

# 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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### HOME

Before the days of railways—which tie a country together and make regions which were large and sprawling small and compact—there were common roads, as the slang phrase has it, "of sorts." But the roads were so bad, the means of travelling so defective, the cost of journeying so great, that people stayed at home, possibly to the detriment of their education—for wheels teach—but to the endearment of home and the strengthening of the associations and possessions that are connected with close intimacy and interdependence. It was in those days that "home" had to be stalwart and stand alone. Today "home" is only a room in the house of a town. It depends upon the bakery, the fish shop, the grocers and the rest, and a "week-end" dislocates all its arrangements. But in the old days home could feed on its own mart, the store-room, for weeks. The eyes of home looked out over the field where the sheep which made butcher or fletcher superfluous. Through the grounds of home ran a stream and there were actually fish in it. And there was a garden which laughed in old-fashioned flowers at the idea of a green-grocer. And that garden was not only a flower-garden where "retired leisure" could take its "dandering" pleasure, it was for use as well. There was not that variety of vegetables that is known to our tables, but there was enough to fill the frugal pot, and there were "sweet herbs" as well, which were used to make homely fare toothsome. The garden had to do the work of the green-grocer's, so there were "physic herbs," and the health of the people does not seem to have been the worse for the cures, doses, simples, and what not, which made the physic garden precious.

We who have gardens only for pride and pleasure cannot imagine how dear the gardens of those old days were to those who had to do their travels within a stone's throw of their front door, upon the "green walks" of the garden or on the "gum-walks" of the garden. There are advantages, no doubt, in our ubiquitous days, but these old sedentary times had their advantages, too. Hearts were warmer when heads were emptier, perhaps, and before men knew the world home was "home."

### GOING FORWARD

All through the course of man's sojourn on the earth fealty and romance have maintained their hold upon him in varying measure. While human beings were yet in their childhood they toiled and spent themselves as though this present world was their all, yet even then "bright shoots of everlastingness," in the poet's phrase, broke through the dense atmosphere of their toil for food, shelter and precarious happiness. By slow and halting steps they enlarged their hold upon the fundamental things of life. They saw and felt that things seen were intimations of unseen powers. From the crude symbols of barbaric times they evolved art forms and rituals for worship. East and West, temples and tombs and sphinxes illustrate the hunger for divine guidance. To lay up treasure upon earth has never brought content to the human spirit. The Great Adventure has lured our fathers on to scale heights of attainment inexplicable by finite reasoning. Nor is the immortal impulse feebler today; rather is it implicit in new and daring forms of effort which strike down to the very roots of being. The Psalm of Life sings itself in many keys. Romance and reality condescend in the exalted service which consecrated souls undertake for ends that are partly hidden and partly revealed. The early migration of the Aryans westward was but the advanced guard of what we call civilization. Since then how many peoples, moved by a common impulse, have struck their tents and gone on pilgrimage! But change of environment has not had the effect so ardently desired. The Hebrew tribes sought better conditions and

were disappointed. The exodus from Egypt resulted in desert wanderings, and even in this twentieth century Israel is still seeking a home. Possession only sharpens the edge of anticipation. Distant glimpses of the Land of Promise give birth to qualities that lay concealed under the crust of custom. The seers and singers of every age have known this; their heartening strains and predictions have cheered pilgrims of the night when despair seemed to be taking hold of them. Every fresh start has been stimulated by the hope that the perfect state was within reach. A celestial city, accessible to all men and women of good will, has floated before the eyes of seekers; justice founded it, and harmony reigned therein. The great movements of the Middle Ages, missionary and philanthropic enterprises, all marked stages in the great advance. Today, amid the thunders of war and revolution, the same ideals lurk. Ignorance and inexperience stumble blindly forward, and the mirage of speedy fulfilment still hampers the leaders, who often display more zeal than discretion.

Yet it is through illusion that the race makes progress. The price of secure freedom and steady progress is great. Only at heavy cost are the higher suffrages of nations won. As with mankind in community, so with individuals in their self-evolved purposes and careers. The steps and stages of their advance follow the same order. Illusion still serves to draw them as by a magnetic force toward the goal of an imagined chief good. How bright are the dreams of youth! Intense perception renders them appreciative of scenes that reflect the heart's gladness. Their limbs and organs are keyed to the sights and sounds of nature in her unsullied freshness. Their sensibilities are so keen that they naturally fall under the influence of the world's glamour; only by slow degrees do they find out that things are not what they seem. Disillusion is often bitter, though salutary. Castles in Spain fade into heaps of ruin, but realities carry with them lessons without which character could never be developed.

Trite as this counsel is, the growth of our rising manhood and womanhood hangs upon its sincere acceptance. Nor need the effect of early disappointment be discouraging. All cannot win the world's prizes; of those who do, how few are content therewith or retain them to the end! Even the gains of knowledge are only provisional; opinions, however carefully formed, are but stages on the way to truth. The mind should be fluid, ripening by healthy exercises. To stop short and merely mark time is to stultify the higher powers; to evade responsibility, to become a cumberer of the ground. Life is growth; there can be no real fulfilment of its promise apart from uncheered progress. Books are useful in their way, but, as Robert Louis Stevenson remarked, they are "a mighty bloodless substitute for life." Adventures are to the adventurous. Hamlet's words still strike the keynote of mental activity—"He that made us with such large discourse . . . gave us not that capability and godlike reason to fust in us unused." The finest of all adventures are those undertaken to annex new provinces in realm of spirit and truth.

### CHAPLAIN OF FAMOUS BLUE DEVILS

The Very Rev. H. B. Delor, O. P., chaplain of the famous French regiment, "Chasseurs d'Alps" (more familiarly known to us in English as the "Blue Devils") has just concluded a three months' furlough which he spent visiting a number of cities in the United States and Canada.

As a young man Father Delor was captain in the "Blue Devils" regiment and at the outbreak of the present War he was, at his own request, made chaplain of this army division. He was engaged in the battles of the Somme, the Aisne, and the Vosges, and received five citations from the French government for bravery under fire. The President of France personally decorated him with the Croix de Guerre, the highest honor bestowed by the French Republic.

During his stay on this continent he preached the Lenten Sermons at the Cathedral of Notre Dame in Montreal, and since Easter time has

devoted himself to lecturing on war topics, especially upon Alsace and French war literature.

Just prior to his return to the East he paid a visit to Rosary House, the new home of the Dominican College in River Forest, saying Mass for the Sisters in the convent chapel on the Feast of St. Catharine of Siena, and later in the day telling thrilling events of the great War. He will sail from New York at an early date to rejoin his regiment in France.—Chicago New World.

### ENGLISH DEMOCRACY AND HYPOCRISY

"THESE NO-POPERY FANATICS ARE MAD"

An able writer, over the nom de plume of "Senex," who declares himself an Englishman, contributes, to the last issue to hand of the Catholic Times, the following interesting commentary on one aspect of the present complicated Irish situation:

I am not sorry, writes "Senex," that Lord Northcliffe has let the cat out of the bag, as the saying goes. Indeed I am glad if for no other reason than this: It shows certain Catholics in England what really lies at the bottom of the refusal by the British governing classes to give justice to Ireland. And that reason is, hatred of Catholicism. If the Irish Catholics would embrace Protestantism they could get Home Rule tomorrow. But as they will not, they will get it only by fighting for it. By fighting I do not mean necessarily by taking up arms; but they must struggle on until they force English statesmen to do them justice. And English statesmen will do them justice only when compelled. Our governing classes have a deep hatred and a living fear of Catholicism. They pay lip-service to the principles of religious toleration and freedom of conscience. But they immediately exclude Catholics from the application of that principle when we appeal to it. It was quite right and patriotic, perfectly proper and just, for the Protestant prelates and persons in Ireland to bless and encourage Ulster Carstonites in their preparations to defy and resist the law of the British Government. There was no talk of treason and sedition then, for the Carstonites were only preparing to maintain their ascendancy and keep the Catholics down. But when the Irish Bishops and priests thought they had cause to apply some of the principle of Carstonism, the Times started a loud cry of No-Popery! Resistance to the law by the Protestants in Ireland had the support of the Times. But when the Catholics in Ireland talked of resisting the law, too, it screamed No-Popery without a moment's delay. The Protestants could steal a field. The Catholics must not look over the hedge. That is how our English governing classes understand religious equality for all citizens before the law. It is well that we English Catholics should have had this object lesson given us. We see now why Irish Catholics are refused Home Rule. They are Catholics! No-Popery! It may be an excellent newspaper cry for Lord Northcliffe—a good "stunt" he would call it, using an Americanism. But what will the fifteen to twenty million Catholics in America think of it? The American Army and Navy are full of Catholics. How will they relish this No-Popery scream? And the French soldiers and the Italians and the Portuguese and the Belgians how will they like to learn of a No-Popery cry in England? They thought we in this country were struggling to destroy Prussianism in order to preserve for the world the blessing of liberty. And now Lord Northcliffe cries No-Popery! I wonder how our Allies will take this latest Northcliffe trick. Looking all around the thing, it seems to me to mean that Lord Northcliffe has become conscious that he is a failure as a modern Napoleon. His schemes have gone wrong. Mr. Lloyd George, his nominee, has broken down as completely as Lord Rothermere, his brother. Lord Northcliffe's effort in Europe is as bankrupt as it was in America. His plans have been riddled with ridicule. Unfortunately, nobody will come forward to take up the burden of blundering which Northcliffe found and has so terribly increased. This country to-day would rejoice as at a great victory to be rid of Mr. Lloyd George and his master, Lord Northcliffe. But no statesman wishes to take over their office; it is in such a condition of confusion. So helpless and hopeless, my Lord cries No-Popery. If the cry is heard of by M. Clemenceau, the old man will run the risk of a fit, so heartily will he laugh at the idea of Lord Northcliffe helping to win the War by trying to turn British public opinion against the Papacy. I also now am compelled to say to everybody who talks to me:

"Do let us get on with the War." Yes let us get on with the War. Let us have done with this Northcliffe tomfoolery of a No-Popery cry. There is not enough religion left in England to carry on a religious persecution against anybody. And after all, we English are a sensible, fair-minded people, and are not going to tolerate any punishment of Irish Catholics for doing what Irish Protestants did and were praised for doing. What is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander, we say. And Carstonism is of general application; if Irish Protestants may resist the law, so may Irish Catholics, and so may English workmen; no one man, no one set of men, in these islands has the privilege of appeal to physical force against law. To cry No-Popery is to threaten to threaten to follow, in a distant degree, the example of Protestant Irishmen, is to make us English people look silly, not only in the eyes of Europe and America, but in our own. We are sick to death of Carstonism. And crying No-Popery does not make us fonder of the foul thing. Give Ireland her rights, all Ireland, Catholic and Protestant. Treat her at least as well as Germany has treated Belgium. To shout No-Popery, and proceed to imprison and shoot down Irish Catholics because, like the Belgians, they still claim to be a nation, in spite of conquest is to make England ridiculous before the whole world. I am an Englishman. I want us to win this War. But I feel inclined to despair when I see our governing classes oppressing Irish Catholics and our newspapers shouting No-Popery! A fine way, forsooth, to get sympathy from the Catholics of France, Italy, America, Britain and Ireland. These No-Popery fanatics are mad.—The Derry Journal.

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### PLAIN CATHOLIC TALK

TO "CATHOLIC UNION"

Edinburgh Catholic Herald, May 11

As we intend to make some rather pointed criticisms of the action that the above mentioned "Catholic Union" took last week regarding Irish conscription, it may be best at the outset to print the resolutions which the Council adopted; whether unanimously or not we are not told, but it is hardly likely.

(1) The Catholic Union has viewed with the deepest regret the action which the Catholic Bishops of Ireland have deemed it necessary to take for resisting conscription service in the present War, action which appears to support the movement for organized disobedience to the law:

(2) The Catholic Union is of the opinion that it is just and right that the people of every portion of the United Kingdom should take their arms in defence of the Empire and the liberties of mankind from the grave peril to which they are exposed through a conflict wantonly forced upon the world by a cruel and unscrupulous enemy:

(3) Catholics cannot regard without serious misgivings any interference by an ecclesiastical authority in questions which are purely temporal and political, and in no way connected with faith and morals:

(4) The Catholic Union desires emphatically to dissociate itself from the movement, which cannot fail to hamper the full development of the military forces of the Allies and thereby endanger the cause of humanity:

(5) The President of the Catholic Union, Admiral of the Fleet Lord Walter Kerr, is requested to communicate these resolutions to the public prints and forward them to His Eminence the Cardinal Secretary of State, for submission to His Holiness the Pope.

The gentlemen who passed these astounding resolutions were: Sir Francis Fleming, Vice President; the Earl of Denbigh; Lord Edmund Talbot, M. P.; Sir Henry Jennings; Sir Mark Sykes, M. P.; Sir Stuart Coats, M. P.; the Hon. Joseph Maxwell Scott; Alderman Sir William Dunn; Sir George Lambart; Colonel Archer Shee, M. P.; Mr. James Hope; Colonel Heathcote; and Mr. W. S. Lilly (the Secretary)—the flower of English Toryism!

(1) Whom does the Catholic Union represent? Not Scotland certainly; and not Ireland; and not the Irish Catholics of England; it represents the personal and political views of English Catholic Tories.

(2) English Catholic Tories, led by the late Duke of Norfolk and others, supported Carson's "movement for organized disobedience to the law." Such disobedience then was apparently quite right and justifiable, though it was engineered by a mere fraction of the Irish people, nearly all Protestants; five sixths of the people being quite prepared to stand by the law of the land, namely, a Home Rule Act. Such "disobedience," however, now is quite wrong, though it represents five sixths of the people, and these nearly all Catholics. The logic of the Catholic Union is truly wonderful, almost as wonderful as their "sympathy" with their fellow-Catholics in Ireland under persecution and oppression.

(3) These English Catholic Tories have made a very prompt response to the appeal of a Protestant Minister, one Rev. R. J. Campbell, to try and keep their unruly fellow Catholics in Ireland in order. But all the time their object is so plain that any

one with the perspicuity of a guinea pig can see it: it is to stilette Home Rule, as Mr. Healey said, under the mantle of conscription. Your thorough-going English Catholic Tory can never hide his political hatred of the Irish, and to serve that will sink all other considerations.

(4) These are the same gentlemen who the other day eliminated the Restoration of the States of the Church from the programme of the Catholic Union, and substituted the "interests of the Pope" instead—a delightfully vague ideal that will hurt nobody's feelings, and suits very admirably the policy of those whom they wished to please, viz., the Government that signed a Secret Treaty with Italy and Russia to exclude the Holy Father from taking any steps towards peace negotiations! And the English Catholic Tories do not mind what they do, so long as they crush Ireland and stand well with the British Protestant ascendancy.

(5) The resolutions of the Union are really grossly insulting to the Irish Catholic Bishops. We have heard of teaching your grandmother to suck eggs. But this beats it. As if the Irish hierarchy required instruction from English Catholic Tories how to rule and guide their people and priests! What would these Tories have said if a Catholic Union of Ireland passed, and sent to the press, certain resolutions criticizing the unanimous action of the English Bishops, which was backed by the whole of the priests and Catholics in England? And, as for ecclesiastical authority not interfering in matters of faith and morals, these egregious Tory politicians "regard it with serious misgiving." Now, in the name of all that is sane, what on earth do they mean? A Bishop and a priest are never to open their mouths direct, to condemn or to approve in matters "purely temporal and political!" What of Cardinal Mercier? Has activity been confined to matters only of faith and morals? Are the clergy to be patriotic or not? are they citizens or not? and may they use their rights of speech and action like other citizens? Is resistance to an unjust, inhuman, and oppressive law, like conscription for Ireland, not a moral question? Have the bishops not the right and the obligation to pronounce on that? They would be false shepherds and hirelings if they shrank from doing so. Yes: the Irish Bishops love their country and their people, and they are bound to lead them at all times of crisis, as they always have done in the past, to save them from physical and temporal evils, and from political evils as well. This is precisely what they have done at present, and so have proved themselves true shepherds of the sheep, true Fathers of their flock, true followers of the great shepherd, Jesus Christ, who saved people's bodies as well as their souls. Away with the narrow and craven-hearted conscription which limits a Bishop's interest in his people to matters only of faith and morals! All the interests of his people are dear to him, and a false and cowardly shepherd would be he did he shrink from standing by his people in their hour of trial. Not so have the Irish Bishops ever acted, and not so ever will they act—though in disobedience to the English Catholic Tories.

But the whole foundation of the resolution No. 3 is false and vicious, that matters temporal and political may be outside the scope of moral guidance. This is false and pernicious teaching. Once allow matters political and temporal to be considered as beyond the restraint of the moral law and outside the judgment of the moral authority (which is the Church and her Bishops) and you introduce that anti-Christian conception of life and action which would allow kings and politicians and statesmen and any body of people to divorce their political and public life wholly from morality. All actions of authority are proper subjects of judgment by the spiritual forum which is entitled to pronounce them bad or good or indifferent. We therefore abhor the statement of these English Catholic Tories that political and temporal actions may be outside the sphere of morality. They all have and must have a moral aspect inasmuch as they are either just or unjust: as if a Catholic Bishop is not entitled to pronounce on them, what on earth is his function? But of course the E. C. T. don't really mean this at all; they have only, in a rash moment of Toryism and spleen, protested against the Irish Bishops pronouncing on an English Tory measure. If the Bishops had pronounced in favor of it, it would have been quite lawful *then* to interfere in matters political and temporal! But it is a pity that political bigotry and fanaticism should rush Catholic public men into grave distortions of sound Catholic principles of morality. Of course any priest or Bishop, if he had been present, would have censured and excised resolution 3 a nonsense; and worse.

