

The Catholic Record.

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

VOLUME XXXVIII

LONDON, CANADA, SATURDAY, MAY 20, 1916

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A SPRING MORNING

Every leaf is bejewelled with dew.
Every blade of grass is glistening in
the early morning sunshine. The
half opened crocuses, purple, yellow
and white, are shyly awakening from
their winter sleep beneath the
whitened trunks of the apple trees.
They seem to come up to earth with
hands folded—their tribute of prayer-
ful praise to God. Tulips and daffo-
dils are nodding "Good morning" to
each other all along the hedge and
in the long grass at the back of the
orchard. In every tree there seems
to be a singing bird, in every bird
there seems to be a superabundant
exuberance of the joy of living, to
judge from the trills of delicious
melody, and the answering echoes
from every part of the garden.
Robins in their best spring suits are
tumbling and turning round a poor
lonely worm. Twittering swallows
are bobbing in and out of the hedge,
and a fat robin, gorgeous as a major-
domo, is eyeing the perky sparrows
with haughty stand-offishness. The
pink petals of the apple-blossom are
scattered over the dewy lawn, whilst
those that have not yet fallen are
blushingly coquetting with their
beautiful neighbor—the cherry.
Whata delightful sight! Long sweep-
ing branches of immaculate blossoms
—a white dream where even the
shadows only touch the delicate
shades of pink with just a suspicion
of the palest green. This cherry
orchard is one of the loveliest sights
in the world. Look at the bees.
They have been wishing for the
sun to open the beautiful bunches
of blossom, and now they will
be in and out all day taking their
toll of the honey and in return set-
ting the fruit. We hope they will
all reach home safely with their bur-
dens before the sun sets; for there
is just a risk of their being nipped
by Jack Frost on an April evening in
spite of the promising warmth of
noon.

In the woods the ferns are begin-
ning to uncurl from among the moss
and dead leaves. Star flowers are
shaking out their delicate blossoms—
veritable wind-flowers, as they nod and
sway in the breeze. May flowers open
in sheltered nooks where the sun can
reach them, and in the field the
dandelion is fringing the way with
gold. Is there anything so lovely,
so enchanting, so promising as a
bright spring morning?

OUR HYMNS

In studying the Liturgy of the
Church does not its hymnology
equally demand our reverent
thought? We believe in the Com-
munion of Saints; how better can
we express this belief than by attun-
ing our voices to the words which
enshrine their faith and hope, and
love their prayers and tears? It is
true that many of our hymns have
been borrowed by our Anglican
neighbors and of the music of these
hymns it would be difficult and
somewhat hazardous to speak with-
out careful study, for while some are
frankly set to their Catholic accom-
paniment many are sung to airs
composed expressly for them by
Anglican composers. The English
Communion has produced musicians
of a high order, and airs worthy to
render noble words.

Yet, even here, we cannot be sure
that the compositions are strictly
original. Take, for example, that
special favorite "Sun of my Soul,
Thou Saviour dear," by Keble. This
is sung to an air named Hursley;
accredited to the English organist,
Monk. It is, however, simply an
adaptation of an older air slightly
altered to meet the requirements of
a shorter metre. The original music
was written by Peter Ritter, a Catho-
lic German, a pupil of the Abbe
Vogler, and afterward Chapel
Master to the Duke of Baden. It is
the same which we sing in its true
form to Father Walworth's noble
lyric: "Holy God we praise Thy
Name." The charming little Roman
carol, whose first verse runs, in its
English rendering:

"The snow lay on the ground,
The stars shone bright
When Christ, the Lord, was born,
On Christmas night."

is another instance of a misapprop-
riation. The words and music are
published by an English American
firm and copyrighted by a well-
known Protestant organist; yet we
know they were originally sung by
the Piferari, or Shepherds from the
Abruzzi Mountains, who come down
at Christmas to sing carols through
the streets of Rome and were prob-
ably first caught and transcribed by
ear. Moreover, they are to be found
in Catholic hymnals of a very early
date. How better could we begin
the day than with Caswell's
exquisite hymn—"May Jesus Christ
be praised"—a very litany of loving
tribute to Our Lord?

"When morning gilds the skies,
My heart awakening cries
May Jesus Christ be praised!
Alike at work and prayer,
To Jesus I repair,
May Jesus Christ be praised!"

Or can we better close the day than
with the words of Saint Anatolius?

"The day is past and over,
All thanks, O Lord, to Thee,
We pray Thee that offence
The Hours of dark may be
O Jesus keep me in Thy sight
And save me through the coming
night."

What more perfect act of self-
oblation can we frame than that
pened of old by the Latin monk?

"As Christ upon the Cross
His Head inclined,
And to His Father's Hands
His parting soul resigned;
So now, herself, my soul
Would wholly give
Into His sacred charge
In whom all spirits live."

Where can we find more impassioned
words of longing for Heaven than

"O mother dear, Jerusalem,
Woe did I were in Thee!
When shall my sorrows have an
end?

Thy joys when shall I see?"

Or in Father Faber's:

"O Paradise! O Paradise!
Who doth not crave for rest?
Where loyal hearts and true
Stand ever in the light
All rapture through and through
In God's most holy sight!"

