

The Catholic Record.

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

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THE WORLD'S MEMORY

Nothing is more remarkable than the shortness of the world's memory. Most of the great things that have been done for humanity—the invention of the plough, the domestication of the cereals, the invention of the sewing machine or the knitting-needle, of a hundred other things which make life tolerable, are hidden in the mists of the past, and we accept them from the largeness of genius without any gratitude for the favours conferred upon us. The great inventions which weave cloth which carry us over rails either by steam or electricity, are not the private gifts of any one individual, but have been perfected by innumerable contributions of collectivist cleverness. It is the shortness of the memory of a people that makes the present triumph so valuable. If you do not "seize today" you clutch at nothing. That is why the ready-money business of the actor's applause is satisfactory. If he "makes a hit" he has not time to get off his wig, but he is then and there called before the curtain. So with the musician after the beating of his time he is applauded, and gets up and bows.

While these minor artists get paid by a daily wage of applause, one would think that our heroes had sort of salaries or annuities, but that is not the case. Fame is quite ephemeral, and the hero, like every other person, is forgotten the day after his triumph. We give him a Victoria Cross to jog the memories of those who have forgotten his exploits. But even that is not enough to make a permanent mark upon the melting wax of a public's memory. The other day we read of a man who had received the V. C. for grandly daring and magnificently exposing his own life to save the perhaps worthless life of a comrade—deeds which were in great big type in the newspapers of the next week, and who died in an obscure street, not only in penury but in some poor debt.

We sometimes meet the hero of yesterday with an empty sleeve pinned on his breast, and we put on our killing pince-nez and look at him forbiddingly and remark how awkward it is when a man shakes hands with his left hand; but we don't think it worth while to inquire in what action he was maimed—so careless are we of our heroes of yesterday; for it is the hero of today who puts his nose out of joint, and it is only the heroes of the instant that are of any use to us. For them we will shout ourselves hoarse and wave our hats and handkerchiefs.

They are a temporary excitement to a wondering curiosity; but if we were asked to admit merit, we think merit is a bore, gives itself airs, and "really, you know, if we had been in the same position we would have done just the same."

HEROISM

Then, where is the heroism? This is the questioning attitude of to-day. We are nothing if we are not critical, and most of us mistake disparagement for criticism. It is the same, too, with the heroes of the pen as with the heroes of the sword. A time was when Scott and his Waverley Novels were, as they said in these days, "the rage." Afterwards Thackeray and Dickens ruled from equal thrones in literature. There were rebellions even in their lifetimes against their artificial sway. Some people "harked back" to Fielding and Smollett, some set up a new monarch in George Eliot. But the same thing is seen in all these tendencies—the shortness of memory of a public which is enthusiastic about a writer today and callous to his influence tomorrow. Now these writers, critics like Carlyle, are for the most part forgotten, and are "looked up" as we do to a dictionary by those who are curious about the past. They still have an antiquarian interest.

The explanation of this shortness of memory is this: We are developing—whether on right lines or not it is difficult to say—but we are changing, for we are living, and in the change the past is to us no more

useful than last year's horns are to the stag, or than the moulted feathers are to the bird.

The man who admired Thackeray is as dead as Thackeray himself. The man who bears the name of him who was in his youth the worshipper of The Newcombes or Esmond is still alive, but he is changed—a life change has come over him. For men are always ceasing to be; indeed living is as much a ceasing to be as it is a becoming something else. And we every day stand at the cradle of a new self and at the same time at the grave of an old self.

TRUE TO THE OLD

But the individual is to some extent bound by habit to remain true to his first love, in hero or in writers. He cannot cut the hawser of memory entirely, and that is why some of the old remain true to their early impressions.

But the race is not so bound, and every day there are fresh lives coming to the front, and it is only in that front that they look for heroes. That they are young is the strongest reason why they should repudiate the past. Their face is towards the East from whence the morning comes, and their back is towards the past. They, in the newness of this life, are expecting great things from it, for the charm of life is that it is lavish of promises and therefore the man who is conscious of the stir of March in his blood cannot loiter over the graves of heroes or the books of the dead. It may be, then, that we have short memories for the heroes of yesterday, and that we acclaim with more noise than is seemly the heroes that are the product of today.

ROBERTSON AND OTHERS

One fact that stands out in clear relief in the present world struggle is that this is not a religious war. Catholics and Protestants, Jews and atheists, are to be found everywhere, fighting in a common cause, helping and understanding one another, and fraternizing in the most loyal manner. In spite of the unity which is found throughout the ranks, bigotry in civilian life manifests itself rather too frequently of late. A fair-minded person would consider it the height of bad taste to attack any religion under the present circumstances. But there are many persons, even in public life, who are cursed by an execrable taste, to put it mildly. From time to time we have had to call attention to various magazines that allow slurs on the Catholic Church as such, and upon her august head, to gaze forth brazenly from their pages. Whether it be the policy of such periodicals to thus insult Catholics, or whether it be pure indifference on their part as to the feelings of any of their readers, the fact remains that we are called upon entirely too often to bear gratuitous insults from others. In view of the large percentage of Catholics who are helping the common cause in every line of activity, it is becoming any loyal citizen's obligation to hurl mud at the Catholic Church.

A certain Captain Finn, recruiting British agent in St. Paul some time ago, was transferred to another city. Instead of helping his government, he antagonized Americans by upbraiding the Catholic Church. Finn's descent into oblivion was instantaneous. Now comes the Reverend John Robertson, said to be a Protestant Chaplain from the front.

Robertson announced that he would tour the United States and lecture on the War. In Denver, Colo., it seems he became badly mixed in the points of his lecture. He gave vent to a tirade against the Papacy, declared that Pope Benedict XV, and the Catholic Church were pro-German, and attacked the Church on the grounds that the Pope had not protested, as he claimed, against the despoliation of Belgium.

An alert priest of Denver promptly took up the accusations. The United States District Attorney called on Robertson, and it was determined to institute proceedings against the Reverend gentleman as an alien enemy. It was decided finally that the Catholics would be satisfied if Robertson give up his speaking tour and return immediately to Europe. To clinch the matter, Robertson wrote a letter regarding the case, admitting the facts, and this letter is now in the hands of the United States District Attorney. The Reverend disturber announced to the public that the big German drive made his presence in the trenches immediately imperative. He probably prefers the battlefield to a Colorado prison.

The above and similar cases which are occurring entirely too often of late are much to be regretted. The various forces of the nation are

making no distinction whatsoever in the matter of religion. The government is magnificently helping every denomination to protect its own men. The men themselves know but one word, patriotism: their religion is their own personal concern. It is much to be deplored, however, that loose-thinking or unbalanced minds, be they clergymen or laymen, should be so indirectly as to attack any particular religion, especially during such a crisis. The slogan should be, let every man work and fight for the common cause; let him worship as he sees fit. Such itinerant demagogues as the Rev. Mr. Robertson should be placed under a ban, or should have their speeches thoroughly revised and censored by an intelligent and or a public official.—St. Paul Bulletin.

JOHN REDMOND

REMINISCENCES OF A COLLEAGUE

By Stephen Gwynn, M. P., in The Observer

My only title to write about John Redmond is that I served the man of whom they are written to the utmost of my ability while he was living, and that I shall continue to do so for his ideals now he is dead. I write in that intention, with that purpose. The best thing about John Redmond was that his ideals were generous. His love of Ireland, the master-motive in his life, had nothing in it exclusive, parochial, or partisan. I remember as one of the most interesting hours of my life a talk with him on the terrace at Westminster on a summer night in 1914. It was the first day of the Buckingham Palace Conference, and that episode, though he had little hope of results from it, had profoundly touched his imagination. He had much to say of the King's marked courtesy to all, and to himself in particular; but what fascinated his mind was the personal ascendancy of Sir Edward Carson. As an Irishman you could not help being proud when you saw how completely he effaced the others there. They were nobodies! They did not count. He dwelt, too, on the Ulster leader's cordiality and frankness; but what had moved him was this pride—this glad recognition of another Irishman's great qualities, even when that Irishman was his deadliest opponent. He was quick and anxious to recognize any ability that went to the credit of Ireland. At a period in the Convention when important negotiations to which I was not party were in progress he spoke to me with delight of one who had long been active in hostility to us—delight because the man in question "showed himself so much of an Irishman," concerned for the good of Ireland more than for any party object.

It was Mr. Redmond's fundamental belief that the good of Ireland had in it nothing hostile to the good of the Empire. "If I were an Englishman I should be the greatest Imperialist living," he said to me once; and he could not for the life of him understand the mentality of those whom he had classed as "Little Englanders" though many were our strong supporters. But there is no need to labour this matter. One single action—for it was less a speech than an action—illustrates his whole attitude to Ireland and to the Empire—his utterance of August 4, 1914. When England and the Empire were challenged, not through any mood of Jingo ostentation, nor out of any land-grabbing enterprise, but upon the defence of their most sacred right of liberty, he instantly committed Ireland to their side. He sought at a supreme moment to link up in mutual acceptance the ideals of his own small country with the ideals of the World Empire. Only Irishmen knew then—perhaps even Englishmen can guess now—all that effort meant. Another Irishman said of it: "The speech which I read it filled me with dismay; I recognize now that it was a great stroke of statesmanship, and I confess that I should not have had the courage to attempt it." For a while it seemed as if the stroke had succeeded; but for its success an equally generous response was needed, and was not forthcoming. I do not speak of Ulster's attitude. The Government, and God knows, we and they have paid the price for their lack of insight and of imagination. This is not the place for apportioning responsibility, but the throw was lost. Mr. Redmond in one of the few personal allusions I ever heard him make referred to this matter. He reminded his hearers in the Convention of the sacrifice which had come upon him. But—and this is the point I dwell on—"If the moment came back," he said, "I would do the same again." Whether Ireland blamed his policy or no, he stood by it.

I am not sure yet that his stroke of statesmanship has failed. Of this I am certain, that by that action he stands to be judged; it was the decisive hour of his career.

If he went wrong then, he went wrong by too generous a judgment of other men, too open-handed a policy. Perhaps, too, he may have erred—it was his characteristic defect—in not pressing his policy upon others with more vehemence. He had not

the temperament which, when once possessed with an idea, resists neither night nor day in pursuit of it and spares neither others' labour nor its own to carry the conception into effect. There was an element of inertia in his nature, and of the ordinary self-seeking motives which impel men not a trace. Ambition he had none—none, at all events, in the last ten or fifteen years during which I have known him. As for vanity, I never saw a man so entirely devoid of it. The way of life to which he was committed was in its essence profoundly distasteful to him. I do not believe that history shows an example of a statesman who served his country so absolutely from a sense of duty.

His tastes were of the simplest. Every week that he could get away from the House, be it winter or summer, he went back to his strange home a thousand feet up on the slopes of the Wicklow mountains. Yet he liked comfort, and would, I think, have liked to be rich, and not as he was, a poor man. Nothing is surer than that he could, by forming politics and going to the Parliamentary bar, have earned a very large income without exacting labour. There never was a man better equipped for the specialised and most lucrative branch of the law; and nothing existed to keep him from it but the sense of Ireland's need—and, I think, not less strongly, the sense that he must carry on the work of his leader.

His whole life was coloured by his association with Parnell. His mountain home had been the chief's old shooting lodge, where they used to camp when all were young men together. His intimates—and they were very few—were those who had been banded with him in the little group that stood with Parnell when the rest of Ireland went back on him. In late years that group of intimates had been much contracted by various circumstances, but chiefly by the death of his most devoted follower, Pat O'Brien. The group was characteristic. Redmond liked company, but he did not care about talk; and he only cared for the company of those he was used to.

Socially he kept the imprint set on him in times when Irish members were regarded in London as pariahs, and returned the regard with a determination to go to no houses but those of their own Irish sympathisers. It was hard to persuade him to accept any invitation, and he detested being lionised. But once he got to a dinner table no one could make himself more at home. He was most reported, and with good reason, as an orator, yet for my own part I never cared so much for his most set and carefully prepared speeches as for the more informal interventions by which he helped on debate. One saw him at his best in the chair at a party meeting summing up and setting out a complex situation. Nothing could exceed the cogency of his statements in the House. The thing was mastered, it was perfect in expression, there was never a slovenly sentence. Yet the least trained mind could follow the whole argument. Those who knew him in the Convention knew this aspect of him. There, too, he made more than one speech of great scope and beauty, but what impressed me was his mastery in a busy time, the way in which his interventions cleared up a tangled situation, and the perfect charm and tact of his tone. An Irish Unionist who had not before known him said to me of this happy gift, "He's wonderful; he doesn't seem able to put a word wrong." He meant not only that Redmond was never at a loss for the right word, but that he always said exactly the right thing.

In truth, and I think half unconsciously, he had laid himself out to make a conquest of the Convention. I never saw him so attractive elsewhere. Whether he meant to or no, he achieved it. It would be impossible to overrate his personal popularity or his personal ascendancy there. I am certain there was not a man in the assembly but would have said, "If there is to be an Irish Parliament, Redmond must be Prime Minister, and his personality will give it its best chance."

He was extraordinary on his feet. In counsel he was also gifted. He had not what Lord Morley describes as "the priceless quality of throwing his mind into common stock." You stated a case, and he said Yes or No. He could not, or would not, bring his mind really to touch with yours. A graver defect was really the effect of his modesty. He always underestimated his personal influence. A man less single-minded, vainer, more ambitious of success might with the same gifts have achieved more for Ireland in thrusting towards a personal triumph. A man with more love for the homage of crowds might have kept himself in closer touch with the mass of his

following. No one could have been less distant, no one was more equally cordial to great and small; but because he was not easy to consult with, men did not bring him their doubts and difficulties, and because he was always away at Anghvanagh only his peasant neighbors saw much of him. In truth, he was too simply a gentleman to be an entirely successful politician.

As a statesman, I do not see how you could overpraise him. He spent his whole life in opposition, and was not embittered. His mind remained constructive after thirty years of criticism. His experience of political life and of English Ministers had rid him of any credulous faith in mankind. He was a realist, and was always to perceive the best in men. The friend who knew him best in Convention and who had seen him in his darkest hours then, and long ago, said this of him: "He was always an optimist." The speaker did not mean—he could not have meant—that in these last months Redmond was hopeful. He meant, I think, that he had faith; that in a country where suspicion is the prevailing disease, he credited men with honest motives and with his own love of Ireland. One is apt, I believe, to get of men what you expect of them, and Redmond, could his life have been spared, might have brought home the harvest. I think, perhaps, his death and his gallant brother's death, may yet bring it to pass that his faith shall have fulfilment.

GOUGH'S ARMY LET HUNS THROUGH

AS A RESULT SIR HUBERT HAS BEEN REMOVED

This is the first account as yet published of the breaking of the British line between St. Quentin and La Fere, when the big offensive began.

Washington, April 6.—The appointment of Sir Henry Rawlinson to succeed Sir Hubert Gough in command of the British fifth army brought to Washington the first intimation of what actually happened at St. Quentin on March 21 and 22 in the great battle which has been raging in France for the last fortnight. The removal of a general from command while the battle is on is bitter discipline and there is no mistaking what it signifies.

The fifth army under Gen. Gough, occupying the British right wing, the junction with the French, was cut to pieces. The replacing of Gough means that it was not the mere weight of guns which the Germans were able to mass against the Allies, though this was appalling, that explained the destruction or capture of the fifth army.

German military correspondents during the first two or three days of the great offensive kept repeating charges of bad British generalship in accounting for the German triumph.

GOUGH SUPERSEDED

And now comes the appointment of a new British army commander to lend confirmation to the German stories. Details of Gough's failure have not been allowed to leak out, but when reference is made to what happened and to the time when the Germans were rejoicing over the failure of British generalship, it is apparent that the break through the Gough must have taken place on the second and third days of the German drive.

On the first day the British resisted the storm of shell effectively and the French had been successful throughout in standing off German assaults.

It was the cutting to pieces of Gough's army that made possible the large capture of men and guns and other material by the Germans.

LOSS OF PERONNE

It was also this breach that enabled the Germans to cross the Somme line and seize the strong defensive positions in the neighborhood of Peronne as if nothing stood in their way.

That was the gravest moment in the entire battle. The French had to take over part of the British line and a large section of the available reserves had to be thrown into action to strengthen the line and stem the tide of German advance.

NO COUNTER OFFENSIVE

This accounts for the fact that there has been no counter offensive. This and the circumstances to which Haig alluded in a dispatch after the destruction of the fifth army, when he reported great loss of war materials, including tanks, has led to the sharp discipline of Gough and in the appointment of Sir Henry Rawlinson is seen the hand of Foch, the new allied generalissimo.

Gen. Rawlinson has been associated with Foch in the interallied war council and there is reason to believe that he was selected for that council by Foch, just as there is reason to believe that his predecessor, Gen. Sir Henry Wilson, now chief of the British command, was also selected by him. Further reorganization is expected.

for the failures of British generalship both in the recent battle and at Cambrai, are too serious to be passed over.

Attention is beginning to be given here to the loss of material reported by Gen. Haig as more serious than the loss of ground and men.

The preponderance of arms on the west front is now for the first time in a couple of years overwhelmingly in favor of the Germans.

SIR SAM HUGHES, M. P.

CHARGES FRENCH PRIESTS WITH SPREADING GERMAN PROPAGANDA

(Staff Correspondence of The Globe)

Ottawa, April 7.—When Sir Wilfrid Laurier on Friday referred, in the course of his remarks to the alleged keeping of General Lessorard in the background, Sir Sam at last gave this explanation: "Gen. Lessorard—I made him a General. I promoted him, I made him what he is to-day so far as titles are concerned—when I sent for him and spoke about raising a French-Canadian brigade, he said he would be the worst man in the Province of Quebec or the Dominion of Canada to take that in hand, because he did not like them and they did not like him. This is the second time in my presence that the Leader of the Opposition has seen fit, after he was corrected, to say that if General Lessorard had been sent in he would have done wonders. He knows that the Prime Minister and I and General Lessorard will not deny it—gave General Lessorard every opportunity, although General Fiset and I knew that he was not the man for the job."

CLERGY AIDED PRO-GERMANS

Sir Sam's second significant declaration of "inside" history in regard to the real causes for non-recruiting in Quebec consisted of a direct charge that some of the expatriated priests from France had been caught in direct collaboration with the pro-German element in the United States. "I want to make another statement here, and the fact will not be denied," declared Sir Sam. "Some of these clergymen were expatriated from France for violation of the French laws, I suppose. But I am not going to discuss that. At any rate they were in the city of Quebec and eight of these clergymen were found with a collection of German propaganda circulated from the United States and coming into this country. I did not have them arrested. I simply refer you to the fact. If you doubt it, ask Inspector Green, a good Irishman, who was then Post-office Inspector. I let it with him to settle with them. One of these gentlemen went to the United States and has since died. I think the others followed across the line. But they were all busily engaged in circulating German propaganda through Quebec."

MESSAGE OF POPE

WORLD POIGNANTLY IN NEED OF MESSAGE OF PEACE SO THAT HATRED MAY BE BANISHED

A plea for lasting peace is made by Pope Benedict in his Easter message to the United States, which he sends through the Associated Press. His message reads: "The first message of the risen Saviour to His disciples, after suffering the torture of Passion Week, was 'Peace be unto you.' Never has the world for which He sacrificed Himself needed so poignantly that message of peace as to-day."

"On this solemn occasion no better wish can be made to the country so dear to our hearts than that the divine Redeemer may grant a realization of the desire of all, that is, a healing of the existing hatred and the concluding of a lasting peace based on the foundation of justice, fear of God, and love of humanity, giving to the world a new organization of peoples and nations united under the aegis of true religion in aspiring to a nobler, purer, and kinder civilization."

"It is thus we desire to fulfil our Master's last injunction to His apostles: 'Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature.'"

THE IRISH RIFLES OF BOSTON

A writer from Paris relates that the American regiment which has most distinguished itself in France was formerly known as the Irish Rifles of Boston.

The four men decorated by Premier Clemenceau were all Irish. A French officer is quoted as saying he had never known men to fight with such courage and vigor.

Ireland has had two historic friends, France and the United States. Irishmen are aiding both friends, and by their valor, which supports at once the Tricolor and the Stars and Stripes.—Buffalo Enquirer.

These "Irishmen" are Americans, the best of our best, and they hope that, when peace returns to this distracted world, their country will constitute the land of their forefathers.—Buffalo Union and Times.

CATHOLIC NOTES

The U. S. Supreme Court, at the head of which is the Catholic Chief Justice White, held no session on Good Friday.

Washington, April 4.—An official statement says that the chaplain and two nuns of the Hospital of St. Elizabeth at Antwerp have been executed by the Germans. They were killed in the courtyard of the barracks at the same time as the Belgian oculist, Dr. Demets.

