

The Catholic Record.

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

VOLUME XXXX.

LONDON, CANADA, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 23, 1918

2092

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SUCCESS

The crown of achievement looks best at a distance. Without the loadstar of success our efforts would squander themselves in pleasures, and the memory of these is one of wasted days.

To youth, therefore, we must preach the sermon of success. We must hold up before the young eyes, glamourised by the world and the glory thereof, the lives of men who have succeeded, who are envied, respected, praised; and we must encourage the young to go and do likewise—if they can. And then you can do anything. The word "impossible" does not come into a man's dictionary until he is thirty.

Now, of course, this is most salutary. But if we look at success a little closer, perhaps we may see that this man's good fortune was the gift of the merest chance, that this other's success was attained by cheating from a cheating world, that a third has risen to eminence on the fallen bodies of others who were better than himself. Perhaps we may have to look for merit where failure is. Now, of course, this is not so encouraging, but perhaps it is true. But after all is said and done there is some merit in success, taken not perhaps in individual instances, but "in the lump." And success, although it is not a hall-mark of honour, is certainly an indication of some talent in man. So we may still inculcate on youth all the qualities which are to conduce to completed achievement, with something like a clear conscience.

But there is a sadder thought in connection with success, and that is that when it is attained it is not worth the pains we have paid for it. It is Dead Sea fruit, with a fair outside, but a heart of ashes. In certain dyspeptic moments this thought comes to all those who have got what they wanted; but that is not because the efforts which lead to success have been thrown away, not because the good is not worth winning, but because men grew tired, because success comes when life itself is failing, when hope no longer comes as blossomed and as miraculously as spring-time, but when the fires of life are burning low and when they cannot, with all the stirring we can give them, keep the approaching winter of death at bay. Were it not so, the very dissatisfaction with success would be its redeeming feature. Were a man to be satisfied with the first small triumph, the first trivial achievement, what would become of him?

It is not intended that success should lead to the folding of the hands in sleep; and it is because achievements done look petty that we are urged on to others which loom in the future larger than these. This noble discontent makes for progress. We have got from the past triumph all we could; we have got all the education, all the strength, all the skill that directed effort, which did not end in despair, could give us, and we are equipped for a struggle on a higher plane for a nobler object; and we have the strong hunger desires to urge us on to higher greeds and to new endeavours. It may well be, therefore, that worldly praise, great place, honour, renown, which are all the world can give us, are most to be prized when they come to be despised; that the fruit is best for us when we find its heart ashes; and by that invaluable experience shape our new ambitions in another direction, and aim at success which, in a worldly sense, might well be regarded as loss.

But here we are within easy reach of the pulpit stairs, and as the essayist's feet have no right there, he had best make an end before this essay becomes a sermon.

PRAYING FOR THE DEAD

The War has taught England and other Protestant countries, too, that it is a holy and a wholesome thought to pray for the dead.

"Never since the days of the Reformation," notes America, "have prayers for the departed been so widely offered up as now. Protest-

antism is fast returning, in countless instances, to this salutary practice of the Ancient Church. In England nothing has been able to keep all classes of the people from praying for the beloved dead who have given their lives in sacrifice for their country." It is the old story—"Truth, crushed to earth, will rise again"; and the existence of Purgatory is a truth of Divine Revelation which the bereaved heart visistfully embraces.—Catholic Transcript.

A SHOCKING LIBEL

Of all the articles that since our acquaintance with Current Opinion have appeared in that magazine the one on "The World's Most Unhappy Man," in the Ophelia issue, is far and away the unhappiest. We had not been accustomed to read such stuff in that otherwise respectable periodical. The circumstance that the article represents, an excerpt from a London publication, is small justification. For an editor ought to discriminate in his selections and bar from his pages what bears the evident stamp of bigotry and bad faith.

The world's most unhappy man, according to that article is the Pope. And the reason? Because despotism is disappearing from the face of the earth, and it was the Pope that was backing and being backed by despots.

"It still claims the right," continues the London writer, "to depose kings and governments, to free peoples from their allegiance, to delimit the sphere of action of every secular government. It denies the right of civil States to legislate in certain questions political and social policy. The Syllabus of Pius IX., which is part of the dogmatic teaching of the Church, anathematizes those principles of liberty and freedom on which every Allied State rests, and for the extension of which the Allies are fighting. According to the political teaching of the Pope the American republic, the French republic and modern Italy were conceived in sin, and are merely tolerated because the Papacy has not the political power to destroy them."

These claims, the writer states, "are the current teaching in every Catholic ecclesiastical seminary."

To the contrary, we say that each and every statement of the cited paragraph is an untruth, and that no such things are taught in Catholic seminaries. To refuse the right of civil States to legislate in certain questions political and social policy, is about to accomplish after the bloodiest war in history, that the Pope did in those days with much less cost to the nations concerned. Every unbiased historian will bear us out in saying that on the whole the Papacy exerted its power for the oppressed against their oppressors, for the peoples against despots.

In every Catholic seminary it is taught that the Church is entirely independent as to what form of government a people may choose. The Church has neither brief nor preference for monarchies. It was Leo XIII, for example, who urged the French royalists to forget the past and to stand by the republic. That the Papacy would destroy any republic if it had the political power to do so is the shriek of a maniac. The case of modern Italy is somewhat different, for in the making of it the Pope was deprived of his age long patrimony. We should think the United States would not come into being by absorbing its possessions. As it understood, however, that the Pope has in no way put forward the so-called Roman question in the present War.

In regard to the Syllabus of Pius IX, there are few laymen qualified to discuss it with intelligence. "Liberalism," "Modern Progress," "Science" have in those propositions certain technical meanings. It is pseudo liberalism, pseudo progress, pseudo science, with which the Church will not come to terms. In other words, the Church will not surrender her championship of the ancient gospel truths. This is the whole meaning of the Syllabus.

Against the insinuation that the Pope's side is losing the present War, we quote the following from Colonel Harvey's War Weekly of September 21: "Pope Benedict XV, neither by word or deed since the War began has shown the slightest sympathy with the Hun or the Hun's piratical purposes. He was the only one and only neutral of great or established world influence in official utterances to denounce the infamy of Belgium's invasion. . . . Likewise he denounced the unnameable Hun brutalities in Belgium, while our own and other neutral governments stood officially mute. The Pope denounced the bombing of open cities and towns. He denounced the murderous piratical use of the Hun made of the submarine. He denounced to

the verge of bitterness the deportation and enslavement under Hun masters of the Belgian population. The plain fact of the matter is that a pretty sorry figure before the world when he chirps his parrot echo of the Hun propaganda lie that the Pope is pro-Hun."

Nor does an Englishman cut a less sorry figure when he makes statements like the ones we have protested against. Any decent man would blush to give his name to such absurd falsifications. And this, we presume, was the reason why the English writer in question hid his identity under the pseudonym of Torgnemada.—S. In The Guardian.

THE DAWN OF PEACE

Peace has dawned after four years of horrible slaughter. Millions of men have been sacrificed that we might live to see this day and rejoice.

We shall break faith with the hallowed dead who sleep amidst the ruins of Flanders and France if we fail to conclude a real and a lasting peace. Do we grasp the full significance of the price which brave men have paid, that we who remain might be free to refashion the fabric of society on nobler and truer lines, and to raise a more glorious temple to the cause of Humanity? In the diary of a surgeon who has gone through the War appear the following pregnant words:

"But, oh Lord, what other sights I have seen to-day! It's horrible—horrible—horrible! I am often afraid that the tragedies I see will haunt me all my life; that my dreams will be blood-red and that armies of wrecked men will parade before me as I sleep. I thought I was hardened. I'm as sensitive as a little convent-girl of seventeen. . . . Humanity now stands at the crossroads of the world's destiny. Every individual has his or her part to play in making this world safe for Democracy. Every department of human activity—our trade and commerce, our labor market, our public life—must be purged of the spirit of militarism and autocracy before we can truly say that victory, complete and satisfying, is ours. Human sacrifice has been offered up that we who have lived to witness the downfall of Military Autocracy in Europe shall carry on until autocracy everywhere is cast down and utterly destroyed. Democracy must be free and triumphant before the future peace and progress of the civilized world are assured."

The downfall came sooner than the world expected, although the plight of the German army, apparently, was no secret to the Allies. Like Czarism, the power that held Germany together has been dissolved. No one can say whether German discipline will avert what Russian democracy was hopeless to prevent—the utter collapse of national cohesion and the reign of anarchy. There can be little doubt now that the fear of this collapse of orderly government was in the mind of Lord Milner, and that he voiced the fears of the British Government. Now that peace has entered on the first stage it is surprising how ready the world is to make terms with the German people, terms which do not involve the march of an avenging army to Berlin. Only a few days ago Canadian newspapers were clamoring for "an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth." All that has ceased. One wonders, in view of this significant fact, what needless sacrifices of Canadian soldiers these huge newspapers have forced upon the world by their unthinking clamors for a war of revenge! When the secrets of this War are disclosed, which will hardly be in our day, it may be found that the men who incurred unpopularity by insisting upon negotiations, concurred with war were not far from the kingdom of truth. For it will scarcely be contended that the character of the German people has changed in a night!—The Statesman.

2,300 ATTEND MASS FOR DEAD AMERICANS AND FRENCH

HUNDRED CLERGYMEN, INCLUDING THE BISHOP OF ARRAS, MARCH IN PROCESSION AT FORDHAM UNIVERSITY

More than 2,300 persons took part in a Solemn Mass of Requiem for dead French and American soldiers All Souls' Day, on the campus of Fordham University. More than one hundred clergymen, including two Bishops and many Monsignori, marched at the close of the Mass to the university hall where a solemn convocation was held.

During the convocation the degree of doctor of letters, the highest honor Fordham bestows, was conferred on the Right Rev. Eugene Louis Julien, Bishop of Arras, France, and Mgr. Alfred Baudrillet, rector of the Catholic Institute, Paris, and a member of the French Academy.

At the Mass the Bishop of Arras preached an eulogy of the French dead and Bishop Patrick J. Hayes, chaplain general of Catholics in the American Army and Navy, preached

a eulogy of the American dead. The celebrant of the Mass was Mgr. Joseph F. Mooney, administrator of the diocese.—Catholic Transcript.

THANKSGIVING MASS

AND REQUIEM FOR FALLEN SOLDIERS

Many of our readers outside of London will be glad to read this letter which is of more than local interest:

To the clergy and Catholics of the city of London:

Dear Beloved in the Lord:—The event for which during four long years we have hoped and prayed has at length come to pass. The appalling War that was devastating the world and annihilating the very foundations of Society has come to an end. It is fitting, in the circumstances, that we should raise our hearts in grateful thanksgiving to Almighty God Who, in the very midst of our sorrow and gloom, has deigned to show us His infinite Mercy by the assurance of our victory and the triumph of the principles upon which our just Cause rested.

But, dearly beloved, the cessation of warfare lends mankind facing problems and difficulties of the gravest and most menacing character. The reconstruction of Society in the allied and victorious nations will require a wisdom and a prudence that will be even more severely tested in the protection of the very existence of life among the enemy peoples. It is to our good God that we must mainly look for light, guidance and support in the fulfilment of obligations that bear even more heavily on victors than on vanquished. To thank God for His mercies and to humbly supplicate His Divine protection and strength in the days that are now upon us, a Solemn Pontifical Mass will be celebrated in St. Peter's Cathedral on Tuesday morning, November 19th, at 10 a. m. You are invited and urged to assist at this act of religion, and to associate yourselves with the intentions for which the Holy Sacrifice is offered up.

Another sacred duty is likewise incumbent upon us at the present time. During the years of War a multitude of Canada's sons went forth to fight in Canada's Cause. Many of them, alas! will never return to us. Their bodies lie at rest in foreign fields, their souls have returned to meet the judgment of their Creator. Was there ever a moment which called for a more reverent and loving application of the words of Holy Writ, "It is therefore a holy and wholesome thought to pray for the dead that they may be loosed from sin?"

To comply with this demand of Catholic Faith and piety a Solemn Pontifical Mass of Requiem will be celebrated in St. Peter's Cathedral on Wednesday morning, November 20th, at 10 a. m. We invite you to be present thereat and to offer up to God your pious prayers for the eternal repose of the souls of our dead who fell gloriously in the Great War. With our cordial blessing.

We remain, yours faithfully in Christ.

M. F. FALLON,
Bishop of London.

HOPES ENGLAND IS AWAKE TO DUTY

FROM ADDRESS OF CARDINAL O'CONNELL TO BRITISH AND FRENCH ECCLESIASTICAL MISSION TO AMERICA

"Boston is no longer Puritan. It is largely Celtic, but the children of the Gael and the children of the Puritan live together in perfect peace and harmony. England unfortunately once misunderstood both. But there are signs which promise better feeling and better understanding. I single out two, both from English Bishops, which have brought great comfort to the longing hearts of all Americans.

ENGLAND IS AWAKE

"Bishop Gore, of Oxford, recently stated here in Boston that Englishmen now see that hitherto the government of Ireland by England was not government but misgovernment; that the Protestants of Ulster were not really Irish at all; that they had been put there to block things in Ireland; that they had been blocking them ever since; and that now the real English want the real Irish to get the government they wanted for themselves. That testimony from a learned Anglican Bishop who knows history, who knows the English and who knows facts and is big enough to face them and state them, constitutes a very strong testimony that England is awake to a great duty and intends to perform it in a manner worthy of herself, for in other things England is very great."

We thank Bishop Gore for the preamble and Bishop Keating for the text of a great international document, which soon will be venerated as well as word. England has a glorious chance. She must not fail us. She will not fail. The Gael and the Puritan will then say together: 'Let us forget the wrongs

and sorrows of the past in the joy and happiness, the peace and contentment of the present and the glorious hopes of the future. Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who have trespassed against us,' and may God's blessing unite in love two nations so long separated by misunderstanding.

GOD GRANT IT SOON

"England gave Longfellow, offspring of the Puritan, a niche in Westminster Abbey. May not an O'Connell one day go back a pilgrim to Lough Derg, the shrine of his ancestors, and kneel on the soil hallowed by the footsteps of St. Patrick kneeling in solitude and silence, his hands upraised to Heaven, his face toward Albion and, while tears of gratitude fill his eyes, thank God at last Erin, long suffering, unhappy, but ever faithful Erin is herself once more self-governed, self-relied, self-sustained. God grant it soon. Ireland's sufferings demand it. England's greatness will accomplish it."—Catholic Columbian.

A CATHOLIC DIPLOMATIC FUNCTION IN LONDON

September 25, says the Catholic War News Service of London, was observed in England as Italy's Day. The principal celebration reminds us of the great Catholic days of old when England was truly "Mary's dowry." It took the form of a Solemn High Mass of Requiem offered at Westminster Cathedral for the repose of the souls of the Italian soldiers and sailors fallen in the War.

A distinctly diplomatic character was given to the ceremonies. King George and Queen Alexandra were officially represented, and the Prince of Wales, who is on service at the front, had sent his military aide, the Lord Mayor of London attended in state, accompanied by the sheriffs in their scarlet gowns. With him arrived the Syndic of Rome, Prince Colonna, wearing his robes of Roman purple. Present in his official capacity were likewise the Right Hon. Arthur Balfour, British Foreign Secretary; the Italian Ambassador and suite, and the French, Spanish, Japanese, and other heads of embassies and legations, most of them accompanied by their naval and military attachés. High officials of the Allied military and naval forces also attended at the Mass.

Our own country was worthily represented by the presence of Admiral Sims of the United States Navy. In the western gallery of the cathedral, the account tells us, the band of the Italian Royal Carabinieri, in full dress uniform, rendered excerpts of Pergolesi's "Stabat Mater" before the opening of the Mass. About the base of the draped catafalque, before the entrance of the sanctuary, stood a guard of honor of the Carabinieri.