But time and space fail for further
quotation. The saints who wrote
these hymns are now singing them
above. May we not humbly hope
that repeating their words of praise,
we may come to share the joys which
now they enjoy?

ANTICLERICALISM

OFFICIALLY REBUKED IN
FRANCE

The campaign of slander which
proclaims the clergy as "shirkers"
and traitors is producing results
quite unexpected by its authors. It
is uniting Catholics in every walk
of life and winning champions for them
even in the ranks of their enemies.
The able and devoted Catholic
deputy, M. Pion, has written an
eloquent letter to M. Briand, the
Prime Minister, asking him to put
a stop to the agitation. M. Briand
is evidently becoming less intoler-
ant, or else more astute, for in writ-
ing to the Deputies of the "Action
Libérale" he says:

You have called my attention
to the campaign carried on
against the members of the clergy
and certain categories of
good Frenchmen, and to infamous
rumors which accuse them
of having first driven us into war
and then shirked dangerous duties,
even becoming accomplices of the
enemy, and you ask the Government
to put a stop to this. . . . They
(the attacks) spring most frequently
from political prejudices and from
a spirit of controversy absolutely
out of place in the face of the
enemy; besides they are plainly
without foundation. The truth
is that all Frenchmen,
without distinction of social condi-
tion or religious or political
opinions, are doing their military
duty. The Government, therefore,
intends to prevent every attempt,
under whatsoever pretext, to set up
differences between citizens, with
the risk of rendering them suspect to
one another and of destroying that
"hallowed union" which is the
essential condition of victory.

To M. Briand's official condemna-
tion of the campaign, a well-known
Freemason, M. Maurice Bompard,
French Ambassador at Constantinople,
at the beginning of the war, has
added his protest. In a letter
to M. Ernest Daudet, he pays tribute
to the patriotism of the French
Catholics, the French priests and
missionaries in the Levant. Writing
later to the Figaro he enthusiastically
praises the Marists, Capuchins,
Dominicans, and the Brothers of
their generosity and self-sacrific-
ing devotion to duty. To the long
list of the brave priests, etc., who

flocked to the colors, he adds that of
a "Dominican who hastened from
the heart of Kurdistan to join his
regiment" and later died heroically
on the battlefield.

The new War Minister, General
Roques, a practical Catholic, has
boldly reminded all the Generals in
command to put a stop to this cam-
paign of slander and to see that the
offenders be punished.—America.

OUR MOTHER'S MONTH

In little things as in great the
wisdom of the Catholic Church is
made manifest. May is the sweetest
month of all the year. There is a
gladness in the song of the birds, a
promise of better things in the green-
ing fields and budding trees. The
very air is vibrant with hope. And
this is the month that has been
selected by the Church and given to
Mary to be all her own. Who else
but the Spirit of God could have so
arranged it? In these warm summer
days when the sun shines brightly
and the flowers have their beautiful
birthdays, our thoughts naturally
turn towards her who is "our life,
our sweetness and our hope."

Brighter than the sun,
More than the sweetest song of
nature's choristers,
she is part and portion of the maying
sun, we are her dutiful courtiers.
Without Mary, May would be no
longer May to us.

Welcome, then, to Mary's own
sweet month. But let us not be con-
tent with a mere verbal homage. It
must needs be that we crown our
Queen. And here is the chaplet
ready to our hands—her Rosary of
Aves. Ah, if we love our sweet
Mother Mary the brown beads will
never be very far from our hands.
Every day of our lives we will hail
her blessed among women who gave
us the precious fruit of her womb,
our dear Lord and Saviour. Our
delight will be to honor her whom
God so honored. We need have no
fear of any superfluity of devotion to
Mary. For what son would object
to the honor shown his mother?
And is Jesus less a son because he is
also a Saviour? So up from our
hearts let the Aves ascend in un-
ceasing chorus proclaiming that
the Lord is with Mary. For as the
Lord is with Mary so is Mary with
Jesus. "And they found the child with
Mary His Mother." Yes, when men
shut their doors in His Face, when
His own townspeople hunted him
beyond the walls, He still had His
Mother. If nowhere else could He lay
His Head He could always pillow it
upon His Mother's breast. Let us, then,
draw near to our Blessed Lady during
these days, lovingly, confidently,
having no fear. For are we not going
to our Mother? And with our Mother
we shall find the Child.—The Cana-
dian Freeman.

VERDUN PRELATE PRAISES SOLDIERS

MGR. GINESTY SAYS GERMANS
WILL NEVER TAKE THAT
PLACE

The gathering at Montmartre which
crowned the three days' intercessory
prayer prescribed by Cardinal Amette
was extremely impressive. Over
1,200 men of all ranks and ages took
part in the adoration of the Blessed
Sacrament; they succeeded each
other during hours of the night,
and all received Holy Communion.
The big basilica was crowded on the
Sunday long before the arrival of the
Cardinal, and outside patiently stood
or knelt those who had been unable
to gain an entrance. The uncon-
verted French Government was, of
course, unrepresented at this truly
national demonstration; but there
were delegates from the different
academies and an imposing group of
senators, deputies, municipal coun-
cillors, officers and soldiers, all of
whom followed the procession carry-
ing lighted tapers. The most solemn
moment in the day's ceremony was
when the Cardinal went through the
open doors of the great entrance and
stood on the platform outside. Here
he held the golden monstrance high
above his restless city that lay at his
feet, a city whose Government re-
mains hostile to the Church, but
whose people, touched by anxiety
and sorrow, are at the present
moment humbly turning to Him
whose hand alone can assist and save
them at a crucial point of their his-
tory.

