

# The Catholic Record.

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

VOLUME XXXVI.

LONDON, CANADA, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 31, 1914

1880

## FATHER FRASER'S CHINESE MISSION

Taichowfu, China, June 7, 1914.

Dear Mr. Coffey, — When I came here two years ago I only had five catechists, now I have twenty-one. I owe this rapid progress principally to my dear friends of the CATHOLIC RECORD. God bless them and your worthy paper!

It takes about \$50 a year to support a catechist and for every such sum I receive I will place a man in a new district to open it up to the Faith. During the past few months I have opened up quite a number of new places and the neophytes are very pious and eager for baptism. You will appreciate the value of my catechists when I tell that I baptised eighty-five adults since the beginning of the year as a result of their work. I have even brighter hopes for the future if only my friends abroad will continue to back me up financially.

J. M. FRASER.

Previously acknowledged... \$4,406 93  
E. A. Malloy, Toronto..... 1 00  
A friend, Paris..... 5 00  
Reader, Manion..... 1 00  
Miss M. Hennessy, New-castle..... 5 00  
A friend, Midland..... 1 00

## The Catholic Record

LONDON, SATURDAY OCTOBER 31, 1914

### TIME FOR ACTION

The National Convention of the American Federation of Catholic Societies has called the attention of Catholics to the tragedy of rapine, lust and murder in Mexico. Unspeaking outrages are being perpetrated against inoffensive bishops, priests and religious men and women. Religious women, whose lives were consecrated to the practice of every form of Christian charity, have been turned over to what is worse than death—the vile and brutal lust of an inhuman soldiery. We thought that "broad minded" publicists would hold up to public scorn and execration those robbers, ravishers and murderers of Catholics. So far they have been dumb. Perhaps some of them have not yet been emancipated from the belief that Catholics are not entitled to liberty. And so they can be harried and outraged without disturbing the complacency of editors who, however, can get hot with indignation when a Protestant American falls under the displeasure of a bandit at the end of the world. It seems to us that the American Catholics can do something to blot out this horrible condition of affairs. They are surely out of the kindergarten stage. They are numerous and not without influence. They are neither stupid nor slothful. And we presume that they are not averse to extending the liberty of which they boast to their Catholic brethren across their border. They have, then, a magnificent opportunity to prove their worth and power as Catholic citizens. Action prompt, vigorous and persevering is needed. Now is the time to show that the weapons forged and fashioned in conventions can liberate Mexican Catholics and save themselves from shameful supineness.

### THE BELGIAN RELIEF FUND

There is no doubt that the peculiar and paramount claim of the Belgians for help in their affliction is realized by many of our people, but it must be remembered that the terrible thing about Belgium is that practically the whole of the country has been ravaged or laid waste. It does not require a very graphic pen to establish that awful truth nor to picture the fearful desolation and ruin, the heart rending distress, the unspeakable agony of hundreds of thousands who a few weeks ago were dwellers in quiet and happy homes, and who are now wanderers on the face of the earth—fatherless, perhaps, or widowed; homeless and forlorn and well nigh hopeless. The mere extent of the misery defies realization: the individual horrors are too varied to permit of any attempt to grasp them; and over and above all these stand those effects of the paralysis of all the activities of the tiny country which we are not apt to think of but which weigh down the population with a steady pressure of misery. The Belgian Relief Fund has been growing rapidly—as such things are reckoned. This is due not only to the extraordinary extent of the suffering, but also to the sym-

pathy that is felt towards a peaceable, industrious, Christian people whose land has been devastated without any fault of theirs unless it be a fault for a people to defend their native soil from invasion. It has been pleasing to note that in a short time considerable money has been raised by scores of contributors. But this should be regarded only as a beginning. Let the Belgian Relief Committee organize a campaign aimed at the procuring of a sum large enough to make something of an impression upon the mass of misery it is designed to alleviate. Let the work be pushed in every town and city in Canada. Let the people of this great country have their imagination aroused to the appalling nature of the calamity that they are called upon in some small measure to mitigate. We feel confident that if this is brought home to them the country will respond in a manner worthy of its traditions of humanity and commensurate in some degree with its vast resources. Not to do this would be to fail to rise to the level of a high occasion and of a plain and pertinent duty.

### TRUE PLEASURE

In this wonderful age of human history there is a very large number of people and of all ages who are cheating themselves of the genuine pleasures of life through their excesses in the pursuit of pleasure. It must never be the abuse of anything good in itself—the use of all natural gifts and powers but not the excessive use. True enjoyment lies always along that royal middle road but with the imperial hand of mastery over all. Otherwise there are always heavy penalties to pay. The sharp edge of appetite is always essential to true enjoyment: when jaded the keen sense of enjoyment is gone. Happiness is the natural and normal, and pleasure comes not by seeking for it directly and regularly, but is the outcome of a well regulated, an alert, unselfcentred and useful life.

### FATHER EARL, S. J.

The "Ballads of Childhood," by the Rev. Michael Earl, S. J., from the laudatory reviews that welcome it, bids fair to be one of the popular books for children. It will be remembered that of a former group of children's poems published by Father Earl in The Literary Digest put the author next to Robert Louis Stevenson in the department of exquisite poetry about the young. Father Earl's last novel, "The Wedding Bells of Glendalough," was accorded the generous praise of eminent critics and is at present a first-seller among Catholic books. Though pre-eminently a story of intense Catholic conditions the secular proclaimed its "literary value" and "high moral tone."

### REVERSING THE BEATITUDES

German "culture," as represented in the principles and practices of those who, in these war days, proclaim and defend it, whatever else it may be, is not Christianity. Its ideals are not Christian ideals. Its motives are not Christian motives. Its spirit is not the Christian spirit. Indeed its ideals, its motives, and its spirit, when you probe below the surface to the roots and bases of its life, are in absolute and irreconcilable antagonism to the ideals and motives and spirit of the life of Jesus as presented in the Christian Evangel and interpreted in distinctively Christian lives. It takes the great words of the Christian faith—Valor, Power, Heroism—copies them of their Christian content, and crams them with the brute force of Odin, the war god, not the Love-service of Jesus the Christ. It reverses the Beatitudes, and it glorifies in the Gentilism of which Christianity is the historic denial. In his University sermon a fortnight ago President Falcoer quoted from the late Professor Cramb the new Beatitudes, which more exactly express the gospel of Teutonism renaissance and its Religion of Valor:

"Ye have heard how in old times it was said, Blessed are the meek; for they shall inherit the earth; but I say unto you, Blessed are the valiant; for they shall make the earth their throne. And ye have heard me say, Blessed are the poor in spirit; but I say unto you, Blessed are the great in soul and the free in spirit, for they shall enter into Valhalla. And ye have heard me say, Blessed are the peacemakers; but I say unto you, Blessed are the warmakers, for they

shall be called, if not the children of Jahva, the children of Odin, who is greater than Jahva."

And this is what certain German professors of theology and ethics, like Harnack and Eucken, call "German culture." It is in defence of this that certain religious leaders of Germany have published in the United States their protest against Britain's interference in the great Germanic war; they base their protest on religious grounds, even on Christian grounds. But almost every scholar in Britain and in America, whose firsthand study gives the right to an opinion, will tell you that this brand of German culture is distinctly anti-Christian; that it is a reversal to the old Teutonism of thirteen hundred years ago: that its "culture" is the war-like culture of Odin and his son Thor; and that its Religion of Valor is the blank negation alike of the religious life and of the democratic civilization of both Britain and America.

Professor Cramb, who was a sympathetic and penetrating student of German history and life, is justified by the facts, and is sustained by the judgment of most of the American exchange professors who have been in German universities during recent years when he says that the religion of this new German movement is "against Christianity itself," that "it is in politics and ethics Napoleonism," and that in its admiration "Corsica has conquered Galilee." Is it any wonder then that in German hospitals the poor and the weak and the undefended are of less importance than some scientific experiment, that in German diplomacy all regard for the obligations of international treaties is "hypocrisy," and that what the Christian conscience calls "vandalism" at Louvain and Rheims, and in the towns and villages of Belgium and France calls "brutalities," is lightly justified on the grounds of political and military "necessity."

Napoleon is not Christianity. The "culture" of Odin is not the faith of Jesus. The morality of pagan Teutonism is not the creed of either British or American democracy. If the alternatives are "World-dominion or Downfall" Germany and the Allies cannot both emerge alive.—The Toronto Globe.

### TEUTONIC INTUITION AND "TEUTONISM"

MISTAKEN IN GAUGING THE PRESENT AND ACTUAL GERMAN PROBABLY NOT INFALLIBLE IN HYPOTHETICAL RECONSTRUCTION OF THE PAST

G. K. Chesterton in Illustrated London News

Professor Harnack, a Higher Critic, and a very worthy old gentleman no doubt, has been expressing a pained astonishment at England's armed intervention on the side of France and Belgium, instead of that of his own country; for Professor Harnack appears to hang out in the peaceful village of Berlin. I have always had my suspicions that the Higher Criticism was a good deal above itself, and that most of its reputation in scholarship was due to the rich and vast field of the things it hadn't found out. I have no high opinion of the logical methods by which men prove that Jericho could not have been utterly destroyed, because there is none of it left. I am not enraptured with the reasoning which says that Elijah could not have taken a chariot up to heaven, because there is no trace of it on earth. But these things do not greatly affect such religious convictions as I possess. For all they matter to the central truths of Christianity, they may be as they choose: Elijah may go to heaven, and Jericho may go to Jericho. And I willingly admit that I have not a hundredth part of the scholarship necessary to dispute with men like Professor Harnack about texts and documents, especially about the texts and documents which aren't there. I have not even enough learning to discover that a Higher Critic hasn't got any. I will therefore suppose Professor Harnack to be as deep in detailed knowledge as his admirers say he is. But I should still decline to accept his conclusions if his judgment on things that happened long ago is anything like his judgment on the things that are happening before his eyes.

By an extra stretch of that comprehensive breadth of mind which his friends admire, Professor Harnack seems to have said that he could in a subtle sort of way, understand that a Frenchman would probably fight for France rather than Fiji. And (without another onward stride of thought) he found himself forced to contemplate the possibility of a Russian fighting for Russia. But with England his imaginative universality failed altogether; and he said in effect that it was impossible to imagine any reason or excuse for our interference. This is what we may call not knowing the world; and it is one of the most damning defects a historian can have. Any one who knew the world instead of the "Un-verse" (a place where dons live) could have told him that, over and above the promise to France and the crime of the frontiers, the general sentiment that the Prussian is a bully has been common among

educated English people ever since 1870 and before; not so common of course, as it is among Frenchmen; but more common than it is among Russians. And there is something very queer and laughable, by the way, about the German Emperor reproaching us with supporting a backward and barbarous power like the Tsar; when he himself strenuously supported the Tsar in all the proceedings that could possibly be called backward or barbarous. I do not think it lies in the mouth of William Holenzollern to reproach us for alliance with a despotism which he did his best to keep despot.

But the spirit of which Professor Harnack is typical is, even more than that of any War-Lord or Jingo, the intellectual weakness of Prussia. For whether she succeeds or not in war it is certain that she failed utterly in her diplomacy for safeguarding the war. She failed, that is, in every single guess about the human materials involved. She thought Belgium would not resist; and Belgium did resist. She thought she could persuade England not to fight; and her own persuasion was the principal reason why England did fight. She evidently exaggerated both the smallness of Serbia and the slowness of Russia. And all this kind of preliminary mistake works back to the same kind of philosophy, mild and well-meaning as it is, that gives so large an intellectual halo to men like Harnack. It is the same sort of miscalculation about how men behave that can be found in the academic cloisters where such men prove in various ways that the Gospel was not so much good news as gossip. It is the same mistake that is at the bottom of innumerable suggestions that St. Peter's was founded not upon a rock but a cloud. In the same spirit of non-understanding the more peaceful Prussians prove that a "Platonist" Gospel must be far too late because Plato was much too early. In the same spirit they prove that Mithras and Jesus were very much alike, especially Mithras.

That mistake is the habit of depending on something that does not exist. Thus, I see that many of Mr. Harnack's friends are reproaching England in the German Press for having "betrayed the cause of Teutonism." You or I could not betray the cause of Teutonism, any more than we could murder a Snark, or clope with a Boojum. There is no such thing as the cause of Teutonism: there never has been any such thing, even in our own minds. We have had many reasons for liking Germans and many reasons for disliking them. Many of us could hardly live in a world without their music. Many of us could not live in the same house with their metaphysics. I know more than one Englishman, Mr. Titterton for instance, who would rather live in Munich than in heaven, but who would live in hell than Berlin. I can imagine a Bavarian fighting for Germany against France; I can imagine a Bavarian fighting for Bavaria against Prussia; but I cannot imagine any Bavarian fighting for Teutonism, for the simple reason that there is no such thing. The English, unlike the Prussians, probably have some Teutonic blood. So have hundreds of people in North Italy and Spain, to say nothing of France and Belgium. There may be something in the old semi-scientific business about long heads and round heads; but something more than difference is needed before a man will have bullets in his head like plums in a plum pudding. There are, indeed, racial differences which are realities, at least in the sense that they are realities to the eye. In dealing with the definite things, the English will be slow to realise that black is not white; and not to look upon the Indian when he is red.

But these feelings, right or wrong, have nothing to do with any racial theories. They are at least experiences; that is, they are shocks. If a clerk in Surbiton obtains permission from his maiden aunt to bring his friend Johnson to dinner, the aunt will need no ethnological training to be surprised when she sees Mr. Jack Johnson enter the room. The clerk may afterwards take out twelve volumes of the Encyclopaedia Britannica, and prove that negroes are the nearest to us by blood of all the peoples of this planet. But he will not succeed—at least, not with the aunt. As there is a curious German work written to prove that St. John was a German, there might easily be a German work, equally curious, written to prove that Jack Johnson is a German. There is nothing to be said against these strong curves of constructive theory; except that they are obviously not true. The Prussian professor will expect the Englishman and the German to embrace each other because they are both Teutons. The English professor will expect the English colonel and his Hindoo cook to embrace each other, because they are both Aryans. Neither incident has as yet taken place. The truth is that when there can be no trace to war there can at least be a trace to nonsense: and the first nonsense we ought to throw into the sea at such a time as this is the nonsense about

race. The modern English victories were largely won by Highlanders; the medieval English victories were largely won by Welshmen; and nobody knows whether they were Teutons or not, and nobody cares. There are no Teutons; but there are Englishmen. There are no Celts; but there are Irishmen. And it is important to remember this to-day, even about such loose and conventional terms as that of the Slav. People talk about Pan-Slavism and Pan-Germanism, but people do not mean it. Supposing half a hundred Europeans were turned loose in a restaurant; I doubt if even a Pan-Slavist could pick out the Slavs. Supposing the Teutonist saw a crowd of men from Manchester, Brussels, Milan, Barcelona, Brixton, Berlin, Bangor, and Budapest, do you think he could pick out a Teuton among them, as he could certainly pick out a Chinaman or a nigger? I doubt it. I have seen as dark men in Frankfurt as I have seen fair men in Florence; I do not think there is any such animal as the Teuton. But there is certainly such an animal as the Prussian. And I cannot conceive any system of natural history under which he is anything but a wild animal, to be hunted until he is slain.

## VIVID PICTURE OF DEVASTATED BELGIUM

GRAPHIC INTERVIEW WITH MADAM VANDER VELDE

By Helen Ball, of Toronto News

Such a dark, miserable, rainy hour it was down at the Union Station at half past seven this morning when the train from Montreal drew in, and those who were there to meet Madam Vander Velde, the lady from Belgium, began to look inquiringly for "the stranger within our gates" whom all Toronto is so eager to hear from.

Of course you knew her at once from her photograph, the sweet, kindly, big hearted face which has been pictured in the papers the last few days.

"Ah—I must get the morning paper," exclaimed Madam Vander Velde, almost the first moment as a "news" ran by, and as she eagerly glanced at the headlines she realized something of what the war news means to this lady who has left her home in Belgium, and with the sanction of her Queen, has come to plead for her suffering country people.

"The news seems better," she said hopefully, "if we can only believe it is true."

Madam Vander Velde had come from Montreal, where she had a very full and very exhausting day yesterday, and her tired eyes told of the constant strain she is under, but when she found herself surrounded by eager newspaper people begging interviews, without a murmur she consented to having breakfast at the Prince George instead of going at once to "Glen-doveer," where she is to be the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Mercer.

### PEOPLE GIVE GENEROUSLY

"Oh—my reception in the United States and here in Canada has been wonderful," she exclaimed with pleasure in response to a question. "Just marvelous! I wish you could have seen the enthusiasm in Ottawa. The Duke and the Duchess and the Princess all came to the meeting and nearly all the Cabinet Ministers were there. And their Royal Highnesses were so good. They gave me such generous cheques—though they have had to give to so many things. No—I don't know how many Ottawa subscribers, because I am still getting cheques, but it was most generous."

"Yesterday I was in Montreal, for there is quite a Belgian colony there."

"Were they eager to meet you?"

"Ah, yes—for you see all those they love are in Belgium, and they can get no word from them—they do not even know if they are alive."

"I landed in New York on September 18th. I spoke at several summer resorts, for the people were not back in the city. Everyone was so generous. After speaking eight times I had \$25,000. Mr. H. C. Frick, of Pittsburgh, gave me a cheque himself for \$10,000."

"I wish you could make your people understand that what I am pleading for is money for rehabilitation of the Belgians. A lot is being done for their immediate needs, but it is to get help for our poor people to start in life again when they can go back to our own land that I have come."

"Yes, and there was unutterable desolation in her voice—the whole country is laid waste—absolutely ruined. The people have nothing—nothing, no homes, no business, no farms, no tools, no money—nothing!"

It was in a voice of intense despair that she said it.

### WAR LIKE BOLT FROM BLUE

"How did the beginning of the war impress the Belgians?" was the next question.

"They were amazed—dumb-founded. They had not dreamed of their neutrality being disregarded. There was only an army of 150,000

ready. The very day the war broke out the French Minister called on the Belgian office and promised that France would not violate the neutrality—and when the Germans declared war it was like a bolt from the blue.