We repeat, therefore, that to hold that the temporal authority may be independent of the spiritual and that it is an absolute political atheism, is an absolute political atheism over it, that He is voted out

of it, that tyrants and oppressors may do as they like and the Church must look on in silence because the affair is "purely temporal and political!" On the contrary, "Christian law extends not only to spirituals but also to temporal, and is the supreme law in both orders. Kings, lords, magistrates and rulers, sovereigns and subjects are under it in all things, alike in all things temporal and in things spiritual. Whoso denies this, denies not merely the sounder opinion, but the Christian religion itself. . . . No man, unless a downright atheist, dares in just so many words to assert the monstrous proposition that the temporal order is not subjected to the law of God. Now the law of God is interpreted by the spiritual authority, that is the Catholic Church, and hence the Church authorities are entitled to judge as within their jurisdiction, all men's actions if necessarily and occasion demand. Let the English Catholic Tories read any text book of Catholic doctrine dealing with the subject or even such an article (from which we have quoted) as Dr. Brownson's "The Two Orders Spiritual and Temporal," in his Review of 1853, and they will see their error.

They are going to submit their resolutions to the Pope. It is well. The Irish Bishops will sleep peacefully meantime. They are theologians; they did not act rashly in resisting a measure, unjust and inhuman, imposed by one nation upon another without its consent. It is a pity the E. C. T. did not send copies of the resolutions to the Irish hierarchy too. The men who have killed conscription in Ireland surely deserved a copy each!

### ENGLISH VANDALISM

FIRST FRUITS OF NO-POPERY REVIVAL

The first fruits of the "No-Popery" revival have manifested themselves in Croydon, where the beautiful war shrine in the grounds of St. Mary's Catholic Church has been wantonly desecrated by the mutilation of the figure on the Calvary, which has been completely severed in two. The memorial is raised to those who have laid down their lives for their country, and logically the outrage should be attributed to those who disapprove of such actions as the supreme sacrifice; but inasmuch as logic has never been the strong point of the "No-Popery" fanatic, logical deduction on the part of those who bring them to the safe conclusion that the perpetrator of the dastardly desecration was a "patriotic Protestant." How Protestants in general regard such vile conduct can be seen from the Croydon Times, which very honourably quotes in full a letter from a Catholic correspondent. The latter calls attention to the "first fruits of the No-Popery campaign inaugurated by a London journal. We read," he writes, "of churches and shrines destroyed in France and Belgium by the Huns, whose crimes, we are told, call to Heaven for vengeance. If the Croydon imitators of the Germans had the power, they would no doubt as readily demolish our church. In the congregation of St. Mary's on Sunday morning were Belgian, French, Canadian, Australian and American soldiers—not to mention the wounded men of the English, Scottish, and Irish regiments. What a message they would have to send their friends. Before conscription was adopted, St. Mary's had a Roll of Honour of at least 400 men on active service. Many have made the supreme sacrifice. Only last week one had been recommended for the D. S. M. for his work at Zeebrugge, and the reward of all this is—Saturday's outrage. Decent-minded Croydonians," the writer believes, "will condemn and repudiate the act," and, apart from the sacrifice, the crime crying to Heaven, and the outrage on the property of fellow-citizens, which common morality must condemn, there remains the exhibition of insane, insane, unreasoned action, which goes to prove that mental balance in the No-Popery person becomes a thing entirely lost. Even those who do not go to the length of insulting the sacred symbol of our Redemption or destroying property, might take warning from the trend of the "No-Popery" peculiarity, and observe due caution in delivering their mental faculties over to a cult that has brought about the outrage at Croydon, of which every decent-minded citizen is wholesomely ashamed.—The Universe.

Sister Celestine Wall, principal of the Hamilton street school, New Haven, Conn., has completed fifty years of service as a teacher in the public schools of the city. Of this time she has served thirty-five years as a principal of the school of which she is now in charge. Sister Celestine is believed to be the only nun teaching in the public schools of the country for that length of time. New Haven is unusual in allowing nuns in the garb of their religion to teach in a public school. In recognition of her long service the board of education has voted to send her a congratulatory message.

When the body of Captain Antonio Silvio Resnati of the Royal Italian Flying Corps, who was killed last week while testing a new biplane at the aviation field at Mineola, was brought from that place to New York, it was followed by the giant Caproni airplane in which the Captain made his record flights between Langley Field, Va., and New York. The machine brought Captain Hugo d'Annunzio and Sergeant Pilot Gianfelice Gino. On the way from the station to St. Patrick Cathedral, where the services were held the Caproni flew low, and Captain d'Annunzio strewed flowers along the way. The obsequies were attended by a guard of honor composed of French, British, Italian, and American army officers.

### CATHOLIC NOTES

Father Edgar Gallant, who was ordained a priest on Holy Saturday by Bishop Crimont, S. J., was the first priest ever ordained in Alaska.

A Catholic Bible was sold the other day in New York for \$6,250. It was from the library of the late John D. Crimmins—"The Holy Bible translated from the Latin Vulgate, Dublin, 1792." What made it so valuable was the fact that it was in forty-two volumes, so extended by the insertion of more than 8,000 prints and drawings, one by Raphael, others by Paul Veronese, Maratta and Laireoso.

Tribute to eight Georgetown students who lost their lives in the world war, was paid Thursday by the University students and faculty, in a pilgrimage to the Franciscan Monastery, where prayers were also offered up for the safety of the Georgetown men in the service. The students went in a body to attend the exercises; Holy Mass was offered up at 8 o'clock, when the students went to Holy Communion.

Miss Mary M. Murphy, of Lynn, Mass., has received notice from the war department that she has been selected as a nurse to go to France. She is the first woman in this country to be assigned as a nurse to the regular army, and will go with the rank of first lieutenant. Miss Murphy was born in Lynn, was graduated from St. Mary grammar and high schools and from the Carney Hospital, conducted by the Sisters of Charity in Boston.

Rev. John A. Ferry, chaplain of St. Mary Hospital in Brooklyn, N. Y., has invented an arm bandage which will revolutionize the treatment of broken arms. The new appliance is inset as it stands, can be adjusted to the arm in less than a minute, will fit anyone, and can be used again after a patient is cured. Father Ferry had a fractured arm and the inconvenience and loss of time suffered caused him to think out what is called the Anti-Velpeau Bandage Support, which is pronounced a success by surgeons.

Miss Mary E. Smith, of Brooklyn, N. Y., the well known Catholic author who wrote under the pen-name of "Christine Faber," died recently. She was born in Savannah, Ga., on Aug. 19, 1849. For a time she was a teacher in public schools and was active in sociological work. She was formerly editor of Redpath's Magazine and was a frequent contributor to Catholic periodicals. Among her best known novels are "Reaping the Whirlwind" and "Carroll O'Donoghue."

The figures given in The Official Catholic Directory, says the Sacred Heart Review, tell the story of progress in the unfolding church which so fills and satisfies her own children while challenging the wonder and admiration of great minds outside the pale. Said Gladstone: "This wonderful Church, which is as old as Christianity and as universal as mankind, is today, after its twenty centuries of age, as fresh and as vigorous and as fruitful as on the day when the Pentecostal fires were showered upon the earth."

When U. S. Ambassador to Santiago de Chile, in South America, Joseph Shea, who was visiting in Indianapolis, was shown a report about the triumph of the anti-church party in the recent elections, he was much surprised and said: "I can't imagine what that means. There is no anti clerical party in Chile, and there was no such issue up in the elections. They are Catholics down there, and the Catholic schools, colleges and universities are the leading institutions." The usual reports in the dailies about the Latin American countries are mere guesses at best.

Denver, Colo., May 23.—Sunday morning last the Cathedral of the Immaculate Conception here was treated to a sight which it had never witnessed before. Besides a class of one hundred and fifty children, some ninety men and women, practically all converts to the Faith from this parish during the last two years, received the sacrament of Confirmation during an impressive ceremony. These men and women came from all walks of life and from practically every form of religious affiliation, among them being Mr. Douglas Alexander Thurston, formerly prominent in Masonic circles, having held official positions of high degree in that Order.

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GERALD DE LACEY'S DAUGHTER

AN HISTORICAL ROMANCE OF COLONIAL DAYS

BY ANNA T. HADLIER

BOOK II CHAPTER XI

AN EAVESDROPPER CAUGHT

Growing impatient out there in the bleak coldness of the night, Mynheer went cautiously over to the window and for a single instant peered into the room. He saw that, once all the other guests had gone, the two young men had bent their heads together. The astute observer felt assured that something of unusual importance was under discussion. He wondered if it could be about the de Lacey's, and he was more than ever resolved to find out. His curiosity whetted, he resumed his position on the other side of the great tree and waited.

It seemed a long time, but he was at last rewarded by seeing the young officer and his companion come forth, still in close conversation, while the smuggler remained within. Mynheer did not venture to move until he had seen them turn a corner and vanish from sight. Then he stole cautiously to the door and entered. Greatbatch, who had been patronizing the rum quite steadily all the evening, was now in a drowsy state. His head had fallen forward on his breast, and he snored loudly. Mynheer gave an order for Ned Negus as an excuse for his return, and mine host, with a furtive glance at the clock, went off unwillingly to execute the commission. The merchant laid his hand heavily on the shoulder of the sleeper. Greatbatch started, and shook himself as nearly awake as his tipsy condition permitted. He did not recognize Mynheer, but continued the conversation as though the young men were still present.

"I can tell you, gentles, that the risks are great, and if the 'Hesperia' has never shown her heels to a foe, she puts herself in danger this time."

"He showed a disposition to fall asleep again, and Mynheer, without speaking lest the sound of his voice should cause him to realize his mistake, gently prodded him to go on. 'It's all very well for you, Cap'n Williams, if your heart's set on carryin' off the girl, as you asked me to do before. But if I take her off the sloop, you'll be a Papist, or no Papist, it's your that's to be responsible, and so I tells you. And, if Mynheer Laurens is to back me against loss, let him put down the money.'"

He dozed off again, waking with a start at the touch of Mynheer's hand on his shoulder.

"Have it your own way, gentles, next Friday afternoon, by four o'clock, off Sandy Hook."

The man continued to mutter, but his talk became more and more incoherent and he showed a disposition to fall off asleep. As mine host was due at any moment with the hot negus, and as it was already past the usual hour for the tavern to close, Mynheer sat down close by the tipsy man, and bent himself eagerly to the task of eliciting some further bits of information about what he now saw was a concerted plot to carry off a girl from a sloop. In his mind all the probabilities indicated that the girl in question was no other than Mistress de Lacey. He was so intent in the endeavor to make Greatbatch speak intelligibly, and so little apprehensive of the danger of interruption at that time of the night, that he took no precautions and never perceived that the door had been softly opened to admit a tall man wrapped in a cloak. A hand was presently laid on his shoulder, and, starting violently, he found himself confronted by Captain Prosser Williams. The expression on the latter's face was menacing in the extreme, for he had caught Mynheer in the act of putting questions to Greatbatch, which showed that he had learned much if not all of the carefully concerted plan. It was fear of what the smuggler might reveal to any chance comer that had brought Captain Prosser Williams back, though he pretended it was to seek a lost gauntlet. Paler than ever with rage, he now stood eyeing Mynheer, who rose slowly to his feet and confronted him. In the breast of the latter were all sorts of conflicting emotions, in which predominated fear of Captain Prosser Williams. Not indeed physical fear, but the apprehension of what revenge he might take, for this might be of such a nature as to interfere with many of his own schemes and seriously impair that fabric of social position, the surface popularity which he had built up, and the good understanding which he had been at pains to cultivate with the Household of Lord Bellomont. In those instants that elapsed, while the two stood confronting each other and the stillness of the tavern room was broken only by the snoring of Greatbatch, Mynheer was chiefly occupied with devising some means of escape from his mortifying and dangerous position, and thus gave but little thought to the girl whose safety was imperilled. It was Prosser Williams who broke silence, in a voice scarcely articulate owing to the fury which was consuming him.

"Mynheer de Vries," he said in a menacing tone, "I find you here spying, in a most unwarrantable and contemptible fashion, into what does not concern you, and striving to extract information from a drunken man."

For once Mynheer's aplomb completely deserted him, and he strove to stammer out some excuse. The other, without heeding him, went on. "Since you have forced yourself into this matter—to what extent I know not, since I cannot be aware of how much or how little this drunken brute has revealed—I will charge you with responsibility for any failure of these plans which are for the good of all concerned. I demand, therefore, your promise of secrecy."

"And if I refuse?" Mynheer said slowly, for his manhood was striving to reassert itself.

A wave of pity swept over him for the misfortunes of the girl, who had been so lately but a charming young maid busy in her flower-garden. "If you refuse," echoed Prosser Williams, and there was an ugly look in the pale eyes. "If you refuse, I shall ruin you, that is all. You must give me your oath to repeat no word of what you may have heard or surmised, nor in any other way take advantage of what you have learned."

Still Mynheer hesitated, for the forces of good and evil, which he had striven to hold so nicely balanced, now contended within him. He was tempted to throw discretion to the winds and defy Prosser Williams, whose influence might be less great than was popularly supposed, and against whom in turn Mynheer might use strong weapons. But the habitual caution of a life prevailed. He was sorry for the girl, but no sentiment toward her and her father was not sufficiently robust to balance the risk that would run by antagonizing this powerful member of His Excellency's Household.

"You are slow in making up your mind," said the young officer with a sneer, "but Mynheer de Vries has been too long engaged in the exercise popularly known as 'jumping whichever way the cat jumps,' not to do so now."

Mynheer's face flushed with an anger to which he dared not give expression, and Prosser Williams, who read something of what was passing in his companion's mind, assumed a more bullying tone.

"You may give your word or keep it," he cried, "for I know full well that, since I have caught you spying and striving to make a drunkard talk in the hope of being able to turn the information thus gained to your own mean and contemptible ends, you will be afraid to use that knowledge."

"Though your language is insulting and ungentlemanly to a degree," Mynheer said, with an attempt at dignity, "I will freely give you the promise you demand, for I feel assured that I may safely leave the matter in your hands, since it is not, as I feared, solely in those of this disreputable seaman."

Captain Prosser Williams, looking the speaker full in the face, burst into an insolent laugh.

"Call him by his name, a smuggler and a pirate, who has oftentimes drawn your chests out of the fire," he said mockingly. "As for your word, I will take it in default of better security, since it is at your grievous peril you will break it. And now to set this drunken animal upon his homeward way before his tongue does further mischief."

He roused Greatbatch with no gentle hand from his slumbers, and with mine host's assistance raised him to a standing posture, not without angry growls and sullen protests from the sleeper. Once on his feet, however, the smuggler shook himself together, and went off with unsteady gait in the direction of his lodgings near the wharf. Captain Prosser Williams, as he too prepared to depart, threw back from the door at Mynheer a good-night full of such mocking politeness that the merchant's face was tinged with red.

"My best wishes, too," he sneered, "for a close tongue which will keep you out of mischief."

Mynheer made no answer, nor did he offer to accompany the departing guest as in other circumstances he would have done. Dropping into a chair, he needed the gentle admonition of mine host that it grew late before he bestirred himself to take the homeward road. His head bent in his hands, he was conscious of an acute feeling of shame and degradation, and one which would always recur whenever he was confronted with this insolent minion of an oppressive government, as in his anger he designated Prosser Williams. He felt, too, that the humiliation of that evening had placed him in such a position with the young man that the latter could at any time use against him this new weapon, and represent him to the Van Cortlandts and other influential friends of the de Lacey's as one of those who had betrayed the girl. As usual, the personal element was uppermost in his mind, but he had some feeling of pity and of remorse where his late neighbors were concerned. He knew that a word said to Madam Van Cortlandt, to Pieter Schuyler or to Captain Ferrers would be sufficient to save them. With a sick loathing at the thought of his own cowardice, he went out into the night. It was starless and dark, and the air seemed thick and heavy, with the coming storm. Mynheer walked slowly and with a heaviness of gait such as he had never known. He felt as if a burden had been suddenly laid upon his shoulders. Hitherto, in fact, in so far as smuggling operations and dealings with the most lawless of sea-rovers were concerned, he had walked in devious ways, and he had not been over-licious in inquiring as to how those ill-gotten goods were acquired. But in all those respects his conduct had been no

worse than that of many men who stood high in the colony. Commonly, whatever guilt he had incurred did not weigh upon his soul, for he was pre-eminently a conventionalist. But to connive, however indirectly, at the abduction of a young girl whom he had long known and admired, and at the arrest of her father, was another matter altogether, and one which, if it ever became publicly known, would expose him to the condemnation of a large section of his fellow-townsmen.

As he stumbled along in the darkness the struggle in his mind was intense and painful. He tried to reassure himself with such specious arguments as men very commonly put forth to screen their faults. Captain Prosser Williams had declared that the scheme he had in view would reward the good of all concerned. But reason and common sense alike told him that that officer's injunctions to secrecy, the expression of his face and what he knew of his character, belied his statement. When Mynheer reached home, he was surprised to see his wife still in her chair in the drawing room. Also, after her own dull fashion, she appeared to be in a radiant good humor. Her mood jarred upon him, though he was far indeed from guessing its cause. He answered her shortly, and was utterly disinclined for conversation. He was thoroughly dissatisfied with himself and his own course of action, though he argued that he had no alternative but absolute ruin. He knew that he acted like Pilate, who would have saved the innocent if he could have done so without sacrificing his own prospects.

