

# The Catholic Record.

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

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### IS IT TRUE OF US?

There are a great many superior people in the world, that is, people who think themselves superior, fitted for great things, and quite above the trivial round and common task. Indeed, if people would be candid about the matter, most men and women have some of that feeling about them, for it is a fact that when we say such a quality is human nature, we also assert that it is in us.

Were it not so, we would not understand the matter at all. For instance, it would puzzle a man to comprehend a neighbour to whom two and two did not make four; and just because to everyone who understands what two and two means, they make what four means, all men are in sympathy on that point, and quite understand one another. Now this sense of superiority is in each one of us in some degree. In some of us it exists in an overweening amount.

Every man with "a lot" feels that he has missed his vocation; that he may do well enough where he is, but that he could have done better—done more justice to himself if he had been elsewhere. He has been "cast" for a walking-gentleman, and he knows he could act Hamlet. His talents—he is not proud, but every man has some talent (and so he excuses his vanity)—are thrown away in this profession. He wishes he had been in Politics—ah! that would have been his chance. Or if by chance he is in that "august assembly"—we think it is called by some, although others describe it as "congeries of time-servers, self-seekers, social aspirants, and guinea-pigs!"—then he is under the impression that he would have done better if he had been in command of the Fleet, or would have conducted the South African War better than Lord Roberts. And so it is in every walk of life. The costermonger feels himself superior to his barrow and his "moke." And perhaps this is a healthy feeling to begin with if it leads a man to show that he is superior to his station, if it leads to effort to do the great things for which the man thinks he is fitted; but if it does not do that, and leads only to "yammering" and complaining, and blaming fate and the gods for lost chances, which if he had had he would not have made use of, then it is the ugliest discontent that can exist in man. There is a noble kind of dissatisfaction, and it is very different from that ignoble discontent of the superior beings, who would put the blame of their failure upon circumstances rather than bear their own burden of blame. The noble dissatisfaction is a spur to endeavour, the ignoble is a mere thorn in the side of other's equanimity.

### THE GOLDEN MEAN

But one of the hardest problems of life is to steer between the Scylla and Charybdis of content and discontent. Without the seamanship which can achieve that compromise, you are lost. Content, which is a comely virtue in its way, will betray you, as all friends do. Content is the worst of pitfalls. You can do nothing, and you are as satisfied as if you had removed mountains or bridged seas. You fall in all you try, and yet content and self-complacency takes you by the hand and congratulates you on being an excellent fellow, full of great possibilities. You achieve a fiasco, and you sit down crowned with imaginary laurels by the same kind hand of content. All this wastes effort and spoils character, which is like a coral island reared in the ocean by a million little endeavours in the right direction. This is the content that damns.

At the same time, more discontent may be a bane. The man who girds at fate and deprecates his circumstances, whose heart is agape with envy, is apt to let muscles which were meant for work grow flaccid in despair. That is not the discontent which is, as we have seen, the trumpet call to battle. This despair is the funeral oration at the grave of endeavour. How are we to get through this difficult passage? If

we could only be ambitious of what profiteth and content and despise that which profiteth not! For example, the whole world, in comparison with a man's own soul; if we could be content with homely fare, with simple pleasures, with poor place, with cleanliness for our state, and warmth for our comfort; and if, at the same time, we were dissatisfied with every one of our achievements; if we looked at our own deeds with the grudging eyes with which we criticise the performances of others, if we tried all our actions by the carping which seems so natural when we are observing the actions of our neighbours, perhaps then between these two rocks we might sail into the calm water—which is to be found, we fear not, in this world, where rapid succeeds rapid and storm treads on the heels of storm. But there is one little corner of earth in which we may rehearse for heaven. And that is Home. There is excellent wisdom in Burn's lines—

"To make a happy fireside clime  
To weans and wife;  
That's the true pathos and sublime  
Of human life."

And that is good philosophy, and ought to be ambition enough for any man! But most men want to be steeple-jacks, and dazzle the public eye, and make giddy the public head with their hair-breadth performances, and if they cannot do that they try to do the next best thing to taking away people's breath, and to boast of what they might have done if they had only had the chance. The only chance a wise man looks for is himself. But that is just where your superior people look in vain. If a man has made a small home happy he has not lived quite in vain.

### REMNANT OF THE PENAL LAWS

BRITISH LAW AND THE HOLY SACRIFICE OF THE MASS

(Continued)

In ordinary circumstances, even that large liberty of initiative which under our British system of political government, is allowed for good or ill to the humblest citizen, would scarcely justify carrying on, while our country is at War, a crusade against a piece of imperial legislation. Nevertheless that is our purpose—and the peculiar facts of the case will explain our action.

Some months ago there died in Ireland a poor old Catholic butler. In his last will and testament this devout old man bequeathed some four hundred dollars towards Masses for the repose of his soul. Now this was a harmless and innocent thing surely—the old Catholic tradition, and a holy and wholesome thought. British Law, however, thought otherwise; an injunction of the Court threw the will out as illegal and void—on the extraordinary ground of a Statute passed by a prejudiced English parliament of William and Mary three hundred years ago declaring the Sacrifice of the Mass to be an idolatrous and superstitious practice. The action of the Court was contested, naturally; and the highest Prince of the Church in Great Britain, His Eminence the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster, Cardinal Bourne himself, carried the case of this Irish butler to the Court of Appeal. In all seriousness of purpose the case was taken up by the great British Court of Justice, and to the shame of British Law, and I protest that what I am about to say I say it in a sorrow and a humiliation that I cannot put into words, the Court of Appeal has now endorsed the decision annulling the will on the grounds that the Mass is an idolatrous and superstitious practice.

Now if it were unjust, unfair, offensive, for Catholics to be termed idolatrous and superstitious by their own equals and fellow-citizens—when that the charge is made with all the deliberate solemnity of the British Courts of Justice, then that offensiveness and injustice is increased beyond endurance. The Mass idolatry and superstition; idolatry—divine worship given to false gods; superstition—ignorant, credulous, imbecile servility to sentimental self-deception; crimes against God and crimes against human reason. And of both, we Catholics of the British Empire stand accused,—not only so, but, by the Statutes of our country, convicted. True, too true it is. But remember that, that oppression and insult do not cease to be oppression and insult because they are inscribed on a Statute book of one's country and called "law."

We Catholics of the British Empire, we are British and we are Catholics; and nothing that pertains to either is foreign to us. Are we then less British than the Brahmanists of India? Lord Macaulay has this to say of Brahmanism: "As this superstition is of all superstitions the most irrational, and of all idolatries the most ineluctable, so it is of all superstitions the most immoral." Now there are millions of Brahmanists in the Empire. And not only is their superstition not so stigmatised by British Law, but the most scrupulous care is taken lest the Brahmanistic conscience should be in the least offended. In the name of the sanctity of all things holy, what then is this foul and loathsome practice of the oldest and most numerous Christian body in civilization that must needs be pilloried by the British Statute and courts in such terms of strong opprobrium; what is the Mass?

Well, if you will have it, the Mass is the crux of Catholicity. It is the nucleus whence radiates Catholic thought and into which Catholic life. Under the species of bread and wine there throbs that thrice-sacred Sacred Heart that to the rudest and most untutored intellect carries the conception of eternal love of God for man. Yes, if you will have it, under the vaulting arches of the minister, the Catholic altar blazes with myriads of liges, the perfume of flowers and clouds of aromatic incense encircle it—rhythm translates thought in exquisite music—and in the midst of all this glory, and pomp and circumstance of magnificent ceremonial, there lies the little white Host—appealing in its realism even to the dawning mind of a child. We Catholics call it the "Real Presence"; and the sweet memories of the first Holy Communion and the thoughts of the present ever recurring ones, the thought of the last to be received on the death-bed, conspire to increase the fervor of this devotion. When that little Host is lifted in elevation we Catholics kneel in adoration; when that little white Host was raised on high, British Catholics from old time through the ages, from Alfred the Great to St. Edward the Confessor, from St. Anselm to Sir Thomas More, yes, and to Cardinal Bourne in our own times, British Catholics in their millions have knelt in silent heart-felt worship. But a Statute of British Law, passed by an English Parliament three hundred years ago, declares all this idolatrous and superstitious.

divine action is described by Statute as a practice idolatrous and superstitious. No people would be expected to remain silent under such a charge. You may say: why should this be agitated in Canada? And I reply: why should it not? We are not asking for favours. When we ask for absolute religious equality with all other citizens of the empire are we making an exorbitant demand? Our request is that that Catholic doctrine held sacred by us should not be made the object of shameful insult by our Courts. The sovereign of the British Empire rules a mixed people, and no offensive word should pass regarding the holiest of his subjects. On the battlefields of Europe men of every race and color and speech, of every shade of religious opinion are offering their holocaust of suffering on behalf of their British heritage of liberty. And from the British Law that they fight for shall come no word of rebuke for the followers of Buddha and Brahma, for the worshippers of Vishnu and Siva, for the Kafirs or the Maori, the Hottentots, the Zulus or the disciples of Mahomet. There shall be nothing but kindness for Jew and Gentile, for Anglican and Methodist, Baptist and Presbyterian. For one class alone of British subjects there shall be reserved nothing but scorn and contempt, insult and outrage. The fourteen million Catholics of the British Empire will have the privilege of knowing that, in the presence of God and before the wide world, their country solemnly pronounces their belief to be idolatrous and superstitious. Why should it not be agitated in Canada? Is Canada not a part, and an important part of the British Empire, and is Canada not playing her part today? And do not Catholics form 40% of the population of this Dominion? Is it credible that the British Empire will stigmatize the religious beliefs of 40% of Canada as idolatrous and superstitious? It may not matter that there are fifty-six Catholic baronets and thirty-four Catholic peers in the House of Lords and fifty-six Catholic members in the Imperial House of Commons. But do the services of a Sir George Cartier, of Sir Elnora Taché, a D'Arcy McGee, a Sir John Thorne, a Sir Wilfrid Laurier, a Baron Shaughnessy, a Sir Charles Fitzpatrick count for nothing in the up-building of this Empire? Or can it be that the Catholic Canadians who are fighting overseas today, under the generalship of a Catholic Marshal Foch, are shedding their life-blood for a liberty that is denied them? This is not a mere national question; it is a matter of the public policy of the British Empire; a request for simple justice; a plea for equal rights and for that fair play and broad toleration which Mr. Balfour and Lloyd George assert characterise British institutions.

It is the plain duty of every Britisher, Catholic or non-Catholic, in the interests of his country, his religion, his honor, to exercise whatever influence he can, and the energies of whatsoever Society he may belong to, to remove from the Statute books of an Empire whose best interests we are ever ready to serve, this last remnant of a bitter and barbarous time. To each and every Britisher the facts are herewith committed. Let there be no appeal to passion and prejudice, but a calm and firm protest against injustice, a humble and sincere request of men who feel that we are wrongly condemned to have that condemnation removed and may you carry the expression of that request through every avenue even to the foot of the British Throne, in the firm hope and conviction that gentleness and honor and justice and rights and conscience will ultimately prevail.

From "Canada," London, Eng., Aug. 17

According to a cable despatch to the Canadian Daily Record, Bishop Emard, of Valleyfield, Quebec, has been appointed bishop to the Roman Catholic Canadian soldiers in Canada and Overseas. This means that the ecclesiastical jurisdiction over Canadian chaplains and soldiers exercised overseas until recently by Cardinal Bourne, will now belong to the Bishop of Valleyfield. This will effect no change of a military nature in the Canadian Chaplain Service. This service contains 64 Catholic chaplains overseas, who subject to the supreme administrative authority of the Director of Chaplain Services, are under the control of the Assistant Director of Chaplain Services (Roman Catholic) Lt. Col. (Rev.) W. T. Workman, O. F. M., M. C. (Father Workman, who has been singularly successful as Senior, is represented in France by Lt. Col. (Rev.) F. L. French, D. S. O., who is D. A. F. C. S., and in Canada by Major (Canon) Sylvester. Of the 64 Catholic chaplains overseas, 60 are English speaking and 14 French-speaking though all know both languages. Until recently,

three-quarters of the Catholic soldiers overseas have been English-speaking. Conscriptio, however, is increasing the proportion of French-speaking soldiers. Of the chaplains, 18 are members of religious orders and 46 parochial clergy. Of the latter the 5 dioceses of the Maritime Provinces are represented by 14 priests, the 11 dioceses of the Province of Quebec by 1, the 10 dioceses of the Province of Ontario by 23, and the dioceses of the West by 6. The 3 dioceses in Canada which have the largest number of chaplains overseas are Antigonish (Bishop Morrison), London (Bishop Fallon), and Pembroke (Bishop Ryan) each of which has 5 chaplains. Of the members of religious orders, 8 are Oblates, 3 Franciscans, 3 Jesuits, 2 Basilians, 1 Dominican, and 1 Benedictine. One chaplain (Father Crochetiere, of Nicolet) was killed in action, 3 have been wounded, 1 has obtained the D. S. O., 6 the M. C., and 5 have been mentioned in despatches. Forty-four of the chaplains are located in France; the rest, with a number of officiating clergymen, serve the Canadian units in Great Britain. Bishop Fallon, who has been overseas since May, has expressed unbounded satisfaction and admiration for the Catholic Section of the Chaplain Service, as, indeed, for every section of the Canadian Overseas Force. Bishop Fallon returned last week-end from a visit to Rome. During his stay in France he visited various Canadian Forestry Companies there, having previously been unable to do so. The Bishop is now in Ireland.

### CARDINAL FARLEY

N. Y. Times Editorial

In that moving and splendid service, at St. Patrick's Cathedral on winter's day half a dozen years ago, of installation of Cardinal Farley, then lately welcomed home from Rome by a great popular demonstration of respect and affection, as Cardinal Archbishop of the Province of New York, one remembers best today in all that noble ceremonial that shield over the altar with the legend, "Ecce Sacerdos Magnus."

Cardinal Farley was a great priest, who never forgot the difficulties and labors of the parish priest which he had undergone. What work of piety, of education, of charity, of social and civic betterment, what duty to the Church or its people, did he ever refuse? Only the other day he was writing of Cardinal McCloskey what was true of himself. "The most salient aspects of Cardinal McCloskey's character," wrote Cardinal Farley, long his secretary, were "his modesty of speech, his benignity of manner, his great personal simplicity of heart, his dislike for public display, and his careful avoidance of everything that might bring him before the public gaze."