A bill authorizing an appropriation of \$10,000 for the erection in Arlington Cemetery of a statue of General William S. Rosser was introduced in Congress by Senator Harlan. General Rosser was at one time commander of the Army of the Cumberland. His brother was the first Bishop of Columbus.

Washington, April 2.—Senator Chamberlain of Oregon, said, according to the Congressional Record: "I think the greatest mistake Congress is making now and has made for the past two years is in assuming that this is going to be a short war. If I had my way, 5,000,000 men would be in the course of training now."

Seventy-five persons were killed and ninety wounded when a shell from the German long-range gun fell on a church in the region of Paris while Good Friday services were being held. According to an official communication most of the victims were women and children. Among those killed was H. Stroehlin, counsellor of the Swiss Legation in Paris.

A French paper quotes an official announcement awarding the bronze war medal to Miss Elizabeth McNamara, in religion Sister St. Emile, nurse of the complementary or auxiliary hospital No. 25, Sister St. Emile, who is a member of the Bon Secours community at Paris, belonged to Ballynabbin, County Cork. She is a sister of Thomas P. McNamara, of Boston, and is one of four sisters in religious life.

Most Rev. John Bonzano, Apostolic Delegate at Washington, characterized as "absolutely false, and what is worse, malicious in purpose and intent," a statement by the "Christian Science Monitor," Boston, to the effect that the names of the nominees for bishoprics, which included many German-Americans, had been sent to the Vatican and thence to Berlin so that the Kaiser might recommend as to the men named for advancing German propaganda in America.—Catholic Bulletin.

Owing to war losses John Ayscough, Mgr. Bickerstaffe Drew, has decided to part with the collection of his manuscripts and relics intended to have been left as heirlooms to his family. The collection will be dispersed as prizes in a drawing to take place on June 1. There will be over five hundred prizes, consisting of holograph manuscripts of novels, tales, essays, reviews, poems, lectures, (including unpublished novels, tales and diaries), also ivory miniature portraits of the writer, autograph letters, etc.

Mgr. Maurice Carton de Wiart, Secretary to Cardinal Bourne, of London, and brother of the Belgian Minister of Justice, has been awarded the Medaille de Reconnaissance by the French Government. The family, one of great distinction in Belgium, won additional lustre from the fact that the wife of the Minister of Justice deliberately chose to remain with her children in Belgium throughout the German occupation, rather than escape with them to England, in order that she and they might share in their country's sufferings. She spent several months in prison in the early part of the occupation.

The Prince of Wales, in his recent visit to Wales, was the guest of the well-known Bute family at Cardiff Castle, where he visited the beautiful private chapel of the Marquis of Bute. He was also entertained by Lord Troevon, another Catholic, better known as Sir Ivor Herbert, and visited the munition works of the Curran firm, all the directors of which are Catholic. There he was entertained and presented with a beautiful illuminated address, the work of a Catholic artist; and the heir to the throne seemed to enjoy his surroundings and associations very much.

The Earl of Shrewsbury and Talbot is selling Alton Towers, the lovely place in Staffordshire which was created by his Catholic predecessor, the "Good Earl John." John Earl of Shrewsbury was a great benefactor of the English Catholic Church in mid-Victorian days, spending, it was said, £20,000 annually in charity. He employed Pugin to build his house at Alton, as well as several Catholic churches in the neighborhood, and a conventual residence for Father Faber and his community of converts at Cotton Hall, now St. Wilfrid's College, Oakhampton. On the death of Bertram, the last Catholic Earl, the estates were claimed by Earl Talbot, to whom they were adjudged after a costly law-suit. Lord Edmund Howard, brother of the Duke of Norfolk, inherited Lord Shrewsbury's personal property, and assumed in consequence the surnames of Talbot.—Edinburgh Catholic Herald.

GERALD DE LACEY'S DAUGHTER

AN HISTORICAL ROMANCE OF COLONIAL DAYS

BY ANNA T. SADDLER

BOOK II

CHAPTER XIX

FAREWELL TO MANHATTAN

The darkness of night had fallen over Manhattan, and the air was heavy with the fragrance of the surviving flowers and of the orchards. The pursuit which had been hot upon Evelyn's tracks, had somewhat slackened. There had been a second inquisitorial visit to the house of Madam Van Cortlandt, which had naturally proved futile, and also to the dwelling of Polly, who then for the first time learned with grief and dismay the charges that had been made against her life-long friend and the danger in which she stood. The plan conceived by Captain Prosser Williams and the malignant brood whom he had stirred up to the proper degree of evangelical wrath, was to allow the furor to die and, while waiting and watching, to have apparently become convinced of the hopelessness of the pursuit. They were of opinion that the said tenacious Papiet, Mistress de Lacey, was no doubt concealed in an unsuspected place, to which, through some act of imprudence on the part of herself or others, she might be traced.

Happily for the success of Ferrers' plans, Prosser Williams had confided to the officers of the law, and to others interested in the search, his conviction, amounting almost to certainty, that the fugitive would attempt to leave the city by water. For, judging from the usual practice of Greatbatch that the girl's father had gone by brigantine to the Barbadoes, it seemed certain that Evelyn would make an effort to rejoin him there. Orders were given, therefore, that the strictest watch should be kept on the Water Gate and the wharf, especially on all vessels sailing for southern ports. Hence it chanced that but slight attention was paid to the Boston Post Road or the Eastern Post, which stretched off into the country from the Bloomingdale Road.

As was the custom for ladies when travelling, Evelyn de Lacey wore a black velvet riding-mask over her face, which concealed her identity from the casual observer. As previously arranged, she was attended by her negro maid and Jumbo. All those not engaged in the search would therefore be perfectly satisfied with the appearance of the party. With her heart full of a desolating grief at all she was leaving behind her, though buoyed up with the hope of shortly rejoining her beloved father, Evelyn rode at an ordinary pace, so as not to attract attention, until they came to the inn at Livingston Street, just a mile's distance from the City Hall, where travellers often stopped to take a glass of wine. Here the travellers intended to deflect from the main road and seek a by-path into the country. But it was necessary to exercise some caution, since their movements might be watched from the inn windows. Alighting, while the two women waited breathlessly in the shelter of a clump of trees, Jumbo surveyed the premises, and brought back word that the tavern was empty save for two gentlemen, whose identity was known to him.

Thus, encouraged, Evelyn rode slowly by, her eyes resting sadly upon that familiar place which she had so often regarded indifferently. It seemed to her now like the last link between her and the chill desolation. There was a blazing fire on the hearth and the lights, but as it were in the darkness. The two men of whom Jumbo had spoken, and whose identity presently became known likewise to Evelyn, advanced toward the door conversing in a light and merry fashion. With a leaping of the heart and an emotion that brought tears to her eyes, Mistress de Lacey recognized Captain Ferrers and Pieter Schuyler. The search was therefore for her father, and the expression of their faces all that they would have said had they dared to speak or appear conscious of the horsewoman's identity. For a single instant, reckless as the act might be, Evelyn removed her mask, and both men saw the expression of that lovely face, pale but full of resolve and with a smile which each one felt to be reward sufficient for all his devotion. Each turned to the other and drew a deep breath, as the figure upon the horse, lightly touching the animal with the whip, sped out of sight, striking off from the Boston road into a by-path which Jumbo had indicated.

Upon Evelyn's soul fell a weight of depression as the inn faded from her view. As with her two attendants she plunged into the surrounding darkness, it seemed to the girl as if her heart would break. But she strove to raise her spirits and reanimate her courage by the thought of the joyful meeting with her father, and the hope that a future might dawn when a return to Manhattan and to the familiar scenes and people of her youth might be possible. Further than that in anticipation she dared not go. Whatever might be the sentiments which Captain Ferrers entertained towards her, and which had just been told again, more eloquently than in words, by that brief glance at the inn door, it

were folly to suppose that she could permit him to brave the Governor's displeasure and incur the penalty perhaps of high treason by allying herself with an outlaw. No, she told herself; it was far more likely escape would be the return of Lord Bellmont to England, taking Captain Ferrers with him, long before she should see Manhattan again. And her heart ached with a poignant pain that she could not have thought possible a short time before, when she had gone with Polly—her dear, warm-hearted Polly—to see the passing of the gubernatorial procession.

She told herself that henceforward she must set herself to the task of promoting by every means in her power the well being of a father whom she loved with the intensity peculiar to her nature, and which was all the deeper for the reserve and self-repression she practised. Her care must be to keep their whereabouts another through her mind and were hostile, or who might be indiscreet in Manhattan, and particularly from Captain Prosser Williams, who she knew would continue to pursue her with all the resources of his malice. New England was no safer in point of fact than New York, except that there they would be more obscure. For Lord Bellmont ruled paramount there, and was there better liked than he had ever been by the Dutch. But, since Maryland was no longer accessible to Catholics, Gerald de Lacey was without a safe refuge, and had chosen Salem because he had been recommended to go thither by a friend, who had in fact placed a dwelling at his disposal.

As Evelyn rode along through the darkness, all these reflections chased about through her mind and the conviction grew upon her that their only resource lay in complete obscurity. She did not quite realize how difficult it would be for such a father and such a daughter to remain unnoticed. She was, however, fully in accord with her advisers, who had sent her a detailed letter of instructions, in believing that it would be better for her to send her maid back to New York, and that she herself should reach her destination. For it would assuredly attract attention were she to have a black servant in that new habitation where her own identity was to be lost.

It was very late when the travellers, weary and exhausted, pulled up at the quaint and substantial residence where they were to be received for the night. Mistress Schuyler extended the most gracious hospitality, asking not a single question concerning their plans and convincing Evelyn at once of her reliability. Her supper was in readiness for them, after which they sought almost immediately the rest of which they were so much in need. Scarcely had the dawn whitened the landscape than they were up and away again on that journey, which it was vitally necessary should be accomplished in the shortest possible time. After various pauses for rest and refreshment at places suggested by Mistress Schuyler, they finally put up at a little hostelry on the outskirts of Boston Town, whence Evelyn was to take the stage to Salem, and where Jumbo was to remain until he could dispose of two of the horses, retaining the third for his return journey to Manhattan. Evelyn parted with real regret from the faithful lad, who was associated with some of her happiest hours. It was the breaking of another link with the past. She pressed into his hand a piece of gold with her cordial thanks, and bade him above all things maintain that secrecy which was so necessary. Elsa was to remain in Boston for a day or two until she was rested, and was then to return to her native city by the stage-coach. Evelyn knew that Elsa would be very loath to part with her, but she saw the necessity of exciting no remark and furnishing no clue to those who might institute inquiries or even follow in pursuit. A message was sent from Boston an hour or two in advance of her arrival, since the shock might be too severe for her father, and so he was waiting to clasp to his heart with an emotion too deep for words that idolized daughter who was thenceforth to be the companion of his exile.

BOOK III

CHAPTER I

EVELYN'S NEW HOME

A dreary road, darkened by the gloomiest trees of the forest, led into Salem by way of the turnpike road from Boston. This passed through a gap in the hilly ridge, with the frowning pile of Norman's Rocks to the north. These hills attained a bad eminence during the witchcraft frenzy. For it was upon the bare and bleak ledge at the top of the cliff that twenty innocents had swung on ghastly gibbets, a testimony to high heaven of truly diabolical malice blended with ignorance and credulity.

A little beyond the turnpike road, in a sheltered spot secure from general observation, stood a wooden house of two stories with a garret. It was surrounded by a plot of ground in which grass grew luxuriantly, but not so much as a daisy or other wild flower showed its head. Over it two trees, an elm and a willow, cast shadows that were funereal and added to the general gloom. It was in this secluded dwelling, lent to him through the kindness of a friend and one-time comrade of his soldiering days, that Mr. de Lacey found a place of refuge. There he was joined by Evelyn when she fled from persecution and from the malice of her enemies in New York.

Salem itself presented certain natural beauties. Trees of many

sorts, some of them a relic of primeval woods, gave their luxuriant shade to the streets. The rivers—North and South, Forest and Bass—lent a beauty of their own to the scene. In secluded spots upon their surface, near the green wooded shore, white and sweet-smelling water lilies floated upon the surface, in contrast to their ugly and rank-smelling yellow caricatures which also gathered there. Salem could boast of many handsome dwellings, mostly with lawns or flower-beds before them, where the Endicotts, Hutchisons, Sewalls, Porters, Putnams, Leas, Houltons and the rest had their abodes almost since the beginning of that old Bay Colony, which was second only to Plymouth in antiquity. To Evelyn the whole atmosphere was one of gloom, and in striking contrast to the pleasant social life of the Dutch colonial town she had lately quitted. There everybody knew everybody else, and the young people had an almost unbroken round of wholesome pleasures and amusements, which in no wise interfered with the useful domestic lives of the women and their proficiency in household arts. Here, amongst these sour, sanctimonious folk, she was afraid to display that natural gaiety which since recent events alternated in her with moods of almost tragic sadness. For true to the Celtic character, hers was a dual nature of mirth and sadness, all too readily influenced by her surroundings. The Puritan gloom oppressed her, and moreover she had to put aside her pretty gowns, her elaborate scarfs and silken hoods in which, as she owned to herself, she had formerly taken an almost inordinate pleasure. But now it was necessary to conform to the ways of the town and array herself with the sombre simplicity of the women thereabouts. Any departure from the prevailing fashion of the place would have been fraught with considerable danger. Curiously enough, however, the simplicity did but enhance her charm, and the deepening of the melancholy which at times appeared in her lovely eyes would have made her more deeply attractive to those over whom she had exercised so powerful a fascination, and whom she had left behind in her beloved Manhattan. Her father had likewise donned the high, pointed hat and the long, skirted coat, and the two often laughed to see themselves thus transformed into Puritans. Evelyn missed her garden, for not a flower would grow in the stony soil surrounding their present abode. She sorely missed the cottage, with its views of the bay and river, and the gay and pleasant household of Van Cortlandt, where she had spent so much of her time. She missed her dear, warm-hearted Polly, dearest of all her girl friends; she missed the loyal devotion of Pieter Schuyler and the motherly kindness of Madam Van Cortlandt, but most of all, and in far deeper and subtler fashion, she missed that other who had so lately come into her life and had carried before him all lesser affections. Although she was neither demonstrative nor impressionable by nature, the tidal wave of real love, which had thus swept her from her moorings, was all the stronger because of the obstacles by which its path was obstructed. She knew it seemed utterly improbable that she should ever marry Egbert Ferrers. For besides the difficulties which arose from his position in the Household of the Governor and through the jealous vigilance of Captain Prosser Williams, who would at once take measures to ruin them both, there was the personal question of religion. She herself, as a professor of the Catholic faith, was virtually proscribed, and was in actual danger of imprisonment or even severer penalties because of her work amongst the savages. But, even had the late decree remained a dead letter, she would never have wavered in her resolution to marry none other than a Catholic. To her mind, indeed, the very severity of the persecution made it essential that husband and wife should be united in doctrine and in practice.

During that dreary time when scarcely a word of news reached them from Manhattan, the father and daughter found in each other's companionship their solace for the surrounding gloom, and the tie between them became more close and tender than ever. Mr. de Lacey had the additional consolation of a few books which he had been able to bring with him and of some others which he had found on the bookshelves of his present residence. Evelyn, on the other hand, found her days filled up by a variety of occupations, the chief of which was the household work. For her only assistant was a young Puritan girl, whose name of Joy was a misnomer. The latter had, however, a certain taste for cooking and for housework, which Evelyn set herself to train and develop. She taught her to make some of those delectable dishes which she herself had learned in the Van Cortlandt household. Evelyn's proficiency in all household activities, and particularly those which pertained to the culinary department, not only of this Abigail herself, but also of the neighbors. They were astonished that so young a girl should be a past mistress of domestic science, which with them, after their cold and cheerless fashion, was almost a religion. On the other hand, they resented deeply the isolation in which the young girl held herself from the solemn and uninteresting social affairs in which they delighted. Without being able to

explain it, they felt Evelyn's superiority, and it enraged them. The reluctant admiration, which in the minds of many gave place to envy, sowed the seeds of malice, which was destined later to bear bitter fruit. Apart from the galling fact of her beauty, it annoyed them to find her superior in knitting, sewing, weaving and in such accomplishments as dyeing and extracting virtues, medicinal and otherwise, from plants.

Closely adjoining the house was a road, darkened by the trees of a forest. To Evelyn this seemed inconceivably dreary. As she told her father, it always reminded her of that forest wherein the Tuscan poet had lost himself, and where wild beasts or other evil things might be lurking. It differed as widely as possible—or such, at least, is the force of imagination—from those friendly woods skirting the dear, old town of Manhattan, where the people had an almost unbroken round of wholesome pleasures and amusements, which in no wise interfered with the useful domestic lives of the women and their proficiency in household arts. Here, amongst these sour, sanctimonious folk, she was afraid to display that natural gaiety which since recent events alternated in her with moods of almost tragic sadness. For true to the Celtic character, hers was a dual nature of mirth and sadness, all too readily influenced by her surroundings. The Puritan gloom oppressed her, and moreover she had to put aside her pretty gowns, her elaborate scarfs and silken hoods in which, as she owned to herself, she had formerly taken an almost inordinate pleasure. But now it was necessary to conform to the ways of the town and array herself with the sombre simplicity of the women thereabouts. Any departure from the prevailing fashion of the place would have been fraught with considerable danger. Curiously enough, however, the simplicity did but enhance her charm, and the deepening of the melancholy which at times appeared in her lovely eyes would have made her more deeply attractive to those over whom she had exercised so powerful a fascination, and whom she had left behind in her beloved Manhattan. Her father had likewise donned the high, pointed hat and the long, skirted coat, and the two often laughed to see themselves thus transformed into Puritans. Evelyn missed her garden, for not a flower would grow in the stony soil surrounding their present abode. She sorely missed the cottage, with its views of the bay and river, and the gay and pleasant household of Van Cortlandt, where she had spent so much of her time. She missed her dear, warm-hearted Polly, dearest of all her girl friends; she missed the loyal devotion of Pieter Schuyler and the motherly kindness of Madam Van Cortlandt, but most of all, and in far deeper and subtler fashion, she missed that other who had so lately come into her life and had carried before him all lesser affections. Although she was neither demonstrative nor impressionable by nature, the tidal wave of real love, which had thus swept her from her moorings, was all the stronger because of the obstacles by which its path was obstructed. She knew it seemed utterly improbable that she should ever marry Egbert Ferrers. For besides the difficulties which arose from his position in the Household of the Governor and through the jealous vigilance of Captain Prosser Williams, who would at once take measures to ruin them both, there was the personal question of religion. She herself, as a professor of the Catholic faith, was virtually proscribed, and was in actual danger of imprisonment or even severer penalties because of her work amongst the savages. But, even had the late decree remained a dead letter, she would never have wavered in her resolution to marry none other than a Catholic. To her mind, indeed, the very severity of the persecution made it essential that husband and wife should be united in doctrine and in practice.

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TO BE CONTINUED

A JUDAS TREE TWIG

Katie wanted an Easter bonnet so avidly that she was ashamed of herself. In the light of feminine custom Katie's desire was merely normal. During the lapse of the ten years since Katie and Pat Mulcahey had walked out of St. Bride's with Father Henry's conjugal blessing fresh upon them, Katie had been blessed with six babies and one new hat. Pat purchased this last the day their third child and only son, had been born.

After two disappointments with a Nora and a Molly, sure it's a boy at last! the head of the house of Mulcahey exulted and betook himself to the Misses Garrity's millinery shop where he spent his week's pay for a French creation, as bright as the June morning about them.

As the years passed on Katie had time for nothing but a funny little curio she kept by a sunny little window he had put something that took away Katie's breath entirely. This was a small carved ivory crucifix priced at \$10, and it wasn't half as pretty as the one Katie had at home, and that her aunt by marriage, Aunt Gretchen Stone had fetched to America forty years before from Bavaria. She was really Pat's aunt, but he hadn't liked her and while she had given the crucifix to Katie to vex Pat, yet Katie had always held the sacred carving as a family relic and something to be proud of, and venerated.

You must really pardon Katie. Remember how long she had needed a new hat. And didn't St. Paul himself command that women should keep their heads covered? A dozen words with the shop-keeper did the work. Katie flew homeward as if wings grew on her feet.

"I've got to run back just a minute, Mrs. Smith," she called to her tired neighbor. "It's a very important piece of business. But you can take that nice dish of preserves home to John. It'll help that much with your supper, and Pat'll not be missin' it." Mrs. Smith acquiesced grudgingly. Katie had been gone nearly four hours now, and the twins were a handful at best, and the whole half

up coquettishly on the left side of the right side and then worn plain again for a change, in the fearsome fight Katie made to keep her best foot foremost and to hide from her friends Pat's miseria in point of his wife's wardrobe.

