hatred and religious bigotry that have been the curse of Canada for generations is the greatest possible tribute to his ability and honesty of purpose. That he was not able altogether to overcome those twin evils is a greater misfortune to Canada than it was to himself, although they caused his defeat when nothing else could. At this time of national reconstruction following war conditions is when the talents and prestige of Sir Wilfrid would seem to be most greatly needed. His loss at such a time means more than can be conceived. FRANK OLIVER."

MR. BOWSER'S TRIBUTE

Victoria, Feb. 17.—W. C. Bowser, K. C., Leader of the Conservative Opposition in the Legislature, pays the following tribute to Sir Wilfrid Laurier: "No political belief of mine could divorce me from my unbounded admiration for Sir Wilfrid Laurier. He was a great Canadian, a man of fearless action, a statesman of tremendous attainments, and one whose passing creates in the ranks of Canada's foremost public men a gap that will be very difficult to fill."

FROM PREMIER OF SASKATCHEWAN

"Sir Wilfrid did not belong only to a party; he belonged to the nation, and I am sure that time will only increase, as it were, the dignity of his figure and serve to root his memory deeply in the affectionate regard of all classes of Canadians. No one has done nobler work than he in helping to weld the people of our once scattered Provinces into one harmonious national whole. And I am sure all parties and creeds and classes will be joined together today in a common regret that the great Canadian's voice will no longer be heard in the national councils.—W. M. MARTIN."

HEALING THE WOUND

While the peace conference is sitting at Versailles, professing to be seeking for a means of binding the wounds of the war and of preventing again the tearing part of the peoples of the world, the healing process is slowly going forward of its own accord. For there is a salve which the goodness of God has given mankind for the knitting of just such wounds. This is the Catholic Church; the only living internationalism that never blocks a nation in its purposes of self-preservation, but that, when justice is assured, comes quickly to replace hatred and enmity with sympathy and understanding. We see the Catholic Church in Germany called to defend its very life against the intrigues of a radical government, which under the guise of the separation of Church and State (in its American interpretation an impossible conception for the European mind) is seeking to wreak its hostility toward religion. In this struggle of the Church in Germany, Catholics of the world over cannot but take an interest. It is a common cause and from this beginning will the wound

in international good will be slowly healed. There is that brotherhood in the Church of God that is a living principle and will prevent the perpetuation of a state of distrust and enmity which a selfish industrialism would beget. After all, it would be a miserable world in which to live if the present ill-will among men were continued after the uprooting of the evil tree whose fruit it was. There is little danger that such a world will be. The Catholic Church guarantees a friendlier and better one.—New World.

CHURCH SUIT ENDED

CHURCH PROPERTY BELONGS TO CONGREGATION, COURT DECIDES

The litigation begun ten years ago by the heirs of Louis LeCouteux to gain possession of the property of St. Louis Church, Buffalo, N. Y., was definitely ended last week by the decision of the Court of Appeals, sustaining the judgment of the lower courts in conveying title to the property in the congregation. Decisions favorable to the Church had been rendered by Equity Branch of the Supreme Court in Erie County, and by the Appellate Division of the Supreme Court at Rochester. In affirming the decision of these courts, the Court of Appeals has definitely disposed of the case and its decision is binding and conclusive upon all parties concerned.

The property was conveyed to the use of the congregation by Louis LeCouteux in 1829. None of his immediate family laid claim to the property. But in 1909, Henry and Louis LeCouteux, great grandsons, and residing in France, brought suit to recover it.—St. Paul Bulletin.

The devil's hatred for us increases with our progress in the knowledge of God's ways and in greater purity of life. It betrays itself by more frequent and more serious temptations.

FATHER FRASER'S CHINA MISSION FUND

Dear Friends,—I came to Canada to seek vocations for the Chinese Missions which are greatly in need of priests. In my parish alone there are three cities and a thousand villages to be evangelized and only two priests. Since I arrived in Canada a number of youths have expressed their desire to study for the Chinese mission but there are no funds to educate them. I appeal to your charity to assist in founding burses for the education of these and others who desire to become missionaries in China. Five thousand dollars will found a bursar. The interest on this amount will support a student. When he is ordained and goes off to the mission another will be taken in and so on forever. All imbued with the Catholic spirit of propagating the Faith to the ends of the earth will, I am sure, contribute generously to this fund. Gratefully yours in Jesus and Mary. J. M. FRASER.