Two or three years ago we might have said that, of all the manifold achievements of Cardinal Farley, the Catholic Encyclopedia, of which he was the source, the constant friend, was perhaps his most enduring monument. The War has shown him as a resolute patriot. "Next after God, we must love the land of our political allegiance," he said. "We are fighting to uphold those ideals of political liberty and freedom which guarantee to every nation, great and small, peaceful possession of its territory, unhampered development of natural resources and equal opportunities in industrial and commercial competition. \* \* \* God of battles, hear us; judge our cause, give us justice, freedom, and peace!"

We remember his message to the Cardinal Archbishop of Paris, joining, in behalf of the Catholics of New York, in protest against the Good Friday murder done by the German long-range gun. "May God bless the brave officers and men of the allied armies in their splendid defense of liberty and justice!" We remember, too, how he brought on himself the wrath of the New York Sinn Feiners. "Prince of the Church, great priest, good man, great citizen and patriot, Cardinal Farley is honored and mourned by the American people."

### AFLOAT OVER METZ

Marshal Foch, in supreme command of the Allied armies now smashing the German lines, has accepted the Marshal's baton offered to him by the Knights of Columbus of America. In accepting the baton, the French commander sent the following cable message to James A. Flaherty, Supreme Knight of the Knights of Columbus: "I am deeply touched by the congratulations and the delicate attention of the Knights of Columbus. Kindly convey to them my best thanks. The souvenir of Metz evoked by you holds a large place in my thoughts, in the same way that it calls forth your effort. It was from Metz that Lafayette went to help your ancestors, and we shall one day see your victorious banner floating in Metz." Foch.

This message prophesying ultimate victory for the American forces was

written just before the great offensive was launched. It was in response to the following message sent to the French commander by Supreme Knight Flaherty:

"On behalf of 425,000 Knights of Columbus we have enthusiastically cheered your glorious name when we heard of the supreme honor conferred upon the victor of the second battle of the Marne."

"Allied forever with heroic France, America never forgets that generous Lafayette formerly left his garrison of Metz to help our ancestors fighting for liberty."

"America will not stop before Marshal Foch, student of Metz, shall triumphantly have entered the martyred town of Bishop du Pont des Loges and of Marshal Ney and shall save humanity and Christianity with the help of the Allied armies."

"The Knights of Columbus have voted a resolution to present respectfully to you, Monsieur le Marechal, a baton carrying the inscription: 'Nancy, Saint Gond, Ypres, Somme, La Seconde Marne.'"

JAMES A. FLAHERTY,  
Supreme Knight.

The baton, inscribed with the victories of the French Commander in Chief, will be presented formally to Marshal Foch in Paris by members of the Order who are now directing the war work there. The presentation will be made on the battlefield, if possible, and if not, at the Place de la Pyramide in Paris where so many patriotic demonstrations have been held.

The Knights of Columbus recently forwarded 10,000 francs to Madame Foch to be used in aiding the widows and orphans of French officers who fell on the field of honor.

### THE LATE EDITOR OF THE REGISTER

Toronto Star, Sept. 18

One of the most prominent men in Toronto journalistic circles has passed away in the person of Joseph A. Wall, editor-in-chief of the Catholic Register. The late Mr. Wall had held that eminent position on the leading Catholic religious publication for nearly three years, and was known and respected from coast to coast, through his many and varied writings.

He had been in very poor health for the past three months, but with his characteristic energy, had refused to relinquish his duties, for a much needed holiday. On arriving at his editorial rooms yesterday morning he had complained of feeling unwell, but had remained at his desk until nearly 1 p. m. and had sent this week's paper to press. After reading his proof sheets he went out to consult his physician, who proclaimed him to be only slightly ill. He retired to bed at an early hour, and had apparently slept peacefully through the night. His wife, who is an invalid herself, was roused about 4 o'clock this morning to find him in a dying condition. She immediately summoned a doctor, but her husband died before his arrival. Heart failure was pronounced as the cause.

HERE THREE YEARS

The late editor was borne in the small town of Antigonish, in Nova Scotia, fifty years ago and there received his early education. After graduating from the University of Dalhousie, at Halifax, he took a law course, and commenced to practice in 1892. Two years later he sold this practice and took over the editorship of a small religious publication, the Casket, and remained in that capacity until 1899. He then recommenced his law practice, and was rapidly rising to the top of his profession when he was offered the honored position of editor-in-chief of the Catholic Register, in Toronto, coming here three years ago.

THE ARCHBISHOP'S TRIBUTE

His Grace Archbishop McNeil, in speaking of the late Mr. Wall, said: "I knew him very well as a student, in the Antigonish College, about thirty years ago. Even then Mr. Wall was noted for his taste and lucidity in the writing of English. He had a great deal, and had remarkable memory for anything connected with literature. His mind was severely logical and any manifestation of mental fog in others, was to him what a false note is to a musician. Mr. Wall was a scholar, but far more he was a Christian, high-minded, prayerful, straight, pure living and scrupulously honest in business."

His wife, who was formerly Miss Mary Condon, survives him, at his late home, at the Wallace Apartments, on Jarvis street.

Moments of profound faith do not come once for all; they vary with the degree and habit of obedience. There is a plant that blossoms once in a hundred years. Like it, the soul blossoms only now and then in a space of years; but these moments are the glory and the heavenly glimpses of our purest humanity.—F. W. Robertson.

### CATHOLIC NOTES

Our oldest Catholic college, Georgetown University, held its one hundred and nineteenth commencement in June.

At the low estimate of \$30 per pupil, the parochial schools of the Church in the United States save the States about \$32,000,000 a year.

The late Sir George Gibbons left a bequest of \$1,000 to Mount St. Joseph Orphanage, London, an institution to which in life he always made an annual contribution.

In the Catholic churches of San Juan, Porto Rico, special services were held recently in commemoration of the 40th anniversary of the creation of the first Catholic diocese in the New World. The diocese was created only 30 years after the discovery of the island by Columbus.

The Roman correspondent of the London Tablet writes that a niece of Lloyd George and her daughter have been reserved into the Church in Rome. They were confirmed by Monsignor Palacci, Viceregent of Rome.

Announcement that the French Government has assigned fifty English-speaking soldier-priests to assist the Knights of Columbus chaplains and secretaries with the American army in France and will appoint soon 100 others, was made by William J. Mulligan, supreme director, and the Rev. P. J. McGivney, of Bridgeport, Conn., supreme chaplain of the organization.

The Duke of Atholl, following the gifts to the nation of Dryburgh Abbey by Lord Glenconner and Melrose Abbey by the Duke of Buccleuch, has resolved similarly to give Dunkeld Cathedral, the historic shrine begun in the thirteenth century, which was not completed until two hundred years later. The Cathedral was twice destroyed, the last occasion by the Highlanders, after the battle of Killecrankie. The Atholl family restored it.

A High Mass of Requiem for Anna Held, the actress, whose death occurred a few weeks ago, was said in St. Patrick's Cathedral, New York, on Friday, Sept. 13. There were about 600 persons present, the majority of whom were nonprofessionals, and the coffin rested before the altar during the services. Charles F. Hanlon of San Francisco, Miss Held's attorney and executor of her will, explained that the Requiem Mass was arranged because through inadvertence the friends who had charge of the funeral services were not informed that Miss Held had died in the Catholic faith.

Rev. Joseph H. Rockwell, S. J., the new provincial of the New York-Maryland province of the Jesuits, has tendered to President Wilson the use of all the Jesuit institutions in the province that may be needed for Government purposes and also the services of 1,000 Jesuit Fathers as teachers. President Wilson, Secretary of War Baker and Secretary of the Navy Daniels have acknowledged the offer in letters, saying the offer is one of the most generous made to the Government since the nation entered the War.

Bishop Francis Silas Chastard, for forty years head of the Indianapolis diocese of the Catholic Church, died September 7 at the age of eighty-four. He had been ill for several months. He was rector of the American college at Rome for several years, and was recognized as one of the leading educators in the Catholic Church. Bishop Chastard was ordained to the priesthood June 14, 1862, and was consecrated Bishop May 12, 1878. He has had a Coadjutor Bishop, the Rt. Rev. Joseph Chartrand, since 1910. Bishop Chartrand has now succeeded to the Indianapolis see. He is the sixth Bishop of Indianapolis.

Washington, D. C.—Nation-wide prohibition came a step nearer last week, when under the legislation enacted by the Senate, the manufacture of both beer and wine would be prohibited after next May 1, until the American troops are demobilized after the War, and the sale of all intoxicants for beverage purposes would be prohibited after July 1. Under the President's order stopping the manufacture of beer December 1, wine will be the only intoxicating liquor which can be manufactured in the United States after that date, the distilling of whisky having been prohibited last year as a food conservation measure.

News has come to the Sisters of St. Joseph in New Orleans that seventeen members of their order have been decorated with the highest honors of war by the French Government. The Sisters are in the very thick of the present conflict. They not only turned over their convent as a hospital to the government, but went forth upon the field of battle to minister to the wounded and dying, and for unparalleled acts of bravery and heroism seventeen of their number have been cited in the report of the commanding officer and decorated by the government. The Sisters have eight ambulances which are in constant touch with the battlefields and stations to which wounded are removed and sent thence to the hospitals.

THE RETURN OF MARY O'MURROUGH

BY ROSA MULHOLLAND
Author of "The Tragedy of Chris," "Nanno," "Onora," etc.

CHAPTER XVI

"I'M NOT THE WIFE FOR HIM"

Mary was in O'Ryan's field attending to the newly weaned lambs and their mothers, white clouds sailing in the blue overhead, and a wooden bowl of primroses lying on the young green grass beside her.

The fresh wind had brought a tinge of rose to her cheek, and loosened the dark hair into little rings about her face. Anyone looking on would have questioned whether some afternoon, and others who had no recognized business made it their pleasure to drop in at the proper moment for gossip or argument or for mere lounging, while the qualified talkers of the neighborhood told the latest news or spoke their minds. A few of the better off among them subscribed for one copy of a leading Dublin weekly journal, which was forwarded to Mr. Tom Donohoe, at the forge, Killelagh, and its arrival was looked on as the event of the week.

On a memorable Saturday evening, the usual gathering at the forge was taking place, and a group of the most ardent local political characters stood in front of the flamed doorway to watch the approach of the postboy on his bicycle, the messenger of the gods, bearing gifts.

"There's news in that worth carryin'!" said the boy, springing from his wheel and tossing a bulky paper to the blacksmith. "Killelagh for ever! The band from Anamote's in Ballygolin, playin' Hervey Duff before the barrack; an' Hourigan's bolter! I darn't stop, for I have to bring the news to Father Fahy, long life to him!"

Tom put the paper in his leather apron jacket, in defiance of the swarm of eager faces pressing round him.

"Wait a minute till I settle this fella, for the iron's hot!" he said; and nobody ventured to gainsay him while he finished his job of the shoeing of a neighbor's "jinnel."

"That done, the hammer was flung on the anvil with a resounding bang, and the paper was unfolded.

"It's thrus, boys, sure enough! A ruction in Parliament. Here's the paragraph—

"A question has been asked in the House of Commons concerning the affair of the maiming of the cattle of a man named Rorke, at Killelagh, Co. Kerry, an outrage for which Shan Sullivan, a small farmer in the neighborhood, has been many months in prison. It now appears from evidence recently obtained, that the outrage was telegraphed to Dublin Castle by the police at Ballygolin several hours before it was committed, and Sergeant Hourigan is accused of being the perpetrator. Our report of the proceedings in the House of Commons will be found in another column."

"Amen!" said Mary fervently. "I think we'll have only a little while longer to wait, and then it will be the wedding with us."

Mary looked grave.

"I hope Shan will marry some day, Father, when he has got over this trouble. But it won't be me."

"Indeed and it will be you, Mary, and nobody else."

"I've wanted to tell you this good while back. All that happened long ago is past an' gone. If he could have married me then, he'd love me now. But he couldn't; and to-day isn't yesterday. I'm not the wife for him. He's as free as if he'd never set eyes on me."

"You are the wife for him, and he doesn't want to be free."

"He does, though he wouldn't say it. I've broke my heart makin' up my mind to it, and since I've give up all I'm gettin' peace. I can bear to go through my life alone, but I couldn't see my husband all the days in the year with that look on his face. I was ill in America, once, an' I wish I'd died; but I prayed to live and get back to Shan. It isn't good to pray too hard against death—for, God knows, there's worse than that for us!"

Father Fahy was silenced by the sorrow in her voice and the courage in her face. He felt that her instinct was true, but he was resolved not to admit it to her.

"You'd never desert him."

Mary did not speak, but her eyes looked reproach.

"I'm not going to put poor color on it, child, for I know your heart is true and grand, but what about the little penny of money you saved for him? Wouldn't the farm and Shan be the better of it, and would you refuse it to him after all that's come and gone?"

"The money is Shan's, Father. When I quit out of this again I'll leave it behind me for him."

"He wouldn't take it, Mary."

"He'd have to take it, an' it in the bank for him, an' me gone."

"Now, Mary, I'd no idea you were such a scheming woman, and a determined woman into the bargain. To think of you plotting in your own mind to run away from us again after all the years we've waited to see you come back. Indeed, and you shall do no such thing, my child. Promise me that you won't do anything rash and foolish!"

"I'm not goin' in such a hurry, Father. I'll wait till I see Shan a free man, in his own place again, an' then I'll slip away."

"You'll promise me not to go without my knowledge?" pleaded Father Fahy.

"I will promise that."

"And when Shan comes back and is walking his own fields again, and the crush is off his heart, you and himself will take another look at each other. And you won't be short or cold with him, Mary? He's been nearly upset in his mind, and very little wonder. And if you're hard on him—"

"I won't be hard," said Mary gently; but her mind was made up.

CHAPTER XVII

"THAT WON'T BE CLEARING HIS CHARACTER"

The forge was full of life and noise again, and in the lengthening evenings Meg and her eleven-month infant were able to take the air outside the little house-door close to the big red-lighted archway, Mary O'Murrough sitting near with a two-year-old child in her arms, and half a dozen other small creatures playing around her.

At this hour neighbors would begin to gather into the forge, a centre of life which the people of Killelagh regard as their club, debat-

ing-room, public library, civic hall, political platform, prized by them in their isolation from the world more than are those other resorts of men by the populations of cities. All who had errand to the forge held it over, if possible, till the popular hour, and others who had no recognized business made it their pleasure to drop in at the proper moment for gossip or argument or for mere lounging, while the qualified talkers of the neighborhood told the latest news or spoke their minds. A few of the better off among them subscribed for one copy of a leading Dublin weekly journal, which was forwarded to Mr. Tom Donohoe, at the forge, Killelagh, and its arrival was looked on as the event of the week.