When the moment of the Elevation approached the officer in command of the guard of honor stood at attention, the men presented arms, and as the Sacred Host was lifted up in the silence the cry of a bugle rang out, startling and clear, as though the souls of Italy's noble dead were crying out in salutation to the God of Pity." It is particularly notable that this was the second occasion during the present year that the festive and Sacred Powers was celebrated in London by a solemn Mass attended by the diplomatic functionaries as representatives of their respective Governments. What could be more fitting than that a festival in honor of a Catholic people should take this solemn and beautiful form of distinctively Catholic worship?—America.

KNIGHTS OF COLUMBUS IN FRANCE

The Revista Catolica, La Croix and the Semaine Religieuse de Tours give some interesting details on the work of the Knights of Columbus in France. After making a tour of inspection of all the villages in which soldiers are quartered, they have expended 10,000,000 francs for the purchase of sites suitable for the erection of "huts" both in the centers of debarrication and elsewhere. Already 150 centers have been opened in the different camps, some of them being very important, with a chapel in which the chaplains can say Mass every day and in which on Sundays the soldiers attend religious services. Three of these centers, in which the soldiers find every facility for intellectual and religious life, are operating in the general quarters of the expeditionary forces, to the great satisfaction of General Pershing. The French Government has shown the greatest favor to the Knights of Columbus, giving them every opportunity to purchase automobiles and whatever they find necessary for carrying on their beneficent and patriotic work. The 800 priests attached to the armies of the United States, having proved insufficient, the Government has also put at the disposal of the Knights of Columbus chaplains, fifty mobilized priests who speak English, and has promised to give 100 more, should there be need of them. French Catholics, clergy and laity, have extended to the Knights of Columbus every

assistance. His Eminence, the Cardinal Archbishop of Bordeaux, graciously deigned to bless the K. C. establishment in his archiepiscopal city, and both he and Cardinal Amette, Archbishop of Paris, have promised every aid at their disposal.—America.

SOME REMARKABLE FIGURES

There is evidence that the proposed anti-Catholic "Pogrom," initiated by the Northcliffe Press, has been dropped gently and by degrees. The reason is not far to seek. In the first place, religious persecution, though still surviving, is unpopular in the British Empire and in America. A mere glance at a few figures is enough to cause the most bigoted "Pogromist" to call a halt. At the present day there are about thirteen millions of Catholics in the British Empire and about twenty millions in the United States. The persecution of thirty-three millions of people is a task the heaviest might shrink from undertaking. It has probably now been realized that there are more Catholics in the universe than letters in the Times.

That Catholics will have to put up with numerous pin-pricks from a press which does not understand, or try to understand, that the members of a Church which is truly universal can and do, hold every shade of political opinion, goes without saying. One of the first papers to start the anti-Catholic ball rolling was the Referee. This is by no means an insignificant paper, but one which is widely read for its excellent dramatic and sporting articles, and also for the well known "Mustard and Cress," by Mr. George R. Sims—himself a broad minded writer and always fair to Catholics. But there is another writer of whom the same cannot be said—Mr. Arnold White. As far back as December last, these words appear over his nom de plume, Vance: "Pro-Germans to a Cardinal with the exception of Cardinal Mercier, the Sacred College, etc." It was no doubt, news to English Catholics to know that Cardinal Bourne is a pro-German! And what of Cardinals Amette, Farley, Ferrari, Gibbons, Gasquet, and Lucon—to mention only a few? This has been followed by many equally ridiculous statements, and is an example of the pin-pricks referred to. They are lies, and their writers must know them to be lies, but they go on writing them with the evident idea that if you only throw enough mud some is sure to stick.

Here, in conclusion, are a few figures which budding Pogromites might do well to ponder over:

Catholic population of the Allies, 128,055,269.

Catholic population of the Central Powers, 61,556,794.

These figures are compiled from the 1918 edition of that indispensable reference book, Orbis Catholicus, and should be noted by every Catholic. He will then have an unanswerable argument when told that either the Vatican in particular or the Church in general is pro-German.—The Universe, England.

THE ORGAN OF ST. QUENTIN CATHEDRAL STRIPPED OF PIPES BY ENEMY

Paris, Oct. 10, 1918.—Now that the French armies are in occupation of St. Quentin the havoc wrought by the invaders to the glorious cathedral has been made known. The roof has been entirely gone, the pipes of the organ have been torn from their carved wood setting, and carried away as metal. The sight of the devastated cathedral is thus described by one who walked in its ruins shortly after the French troops entered the city:

"Of St. Quentin's once glorious cathedral and the havoc made of it by our modern vandals I must write in greater detail. The carcass of the cathedral is like an old ruin newly damaged. We reached it by the west entrance through a barrier of cobblestones and barbed wire, surmounted by a notice-board 'Durchgang verboten,' and then found a free way in by the south door. The great square tower, which, with the high roof burned in one of last year's fires, was a landmark throughout the countryside, and a first class German observatory shows a number of shell holes. The vaulting of the apse, has completely, and that of the splendid Gothic nave springing over 40 ft. high has partly fallen in, stone and dust, entering the floor. Of the beautiful stained glass windows and of stone and woodwork dating back as far as the twelfth century, only pitiful fragments remain. Parts of the chapels that had survived the shocks of six centuries, that the Spaniards of Queen Elizabeth's day and the Germans of Bismarck's had spared, are now shattered, and the frescoes of the choir are open to the cold autumn sky."

The love of little children and the confidence of the poor are better than gold or lands.

Rev. Caesar Phares, for some time past Knights of Columbus chaplain at Camp Gordon, Ga., has been commissioned First Lieutenant and assigned to the 18th Division, at Camp Travis, San Antonio, Tex. Previous to his appointment as K. of C. chaplain he was stationed for six years at the Church of Our Lady, Help of Christians, and three years at the Church of Transfiguration, New York City. Lieutenant Phares is the first Syrian priest to receive a commission in the United States Army.

Boston, Mass., Nov. 4.—Personal bequests aggregating \$260,500 are made in the will of A. Paul Keith, vaudeville manager, who died in New York October 30th. He also leaves \$25,000 to the Harvard 1909 class fund. The stock in the B. F. Keith Theatres Company he divided among his business associates and the residue goes to Cardinal O'Connell, of Boston, and the President and Fellows of Harvard College. Cardinal O'Connell is directed to use the funds for charitable purposes in memory of the testator's mother, Mrs. Mary Katherine Keith.

The decision given by the Circuit Court of St. Louis recently seems to be a definite settlement of the prolonged struggle made by the relatives of the late James Campbell to contest his will, by which the bulk of his fortune of \$16,000,000 goes ultimately to St. Louis University, conducted by the Jesuit Fathers. Mr. Campbell died in 1912 and since then the case has been before the court several times, heretofore no ultimatum being received. The present judicial ruling, however, is that the will remains intact, making as it does the widow and daughter of Mr. Campbell and St. Louis University its beneficiaries. The money, according to the intentions of Mr. Campbell, is to be used ultimately as an endowment for the medical department of St. Louis University.

CATHOLIC NOTES

The estate of Edward G. Mahon of Brooklyn, N. Y., who died April 15, 1917, was appraised at \$19,510.27. All but \$6,845 of the estate is divided among a number of Catholic institutions in Brooklyn and New York.

A unique ceremony took place recently at Woodstock, Md., when the faculty and student body of Woodstock College, for the last fifty years a divinity school for the members of the Society of Jesus, raised a service flag of fifty stars as a testimonial to the fifty alumni of the college who have been commissioned as chaplains in the service since the entry of the United States into the War.

One note about the late Archbishop Ireland must not be forgotten, says a Roman writer. It is this: One of the first autograph letters penned by Pope Benedict XV, on his elevation to the Throne of Peter, was to Monsignor Ireland. His Holiness had known him intimately at the residence of Cardinal Rampolla, to whom Monsignor Della Chiesa was subordinate for years in the Secretariate of State.

Workmen who were excavating in the grounds surrounding the ruins of the Grey Friars Priory at Richmond, Yorks, England, recently unearthed several skeletons, all well preserved, at a depth of about seven feet below the surface. Near one of them was found a silver coin of the date of Henry VIII. This portion of the enclosure is supposed to have formed part of the burial ground of the monastery, which was founded by Ralph Fitz Handolph, Lord of Middleham, in 1258. It was among the last of the monasteries pillaged and suppressed by Henry VIII.

Bishop Bennett, of Aberdeen, attended by the monks of St. Benedict's abbey, recently gave the solemn abbatial blessing to and enthroned Dame Scholastica Edith Weld, for the past twenty-four years prioress of the community of Benedictine nuns at Kilmuncie, near Fort Augustus, Scotland. Quite recently this house was raised to the dignity of an abbey, on which occasion Dame Scholastica was nominated first abbess by authority of the Holy See.

The ranks of Catholic women-doctors have been added to by Miss Elizabeth Smith Clark, M. B., Ch. B., Ed., of London, England, who but a few years ago was received into the Church. Dr. Smith Clark belongs to one of the most distinguished Scottish families, and studied at Edinburgh University, Birmingham and Newcastle before she went to London to do admirable work in connection with the War. She is now ophthalmic specialist to Chelsea's Peniston Board.

A novel service was conducted by the Knights of Columbus during the battle in which General Pershing's men wiped out the St. Mihiel salient. While the American troops were fighting, American aviators in American made aeroplanes hovered over them and from the clouds showered them with twenty thousand packages of cigarettes, each monogrammed "Compliments of the Knights of Columbus." This was the first time in modern warfare that a fighting army has been supplied with smokes during the heat of battle by aerial service.

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A DAUGHTER OF THE SIERRA

BY CHRISTIAN REID

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CHAPTER IV—CONTINUED

They rode under the overhanging shade of trees, and dismounted before a house of more pretension than most of the quebrada residences...

"Ah, Don Pablo!—come esta Vd.," said Lloyd, putting out his hand.

It was dark under the trees, but Don Pablo knew the voice.

"It is Don Felipe!" he announced, delightedly. "Don Felipe himself! A thousand welcomes, señor. I knew you would come back, although you told us you were going away to stay."

"Yes, I am back," Lloyd answered. "And you are well, and Don Maria? and all the family? Good! This is my friend, Señor Armistead, another Americano. You can give us food for ourselves and our horses—pronto?"

"All that I have is yours, señor, and you shall be served as soon as possible; but there are many people here to-night, and my wife and daughter have their hands full."

"Who are the people?" "The Señores de la Caridad, with a party, señor; and the administrator of the Santa Cruz, with his familia."

"We passed the conducta out yesterday, and—what is that?" "It is the ladies in huerta, señor, singing."

"The ladies?" "Dona Victoria Calderon and the daughter of the Gerente of the Caridad."

Lloyd turned to his companion. "Do you hear that?" he asked.

"The singing? Certainly," Armistead answered. "What does he say about it?"

"He says that the singers are Miss Rivers and Dona Victoria Calderon."

"Dona—who?" "The daughter of the owner of the Santa Cruz Mine, if you understand that better."

Armistead stared. "You don't mean it!" he said.

"It does seem like overdoing the coincidence business," Lloyd admitted. "But since things always turn up when you want them, and it's to be supposed that you want Dona Victoria, she has only followed the rule in obligingly turning up."

Rather prematurely, Armistead returned. "I could have waited for the pleasure of meeting her; but, after all, I suppose it is a lucky accident. She doesn't know who I am or why I'm here, and this meeting will give me a chance to study her a little. We'll wash our faces and join them."

A little later they came upon a pretty scene in the huerta. The aspect of this charming place—a grove of orange-trees, forming delightful vistas for the eye, all green and gold in daylight and full of shadowy mystery at night—had so enchanted Miss Rivers that she insisted upon her tent being pitched here.

A moon but little past the full was now risen over the heights and poured its radiance into the quebrada, showing every fold of the great hills, flashing on the swift current of the crystal river, and making a fairy lace-work of silvery lights and black shadows in the wide alleys of the huerta.

The white canvas of the tent shone like snow under the broad bores of glossy foliage; and before its door, over which a Moorish lantern hung, through the light gleaming jewel-like through ruby glass, a group was gathered in various easy attitudes—Miss Rivers, Dona Victoria, Thornton and Mackenzie, on bright colored blankets and cushions; Mr. Rivers and Don Mariano a little withdrawn to one side, and more sedately seated on chairs brought from the house.

Lloyd and Armistead, as they approached under the trees, paused at sight of this group; struck not so much by its general picturesqueness as by the central figure on which the moonlight fell most broadly—the figure of the Mexican girl, who, as she sat in the lustrous radiance, with a guitar in her hands, seemed endowed with a beauty altogether marvellous. She was singing at the moment, and what she sang was "La Golondrina"—that sweetest and saddest of Spanish airs, the very cry of an exile's broken heart:

Adonde ira, veloz y fatigada, La golondrina que de aqui se va, O si en el viento se hallara extravada Buscando abrigo y no lo encontrara.

There was a pause, in which no one stirred; and then, like honey dropping from the honeycomb, the low, rich notes fell again on the listener's ears:

Ave querida, amada peregrina, Mi corazón al tuyo estrechare, Oire tu canto, tierna golondrina, Recordare mi patria y llorare.

With a cadence full of tenderness and pathos, the voice died into silence over the last words: and

after a moment it was Miss Rivers who spoke:

"I never heard those words of 'La Golondrina' before. They are exquisite. And one might fancy that you had been an exile like Aben Hamad in the other version, señorita,—you sing them so feelingly."

"I have been enough of an exile to understand them, señorita," Victoria answered, in a voice almost as musical as her singing tones; "but I learned these words from my mother, who has felt all that they express."

"Why, Lloyd—Armistead!" Mr. Rivers suddenly perceived the two figures now advancing from the shadows. "So you two fellows have caught up with us!"

"It hasn't been very hard to do," Lloyd remarked as they shook hands. "Your progression seems to have been most leisurely."

"Why not? Haven't we left the Land of Hurry behind? Isabel, you remember Mr. Armistead and Mr. Lloyd? And we have some Mexican friends with us. Lloyd, you know Don Mariano Vallejo, of course?"

"The Gerente of the Caridad, you say," let me introduce Mr. Armistead, a distinguished mining expert from the States, come to examine the mineral resources of your country in the interests of capitalists.

And this is the Señora Dona Victoria Calderon. Dona Victoria, these señores Americanos desire to place themselves at your feet."

It was all over presently—the hand-shaking, bowing, compliments; and the señores Americanos dropped into their places,—Armistead by the side of Miss Rivers, and Lloyd near Thornton, who expressed his pleasure at seeing him again.

"I was afraid you had grown disgusted and left us," he said. "I'm glad to see you haven't. There are great chances here, once this region is opened up; and you have spent too much time in the Sierra to let prizes go to other hands."

"They are likely to do that any day," Lloyd answered. "I have long since made up my mind that I'm one of the unlucky dogs of the world, who win no prizes."

"It's your own fault if you are—but it doesn't look like it just now. To have got hold of Trafford's expert is pretty good luck."

"The book is on the other leg—he has got hold of me."

"Whichever leg it is on, you can make use of him can't you? He's here to look up mines, isn't he?"

"To some extent."

"Oh, I'm not asking you to violate confidence! One knows the mystery in which these gilded experts enwrap their business. Diplomats settling the affairs of nations aren't to begin to put on such airs myself. It seems the only road to success."

"Don't begin yet. You are too good a fellow to be spoiled. And really Armistead doesn't put on the airs to which you allude to any offensive extent. But tell me how things are going with you, and how you come to be with these people of the Santa Cruz?"

"Purely by accident. They came up with us at the noon rest to-day, and we've travelled together since. I wish they were—elsewhere."

"Why?"

"Well, Miss Rivers has taken a great fancy to Dona Victoria, and devotes all her attention to her. This makes things rather tiresome for the rest of us."

"Meaning Mackenzie and yourself, I see. But Ma's putting in a time very well just now, and the girl is magnificently handsome."

"Thornton glanced at Dona Victoria and Mackenzie, who were talking together.