I propose the following burses subscription:

- SACRED HEART BURSAR
Previously acknowledged... \$1,517 17
Thanksgiving to Sacred Heart, Presque... 5 00
A Friend, C. B. .... 1 00
J. J. C. .... 5 00
For a brother... 2 00
M. K. Kitchener... 2 00
Mr. D. D. McLean, Toronto 1 00
Mrs. D. D. McLean, Toronto 1 00
A Friend, Ottawa, in fulfillment of promise... 5 00
St. Finnan's, Alexandria... 5 00
Mrs. Fitzgibbon, Bornholm 5 00
A Friend, Whitney Pier... 25
A Friend, Whitney Pier... 2 00
A Friend, Bryson... 2 00
QUEEN OF APOSTLES BURSAR
Previously acknowledged \$1,185 98
Miss Sara O'Brien, San Francisco... 5 00
ST. ANTHONY'S BURSAR
Previously acknowledged... \$113 63
Rev. A. Michels, O. M. I., Fernie, B. C. .... 5 00
IMMACULATE CONCEPTION BURSAR
Previously acknowledged... \$232 00
Thomas A. McNally, Gouverneur... 5 00
COMFORTER OF THE AFFLICTED BURSAR
Previously acknowledged... \$56 00
ST. JOSEPH, PATRON OF CHINA, BURSAR
Previously acknowledged... \$615 05
S. D. .... 1 00
Patriotic Society, St. Joseph's Church, Chatham, Ont... 10 00
Sr. M. Irene, Toronto, Thanks-giving offering... 25 00
St. Joseph's Convent, St. Catharines... 5 00
BLESSSED SACRAMENT BURSAR
Previously acknowledged... \$66 60
Rev. H. Voison, Red Deer... 5 00
Redemptorist Fathers, Toronto... 5 00
ST. FRANCIS XAVIER BURSAR
Previously acknowledged... \$55 50
HOLY NAME OF JESUS BURSAR
Previously acknowledged... \$63 00
HOLY SOULS BURSAR
Previously acknowledged... \$150 50
For a brother... 2 00
St. Finnan's, Alexandria... 5 00
LITTLE FLOWER BURSAR
Previously acknowledged... \$95 00
"For Billy" ..... 1 00
Client of Little Flower of Jesus, Grand Mere... 1 00

FIVE MINUTE SERMON

QUINQUAGESIMA

DEVOTION TO THE PASSION

"Then Jesus took unto Him the twelve, and said to them: Behold we go up to Jerusalem..."

How appropriately, my dear brethren, as we stand on the threshold of Lent, is this Gospel read to us to-day!

Our Blessed Lord says the same to us, for He would have us mindful of His sufferings and Death during the holy days of Lent.

He is worthy of remembrance, and remembrance would give the tone to our devout observance of Lent.

As the springtime with its showers and the smile of the sun and mildness of the air, awakens in the earth the seeds and roots, which push their growth to the light and develop their beauty...

And gratitude overflows into compassion, a yearning that we could do something to relieve and alleviate the anguish and suffering of the Redeemer.

The remembrance of the sufferings of Jesus Christ is the blessed school of humility and contrition. There are others who may seem to be more careless and indifferent than ourselves...

But why should our Canadian people be interested in the welfare of sailors? What special debt do we owe those men? One good reason comes to our pen in their record of the past four years.

Canada must thank the sailors if she has been able to give five hundred thousand soldiers across the Atlantic, together with the food and the munitions of war that helped to crush the enemy and save the world to civilization.

One may object that the circumstance of war is only accidental and can give sailors hardly more than a passing sentimental claim to our good will. But we should not forget that sailors helped us before the war and they are going to help again.

The wealth that comes to us from overseas commerce depends as much on the humble sailor as on the lordly manufacturer. What would it profit a nation if millions of dollars' worth of merchandise were to rot in factories through a lack of sailors to carry it from country to country?