On a memorable Saturday evening, the usual gathering at the forge was taking place, and a group of the most ardent local political characters stood in front of the flamed doorway to watch the approach of the postboy on his bicycle, the messenger of the gods, bearing gifts.

"There's news in that worth carryin'!" said the boy, springing from his wheel and tossing a bulky paper to the blacksmith. "Killelagh for ever! The band from Anamote's in Ballygolin, playin' Hervey Duff before the barrack; an' Hourigan's bolter! I darn't stop, for I have to bring the news to Father Fahy, long life to him!"

Tom put the paper in his leather apron jacket, in defiance of the swarm of eager faces pressing round him.

"Wait a minute till I settle this fella, for the iron's hot!" he said; and nobody ventured to gainsay him while he finished his job of the shoeing of a neighbor's "jinnel."

"That done, the hammer was flung on the anvil with a resounding bang, and the paper was unfolded.

"It's thrus, boys, sure enough! A ruction in Parliament. Here's the paragraph—

"A question has been asked in the House of Commons concerning the affair of the maiming of the cattle of a man named Rorke, at Killelagh, Co. Kerry, an outrage for which Shan Sullivan, a small farmer in the neighborhood, has been many months in prison. It now appears from evidence recently obtained, that the outrage was telegraphed to Dublin Castle by the police at Ballygolin several hours before it was committed, and Sergeant Hourigan is accused of being the perpetrator. Our report of the proceedings in the House of Commons will be found in another column."

"Amen!" said Mary fervently. "I think we'll have only a little while longer to wait, and then it will be the wedding with us."

Mary looked grave.

"I hope Shan will marry some day, Father, when he has got over this trouble. But it won't be me."

"Indeed and it will be you, Mary, and nobody else."

"I've wanted to tell you this good while back. All that happened long ago is past an' gone. If he could have married me then, he'd love me now. But he couldn't; and to-day isn't yesterday. I'm not the wife for him. He's as free as if he'd never set eyes on me."

"You are the wife for him, and he doesn't want to be free."

"He does, though he wouldn't say it. I've broke my heart makin' up my mind to it, and since I've give up all I'm gettin' peace. I can bear to go through my life alone, but I couldn't see my husband all the days in the year with that look on his face. I was ill in America, once, an' I wish I'd died; but I prayed to live and get back to Shan. It isn't good to pray too hard against death—for, God knows, there's worse than that for us!"

Father Fahy was silenced by the sorrow in her voice and the courage in her face. He felt that her instinct was true, but he was resolved not to admit it to her.

"You'd never desert him."

Mary did not speak, but her eyes looked reproach.

"I'm not going to put poor color on it, child, for I know your heart is true and grand, but what about the little penny of money you saved for him? Wouldn't the farm and Shan be the better of it, and would you refuse it to him after all that's come and gone?"

"The money is Shan's, Father. When I quit out of this again I'll leave it behind me for him."

"He wouldn't take it, Mary."

"He'd have to take it, an' it in the bank for him, an' me gone."

"Now, Mary, I'd no idea you were such a scheming woman, and a determined woman into the bargain. To think of you plotting in your own mind to run away from us again after all the years we've waited to see you come back. Indeed, and you shall do no such thing, my child. Promise me that you won't do anything rash and foolish!"

"I'm not goin' in such a hurry, Father. I'll wait till I see Shan a free man, in his own place again, an' then I'll slip away."

"You'll promise me not to go without my knowledge?" pleaded Father Fahy.

"I will promise that."

"And when Shan comes back and is walking his own fields again, and the crush is off his heart, you and himself will take another look at each other. And you won't be short or cold with him, Mary? He's been nearly upset in his mind, and very little wonder. And if you're hard on him—"

"I won't be hard," said Mary gently; but her mind was made up.

ward from the big rivers, lookin' for meat? First y'll see one, high up in the air with his wings spread like sails, an' movin' grand, as if the heavens belonged to him. Then there folls another, then two, by an' by three, an' next half a dozen together. Whatever sign the first fella makes to the others, accordin' to what he sees, the flock moves cautiously after him, this way—and when all's found encouragin', you'll see the big swarm floatin' up like a rain cloud spreadin' an' darkenin' the sky—an' a mighty sight it is, nobody denyin' it to the glory of the Maker."

"It's thrus for you!" said several voices, struck by the homely and familiar illustration.

"Well then, haven't we got the County Councils? Did the Grand Juries ever mend the roads for us, set up the gates an' fences? Haven't we the manes o' sendin' our own members into Parliament in a sacreyce between ourselves an' God? We've more votes, an' more power; an' them that suffers for thyrin' to put spirit into us can wear their own clothes when they're in prison. That's a small thing in itself, maybe, but it's a sign o' the times."

"An' about the gulls, Father, said Miles, laughing; "do y' see the swarm comin'?"

"I do," said Tom; "slow enough, to be sure, but comin'."

"It'll be always comin'," cried Rorke contemptuously. "Who will ever see it come?"

"You're an old Fenian!" cried Tom cheerily. "It's a pity that men like you won't believe in anything they didn't do their own way. You done enough man, in your time, an' y' must let other times do for themselves in their turn."

"When you were talkin', o' what we goy," said one of the listeners, "why didn't you put it into the emigration that we got lave to wear the shamrogs?"

"Well, if we did, sure we could wear it as always done? Didn't they make it the fashion, an' the little girshas earnin' a small penny here an' there pickin' it out o' the grass an' sendin' it across the water?"

"Sure they put it on the same shatram as our Drizly-ey's primroses!" said another listener.

"Ather that, why would we be talkin' about sich thrifles as the likes o' Home Rule?"

"None of us here 'll ever see it," grumbled Rorke.

"Speak for yourself, man!" said Tom. "An' even if we don't, isn't there other men nor us to be livin' in Killelagh in many's the year to come?"

"Faith an' then, for the big emigration is puttin' sentence o' death on the old Irish race. Where's the childer to come from, I wonder? When was there a young woman's weddin' in Killelagh?"

Mary shrank behind Bees, who fixed her gaze on the speaker with two angry tears standing large in her hazel eyes. Meg hugged her babe and rocked it while she listened, as if fearing that the exigencies of such a time would rise up and snatch it away from her.

"I done my part," said Tom, glancing at the odd half dozen gambolling on the outskirts of the gathering.

"You're always boastin'," growled Rorke; and after that the discussion became too general and a little too clamorous to be easily reported.

The next day, being Sunday, Father Fahy spoke from the altar of the event of the hour, to wit, the asking of a question about Killelagh in the English House of Parliament. He thanked Providence that we had men to bring our wrongs and our difficulties before the world, which was such a mighty place compared with our little hillside in Kerry. A hateful act had been done among us, and a man respected and honored by his neighbors had been accused of the crime. If that evil deed had been done by a Killelagh man, all of us as Killelagh men would have shared in the disgrace. But it was not done by a Killelagh man. The identity of the criminal had been surely pointed out, but as Christians we were not going to cry for vengeance. This man who had offended his God more than his fellow-men would be dealt with by God. The thing we have to rejoice over now is that our own Killelagh man is cleared before the world, and that we may expect to have him back among us soon.

"Now boys," continued the Father, "some of you will be going off to Ballygolin today, to take your part in some kind of a demonstration of joy and triumph over this affair, and I can't blame you. But I give you a warning not to make a riot. If anyone is hurt or knocked about through your excitement, you and I and all belonging to us will be put in the wrong. Remember it is God's holy day, and don't be swallowin' strong drink and taking leave of your senses. Oh, and if that same drink could all be put in one big cask and sunk to the bottom of the sea, it would be well for Ireland. We have good hearts and good will, and we have the faith, and Satan would have to give up his chance of our souls as a bad job, if he hadn't got the drink to fool us."

A special prayer was then offered for peace, and after the service the Father went out into the chapel yard, in his shabby old soutane and cap, and walked about among the men, chatting with them and hearing their views on the latest movements of "the politics."

"Oh, then, Father Fahy may say what he likes," said Mrs. Dermody,

as she took the bacon out of the pot for dinner, "but there'll be ructions in Ballygolin to-night. Sure it isn't in flesh and blood to see such things goin' on an' not make a row about it? If I was there myself, I think I wouldn't be too sorry to see the polis gettin' a broken head or two out of the business."

"It would only get them that did it into trouble," said Meg Donohoe, who had stopped at Mrs. Dermody's to rest on her way home from the chapel, Tom having gone off to Ballygolin with the rest of the men.

Here's Mary that has most of the reason to be mad about it all, an' not a word is she sayin' while the whole of us is talkin'!"

"She's that glad about Shan, she can't speak," said Anne Bridget, emptying the pot of potatoes into a wooden dish.

"What would y' say, Mary, if you were to speak?" asked Bees laughing. "Many a one would be clappin' her hands with joy to think of him gettin' out!"

"Shan'll never be content if he's let out in the way they talked about last night," said Mary—"on condition he behaves himself and houghs no more cattle. That won't be clearin' his character."

"Oh, he'll have to take what he gets an' be thankful," said Mrs. Dermody. "It's better to be outside a gaol than in it, any way you look at it."

The "ruction" anticipated by a good many, including Father Fahy, did not fail to take place that evening in Ballygolin. The band from Anamote, with harp and green ribbons flying on top of its band staff, was drawn up in front of the police barrack, playing every tune ever set to words contemptuous of the force, from "The Peeler and the Goat" to "Hervey Duff." At every pause in the fitting drumming there were cries for Hourigan. At last the crowd around the barrack included nearly everyone in the town, the insulting merriment became every moment more fast and furious, and the derided "polis" issued forth with their batons and battered their tormentors.

Father Fahy's warning had been much needed, but without avail. The fiers and drummers, the jibers and jesters, were decidedly put in the wrong, and Killelagh and Ballygolin got a particularly bad mark from the newspaper organs of law and order next morning.

TO BE CONTINUED

"I LOVE YOU, MARY"

BY JOHN G. COYLE, M. D.

James Acheson lived in Division Street. Just beyond the point where the elevated railroad turns north on Allen Street, darkening that narrow thoroughfare so as to make it notoriously shadowy, and an invitation to dirt and crime, Division Street emerges from the steel superstructure and the heavy pillars of the railroad, begins again to look like a highway of New York, again to receive some of God's sunlight. There James dwelt in an old-fashioned clean tenement.

He was old and ill when first I saw him. But he was handsome. His hair was wavy, somewhat long and of a lustrous gray. His frame was sturdy, his voice pleasant, and his manner and bearing, despite the heart diseases which made him suffer, were those of a man of polite demeanor.

He could not lie in bed, for the softening and enlargement of the heart caused him to struggle when he tried to lie down. Thus stricken, he was compelled to stay day and night in a chair. But he did not grumble about the illness, and as one of the visitations of God, necessary in this mortal life. A fine old North of Ireland Presbyterian, he had decided views about salvation. But these he did not present in controversial or unpleasant way. He referred to them only when stating his view towards the illness, which he realized was to be his last. He was calm, pleasant-mannered and resigned to suffer.

Always, with eager eyes, James followed Mary, his wife, when she moved about the room. He expressed regret that he was ill and required attention. So far as possible he strove to help himself. His courage and determination were such that he was able to do for himself what most men, stricken like him, would have sought or required assistance in doing. He disliked to inconvenience her.

But Mary, the wife, was vastly different from James. She thought of herself first and last. She regarded the illness of James as a most unfortunate trial to her. When I sat by his side he stood behind his chair and told me how often he had disturbed her during the night. He groaned, she said, so that she could not sleep. She "had to get up to give him a drink, all of three times" during the night. He was "a great trial" to her. She was "not well," herself, she declared again and again. She was "nervous." The man was "a care." This she said over and over again.

There was, to me, no mistaking the sincerity and the bitterness of her complaints. But always, James said, cheerfully: "Don't mind her, Doctor. She doesn't mind the half of it. She's the best wife in the world."

I liked James Acheson for that fine loyalty. But I knew that Mary thought more about her own comfort than about his suffering. Her view plainly was, if he were sick, he might

be sick, but "he ought not to be sick." There he was "all the time, never going out of the house, always in the chair," always needing to have food or drink brought to him, not sleeping regularly and evenly, but moaning when his breath became unduly short, wheezing most of the time, a discomfort and an irritation to her. This I saw to be her view and I felt the disgust that inevitably springs in one's heart in the face of such want of sympathy.

Little by little, as I visited the sick man, she told me of his history. They had been sweethearts in Ireland over fifty years ago. James was a laborer and the countryside looked forward to the wedding. But a business man came from Belfast to settle in the village of James and Mary. He took charge of an establishment which employed twenty men. He had means and position, and he looked at Mary with longing eyes. And Mary cast off James and married the business man. Then James moved away to another village miles distant.

Twenty two years Mary lived with her husband and then he died. Three years after the death James reappeared in the village and paid court to Mary. James was now a farmer, owning his own land. He had never married. So Mary accepted of him.

She it was who induced James to set out and to come to America. When they settled in New York, James obtained employment in a small factory where he had remained in unbroken service for thirty years. This she told me one day, in the hall, outside of the door, when James had sunk to sleep from the opiate I had given him. And she went on:

"But he was a bad man. That man'd drink, and no man could stop him. When he wanted drink he'd go out, no matter what I'd say, and get it. Even if I took away his clothes, and locked the door, actually he'd go out the window in his underwear and get the drink. Oh, he was a terrible man."

"But he would never make you unlock the door or hand him back his clothes?" I asked.

"Oh, no," she answered; "he'd never find fault with my taking the clothes or locking the door."

"Did he never drink in the house?" I queried.

"No, no, he'd never take a drink in the house," was her reply.

"Did he ever bring liquor into the house, or any drunken men with him?" I inquired.

"No, sir," she quickly said.

"Did he ever abuse you, or ever make you fetch a drink in to him?" I put those questions to make the facts come clearly before her and my mind.

"Oh, no," she hastened to say; "he'd never take a drink in the house, and never threatened me."

"Well," said I, "whether or not he took drink, he respected his house. Don't you see that? Maybe he could not master the passion for the drink, but his view was that drink ought not to be taken in his house, and that view he stuck to. I think that was fine of him."

"But the old woman shook her head. "He was a bad man," she said neatly, as if repeating both the accusation of him and a defense of herself in the same terms.

I passed out.

But James loomed more and more before me as a gentleman. He had never married, although his sweetheart had been another's wife for more than twenty years. When, at last she became free, he had respectfully waited for a conventional time, and had then sought her again. During all the years of her widowhood he had carefully kept away. She had married another. But his heart had been true to her. And when the other had passed out of this existence James had then, and not till then, tried to come into her life again, and had sought to be her second if he could not be her first choice. James loved her with the love that comes but once, the love that endures.