"She's handsome certainly—to anybody who likes the style," he agreed temperately. "As for Mackenzie, he's more of a Mexican than anything else, and always gets on with these people. She's a great heiress, you know. Her mother's the sole owner of the Santa Cruz Mine."

"Ah!"

"Rather a remarkable young woman for a Mexican," Thornton continued. "Manages the business herself and does it uncommonly well. Even gives orders to Don Mariano yonder, who looks as if he could take President Diaz's job with credit to himself; and who is as showy as he looks, judging from our business experience with him. We part with them to-morrow, I'm glad to say. How about Armistead and yourself? You are going on to Topia, I suppose?"

"The cordiality of the supposition is so great that I regret not being able to say positively that we are, but we may go instead to Canelas. There's some property in that neighborhood we wish to look at."

"Then you'll travel with the Santa Cruz party, no doubt?"

"Possibly—if we like to do so."

"Oh, I should think you'd like! Dona Victoria, as you've said, is tremendously handsome and the Santa Cruz Mine is the best ore-producer in this part of the Sierra."

"I fall to see the connection."

"Many men would see it quickly enough. The time has been when Armistead would, but I suppose he's too prosperous now for that sort of thing. But, prosperous or not—and the speaker rose with an air of determination—"I don't see why he should be permitted to monopolize Miss Rivers, and I'm going to join them. Will you come?"

Lloyd looked at the girl who was talking to Armistead. Had he never seen her before he would have felt attracted by the charm, resistless as

magnetism, which her presence diffused. But as it changed her, too, had talked with her under the stars in the patio of the hotel at Guaymas, he knew by personal experience the delightfulness of her companionship; and he was conscious, therefore, of a temptation to share, even with others in the conversation, so sweet, so gay, so full of that quick comprehension and sympathy which is the fine flower of culture. But duty intervened. As they were entering the huerta, Armistead had said:

"You know my Spanish isn't good enough for conversational purposes, so I wish you would cultivate the Santa Cruz young woman. Try to find out, as far as possible, what kind of person she is."

"I didn't engage for diplomatic service," Lloyd reminded him.

"But you engaged to do my talking, and this is a case where it's very important that it should be done," Armistead responded impatiently. "I'd like to exchange some of my French and German for a little Spanish just now; but, since that isn't possible, I must use yours—and I want the benefit of all the brains you have in the bargain."

It was the recollection of this which moved Lloyd when, in reply to Thornton's last words, he answered a little reluctantly:

"Thanks!—no. Miss Rivers will be quite sufficiently monopolized with yourself and Armistead. I believe I'll join Mackenzie and cultivate the heiress of the Santa Cruz."

CHAPTER V. UNDER THE ORANGE TREES

That Mackenzie was quite ready to resign his place by the heiress of the Santa Cruz became apparent as soon as Lloyd approached them. He arose with alacrity, commending the newcomer to Dona Victoria's consideration, and then himself made haste to join the group around Miss Rivers.

Lloyd looked after him with a smile, and the smile was still on his lips when his glance returned to the Mexican girl, as she sat on her Oriental-like pile of cushions, with the Moorish lantern hanging from the end of the ridge-pole of the tent above her head. These accessories—fragments of the modern craze for things Eastern and bizarre,—which had been brought by Miss Rivers for purposes of decoration, seemed to lose their note of strangeness, and to fit into the scene as perfectly as the Hispano-Moresque architecture of the country, or the ancient lamps of wrought iron swinging in so many shadowy arcades and dim chapels since the sixteenth century. Especially suited this girl, who belonged to the world they suggested, or at least to a world remote from all that is closed under the term modern. With this knowledge of the widely differing strains of blood which met in her veins, and of still more widely differing hereditary influences which might be supposed to have aided in moulding her character, Lloyd found himself regarding her curiously; but, except in the fairness of her skin, he could perceive no trace of alien blood. Otherwise she seemed to him a perfect type of a race he had ways admired, a superb impersonation of the finest physical traits of her people.

"She is a true daughter of the Sierra," he said to himself; and then he spoke aloud: "I suppose that you are on your way home, señorita?"

"Si, señor," she answered courteously but briefly.

"I had once the pleasure of seeing your home. It is very beautiful," Lloyd went on, choosing the only topic which seemed available, and to fit into the scene as perfectly as the Hispano-Moresque architecture of the country, or the ancient lamps of wrought iron swinging in so many shadowy arcades and dim chapels since the sixteenth century. Especially suited this girl, who belonged to the world they suggested, or at least to a world remote from all that is closed under the term modern. With this knowledge of the widely differing strains of blood which met in her veins, and of still more widely differing hereditary influences which might be supposed to have aided in moulding her character, Lloyd found himself regarding her curiously; but, except in the fairness of her skin, he could perceive no trace of alien blood. Otherwise she seemed to him a perfect type of a race he had ways admired, a superb impersonation of the finest physical traits of her people.

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"There is no merit in hospitality toward those who come to ruin and rob," she said. "And if they did not, they would change all things. It would be no longer our country after many Americans came into it, as they would make them all stay away!"

"You would banish us all—even Miss Rivers, who admires the country so much?"

Victoria hesitated an instant. Plainly Isabel Rivers' charm had been potent even here. But potent as it was it did not make her waver. "Yes," she said, "I would wish that even Miss Rivers did not come, because she may bring others; and, whether they admire our country or not we don't want them."

"If admiration of a country is not a passport, then there is clearly no place for me," said Lloyd, who was at the same time amused and sympathetic. It is possible that these sentiments might have yielded to a sense of moral offence at such plain speaking but for his remembrance of the story which justified both the feeling and the manner in which it was expressed. A mingling of curiosity and interest made him probe a little farther. "I suppose that with these sentiments you would close the gates of your hacienda in the face of all Americans?"

"Americans do not come to our hacienda, señor," Victoria answered. "But if they should—our gates are never closed to strangers. It is not the way of the Sierra."

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the only one. He had been brave; she must be brave, too. But it is easier to be brave for a moment in the heat of battle than through the gray monotony of long years. It is from women such courage is demanded.

She rose slowly from the window and went up to her room. It was time to dress for dinner.

Her maid looked at her with sympathetic eyes. The news that trouble was in the air had traveled to the servants' hall.

"My black dress, please, Newman. And, Newman, Colonel Graham brought bad news. Mr. Jack has been killed in action."

The woman stopped halfway across the room, the dress in her hands. She looked at her mistress for a moment, then let the dress fall, and burst into tears.

"And I have not even shed one tear," thought the mother.

When her husband came in later, she knew from his face that Colonel Graham had been to the club with the news. It was good of him to save her what pain he could.

"Graham has been here?" said Sir John. His eyes did not meet hers.

"Yes," said Lady Mitchell. "Sir John coughed. 'I'm—I'm out up,' he said. 'But, bless me, I feel it worse for you, Di; I know what he was to you.'"

She could not answer, and together they went into the dining room. It was a very silent meal. When their glasses had been filled with port and the butler had withdrawn, Sir John looked across the table at his wife. Every night since their son had left Woolwich with flying colors the same toast had been drunk.

"Jack, God bless him!" "But tonight Sir John's hand trembled, and he raised the glass unsteadily. By an effort he straightened himself.

"To the man our boy saved," he said huskily. "And then she broke down."

It was the beginning of a long illness, one to which the doctors could give no definite name, and during which she was conscious only on fatigue. Even the moments between sleeping and waking ceased to terrify her. She did not actively wish to die, but neither did she wish to live. Life, death, everything, had become a negation; fatigue was the only active force within her, if anything so languid can be termed active.

The illness lasted for six months, and the first signs of a recovery showed themselves in the wish that she were less tired. Fatigue became a monotony, and gradually—very gradually—her mind resumed to resent it. She had been moved from London to their house near the sea, and whenever his work in town allowed of his escape, Sir John came down to her.

The window of her room faced south, and from her bed she could see the blue water, and the boats as they went sailing by.

How long was it since that day Colonel Graham had stood in the London drawing room? She would count the boats; that would tell her how many months had passed.

She began to watch, dreamily, lazily. There was a cutter with red sails, that was one. Next came a yawl, that was two; then a fishing smack, then another yawl; that made four. Then came a ketch, and after that a little fussy, spluttering steamer, vomiting forth clouds of black smoke. Its chimneys wanted sweeping. No; it wasn't chimneys on a steamer, it was something else.

"Nurse, where does all the smoke from that steamer come from?" The pleasant-faced, white-capped nurse turned to the window.

"Why, from its funnels, Lady Mitchell. The coal they are using on board must be very dirty stuff."

Lady Mitchell laughed a little. "I thought its chimneys wanted sweeping. How silly of me! I don't know whether I was going to count steamers or only sailing boats. Nurse, how long is it since that day—that day—since—she broke off."

"Since you were taken ill? It's just six months. But you are going to get well quickly now."

Lady Mitchell looked at her. "Yes," she said, with a little sigh, "I am going to get well. But I am not quite sure that it will be quick."

It was not; at any rate not so quickly as the white-capped nurse had hoped. At first there was a great improvement. She could be read to for two or three hours at a time, and she looked forward quite eagerly to the doctor's visits. But then again came lassitude, and that old terror fatigue.

"Nurse," she said one day, "I suppose a lot of letters came for me after I was taken ill?"

"Yes; a great many," replied the nurse. "I read some of them to you and Sir John answered most of them. But you were really too ill then to take much notice, though you asked to hear them."

"Was there any special letter—one I asked to keep? I seem to remember something."

The nurse crossed to a drawer and took out a little folded piece of paper.

"This came from Mrs. Desmond, with a great box of violets. They were in a bowl near your bed till they faded. I pressed two for you; they are between the paper."

Lady Mitchell unfolded it. On it was one line of writing, slightly stained by the color from the flowers.

"You are both in God's hands, H. D."

Lady Mitchell looked long at the paper. Yes; Helen understood. Around she said to the nurse:

"Mrs. Desmond understands. Her little son was—was taken away while he was only five. Of course, people must say they are sorry for one, and I know they are. But she really understood, and so she didn't say anything."

"There was a little pause. "Do you know why she sent me violets? But of course you don't. I always loved violets, and he—Jack—used to say, 'I know why you love violets, mummy; they are like me, modest and retiring.' We laughed often, and called him my little violet. He was so absurdly big, you know. I suppose no one would like to give me violets again for fear of hurting me. But Helen—Mrs. Desmond—understands. Since I have begun to get better I have lain here remembering, and there are so many things to remember. I'd like you to write and ask Mrs. Desmond to come and see me. She knew him."

And Nurse Joan wrote, a thankful little smile on her lips.

At the beginning of November Lady Mitchell went into the country with Helen Desmond.

Benediction with her, at the little church some mile and a half distant. Di would gladly have refused; but, thinking that perhaps Helen did not like the dark walk home alone, she consented, urged thereto by her innate courtesy.

The church was restful, and the singing of the children from a neighboring convent not at all bad, though she entirely failed to follow the Latin psalms. At the end of the Compline the priest went into the pulpit. He gave out his text:

"It is, therefore, a holy and wholesome thought to pray for the dead, that they may be loosed from their sins."

Helen's heart gave a little leap. She had hoped for this. Some instinct, combined with the fact that the month was November, had told her it would be so.

It was quite an ordinary sermon, one that Catholics are well accustomed to hear. Lady Mitchell, however, presently found herself listening intently. Certain sentences, certain passages, printed themselves vividly on her mind.

"No one who is not entirely pure can enter heaven," she heard the priest say, "yet there are many who die, who are not yet fit to enter heaven, nor, we may safely aver, had enough for hell. Logic and justice, therefore, demand some other place where such souls may be purified from those stains of sin still clinging to them. This place we Catholics know to exist, and it is called purgatory."

In a few sentences he put before his hearers the Catholic doctrine of purgatory. Lady Mitchell listened to every word.

Presently he said: "Now we know this doctrine to be true. Therefore it is our duty to aid the souls who are imprisoned. During the recent bombardment of a Belgian town, one of the houses was partly demolished and set on fire. The occupants had taken refuge in the eilers; and, by the falling of some beams, the door was barricaded, so that it was impossible for them to escape from the burning building. They bent upon the doors, endeavoring to attract the attention of the by-passers to their position of peril. Do you suppose that anyone passing, who heard those cries, would have remained deaf to the appeal? Would not common humanity have urged them to go to the help of those imprisoned within the burning building? My brethren, there are souls in purgatory imploring our aid. The husbands, the sons, the friends of many of you have fallen in this War. They have given their lives that you may live. Can you turn a deaf ear to their appeal for aid? You would do all in your power to help them while living, will you not help them now they are dead? Remember, they want your aid. They need it more than they have ever needed it in life, for they are powerless to help themselves. You, who mourn the loss of your loved ones, you mothers especially who weep for your sons, who have given your life, your thoughts, your prayers to them while living, give them your help now they are dead. And if there are among you, as God grant there may be, many who have not known the anguish of loss, give your prayers to those lonely souls who have none to pray for them, who must endure their term of expiatory suffering to the end since there is none to pray for a commutation of their sentence."

Lady Mitchell's eyes were fixed upon the priest; her heart was throbbing wildly.

She knew little of Benediction, which followed. Her hands were pressed to her eyes, her brain was on fire. Only when the silver notes of the sanctuary bell rang out, as the priest raised the golden monstrance and that which it contained above the kneeling people, a strange deep sense of peace descended on her.

She walked home with Helen in silence, making no reference to the service.

Father Martin was in his study the following morning, when he was told that a lady wanted to see him. He went down at once to his dining room. A tall woman in black rose to meet him.

"After they were seated, she began suddenly and without preface: "I heard your sermon last night."

"Yes," said the priest courteously. "I am not a Catholic," said Lady Mitchell, "I don't believe anything in particular." She stopped.

"No?" queried Father Martin. There was a little pause. Then she spoke abruptly.

"Are you certain of the truth of what you said last night—what you said about purgatory?"

"Absolutely certain," replied Father Martin, smiling.

Again Lady Mitchell was silent. Then she began to speak rather quickly.

"My friend, with whom I am staying, brought me to your church. She is a Catholic. I didn't ask her if she believed all you said. I thought, she hesitated a moment. I thought she might say she did to comfort me. People are sometimes apt to think they believe certain theories because they are accustomed to a certain trend of thought, and they bring up those beliefs to comfort others without being at heart, absolutely sure of them. I thought my friend might do that. I have lost a son in this War, and she knows what his loss means to me. You don't know; so you wouldn't put forth theories

merely to comfort me. Do you understand?"

Father Martin smiled again, but his eyes were sympathetic.

"I understand perfectly. But those things are true."

"You are certain?"

"I am certain."

Lady Mitchell leaned a little forward, putting her hands on the table.

"Then," she said slowly, "can you help me to believe it, too? You see, she went on, speaking quickly now, "if it is true, since you're sure it's true, there is still something left for me to do to help Jack. It would be awful to think he wanted my help, and I was failing him. He would be one of those lonely souls for whom others by chance prayed, while I—his mother—did nothing. All last night I thought and thought. I thought perhaps that was why I was brought to this church—to hear the word to help him. And yet I don't know that I really believe. I can't help him unless I do, can I? Can't you make me believe? It doesn't seem quite the right reason for wanting to become a Catholic, does it? Can you understand? Wouldn't your mother be doing all in her power to help you if you were suffering? Don't you see how I want to help Jack?"

The clock of society convention had dropped from her. She spoke with the direct simplicity of a child.

Father Martin turned quickly. "Of course, I understand. You say this may not be the right reason for your wanting to become a Catholic. But how do you know it is not God's way of bringing you to a knowledge of the truth?"

She looked at him, a glimmer of hope struggling through the sorrow in her eyes.

"You think so?" she asked. "I do," he replied.

"Then you will help me?" she asked, simply. "As much as lies in my power," he replied.

VI.

Some six months later Di Mitchell knelt at the altar rails of the little church.