It was useless to try to shame him into generosity, too, or to coax him into playing fairly goodfather. At the first hint of such campaigning on Katie's part, Pat would fling at his wife his invariable retort: "Aw, now, go on, go on! I're always talkin'. Do ye forget? Who, now, who bought ye the big white hat with the feather? The white hat with the pink roses and all the blue plush? And the plume near as long as your arm? Who bought you the hat now I say?"

Abashed at this vehemence, Katie would retire to the kitchen and go after the poor old hat once again.

But here this Easter tide, the hat seemed to have joined the pixies' union.

Of all the stubborn things that ever were, that hat was the worst. Katie was desperate. Her wrath and shame increased as she remembered that only last pay-day Pat had left the most of his envelope, and he was getting twenty dollars now—over at Finnegan's. No wonder Mrs. Finnegan Henry's three girls had now hats every month! No wonder the twins were needing shoes!

Now all that Lent Katie had been making Missions wherever she heard a parish was having one. She had done this, too, faithfully in spite of the babies that by now numbered six. But grievous as it is to narrate, much of poor Katie's zeal arose from the hope that perhaps if she prayed hard enough the Lord might point out a way for her to get a new hat. She had it on her conscience, did Katie, that such prayers were too worldly to bring any answer, and yet—as is the case with women, Katie hoped. And wasn't Ann Smith praying for a husband? What was the difference, Katie asked herself.

Once or twice she wanted to go and ask Father Henry about it, but she had known him since she was a little girl—ever before she had gone to work in the factory where she had met Pat and married him after a whirlwind wooing. Katie had had plenty of hate in those days.

Instinct warned Katie that Father Henry wasn't the sort of person whose mind could focus on feminine finery. Katie had an idea that if she braced up her courage to speak about the hat to Father Henry that he would be very apt to say: "You've no hat, my child? Well, then wear a sunbonnet, or a handkerchief, or a little shawl. Over in Italy my dear old grandmother always wore a kerchief. She said it kept her ears warm and her hair from flying about." Now on this Good Friday afternoon Katie hurried home from the three hours' devotion with rebellion sweeping her soul. She ran, almost, for the neighbor who was watching the children had to be home and have her own supper ready by five, and Katie had promised to repay the service in kind, the following week.

But every window bloomed with Easter hats in most seductive shapes and colors. Katie simply had to stop. One hat in particular took her fancy. It was small, of a soft straw without any brim, fitting closely to the head, with a wreath of small black silk roses and daisies all about the crown. The price tag read "\$5.00."

In one glance Katie figured how she could make over that hat for at least five years of two seasons each, and it would be such a grand thing on one's head on a windy day. Katie had had such comfort in her hat that winter when she had ripped the brim loose from the crown and worn it as a turban covered with black velvet. It had set quite fetchingly upon Katie's honest red curls.

But five dollars. It would have been easier for Katie to reach the moon. Pat carried the pocketbook; she said women weren't to be trusted with change, and Katie was no modernist. She was just an old-fashioned wife and mother.

With tears in her eyes, Katie turned from the window and looked back at the grim brick walls of St. Bride's just across the street. If only her prayer could be answered! And then Katie gasped.

Next door to the hat shop was a curio store kept by a funny little window he had put something that took away Katie's breath entirely. This was a small carved ivory crucifix priced at \$10, and it wasn't half as pretty as the one Katie had at home, and that her aunt by marriage, Aunt Gretchen Stone had fetched to America forty years before from Bavaria. She was really Pat's aunt, but he hadn't liked her and while she had given the crucifix to Katie to vex Pat, yet Katie had always held the sacred carving as a family relic and something to be proud of, and venerated.

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dozen had been on the rampage for a good hour. Mrs. Smith suspected, too, that Katie had a bee in her bonnet, but even the sharp eyes of this shrewd next door neighbor failed to catch Katie's quick snatch of the crucifix from the frontroom book case, and hurried crowding of the lovely bit of art into her shabby hand-bag.

Every step of the way, Katie ran, as if she were summoning a doctor. She frightened the curio dealer out of his wits. All he could make out of Katie's incoherencies was so slightly that somehow he got the idea that a loan shark was going to take the babies' cradle unless instantly Katie gave him \$5! Having a bit of a heart the curio man stretched his usual cautious limit. He paid his customer \$5 for absolute ownership of the crucifix, instead of the \$5 he had asked.

Of course, Katie couldn't stop then to buy the hat. Mrs. Smith's rights had to be conserved. But Katie didn't care. It would be easy enough to slip away after supper, when Pat snoozed with his feet on the fender of the bed, and her done dawned upon her. It made her quite dizzy at the moment, and Katie almost fainted.

Katie fed the twins and put them to bed, and raked down the fire, and cleaned up the three older girls and Pat, Jr. She laid the table, got the coffee boiling, arranged to keep the cod fish balls hot in the frying pan, before the enormity of what she had done dawned upon her. It made her quite dizzy at the moment, and Katie almost fainted.

There, she, Katie Mulcahey, had gone and sold the family's best crucifix, on Good Friday, to a Jew for the price of an Easter bonnet. What would the saints in Heaven think of her? And what right had she to insult our Blessed Lord by praying to Him to pardon to her worldly vanity. What difference did a hat make anyhow so long as it covered you?

Katie had to sit down with her fork in her hand to think. The coffee boiled over and Nora cried for her supper. The clock showed Pat would be late. Katie fixed something for the youngsters to eat, and told Molly, the biggest girl, to put the smaller ones to bed.

"Stay up and give your father his supper, it's in the oven," she bade Molly. "Don't let in any one but Mrs. Smith or me or your Dad. Mind, now! If himself wants to know where I am tell him the oatmeal is out, and I'm gone to the grocery."

She never a glance at the blooming shop window, Katie went back to the antiquarian's. St. Bride's bells were ringing for the evening service.

"I want to buy it back," Katie whispered throwing the money on the counter. "My crucifix, I want to buy it back."

The Jew shook his head. "An hour ago," he said. "I sold it and mine too. A lady coming from your church across the way. She bought it and mine, too. I had a good bargain on yours. She paid me \$30; she had never seen so wonderful a one she said this side of Munich. She will give the two of them to her pastors for Easter gifts."

Katie shrieked. "It's a Judas, I am," she sobbed, "a regular, regular cheap Judas."

The curio man was a little deaf. Some of Katie's syllables were dropped as she sobbed. The curio man thought she was calling him names. But he was not a bad sort after all, and the crucifix had been very beautiful and it was a great loss to any one, and then, too, Katie was young and pretty in spite of all, and her glorious hair shone out in the dim lights of the shop like in gold the curio man made one of his life's passions. The little tight curls were like doubletons, he thought, and it was a pity the lady could not coin them. Still he couldn't have her making a fuss like that, she might drive away trade. Gently he pushed her to the door. At the threshold he pressed another bill into her hand.

"Take it do," he urged. "There is another \$2, and that makes \$10 in all. This is a sad feast day for your Church. Maybe you pray better with a fatter purse than you have had. That's all right—I know how one likes to polish up a prayer with a little gift to the poor—I know, I give much to my own religion. I too, can pray."

He shut the door, and snapped the bolt. Outcast and penitent, Katie, poor soul, did as most outcasts do. She sought the church. St. Bride's had never failed to welcome her.

But tonight the church was crowded to its door jambs. There was no room inside.

Katie felt her punishment was just. "I'm a small-sized Judas," she kept mumbling. "A small-sized Judas."

In the vestibule St. Bride's maintained still the little booth where they had sold the mission goods. Some mission brothers from the far-off tropical islands had had the sale in charge. Katie stopped a minute and eyed nervously with the rosaries, the shell holy water fonts, and a few views of the far-off missions. The crucifixes she avoided. Through the nail-studded doors of bazaar, she could hear faint echoes of the devotions within.

"These pictures, here, they may interest you?" The bronzed friar behind the counter spoke kindly to Katie. From her shabby clothing he had little idea that she would care to buy, and yet the tragedy in her face moved him to speak to the woman in some faintly diverting fashion. "See, here—this is our school—this little thatched hut—and this woman here

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—this is Sister Clare. She has told them faithfully with the black children for eight years. She has so little to live on—almost nothing—not even the necessities of life. Just before I left the island, she told me she had only one coin, and that was almost in rags, and that she hadn't had a new veil in five years.

The mission friar stared at the radiant overbearing Katie's face. How could he know that those chance phrases uttered at random were showing Katie how to bridge her precursors? She poised for flight like a scared rabbit, but her laugh bubbled out as she reflected that a worn-out hat made an easy crown of thorns. At home Pat would be waiting, either cross from hunger and her absence, or maudlin from Finnegan's, but Katie didn't care. She smiled again and placed in the friar's hand the bills that had been scorching her work-hardened palm.

"Take them Father, take them please," she urged, "take them as a penitential offering from a near-Judas—that's me. Half of it keep for yourself, won't you now, and I'd like—I'd like so much to send on the other half to that nice Sister Clare. Tell her to use it for a new coin and a new veil—don't refuse me now, not for the love of Heaven—and if you can be saying a word when you send it on, just say that it's a gift from a penitent sinner—that is, Katie Mulcahey's Easter bonnet that she's wishin' Sister Clare would wear out for her! Tell her it's come by way of a cross."

too apparent. But the same motive is no less evident in another short story, which appeared in the Saturday Evening Post, in which the author draws an Austrian Catholic priest into his narrative and makes of him a militant civilian, in spite of his sacerdotal garb. Even the priest-hood is distorted into an accessory of the verbal caricature. The story is entitled "The Honor of the Force," and in a paragraph on "The Charge on the House," the priest is pictured as deliberately walking up to the garrisoned house which is to be placed under fire and there conversing with the garrison in a free and unconcerned manner. He then walks over to the sergeant of the opposing forces. The latter endeavors to prevail upon him to urge the small garrison to surrender, but the priest, as he, as a "man of the cloth," should be glad to prevent the shedding of blood." The priest returns with a smile, while "the glint in his narrowed eyes was a glint of fire and ice." Then the priest passes away, only to "call up to the garrison words of encouragement." He "paced away," according to the author, "lean and black, teetering rhythmically in his long robe, as lean, black vultures rhythmically together through the gutters of a tropic town."

The Saturday Evening Post prides itself on its circulation. It were better if it took greater pride in the contents and purpose of the stories it publishes. Such story-writing can serve but one purpose, that of influencing readers against the Church and its servants. But the magazines mentioned are not the only agents of an anti-Catholic propaganda. The Baltimore American of March 1st calls attention also to the activities of a "Secret Order" before the legislature at Annapolis. "The House Judiciary Committee," we read, "gave a hearing of Mr. Humphrey's bill to withdraw State financial aid from all educational, charitable and other institutions not chartered by the State." The bill hits the Catholic institutions the hardest, as they are the most numerous of the denominational institutions not owned by the State." And again: "George Waldron, National Organizer of the 'Great Secret Order,' was the principal speaker in defense of the bill."

Evidence like this is cumulative and, in the last analysis, the purpose of these expressions and happenings can not be misunderstood. Expressions and occurrences of this character have led the Baltimore Catholic Review to go so far even as to ask whether the creation of a specifically Catholic party is not desirable as a means to protect the Church and to counteract such influences as the foregoing evidence has shown to be active. While there may be some question as to the desirability of such a step, there is certainly a real need of Catholic wakenedness, and preparedness to meet it.—C. B. O. V.

MAGAZINES GROW BOLDER

The March number of the Extension Magazine criticises an article contributed by Marie Correll to Good Housekeeping, and an illustration used by the latter magazine in connection with the article. The article is written, we read, "in the language of a literary common school, to abuse revealed religion in connection with the great war in Europe. The article is headed 'A picture as offensive to Catholics as the article is offensive to all Christians. The drawing shows a king disappearing from a group consisting of a Bishop, two German officers, and a silk-hatted statesman' or capitalist with a cigar in his mouth. The hands of a multitude of people are vainly lifted to them. Behind this group is the figure of Christ who consoles the people turning to Him." All that Miss Correll has to offer is a religion without dogma. The drawing symbolizes a Christ who established no dogma. And there is no Christ to correspond to the picture.

Extension Magazine might have found further cause for complaint if it had taken a few other expressions of anti-Catholic sentiment into consideration, as we find them in some other popular publications. A decidedly anti-Catholic wave has arisen in connection with the world war, and we cannot afford to close our eyes to the dangers which may arise from the surreptitious campaign carried on in the field of literature against the Church. In the Illustrated Sunday Magazine, a Syndicate enterprise and, therefore, a publication which enjoys an extensive circulation, we find some very pertinent passages from the pen of E. Phillips Oppenheim, who has contributed a story entitled "The Sad-faced Hermit." The hero views the ruins of St. Clement's Abbey (presumably the remnants of an old Benedictine Abbey in England) and remarks to the present owner, Cyril Vaux: "A magnificent ruin." * * * But you don't seem to admire it much, Cyril; * * * for after one look downward he had turned away with something very much like a shudder. "Am I likely," Cyril answered, "to admire anything which reminds me of those cursed monks?"—and then Cyril tells a part of the family history, which is supposed to place the monks in an ugly light. He relates a story of how his great uncle, the "largest land-owner and probably the richest man in the country," had been a frequent visitor at the monastery. The elder Vaux, being a Roman Catholic, fell an easy victim to the Abbot's secretaries, Ricardo, a Jesuit (of the worst type, scheming, cunning, ambitious), who found the land-owner "an easy tool." Vaux's gifts to the Abbey, already very large, were "doubled and trebled," and "always found their way to Rome." Ricardo induced Vaux to accompany him to Rome, and there to make "bequests to the Church which necessitated his mortgaging every acre he possessed," and "got him to sign a will leaving everything to them" (the monks). Not content with casting these aspersions on the monks, Oppenheim has Cyril to allege that some trouble, presumably in connection with some scandal, arose between his uncle and Ricardo, whereupon the elder Vaux recalled his previous will and went to the Abbot to prefer "some grave charges" against Ricardo. From that night on "Vaux has never been seen nor heard of, and on that same night Ricardo also disappeared, and has never reappeared." "Nine-tenths (of the estates) went to the Monastery." * * * The later will (of the uncle) was never found, and the monks claimed every acre which was not entailed. That is why I am such a poor man, and can't even live in my own house.

There is a saying that one loses interest in any utterance or action when the evil motive thereof is discerned. The motives, in this case, the desire to sow hatred of the Church and its institutions, is only

apparent. But the same motive is no less evident in another short story, which appeared in the Saturday Evening Post, in which the author draws an Austrian Catholic priest into his narrative and makes of him a militant civilian, in spite of his sacerdotal garb. Even the priest-hood is distorted into an accessory of the verbal caricature. The story is entitled "The Honor of the Force," and in a paragraph on "The Charge on the House," the priest is pictured as deliberately walking up to the garrisoned house which is to be placed under fire and there conversing with the garrison in a free and unconcerned manner. He then walks over to the sergeant of the opposing forces. The latter endeavors to prevail upon him to urge the small garrison to surrender, but the priest, as he, as a "man of the cloth," should be glad to prevent the shedding of blood." The priest returns with a smile, while "the glint in his narrowed eyes was a glint of fire and ice." Then the priest passes away, only to "call up to the garrison words of encouragement." He "paced away," according to the author, "lean and black, teetering rhythmically in his long robe, as lean, black vultures rhythmically together through the gutters of a tropic town."

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BLESSED OLIVER PLUNKET

St. Patrick's day was celebrated at the American by the reading by Pope Plunket, Archbishop of Dublin, of the beatification of Oliver Plunket.

Mgr. O'Riordan, rector of the Irish college, delivered an address in which he said Ireland was to-day paying to Plunket a debt owed to him for more than two centuries. After reviewing the life of Plunket, Mgr. O'Riordan spoke of the religious struggle in the United Kingdom.

Blessed Oliver Plunket, Archbishop of Armagh and Primate of all Ireland, was born at Lougheragh, near Oldcastle, County Meath, Ireland, 1629. His is the brightest name in the Irish Church throughout the whole period of persecution. He was connected by birth with the families which had just then been ennobled, the Earls of Roscommon and Fingall, as well as with Lords Louth and Dunsany. Till his sixteenth year his education was attended to by Patrick Plunket, Abbot of St. Mary's, Dublin, brother of the first Earl of Fingall, afterward Bishop, successively, of Ardagh and Meath. He witnessed the first triumphs of the Irish Confederates, and, as an aspirant to the priesthood, set out for Rome in 1645, under the care of Father Scarampa, of the Roman Oratory. As a student of the Irish College of Rome, which some twenty years before had been founded by Cardinal Ludovisi, his record was particularly brilliant. The rector, in after years, attested that he "devoted himself with such ardor to philosophy, theology and mathematics that, in the Roman College of the Society of Jesus he was justly ranked amongst the foremost in talent, diligence and progress in his studies, and he pursued with abundant fruit the course of civil and canon law of the Roman Sapientia, and everywhere, at all times, was a model of gentleness, integrity and piety." Promoted to the priesthood in 1654, Dr. Plunket was deputed by the Irish bishops to act as their representative in Rome. Throughout the period of the Cromwellian usurpation and the first years of Charles II.'s reign he most effectively pleaded the cause of our suffering Church, while at the same time he discharged the duties of theological professor at the College of Propaganda. In the Congregation of Propaganda, July 9, 1669, he was appointed to the primatial See of Armagh, and was consecrated Nov. 30, at Ghent, in Belgium, by the Bishop of Ghent, assisted by the Bishop of Ferns and another bishop.

The pallium was granted him in Consistory July 28, 1670.

Dr. Plunket lingered for some time in London, using his influence to mitigate the rigor of the administration of the anti-Catholic laws in Ireland, and it was only in the middle of March, 1670, that he entered on his apostolate in Armagh. From the very outset he was most zealous in the exercise of the sacred ministry. Within three months he had administered the Sacrament of Confirmation to about 10,000 of the faithful, some of them being sixty years old, and, writing to Rome, in December, 1673, he was able to announce that "during the past four years" he had confirmed no fewer than 48,855.

The storm of persecution burst with renewed fury on the Irish Church in 1679; the schools were scattered, the chapels were closed, Dr. Plunket, however, would not forsake his flock. His palace thereof was some thatched hut in a remote part of his diocese, his rule, in company with the Archbishop of Cashel, he lay concealed in the woods or on the mountains, and with such scanty shelter that through the stars they could at night count the stars of the sky. He tells their hardships in one of his letters: "The snow fell heavily, mixed with hailstones, which were very hard and large, a cutting north wind blew in our face, and the snow and hail beat so dreadfully on our eyes that up to the present we have scarcely been able to see with them. Often we were in danger in the valleys of being lost and suffocated in the snow, till at length we arrived at the house of a reduced gentleman who had nothing to lose. But, for our misfortune, he had a stanger in his house, by whom we did not wish to be recognized, hence we were placed in a garret without chimney, and without fire, where we have been for the past eight days. May it redound to the glory of God, the salvation of our souls, and of the flock entrusted to our charge."

Writs for the arrest of Dr. Plunket were repeatedly issued by the government. By length he was seized and cast into prison in Dublin Castle, December 6, 1679, and a whole host of perjured informers were at hand to swear his life away. In Ireland the character of these witnesses was well known, and no jury would listen to their perjured tales, but in London it was not so, and, accordingly, his trial was transferred to London. In fact, the Shaftesbury Conspiracy against the Catholics in England could not be sustained without the supposition that a rebellion was being organized in Ireland. The primate would, of course, be at the head of such a rebellion. His visits to the Tories of Ulster were now set forth as part and parcel of such a rebellion. A French or Spanish fleet was chartered by him to land an army at Carlingford Bay, and other such accusations were laid to his charge. But there was no secret as to the fact that his being a Catholic bishop was his real crime. Lord Brougham, in "Lives of the Chief Justices of England," brands Chief Justice Pemberton, who presided at the trial of Dr. Plunket, as betraying the cause of justice and bringing disgrace on the English bar. This Chief Justice set forth from the bench that there could be no greater crime than to endeavor to propagate the Catholic faith, "that which (he declared) there is not anything more displeasing to God or more pernicious to mankind in the world." Sentence of death was pronounced, as a matter of course, to which the primate replied in a joyous and emphatic voice: "Deo Gratias."

