



CARDOME

A ROMANCE OF KENTUCKY

By ANNA C. MINOUE CHAPTER VIII

"The fate at the Park the day after tomorrow," said Bessie; "what next?"

She was out on the southern veranda with Virginia, Hal, and Thomas. Their easy chairs were drawn back a few feet from the railing, across which the sun was beginning to pour its burning, yellow rays.

"You are an inveterate tramp," remarked Hal. "Simply to exist under such atmospheric conditions calls up all the vitality that the rest of us possess, while you are ready to count on your fingers the fetes and parties and dances to be given in the neighborhood. For my own personal comfort, I am glad to say that after Mrs. Powell's fate there is nothing else unless you will accompany me skiff riding on the Elkhorn."

Bessie treated her cousin to a smile of superior knowledge and replied: "Where is the picnic on the Fourth of July? The trip to the Blue Lick Springs? After that—"

"The deluge!" replied Hal. "Bessie never saw a girl with such a capacity for enjoyment. You are like a butterfly, continually on wing. Now, why are you not a staid, quiet person like Virginia? And why, when you sit out here on these blustering days, are not your fingers employed in the useful and necessary work of embroidering handkerchiefs, as are hers? Obviously your domestic training has been sadly neglected. Up North, now—"

But Bessie threw up her hands tragically, saying: "Spare me! Inflict upon my defenceless head any of your foolish talk, but spare me that tale of horror. My last governess was a Northern lady, and I know everything the young ladies 'up North' do and do not do, say and do not say, think and do not think. Have I left Alabama to find that torture of my school days at Cardome? Then—"

"What tragic step will you take, dear?" asked Hal, with solicitude.

"Go and stay at the Park," she said, laughing.

"I know how you dislike the subject of the industry of Yankee girls," said Hal, "when you contemplate such a change."

"Or how much she likes Miss Sears," put in Virginia, smiling.

"Oh! blows the wind that way?" questioned Hal, in surprise. "Tell us, Bess, about Miss Fortunata, as Tom calls her."

"I wish you would not quote me like that, Hal," said his brother, with quiet dignity.

"Why not, Thomas?" asked Hal, bending his eyes solemnly on his brother. "Did you not so christen her as we, with Phil, formed a committee of reception to welcome the Ohio Cinderella?"

"It was a remark made on the spur of the moment," said Bessie.

"As was Cezar's 'veni, vidi, vici,' and both spoken for immortality," said Hal. "Throughout all time when men would tell of a girl brought from nobody knows where, and cares less, to inherit property that belongs to somebody else, they will say, 'A Miss Fortunata, to quote the great Thomas Todd, Junior,'" and he sent his winning smile across the sun-lighted space to his brother, who answered it with a low half-laugh.

"If it were to reach her ears it might offend her," said Tom.

"If she were sitting where Virginia is, and Bess and I were blotted from sight, and she heard those words, don't you know what she would do? She would lift her heavy eyelids, and looking at you with the slow, dull stare, would say: 'I could not feel offended at you, Mr. Todd!'"

A warmth showed on Thomas's forehead, for Miss Sears had sentimentally made such a remark the day of the dinner party as they had stood together on the veranda steps for a few minutes not seeing Hal, who, with his feet on the railing, was indulging in his solitary cigar and after-festival thoughts.

"Miss Fortunata is not a person to take, but one to give offence," Hal went on. "She told Phil she had heard in Cincinnati that country editors in Kentucky were paid subscriptions in blackberries and corn-meal, and asked him what he did with the surplus. Whereupon I informed her that as Kentucky editors rarely include those items in their bill-of-fare they passed them on to the men in Cincinnati who supply their paper and ink."

"You were very rude," said Bessie, with a reproving frown.

"Of course I was," admitted Hal. "But I was rewarded as then, for the first time, I caught something like a gleam of comprehension in her eyes. I shouldn't be surprised if down in Miss Fortunata's heart, if she possesses such an organ, there is registered a neat little vow to get even with me some day."

"I can't understand your dislike of her," said Bessie. "She is a very amiable young lady. You must be as nice to her, Hal, as you are to me, for she asked me to be her friend, and I promised her I would."

"You will live to regret that promise," said Hal. "Then turning his head, he added: 'What in the name of the wonderful is going on in the office to-day? Father must be having another birthday party down there for himself. Here are more visitors; and one is Judge Allison, who certainly is not coming for legal advice.'"

"A political gathering," remarked Thomas, turning his eyes lingeringly toward the small brick office before which stood a line of horses. He would take what he felt to be his place, behind those closed doors, and have voice in those secret discussions. In this hour, when every strong and earnest man was needed, how bitter was the reflection that he must stand apart, quell the ambition and enthusiasm of his heart, and spend these days, fraught with solemn meaning, like any unthinking, self-satisfied, drawing-room idler, because his years wanted a few of manhood! He thought of the fiery young Clay hurrying through the hall, with an impatience against the fate that had sent him a few years later into the world.

He had studied the critical situation of the times in its Northern view, had familiarized himself with the opinions of the great Eastern statesmen, had availed himself of every opportunity of associating with men of thought, had garnered up their words, weighed them in the scale of his own judgment and rated them according to their merit. He had come hurrying with the full determination of entering immediately upon his career, only to find that his youth was against him. It did not matter that his mind had the maturity of thirty, since his years by actual count were only twenty. His thoughts were off, until recalled by Hal's exclamation:

"Why, there's Phil!" and turning his eyes toward the drive, he saw the young Frankfort editor riding up in a hard gallop, his bay mare swathed in sweat.

"What is the meaning of all this, Tom?" asked Bessie, suddenly.

He started at the sound of his name, and the shadow softened somewhat on his face as his eyes met the speaker's.

"It is the sign that foretells the storm, Bessie," he replied gravely, and Virginia looked up from her embroidery to assure herself it was indeed the boy Thomas who had spoken. "A storm," he went on, "that has been threatening us for years. In the logical course of events it can not be quelled, nor much longer delayed, and when it comes—"

"When it comes," cried Hal, springing to his feet, his eyes shining, "that bright sword our father earned at Buena Vista has been unsheathed to defend the cause of justice!"

"No, Hal," said Virginia, softly and sadly. "Your father's sword goes not to the son who espouses the cause of the South."

"Virginia," he cried, in boyish incredulity, "what do you mean? That my father is an enemy of the South?" and for once in their long years of companionship, Virginia met an angry light from the blue eyes.

"Out of the Union, yes," she replied; and the gleam of anger left his eyes for one of sad astonishment.

After a pause he said: "Then the sword will be borne by neither of his sons," and the tones seemed to have grown old.

There was another silence, during which Thomas looked at his brother yearningly. Then he rose and said, slowly and solemnly: "Yes, my brother, it will!"

Hal stepped back and gazed like one fascinated on the speaker. Virginia rose quickly, for in that moment there was a prophecy in her heart of the horror of a future hour, and laid her hand on Hal's arm, saying, as she looked from one brother to the other:

"Boys, how foolish is such talk! There are some things that must not even be thought of by you two, and this is one of them. See, you have quite spoiled Bessie's gay anticipations of the fete at the Park. This is certainly most unchivalrous in you! Bessie, turning to the subdued girl, who seemed to have wilted under the intense feeling of the moment, "I think we should punish these young gentlemen by forbidding them henceforth a chair, or even standing-room on our veranda in the mornings."

Whatever stab he had received from the knowledge thus hurled at him by his brother, Hal instantly drew over it the covering of his light, airy nature. He laid his hand above his heart, saying to Virginia, with mock gravity:

"Most humbly do I crave your pardon, my sweet friend, and by my honor as a Todd and a Kentuckian, I swear I shall no more offend too such gracious ladies."

Bessie looked up at him reproachfully.

"I have heard almost nothing since coming to Cardome," she said, half-tearfully, "but this awful talk. Maybe some of those terrible things will come true—mamma says they will—but why talk about them? Won't they be bad enough when they are here, without adding misery to them by anticipation? If the wrong man is elected we shall have war—mamma says so—and then—" looking around, with tears in her bright eyes, "this may be our last summer at Cardome. Why spoil it for all our after-lives?"

"Bessie," asked Thomas, "if you know it was written in the book of fate that Cardome must perish by fire to-morrow, could you be happy to-day?" He looked on her questioningly for a moment, and when she did not answer, went down the steps and crossed the lawn, strange emotions surging over his heart.

"I do declare I believe our Thomas is growing political," said Hal, lightly. "Now, I wouldn't be a politician for half Scott County. Think what a weight of care it is on a fellow. I must ask father to look up another profession for Tom. What do you say, Bess?"

But the girl's gaiety could not thus be restored, and after a time she excused herself and stole into the library to gaze plying from one of its wide, low windows at Thomas, who was pacing the drive under the shadow of the pine trees.

"You will not desert me?" Hal asked of Virginia, drawing his chair to her side and beginning to examine her embroidery. Then he added: "I went over to Willow-wild yesterday afternoon."

"To see Mr. Powell?" questioned Virginia, her eyes fixed intently on her work.

"It is a marvel to me they do not die of melancholia in that place," began the boy. "Mr. Davidson keeps only two slaves, a man and a woman. The house is shut up, except a few rooms, and the lawn is a tangle of weeds, flowers and young shrubs. It is a picture of desolation; and the gentleman himself wears one of the saddest faces I have ever seen. He is a strange person. I could not feel at ease in his presence. I wish you knew him and could tell me what to think of him."

"Why didn't you ask Mr. Powell for an opinion?" remarked she with a smile.

"Oh, Powell says he is a fine gentleman; but what else would you expect him to say of his host?"

Hal was silent for a moment, then said, dropping his voice: "You know that picture mother has of Bessie, taken when she was a baby? I saw one like it on Mr. Davidson's desk."

Virginia laid down her work and looked at her informant in surprise, but almost immediately she smiled, saying:

"Babies pictures are generally very much alike, except to the mother of the sitters. You must certainly have made a mistake."

Hal shook his head, though he made no reply.

"But this is not all," he began. "Here is another surprise; Mrs. Powell has invited Clay and Mr. Davidson to visit her. They are going over this afternoon and will remain until after the fete. Now, isn't that a circumstance! And won't people wonder what the old lady is up to?"

Instantly over Virginia's mind flashed the words of her waiting woman: "I've never seen my de work dem wooden han, an' hit was de debil's work!" What did she mean by asking Clay Powell to visit her at the Park? Had her conscience begun to torment her, and would she make atonement to the son for her great wrong to the father? or was that wrong to be repeated on the unsuspecting?

As the two sat there in thought the sound of many voices was borne to them, and glancing toward the broken up, stormily perhaps, for while some were standing talking loudly, others had mounted their horses, and were riding hurriedly away, with moodily bent heads. The Judge remained on the veranda until all, save two, had departed; then, with them, he turned toward the house. Whatever had been the nature of the meeting and its results, twenty years seemed to have been struck from the appearance of Judge Todd. His figure was more erect, his head more proudly lifted, his face paler with an undulant blue gleam from the fearless blue eyes. By the side of this magnificent, determined form, Philip McDowell, tired and rejected, made sharp contrast, while Howard Dallas, wearing his grace and height with his easy, undisturbed manner, appeared a feeble specimen of manhood. As they neared the house, seeing Virginia, the Judge smiled, and as he came up the steps, he said:

"Virginia, will you order some luncheon for Phil? He insists that he does not want any, and I am equally convinced that one who rode from Frankfort under such a sun, and must make as quickly the return trip, needs something to sustain the inner man. I know he will not be so ungallant as to refuse hospitality from your hands, my dear. Howard stays for dinner with us."