Overseas commerce in Canada had been growing rapidly before the war, and if prophets speak the truth, trade expansion will be still more rapid during the period of reconstruction.

The present intention may not at first sight appeal to our Canadian readers, for the reason that, except along our coasts, Canadians rarely come in contact with sea-faring men.

Sailor Jack is not the rollicking tar he was once supposed to be, but a steady, conscientious man who follows the sea for a livelihood.

OWES HER LIFE TO 'FRUIT-A-TIVES'

The Wonderful Medicine, Made From Fruit Juices and Valuable Tastes.



MADAME ROSINA FOISIZ

"I am writing you to tell you that I owe my life to 'Fruit-a-tives'. This medicine relieved me when I had given up hope of ever being well."

I was a terrible sufferer from Dyspepsia—had suffered for years; and nothing I took did me any good.

"Fruit-a-tives" is the only medicine in the world made from fruit.

loved us on the Cross. How can you say Him no? Your prayers will falter on your lips as false, as pretence, if you refuse a Holy Communion.

GENERAL INTENTION FOR MARCH

RECOMMENDED AND BLESSED BY HIS HOLINESS POPE BENEDICT XV.

OUR SAILORS

The present intention may not at first sight appeal to our Canadian readers, for the reason that, except along our coasts, Canadians rarely come in contact with sea-faring men.

The class of men named at in this month's Intention, the class with whom our Canadian ports are most familiar and in whose spiritual welfare we are asked to take an interest.

The class of men named at in this month's Intention, the class with whom our Canadian ports are most familiar and in whose spiritual welfare we are asked to take an interest.

Something has already been done to meet the social and spiritual needs of the sailors who come to Canada, and Catholics have not been backward in doing their share in this noble work.

That carpet-dusting, though a pretty trade, is not the imperative labor after all.

That much many have learned and some must have learned much more.

reason comes to our pen in their record of the past four years. Canada must thank the sailors if she has been able to give five hundred thousand soldiers across the Atlantic, together with the food and the munitions of war that helped to crush the enemy and save the world to civilization.

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tion are welcome at this Club; it is a center of healthy amusement; all share in the games, weekly concerts, reading room, facilities for letter writing—everything is done to make their visit as pleasant as possible.

This Montreal institution, begun in a very humble way, has grown steadily in the past twenty-five years; it is incorporated, owns its own buildings, which are already adequate for its work.

According to reports, which, while to some extent unofficial, have been carefully compiled, it is estimated that over ten million lives have been sacrificed in the actual waging of the war.

WAR'S COST IN HUMAN LIFE

A fan's shoulder was kicked by a gun. It is not recorded in history what he said, but it is recorded they thought. He thought of the power that was going to waste.

USE THE RECOIL

A fan's shoulder was kicked by a gun. It is not recorded in history what he said, but it is recorded they thought. He thought of the power that was going to waste.

Of all the thrilling spectacles presented by the four years' tragedy just ended, none to the instant was so inspiring as the response of our youth and maidens at the bleak invitation from all the comforts of easy-going America to the man-made hell across the seas.

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It's Always Best

-To Be Well on the Safe Side

When buying Tea, insist on getting

"SALADA"

The Tea with a Quarter of a Century of Unrivalled Public Service.

vitality, questioning, "What is the imperative duty?"

"The American soldiers of today," says Burrus Jenkins in the Kansas City Star, "are the men who will make the America of tomorrow."