But, to my mind, Mary loved neither her first husband, nor James. Had she loved the first, she would have dilated upon his virtues, and contrasted them with the faults of James. Time mellowed rough edges, softens bitter memories, and clothes events in other lights than those of hard fact. She could have magnified the virtues of the first husband, whom I had never met, to accentuate the faults of James, whom she was ever belittling to me. The fact that she never mentioned the first husband in terms of eulogy led me to ask her one day if the first husband had left her any fortune.

She answered that his business was in collapse when he died and she was without money, when James, the prosperous farmer came to pay his attentions.

It was plain that James was welcome when he had again come into her life, because he had means and she would not have to work for her own support. And more and more I felt convinced that she had never loved, either the first husband or James.

Mrs. Fitz, the kind-hearted neighbor downstairs, frequently came into the rooms of the sick man to help Mary care for him, or relieve her of duty. This Mary took as if it were due. Mrs. Fitz was warm-hearted, sympathetic, neighborly. She sympathized with the troubles of Mary. Plain it was that she respected James. One day she met me in the hall and asked me how long James might live. When I said the time was short, less than a couple of weeks, she said with sadness: "Poor

man, he'd be better off dead. That woman wants him to die."

"Was he much of a drinker?" I asked.

Mrs. Fitz looked annoyed. "He lived here thirteen years," she said; "maybe he took drink, but I never saw him, and never heard his voice raised in this house. Everyone in this house would do anything for him. But for her."

"That day when I entered the sick man's room, I found a man of my own age sitting there. He greeted me pleasantly, and introduced himself as the employer of James. When I had ended my visit, the man accompanied me to the street. There he spoke, to ask if anything could be done to restore James to health. I answered that it was unfortunate, but true, that nothing could be done by mortal means. James was soon to die. The man shook his head sadly. Again he inquired if anything might be tried to ameliorate the condition of the sick man. Would a trained nurse help? Would removal to a private hospital be useful? Could James endure a journey to a better climate?"

I admitted that, perhaps, removal to a hospital, where the sick man would not be subjected to the incessant complaining of his nagging wife would benefit the patient, but I thought James would not leave his home—nor her. He loves her too much to leave her. I said; "He knows he has to die, and the only thing that would make him part from her would be to ease her, to make her days more comfortable. That I am convinced he would do, even though it meant additional suffering for him. But I'll never suggest his going out of that room. There is where he wants to die."

The employer walked along with me and told me that anything I could do or suggest to relieve the sick man would be cheerfully paid for by him, the speaker. When I said it was unusual to find so great consideration for an employee, the gentleman stood still for a moment, and then said: "Doctor, let me tell you about this man, James Acheson."

And as we walked, he told me how James came to work for the speaker's father, the first and only employment of Acheson in America. A faithful workman, never late, never complaining, always reliable, such was James. Year in and year out he worked and never took a vacation; was never sick, and never shirked. In time came the big panic of 1893, when the savings banks shut off immediate payments, compelling depositors to wait sixty days, when free soup houses were established in many parts of the city, and coal was sold in scores of relief stations, at twenty-five pounds for five cents. Men with money in business banks who wished to have their own checks cashed had to draw a check for 2% above the amount of cash they wished, in order to have their own money given to them. There was increasing disaster, day by day. There were failures upon failures. The country was full of idle and needy men.

The father of the speaker laid off some men, then some more men. Money was tight, orders shrank, cancellations increased, and debts were uncollectible. Failure was looming up. Cessation of business was inevitable. His money and credit was exhausted. He called in the four men remaining at work, and informed them that the plant would close on Saturday. They must seek work, if obtainable, elsewhere. The end was in sight.

One of the four men was James Acheson. He spoke up and told his employer that all the money he had ever earned in America had come from that employer, that there were \$3,000 of it saved up in the bank and that the employer was welcome to it, as a gift or a loan, if it would help or save the gentleman from ruin. The employer was momentarily stunned. The generosity of the offer was magnificent, but he shrank from taking the earnings of his workman and risking them. James saw that and argued with his employer. He persuaded the gentleman to accept the offer of the money as a loan, but the employer told James that he could not get the money from the savings bank, because the banks were not paying out money on immediate presentation of drafts, and sixty days would be too late.

But James said he would try to get the money, and get it he did. The bank officials questioned him. He had never drawn a dollar, and now he wanted \$3,000. Was it fear of the bank's soundness? Did he desire to hoard the money?

James told the truth, and because the bank officials correctly estimated the man, the bank paid him the \$3,000, waiving the sixty day rule. The loan saved the employer from failure. And said the speaker: "Of course, my father repaid James the money. But he could never properly repay the debt or reward James for the risk he took or the affection that prompted the offer. James has been a watchman, not a laborer, for some years, but my father told me, three years ago, before his death, to keep James always on the payroll, sick or well, to see that neither he nor his wife ever came to want. I am paying him his salary every week now, but that is nothing. Can't I do something more for James Acheson?"

No, he could not. The old man declined to have a nurse brought into the small apartment. He looked at Mary when he said to me: "Doctor, I don't want to go to the hospital. I want to die here, where Mary is."

For once the old woman was silent. But she came out in the hallway with me, as I left, and lamented her

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that "the bad temper of him wouldn't let him go to the hospital and take the care of" from her.

"I went away, sick in heart at her appalling selfishness. It was ten days later, and I was in the rooms with James. He had been unconscious all night. His breath was coming quickly and with tremendous effort. His eyes were closed and a discharge was oozing from the side. His frame was heaving. He had not spoken for twelve hours. His end was near. I held his wrist, and the unsteadiness and flickering of the pulse with the other signs told of coming dissolution.

Mary's wife, stood by his chair. "Oh, I wish he were dead," she whined; "he's a terrible care."

Not a word of the man's sufferings! No wish springing from the desire to bring relief to the dying man! Solely the thought of relief for herself!

I felt the pulse skip a few beats—then came a longer interval without a beat. The face of James began to get gray.

Just then James Acheson opened his eyes. Oh, how weary they looked! Dim, partly filled with discharge, slightly starting, the old Irish blue eyes looked strange indeed. They were fixed on me, but vacantly. His lips moved, but no sound came from them. Slowly his eyes turned towards his wife. As they came upon her face the dimness disappeared. A glow of affection, a flame of joyous recognition leaped within their depths, transforming the eyes, filling them with tenderness, vivifying the blue again. He was looking directly at her. His lips moved. This time we heard the words.

"I love you, Mary," he said—and died.

Two months after his death I was summoned to see Mary. She was querulous, whining, complaining. Mrs. Fitz had moved away. There was "no one to do anything" for her.

"If I want a pint of milk from the corner, I must pay a child two cents to get it for me," she complained. "If I want a bundle of wood, or a loaf of bread, I must pay to have some one bring it in."

"Why don't you go out yourself?" I asked her.

"Oh, I'm afraid," she said. "I'm afraid I'll fall. I'm not used to going out for things. James always went for them till he was sick, and then all the neighbors brought them for me, till he died. And now no one'll do anything for me."

She looked at me for sympathy. I felt her appeal, but it did not move me as a similar lament in another lonely old woman would readily have done.

"She rocked her head to and fro. "Oh, Doctor," she moaned; "I wish James was here."

No word of the one or any human being could deepen that lonely old woman's grief. She had often wished the death of James. She had never spoken well of him. And now, alone, the one buttress that stood between her and the world's true estimate of her gone, she was pierced with the desolation of the absence of the man who felt what had never been in her own heart, the love that gives sacrifice, devotion—all, for love.

THE SERAPHIC CALVARY

Rome, Aug. 10.—Readers will recall that a few weeks ago, thanks to the remonstrances of all lovers of St. Francis of Assisi and lovers of art, the civil powers revoked the order to cut down the woods surrounding the famous retreat called La Verna, that wild and rugged spot that, from an elevation of some 8,000 feet above the level of the sea, looks down upon the City of Florence.

It is a scene of wild grandeur. Cut off from the world by deep gorges, clothed by a thick forest which the uninterrupted growth of centuries has made so thick as to be well-nigh impenetrable, La Verna is certainly a spot full of interest for those who reverence the memory of "the Poor Man of Assisi."

Here it was over 700 years ago St. Francis, while engaged in prayer and fasting, received the Stigmata, the imprint of the Five Wounds of Jesus Christ, on his hands, feet and side. Here the Patriarch used come to a heavenly vision, and there a spot full of interest for those who reverence the memory of "the Poor Man of Assisi."

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feel certain the son of Pietro Bernardone, who chose Lady Poverty for his bride, could not be induced to accept the gift. This donation was confirmed to the sons of St. Francis by the descendants of Count Catani in A. D. 1274, who also gave to the Religious the platter and the glass which their great Patriarch had used at the table of the Count and which the family had preserved with care those sixty years.

THE SACRED HERMITAGE  
Just twenty-six years after the death of the Patriarch of Assisi his order began to build a monastery over the black caverns of La Verna in which St. Francis slept and communed with his Creator. But in 1472 a fire destroyed the building. Scarcely had the cinders grown cold than the Wool Guild of Florence commenced to rebuild it, and later on Cosimo I., Grand Duke of Tuscany, and his lady, Eleonora of Toledo, improved the edifice. It would seem as if the Mary, with all her faults, were ever jealous of allowing to pass by any opportunity of showing generosity and zeal where the cause of religion or of art was involved. Go to Florence and all over Tuscany and you will find that in no part of Europe are the poorer classes better educated. You will find that the peasants of the Tuscan Hills speak an Italian as pure as is spoken by Italy's legislators, the deputies in the Chamber in Rome. Yes, the Medici saw to the education of their people, and this whether the latter liked it or not. It would seem as if they pounded learning into them. No wonder that one of the Medici, Lorenzo, was called, and bore the name in history to this day of Lorenzo the Magnificent. Look at Florence, "the City of Art," today, the foremost center of art in all Europe, and you obtain some idea of the strong efforts of that great family of merchant princes, who, at the very zenith of their greatness, were so proud of their business acumen that laid the foundations of the strength of their country.

Within the little Church of St. Mary of the Angels (which has all the spiritual privileges of its noble-looking namesake at Assisi, and which St. Francis had erected by order of the Blessed Virgin) they laid the pious Count Orlando Catani, who had become a Tertiary Franciscan. In the year 1280 the edifice was consecrated by seven Bishops, among other famous persons who were present at the ceremony being St. Bonaventura, then General of the order, by the express wish of Pope Alexander IV.

THE CHAPEL OF THE BIRDS  
How this spot grips one's imagination! It seems to enter into one's soul and speak of God, of Nature, of the power which holiness of life has over the lowest of God's creation as well as over the highest. On La Verna the visitor is shown the many little sanctuaries that are connected with the life of St. Francis while on that bleak mountain side.

One of these is called "the Chapel of the Birds," which recalls to us the spot where flocks of birds of different species bade their kind friend and heavenly patron when he came from the world below. Then there is the "Chapel of the Cross," erected over the cavern in which St. Francis used to fast at certain times in the year in honor of Michael the Archangel. Another is "La Cappella del Fago," where water burst forth miraculously from the rock, from which the saint washed his wound after receiving the stigmata.

There is one of interest throughout the country. "La Cappella della Repremissione," where St. Francis wrote to Fra Leone the heavenly blessing, and where Our Lord appeared to His faithful servant several times and promised him that his Three Families, those great bodies covering the globe, should flourish in perpetuum. With deep interest one gazes at "the Bed of St. Francis," a cavern damp and gloomy, where upon a stone the Patriarch used take his repose. Hard by this stood the angel who revealed to him some of the prodigies that took place on the day on which the Tragedy of Calvary occurred. Here also is shown the precipice down which the Devil, in his rage at the amount of good the Poor Man of Assisi was doing and would achieve in the person of his Three Families, attempted to hurl the servant of God.

St. Francis was blessed with the possession of a loving soul. When about to leave La Verna, the scene of so many spiritual joys and physical hardships, he turned to bid it adieu for ever. This is the spot called "Masella," whence, as Fra Masso tells us, he sent his last words of farewell to the mount.

"PAX!"  
When Dante was an exile from his beloved Florence he wandered over Italy, a prey to sorrow, anger, bitterness of spirit, resentment. His mighty soul was smitten by the revenge which his political opponents had taken upon him, and also by the anguish which his domestic troubles caused.

One day a sad looking stranger knocked at the door of the mount above La Verna, from which one has a view of the Tiber, the Arno, the City of Florence, part of Umbria with all its fertile plains, and Romagna. Of this it was Dante wrote: "I Crudo sasso infra Tevere ed Arno."

Well, indeed, might the great Florentine call the place a rough rock, for, were it otherwise, we may

"Pax!" replied Dante. "Peace. Nothing more."  
Well, it is what we all, even the happiest of us, are looking for, "Pax." If kindness and a cheery welcome went for anything we may feel sure that Dante's quest was not in vain.

VISITORS TO LA VERNA  
How many of the great ones of Heaven and of the earth repaired to La Verna, attracted by the sweet connection of the lowly one of Assisi! There it was St. Bonaventura wrote his "Itinerarium mentis in Deum." St. Anthony of Padua, St. Bernardino of Siena, St. Vincent Ferrer, St. Thomas of Aquin, St. John of Fermo, and other saints and servants of the Lord visited La Verna.

While still Cardinals Pope Gregory IX., Pope Pius II., Pope Paul III., Pope Leo XIII. went there to honor the abode sanctified by the footsteps of St. Francis. And they grew to love the spot, despite all its barrenness and bleakness, for they looked to the soul, the spirit of the saint who had blessed it.

Of the many sovereigns and princes who were at La Verna let me name only the Emperor Henry VI., Johanna de Savoia, Empress of the Greeks; Robert, King of Jerusalem and of Sicily; Duke Vincent of Mantua; the Grandukes of Tuscany. They climbed that rough mountain when the sanctuary was accessible, by only rugged goat paths. Since roads became the order of the day the visits of royal personages have become so frequent as to be considered of little account. By the Franciscan Fathers all visitors, rich and poor alike, high and low, are welcomed and shown hospitality just as their glorious founder would have been. On the feast of Portiuncula, of the Stigmata, of St. Francis, of St. Clare, and other great festivals thousands of the faithful repair to this sanctuary on a pilgrimage to confess and Communicate, after which they are entertained by the Franciscans with hospitality aided by kind providence. Once when Grand Duke Leopold II. visited La Verna on the occasion of the feast of St. Clare, Assisi and witnessed how hospitably such multitudes were treated he expressed his astonishment at how well Franciscan poverty exercised so much hospitality.