Virginia led the way down the wide hall to the breakfast room, and after ordering a cup of coffee, motioned Phil to one of the chairs near the long table. The blinds were lowered to shut out the strong light, and the cool shadows were rich with the fragrance that came from the bowl of June roses set on the table. No murmurous sound of country life disturbed the stillness. Peace, rest and serenity seemed to dwell there, and the tired man, as he took his chair, felt the day's weight of care slip from him. And with such a scene he always associated Virginia. Her presence was like a cool hand laid on a fever-burned forehead. He resigned himself to its influence. He could not see her face clearly in the shadows, but he knew so well its lineaments, its varying expression, that were sight to be stricken from his eyes it could never grow dim nor be forgotten.

It so happens in life that there are souls set apart from the world in which they dwell, stilling them to have no share in it, take no active part in its great tragedies or pitiful farces, but are like the mock spectators of a stage. Such a soul was Philip McDowell's, and early he had come to realize this and had accepted it with the calm of a fatalist. He was here, and the purpose which had sent him he dared not question. It was right, he knew, else it had not been done. One duty was his—to follow straight, without murmur, without rebellion, without questioning, the line an unseen Hand had marked out; and his guide over that

way, his strength, his succor, was conscience.

He had never denied to himself that he loved Virginia Castleton, but he knew that he had no more part in her life than the cedar, standing sentinel on some lonely hilltop, has in the green and murmurous company of the distant level woodland.

But the knowledge that would have saddened the heart of another man, made his more tenderly true to the object of his devotion. There is an abundance of love in the world, but friendship, as we have too bitterly learned, is a rarer quality. And though love may be all-enfolding, though it would bear the hurts to save the beloved from them, though it is capable of heroic sacrifices, it is without a tyrant, ever demanding more than it can give. Friendship says not, "Lo, I give thee so much, give me the same in return, with usury!" but pours out itself plenteously, without exactions, without expectations. Many men had given her love, on finding that she had none for them had not hesitated to break every tie of family association or social intercourse; so it was natural that Virginia Castleton should cling to the friendship of Phil McDowell as a vine to its wall.

"Why must you leave us so soon?" she questioned. "I half believe Cardome has lost its charm for you," she finished, playfully.

"Ah, not that, Virginia!" he said. "Do you not know what it would mean to spend this summer day at Cardome? Set this quiet, cool room, then, against my hot little office, with its noise, its heat, its social waves. Noises of feet of great voices—oh, the hateful noise of voices! But duty, once we have sworn her fealty, is a jealous mistress, stern and unrelenting in her demands."

"But generous in her rewards," said Virginia, and he felt her approving smile through the shadows. "I am not blaming you," she went on, "but I want you to be prudent. The sun is intensely hot—why didn't you drive over?"

"Because I had to come, and must return, more quickly than a carriage travels, besides, I did not care to make two horses take the journey when one would do. Ladybird knows the road so well she can scarcely consider it much of a trip, if it is true that frequent repetition lessens the difficulties of every performance."

Here the slave entered with the tray. As she raised the blinds a shower of yellow light fell over the room, putting the cool shadows to flight and kissing Virginia's chestnut hair into gold.

"I will pour the coffee," said Virginia to the girl; adding, "Tell Ned to bring around Mr. McDowell's horse in half an hour. Yes," she interposed, against Phil's protesting gesture, "you must take that much rest. Has not this been a trying morning on you? You look almost ill."

"All mornings, and days, of late are trying," he answered. "My position is becoming full of care, anxiety, and unrest. The destiny of the nation, I believe, will be determined by the events of this year, and newspapers, in a great measure, will shape the events. A man may feel little gravity in the situation when called upon to put forth his individual opinion; but how carefully must he weigh each word, how great a restraint must be put on himself, when he is the mouthpiece of a party—of that portion of the public represented by this paper! It is a grave responsibility. A thoughtful man never lightly assumes it; an honest man can not, unless certain that he has his finger on the pulse of the people and is capable of accurately gauging its beats. But consider the painful difficulties of the situation when a man is called to express, as if he confirms them, views which he is not yet prepared to adopt! I would not shrink from any of the responsibilities of my position, but I must first be fully convinced that the cause I am called upon to uphold is right before I can uphold it."

There was a deep fold on the white brow, which until recently showed so smooth and fair; and all the misgivings and fears and terrors of that unknown future seemed to clutch at Virginia's heart. Was there no hope for her? School boys could not meet without calling up the spectre of approaching strife; if men gathered in social intercourse, they thought unconsciously glided back to the thoughts of solemn hours; even friends could not go a little apart for a moment's rest but a shadowy hand would appear, pointing to a time of cruel separation. Phil looked up suddenly, and on meeting his comprehending, sorrowful eyes, started guiltily.

"What a recompense I am making you!" he exclaimed.

"My friend," she said, quietly, "do not you, too, fall into the fault of other men and apologize to a woman, when, forgetting their audience, they give expression to thoughts about the grave, approaching crisis. It is not reasonable in man or just to women. Though our sex debars us from actively participating in your work, remember, while we gain nothing more than we have from its success, in its failure we are the greater losers."

And all the way over that long, hot, dusty road, lying between Cardome and Frankfort, those solemn words went with Phil McDowell.

TO BE CONTINUED

There is but one road to lead us to God—humility.

THAT OLD DRAWER

By REV. P. H. D.

More than forty years have passed since I was ordained priest and I resent the imputation that I am getting old; it is true that I am most willing to permit some of the younger men to do the work of preaching, hearing confessions, and the like; but that is because I don't want to interfere with their zeal.

After all has been said, is it not quite true that age is purely a relative term? I have seen persons who were not fifty years of age who were old men and pardon the personal vein—I am nearer to seventy than to sixty, and I assure you that I am not old. Some one told me that one of the surest signs of approaching old age was when one on the same evening told the same story twice; if that be the recognized test I am yet in the infant class. I have however, quite recently remarked a habit of saying in the course of conversation: "When I was a young priest, etc.," and I wonder if that be any sign of approaching years. As I might be tempted to give myself away in this matter I will change the subject.

I have a habit twice a year of cleaning out a drawer in my desk. It is one of those long deep drawers arranged to hold account books and from the outside having the appearance of two drawers. To-day is my semi-annual cleaning-up day, and as I am going to do the right thing to-day and commit to the flames a heap of useless trash. Yet it is not true that I have in days past burned papers which all too late I found were of use to me?

On the top of the pile of papers I find a package carefully tied and as I open it and spread out the leaves so that I may find what it is about, I find written at the top of the first page: The Twelfth Promise. I can't destroy this I am sure, for it is a simple story of one of the strange experiences of my early days in the priesthood. I smooth out the pages and arrange them in order, and then reach into my desk and pull out a large envelope and carefully place the manuscript in it. I sit there while thinking over the story, which is as fresh in my mind to-day as it was thirty odd years ago, and as I am recalling it I take out the papers and hardly thinking of what I am doing I read them over word for word. I know that I am not going to put this story into the grate, so I dive down into the drawer and find another document. I smile; for the first thing that I see is the name of a celebrated bank burglar, who had a national, if not an international reputation—Big Frank. 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"Who's sick?" he asked. I said that I had a message from home and must hurry back as there was no priest there. "But who's sick?" he insisted. I told him that I did not know who was sick as the message did not state for whom I was needed.

"Who brought you the message?" Father K. asked. "Oh, I just got a message from home to go back and I must get off at once," I answered. Father K. insisted on knowing who came for me and at last I told him the whole story.

"Well," he said, "are you going to leave here when there is a crowd of people waiting to go to confession after this Mass—and you have promised to preach at it too? There is no other priest here and I announced last night that you would have confessions this morning immediately after the Mass. Have some sense and don't be so foolish as to run away from here now on such a wild goose chase. There's work to be done here and nobody wants you over there. Was any one sick when you left home?"

I had to admit that so far as I knew there was no one sick in N. "Well then," said Father K., "put on your cassock and hurry over to the church, for I am about to commence Mass and you have to talk at the Gospel, and you know there is no Gloria in this Mass." To his all too evident surprise and disgust I told him that I felt that I ought to return home, as I was quite sure that I was needed there though I did not know of any one who was sufficiently ill to require a priest. Father K. left me and returned to the church and though I saw that he was annoyed (and who could blame him?) yet I could not could blame him there. I got into my buggy and drove off and had a very uncomfortable drive as there was a driving rain straight in my face all the way, and I reached N. feeling cold and stiff. I had no sooner driven up to my house than the door opened and the housekeeper came out to me and said: "Don't get out of the buggy, Father, but drive around to the D's as fast as you can for Mary is dying."

I went in and getting the Holy Oils and Ritual, and going to the church I took the Blessed Sacrament and hurried to the house. Mrs. D. opened the door for me and seeing that I had the Blessed Sacrament she said nothing but as I entered the room Mary raised herself partly and said: "Mama, I told you that Father would get here in good time, for our Lord told me last night not to worry as He would bring him here for me in plenty of time." And then she said to me: "Father who came for you?" "Why," replied I, "our Lord came for me, of course, Mary, as He told you He would, or He sent your Guardian Angel with the message."

I gave Mary the last Sacraments, which she received with every sentiment of perfect resignation to God's will. After hearing her confession I brought all the family into the room and she insisted, after I was through, on saying a word to each one, bidding them be faithful to the Church. She asked me then if I would stay with her until the end came. I said some prayers of thanksgiving with her and then sending for my Breviary I said a part of the Divine Office by her bed side. The doctor had said that in probability she would last until noon, but as a matter of fact she did not die until 4 o'clock. A little while before I noticed that she seemed to be uneasy and I noticed that I made a little explanation to the Sacred Heart and I saw that she was perfectly conscious and had understood what I said. I leaned over her as she was so weak that it was nearly impossible to hear what she said, and I asked her if she wanted anything or anyone. She shook her head and lay quiet for a moment and then I put my ear very close to her lips and she managed to say: "Father, . . . please . . . open . . . the Sanctuary . . . and let me . . . go inside . . . and kneel . . . to say where you . . . stand . . . let me . . . receive . . . our Lord . . . once more . . ." and with a long drawn sigh she died.

Her mother told me that Mary was taken sick at midnight and when the doctor came he told them that there was not much hope for her, as her lungs were badly congested, and he advised that they send for me, and when her mother said that I had gone to B. and asked if they could not wait until daylight he said that he thought it would be wiser if they sent for me at once. Mary heard what the doctor said and calling her mother into the room she told her not to worry about me as I would be in plenty of time. And when her sister came into her room a short time afterwards she told her to tell her mother not to be troubled about getting me: "For," she said, "our Lord has told me that He would have Father here in plenty of time for me to receive the Sacraments."

did what He promised Blessed Margaret He would do, and that He assured His loving and trusting servant that He would do what He knew she believed He would. The Twelfth Promise to the Blessed Nun of Paray was: I promise that in the excess of the mercy of My Heart that it's all powerful love will grant to all those who receive Holy Communion on the First Friday of every month for nine consecutive months, the grace of final penitence and that they shall not die under My displeasure, nor without receiving their Sacraments, and My Heart shall be their sure refuge at that last hour. Our readers need hardly be assured that the strange things narrated in this series are true. The writer is well-known to us personally.—The Missionary.