On Friday, July 11, (old style the 1st) 1681, Dr. Plunket, surrounded by a numerous guard of military, was led to Tyburn for execution. Vast crowds assembled along the route and at Tyburn. As Dr. Brennan, Archbishop of Cashel, in an official letter to Propaganda, attests, all were edified and filled with admiration, "because he displayed such a serenity of countenance, such a tranquillity of mind and elevation of soul, that he seemed rather a spouse hastening to a nuptial feast, than a culprit led forth to the scaffold." From the scaffold he delivered a discourse worthy of an apostle and martyr. An eye-witness of the execution declared that by his discourse and by his heroism in death he gave more glory to religion than he could have won for it by many years of fruitful apostolate. His remains were gathered with loving care and interred apart in St. Giles' churchyard. In the first months of 1684 they were transferred to the Benedictine monastery at Lamberton in Germany, whence, after 200 years, they went with due veneration translated and enshrined in St. Gregory's College, Downside, England.

are estimated to number 13,296,617, a reduction of 4,225 on the figures given a year ago and clearly a reflection of the terrible conflict in which so many Catholics have died.

The 92,867,000 Catholics assigned to America include North America and South America. Last year's figures for the United States were 17,022,879.

There are 4,532 priests in Great Britain, of whom 3,014 are secular clergy and 1,518 members of the regular orders. About 250 seculars and 200 regulars, included in the above totals, are serving as Chaplains with the forces. There are 2,352 Catholic churches, chapels and stations in Great Britain, 454 of which are in Scotland. The building restrictions are, of course, the explanation of these figures, being practically the same as last year's. During the War the erection of churches has been suspended.

A CONDUCTOR'S CONVERSION

(By Rev. Peter Geiermann, C. S. S. R.)

"Praying again? I would like to know what you get out of prayer?" The priest looked up from his breviary and saw the conductor smiling pleasantly at his side. There were few passengers on the Transcontinental, and the stations in that section of the country were few and far between. With little to do the conductor had repeatedly sought the priest's company, and had now returned for a pleasant chat.

"Every passenger in the immigrant car could answer that question," replied the priest as he closed his book and made room for the conductor.

"Their company doesn't appeal to me," said the conductor, still smiling. "You have given me new ideas and have been agreeable company, so I have begun to gravitate towards you whenever I have nothing to occupy my attention."

"Thank you for the compliment," remarked the priest. "You have already solved your own difficulty, he then added as he smiled with satisfaction. "We pray or associate with God, to receive new light and suggestions from Him, to receive His help, and to profit by His company. You see, the very act of raising our minds and hearts to Him checks the perverse tendency of our lower nature and develops our nobler faculties. And besides, God loves us with a father's love, and is not only anxious to help us but has solemnly promised to hear our prayers."

"I never thought of prayer in that way," confessed the conductor. "I was not taught to pray as a child. Since then I have heard it said that prayer is soothing to nervous women and little children, but that men ought to be above such weakness. Thinking this the truth I have made it the rule of my conduct. I am esteemed by my associates, try to do what is right by my family, and enjoy the fullest confidence of the officials of the company. In fact, in the whole circle of my acquaintances I know no man that prays. And here you are like a traveller from another world advocating a theory that is unknown or ignored by the rank and file of the working man. How do you account for it?"

"Before we proceed to discuss the conduct of other men," resumed the priest, "let me ask you a few personal questions. May I take it for granted that you believe in a personal God and acknowledge your absolute dependence on His good pleasure?" The conductor nodded.

"And are you willing to admit," proceeded the priest, "that this personal God not only knows all things, but understands what is best for each of us in particular? That in His goodness and mercy He is most anxious to promote the temporal and eternal welfare of everyone? Do you admit that as His creature you have an inborn obligation to adore and to thank Him, to obey Him and to make reparation for disobeying Him, to promote His glory and to ask His help in doing so? Do you realize that at the moment of death you must appear before Him in judgment and be found worthy either of eternal blissness or of eternal misery?"

"Go easy, please," pleaded the conductor, "you are not rushing me into new realms of thought, but make me realize that my conduct in the sight of God has a very vital bearing on my personal happiness. Viewed in that light I see that prayer is both beneficial and necessary. But it makes a man feel small. It goes against the tendency of human nature, and is calculated to rob a man of his self-reliance and efficiency. And besides, as I remarked before, I know of no man that prays."

"Do you know Jim Trahey, the engineer of the Coast Limited? He told me he never starts on a run without kneeling in his cab first to ask the protection of Providence, and has an image of his crucified Saviour sewed in the glove of his right hand so that the God-man may aid him in his train in safety. And there is Bob Worthington, who makes the night run through here. I noticed that he kept his hand in his coat pocket when he was not punching tickets and asked him whether he had hurt his hand. He quieted my fears by showing me the rosary he was quietly praying. My dear sir, prayer corrects the perverse tendency of corrupt human nature, cures us of our pride and self-complacency, makes us realize our own limitations and prompts us to put our trust in God's assistance."

"Why, the men you mentioned are the heads of their respective brother-

hoods," remarked the conductor with enthusiasm. "I see I have been mistaken. Teach me to pray, will you?"

"I will do more," replied the priest. "I will make a Catholic out of you, and give you a first-class ticket to heaven. It's a pleasure to meet an honest man like you."—Denver Register.

ONLY THE CROSS

"Today, in the general devastation of war, the only thing left standing upright is the Cross," attests Lieutenant Antoine Redier in his recent book, "Comrades in Courage." He then describes as follows a wayside crucifix which the shells have wonderfully spared:

"Above that rise of the ground, which hid it until now, stands the thin silhouette of a cross. It is of iron and the Christ is dolorously bending His head. About its base are four stumps cut off almost level with the ground. They are all that remain of the beautiful trees which once sheltered this pastoral shrine. It stands alone amongst a labyrinth of *boyaux*. . . . Our trenches, in this region, curve forward in a salient. It is as if the enemy had been obliged to draw a respectful half circle round the image of Christ. . . . Resting on the pierced feet is a bunch of withered flowers. . . . At the change of guard we pass beneath the extended arms of this Christ, on the way into the front line. I don't know whether many of us say a prayer to Him when we cross His gaunt shadow in the moonlight, but God will remember the one, he he ever so humble, who once put down his flowers and called on Him there. He has commanded that His image be not destroyed and that it remain here on our horizon. With head gently bowed and wide-open arms, He watches over the dead of the plain and blesses the living, devout or otherwise, who, covered with dust, their backs bent under the weight of their knapsacks—go in long silent columns to take their fighting posts."

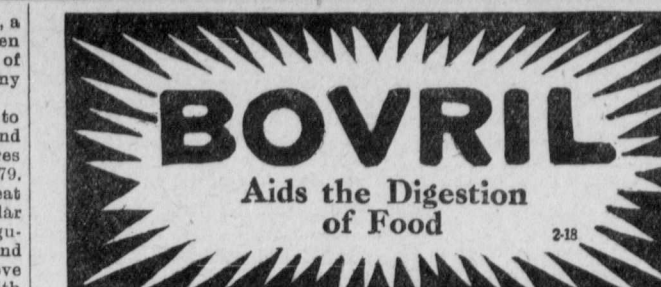
That crucifix, standing upright, unarmaged by shell-fire, and with a passing soldier's little offering at its feet, strikingly symbolizes the revival of religion in France. This reawakening had actually begun some years before the War broke out; for the brilliant sons of skeptics and unbelievers were seen going to Mass and Communion, valiantly defending the Church with voice and pen, and in their daily life reducing Catholic principles to practice. But since the present conflict began the religious revival has become more remarkable still. The War has made most Frenchmen pause and "think of their destiny, and, willingly or not, they turn to the God whom they learned to know and pray to at their mother's knee, and those who in civil life took care to hide the little faith they had, now at the front, fearlessly profess their belief in Catholicism and practise their religion even ostentatiously.

The remarkable spectacle presented by the renewal of Catholicism in France can also be observed in other countries. The recent attacks made on the Holy Father by anti-Catholic statesmen and journalists have called forth from the clergy and laity of America, Ireland and England such loyal and indignant protests that Pope-baiters quickly subsided. Numerous converts to the true Church, moreover, are constantly being made in the Allied armies, for the Protestant and unbelieving soldiers in our training camps and at the front have begun to realize that, though other religions may perhaps be quite desirable to live in, Catholicism is the only safe one to die in. Without question, amid the carnage and devastation of the present conflict, "the only thing left standing upright is the Cross," and the one institution that is sure to emerge from the War with her holiness and beauty and spiritual power increased in the Catholic Church, which is always the invincible defender and the only unerring interpreter of the Cross—America

301,960,485 CATHOLICS IN WORLD'S POPULATION

ONE-THIRD OF THIS GRAND TOTAL IS FOUND ON WESTERN CONTINENT

According to the Catholic Directory of Great Britain for 1918, the total estimated Catholic population of the world is 301,960,485. Figures of this kind can only be accepted as approximately correct, and the present great war is a factor which must greatly affect any estimate of numbers, introducing an element of uncertainty for which we have doubt due allowance has been made by the compilers of the figures. The distribution of Catholics is in round numbers, as follows: Europe, 190,770,000; Asia, 6,208,000; Africa, 2,817,000; America, 92,867,000; Australasia, 9,289,000. The Catholics in the British Empire



years ago in a Catholic paper—the death of Dennis Kelly, a Catholic, his funeral calling together seventy-eight children and grandchildren, all lost to the Church!

Mixed marriages and secret societies are two of the chief five or seven causes that operate to make apostasies. If the secret society is less now than formerly a cause, that is due to the fact that we have intelligently developed a counter influence. But the mixed marriage influence has grown and is growing—Catholic Citizen.

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LONDON, SATURDAY, APRIL 20, 1918

IRELAND, HOME RULE AND CONSCRIPTION

"Ireland is in a very terrible condition at this moment." So John Dillon in his great speech at Enniskillen in which he gave the key note of the leadership to which he had succeeded.

Because of the ominous growth of a spirit, extravagant and verging on lawlessness, which is included or connoted by the comprehensive and somewhat vague term Sinn Fein, it was true when the Irish Leader spoke that the outlook for Ireland was terrible. Now with the Government's announcement that Conscription is to be applied to Ireland the outlook is a hundred-fold more terrible.

Not Ireland alone but the whole world is passing through terrible times, times of unprecedented peril and menace. Sinn Fein, whatever the generous and high-minded motives of its founders, whatever the justification that may be urged, however intolerable the provocation, now stands for a little Ireland apart and aloof from the mighty world struggle in which the future of civilization is involved. Martyred Belgium calls in the agony of her heroic patience, bleeding France in the glory of her marvellous resistance, Italy the mother of European civilization, pagan and Christian, stemming the tide of a new barbaric invasion, are all calling with a voice that should awaken the very dead of liberty loving Ireland. True the call of England is the call of the oppressor foreigner from the oppressed. But the great partnership of free nations which is called (or miscalled if you will) the British Empire is greater than England. Irish genius has gone into its ideal and material fashioning, Irish blood has been poured out in its up-building, and living Irish blood leavens the mass of its population, from the industrial centres in the heart of England itself to the outermost limits of its far-flung dominions; a common language, a common literature, a common heritage, a common hope and mission for the future are the bonds which reinforce geographical and ethnical actualities and necessities. Even the call of England and the British Empire should find a response in the Irish heart so generous that the memories of age-long wrongs and resentments would be burned and purged away.

And Ireland did heed the call. The response was prompt, generous, Irish. Never did John Redmond (God rest his soul) more truly interpret the mind and heart of Ireland than in that supreme moment at the outbreak of the War when he pledged Ireland's adhesion and support.

Stephen Gwynn in his tribute to Redmond (page 1) says: "For a while it seemed as if the stroke of statesmanship had succeeded; but for its success an equally generous response was needed, and was not forthcoming. I do not speak of Ulster's attitude. The failure lay with the British Government, and, God knows, we and they have paid the price for their lack of insight and of imagination."

To apportion the responsibility is just now as useless as it is distressing. Thank God the mind and heart, eye, and the conscience of England as reflected in the press recognition of the unwisdom, the danger and the difficulty, in face of the Government's share of responsibility for the present deplorable conditions, of attempting to extend Conscription to Ireland.

In another column we give the Bishop of Limerick's endorsement of the policy of Sinn Fein as he conceives it. Not that we agree for a moment with this new episcopal recruit of Fogarty's, but to show the reality and intensity and extent of Irish resentment at what he sums up under the term—Carsonism. Carsonism is the antithesis of democracy. To the Irish Sinn Feiner with Carsonism triumphant it is mockery to call this a war to save democracy. Bishop Hallinan though recently appointed is an old man. And he quotes Daniel O'Connell as saying: "I never yet trusted a British statesman that I was not deceived." It is the old and ever new experience seared into the mind and heart of Irishmen.

John Redmond, whom the world reverently honors as a great statesman, a great Irishman and a great Imperialist, was compelled only one short year before his death to voice the same bitter experience in these words:

"Any British statesman who teaches once again the Irish people the lesson that a National Leader who endeavors to combine loyalty to Ireland's rights with loyalty to the Empire is certain to be let down and betrayed, by this course is guilty of treason not merely to the liberties of Ireland, but to the unity, strength and best interests of the Empire. That is the course which the Irish people will recognize as having been taken by you."

Unhesitatingly and unreservedly we adhere to the policy enunciated by John Dillon, the policy for which Redmond broken of heart but high of spirit and clear of vision lived and died, as against the innovation of Sinn Fein.

Two years ago we wrote in these columns: Sinn Feinism is the outgrowth of narrow, unreasoning, sectarian nationalism which in Canada as in Ireland is a menace and a hindrance to peaceful national development.

Subsequent developments have confirmed that view. What that elastic and comprehensive term means it is difficult to say. It is an Irish Republic, Dominion Home Rule, Independence, a bluff, a resentment, an emotion, national idealism gone mad: it finds expression in wearing hats and smoking cigarettes in police courts, in relegating a "denationalized episcopate to a place outside the national life, and in a thousand other bewildering ways. John Redmond characterized it as "insanity."

What Irishman in his senses will not recognize the patent truth of these words of John Dillon:

"But it is a futile task to discuss the relative merits of an independent republic in Ireland and self-government or Home Rule, because everybody in contact with the realities of the situation knows that you cannot get a republic in Ireland without wading through a sea of blood. If a serious attempt were made to win a republic for Ireland it would mean the loss of tens of thousands of lives, and then you would not win it in the end (applause)."

It will do little good after this futile welter of blood for the Sinn Fein Bishop of Limerick to carry out his threat "to withdraw every word I now write in its favor."

Far saner, wiser, and more patriotic is the venerable Primate's advice. Our information is that it had the adhesion of every Irish bishop except one (Bishop Hallinan) before they appointed to Limerick before their publication. In the troublous times drawing near when Irish hearts the world over may be deeply stirred, it is worth while to recall Cardinal Logue's solemn and deliberate warning of last November.

"Whether due to the demoralization of the world by war, or to a fate hanging over unhappy Ireland, blasting her hopes when they seem to brighten, an agitation is spreading here which is ill-considered and Utopian, and cannot fail to entail suffering, disorganization and danger, to end in disaster, defeat and collapse; and all in pursuit of a dream no sober man can hope to see realized, namely the establishment of an Irish Republic either by an appeal to the potentates of Europe at the Peace Conference, or hurling an unarmed people against an Empire of five millions under arms, a thing which would be ridiculous if it were not so mischievous, and fraught with such danger to an ardent, generous and patriotic people."

We have endeavored to give our readers a glimpse of actual conditions in Ireland that they may be seized of the gravity and menace of the Government's present policy of Conscription.

What is the meaning of it? John Dillon declares that it is to divert attention from the responsibility for the military failure on the Western front. The almost panic-stricken haste with which the Government at

this stage of the War secured the issue of the extraordinary Royal Proclamation that promotions in the Army would henceforth go by merit, when regarded in the light of the bitter, and of late, open controversies over such matters, lend color to the Irish Leader's view. By thrusting the most contentious and dangerous measures on public attention, and adding the threat of resignation if it is not carried, the Government effectually attains that object.

Unanimous agreement in the Irish Convention having been wrecked on the intransigence of reactionary Ulster creates, or revives a tremendous problem not only for the British Government but for the whole Allied cause, both during the War and at the Peace Conference.

It is clever political strategy if the proposed measure of compulsory military service coupled with a measure of self-government for Ireland diverts present public attention from Government blunders, causes Ireland to lose in great measure the sympathy and support of the world in her demand for self-government, and gives the Government breathing space and the chance to profit by future favorable developments. On these, if the surmise be accurate, will largely depend whether the Government will ever seriously attempt to carry out their present declared intentions.

If developments be unfavorable then the Government will ride Irish Conscription for a fall. They may have already decided on this course. The whole situation is one of distress and danger and difficulty for Irishmen the world over. It calls for prudence, wisdom and forbearance if Ireland is not to forfeit the hard won support of the British democracy in whose hands the next election will place the control of Parliament and Government, and forfeit also the all-compelling influence of universal sympathy and good will.

However much we explain, however sympathetic may be our understanding, the tragedy of the situation which sent John Redmond broken-hearted to the grave darkens and burdens every Irish heart. No matter who shares or shoulders the tragic responsibility, no reflecting Irish man or woman but feels the ten thousand pities that young Ireland is not fully and freely fighting shoulder to shoulder and heart to heart, sharing the victory or going down together in defeat, with armies of liberty on Flanders fields.

THE GLOBE, SIR SAM HUGHES AND THE FRENCH RELIGIOUS

On Saturday, the 8th of December, 1917, The Globe reported Mr. Rowell as having in the following words publicly referred to the members of the French religious orders in Canada:

"In this attitude they were undoubtedly encouraged and abetted by the members of the religious orders from France, who found an asylum in Canada, and used that asylum to undermine Canada's strength in the struggle."

The Globe made this charge its own, editorially endorsing it as "an undoubted fact." That very morning (as the forms for the following week close on Saturday) THE CATHOLIC RECORD, peremptorily challenged The Globe to give a single instance in support of its undoubted fact. The Register the same week and at various times afterwards repeated the challenge. The Globe was dumb as an oyster.

Four months later, Sir Sam Hughes in a speech in the House of Commons furnishes the wherewithal to save the Globe's face. Immediately The Globe's sense of decency and justice asserts itself; it breaks its long silence and, triumphantly quoting Sir Sam, claims that its charges are substantiated and that its long silence was a virtue.

Let us examine The Globe's methods of justifying itself. The Globe: "The Catholic Register of this city appears to be determined to out-Murphy Murphy in giving a clean bill of health to the French clerics who sought asylum in Canada after the adoption of the Law of Associations in France, and who, it was asserted, had abused that hospitality in some cases by undermining Canada's authority and by hostility to Canadian participation in the war."

The qualifying phrase "in some cases," did not appear in the original charge. "To out-Murphy Murphy!" This is characteristic of The Globe's method. Mr. Rowell had charged and The Globe had repeated and endorsed the charge against the French religious orders. In Mr.

Rowell's speech and in The Globe's editorial citation of it this charge was emphasized by contrast and pointed with this significant moral:

"It is a misfortune that they did not follow the example of the priests of the Catholic Church in France, who threw themselves into the struggle of their people to preserve their national existence, and by their courage and sacrifice won for themselves a new place in the hearts and affections of the French people."

What was Mr. Murphy's answer? He met this charge squarely and in the most straightforward manner possible. He simply gave the military record of the French members of religious orders in Canada, and this unadorned recital was the most crushing refutation conceivable of the charge fathered by Mr. Rowell and adopted by The Globe.

This record shows that the members of the French orders in Canada emphatically did

"follow the example of the priests of the Catholic Church in France, who threw themselves into the struggle of their people to preserve their national existence, and by their courage and sacrifice won for themselves a new place in the hearts and affections of the French people."

That record The Globe has never given to its readers.

Many thousands who read The CATHOLIC RECORD are also readers of The Globe; many other thousands of Globe readers never see The CATHOLIC RECORD, and many of them would probably refuse to read it if they did see it; but even amongst these we believe the proportion is infinitesimally small who are—or rather would be if they knew it—proud of The Globe's deliberate suppression of the glorious military record of the exiled French priests and religious who sought asylum in Canada. We believe that the proportion would be small who would not feel a deep sense of shame and personal contamination on finding that their favorite newspaper had—honestly believing it no doubt—blazoned forth the charge, and then dishonestly closed its columns to the refutation.

This is not "bonny factin"; it is neither decent nor patriotic journalism; good German money has been paid for worse service to the German cause.

Not until the Globe has the honesty and courage to publish the military record of the gallant and heroic men whom it has held up to public opprobrium will it recover the respect of those who know both sides in spite of the Globe's pitiable tactics in suppressing the truth when it tells against it or in favor of its opponents.

Sir Sam's reference to the subject, from which The Globe quotes its justification, we publish elsewhere in this issue of the RECORD; failure to do so would be a dishonest suppression of the truth and we should not be able to feel quite clean conducting a discussion in that way.