"I talked with some of the very first German prisoners—men and officers. As I can speak German quite readily, I was asked to interpret for them. I asked them what they had been told by their superior officers. And they had actually been told that the French had violated Belgium's neutrality, and that they were sent to help the Belgians against the French."

"But whom did they think they were fighting?" asked The News.

"They thought it was the French. They simply obeyed orders, and did not even see their enemies."

Madam Vander Velde necessarily left Brussels with her husband, who had been appointed Minister of State since the outbreak of war, when the seat of Government was moved to Antwerp.

"The first Zeppelin that attacked Antwerp came directly over our hotel," said Madam Vander Velde. "You cannot imagine what it is like. The noise is incredible. I had been reading and had gone to sleep when I was wakened by the whirring noise. Almost immediately it began dropping bombs and twelve people were killed, nearly all women and children. Oh—it is awful. It terrorizes, paralyzes you."

### GERMAN SOLDIERS DRINKING

"How do you account for the horrible deeds of the German soldiers," was asked.

"The men drink," was the plain explanation. "All through Belgium are wonderful cellars of Burgundy wine. It is a heavy wine and the Germans are used to lighter wines. They loot these cellars, and it makes brutes of them."

"No, I do not know whether the men were ordered by the officers to perpetrate cruelties, but I do know that in many cases the officers did not try to prevent it."

"Are all these horrors we read about true?"

"Absolutely. The statements which our Ministers presented to President Wilson are sworn to by magistrates—old men whose word is honor. The facts are brought out in pamphlet form."

"Is the feeling very bitter now with the Belgians?"

"Bitter— and the silence expressed more than words, "when everything is taken from them. They are such a sturdy race, and they have fought so hard for their homes, and they will fight to the very end. But what then?—No homes, no anything!"

And so Toronto men and women, what are we going to do for those poor destitute people? A collection will be taken up at the meeting at Massey Hall to-morrow night, when Madam Vander Velde speaks. Pledge cards will also be handed around, so that those who have not gone provided with money, can sign the cards pledging to whatever they can afford and put them on the collection plates.

If you had met the lady from Belgium you simply could not stay away from that meeting. Though born in London, Madam Vander Velde has lived all her life on the Continent, and since marrying a Belgian husband she is heart and soul a Belgian herself.

### "You want to go home quickly?"

"Ah—and there was half a sob in her tired voice, "My home—my friends—my servants—all are in Brussels—in the hands of the Germans. I can get no word from them. Who knows what may be happening to them?"

## RHEIMS CATHEDRAL NOT IN RUINS

Those who believed the reports that the Rheims Cathedral was a mass of ruins will be somewhat surprised to learn from an apparently very reliable source, that the damage to the famous structure is comparatively slight. Frank Hedges Butler, a prominent English merchant, who is well known in America as a follower of aeronautics, returned to London Saturday night after a fortnight spent in Rheims. He said: "The Rheims Cathedral was not seriously damaged by the bombardment. In six months people will not know by its appearance that it has been under fire. From the point of view of art the cannonading was almost a blessing, for the old houses in the neighborhood have been so badly damaged that it is unlikely they will be rebuilt. This will result in a clearance about the Cathedral, which will enable visitors to secure an adequate view of its beauties. The walls, carvings, towers, organs, windows and pictures are all intact. The wooden roof was burned, but the main roof is of stone two feet in thickness and it is undamaged. The wooden roof was intended merely as a shelter against the weather and its loss is unimportant. The exterior of the Cathedral suffered in only one place where two of the carved figures were severely chipped."

## CATHOLIC NOTES

It is estimated that over 200,000 pilgrims and visitors from the United States and Canada went to the shrine of St. Anne de Beaupre this past year.

Princess Francisca of Palma, received the Benedictine Habit at the Abbey of St. Cecilia, near the Isle of Wight. Many of the religious of this Abbey are noble-born.

In Peking, China, 37,000 grown persons entered the Catholic Church in the year 1913, among them an imperial princess—a niece of Emperor Kia-Sing.

His Holiness has nominated Canon of the Lateran Basilica, Monsignor Bressan, Private Secretary of His Holiness Pius X., the Roman correspondent of the London Tablet tells us.

In Little Belgium there are about 30,000 members of religious orders devoted almost wholly to teaching; they have about 2,225 houses. The secular clergy number about 5,500 with the regular clergy outnumbering them by a thousand.

The Holy Father, Pope Benedict XV., received in audience the heads of the five branches of Catholic Social activity in Italy, organized by Pope Pius X. Among these leaders is the Donna Christina Giustiniani Baudini who fought Nathan successfully and secured for the communal schools of Rome one hour's religious instruction each week.

The magnificent Cathedral of Amiens, the largest in France, is 470 feet long, with a roof 140 feet high. Over it is the famous weeping angel the "Enfant Pleure." The Cathedral is intact ever since 1920. It is one of the finest churches in the world. The Germans are now in possession of Amiens.

A war item from England tells of the Mass in camp in the New Forest. The Major of the Scots Guards had selected the spot, and had a simple altar erected against the background of trees. The men were grouped about it and many went to Holy Communion. The Rev. Bernard Vaughan, S. J., preached a stirring sermon, and at the conclusion of the service, he distributed rosaries to the men.

An English friend informs the Catholic Citizen of the reception into the Church of Millicent, Duchess of Sutherland, sister of the Countess of Warwick. Her Grace is the widow of the late and mother of the present Duke of Sutherland, and a daughter of the fourth Earl of Rosslyn; her mother is also a convert. The Duke of Sutherland is one of the richest peers in England. The Duchess is now nursing the wounded in the Convent of Notre Dame, Namur, Belgium.

October 12th inst., the 422nd anniversary of the discovery of America by the immortal navigator Christopher Columbus, was fittingly celebrated by the Edmonton, Alberta, Knights of Columbus by a concert and smoker held at their club house on Victoria Avenue. The feature of the evening was the presentation to the Council of a magnificent bust of Christopher Columbus by the Grand Knight, Henry J. Roche.

The exquisite statue of the Madonna still stands unimpaired in a niche in the walls of a small convent at Termonde. All around it are the ruins of the convent which was gutted by fire in the general destruction of the town by the Germans. A piece of the iron roof, twisted out of shape, lies within an inch of the statue, but did not touch it. Some of the inhabitants of Termonde look on the incident as a miraculous instance of the intervention of Divine Providence to save the statue of the Virgin.

In the United States, the See of Louisville is the cradle of the Reformed Cistercian Order, known as Trappists; of the religious congregation of the Sisters of Loretto; of the religious congregation of the Sisters of Charity of Nazareth; of the Order of Prea-hern known as the Dominican Order; of the Order of Sisters of St. Dominic; of the Order of the Sisters of Charity of the Good Shepherd, and of the Congregation of Brothers of St. Francis Xavier, known as the Xaverian Brothers.

Rev. Mother Janet Erskine Stuart, Superior General of the Religious of the Sacred Heart, died on Wednesday, Oct. 21st, at Rockhampton, Eng., after an illness of five weeks' duration. Rev. Mother Stuart succeeded the late Reverend Mother Mabel Digby three years ago and was the sixth superior general of the society, which was founded 114 years ago in Amiens, France, by the blessed Madeleine Louise Sophie Barat. In 1899 Rev. Mother Digby visited all the houses of the society in the United States, and Rev. Mother Stuart accompanied her at that time. Last October Rev. Mother Stuart left Belgium, where the mother house was located, to visit the convents of the order in Egypt, Australia, New Zealand and Japan. Returning to Europe by way of North America, she visited the Canadian convents, spent a few weeks in New York and, in May last, was entertained at Eden Hall, Torrance, and the convent on Arch street.

SO AS BY FIRE

BY JEAN CONNOR

CHAPTER VIII

NELLIE

And now the roses were in bloom, rioting over porch and trellis, wreathing window and gable, arching doorway and garden gate. The June breeze, laden with their fragrance, stole into the spacious rooms, where "Nellie," as loving voices had learned to call the pale newcomer at Roscroft's, was being nursed back to life and health.

"Your mother's home, my dear," Judge Randall had said the first day of her coming, when the gray eyes had looked around with wide wonder. "It is yours now. Her home, her name, her place in my lonely heart. You must trust us, love us, my little girl, as we will love you."

And slowly, for she was very ill and weak; painfully, like some frail flower withered by rude transplanting; timidly, as if half blinded by the strange sunshine flooding her life, Judge Randall's "Nellie" took her new name and place, at first semi-consciously, with only a dull comprehension of the light and love and watchful tenderness that soothed and banished fear, then with growing knowledge and clearer vision and at last perfect realization of all that had been and was.

There were days when the patient's strange restlessness defied the nurse's skill. Nights when the temperature rose and the heart-beat puzzled the doctor. Hours when "Nellie" seemed to shrink in nervous fear from those who loved her most. But all the while the broken roots were striking deep into the rich, warm soil, the flower lifting its head with passionate eagerness to the long denied sun. All the while, with ever growing, ever-steady resolve, "Nellie" was holding to her name and place. All the while the new life was gripping her with closer, firmer bonds that she could not dare not break.

There were moments when, waking suddenly from vivid dreams of the past, confusion leaped to her lips, and she was hushed there with soothing words. There were times when she felt she must cry out to the old man bending anxiously over her and tell all. But the horror, the shock seemed too great for her weakness—and as health and strength returned the clear mind quickened into new powers, the sharp witted starveling of the Road House grasped and held with full consciousness all that she had won.

She was safe. Through strange shadows of death and darkness she had been swept securely into the harbor of her dearest dreams. Unquestioned, undoubted she held the dead Elinor Kent's name and place.

On this fair day in June she sat propped up with pillows by the wide window of her beautiful room, looking out over the sunlit stretches of lawn and terrace, over rose-bower and rose garden to the river, stretching a path of light to the far horizon. Illness had given a more delicate purity to the fair skin, had shadowed the cold gray eyes. In her soft, lace-trimmed negligee, with the red-gold hair rippling low upon her neck, Judge Randall, who had come into the room for a morning call, thought his Nellie as lovely as old man's darling as he could wish for.

"Brightening up every day!" he said cheerily. "We will have you as well and strong as Milly herself in a few days more. No headache this morning?"

"None," was the low answer. "There are no aches any more. And—and it is so beautiful here—and you are all so good to me."

"Come, come, none of that, my little girl," said the Judge, noting the tremor in her voice. "None of that. There is just one thing I want to say, and let us have it over and done with forever. All that you have, all that my money and power can command, is yours, my dear child, and I wish you to feel this, and accept it as your right; a right that has been too long and too harshly denied you. Beyond this," he took the little woman, wasted hand in his and stroked it tenderly, "this statement, my dear, we will not look or think. Let the past be dead to us, little girl, dead and buried forever. We will never speak of it, if possible never think of it. Is that a bargain, my little girl?"

"Yes," the quick-drawn breath was almost a sob, "oh, yes, yes, I would like to forget if I could, if I could."

"You can, you shall." The Judge set his lips together resolutely. "We will both turn our eyes away from the darkness and never look back. Promise me, little girl. Come, you have never given me my name yet—say, I promise, grandfather."

"I—I will try," was the tremulous answer that went to the old man's heart. "Oh, I will try not to look back—grandfather."

"There, then, that's settled," said the Judge. "Settled, signed, sealed forever," and he lifted the white hand he held to his lips. "Now we'll talk about pleasanter things. The doctor says you can go out next week, and I have ordered a pretty pony carriage from Baltimore, so that you can drive around when you are a little stronger. We'll buy a saddle horse a little later. I would not trust you on Milly's yet, though in a year I expect you'll be taking a fence as boldly as she does. And we'll have roses in those pale cheeks that will outbloom any in Roscroft's."

And the Judge chatted on tenderly, while the girl's shadowed eyes

rested upon the river, the shining river of which the dead Elinor had dreamed—the river that must sweep on and on in its radiant, sunlit way over rock and shoal and rapid and fall, but never, never turn back.

He had asked the promise. She had given it, and she would keep her word.

"I have come to be scolded," said Milly, as she dropped into the invalid's room an hour later, her hands filled with roses. "But it's all Grandy's fault, my dear, so you'll have to take it out on him. I've been shopping for you, Nellie."

"Shopping!" echoed "Nellie" in astonishment.

"Yes," answered Milly. "It would set my teeth on edge to have any woman shop for me, I know, but Grandy would have it. And he gave me a check, dear—well, that was a temptation, I confess. I do so love to buy pretty things without stint. So there's a lot of feminine frippery coming down this evening that you can send back if you don't like. I thought—Mildred paused with a soft sympathy in her bright eyes, "you would rather wear white this summer."

"I would rather wear white," repeated the invalid, feeling as if she were the echo of a silent voice.

"Yes, I—I would rather wear white," Milly said, a little later, the "white" fripperies came, "Nellie" could not repent the choice. Daintily exquisite fripperies they were, fit indeed for a fairy queen; simple little gowns of linen with the Parisian stamp on them, snowy little frocks rich with handwork, dainty garments billowy with frou frou and lace.

"Oh, mama, dear," confided Milly afterward, "if you could have seen her, if you could have seen Nellie's face as Delorme opened those boxes. The bewilderment, the amazement! And really, I don't much wonder. Such an outfit for a girl who, I suppose, never had a gown that cost more than \$5 in her life. It was enough to turn her head. But it didn't. She just sat there with a faint flush on her cheek and an odd light in her eyes, fairly breathless with surprise. I could see, but steady under it all, and when I asked if she liked my choice for her, she said, 'Oh, yes; thank you very much—you could not have pleased me better.' Really," added Milly, with a half vexed laugh, "as if an \$800 summer outfit was a mere matter of course."

"It's pride, my dear," answered her mother sagely, "the Randall pride. This girl has it strong in her. I can see. And I am glad of it. It will make things easier for us. It would have been dreadful if we had found her the poor-spirited sort of creature that I feared at first. I don't altogether take to her, I must confess—still, it might be worse."

"Very much worse," answered Mildred, laughing.

"But we'll find her embarrassing enough as it is," said the lady plaintively. "With no education, no social training, nothing that a girl in her new position ought to have—"

"Except a head of red gold hair and Grandy to back her with everything he has," said Mildred, gaily. "Mama, it's a dire forecast, but I prophesy your daughter's total eclipse by that same red head. It is going to take by storm."

"Impossible!" said the lady, impatiently.

"Just wait a year and see," answered Milly.

"Why, the girl has no claim to beauty at all," said Mrs. Randall.

"Wait and see," laughed Milly again.

"Nonsense!" said her mother, sharply. "My dear, beside you she will always be like some wild weed to a rose."

"Ah, but wild weeds blossom strangely, mama," said Milly. "Just wait and see." And bending her own queenly form, she dropped a light, laughing kiss on her mother's brow and was gone, leaving that good lady rather shaken from her usual placid calm.

For Mrs. Gilbert Randall had from the first found this break of the "wild weed" into the family garden disconcerting.

"I will be held responsible for her, of course," thought the good lady, who had walked flowery paths hedged by stately conventions and traditions all her forty years of life. "If she were only a child that we could put to school! But a girl old enough to be out—and I don't suppose she knows a finger-bowl from a drinking glass."

But when, a few days later, a slight, graceful figure with red-gold hair rippling back from a pale, delicate face appeared in the dining room and was given place at the Judge's right hand, Mrs. Gilbert discovered that her fears had been unfounded. The sharp eyes of the little Weasel of old took in every detail of that luxurious table in one comprehensive glance. Lonely little Barbara Graeme had not pored over the heaps of old books in the garret of the Road House all in vain. She had not staid and trained every shrinking nerve during these long weeks of convalescence to fall in their master's net. There were some little crudities, it is true, for it was a far call from the old black-beamed kitchen where Gran stirred her bean soup, to the wainscoted dining room, with its glittering silver engraved with the Randall crest, its dainty meal served on china that was a family heirloom.

But if "Nellie" was startled at the reverent "grace" said at Roscroft's according to old Catholic custom; if she found old Scip's noiseless service

a little confusing, if she got spoons and forks a trifle mixed, there was grandfather at her side, tender, watchful, high bred, to conceal every *gauchoerie*. And so quick and keen were the wakened wits that in two days Nellie's table etiquette was without a flaw. In a week the slight, graceful figure had found its place in the household, and the Judge's little girl was holding her own with a grasp that every day grew stronger, surer, steadier, a grasp that, deep down in her soul, Barbara Graeme vowed should never weaken or loose.

Though she often shivered and shrank still under the kind clear gaze of grandfather's eye—though "Aunt Marian" was a chilling shadow in her new sunshine, and Milly's glad, girlish laugh rang mockingly in her ear, she was striking deeper every day, every hour, and all her starved, stunted nature was waking into new life and bloom.

Lottie, the neat handed yellow maid who had been detailed to wait on the invalid after the trained nurse's departure, boasted proudly of her charge in the servants' hall.

"De land, Miss Nellie is a picking up. I nebba seen anything like it. It sort ob skered me at first to go into her room—she lay there looking so white and thin and dead, but she's a-coming up, shuah."

"Dat she is," agreed Scip, "but do what she will she'll nebba come up to Miss Milly, chile."

"Why won't she?" asked Lottie, defiantly.

"She ain't de pattern," answered Scip, nodding his head. "You kin grow and twist and bend folks ez you please, but de Lord dun make de pattern, and dat won't nebba change."

"Dat's so, chile, dat's so," came old Aunt Dill's cracked voice from the chimney corner. "And she ain't de Randall pattern, shuah. I nussed 'em all, and I know. Nebba was dey like dat in de fambly befoah. Day had gold and yaller and brown, but nebba bar and skin like fire in de snow. It's witch har, chile. None ob de Randalls ebba had witch har befo'!"

"Witch har! And what is that, Aunt Dill?" asked Lottie, curiously.

"What de witch har, chile," answered the old woman, "and dey makes webs and charms and balsters wif it. I hearn my ole mother say dar ain't no rope in de world strong as a strand ob witch har. None ob de Randall blood ever had it befo', and it don't mean no good luck, chile, I know."

And so, with only faint shadows, like summer cloudlets floating over the glorious sunshine, with soft winds breathing fragrance around her, with love and wealth and power guarding her from every rude or blighting touch, Barbara Graeme's blossoming began.