And so our little pilgrimage ends. And thus leaving rugged La Verna our party follows the course of old Father Tiber as he meanders down to the City of the Seven Hills, winds Hill and hurries down to Ostia to bury himself in the blue waters of the Mediterranean Sea.

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His solicitude for Belgium is one of the most persistent of all the Pope's war activities. When the rest of the world was either silent or powerless to aid that afflicted country, the Holy Father wrote letter after letter to Cardinal Mercier, and sent large sums of money for the alleviation of the sad lot of the Belgians. He appealed to the Catholics of the entire world to follow his example, and especially to the Catholics of the United States. His intervention secured religious services throughout the country and sacerdotal ministrations for the wounded in the hospitals. He obtained passports for the Belgians, and after the siege of Louvain procured the immediate liberation of the priests, religious and citizens who had been arrested en masse and transferred to Brussels. His mediation had a large share in obtaining for the Belgians who had been transported to Germany, release from prison, mitigation of suffering, and even the restoration of liberty. His protest against the invasion of Belgium was forceful and unmistakable, but when some pretended to misunderstand it, he made it doubly clear in explicit language that his condemnation which had been expressed in general terms had been

permitted to pass into France during the space of a single month. It was as a consequence of the talk of the Pope that Switzerland and other neutral countries were ordered to offer medical care, comfort and hospitality to many thousands of sick and wounded soldiers belonging to the nations at war; and that the treaty of Berne was effected in May, 1918, which provides for the return to their own country, or internment in Switzerland of prisoners who are fathers of four children. The "Papal train" which almost every week brings back to Italy Italian prisoners suffering from tuberculosis and other diseases grew out of the Papal negotiations.

The Pope talked with the German Government and hundreds of thousands of Belgians and Frenchmen were permitted to get word from their relatives; he talked with the Austrians and letters to reach their families; he talked again with the same Government and news of the Italians in the territory occupied by Austria was forwarded to their refugee relatives; he talked with the Bishop of Tripoli, and Italians, torn with anxiety about their dear ones who were either captured or dispersed in Libya, received detailed information in answer to her inquiries.

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LONDON, SATURDAY, SEPT. 28, 1918

"THE FINGER OF GOD IS HERE"

There are times when however cold Catholic zeal may have grown, however weak the faith in the universal mission of God's Church, however dim the realization of the mighty promises of her Divine Founder, the abiding presence of the Holy Spirit promised by Jesus Christ flashes through the darkness illuminating the future, pointing out the road to be followed in a manner so unmistakable that even weak faith and zeal grown cold cries out—"The finger of God is here"—"God wills it."

With the deepest conviction of soul we believe that just now for the Catholics of Canada, for the readers of THE CATHOLIC RECORD, God is pointing out the path of duty, God's Holy Spirit is breathing His inspiration into our souls making clear the way in which Canadian Catholics are called to cooperate with the designs of God's Providence in bringing the blessed message of salvation to those who sit in darkness and the shadow of death. In all humility and with the deepest sense of responsibility we approach the subject for we feel that we tread on holy ground.

Perhaps a little digression—or apparent digression—may serve as an introduction. Some years ago when the writer was a parish priest the call for help of a missionary in Uganda, British East Africa, made a vivid impression and the missionary's appeal was placed before the children of the parish who responded generously. Months later when Father Biermans wrote expressing his gratitude and describing his work among the African natives not only the children but their parents and indeed the whole congregation heard with extraordinary interest the reading of the missionary's letter. Every year thereafter the offerings of the children at the crib were devoted to this purpose. And so in honor of the Christ-Child who came down from heaven for black and yellow and red as well as white, the little ones here amid the snows of a Canadian winter helped their little black brethren under the burning sun of tropical Africa, and in so doing gained a vivid and realistic grasp of the significance of that glorious title of God's Church—her name and her essential characteristic—Catholic.

Some years later it was our good fortune to meet here in Canada Bishop Biermans—for in the meantime he had been consecrated bishop—and we learned that he was a Hollander and a Mill Hill missionary. Mill Hill, as many of our readers are aware, is the Foreign Missionary College of England. For, despite the stupendous difficulties of the Catholic Church in England, despoiled of her churches, her monasteries, her institutions; robbed not only of her property but of her members, and denied the right to exist by infamous penal laws; just emerging from the catacombs, as it were, in the home field, Catholic England fifty-two years ago founded a College for the training of foreign missionaries and has now over 200 priests in the far-off fields of the missions to the heathen. At Freshfield, near Liverpool, in 1854 was founded St. Peter's School as a preparatory school to Mill Hill College. Another such school was established in 1890 at Rozendaal, Holland, and another in 1891 at Brixen in the Tyrol. When Mill Hill proposed to open such a preparatory school in Holland there were many who discouraged the idea as the ground, they claimed, was already overworked. Redemptorists,

Dominicans, Franciscans and other religious orders had already such schools established and the prospect was unpromising for another which would have to encounter such competition. Nevertheless the St. Joseph's Mission House school was opened up at Rozendaal and in a short time had 38 boys fitted with the zeal for the foreign missions enrolled on its register. Amongst these was young Biermans, the present Bishop of Uganda, with whom we ourselves and some of the dearest children in the whole Catholic world were brought—is it presumptuous to think by the direct inspiration of the Holy Ghost?—into such interesting relations a few years ago, and from whom still more recently we heard the story of St. Joseph's *Mission* in his historic native land. There was no need of an interpreter for Bishop Biermans spoke English as one to the manner born, his education and formation at Mill Hill being English. And at the other side of the world his field of work is still within the far flung limits of the British Empire.

It was impossible to listen to this Anglicised Dutchman's simple recital of facts—stranger and of more absorbing interest than the most daring fiction—without a stirring of the soul to a wider conception of the priceless privilege of being a Catholic and sharing in the working out of the divine plan of bringing all nations and races, all peoples and tribes and tongues, into the One Fold under the One Shepherd. And we asked ourselves if the Catholics of England, over-burdened as they are at home, could found a Missionary College, and if this College could successfully establish Apostolic schools in Protestant England, in more than half Protestant Holland, as well as in the Catholic Tyrol; if difficulties of race and language and national prejudices and predilections could be overcome in these foreign countries, why at least could not a similar preparatory school be established in English-speaking Canada? And if it were started who will venture to say that here as in Catholic Holland we should soon see 38 clean-blooded, innocent, virtuous Canadian Catholic lads who would respond to the inspirations of the Holy Spirit and amongst whom a few years hence would be many a Bishop Biermans? This preparatory school there was every reason to hope would in time develop into a Canadian Missionary College which should be a worthy embodiment and expression of Canada's national contribution to the fulfilment of Christ's command "Go teach all nations." The time for this development could be looked for when our own Father Fraser should come back eminently fitted by the knowledge and experience gained in the Chinese missions to spend the evening of life as head of the Canadian Mission College where he should pass on the fire of undiminished and enlightened zeal to those who should make permanent and perpetual the work to which he had consecrated his life. This project we discussed with many Canadian Catholics, with priests and with bishops, always meeting with warmly sympathetic interest. The late Apostolic Delegate to Canada was not only sympathetic, he was enthusiastic. "Why do you not advocate this in the CATHOLIC RECORD?" he urged. "Because," we answered, "it would be largely an academic discussion as yet. We must have a project, definite and concrete; discussion of a nebulous proposition might be edifying in a futile sort of way, but might be even worse than barren of results."

Now Father Fraser is home; driven home by the menace of utter ruin to the Chinese Missions. The Missions Etrangères of Paris, the great French Foreign Mission Seminary, which used to send as high as thirty priests in a year to the foreign missions has passed clean out of existence, it has not one student preparing for foreign missionary work, not one. Vast districts in China are confided to the Missions Etrangères, where the work has been carried on by French priests under French bishops—Vicars-Apostolic. Not only the young men who constantly recruited or augmented the ranks of the French foreign missionaries, but the French priests and even bishops of military age actually engaged in foreign mission work have joined the clergy at home, and as chaplains, stretcher-bearers, officers or privates in the ranks, 26,000 of them are fighting shoulder to shoulder with the manhood of all France to

repel the tide of the new barbaric invasion. What is true of the great Seminary of Les Missions Etrangères is true of every other missionary college, secular and regular, in all France; and in Belgium and in Germany. The sources of men and money in all Europe from which the foreign missions used to draw are practically all dried up. It will take long years to fill the depleted ranks of the clergy at home; longer still before the vivifying streams will again set in again to water the vineyards planted in the fields afar.

Father Fraser, single-minded, with unaffected humility, but burning with that zeal which accomplished wonders in China, comes to us with just that concrete proposition for which we longed, a proposition by which the Catholics of Canada, spared by God's mercy from the horrors and devastation which the War has carried to other Catholic lands and peoples, may now do her bit to save from destruction the work of generations of apostolic zeal in the lands still subject to heathen superstition.

Of this great work to which we firmly believe the finger of God points as Canada's duty of the hour we shall write more in detail next week.

THE USE OF WORDS

In the current number of The Catholic World, with his characteristic lucidity and force, Hilaire Belloc points out the confusion and loose thinking due to the modern use or misuse of the word "Christianity." He deliberately brands the word as a "neologism." "I do not think," he writes, "you will find any word which you can translate by 'Christianity' used anywhere until well after the Reformation. I know of no Latin or Greek word which will translate it. There was certainly no French word to translate it until the advent of the horrid neologism 'Christianisme'—which was popularized by Chateaubriand. I conceive that the idea for which the English word 'Christianity' stands is not only a false idea, but an essentially modern bit of false historical idea and part of the modern confusion about the past."

The objection is briefly this: "That the word 'Christianity' connotes the historical existence of an unreal thing; of something which never did exist, never will exist, and in the nature of things never can have existed. It connotes a common religion which never was or could be."

Answering the superficial but inevitable objection: "That may be the Catholic point of view, but you cannot expect us to accept it," Mr. Belloc says: "If you look at the matter coldly you will see that it has nothing whatever to do with the truth or falsehood of Catholic teaching, but everything to do with the right teaching of history—of objective history—in other words, of what really happened as contrasted with what you imagine may have happened or might have happened."

"What happened historically was that a certain strict society came into being at a certain time—the reign of Tiberius Caesar—claimed to have been taught certain things—some of them apparently most improbable; others quite outside the region of proof—and to have been taught them by a certain Person to which the founders of that society were witnesses; this Society declared these, its doctrines to be divine and immutable truths. This society was multiplying and spreading what it claimed to be the doctrines of this historical Person, Christ, was known as the 'Ecclesia.' It was always organized and the stronger it grew the better did it become organized. It was always highly distinct from the world around it. It was always from its very origin passionately concerned to preserve its personality and identity as a thing not a theory, and from its very origins it developed, as all organisms must, and performed the functions of excretion as well as absorption. No one ever thought of it as anything but a highly distinct, defined, limited, organized body. Even those who broke away from it did so upon the plea that they were the real organization, the main branch in the right tradition. They did not, before quite modern times, pretend that you could be possessed of false doctrine and yet be part of the Church. Neither they nor their opponents, were ever concerned with what there was in common to contending parties but entirely with that which was not in common; for upon the latter depended the whole definition and cause of their existence."

"Take a concrete example: An Ebonite would say: 'The true original doctrine was that Jesus Christ was a human teacher and divinely inspired, but not Himself a divinity.' To which the contemporary Catholic answered: 'You are quite wrong. It is your rationalizing which is the innovation and not my transcendental doctrine. That

has been held from the beginning.' "Now the historian is perfectly free to say that the transcendental doctrine taught by the Catholic was false and that the rationalist doctrine taught by the Ebonite was true. He could say that in the most positive manner affirming it as his private opinion, and remain a sound and accurate historian. But if he went on to say or to imply that these two ways of judging the Founder of the Church were less important to the Catholic and Ebonite than the common acceptance by both parties of that Founder as a teacher, he would be saying something thoroughly unhistorical. If he said or implied that the Ebonite, though rejecting the Divinity of Our Lord, thought far more of the fact that after all Catholics also accepted all that part of His teaching which said nothing about His Divinity, he would be talking bad history. That is my point. The word 'Christianity' implies a general doctrine of fundamental importance, which has admitted accretions and differences between various bodies, who all at any rate admit and are governed by the supremacy of the central doctrine. There is historically no such thing as the modern fiction of 'Christianity.'"

We have given this rather too lengthy quotation because the writer so effectively punctures a very popular bubble, shows the unhistorical and unreal idea connoted by a term that is responsible for much confusion of thought which, under the pleasing camouflage of liberalism, leads to downright scepticism and infidelity.

Closely related to this misuse of words, and perhaps a result of it, is the custom making its way in spite of its obvious absurdity of speaking of all the sects, all the half-baked opinions and theories of modern rationalists as "The Church." "The plain historical fact is that the Catholic Church is a certain thing or historical phenomenon or institution from which other things have broken away (forming sects or heresies as the Catholic Church calls them), but there is no one thing common to this institution and to the waltz of those who have been derived from but have quarrelled with it." Much less can all these taken together with the Catholic Church or for that matter apart from it, be called "The Church." As well call Germany, Russia, France, the United States and England "The State." All these States, and other States also, whether civilized or not, have certain objects in common, for instance the preservation of order, the security of life and property; but calling them all "The State" does not make them less entirely distinct and separate entities. Speaking of "The Church" or "Organized Christianity" may cover up for those who have eyes and will not see a festering sore but it will do nothing to cure it. "The State" as a term including all organized civil society would do little to bring the warring world together as one nation.

Mr. Belloc quotes Aristotle and Confucius as agreeing on one point: "It seems that what both these eminent people said was that a mark of decline was the use of words in a wrong sense. They pointed out the wrong use of words as a mark of decline in a State, and I suppose the doctrine would apply to the decline of the power to reason and of a good many other things which go with a healthy civilization."

The growing use of the term "The Church" as including separate, distinct and even hostile organizations is surely a mark of religious decadence, of loss of power and desire to reason which go with a healthy religious spirit.

THE LATE EDITOR OF THE REGISTER

In the untimely death of the late J. A. Wall, K. C., Catholic journalism in Canada has sustained a serious loss. In another column we give the sketch of his life and work which those who knew him best furnished the Toronto Star.

Scholarly, studious, a sincere, earnest and loyal Catholic he gave up the life and work in which he had already achieved success to place at the disposal of the Catholic cause the fruits of studious life and the service of his facile pen. Master of a clear, vigorous English style and conscientious to a degree in his study of the questions he treated as a journalist, he succeeded in great measure in leaving the impress of his personality on the Catholic Register during the too short period of his editorial control of that paper.