Sir Sam's charges are serious, definite and to the point. "Eight expatriated French clergymen . . . were all busily engaged circulating German propaganda through Quebec. . . . If you doubt it ask Inspector Green, a good Irishman, who was post office inspector, and I left it to him to settle with them." The only thing somewhat vague and undefined as it stands is the term "German propaganda." "They were found," says Sir Sam, "with a collection of German propaganda, circulated into this country."

We are entitled to know more definitely just what the term "German propaganda" means in this case. We know that a Protestant minister in Toronto was arrested and haled before the courts for deliberately flouting the authority, evading the regulations of the Government Censor and circulating literature which the Canadian Government prohibited as mischievous and calculated to weaken Canadian war effort. The Rev. Ben H. Spence as well as the eight French priests of Quebec might easily be accused of "circulating German propaganda;" but we know that it was the indiscretion of fanatical "temperance" zeal that led Mr. Spence astray. We know precisely what his offence was; we do not know precisely what was the offence of the eight French priests in Quebec. If in their case there are no extenuating circumstances, if their offence is as grave as many will be ready to believe, we are entitled more the less to know the best and the worst of it.

At the worst it does not justify the indiscriminate charges of impeding our war effort against men who are themselves giving their lives for the cause. Other clergymen both here and in the States have been adjudged guilty of pro-German activities, but we have never heard of indiscriminate and wholesale charges against a class or denomination or nationality based on individual delinquencies.

We hope that the Hon. Mr. Murphy whose painstaking effort in the cause of truth and decency brought to light the military record of these soldier-priests of France whose heroism reflects a glory on our country which afforded them an asylum, will insist, as Sir Sam Hughes puts it, on facing the facts, thrusting it out, and knowing where we stand. Despite the manifest unfairness of the present day Canadian press which suppresses the good and trumpets forth the bad in the record of the religious in question, it will ultimately serve the cause of truth and justice to have the whole record laid bare. If individuals merit arrest and punishment, then arrest and punishment should be their portion. The whole truth and bare justice would be infinitely better than what they have received. Moreover, we Canadian Catholics, are entitled to protection both as Catholics and as Canadians from the harm that such shameless abuse of hospitality as that which, if the ex-Minister of Militia's charges are true, these guests of Canada have been guilty. Neither as Catholics nor as Canadians can we defend or palliate their offense if guilty, nor obstruct in the slightest degree the measures of self-defence and self-protection such gross abuses imperatively demand on the part of the Canadian Government.

Denominational journals boast of the number of clergymen or clergymen's sons who are at the front, and they have the best reasons in the world for so doing. We hope the time will never come when Catholics will not feel a thrill of sympathy, of gratitude and of reverence for the Protestant clergyman of whom it may be said; he lost a son in the Great War; nor will the merit be less of those to whom God in his goodness gives back their sons.

Yet is there amongst them all a denomination, or a class that can equal the glorious record of these modest and unassuming French priests, who were silent under unjust aspersions, and whose heroic services to the cause they are accused of betraying finds no room in the columns of the press which are wide open to the shameful deeds of some of their unworthy brethren.

GENERAL GOUGH
 Those who wantonly insulted the spiritual chief of the majority of the millions fighting for the Allied Cause by maliciously attributing to the Pope the blame for the Italian debacle have been much more considerate of General Gough who has been dismissed in disgrace as the cause of the debacle on the St. Quentin-La Fere battle front.

The mutiny of the Curragh of Kildare was one of that terrible series of events in the apotheosis of Carsonism that has had such dire and disastrous effects on the Irish people and on the British cause.

General Gough was the hero of the Curragh of Kildare mutiny.

GREATER PRODUCTION AND THE CHURCH'S BLESSING

We have a very vivid recollection of a sugaring-off to which we were invited by a community of nuns. The trees had been tapped, the sap had been gathered and the boiling-down process was well under way when with joyful expectancy we entered the convent dining room. While we were indulging in pleasant visions of the forthcoming feast a very much perturbed little sister entered and announced that something must be wrong; for the liquid in the cauldron was fast disappearing and there was as yet no sign of syrup much less of sugar. "Are you sure," said we, "that you tapped the right kind of trees?" "Oh yes," she replied, "you can see them from the window." A glance revealed to us the cause of the trouble. They were maple trees all right, but they were not sugar-maples. This incident was recalled to us recently when, while surveying the row of cans that decorate our main thoroughfare, we saw one attached to a white ash tree. The moral is that one cannot gather grapes of thorns nor figs of thistles—nor make maple sugar from birch sap.

It seems to us that an equally fundamental principle is being overlooked in the much-heralded greater production campaign that we hear so much of nowadays. One would suppose that, given the number of acres sown and the number of hens

set, our national statisticians could figure out to a mathematical nicety the gross amount of production. They overlook the fact that Paul may plant and Apollo may water, but it is God Who gives the increase.

It is in view of this truth that the Church has set aside a day, (the feast of St. Mark, April 25th) for the blessing of the seed. She realizes that it is God Who operates that stupendous miracle by which the grain of wheat planted in springtime is reproduced many fold. In his homily on the gospel of the multiplication of the loaves, St. Augustine remarks that men wonder at this miracle because it is rare, and pay no attention to the much greater but more common one by which God, from a few seeds planted in the soil, feeds all the nations of the earth. As God grants His favors in the spiritual order through prayer, so also in the temporal order prayer draws down His blessings upon us. The true religion is not one that is confined merely to our Sunday devotions. It is adapted to all the needs of our human nature. It enters into every detail of our daily life, sanctifying and ennobling our every legitimate ambition.

A further reason for this blessing of the seed is that all nature fell under the curse of original sin. "Cursed is the earth in thy work," said God to our first parent, "with labor and toil shalt thou eat thereof all the days of thy life. Thorns and thistles it shall bring forth to thee." Our Divine Saviour removed this curse by His death upon the wood. In the case of our souls the application of the merits of that death is made through the sacraments. Second in importance only to these great channels of grace are the prayers of the Roman ritual whereby the Church officially sanctifies and invokes God's blessing upon all manner of creatures. It does not follow that this benediction will exempt us from the work of cultivating the plant or of destroying, as far as we can, the insects and other pests that war against it; for we are obliged to earn our bread by the sweat of our brow. But it will avert, if it be God's will, those plagues and droughts against which the labor of human hands is unavailing.

The effect of a blessing upon the fruits of the earth reaches much farther than the mere abundant multiplication of them. It tends to produce their ultimate results. Of what avail would it be to raise millions of bushels of wheat if it is to be sent to the bottom of the sea by a submarine? What benefit would our bountiful harvest be to the boys in the trenches and the half-starving peoples of the allied nations if it does not increase their supply of bread? What would it profit a farmer to boost his bank account by the high price received for his commodities if he thereby becomes all the more immersed in the things of earth? The greater glory of God and the greater spiritual as well as temporal welfare of His people is the aim that the Church has in conferring her favors, and that each one should propose to himself in asking for them.

It were well, therefore, if those who are assisting in this much needed effort for greater production would have recourse to the Church's blessing upon this coming feast day. It would be an evidence of faith most pleasing to God, especially at a time when faith enters so little into the daily lives of men and nations. It would be a source of edification to our Separated Brethren; for they have pretty much abandoned their own religions which have nothing to offer them in this day of extreme need, and they may be induced to look favorably upon a Church which in the words of Pope Leo XIII, "could not have done more than she has done for our temporal well-being if she had been established solely for that purpose."

THE GLEANER

NOTES AND COMMENTS

IT WILL probably be a surprise to most Canadians to be told notwithstanding the important place their country occupies among the food-producing nations, that in the three important departments of Hogs, Cattle and Sheep production it takes a decidedly minor position. Some figures in this connection, given in graphic form in the latest issue of the Canadian Food Bulletin, furnish food for serious thought.

AS A HOG producer, Canada compared with other nations on a basis of the number of animals to the hundred acres of land under cultivation

is away down on the list. Denmark, for example, produces 22 hogs to every hundred acres, Holland 19, and Germany 14, while Canada despite her almost unrivalled facilities for this work, can show 8 only.

IN REGARD to cattle raising our position is not much better. While (reversing their order) Holland and Denmark again occupy the topmost places with 29 and 25 cattle respectively to the hundred acres, and Great Britain and Germany tie for third place with 16, Canada comes at the foot of the list with 6, yielding place to France, Italy, Australia and the United States in the order named.

COMING to the raising of sheep the contrast is still greater. Here, as might be expected, Australia occupies the first place with no less than 58 sheep to every hundred acres of land under cultivation, but, what is under the circumstances surprising, Great Britain follows closely with 52. Then comes Italy with 21, the Argentine with 15, France with 13, Holland with 12, and, again at the foot of the list of 10 nations, with 2 only to her credit, trails our fair Dominion.

IT IS PERHAPS superfluous to add that this is not as it should be. There is no country in the world which possesses greater facilities for the successful raising of live-stock than Canada. The vastness of extent and richness of her grazing and feed-producing lands—as, for example the prairies of the Northwest—and her unrivalled natural means of transportation, should place the Dominion in the very front rank in any or all of the departments named. With the lessons of the great War before us, then, it seems safe to predict that in this matter of live-stock production Canada will not long be content to bring up the rear of the procession.

ANENT THE capture of Jerusalem by the British Forces under General Allenby, and its passing (forever, let us hope) from under the sway of the Moslem, our esteemed contemporary, the Catholic Herald of India, admirably summarizes the past history of the Holy City, and its future prospects in relation to the respective claims to spiritual suzerainty of the Jews, Eastern Christians, Catholics and Mohammedans. As to the latter, while the widest toleration will be exercised in their regard, it is safe to say that with the passing of Turkish dominion the day of Moslem dominance has come to an end.

THAT THE Jews were the founders of Jerusalem and its rightful owners until its destruction by Titus in 71 A. D., is conceded, but that they have never since recovered possession except for a brief period of 11 years after its destruction by the Persians in 611, would seem to have invalidated any legal claim on their part. The age-long tradition, however, that the Jews are to return eventually to the Holy Land, and the disposition on the part of the nations to facilitate its fulfillment, (more especially the expressed intention of the British Government in that regard,) gives to the subject a degree of interest which could not otherwise have attached to it.

THAT THE Jews themselves have been nursing that old ambition is matter of public knowledge. What is known as the Zionist Movement is, however, but a thing of yesterday. Though Napoleon lent to it the support of his influence and ambition, this old ideal became really articulate only in 1897, at a Jewish Congress held in Basle. This was the first Zionist Congress, and while it was a small affair the project there formulated has since found proclamation in both hemispheres. Its aim is to create for Judaism again a distinct nationality, and a home land whose integrity should be guaranteed by the Great Powers. How soon if at all, this project may be realized depends much upon the outcome of the present War. In this connection, however, the sayings of the Hebrew Prophets, as contained in Holy Scripture, and the words of Our Lord Himself have ever to be borne in mind.

MORE RECENT perhaps, but not less serious is the Catholic claim. Jerusalem as it exists today, whatever it owes to ideals inherited from the Jews of old, is the creation of the Christian Faith, and beyond all dispute, the Catholic Church, and the influence of the Holy See has been preeminent throughout the Christian

era. The city, as stated, was razed to the ground in the year 71, A. D., and in 180 the Emperor Hadrian still found it a waste of ruins. But even then the place of the Last Supper was the seat of episcopal government, whence bishops under Papal jurisdiction ruled the Church of Palestine. It was in the fourth century, and at the instance of the Pope that Jerusalem became the object of those great waves of pilgrimage known to history as the Crusades. Jerusalem became thus a Catholic city, and a Catholic See, until in the great schism of the eleventh century, the Patriarch renounced allegiance to Rome. To these titles of ownership should be added the two centuries of Catholic rule between the years 1099 and 1291, which mark the existence of the Latin Kingdom of Jerusalem.

THE MOSLEM occupation is later history, but it has lain like a pall upon the Holy Land for several centuries. Protestantism with its fantastic and ill-starred Jerusalem Bishopric is an affair merely of the middle nineteenth century. In the final settlement after the War France's claim to its old rights of protectorate will have to be considered. The one thing certain in the future of the Holy Land is that it will be the home of religious liberty and that the Light of the World will there sooner or later come into His own.

ON THE BATTLE LINE

THE BATTLE of the Lys has entirely overshadowed its importance for the moment in the struggle in the Valley of the Somme. The German rush has not carried the enemy very far to the west of the Lys, but it has resulted in the evacuation of Armentieres by the British, and the occupation by the Germans of the southern and eastern slopes of the Messines Ridge. A German official report referring to Wednesday's fighting, says that von Arnim's troops captured Hallebeke, to the north of the Messines Ridge, and stormed the heights of Messines and maintained them against strong enemy counter-attacks.

ON THE WHOLE, the battle of the Lys has been far less favorable to the enemy than was the battle of the Somme during the first three days. The prisoners claimed number 10,000, together with a hundred guns and a Portuguese General. The greatest depth of penetration is about six miles, near Steenwerck. The only town of any size taken is Armentieres, and it has long been a hopeless ruin of little military value, since even its cellars were continually subjected to poison gas attacks that made them most unsafe shelters for troops. The Germans are attacking in masses, and must now be losing men much more rapidly than the British defensive forces. It will take the enemy a long time to reach Calais at the present rate of progress.—Globe, April 12.

SIR DOUGLAS Haig's stirring call to the British army in France will hearten the weary men who, as the Commander-in-chief says, have offered splendid resistance to the enemy's terrific attack, under the most trying circumstances. He tells these willing but fired soldiers that the French army is moving rapidly and in great force to their support, that there is no other course open but to fight it out, that every position must be held to the last man, and that there must be no retirement. Before the Channel ports are reached the enemy must defeat both the British and French armies fighting a defensive battle upon ground chosen for that purpose. The Germans have thrown their whole strength into the effort to separate the British and French armies, to destroy the British army and to take the Channel ports. Sir Douglas Haig says a hundred and six German divisions—more than half of the enemy's formations on the Western front, have already been thrown into battle, yet, despite the most reckless sacrifice of human life, he has yet made little progress toward his goal.

THIS MESSAGE reveals the location of the Allied Army of Manoeuvre. Convinced by the attack in the Valley of the Lys, following upon that of three weeks ago in the Valley of the Somme, that the Germans have deliberately chosen to fight it out in northern France, with the Channel ports as their objective, General Foch is moving his field armies up into the threatened region. That is a thing which cannot be done in a day, and until the French stand upon the line chosen by their leader Britain's tired soldiers must fight on—to the last man.

THE STRUGGLE on Thursday night resulted in a considerable advance of the enemy on the southern sector of the battlefield. Here, by the capture of Merville, an ancient town, which was the administrative centre for the Portuguese army corps, the Germans have arrived within seven miles of Hazebrouck. There is an excellent road from Merville to Hazebrouck suitable for the handling of heavy artillery, but it passes, by good fortune, through the largest forest in that part of France. The forest is also intersected by the Nioppe Canal, which adds greatly to the de-

fensive value of the position. The enemy are attempting to work around the north end of the forest instead of plunging through it.

THE ENEMY claims that in the battle of the Lys up till the present time 29,000 prisoners have been taken. Of this total 50 officers and 3,000 men belonged to the garrison of Armentieres, which, cut off on Wednesday, surrendered after a gallant fight. Of the prisoners taken during the first two days a considerable number must have belonged to the Portuguese Army Corps, on which the first fury of the attack was expended. Berlin admits that the fighting has been hard and incessant.

THE FIGHT for the possession of Messines Ridge is still undecided. The Germans are holding the ruins of Messines village, but the highest points on the ridge—those around Wytschaete—are still firmly in the hands of our men, and so long as they thus remain the British positions around Ypres will not be under direct enemy observation from the ridge.—Globe, April 13.

THE IRISH LEADER'S GREAT SPEECH

Speaking at Enniskillen St. Patrick's eve John Dillon, the new Irish leader, paid a glowing tribute to his illustrious predecessor. Referring in terms of withering scorn to that class of Irishmen who inevitably turn and rend a fellow-countryman who achieves distinction, he continued:

"Ireland is in a very terrible condition at this moment. We are invited by a clamorous and, no doubt, numerous body of young Irishmen to abandon the claim for Home Rule or self-government as it is called, to set up a claim for an independent Irish Republic separated totally from Great Britain. Now, I do not think that the men who advocate that view are quite so numerous as they imagine, but still we must recognize that they represent and speak for a very large section probably of the younger people of this country. I know myself that they come up here to Ulster and tell you that the South is solid for Sinn Fein. Well, we will see that in the city of Waterford (applause). I do not think the South is solid for Sinn Fein. I know the North is not (hear, hear, and cheers). "We had the case of South Armagh the other day, and we have this meeting here to-day, and we have the young men and young girls who marched in that procession to show that here in Fermanagh, at all events, and in the surrounding counties, even the young people are by no means solid for Sinn Fein (applause). But it is a futile task to discuss the relative merits of an independent republic in Ireland and self-government or Home Rule, because every body in contact with the realities of the situation knows that you cannot get a republic in Ireland without wading through a sea of blood. If a serious attempt were made to win a republic for Ireland it would mean the loss of tens of thousands of lives, and then you would not win it in the end (applause)."

We are told by some of the leaders of Sinn Fein that their demand for a republic in this country is all nonsense, that nobody wants a republic. They will tell you privately they only put it forward as a piece of bluff. I know most of the clergymen who are Sinn Feiners will tell you, if you talk to them privately, that the talk of a republic is only meant for the platform, that in reality they wanted Home Rule (cheers and laughter). The pledge of young men who obey orders whenever orders are given. They may be ordered to the front at any moment. I can tell you by my own knowledge that last November they were within an ace of being thrown against the troops who were armed with trench bombs and the word was given to take no prisoners. We will have no more of this, we will have no more of this damned nonsense, and John Dillon and company will not get the prisoners released. We will take no prisoners. We will let them have bombs.

THE BISHOP OF KILLALOE

"I want to know, and I think I am entitled for my guidance in the future in the office which has now been placed upon me, to have an answer to this question—I understand Mr. de Valera, who is an honest, straightforward man, is coming down to Belleek to-morrow—What does Sinn Fein want? I have here an extract from an interview given, strangely enough, to an English newspaper, the 'Daily News,' by Dr. Fogarty, the Bishop of Killaloe, who is the great spiritual head of the Sinn Fein movement. This is what the correspondent says:

"I had a most interesting conversation with Dr. Fogarty, and it drifted from the local to the National situation. Dr. Fogarty thinks that even now if the British Government grants a generous measure of Dominion self-government to an undivided Ireland, their policy will capture the country and all trouble will immediately cease."

"Is that the Sinn Fein doctrine? ask from this platform today and I am entitled to an answer—is that the doctrine of Sinn Fein, and if it be, by what right is this country divided into two factions? Why are we not all united on that platform? If that be the doctrine of Sinn Fein no man has any excuse for keeping this country divided one hour longer (cheers)."

THE SINN FEIN LEADER

"Then I turn to a speech delivered not longer ago than the day before yesterday—to a speech whereby Mr. de Valera himself said that if the electorate of Waterford only got the opportunity of understanding Sinn Fein, of understanding all the issues involved, there would be no doubt of the result.

"So, according to Mr. de Valera," commented Mr. Dillon, "after two years they have not yet been able to get the people to understand their position (cheers and laughter). I am not surprised at that, because the doctrine of Sinn Fein has been put forward by so many and so firmly in so many different opinions that I do not wonder that Mr. de Valera thinks the people do not well understand it (hear, hear, and laughter). Is it not true that the people were told that really is the doctrine of the platform of Sinn Fein? If Dr. Fogarty, as I have already said, the spiritual head of Sinn Fein—thinks that a measure of Dominion Home Rule would satisfy all Ireland, then, why on earth does not the Sinn Feiners tell the people the truth, and not ask them to run after a will-o'-the-wisp in the shape of an Irish republic, which would inevitably land them into a boghole or something worse (cheers and laughter)."

"I would say to those who were shouting for an Irish republic today that to take care that they are not acting as the unconscious tools of a deep conspiracy which really desires, as has often been the case in past history of Ireland, to seduce the Irish people along a futile and useless path after an impossible ideal in order to rob them of the prize which is really within their grasp (hear, hear, and applause)."

SINN FEIN AND THE BOLSHEVIKI

"Some weeks ago there was held in the city of Dublin, in the Mansion House, a vast meeting for the purpose of sending a resolution of sympathy and congratulation to the Bolsheviks of Russia—to Lenin and Trotsky. At that meeting the red flag of revolution was unfurled, and we first of all tore down the green flag and substituted the tricolour. I do not know what the tricolour means, but you will see it all over the country. But the tricolour is not enough for these gentlemen. They wanted the red flag, and the orators at that meeting declared that the liberty established in Russia by the Bolsheviks was the only perfect form of liberty that had ever been enjoyed by mankind (laughter), and that it was the liberty which Ireland was determined to have and was prepared to fight for. The responsible leaders of Sinn Fein were absent from that meeting. It was very significant that Mr. de Valera, Mr. Grubb, Mr. John MacNeill, did not put in an appearance, and I challenge them to say—Do they approve of the doctrines laid down at the Mansion House at that meeting, and if they are of opinion that the liberty given to Russia by Lenin and Trotsky is the liberty which Ireland needs and is prepared to fight for?"