During the days that preceded the
final ceremony the parish churches
were crowded, those especially that,
like Notre Dame des Victoires, are
the favorite shrines of the Parisians
at all times. There is no doubt that
a powerful wave of intercession
ascended towards Heaven from the
heart of the nation, and on Thursday,
especially devoted to little children,
it was an impressive sight to watch
these little ones, many of them in
deep mourning, flock in crowds to
the Communion table.

The Bishop of Verdun, whose
episcopal city is crumbling to pieces
under the enemy's fire, gives an in-
teresting account of his exit from the
fortress, on which the eyes of the
civilized world are now centred.

During the days that immediately
followed the first attack the Bishop
took refuge in the underground
galleries of the fort, where four days
later he said his last Mass at Verdun.
Some nursing Sisters and infirmar-
iers were present, and all prayed
with extraordinary earnestness
among surroundings that reminded
the Bishop of the Roman Catacombs.
During the night an order was re-
ceived, obliging the civilians who
still remained to leave the town
before midday; they were told to
assemble at Nixeville, a station some
ten miles distant.

Like the others, the Bishop and
his Vicars General started in the
dark; there was no cart available,
and they followed the mournful pro-
cession of fugitives, some of whom
carried small parcels, the only treas-
ures they could save from their poor
homes.

"Madame, we are ascending Calvary
are we not?" observed the Bishop to
a woman who was toiling like him-
self along the crowded road. "Our
soldiers are worse off," she answered,
and when he quotes her reply, Mgr.
Ginesty humbly adds:

"Her words not only revealed the
elevation of her soul; they pointed
out to me the path of duty." He
comments on the uncomplaining
attitude of the people, on their
patriotism.

No one grumbled, the personal in-
terests of the refugees were forgotten
in their anxiety for the general well-
fare. The same words were heard
on all sides, they never varied: "If
only we can stop them! If only they
do not enter Verdun!"

The Bishop noticed also how the
wounded soldiers whom they over-
took on the way used the same words:
"They will not take Verdun. They
may blow the town to pieces—they
will never take it."

"I do not think," adds the Bishop,
"that in any other battle so much
heroism was displayed and so much
blood shed." The next day the
Bishop retraced his steps, but he
was not allowed to enter Verdun.
From a hill-top he saw his distant
Cathedral, its two towers still rising
against the sky. He remained some
days in the neighborhood, saying
Mass when and where possible—once
in a barn, in the presence of a group
of refugees. Then he proceeded to
Bar-le-duc, where he now is the guest
of the "Cure" of that little town—
Providence Visitor.

BIGOTRY IN FLORIDA

Bigotry has reached its climax in
Florida. On Easter Monday three
Catholic Sisters were marched as
prisoners through the streets of St.
Augustine. Their crime was that
they had taught colored children to
read and write and to worship God.
There is a law in the enlightened
State of Florida forbidding white
people to teach the colored children
in schools erected for them. The
law, though held to be unconstitutional,
was placed upon the statute
books of Florida. It was not, how-
ever, applied until in 1916 the
"Guardians of Liberty" came into
power. They have now given the
entire country an illustration of the
liberty and enlightenment they have
pledged themselves to secure for our
land. The conditions existing to-day
in the State of Florida are thus
described by the New Orleans Morn-
ing Star:

From one end of the State to the
other paid vilifiers of everything
Catholic are abroad preaching a
gospel of hate. Discarded preachers,
itinerant Socialist operators, scound-
rels, caring nothing for God or man,
are now paid salaries by the bigots of
Florida to shower pornographic filth
against the small Catholic popu-
lation of the State. And, it is said,
to the eternal disgrace of the men in
high office, that they who were
elected to represent a whole people
and whose oath of office binds them
to measure out justice to all citizens
of the State, regardless of class or
 creed, are now self-seeking bigots,
tools in the hands of the State's
worst enemies—the vilifiers, mis-
representers, hate-preachers. Flor-
ida invites settlers. But it is no
place for men who love fair play and
justice, who stand squarely on Amer-
ican principles of liberty, so long as
the State is controlled by so-called
men who hate justice and trample
on the rights of fellow-men. Here
and there some individual or some
journal may utter a word of condem-
nation, but the manhood of the State
seems to be paralyzed by fear of the
banded, blind bigots. Hence the
silence, in the face of the injustice
and violation of American principles."

Six poor ignorant negroes were
urged to petition the Government to
enforce the law against the Sisters
teaching in their negro parochial
school. It was stated by them that
some Protestant children were like-
wise being taught the catechism in
this school. Whether true or not,
the statement is entirely irrelevant.
The law which is violated by the
State itself in its "Institute for the
Blind," is in no way concerned with
the teaching of Protestant children
by Catholics. The Sisters were made
victims at the instance of religious
bigotry. Such bigotry must defeat
itself when brought to the public
notice.—America.