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JOYCE KILMER'S CATHOLICISM

"Once a Catholic, there never was any possibility of mistaking Kilmer's point of view," writes Mr. Robert C. Holliday in his admirable memoir of his friend. "In all matters of religion, art, economics and politics as well as in all matters of faith and morals, his point of view was obvious, firm and unhesitatingly Catholic. Perhaps there is nothing more striking in the numerous letters of Kilmer, that follow the memoir, than the evidence they give of how thoroughly this four-year-old convert had made his own the consistent Catholic's habit of mind. 'I like to feel that I have always been a Catholic,' Sergeant Kilmer used to say. 'I believed in the Catholic position, the Catholic view of ethics and aesthetics for a long time.' A 'hearing test of the spirit,' caused by a great domestic sorrow, had to be passed through, however, before Kilmer received the gift of faith. But shortly after being received into the Church he could write: 'My wife and I are very comfortable, now that we are Catholics. We feel that we're where we belong.' Sergeant Kilmer's Catholicism, as his poems and letters abundantly prove, was characterized by that attractive blending of mirth and piety that is worlds away from the dourness of Puritanism. 'A convert to Catholicism,' he once wrote, 'is not a person who wanders about weeping over autumn winds and dead leaves, mumbling Latin and sniffing incense.' As for his idea of the Catholic author's mission, it is made unmistakably clear in a letter in which he said: 'I don't think Catholic writers should spend their time writing tracts and Sunday school books, but I think that the Faith should illuminate everything they write, grave or gay. The Faith is radiantly apparent in your last poems. It is in Tom Daly's clowning as it is in his loftier moods. Of course anyone would rather write like Francis Thompson than like Swinburne. But I can honestly say that I'd rather write like John A. Synge than like William Makepeace Thackeray—infinitely greater artist though Thackeray be. You see, the Catholic Faith is such a thing that I'd rather write moderately well about it than magnificently well about anything else. It is more important, more beautiful, more necessary than anything else in life.' Regarding Sergeant Kilmer's deep spiritual life, the memorial edition of his works contains numerous passages which indicate how solid and childlike his piety was. 'There is no priest now in this town, but there is a fine old church with God in it,' he wrote from France last spring. And in another self-revealing letter sent to a nun he said: 'Pray that I may love God more. It seems to me that if I can learn to love God more passionately, more constantly, without distractions, that absolutely nothing else can matter. Except while we are in the trenches I receive Holy Communion every morning, so it ought to be all the easier for me to attain this object of my prayers. I got faith, you know, by praying for it. I hope to get love the same way.' It was the dearest wish of Sergeant Kilmer's heart that his eldest son should be an altar-boy and eventually a priest. 'Is Kenton serving Mass yet? Please have him do so,' are almost the concluding words in the last letter he wrote. From the foregoing paragraphs it will be seen that Joyce Kilmer's Catholicism had about it none of the blemishes that too often impair the beauty and consistency of some of his American fellow Catholics' faith and practice nowadays. He was anything but the snobbish, invertebrate, apologetic or pietistic type of Catholic. He abhorred to the depths of his soul, as one of his letters proves, 'professional Catholics,' with all their works and pomps, and the honor of having a priestly vocation in his family was one he knew how to value properly. The wide diffusion of this staunch Catholic's memorial volumes will doubtless do much to make his readers imitators of his virtues.—America.

WHEN SHALL THEIR GLORY FADE?

By M. Louis Treguis in "Ireland in the World Crisis"

In the retreat from Mons the second Munsters, holding out in a lost battle with over five hundred dead and wounded, fought till the last 250 were surrounded and made prisoners; in token of admiration the Germans gave the dead a military funeral. "The Royal Irish in Flanders, out of the rest of the army, fought for a day and a night to extinction, only a few stragglers making their escape. "The Irish Guards lost nearly 600 officers and men disputing 200 yards of ground on which depended the safety of the British right wing. Forty-seven men only answered the roll after the combat. "The Dardanelles are the Precious Sepulchre of Irish valor. At Seddul Bahr the Munsters, having seen the Dubliners swept away by machine guns as they landed, lost 1,100 out of 1,400 in carrying out a like operation, and then that night with the Hampshire, stormed positions called impregnable. "Meanwhile Dublin volunteers took Chocolate Hill after a terrible advance and the army unanimously rechristened it Dublin Hill.

"A bayonet charge by the 6th Munsters won Kishah Dab. Three days later the 7th Dublins attacked by three times their number fought hand to hand in a four hour's carnage before freezing themselves. "At Sari Bair the Inniskillens fought themselves to a standstill. In short the British forces lost 114,000 men on the Peninsula, a third of them Irish. "In the Serbian retreat the Connaught Rangers lost 500 men at Lake Doiran. "The Somme offensive repeats the tale again and again, and the Flanders campaign of 1917 echoes it louder yet."