INFAMOUS AND BLOODY TYRANNY

I say that it is the most infamous and bloody tyranny in the world, as recently seen, when every man who does not agree with these adventurers is shot down. Murder, wholesale murder, goes on every day in the streets of Petrograd, and robbery of the most atrocious character is practised there every day. That is what they call liberty! I call it tyranny, and I believe it will bring back upon the Russian people Czarism or some form of military tyranny. Look at what is occurring in Russia, and it is a lesson for the Irish people. You have those two gentlemen, Lenin and Trotsky, who in their proceedings remind me very much of some of the leaders of Sinn Fein. They believe in the loud and repeated enunciation of great principles altogether divorced from the realities and possibilities of the situation. They went to Brest to meet the Ministers and Generals of Prussia and they told them they would not sign any humiliating peace. They were out to revolutionize the whole world. They were not content with having freedom as they had it in Petrograd, but they were going to confer the blessings of it on Berlin also (laughter). They would not sign peace, and they came away from Brest, and they were congratulated by the gentlemen at the Mansion House as great heroes. But what happened? Within forty days they crawled to the feet of the Prussian Generals and signed a peace ten times worse than they had refused to sign before. They gave away whole provinces of their country. They gave away the Ukraine, Esthonia, Poland, and one of the greatest ports of their country, and what remains of Russia by the contemptible peace which they signed at the feet of Germany. I say that you have in that a great warning against the men who imagine that by going about waving tricolour flags, singing songs, and smoking cigarettes in Police Courts, they were going to break up the British Empire and set up a republic in this country. (applause). They will do nothing of the kind, but unless they learn a little more common sense I will tell you what they will do. They will

allow the soldiers to break them up—shoot them or blow them up with bombs, and that will be the end of their republic.

"ONE MAD WEEK"

"Let me turn for a moment to another interview with Dr. Fogarty—'after two years' of mine and I am still a great personal friend of his, though we are on opposite sides in politics—he gave an interview the other day to the 'York Examiner,' and that was an interview for Irish consumption, in order to explain the sad state of his own diocese, because, as you all know, Clare is today under martial law and you are not allowed to hold any fairs there. Nobody can go into or out of Clare without a military pass, and the Claremen are cut off from the rest of Ireland. Here is what Dr. Fogarty says:

"In my opinion, their was one mad week in which the momentum of the rage of the Clare people carried over the line of prudence and justice, but that is now all over."

"Now, I want to say I know Clare people very well. In the old days of the Land League I was much in the County Clare, and I want to say this of the people of Clare, that a braver and pluckier body of men do not exist on the face of the earth. They are a charming and agreeable people to live amongst. But I may say that Clare saine is a pretty hot spot and to be yet, because the devil is altogether (laughter and cheers). I cannot help thinking it is an awful pity that when the Clare people went mad, as Dr. Fogarty declares they did, they did not get sane until soldiers were in the county (laughter and applause). I should have said, with all due respect to the Bishop and to the priests of Clare, that they should all have exercised their great influence to keep the people sane before the soldiers came along (applause)."

THE EXAMPLE OF CLARE

"If, as we have seen, the madness of the people of Clare have brought down military rule on the county—and we do not know what the end is to be yet, because military rule is a very awkward thing—if that be true, take care that the madness does not extend to other parts of Ireland and that military law—because I know that there is a deep conspiracy going on in Dublin today to extend military rule to the whole of the country. If the people of the rest of the country follow the example of Clare and go mad for a week, then you may have military law over the whole country."

Dr. Fogarty goes on to say that in his judgment this campaign—that is to say, military law being poured into Clare—is an effort by politicians to swamp the Sinn Fein movement in an organized campaign of calumny and terror. Possibly there may be some foundation for Dr. Fogarty's opinion that it is an organized campaign, but not to swamp Sinn Fein, but to keep the people who are agitating and increasing Sinn Fein, in a state of fear, and I am afraid it is, an organized campaign to swamp and destroy the national movement and Home Rule (hear, hear) by extending military rule to the whole of the country. That is what I fear it is, and let me tell you this, that in my opinion, and I speak from some knowledge, for some facts have come to my knowledge through letters going to the wrong man—that is a thing that has happened before in Irish history. Some of the letters, police letters among them, fell into the wrong hands lately in Ireland. And I tell you here to-day that the ranks of Sinn Fein are honeycombed with police spies and police agents and that some of the most violent men among those who are agitating the people on against the military and the law are in the pay of the police for the purpose of imposing military law on the whole country.

"Therefore I appeal to you all to set your faces against this madness and to maintain the ranks of the national movement on the old lines which, under the leadership of Parnell and Redmond, have carried you to the very gates of victory (cheers) and not to allow yourselves to be made the victims of fresh conspiracy and turn aside from your path."

BURNING THE STARS AND STRIPES

"Let me direct your attention to one other point to show how this business is worked. The other day in the city of Galway a body of Sinn Fein young chaps issued from the Sinn Fein Club and they attacked a body of Nationalists who were carrying that banner (pointing to the Stars and Stripes over the platform) up the streets of Galway, and they burned it publicly and stamped it in the gutter. ('Shame.') Of course it will be said they were only children, young boys, but I will show you the importance of this business. I have watched to see whether the leaders of Sinn Fein ever condemned that, and they have not condemned it. Now, in the debate in the House of Lords last week Lord Salisbury, in his speech, draws out this offence and says so great is the hatred of Britain and her Allies, and so sworn were the Irish people to the German people that they actually attacked the Stars and Stripes and burned it in the streets of the Irish town. The object of that was to turn away American sympathy from the Irish cause, and it is a most dangerous attempt, and I say this action on the part of the Sinn Feiners is one of the deadliest stabs ever given to the cause of Ireland. If we lose the sympathy of America we lose the men who stood to our cause, the main thing we have got to rely upon.

FROM VICTORY TO VICTORY

"I say in conclusion, stand by the old platform and the old policy. It has carried you for thirty-five years from victory to victory; it has broken the power of landlordism in this country and emancipated the land. It has made you comparatively free men, and it has won for the cause of Ireland under the leadership of Mr. Redmond, the sympathy of all civilized mankind, and if you are wise enough and steady enough to stand by the Irish party and give me a chance now (prolonged cheers) I pledge myself here today before you Nationalists of Ulster that if justice is not meted to our people, and the national aspirations of Ireland fully satisfied, then I, in your name, will stand in the path of England, and will shame her before the nations of the world (loud applause). Speaking for a united Ireland, I will appeal to America and the President of the United States, and I will say, let England that before she can pretend to carry on her war for the rights of small nationalities, she must go home and set her own house in order' (prolonged cheering)."

BISHOP OF LIMERICK AND SINN FEIN

The Palace, Corbally, March 16, 1918.

Dear Sir,—In reply to your kind invitation to be present at your public meeting on next Sunday to further Ireland's claim for national independence before the Peace Conference, allow me to say that as I have never in my life been on a political platform, nor made a political speech I am not going to present now; but whilst I have thus scrupulously abstained from taking any active part in politics I have been, ever since I became a priest, a close observer and student of the political movements in the country, and have always formed my own ideas and judgments on them.

Perhaps you would wish to know my views on the present situation and political outlook in Ireland. Here they are:

When five years ago a Home Rule Bill for Ireland was being discussed in the British Parliament, according to the established rule of the British Constitution, Sir Edward Carson raised the standard of revolt, organized an armed rebellion against the application of the Home Rule measure to Ulster. This he did not secretly but openly, and he was aided by prominent members of Parliament. He proclaimed that he knew he was acting illegally, and defied the Government of the day to suppress or punish him. At the same time a mutiny was threatened in certain military regiments for the same reason. This was open and organized rebellion against the British Constitution, which, for brevity's sake, I call, without meaning offence, by the name of Carsonism. What was done to this instigator of armed organized rebellion against the British Constitution? He got some of the highest positions in the gift of the Crown. The Irish Volunteers, sickened and disgusted at this condonation of a rebel of Carsonism, rose up in rebellion, not, mind you, against the British Constitution, but against Carsonism.

That action of the Government of England in condoning Carsonism and shooting down the Irish Volunteers killed the British Constitution in Ireland. Mr. Asquith came over to Ireland after the events of Easter Week, 1916, and publicly declared that Dublin Castle rule had failed in Ireland. No. 10, it was more than that. The British Constitution itself had failed in Ireland, and Ireland is no longer living under it. We are living under the laws made when the Constitution was applied to Ireland and are bound to obey them. Otherwise the sound fabric would be dissolved and a nation would be plunged into anarchy. Carsonism killed the British Constitution in Ireland, and with it, what was called the Constitutional movement. There is no longer any meaning or motive in the Constitutional movement in this country as the Constitution itself has failed. To send Irish representatives to the British Parliament now would be nothing more or less than a silly farce.

What then are we to do? What is the alternative? Sinn Fein, Sinn Fein, if I understand it aright, means self-reliance: "trust our own resources." That now is the motto. That now is your policy. Hitherto we have been told to trust the British democracy, to trust Asquith, to trust Lloyd George, and we are now innocently asked to trust Wilson. If you take my advice trust none of them. Remember the words of the great O'Connell at the end of his career: "I never yet trusted a British statesman that I was not deceived." Trust yourselves, my friends. Trust the legality of your methods. Trust the guiding hand of the living Providence that is watching over the destiny of this dear land of ours. Do not trust secret societies. Do not trust 'armed rebellion. That way leads to disaster and ruin. If I ever find out that Sinn Fein is an organization of a policy, trust in either of these methods, from that moment I disown and distrust Sinn Fein and withdraw every word I now write in its favor. Stand erect; close your ranks; keep your backs to the wall; shout from the platform; shout through the press; let your cry be heard to the ends of the earth, so that when this Peace Conference is held

everybody who takes part in it may know that amongst the little nations to which the principle of self-determination is to be applied the oldest and most legitimate to its title, the most urgent in its claim, is Ireland. Proclaim it to the whole world that during the past seven centuries an effective union has never existed between Ireland and England and that until "The lion and the sheep shall abide together," and "the calf and the bear shall feed together," which means never, can there be any understanding or any union between these two nations and races—one the contradictor of the other in every element that enters into the constitution of a distinct nation and race.

When the Peace Conference recognizes the right of Ireland to complete independence, England must recognize it. It must. It will be time enough for you to discuss what form of government you will live under. Gain the substance first, and then discuss and decide on the form and accidents. Well ordered human liberty is not necessarily bound up with any special form of government. Belgium under a monarchy, the United States of America under a republic, are examples of good government under each form. If you want examples of bad governments in which human liberty is oppressed and strangled you have only to turn to the French, Portuguese, and Mexican Republics.

Yours faithfully,
DENIS HALLINAN,
Bishop of Limerick.

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH EXTENSION SOCIETY OF CANADA

On Wednesday, April 10th, was held the ninth annual meeting of the Board of Governors of the Catholic Church Extension Society of Canada. The President's Report and the Chartered Accountant's Financial Statement were most pleasing and satisfactory, showing as they did that the Society was alive, active and prosperous.

It will enliven interest to take a bird's-eye view of the work of the Society during the past nine years.

For 15 months ending Feb. 28th, 1918 were distributed to the Canadian Missions.....\$18,000 35
" 1911 " " 1912... 16,957 81
" 1912 " " 1913... 15,917 47
" 1913 " " 1914... 16,405 58
" 1914 " " 1915... 17,090 21
" 1915 " " 1916... 17,484 26
" 1916 " " 1917... 33,182 60
" 1917 " " 1918... 61,682 52

\$205,802 27

This year our Extension revenue reached the handsome amount of \$74,699.35, made up as follows:

Contributions.....\$97,245 82
Chapel Funds..... 9,494 75
Church Goods & Ornaments 5,180 00
Intentions..... 22,291 90
Membership Fees..... 210 00
Interest on Loans and Investments..... 276 88

\$74,699 35

The under named dioceses profited by the Extension Society:

Archdiocese of Edmonton.....\$8,256 65
" " Vancouver..... 8,511 75
" " Regina..... 3,170 50
" " Winnipeg..... 5,069 55
" " St. Boniface..... 460 00
Diocese " " Calgary..... 4,634 11
" " Prince Albert..... 1,850 50
" " Saskatoon..... 2,004 00
" " Victoria..... 9,165 48
" " S. George's Nfld. 600 00
" " Haileybury..... 1,071 50
Ruthenian Greek..... 8,299 00
Vicariate of Keewatin..... 955 00
" " Seven Islands,
" " Que..... 100 00
" " Athabasca..... 2,808 50
" " Mackenzie..... 1,801 50
" " Yukon..... 1,636 00

\$55,374 02

Special Donations..... 834 05
Vestments, Ornaments, Chalice, etc..... 5,474 45

Total \$61,682 52

Some dioceses received special and private donations, Victoria, for example, received over \$5,000 in a special collection taken up in Toronto Parishes. This fact explains the large amount given to some places.

The difference between our income, \$74,699.35 and our expenditure on the missions, \$61,682.52 is \$13,016.83. This last amount was employed in securing a purse (\$5,000 Victory Loan) paying part of mortgage on St. Philip Neri Hostel, making loans at low rate of interest to the missions and for necessary expenses of the Society.

The great portion of our income came to us through the publicity given the Society by means of our mission journal "The Catholic Register and Extension." The amounts received weekly were generally small sums. This fact should be an incentive to those of small means to give generously of the little they have and receive the blessing promised by Our Blessed Lord.

The Branch Societies of the Extension gave the following amounts:

Archdiocese of Toronto.....\$6,324 52
" " Halifax..... 8,110 99
" " Antigonish 5,209 18
" " Alexandria 4,541 46
" " Char'town 1,882 39
" " Hamilton 1,517 70
" " Peterboro..... 642 67
" " Calgary..... 604 50
" " Soc..... 81 00

\$28,914 86

The above figures are here confirmed by Fred Page Higgins & Co., chartered accountants, Toronto.

We express our sincere thanks for the co-operation great or small given during the past year in our work of Extension. We earnestly urge upon you the greatness of the needs of the missions and the necessity of a generous support on the part of Catholics in all parts of Canada.

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

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

DONATIONS

Previously acknowledged... \$349 00
Mrs. H. Warburton, Gardiner Mines..... 1 00
Mrs. J. E. Strang, Gardiner Mines..... 25
Mrs. L. Gouthro, Gardiner Mines..... 25
Readers, Gardiner Mines..... 5 00
A Friend, Pembroke..... 5 00
A Friend, in honor of St. Anthony..... 1 00
A Friend, Newfoundland..... 2 00
A Friend, Woodstock, N. B. 1 60

MASS INTENTIONS

A Friend from Blackville..... 20 00
A Friend, Gardiner Mines... 1 00

ROMAN THEOLOGIAN DEAD

Only a few weeks have elapsed since the resignation of Rev. Januarius Bucceroni from his Chair of Moral Theology at the Gregorian University, Rome, was announced. The great theologian has just passed away, at the age of seventy-six years, amid expressions of regret in every part of Rome.

For nearly thirty years he filled the Chair in Rome. Among his former pupils he counted Cardinals, Bishops, and priests of many lands, the most prominent among them being Cardinal Billot who is one of the greatest living dogmatic theologians. The Solemn Requiem for the soul of Father Bucceroni was celebrated in the Church of St. Ignatius, by the Right Rev. Mgr. Hinsley, D. D., Rector of the English College, a former pupil, assisted by the students of the same institution. The choir of the South American College rendered the music. Father Bucceroni was considered one of the greatest of living moral theologians. He was a Neapolitan by birth, and early joined the Jesuits. He was also an author, and a consultant of various Roman Congregations.—St. Paul Bulletin

A NEW ROMeward MOVEMENT

The report which the Anglican Church Times, of London, gives of the "Free Catholic Conference" (which sprang out of the Unitarian movement) shows non-Catholics are drifting towards the Church far more quickly than we think.

Rev. Dr. W. E. Orchard, at the opening of the Conference, said: "We have found ourselves drawn to the altar, the Mass and the Reserved sacrament. This has held our hearts, and is our first attraction to Catholicism. We crave for something besides a pulpit and the prophet. We crave for the priesthood, because we see it is the only way of clinching the evangelic faith."

Well, is not the tide certainly flowing towards the Barque of Peter?—Catholic Columbian.

FATHER FRASER'S CHINESE MISSION

Taichow, China, Nov. 26, 1916.

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

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

Previously acknowledged... 12,685 63
John Bridgeman, Rocking-ham..... 5 00
In memory of Mary Farlong A. C. M., Charlottetown..... 5 00
Reader, Gardiner Mines..... 5 00
A Friend, Pembroke..... 5 00
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John Walsh, Toronto..... 1 00
M. K. Barrie..... 5 00
Miss Kitty Flynn, St. John's Sacred Heart Church, Teeswater..... 2 00
Thanksgiving for favor received..... 1 00
Children's Lenten Savings, Monkland & Apple Hill 8 00

FIVE MINUTE SERMON

Rev. F. P. Hickey, O.S.B.
THIRD SUNDAY AFTER EASTER

THE SHORTNESS OF LIFE

"A little while" (John xv. 16.)

These words, my dear brethren, were not uttered by our blessed Lord without a purpose. "A little while," what is this that He says—"A little while?" They are so short, so simple, that anyone can remember them. And happy should we be if we had them continually echoing in our souls! They would help us to go on through life, earnest in good, unscathed by evil, for that "little while" is the key to eternity.

How is it that men living in sin can be content and amuse themselves and be quite taken up by this world? Because they forget that it is only for a little while. A little while of self-indulgence, of seeking after pleasure, of gratifying every desire, followed by an eternity of pain. Not a drop of cold water to cool their tongue; not a kind word for all eternity.

A little while of neglecting prayer, of putting God off, of evading every duty demanded by the Church. It is all done so easily, nothing seems to come of it—nothing for a little while; but the end comes all too soon for the careless and the slothful, and then remorse for ever and for ever. What was the good of all that neglect? What came of it? The bitterness of eternally asking that unavailing question! If they had only asked it before it was too late!

A little while of affluence, social success, of being somebody in their own little circle—where is the harm of it? "How hardly shall they that have riches enter into the kingdom of God." (Mark x. 23.) For where was God during that little while? There was no time for God in business hours; friends, too, had to be entertained—one had to be like others. So in very deed there was no time to give to God at all. No; but an eternity of misery will be exacted by the great God, who was begrudged a thought, a prayer, a Mass in their life on earth.

It is a strange thing, this "little while." It is utterly worthless if we look at past sin. And yet all important is it, for heaven depends upon it. In this life we are only sure of the uncertainty of life; at the best it is only a little while. Good people, devout Catholics, are therefore careful of time. They know their days are few, swiftly speeding on, and the end hidden. Hence the importance of this little while, so short in itself, so long, so eternal, in its consequences.

What is it, then, to labour for a little while? Ask the Saints why they gave up their nights to prayer; why they were so incessant in their labours for souls; how it was they knew no fatigue, knew nothing of being worn out. Their answer is, "There is only a little while for labor, and an eternity for rest. How can we do enough for the good God?"

And instead of being despondent when day after day we are tempted, tripping, beset by sin, we must remember that it is only for a little while. The Master is only seeing if we are worthy of Him. He will not desert us in our struggle, or abandon us when we feel that we can do no more. "Blessed is the man that endureth temptation, for when he hath been proved, he shall receive the crown of life, which God has promised to them that love Him." (Jas. i. 12.)

And obedience for a little while in humility to the will of God; readiness to accept anything He sends for poverty, sickness, trials of all kinds—the world may wonder at it, but it is not true wisdom? In so doing are we not imitating our Blessed Lord? "He humbled Himself, becoming obedient unto death, even to the death of the cross. For which cause God also hath exalted Him, and hath given Him a name which is above all names." (Phil. ii. 8, 9.)

What power, then, this text should have over careless sinners, wakening them to see the falseness of their contentment; and over devout souls, too, urging them to renewed endeavours, more patient acceptance of hardships, more determined perseverance.

These words have been the making of many a saint—the world abandoned for a heavenly life, given up for a martyr's crown. "Think of that blessed band, the Forty Martyrs, left to be frozen to death on the ice. Stripped, frost-bitten, perishing, to them how long that winter's night would seem. But they knew it was only a little while, and thinking of eternity, they prayed for perseverance. "We are forty—many forty perseverers! Alas! one turned coward; the little while of perishing was too much for him. The guards relieved him, warmed him, fed him, and in a little while he died! The pity of it! Only a little while longer of courage, and he would have been a saint for ever.