The pony carriage came, and she was soon driving over the smooth, well-kept roads with Milly or her grandfather, a dainty little figure always in spotless white, with the "witch har," which, despite Aunt Dill's forecast, Lottie learned to twist and coil like "Miss Milly's" round the graceful head. For the grace visible even in those old days when the gray sweater muffled the slender form was Miss Nellie's abiding charm now. There was a poise about her that suggested the lift of a flower to the sun.

And now that all the shadow of illness had passed, Roscroft began to brighten into its usual summer gladness. Gay guests flattered in for tea, for luncheon, stateries ones came to call and dine, graver ones gathered around the Judge on porch and in smoking-room to discuss weighty questions, for politically as well as socially Roger Randall still held his place as leader. And grave and gay and stately alike found the new arrival at Roscroft most interesting.

The sad story of Elinor Randall was well known in county society, and though gossip may have been busy behind doors, reviving the unhappy episode of Randall family history, there was a general murmur of flattery and felicitation from all visitors to Roscroft.

"A most charming little lady," declared old Colonel Read, impressively. "A very interesting face," said Lawyer Deane thoughtfully, "strangely interesting."

"Look up, my dear," said old Madam Van Arsdale, tapping the girl's cheek lightly with her feather fan. "I knew and loved your mother well. You're not like her, not at all like her. You haven't her beauty," said the keen-eyed old woman frankly. "But don't worry about that, my dear. You've got a head where she had only a heart. I can plainly see."

"Oh, Milly, do tell us all about her," pleaded Bess Dixon and Leonie Duval eagerly. "Her mother ran away with a music teacher, we know, and your grandfather would not forgive her, and he found this girl nearly killed in a railroad accident. But what is she like, Milly? Where did she get that hair—and that style?"

"I think Delorme is responsible for the style," said Mildred; "good clothes will do that. But the hair is heaven's own gift. Isn't it beautiful?"

"Beautiful! It's maddening," said Leonie. "It makes one feel like tearing out one's own tow locks and buying a copper colored wig. To have a cousin with hair like that resurrected by a doting grandfather, and decked out in Delorme's best would be really more to me than I could bear. But you are an angel, Milly."

"Not at all, answered Milly, "I have had all, even more than I want, always, and poor little Nellie has had nothing—not even faith, girls. I don't think she ever says or even knows a prayer. Ah, she has had a

dark, sad, pitiful life compared with ours, and we are trying to make up to her for all the happy years she has lost."

"Doesn't she go to church with you?" asked Bess Dixon.

"To church, my dear? She was never in a church in her life, so she told me yesterday, and I spoke of something being a sin, and she positively did not know what I meant! I doubt whether she even believes in God. But we'll change all that, of course. She is going to Mass with us to-morrow, and is quite willing to receive instructions. I am going to take her to Monticelli, and introduce her to dear Sister Celestia. That sweet blind saint is the best guide to heaven I know."

Meanwhile, all unconscious of the tender plot weaving for her slumbering soul, "Nellie" was leaning against one of the rose-wreathed pillars of the porch, listening to Allston Leigh, who had come down with his aunt Van Arsdale for a recuperative week's end at hospitable Roscroft's. Girls and roses were very well in their way, but Mr. Leigh, who had been the crack oarsman of his college crew ten years ago, felt the olden lure of the blue waters shining in the sun.

"And you have not ventured on that beautiful river yet, Miss Randall?"

"No," she answered, and a faint shadow flitted over her delicate face. "I have been very ill, you know, and am not accustomed to boating."

"Then let me introduce you to the most delightful pastime known," he said, eagerly. "There is a little skiff down at the wharf that seems made for a fairy queen. Let us have a sunset row. I am a veteran with the oars, so Mrs. Randall will trust you with me, I am sure."

"Certainly," said Aunt Marian, who stood nearby talking to old Madam Van Arsdale. "You have only an hour before the sun goes down, so don't go very far, Allston. Nellie is not strong yet, and there is a chill on the river at twilight."

"And take this shawl, my dear," said old Madam Van Arsdale, flinging her richly embroidered Canton crape shawl wrap around the white-robed girl. "You will need it, I am sure."

"Oh, I'll bring her back safe and unchilled, I promise," said Allston, lightly, and then together they went down the soft green-shaded slopes that led to the river—the river of which the dead Elinor had so often dreamed, the river on whose shining waters this mock Elinor was venturing with Allston Leigh as guide. There was no voice to whisper warning as they went together through the westerling sunlight to meet their fate.

TO BE CONTINUED

shone in the lad's grey eyes as he raised them to the elder man's face.

"Thank you, father," he said gently, holding out his hand in farewell. "You will come and see me now and then?" he added wistfully.

"If you are sure that you will want me," replied the merchant, a little softened in spite of himself. "Have you money for your journey?"

The boy laughed a little, and the sound relieved the tension. "Have you forgotten the conditions?" he reminded him.

"No, John. And I am not likely to forget. We Woods come of a tough old stock. That is why I consent to let you go. An unwilling clerk is worse than none; the business will be all the better without you. But as I have given my consent, I will pay the cost of your journey."

"Better not, father. I would rather let it be as you said."

"You would rather, yes; but I do not choose. Sit down while I make out a check. When do you go? Don't be long about it—I am—in a hurry to see what comes of your experiment."

"I had planned to go next week, but I will leave at once if you prefer it."

Michael Wood passed the slip of paper over to his son: "I have made it large enough to cover the return journey," he observed.

"But—if I do not return?"

"Then—Bah. It makes no difference. Now go, I have lost too much time already. If you change your mind there is a stool for you in the outer office until you have learned the business, and a partnership for you as soon as you have proved yourself."

The boy's lip quivered just a little; not because he dreaded leaving these things, but because he could not make his father understand that the others were so much more real to him.

The door closed softly. The merchant had not seemed to see his son's outstretched hand and John passed through the outer office mechanically, not seeing the faces of the men who looked up as he went out.

Afterward he could never remember going home. His mind was a blank until he remembered standing before his mother.

"I saw you coming; I have been watching for you," she said tenderly.

"I have done it—he consented," he replied briefly, drawing out the check and showing it to her.

"For what?" she whispered.

He smiled at her, then, and took her trembling hands into his own: "My travelling expenses, mother dear," he faltered and folded her in his arms.

"You will not need it yet, John," she said reproachfully.

"But I do. I am to go as soon as possible, he says, that I may return the sooner," he added with a wistful smile.

The mother's sweet face paled. She was very unlike her boy in appearance, being small and frail, seemingly ill-fitted for the storms of life; a being to shield at all costs from adversity, a fair flower that at the last frost would shrivel and fade. Nevertheless the expression that lay hidden in her dark eyes so much resembled his that it marked the kinship of their souls. She loved her son too wisely to set difficulties in his path, beside, she came of Breton ancestry who had dared heroic things for the king's sake.

She remembered her grandfather who had gone smiling to the guillotine, and would not be less brave than he in giving the child of her heart to the service of God, a destiny more honorable than any earthly service. But though she endeavored to make light of the parting her son understood her; he, too, remembered some of the things she had told him, and held in reverence the memory of his great grandfather.

When night fell and Michael Wood returned to his house his son was gone. He said but little; his wife hardly spoke at all, but went about her daily tasks gently, as of old, and if she spent more time before the altar of their parish church, scarcely anyone knew it, for she came and went so softly, so fairy-like, that it was as though an angel passed into the far corner where the dim shadows hung about her like a veil to shut her from the sight of earthly eyes the while she prayed.

Michael affected not to notice his son's absence. Now and then, when the rare letters came from the youthful religious, he would read them in the privacy of his office. Afterward he would lay them on a little prie-dieu in his wife's room that she might see them also. He never found them again, nor did he ask for them; yet, for all the silence between them there was no estrangement; rather they clung the more closely, like two blind children on a strange road who fear to speak lest the sound of their voices shall stir up some unseen danger.

Five years went by, leaving the traces of their passing on the merchant and his wife. Michael had grown thinner and less alert in his manner; his eyes had lost a little of their quickness; his hair was white; his lips a trifle softer in expression. Sometimes his wife thought that he must break through the wall of reserve that he had built about him, but somehow it never came to that.

Everything that he had touched had prospered exceedingly, but he had kept his word, and no money of his making had found its way to the college where John was already nearly at the end of his course. He had never even visited his son, perhaps because he felt that he could not trust himself, but he raised no objection when the boy's mother had

insisted on her right to pay her yearly visit to him whom she had given to God with such large generosity.

Then Brother John wrote to his parents, bidding them come to witness his elevation to the priesthood.

Michael passed the letter across the breakfast table to his wife. "I shall not go, of course," he remarked briefly.

She did not look up for a moment, her eyes were travelling rapidly over the closely written page, but long before she came to the end of it her sight failed her and she laid the letter aside.

"Five years," she murmured.

"Five and a half," he corrected, "the boy was right after all. It is very disappointing," he grumbled, half heartedly.

She rose from her seat and came and stood beside him: "Disappointing!" she repeated.

He started a little and flushed uneasily under the gentle reprimand of her tone: "I wanted to make him a partner," he returned.

"And then—?"

"He would have succeeded me; the old name would not have died out."

"And then—?"

"He would have had a son—sons. The business would have been an old one in the third generation."

"And then—?"

He swung around and faced her: "What do you mean?" he asked quickly and looked at her in the eyes. They were very grave, but there was a hint of a smile upon her lips. She did not answer him.

"Then—oh—er—then—," he said feebly.

The smile conquered her lips at last, spread to her eyes and she knelt beside him tenderly as though she would persuade him.

Half unconsciously one arm stole around her and he drew her head down upon his shoulder, but still he did not speak. A solemn silence fell upon their hearts. Michael reached out his hand and took the letter from her.

"Don't read it to me—not now—," she begged.

"You don't want to hear it?"

"No, I want to see it—later on—alone."

He recoiled as though she had struck him: "Alone! Jeanne!" he groaned, and drew her close to him again, as if in protest.

"You do not understand, Michael. I gave him to God long ago. You wanted—to make a partner of him. It would pain you to read that letter to me; it would hurt me to hear you; it would spoil the joy of it to know that it grieved you."

"The joy!" he muttered, loosing his clasp of her.

She raised her face pleadingly to his: "Can't you understand, Michael? Can't you?" she repeated, and it seemed to him that her eyes were bright, like stars. "My grandfather served the King of France; his name has gone down in history as a hero because he—died for Him. My son is far more honored than he, for he lives for God. After the fashion of his great grandfather, he may even die for Him. Such things happen sometimes."

Her voice had a ring in it that he did not recognize; that he felt no desire to know. His will was still unbroken though time, and other things, had bent it. He held her off from him that he might read the soul signals in her dark eyes. The peace of her gaze startled him for his own spirit was in conflict with a host of dimly comprehended forms that were not even thoughts. He realized that he was groping in darkness and groaned under his breath.

She rose unsteadily and slipped from the room, still holding the precious letter tightly clutched in her hand, and he suffered her to go. Nay, he scarcely knew when she went, for the hour of battle was upon him.

Afterward he marvelled at the strength of the tide that had gone near to overwhelm him, at the feebleness of the strokes with which he met the efforts of his antagonist, yet he need not have wondered that the battle went against him for Jeanne was praying still, as she had done for five years and a half, and Brother John was offering for him the prayers and sufferings of a heart dedicated to the service of the Divine Lover of souls. He had given of his best. Would God be outdone in generosity?

The days passed and Michael still kept silence, but Jeanne smiled softly as she knelt at her prayers in the dark corner of the big church, for it had drawn near to Christmas and she had planned a great surprise for Michael then—and a great triumph for herself.

She heard stories now and again, tales that sent a happy flush to her cheeks and a joyous tingling into her very finger tips. People began to say that Michael Wood had grown incautious of late. One or two owned to having received assistance from him; his head clerk had been almost shocked to find his salary raised suddenly, and without any request on his part. The following month the men in the outer office discovered that their value had increased in a like proportion and they were awed.

But Michael was hard still and cold. It was as though he could not free his heart from the iron cage into which he had thrust it nearly six years before, and Jeanne began to look wistful—the time was drawing near—so very near. It was the 20th of December, five days before Christmas, when she bade Michael farewell at the station.

He went to see her off, courteous as always, to see that she had the

best seat in the car, that she was provided with magazines and wraps, the hundred and one things with which a traveller encumbers herself. She returned with him to the door of the car. "If you were only coming, Michael!" she breathed.

The engine bell began to swing; here was a little bustle consequent on some last minute arrivals; a shout!

"Hurry up there! Watch your step! All aboard!" and the train pulled slowly out of the station.

Michael led his wife to her seat; his lips were curiously white. "Will it matter if—I come like this?" he asked with a strange tight feeling in his throat.

"Matter! Oh, Michael!" she replied.

He swung the next chair around so that it faced hers and sat down, but neither spoke for a long time.

That feast of St. Thomas was as a vision of light. Jeanne's eyes sparkled and shone. Michael looked at them now and then and thought them the most beautiful eyes he had ever seen. Like crystals washed in dew that gave off prismatic reflections in the sunlight.

The college chapel was filled to overflowing, but space had been reserved for the parents of the candidates, Michael's reserve had broken down at last. He was ashamed of some things he had said, and of others that he had done, but he thanked God that they had not hindered the glory of this day.

Jeanne surprised him twice in a furtive attempt to dry his eyes; the second time she slipped her hand into his and left it there, and presently he led her to the altar foot to share with her the first blessing of their son.

Later, on the same day, they strolled together beside the broad river that flowed so silently beneath its crust of ice. Father John had them by their hands, walking between them.

"You will come home for Christmas, John?" said his father wistfully.

"Surely, Mother arranged all that long ago."

"And you will accept the partnership now?"

"I? Oh, no—not now, father," he returned, a little puzzled.

"It was my condition; you have proved yourself, John. I must keep my word," he insisted.

The young priest smiled. "Then you shall—but we must talk to Father Guardian about that."

And so it was that the mission of St. John, in Borneo, took Father John's place and became a partner in his father's business.

"A sleeping partner," Michael called it.

But when the young missionary wrote them brief and hurried notes, in his rare moments of leisure, he protested that the mission of his patron, St. John, was eminently the working partner in the firm of Wood & Son—Mary Agatha Gray, in St. Anthony's Almanac.

GENERAL INTENTION FOR NOVEMBER

RECOMMENDED AND BLESSED BY HIS HOLINESS PIUS X.

HELP FOR THE DYING

The General Intention for the present month, while always practical, must impress us with its opportuneness. The war now raging in Europe has already sent thousands of souls prematurely to meet their Maker, and may, before its sanguinary work is ended, send thousands more on the same dreary journey. Many of these souls possibly are going unprepared, who in moments less exciting than those of battle would crave our prayers to help them on the way. For Catholics the lack of preparation in those awaiting their final summons is one of the direst horrors of war; but we forget that other horror, the ceaseless war that is being continually waged around us, the silent work of death that sends more souls before God daily than the bloodiest war of history ever did. Do we ever stop to think of the daily harvest reaped by death throughout the world? Do we ever ask whether or not we can do anything to help souls to die well? We must always know that all depend upon a good death, and it is the most stupendous folly any one can be guilty of to put off reconciliation with God until one's faculties have lost their vigor and the shadows of the other world have begun to darken the light of this. Unhappily that is what a large number do. There are multitudes who are careless about the one and only thing that really matters, multitudes who cast aside all thought of preparation for the supreme moment of death. They are young and healthy, maybe, and death has a far away echo to them do not want to hear; they are immersed in business or in pleasures, and the thought of death is unwelcome; they will not take the trouble to bother about it. Still time is short; life is fleeting; as men live so they are liable to die; and the grim reaper is advancing rapidly. We should at least as a duty of charity think of those who do not think of themselves. So many of our fellow-men are going daily and hourly to meet their Maker that our prayers and supplications should never cease for them. The last few moments that they can claim as their own before they are plunged into eternity are so precious, and at the same time so perilous, that of our charity we should continually implore God to extend His mercy to all who have reached their dying hour. We should

recall the fate of souls in their last agony and in prayerful accents exclaim, "Heart of Jesus, once in agony, have pity on the dying!"

Statisticians give us, at least approximately, the figures of the daily harvest reaped by death. They estimate that, out of the fifteen hundred to seventeen hundred millions of people who are on this globe twirling through space, at least one hundred thousand die every twenty-four hours; that is, three millions a month, thirty-six millions a year. These figures are enormous, but because they are mere figures they do not strike our imagination as they should. Let us give them a more practical shape. Supposing that to-morrow, one day after we have read these lines, a city with a population of a hundred thousand disappeared suddenly beneath the ocean; a tidal wave, for instance, has come and swept this army of men and women from among the living. The catastrophe would daunt the rest of the world; God-fearing populations would fill their churches in prayerful sympathy; the souvenir of the cataclysm would form a lamentable page in the history of the race. And yet this is just what is happening every twenty-four hours. Recall the impression made on the world when the Titanic perished eighteen months ago; people were thrilled with horror at the sudden blotting out of the fifteen hundred lives. And yet every twenty minutes, and every day in the year, death is hurling fifteen hundred souls into the presence of their Eternal Judge.

Why are we callous at these dreadful tragedies which succeed each other so monotonously? Because they are being enacted so quietly around us that they do not excite human emotions. War fills us with dismay because the horrors of slaughter and suffering are bunched together, as it were, and presented to us that we can take in the awful sight at a glance. But the work of death is less spectacular; the tireless reaper has the whole world for a meadow, and the blades of grass falling here and there, though they number every day a hundred thousand, make no perceptible change in the aspect of the entire crop. The work of the sickle is relentless, but it is a silent work; the living blades fall, die and are soon forgotten; other blades take their places, and the world moves on as if nothing were happening. The disappearance of a hundred thousand souls every day from this earth makes little difference on a population of hundreds of millions who are awaiting, all unconscious, for their turn to disappear. We are not eye witnesses of the great tragedy, and we pass heedlessly on, failing to learn the lesson it teaches or to penetrate the full meaning of the daily toll paid to death.