CHAPTER XII.

THE TRAGEDY OF SANDY HOOK

The sloop "Anna Maria," having on board Mr. de Lacey and Evelyn, arrived duly at Sandy Hook, and there lay to in waiting for the "Mermaid," which was to receive on board her two passengers. Of the events which afterwards transpired, various accounts were given, and it was only the chief participants who were aware of all the circumstances. One thing became known for certain in Manhattan, that the sloop was overhauled by the brigantine "Hesperia," commanded by Greatbatch, and that with him were Captain Prosser Williams and Henricus Laurens, two zealous champions of the Protestant cause. The latter had obtained special powers, which gave the sanction of the law to whatever was done, and protected the skipper of the piratical craft from any injurious consequences. Mynheer Laurens, besides his motives which have been already mentioned, was actuated by a burning desire to distinguish himself in the eyes of Lord Bellomont, and through him in those of the King's Majesty, as an ardent supporter of the Protestant succession.

Though Captain Prosser Williams was not unwilling to be placed in the same category, he had nevertheless undertaken on personal grounds an expedition in which he felt himself perfectly safe. He laughed long, though not loud, as he paced the deck of the "Hesperia." For he was in high spirits at the approaching success of his schemes. "Since His Ex.," he jests, "is so desirous of hanging Jesuits, or any others of the black coated gentry that he can catch, as to offer high rewards to the savages for their capture, he will of a surety be glad, when I have told all I know, to lay his hand upon this girl, who has kept alive the Romish superstition in these dirty brutes of Wilden, and upon her father who is a prize worth bagging."

Then he fell to thinking, with curious consistency of Evelyn and of those charms by which she had subjugated this hardened and cynical heart. As he leaned over the side of the vessel, as it lay close to the "Anna Maria," the figure of the girl and those eyes of hers, so different in expression from all other eyes, seemed to beckon him on. He could scarcely avoid the result of the attack by Greatbatch, which was to put the sloop and its passengers in their power. For he had an alternative in his mind, more daring, more fraught with peril and more delectable than that of conveying Evelyn a prisoner to New York. This was to persuade Greatbatch to sail away for foreign ports with the coveted prize. He had inveigled on board of the piratical craft a young clergyman, attached to an English church, under the pretext of taking a pleasant sail down the Bay. The latter, who was not without social ambitions, was flattered by the notice of the brilliant young officer of His Excellency's staff, and readily responded to the invitation. Prosser Williams felt that Evelyn must sooner or later yield to his importunities, after which he would be enabled to arrange matters with Lord Bellomont, who had some respect for the young officer's influential relations in England. The autumn afternoon was darkening to night; rough weather was pressed, the crew of the waves showed white, the sea gulls flew low, and the boats of the oyster fishers were making shorewards in haste. Prosser Williams felt his heart beat high, and his imagination was excited by the thought of how infinitely preferable would be his own particular scheme than to await the tedious and sordid process of law. He felt quite noble and virtuous that he was prepared to sacrifice, or run the risk of sacrificing, his prospects in England by a marriage with this obscure girl. He had almost persuaded him-

self that, like a hero of romance, he was hastening to her rescue, when his thoughts were interrupted by the appearance at his side of Henricus Laurens, who reminded him that it was time they appeared on board the sloop to give an appearance of legality to what Greatbatch had already done there, and to arrest father and daughter formally in the name of the law.

Prosser Williams received the reminder coldly. He would have preferred to have allowed Greatbatch to manage the affair in furtherance of his own secret scheme. But he could not well refuse to accept the services of this influential Colonial, which he had at first earnestly desired. He saw that his associate was feverishly anxious to avoid any charge of complicity in a mere piratical outrage.

"Controlling himself, therefore, he followed his companion on board one of the ship's boats, which lay ready to convey them to the sloop. Greatbatch had gone forward so far as to bind and render helpless Captain Jenkins and his men, while Evelyn had been torn from her father and imprisoned in the cabin. Boarding the "Anna Maria," they saw to their astonishment the prostrate figure of a man, lying on a pile of sail cloth, whom, to the dismay of Henricus Laurens, they discovered to be Gerald de Lacey. They stood a moment in some perplexity, till Greatbatch coming hastily forward declared that when he had attempted to separate the young lady from her father, the latter had fought like a wild-cat. "I had like to have lost my life," the pirate said, sullenly, "and he got a scratch."

Breathing freely when he heard the smuggler's statement that Mr. de Lacey had received but a scratch, and more anxious than ever to put matters on a legal basis, Mynheer Laurens drew near to the wounded man, and by the light of a lantern above their heads, which relieved the growing darkness, began to read the warrant for the arrest of one Gerald de Lacey and his daughter, described as Popish recusants, accused of various felonious and reasonable practices, contrary to the laws of England and of the Colony of Manhattan.

It was a strange scene. The tall figure of Captain Prosser Williams kept somewhat in the background, with a cynical smile on his pale face; Henricus Laurens flushed with fanatical rage and exultation as he read, while Greatbatch, unusually silent and subdued, stood by, his coarse face giving signs of perturbation. In the shadow, so that the light scarcely touched him, lay the accused, who had fought a brave, though unavailing fight in defense of Evelyn.

TO BE CONTINUED

A MYSTERIOUS SICK CALL

The incident I am about to relate is a true one; it was told me by the priest to whom it occurred, although I am not giving his name nor that of the town where his church was situated.

In a certain large English town where poverty and destitution were rife, was a crowded court in which being so overcrowded that it was a wonder fever and disease of every description were not more busy in supplementing what semi-starvation was daily doing—decreasing their number by death. Half-clothed and sickly-looking children played listlessly on the doorsteps, or floated their mimic boats of wood or paper on the stream of dirty water which from the center of the alley; but all the little ones were more or less weak and weary for active exertion. Hardly any but its inhabitants passed through the court. Even the costermongers seldom visited it, excepting perhaps on a Saturday night when they wished to get rid of their refuse stock. Poverty was too apparent to make a sale a likely event.

In a tiny attic of one of the houses, on a little truckle bed, lay a poor woman, old and sick. Her surroundings, poor as they were, were scrupulously clean, and the room tolerably airy, for being at the top of the house (the highest the court could boast of) its little open window let in air. Seated by the bedside on the only chair which the room possessed was a little girl, from her size appeared seven or eight years of age, although she bore upon her face that look of premature age so noticeable amongst very poor children, more especially girls. On a rickety table standing near the bed were a few slices of dry bread and a cup containing some very weak tea, which the girl now and again held with evident solicitude to the woman's lips.

"Drink some yourself, Nellie," said she at last, with an effort, as if talking pained her.

"Oh, no, Grannie," replied the child, "I'm neither hungry nor thirsty. Don't you know that kind man at the milk shop gave me such a nice drink of milk this morning, when he brought these flowers of me. I wanted to bring it home to you, and if he had lent me a jug I would, but he made me drink it."

The woman said: "but take a piece of bread with you when you go out, for you may get hungry before all your flowers are sold; and I'll try and sleep whilst you are away."

Upon this Nellie proceeded to tie up in bunches some cowslips, blue-bells, and other field flowers, which were in a basin of water, and arranged them in a little shabby hand basket. This done, she put on her tattered straw hat, and gently kissing the old woman, who was now asleep, she stole quietly out of the room.

A few weeks later a Catholic priest might have been seen returning to his home after an evening spent in making sick calls amongst the poor. His church was the only one in the town, and he was the sole priest.

He was tired and longing for a rest, so that his house-keeper's words when she opened the door were all disappointing to him.

"There's another sick call for you, Father," said she, "and the young man who brought it said he hoped you would go soon."

"Of course, I'll go at once, then; but where is it?" inquired Father Browne.

In Recket's Court, Father; the other was so universally known for his kindness and benevolence, not only to his own flock, but also to those outside the Church, so that many a hat was raised and many a word of greeting spoken to him as he made his way along the streets.

It was spring time, but night was coming on, so that when he got to Recket's Court, which was devoid of lamps, he could not find the number he sought, and had to inquire of a man who was leaning against a door-post smoking his pipe.

"Oh! this is No. 4," replied he to the question.

"Then it was to this house I was sent for," said Father Browne. "Can you tell me who are Catholics here?"

"Catholics," echoed the man, "there be none in Catholics here; lest-ways I don't know of none, nor if it come to that of any other religion neither. Where can such as we find the dress to go to church? When Sunday come round we're only too glad for a little bit 'o' rest."

The man said this at intervals with his pipe between his lips, puffing away as he spoke, and in a sullen, rather rude manner.

"But I was sent for, so I suppose there is someone ill in the house," said the priest.

"I don't know nothing about your being sent for, sir," replied the man; "and as to sickness, there's always some one sad, sick, or sorry here; but there's an old woman up top that's mortal bad I believe—the child Nellie was crying about her this morning."

This was enough for Father Browne, who, after ascertaining which was the poor woman's room, climbed the stairs to find it.

A knock at the door brought out little friend Nellie, and the priest walked to the bedside of the sick woman, who to his question if she had not sent for him replied feebly that she had not.

"But you are a Catholic, I suppose?" said Father Browne.

"Yes, I am, Father Browne," replied she, "but I'm not a Catholic here; lest-ways I don't know of none, nor if it come to that of any other religion neither. Where can such as we find the dress to go to church? When Sunday come round we're only too glad for a little bit 'o' rest."

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MUST "REVERSE THEIR IRISH POLICY"

The cable under date June 5th tells us that John Dillon neither condemns nor applauds the recruiting appeal of Viscount French. And the New York Times adds this extract from an interview given by the Irish leader to the Daily Telegraph:

"The Government," Mr. Dillon is quoted as saying, "has certainly done one sensible thing in abandoning the attempt to enforce conscription in Ireland against the will of the people, which would have brought no strength to the allied cause and undoubtedly would have produced worldwide evils. Any prospect of the success of Lord French's appeal depend, in my judgment, entirely on the extent to which the Government will reverse their Irish policy and the methods of recruiting practiced in Ireland since the outbreak of the War."

That Dillon should be still unenthusiastic, even distrustful of the apparently moderate and conciliatory substitute for the humiliating proposal of compulsory service, will surprise no one at all familiar with the implacable Prussianism of powerful anti-Irish elements both in England and Ireland. In the beginning of the War Irishmen freely, generously, enthusiastically sprang to the aid of Great Britain, gladly holding the new era when justice and cooperation were to replace age-long oppression and hostility.

"But the enemies of Ireland would not have free service. Their agents here as I know, and as it was confessed to me, objected to Nationalists and Catholics taking part in the army, as it removed the main argument against self-government on which they relied. They wanted Nationalists dragged as slaves and humiliated, and this at a time when self-consciousness and pride in nationality had become a burning flame. Sympathy was turned into indifference. Indifference was fanned into hostility; and I am afraid hostility is changing into bitter hate. I see all this with grief."

If this had been written by John Dillon or Joseph Devlin it would be the part of wisdom and statesmanship to heed it; had that venerable and eminently sane old patriot, Cardinal Logue, given such diagnosis of the Irish disease, one might expect, outside of Prussia, that those charged with the responsibilities of government would be grateful for such vital information. But unfortunately Prussianism is not confined to Prussia. The damning truth quoted above is from one of the most prominent of Ulster Protestants, one who loves and understands Ireland and who loves England too. It may therefore carry weight where the advice of Irish leaders would be scorned. It is taken from a letter written by George Russell (E) in the Manchester Guardian, May 10th, vigorously protesting against conscription when it seemed that the British Government was determined on that insane policy for Ireland. Thank God the wiser and saner as well as the more patriotic counsels of such as he have now prevailed, and conscription is definitely abandoned.

With the rotten politics involved in the definite threat of conscription, the vague promise of Home Rule, the Sinn Fein imprisonments without trial, the appointment of Carson's associate, Campbell, etc., it is not easy to have unlimited faith in the sanity, good will and sense of justice on the part of a Government where the had old anti-Irish influences have been able to exert such influence in the past.

A further ground for hope, however, is that not only educated and enlightened Irish Protestants, but

conservative English opinion also, knows and condemns the wretched Irish policy which turned Irish enthusiasm into sullen discontent and dangerous unrest.

The Evening Standard and St. James Gazette, neither anti-Government nor pro-Irish, is honest enough and courageous enough to tell the plain truth about Ireland to English readers, in these words:

"If our rulers had deliberately set out to foster the Sinn Fein movement they could not have succeeded better. First there was the well-intentioned Mr. Birrell, afraid to forestall a rebellion lest he should precipitate one. Then the Irish leaders were asked to agree to a settlement, and, when they had agreed, were thrown over because one or two English politicians threatened trouble.

"Meanwhile the fires of rebellion had been carefully fed by a host of minor follies. Recruiting was carried on in such a manner as to insult and alienate. No attempt of any kind was made to appeal to Irish sentiment, or to refrain from collision with Irish prejudices. Almost any official action was a new weapon handed over to the Sinn Fein conspirators, while they were at the same time given freedom to elaborate their plots and complete their organization.

"Finally, just as the Irish Convention was about to submit a Report which was generally anticipated as the basis of an imposed settlement, conscription for Ireland was suddenly announced, and a measure to that effect rushed through the House of Commons. At the first rumour of this decision, we spoke of it as an act of extreme impolicy, and events have since conspired to prove the correctness of that view. It is impossible to conscript a whole nation. It is true that Ireland is not playing her proper part in the War, and we regret the fact for Ireland's sake as well as our own. But the only sound and practical course is to remove the causes which have robbed us of the full help of a martial people."

This was on May 18th, when, as announced elsewhere in the same article, the Government had already decided to drop conscription.

Will the tuppenny-happy Canadian imperialists who sneer at John Dillon explain how it is that well-formed and intelligent English public opinion agrees so remarkably with John Dillon's public pronouncements which they so freely condemn when they are cabled over here? If recruiting in Ireland has been "carried on in such a manner as to insult and alienate" by enemy agents who "would not have free service," but who "wanted Nationalists dragged as slaves and humiliated," then the most loyal Canadian will agree wholeheartedly with John Dillon when he says: "The prospects of the success of Lord French's appeal depend entirely on the extent to which the Government will reverse their Irish policy and the methods of recruiting practiced in Ireland since the outbreak of the War."

PRINCIPLES AND PRACTICE

Saturday Night thinks that John Dillon and Joseph Devlin stultify themselves in not making a profession of faith in the sincerity of the Government in the matter of the Sinn Fein arrests. We think our contemporary quite honestly reflects the honest opinion of many, so that its presentation of the case is interesting not to say entertaining.

Not William O'Brien alone but a host of Irishmen at home and abroad recall the gigantic conspiracy to kill Home Rule and damn Home Rulers which makes a chapter of Anglo-Irish history under the caption of "Parnellism and Crime."

Saturday Night's reference to this is not only interesting but delightfully entertaining; we must contribute to the gaiety of nations by quoting:

"We note that the waspish egotist, William O'Brien, an Ishmaelites whose hand is as frequently raised to smite his own countrymen as the British, likens the charges against the Sinn Fein to the forged letter published in the 'eighties by the authors of 'Parnellism and Crime.' In many quarters it is assumed that the Parnell charges were a British Government plot. Those who accept the theory know very little about that celebrated case, for the British Government at that time had for its Prime Minister the Right Honourable W. E. Gladstone, a declared advocate of Home Rule. So far from being a British plot it was Irish in its origin. The author of the forged letter in which it was made to appear that Parnell sympathized with the physical force movement that culminated in the Phoenix Park murders, was a brilliant Dublin journalist named Richard Piggott, who was Irish of the Irish and clever enough to deceive almost anybody. Piggott was only trapped in cross examination by a ruse that came as a brilliant inspiration to Parnell's chief confidant, Sir Charles Russell. If the Parnell charges were a British Government plot it is very singular that the par-

adious British should have afterwards rewarded the man who exploded them by making him Lord Chief Justice of England."

Comment would be superfluous did we not remember that a lot of our readers have been born since the triumphant exposure of as nefarious attempt to destroy the reputation of Irish representatives as ever stained the black record of Anglo-Irish relations.

"In many quarters it is assumed that the Parnell charges were a British Government plot."

This convenient little straw man, Saturday Night, proceeds to knock out by recalling that Gladstone was then Prime Minister. Well, that is about as accurate and enlightening as most newspaper references to Irish history ancient, modern or contemporary.

Yes, Gladstone was Prime Minister, and he was a declared advocate of Home Rule. That was precisely the reason for the conspiracy which no Irishman, no Englishman, no Canadian and no man outside a lunatic asylum ever "assumed to be a British Government plot." It was a plot against Ireland and against the Government committed to the policy of giving Ireland self-government.

It was backed by an extremely powerful and influential section of the English press and appealed to deep-rooted national, racial and religious prejudice and was calculated to fan suspicion and distrust into such a flame that the Gladstone policy would become an utter impossibility. The forged letter was not the cause or inspiration or foundation of the foul conspiracy. The letter was evoked by the circumstances. Tools can be bought. 4005 was Piggott's price.

But listen to this: "So far from being a British plot it was Irish in its origin. The author of the forged letter . . . was Irish of the Irish."

So? Then the crucifixion of our Lord was not prompted by Jewish hate and envy but was of Christian origin; Judas Iscariot who betrayed the Master was himself a disciple.

Saturday Night's little straw man stult will nevertheless be to some a convincing refutation of the misguided Irishman's misconception of history.

The day is past, however, in England when such milk for babes can find a robust prejudice.