But another stepped into his place. This soldier from the bank had seen a vision of crowns coming down from heaven for the martyrs; but he could only count thirty-nine crowns, and there were forty victims. When the one gave way, he understood about the missing crown. The vision gave him the faith, and stripping himself, crying out that he would be a Christian, he joined them on the ice. And the martyrs' prayer was heard: "Let forty perseverers!" At daybreak, as they were carting the frozen corpses away, one of the martyrs, the youngest, was found to be alive. The guards, hoping to per-

vert him, left him; but his mother, who was watching on the bank, raised him in her arms. To fondle him? No; to cast him in the cart with the others. "Bear up a little while," she said: "Behold, Christ stands at the door, helping thee." And as that heroic mother carried him, he died in her arms. His little while was over.

When we come to die may these words encourage us in that last, sad hour. May pains, partings, fears, all be soothed by the whisper of faith—"only for a little while." St. Paul says: "For patience is necessary for you, that, doing the will of God, you may receive the promise. For yet a little, and a very little while, and He that is to come will come, and will not delay." (Heb. x. 36, 37.)

But when the light of heaven dawns upon us, oh! then it will no longer be for a little while. The seed of a little while will have grown into a happy eternity. Is it not true that, if these words were only remembered by us, we should lead earnest and devout lives, and make secure our future happiness? A mystery of the wonderful mercy of God, that prayer, obedience, perseverance in His service for a little while can merit eternal glory.

A LIVING WAGE

I.—WHAT IS REASONABLE COMFORT?

BY REV. JOHN A. RYAN, D. D. (Catholic Press Association)

"A living wage" forms the title of a chapter in Professor William Smart's "Studies in Economics." This chapter was written in Scotland, November, 1893. In its opening sentences we are told: The last few weeks have seen the birth of a new and attractive catchword. Before it has even been defined, it is already put forward as arguing a claim to justice. The expression "living wage" seems to give a reason and a basis for a certain amount of wage. It has, accordingly, found its way into everyday language, and we may expect soon to find that the conception which it expresses has taken its place among the convictions of many.

In all probability these sentences describe the origin of the phrase "living wage." But the idea that it expresses goes back much further than the summer of 1893. Because the idea is so much older than the expression, it has "taken its place among the convictions of many" to a far greater extent and with much greater rapidity than Professor Smart expected when he wrote the words just quoted. Because the expression neatly and concretely sets forth the idea, it likewise has obtained a currency that the professor never anticipated. Both the idea and the expression owe their vogue and their popularity to the fact that they represent a fundamental principle of justice.

IS OLD QUESTION

Although the idea of a living wage goes back at least to the early Middle Ages, it received its first systematic and authoritative expression in the Encyclical of Pope Leo XIII. "On the Condition of Labor." This was published in May, 1891, something more than a year before the "catchword" was first heard in Great Britain. In that document the great Pontiff flatly rejected the prevailing doctrine that wages fixed by free consent were always fair and just. This theory, he said, leaves out of account certain important considerations. It ignores the fundamental fact that the laborer is morally bound to preserve his life, and that his only means of fulfilling this duty is to be found in his wages. Therefore, concluded Pope Leo, "a workman's wages ought to be sufficient to maintain him in reasonable and frugal comfort." This proposition, he declared, is a "dictate of natural justice."

What is "reasonable comfort?" Evidently it is something more than mere existence, or that which is merely the means of continuing to live and to work, is not to be in comfort. What degree of comfort is reasonable? To this question we could get a hundred different answers from as many different persons. Each of the one hundred might conceive reasonable comfort as that to which he had become accustomed, or that which he aspired because it seemed to bring happiness to others. The reasonable comfort that the Pope had in mind is merely the reasonable minimum. It is that smallest amount which will satisfy right reason. One way of finding out how much is required by this standard is to consult the judgment of competent and fair-minded men. Another and more fundamental method is to interpret reasonable comfort in the light of man's nature and essential needs. These are the ends to which any degree of welfare is but a means. Man's nature and needs, therefore, should indicate the amount of goods that constitute the minimum measure of reasonable comfort.

NOT ALL PHYSICAL WANTS

Like every other human being, the wage earner is a person, not a thing, nor a mere animal. Because he is a person, he has certain needs that are not felt by animals, and his needs and his welfare have a certain sacredness that does not belong to any other species of creatures. A dog or a horse may be used as mere instruments to the welfare of man. They may rightfully be killed when man no longer wants them. Not so with the human person. He has intrinsic worth and dignity. He is made in

the image and likeness of God. He is an end in himself. He was not created for the pleasure, or utility, or aggrandizement of any other human being or group of human beings. His worth and his place in the universe are to be measured with reference to himself, not with reference to other men, or to institutions, or to States. He is worth while for his own sake.

What then are the needs to which are attached this prerogative of intrinsic worth and sacredness? How much of the good things of life must a man have in order that he may live in a manner worthy of a person? In general, he must have sufficient goods and opportunities for the exercise of all his faculties and the development of his personality. On the physical side, this means food, clothing and housing adequate to maintain him in health and working efficiency. If he is underfed, or insufficiently clothed, or improperly housed, he is treated with even less consideration than wise and humane men extend to their beasts of burden. Since the worker is not merely an animal and an instrument of production, but an intellectual and moral person, he requires the means of exercising and developing the faculties of his soul. Therefore, he needs some education, some facilities for reading and study, the means of practicing religion, an environment that will not make unreasonably difficult the leading of a moral life, and sufficient opportunities of social intercourse and recreation to maintain him in efficiency and to give him that degree of contentment that is essential to a healthy outlook on life.

As regards the future, the worker requires a certain minimum amount of security against sickness, accident, and old age. Finally, all these goods should be available to the worker, not as a single man, but as the head of a family; for marriage is among the essential needs of the great majority.

MEANS REASONABLE COMFORT All the foregoing goods and opportunities are included in the concept of reasonable comfort. Within the last few years, many groups of persons have attempted to translate these requirements into concrete symbols. They have tried to describe reasonable comfort or a decent livelihood, in terms of food, housing, insurance, etc. Their statements and estimates have shown a remarkable measure of agreement. This substantial uniformity proves that "reasonable comfort" is not only a practical and tangible conception, but one that springs from the deepest intuitions of reason and morality.

We pass over their specific statements concerning the amount and kind of food required as these are too technical for our present purpose. It is sufficient to say that these specifications cover an allowance of food adequate to the preservation of health and working efficiency. As regards clothing, the estimates indicate not merely what is needed for health and efficiency, but those additional articles and changes of raiment which are essential in order that the worker and his family, may, without loss of self respect, attend church, school and participate in public gatherings, and various forms of social intercourse. The provision of apparel for these latter purposes may not be directly necessary on the ground of health, but it meets one of the fundamental needs of a human being. It is among the requirements of the mind and the emotions. To deny it to a man is to treat him as somewhat less than a man.

GOOD HOUSING DEMANDED In the matter of housing, the authorities agree that the wage earner and his family require at least four or five rooms, with adequate sunlight, ventilation, and all the elementary requisites of sanitation, and in moral and healthful surroundings.

The majority of social students believe that the workman's wife should not be compelled to become a wage earner, and that his children should not regularly engage in gainful occupations before the age of sixteen. If these conditions are not realized, the family is not living in reasonable comfort, and its younger members are deprived of reasonable opportunities of education and development.

All the members of the family should have some provision for recreation, such as an occasional trip to the country and visits to moving pictures or concerts; some access to books and periodical literature, in addition to schooling for the children up to the age of sixteen; and of course the means of belonging to a church.

The worker should have sufficient insurance against unemployment, accidents, sickness and old age to provide himself and those normally dependent upon him with all the above mentioned goods during those periods, when he is unable to make such provision by his labor and wages.

CLAIM OF WAGE EARNER Such are the requisites of reasonable comfort as determined by man's nature and needs, as interpreted by all competent authorities on the subject. That the wage earner, as all other persons, ought to have this much of the good things of life will not be denied by anyone who appreciates the dignity and intrinsic worth of personality. The man who would assert that the worker and his family may reasonably be deprived of these things, must logically contend that the worker may be killed or deprived of his liberty for the benefit of others.

NO MORE KIDNEY TROUBLE

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

73 LEES AVENUE, OTTAWA, ONT. "Three years ago, I began to feel run-down and tired, and suffered very much from Liver and Kidney Trouble. Having read of 'Fruit-a-tives', I thought I would try them. The result was surprising.

I have not had an hour's sickness since I commenced using 'Fruit-a-tives', and I know now what I have not known for a good many years—that is, the blessing of a healthy body and clear thinking brain."

WALTER J. MARRIOTT. 50c. a box, 6 for \$2.50, trial size 25c. At all dealers or sent postpaid on receipt of price by Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.

For the right to life, liberty, marriage and all other fundamental goods rests on precisely the same basis as the claim to reasonable comfort. That basis is the inherent sacredness of personality. This sacredness is outraged not only when the person is killed, crippled, or imprisoned, but also when he is prevented from exercising and developing his faculties to a reasonable degree.

In the next paper, we shall consider the moral principles which are at the basis of the claim to a living wage.

SPIRIT OF THE CHURCH IS LAUDED BY A PROFESSOR

DEAN BROWN OF YALE DIVINITY SCHOOL PRAISES CATHOLIC SOCIETY

"The Roman Catholic Part," was the topic discussed recently in the United Church of New Haven by Dean Charles R. Brown of the Yale School of Religion. Dean Brown considered the spirit, service and organization of the Church and their contributions to the good of the world. In part, he said:

"I have not time to discuss the varied history of the Catholic Church or to consider its many doctrines of which it has more than any other Church in Christendom. I shall not undertake to indicate all of the points at which I would dissent from its position touching civil and spiritual authority, or the work of public education or the rightful attitude toward modernism in philosophy and religion. The purpose of this course is not controversial and I would rather lessen than increase the sense of separation between the various branches of Christ's Church which hinders their sympathetic co-operation touching the great common interests of character and service.

"The four main contributions which the Roman Catholic Church has made to the larger faith are in my judgment these: First, its steady inculcation of the habit of worship. All Christian people worship God, but Catholics, we may say not improperly, have the habit beyond all others. The streets in the vicinity of any Catholic church on Sunday morning are thronged with people who are going to Church not because announcement has been made in the newspapers of the presence of some unusually eloquent preacher or some attractive program of music. They are on their way to the house of God to worship.

THEIR HABIT OF WORSHIP

"The little child as soon as he is able to toddle down the aisle and cross himself with holy water and bow before the altar is trained in the habit of worship. Every Catholic child stands open all day and every day in the week inviting any passer-by to come in and worship. When he enters he may find no service in progress, but he will almost always find there groups of people kneeling before their Maker, seeking to unburden and refresh their hearts in personal worship. I question seriously whether this ingrained habit of worship can be matched in any other branch of the Christian Church.

"In the second place they develop the habit of obedience to authority. Poverty, charity, obedience—these are the three radical vows taken by an army of men and women in the Catholic faith. For the sake of the service they are to render they renounce the sweet joys of family life that freed from all domestic responsibilities they may come and go as the Church may direct; and they pledge a prompt and unquestioning obedience to their spiritual superiors in the work of the Church.

"Now I might not choose that for myself—I am frank to say that I would not. But in the face of the recklessness and lawlessness with which modern society has to deal, I am not blind but that I can recognize the immense value of this habit of obedience to authority in rightly directing the lives of millions of people who owe their allegiance to this branch of the Church. When I say my prayers I thank God for the work and influence of the Roman Catholic Church.

"In medieval times it held in check the more turbulent elements in human society; it put a wholesome

restraint on the mad ambitions of military tyrants; it infused something of the spirit of mercy into those who would otherwise have been ruthless oppressors of their weaker fellows: And today in great sections of society the same work is being done in modern terms. Spiritual authority holds in check certain evil forces before which less autocratic methods might find themselves helpless.

"In three directions at least you may see this principle at work. Over against a raw materialism which is no closer theory but a base mode of life; over against a revolutionary type of social agitation like the I. W. W., which would burn and slay to gain its ends; over against the spirit of an unrestrained self-indulgence, a wild and reckless sort of Bohemianism, which fears neither God nor man, the Catholic Church stands with a bold front lifting up in sermon and in sacrament, in the appointments of its places of worship and in its constant prayers the nobler ideals of the Son of God.

"This, the promotion of the spirit of trust in the Unseen. The Catholic Church meets the human soul at the very beginning of its career and by its sacrament of baptism for the new born babe utters its recognition of the spiritual kinship of the child with the whole body of aspiring souls in the Church and with God and Father into trine name the child is there baptized. And through all of its seven sacraments of baptism and confirmation penance and the holy communion, marriage and orders, on to the extreme unction when the soul is finally prepared for its solem and mysterious journey into the next world, the Church is deepening the faith of its people in the unseen side, to right living. It undertakes to meet all the more important crisis in human life, and with spiritual direction and help.

"In these days of hustle and bustle when many people believe only in that which they can see with their eyes and handle with their hands, when the things that are seen and temporal so often obscure our vision of the unseen things which are eternal, it is good for this branch of the Church to steadily inculcate by methods which have shown themselves effective an abiding trust in these intangible aids which mean so much in gaining that more abundant life to which we are called.

"The fourth contribution would be found in their marvelous readiness for personal self-sacrifice. The fine quality is present in all Christian churches but the Catholic Church can show an unusual amount of it. The splendid church buildings of this denomination have been built in great measure by the many gifts of workmen and servant girls and other people whose means were meagre. They gave and gave generously because they did not shrink from sacrifice. The Catholic Church has its rich families but, be it said to its honor, it has a larger percentage of the poorer people of this country than any other Church we are considering in this series of services.

"Take another beautiful manifestation of this spirit, the work of their Sisters of Charity, Sisters of Mercy and the Little Sisters of the Poor. It is the very jewel and crown of a woman's happiness to have and to be loved by her husband and children and to give herself to the ordering of her own home. But here is an army of sweet-faced, pure-hearted women who sacrifice all that for the sake of the service to which they are dedicating their lives. They go about like their Master doing good and they are doing it in many a trying situation and in every land the sun shines on. Whenever I meet two of them on a street, I feel like the taking off my hat—did I not fear that in the modest simplicity of their lives they would misunderstand my action, I would.

"The Catholic Church has been imperial in its ambitions as would befit an organization heading up in Rome. I covet for their larger faith that same spirit of imperialism. Not that I would have the State or the school, the home or the place of trade ruled by the Church, but I would that all these interests were brought into obedience to the spirit of Him who is at the head of all the churches. In this time of world struggle and world renewal let all the churches set themselves afresh not to the easier task of saving a few souls here and there out of the moral wreck, but to the larger task of the spiritual renewal of man's total life in its social, political and economic relations. The larger measure of religious progress along these broad lines would bring indeed a just and lasting peace.—Providence Visitor.

"TOMORROW" "Tomorrow," he promised his conscience, "Tomorrow I'll think as I ought to; Tomorrow I'll do as I should; Tomorrow I'll conquer, tomorrow—That hold me from Heaven away." But ever his conscience repeated: "One word, and one only," to day.

Tomorrow, tomorrow, tomorrow, Thus day after day it went on; Tomorrow, tomorrow, tomorrow—Till youth like a vision was gone; Till age and his passions had written The message of fate on his brow, And forth from the shadow came Death, With the pitiless syllable, "Now."

Man's conscience is the grace of God.—Byron.

Ramsay's Paints and Varnishes advertisement featuring an illustration of a house and a person painting. Text includes: 'Ramsay's Paints and Varnishes that will stand wear and weather. Conserve your property and your investment by using Ramsay's Reliable Quality Paints also Varnishes. There is a Ramsay dealer waiting to serve you. Write for literature and painting suggestions. A. RAMSAY & SON COMPANY. THE RIGHT PAINT TO PAINT RIGHT. FOR SALE BY ALL DEALERS.'

John Hallam's Sheep Raising advertisement. Text includes: 'This Book FREE. A nicely illustrated and handy booklet of 36 pages—containing practical pointers in simple language on sheep raising and wool marketing. A few good sheep, with ordinary care, will bring in more real money for the amount invested than any other branch of an average mixed farm. This book will be very useful to every owner of sheep. If you are interested in sheep, write us today and we will gladly mail you your copy of this book free. Please address in full as below. John Hallam Limited. DESK 10 HALLAM BUILDING TORONTO. WOOL FURS HIDES.'

A Kitchen Encyclopaedia advertisement. Text includes: 'A KITCHEN ENCYCLOPAEDIA THE PURITY FLOUR COOK BOOK containing 180 pages of tried and tested information on food preparation reviewed and approved by the DOMESTIC SCIENCE DEPARTMENT of the McDONALD INSTITUTE. Mailed post paid for 20 cents Western Canada Flour Mills Co. Limited TORONTO.'

Rennie's Hardy Seeds advertisement. Text includes: 'RENNIE'S Hardy SEEDS BEST FOR CANADA. These Should be Included in Your Order. LOOK FOR THE STARS. The numerous items in the Rennie 1918 catalogue enclosed in star borders like this set, new high value standards. You will be astonished at the bargains.'

The William Rennie Company Limited advertisement. Text includes: 'THE WILLIAM RENNIE COMPANY LIMITED. KING & MARKET STS TORONTO. ALSO AT MONTREAL WINNIPEG VANCOUVER. Beans—Dwarf White Wax (Davis) .10 .25 .70 3.25. Beet—Crosby's Egyptian .05 .25 .85 2.50. CABBAGE—Danish Summer Roundhead .10 .90 2.75. CARROT—Rennie's Market Garden .10 .40 1.20 3.50. CORN—Rennie's Golden Bantam .10 .25 .65. CUCUMBER—Davis' Perfect .10 .25 .75 2.25. LETTUCE—Burpee's Earliest Wayhead .10 .35 1.00 3.00. ONION—Early Yellow Danvers .10 .40 1.35 4.00. Rennie's Extra Early Red .05 .35 1.00 3.75. Rennie's Longkeeper Brown Globe .10 .35 1.00 3.75. PARSNIP—Rennie's XXX Guernsey .10 .30 1.00 3.50. PEAS—Thomas Laston, Extra Early .10 .15 .45 2.00. Senator—Best Second Early .10 .15 .45 2.00. RADISH—Crimson Globe—Non Plus Ultra .05 .20 .65 2.20. Japanese Mikado (Winter) .10 .35 .90 3.25. TOMATO—Bonny Best .10 .50 1.75. Blue Stem Early—King Edward .10 .60 1.75. Prepaid Not Prepaid lb. 5 lbs. lb. 5 lbs. TOMATO—Yellow Sets—Selected White Multiplier Sets. .50 2.25 .40 1.85. FLOWER SEEDS Pkt. New Giant Asterum—Mixed .15. Rennie's XXX Defiance Balsam—Mixed .15. New Red Sunflower .25. Gold Medal Hybrid Delphinium .25. Rennie's XXX Prize Ruffled Giant Petunia—Mixture .25. Rennie's XXX Giant Spencer Sweet Peas—Mixture .15. Giant Zinnia—Mixed .15. When buying from dealers, insist on Rennie's. If your dealer hasn't them, we will ship direct. THE WILLIAM RENNIE COMPANY LIMITED. KING & MARKET STS TORONTO. ALSO AT MONTREAL WINNIPEG VANCOUVER.'

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

WORTH WHILE
It is easy enough to be pleasant
When life flows by like a song...

GOOD ADVICE TO YOUNG MEN

Speaking before the Social League of St. Xavier College, Cincinnati, Friday, March 1, former Ohio State Senator Robert J. O'Brien, of the Queen City, said in part:
"Whatever you choose as your vocation along life's path, you will never find the obstacles too heavy if you proceed with 'honesty' your slogan..."

MISDIRECTED ENERGY

There are nearly 22,000 living graduates of our oldest university, Harvard; and a recent census shows that more than a fourth of them are practicing law.
Of these 6,000 lawyers, how many are known to you as leaders in the battle for better civilization; how many have enlisted and won renown in the effort to make life easier and happier for the 75%...

THE MILDNESS OF A SAINT

It is related in the life of St. Francis of Sales, that he was, even as a child, of a mild disposition. His elder brother said of the three sons of his father: "We three should make a capital salad dressing—Jean, the vinegar, Louis, the salt, and poor Francis, who cares for nothing but gentleness, would do well enough for the oil."