And yet we are heedless, not because we are heedless, but because we do not feel for the sorrows of others; we are heedless because we do not reflect. When our own loved ones die our grief bursts forth and our tears fall copiously. If we are Catholics, not merely does the memory of the cherished ones stay with us, but the problem of their eternal welfare is uppermost in our minds; we think of them often, we pray for them and have Masses said for them; the assurance that they had reached the realm of bliss would be for us a supreme consolation. But when those die who are strangers to us, our hearts respond to no deeper emotion than that of sympathy, even though we know well that sympathy, no matter how intense it may be, or how welcome it may be in this vale of tears, is of little avail after death. Sympathy alone will not free a soul from the bondage of sin either here or hereafter. Why not, then, widen our outlook and open our hearts? Why not offer something more useful to souls than sympathy? Why not think prayerfully of those, even strangers, who are on the verge of the grave? We are all children of the same God; we have all been redeemed by His precious Blood; we are all destined to live together in glory. Our faith ought at least to teach us that our compassion for souls about to die, our interest in their eternal welfare, should not be less intense because they are not of our own flesh and blood or because they are dying unknown to us thousands of miles away.

Look at the matter from another point of view. Examine the world's daily death-roll and see who die and what they are who die. Taking the population of the globe, as it is at the present time, and the factors composing it, the hundred thousand daily deaths would probably include, in round numbers, sixteen thousand Catholics, six thousand Protestants, eight thousand Musselmans, Jews, Pagans, etc. Leaving the destiny of souls belonging to those various denominations to the mercy of God who will deal with them according to their lights, and eliminating all baptized children who die before the age of reason, for their eternal happiness is assured, let us ask ourselves, as a general rule how do a large majority of adult Catholics die? For the sake of an answer let us group thousands of Catholic deathbeds together and then go from one to the other and watch the occupants in their dying moments. Try to enter into their hearts and analyse their sentiments in those last hours. What little value earthly cares, anxieties, ambitions, projects, desires, have now for them! What sermons they could preach on the nothingness of life! In a few moments they shall have passed through the portals of eternity, when the balance sheet of their lives shall be struck

Utilizes every heat unit. Flues arranged so heat is forced to travel over top of oven in

McClary's Pandora Range down behind it and twice under the bottom before escaping to chimney. See the McClary dealer.

off and placed before the infallible eye of God. How precious to them would a prayer be in those solemn moments! How earnestly they would ask us to think of them before they go to meet God! And yet absence of personal intercourse during life has practically made them strangers to us, strangers to whom we owe nothing, not even a prayer! True they are strangers to us as children of men, but surely not strangers as children of the Father Who is in heaven.

The nearness of death has made the saints tremble. St. Charles Borromeo tells us that he did not fear the final summons "because of the evil he had done but because of the good he had left undone." How few Borromeos there are among the thousands of Catholics who shall die to-day, and how many there are, alas, who have much to atone for, and who unconscious of their state, blindly pursue even to the edge of the grave this world's fleeting fancies. Before midnight they shall be in eternity, and still they cannot bring themselves to believe that the end is so near; the very novelty of their situation is an obstacle to salutary thoughts. To be lying on one's death bed is a new experience for most people. It is the first time perhaps they have undergone it, as it shall be the last.

Pray for me, O my friends; a visitant is knocking his dire summons at my door. The like of whom, to scare me and to daunt. Has never, never come to me before.

The danger point is reached; the priest is at the bedside; it is only a question of hours, perhaps of minutes, and still only too often what do we find? Not the soul calm and prepared to make the long voyage, but one terrified at the prospect of approaching dissolution with mental vision obscured, disheartened possibly by temptations of all sorts. Is a soul in this condition fit to make adequate preparation for death? We hardly think so; and any spiritual help that shall be given it will be charity under a most gracious form, a charity that a soul is not likely to forget when it has reached heaven.

A vast field is open to us in praying for the dying. While it is undoubtedly true that the efficacy of our prayers for the living may be hindered by a will obstinate in evil, it is equally true that obstinacy is rare at the moment of death; and while we may not hope to save the hundred thousand who die each day, still our prayers offered in union with the prayers of millions of others throughout the world, will obtain marvellous results. To speak only of Catholics, the greater number of the dying who neglect their souls in life are more the victims of apathy than of impiety. They are the victims of human respect or of ignorance rather than of ill-will or hatred of God and of His Church. With them the heart needs strengthening more than the head, and there is every reason to hope that even the most wayward among them, when on the threshold of eternity, will recall the impressions of their childhood, or the lessons and examples that have not been completely effaced from their memory. When dying Catholics feel that the things of time are leaving their grasp, the things of eternity assume a new importance. This alone is a great grace, which when watered with our prayers, will help them to turn completely to God. Praying for the dying of each day is an apostolate in which all may join. No one may claim exemption from this duty on the plea of inability. The short invocation, "Heart of Jesus, once in agony, pity the dying!" our rosary, our sufferings and good works of each day offered up for them, are all means that we have at our disposal. Let us ask God and His Sacred Heart to be merciful to all those who are about to meet Him soon, and to grant them the happiness of seeing Him face to face for eternity. E. J. DEVINE, S. J.

IN AN AUSTRIAN CITY In an ancient Austrian city there is a wonderful bridge, on the parapets of which stand twelve statues of Christ. He is represented as Prophet, Priest, King, Physician, Pilot, Shepherd, Sower, Carpenter and so on. In the early morning, just after dawn, the country people coming into town with fruit, pray with bowed heads before the statue of the Sower or Shepherd Christ.

A little later artisans and mechanics, on their way to workshop or factory, stand before the Carpenter

Christ. Then come sailors and boatmen, who kneel at the feet of the Pilot Christ. And when the sun has driven away the damp mists of the dawn and the city is bathed in the glow of the strength giving sun, the aged and the infirm and the halt and the blind come with tottering steps out of their homes to stand and pray in the shadow of the Great Physician—New World.

LIBERALISM IN RELIGION

Liberalism in religion is the doctrine that there is no positive truth in religion, but that one creed is as good as another, and this is the teaching which is gaining substance and force daily. It is inconsistent with any recognition of any religion, as true. It teaches that all are to be tolerated, for all are matters of opinion. Revealed religion is not a truth, but a sentiment and a taste; not an objective fact, not miraculous; and it is the right of each individual to make it say just what strikes his fancy. Devotion is not necessarily founded on faith. Men may go to Protestant churches and to Catholic, may get good from both and belong to neither. They may fraternize together in spiritual thoughts and feelings, without having any views at all of doctrine in common, or seeing the need of them. Since, then, religion is so personal a peculiarity and so private a possession, we must of necessity ignore it in the intercourse of man with man. If a man puts on a new religion every morning, what is that to you? It is as impertinent to think about a man's religion as about his sources of income or his management of his family. Religion is in no sense the bond of society.

There is much in the Liberalistic theory which is good and true; for example not to say more, the precepts of justice, truthfulness, sobriety, self-command, benevolence, which, as I have already noted, are among its avowed principles, and the natural laws of society. It is not till we find that this array of principles is intended to supersede, to block out religion, that we pronounce it to be evil. There never was a device of the enemy so cleverly framed and with such promise of success.—Cardinal Newman.

A WONDROUS CHURCH

No man can regard lightly any words of the late Prime Minister of England, William Ewart Gladstone, and we can never forget his tribute to Catholicism:

"She has marched for fifteen hundred years at the head of civilization and she has borne the burden of the chief intellectual and material forces of the world. Her greatness, glory, grandeur and majesty have been, most, though not absolutely, all that in these respects the world has to boast of. Her children are more numerous than all the members of the sects combined; she is every day enlarging the boundaries of her vast empire. Her altars are raised in every clime, and her missionaries are to be found wherever there are men to be taught the evangel of immortality and there are souls to be saved. And this wondrous Church, which is as old as Christianity and as universal as mankind, is to-day after its twenty centuries of age, as fresh and as vigorous and as fruitful as on the day when the pentecost fires were showered upon the earth. Surely such an institution, challenged the attention and demands and deserves the most serious examination of those outside of its pale."—The Missionary.

OUT OF EVIL COMETH GOOD

The war has already brought back the thought of "higher things" to many minds and hearts in France, it has been said that "no one will ever know the number of souls who have returned to God since the declaration of war." The situation appears to be a literal verification of the phrase out of evil cometh good. With reference to the fact, Mgr. Baudrillard declares that "no doubt the fear, the just fear of death has tended to this but still more effectual has been the need felt of having recourse to the Great Father upon Whom depends the fate of each one and the fate of the country. From the first day of mobilization our churches were filled, our confessionals besieged, the Communion rails crowded with the faithful. In many cases husbands and wives preparing for confessions together. Priests have heard con-

We can scarcely blame busy editors on this side of the Atlantic for being "taken in" by the fake stories of Rome correspondents. But when these stories have been proved to be false, the agency that supplies them should be called to account. As long as the editors pay for the news service without protest, permit their readers to be deceived by invented correspondents in Paris or Milan the evil will continue. The editors have it in their power to put an end to this condition if they only chose to do so. But we fear that few of them care. The only thing for us to do is to refuse to be deceived by "faked" reports. If the editors want their papers to gain a reputation for unreliability that is their concern.—True Voice.

"DO UNTO OTHERS"

We are at a loss to understand the attitude of many of our Protestant contemporaries toward the Catholic Church. Its bishops, priests and people. They seem to be animated with hatred instead of Christian charity; with prejudiced intolerance in place of reasonable conciliation. They will relish any libel against Catholicism, however extravagant it may be, and deliberately give it all the publicity at their command. They keep open house and welcome for the slander-mongering ex-priests, in spite of the fact that these men are devoid of every principle of truth, honor, decency and morality.

We would like to see our separated brethren, in all sincerity and in all charity, if they really believe that they are giving Catholics a square deal, when they give credence, without the slightest investigation, to books, papers and men that vilify the old Mother Church and her devoted children? Are they satisfied in their hearts that they are doing unto us as they would have us do unto them?

Can they name even one Catholic paper, which makes it a practice to circulate lies about any Protestant church or its adherents? Can they mention any Protestant minister, who has been received into our fold, that was every encouraged or allowed to give the denomination, from which he came? On the contrary, is it not a fact that every sectarian clergyman, who has been converted to the Catholic faith, has exhibited only the most fraternal charity towards his former co-religionists? Who ever heard of an ex-minister being booked, like a theatrical star, for a circuit of the country in a campaign of calumny against the bishops, the pastors, the asylums or the deaconesses of any Protestant denomination?

Is there no food for thought in these considerations, dear Protestant brethren? Have you been exactly fair to us? Or do you regard Catholics as outside the jurisdiction of the Golden Rule? We believe that a meditation upon the parable of the Good Samaritan or a prayerful reading of the two commandments, on which "dependeth the whole law and the prophets," would serve to mitigate, if not to eradicate, all anti-Catholic animosity arising, we believe, from want of thought rather than from want of heart.—Catholic Telegraph.

"FAKED" QUOTATIONS

We have had occasion during the past few weeks to comment on the unreliable character of recent dispatches purporting to give quotations from the utterances of Pope Benedict XV. regarding the war in Europe. Most of these may safely be put down as inventions of enterprising correspondents. Some weeks ago we were given a quotation from an allocution of the Pope said to have been delivered during his first consistory. Our correspondent in Rome later assured us that the Pope delivered no allocution on that occasion. The supposed allocution was invented by some correspondent of a press agency. The supposed protest of the Kaiser after the destruction of the Rheims cathedral was another invention of the reporters. The Pope had made no comment on the event. Evidently American editors are not the only ones who have been deceived by these dispatches. The Tablet of London ventures to express a hope that the daily press of London and the provinces may regard with a little incredulity the messages from Rome that purport to tell us the opinions of the Popiff on public affairs. Of every great event that happens in the world—the bombardment of Rheims is but one instance—we are told that His Holiness has said this, that and the other. With the name of no secular sovereign in Europe, says the Tablet, would so great a liberty be taken. The press agency would demand details usual to all such reporting—the place at which the remark was made, the person to whom it was addressed, the authority on which it is published. Why these credentials should be foregone in the case of the Pope, and of no other potentate, we cannot easily surmise, unless indeed, Obit, it be that nobody at the Vatican has time or patience to give to a daily issue of contradictions. When the Roman fabulist chooses for its victim some lesser man, as it those Cardinal Mercator the other day, we have the reputation. But the Pope cannot always be busy about denials, the more so as the inventors of his table-talk are most ingenious to confine themselves to the probabilities.

essions in the military wagons, in the streets, and in the barrack yard. A regiment from Normandy stopped for some hours in a town of Seine-et-Oise; the greater number of the officers and many of the soldiers entered the church and received Holy Communion.—Church Progress.

Funeral Directors

C. A. CONNORS Undertaker 605 Yonge Street, Toronto Phone—North 1680

John Ferguson & Sons 180 King Street The Leading Undertakers and Embalmers Open Night and Day Telephone—House 373 Factory—543

E. C. Killingsworth Funeral Director Open Day and Night 491 Richmond St. Phone 3971

Loretto Ladies' Business College 385 Brunswick Ave., Toronto MUSIC STUDIO ATTACHED

British American College Leads in age, influence and successful graduates. Specializes in Greek & Roman Short-hand and all Commercial Subjects. Full Term open April 1st. Tuition, \$10.00. Address: W. WAUCHOPE, Principal, Yonge and McGill Sts., Toronto.

ST. JEROME'S COLLEGE Founded 1864 BERLIN, ONTARIO Excellent Business College Department. Excellent High School or Academic Department. Excellent College and Philosophical Department. Address: REV. A. L. ZINGER, C.R., Ph.D., PRINCIPAL

SHAW'S Business Schools Toronto, Canada, give high grade courses and qualify young people to earn good salaries. They are the Central Business College, Yonge and Gerrard Sts., and Six City Branch Schools. Curriculum sent on request. Enter any time. W. H. SHAW, President.

AUTOMOBILES, LIVERY, GARAGE R. HUESTON & SONS Livery and Garage. Open Day and Night. 479 to 481 Richmond St. 380 Yorkville, Ont. Phone 413

PROFESSIONAL CARDS F.O.Y. KNOK & McMANIS Barristers, Solicitors, Notaries, 80

JOHN T. LOFTUS, BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, NOTARY, ETC. 712 TEMPLE BUILDING, TORONTO Telephone Main 655

P. J. O'GORMAN ARCHITECT Plans, Specifications, Estimates prepared. SIDDHURY, ONT.

FRANK J. FOLEY, L.L.B. BARRISTER, SOLICITOR The Keest Building Corner Yonge and Richmond Streets TORONTO, ONT.

Record Standard 50c. Library for Everybody NOVELS AND RELIGIOUS BOOKS BY THE BEST CATHOLIC AUTHORS Liberal Discount to the Reverend Clergy and Religious Institutions

NOVELS

BIT OF OLD IVORY and Other Stories. This beautiful collection of tales is a veritable bower of blossoms sweet and fragrant. They are truly legends left to us by Heaven, and as such should be treasured by every Catholic household.

A DOUBLE KNOT and Other Stories, by Mary T. Maguire. These stories are excellent and have much pathos and humor scattered throughout them.

THE FRIENDLY LITTLE HOUSE and Other Stories, by Marion Ames Taggart and Others. A library of short stories of thrilling interest with a few of the best of contemporary fiction.

THE LADY OF THE TOWER and Other Stories, by George Barton and others. This is a collection of short stories of high endeavor, of the patient, unselfish, and of the truest of human nature.

THE SENIOR LIEUTENANT'S WAGER and 30 Other Stories, by the foremost Catholic writers. Altogether it would be hard to find a fuller book than this. The authors have used up a great amount of their own life in writing these stories, which are all worthy to live in short-story literature. Most of them are delicate little love tales; the others, stories of adventure or mystery.

THE TRAIL OF THE DRAGON and Other Stories, by Marion F. Nixon Roulet and other leading Catholic authors. A volume of stories which make very interesting and profitable reading for young and old.

MARCELLA GRACE, by Rosa Mulholland. The plot of this story is laid with a skill and grasp of details not always found in novels of the day. Its development bears witness to the author's complete mastery of the subject, joined to grace and force of diction.

THE LIGHT OF HIS COUNTENANCE, by Jerome Wiseman. A highly successful story. The plot is flawless, the characters are natural, their conversations are marvellously unhampered, and there are bursts of genuine comedy to lighten the tragic darker shades.

HER JOURNEY'S END, by Francis Cooke. A story of mystery of strife and struggle of pathos, agony, and of sublime devotion.

AGATHA'S HARD SFAUGHT, by Rosa Mulholland. A highly successful story. The plot is flawless, the characters are natural, their conversations are marvellously unhampered, and there are bursts of genuine comedy to lighten the tragic darker shades.

BOND AND FREE, by Jean Connor. A new story by an author who knows how to write a splendidly good book.

THE CIRCUS-RIDER'S DAUGHTER, by F. von Brackel. A high-class novel—a love story that every reader will feel better for having read.

CONOR DARCYS STRUGGLES, by W. M. Berthelms. A novel that depicts to us in vivid colors the battles of life which a noble family had to encounter, being reduced to poverty through improvident speculations on the part of the father.

FABIOLA, by Cardinal Wiseman. This edition of Cardinal Wiseman's tale of the early days of the Church is much more modern and decidedly more attractive than the old editions.

FABIOLA'S SISTERS, translated by A. C. Clarke. This is a companion volume and a sequel to "Fabiola."

FORGIVE AND FORGET, by Ernst Lingens. A sweet and wholesome love story, showing the power of nobility of soul and unfeigned devotion.

THE HEIRSS OF KRONENSTEIN, by Constance Halshaw. An exquisite story of life and love told in touchingly simple words.

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

IN GOD'S GOOD TIME, by H. M. Ross. This is a story that grips the heart, stirring in it the liveliest sympathy for what is human and good.

THE MONK'S PARDOUS, by Raoul de Navey. An historic romance of the time of King Philip IV. of Spain.

MY LADY BEATRICE, by Francis Cooke. A story that grips the heart, stirring in it the liveliest sympathy for what is human and good.

THE OTHER SIDE, by M. C. Martin. A powerful story of South African life. It is singularly strong and full of action, and contains a great deal of masterly characterization.

TIGRANES, by Rev. John Joseph Franco, S. J. An absorbing story of the persecutions of Catholics in the fourth century, and the attempt of Julian the Apostate to restore the empire to paganism.

THE SISTER OF CHARITY, by Mrs. Anna H. Dorsey. The story of a Sister of Charity who, as a nurse, attended a noble English family, and after a shipwreck and rescue from almost a hopeless situation, brings the family into the Church of God. It is especially interesting in its descriptions.