ONE STEP NEARER

In his Essay on Development of Doctrine, Newman remarks that "heretics in general, however opposed in tenets, are found to have an inexplicable sympathy for each other, and never wake up from their ordinary torpor but to exchange courtesies and amicable condolences." He means, of course, contemporary heretics, especially those of the English tongue. Their doctrinal torpor is the sweet slumber of comprehension of all beliefs under the wide blanket of peace-at-any-price. In the early era of modern error it was not so; and only the iron hand of the secular prince prevented the first Protestant sects from mutually devouring one another. Even in comparatively recent times Newman's statement is found to be a general rather than a universal rule. For nearly every outbreak of religious fervor among Protestants has been an outbreak of religious brotherhood. Witness the new sects born of John Wesley's apostolate; the same result from Alexander Campbell's powerful call to righteousness; the stormy birth of the United Brethren, and that of the Cumberland Presbyterians.

And at this very moment we behold the sacred bonds of Anglican fraternity, usually enjoying the sweetest doctrinal peace of holy torpidity, now strained and even snapping, as a newer form of error rises up and with "bell, hook and candle" he up and with the old. We read excommunicates that the Bishop of Zanibar, Church of England, who in a recent paper that the Bishop of Zanibar started the so-called Kikuyu last year by bringing heresy charges against two central African missionary bishops for administering communion to Methodists, Presbyterians and Baptists at a joint service, has started another quarrel between high church and low. His outburst is against the Bishop of Hereford because of the appointment of Rev. B. H. Streeter, the author of several religious books showing the influence of modern religious thought, to the canonry of Hereford Cathedral. His protest is in these words:

"Therefore do we, Frank Lord Bishop of Zanibar, hereby declare and pronounce that so long as the ground of our complaint remains, there can be, and from this day forward there is, no communion in sacred things between ourselves and the Right Rev. John Lord Bishop of Hereford, nor between ourselves and any priest within his jurisdiction who shall make known his approval of the false doctrines now officially authorized within the diocese of Hereford." We may say in passing that no one dreams that any other Anglican bishop will follow Zanibar's example. We have not the least temptation to dwell upon the humorous side of this episode; for if it is truthful sarcasm to say that the pot should not call the kettle black, it is uncharitable to sneer at a deadly earnest protest and admonition administered by one who believes himself to be a Christian prelate to another who knows himself to be a high guardian of the Church of Christ. But let us also admire the answer of the Bishop of Hereford. He might have retorted on Zanibar that he was a heretic, not three but thirty-nine times dyed, for Zanibar wholly repudiates the Thirty-nine articles, which by act of parliament and decree of Convention are the one only official creed of the English Church. But Hereford does nothing of the kind; he is better disposed, he is more comprehensive and tolerant; he is the more truly Anglican; he is in the more truly Anglican of the two. In meeting this protest the Bishop of Hereford says in an open letter published in the Times and addressed to his accuser:

"For on the bishop to take upon himself to excommunicate another bishop on his sole authority because of an alleged misuse of the patronage in his diocese is a proceeding which it is not easy to justify, and which certainly does not tend to edification. Hasty and ill-considered individual action, such as yours, could hardly be defended under any circumstances, and in this case you would have done well to bear in mind that Canon Streeter has not even been arraigned, much less condemned, before any ecclesiastical court or synod, and that he continues to hold a license to officiate from my brother bishop, the Bishop of Oxford. Thus I may venture to say, as an old man to a younger, that although acting no doubt in all sincerity, you have been led to take too much upon you."

Last autumn the Bishop of Zanibar asked a question in tones which rang round the whole world: What does the Ecclesia Anglicana stand for? When will he and his party learn that she stands—not for Christian creeds nor Christian traditions, however much her best ministry and ever people may reverence them—but for anything else that is felt to be true and holy. What she more essentially stands for is Hereford's prime articles of religion, namely: whatsoever edifies all the brethren; whatsoever is not hasty and ill-considered, but patient and tolerant of all things and persons, till these are arraigned and condemned by (impossible) ecclesiastical courts and synods; whatsoever is not rejected by other bishops in good standing. And he insists that it is to take too much upon one—ever though he be deeply sincere—to refuse to communicate in sacred things with those who are set as a lamp to the feet of all English wayfarers towards heaven, by due appointment of the Church of England as by law established, for any reason at all except this rare case of downright and militant infidelity.

Let us, however, admit that Zanibar has made a good step towards fuller truth. When he condemned his fellow bishops of the English African Missions for publicly communicating in sacred things with heretical Presbyterians and Methodists, we Catholics called his attention to the notorious fact that many Anglican dignitaries, with whom Zanibar constantly communicated, were more grievous heretics than these non-conformists.—The Missionary.

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It is supreme folly to attempt to find happiness by taking the shortcut across the laws of life. There is but one end to all these endeavours. They all end in tragedy. Truth lies in a straight line, following which a man may always stand erect in the full dignity of his manhood. But falsehood ever has a zigzag, underground course, pursuing which he must bend his judgment, twist his conscience, and warp his manhood till he almost ceases to be a man.

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LONDON, SATURDAY, JULY 17, 1915

ARCHBISHOP QUIGLEY

A national figure passed out of the activities of the Catholic Church in America when the Most Rev. James Edward Quigley, Archbishop of Chicago, died in Rochester, N. Y., last Saturday evening. He was only sixty-one years of age, but into very few lives of that relatively short duration has there ever been crowded more work that made for the glory of God and the welfare of mankind.

CHRIST AND THE WAR

If there is one direction more than another in which the present European war has caused the minds of men to travel, it is to Christ. Never was the need of a Saviour greater than to-day. Men's minds have been shaken and sifted as never before. A year ago the world was at peace. Prosperity had been widespread. The keynote of the age was optimism.

THE BIBLE AND THE MASS

At a time when thousands of non-Catholics, weary of doubts, are looking longingly at the Catholic Church as the one possessor of doctrinal certainty, it becomes important to recall what the Bible has to say in regard to the doctrines of Catholicism, among the foremost of which is the Sacrifice of the Mass—the Church's great act of worship. The Council of Trent declares it "of faith" that in the Mass there is offered a true and proper sacrifice. Now let us turn to the Bible:

er virtues. Greece and Rome had exalted physical strength and mental acumen, but had never risen to the conception of Christian charity. Even one of their wisest, Aristotle, could not understand why anyone should declare a love for God. And when there is no love of God, there is no love of one's neighbor. Christ knew that if this world were to be relieved of its darkest tragedies, men would have to become meek, and merciful, and humble.

And Christ was essentially practical. He knew that man, in his fallen state, if he is to become meek and merciful and humble, requires grace from heaven. Only by participation in the divine nature, could man be lifted to supernatural virtues. Only by the body and blood of our Lord Himself could man's transformation be effected. So the Eucharist was instituted, a channel of grace and supernatural life. And love became the law, the hallmark of a Christian.

So in the weary prolongation of the present war, it is to no far God that we Catholics turn for light and comfort, but to God, ever-present with us, really, truly and substantially, though hidden in the Eucharist under the sacramental veil. And as we kneel before His altar, we believe that from that same risen God, who could change even the vilest pagan to a Christian saint, will come, sooner or later, the influence that will ally the passions of war, and will restore peace to the earth.

LOURDES AND ITS CURES

Among the testimonies to the truth of the cures at Lourdes, that of Dr. James J. Walsh, M. D., Ph. D., Sc. D., sometime dean of Fordham University medical school, and professor of physiological psychology at the Cathedral College, New York, will be read with interest. Writing in "The Queen's Work," for July, Dr. Walsh, in speaking of his visit to Lourdes, recalls a striking case which he witnessed of a lupus that had lasted for years healing at Lourdes in the course of twenty-four hours.

THE BIBLE AND THE MASS

Among the prophecies which foretell the sacrifice of the Mass, the most celebrated is that of Malachias (or Malachi) 1, 10-11, in which after predicting the passing away of the old sacrifices, the sacred writer announces a new and more perfect sacrifice. "I have no pleasure in you, saith the Lord of Hosts, and I will not receive a gift of your hand, for from the rising of the sun even to the going down, my name is great among the Gentiles, and in every place there is sacrifice and there is offered to my name a clean offering: for my name is great among the Gentiles, saith the Lord of Hosts."

NOTES AND COMMENTS

The great swarm of locusts which, as related in press despatches a few weeks ago, ravaged the Atlantic coast of Nicaragua and Honduras was a visitation sufficiently rare in our day to merit such description. It recalled one of the primeval scourges of man, and, in the history of the Hebrew race, one associated with God's direct dealings with them as recorded in the Scripture narrative. The description in the book of

Exodus of the Eighth Plague inflicted upon the Egyptians because of the hardening of Pharaoh's heart, and his refusal to let the Israelites depart from their land, might indeed have served to describe the scene in Honduras a month ago. Let anyone who has beside him a daily paper of June 15th, read again the press despatch referred to, and then turn to the Mosala narrative as recorded in the tenth chapter of Exodus. With a little recasting either might, so far as the facts recorded are concerned, be substituted for the other.

"AFTER DOING millions of dollars of damage to cereal and fruit crops of Nicaragua," says the journalist, "great swarms of locusts, so vast as to obscure the sun for hours during their flight from place to place, invaded the Atlantic coast section of Honduras, and are ravaging the great banana plantations near Ceiba and Truxillo."

For several hours the sky was hidden by the millions upon millions of devastating insects. They had the appearance of a great cloud moving rapidly and getting more dense every minute. The tall mountains back of the city were entirely obscured for more than an hour.

After hanging over the city for a long while the locusts began to settle down in the rich banana valleys to the south, where they began their work of eating the plants and otherwise injuring the crops, which, according to another account, they stripped practically bare.

ADEN IS ATTACKED

War has broken out in a new spot. Aden the famous port of call for vessels to and from India by way of the Suez Canal and Red Sea, is threatened by a large hostile force consisting of Turks and Arabs, with 20 guns. Aden is situated in the southwestern corner of Arabia, near the southern extremity of the Red Sea, and is one of the hottest and driest spots inhabited by white men. Were the Turks to capture it all traffic to and from India would have to ground by the Cape, for the mining of the Straits of Bab el Mandeb would be child's play to the possessor of Aden or the coast to the west of the town. There was a sharp action on Monday, when the Aden camel corps and the movable column, consisting of 250 riflemen, held off a Turkish force numbering several thousand men at Lahei, in the Aden hinterland, and retreated safely at night across the desert to Aden.

ON THE BATTLE LINE

July 10.—The surrender of the German African army to Botha, important gains by the Allies on both battle fronts where the French took trenches from the Germans north of Sonchey, while the Russians drove back the Teutons twelve miles in Poland; a successful air raid by the Italians; the sinking of the German warship Roon in the Baltic by a British submarine,—such are some of the features of the week's war news.

KITCHENER ON THE POSITION

The biggest job before Great Britain—that of equipping and clothing and arming her vast new armies—is well in hand. Such was the message Lord Kitchener conveyed to the people of the United Kingdom in his statement yesterday at the Guildhall in London. He had been from the hall, he said, unwilling to ask for a supply of men in excess of the equipment available, holding it to be most undesirable that soldiers be sent

to take their place in the field should be thus checked, and possibly discouraged, or that the completion of their training should be hampered owing to a lack of arms. In calling for more men to make good the wastage of war Lord Kitchener added: "We have now reached the period when it can be said that this drawback has been surmounted, and that the troops in training can be supplied with sufficient arms and material to turn them out efficient soldiers."