Yet, when a student at the University of Padua, Francis, something of a name as a fighter in putting several riotous colleagues to flight at the point of a sword; and the same elder brother, as the irritable Bishop of Chalcedon, once felt the sting of a tongue which was not always gentle.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

SHORT SKETCH OF LIVES OF SAINTS OF THE WEEK

APRIL 15.—ST. PATERNUS, BISHOP

St. Paternus was born at Poitiers, about the year 452. His father, Paternus, with the consent of his wife, went into Ireland, where he ended his days in holy solitude. Paternus, fired by his example, embraced a monastic life in the abbey of Marnes. After some time, burning with a desire of attaining to the perfection of Christian virtue, he passed over to Wales, and in Cardiganshire founded a monastery called Llan-patern-vaur, or the church of the great Paternus. He made a visit to his father in Ireland, but being called back to his monastery of Marnes, he soon after retired with St. Scubillon, a monk of that house, and embraced an austere anchoritic life in the forests of Selcy, in the diocese of Coutances, near the sea, having first obtained leave of the bishop and the lord of the place. This desert, which was then of great extent, but which has been since gradually gained upon by the sea, was anciently in great request among the Druids. St. Paternus converted to the faith the idolaters as far as Bayeux, and prevailed upon them to demolish a pagan temple in this desert, which was held in great veneration by the ancient Gauls. In his old age he was consecrated Bishop of Avranches by Germanus, Bishop of Rouen.

APRIL 18.—ST. APOLLONIUS, MARTYR

Marcus Aurelius had persecuted the Christians, but his son, Commodus, who in 180 succeeded him, showed himself favorable to them, and of regard to his Empress Marcia, who was an admirer of the Faith. During this calm the number of the faithful was exceedingly increased, and many persons of the first rank, among them Apollonius, a Roman senator, enlisted themselves under the banner of the cross. He was a person very well versed both in philosophy and the Holy Scripture. In the midst of the peace which the Church enjoyed, he was publicly accused of Christianity by one of his own slaves. The slave was immediately condemned to have his legs broken, and to be put to death, in consequence of an edict of Marcus Aurelius, who without repeating the former laws against convicted Christians, ordered by it that their accusers should be put to death. The slave being executed, the same judge sent an order to St. Apollonius to renounce his religion as he valued his life and fortune. The saint courageously rejected such ignominious terms of safety, whereupon Perennis referred him to the judgment of the Roman Senate, to give an account of his faith to that body. Persisting in his refusal to comply with the condition, the saint was condemned by a decree of the Senate, and beheaded about the year 186.

APRIL 19.—ST. ELPHAGE, ARCHBISHOP

St. Elphege was born in the year 954, of a noble Saxon family. He first became a monk in the monastery of Deerhurst, near Tewkesbury, England, and afterwards lived as hermit near Bath, where he founded a community under the rule of St. Benedict, and became its first abbot. At thirty years of age he was chosen Bishop of Winchester, and twenty-two years later he became Archbishop of Canterbury. In 1011, when the Danes landed in Kent and took the city of Canterbury putting all to fire and sword, St. Elphege was captured and carried off in the expectation of a large ransom. He was unwilling that his ruined church and people should be put to such expense, and was kept in a loathsome prison at Greenwich for seven months. While so confined some friends came and urged him to lay hands upon his tenants to raise the sum demanded for his ransom. "What reward can I hope for," said he, "if I spend upon myself what belongs to the poor? Better give up to the poor what is ours, than take from them the little which is their own." As he still refused to give ransom, the enraged Danes fell upon him in a fury, beat him with the blunt sides of their weapons, and bruised him with stones until one, whom the saint had baptized shortly before, put an end to his sufferings by the blow of an axe. He died on Easter Saturday, April 19, 1012, his last words being a prayer for his murderers. His body was first buried in St. Paul's, London, but was afterwards translated to Canterbury by King Canute. A church dedicated to St. Elphege still stands upon the place of his martyrdom at Greenwich.

APRIL 20.—ST. MARCELLINUS, BISHOP

St. Marcellinus was born in Africa, of a noble family; accompanied by Vincent and Dominus, he went over into Gaul, and there preached the Gospel, with great success, in the neighborhood of the Alps. He afterwards settled at Embrun, where he built a chapel in which he passed his nights in prayer, after laboring all the day in the exercise of his sacred calling. By his pious example as well as by his earnest words, he converted many of the heathens among whom he lived. He was afterwards made bishop of the people whom he had won over to Christ, but the date of his consecration is not positively known. Burning with zeal for the glory of God, he sent Vincent and Dominus to preach the faith in those parts which he could not visit in person. He died at Embrun about the year 374, and was there interred. St. Gregory of Tours, who speaks of Marcellinus in terms of highest praise, mentions many miracles as happening at his tomb.

THE HANDS OF THE PRIEST

There is something we prize more than gems, more than gold—More than earth's rarest treasures, its beauty, its brawn.

Be it fairer than lilies, or withered and old, It hath ever a blessing, a charm of its own.

'Tis the hand of the priest, of our father in God, No king's can compare with its dignity grand:

Every saint of the Lord who this dark earth has trod Owe life everlasting to that holy hand.

A marvelous grace from its touch ever rises—God's mercies are centered its pure palm within.

'Tis the hand of the font—'tis the hand that baptizes, Releasing men's souls from original sin.

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BELEATED RECOGNITION

Tucked away in the columns of the Congressional Record are likely to be passed over amid the great issues that agitate the land at this time, is the story of an effort for national justice that deserves a proper chronicle.
The heroism of Catholic Sisters during the Civil War, as in the Crimea, where they first made their self-sacrificing labors manifest in a large way, hand in hand with that greathearted woman, Florence Nightingale, is a serial classic. You may read in the histories of that struggle, in the memoirs of commanders and correspondents the little classics of self forgetting service that shed over the glory pages a light of beauty that "was never to be lost or land." The narrative of the "minister's angels" in women's form who did their great yet humble part on the battle field and in the hospital. It must be said in all fairness that the men who did the fighting have done the Sisters justice. It is even true that the little stories told at many a fireside after the war closed have been one of the great influences that quenched the flames of bigotry and prejudice and helped men of different creeds to see each other aright. No real man could lie on a bed of pain after the battle and be nursed back to life and strength by the Sisters and go forth among men and say that the Church that produced and trained such women as these was not a boon to any land.

JEWES PLEDGE AID TO CATHOLIC FUND

Protestants and Jews of New York are co-operating in the campaign now under way in the Archdiocese to raise the sum of \$2,500,000 for the Catholic Soldiers' Welfare Fund. Prominent Jews met at the Waldorf-Astoria and pledged themselves to subscribe a total of \$15,350. Many Protestant ministers throughout the metropolis appealed to their congregations to aid the campaign. Approximately 5,000 teams are now at work soliciting funds. Harry Payne Whitney, a non-Catholic, contributed \$50,000, and a pledge for the same amount has been received from John McCormack. Another subscription was that of Mme Galli Curci for \$500.
The campaign was opened at the Hippodrome. Cardinal Farley and many distinguished clergymen and laymen attended the meeting. President Wilson had sent a telegram in which he cordially recommended the campaign. The President's message follows:
The White House, Washington, Gentlemen—As Commander-in-chief of the Army and Navy I heartily approve your plan to accumulate a fund to be spent for the spiritual and moral welfare of our soldiers, and I am very much gratified to know that your effort, while born of the charitable impulse of a single church, is non-sectarian in its scope and purpose, and intended to confer a fundamental benefit upon all those whose mental, moral, and physical health is our solemn concern.
Sincerely yours, WOODROW WILSON

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Think of the germ-laden things your skin and clothes must come into contact with every day. Then remember that there is a splendid antiseptic soap
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Use Lifebuoy for the hands, the bath, the clothes, and the home. Its rich, abundant lather means safety. The mild, antiseptic odor vanishes quickly after use.

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CONCERNING BIGAMY

The arrest of an American sailor on the charge of bigamy and the publication of the fact in the New York papers was made the occasion of a virulent attack on Catholic marriage in a recent issue of a notorious anti-Catholic publication. One Jas. Hanlon, an eighteen-year old sailor, was married last October before a priest. In January of this year he attempted marriage for a second time before a civil magistrate. He was arrested as a consequence, and additional publicity was given to his unfortunate procedure because he wore the uniform of the United States Navy. Commenting upon the episode the anti-Catholic publication in question stated:

"You will note that Hanlon is a papist, and his first marriage was performed by a Romish priest. His second marriage, it appears, was performed before a magistrate. Now if Hanlon is a good papist and believes as do the priests of Rome, he thinks he is not guilty of bigamy because the second ceremony could not have been legal in the eyes of the Roman Catholic Church, for the reason that Rome will not recognize any marriage valid for Catholics except it be performed by a priest. Hanlon is guilty in the eyes of the law, but his spiritual mother who holds him innocent. Isn't it strange how Papal violators of civil law seek refuge in Roman Catholic law?"

The foregoing exhibits in a striking manner the mental processes of an unscrupulous, paid propagandist. The effort to show that because the Church holds invalid the attempted marriage of her children before a magistrate, therefore she connives at bigamy, can only deceive those who wish to be deceived. It is precisely because Hanlon's attempt at a second marriage was invalid in the eyes of the State that it is bigamy. No marriage valid in the eyes of the State can be bigamous. The law of the Church declaring Hanlon's attempt at a second marriage invalid, is in perfect accord with the law of the State, which also holds it invalid, and to talk about "Papal violators of civil law seeking refuge in Roman Catholic law" in connection, is to exhibit not mere ignorance, but misunderstanding; but malice.

The malice deepens into a species of diabolism, when we consider what a help the observance of the Church law affords in the enforcement of the State law. Take this unfortunate case for example. Before Hanlon was first married, he was required to furnish the priest with his baptismal certificate, which would have shown if he had been previously married. Then the record of the marriage is made and a copy sent to the parish where he was born, as Church law requires. Had Hanlon gone before another priest when he attempted to marry a second time that baptismal certificate would have been called for and the contemptible outrage would not have been committed. To violate the State law Hanlon had to violate the law of his Church first. Our non-Catholic friends and especially young women, who, under the malevolent influence of propaganda inveighing against the Church, join a Catholic in evading her marriage law, only invite disaster upon themselves.—Providence Visitor.

OUR FORTY PER CENT.

Our assertion that between thirty and forty per cent. of the enlisted men in both arms of the American service are Catholic is questioned by a local Methodist paper. The challenge might pass unnoticed but that it was reprinted in a national weekly review. Certain figures are cited, apparently to confuse readers. These show percentages of both Catholics and Methodists in fifteen national cantonments. No conclusion is drawn but the desired effect is possibly gained by reading that in Camp Wheeler, Georgia, the percentage of Methodists is 34 and of Catholics only 5. To further sustain this false impression there is cited the number of both denominations in certain units. Thus the 137th Infantry has over 1100 Methodists to 236 Catholics, the 125th Machine Gun Battalion 169 Methodists to 24 Catholics. The explanation is that these are southern troops, stationed at Camp Doniphan in Oklahoma, and if the Protestants were not present in such preponderance, the administration of the draft in that section would call for investigation.

It is not merely to boast that we set these figures right; history must be given an accurate record. When the totals have been compiled there is going to be told a wonderful story of Catholic patriotism. Among the camps cited by the Methodist journal, those of the East where the large Catholic dioceses of New York, Brooklyn, Boston and Baltimore, sent their delegations, are not included. But taking even the objector's own figures, which are partial to him that they include many areas where Protestantism is entrenched, we find that the average Methodist representation in the fifteen camps is 12.3% and the average Catholic representation 22.2%. And so the story is told, particularly when we recall that only this week a Methodist Bishop in writing to the President claimed to represent 20,000,000 of his co-religionists, which is no larger proportion of the population than we Catholics claim to have. Frankly, Catholics never depended upon the draft to raise the percentage of our men in the serv-

ice. If anything we expected it, as it actually has, to lower the figure. Our count of a representation of nearly forty per cent. is not based on the census from National Army Cantonments. Rather the totals coming from the Marine Corps, the Navy and the United States Army were used, in our computation. We are credited with 50% of the Marine Corps, and even that figure has been topped in several instances when a religious census was made among the crews of certain big battleships. Efforts are now under way to compile accurate statistics on the point. Nor will the final result be behind our surmise.—Chicago News World.

ASPECTS OF RECENT DRAMA IN ENGLISH

Katherine Bruce, in the April Catholic World. Everywhere now there is a cry of "New themes for old, new themes for old!" American playwrights are today at a critical parting of the ways. The play of pioneer life, the Indian play, the Civil War play, the rural play with its male quartet "draped" about the old oaken bucket, no longer interest audiences. They have no longer any real relation to their life or any real challenge to their imagination. Even the "crook play" is happily on the decline—and the more obvious form of melodrama has passed, with its creators, into the happy hunting ground of the Motion Picture. So much the better for legitimate American drama, cleared of false sentiment and sensationalism! Material for it is rich and abundant and on all sides. There are the problems which, while belonging to all the world, have still taken on a particularly national character: the welding of the races, the clash of labor and capital, the clash of changing social conditions, of old and new family ideals, the problem of divorce, the conquest of great new forces all about us. Every one of these is big with the dramatic element of conflict, scarcely one has had any adequate treatment in the American theatre. And now the War has brought to us, as to the whole world, the greatest of all problems—the finding and keeping of our own souls.

More and more, as audiences weary of the easier and cheaper thing—the photographic pantomime of what they are pleased to call "silent drama"—they will demand and support a modern drama worthy of the modern stage. But here, as through the whole of life, it is the spirit that quickens. It seems futile to prophesy how anything will stand when the last thunder of the War is silenced; yet . . . life does go on. And the drama merely follows fact and *occurrences*. The playwright who is an artist as well as a craftsman, whose heart beats in sympathy with the great heart of the world, whose soul gauges and partakes its spiritual struggles, will have the best chance of survival. To be sure, it is a large order: it is rather like the refreshing old adage that, equipped with a *habit of prayer* and a *sense of humor*, one may hope to arrive anywhere—even at the Kingdom of Heaven! But largeness is taken for granted these spacious days. It is manifestly by some such modern crusader that the torch of drama must be "carried on." Then, whether the chosen path be that of realism or of imagination is of very secondary importance.

But the dramatist is surrounded on all sides by the audience, the public. And in the last analysis it is for this public to decide whether the theatre shall be, as in medieval times, the potent friend and ally of the Church or—as in a thousand modern tendencies, sometimes blatant, sometimes insidious—her critic and her enemy.

ANOTHER PLEA FOR PEACE

The Easter message of the Holy Father the world is another plea for peace. Pope Benedict XV. takes occasion at the approach of the Feast of the Resurrection of our Lord to remind all mankind that the first announcement of the risen Saviour to His disciples after entering the tortures of Passion week was "Peace to you." Never has world for which He sacrificed Himself needed so poignantly that message of peace as to-day.

His Holiness then goes on to pray that "the Divine Redeemer may grant a realization of the desire of all; that is a healing of the existing hatred and the concluding of a lasting peace based on the foundations of justice, fear of God and love of humanity, giving to the world a new organization of peoples and nations united under the aegis of true religion in aspiring to a nobler, purer and kinder civilization. It is thus we desire to fulfil our Master's last injunction to His apostles: 'Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature.'"

the whole human race. The peace policy of the Pope has been consistent from the very beginning and as the War drags its weary length along, the persuasion is becoming more general that it is only in the direction indicated by the Holy Father that the peace of the world must lie.

As days go by the world comes to realize more vividly the breadth and the depth of the wonderful chainwork which His Holiness Pope Benedict XV. is perfecting in the cause of humanity. Prisoners of War are being restored to their homes. Others are put into communication with sorrowing relatives. Money and foodstuffs reach beleaguered Poles, Lithuanians, and Armenians. Sick prisoners are drafted into Switzerland for more careful treatment than that which their surroundings in belligerent countries can afford. Men sentenced to death have been reprieved or have had their punishment mitigated. The sick and those in captivity are being visited in the Holy Father's name by his delegates, and the needy receive the help which Providence places at the Pontiff's disposal. To Benedict XV. time and trouble mean little in his all-absorbing desire to alleviate distress, and this irrespective of race or religion.

Eventually the rulers of the belligerent nations are going to conclude that they have had more than enough of militarism and its doctrines. When that time arrives the spreading of a better international spirit will be in order and this is precisely what Pope Benedict has been striving for during all the days of his reign as the Vicar of Christ. He has devoted himself without intermission to regenerative efforts and his power for good should not be restricted either by secret treaty or by German autocracy. At least the Holy Father is a real representative of religion, and his influence on Christians is recognized. He is above all others the exponent of the principles which lead to peace. He is likewise the opponent of everything that is held to be responsible for the War. And there are few Christians to be found anywhere today who will not admit the force of the declaration that the world is being scourged today because of the unbelief and impiety that were so rampant throughout Europe in the years immediately preceding the declarations of war. The Sovereign Pontiff has realized to the full his conception of what a teacher and guide should be and his warnings and prayers will be heeded in the end.—Providence Visitor.

BRITISH FOOD-CONTROLLER SAYS FOOD SUPPLY IS UP TO CANADA. THERE NEVER WAS A TIME WHEN FOOD WAS MORE NEEDED AND THE ALLIES DEPEND TO A VITAL EXTENT UPON THE DOMINION.

The following message addressed to the Organization of Resources Committee has just been received: London, April 15, 1918.

In these stern days it is inspiring to learn that Ontario is tackling the food problem with redoubled energy. The terrific pressure on our military front makes it all the more imperative that those behind the lines shall strain every nerve to defeat the enemy's avowed object of destroying the British Empire. Germany hoped first to starve the old country by the submarine campaign and then to smash her land forces. She has failed to starve us and she will fail to smash us, but we cannot achieve victory without food. There never was a time when it was more needed. The Canadian farmer and Canadian farmhand now have the opportunity to make an effective reply to the enemy's present onslaught by heading their undivided energies to the increased production of those food supplies for which we depend to such vital extent upon your great Dominion. (Sgd.) RHONDA.

"IT IS THE MASS THAT MATTERS"

It looks as if the word had gone out from the forces of darkness to use all their influence to pass "bonedry" prohibition laws in order to prevent the celebration of the Mass. We tell the enemies of Christ and the fanatical prohibitionists that we will celebrate Mass, law or no law to the contrary, be the consequences what they may. We say this in no spirit of bravado and in no tone of a threat. We state it calmly as a fact that should be considered by all before the law is passed. The Mass is an indispensable part of the Catholic religion. If there is to be religious liberty, the Mass will be celebrated until the last priest is in prison.

Certainly, the forces of darkness have chosen a bad time to force this new fight on the Catholic Church. In this crisis of the Republic's history, when all its citizens should be united in its defense, this cause of dissension is inopportune. We ask all true Americans, all who want to win the War and to bring back peace, to join forces with us to defeat, anywhere and everywhere throughout the United States, the enactment of legislation that threatens to prevent the use of wine for sacrificial and sacramental purposes.—Catholic Columbian.

CARDINAL BOURNE

HIS EASTER MESSAGE TO THE PEOPLE OF THE UNITED STATES

London, Mar. 30.—Cardinal Bourne is not shaken in his faith that the Allies will triumph in France.

Today he issued an Easter message to the United States. It follows: "The coming of the United States into the conflict has changed the whole outlook of the War. A year ago to those at a distance it seemed as if Russia might still possess some deciding voice in the final issue of the struggle. The collapse of that once great power would have had an irreparable effect to the detriment of the Allies had not the American people determined to take up the sword in defense of true civilization, justice and truth. The coming in of America more than compensated for the fatal and disloyal defection of Russia."

But there still is a higher and greater gain. The allied powers in Europe are always exposed to the unjust suspicion and accusation that under the pretense of noble aims and lofty motives they are in reality seeking selfish ends in the shape of territorial aggrandizement or extended world power. "That the United States, against which such accusation can not be so easily brought and are almost self-refuted, definitely made the deliberate choice between the central powers and the allied nation and did so after a close scrutiny of the methods and objects characteristic of these two contending forces is a judgment of priceless value in favor of the Allies. It is a decision that none will gainsay or underestimate now or in the future. The presence of the balanced outlook and detached and more distant vision of the United States will have an incalculable effect on the councils that will appraise and define the ultimate consequences of the War."

"As the anniversary of the entrance of the American people in the world-wide War draws near all should give thanks to God that after many years of distrust, uncertainty, and hesitation, followed by a long period of growing confidence and trust, the earth should at last witness the intimate union of heart, mind, and purpose among all who use the English as a mother tongue."

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DIED MACDONNELL.—At the residence of her son Alex. R. MacDonnell, 40 Lorne Ave., Ottawa, on Friday, January 18, 1918, Mrs. Annie MacDonnell, widow of the late Archibald R. MacDonnell. May her soul rest in peace.

CONNELLY.—Accidentally killed at Sydney Mines, N. S., on March 23, 1918, Fred Connelly, aged twenty-four years, son of Mr. and Mrs. John Connelly, Fraser Avenue. May his soul rest in peace.

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