TANGLED PATHS, by Mrs. Anna H. Dorsey. As a novel Tangled Paths is admirable; and if the author will compare this very satisfactory production with her earlier work, "The Student of Bleheim Forest" for instance, she can almost sing the "Nunc Dimittis," for her improvement is so marked that she seems in her work to have almost reached its climax.—Ave Maria.

THE ALCHEMIST'S SECRET, by Isabel Cecilia Williams. This collection of short stories is not the sort written simply for amusement; they have their simple, direct teaching, and they lead us to think of and pity sorrows and trials of others rather than our own.

IN THE CRUCIBLE, by Isabel Cecilia Williams. A dramatic tale of New England, of the suffering, the sacrifice of self for others, good, are keyed on the divine true story of Him Who gave up His life for us and died on the Cross (Sacred Heart Review).

TEARS ON THE DIADEM, by Anna H. Dorsey. A novel of the inner life of Queen Elizabeth I. Interesting that the reader will be loathe to lay it down without finishing the entire story.

"DEER JANE," by Isabel Cecilia Williams. A sweet, simple tale of a self-sacrificing elder sister whose ambition to keep the little household together is told with a grace and interest that are irresistible.

LOUISA KIRKBRIDGE, by Rev. A. J. Thebaud, S. J. A dramatic tale of New England, of the Civil War, full of exciting narratives infused with a strong religious moral tone.

THE REICHT OF AN' WEEP, by Hendrick Gonsievius. A novel of compelling interest, from beginning to end concerning the romance of the daughter of a diamond merchant and Raphael Banks, who through the uncertainties of fortune, earns the parental approval of their marriage, which had been withheld on account of difference in social position.

MARIAN ELWOOD, by Sarah M. Brownson. The story of a hardy and true-hearted girl, who, when she awakes to the shallowness of her existence through the appreciation of the noble character and religious example of a young man whom she afterwards marries.

CONSCIENCE'S TALES, by Hendrick Gonsievius. A collection of short stories, including "The Recruit," "Mine Host Gonsievius," "Blind Rosa," and "The Poor Soldier's Tale."

FAITH, HOPE AND CHARITY, by Anonymous. An exceedingly interesting tale of love, war and adventure, recounting the exciting times of the French Revolution.

THE COMMANDER, by Charles D'Herouville. An exciting story of a military hero.

BEECH BLUFF, by Fanny Warner. A story of the South before the Civil War. Two other stories are contained in this volume: "Agnes," and "For Many Days."

CAPTAIN ROSCOFF, by Raoul de Navey. A thrilling story of fearlessness and adventure.

THE SOLITARY ISLAND, by Rev. W. H. Anderson, M.A. The adventures of Owen Eversleigh, Surgeon's Mate, set ashore with companions on a remote island in the Pacific Ocean.

HAPPY-GO-LUCKY, by Mary C. Crowley. A collection of Catholic stories for boys, including "A Little Hero," "Ned's Baseball Club," "Jerry and His Friends," "The Boys at Dalton," and "A Christmas Stocking."

MERRY HEARTS' GOOD TRUE, by Mary C. Crowley. A collection of stories for boys, including "A Little Hero," "Ned's Baseball Club," "Jerry and His Friends," "The Boys at Dalton," and "A Christmas Stocking."

THE AFRICAN FABIOLA, translated by R. Rev. Mr. Joseph O'Connell, D.D. The story of the life of St. Perpetua, who suffered a martyr's death together with her slave, Felicitas, at Carthage in the year 203. One of the most moving in the annals of the Church.

HAWTHORNDEN, by Clara M. Thompson. A story of American life founded on fact.

KATHLEEN'S MOTTO, by Genevieve Walsh. An interesting and inspiring story of a young lady who, by her simplicity and honesty, succeeds in spite of discouraging difficulties.

ALIAS KITTY CASEY, by Marie Gertrude Williams. Kitty Casey is in reality Catherine Carey, a girl threatened with marriage, who in an endeavor to secure herself, and at the same time enjoy the advantages of the country in summer time, accepts a menial position in a hotel, taking the position of waitress refused by her maid, Kitty Casey. The story is well written, and a romance cleverly told.

LATE MISS HOLLINGFORD, by Rosa Mulholland. A simple and delightful novel by Miss Mulholland, which has met with popular favor.

FERNCLIFFE, Ferncliffe is the name of a large estate in Devonshire, England, the home of Agnes Falkland, who with her family and adopted sister, Francis Macdonald, furnish the interesting events of the novel, in which Agnes Falkland is the innocent sufferer.

THE ORPHAN SISTERS, by Mary I. Hoffman. This is an exceedingly interesting story, in which some of the doctrines of the Catholic Church are clearly defined.

ROSE LE BLANC, by Lady Georgiana Fullerton. A "charmy" entertaining story for young people by one of the best known Catholic authors.

THE STRAWUTTER'S DAUGHTER, by Lady Georgiana Fullerton. An interesting Catholic story for young people.

THE SOLITARY ISLAND, by Rev. John Talbot Smith. As mysterious and fascinating in its plot as either of the sensational productions of Archibald Claverhouse, this is a novel, which would not shame the brush of a Thackeray or Dickens.

TWO VICTORIES, by Rev. T. J. Potter. A story of the conflict of faith in a non-Catholic family and their entrance into the Catholic Church.

THE MINER'S DAUGHTER, by Cecilia Mary Caddell. A story of the adventures and final conversion of a miner and his family through the zealous labors of his daughter. In this book every part of the Mass is explained in a simple and clear manner.

LADY AMABEL AND THE SHEPHERD BOY, by Elizabeth M. Stewart. A Catholic tale of England, in which the love of a humble shepherd boy for the daughter of a noble English family is ridiculed in the course of time various opportunities present themselves which bring him before her parents in a more favorable light, and finally result in her marriage.

MAY BIRKOE, by Mrs. Anna H. Dorsey. The story of two cousins who are left in the care of their very rich and eccentric uncle, who professes no religion and is at odds with all the world. It senses and contrasts the effect on the two distinct characters.

ONE CHRISTMAS EVE, by Roxbury Crossing and Cecilia Williams. A volume of delightful little stories for the young. They are tales to attract and are written in most winning style. Christmas is coming. This will make an excellent gift book.

AILEY MOORE, A tale of the times, by Richard Baptist O'Brien, D. D. Showing how evil, murder and such passions are managed and justice administered in Ireland, together with many other interesting incidents. The story tells of the heroic lives of our Irish grandfathers and grandmothers. There is no lack of incident and interest in this story. It is a history of the lives of these later days Ailey Moore in a new dress will serve a good purpose.

RELIGIOUS BOOKS

DEVOTION TO ST. JOSEPH, by Rev. Father Joseph Anthony Patrignani, S. J. Translated from Alban Butler.

LIVES OF THE SAINTS. Adapted from Rev. Alban Butler.

ALFONSO OF CHRIST, by Rev. M. V. Cochem. LIFE OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN, by Rev. B. Rohner, O. S. B.

THE EXPLANATION OF THE BLESSED SACRAMENT, by Rev. A. Tassinari.

AN EXPLANATION OF CATHOLIC MORALS, by Rev. J. Stapleton.

EXPLANATION OF THE COMMANDMENTS, by Rev. H. Rohner, D.D.

EXPLANATION OF THE CREED, by Rev. H. Rohner, D.D.

EXPLANATION OF THE HOLY SACRIFICE OF THE MASS, by Rev. M. V. Cochem.

EXPLANATION OF THE HOLY SACRAMENTS, by Rev. H. Rohner, D.D.

HELPS TO A SPIRITUAL LIFE, by Rev. Joseph Schneider.

HISTORY OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH, by Rev. L. C. Businger. Edited by Rev. Richard Kelly. Revised by Abbot Gasquet, O.S.B. Church in America by John G. Shea.

HISTORY OF THE PROTESTANT REFORMATION IN ENGLAND AND IRELAND, by W. Cobbett. Revised by Abbot Gasquet, O.S.B.

HOW TO COMFORT THE SICK, by Rev. Joseph Krebs, C.S.S.R.

LOUNDES; ITS INHABITANTS, ITS PILGRIMS, AND ITS MIRACLES, by Rev. Richard F. Clarke.

MORE SHORT SPIRITUAL READINGS FOR MARY'S CHILDREN, by Madame Cecilia.

THE TRUE SPOUSE OF CHRIST, by St. Alphonsus Liguori.

THE NEW TESTAMENT—12 mo edition. Good. Also type printed on excellent paper.

THE SACRED HEART STUDIED IN THE SACRED SCRIPTURES, by Rev. H. Rohner, D.D.

ST. ANTHONY, THE SAINT OF THE WHOLE WORLD, by Rev. Thomas F. Ward. This life is written in a manner which can hardly fail to be profoundly interesting to the reading public.

ST. FRANCIS ASSISI, SOCIAL REFORMER, by Rev. Leo L. Dubois.

THE SECRET OF SANCTITY, According to St. Thomas Aquinas. By Abbe Lasausse.

SHORT MEDITATIONS FOR EVERY DAY, by Abbe Lasausse.

VENERATION OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN, by Rev. H. Rohner.

DUTIES OF YOUNG MEN, by R. A. Vain. To which is added selections from Lacordaire's Letters to Young Men.

DUTY OF A CHRISTIAN TOWARDS GOD, by St. John the Baptist De La Salle. Here nothing is left unexplained, no point unnoticed, of all the grand and beautiful system of religion from the most sublime mysteries of our Faith, to the simplest and most trivial practices of devotion.

HEROINES OF CHARITY. Sketches from the lives of the Sisters of Vincennes, Jeanne Biscot, Mlle. Le Gras, Madame de Meaux, in the Mother House, and the Little Sisters of the Poor; with a preface by

The Catholic Record

Price of Subscription—\$1.00 per annum. United States & Europe \$1.00. Publisher and Proprietor, Thomas Coffey, L.L.D. Editors: Rev. James T. Foley, B. A., Thomas Coffey, L.L.D., Associate Editors: (Rev. D. A. Casey, H. F. Mackintosh, etc.)

LONDON, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 31, 1914

THE CAUSE OF THE WAR

II. THE SPIRIT OF GERMAN PATRIOTISM

One of the most elementary principles of the new science of scientific history is that historical personages and historical events must be studied in their proper setting. That is to say we must judge the persons, events and movements of the past under the conditions which then obtained. We must project ourselves into the past with all the ideals and principles, religious, philosophical and social, that gave life and purpose and meaning to all that constitutes the history of the time.

To understand the cause of this war we must understand something of the German mind, of German ideals, of German ambition—something of the soul of Germany. It is hardly necessary to say that the dilettantes of pulpit, platform and press, who distilled to us through their "modern minds" anemic appreciations of German culture, did not quite prepare us for the logical outcome of Germanism.

Within the memory of living men Bismarck, who created and stamped the genius of his personality on the German Empire, attempted to actualize the Reformation principle of State supremacy over the Church. He would mould and fashion the Church of all the ages and all the nations into a State department of Germany. He attempted the impossible. The Goliath met his David in Ludwig Windthorst. England, too, three hundred years ago, and with greater success, ruthlessly crushed the spiritual into temporal state-made moulds. But that was three hundred years ago. Heroic fidelity, heroic endurance and heroic struggle of Catholic and Puritan have finally and irrevocably established the rights of conscience as one of the cherished ideals and principles of English-speaking people throughout the world.

The British Islands surrounded by the sea and protected by the fleet are in Europe but not of it in a sense that is true of no other European nation. That narrow strip of sea had enormous influence in history. The island peoples could and did successfully wage the war for freedom of the individual and freedom of the masses of the population from undue State interference and control unhampered by the fear ever-present in continental countries of losing their national liberty. The continental spirit, therefore, in a much larger measure, subordinates the individual to the nation. Continental peoples take kindly to this condition of things. All their historical development and traditions emphasize the necessity of this subordination. All their patriotism glorifies and exalts the State. We may not look in continental Europe

for national heroes like Simon de Montfort, Hampden, Pym or Sir Thomas More. These considerations help us to understand France before, during and after the Revolution, as well as France of to-day.

But it is in modern Germany that this continental spirit finds its highest expression. German patriotism scorns what we value beyond price—individual liberty. It glorifies and exalts and idealizes the Fatherland until the individual is lost in the nation; the rights of man and the claims of humanity are merged into and absorbed by the mighty civilizing mission of Germany and the Germans.

The German Emperor in a speech at Konigsberg, Aug. 27th, 1910, said: "They (German women) must impress upon their children's children that to day the principal thing is not to live one's own life at the expense of others, but to attain one's end at the cost of the Fatherland, but solely and alone to keep the Fatherland before one's eyes, solely and alone to stake all the powers of mind and body upon the good of the Fatherland."

Such language in the mouth of any English-speaking statesman the world over would be looked upon as hysterical. If treated at all seriously by the unanimous answer would be that the State is made for man not man for the State. It is subversive of our very ideal of the State. Perhaps the most effective barrier to the extreme Socialist propaganda in these countries is the instinctive feeling that even if the Socialist State were to accomplish what it claims to be able to do there would be an enormous curtailment of personal liberty. In Germany Socialism finds the most favorable environment for development. It is there the logical remedy for the poverty and misery arising out of the present unequal and inequitable distribution of wealth.

In the passage above quoted the Kaiser expresses the German ideal; he is not hysterical, he does not exaggerate; he voices the most intimate convictions and highest aspirations of Germany's patriotic soul.

NOT MADE IN GERMANY

The scholarly W. H. K. in the Tablet enters a temperate protest against the socialist superstition that not only is modern scholarship monopolized by Germany but that several modern sciences owe their origin to Germans. While giving due credit to the patient research and solid accomplishment of German scholars he warns us against the extremes of "loathing and alarm" and servile adulation. "We have a type of this (latter) fashion in Will Ladislav's contemptuous criticism of the pedantic English scholar and his old-fashioned ways. It is no use, he insists, to grope about in the woods with a pocket-compass when the Germans have made good roads. And it was about the same time that Matthew Arnold spoke of a certain Saturday reviewer 'who saw all things in Teutonism, as Malebranche saw all things in God.'"

Speaking of historical criticism in particular Father Kent says: "It really seems as if some people who venture to compare German historical and critical work with that of other nations have confined their attention to the German literature alone. If they had gone further afield and considered the history of this branch of studies during the last three hundred years, let us say, they would find that what they justly admire in the writings of modern German scholars and historians is neither so very new nor so very German as they are apt to imagine."

"The odd thing is that the idea of the solidarity of European thought and history is one of the chief lessons that may be learnt from some of the chief German thinkers. And what they say, more especially of philosophy is certainly true of historical scholarship and criticism. The discerning student who turns the pages of a German critic or historian will feel that his gratitude is due to many others besides the immediate author of the book before him. He owes something, to be sure, to the ardent scholars of the Renaissance, to the bold, far-reaching criticism of Joseph Scaliger, and to the patient industry of French Benedictines."

Now we had just been reading something of the history of history and we were struck with the modesty of Father Kent's claims for the place that rightfully belongs to the Benedictines in the development of critical history or historical criticism which so many would have us believe is the creation of modern German scholars. There are scholarly non-Catholics who will at once concede W. H. K.'s point. But there are "hordes of barbarians" not all Germans who would take his position

by storm. It may not be out of place to bring up reinforcements. James Thomson Shotwell, Ph. D., Professor of History in Columbia University, N. Y., has this to say which is very much to the point:

"The father of modern French History or at least of historical research, was André Duchesne (1584-1640), whose splendid collections of sources are still in use. Jean Bodin wrote the first treatise on scientific history (Methodus ad faciendam historiarem cognitionem, 1660), but he did not apply his own principles of criticism; and it was left for the Benedictine monks of the Congregation of St. Maur to establish definitely the new science. The place of this school in the history of history is absolutely without a parallel. Few of those in the audiences of Mollere, returning home under the grey walls of St. Germain-des-Près, knew that within that monastery the men whose midnight they disturbed were laying the basis for all scientific history; and few of the later historians of that age have been wiser. But when Luc d'Achery turned from exegetics to patristics and the lives of the saints, as a sort of way to that vast work of collection and comparison of texts which developed through Mabillon, Montfaucon, Ruinart, Martene, Bouquet and their associates, into the indispensable implements of modern historians."

Professor Shotwell is not a Catholic. Whether or not the man who writes "revelation no longer appeals to scientific minds as a source of knowledge" is a Christian we cannot say. Perhaps he is merely stating an historic fact. But that is not surprising. In rewriting history according to the scientific method Protestants and agnostics have done much to shatter the Protestant tradition based on the rhetoric that has so long passed for history.

The German myth fares no better. As Father Kent pointedly and pithily tells the worshippers at the shrine of German culture: "The odd thing is that the idea of the solidarity of European thought and history is one of the chief lessons that may be learnt from some of the chief German thinkers."

Minerva may have come from the head of Jupiter, but neither critical history nor any other modern science has sprung full-blown from the minds of modern German scholars.

THE SPIRITUAL SIDE OF EDUCATION

Continuing, Mr. Knox stated that he was sorry to say the spiritual side has been sadly neglected. "The schools of the past have grievously erred in laying too much stress on the intellectual and neglecting the spiritual elements."

The foregoing is from the Free Press summary of the Rev. W. J. Knox's address to the East Middlesex Teachers' Association on "The Social Function of Education." It is gratifying to note this additional evidence that observant and thinking Protestants are not far from agreement with Catholics as to the inadequacy and incompleteness of education without religion. We do not wish to strain what the Rev. Mr. Knox says, nor do we at all care to score a useless point against the public schools. The speaker would hardly advocate the Catholic solution, as it seems impracticable for non-Catholics. Nevertheless, the growing sense of the inadequacy of purely secular education in the schools to which men like Mr. Knox give expression strengthens the case for separate schools. Broadly speaking, however, the separate school is possible only in urban centres of population. Fully one third of our children in this province attend public schools; doubtless a still larger proportion in other parts of Canada.