To our esteemed Catholic contemporary, the bereaved family and to the Diocese of Toronto the CATHOLIC RECORD extends its heartfelt sympathy in the great loss sustained by the death of the scholarly gentleman whose whole-souled devotion to the

exacting duties of his chosen calling overtaxed a physical strength none too robust. It is this very fact that enhances the merit of his abandonment of the legal profession to take up new duties in a new environment with little thought of personal ease and comfort at a time of life when these considerations might without impropriety be paramount. May he rest in peace.

BEGINNING AT THE WRONG END

There has been a great deal of controversy of late in our Catholic papers and periodicals anent the project of enlarging the scope and influence of our Catholic press, and of placing it on a more substantial basis. Much has been said about a million dollar endowment, a Catholic Press Sunday and a central bureau of information. The possibility of a Catholic daily has been pointed out that it would be possible to have many Catholic dailies throughout the country if some central agency could secure the services of the best available talent which would furnish the leading editorials, a condensed survey of current events, religious articles and literary reviews, all of which could be forwarded at comparatively small expense to the various papers, leaving to the managing editor of each merely the task of collecting the local news and of attending to the other matters that would naturally fall within the sphere of his official duties. All this is very good; but it ignores the very important consideration that it is useless to offer for sale something for which no market has been created. Would the fact that a paper had on its staff an editorial writer like Father Tierney of "America," a controversialist like Father Hull of the Bombay Examiner, a popular religious teacher like Father Noll of the Sunday Visitor, a scientist and historian like Dr. Walsh of Fordham, a sociologist like Rev. Paul L. Blakely and a literary critic like Agnes Repplier or the late Joyce Kilmer, increase its circulation to any appreciable extent in the ordinary Catholic community of today? We think not.

There is an old saying that one must travel in order to acquire a taste for olives. We have reason to doubt the truth of this statement, having noticed at a picnic how a couple of young untravelled ladies did justice to a bottle of this Spanish delicacy. However it will serve as an illustration. A man who does not care for olive oil would not appreciate having a bottle of this now expensive luxury placed on the table beside his tomato salad. Neither would one who has not acquired a taste for Catholic literature thank you for subscribing for him to a Catholic paper. In all probability like the bottle of olive oil it would remain unopened though both are good for the system. Once a person has laid aside his prejudices or his indifference and tasted Catholic literature he will find it to be so good that he will not only develop an appetite for it but a veritable hunger. The accomplishment of this task of inducing subscribers to relish the literary and soul-nourishing feast that is spread before them is, to our mind, the most essential element in the truly apostolic work of furthering the interests of the Catholic press.

Some priests, by exhortations from the pulpit and by a personal canvass of their parishioners, have succeeded in placing a Catholic paper in almost every home in their parishes. No one can gainsay the merit of this work, but it stops short of the accomplishment of the end in view. Under this mild form of compulsion most Catholics will subscribe for a paper. But will they read it? Will they subscribe for it next year if there be a change of pastors? The women folk will read the story, but the rest of its contents will, in most cases, diffuse as much light in the household as do the illuminating facts contained in the "Directory of Catholic Information" that supports the lamp on the parlor table.

In all the literature that has grown up about this subject we have seen but one practical suggestion made as to how best to induce people to read Catholic papers. This appeared in an article dealing with the recent Catholic Press Convention in Chicago. The writer, Mr. L. F. Happel, M. A., suggests a Catholic press hour once a week, or at least once a fortnight, in our Catholic schools, that the youthful reader of the Catholic press of today might be the full-grown reader of the Catholic press of to-

morrow. Very pertinently he remarks: "How many of us would ever have read a line of Milton or Shakespeare, or possibly even of Scott or Thackeray, had we not been gradually trained to an appreciation of such literature by patient instructors during long hours of classroom reading?" The conclusion he draws is that Catholic editors are facing difficulties that they themselves cannot overcome. "Only the heartiest co-operation," says he, "of the Sisters and priests of the Catholic parochial schools, academies and colleges the country over can create the demand for a better Catholic press than we have to-day."

We would not presume to suggest the reading of passages from the Catholic paper from the pulpit. Albeit we know of one priest who was accustomed to do this. He was a good reader—a very essential qualification in this matter—and while he may have wearied his congregation a little at times, he left them a well instructed people and fostered in them a devotion to the Catholic press.

A plan that can be open to no objection would be to devote a portion of the evening at the regular meetings of our men's societies to a discussion of the topics of Catholic interest treated in the current issues of the weekly Catholic papers. The pastor could briefly review these topics and call attention to the articles dealing with them. The result of this would be a thirst for further information among the men of the parish and an aroused interest in the columns of the Catholic paper that is lying on the table in their clubroom or that comes weekly to their homes. Such practical aid to their self-education would be much more beneficial than a glowing panegyric on some ancient worthy that would merely tickle the ears of his hearers and create a momentary enthusiasm.

THE GLEANER

NOTES AND COMMENTS

THERE SEEMS something heartless in the way most of the big Canadian dailies print casualty lists—long columns of names crowded together without regard to alphabetical order, making search for a given name a matter of no little tedium and difficulty. If space be the consideration why should editors in this time of stress and anxiety not sacrifice some of the trivialities of the sporting page to the solicitude of the thousands of anxious hearts among their readers. There are some honorable exceptions to the practice indicated, but it should be the rule.

THE STATISTICAL review of the criminal record of the Provinces of Quebec and Ontario prepared from the records of the Department of Trade and Commerce by a Parliamentary official, showing that crime, both adult and juvenile, is much more prevalent in Ontario than in Quebec, should prove instructive reading to the Toronto daily (and others) which has a habit of juggling the figures of Government statistics to the prejudice of Canadian Catholics. The favorable showing of Quebec ("Catholic Quebec") in this latest review is rightly attributed to its schools, wherein religious training is the rule, not the exception. In this connection the figures given should furnish food for thought to the people of Ontario generally.

THE MANNER of man that is at the head of the Allied armies in France is set forth in a few striking paragraphs in the Strand Magazine by Henri de Forge, whose writing bears every evidence of first-hand knowledge. Better than long columns of panegyric these simple characterizations of the great soldier upon whose genius and devotion the whole world now leans, reveal him as he is. M. de Forge's words, therefore, cannot find too wide publicity. The German authorities themselves know him, and display no disposition to minimize the gravity of the situation that now faces them. "He is a leader," said the Gazette de Cologne recently, "who knows what he wants and who will act with calm tenacity."

FIRST, AS TO General Foch's simplicity and unostentatiousness: "The same calm gravity which marks his religious life makes him see all brilliant and showy functions. On principle, he refuses to attend all those to which he is invited. In his own words he 'hasn't the time'; he has 'to go to work.' In his dress, as in all else, he tries to avoid everything that does not make for sim-

licity. Fancy, or pretty uniforms irritate him, and, preaching by example, he is nearly always to be seen in the ordinary sky-blue uniform. But for the hardly perceptible little stars, one might take him for a soldier of the ranks. . . . His table also reflects his mode of life. His are a soldier's meals, eaten quickly and without conversation. As a man of action he possesses a good appetite, but one meat course, a dish of vegetables and a cup of coffee constitute his daily menu."

SECONDLY, HIS devotion to work and to duty. The few who have the honor of coming in contact with him, we are told, say that he hardly sleeps at all, and that he has no set hours of rest. "At the time of the last offensive towards Marne, and at the time of the offensive against the British, he was awake during five days and five nights, his ear bent to the telephone, in constant communication with his generals." Further: "He is little seen nowadays. His herculean daily task—heavier than it seems humanly possible for one man to undertake—pins him to his headquarters. . . . Even when he does go among his troops—for instance, to assure himself of the importance of this or that position—he hardly ever pauses."

THEN AS TO his relations with his brother generals and his subordinates. We have seen that he goes but little amongst his men, but to those whose duty bring them to him he is "always affable." Though a man of few words his relations with his generals are "singularly happy." And so far from expecting blind obedience from those under him, his professed doctrine as a tactician is that "to command has never meant to be mysterious; on the contrary, the idea which animates the order should be explained to the immediate subordinate. For, while it is necessary that a commander should have the hearts and minds of those under him completely subordinated to higher authority, we must enlighten our subordinates, because blind obedience does not necessarily make for rational and logical execution of the idea conceived by the generalissimo."

ALTHOUGH NATURALLY reserved, when General Foch does talk he becomes animated, we are told. Usually, however, "his calm face is stamped with sadness, for he has given his son and his son-in-law to France." His intense love of country and his feeling for those to whom, like himself, the War has brought bereavement, are expressed in his own words. "Ah, you do not know what a father suffers when mourning enters into his household. My son is gone, and one of my daughters is widowed. I shall return to a home that I left full of happiness on a summer Sunday to find poor little orphans who never even knew their father. I am nearing the twilight of life, and I think I have been a faithful servant whose hope is to rest in the peace of our Lord. There are, like myself, thousands and thousands of fond old fathers who have lost all they loved, the sons on whom their hope was set. But, we have no right to self-pity. Our country—our beloved patrie—is all that matters. Let us accept the sacrifice. The whole of humanity is at stake. Liberty must first triumph. Afterwards, we may weep."

FINALLY, AS TO the Generalissimo's religious character. Born in the Lourdes country, and educated by the Jesuits, he has never lost the fruit of that training. M. de Forge writes: "No one has told, although it is a fact, how never a day passes without his withdrawing for a few moments of meditation in the nearest church; it may be only a shell-shattered ruin. He always goes alone, and never mentions his going to his officers. It is no mere pater of religion. It is simply that he needs every day to withdraw a while from life's turmoil and draw close to the Master of all men and all destinies. There is nothing theatrical about this action—no pompous invocation of the Almighty, after the manner of the Kaiser. It is a simple act of true piety by a simple man." Therein lies the secret of his strength.

ASIDE FROM his superior qualities as a man and a Catholic, and his achievements in the industrial and financial world, the elevation of Mr. M. J. O'Brien to the Senate of Canada.

is all the more pleasing since it is that of a man who has never sought publicity, or maneuvered for honors at the hands of his countrymen.

ON THE BATTLE LINE

A GREAT victory was won by the British army on Wednesday and early on Thursday morning along the battle-line between Gouzeaucourt and St. Quentin.

There were a lull in the fighting yesterday. The wide stretch of ground occupied during the British advance will have to be provided with roads, gun positions and munition dumps before the heavy artillery with which the Hindenburg line is being hammered can be brought up to the new front.

THE NEWS from the Eastern battle-fronts in Syria, Macedonia and Russia is excellent. The Turks, the Bulgars and the German-led Bolsheviks are all on the run and going fast.

Operations are in progress against what the London Times speaks of as the flower of the Turkish army on the entire fifty-mile front between the Jordan and the sea, and are aided by naval forces on the coast, while east of the Jordan the Arabs are cutting the Turkish railway on the edge of the Syrian desert and making it extremely difficult to rush reinforcements southward from Damascus.

IN MACEDONIA the Serbs and French are pushing the Bulgars out of the ground between the German and the Vardar. On a front of over twenty-five miles they have advanced on an average about seventeen miles, and have crossed the Cerna at about more than twenty miles from the front as it existed before the advance began.

A DETAILED statement has been issued dealing with conditions along the Czecho-Slovak battlefront in European Russia. Generally speaking the line follows the Volga River in its upper reaches.

At the time he served under Cardinal McCloskey, Father Farley was likewise the rector of St. Gabriel's Church, a large but poor parish, on the east side. Here a priest's life was one of constant toil and not a little hardship.

been captured. On the Murman front there have been several encounters between the people of Karlia, who are pro-Ally, and hostile patrols who have crossed the frontier into the State from Finland.

CARDINAL FARLEY DEAD

ADDED TO HIS FAME AS AN ECCLESIASTIC BY WHOLE HEARTED STAND FOR DEMOCRACY

Special to The New York Times

Mamaroneck, N. Y., Sept. 17.—John Cardinal Farley, Archbishop of the Roman Catholic Diocese of New York, died at his country home at Orienta Point at 9:17 o'clock tonight, after an illness lasting six weeks.

John Murphy Farley, Archbishop of New York, was created and proclaimed a Cardinal of the Roman Catholic Church with the titular church of Sancta Maria Supra Minerva, Rome, on Nov. 27, 1911, simultaneous with the elevation to the Sacred College by Pope Pius X. of Archbishop O'Connell of Boston and Diomede Falconio, Apostolic Delegate at Washington.

News of Cardinal Farley's nomination was received not only by the Catholic population of New York with great enthusiasm, but by the city at large, for as Archbishop Farley he had been beloved by a host of friends of every creed.

One of the greatest demonstrations any ecclesiastic ever received in this country was accorded the new Prince of the Church when he returned to this country on Jan. 17, 1912. In an open carriage he joined the procession and saw the city decked in papal colors as never before.

Cardinal Farley was born April 20, 1842, at Newton Hamilton, County Armagh, Ireland, the son of Philip and Catherine Murphy Farley. His father was an innkeeper.

Cardinal Farley was born April 20, 1842, at Newton Hamilton, County Armagh, Ireland, the son of Philip and Catherine Murphy Farley. His father was an innkeeper.

He came to New York through the auspices of an uncle, and continued his education at St. John's College, Fordham University, and at St. Joseph's Seminary at Troy, N.Y. He spent four more years at the American College at Rome, and was ordained as a priest there June 11, 1870.

At the time he served under Cardinal McCloskey, Father Farley was likewise the rector of St. Gabriel's Church, a large but poor parish, on the east side. Here a priest's life was one of constant toil and not a little hardship.

SUCCEEDS LATE ARCHBISHOP CORRIGAN

In 1884 Father Farley was appointed a private chamberlain by Pope Leo, with the title of Magr. In 1891 he was appointed Vicar General of the Archdiocese of New York, in 1892 Domestic Prelate of Pope Leo, in 1895 Apostolic Prothonotary, and in the same year Auxiliary Bishop under Archbishop Corrigan, who succeeded Cardinal McCloskey.

HIS GREAT SERVICE IN WAR

Cardinal Farley entered into the spirit of America's war against autocracy with a whole heart. He wanted peace, but he said it was evident this could not be obtained except by the defeat of Germany.

He considered it a sacred duty to all Americans to answer immediately every demand made upon them by the Church in America could have at the time received.

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HIS APPEAL HEADED COLUMBUS DRIVE

To further his cordial support of the Government in the War and with a view to more active participation of Catholics, Cardinal Farley urged that Catholics organize a Catholic War Fund, and the drive for \$2,500,000 directed by the Knights of Columbus, began on March 17 and ending so successfully, was headed by his appeal.