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH EXTENSION SOCIETY OF CANADA

LOOKING BACKWARD

The Catholic Church Extension Society closes its financial year on the 28th of Feb., 1919. How has it fared with us during the year? Our friends from Newfoundland to the Pacific Ocean will hear with pleasure that never before was Extension so prosperous and in a position to do so much good. We feel assured that our accounts when duly audited shall show disbursements to the Missions of the West and North of fully \$100,000.00. When the time comes in the near future we will be able to give our friends and benefactors a most detailed statement of receipts and expenditures.

It is our desire that everyone who takes any interest in our Society shall be fully acquainted with all our activities. We have in this a double purpose in view. We hold that receiving the charitable offerings of thousands during the year we are bound to satisfy their legitimate desire by informing them how we spent the money committed to our care. Then again by publicity we have every hope of bringing home to the forgetful, negligent, and un-Catholic Catholic the needs of our Canadian Missions in the West and North. Archbishops, Bishops, Vicars-Apostolic and Prefects Apostolic, Priests and Nuns have written us scores of letters during the year. As a rule these letters have been requests for aid or heartfelt thanks for favors granted through the instrumentality of the Extension. Sixteen Bishops and between 700 and 800 priests have been in touch with our Society during the year and it is a pleasure to feel that our relationship has gone far past the stage of mere friendship.

In our dealings with the Church in the West and North one law has governed the Executive of Extension and that, that only the need and our resources should be the measure of our generosity with the funds placed at our disposal by the Catholics in the more favored sections of Canada. We feel too that this disinterested Charity has brought upon the Society the blessing of Almighty God without which nothing worth while is done.

The sum of our disbursements to the Missions (\$100,000.00) indicates that many who last year did not know our address have found us out and have learned that in no better way can they expend their charitable donations than in the ways suggested by Church Extension.

This year we gave to the missions at least \$25,000.00 more than last year. This looks good and gives hope for the future. Although optimism is our middle name, time after time when we were witnesses of the Protestant activities of the Mission Societies and the millions of dollars at their command have we felt pessimistic and down hearted. But on thought, we realized that a few short years ago these same mission societies were as we are, poor and unorganized; growth and strength came in time. We recalled too that the most wonderful mission Society in the world, The Propagation of the Faith, had a very small beginning less than one hundred years ago, and today in spite of war, famine and disease, it is God's greatest arm in the propagation of the Faith of Jesus Christ.

So we look forward with confidence to the future. The future will bring more co-operation and unity of action. This means organization. In its turn organization for the future of the Catholic Church in Canada means, priests in adequate numbers, schools for Catholic youth and tabernacles in abundance for the great prairies, for British Columbia and for the yet barren places of the North.

While thanking most sincerely the Catholics of Canada for their zeal and generosity in favor of Catholic Church Extension in the Canadian West and North, we call upon them and urge them not to slack in this most necessary work. This year we have undertaken new and most necessary work. Besides continuing the education of young men for the Holy Priesthood, building chapels in all of the way places, aiding educational institutions already founded, supplying the necessary vestments and linens for the Holy Sacrifice, distributing Mass Intentions, etc., we have undertaken to establish the Christian Brothers of Ontario Province amongst the Ruthenians in the Western Province of Saskatchewan. This will mean the expenditure of \$40,000 or \$50,000 immediately, as the Brothers commence their holy work next September. We have also in contemplation the foundation of a mission college to supply an adequate number of priests to the Canadian West to meet the crying

needs not only of the present but also of the future. We need you then, good Catholics, to stand by Catholic Extension and to give us your hearty co-operation during this year. With you we can do much for Christ; without you the Society of Extension goes to the scrap pile. Every cent, every dollar you can spare can be used by Extension for the Salvation of souls.

Donations may be addressed to: Rev. T. O'DONNELL, President, Catholic Church Extension Society, 87 Bond St., Toronto. Contributions through this office should be addressed to: EXTENSION, CATHOLIC RECORD OFFICE, London, Ont.

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