To class our public schools with the positively anti-Christian, indeed frankly atheistic, state schools of France is to commit a serious offence against justice and truth. The Catholic objection to them is that they do not provide sufficiently for the teaching of definite religious truth which we believe is the basis of all spiritual culture. They do make some provision for such teaching. Against the recently notorious but now forgotten Nathan the Catholic women of Rome carried on a successful fight for the restoration of the right to have religious instruction given an hour a week in the capital of Christendom. That right is freely accorded to every clergyman or his appointee in Ontario. But Catholics would have something more; they would have the whole atmosphere of the school permeated by religion.

Mr. Bird S. Coler, former Comptroller of New York City, who once viewed the Catholic parochial school with distrust and suspicion was led to study the question in the concrete. His work "Two and Two Make Four"

is a masterpiece. He was a Methodist and he remains a Methodist; yet he had the courage of his convictions and gives in the work just mentioned the results of his study of the school question.

A recent lecture shows that he still possesses these convictions and the courage to express them. In this lecture he said:

"The trouble with our public school system, is that we have eliminated the essentials that make for character building. I think that in the parochial school system your Church has found the coefficient in public education."

"In these later years it has been my pleasure to study your parochial school system. I have found therein the saving principle which has been eliminated from the public school system. I found a secular education which in every recent test has shown superior efficiency over the public school education. I have found the idea of personal responsibility to God being pressed home upon the mind of the youth. I know of no other way of making good citizens. I do not believe there is any other way. Therefore, I can say, although I am not of your Church, that in its parochial school system you have built an institution that makes for the conservation of the American ideal of life and government."

"The evil against which that system is a protest has now general recognition. There is no educator of note in our country who doesn't recognize the lamentable weakness of the public school as a moral agent. The idea that secular education is sufficient, that teaching a man what there is to be known about the material side of life will enable him to meet and overcome moral dangers, has been exploded long ago. We know now that this kind of education is productive merely of criminals more dangerous than ignorant criminals; that it interposes no bar against dishonesty; that it gives life and form to no conception of justice; in short, that it has no cultural, moral value."

"Look wherever I will at any problem of health or politics or morals, I can find the solution only in those simple precepts of religion which were taught ages ago and which have never lost and never can lose their compelling force, because they are predicated upon eternal truth."

"These simple precepts you teach in your parochial school. These things, which are the most important things, which are neither of yesterday, nor to-day, nor to-morrow, but of all times, you give the place of importance in your educational scheme. In so doing you balance your system and you give to the American nation citizens who have a living faith, who have a clear and definite sense of their obligations as moral beings, who know their duty to their fellow-man, their country and their God. Of such as these an efficient citizenship is constituted."

"If education," says the Rev. Mr. Knox, "fails to relate the child to its surroundings it fails lamentably." "I have found the idea of personal responsibility to God being pressed home upon the mind of youth," says Mr. Coler and he adds: "I know of no other way of making good citizens." The Catholic Church has vast treasures of experience such as impels both gentlemen to point out where the public school falls short in things a Christian must consider essential. And she knows no other way to cultivate the spiritual side of human nature or to uphold moral character than to have the whole atmosphere of school life pervaded by religion."

AN IRISH AMERICAN ON THE WAR

Dr. James J. Walsh was with us again last week. President White of the Canadian Club expressed the hope, endorsed by everybody, that we may be able to call it "Dr. Walsh's annual visit."

The Irish American is a more or less unknown species of the genus homo to many Canadians. With all minds full of the war it was a happy inspiration of the Doctor's to preface his address on Education before the Canadian Club with a reference to the all-absorbing subject. Its application to the modern conception of education and its power to influence mankind is obvious; but it is safe to say that the more immediate interest centered in the fact that we were listening to an Irish American's view of the great world struggle.

It was a perceptible relief to find that, like an Irish friend of his in New York, he was neutral; it made no difference to him whether it was the Belgians, the Russians, the French or the British that won. The statement that if Canada became a German province to-day the United States would be a German province was greeted with some applause, but with somewhat more pronounced incredulous laughter. Dr. Walsh left no room for doubt as to his meaning; he was not joking.

The plea that this is a Teuton war of self defence against the Slav does not impress Dr. Walsh. "I studied in Germany; my old master Virchow was not a Teuton but a Slav; Treitczke is a Slav name; so is Nietzsche; likewise Von Bulow. Eastern Prussia is so predominantly Slav that the German officials never allow the statistics as to racial origin to enter the published Census reports. Belgium is Teutonic; Northern France is largely Teutonic; perhaps the population of England has a more important Teutonic element than that of Prussia." These statements are interesting taken in connection with G. K. Chesterton's article which we publish elsewhere in this issue.

That science owes so much to Germany is a popular belief to which the lecturer could not subscribe. "We do owe to Germany the magnificent organization of detail; we owe much to the patient industry of German talent; for the advances beyond the borderland of what was hitherto unknown we owe much more to the genius of other nations."

Perhaps even more than as an Irish American Dr. Walsh's view of the situation was interesting as one of the editors of the New York Herald. As one who sat two or three times a week at the editorial board of this great American journal, where a score of typical Americans interchange opinions one felt that Dr. Walsh reflected in a very special way educated and popular American sentiment.

To a query in a private interview he assured us that the anti-British Irishman represented at present an infinitesimal and altogether negligible proportion of the Irish in America.

Needless to say the Doctor's lectures, of which he delivered four, were a delight to his audiences. The versatility of the man, the depth and wide range of his reading in matters where he has come to be a recognized authority, and the charm of his scholarly personality made his day in London really what Chancellor McKeon in ecclesiastical terms called it—a first class feast.

MONSIGNOR BENSON

God's ways are surely inscrutable and incomprehensible. Which of us that followed the wonderful career of Monsignor Robert Hugh Benson but prophesied for him long years of fruitful labor for the cause of Truth. His was a life of extraordinary promise, and yet it has seemed good to Almighty God to call him to Himself in the full prime of life and the blossoming of his talents. In our prayers for the eternal repose of his gentle soul there is mingled a note of regret for what seems to us his untimely end, but He who orders all things wisely and well so decreed it, and so, without asking the reason why, we bow in humble submission to His will.

Born in 1871, the fourth son of the Archbishop of Canterbury, Primate of the Anglican Church, Robert Hugh Benson, after exercising Anglican orders, was received into the Catholic Church, in 1903, and in the following year was ordained to the holy priesthood in Rome. How he came to recognise the claims of what his father lightly named "the Italian Mission" is best told in his own words: "The truth first began to dawn on me some years ago when I was travelling down the Nile in Egypt. At one place where we stopped I discovered that the Catholic Church was located not in the middle of the city, not near the palaces, where it would have been the 'patronage' of the fashionable, but in a section where the poor Arabs lived in mud-huts. Here was a priest giving to these people the same message that was given to the members of the Roman communion in the most stately cathedrals of the world. The thought broke in upon me, I think for the first time, that that religion must be the true religion of Christ, for He had come that His message might reach all." His father's exalted position in the Established Church invested young Benson's conversion with peculiar and dramatic interest. But apart altogether from the accident of birth, Benson's burning zeal and his untiring devotion to the service of the Church, stamped him at once as a resolute champion of the Old Faith. His energy was inexhaustible. Preaching, lecturing, writing, he sowed the good seed up and down throughout England, and found time for an occasional visit to America, where he won new distinctions for himself and new honors for the Faith. The achievements of that

wonderful decade gave certain promise of great things in the years that seemed assured to him. But it was not to be thus. His work was done. A busy life has seen its close: a great figure in English Catholic life has passed for ever from the scene, but the inspiration of his work still lives and will continue to bear fruit long after the generous heart and the fertile brain of Robert Hugh Benson have crumbled into dust.

Monsignor Benson is best known as the author of a long list of remarkable books. Like his brothers, A. C. Benson and E. F. Benson, he had a ready pen at his command, which was also a pen of suggestive power. The mere enumeration of his published volumes vividly illustrates his remarkable fecundity and his tireless passion for work. The book of the "Love of Jesus," "Christ in the Church," "City set on a Hill," "Ecclesia," "The Church of Christ," "Non-Catholic Denominations," "Religion of a Plain Man," "Mysticism," "St. Thomas of Canterbury," "Friendship of Christ," "By What Authority," "Conventionalists," "Cost of a Crown," "Coward," "Dawn of All," "History of Richard Raynall," "The King's Achievement," "The Light Invisible," "Lord of the World," "Mirror of Shalott," "Nativity Mystery Play," "Necromancers," "None other Gods," "Papers of a Parish," "The Queen's Tragedy," "The Sentimentalists," "A Winningway," "Alphabet of the Saints," "Come Rack, Come Rope," "Confessions of a Convert," "An Average Man," and "Initiation," are some of the products of his busy pen. It seems almost impossible that such a diversified and lengthy list could be the output of such a brief literary career, and it is all the more remarkable when we bear in mind that writing was only one field of his activity. The speed at which his books were produced militated against mastery of language, but if they lack somewhat of style they are brimful of human interest. Benson did not aim at correctness of diction. He wrote for a purpose. His books were missionary, and with the missionary earnestness is more potent than eloquence. If, when he preached in London, members of every communion flocked to hear him, yet it was through his books that he reached his largest audience. Through them he preached to a world audience, and many a one who would never dream of going to church to hear a sermon, and many another who would resent any attempt to place the claims of the Catholic Church before them, read Benson and, all unconsciously, had the sermon and the apologetics preached to them. And yet Benson was never "preachy" thus illustrating the fact that the novel, so ill-used to-day, may be made to serve a very lofty purpose without being sentimentally "goody-goody." Woven round a very prosaic dogma the reader finds a delicious story which presents the staid old doctrine forcibly, and yet so that he who runs may read. We shall not attempt to decide which of his numerous literary progeny is his master piece. "By What Authority," "The King's Achievement" and "The Sentimentalists" all have their champions, but for ourselves we confess that we admire most his soul-stirring "Come Rack? Come Rope," which has been well described as an epic of the English martyrs. The Catholic who could read it and withstand the temptation to fall on his knees and thank God that he, too, belonged to the old Faith, is made of very unresponsive matter indeed. In the passing of Monsignor Benson a brilliant star has fallen from the firmament of Catholic letters. But that it is only to shine with greater brilliancy in the firmament of heaven shall be our heartfelt prayer. Peace to his ashes.

COLUMBA.

NOTES AND COMMENTS

THE DEATH OF Archbishop Howley of St. Johns, Newfoundland, removes a very interesting figure from the ecclesiastical arena of North America. He was not only a distinguished prelate, and the first native of Britain's "Oldest Colony" to wear the mitre within its borders, but he possessed also literary gifts of no mean order, which, had the cares of the episcopal office not intervened, would assuredly have brought him fame in that line. As it is, he was the author of an "Ecclesiastical History of Newfoundland," written while he was Prefect Apostolic of West Newfoundland, (Bay St. George), and published by Doyle and Whittle of Boston, in 1888, which does not suffer by comparison with the best

work of the kind produced elsewhere on this Continent. It stamped its author as an ecclesiastical historian of wide knowledge and discrimination, who also possessed, in no insignificant degree, the art of literary expression.

IT IS NOT here our intention of sketching the life of Archbishop Howley, or of describing his work as the head of the Church in the Island Province. That can better be done by those who were his co-laborers in the ministry and in possession therefore of intimate knowledge of his merits as priest, Prefect Apostolic of the fishermen of the West Coast, and Archbishop of St. John's. Personally, we knew him chiefly as man of letters and historical investigator, who from his early years was always on the alert to gather information, and who, to use his own words, grasped every opportunity of elucidating a knotty point or of uncovering the self-sacrificing labors of the pioneers of the Faith in Newfoundland. "Everything bearing upon the past history of the country," he said, "every anecdote of the olden time; every scrap of manuscript; every inscription or epitaph having the slightest pretension to antiquity; every vestige of the former occupation of Newfoundland, whether civil, military, or ecclesiastical—in a word, everything with the shadow of a claim to archaeological distinction was immediately transferred to the notebook or sketch-book, with a view to being at some future day presented to the public." This proclaims the true instinct of the historical craftsman, not the shallow deliverances of the hack, who, in perpetrating a book to order, inevitably betrays in every line that the subject has been read-up for the occasion.

THERE ARE some incidents however in Archbishop Howley's life which, as leading up to the literary part of his later career, we cannot forbear mentioning. He was, like so many of the Maritime clergy, educated at the Propaganda, a fact which, putting him as it did, in touch with the fountain-heads of ecclesiastical learning and with churchmen and scholars from every country in the world, fostered and developed that largeness of mind and breadth of sympathy which marked his subsequent career as priest and prelate in his Island home.

SHORTLY AFTER his ordination in Rome in 1868, he was chosen (in 1869) by the Sacred Congregation to go to Scotland as Secretary to Right Rev. Mgr. Eyre, the newly-appointed Vicar Apostolic of the Western District. The latter, who, upon the restoration of the Scottish Hierarchy in 1878 became Archbishop of Glasgow, was himself an archaeologist of distinction and we may be sure that Dr. Howley's association with him tended greatly to increase his own ardor in that direction. On the opening of the Vatican Council in 1870, Father Howley accompanied Mgr. Eyre to Rome, and it was on that occasion that he received his Doctor's degree, *honoris causa*, from the Cardinal Prefect of the Propaganda, he having been obliged to leave Rome on the Scottish mission in the midst of his preparation for that distinction.

WE FEEL that under the circumstances no apology is necessary to our readers for devoting several paragraphs to the valuable History of the Church in Newfoundland which constitutes the late Archbishop's chief claim to distinction as an historian. It was published as far back as 1888, and has not, we believe, been republished. In this interesting volume, Dr. Howley surveys the whole history of the Island, giving special attention to its first discovery, and to its settlements under John Guy and Sir George Calvert (afterwards Lord Baltimore). Neither of these were destined to be permanent. Governor Guy, disheartened after two years, retired after two years and the rights of his Company subsequently passed into the hands of Sir George Calvert. The latter's attempt at colonization, though full of promise and pursued while it lasted with great energy and ability, was later transferred to the more equable soil of Maryland with results which all the world knows, and which have perpetuated the Founder's name in one of the leading cities of the United States.

PASSING OVER the intervening period we come to the first permanent establishment of the Catholic Church in Newfoundland. In 1689, Mgr. de St. Vallier, second Bishop of





CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

A PEACEABLE MAN

1 Keep thyself first in peace and then thou wilt be able to bring others to peace.

A peaceable man does more good than one that is very learned.

A passionate man turns every good to evil and easily believes evil.

A good, peaceable man turns all things to good.

He that is in perfect peace suspects no man, but he that is discontented and disturbed is tossed about with various suspicions; he is neither quiet himself, nor does he suffer others to be quiet.

He often says that which he should not say, and omits that which would be better for him to do.

He considers what others are obliged to do, and neglects that to which he himself is obliged.

Have therefore a zeal in the first place over thyself and then thou mayest justly exercise thy zeal toward thy neighbor.

2 Thou knowest well enough how to excuse any color thy own doings and thou wilt not take the excuse of others.

It were more just that thou shouldst accuse thyself and excuse thy brother.

If thou wilt be borne with, bear also with another.

It is no great thing to be able to converse with them that are good and meek, for this is naturally pleasing to all. And everyone would willingly have peace and love those best that agree with themselves.

But to live peacefully with those that are harsh and perverse, or disorderly, or such as oppose us, is a great grace and highly commendable and manly.

3 Some there are who keep themselves in peace and have peace also with others.

And there are some that are neither at peace with themselves, nor suffer others to be in peace; they are troublesome to others, but always more troublesome to themselves.

And some there are who keep themselves in peace and study to restore peace to others.

He who knows how to suffer will enjoy much peace.

Such a one is a conqueror of himself and lord of the world, a friend of Christ and an heir of heaven.—Thomas A. Kempis.

STAYING OUT LATE AT NIGHT

The young man who stays out until late endangers his good name. What sort of persons do you generally find out late at night? Thieves, libertines, evildoers. "Every one that doeth evil hateth the light that his works may not be revealed." Is it very creditable to young men to haunt the streets at a time when such persons are astir? Certainly not; it is, on the contrary, a disgrace to be found in such company. Besides, being out late at night brings young men into all sorts of dangerous temptations to sin.

Health is endangered. Exposure to the night air and a consequent loss of necessary sleep are by all medical men considered injurious to health. Persons out late meet with drunken men and often get into quarrels; they are sometimes roughly handled and even seriously injured. But the principal danger is to the virtue of the young man who makes a practice of being out late at night. His associates are generally people of dissolute habits who know nothing of the fear of God, and to whom uprightness of character is a term without meaning. Their lips overflow with boasting, their conversation is vulgar and low, their jokes are coarse and improper. "They have sharpened their tongues like a serpent, the venom of asps is under their lips." (Ps. cxxxix. 4). The mouth of the fool bubbleth out folly. (Prov. xv. 2). What can be learned from such companions? Their example is bad and, unfortunately, influences many a Christian young man for evil.

It is further an immoral habit, because it is against the order which God has established. God appointed the night for rest. No sooner has the sun set than a delightful quiet comes over nature, the birds repair to their nests, the flowers close the calyxes and droop, man who has labored all day feels the need of rest. The person who prepares to go out at this time separates himself from the order of nature. He who has worked during the day is entitled to rest during the night. But the principal objection to wandering about at night from a moral standpoint is that it gives occasions to sins which young people would be ashamed to commit in the day time. Young men go about from place to place drinking and carousing; they frequent places of doubtful character, are found in company in which they should be ashamed to be seen. Much that is profane and infamous goes under the mantle of darkness which under the light of day should bring the blush of shame to the cheeks of the Christian youth. They do not stop at words, they proceed to deeds, "rioting, chambering and impurities," of which the apostle speaks.—Exchange.

TEN PROMISES

"I will study the language of gentleness and refuse to use words that bite and tones that crush."

"I will practice patience at home lest my testy temper break through unexpectedly and disgrace me."

"I will remember that my neighbors have troubles enough to carry without loading mine on them."

"I will excuse others' faults and failures as often and fully as I expect others to be lenient with mine."

"I will cure criticism with commendation, close up against gossip and build healthy loves by service."

"I will be a friend under trying tests and wear everywhere a good-will face unchilled by aloofness."

"I will never gloat over gains, but amass only to enrich others and so gain a wealthy heart."

"I will love boys and girls, so that old age will not find me stiff and sour."

"I will gladden my nature by smiling out loud on every occasion and by outlooking optimistically."