When she returned to her seat, hearing for the first time within her breast the Lord Who had shed His Blood that men might live together in harmony, she bowed her head upon her hands in utter adoration and thankfulness.

And through the adoration of her God, through the thankfulness for the stupendous blessing vouchsafed to her, ran a note of unutterable joy in the knowledge that here in the offering of this Mass of this her first Communion, she had done the greatest thing that lay in her power to help her son.

In the past she had done a lot for Jack. In the future she would do far, far more.

CATHOLIC CHAPLAINS

STRIKING TESTIMONIES TO THEIR WORK

Describing the effects of the War on the religion of our soldiers, Naboth Hedin writes to the Brooklyn Daily Eagle of his interview with a Brooklyn National Army officer at the front, who at home had been a Protestant Episcopal Sunday school superintendent. "From a military point of view," the officer commented, "the Catholic chaplaincy works very well." His experience has been that at time of Mass you could always tell where to find the Catholic boys. "On one occasion a very serious situation was met because the men could not be reached quickly through the chaplain. He read the emergency order at Mass, the men responded and the danger was averted." It is surprising, he added, how many officers and men become converts to the Catholic Faith. The war correspondent thus summarizes his own conclusions:

"The officer's observations about the influence of Catholic chaplains among the fighting men coincided perfectly with what I had previously heard from Protestant boys, who had learned to respect, admire, and love Catholic clergymen, working among the soldiers under fire. It is well known that several such chaplains have been decorated for bravery and heroic exploits. Such things appeal to the fighting men. But even those who have not been decorated have won, by self-sacrifice and devotion, everlasting distinction in the minds of the men in the trenches. I recently had a heart to heart talk with some soldiers from Rhode Island—Protestant boys, whose families had for generations been attendants at Protestant churches—and I was struck with their enthusiasm for the many qualities and the general good fellowship of the Catholic regimental chaplain. Those boys had never before been personally acquainted with a Catholic clergyman."

It is interesting to note that the same effect is produced by the presence of the Catholic clergyman in the British armies. William T. Ellis thus concludes an article on religion and the War contributed to the New York Tribune:

"The one religious body in Britain, aside from Christian Science, which has made definite progress during the War is the Roman Catholic Church. Interviews with its leaders, clerical and lay, show that the Church is not only holding its own with its own members and finding them responsive in ways affected by the War, so that Masses and special prayer services for the soldiers are unusually well attended, but that

it is also winning hundreds of converts from the non-Catholic population. Especially among military officers have the recruits come to the Catholic Church. The priest who has had most conspicuous success as a missionary to non-Catholics tells me that these men want to be spiritually right before they go to the front—or, in a significant number of cases, before they return to the front. They covet the sure word of the Church."

Of the salutary influence of the French soldiers and chaplains and soldier priests enough has already been said, and doubtless the same testimony can be given to the Catholic priest in all the armies of the Allies.—America.

REMINERS OF TWO PONTIFFS

For a century or more Supreme Pontiffs have been issuing special admonitions to the faithful on the grave importance of sustaining the Catholic press. Astonishingly strange, however, as it may appear, the faithful in their various spheres seem to regard the solemn reminders as undervaluing of grave consideration.

And yet for instance, in its application to present world conditions how supremely meaningful that reminder of the illustrious Leo XIII, who defined the Catholic press as a perpetual mission in every parish. And how pertinent to the times, too, the words of the saintly Pius X, who said: "In vain will you build churches, give missions, found schools—all your works, all your efforts will be destroyed if you are not able to wield the defensive and offensive weapon of a loyal and sincere Catholic press."

Can we not trace the elevation of infidelity in France and the miseries of Mexico religiously in those ominous words? And is it not true that vitality and militancy wane in the parish where the Catholic press is not polarized? But where the responsibility?

With seeming certainty the two great Pontiffs when uttering these admonitions had in mind the spiritual sponsors for flocks rather than the flocks themselves. Wherefore, then, not a greater appreciation of and a livelier interest in the introduction of the perpetual mission in the parish? Wherefore surprise that parish interest wanes and parish unity is wanting. Wherefore surprise that pastoral effort is often unresponsive and pastoral admonition often unheeded?

If the saintly Pius X spoke with the customary wisdom of Christ's Vicar are such conditions not clearly consequences pointed to in his warning appeal for the Catholic press? "In vain are all your works and all your efforts," etc.

Catholicity today means more than essentials, more than duties of conscience, more than church-going and church-giving. It means an intelligent faith, that is, a faith in touch with the current phases of the Church over the world, capable of defining or defending Catholic doctrine, and of detecting and denouncing error in the religious, moral, social, economical and industrial theories of the times.

But is such a Catholicity possible nowadays as a common asset of the Catholic laity? Yes and no. Yes, if the Catholic laity generally becomes a careful and persistent reader of the Catholic press. And no, if it does not. Upon the choice depends the character of the perpetual mission in every parish, the character of weapon—not only loyal and sincere but sturdy and effective—the Church will have for its work and its defense. Where necessary action lies to attain these purposes ought to be quite evident. And surely it's time for indifference to cease and for necessary action to begin.—Church Progress.

"THE BRIGHT SWORD OF FRANCE"

Attention is called in New Orleans Morning Star to a glowing tribute paid by the Times-Bayouette to "The Bright Sword of France" in Captain Gwynemer. Praising the eloquent words of the editorial writer the Catholic weekly offers this further comment:

"The editor analyzes with skillful hand the splendid character of the man, his noble traits, his undaunted courage, his wonderful heroism, intense patriotism, love of country, and faithful devotion to duty. But the editor did not tell what was the inspiration of all this; he did not say, what Gwynemer himself was proud to tell, that whatever he was his Catholic faith had made him. When Gwynemer was asked, whence he derived strength and courage for his marvelous fights and aerial deeds, he pointed to the Cross of Christ, to the tabernacle on the Catholic altar. Every morning saw Gwynemer at Mass, at the Holy Communion Table; and this, whether in the cities, the villages, on the battlefields or in the trenches. Every week saw him kneeling a humble penitent at the feet of the priest, the representative of Christ, in the confessional. Gwynemer lived the faith that was in him; he never entered his aeroplanes for a fight without first making the Sign of the Cross, and commending his soul to God. His companions say that in purity and uprightness his life was like that of a saint. We read that he had Paris in the palm of his hand; that the children in the streets threw

flowers after him, the young ladies showered him with bouquets, men cheered him as he passed; he was the honored guest in the most exclusive homes. He had destroyed singly and alone seventy-five aeroplanes of the enemy. He had every medal that his country could award; he was decorated by every Allied King. Yet when he lost his life in that last fatal flight and fell to the ground dead, it was the found pinned closest above his manly heart, whose boyhood allegiance to his Heavenly Queen and Mother had never changed."

Such was the faith of Gwynemer, most brilliant and best beloved of all the heroes of the air. And Gwynemer's faith is the faith of Foch, of Pétain, of Pau, of Mangin and others of the important leaders in this tremendous struggle. Such too is the faith of countless of our own glorious American leaders and men.—America.

CARDINAL MERCIER

The Catholic Church has been the glory of the ages. Time, the grave-digger of human greatness, cannot bury her spotless fame. Founded upon a rock of truth and purity, which as long storms and volcanic attack have failed to shake, she has been the crystal font, ever dispensing the sweet waters of peace and content. Wearing for a shield the divine promise, "The gates of hell shall not prevail against thee," the dazzling torch flaming with the enlightening principles of true Christianity; for a helmet the hope of salvation, she conquered Rome. Ancient Greece saw the mystic powers of delusion put to flight, and casting off the toga of false philosophy, put on the virgin robe of Catholicity. Pursuant to divine command to "tear all nations," Holy Mother Church dispatched her legates preaching "Christ and Him crucified." Barbarous Europe bowed before her sublime doctrine. Under her soothing influence right succeeded might, men bent their proud necks to ploughshares, turning from despair to hope, from ignorance to learning. She gave to art her Angelo, to letters her Dante, to theology her Thomas, to philosophy her Catherine, to science her Pasteur, to oratory her O'Connell, to social reform her Leo, to America her Columbus, to the twentieth century world her Mercier.

Cardinal Mercier—"The Voice of Belgium." To be the voice of a nation, a nation so faithful in the great mass of her population to God, so upright in her patriotism, so loyal in her allegiance to the Catholic Church, so noble in her king and government—is an honor. But to offer up to the entire world of this age and of future ages such an example of heroism, of patriotism, of Catholicity, of unselfishness, of self-sacrifice, of unyielding resistance to tyranny, as Cardinal Mercier has done, is indeed an honor which is not within the compass of man to paint, picture or pen.

Cardinal Mercier was a man of peace up until that terrible August 4 of 1914. He was a man of tremendous intellect, eloquence and spirituality, as those who have read his works on "Retreats" can testify. He was quiet, humble, gentle; he asked no better than to be let alone. But as the mildest and tenderest mother becomes a living fury when she sees her children mislead, so the gentle Archbishop of Malines became in the past four years a combatant that has not only aroused the entire civilized world, but whose voice and pen have shaken the Prussian rulers on their throne. And stricken Belgium, rallied, consoled, encouraged by this great leader, has won the sympathy, the plaudits and the assistance of the entire world.

The German war lords were able to tear up sacred treaties; they were able to overrun a nation that desired nothing but peace; they were able to carry desolation and destruction to every city, to every home; they were able to mistreat women and bind men in slavery; in a word, they were able to place the entire Belgian nation in jail, but one thing they could not do—they could not prevent Cardinal Mercier from denouncing their crimes openly and unflinchingly.

The Cardinal is not the first Catholic Bishop that has challenged a mighty oppressor, and the Kaiser is not the first ambitious prince that has been a scourge to an unoffending and peaceful people. Henry II, and John of England were withstood by English Bishops. Cromwell was courageously faced by an Irish Bishop. Attila and his hordes were driven back by a bishop of Rome. The Catholic Church has always preached the subservience of earthly power to God and His law. There never yet was a tyrant in high station who did not see in the Church or one of her champions his most formidable opponent. Who ever had a grudge against the Church, whether it be a nation or an individual, that was not a plunderer of rights, a fattener on spoil, an oppressor of the poor? She was often persecuted, the people were often enslaved, because some monk had stayed the hand of the tyrant from the neck of the weak or drawn back his hand from some poor man's pocket. The political outcry was raised against the Jesuits in Europe because they were the holdfast and abject rebukers of sin and tyranny in high places.

Cardinal Mercier offers an example of the spirit of the old Church even more so, because he not only denounced the plunderers, but he will be the cause of them paying part of the damages.

The Archbishop of Malines is the epitome of super-patriotism, of aggressive Catholicity, of undaunted courage, of Christ-like perseverance. His name will redound to the glory of Belgium, to the credit of the Catholic Church. His life has been an inspiration to his own country, to the forces of justice everywhere. His words and deeds are enlightening to the mothers of every country. Could any words of hope and resignation to the mothers of soldiers "over there" be more consoling or sustaining than those that he addressed to the mothers of Belgium?

"To the mothers of Belgium, you who have lost your sons, husbands, brothers, fathers, daughters, homes and possessions, I say weep not. Cast your eyes upon the cross of the crucified Saviour and picture the anguish of His Mother Mary. She bore her sorrows for love of Him; do you the same for love of Him."

"Why all this sorrow, my God? Lord, Lord, hast Thou forsaken us? I look upon the Crucifix. I look upon Jesus, most gentle and humble Lamb of God, crushed, clothed in His blood as in a garment, and I think I hear from His own mouth the words which the Palmist uttered in His name: 'O, God, my God, look upon me; why hast Thou forsaken me? O my God, I shall cry, and Thou wilt not hear. And forthwith the martyr dies upon my lips; and I remember what our Divine Saviour said in His gospel: 'The disciple is not above the master, nor the servant above his lord.' The Christian is the servant of a God who became man in order to suffer and to die. To rebel against pain, to revolt against Providence, because it permits grief and bereavement, is to forget whence we came, the school in which we have been brought, the example that each of us carries graven in the name of a Christian which each of us honors at his hearth, contemplates at the altar of his prayers, and of which he desires that his tomb, the place of his last sleep, shall bear the sign. Across the smoke of conflagration, across the stream of blood, have you not glimpsed, do you not perceive signs of His Love for us? Is there a patriot among us who does not know that Belgium has grown great? Nay which of us would have the heart to cancel this last page of our national history? Which of us does not exult in the brightness of the glory of this shattered nation?"

Man, woman, child, nation, people will ever remember Cardinal Mercier. His four years of service to bleeding Belgium and to Christianity have made him immortal.—Brooklyn Tablet.

GOD WITH US

There is a great deal of talk going on in regard to the desired union of Christendom. Much of the talk gets nowhere, for the simple reason that it has no certain foundation upon which to build. Mere wishes are allowed to take the place of stubborn facts. Yet at that it is good to hear the talk, because it shows that there is a growing dissatisfaction with heresy. It is another thing to say how the union will be accomplished. To the Catholic there can be no other way than by recognizing the historic and authoritative Catholic Church. And it is very plain that even while they would be loath to admit it, many outside the Church are coming to see the "reasonableness" of the Catholic position.

It is not so long ago that the very idea of the priesthood was a red flag before the eyes of the defenders of the traditional Protestant position. We are all priests, said they; the fight of Christianity must be against priestcraft. There is no religion but that of the spirit, they continued; and sacraments and forms are but the superstitutions of outworn creeds. But today they are beginning to doubt their position. They are beginning to see, if not the necessity, at least the desirability of the priesthood that has the power to bring down God with His people as in the Mass. Thus we find a Protestant Chaplain, the Rev. J. S. Dancy, paying a tribute to the Catholic position. "What is it that the Roman Catholic priest conceives himself to be doing when he offers the sacrifice of the Mass?" he asks. He considers that he is securing the attendance of God among his people. The living God is believed to actually enthroned Himself upon the altar to fill the sacred place where His people meet with His presence, and to bestow through Christ His pardoning grace and His renewing strength. The people talk with God face to face. Now if you were a devout Catholic and actually believed all this, can you not see how glorious and wonderful it would be? The point which I urge is that when you get to the bottom of it, both of these claims have a thorough Christian foundation."

After all it is the Mass which matters. It is the Catholic Church alone which has kept its priesthood inviolate and which is assured of the presence of God in the sacrifice of the Mass. That faith is indeed glorious and wonderful to the Catholic, so wonderful that he does not marvel that those who cut themselves off from the great blessing are at last regretting the action of the reformers.—Boston Pilot.

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REFLECTIONS

The Church is the poet of her children: full of music to soothe the sad and control the wayward; wonderful in story for the imagination of the romantic; rich in symbol and imagery, so that gentle and delicate feelings, which will not bear words, may in silence intimate their presence or commune with themselves. Her very being is poetry. Every psalm, every petition, every collect, every versicle, the cross, the mitre, the thurible, is a fulfilment of some dream of childhood or aspiration of youth.—Newman.

"Why all this sorrow, my God? Lord, Lord, hast Thou forsaken us? I look upon the Crucifix. I look upon Jesus, most gentle and humble Lamb of God, crushed, clothed in His blood as in a garment, and I think I hear from His own mouth the words which the Palmist uttered in His name: 'O, God, my God, look upon me; why hast Thou forsaken me? O my God, I shall cry, and Thou wilt not hear. And forthwith the martyr dies upon my lips; and I remember what our Divine Saviour said in His gospel: 'The disciple is not above the master, nor the servant above his lord.' The Christian is the servant of a God who became man in order to suffer and to die. To rebel against pain, to revolt against Providence, because it permits grief and bereavement, is to forget whence we came, the school in which we have been brought, the example that each of us carries graven in the name of a Christian which each of us honors at his hearth, contemplates at the altar of his prayers, and of which he desires that his tomb, the place of his last sleep, shall bear the sign. Across the smoke of conflagration, across the stream of blood, have you not glimpsed, do you not perceive signs of His Love for us? Is there a patriot among us who does not know that Belgium has grown great? Nay which of us would have the heart to cancel this last page of our national history? Which of us does not exult in the brightness of the glory of this shattered nation?"