On May 25th Saturday Night said that the London Daily Chronicle is "one of the greatest and most intelligent journals in the world," and so far as our knowledge of world journalism goes we entirely agree with our Toronto contemporary. Under the very same date the cable told us that the London Daily Chronicle contended, after reading the Press Bureau statement of the reasons, that "more substantial justification of the recent arrests ought to be given."

"If there are reasons of state against a full disclosure," adds The Chronicle, "not less are there reasons of state for revealing sufficient evidence to justify the strong action taken. It is not enough to say that there is a plot. So deep seated is the suspicion of the Government that Irish public opinion will want more than this to convince it of the reality of the conspiracy."

Nor is the greatest and most intelligent journal alone in its demand.

The Daily News "also calls for the evidence, saying that it is irrelevant and profoundly misleading to recapitulate the evidence of 1916 as proof of Irish complicity in the alleged plot of 1918.

Evidence much more specific than mere proof of German and German-American machinations is needed if the Government's action is to be vindicated." The Daily News insists. "As far as the present document is concerned such evidence is clearly not forthcoming. \* \* \* If the evidence cannot be published the least that can be demanded is that it should be examined by competent, impartial judges, in whose findings the public would have implicit confidence."

It suggests that the evidence be submitted to former Premier Asquith, Arthur Henderson, the Labor Party leader, and John Dillon or Joseph Devlin. "Confirmation by such a panel," The Daily News says, "would convince every section of the country, and Parliament and the public must insist upon some such investigation. \* \* \* To issue such evidence as is now published is not a compliment to the intelligence of the public."

The Daily Express which thinks the Government more than justified in arresting the Sinn Feiners, adds:

"Now they should be tried, and the trial should be as public as the circumstances permit. Prove these people guilty in open court, and Ireland will listen to them no more. Keep the interned without trial, and half of Ireland will believe them libelled innocents."

The British Government has tremendous responsibilities at the present moment. Not the least of these is the duty of dealing with the problem of Ireland. Political camouflage may deceive all of the people some of the time but it can not deceive all the people all the time. The conscience of the world will be outraged if the ideals of Prussian junkerism are maintained in Ireland by Prussian methods.

Nor will it help matters to reverse the ancient rule and hold every Irishman guilty until he proves his innocence.

A LIE AND ITS REFUTATION

The fabled seven-league boots are a tame invention of the imagination compared with the very real rate at which a lie in our day of industrious news agencies and free press outstrips its necessarily lagging refutation.

Not a paper in Canada, probably not a paper in the world, but published the cabled news that at the instigation or with the approval of the Vatican the Papal Nuncio at Vienna had taken action against the Prince-Bishop of Laibach for favoring the Jugo-Slav movement towards independence. Not one in a thousand will publish the refutation.

We submit the facts as given by the Roman correspondent to the Universe, under date of May 2nd. Referring to the question asked in the House of Commons with reference to Cardinal Logue the correspondent continues:

"The Corriere d'Italia praises Mr. Balfour's 'most just and temperate' reply in the House, and summarizes in a few paragraphs the principal points of the question. The attitude of the Holy See has nothing to do with that of ecclesiastical dignitaries in different countries, who, as citizens of their own country, have always been free to act in the way they have thought most in conformity with their duty. But none has thought until now of implicating the Holy See in these actions, or of finding in them a breach of neutrality on the part of the Holy See.

"The same reasoning applies in the case of the Bishop of Laibach. The case, as stated in some of the more critical papers here, is this: The Bishop of Laibach has given very strong support to the Jugo-Slav movement for independence. The Nuncio at Vienna is reported, after communicating the facts to Rome, to have taken legal procedure against him. This is frankly absurd. Firstly, it is not within the powers of a Nuncio to take such proceedings; and, secondly, the Vatican does not attempt to direct the individual political action of a Bishop. There is proof of animosity towards the Vatican in the concoction of these criticisms, as they disapprove what would be in the main if they were real, two entirely opposite courses of action—silence in the case of Cardinal Logue, censure in that of the Bishop of Laibach.

"The Corriere d'Italia, referring further to the question of the Bishop of Laibach, states that the Vatican has telegraphed to the Nuncio in Vienna, Mgr. Valfré di Bonzo, and has received from him the assertion that there is no foundation for that part of the report which relates to him. That also which attributes any action of the sort to the Vatican is also false. The Osservatore Romano tonight confirms this, and decides the question by stating officially that there is no foundation whatever in the reports circulated."

With regard to the Pope and the Vatican the temper of the press is of that calm and judicial sort which animated an Irish jury in a murder case in the brave days of old. During the trial the man who was supposed to have been murdered was brought into court alive and well. The jury nevertheless brought in a verdict of guilty, stating that in any case the prisoner at the bar was a dangerous character and should have been hanged long ago.

TWO OR THREE DILEMMAS

"Since the conclusion of an agreement between the Italians and the Southern Slavs over the delimitation of the Adriatic littoral, the Entente Allies have informally sanctioned the claims of the Czechs and Southern Slavs to independent national life. These claims will be one of the most difficult problems of the peace settlement. As the Czechs and Southern Slavs in the Empire are Roman Catholics, and as the German Austrians belong almost wholly to the same Church, the question must be giving the Vatican also deep concern."—The Globe.

Why should this question give the Vatican any deeper concern than the fact that the French and Italians and Belgians and many millions of English speak on our side are Catholics, while many of the Germans as well as most of the Austrians are Catholics also?

As for Catholics in general they will hail with delight the winning by the Southern Slavs of those liberties they claim for Ireland.

NOTES AND COMMENTS

THE ONE ELEMENT conspicuously lacking in current discussions on the Vatican and the War is knowledge. On the other hand, an element at the same time particularly prominent is ingrained animosity. See-sawing between the two produces results that if they were not inimical to the well-being of the commonwealth would be merely ridiculous.

IF A STRAW shows how the wind blows, the act of Mlle. Eve Laval-liere, long a familiar figure in Parisian life and a favorite at the Theatre des Varieties, in retiring from the stage, selling the luxurious furnishings of her apartments, dividing her dresses and jewels among her friends and entering the Carmelite Order, may perhaps be taken as an indication of the rejuvenated religious spirit at work in France since the dark cloud of War overspread the land. From the gaieties of the capital as well as from the tribulations of the trenches whispers of this new birth come. Even Clemenceau, with a long record of aggressive anti-clericalism behind him is heard to exclaim, in the act of pinning a decoration upon the breast of a monk: "I have not the privilege of being a Capuchin." Straws often do show how the wind blows.

THE NEW YORK Journal of Commerce whose editorial columns display intimate acquaintance with international politics and sociological problems, as well as expert knowledge of commerce and finance, has a suggestive article in a late issue on "The Lost for Money." This, it is scarcely necessary to insist, has gradually become the outstanding feature of the age, particularly in this Western World. Even the widespread unemployment produced by this greatest of wars has not as yet materially affected the trend of civilization in this respect. Gold continues to hold its place as the root of all evil.

SOME FIGURES published by the Journal are instructive. The announcement that during the first four months of the current year more than \$2,000,000 were embezzled by employees in the United States is an impressive reminder that man is not always the master of money, but that too often money is master of the man. During 1916, according to figures compiled, more than \$81,000,000 were pilfered from various corporations, transportation companies being the heaviest losers with \$15,192,750. Banks and trust companies lost \$9,793,271, insurance companies more than \$755,000, and benefit societies \$7,524,700.

AS HEAVY as the sums are, they do not represent all the embezzlements of the year. Many banks and trust companies, as well as mercantile houses, as it is pointed out by the compilers of these figures, believe that the policy of silence concerning defalcations is best, and there is much to be said for its wisdom and sagacity. The abnormal appetite for notoriety in some minds may be said to override the love of personal liberty, even, as criminologists know of life itself, and this unhappy tendency has to be reckoned with. The proportion of the evil under consideration which never comes to the surface can therefore be conjectured only. Returns from fidelity and guarantee companies, however, furnish some idea of its extent.

FROM ONE such company only the figures are staggering—we had almost said appalling. The Fidelity and Casualty Company of New York reports for the twelve months ending December, 1917, the following defalcations:

Table with 2 columns: Category and Amount. Includes Banks and Trust Companies (\$7,398,271.00), Beneficial associations (\$7,524,700.00), Public services (\$57,539.08), General business (\$2,338,383.06), Insurance companies (\$75,128.57), Transportation companies (\$15,192,750.00), Courts and trusts (\$7,728.00), Miscellaneous (\$96,257.59). Total: \$50,943,299.21

This is from one city, and one company only. Does it not arouse curious reflections upon the civilization which is the special boast of the age in which we live? And what about the sharp-practice, the quick turning of a corner, the getting the better of a competitor, which not merely evades the imputation of dishonesty, but often masquerades under the questionable disguise of "good business?"

A face that had a story to tell. How different are faces in this particular! Some of them speak not; they are books in which not a line is written, save perhaps, a date.—Longfellow.

ON THE BATTLE LINE

ONCE AGAIN Berlin reports that "the situation is unchanged." The shifting of the material and the masses of enemy troops used in the battle of Aisne, so the scene of the next offensive may have begun already. There is comment regarding the failure of the enemy artillery to support the infantry adequately in recent local engagements on the Marne front. The artillery activity generally has increased, but the Germans have confined their attention chiefly to bombarding the rear of the Allied positions. The guns of the Allies are never silent, and must take heavy toll of the enemy troops holding the line, who, until the past day or two, had not begun to dig themselves in and take cover.

WHERE, THEN, will the next stroke fall? The French writers believe that it will be directed against what is known as the Montdidier-Noyon sector, in the Valley of the Oise. Activity there revives as it declines along the Marne and the Aisne. The French counter-attack along the Oise without a moment's hesitation when the enemy occupies any position of value. The reason for the vigorous reaction on this sector is that the great Forest of Compiègne, the largest and most dense in that part of France, lies only a few miles south and west of the enemy's lines on the Oise. As the Forest of St. Gobain, southwest of Laon, screened the preparations of the enemy for the battle of the Aisne, and enabled him to launch a surprise attack on the greater Forests of L'Aigle and Compiègne, with the wooded lands east of Villers-Cotteret, would shield the preparations for a great attack on Paris. In the Forest of Compiègne the whole army of the Crown Prince could be hidden. The towering beeches that, because they are close-set, climb upward to a great height, leaving little undergrowth, would permit of free passage underneath, while furnishing above a screen that would not disclose its secrets to the aviator or his camera. Three main lines of railway run into the forest. It is because they know the possibilities of concealment in the Forest of Compiègne that the French military writers believe the next great attack of the enemy will be directed to securing a footing in it.

THE INTERVENTION of Japan in Siberia becomes a live issue. It is announced that General Semenov, who has been leading the anti-Bolshevik troops in Siberia, has thrown up his command because of disaffection in the ranks, and will retire into Mongolia. A week ago, according to a delayed press despatch, there was a struggle on the Onon River between Semenov's troops and the revolutionists, in which a number of strongly pressed attacks were checked. An Austro-German force, probably composed of prisoners of war, who had been given their freedom and armed by the Bolsheviki, was at that time threatening Semenov's line of communications. The strength of the Austro-Germans was stated to be a brigade of cavalry and four companies of infantry. A Washington despatch points out that the presence of an Austro-German force close to the Manchurian border brings up again the possibility of Japanese intervention. The Government of the United States was opposed to the sending of an Allied army, composed chiefly of Japanese, into Siberia when the proposal was first made. A different opinion may now be held. The enemy is getting too close the Pacific for comfort.—Globe, June 8.

U-BOATS OFF THE U. S. COAST

The most startling development of the week is the appearance of submarines off the Atlantic Coast where they have already sunk some sixteen vessels.

NUNS GOING WITH U. S. HOSPITAL CORPS

Six Sisters of Charity are preparing to go to Italy with the Loyola University unit of New Orleans, La. These nuns, one of whom is the chief nurse of the contingent, were assigned to the work by the special request of Dr. Joseph A. Dana, Dr. Dana has been appointed the director with the rank of major. He has been connected with the charity hospitals of New Orleans and is professor of surgery at Loyola University. Dr. Dana, though a citizen of the United States, was born in Italy, and is therefore fully conversant with conditions in that country. A big proportion of the doctors are nurses and enlisted personnel of the unit speak Italian fluently, and it was probably for that reason that Secretary of War Baker specially authorized the sending of this base hospital to Italy. This will be the first regular United States army hospital unit to be sent to that country.

The Loyola unit is fully prepared to take over any work to which it is assigned, whether it be at the front or in some interior part of the country. It is not definitely known whether the unit will work directly under the ranking military officer in Italy or under the Italian commander-in-chief.

This is a 500-bed base hospital, which may be increased to 1,000 beds at a later date. The unit comprises 26 army medical officers, including the commanding officer and quartermaster, 137 enlisted men and 68 nurses. Mrs. John Dibert, of New Orleans, contributed \$100,000, all the money necessary for the

THE IRISH HIERARCHY

initial equipment of the hospital.—N. Y. Catholic News.

We said last week that the action of the Irish Hierarchy in regard to the question of conscription was misunderstood. And certainly such a congeries of misapprehensions and confusions of thought as the press of England has exhibited during the past fortnight we have seldom come across. It is not, fortunately, our duty to pronounce upon a situation so full of difficulty for Catholics, on which they themselves will vary in opinion, or perhaps feel themselves unable to form any clear opinion at all. If the Irish Hierarchy have done wrong as Bishops it will be for Rome to say so; if they have done wrong as citizens it will be for secular Power to say so. Of course, it is in the competence of any person or persons who feel able and called upon to do so to form an opinion and to express it in a becoming way. But judgment is the prerogative of Rome in the spiritual aspect of the affair, and of the Sovereign Power in the temporal—and of no one else.

All Catholics, of course, will accept that principle. They will not expect Protestants to do so. But they have a right to expect that Protestants in pronouncing their judgments will at least have some regard to common sense and to consistency. These are just what we have searched for, to small purpose, in the general stampede of the press during the past fortnight. Instead, we have found a vast amount of vulgar abuse, and a vast amount of rhetoric, embroidered upon two simple texts—the antiquity of clerical interference in politics, and the iniquity of disobedience, or the countenancing of disobedience, against the law of the land.

Now, we have no doubt that an intelligible case can be made out against the Irish bishops, just as it can be made out for them. But we say that to take either of these two nude propositions, or both—that the clergy must not interfere in politics and that the law of the land must be obeyed—and upon them alone to attack the Irish Hierarchy, is either consciously dishonest or intellectually contemptible. For what are these propositions? They are both of them general rules, the former expressing a line of conduct which experience has shown to be normally valuable, the latter defining an important principle of morals which is subject to perfectly well known exceptions. And not only Catholics, but non-Catholics of every sort recognize this. What has the secular press for the past four years been complaining about till to read it has taken us beyond the very limits of boredom? Simply that the most prominent clergyman in the world has not thought fit to come into politics—on their side. Who, moreover, set all the Ulster pulpits ringing when the "Protestant Government" was in the making? Who set all the non-conformist pulpits ringing when it was a question of "Passive Resistance"? Who blasphemed Cardinal Mercier with flattery when his war-Pastoral appeared—having a few years previously called him a soul's obscurantist when it was a question of Modernism? It is no good for the press to wriggle off upon the particular considerations of the case. For that is to abandon to far the precious generality with which they are making play. It is to rest their case not on the principle, but on the circumstances. We do not say that the circumstances of this case bring it within the normal rule of expediency, nor do we say the contrary.

But we do say that to trot out as a catchword, to rouse the mob, a maxim which everybody knows to be no more than a rule of expediency, is either dishonest controversy or sheer panic-stricken middle-headedness.

One expects middle-headedness from a Protestant. But to the Catholic mind the position is perfectly clear. Sound as may be the general rule as to clerical abstention from politics, its reason is simply the expediency of the case. For that is to abandon to far the precious generality with which they are making play. It is to rest their case not on the principle, but on the circumstances. We do not say that the circumstances of this case bring it within the normal rule of expediency, nor do we say the contrary.

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religious leader, if Cardinal Logue or the Bishop of London, or Mr. Meyer, or the Chief Rabbi, tells his flock that an Act of Parliament is iniquitous or ultra vires, and that they are bound [or at liberty] in conscience to disobey it, he must, of course, be prepared to take the consequences of resistance to the law; but to abuse his 'pretensions' is to remove the basis of religious liberty. Forty years ago we were fighting hard for liberty to do this very thing, and we will not silently see it called in question now.

We maintain that the principle of religious liberty requires any religious leader to be free—however mistakenly—to make such an assertion. We think that the Irish bishops are deplorably and tragically mistaken, but we uphold their liberty so to err.

We have left ourselves little space to speak of the second principle so disingenuously invoked by the secular press. In fact, there is no need. It suffices to recall the fount and origin of the whole present middle—which was simply the claim of Ulster to do what the other parts of Ireland are doing now. The principle that the law of the land binds in conscience is certainly very different from the rule about clerical abstention from politics. It is a real principle of morals, and not a mere rule of expediency. But the conditions under which it binds are well settled and well known. /The Irish claim is that here those conditions are not fulfilled, and it is a claim which every section of our community makes in its turn and enforces. To deny that right to Catholics alone is one of two things. It is either an attempt dishonestly to cloud the issue, or it is a deliberate reassertion of the claim to discriminate against Catholics on the mere ground of their Catholicism. In either case it is simply "No Popery" in disguise.—The Universe, May 10.