"I will pray frequently, think good things, believe men and do a full day's work without fear or favor."—Author Unknown.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

WHEN TEDDY WAS SICK

Teddy was sick in bed. The doctor had just come; Teddy could hear him talking with mamma in the next room.

"I can't persuade him to touch the milk," his mother was saying. "He never drinks it when he is well. What shall I do?"

Teddy listened eagerly for an answer—Doctor Huntington was such a kind, jolly man.

"Starve him to it."

Teddy could hardly believe he heard aright. He trusted his ears still less when the doctor walked on smiling, up to the bedside.

"How do you feel this morning?" he asked, taking Teddy's wrist in his cool hand.

"I haven't had anything to eat," whined the little boy. "I can't drink milk."

"You'd better try," said the doctor. "I can't. Mayn't I have a cookie?"

"No."

"Or some bread and butter?"

"No."

"Why not?"

"Because milk is better for you."

"But I can't drink it."

The doctor was preparing a powder, and did not reply. Teddy wondered if he heard.

"Did you ever hear the story of the little woodchuck?" Doctor Huntington looked up with merry eyes.

"No, sir," said Teddy. "What is it?"

"Well, it was this way," and the doctor seated himself comfortably in his chair. "There was once a little woodchuck that lived in a nice, deep hole with his mother. There was nothing he liked to do quite so well as to run around in the sunshine. At the other end of the lot there was a tall tree, and one morning the little woodchuck's mother said: 'To day you must learn to climb that tree. I cannot always be here to protect you, and if a dog should catch you away from home you'd be in a fine plight.'"

But the little woodchuck looked up the steep trunk, and said: 'Oh, I can't.' The next morning his mother said to him again: 'To day you must certainly learn to climb that tree!'

But once more the little woodchuck answered, 'I can't,' and ran off to play in the sunshine.

It was not long before the mother went to visit a neighbor. The little woodchuck was having a glorious time, when all of a sudden he heard a yelp, and there was a dog rushing toward him! He looked longingly at his home across the lot; but the dog was between—and he was coming nearer every second! The little woodchuck ran as hard as he could make his feet fly, but the dog ran faster. Just as he thought he could not run much farther, he came to the big tree. 'Dear me!' he gasped, 'I can't climb it!' And then, because the dog was almost upon him, and because there wasn't anything else to do, the little woodchuck just scrambled up that tree—up, up, till he was out of the dog's reach! You see, he had to, and so he did. I hope to-morrow I shall find you a great deal better."

And the doctor smiled a kind good-bye.

Teddy lay thinking after his mother and Doctor Huntington had gone out.

"I wonder if I could," he thought, "I'm awfully hungry!" and he reached for the glass of milk on the table by his bed.

When his mother came back the glass was empty, and Teddy was smiling contentedly among the pillows.—True Voice.

THE SISTER AND THE SOLDIER

Preaching in St. Paul's Church, Washington, His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons said:

"Many a narrative and thrilling story of the sublime charity of our devoted Sisters has been cited."

"Shortly before the Spanish-American War two Sisters of Charity were walking in the street of Boston, and while passing a corner of the street one was grossly insulted by a young person, who assailed her with vile language. She simply and silently pursued her journey."

"Some time afterward, when the war broke out, the youth enlisted in the army. He was wounded and taken to a hospital. The Sisters nursed and attended him with motherly care. He was deeply impressed with their attention, and one day said to the Sister in charge: 'I love the religion which inspires such sentiment as you exhibit and will embrace that religion, but I have committed a sin which weighs upon my conscience. I once insulted one of your companions, and I would peacefully die if I knew she forgave me.'"

"Let your mind be at rest," replied the Sister. "It was I whom you insulted. I recognized you when you

ROYAL Yeast Cakes BEST YEAST IN THE WORLD. DECLINE THE NUMEROUS INFERIOR IMITATIONS THAT ARE BEING OFFERED AWARDED HIGHEST HONORS AT ALL EXPOSITIONS E.W. GILLETT COMPANY LIMITED. WINNIPEG TORONTO ONT. MONTREAL

THE WELL BRED GIRL

The girl who is well-bred never finds it necessary to announce the fact to the world. Good breeding is as natural to her as breathing, and as necessary, too.

She never gossips or listens to tales about her friends. This sort of conversation is not pleasing to her.

The well-bred girl seldom apologizes—it is not necessary for her to do so, because she is always careful of other people's feelings, and she never talks of her private affairs.

The well bred girl never makes herself conspicuous in public places, and does not permit herself to be drawn into any arguments in conversation which might involve others.

She is gracious and hospitable, giving of what she has with a good will, and never attempts to entertain in a way she cannot afford. Indeed, she is just a simple, wholesome girl, careful of other people's feelings and always has a ready fund of sympathy for those in trouble.

RULES FOR A BOY

It is mean to allow another boy to be blamed for your faults.

It is mean to take advantage of a fellow who does not know about things as well as you do.

It is very mean to take anything that is not yours, even if it is only a stamp or pencil or a button.

Keep honest and always quite straight in little things.

Always speak the truth.

Keep your mind and your thoughts pure and clean.

SHAMELESS BRUTALITY

Riot reigns in Mexico. Animal passions are dominant. Shameless brutality is the order of the day. The Carranzistas are in power; so, too, is the demon of hate and lust.

A motley horde swept down the broad avenues of the capital, bearing banners that flung defiance in the very face of God. Religion was blasphemed, God was outraged. There was order in those ranks; the ranks broke and anarchy began to reign.

Houses were looted, schools were closed, Sisters were driven hither and thither, priests were made prisoners, thrown into stables, left there without food or drink, and then were submitted to a mock execution.

This is the triumph of a policy conceived in iniquity and executed in human blood. Never since the days of the French Revolution have such crimes been done against innocent men and women. Never has God been blasphemed more shamelessly.

Imagine it, some twenty priests are held up to us as champions of freedom and enlightenment! Imagine it, consecrated virgins outraged by abandoned, brutal men called liberators! Was there ever a story of greater shame? Was civilization ever brought into greater contempt? The wild, untamed savages slew Sisters, but respected their virtue.

"Mexicans, Mexicans thought fit to be hailed as champions of democracy lacked the instincts of savages and perpetrated sins that make decency blush. The infamy of it! The shame, the crime of condoning the acts of godless men who revel in an orgy of lust!

"No more Roman Catholic Churches."

"No more priests."

"We need no more churches, only schools."

"It is not necessary for people to believe in God, whom no one can see."

"We shall not permit churches to be opened."

But why write more? The tale is sickening. Besides there are others in the United States who know more of this pillage and rapine and murder than the writer. Let them speak out. The faction that communicated with Huerta nine months since, offering him help and immunity from interference, if he would but carry out a campaign of persecution, could illuminate us. It has secrets to reveal, in which we are all interested. Can we coax it to talk? We are ready to listen. Begin, then, speak out, you who know.—America.

DO YOUR RUBB SCOURING SCRUBBING WITH Old Dutch Cleanser

HAS NO EQUAL FOR CLEANING METAL WOOD MANY USES & FULL DIRECTIONS ON LARGE SIFTER-CAN 10¢

THE HURRY OUT CATHOLIC

The late Fathew Matthew Russell, S. J., the kindly editor of the Irish Monthly for forty years, on many occasions referred to the "hurry out Catholic."

"How does he spend the time that he saves so carefully?" Father Russell asked, and he commented:

"What madness, to hurry over our religious duty in order to have more time for doing something immensely less important than the duty that we leave half done, or much less well done than we could do it if we gave it to full time and our full attention."

A very active professional man broke down in health and came up to consult the Dublin physicians. He and his son attended Mass in one of the Dublin churches. At the end of

the Holy Sacrifice, while the altar was being prepared for benediction, several persons went away without waiting for that beautiful and solemn rite. The dying man—for such he really was—had to drive to his hotel in a cab, and on the way he said to his son: "You saw those people—never do that! You may want that blessing yet!"

THE SPREAD OF DISCONTENT

Joseph Barondess, one of the leaders of the Jewish workers in New York city, who has been a prominent Socialist, has formally abjured Socialism.

"I have gradually come to realize," he said, "that the Socialists only use the trades unions as a means to their own political ends. Their far-fetched theories have nothing to offer for the immediate improvement of labor. The Socialists have discovered some of the best efforts of the laborers to improve their condition. The leaders of this movement have constantly been sowing discontent, discouragement and despair among the people."

CATHOLICS AND SOCIALISM

Because we Catholics denounce Socialism, (sometimes without really being sure of our ground) we are accused by Socialists of defending every evil of the present social order.

As a matter of fact the Catholic Church stands for justice as between rich and poor, capitalist and laborer, always and ever; and a Catholic is soundly so when, denouncing Socialist extremes, he denounces also the injustice of those who to day would make the common people wage slaves.

A poem by the Rev. P. J. Cormican, S. J., which we find in the New York Freeman's Journal, expresses so strongly and so admirably the Church's condemnation of the injustice done to the poor by those who exploit them, that we take the liberty of reproducing it here for our readers:

"THE SIN THAT CRIES FOR VENGEANCE" O ye, who hire the working poor And give them only what you must! Your ill-got wealth will not endure, Your hoard will crumble into dust.

You starve and stunt the growing child, You take the sunshine from its life, You drive it into ways defiled, You fill its youth with bitter strife.

You keep at work the tender maid 'Till late at night, without her due, The overworked and underpaid Have no redress from such as you.

You pluck the blossom from her face, You steal the vigor from her limb, You rob her figure of its grace You make her lustrous eyes grow dim.

You change the poor to poorer yet, You hoard your gold nor know for whom;

From all your millions you may get, Perhaps, a more expensive tomb.

Or else you spend your stolen wealth In one long round of social life; You care not for the failing health Of starving child or struggling wife.

Your very blood is changed to gall, Your human heart is turned to stone; You know the earth is made for all, And not to sate the rich alone.

Redress must come,—but not from those Who banish God and wreck the home; The cure for human ills and woes Is furnished by the Creed of Rome.

For ever since the Church began, She shields the weak from age to age; She preaches love from man to man, She claims for all a living wage.

She says: "O ye, who grind and cheat; Whose creed is false, whose greed is true! What justice you to others mete, The same the Lord will mete to you."

We may say in connection with this that while we have noted with approbation the anti Socialist campaign financed by the Knights of Columbus, we believe that it should be supplemented by another movement aiming to instruct Catholics (and non-Catholics too) as to where the Church really stands on this whole subject of social and economic justice.

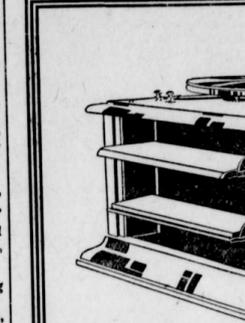
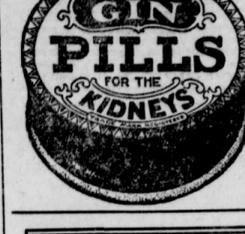
This movement should make it plain that in opposing Socialism the Catholic Church is not blaspheming the present system in toto, and is not rejecting every effort at reform and readjustment.

We greatly fear that in laying so much stress on the "anti" side, we are creating this false impression among outsiders—an impression fostered and strengthened for their own purposes by those whose position and influence we fondly believe ourselves to be demolishing. We greatly fear that we are putting ourselves in a false light before the public by a policy of negation and protest instead of one of affirmation and construction.

In order to make this matter clear to everybody, a programme of social reform that is essentially Christian and sound should be evolved—a programme that Catholics everywhere could safely subscribe to and labor for—and the exposition of this programme should then be entrusted to men who know their subject thoroughly, and who have the ability to present it sympathetically and winningly. We have such men in the Catholic Church of America, and they could accomplish a wonderful work in the field indicated.—Sacred Heart Review.

WE'LL SEND THE FIRST

few doses of Gin Pills to you free—if you have any Kidney or Bladder Trouble. After you see how good they are—get the 50c. size at your dealer's. National Drug & Chemical Co. of Canada, Limited Toronto



New Columbia "Comet"

We have been Six Years Working Out this And HERE IT IS FOR \$20.00 And at such terms that it will be paid for in almost no time. The price is so small you won't feel it any more than if you bought a dining-room chair.

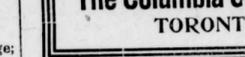
If you've been waiting, knowing you were going to buy a Talking Machine some time, but have hesitated to put \$250 into it—the time has come.

You don't have to spend \$250; you don't have to spend \$100; nor \$75; nor \$50; nor even \$25—for here is the new Columbia COMET at \$20.

Now take this literally: the tone of this instrument is all that any \$250 Machine could give you—and that includes the \$250 Columbia, which is far superior in its tone quality and tone volume to anything you have ever heard.

So come and let us demonstrate it. We'll send it home on approval if you wish.

Latest Columbia Double-Disc Records 85c. The Columbia Graphophone Co. TORONTO, ONT.



ST. BASIL'S HYMNAL

Full Musical Score and Words The Finest Single Volume Collection of Liturgical Music and English Hymns ever published Complete Services for Vespers and Benediction. Music for Miss Cantata and Mass for the Dead. Specially adapted for sodalities, Choirs, Colleges, Parochial Schools, Sunday Schools and Institutions. Use St. Basil's Hymnal and thus have the best and cheapest work now offered in Church Music.

PRICE PER DOZ. \$7.20: SINGLE COPY 75c.

REVEREND DEAR FATHER:—I take great pleasure in adding my name to that of your most Reverend Archbishop, in commending to Catholic Institutions your most useful work. ST. BASIL'S HYMNAL is calculated to promote devotional singing, which is a powerful element in the cause of religion.

St. Basil's Hymnal and Hymn book are now in use in every diocese of United States and Canada and increasing in popularity every year.

ST. BASIL'S HYMN BOOK

A companion book to St. Basil's Hymnal, containing all the words of every psalm, hymn and anthem, numbered to correspond. Besides it is a complete prayer book for children. Substantially bound in flexible cloth. PRICE PER HUNDRED \$12.00: SINGLE COPY 15c.

THE CATHOLIC RECORD

LONDON CANADA

Fare \$3.00 DAILY BETWEEN BUFFALO & CLEVELAND



THE GREAT SHIP "SEANDBEE" Length 500 feet; breadth 98 feet; 6 inches; 510 staterooms and perform accommodating 1500 passengers. Greater in cost—larger in all proportions—faster in all appointments—than any steamer on inland waters of the world. In service June 15th.

Magnificent Steamers "SEANDBEE," "City of Erie" and "City of Buffalo" Daily—BUFFALO AND CLEVELAND—May 1st to Dec. 1st

Leave Buffalo 9:00 P. M. Leave Cleveland 9:00 P. M. Arrive Cleveland 7:30 A. M. Arrive Buffalo 1:30 A. M. (Eastern Standard Time)

Connections at Cleveland for Put-In-Bay, Toledo, Detroit and all points West and Southwest. Railroad tickets reading between Buffalo and Cleveland are good for transportation on our steamer. Ask your ticket agent for tickets via C. & B. Line. Write us for handsome illustrated booklet free. THE CLEVELAND & BUFFALO TRANSIT CO., Cleveland, O.

LETTER FROM FATHER FRASER

Aug. 5, 1914. Feast of Our Lady of the Snows.

Dear Mr. Editor,—If in Rome the heat was anything like we have it here the prodigy we commemorate to day was certainly a great miracle.

I wrote you a few weeks ago about a visit to a place newly opened up to the Faith and now I am on the war-path again over the mountains and through the valleys battling for the souls for whom Christ died; the souls of the heathen Chinese.

On Saturday last I set out from Taichowfu, my central station, to visit another place newly opened up to the gospel.

I have rented a house there and pay a catechist to look after our interest. It is a stronghold of Protestantism, but we have done wonderfully well for the few months we have been there and many are converts from the sects.

Even my catechist and his wife are recent converts from Anglicanism. It is twenty miles from Taichowfu, a matter of a few minutes in America in a fast train but it took me seven hours to make the trip.

I rose at 4, said Mass and at 6 mounted a portable chair carried by two poles by two men. It is covered to keep out the sun and rain and looks like a little carriage without wheels.

The poles are of bamboo and besides supporting the chair act also as springs. At every step one bobs up and down like a baby in its cradle.

By the way Chinese cradles are simply baskets without rockers. The baby is bumped right and left but apparently likes it. It is quite pleasant to ride in a sedan chair more so than in a carriage.

"No wonder," as a Scotch Catholic missionary expressed it, "it is riding on human flesh." But last Saturday it was anything but pleasant. The blazing sun, 150 degrees above zero, beat down on my tiny vehicle and made it hot as an oven.

I would have descended and walked but the big boulders of which the path was made were scorching hot and polished smooth by the millions of barefooted Chinamen who passed over them thus rendering walking with boots impossible and with a glaring sun overhead dangerous from sunstroke.

But God is good to his missionaries. Quantities of watermelons could be had cheap in the shelters, which charitable persons have constructed every few miles along the road, and, big jars of tea, without milk or sugar, could be had for nothing.

My chair bearers plodded on with wonderful endurance and I sat pent up within for seven hours! This is only half what they can do in a day. I have seen them carry me for twelve hours! These men are not, as workmen, they live in kind of hilly stables and do nothing else for a living but carry people.

The Chinese are all insured to hardship. A few days ago some country boys passed the night in my house in order to receive Communion the next day. I went to see if they were comfortable and found them prepared to sleep on boards with a brick as a pillow. One day we could not find the sharpening stone, at last we found that a convert under instruction was using it for a pillow.

Very few people have anything but hard beds to sleep on. On arriving at my destination, Da Zie, (Great Stone) I heard the confessions of a handful of recently baptized persons and next day, Sunday, preached a sermon to the hundred or more converts and pagans assembled to hear me. It was my first visit and I was much consoled to see the crowd. Thanks be to God and to my benefactors abroad!

After Mass a convert lady told me she was afraid to go home, that her husband had made a fuss on seeing her in the chapel and would certainly beat her on her return. The catechist told me she came every Sunday in spite of the beating. Only once she missed. It was when her husband sat at the door all day and threatened to kill her if she went out. He also said that the blood flowed from her head after the beating she got one Sunday. I would not be surprised if she gets martyred some day.

ONE-DAY SERVICE SIMPSON SERVICE

ONE DAY SERVICE We will ship your parcel within one day of the time we receive your order.