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League of Nations which refers to the relationship between man and God, but it asks for the support of the Church in a purely mechanical and visionary measure which has not yet become acceptable.

Again, Socialists reject the Christian religion and ignore the fatherhood of God; and therefore the Church has not become a party to their aims and ideals which treat solely of the external and material relationship between man and man without regard to man's spiritual need.

There is also in Socialism a denial of the principle, purpose and aim of Christianity, which is the transformation of the heart and soul of the individual, a purpose which is lacking in all the ideals and plans which mere culture and civilization have devised. Nor can the Christian religion, which is the God, be diverted from its purpose to adopt a plan to aid the selfishness of man. A certain man came to Jesus asking Him to direct his brothers to make a division of the inheritance, and he received this reply: "Man, who hath appointed me judge or divider over you?"

Our Lord would not allow Himself to be made an earthly king judge by those who refused to be His disciples, nor would He be diverted from His mission to save individual souls from the power of sin. For, religion is an individual relationship, and the work of the Church is to save the soul of the individual, whereby alone the world can be saved.

But, has God no thought for the innocent ones who have been caused untold suffering through the atrocious acts of the German army? He has the same thought He had for the Holy Innocents who perished under the sword of the soldiers of Herod, for those who were martyrs in the days of Nero, for those who today are giving their lives for righteousness sake. I believe that the law of compensation is one of God's laws, and that it finds its fulfillment in another world. It is probable, if Emerson were alive today, that he would change his view in regard to the man who is too strong and fierce for society, having his evil nature balanced and compensated for in this world by a troop of pretty sons and daughters. It is inconceivable that there is anything in the present world that could compensate the German army for its lust for blood, for its cruelty and wanton destruction; and we ask ourselves where under such philosophy is the compensation to the women and children who have been mutilated, outraged and slain through the devilishness of sin, in France and Belgium? Neither the world, nor culture, nor philosophy can give an answer, and we turn to the Christian religion and learn that they who are before the throne of God "came out of great tribulation." It is stated that among the soldiers of the Allies in France there is faith in the immortality of the soul which has arisen from an innate sense of justice; and there, face to face with the exceeding sinfulness of sin, skeptics are losing their skepticism in the belief that there is a personal devil, a veritable hell, and also a God, a Heaven and a Saviour in the Lord Jesus Christ.

What the world needs today is God, and God is here. But He cannot save the world until the world is willing to be saved.

WAR WORKER TELLS OF THE MEETING OF MILITARY MEN WITH CARDINAL

Arthur C. Clark, a Washington man, who went abroad the latter part of July to serve the Red Cross as canteen worker in France, writes to Washington a remarkable news, following a "Grand Mass" at Notre Dame Cathedral, as follows: "This morning I attended the 'Grand Mass' at the Notre Dame Cathedral and was fortunate to strike a Sunday when Cardinal Amette was here. All Americans and British-in fact, all military strangers—were invited to the sacristy to meet the

distinguished gentleman and receive his personal blessing. It was a strange sight. Narrow-stained glass windows cast a half light over a godly group of Americans, English, Australians, Belgians and Canadians, and a few French colonels in their scarlet uniforms lined the one side of the Cathedral, and a group of women workers (Y. W. C. A., Red Cross, British Red Cross and Polish-American nurses) on the other. In the center, stood the Cardinal, in red gown, assisted by acolytes in pure white. While he was speaking to us the distant tones of the wonderful organ came faintly as a fitting accompaniment to his gentle words of love and encouragement. I do not believe that I shall ever forget that scene."—Chicago New World.

"MUST HOLD LIFE OF LIBERTY STEADY"

THE HISTORIC MESSAGE OF PRESIDENT WILSON

After announcing in the House of Representatives on Monday, Nov. 11, 1918, the thirty-five clauses of the terms of German surrender, President Wilson delivered a message that will be one of the great historic documents of America. The President said: "The War thus comes to an end; for having accepted these terms of armistice, it will be impossible for the German command to renew it. It is not now possible to assess the consequences of this great consummation. We know only that this tragical War, whose consuming flames swept from one nation to another until all the world was on fire, is at an end and that it was the privilege of our own people to enter at its most critical juncture in such fashion and in such force as to contribute in a way of which we are all deeply proud, to the great result. We know, too, that the object of the War is attained; the object upon which all free men had set their hearts, and attained with a sweeping completeness which even now we do not realize.

ARMED IMPERIALISM AT AN END

Armed imperialism such as the men conceived who were yesterday the masters of Germany, is at an end, its illicit ambitions engulfed in black disaster. Who will seek to revive it? The arbitrary power of the military caste of Germany which once could secretly and of its own single choice disturb the peace of the world is discredited and destroyed. And more than that—much more than that—has been accomplished. The great nations which associated themselves to destroy it have now definitely united in the common purpose to set up such a peace as will satisfy the longing of the whole world for disinterested justice, embodied in settlements which are based upon something much better and much more lasting than the selfish competitive interests of powerful States. There is no longer conjecture as to the objects the victors have in mind. They have a mind in the matter not only, but a heart also.

Their avowed and concerted purpose is to satisfy and protect the weak as well as to accord their just rights to the strong. The humane temper and intention of the victorious governments has already been manifested in a very practical way. Their representatives in the supreme war council at Versailles have by unanimous resolution assured the peoples of the Central empires that everything that is possible in the circumstances will be done to supply them with food and relieve the distressing want that is in many places threatening their very lives and steps are to be taken immediately to organize these efforts at relief in the same systematic manner that they were organized in the case of Belgium. By the use of the idle tonnage of the Central empires it ought presently to be possible to lift the fear of utter misery from their oppressed populations and set their minds and energies free for the great and hazardous tasks of political reconstruction which now face them on every hand. Hunger does not breed reform; it breeds madness and all the ugly distempers that make an ordered life impossible.

AMERICA MUST BE PATIENT AND HELPFUL

For with the fall of the ancient governments which rested like an incubus upon the peoples of the Central empires has come political change not merely, but revolution, and revolution which seems as yet to assume no final and ordered form but to run from one fluid channel to another, until thoughtful men are forced to ask themselves, with what governments and of what sort are we about to deal in the making of the covenants of peace? With what authority will they meet us, and with what assurance that their authority will abide and sustain securely the international arrangements in which we are about to enter? There is here material for no small anxiety and misgivings. When peace is made, upon whose promises and engagements besides our own is it to rest? Let us be perfectly frank with ourselves and admit that these questions cannot be sufficiently answered now or at once. But the moral is not that there is little hope of an armistice that will suffice. It is entirely that we must be patient and helpful and stand above all of the great hope and confidence that lie at the heart of what is taking place. Excesses

accomplish nothing. Unhappy Russia has furnished abundant proof of that. Disorder immediately defeats itself. If excesses should occur, if disorder should for a time lose its head, sober second thought will follow and a day of constructive action, if we help and do not hinder.

MUST HOLD LIFE OF LIBERTY STEADY

The present and all that it holds belongs to the nations and the peoples who preserve their self-control and the orderly processes of their governments: the future to those who prove themselves the true friends of mankind. To conquer with arms is to make only a temporary conquest; to conquer the world by earning its esteem is to make permanent conquest. I am confident that the nations that have learned the discipline of freedom and that have settled with self-possession to its ordered practice are now able to make conquest of the world by the sphere of example and of friendly helpfulness.

The people who have but just come out from under the yoke of arbitrary government and who are now coming at last into their freedom will never find the treasures of liberty they are in search of if they look for them by the light of the torch. They will find that every path way that is stained with the blood of their own brothers leads to the wilderness, not to the seat of their hope. They are now face to face with their initial test.

We must hold the light steady until they find themselves. And in the meantime, if it be possible, we must establish a peace that will justly define their place among the nations, remove all fear of their neighbors and of their former masters, and enable them to live in security and contentment when they have set their own affairs in order. I, for one, do not doubt their purpose or their capacity. There are some happy signs that they know and will choose the way of self-control and peace accommodation. If they do, we shall put our aid at their disposal in every way that we can. If they do not, we must await with patience and sympathy the awakening and recovery that will assuredly come at last.

LIVE STRAIGHT AND SHOOT STRAIGHT

Speaking at a meeting of the General War-Time Commission of the Churches, Secretary Daniels contrasted the present spiritual provision made for our soldiers with the conditions he claimed existed in the days of the Spanish War, when "mothers were more fearful for the morals of their sons than for their lives." To-day, he said, the Government of the United States has laid stress upon the truth we so long refused to face, that if a man is to shoot straight he must live straight. In declaring his peace accommodation, he declared that the world would be saved from Prussianism, headed that it would not be worth saving unless the spirit of Christ was to predominate and permeate it. The Government of the United States has nobly recognized the great truth that officers and men are best fitted to accomplish their duty when best provided with the spiritual assistance of which they stand in need.—America.

CONVERT CLERGYMEN

That the stream of convert clergymen into the Catholic Church shows no sign of lessening in worth or strength, is apparent from the following list of thirteen recent English conversions. This list is furnished by the London Tablet for August 10th and for August 17th:—

The Rev. Vincent W. G. C. Baker, lately additional curate of St. Thomas, Regent Street, was received into the Church in the beginning of the month of August at Farnborough Abbey by Dom Peter Conway, O.S.B. The Rev. Charles Frederick Hodges, B. A., Curate of St. Stephen's Church, East Ham, London, E. has been received into the Church at the Franciscan Novitiate, the Friary, Chilworth, Surrey. The Rev. James Heaton Darby, late Warden of the College of Clergy, Hartlebury, Kidderminster, who was received by Dom Bede Corcoran, O.S.B. in Egypt, where he was Anglican Chaplain to the Forces. The Rev. Reginald Huber Madocks, B.A., late Scholar of Selwyn College, Cambridge, and formerly Curate of the Ascension, Victoria Docks, E., Charterhouse Mission, Borough, S. E., and All Hallows, Poplar, E., who was received by Mgr. Hurdle at St. Vincent's, Alenburgh Gardens, Clapham, S. W. The Rev. Lionel Richards Lewis, M. A., until recently curate of St. Alban's, Birmingham, the leading Ritualistic Church in the Midlands; and the Rev. Frederic Holding Lane, late Vicar of Whotton, Notts, formerly curate of St. Stephen's, Gloucester Road, South Kensington, were received into the Church by Mgr. Coombs, M. A., at Eastbourne.

The Rev. Edmund Frederic Nagent, M. A., formerly Vicar of St. Martin's, Brighton, and previously Vicar of Padstow, Cornwall, and Domestic Chaplain to the Bishop of Truro. He was received by the Bishop of Arras, France, where, since 1914, he has been working for the British Red Cross.

Other clergy, whose reception into the Catholic Church has only recently become known, are the Rev. Aubrey Ronald Graham Burn, B. A., late curate of St. George's, Whyke, Chichester; the Rev. C. F. Trasad, M. A.

vicar of Padstow, Cornwall; the Rev. Norman H. Pole, A. K. C., of SS. Phillip and James, Plaistow, E.; the Rev. Sidney J. Heald, M. A., of Limehouse parish, formerly of St. German's, Blackheath, S. E.; and the Rev. W. A. Wayne, M. A., vicar of Dunstall.

MR. WELLS ON CATHOLICISM

In his latest orgy of iconoclasm, Mr. Wells gives himself the distinction of belonging to the "school of irresponsible contemporaneous teachers." He must have been indulging in a wild flight of imagination when he styled himself a teacher: a teacher builds up, Mr. Wells does nothing but pull down. His characterization of himself, however, as "irresponsible" is strictly accurate. An avowed herald of revolt, he refuses to be bound by logic, he chafes under moral obligation, he sweeps aside the sacred conventions of established order. His appeal is to what he believes to exist in every man, "a fierce skepticism and resentment against the laws that bind him." He calls God an "Old Expedient," "the Old Man's restraint"; Christianity he thinks is obsolete; Catholics and Protestants are "old dead squabbles . . . dead as Druids." Some of his admirers have inclined to the belief that he was moving in the way of Christianity and perhaps, even of Catholicism. The following passage from his latest work makes his position unequivocally clear.

"What is the Catholic conception of human life?—auzzle, boozle, all the passion of the sexes unclean and behave accordingly, confess, get absolution, and at it again. Is there any recognition in Catholicism of the duty of keeping your body fit or your brain active? They're worse than the man who buried his talent in a clean napkin; they bury it in wheezy fat. It's a sloven's life. What have we in common with that? Always they are harking back to the thirteenth century, to the peasant life amidst dung and chickens. It's a different species of life from ours, with head and feet turned backward. What is the good of expecting the Pope, for instance, and his League to help us in creating a Church of Nations?"

"His aim would be a world agreement to stop progress, and we want to relapse. He wants peace in order to achieve nothing, and we want peace in order to do everything. What is the good of pretending that it is the same peace? A Catholic League of Nations would be a conspiracy of stagnation, another Holy Alliance. What real unity can come through them? Every step on the way to the world state and the real unification of men will be fought by these stagnant men and priests. Why blind ourselves to that? Progress is a religion in itself. Work and learning are our creed. We cannot make terms with any other creed. The priest has got his God, and we seek our God for ever. The priest is finished and completed and self-satisfied, and we—we are beginning."

This passage will be remembered by Catholics for its indecency and its crude, shameless misrepresentation, but because it records Mr. Wells' views without disguise. The less Catholics have to do with such an author, the better.—America.

MARSHAL FOCH AT PRAYER

AN INCIDENT WHICH PICTURES THE GREAT GENERAL AS A DEVOUT CATHOLIC

Daniel W. Evans, a non-Catholic, one of San Bernardino's liberty boys in the ambulance service abroad, has written to his parents, Mr. and Mrs. D. Walter Evans, that he recently saw Marshal Foch at prayer in one of France's great cathedrals. The following is a part of the young man's letter:

"I know it will be of special interest to you to know that I have seen the man to whom all the allied world is looking to stop any little stroll that Fritze wants to take in this direction—General Foch. Where? When? How? "It happened during a certain critical period when his name was on everyone's lips. He is an intensely religious man, and because of this, and my insatiable desire to see everything of interest, I first saw him in a great and ancient cathedral that I had heard of. I did not know who he was—did not even know that he was in the town, but I was attracted by the tall, gray-mustached man, clad in a huge blue military great coat, wearing no decorations but the heavy gold leaf of the general's rank. Accompanied by a single officer he came quietly up the aisle and knelt in prayer before a shrine.

"The generalissimo, commander of the armies of democracy, praying for divine guidance and help in overthrowing the powers of autocracy. Impressive? Well, rather!"

"Later, while wandering about rather aimlessly in the market place I noticed a sudden stiffening of backs—officers, soldiers, civilians, women and children—the whole square came to attention; hats came off, hands flew to the salute, and all eyes were turned toward the other end of the square where the magnificent soldier whom I had seen in the cathedral was entering from a side street.

"Qui est-il?" I asked a French polli beside me. "Le General Foch," he answered, in a voice that was caressing and reverential at the same time.

"Zip!—I came to a salute so quickly that I surprised myself, but in time to do homage to the idol of the World. Smiling, bowing, and returning our salutes, men and women alike, he walked past us, attended by the lone officer."—St. Paul Bulletin.

THE BELLS—THE BELLS OF VICTORY!

Soon they shall ring together in gladness 'The high, the free, the silver-throated, Thy bells, O France!

The Mighty-to-Destroy, the Yoke-Bringers, They whose gods are the God of force

And the Magog of terrorism— Their flags have flown, their iron bells have raved

For their thousands slain, For their tens of thousands enslaved, But now a little while their bells abstain.

But now a little while their praise is dumb Of rapine and of slaughter and of words— Rust go a little on their iron

And their dogs of war turn home. So now at last may come Thy silver answer, France, To all their blood and iron:

Thy bells' notes scattering like silver rain Across the parched and torn and iron-resentful world.