THE COMING BRITISH ADVANCE

The first phase of the war, so far as Great Britain is concerned, that of the hurried putting together of an organization for the arming and equipping of three million men, and the assembling of arms, clothing and material, has come to an end with the definite declaration by the Minister of War that his Department is now able to clothe and equip recruits as they come in. The next step will be the moving of Kitchener's army to the continent. That process has already begun, but no one in a position to make a reasonably accurate guess estimates the British Army in France at more than three-quarters of a million men. The British general advance, to which almost a year of strenuous work in factory, arsenal and workshop has been leading up, will not begin till Britain has at least a million and a half of men available for the battle-front. That time approaches. Probably all that remains by way of preparation is the accumulation of a big stock of high-explosive ammunition. And as to that Mr. Lloyd George becomes more chirpy daily. In his utterances and in Lord Kitchener's speeches there is no warrant for the profound gloom of the pessimists.

RUSSIA COMES UP SMILING

Back comes the bear, dancing on his toes, and swinging his mighty forepaws about him with scarcely diminished vigor. The victims, as usual, are the Austrians. It seems that Von Mackensen's army is on the extreme right, or Bug side, of the German advance between the Vistula and the Bug, while the Austrians are on the left. The Archduke Joseph Ferdinand pushed forward north of Krassnik early in the week in the belief that the Russians were in full retreat. The Muscovites, finding that he had got out of touch of the more careful Mackensen on his right, posted a large body of men in a wood near which the Austrians had to pass. The Russians attacked suddenly, and with such success that the Austrians fell back in confusion toward Krassnik, leaving 15,000 prisoners in the hands of the enemy. This check in itself is not likely to cause the abandonment of the advance upon Lublin and Ivangorod, but it will assuredly lead Mackensen to delay matters until he can add some reliable German troops to the Austrian army and a competent German adviser to the Archduke's Staff.

TURKS FAIL IN ATTACK

A despatch from Athens to the London Daily Telegraph states that stubborn fighting continues on the Gallipoli Peninsula, where the Turks have been reinforced, and have made a violent counter-attack upon the Allies without success. A German officer of high rank and 500 Turks were captured on Wednesday. British submarines are still operating in the Sea of Marmora, and one of them by a clever ruse obtained provisions at the port of Kutaleo. The submarine went boldly into the port, and the officers, by speaking German, made the port commander believe that he was provisioning a German submarine. His credulity has cost the people of Kutaleo a lot, for they have been expelled from the town at a penalty for the mistake made when they provided the enemy with food on the port commander's assurance that everything was all right.—Toronto Globe, July 10.

THE POPE AND OUR LADY OF MERCY

In his hour of sore trial and travail the Holy Father, like many of his august predecessors, turns to Mary, "Our Lady of Mercy," as an intercessor for the restoration of peace. He has written recently to the Bishop of Savona and Noli, Right Rev. Mgr. Scotti, a lengthy letter, over the celebrations at Savona in honor of the centenary of the Blessed Virgin and the crowning of her statue at Savona, commemorating the return of his persecuted predecessor, Pope Pius VII., to Rome, in April, 1815, after the overthrow of Bonaparte, his persecutor, on the field of Waterloo. The letter to the Bishop, the Holy Father, speaking of amongst other things of the restoration which intimated him to interest himself in the celebrations, said:

GERMANS ARE REPULSED

Sir John French, reporting on conditions around Ypres, says that since the capture of German trenches north of that city on Tuesday the enemy has made repeated attempts to retake them, but on every occasion the British and French artillery have stopped their advance. Yesterday, after two days of cannonading, the Germans evidently had enough. They fell back along the canal, and thus enabled the British to extend their gains. The enemy's losses in this action, particularly in his counter-attacks, have been severe.

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NEWS FROM THE FRENCH FRONT

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positions. In the Vosges, near Alilly, the Germans claim, and the French concede, the capture of some trenches over a front of 850 yards. The French lost 350 prisoners in the action.

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NEWFOUNDLAND'S NEW ARCHBISHOP

HIS EXCELLENCY MGR. STAGNI CONSECRAES THE MOST REV. E. P. ROCHE, D.D.

(The St. John's Evening Telegram, June 29) To-day, the Feast of the Apostles S. Peter and Paul, will be one long to be remembered in this city as the day on which the Most Rev. Edward Patrick Roche, D. D., was raised to the exalted position of Archbishop of St. John's and Metropolitan of Newfoundland. Never before in the history of the Catholic Church in Newfoundland was such an inspiring ceremony attended by so many representatives of the Church, as assembled to assist at the consecration of the Archbishop-Elect which ceremony was performed by His Excellency Most Rev. Monsignor Stagni, Papal Delegate to Canada and Newfoundland, at the Cathedral of St. John the Baptist this morning.

THE CLERGY

The clergy present at the ceremony numbered about seventy, including the Consecrator, Bishop Elect, visiting Bishops, Bishop of the Archdiocese, visiting Monsignori and priests and the Monsignori and priests of the Archdiocese. The names of the clergy are as follows: His Excellency Most Rev. E. P. Stagni, O. S. M., Apostolic Delegate to Canada and Newfoundland, the Consecrator; Most Rev. Edward P. Roche, Bishop Elect; Right Rev. Bishop Morrison of Antigonish, N. S.; Right Rev. Bishop March of Harbor Grace, the Assistant Bishop at the ceremony; Right Rev. E. O'Leary, Bishop of Charlottetown, P. E. I.; Right Rev. M. F. Power, Bishop of St. George's, who preached the Consecration Sermon; Right Rev. Mgr. Sinnott, Secretary to the Delegate; Right Rev. Mgrs. Raardon, St. John, Murphy, Veitch, McCarthy and Sears; Very Rev. Deans Roche and O'Rourke; Rev. Drs. Morrissey, M. J. Ryan, Montreal (Master of Ceremonies); S. J. Whelan, P. P. North River; W. P. Kitchin, St. Joseph's; E. Jones, Tilton, and Murphy; Rev. Father LeCourdois, Montreal; Kiele, North Sydney; Davine, S. J., Montreal; W. P. Finn, Sr., R. M. Shean, W. P. Finn, Jr., W. Gough, W. O'Flaherty, J. J. McGrath, P. Kelly, A. J. Maher, J. Ashley, J. J. Condy, J. P. Pippy, A. F. Fyde, J. J. Rawlins, S. O'Donnell, J. Conway, P. Sheehan, J. Enright, A. A. G. Galway, D. O'Callaghan, Abraham Brady, W. P. Doherty, L. Voreker, E. J. Wilson, E. J. O'Brien, R. Tierney, P. Doyle, J. Enright, J. J. Walker, M. Dwyer, P. Kerwan, Nolan, P. F. Adams, J. Joy, Sears, P. J. O'Brien, S. Croix, Carroll, M. Sears, C. McCarthy, J. Donnelly, F. Caocla, James Whelan, T. Nangle, J. J. McDermott, Administrator of the Archdiocese.

THE CONGREGATION

The public had been looking forward to the consecration ceremony with an eagerness and expectancy almost without parallel in the annals of our island, hence the immense congregation that assembled inside the noble edifice this morning. Amongst those present occupying prominent seats were His Excellency Governor and Mrs. H. A. Davidson, Miss Davidson, accompanied by Capt. Goodridge, A. D. C., Right Hon. the Premier, Sir E. P. Morris, Hon. R. A. Squires, Minister of Justice, Rev. Dr. Curtis, Supt. of Methodist Schools, Rev. J. S. Sutherland, Pastor of St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church, Hon. J. A. Robinson, M. L. C., Mr. T. J. Foran (Editor Cadet) and a Telegram representative. Other prominent personages present were Hon. M. G. and Mrs. Winter, French Consul Sutor, Mr. N. A. Outerbridge, Mrs. H. Outerbridge, Mr. W. F. Coaker and J. Currie.

THE NEW ARCHBISHOP

The Right Rev. Edward Patrick Roche is the eighth Bishop in line of succession of St. John's, and the second Primate of the Archdiocese. The New Freeman of June 26th, says: "Whether it be true or not that Mgr. Roche is the 'youngest Archbishop in the Catholic hierarchy' as some of our Catholic papers have said, it is quite true that he is comparatively a young man, but Rome always looks rather to merit, prudence and capacity than to the mere accident of advanced years, and even if the new Primate has not great maturity of years, the Holy See believes that he has maturity of judgment and personal character, and that after all is the noblest maturity. The other 'maturity' is arriving every day. But of all Newfoundlanders none could have rejoiced more to have foreseen the event of next Tuesday than the late venerated Archbishop Howley whose adviser and friend Mgr. Roche had been during the last eight years of Archbishop Howley's life, and when that noble-souled prelate and most eminently gifted of Newfoundland's patriotic sons was leaving this world for the Eternal Shores he must have felt consoled by the fidelity, wisdom and affection of his Vicar General, Mgr. Roche.

BISHOP POWER'S SERMON

It seems that yesterday since I stood in this pulpit to perform the task of interpreting your afflicted and sorrowed sentiments in the presence of the mortal ashes of your late Archbishop, that illustrious churchman, that ardent patriot, that noble man of imperishable memory—

Michael Francis Howley. Peace be to his soul.

To-day I have been assigned a more pleasing office and I stand in more glad surroundings; for I behold no longer the signs of bereavement, nor the symbols of mortality; on the contrary I gaze upon the genial indications of festivity and joy. The Widowed Church has cast aside her mourning garments and has adorned herself in festive dress to adequately demonstrate and fittingly celebrate her new nuptials. His to whom she is mystically joined in an eternal wedlock has designated anew prelate. Rejoice, therefore, and be glad, oh venerable See of St. John's and hear the sweet call of the Divine Bridegroom: "Arise, make haste, my love, and come, for the Winter is now past, the rain is over and gone. The flowers have appeared in our land."

We are naturally joyful this morning for the outcome of this joyful, fascinating and picturesque ceremony is the creation of a new prelate, who is now our metropolitan and our Archbishop. Edward Patrick Roche has been elevated to the high honour of the Episcopate, he has entered the ranks of the historic hierarchy, and received the plenary graces of the Christian Priesthood. God has chosen him, the Holy Spirit has overshadowed him and impregnated him, the Apostolic Delegate commissioned him with a document sealed with the storied ring of the Fisherman (the approval of the Vicar of Christ), has anointed him, and we, his faithful children in the Lord, affectionately and respectfully, enthusiastically salute him as our Spiritual superior, our father, our leader and our friend. Oh, who will blame us as such a scene as this if our bosoms heave with rare emotion and our hearts be exalted and overflowing with that Catholic sentiment born of the faith of our celtic fathers, a sentiment that time has left unimpaired and undiminished.

The consecration service is indubitably the most solemn, the most touching, most significant and most majestic of all the alluring pageants of the active liturgy of Holy Church. The coronation of a Pope, the crowning of a king, the benediction of the patriot colors, are glorious affairs, but they are but meagre compared to what we have just witnessed. This is so to portray by outward grandeur the inner sublimity and the tremendous power of the Episcopal Office, the exalted dignity of its occupant.

What then does this wondrous sacramental rite stand for? What does it connote and signify? What in a simple word is bishop?