THE PRAYERS OF 1916

SPIRITUAL VISION OF A FRENCH
ACADEMICIAN

From Rome

Has the war caused a revival of
religious feeling? Most people will
say: yes, but some will add
that it is a passing feeling pro-
duced by the pains and anxieties of
a tremendous crisis which has raised
visions of death, mutilation, poverty,
loneliness before millions who never
gave a thought to these things.
Henri Lavedan to these things.
Henri Lavedan is not a practising Catholic,
but he is a keen observer of the
signs of the times and he is pro-
foundly moved by the spirit of
prayer which has come on the world
during these harrowing days.

At this moment, he says, I am
thrilled and dominated by the
immense enthralling thought of all
the prayers everywhere simultane-
ously, every day, without cease,
without interruption, on land and
sea, throughout almost half the
world. Prayers of the leader, of the
soldier, of the poor man, of the rich
of the old patriot who is about to be
shot, of the poor wanderer through the dark-
ness of the plain, of the poor girl of
the people who signs her forehead
with the cross in a cellar amid the
horrors of bombardment. The
prayer of the priest in uniform,
tossureless, proud in his soldier's
dress, of the tireless war-chaplain
absolving sins in the name of Christ,
of the missionary persecuted in
Palestine, of the Carmelites in their
convent kneeling with outstretched
arms, of the Catholics lying prone
like white-robed corpses after a
massacre in the chapel. Prayers of
sisters intact, of crumbling towns of
hospitals and refugees, of all those
that pray in and out of doors, even
without seeming to pray, prayer of
prince and beggar, of the little cleric
up to the Pope himself. And
above all others, so confiding and so
sure in their angelic tenacity: the
prayers of mothers so sweet and
blessed, sprinkled with salt and
weeping, crowned with white hairs,
which have already accompanied so
many other griefs.

I feel you all and see you, I build
you up again in your tumultuous
mass and your small detail, the long
ones and the short, the interminable,
the hurried, those that last but a
second, those uttered in poor dialect,
those with the reflexes of heaven
upon them, for no one resembles
another, they are like the leaves of
the trees each with its own face.

Oh! the prayers of the night, with
what deep ardour conceived, traced
there in the dark gropingly, mur-
mured, whispered, pronounced in
silence, seeking or repelling sleep,
calling it, fearing it. The prayers of
all those spent, on wood or stone,
on mud, in the snow, on wood or
stone, after the battle, having for
pillow indifferently a breast that
still breathes or one that is cold in
death. From such I cannot sever
myself, I feel that they must have a
special efficacy and special claims to
arrive in port. For all, indeed, do
not attain, the effect desired, but all,
even the laggard ones, do reach their
goal in Heaven. It is impossible
that even one of them, how small and
weak soever, go astray. That has
never happened. And it is just this
eternal reflex, this surging of waters
who "go after it" because they fear
ill results.

"But with all the abuse and all the
slander the Catholic Church does
great good. It attends to its own
business—reports to the contrary,
notwithstanding—and it is one or-
ganization well worth while.

"If it grows and prospers and
leaves other religious organizations
behind, it is because it has the
"punch," because it has system, be-
cause it means business and does
business. We have always found
much good—great good in the Catho-
lic Church, and some of our best and
most appreciated friends belong to it.

"Our idea is to let all the churches
have their way and sway. There is
no organization that teaches the
Word of God but that will do some
good in this fallen world. When
men see God they are better men.
And no man can see Him unless he
hears about Him and learns to look
for Him."—Boston Pilot.

DEATH OF A CONVERT BISHOP OFFICER

Captain Stewart John Aldous, aged
thirty-eight was killed in France on
March 25, while leading his men to
an attack on a German mine, and
was buried by Father Drinkwater.
He was the eldest son of the Rev. J.
C. P. Aldous, of (Anglican) Sywell
Rectory, Northampton, and grand-
son of the late Dr. Pears, Head-
master of Repton School. He was
educated at Marlborough and Uni-
versity College, Oxford. He served

CATHOLIC NOTES

On the continent of Asia there are
830,000,000 people. Of this number
it is estimated that only 13,0 000
are Catholics.

The Right Rev. John J. Lawler, for
the past six years auxiliary of St.
Paul, was formally installed as
Bishop of Lead, S. D., on Thursday,
May 4.

Queen Amelie of Portugal is giving
her services daily as a nurse at the
Third London General Hospital at
Wandswoth. Her Majesty's kindness
has endeared her to the patients.

Father Watters, president of the
Catholic University school, Dublin,
died on May 1st, from gun shot
wounds. He was shot while stand-
ing in the doorway of the school during
the disturbances.

Isabella Anne, Lady Beaumont,
widow of the eighth Baron Beaumont,
mother of the ninth and tenth Lords
Belmont and grandmother of the
present Baroness of Carlton Towers,
near Selby, England, died recently.
She became a Catholic in 1872.