Soon shall they have whereof to ring Calling cathedral to cathedral, Amiens to Rheims, till Louvain lift its head,

Having endured its cross, and not in vain. Yet a few more days, and they shall have whereof to raise

A new and high and silver-clear refrain: Of human dignity well served by those

Not vainly having lived, nor vainly dead; Of men ennobled by hard loss and pain

And crowned with victory, And made great-hearted, hearing, under skies without a stain,

Thy long-mute bells, O France! —ALLAN UPDEGRAFF

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH EXTENSION SOCIETY OF CANADA

THE SEED IS THE WORD OF GOD

The last commission of Our Blessed Lord to His disciples before He ascended into heaven was this: "Go ye, therefore, and teach all nations." This commission was given primarily to the pastors, that is to say, to the ordained ministers of the Gospel, but not by any means to the entire exclusion of the other members of the Church. The laity may and ought to be the auxiliaries and co-laborers with the Bishops and priests in the planting, spreading and defense of Christ's Kingdom.

In the missionary sections of Canada the Catholic Church has three great difficulties against which to contend; viz, the vast territory to be covered, the scattered flocks and the scarcity of priests. The scarcity of priests is the main difficulty in establishing the Kingdom of Christ in our Dominion. The few priests, comparatively speaking, must organize and superintend all the missionary work of the Church throughout the West and North. The missionary may sit down from morn till night hearing confessions and giving individual instruction to his heterogeneous congregation but this is not enough, there are so many other places and persons eager for his presence that never has he the satisfaction of work well done. Pious souls may say about him that he is doing three or four priests' work. All this is kind, charitable and oriental hyperbole. No man, and especially a priest, can do two men's work, let alone that of three or four; he may try it but the result is a lot of work badly hurriedly done. The fact that he drives long distances on Sundays to say Masses just means that he is unfit for a most essential work when he reaches the end of his journey, i. e. the instruction of the people and particularly of the growing generation. Confessions must be heard, Mass said, a few words of instruction. That's all. The result of this necessarily hurried work is a growing ignorance of the Catholic Faith. This is the case especially when the priest can only visit his scattered congregation three or four times a year.

Ignorance of religion, someone has said, was the cause of the awful defection from the Catholic Church during the Reformation. The Catholic people were unable to grapple with the new objections brought against their Faith by the Protestant teachers, and fell away.

In Canada, European immigrants are experiencing like attacks. The Ruthenians and others from the traditional Catholic atmosphere of the old country are unprepared to stand, without the priest, alone, against the assaults of Protestants. The young Ruthenians with little chance of knowing his religion and breathing in daily the non-Catholic air of the Public School is bound to lose his

A Cup of Tea In Perfection



Fresh From The Gardens Sealed Packets Only Black-Green or Mixed Try a Packet To Day

Faith unless the necessary spiritual props support him. What we say of the Ruthenians and other newcomers to Canada may be said very truly about many who work West from the well organized parishes of Eastern Canada. Take away the priest and the Church and the Catholic School and in one generation you have a wabbling Faith and a spineless Catholicity.

Efforts are being made at the present time to remedy the baneful conditions so detrimental to the Faith of Western foreign Catholics. We feel that through the Providence of God, in the near future, we will have in the very centre of the most needy sections of the West a body of religious teachers, who will be the noble auxiliaries of the missionaries; who will take on themselves a great part of the laborious and essential work of the missionary; viz, the instruction of the young in the Faith of Christ.

Money is needed to bring this much wished and hoped for day closer and closer. To the Catholics of Canada we look for this money. We need immediately \$50,000, a small sum as money is reckoned today, but a sum that means the salvation of thousands and the sowing of the seed for the great future harvest. You to whom God has given much, much will be required. You are sure of one thing in supporting with your money the Catholic Church in the salvation of souls, that you are making a first-class investment and that your dividends are sure for all Eternity.

Donations may be addressed to: Rev. P. O'DONNELL, President, Catholic Church Extension Society, 87 Bond St. Toronto.

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

Table with columns for DONATIONS and amounts. Includes entries for 'Previously acknowledged', 'Thankgiver, Halifax', 'Elsie M., St. John, N. B.', 'In honor of Infant Jesus and Blessed Mother', 'M. A. P., Ottawa', 'Mount Carmel', 'Mrs. M. Butler, Sheenboro'.

COMPLAINTS OF PARTIALITY

As we learn from The Log Cabin Democrat of Conway (October 25) Adjutant General Philip Keiffer of Camp Pike writes, upon inquiry, to B. F. Reddick of Faulkner County the following letter: "Beg to state that any rumor or statement that no denomination is allowed to preach in Camp Pike except Roman Catholic is utterly unfounded and untrue. It is true that no representatives of any denomination, Protestant, Catholic or otherwise, is permitted to preach in this camp, with the exception of army chaplains. These are selected by the War Department from all denominations."

This authoritative statement by General Keiffer is called into question by The Baptist Advance. It claims that partiality is shown to Catholics and argues from the fact that Mass is being celebrated at the Knights of Columbus building.

Mass is a distinctly Catholic service. What Baptist services can be held out there under Baptist auspices? asks The Advance. To this we reply that whenever Mass is celebrated at Camp Pike it is by an army chaplain. It is a distinctly Catholic service, to be sure. And supposing there is a Methodist or a Baptist or a Presbyterian or an Episcopalian army chaplain at Camp Pike, he may as assuredly hold the particular services of his denomination at the Y. M. C. A. building, it being left to any soldiers who should wish to attend.

But The Advance is galled that the Knights of Columbus are there at all. To us nothing seems fairer than that there should be an organization of Catholic laymen to look after the recreational needs of Catholic soldiers, as there is a Protestant one, the Y. M. C. A. for Protestants, and a Jewish one for the Jews. That they are not exclusive is a most commendable feature in a line of work that is not strictly denominational. Where the Knights of Columbus are not represented Catholics are welcome to hold Mass in Y. M. C. A. buildings; and if it were possible that anywhere the Y. M. C. A. had no building, a preacher of any denomination might preach or hold communion service in the Y. M. C. A. building. There is no doubt that, if the distinctness of Baptists from Protestants were as pronounced, as the difference between Catholics,

Protestants and Jews, and if the Baptists had had an organization of their own, similar in scope to the Knights of Columbus, to offer to the government for camp activities—that in that case the Baptist organization would have received official welcome and endorsement. If therefore Baptist service cannot be held at Camp Pike in a Baptist building and under Baptist auspices, it is owing to circumstances over which the government had no control. If the Baptists are somewhat extra, neither Protestant nor Catholic nor Jewish, they should have bestirred themselves to form and finance a benevolent organization for recreational work among the soldiers. The Knights of Columbus have already spent over ten million dollars for the benefit of our army, and this coming week the Catholics of the United States will see to it that The Advance does not taunt us with the remark: "And Baptists and others are asked to contribute toward paying the bills for this Catholic work."

Finally, the insulting charge of The Advance: "that these Knights of Columbus buildings are there as a distinct Roman Catholic means of exploitation of its own self goes without question"—this gratuitous offense in the teeth of what has been often said, both by army and government officials, we leave for the boys—Baptist, Protestant, Jewish, Catholic boys—to answer when they come home from the War.—S. in The Guardian.

FATHER FRASER'S CHINA MISSION FUND

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

Gratefully yours in Jesus and Mary, J. M. FRASER.

I propose the following burses for subscription:

Table with columns for burses and amounts. Includes entries for 'SACRED HEART BURSE', 'QUEEN OF APOSTLES BURSE', 'ST. ANTHONY'S BURSE', 'IMMACULATE CONCEPTION BURSE', 'ST. JOSEPH, PATRON OF CHINA, BURSE', 'BLESSED SACRAMENT BURSE', 'ST. FRANCIS XAVIER BURSE', 'HOLY NAME OF JESUS BURSE', 'HOLY SOULS BURSE', 'LITTLE FLOWER BURSE'.

Col. E. M. House, personal representative of President Wilson and spokesman of the Department of State, and Admiral William Benson, Chief of Naval Operations, have arrived in France to represent the United States in consideration of Germany's plea for an armistice and peace negotiations. Admiral Benson will represent the United States Navy in the discussion of Naval questions, which as well as matters pertaining to the Army, will have to be settled before the various governments are informed of the conditions under which hostilities might cease with the power of the German war machine broken.

FIVE MINUTE SERMON

Rev. J. P. Hickey, O. S. B. THE FORGOTTEN DEAD

Of us, my dear brethren, realize the power we possess doing good one to another by our prayers and lives in the Holy Scriptures and the lives of the Saints there are countless instances of even miracles being worked by the prayers of a good man.

But if charity demands that we pray for those who, if they wished, could pray for themselves, how much more does the love of our neighbor press us to pray for the dead? Do not those who are helpless need their pity and succour all the more? Are the souls of our deceased friends, who are now in Purgatory, grateful to us for remembering them without ceasing in our prayers, or are they crying out with Job: "My kinsmen have forsaken me, and they that knew me have forgotten me?" (Job xix. 14)

To pray for the dead is a duty. Charity demands it, justice demands it, the glory and honour of God demand it; and it is not that the very object of our existence in this world? My dear brethren, let us not forget the dead. It is a very bad sign, from which we can surely tell the state of our souls. If we soon and easily forgot the dead—those who were near and dear to us, and have claims upon our love—it shows unmistakably that we are not spiritual-minded. It shows that we think very little of heaven, have no longing for it; that the gaining heaven is not a motive urging us on to strenuous endeavour.

It is a bad sign, for it shows that we think very little of sin, and the punishment of sin, which is keeping our poor friends from the blessed vision of God. It is a bad sign, for as we have done to them it will be done unto us, and we, too, shall be forgotten in our sad and weary sojourning in that place of punishment. We acknowledge all this is true, and all our feeble excuse is— "We forgot! An insult, and not an excuse. Our present life, its joys and cares, leave little leisure for pity: "out of sight, out of mind," is so true, and the souls in Purgatory know it well: "They that knew me have forgotten me."

Whereas "remembrance of them in our prayers without ceasing" is a blessed thing indeed: for, first, it is an act of mercy to them. Their time for mercy is over, and God's justice is exacting the payment of their debt; but we are privileged, poor sinners though we may be, to bring mercy to them instead. Prayers, alms, sacrifices, good deeds, sufferings, may be offered up to God for them, and He most graciously accepts them on their behalf. "Bekating themselves to prayers, they besought Him that the sin which had been committed might be forgiven."

Moreover, these prayers are pleasing indeed to God, for they bring about that for which He is longing—the hastening of those souls to heaven. Can it be possible that the good God, Who is love itself, will not place a double value on these prayers, and accept them as pleading for our own sanctification as well? A prayer for the suffering souls blesses them and blesses us who offer it. And could this pious practice of constant praying for the dead be continued by one living in sin? My dear brethren, this holy practice must purify our souls, refine us and itself cannot find a resting place in the one same heart. Therefore, perseverance in prayer for them fits us to be with them. The more we shall pray, the less we shall sin. The more remembrance we shall have of them, the less the hold that the world and its sinful pleasures will have upon our hearts.

This life and this world to most of us is almost a continuous series of disappointments. And why? To teach us that this is not a lasting home, that our souls are meant for heaven. We should, therefore, thank God each time that this world proves itself to us a fraud and a failure. And remembrance of the holy souls in constant prayer is the surest and easiest means of despising this world and looking for our home in heaven. Binded in securing our friends' and brethren's entrance there, can we fail to realize that we are one of God's children, too? Our hearts will beat with a new delight when we say "Our Father, Who art in heaven."

FREQUENT COMMUNION

Pope Pius X. encouraged the laity to receive Holy Communion frequently. This is the treasure that makes us rich. This is the fount of grace. This is the source of virtue. That is the pledge of eternal life.

Happy are they who, in the state of grace and with good will, receive Christ every day. They shall have peace for their souls on earth and bliss eternal in the world to come.—Catholic Columbian.

OLD FAITH REVIVES

Much is being said and written about France today and both speakers and writers are unanimous in asserting that there is a spiritual regeneration among the French people. They note particularly that the old time spirit of France is returning and giving new evidences daily of increasing vigor.

But where most of them err is in failing to recognize what they should know from history, that France is especially has been intensely Catholic at heart.

Now that the frightfulness of War has brought grief to many a happy home and covered the fields with the dead and dying, naturally the spirit of France is asserting itself. But that spirit is not one of superstition, it is not one of doubt, but rather of the certainty that if those they loved are gone forever, they live in happiness with the God whom France has faithfully worshipped and nobly served.

What non-Catholic writers express astonishment at and ascribe to superstition is but the visible outpouring of faith. It is the unconquerable and unconquered will of a nation to believe, and in that belief it seeks its strength and consolation especially in times of trouble and disaster.

The faith of the French is an inexhaustible well out of which the world has drawn its inspiration for centuries, and it is this very profundity of faith coupled with French chivalry that has won for France the fair title of the "Eldliest Daughter of the Church." It is this chivalrous faith that has inspired her sons and daughters to cross great oceans and mighty continents in order to spread the light of the Gospel among those not yet illumined with the truths of Christianity. It was this quickened faith that gave us our early missionaries who in commemoration of their religious endeavors builded cities and named them after saints.

Throughout all America, from the farthest north to the southern boundary and from the Atlantic to the Pacific, there are found cities that derive their names from the Church's Calendar of Saints, St. John, St. Lawrence, St. Augustine, San Antonio, San Francisco, St. Louis, St. Paul, and so on. This whole country is dotted with cities that derive their origin and names from French missionary spirit and endeavour. And it is that same spirit, that same zeal for souls that inspired these early missionaries to traverse land and sea in olden days, when dear ones are no more and sorrow has clouded shell-torn France.

It is the indomitable Catholic spirit that is the external expression of belief, in a merciful God, and in the doctrine of Purgatory that is thrilling itself under the notice of the world. It is this intense desire to aid their dead by their prayers that is surging forth in the Frenchman's breast. His traditional loyalty to religion is accentuated by the terrible losses that he has sustained, and the world now sees more clearly.

But it were idle to say that superstition is the driving force. Catholicity is the power that is moulding their lives. The Catholic faith never seems so cogent nor its influence so warm as when discouragement hovers near and heart breakings are the rule. And none will say in the light of truth that Catholicity is a superstition. This is a commonplace of the ignorant and uninformed. No enlightened man would give utterance to such an absurdity.

A nation, like an individual, may stray for a while from the straight path, but in one day it finds itself. And surely France of all the world has found itself, and is giving to all men a most sacred lesson of the nobility of the Catholic religion, of the cogency of its doctrines and of the consolations it imparts when all earthly comforts fail and the soul forces a union with its God at the foot of the Cross.—Boston Pilot.

THE LAYMAN'S OPPORTUNITY

A letter from a Protestant correspondent makes a rather unusual request. "I am a member of a reading circle composed entirely of Protestants but we feel that it would be interesting to make our next meeting a Catholic one. We are interested in the Catholic Church and feel we should know about her beliefs, ceremonies and spirit; and so I am writing for sources of information and references."

SPECIALIST SAID HE MUST OPERATE

She Took "FRUIT-A-TIVES" Instead. And is Now in Perfect Health.



MME. F. GAREAU

153 Papineau Ave., Montreal. "For three years, I suffered great pain in the lower part of my body, with swelling or bloating. I saw a specialist, who carefully examined me and gave me several tonics to take, which did not help me. Then he told me I must undergo an operation. This, I refused to permit. I heard about 'Fruit-a-tives' and the wonderful results it was giving because this medicine is made from fruit juices, so decided to try it. The first box gave great relief; and I continued the treatment, taking six boxes more. Now, my health is excellent—I am free of pain and swelling—and I give 'Fruit-a-tives' my warmest thanks." MME. F. GAREAU. 50c. a box, 6 for \$2.50, trial size 25c. At all dealers or sent by Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.

mind Protestant friends that it would be well for them to study Catholicity even from the standpoint of their own self respect, so that they will know something accurate on a subject of such present importance. Offer to lend them the sort of books that will give them authoritative and first hand information. Propose to them to bring up this subject in the study clubs and reading circles to which they belong. Get them to come to meetings of Catholics and to lectures where Catholic subjects are treated. Tell them that at most Catholic churches instructions are regularly given at which they can be taught the elements of Catholic belief and obtain answers to the questions and difficulties that come to mind concerning it.