In order to present a simple answer we shall proceed to deduct it from a brief survey of what Cardinal Manning calls the temporal mission of the Holy Ghost to the World. The eminent and illustrious consecrator addressed the Episcopal candidate with the words "Accipe Spiritum Sanctum"—"Receive the Holy Ghost"—and to those creative words he suited a really marvellous action, the act of laying on of hands. He placed his hands on the head of the Archbishop Elect and by such physical contact added another link to the ever lengthening and temporally unending chain of the Succession of Apostolic Orders. This was similar to and coincident with an act that happened two thousand years ago. He who laid on hands to day had hands laid upon him and so could the action be traced back to those apostolic days of which we read in the sacred text that "the Holy Ghost said to them, separate Me Saul and Barnabas for the work wherunto I have taken them. They then, fasting and praying and imposing their hands upon them, sent them away." Likewise the orders separated Edward Patrick Roche for the work of the Holy Spirit and laid his hands upon him and sent him away to his labors. What a clear indisputable and authoritative Embassy of Christ has been thus established.

It was for the work of the Holy Ghost that the new archbishop had been selected. The Saviour had promised to send His Abiding Spirit to His disciples and when He had returned to His Father after the ransom was solved which completed His earthly mission, He fulfilled that promise and third Person of the august Trinity entered the world and became its light and its guide. St. Paul in his epistle to the Ephesians points out the twofold object of the Father's descent, that is to say for the building up of the body of Christ, the synonym of the church, and the building up the same unto charity. Cardinal Newman put it in other words when he wrote that the first mission of the paraclete was to guard revelation and the first precept charity. To guard revelation in order to preserve intact unchanged the secure, whole deposit of faith once delivered to the saints, charity in order to group divergent men together into diocesan units so that neighboring love should result and fraternal forbearance ensue.

The function of this morning, emphasizes in no way the dual endeavor of the Divine Sanctum, and the new Archbishop, will demonstrate it likewise as he evolves his episcopal programme. The rite has assuredly emphasized that unique and united guardianship of revelation implied in the continuity of orders, which secures the venerable traditions of all the Christian ages. The presence of the Apostolic Delegate is an added illustration, for he is the immediate representative of the Primal See of Christendom whose pontifical jurisdiction has been partially delegated here. It

brings the newly consecrated metropolitan in close touch with the noble race of Roman Pontiffs, the successors of the Prince of the Apostolic College, whose line from St. Peter to Benedict has never been broken. That line whose historic fact is outstanding and whose explanation must be divine. Men of the schools unable to find a human reason for its existence and when they have failed who can find one? Forces immense and subtle, physical and moral have many a time attempted to penetrate and destroy the thin white line of Pontiffs and to pillage the sacred deposit committed to its custody but unavailing. Like the granite ribs that bind securely the natural upheavals that seek to make up the material of the eternal mountains, so does the episcopacy joined with the papacy strongly iron-clad scribble their colossal aggregation of revelation that constitutes Mt. Zion the mystic mountain of the Lord. That the custodian should be efficient Christ prayed that he should feel "I shall pray the Father that thy faith fail thee not." He added with significant force the "Gates of Hell" should not prevail. Strange to say this fact is acknowledged by Swinburne, the poet of Atheism, in a sentence of sublime literary beauty but for his school the despairing cry of overwhelming defeat, "Thou hast conquered, Oh Pale Galilee, the world has grown grey with thy word." With a slight change of a word he might have as truly addressed the Papacy of whose power bishops are participants and say "Thou hast conquered, Oh great magisterium—Oh great teaching office, the world has grown grey with thy breath."

United with the Holy Father, the Supreme Apostolic authority, the new archbishop will build up the Newfoundland portion of the Body of Christ in the unity of faith. He will keep the Church like the milk-white hind of the poem, without spotted, innocent within and he will see that flourish the succor and nutritious herbs of sound doctrine whence there will follow a real growth in holiness. And thus there will be effected through him the preservation and the presentation of what has been revealed through the sacred scriptures and venerable tradition and accordingly the first part of his office shall be consummated.

The other mission permeating the Holy Spirit's influence on the children of men is the sweet mission of the propagation of charity, the celestial labour of love. This service openly suggests it, for in this noble edifice are gathered representatives of the whole island to show their affection for a spiritual father commissioned from on high to bind them together in the bond of peace. The message of love from apostolic days has been insistent and perpetual. It was the mark of the early Christian communities and the concord of their communities differentiated them from all others. "See these Christians how they love one another" was the edified comment of their pagan contemporaries. It was this beneficent charity that the Church utilized in the ages of faith to bring her elements together to weld them into a harmonious people such as she did with the Saxons and Normans in England. When that most awful curse of divided Christendom succeeded, the pacific policy of papal arbitration was practically nullified and with dire results to civilization founded on the principle of Him who commanded, "I say love one another." It was the gentle Leo who with his charming personal life created by Christian asceticism subjugated Atila, the Hun. The modern world is grossly material, the survival of the fittest is its motto, its religion is only a thin veneer. Charity brotherly love, sympathy, justice and right are for it delusion, there is no God it has said and man is descended or if you like ascended from the beast and is only a beast. This is really the cause of the international murder in the fields of Europe to-day. It is not like chivalrous fights of other times, where men fought for honour or for land, this is a war to a finish. It is the struggle of brute forces for the survival of the fittest. To attain its object blood will flow in torrents, incalculable treasure will be lost, and human misery such as the appalling price of known will be the world's never-ending woe. To mention peace and charity now does indeed seem a hollow mockery, but the world will soon be staggered and will cry with an unanimous voice for a peace which God and the practice of religion can supply. Even now among those who are defending our country and our honour with a gallantry that moves us to admiration we hear the call for the unseen world which gives a gallantry in danger; and in the Empire at large there is a feeling of the triviality of common objects, pursuits and desires in comparison with the call of duty and brotherhood.

Already the Holy Father has spoken a word of peace and his word has been respected by Catholics and non-Catholics alike and many look to him as the saving plank in what looks mightily like the shipwreck of Christian civilization. The new Archbishop then will have Christian charity the energizing principle of his episcopate. He will urge his faithful flock to love God, their King, their neighbours and their duty, and to beware of the age whose anarchy is godless, individualistic and self-indulgent. He will be the exemplar himself and shall love all in all conditions.

It may happen that in the course of his labours he will raise up material monuments in stone and marble, but time will crumble those. If he will a monument perennial, let him build up the body of Christ unto charity, it shall never perish, it shall endure. It is in the every day work that nearly all the world's best work is done. The pale mountain peaks lift their glittering heads into the clouds; but it is in the lowly plains that harvests grow and fruits ripen on which millions are fed. So it is not from the few conspicuous deeds of life that the blessings cheerfully come which make the world better, sweeter, happier, but from the countless, lowly ministrations of the everyday, the little acts of kindness and love that fill long years, for the work men do is not their best alone, but the work men do is far the better work and may that be the chart of the Archbishop.

What therefore is a Bishop? A Bishop is one endowed with the plenitude of the priestly orders, with supreme jurisdiction in his diocese to feed the sheep and lambs of his flock within the enclosure demarcated by revelation and overshadowed with the atmosphere of charity. And now I turn for a brief moment to a personal reference. Edward Patrick Roche is one whom we are all proud to have as our Archbishop. You know him well he needs no commendation in this city where he has laboured zealously, acceptably and well for a number of years. For the information of the kind strangers within our gates who have honoured us by their presence, I say that the new Prelate is one who will with God's help be an ideal Archbishop, as he possesses all the qualities of head and heart, to properly fulfill his high, arduous and responsible duties. A high level has been set for him by his predecessors, but I feel that when he, like as they, has paid the debt of nature that it will be found that he shall not be the less illustrious than they in the work for the church and for the welfare of the Colony. Any way we can say of him to day that he is a thorough gentleman. Accept, Archbishop, my congratulations and the fervent wish that you may be spared unto many years. On behalf of the hierarchy I bid you cordial welcome, on behalf of a devoted clergy I promise you loyal operation, on behalf of your people I accord you affection and docility, on behalf of kind and generous Protestants, fellow citizens I present sincere felicitations, on behalf of your fellow countrymen generally I present compliments on the culmination of a brilliant career which if it has honoured you has honoured them. In the name of God I bless you with the sign which shall be your inspiration and incidentally your consolation, of the Son and Holy Ghost. Amen.

SIDE LIGHTS ON THE GREAT WAR

A LIVING FLAG

In the Echo de Paris a striking little incident, indicative of Belgian loyalty to their King, which occurred in Antwerp on the day of King Albert's birthday, is described by M. Gerald Bauer: On the day in question the newspapers did not appear, and the schools despite action taken by the authorities, remained closed. The Germans thought that would be the limit of the manifestation, and as such they thought it out of place. But in the middle of one of the most crowded boulevards where the people were thickest, three little girls appeared, the first dressed in black, the second in yellow, and the third in red. They walked along in silence side by side like a living flag. The Belgians watched them pass with mingled emotion and pride, a grand act of defiance. Before that moving emblem the masters of to day felt uneasy. They had had machine guns placed before the station, with savage artillerymen in command. But the three little girls marched before them, and they not they who trembled.

IMAGINARY DUM DUM BULLETS

A medical correspondent writing to the Manchester Guardian says: At a meeting in Lille, reported in the leading Bavarian medical journal Munchener Medizinische Wochenschrift, a surgeon stated that he had observed thousands of wounds inflicted by British projectiles. He had also experimented with British ammunition, and had come to the conclusion that the penetrative capacity of the British and German bullets was identical. He was convinced that the British bullet was not of the dum dum pattern, and he pointed out that it was practically impossible for the British soldier to "doctor" this bullet without mutilating the cartridge and making it jam in the breach. Even if such a bullet could be discharged from the rifle, its trajectory and penetrative effect would be much impaired. He concluded by admitting that "the dum dum bullets of the English are chiefly a product of the imagination."

THE QUEEN OF THE BELGIANS AND THE WOUNDED

Sir Cecil Hertelot, who was at Antwerp as Consul General for Belgium, in a vivid story of the "terrible passing" of that city, tells a touching incident connected with Belgium's young Queen. The Institute was converted into a hospital for wounded Belgians, to whom the Queen paid a visit, talking with every soldier in the building. As she was coming downstairs on her way out the men on the ground floor leaned forward to get a last glimpse of her, and Sir Cecil Hertelot, who noticed it, asked the Queen to look inward once more. She went back, and without uttering a word she opened out her arms in an attitude of womanly sympathy. The men, wounded and in pain, raised themselves, waved their handkerchiefs, and shouted "Vive la Reine!"

A WHITE BATTALION

With the hearty approval of Mgr. Quillet, Bishop of Limoges, a schoolmistress has founded a little confraternity called the White Battalion, a Eucharistic association of school children who, by application to study prayer, and frequent Communion, will still strive to obtain from God victory for the arms of the Allies and the conversion of France. A special prayer has been composed for their use, and their badge is a medal hung on a red ribbon.

A VALIANT WOMAN

A letter from a Frenchwoman to her husband at the front shows with what spirit she and numberless others are doing their work at home and accepting the sad necessities forced on them by the war. "Here I am, wanting to be with you, for as you know I belong so little to myself. There is so much to do in the way of helping others, so much absorption in work that one ought to be everywhere at once." She then describes the calls of neighbours upon her for help with their sick, how the fields have been got ready for sowing, and how good is the promise for the harvest. She has made twenty kilos of butter during the last week. Then she ends as follows: "You see, then, how your heart these material cares are only secondary. I am strong in the thought of your courage. I do not wish to be behind you in anything, and as the days go by I feel that a little more energy ought to help me to do more. The good God will not forsake us, so we cannot but love Him in this dreadful trial. He is the master of our destinies and of our hearts. We must always bow to the decrees of His will and bless Him always. Your wife, darling, is at her post. I have not, like you, to defend a flag, but I have, like you, to do my duty."