**CLASS OF 600 CONVERTS CONFIRMED**

This confirmation of converts, which is now an annual event of the Cathedral of the Holy Cross, Boston, was held on June 1st, when a class of six hundred presented themselves for the reception of the Sacrament which was administered by His Eminence Cardinal O'Connell.

Before administration of the Sacrament His Eminence spoke as follows: "All of you here this morning about to receive the great Sacrament of Confirmation, are as it were new heirs of the Kingdom of God. Perhaps late in life, after many experiences, all of which probably have tried the patience of your souls, your minds have finally received the great light, the great light which ought to illumine every man that cometh into the world—the Light of Faith, the Light of God's radiance by which we are enabled to see God Himself in this world—at least our duties to God, our duties towards our fellow man, our duties towards ourselves. That is the great Light of Faith which came to you through Baptism into the Church of God, and the light was intended for all mankind if only mankind would receive it.

**ALL THE WORLD CATHOLIC**

There was a time in the history of the world when all the world knelt at the same altar, when all the world was Christian, when all the world was Catholic, and there was that unity of feeling or sentiment which made brothers of all the children of men. Four hundred years ago the unity of that faith was broken and there came into the world a flood, a torrent of error which has gone on growing ever since until now we see the culmination and fruit of all this error.

**FAITH AND SACRAMENTS**

The sorrows and sufferings of these days are teaching that to millions of people who had often before heard it, but who only now begin to understand it. So turn, beloved children in Christ, turn towards the altar where the Blessed Lamb of God rests for your salvation and thank Almighty God for the gift of His faith, the gift of His Sacraments.

**PRACTICAL CATHOLICITY**

Partake of the Sacraments often because without them your soul cannot live. Go out and show the world what it is to know God, to love God and to serve God Who made you,

glorify the Church which has called you at last to her bosom, and you will realize in all its fullness what it is to be led by the light of divine grace here to the sanctuary of God, that your only hope is the hope which our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ gave to us, that by the unity of faith we may serve God in this world and be happy with Him forever in the next. May God bless you.

**FIDELITY TO THE END**

Now, my beloved children that you have received the great Sacrament of Confirmation, remember that Almighty God expects you to be true to Him. Be thoroughly Catholic. Think with the Church, feel with the Church, and act with the Church wherever you may be. Do not separate yourself from Catholic influences but go wherever they are. The atmosphere of the Faith will surround you from the perversion of the world and the errors that are rampant everywhere. So be true, firm and good Catholics and God will bless you here and grant you hereafter the glory of beholding Him forever.—Boston Pilot.

**HOW MACON BIGOTS WERE REPUDIATED**

**A STALWART PRESBYTERIAN IS PROUD OF BISHOP KEILEY**

Under the caption, "Catholics and the Lost Cause," one of the foremost papers of the South, the Atlanta Constitution, speaking editorially, condemns the action of the R. A. Smith Camp of the Confederate Veterans of Macon, Ga., and commends the United Daughters of the Confederacy in refusing to accede to the demands of a few of the bigoted veterans to withdraw the invitation extended by the Sidney Lanier Chapter, U. D. C. of Macon, to Bishop Keiley, to deliver the memorial address before the Confederate organizations. The "Constitution" especially commends a letter from Mr. Lucian Lamar Knight of Atlanta in regard to the action of the United Daughters. Says the "Constitution": "In planning the annual Confederate Memorial Day observance at Macon, to be held next month, the women of the Confederate some weeks ago invited Bishop Keiley, of Savannah, a Roman Catholic, to deliver the oration of the day.

"Certain members of the Macon Veterans' camp objected to Bishop Keiley's being thus honored solely because he is a Catholic and requested the women to withdraw the invitation.

"This the women very properly refused to do.

"The veterans generally in Macon indeed, the women's position, one camp by an overwhelming vote, leaving only a few recalcitrants, moved by a prejudice unworthy of them, and more particularly unworthy of their membership in the sacred order to which they belong.

"An outbreak of intolerance of this kind is a return to condition of the Middle Ages, and it is utterly and absolutely contrary to the spirit of our present day institutions and every ideal of modern civilization.

"Religious controversies may be all right in their place. They are bad enough in politics; but when they enter the sacred realm of the Lost Cause, it is time to call a halt, and to remember that we are living today—not in the Middle Ages."

**MR. KNIGHT'S ABLE LETTER**

The following letter from Mr. Lucian Lamar Knight, a prominent layman of Atlanta, speaks for itself and needs no comment:

"Editor Constitution: Last week, while in Washington, D. C., attending the inauguration of President Wilson, I read with much interest, and, I may add, with unqualified approval your editorial entitled: 'The Veterans Wrong—The Women Right.'

"It is not often that I take issue with veterans. My father was a Confederate soldier. For more than twenty-five years I have been addressing Confederate camps on Memorial Day: but it seems to me that, in this bitter crusade against Catholics, some are going entirely out of their way for ammunition when they invade the sacred domain of a Lost Cause, for which many a devout Catholic shed his blood.

"The protest of certain individuals among the veterans of Macon against the choice of Bishop Keiley, of Savannah for Memorial Day orator, was ill-advised. It did not represent the rank and file of Lee's immortal legions. It did not represent a majority sentiment of the Macon veterans themselves, as subsequent events have disclosed. In refusing to recall an invitation so fittingly extended, the ladies of Macon have honored themselves and honored the truth of history. To good judgment they have added firmness in the right.

"The attitude of the Macon veterans toward a brave comrade-in-arms is to be regretted. Such a protest would not have been countenanced by Stonewall Jackson in whose division there was many a brave Irish Catholic. It would have kindled no responsive echo in the magnanimous soul of General Lee. Both of these great commanders were Protestants, the former a Presbyterian elder, the latter a vestryman in the Episcopal church. But neither of them ever applied the religious test to a Confederate soldier, because neither of them was a bigot.

**BISHOP AS BOY WORE GRAY**

"Bishop Keiley wore the grey uniform. He shouldered his musket

when only a boy and marched to the front. There was not a better soldier in Lee's army. Today he is still loyal to his comrade—still true to his colors. He is Southern to the core, a Virginian by birth and a Georgian by adoption. But he happens to be a Catholic, just as some of us happen to be Protestants. Only there is this difference—that, most of us are obscure individuals, scarcely known outside of our local communities, and perhaps not too well known in them. Bishop Keiley is a model prelate whose commanding abilities have made him prominent as the official head of the great Catholic Church in Georgia.

"But why inject religious intolerance and persecution into our solemn feast day of memories, when the issues raised by such a discussion are as foreign to the patriotic sentiments of Memorial Day as the nebular hypothesis of the pansaenium?"

"In 1861, when President Davis called for volunteers to defend the South from invasion, did he reject Catholics? Can we find a proclamation to which he said: 'Only Protestants are needed to protect our helpless women and children?' In 1863 when Pickett led his immortal division up the bloody incline of Gettysburg, did he say: 'Let Catholics stand aside?'

"It seems to me that the Macon veterans, in accounting for the leaden fires of the Protestant Reformation, have ignored the events of a period much more recent, and have shown an indifference to matters much more relevant. In the first place, they are seemingly forgetful of the fact that one who has done more than all others to put the Confederate cause into the literature of song was an Irish Catholic. Who of us has not thrilled at the music of Father Ryan's 'Conquered Banner?'

**IMMORTALIZED STARS AND BARS**

"What war-poem, born amid the throes of our great sectional conflict, is more widely known or more frequently quoted? Long after we are dead the memory of this gentle singer will be cherished by our descendants. His renowned poem will be recited by our children's children for ages to come. In one of the great hotels in Richmond, Va., there hangs a magnificent oil painting of the beloved poet-priest. It is admired by all the guests, and even Northern tourists each year stand with uncovered heads before this portrait of one whose fame is indissolubly associated with 'The Conquered Banner.' To know what Father Ryan thought of his illustrious chief, one needs only to read his poem entitled, 'The Sword of Lee.'

"The present Chief Justice of the supreme court of the United States is a Catholic. For this reason, even though a private soldier in Lee's army he would be debarred from addressing Confederate veterans.

"Raphael Semmes is the one man of whom everyone instinctively thinks when the Confederate navy is mentioned. He commanded the famous 'Alabama,' a vessel whose fame filled all the seas—from the equatorial waters to the northern lights. He made the Confederate flag an object of respect in every part of the civilized world. There is nothing in the annals of the war to surpass the unvarnished story of his exploits. Even to this day we read with a thrill of how the 'Alabama' went to her grave in the English Channel. There in what Dr. Tichnor has called 'the tiltyard of the sea,' in a field of water which witnessed the exploits of the renowned Sir Francis Drake, lies all that is mortal of the ill-starred Confederate cruiser; and there, too, lies the jeweled blade of the great commander.

**JUST TRIBUTE TO MOTHER CHURCH**

"In this connection let me refer to the Macon veterans to a poem, written by Dr. Tichnor on this tragic episode entitled: 'The Sword of Raphael Semmes.' When the gallant commander was filling a Christendom with the renown of his victories, when the newspapers of the day were teeming with tributes to his prowess, and when scarcely a week passed without adding to his long list of trophies, no one then thought to belittle his rich prizes of war on the ground that he was only a Catholic.

"But I forbear. There are only a few names recalled at random. To enumerate all would be an endless task. Enough have been cited to illustrate my contention. It only remains for me to ask these questions:

"Would the Macon veterans refuse to hear an address from Raphael Semmes? Would they proscribe Father Ryan? Would they decline to listen to Chief Justice White?"

"If not then they certainly have no right to refuse an audience to Bishop Keiley.

"I am a blue-stocking Presbyterian. My ancestors on both sides of the house, have always been Protestants, from time immemorial. Some were English dissenters, some were French Huguenots, and some were Scottish Covenanters. But I cannot quarrel with any man on the score of his religion, who touched elbows with my father on the fields of the Confederacy, and who stood in the branches when the Southland was invaded. Even on religious feast days must confess that I find myself wholly without bitterness toward the old Mother Church, which, all through the dark ages, testified to the true faith and kept the lamps of learning aglow in the monasteries of Christendom.

"The 26th day of April is sacred to the memories of the Conquered Banner. It commemorates a cause for which Catholics and Protestants alike suffered. In doing honor to heroes, let us not commit an act of injustice to heroes living. With respect to a Confederate soldier, let us not ask to what creed he subscribed, but, on this Sabbath of the year, whether Protestant or Catholic, let us kneel at the altar of a common patriotism, and let us be content to know that he followed the plume of the great Lee in Dixie's hour of need. The prayer of the Master was that His people might be one in faith; but if we cannot clasp hands as Christians, let us at least, for our country's sake, be united as patriots.

"It is to be hoped that Bishop Keiley will not cancel his engagement to deliver this address in Macon. The desire to hear him has not been lessened, but only intensified by this unfortunate episode. His speech if delivered, will be a gem worthy of his countrymen. Nor will it lack the ring of the true metal, for he speaks with a silvery accent and whatever his eyes be of the loyal fibers of his own golden heart.

**LUCIAN LAMAR KNIGHT.**

**THE WAR CHAPLAIN'S VALUE**

A periodical so rabid in its hatred of everything Catholic that no man, except perhaps the more ignorant Freemasons, would take its remarks on such subjects seriously, has recently asked with considerable heat, why Catholic chaplains are appointed in such numbers. The answer is not far to seek. It is a matter of justice. The Government is determined to give Catholics their just proportion. This is the all-sufficient ground on which Catholics rest their claim. But aside from this, there are two other reasons which commend themselves to the fair mind. The Catholic soldier asks it, and the country wishes it.

Every one is anxious to grant a dying man's last request. The Catholic soldier's last request is that at the moment of death a priest may be at hand to lighten his way to eternity. He does not ask for safe non-combatant service at home or abroad, he wishes to be sent to the front and to get into the thick of the fray as soon as possible. He is not afraid or unwilling to lay down his life for his friends. All he demands is that before he goes into battle and after he has fallen, he may be given the consolations of his religion. No one has put a case more forcibly than Mr. John C. Ten Eyck, a non-Catholic, in a speech made on the occasion of the Knights of Columbus drive.

"There can be no compromise so long as the conscience of a non-Catholic who has permitted a Catholic boy to die without the last rites of his own Faith. We Protestants are not so blind as not to know that Catholics have their Faith above all other possessions; therefore we Protestants must give those Catholic boys in their hour of trial what they ask. No honest American can question that this is the only way to help those boys, and it is our duty to provide it if they need it. If the sacrifice is great we still must make it, for nothing that we can do, whatever our beliefs may be concerning their beliefs, bears comparison to this sacrifice that they are making for us.

"It is no business of mine to challenge the most sacred convictions of those boys as they lie with broken bodies and anguished souls in pools of their own blood, shed for me and mine, but it is my business to see to it that all their demands are given to them. We Protestants are not blind enough not to know that the Catholic soldier whose conscience is at peace with God is a dauntless soldier, whose faith in the life after life is greater than his fear of death."

"The least that all of us can and should do who stay safely at home reaping the fruit of our young men's sacrifice of life, is to grant them the one thing they ask. There is another consideration which should appeal to every patriotic heart. We want to win the War, we are making immense sacrifices to win it, and it is extremely short-sighted for any one to let his religious prejudice deprive our army of one of its chief supports. The influence of religion is one of the most powerful ways of inspiring, maintaining and increasing the soldier's morale and personal heroism. The Freemasons in the United States are not likely to question the testimony of a brother Mason in France on this subject. Such an authority is quoted by P. Géay, S. J., in an article on the French chaplains in the 'Civiltà Cattolica' for January 8, 1916 (Vol. 1, p. 202). Noting the fact that the Masonic persecution of the Church, which is raging in the civil portions of France, is conspicuous by its absence at the front, he says:

"To this fact I can give the weight of my own personal experience. One day I wished to offer my services to a Colonel who was a Freemason. I was unknown to him, but presented myself and made my proposal. This was received with pleasure. 'I have many soldiers,' said the Colonel, 'habituated to the practice of religion, but hitherto I have been prevented by circumstances from satisfying their desires. Go, therefore, I shall be happy to have you do so.' And without making any profession of faith or non-faith, he added that, considering the relation which religion bears to military

affairs, he did not hesitate to pronounce it the most powerful foundation and support of discipline and heroism."

The Government of the United States, apparently, is of the same opinion as the Colonel in question. This being the case, it is a patriotic duty to eliminate individual prejudice and strive to afford Catholics this efficacious means of making them better soldiers and more courageous defenders of their country. To do anything else is to harm the cause which we all have so much at heart.—America.

**SOLDIERS IN FRANCE HONOR NATION'S DEAD**

Memorial Day was observed on foreign soil for the first time this year. Both in England and France, special services were held in memory of American soldiers and sailors. In Paris, the services were held at the Madeline. Cardinal Amette, Archbishop of Paris was present in the sanctuary, and at the conclusion of the Mass, spoke of the services rendered to France by President Wilson.

The great church was thronged long before services began. One half of the edifice was solidly packed with American uniformed men. Virtually the entire American Diplomatic and Consular Corps, led respectively by Ambassador Sharp and Consul General Thackara, were present.

Mass was said by the Bishop of Verdun. The music from the Madeline's wonderful organ, with a special organist for the occasion, and two bands from the French and American forces playing American and French patriotic hymns enhanced the solemnity of the service. The sermon was delivered by the Rev. Ernest March, S. S. F. S., of Rev. Ernest March, S. S. F. S., of the Rev. Ernest March, S. S. F. S., of the American Expeditionary Forces.

American graves scattered here and there behind the battle front, their simple wooden crosses, were decorated by the comrades of the fallen soldiers.

**STOOPING, NOT FALLING**

From the shattered tower of a church in Albert, one of France's desolated towns, there hung, until a few weeks ago, a beautiful statue of the Maiden Mother holding the Divine Child. Before the War the figure stood upright on the church's dome, and raised aloft the little Saviour. "He was held by her high above the town," remarks the Rev. Mr. Tiphany, a Methodist chaplain at the front, "as if to receive the worship of mankind, and His arms were outstretched in blessing." But a German shell struck the statue, it fell away, and "remained hanging half-way over the street, so that passers-by could see above them the outspread arms of Jesus. To some it is the picture of a falling Christ. To others it is the picture of a Christ who stoops to bless the oppressed and afflicted."

To an unbeliever like Arnold Bennett, the falling statue would, perhaps, suggest "the fall of the Christian religion," an authentic "event" which, he thinks, "is important far transcending the 'War itself.'" But to Mr. Tiphany the Babe in His mother's arms is not falling at all; He is only stooping. For he well observes:

"Most of us felt alarmed for Christianity when the War broke out. We were alarmed as the good Catholics of Albert were when they saw the statue of the Virgin and Child fall from its upright position. It seemed as if it had fallen to the ground. If Christ ruled on high could such atrocities happen in Belgium? . . . Then came the magnificent and voluntary rally to the flag in defense of Belgium. As we saw our young men march out to die for others, freely and without compulsion, we saw again the Cross on Calvary, and we knew that Christ was sleeping in no Syrian grave but dwelling in the hearts of our gallant brothers and inspiring them to follow in His steps. . . . We saw that Christianity had stooped from the sky to the street. It had become incarnate. . . . It had become a practical thing, something to live and die for. We could not pass the commonest street without seeing a vision of the Babe who came to bring peace and goodwill to men by living and dying for them. Christ had not fallen, He had stooped and stooped in order to bless."