When the Most Rev. Dr. Bilsborrow
is invested with the Pallium as Arch-
bishop of Cardiff, he will create a
record, for it will be the first time in
history that the Pallium has been
received in Wales. The Sec of Car-
diff has two Cathedrals.

Theobald Mathew has been elected
a member of the Honorable Society
of Lincoln's Inn in succession to the
late Sir Andrew Richard Scoble. He
is the eldest son of Lord Justice
Mathew and a great-nephew of the
famous Father Mathew.

It is thirty years since the White
Fathers baptised the first converts in
Uganda, which now rejoices in a
Catholic population of 250,000. There
are over a hundred Catholic mission
stations in North Africa, Victoria
Nyanza, and Upper Congo, and three
vicariates in Central Africa.

In educational circles much inter-
est centers about this year's meeting
of the Catholic Educational Associa-
tion which will be held in Baltimore,
June 26-29. This will be the thir-
teenth annual convention and, as the
program indicates, will be the center
of important discussions and delibera-
tions.

The Hon. Seth Grosvenor Fessen-
den, Stamford, Conn., son of the Rev.
Samuel C. Fessenden, of the Congrega-
tionalists, Rockland, Me., Representa-
tive of Maine for two terms, and a
Connecticut's most brilliant State
Attorney; brother of United States
Senator William Pitt Fessenden, was
received into the Church during a
recent illness.

Until a successor to the late Bishop
Ortynsky is chosen, the Apostolic
Delegate has named as administra-
tors for the Ruthenian rite the Very
Rev. Peter Poniatisin, of St. John
the Baptist's Church, Newark, N. J.,
for the Galicians, and the Rev.
Gabriel Martyak, of St. John the
Baptist's Church, Lansford, Pa., for
the Hungarians.

To test the new State law making
it illegal for white persons to teach
negroes, three nuns from St. Joseph's
Convent, St. Augustine, Fla., were
placed under technical arrest on
April 24. They were allowed their
freedom on their own recognizance.
The charges were brought by several
negroes, who declared the case would
be carried to the United States
Supreme Court.

Sister Imelda Teresa, well known
in America and in England as Susan
Swift, died at Saint Clara College,
Sinsinawa, Wis., April 49th. The
personal record of her conversion to
the Catholic Church is told in "Some
Roads to Rome in America," edited
by Georgia Pell Curtis. Endowed
with strong intellectual gifts, she
labored heroically with zeal and with
sincere piety in this life for the in-
terests of Christ.

Miss Bessie Cotter of Denver is
travelling through the South, and in
a personal letter to the Denver Re-
porter says that while in Mobile, Ala.,
she learned from one of the priest-
there that nearly all of "Bob" Ingers-
oll's relatives live in and around
that part of Alabama, and, what is
more, all of them are Catholics.
One of Ingersoll's relatives is said to
have remarked: "The family has
made a fool of itself long enough;
the Catholic Church has the truth."

A beautiful large painting of "The
Revelation of Lourdes" has been
executed for St. Vincent's, Openshaw,
England, by Sister Catherine, O. S. B.,
a highly talented artist, belonging to
St. Bride's Abbey. The whole com-
munity were formerly High Anglican
nuns and came into the Church en
masse some three years ago. This
picture is the only one that the nun
artist has ever painted for a Catholic
parish church.

Rev. John Baptist Rene, S. J.,
prominently identified with the
Society of Jesus for thirty-four years,
quietly passed away at the Novitiate
of the Sacred Heart, Los Gatos, Cal.,
recently. Father Rene established a
college in Mungret, Ireland, and was
its first president. Later he came to
the United States, and was president
of Gonzaga University, at Spokane,
Wash. After a year as head of that
Institution he was made Prefect
Apostolic of Alaska, and had under
his jurisdiction the whole Alaskan
territory.

AN UNSOLICITED TESTIMONY

There are many non-Catholics who
are influenced more by testimony
that comes from without than from
within the ranks of the Catholic
Church. Many journals, sectarian
and secular, are fair enough at times
to recognize the worth of the Church.
Though, perhaps, it is not their in-
tention to laud Catholicity, but to
make her practical words an object
for emulation, their words are in fact
white and do much good. The fol-
lowing from "Everything" is of in-
terest:

"The Catholic Church is one of the
biggest institutions in this world, and
it is going to grow as the years come
and pass. There are men who have
assailed it only to put money in their
own coffers—unprincipled and con-
scienceless rascals who should serve
long terms—while there are others
who "go after it" because they fear
ill results.

A FAIR EMIGRANT

BY ROSA MULHOLLAND
AUTHOR OF MARCELLA GRACE: "A NOVEL."
CHAPTER XXXIV

GRAN TO THE RESCUE
Early the next day, when Bawn was about her business in a field near the gate of her farm, a young gentleman met her, and removing his hat, asked if he had the pleasure of speaking to Miss Ingram.

CHAPTER XXXV
KIDNAPPING
All that was over, Shana had been carried away to Tor, and Bawn's thoughts had again set towards the mysterious Hollow. As the autumn, with its brilliant colours, streaming down the glen, and its glorious clouds banked behind the mountains, advanced in beauty, the nights became more stormy; fierce squalls would swoop down from the high crags about midnight, burying the moon in darkness, and playing mad pranks over hill and dale till the morning dawned.