A SOLDIER'S KNAPSACK LIBRARY

The Abbe Legat, who is acting as a hospital orderly, has written an interesting account of what he has learned from the wounded in regard to the way in which they while away the time in the trenches. Many of them had books of piety with them: The most interesting (continues the Abbe) was certainly a young volunteer from Lyons, a former scholar of Oullins, who had three books in his knapsack; Caesar's Commentaries de Bello Gallico, a volume of selections from de Musset, and St. Francis of Sales' Devout Life. "Thanks to that," he declared, "I have had some delicious hours in the trenches." This young soldier, who is scarcely twenty, has been decorated with the military medal for a splendid feat of arms.

COMMUNION FROM A MOTHER SUPERIOR

The Havre correspondent of the Croix tells a tragic story of an incident which happened in the early days of the war in Belgium. A Prussian battalion was approaching a little village, and the people, terror-stricken lest the atrocities they had heard of might befall them, fled to the woods. The last to leave was a little band of women and nuns and the Mother Superior was surrounded by her community, for she carried under her mantle the ciborium from the chapel. "The sound of firing drew us nearer and nearer, and all gave themselves up for lost. Thinking that their last hour had come, they knelt down in a circle under the dark trees in prayer. The Mother Superior said the prayers for Communion, and then, bending down before each, she gave them Communion, even the little children who had never before received. The Blessed Sacrament was saved from profanation, and the trembling people strengthened for whatever might befall. So they waited, but gradually the sound of the firing ceased, and when the day broke they were able to make their way across the Dutch frontier.

A POET'S THANKS

M. A. Gex, the French pastoral poet who as a sergeant in his regiment has been wounded and tended by English doctors and nurses in hospital, has written his thanks in verse, which has been printed by the Manchester Guardian. We give the last stanza, with a translation provided by that journal: Puis tout plein de reconnaissance, Il lance un bon doux baiser Vers le pays que l'Alliance Nous fit plus connaître et aimer, "Salut, bien heureux Angleterre, Toi qui possèdes un si grand cœur, Plus que jamais la France est fière De t'appeler sa Grande Sœur" Et le petit blessé de France— Guéri! t'envoie son bon baiser. Then with a grateful wave of his hand He tosses a kiss to the neighbor land; That an Ally's bond and a common foe Have taught us French to love and know, "Hail, England, happy and unbowed, Thou of the great and steadfast heart! Our France is more than ever proud To have thee play a sisters part." And he wounded soldier sends thee this— A cured man's greeting and grateful kiss!

THOUGHTS ABOUT HEREDITY

The second of a series of three articles by Bertram C. A. Wandle, M. D., Sc. D., LL. D., in America.

In the last article we saw that inheritance was a fact recognized by everybody and that the only reason why we refuse to wonder at it is because like other wonderful yet everyday facts, such as the growth of a great tree from a tiny seed, it is so everyday that we have ceased to wonder at it. It is there: we know that. But have we any kind of idea how it comes about? The duck does not, as a matter of common experience, come out of a hen's egg. Why does it come out of a duck's egg? Why doesn't it come out, if only rarely, from a hen's egg? In other words do we know what it is that explains inheritance or how it is that there is such a thing as inheritance? Well candor obliges me to say that we do not. In spite of all the work which has been expended upon this question we are totally ignorant of the mechanism of heredity. Nevertheless it will be instructive to glance at the theories which have been put forward to explain this matter. All living things spring from a small germ, and in the vast majority of cases this germ is the product in part of the male and in part of the female parent. It is, therefore, natural that we should in the first place turn our attention to this germ and ask ourselves whether there is anything in its construction which will give us the key of the mystery. There is not, at least there is nothing definite as shown by our most powerful microscopes. To be sure there is a remarkable substance, called chromatin because of its capacity for taking up certain dyes, which evidently plays some profoundly important part in the processes of development. We may suspect that this is the thing which carries the physical characteristics from one generation to another, but we can not prove it and though some authorities think that it is, others deny the fact. Even if it is it can hardly be supposed that microscopic research will ever be able to establish the fact and that for reasons which must now be explained. Let us suppose that we visit a vast botanic garden and in the seed time of each of the plants therein contained, select from each plant a single ripe seed. It is clear that, if we take home that collection of seeds, we shall have in them a miniature picture of the garden from which they were culled, or at least we shall be in possession of the potentiality of such a garden, for if we sow these seeds and have the good fortune to see them all develop, take root and grow, we shall actually possess a replica of the garden from which they came. Not exactly, it may be urged, for the distribution or arrangement of the seeds must have been carefully looked to, if the gardens are to resemble each other, otherwise than in the mere possession of identical plants. I admit the truth of this but can not here discuss it since it would take me too far from the main argument. At any rate we should have the same things in both gardens. On this analogy, many have suggested that every organ in the body must go further and say every marked feature in every organ in the body, is represented in the germ by a seed which can grow, under favorable circumstances, into just such another organ or feature of an organ. This was the theory put forward by Darwin under the name of "pangenesis" and by others under other titles with which it is unnecessary to burden these pages. All these theories have been summed together under the name "panmixtic" that is small fragments, since they all postulate the existence in the germ of innumerable small fragments—seeds—which are capable of growing into complete plants or organs under favorable circumstances. Again this, even if true, does not by any means exhaust the matter, for it does not explain why the seed of the eye implants itself and grows in the right place in the head instead of making a home for itself, let us say, in the sole of the foot. But again we must pass over that matter. There is nothing inherently impossible in this theory, indeed, if we allow that the transmission of inheritable characteristics is purely material, and it may be, there is hardly any other conceivable way in which it can occur. It is true that the seeds must be almost innumerable, but the germ, though small, is capable of accommodating an almost innumerable number of independent factors, if the prevalent views as to the constitution of matter are to be believed. And, as it is quite incon-

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ceivable that we can ever have microscopes which could detect such minute objects as the ultimate bricks of which the atom, not to speak of the atoms themselves, which compose the germ, consist, it is impossible that we should be able to say that the seed-theory is untrue. Even if we could see these ultimate constituents it is in the last degree unlikely that they would have any resemblance to the things which are, on the theory, to grow from them, any more than the acorn resembles the oak which is to spring from it. But observe! the germ on this view must contain not only seeds from the immediate parents but from many, perhaps, all, of the older generations of the family, otherwise how are we to account for the appearance of ancestral peculiarities which the father and mother do not show? Moreover, since very minute things, like the inner angle of the eyebrow may independently vary, there must be an enormous number of seeds set apart altogether from the considerations alluded to in the last paragraph. And many authorities who have closely considered the question have come to the conclusion that the complexities introduced would be so great that it is impossible to believe in any micromeristic theory. Then, of course, we must look out for some other explanation and some have suggested that it is to be found in memory, the memory of the germ of what it was, once part of and the anticipation of what it may once more be. This again is an explanation not susceptible of proof along the lines of a chemical experiment but not necessarily, therefore, untrue. Of course there are two ideas as to memory. If we are pure materialists and imagine every memory in our possession as something stamped, in some wholly incomprehensible manner, on some part of our brain and looked at there, by some wholly inconceivable agency, when we sit down to think of past days, then we must look on the germ, under the "enemic" or memory theory as consisting of fragments each of them impressed with the "memory" of some particular organ or feature of the body and 'Lo! we find ourselves back again in micromerism. If we are to take a non-materialistic view of memory we are plunged into a metaphysical discussion which can not here be pursued. A third explanation, which by the way explains nothing is that the whole matter is one of "arrangement." This is the view put forward in the last Presidential Address to the British Association and something more must be said about it in the last of these papers.

FATHER FRASER'S CHINESE MISSION

Taichowai, March 22, 1915.

Dear Readers of CATHOLIC RECORD: Yesterday (Passion Sunday) I laid the corner-stone of the church in Taichowai. The former church was too small for the crowds who are being converted in the city and neighboring towns. Even with the new addition of forty-eight feet and a gallery it will be too small on the big Feasts. May God be praised Who deigns to open mouths to His praises in the Far East to replace those still in death in Europe. And may He shower down His choicest blessings on my benefactors of the CATHOLIC RECORD, who are enabling me to hire catechists, open up new places to the Faith, and to build and enlarge churches and schools. Rest assured, dear Readers, that every cent that comes my way will be immediately put into circulation for the Glory of God. Yours gratefully in Jesus and Mary, J. M. FRASER.

PREVIOUSLY ACKNOWLEDGED

Table listing names and amounts: Miss Anna Flynn, Halifax \$5.00; Subscriber, St. John's 2.00; Jas. Fleming, Hamilton 1.00; M. E. P., Amherst, N. S. 1.00; Miss M. A. Feeney, Pt. 1.00; Robinson 1.00; E. M. Goodrich, Detroit 2.00; A Reader 50.

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FIVE MINUTE SERMON

BY REV. F. PEPPER  
EIGHTH SUNDAY AFTER  
PENTECOST

The children of this world are wise in their generation than the children of light. (Luke xvi, 8)

However great the wisdom of this world may be, it proves eventually to be mere foolishness. It is seen to be folly when the worldly-wise man comes to die, and all the possessions that he has accumulated avail him nothing, and when he looks in vain for friends to secure him admission to heaven. The worldly-wise man employs all possible means, even such as are sinful, to acquire earthly wealth, and his folly is manifest, for he barter the grace of God, his greatest treasure, for what is trivial; he gives up what is eternal to gain what is temporal, and sacrifices eternally for a momentary gain. He is seen to be folly to have recourse to clever devices to deceive mankind, since God, on whose judgment everything depends, can never be deceived. He alone is truly wise who never forgets that God sees all our actions and knows our secret intentions, and who lives in conformity with this knowledge.

God's eye is more searching than the light of the sun; it sees all the ways of men, penetrates to the depths of their hearts, and beholds all, good and bad, wherever they may be. God is present everywhere, providing for all His creatures; He observes all our steps, watches over us day and night, and witnesses all our actions, as if forgetting heaven and earth. He was caring only for each individual amongst us. He regards each individual as if he alone existed. He sees all collectively as if they were but one. He is with us wherever we go, so that He is always the source of our life, and for this reason, because He is constantly mindful of us, we ought likewise to be mindful of Him. Greatly requires this of us; if the infinitely great God cares for us continually, ought we not to think of Him? He is always looking at us, and we surely ought not to forget Him. It is therefore an excellent thing to accustom ourselves frequently during the day to turn our thoughts to God, and to remember His presence. There is no better way of advancing in virtue. Our good resolutions, made when we pray, avail nothing, if, having finished our prayer, we at once lose sight of God and of the resolutions just formed. We are usually carried away by our passions, unless we are restrained by the thought of God's presence.

His benefits that we enjoy day after day leave us cold and indifferent, and instead of lifting us up, plunge us deeper in the mire of sensuality, unless we think of the Giver. The obstacles in our way, when we try to do right, seem insurmountable, unless we remember Him, by whose aid even what is hardest becomes possible.

God's eye is ever upon us, and the eyes of our mind ought always to be turned towards Him, for then only shall we rightly perceive what we ought to do, and how we ought to do it. We require to know how to act at every moment of our existence. Many have a general idea of what God's will is, but they often fail to notice an opportunity for performing some good action. For instance, they overlook the moment for practicing humility, self denial or obedience, in spite of having resolved to practice these virtues. Thus they waste opportunities through not recognizing them as such, and are quite self-satisfied, although they ought rather to be dissatisfied with themselves for not having benefited by their opportunity of doing right.