The response to the appeal of the Knights of Columbus for funds to carry on their work in France among soldiers, non-Catholics as well as Catholics, since it is the slogan of the Knights of Columbus that "every boy is welcome," is well known.

In spite of his age and his illness, which had been gradually becoming more acute and the Cardinal more feeble, he appeared in public many times during the last year. Though at many meetings or entertainments at which the Cardinal was expected, it was later announced that illness prevented his appearance, he was actively at work in his office in the archiepiscopal residence, supervising the many added duties which became his lot as the head of the largest archdiocese in the War.

SQUELCHED SINN FEIN ELEMENT

In bending his efforts toward the winning of the War, he antagonized and then squelched a budding Sinn Fein element among the Catholic clergy in the city. The Gaelic-American, the organ of the Sinn Fein organization in this country, bitterly attacked the Cardinal, and a number of prominent Catholic men and women, most of whom are residents of this city. The article was entitled "Cardinal Farley Loses to Anti-Irish Bigots."

Sinn Fein proceedings, as far as Catholics were concerned, lulled in the archdiocese of New York and have not since come to the surface in an outburst of feeling.

The retiring nature of the venerable prelate was shown in many ways, but especially in the succinctness and despatch with which he set in motion the clerical forces under his guidance. After mailing a letter to every Roman Catholic clergyman in the archdiocese a letter recommending that they carry out the requests of the Publicity Committee of the Liberty Loan Committee he said simply:

"I have assured the gentleman on this committee that the Catholic Church of New York will promote this campaign with all the influence at her command."

Between noon and 1 o'clock it was his custom to take a walk along Madison or Fifth Avenue with one his priests.

"A man never collects his thoughts so well as when he walks alone or with a congenial spirit," the Cardinal was wont to say.

After dining at 1 o'clock he usually sat on a round of calls, mostly made to the different churches of the diocese, or to attend meetings of the many boards of which he was the head. At 6 he always had tea. His evenings were always spent quietly. He rarely went out to dinners or functions unless they were of great or public importance.

NOT A GREAT PREACHER OR SPEAKER

Cardinal Farley was not a great preacher or speaker, so far as oratorical ability was concerned, although he had a sweet voice and a strong and interesting and convincing. They were consistently leveled at certain things which he considered the greatest current evils, divorce, immoral theatricals, Sabbath desecrations and Socialism.

It was rather as a manager of men and of money that the Cardinal Arch-bishop ranked highest. His display of great vigor and conviction in plans for the founding of Catholic institutions and in fostering those already established. Under his administration six or seven new churches were built in New York archdiocese each year, home missions were extended, and phenomenal gains made in donations for all church purposes.

On the occasion of the fortieth anniversary of Archbishop Farley's ordination the clergy and laity of the archdiocese made him the princely gift of \$300,000 with which to pay off the indebtedness against St. Patrick's Cathedral, and enabled him as he said to consecrate it in fact as well as in name as the House of God.

Cardinal Farley lived in the archiepiscopal mansion in Madison Avenue, directly behind the Cathedral in New York City. He was surrounded by his official household, but lived a simple life. He owned no fine equipment of any sort. He abstained from tobacco and coffee and was known among his friends as a charming host.

It was said that no one knew Cardinal Farley as well as the former Chancellor of the Archdiocese, now Bishop P. J. Hayes, Bishop Ordinate of the American forces, who paid him this tribute:

BISHOP HAYES'S TRIBUTE

"It is often remarked that great men who conceive and bring to successful finality large undertakings have but little patience for the exacting details that ever must crowd upon their attention. Cardinal Farley, however, had been able to combine with executive administration of a high order an immeasurable capacity for ordinary official work. Under Cardinal McCloskey he was invaluable in preparing for the erection of the superstructure of the Cathedral, and upon him fell the preparations for a function heretofore unknown in this land—the conferring of the Cardinal's biretta upon Archbishop McCloskey in 1875.

"He successfully met all indebtedness at St. Gabriel's, and in every office was remarkably successful in obtaining large subscriptions for one purpose or another. The cosmopolitan complexion of the Catholic population of New York presents a grave problem and responsibility which the Cardinal faced fearlessly and solved intelligently. Seventeen

man of eloquence as convincing and vigorous as it was kindly and gracious. His busy official life deprived him of an opportunity for extensive literary work. He was, however, the author of the 'Life of Cardinal McCloskey,' and has contributed to periodical literature many articles on timely topics.

"There was no more zealous pastor than he during the eighteen years at St. Gabriel's parish. Yet his lofty conception of the pastoral office far removed him from any church inflexibility. From his early priesthood he was identified with the Society for the Propagation of the Faith, and prayed that America might take up the work in the foreign missionary field. His cherished dream became a reality.

"After his appointment to the archiepiscopate he organized a diocesan center of the society; and New York, which ten years ago was accustomed to contribute only \$4,000 annually, has led the world in the past few years in its generosity to missions. Again the Foreign Missionary College was opened a few years ago within his jurisdiction, and no one blessed it with more sympathy and substantial encouragement than the Cardinal Archbishop of New York. Little wonder, then, that the Cardinal won the title of 'Cardinal of the Missions.'

NOTED FOR HIS SIMPLICITY

"Cardinal Farley was a man more spoken of than speaking. He disliked publicity and enjoyed accomplishing his work with as little fuss as possible. Trading on dignity for personal gratification and ostentation of any sort was abhorrent to him. His simplicity was characteristic of the never varying routine of his daily life. He was an early riser; his day began at 6 o'clock, when he said Mass in his private chapel, except on Sundays, when he said it in the Cathedral at 8. Then he breakfasted lightly, with his secretary and his chancellor, in the archiepiscopal residence and busied himself with correspondence until 10 o'clock. From then until noon he received his callers, acting in every role from that of a kindly but dignified prince exchanging messages to a Foreign Ambassador, to an interested priest soothing the troubled spirits of the poorest.

"The Cardinal's devoted loyalty and consistent service to the Catholic University, since its foundation twenty-five years ago, furnished another evidence of his all-embracing Catholic spirit. He had been a lover of strength and of light to the university in its days of stress and darkness. While concerned so much with the university, the Cardinal was not forgetful of the little ones of his flock. During his pastorate at St. Gabriel's he increased school facilities and advanced the grades so as to have a very efficient high school in conjunction with the more elementary courses. Since he assumed the archiepiscopal responsibility he increased the number of parochial schools in his diocese from ninety-six to nearly two hundred.

FOUNDED CATHOLIC COLLEGE

"Nor is this all. His solicitude for the education of the clergy led him a decade ago to open a diocesan preparatory seminary under the name of Cathedral College. He organized so well this preparatory school that it immediately obtained a charter from the Regents of the University of the State of New York to confer collegiate degrees.

"The need of an expository and apologetic encyclopaedia of Catholic doctrine, history, and life was another burning thought that possessed the mind of the youthful priest. He often discussed with the elders the project of the Catholic Encyclopaedia as an accomplished fact. The last of the fifteen volumes has long since left the press. A corps of profound scholars, renowned specialists, and learned contributors of every tongue and nation, under wise editorial and sane business management have wrought the English speaking nations of the world a lasting benefit. To none may greater credit go than to Cardinal Farley, who, some eleven years ago, launched in his own house, in the presence of a few priests and laymen, this stupendous enterprise, with such hopeful benediction and assurance of success that all misgivings, financial and otherwise, were set aside. Though generous with monetary aid he contributed what was still more substantial, his personal influence and compelling power, that has proved the stay and strength of this monumental work.

GRASP OF DETAILS

"It is often remarked that great men who conceive and bring to successful finality large undertakings have but little patience for the exacting details that ever must crowd upon their attention. Cardinal Farley, however, had been able to combine with executive administration of a high order an immeasurable capacity for ordinary official work. Under Cardinal McCloskey he was invaluable in preparing for the erection of the superstructure of the Cathedral, and upon him fell the preparations for a function heretofore unknown in this land—the conferring of the Cardinal's biretta upon Archbishop McCloskey in 1875.

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tongues rendered him spiritual obedience. The immigrant, for whom New York has some strange fascination seems to cling to the shores of our vast country and fears to venture beyond. For such the Archbishop has been providing priests, churches, and schools.

"A diocesan movement for social reform and betterment has also been the subject of serious concern to His Eminence. Hundreds of thousands of dollars were expended annually in this city by other than Catholic organizations. No prelate ever approached his duty here better prepared to cope with it. For nearly twenty years Mgr. Farley, as pastor, lived among the poor. At the same time he was the Spiritual Director of the St. Vincent de Paul Society, and came into contact with poverty and its problems. He injected into this society a constructive spirit of Christian charity, which broadened in scope, lifted it to a higher plane than that of providing temporary relief, and gave it such an impetus that special works were established, and continue to be formed to meet special conditions.

HIS BOND WITH ETERNAL CITY

"Since the days when he was a student in Rome the bond between the Cardinal and the Eternal City had been very strong. He knew well the Rome of Pius IX. before the spoliation of 1870, and was privileged to behold the bishops of the universal church assemble for the Vatican Council. As Secretary to Cardinal McCloskey he accompanied His Eminence to Rome in 1875 and witnessed America's first Cardinal taking possession of his titular church, Sancta Maria Supra Minerva, where the then Father Farley was to stand thirty-six years afterward himself a prince of the Church.

"Again in 1878, on the occasion of the death of Pope Pius IX, he sailed for Rome with Cardinal McCloskey to attend His Eminence as conclavist. But before the arrival of New York's Cardinal Archbishop, Leo XIII, had been elected. Father Farley was present at the coronation of Leo XIII, and at the consistory which followed, in which Cardinal McCloskey was invested with the insignia of the Cardinalial dignity.

"The last and recent visit of Cardinal Farley to Rome was the crowning event of his ecclesiastical career. Summoned by Pius X. to be created a member of the Sacred College of Cardinals he embarked from his archiepiscopal city amid acclamations of joy and affection from clergy and people. The days that followed in the Eternal City were ever memorable in his own life and in the history of the American College, which became a centre of official and ceremonial activity for the three new American Cardinals.

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH EXTENSION SOCIETY OF CANADA

RESULTS OF EXTENSION WORK

The Catholic Church Extension has done and is doing a great deal of good. Last year in actual cash the missions received \$56,208.07, and church goods including such very vestments, ornaments, chalices, etc., to the value of \$5,474.45. These amounts were divided among seven-teen archdioceses, dioceses and vicariates of the West and North. Naturally we would expect that the expenditure of such an effort would bring about results that would be noticed—and it does.

We have reports from those whose business keeps them on the road. For example, among the theatrical groups that are scattered through the country we hear reports. Some of these people are good practical Catholics. Their story confirms the value of our work in out of the way places. First the Extension will build a little chapel in some neglected corner. This gets the Catholics, often of a widely scattered district, together, soon they realize that they were more numerous than anyone suspected. Having drifted into such a corner for one cause or another Faith was seldom a matter talked about. But having a little beginning made a great difference—a priest came regularly, they were encouraged, they organized and got together, God's work among them soon showed substantial results and the little chapel of a few years ago was only the vestry of a handsome church. And it is needless to add that the whole spirit of the place changed. Religion was a matter now of ordinary talk, it was also a matter of ordinary practice.

OUR SCHOOLS

Many years ago an Order of Sisters in France founded a House in British Columbia. They are teaching Sisters and have prospered in Canada in the sense that they have five or six schools, some of them for Indian children. At Sechelt, B. C., one of their schools was destroyed by fire last year. The Extension Society recently granted \$300 to help complete a new building, and the Sister Superior's thanks reached us last week. She adds: "Our school has been reopened and is more flourishing than ever. In fact we cannot accommodate all that apply." This work of education in all its many degrees is being brought more and more to our attention as a vital need of the church in the West. The West is still largely a pioneer country, with all the enthusiasm for material progress which pioneers are

apt to develop in a new country. The effect of this on men's faith is remarkable. Those whose faith is not a vital force in their lives become careless. Those who resist the temptation to think only of material things become rather better Catholics than they were before they went West. But in the case of children born in the West, they can scarcely escape the contagion of materialism if religion is absent from the schools they frequent.

In Alberta and Saskatchewan Catholics have the right to organize Catholic public schools. But in British Columbia no such advantage is obtainable. There the only possible Catholic elementary schools are parish schools. In places like Fernie, Cranbrook, Revelstoke, etc., the need of Catholic education is severely felt. Of course, most of the expense must be borne by the parents, but what is true of chapels is also true of schools; it is the first step that is difficult, and there are already flourishing Catholic schools in some places due to timely aid given at the outset. There is no more effective mission work at present than the helping of struggling Catholic schools.

This has been realized entirely by the Extension Society and every effort that could have been made was made to aid Catholic education. Can you help along the good work? Donations may be addressed to: Rev. T. O'DONNELL, President, Catholic Church Extension Society, 67 Bond St., Toronto.

CONTRIBUTIONS THROUGH THIS OFFICE SHOULD BE ADDRESSED:

EXTENSION, CATHOLIC RECORD OFFICE, London, Ont.

DONATIONS

Table with 2 columns: Name and Amount. Includes entries like E. Conlon, Billings Bridge, \$14.00; E. O'D. McNamara, New York, \$5.00; D. McDonald, Brook Village, \$1.00; Mrs. S. Barrett, Belle Island, \$1.00; E. G. P., Ottawa, \$4.00.

MASS INTENTIONS

From Cardinal O'Connell's Address to Religious Teachers

But you, beloved religious, are happy in the possession of the true faith. The very basis of Catholic training is religion which inspires love of God and devotion to country. Love of God is impossible with those who refuse obedience to the nation. And it is equally true that he who refuses allegiance to country and subjection and recognition to its laws cannot be a true and loyal follower of Christ.

These facts must inevitably force themselves upon the notice of the leaders of the people. Irreligious instruction fathers false science, disunion and moral decay; any system of education that banishes God from its curriculum is insidious and false. Our prominent non-Catholic educators know this to be true, but they are yet in good part unwilling to make the avowal, at least, openly. But public opinion is beginning to assert itself and to demand the re-establishment of religion in the schools. Without the guidance of religion true instruction is impossible. Our obligations in the matter of training the youth are clear and well defined. It is our sacred duty to set the best possible example for the nation, and in this we must exercise the patience and conscientiousness that become us as Catholics and Christians.—Catholic Columbian.