So far from having failed, Christianity has gained immensely since the War began. The increasing number of converts to Catholicism, the religious revival noted everywhere, the restored sense of the relative value of things temporal and eternal, a sense which had been obscured by the witchery of trifles and the demands of pleasure, the recourse to prayer in the trenches and at home for Divine protection against danger, the tremendous influence exercised by the Holy Father, the increase in bigotry, which has been fanned into a flame by the inroads made into infidelity by the Faith: all these testify to an awakening of men's minds to spiritual things and a turning of their hearts to the truth. The highest expression of peace terms has re-echoed Christian ideals. Wealth, power, self-indulgence, progress and force have had their day and failed; and, standing amid the ruins of materialism, men, consciously or unconsciously, are longing for the return of the golden age

when Christian principles shall rule the world and sordid selfishness shall cease. The signs are clear. The world will be better after the War, better because less pagan, more Christian.—America.

**THE CATHOLIC CHURCH EXTENSION SOCIETY OF CANADA**

**"FOR GOD LOVETH A CHEERFUL GIVER"**

"I love Thee my God and I love my neighbour." We very often make use of these words to express the feelings of the heart, knowing that obedience to God's law of Charity is necessary for our salvation. Too often, however, we console ourselves with prayers which mean little to us and which are productive of little love for God and of less for our neighbour.

Yet there is nothing more insisted on in the Sacred Writings than the necessity of Works of Charity. Take for instance the words of St. Paul II. Cor. viii. and ix. This Epistle is written from Macedonia. After leaving the Macedonian churches the Apostle visited Ephesus and met there Titus and Timothy. Some difficulties having cropped up in the Corinthian Church he writes the Epistle and sends it on by Titus to its destination.

Chapter viii. and ix. particularly attract our attention because the Apostle to the Gentiles exhorts the Corinthians to contribute bountifully to relieve the poor in the Church of Jerusalem, as a duty and as a good work bearing much spiritual fruit.

In the Eighth Chapter, St. Paul makes use of the well known Charity of the Macedonians as an example to be emulated by the Corinthians. The Macedonians, though themselves in want, and as the Apostle says, "in very deep poverty," were exceedingly generous to their poorer brethren. They gave with joy "and I bear their witness, for according to their power and beyond their power they were willing." More than this, "with much entreaty begging" it was allowed to bear some of the burdens of their fellow-Christians and brethren in Jesus Christ.

In the Ninth Chapter St. Paul goes into more details as to the manner of giving alms. As brother to brother, voluntarily, liberally, cheerfully and gratefully, the Corinthians are urged to give. "Let every one as he hath determined in his heart, not with sadness or of necessity; for God loveth a cheerful giver."

This teaching of the Apostle St. Paul and the example of the Macedonians and the Corinthians in their practice of Christian Charity should not be lost on us. The practice of the early Church has never been abandoned and has been in vogue in every age. The Protestant historian William Hartlepool Lecky, in his "European Morals," says: "By the Church the nobles were overawed, the poor protected, the sick tended, travellers sheltered, prisoners ransomed, the remotest spheres of suffering explored." What is so well expressed by the historian is well known to us all and a matter of pardonable pride to Catholics. Charity has, too, inspired thousands upon thousands of men and women, to sacrifice all worldly interests, to endure discomfort and dangers, to devote their lives to the single object of assuaging the sufferings, corporal and spiritual, of humanity.

Knowing as we do the needs of the Catholic Church and her children in Canada, are we, comfortably situated as we are, to be unmindful of our obligations, and the behests of holy Charity? Are we to witness the examples of sacrifice and self-denial of Catholics in every age down to Apostolic times and stand idly by as if we were unconcerned and of no relationship to the sufferers? Not if we know the meaning of the words Catholic and Charity.

Aid the Extension Society in the work of saving souls; give generously to the work of regeneration; be worthy of your calling and then charitable in life the Charity of God will possess you for all Eternity.

Donations may be addressed to: Rev. T. O'DONNELL, President, Catholic Church Extension Society, 67 Bond St., Toronto.

Contributions through this office should be addressed to: EXTENSION, CATHOLIC RECORD OFFICE, London, Ont.

MASS INTENTIONS

Previously acknowledged..... \$500 00  
On behalf of deceased relatives, Ottawa..... 2 00

**CHAPEL FOR SOLDIERS NEAR THE FRONT**

The Rev. Austin McCabe, C. S. S. R., chaplain to the British forces, tells an interesting story of the opening of a Catholic church erected for the soldiers behind the fighting lines. "It was a most successful function in every way," says Father McCabe, "the church was crowded to its utmost capacity. Many officers, non-Catholic as well as Catholic, were present. The American colonel of this hospital was there, together with many of his officers; several Anglican chaplains, and a great body of our faithful Tommies. We had a splendid military band, which played all the music of the Mass in a most inspiring manner. All the chaplains of the district, about twelve in number, were present and did the singing.

"At 11 a. m. the solemn procession started from the old church tent of many happy memories. The processional cross came first, carried by a six-foot guardsman; then the acolytes, who were soldiers of the American Army, the incense bearer, the master of ceremonies; then the body of chaplains in their khaki and, lastly, the sub-deacon, deacon and celebrant, wearing cloth of gold vestments. We had a most inspiring sermon by Father Dowling, C. F. of London. At the conclusion of the Mass all sang the hymn, 'Holy God, We Praise Thy Name,' accompanied by the military band. It was a fitting conclusion to a remarkable ceremony. The church will be a boon to all our men here. We can easily seat one hundred and sixty, and can get in on great occasions one hundred more. The two side chapels, holding the church crucifixion, are dedicated, that of the Gospel side to our Lady of Victories, and that on the epistle to the holy souls."—N. Y. News.

**MANY CATHOLIC CHAPLAINS KILLED ON BATTLEFIELD**

(C. P. A. Service)

London, May 30.—The papers have just been glorifying that gallant Catholic soldier, General Carton di Wiart, whose name appears in the latest casualty list, and who had been wounded for the thirteenth time. In giving his splendid record in the Boer War, Samoliant and the present struggle in which he has lost both a hand and an eye and gained the V. C., they withhold one detail, that General Carton di Wiart is a fervent Catholic. The Catholic chaplain list in the recent fighting is heavy also. During the German offensive of the past few weeks, one Catholic chaplain has been killed, two are missing, two taken prisoners, four are wounded and one is suffering from shell shock. The losses amongst army chaplains during the whole War as given in the House of Commons the other day, show that the percentage amongst Catholics, as compared with their numbers, is heaviest. Thus no less than ten priests have been killed whilst six have died of wounds and three of disease.

**IN CROAGHDOO**

As I came down from Tirrion, Upon St. Michael's Morn,  
I saw the White Christ wandering Among the Sheaves of Corn.

He climbed along the winding road Where peasant people pass,  
Over the hill of Croaghdoon, Upon their way to Mass.

He went with them by Ardoley, And I was left behind,  
In the hollow where the fuschia bells Go swinging in the wind.

They did not see Him as He passed, But they will find Him too,  
For He has gone to meet with them, At Mass in Croaghdoon.

—ROBT. N. D. WILSON in The Graphic.

**READY TO DEFEND**

An Army Lieutenant from Camp Custer was in the audience, at Kalamazoo, Mich., before which the Governor of Florida recently avowed that he does not believe in parochial schools; that the public schools are good enough for him. Unlike many a product of the Catholic institution, the lieutenant was grateful enough to the benefactor of his earlier days to come to its defense. "You have insulted me, sir," he informed the panjandrum rauter; "you have insulted every Catholic in service! It might have been my misfortune not to have attended a Public school, but, thank God, the training I received in the parochial school made me willing to fight for my country." If there were more parochial school graduates of this lieutenant's type, agitators of the Catholic brand might be less numerous and less vociferous.—Catholic Transcript.

**FATHER FRASER'S CHINESE MISSION**

Taichowfu, China, Nov. 26, 1916.

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

Yours faithfully in Jesus and Mary  
J. M. FRASER.

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FIVE MINUTE SERMON

REV. F. P. HICKERY, O. S. B.
FOURTH SUNDAY AFTER
PENTECOST

OBEDIENCE TO THE WORD OF GOD
"At Thy word, I will let down the net."
(Luke v. 5.)

Nothing, my dear brethren, is more seldom to be found than a total trust in God—doing everything simply because God wills it and says it. Our own judgment, common sense, human respect, spoil most of our actions.

This lesson is taught us, in the Gospel of the day, in the easiest and most interesting manner—viz., by example.

Jesus was so thronged by the crowds that He borrowed Simon's boat and taught the multitudes from that. This is almost at the beginning of His public life.

Jesus, then, taught the multitude from out the boat, and when He had concluded, He turned to Peter with the words, "Launch out into the deep, and let down your nets for a draught."

Now, my dear brethren, were these words according to common sense? That is a question we often ask ourselves when we find God's Will not in accord with our own.

There is more, too, than St. Peter's own judgment concerned. It is a public thing. His brother fishermen are all around. The crowds gazing curiously from the shore.

And what did St. Peter do? Did he shirk it? Excuse himself from doing it? Common sense, his own judgment, human respect, were alike all powerless against the simple word, the wish, the command of Christ.

Oh, blessed example of noble-hearted faith! Oh, may we have the grace in like difficulties to imitate St. Peter. And Catholics in a Protestant country must often meet trials, and find themselves in positions requiring faith and courage to quit themselves like men and obey God.

St. Peter cast the net, not in the bare hope of a chance, but in assured trust of success!

"Launch out into the deep," Jesus says to all of us. But what answer do we make? We remain timid, near the shore, afraid to trust ourselves in the depths of the providence of God.

It is the Lord's constant way to keep us waiting long, and then answer speedily at the end; to let many hours seem quite unproductive and then at once to grant more than enough to repay the labor of all.

Faith in Christ never disappoints. All else does; especially trusting to ourselves and trying to please men. And what did St. Peter do? He

fell at Jesus' knees, and cried: "Depart from me, for I am a sinful man, O Lord." Not that he would have Christ go, for he forthwith forsook all things and followed Him.

So we, too, if we overcome ourselves generally and obey God, and the voice of His Holy Church, we shall find it easy afterwards to follow Him faithfully, for obstacles and difficulties will miraculously disappear at the word of the Master.

FRENCH NUNS AT THE FRONT

An old Ushaw chaplain in England contributes to the Ushaw Magazine an interesting article in which he recounts a few personal incidents to illustrate the courage, heroism and loyalty the French nuns have displayed.

"The first time I went up the line was after a heavy attack on the part of the Germans, in which they met with partial success. It was at a time when the English were none too numerous, and candidly, we did not know what would follow.

"I was ordered to evacuate, and those who have seen the exodus of these poor people will never be able to forget it. I must dismiss the description with the phrase that it was heartrending, but everywhere you saw the nuns, who must have been as much afflicted as anyone, aiding, helping, and giving consolation. They were guides, philosophers, friends. In the hope of helping, I asked one of the sisters what could be done. She actually smiled in answering that it would be all right, they would be well cared for by the good sisters in the Convent de Ste. ... in a town a few kilometres back. Gas had just been used by the Germans, and fear of the hidden death was gripping us in a way that made that smile a thing of value.

"We were not finished with the sisters even on that day, for later on within measurable distance of the line, we were greeted by the Reverend Mother and her community from the steps of a convent, which even then held some of our wounded and gassed."

MAKING GAS-MASKS FOR THE BRITISH

Continuing, the Chaplain tells the following: "As is well known, the gas found us more or less unprepared, and even in the zone of it these sisters had materially helped our own authorities to cope with the ghastly results that attended its use. More than that, for hour after hour all through the night, with death imminent to each and everyone of them, they helped to make the first of our gas masks. My brigadier knew this, and he passed the word down 'eyes left,' and gave them the full military salute, as the men passed their convent."

WHY THE NUNS COULD NOT LEAVE

Later, when attached to an advanced dressing station near the German lines, the chaplain, on his first morning there, went round the ruined place.

Coming round the ruins of the church, I suddenly came face to face with a nun, and naturally I expressed my surprise. I then learned that the second respectable abode in the place had been, and was still, a convent. The sisters had obtained special leave to stay where they were, though apart from ourselves they were the only occupants of the village. I knew the place to be frequently shelled, indeed, there were abundant proofs of the fact whenever one looked, so I asked why they stayed. The answer was, to bring me inside the convent and to take me to the chapel. "We cannot leave it," said the sister; "besides we help at the other convent over yonder, and there is no room for us to stay there."

THEIR UTTER DESTINATION

"Then follows the pathetic reference to the straits to which the sisters were reduced: "After breakfast I went over to the 'other' convent, which lay in one of those lucky neighborhoods where shells had never fallen, and which consequently I found full of refugees who were being cared for by the nuns. Later on in the day, I saw two nuns obviously returning from a little tour of the soldiers' billets farther down the line; they were carrying a huge clothes-basket which was full of things that we English soldiers had thrown away. Curious again—but I hope not entirely so—I asked what they would do with it all, and was promptly told, 'Eat it.' Only a few days later a shell tore its way through the kitchen of the little convent opposite to our dressing station, and though the shells were coming with a steady regularity, one of our orderlies came to me with the message that one of the ladies wanted me. It was to tell me that two of the sisters were killed and two others wounded. I found white faces but no tears and no hysterics; indeed, the bearing of the sisters lent a dignity to the tragedy that is impossible to explain."

ON BRITISH RATIONS

Eventually the nuns gave up their school to the British authorities, re-

taining only an isolated part of the building for their own use.

"The writer was asked where he was billeted, and when he returned to his billet after acquainting the general of the offer, he found that a bed, pillow, and sheets, and little odds and ends had been sent from the convent to make him comfortable. Subsequently, the general came to pay his respects to the sisters, the immediate result of which was that, as they had none too much to live upon, they were put upon the Rations of the British Expeditionary Force. A field ambulance soon after took up its station near the convent, and indeed utilized all that was left of it for its work, and from that time on a friendly rivalry existed between the sisters and the unit as to who would show more acts of kindness the one to the other."—Catholic Bulletin.

THE WAYSIDE CALVARY

It is to be regretted that the splendid spirit which pervades the writings of that broad-minded Methodist chaplain, Thomas Tiplady, is not found to a greater extent in the works of his co-religionists. No Catholic can read his books without feeling admiration for a man who, though a Protestant, can write so sympathetically of Catholic practices. A long experience at the western front, where he witnessed the practical benefits of the Catholic religion, has doubtless had its broadening effect upon him and taught him the value of Catholic devotion. It is safe to say that henceforth the Catholic Church will have a different meaning for him and for the thousands of Protestant soldiers who during this War will, for the first time, come in intimate contact with Catholicism.

Writing of the Wayside Calvary, which is seen so frequently at the crossroads in France, Mr. Tiplady concludes with the following beautiful sentiments: "After the Benediction we went our several ways, but two of our lads walked with me to the crossroads. From there my way lay through a piece of open country for some two miles. The night was dark and the wind wailed over the fields. On my right I could plainly see the flashes and flares that light up the battlefield at night. They held my eyes with a strange fascination as I turned my solitary way. Suddenly I turned to a clump of trees on my left and there saw what I had already seen by day—a tall, stone cross with a small bronze figure of Christ nailed upon it. There the cross stood in the gloom, with just sufficient light to show forth its solemn grandeur. Protestant though I am, when I looked at the figural lights on the French front and then turned again to the cross, I could not forbear to lift my hand to Him in salute. I know now why it is that on the French roads you see representations of the Crucifixion rather than the Ascension. It is that this weary, war-stricken world needs assurance of God's love rather than of His power. "There on the right were our sons being sacrificed, but there on the left the representation of the sacrifice of God's Son. The men I had knelt with at the sacrament had been twelve months in the trenches. They knew the meaning of those lights on my right, but they knew also, the meaning of that cross on my left and, standing between the two, they could say, 'God is love.'"

THE FATHER'S INFLUENCE

Many a man has given up smoking, or drinking, or swearing, or gambling, as his sons began to emerge from childhood and showed an ambition to imitate him in his bad habits as well as in his good.

AN OBJECTION ANSWERED

One of the greatest difficulties even faithful Catholics have to contend with in regard to the dogma of eternal punishment is this: How can any one be happy in heaven, knowing that those or some of those whom one has loved best on earth (a parent, husband, wife, child, etc.) are suffering eternal torments in hell?

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A local innkeeper in France, who prides himself on his easy-going religion of a free-thinker and anti-clerical, had the surprise of his life when some American troops arrived in his village. He was looking forward to some profit, and to his disappointment found that the Americans were not drinking men. So he looked forward to revenge next day, which was Sunday, when no doubt the Americans would show no little contempt for priests and churches, but his further disappointment was greater still.

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NO MORE KIDNEY TROUBLE

Since He Commenced to Take "Fruit-a-lives"

73 LEE'S AVENUE, OTTAWA, ONT. "Three years ago, I began to feel run-down and tired, and suffered very much from Liver and Kidney Trouble. Having read of 'Fruit-a-lives', I thought I would try them. The result was surprising. I have not had an hour's sickness since I commenced using 'Fruit-a-lives', and I know now what I have not known for a good many years—that is, the blessing of a healthy body and clear thinking brain!"

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WITH THE PSYCHICS

We are told that new interest has been manifested in spiritualism as a result of the innumerable deaths in the War. The recent action of the Holy Father in sending forth a fresh warning of the evils and dangers of spiritualism is sufficient proof that the matter is important.

Further proof is given by the large number of magazine articles appearing in defence of this strange cult. Sir Oliver Lodge, long a well-known dabbler in the psychic, and Sir Connal Doyle, who prefers spiritualistic mediums to the "Communion of the Saints" in which he was brought up, are the leading pamphleteers in this movement.