CHAPTER XXXVI
KIDNAPPING
Shana was standing in the middle of Bawn's parlour, her little hands wrung together and a hundred changing expressions flying over her face when Gran appeared in the doorway.

CHAPTER XXXVII
KIDNAPPING
Shana, what is the meaning of all this? Shana had been on the point of flinging herself into the old lady's arms but Gran's stern tone restrained her.

CHAPTER XXXVIII
KIDNAPPING
Shana, you are the last girl in the world from whom I should have expected sly conduct.

with me at once. You must return to your senses before we talk this matter out.
I will go with you, Gran; you are not Flora. After you have scolded me you will listen to me. You may say anything you please of me, so that you do not attack Willie.

CHAPTER XXXIX
KIDNAPPING
There was in all this assumption of pride and stateliness something so ludicrous and grotesque, when contrasted with the utter desolation of the hollow she saw around her, that for a moment Bawn was overwhelmed by a sense of complete unreality, of impossibility, such as she had experienced before in that place.

CHAPTER XL
KIDNAPPING
Shana was standing in the middle of Bawn's parlour, her little hands wrung together and a hundred changing expressions flying over her face when Gran appeared in the doorway.

CHAPTER XLI
KIDNAPPING
Shana, what is the meaning of all this? Shana had been on the point of flinging herself into the old lady's arms but Gran's stern tone restrained her.

CHAPTER XLII
KIDNAPPING
Shana, you are the last girl in the world from whom I should have expected sly conduct.

brothers would rise out of their dens and interfere.
I am going to try, however, Peggy. Just you go presently and ask Mr. Luke if he has any objection to his sister's taking a drive with the lady from America. Put it in the most respectful way you can.

CHAPTER XLIII
KIDNAPPING
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CHAPTER XLIV
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CHAPTER XLVI
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accessable; to snatch a poor woman from a horrible death.
I am going to try, however, Peggy. Just you go presently and ask Mr. Luke if he has any objection to his sister's taking a drive with the lady from America. Put it in the most respectful way you can.

CHAPTER XLVII
KIDNAPPING
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CHAPTER XLVIII
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CHAPTER XLIX
KIDNAPPING
Shana, you are the last girl in the world from whom I should have expected sly conduct.

CHAPTER L
KIDNAPPING
Shana, what is the meaning of all this? Shana had been on the point of flinging herself into the old lady's arms but Gran's stern tone restrained her.

SERMON AT WATERFORD

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THE ATTRIBUTES OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH

Limerick Leader, March 22.

Below we give in full the magnificent sermon preached by the Most Rev. Dr. O'Dwyer, Bishop of Limerick, in the Waterford Cathedral on Sunday last on the occasion of the consecration of Most Rev. Dr. Hackett.

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to compare with her. Whether you regard the number of her members, the astonishing unity by which they are held together, the absolute oneness and unquestioned authority of her government, the perfection of her discipline, in everything that goes to give cohesion and strength to a human society there is no institution, secular or religious, that can approach in grandeur in all the elements of real greatness to our glorious Catholic Church.