FATHER FRASER'S CHINA MISSION FUND

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

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

I propose the following burses for subscription:

- 1. Sacred Heart Bourse.
2. Blessed Sacrament Bourse.
3. Holy Name of Jesus Bourse.
4. Queen of Apostles Bourse.
5. Immaculate Conception Bourse.
6. Comforter of the Afflicted Bourse.
7. St. Francis Xavier Bourse.
8. St. Anthony Bourse.
9. Holy Souls Bourse.
10. Little Flower Bourse.

SACRED HEART BOURSE

Table with 2 columns: Name and Amount. Includes entries like Previously acknowledged \$58.00; J. J. C. Winnipic, Man., \$10.00; Mrs. J. C. Walsh, Rockland, \$1.00; Friend, Apple Hill, \$1.50; In Honor of St. Anthony, \$0.50.

QUEEN OF APOSTLES BOURSE

Table with 2 columns: Name and Amount. Includes entry: Anonymous, \$1,000.00.



CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

ONE BY ONE

One by one the sands are flowing, One by one the moments fall; Some are coming, some are going; Do not strive to grasp them all.

WORDS OF PRAISE

How is it that words of praise are so grudgingly spoken, and so few persons are found in the retail trade of that desirable commodity?

the lady, tried every secret which he was acquainted with to conquer her resolution. Justina perceiving herself vigorously attacked, studied to arm herself by prayer, watchfulness, and mortification against all his artifices and the power of his spells.

Save the food and help the fighter fight.

The least expensive meats rival in tastiness the most expensive roasts by the addition of



or downright failure according as he is moved by a spirit of faith to accept with resignation and courage what life has in store for him, or lacking the force of faith, surrenders to the assaults of this world.

their tired nerves, they appreciate the screen lessons that strengthen religion and morals.

Indecent presentations are bad enough for adults. But what of their effect on the young? We are striving to bring up a generation that will keenly appreciate the blessings of faith and fatherland.

It is bad enough to insinuate that the morals of the people are low, but to destroy innocence in the bargain is the crowning insult of all.

APPRECIATION OF THE MASS

Readers of literature who have allowed themselves any modern range and scope are familiar with the tributes paid to the Mass by various non-Catholic writers, and this is true of passing as well as of permanent literature.

OUR CHIEF WORK

is in acting as Executor under Wills and as Administrator of Estates. Ask for our Booklet: "The Will That Really Provides," or consult us and we will gladly give full information. Correspondence invited.

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the matter, "If the Catholic doctrine of the Mass is true, Baptists and other Evangelicals have no reason for existence. If the priests really change bread and wine into the actual body and blood of Christ, then we should go out of business.

Our contemporary states the matter not only correctly, but reversely and his doing so is a proof of the words of Augustine Birell to whom we have already referred:

"Nobility nowadays, save a handful of vulgar fanatics, speaks irreverently of the Mass. If the Incarnation be indeed the one divine event to which the whole creation moves, the miracle of the altar may well seem its restful shadow cast over a dry and thirsty land for the help of man who is apt to be discouraged, if perpetually told that everything really important and interesting happened, once for all, long ago in a chill, historic past."

This growing appreciation of the Mass and of the propriety of referring to that august function in the religious life of 250,000,000 Catholics is a happy omen for the future.

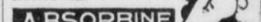
—The Guardian

ring, let there be light, renews daily His Word of His Creation—for His light is the life of men, and He would chase the darkness from their minds and hearts.—Jessie Reader.

Most of the grand truths of God have to be learned by trouble; they must be "burned into us by the hot iron of affliction, otherwise we shall not truly receive them.—C. H. Spurgeon.

THICK, SWOLLEN GLANDS

that make a horse Wheeze, Roar, have Thick Wind or Choke-down, can be reduced with



also other Bunches or Swellings. No blister, no hair gone, and horse kept at work. Economical—only a few drops required at an application. \$2.50 per bottle delivered. Book 3 H Free.

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THE MOVING PICTURE

The moving picture is certainly one of the greatest inventions of our age. When properly used, it can be a source of inestimable benefit to the people at large.

Again there are wonders of industry, of commerce, of art and science that lend themselves to the screen and would be a fruitful source of instruction to the people.

And the pity of it all is that morality which is and must be the foundation of national virility is thrown on the screen only to be ridiculed.

There may be a small portion of a community without morals or base presentations that abound in indecent suggestion. But the vast portion want clean plays. They want the bubbling humor that relaxes

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

SHORT SKETCH OF LIVES OF SAINTS OF THE WEEK

SEPTEMBER 24.—THE BLESSED VIRGIN MARY OF MERCY

St. Peter, of the noble family of Nolasco, was born in Langnedoc, about 1189. At the age of twenty-five he took a vow of chastity, and made over his vast estates to the Church.

SEPTEMBER 25.—ST. FIRMIN, BISHOP, MARTYR.—ST. FINBARR, BISHOP

St. Firmin was a native of Pampelone in Navarre, initiated in the Christian faith by Honestus, a disciple of St. Saturninus of Toulouse, and consecrated bishop by St. Honoratus, successor to St. Saturninus, in order to preach the Gospel in the remote parts of Gaul.

SEPTEMBER 26.—ST. CYPRIAN AND JUSTINA, MARTYRS

The detestable superstition of St. Cyprian's idolatrous parents dowered him from his infancy to the devil, and he was brought up in all the impious mysteries of idolatry, astrology, and the black art.

SEPTEMBER 29.—ST. MICHAEL, ARCHANGEL

Such was the cry of the great rebel Lucifer in the conflict of the heavenly hosts, and from that hour he has been known as "Michael," the captain of the armies of God.

SEPTEMBER 29.—ST. MICHAEL, ARCHANGEL

Sadness and trial form a large part of human existence. They enter where king or peasant dwell. Their presence is felt in the halls of diversion as well as in the hovels where live those whose lot is hard and at times cruel.

SEPTEMBER 28.—ST. WENCESLAS, MARTYR

Wenceslas was the son of a Christian Duke of Bohemia, but his mother was a hard and cruel pagan. Through the care of his holy grandmother, Ludmilla, herself a martyr, Wenceslas was educated in the true faith, and imbibed a special devotion to the Blessed Sacrament.

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COURTESY IN BUSINESS

It pays to be courteous. No matter whether you are an employer or a worker, you cannot afford to be discourteous to those with whom you come in contact.

Courtesy in business pays bigger dividends than any other single qualification," declared the head of one of the greatest corporations in Chicago.

It is easy to be courteous to a friend; but the courtesy that counts for most is that which is accorded to strangers.

Courtesy should be practised at home, in the office, in the store—in fact it should be practised all the time.

Haste is one thing, and hurry is quite another. Haste, like a railroad train, goes straight and swiftly on its way to its terminal.

Hurry is but haphazard. It is usually the fretful mind that seeks to do things in a hurry.

Hurry marks time, while haste marches directly into camp. Ordinarily there is no call for either haste or hurry.

The detestable superstition of St. Cyprian's idolatrous parents dowered him from his infancy to the devil, and he was brought up in all the impious mysteries of idolatry, astrology, and the black art.

Hurry makes friction. Plan your job in advance. Go at it calmly and with reserve power.

Make haste slowly.

SHYSTER LEGISLATION

Frequently items illustrative of the complete subjection of the German people to the Kaiser's government appear in the public press, the intent of which is to show that autocracy is the negation of the principles of liberty and justice.

Yes if one reads the newspapers of Ontario carefully one finds almost daily items which any German propagandist could use to thrust the boot on the other foot. It is becoming more and more clear that the statutes under which prohibition was imposed on this province, are the very negation of all the principles of liberty and justice.

Perhaps the gravest perversion of justice is to be found in the classes which deprive judges and magistrates of the right of judgment and decision on the merits of the case.

A case in point occurred in the York County Magistrate's Court the other day. The premises of a standard hotel keeper at Scarborough were visited by the license inspector as is customary.

It had been a bottle of silver polish containing alcohol, the obligation would, no doubt, have been the same. All the magistrate could suggest, was that it was a case where the Lieutenant Governor-in-Council—in other words, the Ontario Government—should merit the fine.

To be frank, the Ontario Liquor Act, in its present form, is shyster legislation of the lowest order; it is every section with the kind of traps that shyster in years delight in, that they may bleed the pocket books of the unwary.

MARYVALE ABBEY GLEN NEVIS

Sir,—The following list shows the number of pupils at the Maryvale Abbey School in the classes preparing immediately for the High School Examinations in June last, the number of candidates at the respective examinations and their success.

FRUITS OF THE POPE'S IMPARTIALITY

Rome, Aug. 2.—One of the latest numbers of the Catholic journal of Paris, La Croix, tells us of the release of its editor, M. Paul Féron-Vrou, who with other men of prominence was retained for over a year by Germany. With this journalist some 200 other men of note were also reintegrated, one of the thousand instances of the fruit of the impartiality observed by the Supreme Pontiff in the World War.

were successful, two taking honors. According to the report in the Toronto Globe of July 26th last they were the only candidates obtaining honors in Glangary. Their names follow: Kathleen Allen, Sarah Bathurst, Mary E. Conlin, (honors), Margaret Keeley, G. M. Leahy, D. L. Macdonald, Janet I. Macdonnell, M. E. Ryan, (honors).

In this class there was one pupil only, and successful, viz.: D. L. Macdonald.

The total number of candidates possible from the classes immediately preparatory to the several examinations was twenty. According to the practice observed in this school all were candidates, and nine more and more clear that the statutes under which prohibition was imposed on this province, are the very negation of all the principles of liberty and justice.

The undersigned is in receipt of a letter from a High School teacher who thus comments on the above results: "Allow me to congratulate you on the great success of your school. Its record was the best of any school I heard of this year."

Encouraged and assisted by grants of public money, and ours is not. Why is this discrimination made? Because the Maryvale school is situated in the township of Lancaster which forms a part of a High school district. The other schools are situated in townships which have been detached from the High school districts.

I thank you, Mr. Editor, for the insertion of this letter in the columns of your paper.

Yours very truly, D. R. MACDONALD, Chairman S.P. School Board, Glen Nevis, 20 August, 1918.

OBITUARY

DENNIS KENNEDY There passed away at his home, 36 Well St., Stratford, on Monday, Sept. 9, a well known resident of Perth County in the person of Dennis Kennedy. The deceased was in the sixty-third year of his life, the greater part of which was spent as a successful farmer near Kinkora.

Besides his wife, the deceased is survived by seven children, also three brothers and four sisters. If a long, useful life is a criterion for a happy eternity, we may well hope that he is now reaping the reward of the Just.

SEPARATE SCHOOL SUCCESSES

Sault Ste Marie Daily Star, Sept. 4 The Separate school enjoyed the distinction of passing thirty-three pupils in the recent examinations, or 91%. Elizabeth McNamara, age thirteen, procured the highest pass mark, approximately 90%. In the Separate schools, as well as in the entire inspectorate.

PEACE IN SORROW

"The only happy day now left me," a man once wrote, from the depths of misery, "is the day of my death." There is a Scriptural ring about the phrase, at least, if "only" is omitted; but taken literally, the sentiment reflects weakness rather than truth. Although canonized by many a modern play and novel, the grief that paralyzes action is not Christian but pagan, the out-growth of an age that neither knows, nor cares to know, the supernatural.

minds one of the lot of Poland, which Pope Benedict will be able to help in a very material manner, and before many months have passed, too, thanks to the power which his neutrality in the War gives him despite all opposition.

Monsignor Ratti, as the world knows, is making a tour of all Poland in the capacity of Apostolic Delegate (one result of which may be the number of Auxiliary Bishops appointed this week from Rome for the country). He is presently in the zone occupied by the Austrians, where he was received at the great national sanctuary, the historic monastery of Jasna Gora.

There is no doubt every one of the small nations will be shown that justice to which they aspire. If any of them is left out in the cold it certainly will be its own fault. It is not without reason the reigning Pontiff will be known in history as "Benedict the Peacemaker."

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DIED

SISTER ST. EMILY.—At the convent of her order (the Congregation of Notre Dame) in Montreal, Sept. 18th, Ellen Foley, daughter of the late William Foley and Mary Kyle of Lakeview Farm, Rice Lake, Peterboro County, in religion Sister St. Emily, died fortified by the last sacraments.

DORAN.—At Chalk River, Aug. 26th, 1918, Mrs. Felix Doran, aged sixty-seven years. May her soul rest in peace.

JESSUP.—At Ottawa, Ont., on Wednesday, Sept. 4, 1918, James Alexander Jessup, aged seventy-four years. May his soul rest in peace.

DURNIN.—At Huntingdon, Que., on August 6, 1918, Thomas Durnin, aged seventy-two years. May his soul rest in peace.

MEEHAN.—At Toronto, Ont., on August 29, 1918, Annie Teresa Meehan, relict of the late John Meehan. May her soul rest in peace.

COLBERT.—At her residence Harbor Grace, Newfoundland, Catherine, relict of the late Philip Colbert, in her seventy-third year. May her soul rest in peace.

ALTAIR WINE—Muscatel, Riesling, Sherry, Sauterne, Tarragona, and St. Nazaire.

Wanted by Catholic Lady Teacher. 2nd class professional, position as teacher in Junior room of town of St. Catharines, Ont. Apply to Box V, CATHOLIC RECORD, London, Ont. 2082-4

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Priest's Housekeeper Wanted. Wanted immediately in a small town not far from Toronto, where curate is kept. Must be a good plain cook. A cow kept. References required. Apply, stating salary expected and age to Box X, CATHOLIC RECORD, London, Ont. 2082-2

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Farm for Sale. A hundred acres—being the south half of Lot No. 20, Con. 2, Arden township, Wellington Co.; 99 acres under cultivation, balance mixed timber. Mostly good soil. A good bank 60x74 with good stabling, and other outbuildings; frame house with kitchen, never failing spring well at the barn, one at house; School on next farm. Rural mail and telephone, 3 miles to Kemptville and C. P. R. Station; good business village with Catholic Church. This is one of the best farms in the township for a good road. There is no encumbrance on this farm, and easy terms can be given purchaser. For further particulars apply to John Evans, R. 5, Mt. Forest, Ont. 2080-6

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Believe in the Will that with a thought can turn the shadow of death into the morning.—George MacDonald. The generosity of the alumni of the Catholic University is going to make it possible for the institution to be equipped with one of the largest and most modern gymnasiums in the country.

Teachers Wanted. Normal-Trained Teacher for Public School Section No. 6, Township of Sherwood, county of Renfrew; duties to commence Sept. 3, apply, stating salary and experience to Anthony Prince, Sec.-Treas., S. N. 6, Sherwood, Barry's Bay, Ont. 2082-4

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