Recently one, Alfred W. Martin, lectured in this city on "Sir Oliver Lodge and his latest evidence for a future life." The lecturer said in the course of his remarks: "Reviewing the evidence with all the impartiality and candor of which I am capable, I confess that it appears nebulous, elusive, halting, confused. On all crucial points, the medium 'Edda' through whom Raymond (Lodge's deceased son) is said to be speaking, is painfully brief, while on all matters of no particular consequence the medium is unusually garrulous. And this criticism applies not only to the evidence offered in this latest book, but also to that adduced by Sir Oliver in earlier writings. Here as elsewhere he exhibits the error of inferring from the mere conceivability of a disembodied spirit's existing, the probable existence of it."

"The next step in the progress of such study" continues Mr. Martin "might well be the appointment by the Society for Refined Psychological Research, (note the 'refined') of a commission to institute a fresh and

thorough-going examination of such mediums as are mentioned in this book, together with the phenomena of mediumship. That commission should include a psycho-therapist, a biologist, a business man, and a lawyer."

It is our suggestion that an alienist be added to the committee. Until such an investigation is made, Mr. Martin thinks we should suspend judgment.

There is no need to suspend judgment. The old spiritualism proved itself a vulgar thing, full of chicanery. That was the least of the charges proved against the professional mediums. The new spiritualism—for all its attempt at refinement—is no better.

Authorities on spiritualism, as Raupert, see in it the hand of Satan. To play with spiritualism, fortune-tellers and their like is to sin against the First Commandment. That fact ought to be enough for all Christians to keep their souls free from the machinations of the Evil One. It nowise diminishes the sin that men who ought to know better seek to make spiritualism their religion. If they would but give to the investigation of real religion half the time they devote to this mixture of the trickery and the diabolic, their

CHRISTIAN TRAINING NEEDED

The first dominant reason for the existence of the Catholic school system is that the thought, the teaching and the love and fear of God may be set in the heart of the child, says Archbishop Glennon. We hold, even at the cost of being called old-fashioned, that neither in ancient or modern days, nor in ancient or modern nations, nor in democracies or in monarchies, is it possible to get along without Almighty God. We must for our Government and for ourselves seek His sanction, acknowledge His power and observe His laws. And these things we shall not know and cannot do unless we are taught and trained therein.

It is not, however, to sanction and sustain human society and government alone that religious instruction is imparted in the Catholic schools; it has the higher motive, too, namely that for life here and that other life which we believe in religion is a necessity, and consequently, also, its teaching.

And for a second reason we would state the foundation for Catholic education that we desire to impart, in addition to all the elements of secular education, those laws and principles of moral and religious life which are necessary for the well-being of the individual and the community, among which can be noted with special emphasis the virtues of humility and obedience, the sense of duty and the consecration of service.—Sacred Heart Review.

Mr. J. Godfrey Raupert, in his little book on "Hell and its Problems," meets this objection as follows: "It is conceivable that the affections of earth will experience a considerable change when we shall learn to distinguish between Divine and human love, and when we see things in their right proportions. We love a person here on earth because that person's character and apparent perfections. But we may be grievously mistaken respecting them and may regard that as virtue which, from the Divine standpoint, is not virtue at all, but self-love and selfishness. A perverted nature may, as we all know, be incited to love even by vice. We cannot, for instance, conceive of a saint loving those whose inner nature is alienated from God, and whose character, however attractive from the human point of view, has no beauty or attractiveness from God's point of view. He could not love them any longer since God loves them no longer. Here on earth, we cannot possibly form an accurate judgment of any character, and cannot therefore say that this person or the other has reached a condition of soul which renders him no longer worthy of esteem and love. We experience

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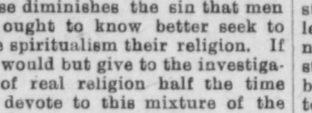
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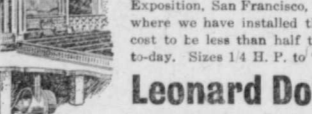
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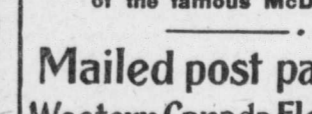
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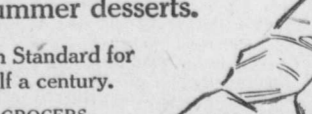


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A CLEVER PRIEST

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"One Jack Crowley, was a mason, and he was building a steeple in his native city, Cork. It was half-way up. One morning the parish priest, a Kerry man, went up the scaffolding to see the progress of the work. Jack had a bottle of whiskey in his pocket, and when he heard the footsteps he shoved it into the wall he was building, intending to take it out later. But the P. P. (parish priest), not without a twinkle, opened his breviary and sat down to read his office, and Jack had to go on building over and around the bottle until two or three feet of masonry covered it up. The P. P. turned up again in the morning, and up higher went the wall, and the bottle remained imprisoned in its hole in the steeple. Years rolled by, Jack Crowley got older and grayer. But he never passed that steeple without stopping to look up at where his fine bottle of whiskey was, getting older, too, but mellow.—St. Anthony Messenger.

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CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

DROPPIN' A KIND WORD
Drop a word of cheer an' kindness—just a flash an' it is gone. But there's half a hundred ripples circled on an' on an' on...

stopping him, said: "If you please, which way to the docks?"
The sailor directed him, and he went forward down the narrow streets till he came to the water-side. There he wandered around for a time, but presently he came upon an old man, and asked: "Are those ships out there warships?"

called to the apostolate of the Gentiles, and hence they set out together to Cyprus and the cities of Asia Minor. Their preaching struck men with amazement, and some cried out: "The gods are come down to us in the likeness of men with the Most High Mercury, and Barnabas Jupiter. The Saints travelled together to the Council of Jerusalem, but shortly after this they parted. When Agabus prophesied a great famine, Barnabas, no longer rich, was chosen by the faithful at Antioch as most fit to bear, with St. Paul, their generous offerings to the Church of Jerusalem. The gentle Barnabas, keeping with him John, surnamed Mark, whom St. Paul distrusted, betook himself to Cyprus, where the sacred history leaves him; and here, at a later period, he won his martyr's crown.

from his retirement by his bishop to give aid against them. His energy and zeal soon mitigated the disorders of the Church, and his solid and eloquent words silenced the heretics. On the death of Eusebius, he was chosen Bishop of Caesarea. His commanding character, his firmness and energy, his learning and eloquence, and not less his humility and the exceeding austerity of his life, made him a model for bishops. When St. Basil was required to admit the Arians to Communion, the prefect, finding that soft words had no effect, said to him: "Are you mad, that you resist the will before which the whole world bows? Do you not dread the wrath of the emperor, nor exile, nor death?" "No," said Basil calmly; "he who has nothing to lose need not dread loss of goods; you cannot exile me, for the whole earth is my home; as for such, it would be the greatest kindness you could bestow upon me; torments cannot harm me: one blow would end my frail life and my sufferings together."

against all the other errors? As to the universality of the practice amongst the Jews, it may be noted that in our own day the Jewish prayer, "Kadesh" begs for rest to the souls of the departed. Calvin himself admitted that the custom of praying for the dead existed for more than 1300 years before his time. (Inst. B. 2, C. 6, S. 70.) Tertullian, in the second century, counts oblations for the dead on the anniversary of their death as an apostolical tradition. (De Cor. Mil.) In his work on "Single Marriages" he advises a widow to pray for the soul of her departed husband, imploring for him repose and making oblations for him on the anniversary days of his death, which, if she neglect, he says, it may truly be said of her that, as far as in her lies, she has repudiated her husband. (Ch. x.) He considered it a solemn duty, whose obligation came down from the apostles themselves, to offer sacrifices and prayers for the souls of the departed. St. Ambrose in the fourth century wrote: "Why were the oratories destined to savage destruction, wherein prayers are offered up to the Sovereign God; peace and pardon are implored for all men, magistrates, soldiers, kings, friends and enemies; for those who are alive, and for those who have departed, their bodies. (Adv. Gentes. Lib. iv.) St. Ephrem, in the fourth century, in his "Testament," says:—"My brethren, come to me and prepare me for my departure, for my strength is wholly gone. Accompany me in Psalms and in your prayers; and constantly make oblations for me. When the thirtieth day shall be completed then remember me; for the dead are helped by the offerings of the living." If the sons of Mathathias, who celebrated their feasts in figure only, could cleanse those from guilt by their offerings, who fell in battle, how much more shall the priests of Christ aid the dead by their oblations? (Test. xii.) St. Augustine one of the few Saints whom even the "Reformation" did not wholly discard, states the doctrine and practice of the Church in a few clear words: "The prayers of the Church or of good persons are heard in favour of those Christians who departed this life not so bad as to be deemed unworthy of mercy, or so good as to be entitled to immediate happiness. So also at the resurrection of the dead, some will be found to whom mercy will be imparted, having gone through the pains to which the spirits of the dead are liable." (De Civit. Dei, lib. xxiv.) The time will come when not one man in all the world will attempt to put John Calvin against St. Augustine as a propounder of Apostolical truth. It is of the greatest interest to note that all the leading sects which split off from the Church in the first four or five centuries of Christianity agree with the Church on this point. We read in the liturgy of the Nestorians of Malabar: "Let us be mindful of our fathers and brethren, and of the faithful who are departed out of this world in the orthodox faith; let us pray the Lord to absolve them, to remit their sins and their transgressions, to make them worthy to participate of eternal felicity with the just, who conformed to the divine will. The liturgy of the Chaldean Nestorians says: "Forgive the trespasses and sins of those who are dead." The Armenians, in their liturgy, say: "We require that mention be made in this sacrifice of all the faithful in general, men and women, young and old, who departed with the faith in Jesus Christ." "Be mindful, O Lord, and have mercy on them." "Grant them repose, light, and a place among Thy Saints, in Thy Heavenly Kingdom." The liturgy of the Greek Church in Constantinople, Calabria, Apulia, Georgia, Mugelia, Bulgaria and Russia, has the following: "We offer prayer to Thee also for the repose and pardon of Thy servant, N., in a place of light from which grief and lamentation are far removed," etc. The Coptic liturgy says: "Be mindful also O Lord, of all those who have slept and reposed in the priesthood, and in every rank of the secular life," etc. The Abyssinian or Ethiopian liturgy says: "Have mercy, O my God, on the souls of Thy servants, men and women, who have been fed with Thy Body and Blood, and have slept at death in Thy faith." In the Syrian and Jacobite liturgies, the deacon says: "Again and again we commemorate all the faithful departed, those who are departed in the true faith, from this holy altar, and from this town and from every country. We pray, we beseech, we entreat Christ our Lord, that through the innumerable acts of His mercy, He would render them worthy to receive the pardon of their offences, and the remission of their sins, and would bring us and them to His Kingdom in Heaven." Calvin, when he said that prayers and sacrifices for the dead were an invention of Satan, simply condemned the schisms, errors and innovations that had crept into the Jewish faith; but though this was a public practice, visible to all, which engaged the most solemn rites of the synagogue, the offering of public sacrifice or prayer, when did our Lord and Saviour ever attack it? He spoke to the Jews frequently of the dead and the resurrection; but He never rebuked them for the practice of sacrifice and prayer for the souls of the dead. Calvin said it was an invention of Satan, and injurious to the merits of Christ's Cross. If so, how is it that it escaped the condemnation Christ launched

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OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

SHORT SKETCH OF LIVES OF SAINTS OF THE WEEK

JUNE 10.—ST. MARGARET OF SCOTLAND
St. Margaret's name signifies "pearl," a fitting name, says Theodoric, her confessor and her first biographer, "for one such as she." Her soul was like a precious pearl. A life spent amidst the luxury of a royal court never dimmed her zeal for the house of God. She built churches and monasteries; she busied herself in making vestments; she could not rest till she saw the laws of God and His Church observed throughout her realm. Next, amidst a thousand cares, she found time to converse with God—ordering her piety with such sweetness and discretion that she won her husband to the same path as her own. He used to rise with her at night for prayer; he loved to kiss the holy books she used and sometimes he would steal them away, and bring them back to his wife covered with jewels. Lastly, with virtues so great, she wept constantly over her sins, and begged her confessor to correct her faults. St. Margaret did not neglect her duties in the world because she was not of it. Never was a better mother. She spared no pains in the education of her eight children, and their sanctity was the fruit of her prudence and her zeal. Never was a better queen. She was the most trusted counsellor of her husband, and she labored for the material improvement of the country. But, in the midst of the world's pleasures, she longed for a better country, and accepted death as a release. On her death-bed she received the news that her husband and her eldest son were slain in battle. She thanked God, who had sent this last affliction as a penance for her sins. After receiving Holy Viaticum, she was repeating the prayer from the Missal, "O Lord Jesus Christ, Who by Thy death didst give life to the world, deliver me." At the words "deliver me," says her biographer, she took her departure to Christ, the Author of true liberty.

JUNE 11.—ST. BARNABAS, APOSTLE

We read that in the first days of the Church, "the multitude of believers had but one heart and one soul; neither did any one say that aught of the things which he possessed was his own." Of this fervent company, one only is singled out by name, Joseph, a Rich Levite, from Cyprus. "He having land sold it, and brought the price and laid it at the feet of the apostles." They now gave him a new name, Barnabas, the son of consolation. He was a good and full of the Holy Ghost and of Faith, and was chosen for an important mission to the rapidly-growing Church of Antioch. Here he perceived the great work which was to be done among the Greeks, so he hastened to fetch St. Paul from his retirement at Tarsus. It was at Antioch that the two Saints were

JUNE 13.—ST. ANTONY OF PADUA

In 1221 St. Francis held a general chapter at Assisi; when the others dispersed, there lingered behind, unknown and neglected, a poor Portuguese friar, resolved to ask for and to refuse nothing. Nine months later, Fra Antonio rose under obedience to preach to the religious assembled at Forli, when, as the discourse proceeded, "the Hammer of Heretics," "the Ark of the Testament," "the eldest son of St. Francis," stood revealed in all his splendor, learning, and eloquence before his rapt and astonished brethren. Devoted from earliest youth to prayer and study among the Canons Regular, Ferdinand de Bulloens, as his name was in the world, had been stirred, by the spirit and example of the first five Franciscan martyrs, to put on their habit and preach the Faith to the Moors in Africa. Denied a martyr's palm, and entangled by sickness, at the age of twenty-seven he was taking silent but merciless revenge upon himself in the humblest offices of the community. From this obscurity he was now called forth, and for nine years France, Italy, and Sicily heard his voice, saw his miracles, and men's hearts turned to God. One night, when St. Antony was staying with a friend in the city of Padua, his host saw brilliant rays streaming under the door of the Saint's room, and on looking through the keyhole he beheld a little child of marvellous beauty standing upon a book which lay open upon the table, and clinging with both arms round Antony's neck. With an ineffable sweetness he watched the tender caresses of the Saint and his wondrous Visitor. At last the Child vanished, and Fra Antonio, opening the door, charged his friend, by the love of Him Whom he had seen, to "tell the vision to no man" as long as he was alive. Suddenly, in 1231, our Saint's brief apostolate was closed, and the voices of children were heard crying along the streets of Padua, "Our father, St. Antony is dead." The following year, the church-bells of Lisbon rang without ringers, while at Rome one of its sons was inscribed among the Saints of God.

JUNE 14.—ST. BASIL THE GREAT

St. Basil was born in Asia Minor. Two of his brothers became bishops, and, together with his mother and sister, are honored as Saints. He studied with great success at Athens, where he formed with St. Gregory Nazianzen the most tender friendship. He then taught oratory; but dreading the honors of the world, he gave up all, and became the father of the monastic life in the East. The Arian heretics, supported by the court, were then persecuting the Church; and Basil was summoned

PRAYERS FOR THE DEAD

The term "prayers for the dead" has perhaps tended to puzzle some people; which only goes to show the necessity of a teaching Church. The term "prayers for the souls of the faithful departed" more nearly expresses the Catholic practice. Bodies die; but the soul never dies. The idea that the souls of those who are dead are wholly cut off from the Church in the world, is a piece of pure assumption; any assumption made arbitrarily by those who in the sixteenth century were intent on denying as much of Catholic doctrine as they could find any pretext for denying. This latter statement is not too strong. It is really astonishing how arbitrary were the assumptions made by Luther and Calvin and others. Talk of being dogmatic! They were dogmatic indeed. In the nature of the case, it is impossible to prove that the "reformers" were right, that the souls of the dead are cut off from all communion with the Church on earth. Those who deny our doctrine of the Communion of Saints have never been able to make the smallest attempt to prove that any such complete separation takes place. Because the body is dead, they assume that we have no more to do with the souls. A perfectly arbitrary assumption without a word in the Bible to prove it, or a principle in logic on which to support it. Against it there is the well-known passage in 2 Maccabees, and the Scriptural proof. Now, leaving aside the rejection by Luther of 2 Maccabees, which is another arbitrary assumption, no one can dispute that 2 Maccabees is history at least, whether it be inspired Scripture or not. And, as mere history, it records the faith and practice of the synagogue on the subject of prayers for the dead at a time when the Jews were still God's chosen people and professed the true religion. It was by virtue of their religious convictions that they offered sacrifice and prayers for the dead. Our Blessed Lord and Saviour condemned all the schisms, errors and innovations that had crept into the Jewish faith; but though this was a public practice, visible to all, which engaged the most solemn rites of the synagogue, the offering of public sacrifice or prayer, when did our Lord and Saviour ever attack it? He spoke to the Jews frequently of the dead and the resurrection; but He never rebuked them for the practice of sacrifice and prayer for the souls of the dead. Calvin said it was an invention of Satan, and injurious to the merits of Christ's Cross. If so, how is it that it escaped the condemnation Christ launched

DON'T RELY ON INFLUENCE

In the opinion of one who has risen from the ranks of the laboring class to a most prominent position in the country's affairs, a man's hope for success should not be built on the influence of others. Mr. John D. Ryan, the recently appointed head of our air-fleet construction, believes that "influence is the worst handicap any young man can have. It tends to make him feel he need not exert himself to his full capacity, and has a bad effect on him. When other workmen learn that one of their number has a pull with some body higher up they look at him askance and the effect upon these other men is bad. Either undue favor will be shown him and politeness given him for which he is not fitted, or promotion may be denied him lest favoritism be charged. The effect, therefore, is bad upon the whole organization. When any young engineer or college graduate or anybody else comes to me asking for a letter to enable him to get a job at our works I tell just what I have told you." If one can judge from the achievements of this authority, his words are worthy of consideration. They tend to upset a theory which has been held rather generally in public and business life, and which has seemed to discourage many an ambitious individual with everything else in his favor save an influential patron.—Catholic Transcript.