THE ALBERT MADONNA

All the world knows the story of the Madonna which was dislodged by German shell fire from its perch on the tower of the parish church at Albert during the first mad rush of the German Army through France in 1914. The statue did not fall, nor was it greatly damaged, but the base was so shattered that it hung precariously over the main road from Amiens to Bapaume which passed under the very wall of the beautiful old church. For some reason, when the red tide of war swept westward through Albert, the enemy did not complete the destruction of the tower, and the statue still maintained its strange pose after the invaders had been rolled back by the Battle of the Marne.

Those were the days of great hope. France was fighting with skill and determination. Britain was steadily increasing her small but wonderful army, and the Russians were advancing almost at a gallop through East Prussia. In fact there were optimistic who thought Germany would sue for peace before Christmas—Christmas, 1914! Some hint of the trend of popular thought was given by the quiet concert which grew up in the hearts of the people, namely, that when the Virgin of Albert fell (as fall she must, in the opinion of all who saw the statue) the War would end in a victory for France and her Allies.

But the War did not end, nor did the status fall, and the opposing armies settled down to nearly four years of trench warfare, with the odds greatly in favor of the invader and success constantly attending his efforts and those of his ill-omened helpers, the Turks. The Germans, who certainly never miss a point in their efforts to undermine their opponents' morale, seized on the legend. Varying it to suit their purpose they spread the story far and wide that when the statue fell France would lose the War. Now, the town of Albert possesses a most patriotic and efficient parish priest. No sooner did the German version of the story reach his ears than he sought out a skilled blacksmith. The two ascended the half-ruined tower surveyed the broken base, and so brazen and riveted the statue in its recumbent position that fall it could not with the lower itself gave way. So, for many a day every British Tommy who marched to the front along the road to Bapaume raised his wondering eyes to the Madonna high above his head, and few there were of any denomination who failed to find in its strange attitude a species of benign benediction.

At last during those black days of last March and April, the seemingly impossible happened. The British

line before the fury of a German assault, aided, as it was, by long-continued fog, and the enemy was once again in Albert. When the British retired the statue was still intact, but, whether, by accident or design is not yet known, the Germans brought down the tower, and with it fell the Virgin and Child.

And here comes the strange part of the story, to which latest developments have attracted the attention of the world for the first time. Hardly a yard farther did the German advance progress. From that day to this the gray green hordes have been pressed back, slowly at first, but with an ever-increasing celerity which now threatens to develop into a rout. In a word, the luck of the Germans has deserted them since the Virgin of Albert was destroyed. From being the truculent conquerors of nearly all Europe they are now on their knees begging for mercy. The foregoing facts cannot be gainsaid. Viewed in retrospect they form one of the most curious and interesting episodes of this the greatest of all wars.—N. Y. Catholic News.

PRIEST TRAVELS 6,500 MILES TO OFFER HIS SERVICES AS CHAPLAIN

After travelling 6,500 miles to offer his services as chaplain to the United States, the Rev. Robert Luis MacNeely has arrived in New York from Santiago, Chile. He was formerly well known in New York and Brooklyn and has still many friends there. He has spent the past six years attending to the spiritual welfare of the English speaking Catholics on the coast of Chile.

Father MacNeely, who is hale and strong despite his fifty-five years has received a year's leave of absence from the ecclesiastical authorities of Santiago for the patriotic purpose of offering his services to the United States. He has applied for appointment as a K. of C. chaplain at one of the cantonments and hopes that the desire of his heart, to be permitted to serve his country, will be gratified.

Father MacNeely is the son of a veteran of the Civil War who laid down his life on the blood-stained field of Gettysburg. He feels that his age should be no handicap to his appointment as chaplain, as he says that "there are many officers on the firing line older than he is."—Church Progress.

ERIN'S FUTURE

IRELAND TO HAVE FULL SUPPORT OF ENGLISH CATHOLICS SAYS BISHOP KEATING

Bishop Keating of Northampton was one of the speakers at the notable assemblage of the Catholic Union Thursday Oct. 31st when, beside the English and French ecclesiastical delegation, noted American churchmen and statesmen were present. On this occasion the Bishop gave the solemn word that in the future the Catholics of Ireland could look to the British Catholics for co-operation in the just aspirations of their country. Said Bishop Keating: "No such scheme of co-operation among English speaking Catholics can be complete or satisfactory which does not include the ancient, glorious and ever faithful Church of St. Patrick. For, strange as it sounds, it is the Church of St. Patrick that has been the foremost evangelist in the English tongue and that has planted or replanted the faith in every land where that tongue is spoken. It is the Church of St. Patrick that has colonized this great Republic and every dominion of the British crown with church builders and school builders, with bishops and priests, with religious men and women and with a laity which sets no bounds to its generosity and loyalty. In every age the eyes of the greatest leaders in the English Church have been turned in longing expectation toward the Church of St. Patrick, from Milner to Manning and Wiseman, and especially Newman in the imperishable lectures delivered to the Irish Catholic University.

"English Catholics today are no less warm in their affection or less eager for co-operation. For the moment, indeed, the horizon is overclouded by meddling political intrigues which have put Ireland in a false position before the world. With these political intrigues the Irish hierarchy considers itself bound to deal, because the Irish people are accustomed to look for guidance to their clergy in temporal as well as spiritual matters. But the English hierarchy, like the American hierarchy are very differently situated. We have nothing to do with party politics anywhere. But still I can say that the British public in general, and British Catholics in particular are determined that the findings of the Irish convention shall not remain a dead letter, and we shall give our support 'en masse' to the Government when it incorporates those findings in a new and final Home Rule measure. The red hand of Ulster cannot be allowed to write any more skeletons. A secondary must end in Ireland as it must end in Prussia and elsewhere. No British party, certainly no British government, will ever again be willing to play Ulster's hand or seek to perpetuate the intolerable situation which has wrought misery to so many generations.

"Gentlemen, in spite of present appearances, a new day is dawning for our Sister Isle—a day of political freedom, material prosperity, and of striking intellectual development. It is to the new Ireland that our eyes

are turned in hope, for when the Irish problem is solved, then the problem of co-operation among English speaking Catholics will be solved with it to the enormous advantage both of the Church and of human society. For the world of English thought and speech is waiting for its soul. Even moulded in material clay, it is a thing of beauty, with its fine natural organism, its love of democratic government, its sense of justice and honor, its loathing for falsehood, double dealing, selfish ambition and all the other vices of the super-man. Let but the Spirit of God be breathed upon it, let it but be quickened by the touch of the supernatural, then shall we see a marvelous creation, and the face of the earth will be renewed."—Chicago New World.

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CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

THE TOWN CALLED "DON'T-YOU WORRY"

"There's a town called Don't-You Worry. On the banks of the River Smile, Where the Cheer-up and Be-Happy Blossom sweetly all the while. Where the Never-Grumble flower Blooms beside the fragrant Fry. And the Never-Give-up and Patience Point their faces to the sky. In the valley of Contentment, In the province of I-Will, You will find this lovely city At the foot of No-fretting Hill. There are thoroughfares delightful In this very charming town; And on every hand are shade trees Named The Very-Seldom-Down. Rustic benches, quite enticing You'll find scattered here and there; And to each a vine is clinging. Called the Frequent-Earrest-Prayer. Everybody here is happy. And is singing all the while, In the town of Don't-You Worry, On the banks of River Smile." -N. Y. Catholic News

A FAITHFUL DOG

Attached to a French command was a dog named Michael, larger, stronger, more intelligent than the others and of a gentle nature that made him a general favorite. Michael, although most "sociable," centered his particular affections upon a young French soldier named Henri. Every day at the soup hour Michael would appear, carrying a tin can and place it beside Henri, who could fill it as he did his own, and they would dine together.

The day came, however, when Henri failed to return, and as the men stumbled back again to safety, Michael scanned with anxious eye each pale, haggard face, his sensitive nostrils quivering with dread. When the last man had been accounted for and Henri was still missing, the animal darted toward the battlefield and after some time returned, greatly excited and carrying an old half glove which belonged to his friend. He could scarcely wait for the attendants to bring a lister before he started off again, his great intelligent eyes imploring them to hurry.

In a remote part of the field they found the young fellow lying still and cold. After a hasty examination the attendants left him for dead, hurrying away to succor the living; but Michael refused to be convinced. Again and again he returned for assistance, but in vain, so he mounted his solitary gun, his face almost humanly expressive of grief.

The attack took place about sundown and it was not until late that night that comparative quiet settled down upon the trenches.

Suddenly the moon flared from behind a cloud and the alert sentinel peered sharply about, then brought his rifle to his shoulder.

Not twenty feet away, creeping slowly towards the trenches, but halting abruptly every minute loomed a large, dark object. The sentry advanced cautiously, finger on trigger, demanded curtly, "Who goes there?" followed by a stifled exclamation of "Michael!"

Michael it was, gasping, panting, but still the same old dog Michael—but not alone. Behind him, parts of his uniform peering from away by the dog's feet, lay Henri, dragged from the battlefield, inch by inch, by the devoted animal. And, miracle of miracles, the boy was actually breathing.

How the animal had accomplished such a herculean task and escaped the vigilant eyes of the field attendants will forever remain a mystery, but suffice to say that little fragile-looking Henri ultimately recovered to challenge death once more at the front.—True Voice

A CHRISTIAN HERO

The life story of Michael J. Leahy, of Pittsfield, Mass., who died recently, is a tale of Christian heroism as inspiring as it is holy and beautiful. Mr. Leahy had lived all his life—sixty-four years—in Pittsfield where his sterling qualities of mind and heart were known to all who knew him.

When only eight years old Michael Leahy lost both hands in an accident. Later his arms were amputated to the shoulders. Despite this terrible handicap the boy acquired an education that included a knowledge of the classics and a proficiency in penmanship that many a student with hands might well envy. He wrote by holding pen, pencil or chalk between his teeth.

With admirable courage and perseverance he set himself to earn a living first as a teacher and for the last twenty years as a newspaper dealer.

The Pittsfield Eagle says: "Mr. Leahy was a devout Catholic, attending St. Joseph's church and holding a membership in the Holy Name Society, the St. Vincent de Paul conference and the promoters of the League of the Sacred Heart. He very seldom missed the parish Mass and would receive Communion every morning."

"He visited St. Joseph's church every day to say a prayer. Sometimes he went there twice or three times a day. It was no uncommon sight to see him kneeling there in one of the rear pews, his hat on, his attitude one of the utmost reverence. The city had few such examples of attachment to spiritual obligations."

shame at their remissness and coldness! A long time friend gives further testimony to the fullness of religious consolation that made Michael Leahy's life so useful and happy.

"I came to know him intimately as the days rolled on," writes this friend in The Eagle. "Our paths crossed every day, winter or summer, through all the years."

"He had as cruel a cross to carry as any man has ever borne, but he never questioned the justice and mercy of God, nor the essential goodness of the human heart. Within the temple of his Master he found sanctuary from the tempests of life. It gave him the comfort he needed to bear without complaining."

"There was no cant in Mikey Leahy. Out of the very way in which he had to live, he learned the value of dependence and patience and kindness. He always seemed to be waiting for somebody to open a door for him, yet he was always on time and somehow appeared to give just a little more than he received."

"That sunny smile that lingered fondly about his lips, that frank face helped to carry through the day many a man who without physical imperfection, should have had no care at all! He made the most of his talents. He taught Latin to a generation of boys who served on the altar of St. Joseph's. He would often surprise you with his quick, classical references that fitted with illuminating exactness. I never heard him speak of anyone unkindly, ungenerous or uncharitable word."

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

SHORT SKETCH OF LIVES OF SAINTS OF THE WEEK

NOVEMBER 19.—ST. ELIZABETH OF HUNGARY

Elizabeth was the daughter of a king of Hungary, and niece of St. Hedwig. She was betrothed in infancy to Louis, Landgrave of Thuringia, and brought up in his father's court. Not content with receiving daily numbers of poor in her palace, and relieving all in distress, she built several hospitals, where she served the sick, dressing the most repulsive sores with her own hands. Once she was carrying in the folds of her mantle some provisions for the poor, she met her husband returning from the chase. Astonished to see her bending under the weight of her burden, she opened the mantle which she had pressed against her, and found in it nothing but beautiful red and white roses, although it was not the season for flowers. Bidding her pursue her way, he took one of the marvellous roses, and kept it all his life. On her husband's death she was cruelly driven from her palace, and forced to wander through the streets with her little children, a prey to hunger and cold; but by the aid of her saintly mother, she was able to support herself and her children, and continued to be the mother of the poor, converting many by her holy life. She died in 1231, at the age of twenty-four.

NOVEMBER 20.—ST. FELIX OF VALOIS

St. Felix was son of the Count of Valois. His mother throughout his youth did all she could to cultivate in him a spirit of charity. The union of divorce between his parents matured a long formed resolution of leaving the world; and, cooing his mother to her pious brother Thibault, Count of Champagne, he took the Cistercian habit at Clairvaux. His rare virtues drew on him such admiration that, with St. Bernard's consent, he fled to Italy, where he led an austere life with an aged hermit. At his time he was ordained priest, and his old counsellor having died, he returned to France, and for many years lived as a solitary at Cerfroid. Here God inspired him with the desire of founding an Order for the redemption of Christian captives, and moved St. John of Matha, then a youth, to conceive a similar wish. Together they drew up the rules of the Order of the Holy Trinity. Many disciples gathered round them; and, seeing that the time had come for further action, the two Saints made a pilgrimage to Rome to obtain the confirmation of the Order from Innocent III. Their prayer was granted, and the last fifteen years of Felix's long life were spent in organizing and developing his rapidly increasing foundations. He died A. D. 1213.

NOVEMBER 21.—THE PRESENTATION OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN MARY

Religious parents never fail by devout prayer to consecrate their children to the divine service and love, both before and after their birth. Some amongst the Jews, not content with this general consecration of their child, offered them to God in their infancy, by the hands of priests in the Temple, to be lodged in apartments belonging to the Temple, and brought up in attending the priests and Levites in the Sacred ministry. It is an ancient tradition that the Blessed Virgin Mary was thus solemnly offered to God in the Temple in her infancy. This festival of the Presentation of the Blessed Virgin the Church celebrates this day. The tender soul of Mary was then adorned with the most precious graces, an object of astonishment and praise to the angels, and of the highest complacency to the adorable Trinity; the Father looking upon her as His beloved daughter,

the Son as one chosen and prepared to become His mother, and the Holy Ghost as His darling spouse. Mary was the first who set up the standard of virginity; and, by consecrating it by a perpetual vow to Our Lord, she opened the way to all virgins who have since followed her example.

NOVEMBER 22.—ST. CECILIA, VIRGIN, MARTYR

In the evening of her wedding day with the music of the marriage hymn ringing in her ears, Cecilia, a rich, beautiful, and noble Roman maiden, renewed the vow by which she had consecrated her virginity to God. "Pure be my heart and undefiled my flesh; for I have a spouse you know not of—an angel of my Lord." The heart of her young husband Valerian was moved by her words; he received Baptism, and within a few days, on his brother Tiburtius, who had been brought by him to a knowledge of the Faith, sealed their confession with his blood. Cecilia only remained. "Doyou not know," was her answer to the threats of the prefect, "that I am the bride of my Lord Jesus Christ?"

The death appointed for her was suffocation, and she remained a day and a night in that way, head and feet bound to a millstone. On his third day, Cecilia was over, and A. D. 177 the Virgin Saint gave back her pure spirit to Christ.