THE SIMPSON COMPANY LIMITED TORONTO

tacked I thought it a strange coincidence to be reciting the psalm: "The Lord is my protector, whom shall I fear? Whilst those who injure me approach to eat my flesh, my enemies to trouble me, they have become infirm and fallen. I armies arise against me my heart will not fear. . . For He has hidden me in His tabernacle and protected me in the day of evils."

(My own translation as I have not an English Bible with me.) Here is what happened. Twenty or so robbers stopped all the people going both ways, made them sit in a pagan temple until they numbered eighty. Rich and poor, even beggars, were all captured for fear the news would spread. They were all relieved of their money and good clothing and then allowed to go. Chinese highwaymen will not kill or strike you unless you offer resistance. One brigand exchanged his ragged coat for that of a well-to-do captive. They are also decent; a pair of trousers are left with each person. I fully expected to meet them that day, and for that reason left behind my portable altar with its chalice, holy oils and other sacred things. I also put my watch and most of the money I had in an inside pocket, leaving a few dimes in an outer pocket which I intended to offer them for I do not think they would search a foreigner. They don't know where his pockets are, and as for his clothes they would be worse than useless as people would know they were stolen.

The young man who carried my valise was robbed of his little belongings on his return trip yesterday. I was amused and pleased to listen to a conversation between the two men who shouldered my chair. It was about a Catholic woman and her little boy whom I baptized in the spring and whom they had carried to their distant home a few months ago after their instruction in my catechism had been finished. It appears that she would descend from the chair every now and then and walk to relieve their hardship, which was an unkind act of charity, for was a woman and her little boy five years old would not bear of riding whilst his mother walked. These men used all the adjectives in their vocabulary to express their admiration of these newly regenerated Christians. Thanks again to the RECORD subscribers and readers who have enabled me to support the women and children during their preparation for baptism. What a great influence for good and how many converts will be made by the hundreds of others I have of late been able to bring into the fold.

At 11 o'clock I arrived in the city in which I am writing, having made twenty miles that morning in six hours. I was pleased to see the work of the new church progressing nicely—the church of which you remember I laid the corner stone last March—and hope to finish it in about a month. We have no lightning rods here, but yesterday just before a thunderstorm I hung a miraculous medal on the cross, which is much higher than any other building in the city in the hope that Our Lady will protect the church. To have it struck by lightning would be a great blow to our holy religion. The people here think it a punishment from the god of lightning whom they adore. Yesterday I sent a helper to buy a lot in a town thirteen miles from here. The wall around the lot I told you about in a town ten miles in another direction is I hear completed. Your readers will be glad to hear that their money is being put into circulation for the glory of God. I hope that the rumors which are being spread are not true, namely that the robber rebel who vanquished the regular soldiers a few days ago is to enter this city and with bombs blow up the dwelling of its richest citizen, a mortal enemy of his. Five hundred soldiers have just arrived from the capital to bring him to task. I hear he likes the Catholic mission for its charity so there is not much to fear; besides we are not always in the arms of a most loving God.

Yours sincerely, J. M. FRASER.

P. S.—Address as usual Taichowfu. I will be back there in a month. My curia left here for that city this morning. To avoid the brigands he is taking a round about route—twelve hours in a chair, then three days by three different steamers! Such is life on the missions. J. M. F.

A LONG AND STEADY STRUGGLE

"It has often been charged against the Irish," says the Catholic Sentinel, "that they are a mercurial people, flighty and incapable of sustained effort. Their successful contest for self government is a triumphant refutation of the charge. It is difficult to find a parallel in the annals of any other nation ancient, or modern, for the patient and unremitting labor which the Irish people for a hundred years have devoted to the acquisition of self government. They have developed political leadership of high quality and they have accepted the rigorous discipline required for a campaign measured not by months or years but by generations."

"THE PEASANT POPE"

While Pius X. felt proud of the title of "the Peasant Pope" and never, never concealed his lowly origin, he would on no account permit anything approaching a reflection on humble birth. This has been proved by the well deserved rebuke he gave a deputation of French Catholics who came a few months after his election to the Papacy and petitioned Pius X. to give to their diocese a Bishop of aristocratic blood.

"That means," rejoined the Holy Father, "that if I were proposed as Bishop of your diocese a short time ago, you would have refused me. Now go home and wait for the Bishop the Pope may send you." And well might Pius X. feel convinced he was in good company as far as humble birth went. The father of Popes Adrian IV., Urban IV., John XXII., Benedict XII., Sixtus IV., Sixtus V. and Adrian VII. were respectively a beggarman, a cobbler, a tripe seller, a miller, a fisherman, a small market gardener and a ship carpenter. Philadelphia Standard and Times.

MENACE JOLTS FROM DECENT PROTESTANTS

The Menace issued on May 9, carried to its subscribers the plaintive confidences of its business manager who confessed that subscription receipts were falling off disastrously and the paper couldn't last much longer unless income improved. For our part we bear the news with fortitude. If the Menace disappears, the Protestant church can go on unvexed in the Christian way of vindicating itself.—"Speaking the truth in love." Its readers may think what they will about The Menace's truth, but they have evidently discovered unmistakable proof that it's short on love.—The Continent. (Presbyterian).

'TIS A BAD WIND,' ETC.

Appropos of the revival of interest in religious things resulting from the war in which France is engaged, the Monitor of Newark, N. J., says: "Many a Frenchman died with the Sacraments during this war, who, in other circumstances would be indifferent to religion and its ministrations."

DIED LALLY.—At Cornwall, Ont., on Sept. 30, 1914, Mr. John Lally, in his sixtieth year. May his soul rest in peace!

ARCHDIOCESE OF TORONTO NEW PIPE ORGAN IN COLLINGWOOD CHURCH

St. Mary's church, under the direction of Rev. Dr. O'Leary, has just installed a thoroughly modern Pipe Organ. Handsome contributions from Mr. Thomas Long of Toronto, and the Carnegie Corporation of New York, supplemented by Collingwood congregation, enabled the pastor to dedicate the instrument last Friday evening, Oct. 23rd free of all debt. Very Reverend W. K. Harris delivered the address and St. Mary's choir assisted in the recital given by the organist and Mr. F. Cumer.

USEFUL NEW INVENTION Enables Anyone to Play Piano or Organ Without Lessons

A Detroit musician has invented a wonderful new system which enables any person or little child to learn to play the piano or organ in one evening. Even though you know absolutely nothing about music or have never touched a piano or organ, you can now learn to play in an hour or two. People who do not know one note from another are able to play their favorite music with this method without any assistance whatever from anyone.

This new system which is called the Numerical Method, is sold in Canada by the Numerical Method Music Co. of Canada, and as they are desirous of at once making it known in every locality, they are making the following special free trial and half-price offer to our readers.

You are not asked to send any money until you have tried and are satisfied with the new method. The Numerical Company is willing to send it to you on one week's free trial, and you will not have to pay them one cent unless you desire to keep it. There are no express charges to be paid, as everything will be sent by mail. Simply write a letter or post card to the Numerical Method Music Co. of Canada, 118R Curry Hall, Windsor, Ontario, saying "Please send me the Numerical Method on seven days' free trial." If you are satisfied after trying it, the Method and fifty different pieces of sheet music will cost you only \$5, although the regular price of these is \$10. You should not delay writing, as the Numerical Company will not continue this special half-price offer indefinitely. Later on, the Method and fifty pieces of music will be sold at the regular price.

Beautiful Rosary Complete with Crucifix

This exquisite design Rosary is made from our best quality of faceted cut amethyst color beads, with strong lock link attachments and dainty crucifix. Our regular price for this Rosary is one dollar but to all readers of the Catholic Record we are offering a special discount of 25 p.c. and will send one postpaid upon receipt of 75c. Or if you will act as our representative in your district and sell only 12 of our size 10x20 multi color Rosaries. Pictures at 15c each, we will give you one of these beautiful Rosaries absolutely free.

Our Pictures are all reproductions of Famous Paintings and sell regularly in Art Stores at 50c each, so that at our wholesale price of 15c each, you can sell the entire lot in an hour. Order today when pictures are sold, remit us the amount of your sales \$1.50, and your Rosary will be sent you by return mail Address: COLONIAL ART CO., Box 22., Toronto, Ont.

THE GREATEST PIANO VALUES WE HAVE EVER OFFERED

Piano business generally since the outbreak of war has been very quiet, though now we can cheerfully announce a marked improvement during the past few weeks.

Still, we are overstocked, and believing there are many people who want pianos and who can afford them, we have priced a number of fine pianos at a most unusual cut in price—prices so much lower than the real value of the pianos we can honestly call them the greatest values we have ever offered.

We offer every piano we have on easy terms of payment, but the sample list we publish comprises a few that we have selected and specially priced for cash selling.

NOTE THE EXTRAORDINARY VALUES

DOMINION—A small upright piano by the Dominion Co., Bowmanville, in walnut case with three pedals, ivory and ebony keys, etc. Used, but as good as new. Special Cash Price \$170

MASON & RISCH—Upright piano by Mason & Risch, Toronto, in rosewood case, with plain polished panels. This piano is small, and while not new, has a good tone and an action in perfect order. Special Cash Price \$175

MEDELSSOHN—A very attractive upright piano, in mahogany case of modern style without covering. Has full length panels, three pedals with practice muffer, etc. Almost new. Special Cash Price \$180

BELL—A cabinet grand upright piano by the Bell Co., Guelph, case in handsome walnut, with plain polished panels, double repeating action, ivory and ebony keys, etc. As good as new. Special Cash Price \$215

MEDELSSOHN—A seven-and-a-third octave upright piano by the Mendelssohn Piano Co., Toronto, in handsome walnut case, with full length panels, ivory and ebony keys, etc. Almost new, and just as good as when received from factory. Special Cash Price \$215

GOURLAY—An upright grand piano of our finest grade, in mahogany case of colonial design. This piano is one of our most expensive styles; used for a while, but exchanged by its owner for a Gourlay Angelus player piano. In perfect order—cannot be told from new. Special Cash Price \$275

READ CAREFULLY

1. While pianos described above are priced especially for cash, we sell pianos anywhere in Canada on easy payments. We invite correspondence, and will try to arrange a plan to suit your convenience.

2. If you wish to secure one of the pianos in this list and can only pay half cash, we will arrange terms with you for the remainder for an additional \$10.

3. The pianos described above are only a few of our immense stock. If we have not included the kind or style you prefer, write us anyway. We will probably be able to suit you.

4. Every piano we sell is guaranteed for five years and will be shipped on approval. If not satisfactory to you on arrival it may be returned, and we will pay the return freight.

5. A new stool accompanies each piano.

CANADIAN CONTINGENT ARRIVES

SHIPS NOW RESUME THEIR MONTREAL SAILING DATES

The White-Star- Dominion Line announce the resumption of sailings commencing with the "Meganite" from Liverpool October 24th, from Montreal November 7th, S. S. "Canada" from Liverpool, October 31st, from Montreal, November 14th. The "Laurentic" November 7th, from Liverpool, Nov. 21st from Montreal, thus giving a weekly service until the close of navigation on the St. Lawrence.

The announcement of this schedule will be welcome news to intending passengers and shippers, as the "Laurentic" and "Meganite" are the largest steamers from Canada, and the last word in ship-building.

Christmas sailings are also announced from both Portland, Maine, and Halifax, Nova Scotia. The S. S. "Arabic" sailing from Portland, December 2nd, Halifax, December 3rd.

This steamer will make a noteworthy addition to the Christmas Fleet as she is the largest One Class Cabin (1st) steamer afloat, and has a reputation for "being as steady as a rock." She will be followed by the S. S. "Canada" from Portland, December 12th, from Halifax, December 13th.

THE MARVEL OF THE AGE LUMINOUS CRUCIFIX

This Crucifix is indeed a beautiful and strangely marvelous work of art.

By means of a wonderful and secret preparation, the body of this figure is made to absorb the rays of light during the day and at night these rays will shine forth a brilliant light showing the Christ Figure in almost startling relief, continuously throughout the darkest night. The darker the room, the better the result. The luminous effect is everlasting.

When darkness first comes on, the light is blue at first, and gradually changes to a light ivory light. This wonderful Crucifix is especially useful and comforting in the sick room. One can imagine the company and soothing effect to a sick person lying motionless in the darkness of the night.

This Crucifix makes an ideal gift for Christmas, Easter, Thanksgiving, Birthdays, or any special occasion. This Crucifix has been highly trained by Clergymen, Schools, Convents and Hospitals throughout the world. The size of the Crucifix is 14 1/2 inches high by 8 inches wide and is made of a fine grain colored wood, producing a beautiful smooth black effect. The body of our Lord is made of unbreakable material richly finished in imitation of fine marble.

We recommend these beautiful Crucifixes which were made to sell at \$5.00 each. Cheap at that. But in order to quickly introduce them into every Catholic home in Canada, we are offering them now at \$3.00 each. We will not be able to keep this special offer for long. Write us a Postcard TO-DAY and ask for OUR SPECIAL OFFER TO AGENTS.

WRITE US A POSTCARD TO-DAY AND ASK FOR OUR SPECIAL OFFER TO AGENTS.

COLONIAL ART CO., R. O., TORONTO, Ont.

NEW BOOKS

"The Practical Catholic." Maxims suited to Catholics of the Day. By Rev. Gabriel Palau, S. J. Published by Benziger Brothers, New York. Price 25c.

"The Training of Children and of Girls in Their Teens." By Madame Cecilia, Religious of St. Andrew's Convent, Stratham, London, S. W. Published by Benziger Brothers, New York. Price 35c.

"The Prophet's Wife." By Anna C. Browne. Published by Benziger Brothers, New York. Price \$1.25.

WANTED, HOUSEKEEPER FOR WIDOWER. Good home close to church and station. John McClary, La Salle, Ont. 1886-2

MISS MARIA DONAGHY, WHO LEFT THE town of Pembroke within the last ten years will learn something to her advantage by sending her present address to Box N, CATHOLIC RECORD Office, London, Ont. 1879-3

C. M. B. A. Branch No. 4, London Meets on the 2nd and 4th Thursday of every month at eight o'clock, at their Rooms, St. Peter's Parish Hall, Richmond Street. P. H. Bannan, President.

OPENING FOR DRUGGIST AND DENTIST FIRST CLASS DRUGGIST, ALSO DENTIST for exceptional opening in one of the best cities in Western Canada. Apply Box O, CATHOLIC RECORD office. 1880-2

Crucifix Edition This de lux edition Prayer Book is full bound in genuine leather. It has padded covers with enamel and gold design, and full gold edges. The inside of front cover is of virgin white moire finish, with handsome border embossed in gold.

The center panel is depressed and contains an exquisitely designed pear and gilt Crucifix with indulgenced prayer on opposite page.

It is full cathedral size 3 1/2 by 2 inches and contains 522 pages including Epistles and Gospels, Ordinary of the Mass, Novena to the Sacred Heart and Litanies.

The publisher's price of this Prayer Book is \$1.75 but we are very glad that we are able to give it to you for only \$1.50 post paid, and in order to quickly introduce it, we will also send you free an exquisite amethyst color bead Rosary, complete with Crucifix. Please order early and state whether French or English edition is desired.

Address: Canada Mail Order, 89, Toronto Arcade, Toronto, Ont

HOW BEST TO BUY FURNITURE

We have made it extremely convenient and economical for home folks living at a distance from Toronto to purchase Furniture, Rugs, Draperies, Stoves, Electric Fixtures, Baby Carriages, Sewing Machines, etc., by means of our photo-illustrated CATALOGUE NO. 14

It contains most remarkable values in home furnishings. Everything priced freight prepaid to any station in Ontario. Write for this catalogue to-day.

THE ADAMS FURNITURE CO., LIMITED - TORONTO

Long Distance Phones Main 6555, College 452 After Business Hours Phone, College 452

MEMORIAL WINDOW STAINED GLASS

ORIGINAL 1854

THE HOME BANK OF CANADA

HEAD OFFICES AND NINE BRANCHES IN TORONTO JAMES MASON, General Manager

BRANCHES AND CONNECTIONS THROUGHOUT CANADA There are many hundreds of substantial savings accounts with the Home Bank that were started years ago with a deposit of one dollar. Your dollar is always welcome. Full compound interest paid.

LONDON OFFICE 394 RICHMOND ST. W. J. Hill, Manager BRANCHES IN MIDDLESEX COUNTY London, Melbourne, Komoka, Thorndale, Idleton, Delawara, Lawrence Station

"Simplicity According to the Gospel." By Monseigneur de Gibeaux, Bishop of Valence. Author of "Faith," "Holy Communion," etc. Published by P. J. Kennedy & Sons, New York. Price 75c.

"Reading Julius Caesar." By Prof. W. F. P. Stockley, M. A., Professor of English University College, Cork. Published by The Talbot Press, Belfast. Price 35c net.

"The Red Ascot." By Esther W. Neill. Published by P. J. Kennedy & Sons, New York. Price \$1.25 net.

Everything in Catholic Church Supplies Special Sale of Vestments 405 YONGE STREET, TORONTO, ONT.

J. J. M. LANDY

Special Sale of Vestments

405 YONGE STREET, TORONTO, ONT.

THE MARVEL OF THE AGE LUMINOUS CRUCIFIX

This Crucifix is indeed a beautiful and strangely marvelous work of art.

By means of a wonderful and secret preparation, the body of this figure is made to absorb the rays of light during the day and at night these rays will shine forth a brilliant light showing the Christ Figure in almost startling relief, continuously throughout the darkest night. The darker the room, the better the result. The luminous effect is everlasting.

When darkness first comes on, the light is blue at first, and gradually changes to a light ivory light. This wonderful Crucifix is especially useful and comforting in the sick room. One can imagine the company and soothing effect to a sick person lying motionless in the darkness of the night.

This Crucifix makes an ideal gift for Christmas, Easter, Thanksgiving, Birthdays, or any special occasion. This Crucifix has been highly trained by Clergymen, Schools, Convents and Hospitals throughout the world. The size of the Crucifix is 14 1/2 inches high by 8 inches wide and is made of a fine grain colored wood, producing a beautiful smooth black effect. The body of our Lord is made of unbreakable material richly finished in imitation of fine marble.