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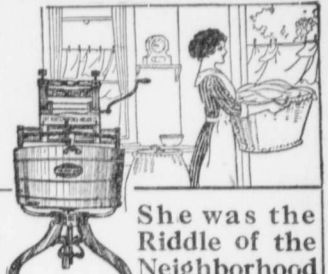
pieces when the bond of union is weakened, and dissensions arise amongst their members. So the supreme trial of the Church has been to overcome the forces of disruption which her own children set in motion. Heresy has been her worst enemy; it attacks the very principle of her life, which is the faith of God. And all through the centuries she has had to put forth all strength to guard that sacred deposit. She has had to deal with errors against faith which in the subtlety with which they were urged, the learning and authority of their authors, the support of powers, would have broken up and destroyed any merely human organization. We have but an imperfect idea of the strength of some of the early heresies. The Arians at one time by deceit, by intrigue with the civil power, seemed to have defeated the Church so that St. Jerome in sadness complained, "The whole world groaned at finding itself Arian." So, too, the powerful body of the Nestorians, led by the Patriarch of Constantinople, and supported by numbers of bishops, swept over Asia Minor, other heresies sprung up with much vigor, spread rapidly, but in the end the Church survived them all. By a Divine instinct she detected their errors, and inexorably rejected them, and resumed her own way, more healthy and vigorous for cutting off these dead branches. Nearer to our own time, and with disastrous consequences, which are felt at this very moment, was the attack which began in Germany in the 16th century against the faith of the Church. Luther and Calvin led the revolt, and were only too successful in their evil enterprise. Kingdom after kingdom fell away until people began to discuss the question how far the defections might go consistently with the Church's Catholicity. But here again the promises of Christ were fulfilled and the Divine life of His Spouse asserted itself. By her own innate health the Church threw off the false doctrines as a foreign body, and drove out of the fold those who would lay profane hands upon the Ark of God. It was a great and solemn crisis, strong powers of evil combined against the Church of God; the restless and rebellious minds of men, the ambition and corruption of temporal rulers, the impatience of human passions under the restraints of the Gospel, made a combination that was almost overwhelming in its strength; but again, as always, the Church emerged from the trial as if she renewed her life in the very dangers of the contest. The loss of so many members was deplorable, but the Faith should be saved at any cost. And see the result. For the last three hundred years the Church has gone on from victory to victory, displaying in every quarter of the world a fuller and more beneficent energy, multiplying her religious communities, and all her other spiritual agencies, fulfilling her great mission with an ever more ample and striking success. What is the explanation of this unflinching vitality, which runs counter to all the laws of human institutions, that cannot be destroyed by violence, nor betrayed by deceit, that even time itself, to which everything in this world succumbs, cannot wear or weaken? After nineteen hundred years, during which in one form or another the Church has been in conflict with the world, and pursued with an unflinching hatred, how is it that she is today fresh with the beauty and the young vigor in which she came from her founder's hands, standing foursquare against all the forces of evil, the one solid structure in a world of change? You know the answer: she is the work of God who has given to her in the supreme Ruler whom He has placed in His own stead the principle of her cohesion and her stability. "And say to thee," said Christ "that thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build My Church, and the gates of Hell shall not prevail against it." That is the pledge of the Church's endurance, and against it the powers of evil have beaten in vain. The tremendous strength of the Roman Empire, the wild hordes of the barbarians, the decrees of error, the corruption of the world, and time itself, have never prevailed against her, because she was built upon the rock: "And the rain fell, and the floods came, and the wind blew, and they beat upon that house, and it fell not, for it was founded upon a rock." And all through the history of the Church you see the working of that Divine dispensation. The See of Peter has withstood all trials, and has sustained the whole Church in one time bright glories of the Catholic Church have fallen away and been lost. Rome stands unshaken in her unflinching strength. Alexandria, with which for ever is associated the splendour of the dauntless Athanasius, "Athanasius contra mundum," Antioch, the great school of Christian learning; Constantinople, which rang with the golden eloquence of Chrysostom; the great Churches of Africa, where the springs of Carthage and the mighty Augustine taught, have disappeared long ago, but the Mother of them all, the living centre on which the forces that have borne them down, have beaten with a concentrated fury, has preserved her immortal life. In one unbroken succession the line of Roman Pontiffs goes back to Benedict XV, to Peter, and is itself the witness to the Divine Power that has maintained it. There is no need to retell the story of the Popes during the persecutions in which the pagan Empire of Rome put forth its strength to crush the religion of the Galilean,

One after another they won the martyr's crown; when one fell another took his place. With a superhuman intrepidity they entered on the duties of their sacred office, celebrated Holy Mass on the tombs of their predecessors, confirmed and encouraged the survivors of the persecution, and when their own turn came stepped with a light heart from the Papal Throne to the scaffold, rejoicing because they were deemed worthy to suffer for the name of Christ. And through all the ages, since these great days, the Popes have led the Church in dangers and given her strength against all attacks. At times you see great potentates who can bend their fellow-men to their will, powerless in presence of some old man who sits in the Chair of Peter. In defence of the rights of the Church Gregory VII, the great Hildebrand, brought the Emperor Henry IV, on his knees to Canossa, just as in our times his successor Leo XIII, led the German Catholics to victory against Bismarck, "the man of blood and iron," and established them in the position of independence which they hold today. So, too, Pius X. confirmed his brethren, the Bishops of France, and inspired them with the spirit of sacrifice which surrendered to an infidel and persecuting Government the whole material wealth of their Church rather than compromise her spiritual liberty. But in nothing does the glory of the Roman Pontiffs stand out more luminously than in their fidelity as guardians of the faith and teachers of the Church. The doctrine of Rome has been the standard of the Faith. Who held her was within the fold; who separated from her, cut themselves off from the Church of God. It was the manifest fulfillment of the word in which Our Lord Himself guaranteed the unflinching faith of the Head of His Church: "And the Lord said: Simon, Simon, behold Satan hath desired to have thee as wheat, but I have prayed for thee, that thy faith fail not, and thou, being once converted, confirm thy brethren" (Luke xxii, 32). Far away back in the fourth and fifth centuries of our era it is most impressive to see that prayer of Christ realising itself in the great part which the Bishops of Rome took in the preservation of the Faith. In all the great Councils they presided through their Legates; they pronounced the doctrine of the Church as it had come down from Peter and Paul in the living tradition of Rome. And that place of authority was given to them, not as a mere courtesy, or mark of honour, but as their inalienable right. In the Council of Ephesus this doctrine of the primacy of jurisdiction of the Bishops of Rome, was proclaimed in words of great force and solemnity by one of the Pope's Legates—"It has been known all times that the holy and most blessed Peter, the Prince and Head of the Apostles, the Pillar of the Faith, the foundation stone of the Catholic Church, received from Our Lord Jesus Christ, the Saviour and Redeemer of the human race, the keys of the Kingdom and the power of binding and loosing from sin was given to him, and he, and his successors, have received the same power from his successors. That is judgment in his successors. That is our faith without the change of a word. That is the reason of the love and reverence with which we look to Rome. Peter lives in his successors, and his divine commission is the sanction of their authority. You see one instance of it in the strong action by which Pope Pius X. saved the Church from the dangers of Modernism. In this country we have known little of that perilous heresy, or as the Pope styled it, collection of heresies, but on this Continent of Europe it was spreading and undermining the very foundations of the Christian Faith. In one great Encyclical Letter the Pope went to the heart of the issues involved and demonstrated the fatal opposition of the new errors of the doctrine of the Church. In its splendid exposition of Catholic Faith, the Encyclical "Pascenti" which was read in the Council of Chalcedon. There the Bishops in their exultation cried aloud,—"Peter has spoken through the voice of Leo." We may say the same. Peter has spoken through the voice of Pius, as he will speak to the end of time through his successors in the See of Rome. These supernatural powers make the Catholic Church always something of a wonder and a mystery to the unbelieving world. In her history she has withstood so many enemies, has come triumphantly out of so many dangers that humanly speaking seemed hopeless, that they look upon her with a certain amount of awe which easily passes into distrust and hostility. Anyway she is the only Church which they ever think it worth while to persecute. But those who read human history in the spirit of faith see in the Catholic Church much more than a wonder of the world. As they follow her in her unbroken greatness from age to age they say "The finger of God is here." There is something more than human in this institution. Popes and Bishops and the other members of the Catholic Church after all are only men. Where do they get the superhuman power that nothing can defeat. But for us who can look at our holy Church from within, and know the sacred forces that animate her, there is more to be seen than the perfection of her immense organization. She is like a noble tree, firmly rooted, standing in the grandeur of its symmetry and clothed in the rich beauty of its foliage, while the whole of that array is but the expression of the