NOVEMBER 23.—ST. CLEMENT OF ROME

St. Clement is said to have been a convert of noble birth, and to have been consecrated bishop by St. Peter himself. With the apostles he was the apostles still ringing in his ears, he began to rule the Church of God; and thus he was among the first, as he was among the most illustrious, in the long line of those who have held the place and power of Peter. He lived as the same time in the same city with Dominian, the persecutor of the Church; and besides external foes he had to contend with heresies and schisms within the Church. The Corinthian Church was torn by intestine strife, and the members set the authority of their clergy at defiance. It was then that St. Clement interfered in the plenitude of his apostolic authority, and sent his famous epistle to the Corinthians. He urged the duties of charity, and above all of submission to the clergy. He did not speak in vain; peace and order were restored. St. Clement had done his work on earth, and shortly after sealed with his blood the Faith which he had learned from Peter and taught to the nations.

"WE DARE TO SAY"

We should not dare, but we are emboldened by the command of Christ, "Thus shall ye pray." What we are we know; what God is, we shall never fully know, even when we stand in His presence. But of this we are persuaded, that we are weak and without favor, and for our many sins, despicable; that God is all powerful, all-beautiful, and for Himself most lovable. The daring words, inspired by Divine presumption, we repeat daily, addressing the Almighty, "adorned by saving precepts and taught by God Himself," by the consoling name of "Father."

In these days of trial, when hearts are sore and homes are empty, and the joy that made life sweet, has been changed to mourning, we need to reach a fuller realization, that He from whom all things are, is in very truth our "Father." Whatever love a father bears for his helpless little child, that same love is in our great need, is in our need, when compared with the tender, patient love of our Father in Heaven. Whatever watchful care a human father may hold for the dearly beloved child of his heart slipping down to the brink of death, is but the faintest reflection of the loving kindness of our Heavenly Father for the least of His sinful children. We may walk long in the shadow of death, but the approach of evil shall not shake our trust in Him. Of old, there was the Siles One, His Blessed Child, who was bound to a pillar to be scourged, was buffeted and spat upon, and clad as a fool, and crucified with thieves by His own people and His nation. But for this cause God exalted Him. We are all brothers of Jesus, children of the household whose head is God. If beyond these weary confines of time and space, there were no lasting City, where every wrong is righted and every tear is changed to joy, we might think that our Father had forgotten His promises. But He will take care of us. We have a claim upon Him which even omnipotence cannot break. He will not suffer us to be lost in the wilderness, but will come on to meet us, to guide us home. For He is our Father.—America.

GUILD FOR AIRMEN

Cardinal Bourne recently paid a visit to the church in Ashford, Middlesex, England, which is dedicated to St. Michael, and where has been established the new Guild for Flying Men.

His Eminence, preaching at the

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High Mass, dwell on the appropriateness of the choice of a patron for the new force which meant so much to the armies. Michael led the hosts of heaven against the hosts of evil and hauled the latter to destruction. He was a fitting protector for these young men, knights of the air, who had to encounter so many dangers and who had a new realm to wage warfare in. Moreover, these young men needed our prayers. No life was more trying or more courageous and none needed more perfect health. Sobriety and purity were necessary to the efficient aviator, and in the temptation of a military life, with a career in which he had to face death a hundred times a day, he needed to be always prepared and to be fortified by the prayers of the faithful.

Although the guild has not been long in existence, it has already a very large number of members, and several civilians, including ladies, have been admitted as honorary associates.

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THE EPIDEMIC OF VULGARITY

Edward F. Garosche, S. J., in America
Considering the influence of print it is really amazing that society is not more deeply corrupted.

It is a supreme calamity to have an immoral mind, but it is also a great misfortune to have a vulgar mind. Vulgarity is a degradation.

The second theory is far more probable. Taking the common run of men and women one may say that their taste depends in great measure upon what their imagination, intelligence and feelings are fed on.

This may be seen clearly in those stages of society when refinement and the taste for beauty were in the air and common to high and lowly.

What has changed all this and made vulgarly, the taste of the crowd, once more a synonym for baseness and coarseness as it was in the pagan times?

or touched with Catholic inspiration. The huge destruction of lovely works of art that was wrought by the barbarous "reformers" was an allegory.

But there is a still more profound source of vulgarity that has risen in modern times. It is the immense increase of information and curiosity without a corresponding increase in the true culture of the taste and feelings.

Again, the immense demand for reading and for all things else that can be heard or seen, such as songs, pictures, shows, sensations, experiences, which finds its supply in the bulk of written matter that is needed to feed the eyes of the daily press.

It is impossible, considering the present state of education, that there should be enough persons on earth, male and female together, to shovel provender for that insatiable monster. Therefore, tribes of "pen-pushers" have grown up and since they must, come what may, turn out in a given time a certain bulk of matter, it is inevitable that their product should be tinged with vulgarity.

The angel in man often finds awakening, the animal is always awake and hungry. Therefore, it is only natural that the tribe of pen-pushers, being pressed for copy, write vulgarly.

On that last day before he sailed for France, The same look in his eyes was like a lance Through my poor mother-heart.

Not an avowal was meant, but sad adieu.

Dear Mother Mary, look with pity down On these thy daughters sad, who wear the crown Of martyrdom for pangs they will not own;

And force their lips to smile that hide a moan.

—Sergeant Joyce Kilmer's Mother in the Ave Maria.

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Mrs. John Whalen, South March, Ont., Mrs. J. P. Devins and Mrs. Harry Forbes of Stilleville, Mrs. George Monnier of Montreal, Miss Celestine and Cecilia, Ottawa, and Miss Gertrude at home, Austin attending Ottawa University and James at home. May his soul rest in peace.

LT. HARRY LALANDE, C.A.M.C., DIED AT SEA FROM SPANISH INFLUENZA ON OCT. 6

This week Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Lalonde received the particulars of the death at sea of their eldest son, Lieut. H. H. Lalonde, C.A.M.C. Lieut. Lalonde was on his way to England, and on the voyage over was taken with Spanish influenza, passing away in a few days. He was but twenty nine years of age, and an exceedingly affable and clever young man.

When Allied troops entered St. Quentin they found that every pillar in the Cathedral there had been excavated at the level of the ground, preparatory to placing explosives under them, according to the Liberte. The rapidity of the Allied advance had prevented the Germans from carrying out their plan to destroy the edifice.

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Alvira, or The Heroine of Venezuela, by Rev. A. J. O'Reilly. A thrilling story of the seventeenth century.

Between Friends, by Richard Aumelle. Joe Gavin is a leader among the boys of St. Nicholas Boarding School and the hero of the story. He is an orphan and, thinking of the past, becomes so unhappy that he runs away. He has many experiences in the city, is arrested as a thief, sent to a reformatory, from which he escapes, and finally gets back to St. Nicholas.

Captain Ted, by Mary T. Waggaman. Captain Ted is a leader among the boys of St. Nicholas Boarding School and the hero of the story. He is an orphan and, thinking of the past, becomes so unhappy that he runs away. He has many experiences in the city, is arrested as a thief, sent to a reformatory, from which he escapes, and finally gets back to St. Nicholas.

Children of the Log Cabin, by Henriette Eugenie Delanoe. The story of a struggling home, bright, thoughtful children, and all the trials and hardships of motherhood. The trials and hardships of motherhood will be found instructive.

Class Lovell, by Len. Clara's cutting up at home determines her dotting parents to see her among the girls there, there to have her harmonious propensities solaced, it possibly is not in the convent twenty-four hours before things begin to happen.

Preddy Carr's Adventures, by Rev. R. P. Garrick, S. J. This is a fine college story, full of healthy vitality, and it will amuse the boys who are lovers of the adventures of a college boy.

Preddy Carr and His Friends, by Rev. R. P. Garrick, S. J. Preddy Carr's adventures, reckless, lovable boy together with his companions, to whom they are equally devoted, are the story of a few days of college. In consequence of the adventures of the boys, they frequently find themselves in a "scrap," the clearing up of which teaches them many a useful lesson.

Harmony, by The Gifts of a Tenement House. Narrated by S. W. Whittome. The author's sympathetic insight into the lives and characters of the neglected children, forced by relatives, circumstances into the poverty and squalor of a New York tenement house, is wonderfully true and touching. He is a student of the life and love told in touching simple words.

Honor of the House, The, by Mrs. Hugh Fraser. Mrs. Fraser is a sister of Marcon Crawford.

How They Worked Their Way, and Other Stories, by F. Egerton. Short stories all entertaining and as befits their audience, not too insignificant, too people from the ordinary surroundings of child life in the city and country to fail to interest intended readers.

Hearts of the Secret of the Rue Chausse d'Antin, by Raoul de Navery. The story is a remarkably clever one; it is well constructed and evinces a master hand.

Is Quest of the Golden Chest, by George Barton. An absorbing story of real romance—youth, freedom, to the boy who lives the romance of his life. Broader ocean pathways as well as the mysterious lure of tropical forest, a journey to the heart of the "olden Chest" will fire his ambition to many deeds.

In God's Good Time, by H. M. Ross. This is a story that grips the heart, stirring in it the sympathy for what is human and noble. Jack Hildreth, The Nite, by Marcon Ames. Jack Hildreth, The Nite, by Marcon Ames. Jack Hildreth, The Nite, by Marcon Ames.

He is the kind of hero that is dear to the boy's heart, young and powerful, bold and daring, daring in disposition, and at the same time thoroughly upright and honest.

Junior of St. Bede's, The, by Rev. Thos. H. Bryson. An excellent story in which the rough, poorly bred, but undomesticated boy, who is a real character, is brought to a realization of his own character.

This is a new style of Catholic tale. It is a story of a young man who is a real character, a story of a young man who is a real character.

We find a camp fitted up with a stove, and all the apparatus for fishing, bathing, etc., etc., etc., sliding away a holiday. These sports are varied by the reading of letters from real gold seekers on the trail to Dawson City.

Lady of the Tower, The, and Other Stories, by George Barton and others. This is a collection of short stories which will please the most fastidious taste. The volume contains fifteen stories which are worthy to live in short-story literature. They are all delicate little love tales; the others stories of adventure or of mystery.

Little Marshals at the Lake, The, by Mary F. Nixon. A story of the seven months of a boy's week at a lake side. They have an interrupted series of adventures and fun. Plenty of motor trips and games make life very interesting. Fishing and swimming help to make a success of their holidays.

Milly Aving, by Sara Trainor Smith. The story of a helpless young girl's bearing her cross with patience and courage. By doing so she becomes a source of education and an inspiration to better living to those around her. The story ought to be read by all young people.

Mystery of Honey Hill, The, by Anna T. Sadler. About Honey Hill there hangs a mystery which is unraveled ere the story is finished. In contrast to it is a story of all brightness, where life is a joy and people who are destined to penetrate the secret of a career with a bright effect on its own.

Mystery of Liberty, The, by George Barton. The story of a young man who is a real character, a story of a young man who is a real character.

Mystery of the Death of a Father, by George Barton. A story of a young man who is a real character, a story of a young man who is a real character.

Myself, by Rev. John W. A. Arnold. A story of a young man who is a real character, a story of a young man who is a real character.

Parish School and Family, The, by George Barton. A story of a young man who is a real character, a story of a young man who is a real character.

Splendid set, interested in their tasks and games and not above an occasional bit of mischief.

Senior at St. Anne's, The, by Marcon J. Brunson. A jolly story, where a convent school atmosphere, where the nuns are so appealing to any one who has spent even a short time in such a home of kindly interest in the world.

Petronilla, and Other Stories, by Eleanor C. Donnelly. There are eight stories, and nearly every one of them has a very interesting plot, worked out with dramatic skill.

Playmate Plot, The, by Mary T. Waggaman. The story of a young man who is a real character, a story of a young man who is a real character.

Plot on foot to abduct Lester Leonard, a young boy, who is a millionaire's son, for ransom. How the plot is captured and how the young man makes a very interesting story, which is a success in the young world.

Povera, by Evelyn Burkenham. This is an optimistic, entertaining story that will appeal to girls all ages. In the beginning of the tale everything is all right, but as the story progresses, through a very dark night, a bright day dawns for Povera and her friends.

Queen's Promise, The, by Mary T. Waggaman. The little heroine in this story, after being taken from her convent home by a very interesting plot, is being brought back to her convent home by a very interesting plot.

She is finally recruited to her father's supposed victim of a storm at sea, and her way is opened to life, love and happiness.

Shipmates, by Mary T. Waggaman. Pip a boy of twelve, is lying at death's door, without hope of recovery in the great, unwholesome city, where he is shack on the coast is rented, and there the family take up their quarters. How the accursed illness of little Pip, which brings her father's ruin to Pip's cheeks, get them acquainted with loving folk, and the results "make very fascinating reading."

Talman, The, by Mary T. Waggaman. The young hero of this story, is mixed up with the saving of the town of Hartford from an Indian massacre, and is taken prisoner.

Tell Me, by Mrs. M. M. Sacco. Mother Sabine has gone to the lives of the Saints and the volumes of early Church history and has gathered a great variety of episodes and adventures. Fortunately they are laid out before us.

The Dragon, The, and the stories, by Marcon F. Nixon-Robert and other leading Catholic authors. A volume of stories which make very interesting and profitable reading for young and old.

Translating of Tessie, The, by Mary T. Waggaman. The influence which a little girl, educated in religious principles, may exercise in a circle where such influences have not previously been at work, is the ground idea of the story. It is most interestingly worked out through a succession of dramatic incidents.

Treasure of Nigel Muntain, The, by Marcon A. Tarratt. The ride for life from the side of petroleum with horse and rider clogged by the fierce onrush of the big heavy, is a piece of word-painting which has few counterparts in the language.

Unhallowed Guest, The, by Francis Cooke. A tale of hearts that love, suffer, and win. It is a uniquely conceived tale, full of unexpected complications, and with a heroine who is as truly Catholic as to be an inspiration.

Winnetou, The Apache Knight, by Marcon A. Tarratt. In the present volume, the Apache knight, who is a real character, is a real character.

How he escapes and how he comes back, his friends is shown through chapters of breathless interest.

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OBITUARY

PTE. P. F. CROWLEY

It is with the deepest regret and heartfelt sorrow we announce the death of Pte. P. F. Crowley who was drowned on board of the Leinster on Oct. 10, 1918. He is survived by his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Michael Crowley, 2nd. Pte. Brennan was a Knight of Columbus and belonged to the Catholic Order of Forest rs. He leaves to mourn his loss, his parents, eight sisters and two brothers. Reverend Sister Mary Monica, Ogdensburg, N. B.

PTE. MICHAEL J. BRENNAN

Mr. and Mrs. Michael Brennan of Eardley, Que., has received the sad news of the death of their eldest son, Pte. Michael J. Brennan, who was killed in action in France on Sept. 2nd. Pte. Brennan was a Knight of Columbus and belonged to the Catholic Order of Forest rs. He leaves to mourn his loss, his parents, eight sisters and two brothers. Reverend Sister Mary Monica, Ogdensburg, N. B.

What has changed all this and made vulgarly, the taste of the crowd, once more a synonym for baseness and coarseness as it was in the pagan times?

Unquestionably the destruction of Catholic traditions brought about in the sixteenth century is in great part responsible. The ancient monasteries were centers of culture. Catholicism is the great patron of the great arts.

True Christianity is of its nature inimical to coarseness, baseness, meanness. In the Church have a free way and she will refine any stratum of society. The corruptions that preceded the revolt of Luther weakened her refining influence on great bodies of society, and that revolt killed it altogether. It is significant that when ever our separated brethren become highly cultured in the true sense they recur to Catholic models. Teunynon rewrites the "Mort d'Arthur." Longfellow translates Dante; the best modern art is busy with the great Catholic originals, architect ure hangs on the summits of the medieval masters, musicians over the unapproachable creations of men who were Catholic

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