THE WORKER IN SUMMER

Remember, as you make ready for the summer, that incidentally as you plan for "getting by" without too much work, every man at some time must do what he does not wish to do. You can do it now, while you are young, working hard, looking for a chance to do better instead of waiting the clock, and waiting independence. Or you can do later in life what you don't want to do, when, as an old man and a failure, you ask for the chance that is hard to get, and gladly accept anybody's orders. A young man, working hard, fighting his way to success, may not have a very gay life with his long hours, his self denial, his saving. But hard as the life of real work is, it is pleasant compared with that of the old failure, begging for a chance, humbly grateful for that which he would have scorned in his youth. You can work now, when you are strong and the work is in you; or you can "get by" now, imagining that you deceive your employer, and do your hard work in years to come, when the hard work is a thousand times harder. "Get by" Now, and smile as you watch the other man work. Or work now, and save yourself in future years from standing as a failure on the edge of the curb, watching while success passes by and leaves you behind in the race. The beginning of the hot weather is a good time for young men to decide whether it is better to work hard and take orders at the beginning, or the end of life.—Catholic Columbian.

THE BOY WHO OBEYED ORDERS

It was on a wet, cold November evening that a boy trudged wearily into the seaport town of Chatham, England. He was covered with mud, and from under the long black locks that fell on his forehead, two big eyes stared out at the world, and his thin cheeks were pinched with cold and wet with rain. He met a sailor as he entered the town outskirts, and



FOREIGN MISSIONS

LETTER OF MGR. GUILLEME, VICAR APOSTOLIC OF NYASSA, AFRICA

TO THE DIRECTOR GENERAL OF SOLIDALITY OF ST. PETER CLAVER

I am to thank you very heartily for the generous help you have deigned to give us and to assure you that all the Christians of Nyassa are praying every day for you, more especially today, on the feast of the Patronage of your blessed Society.

Thanks to you we have been able to help our devoted catechists by furnishing them at least with the means to procure the necessities of life. They have asked me to tell you that this morning they have all offered up holy Communion for your intentions.

During the thirty-three years of my sojourn in Central Africa I have been together with some of my brethren-in-religion in very difficult and painful situations. We have been witnessing all the horrors of slavery from which, by means of the arms of charitable souls, I have been able to deliver 1,200 children which are now actually fathers and mothers of Christian families.

We have been spectators of the heartrending slaughters of cannibals who, after having rendered us powerless, pillaged and reduced to captivity the inhabitants of the neighborhood of our missions by three repeated attacks.

Twice we have been attacked by slave-hunters whom we prevented from retaining children whom we had liberated and whom the barbarians wanted to sell again as slaves on the public markets.

Once we were made prisoners by a number of slave-hunters because we had been witnessing their ignominious deeds. For two years we have been forced to live on the few things we were able to find and to fabricate our wooden sara's in order not to be obliged to go barefoot.

We had to transform iron cases into plates and other vessels and a hatchet had to replace the fork for roasting the meat which the missionaries were providing by chasing wild beasts.

We were obliged to pass one night on a tree in order not to fall a prey to the wild beasts. Twice we have suffered shipwreck on Lake Tanganyika; in one I came off with a broken arm . . . but I can assure you never have I gone through moments so full of anguish as in this awful time of war.

As we were yet young, comparatively free from care, and since little else but our own lives were at stake we got fairly over it. I had yet none of the responsibility which I have now, since I have to watch over a large region where I have seen Christianity spring up and grow, but the development of which is now being hampered by the immense calamity which has fallen on the world.

Meanwhile, considering that, in spite of all the demands which Catholic charity makes upon generous souls, your dear Solidarity thinks yet of coming efficaciously to our aid and I feel quite confident that God will not permit His work to perish, works which had been undertaken for His greater glory in a country where some ten years ago Holy Church had not a single faithful soul.—ECHO FROM AFRICA.

Who can read this account and not be moved to help the venerable Bishop? Send your aims to Solidarity of St. Peter Claver for the African Missions, Fullerton Bldg., St. Louis, Mo., to keep flourishing those promising missions which have been so sorely tried by this War.

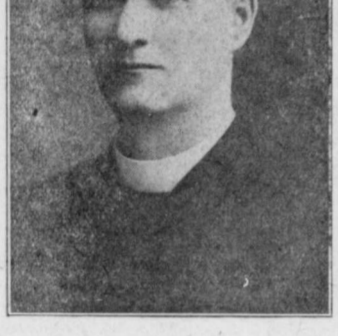
LETTER FROM FATHER FRASER Catholic Mission, Canton, April 24, 1918. Dear Mr. Burns,—Enclosed a Postal Note for my fund which can be cashed only in Canada.

Please say in the RECORD I received with gratitude \$50 from "Overseas friend" and \$1 from a "Reader of the RECORD, Woodstock, N. B." and that I will certainly pray for the intention they mention and remember them in the Holy Sacrifice.

Its two principal centres are Yeong Kong and Loting. A few hundred Catholics are already in some portion of this territory, the fruit of earlier evangelization conducted by French priests of the Canton Vicariate who, for lack of numbers, were obliged to withdraw some years ago. The field, therefore, is practically a new one.

Four Maryknoll priests will leave this country in September for Hong Kong and Canton, from which points they will reach their new field. The priests will be directed at first by the Bishop of Canton who has designated one of his experienced missionaries as their guide, but as soon as they are in a position to take it over, a new vicariate, the first to be assigned in pagan lands to the American Catholics, will be formed.

This step is a most important one in the life of the Maryknoll Seminary, and of the Catholic Church in America. It marks a new era, the Mission of American Catholics to the pagan world.



The late Father James A. McCarthy, S. J., twenty-nine years a Jesuit. Since his ordination as priest he had been President of Loyola Academy, Chicago, pastor of Gesu Church, Milwaukee, pastor of St. Xavier's church, Cincinnati, and for the past three years he had been assistant pastor of Holy Family Church, Chicago.

A TRAITOROUS BOOK

For years after the Civil war, the Johnstown flood and the San Francisco disaster enterprising vagabonds eked out a good living by playing on the facile sympathies of the public. Only the other day Manhattan was thoroughly victimized by a "war-charity" that was planned to benefit only its promoters.

There is an angle of the present war feeling that will repay investigation; it is high time the public used some sense and discrimination in the selection of what is popularly called "war literature." Apart from any consideration of historical value or literary style, some of these loudly touted publications are not merely accomplishing no good; they are working harm.

Let "Le Feu," ("Under Fire") by Henri Barbusse stand as a sample. This story of trench life and fighting was written in French and given much acclaim by a Parisian society of critics who are strongly suspected of pro-German sympathies. Translated into English and advertised far and wide by a well known American publishing house as a classic of the war, it has been read with avidity by thousands who have absorbed its poison unconsciously.

There is no doubt that the writer is a man of ability, but it is the same sort of ability displayed by German agents now working in this country. Not one reader in ten would be likely to perceive the evil doctrine this volume preaches, but this fact only makes the danger greater.

In the first place the book is an apotheosis of filth; material, mental and moral, with the base "realism" of Zola. Everything sordid and disgusting is deliberately played up. Any man of sense, though he may never have fired a gun or entered a military trench, knows that inevitable conditions are horrible, but he would never think of gloating over them.

Again, the story is a detail study of a small body of French soldiers in a small trench area. Every outbreak of anger, blasphemy, discontent and tortured nerves is described as if it were typical, not merely of these soldiers, but of the entire French army. This is the impression the reader gets and it is evidently the one the writer wished to convey.

Though the action of the story shows that the soldiers depicted are under the most rigid discipline, the impression is conveyed that they are undisciplined louts thrown to death regardlessly. No real soldier, officer or private, would ever tell a story so false and misleading. This fact alone proves that the writer has no creditable motive.

There is hardly a page that witnesses to the honest declaration of German war methods that has died too often even in this country from a certain class; and Bertrand's solitary hero is no French leader or commander, but the German Socialist, Liebknecht!

The logical effect of the talk that Barbusse puts into the mouths of his trench marionettes is to spread Socialism, anarchy and class hate. It is all too plainly and consistently a propaganda that he is carrying on under the guise of realistic fiction.

Lastly, the book seethes with anticlericalism, that blind and bitter hate of Catholicism (the only religion a Frenchman ever takes seriously,) of priests and believers. Naturally the writer does not dare to speak out his mind, but he never mentions a priest or prayer without a demonic sneer. He introduces "a Marxist Brother, a huge simpleton in spectacles," of whom Martheroux remarks: "When he gets up early to go to Mass, he says 'I've got belly-ache, I must go and take a turn round the corner and no mistake.'" Again: "For you know, parsons (protres) with knapsacks on, I haven't seen a devil of a lot of 'em, have you?" This ribald lie in the face of the twenty thousand French priests who have fought in the French armies these past four years.

The evil intent of this book is plain. Under the guise of depicting Gallie valor, it preaches everything against which the Allies are fighting and strives to vilify and calumniate those who believe in God and are giving their lives for Christian civilization.—Boston Pilot.

ENGLISH CATHOLIC VIEW OF IRISH SITUATION

London, England.—The situation in Ireland at the present time is one that journalists with an anti-Catholic leaning will be only too prone to use for party ends, and it may well be that some of the cables might be accepted with a certain measure of reservation. Briefly, the situation is this: The British Parliament by a majority vote— from the Nationalist members and some others dissenting— has decided to extend compulsory military service to Ireland, on the same conditions with which it is enforced in other parts of the United Kingdom. The Irish have determined not to accept compulsory service, for reasons which have been given, and have organized themselves to resist the measure. A part of this organization has been that the Catholic hierarchy, at a meeting of Wainmouth under the presidency of Cardinal Logue, have given their approval to the policy of opposition, and in addition have organized the Irish people in their resistance.

As might have been expected, the action of the British Parliament has called forth charges of ecclesiastical interference in political matters. At the present moment an acute feeling has arisen which involves not only the Catholics of Ireland, but those of Great Britain as well. But what are the actual facts?

The facts are that although all Ireland is in opposition to a governmental measure, there is no rioting, no rioting, no outbreaks of any kind. The nation-wide cessation from work on April 23 throughout Ireland, except in Belfast, passed off without a single untoward event of any kind. The whole country was peaceful, and there were no disturbances. However one may regard the motive of the Bishops, it is clear that they have taken the opposition movement to conscription in hand; they are on the side of law and order; they have set their faces against any assaults on the police, and they have warned the people to give no occasion for offense to the military. The fact that there has been no bloodshed and no outbreak of violence may be set down to the moderate consensus of the Bishops, who are holding the people well in hand. That there would be resistance was inevitable; that it should be kept in control by the strong hand of the hierarchy means that there will be no repetition of Easter week.

The part the Bishops have taken is liable to be overlooked in the heat of the moment, and both anti-clericals and anti-Catholics are more inclined to blame them for treachery towards the cause of the Allies than to give them any sort of credit for their foresight in taking in hand a movement of opposition that was bound to come. This much, however, is clear: If the Bishops had not acted with a constraining hand the situation in Ireland would have been appalling. As it is, some sort of order will come out of the chaos.

NATIONAL "PEACE NOVENA" IN IRELAND

All Ireland is on her knees in prayer during these days to Our Lady of Lourdes in the great novena for internal and external peace. Extraordinary scenes have been witnessed in both town and country at the opening of the devotions. In the southern cities many of the shops and business establishments were closed to enable the employees to participate in the opening of the novena. The churches have been crowded to their doors and where- over there was a statue of Our Lady of Lourdes special decorations have adorned it. At Mount Argus, near Dublin, there was a great procession and Fr. Columbian, C. P., urged the people to have recourse to Mary in these days of the world's grief. The Archbishop of Cashel, preaching at Thurles on Tuesday, denied that the Irish Episcopate had been influenced by the Vatican in its opposition to conscription; that was only the idea of a lot of Protestant bigots. As to

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the titled members of the English Catholic Union who threatened to appeal to the Pope, it was not the Irish Bishops who would suffer in any such appeal; the appellants were repudiated by Catholics in their own land. The Irish Hierarchy considered that it is a work of Christian charity to defend the oppressed and that moral and religious questions enter into the matter of conscription, which was an inhuman law.

Wit is the god of moments, but genius is the god of ages. DIED. McNAUGHTEN.—Suddenly, at St. Joseph's Hospital, Guelph, of pneumonia, on Monday, May 20, 1918, Mr. Peter McNaughten, in his seventy-sixth year, having received all the rites of Holy Church. May his soul rest in peace.

CATHEDRAL BUYS NEW ORGAN-BLOWING MACHINE. The latest of Canada's churches to purchase a Spence all-steel electric "Orgoblo" for supplying wind-power to the organ is St. Peter's Cathedral, London, Ont. The new installation will replace the old-style water motor hitherto used and will reduce the cost of organ-blowing considerably, while greatly improving the tone of the instrument. The machine, which is made by Mr. Leonard Downey, of London, Ont., has long had the sole Canadian agency for this leading make of organ-blowing machinery.

DE LA SALLE COLLEGE, AURORA, ONT. CONDUCTED BY THE BROTHERS OF THE CHRISTIAN SCHOOLS OF ONTARIO (TRAINING COLLEGE AND NOVITIATE). Pupils are prepared to become qualified teachers and members of the Institute of the Brothers of the Christian Schools. The course of studies is that of the High Schools of Ontario leading to the Normal School and the Faculty of Education. It includes Music, Art, and Manual Training. For particulars apply to Rev. Brother Director, 2068-11.

WANTED, PRIEST'S HOUSEKEEPER. WANTED, PRIEST'S HOUSEKEEPER. TRIMMINGS, neatly done, dices of Kingston, must be thoroughly competent. State reference, age, and salary. Apply Box L, Catholic Record, London, Ont.

FOR RENT. EIGHT ROOM FURNISHED COTTAGE ON Lake Rosseau. Convenient to Catholic Church, boat, and ice. For particulars Apply Box 33, Teeswater, Ont.

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Andrie, The Story of a Catholic College Boy. African Fabrics. The; translated by Right Rev. Mgr. Joseph O'Connell, D. D. The story of the life of St. Perpetua, who suffered martyrdom around the Englishman, by Francis Aveling. Alley Moore. A tale of the times, by Richard Bagot O'Brien, D. D. Showing how evicting, murder and such passions are managed and justice administered in Ireland, together with many stirring incidents in other lands. The story tells of the heroic lives of our Irish grandfathers and grandmothers. There is no lack of incident and accident. For those interested in Irish history of those later days Alley Moore in a new dress will serve a good purpose. Anabella, by Anna T. Sadler.

Arise, Selwode, by Emily Bowles. Woven with strands of history are dark threads of jealousy, plots and intrigues; but there are also bright weavings of love; and, of course, all will end well. Back to Rome, by Scrutator (G. Alfred Rupert). Being a series of Private Letters, etc., addressed to an Anglican Clergyman. By The Royal Road, by Marie Hautmont. By The Grey Sea, by Herbert Spring.

Cardinal Democrat. The; Henry Edward Manning, by J. A. Taylor. It is a true portrait of the Cardinal whose ideal of America, by John O'Keane Murray. New edition revised. From the birth of Christopher Columbus 1493, to the death of Father Basil, 1913. Clarence Belmont. By Rev. Walter T. Leahy. This is a fine college story, full of healthy vigour and the adventures of a college life.

Converts to Rome, by Gordon W. Gorman. Biographical List of the Most Notable Converts to the Catholic Church in the United Kingdom during the Last Fifty Years. Conita Widdowson, by Anna T. Sadler. This story of a chivalrous love and of the fascinating Damsel, Who Dared, A novel, by Genevieve Innes. Eerie or From Athens to the Red Truth, by Louis Von Hammerstein, S. J. Some of his best work gained a world-wide renown and spread his name far and wide as a first-class apologist. He is up to date in every branch of Protestant controversy. In the translation he gives us a new proof of his apologetic genius and enterprise. A novel full of England, after drifting through to Russia and Siberia.

Fordalms, by Antonio Giulio Barilli. A Quasi Italian tale, by the hand of a beautiful poet who finally won the hand of a beautiful girl. Italian maiden in marriage. Frenzies, by Madame Augustus Craven. This charming novel has been regarded as a model love story, which moves in an atmosphere of delicate refinement. Fruit of the Tree; a novel, by Mabel A. Farman. Fundamentals of Faith, by Arthur P. Goss. The book should prove helpful, especially in the guidance of youth.

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