If we look up often to God, our souls will be strengthened and enabled to see these opportunities when they occur. God is ever present with us, and willing to bestow them, if only we are ready to make use of them. Therefore during the course of each day let us often lift up our hearts to Him with a fervent prayer for light to see when we have it in our power to do a good action; let us ask Him to help us not to make the mistake of supposing that God is actually by His extraordinary works, but to recognize the truth that the smallest incidents in life supply us with opportunities of showing our love of God.

The thought of God's presence encourages us not only to recognize and use our opportunities of doing good, but also to have the right intention of pleasing God in all that we do, for this is more important than the work itself. Works done without this good intention are like dead seeds that can never produce blossoms and fruit for eternity. Let us always strive to have this intention, because this is what God looks at most.

St. Augustine composed the following beautiful prayer: "Thou seest, O Lord, whence proceeds the spirit that prompts my actions, for Thou weighest the spirits, and Thou, the true Judge, who surveyest my inward thoughts, knowest whether the root of my actions, from which fair leaves appear to grow, be really sweet or bitter; Thou canst penetrate to the very sap of this root; Thou perceivest, in the bright light of truth, not only our intentions, but the most secret depth underlying them, so that Thou art able to requite to each, not merely according to his actions, but also according to his intentions; not only according to his intentions, but also according to the secret depths underlying his disposition. Thou seest what is the real aim of my efforts when I do any work; Thou knowest what hidden thoughts are in

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my mind and in what I take delight; Thine ear heareth all things, and Thou listenest, recording them, both good and bad, in Thy book, in order that Thou mayest assign rewards to what is good, and punishment to what is evil, when at the last day Thou openest Thy book, and men are judged according to what is written in that record of omniscience and justice."

If we consider these words of the great Doctor of the Church, we must inevitably feel overwhelmed with shame, for we must acknowledge that our actions may often have appeared as fair leaves, but their root has been bitter, for our intention was not pleasing to God or praiseworthy. At the same time we ought to fear that perhaps in many cases when we believe ourselves to be acting in conformity with the will of God, our actions may not have been pleasing to Him, because we had not the right intention. This fear ought to make us careful about our intentions, but it should not degenerate into scrupulosity, for this would in its turn be a source of many temptations and sins.

Let us examine ourselves to see whether our intentions are good, and if we find them to be more or less faulty, let us try to abandon them at once, doing our best in this respect, but not depending, if from time to time, owing to our natural weakness, our intentions are not so pure as they should be. The God of all seeing justice, who always and everywhere surveys our inmost thoughts, is also the God of infinite love, knowing our frailty, and ready, in His infinite mercy, to make good our failures, if only we, poor weak mortals that we are, do our best to do what is right. Our fear of God should therefore give place to a childlike, trusting love, and we may look up to Him as His loving children, whilst He looks down on us with a father's tenderness. Our weakness may make us stumble, but love lifts us up again after each fall; weakness may lag behind, but love presses forward. May our love of God help us to acquire ever greater perfection in His holy sight. Amen.

TEMPERANCE

ABSTAINERS ARE GOOD RISKS

The strongest argument against the use of alcoholic liquors is found in the attitude of the business world toward the evil. We have so often pointed to the attitude of employers of labor toward drink as it relates to their men to prove the point, that it seems wholly gratuitous to offer this additional proof. And yet it presents itself with such increasing insistence it is difficult to ignore its force. The latest of these irrefutable arguments is afforded by a movement among a certain health and accident insurance company that is to issue a special policy at a cheaper rate for total abstainers.

Some life insurance companies have for years recognized such policies, finding it possible to issue them at profit. This is the first application of the prohibition clause to health and accident. The claim is made, however, that it is more reasonably operative in the latter form than the former. It not only stands to reason, but has been proven by end less experience, that a man under even the slightest influence of liquor is not alert to danger or is unable to guard himself in case of its proximity. The total abstainer's policy in health and accident companies is

Old Dutch Cleanser For Crockery as Old Dutch the Hygienic Cleanser

likely also to prove more popular than in life insurance, because the policies run for one year only, while taking an abstainer's policy for life insurance almost amounts to taking the pledge for life.

Insurance companies are not in the business from altruistic motives, however beneficent their business has proven to be. If a company can shave down the expense of a policy by the mere fact of it, will it be purely a matter of business. The fact is becoming more clear every succeeding year that the effect of alcoholism on the human body is deleterious; that the drinker is a bad risk and that he should be penalized for insisting upon his cup. This conclusion, now generally acknowledged by life insurance companies, is based upon a long period of most careful estimates, and is as accurate as known facts can establish. It therefore is of the highest importance as proof of the fact that the man who voluntarily drinks thus places himself under a handicap such as no one in this day of strenuous competition requiring the keenest exercise of every faculty can with reason ignore. —Sacred Heart Review.

COME

Since the outbreak of hostilities in Europe, the Czar has forbidden the sale of vodka in Russia. This is gratifying news, for the curse of vodka was only one degree removed from that of opium. Vodka might aptly be called the national intoxicant of Russia—and it has worked havoc among the subjects of the Czar for many years. The liquor is made of grain and potatoes; it is a cheap preparation, deadly in its results, but eagerly sought after, especially by the poorer classes who endeavored to drown their misery in its stupefying draughts.

The sale of spirits in Russia has been conducted as a monopoly by the government, which has regulated the manufacture and sale of liquor, for its own profit. Nearly one third of the revenue of the country has been raised from this source. At the beginning of the war the Czar issued an order prohibiting the sale of vodka. It was generally thought that this was but a temporary proceeding, calculated to keep the people in better condition during the war. But a trial of the plan has proven of such great benefit to the citizens, their condition, physically and industrially, has even so immeasurably improved by the prohibition, that it has been decided to make the order permanent, and bar the manufacture and sale of vodka by the government altogether.

The financial loss to the Russian exchequer will be heavy, but the victims of drink will be so improved in health and general conditions, that the loss will be more than recompensed by the greater thrift and industry of the people. —Catholic Advance.

BIGOTRY REPUDIATED BY NON-CATHOLICS

Recently the town of Farmington, about twenty miles from St. Paul, was visited by one F. B. Jordan of Minneapolis, editor of a sheet that apes the Mence and a self-constituted herald of free speech, so-called, who was billed to give a series of eight lectures against Catholicism. He met with a very chilly reception from the citizens of that thriving town. On the opening night the audience consisted of about twenty persons and the number did not increase at the subsequent lectures. His advertised lecture "for women only," brought out one lone woman who, after waiting about forty minutes, left after receiving her money, whilst ten men went to hear his tirade against the Knights of Columbus which so discouraged him that he likewise refused their money. He found it impossible to secure a hall for these lectures and the proprietors of a lumber yard refused to rent him lumber for seating accommodations in the tent which he brought with him.

Jordan no longer claims to have studied for the priesthood. In fact, he declares that he never was even a Catholic. If he persists in telling the truth about himself, he draws the Knights of Columbus into the Catholic bigotry to whom reach the vanishing point and then he will be discarded for some one who is not afraid to bolster up a losing cause with calumnies and lies manufactured out of whole cloth for the delectation of the dupes who pay their money to hear crafty demagogues denounce the alleged iniquities of Rome.

The bigots will find it convenient hereafter to give Farmington a wide berth. Its citizens are not easily taken in by the class of itinerant peddlers of anti-Catholic lies to which Jordan belongs. The non-Catholics have determined that they will discourage in every possible way any attempt that may be made to foment sectarian strife. The spirit of the community is shown by the action of the Methodist minister who did all in his power recently to remove whatever false impressions may have been made by Jordan's utterances. The non-Catholic business men of the town issued the following "Protest and Petition" which shows their attitude towards this campaign of bigotry:

"We, the undersigned citizens of Farmington, Minnesota, believing it to be to the best interest of our community to discourage the raising of religious controversies, especially by strangers who have no interests here, and who further their cause for

CARDINAL BOURNE ANSWERS CRITICS OF THE POPE

Cardinal Bourne, presiding at the Westminster Cathedral recently, condemned as unbecomingly officious on what is alleged to be the silence of Pope Benedict on the war.

Cardinal Bourne cited the November encyclical and the address to the College of Cardinals in January, showing that the head of the Church has not been silent. Moreover, the Cardinal declared, the Pope is excluded from the deliberations of the nations at The Hague by politicians and is thus deprived of free action in the matter. He added that anything in the nature of a judicial process in the present case is entirely out of the question.

"The Pope," the Cardinal added, "as shepherd and teacher of the whole flock has to consider every nation alike. He does not doubt that terrible things are done, especially in Belgium, and similar things of hardly less gravity have been done against Russia. If the Pope had to speak publicly in condemnation of all these questions they must come before him and then he is certain not to fall in duty, in justice and impartiality." —True Voice.

MAY LEARN MUCH FROM CATHOLICS

SAYS PROTESTANT MINISTER IN CONVINCING SERMON

The Rev. Walter M. Walker, D. D., pastor of the Immanuel Baptist Church of Scranton, Pa., recently preached on "What the Protestants May Learn from the Catholics," outlining three important features of the Catholic Church that members of the Protestant churches may "imitate and admire."

"From our Catholic friends we may learn to appreciate the value of the outward forms of religious worship. While many of our Protestants were still asleep, hundreds of men and women this morning were on their way to offer up their prayers in the house of God. The heart must be right to secure the Divine favor, but the outward forms of worship possess an importance far beyond what we often give to them. Neglect them, and you will find the springs which feed your spiritual life drying up completely."

"A second lesson which we may learn is that of reverence. The Catholic Church instills in the hearts and minds of its followers a spirit of reverence of sacred things and sacred places."

"Miller's 'Angelus' has won the admiration of multitudes by its portrayal of the spirit of reverence in two peasants toiling in the field. They have been busily engaged in hard, laborious toil, but as the clear light of day fades into the glow of evening they hear the bell in the distant tower calling to prayer, and as it rings out its message they cease their work and stand there in the field in an attitude of reverent worship. Say what you will, it is worth not a little to have that spirit so inwrought into the very fibre of the soul that even about the commonest of things the spirit of reverence reveals its presence. In discarding forms and liturgies so largely, I sometimes fear that we do not attach to this matter of reverence the importance that we ought."

"A third lesson which we may learn is that of loyalty. They attach their followers to their Church and to their faith by ties that are almost indestructible. In order to succeed in our work we must imitate their example. A Church that influences the life of a community must have not an uncertain, wavering attachment from its members, but a loyalty which will not falter even when subjected to the severest tests." —Buffalo Echo.

A TRIBUTE

In a pamphlet entitled "Roman Catholicism and American Citizenship," Amasa Thornton, a Congregationalist, gives some views on the public and Catholic schools that may be of interest to the Guardians of Liberty. In the course of a plea for a better feeling among Americans of all denominations he says:

"We send our little girl to a Catholic Parochial school and she talks to her mother and myself about what happens in the schoolroom. If there was anything like teaching disloyalty to our country's institutions and spirit, I would be certain to hear of it. She is taught that there is but one flag, that it is her duty to love the Stars and Stripes and all they stand for. She goes to a Congregational Sabbath School on Sunday and is distinctly Protestant. I send her to the Parochial school because I feel that the moral atmosphere there is safer and better to be in than the atmosphere of the public schools. I am as loyal to the American Public school of my boyhood as any man of the United States. I have a board off the old red schoolhouse in which fifty-seven years ago I began to learn my A, B, C's, in my office, and I look at it with affection many times a day, but the Public school of to day lacks the spirit that hung around and pervaded the old red schoolhouse and is no longer so anchored in the great underlying fundamentals necessary to a correct development of the child, as it was once. Catholics should not be considered un-American because they wish their children to be trained in religion and morals when they are being educated. For the sake of my country I wish the moral and religious training applied by the Catholics in the Parochial schools would be largely applied in the Public schools."

Mr. Thornton will never be President of the United States nor get a seat in the Cabinet for that matter. —America.

THE VENERATION OF IMAGES

"It was one of the great Popes who said that pictures were a text-book for those who could not read. Even in these days of abundance both of reading and ability to read the saying is true. Pictures are a text-book for those too, who can read, but who willingly accept a picture that saves them the trouble and imparts what no reading gains. The painting of Scriptural scenes on the walls of churches had a quite prosaic purpose. It gave information of the contents of the Bible. Incident-

ally, it produced and perpetuated great works of art. The images and symbolism of the Roman Church were ruthlessly destroyed because the Puritan thought them degrading superstition and idolatry. They are now seen at a higher value, and appreciated as good pedagogy and a valid channel of true religion. It sometimes the art is crude and the ornament tawdry, the psychology of the matter holds. Will the time come when worship in churches of every name will appropriate every fine aid to imagination and employ pictorial expression to suggest interest in the Bible classics and contain memorials of the saints of each generation worthy of emulation by the next?" —Christian Register.

How to Get Rid of Dandruff

This Home Made Mixture Removes Dandruff and Stops the Hair from Falling Out

The following simple recipe which can be mixed at home, or put up by any druggist will quickly remove dandruff and stop the hair from falling out. To a half pint of water add 1 oz. of bay rum, 1 small box of Orlex Compound, and 1 oz. of glycerine. These are all simple ingredients that you can buy from any druggist at very little cost and mix them yourself. Apply to the scalp once a day for two weeks, then once every other week until the mixture is used. A half pint should be enough to rid the hair of dandruff, and kill the dandruff germs. It stops the hair from falling out, and relieves itching and scalp disease. Although it is not a dye, it acts upon the hair roots and will darken streaked, faded, gray hair in ten or fifteen days. It promotes the growth of the hair and makes harsh hair soft and glossy.

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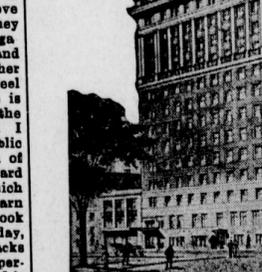


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THE CATHOLIC SCHOOL FOR THE CATHOLIC YOUTH

ARCHBISHOP IRELAND SAYS RELIGION MUST BE TAUGHT IN THE SCHOOL-ROOM

Speaking at the educational convention at St. Paul, Minnesota, Archbishop Ireland said in part: The influence of the school upon future manhood and womanhood cannot be over-duly emphasized. It is the nursery where mind and heart are put into enduring form. This is the rule, which exceptions only confirm. The lessons of the school, direct or indirect, are those that in coming time will dominate the intellect; impressions set there upon the soul sink into its deepest fibre; they will not depart with the passing of the years. Five days out of the seven the school holds sway; they are the days of serious labor, of serious reflection. Outside those days, play and rest are urgent in their claim. To be effective, the master's word is law; the master's nod, the compass of orientation. As he speaks, as he breathes, so speaks and breathes the pupil. The silent atmosphere of the school in itself is a strong formative element; it is to the mind and the heart, as the air of the skies to the material body. That the lessons, the influences of the class room are paramount in importance, is the open proclamation of leaders in plans and systems of pedagogues. What does not enter, one way or another, into the curriculum of the class-room, they ceaselessly repeat, will be no part, or only a minimized part, of the subsequent career of the pupil. It has become a truism, that the class-room is the training-field of manhood and womanhood. As the pupils in the class room, so later the man and the woman. This being the undeniable fact, I put the question—Is the secularized school-room the place for the Catholic child? Can the Catholic Church, with loyalty to her principles and to the requirements of her faith, countenance the secularized school?

THE SECULARIZED SCHOOL, BY ITS EXCLUSION, A VIOLENCE TO SCULPTURAL KNOWLEDGE ITSELF I take the secularized school under its most favorable professions, such as its fair minded advocates would have it—absolute neutrality with regard to religion, to each and every form of religion, to each and every church or religious association. I might argue in the interests of the human mind and on its behalf protest against the secularized school. Secular knowledge itself forbids the sort-coming of the secularized school. Science is led to roam through the universe, investigate its happenings, discover its processes and laws. But to the surging interrogations—whence and whither—science is interposed. The cause of the universe, the guidance of its movements, the purpose of its cravings and aspirations must not be mentioned. To speak of the ever-living God, as Creator and Ruler, were rank sectarianism, offensive to the atheist and agnostic. Nor, on the other hand, is the limitless potency of self-existing matter to be mentioned: atheist and Christian would raise the cry of alarm. The annals of history are unfolded to the wondering eye. A marvellous kaleidoscope drama it is of man and of ideas. But what is history, what are the forces that fashioned it into shape, inspired and determined its developments? The providence of the omniscient God must not be invoked, neither the blind evolution of matter. Either assertion suggests sectarianism, violates religious neutrality. Heroes, whose names spell magic influences, whose hands wrought mighty deeds, pass in review, their motives, their sources of strength, the result of their labors challenge dispute and examination. One, however, there is, the mightiest in word and work, who escapes inquiry—Jesus of Nazareth, Who He is—no one must ask, no one must answer. It were sectarianism whether the reply were affirmation or negation. The literatures of the world open their pages to nurture the mind and inflame the heart. But the book of life in history, which more than all others, has dominated the civilized world, shall not be read, or even seen. It is a book of religion around which controversies rage; silence in its regard is the price of peace. What else is the secularized school but the woeful mutilation of the field of secular knowledge, within the most vitalizing scope of its own reachings?

But my present contention is with Catholics: The Catholic school for the Catholic child.

THE EXCLUSIONS OF THE SECULARIZED SCHOOLS FATAL TO RELIGION Glacial and soul-chilling this secularized school, from which God, His Christ, His Church are bidden away. How could the Catholic parent dare thrust into the vast void his tender-minded, tender hearted child? To have the supernatural world forgotten, designedly and professedly, is a sacrilege, a violence to God, a violence to the soul of the child. God is the Creator, Alpha and Omega of all things; Christ is the Saviour, through whose name there is salvation to men and to nations; religion, the ascension of the soul to God and to Christ, is the all in all in the life of the human soul. Yet during school hours, the time of serious thought, God, Christ, religion, are not spoken of, the entire span of the hours being devoted solely to the

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earth and to the things of earth. The compelling effect upon the pupil is the impression that amid the activities of men earth and the things of earth prevail, that Heaven and the things of Heaven, if at all worthy of notice, must confine themselves to oddments, the nooks and corners of human life. The negation of religion in the school room is fatal to religion, to the sense of its importance, to the vigor of the influences that should radiate from it across the whole sphere of man's thinking and acting. Memories of youth endure: to the adult whose formative days were spent in a secularized school-room, memories those are of a humanity without God, without Christ. The secularized school is the expulsion of God and of Christ from the mind and the heart of the child, with the resulting expulsion of Him from the mind and the heart of the adult.

But we must go farther and accept facts as they really are. There is no neutrality in the secularized school. Text-books abound in misrepresentations and calumnies with regard to the Church: teachers, non-Catholics, non-Christians, do not refrain from giving expression to their views. Those views, when not openly spoken, exude from the very atmosphere these teachers create, consciously or unconsciously. To the pupil the teacher sits in the chair of knowledge: he is listened to with respect and obedience; his opinions and judgments, whether he will it or not, he cannot conceal. For the child, untutored and tender-minded, the neutral school does not exist: it is Catholic or Protestant, Christian or Hebrew, Theist or Agnostic or badly materialistic.

RELIGION MUST BE TAUGHT IN THE SCHOOL-ROOM Not taught in the school-room, where will religion be taught? Let us remember that the Catholic faith is a science in itself—lengthy and complex in its proposition, precise and dogmatic in its demands. It is not learnt in brief moments, with easy expenditures of attention. It is no general mental assent to which the slight prompting of the will may give birth: it is no vague aspiration, to which a passing word or example lends a power of uplift. The Catholic faith is a well coordinated and explicit system of divinely received truths: it is the firm grasp of those truths by mind and heart: it is the plenary yielding of the energies of the mind and the consequences of those truths. An attempt to teach Catholic faith, short of long time and thorough drilling, is a profitless beating of the air. The place to teach religion is the school-room, where time and circumstances permit and authorize thought and work, where each theme and study takes its proper rank, religion first and foremost, permeating and inspiring all else, while other themes still are loyally treated to their due share of attention and respect.

CARDINAL GIBBONS ON WOMAN SUFFRAGE

PRELATE DECLARES THAT HE HAS NOT CHANGED HIS FORMER ATTITUDE By means of an open letter which he has addressed to James R. Nugent, former city counsel of Newark, N. J., and a well known Democratic leader in New Jersey, Cardinal Gibbons hopes to settle once and for all any further question of his attitude respecting woman suffrage. "I still hold the same views on woman suffrage, already so often expressed; that the ballot would drag woman from her domestic duties into the arena of politics, and rob her of much of her charm, goodness and true influence. "She is indeed a princess, but her God-given role should lie in domestic and gentler fields and ways. We all believe that she has been so successful in her work there that we fear any change by carrying of her government into the political field." Supplementing his letter to Mr. Nugent, Cardinal Gibbons further says: "Equal rights do not imply that both sexes should engage promiscuously in the same pursuits, but rather that each sex should discharge those duties which are adapted to its physical constitution and are sanc-

tioned by the canons of society. "The insistence on a right of participation in active political life is undoubtedly calculated to rob woman of all that is amiable and gentle, tender and attractive; to rob her of her innate grace of character, and give her nothing in return but masculine boldness and effrontery. Its advocates are habitually preaching about woman's rights and prerogatives, and have not a word to say about her duties and responsibilities. "When I deprecate female suffrage, I am pleading for the dignity of woman, I am contending for her honor, I am striving to perpetuate those peerless prerogatives inherent in her sex, those charms and graces, which exalt womanhood and make her the ornament and the coveted companion of man. We must remember that though woman does not personally vote, she exercises the right of suffrage by proxy. So powerful is the influence which a sensible matron exerts over her husband and sons, that they will rarely fail to follow her counsel which comes from an inspired instinct rather than from labored reasoning. "Woman is queen indeed, but her empire is the domestic kingdom. The greatest political triumphs she would achieve in public life fade into insignificance compared with the serene glory which radiates from the domestic shrine, and which she illumines and warms by her conjugal and motherly virtues. If she is ambitious of the dual empire of public and private life, then, like the fabled dog beholding his image in the water, she will lose both, she will fall from the lofty pedestal where nature and Christianity have placed her, and will fall to grasp the sceptre of political authority from the strong hand of her male competitor. "Though woman is debarred from voting, she brings into the world and rotes the cradle of the nation's future citizens. She rears and molds the character of those who are to be the future rulers and statesmen; the heroes and benefactors of the country. Surely this is glory enough for her."—Catholic Universe.

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