vital force that sends its influence from the root to the uttermost branch. It is so with our holy Church. She is great and beautiful to look at but she is divine in the spiritual life which she sends through her members. That is the real wonder of her indefectibility. She has lasted throughout all the ages not by a mere passive existence, but with a teeming life of holiness which has made her the nursing mother of the saints. And to-day, after all the long centuries of her career she is the same living body that she has been from the first. In each doctrine and threads of discipline are gathered into the hands of the Bishop, and through him run up to the universal centre, the seat of the Fisherman, and under it all there is circulating as the sap in a tree or the blood in the veins of a living creature. Never, I believe, since the Apostolic times did the people lead holier lives. There are exceptions; there will always be, but in the vast majority of the members of the Church there is great holiness of life. The sources of grace by which God has surrounded us in His Church are countless, and for every one of them we have to bless and thank Him, but I think we may attribute to two devotions which in our time have received a great extension and intensification, much of the spiritual fervour which is now seen amongst us, the worship of our Divine Lord Himself in the adorable Sacrament of the Eucharist, and then the filial piety of the whole Church towards our Blessed Mother Mary. I mention these two devotions—first, because of their own intrinsic sanctity and spirituality, and then as illustrating in a very striking way the living power of the authority which God has established for the maintenance of His Church. There is no need to tell you who have been our guides and teachers on this higher way. Pius X. will live for ever in the grateful memory of the faithful for all that he has done for the worship of our Divine Lord in the Sacrament of His love. By one magisterial stroke of his pen he swept away the barriers which a mistaken reverence had raised between the people and their Lord, and opened up broadly, with the large charity of the Sacred Heart—to approach to the living Bread which came down from Heaven. In the same spirit of adoration for the presence of our God did Pius X. encourage and bless the great Eucharistic Congresses, which have astonished the world by their magnificence and their demonstration of the power of our Catholic Faith. It has been the same from the beginning. Since Him under sacramental forms as the food of their souls. So too it was another Pius, the saintly Pius IX., who added the last gem to the crown of our Lady by the definition of her Immaculate Conception. And since that event every one sees that the devotion of the faithful to the Mother of God has grown in depth and tenderness, and in its influence on their lives. In this also the Pope was like the householders who, pro- duces from his store things old and new. Our Mother Mary has ever lived in the hearts of the faithful, as a holy and purifying influence. In the Catacombs in Rome there is a beautiful painting which goes back probably to the first century of our era; it represents the Virgin Mother with the Divine Child in her arms, such as you may see it any day in our churches, and it tells us more eloquently than words that the hearts and imagination of the first Christians with the same human feeling that we experience now. And the lovely invocation that we say each day, "Holy Mary, Mother of God," comes down to us for fifteen hundred years from the Council of Ephesus, as the cry of joy that went up from the hearts of the people when the Bishops, under the presidency of St. Cyril, the representative of the Pope, defined as the doctrine of the Church that in Christ our Lord there was but one Person, the Second Person of the adorable Trinity, and that Mary was His Mother. It is fully in the spirit of that tradition that the Popes in our time have turned the minds of the faithful in all the trials of the Church to the intercession of the Virgin Mary. Through her prayers and by the blessing of her Divine Son in the Holy Eucharist, they have deepened the faith of the people, quickened their piety, sanctified their lives and thus reinvigorated the spiritual life which, as the soul in the body, is the force that gives the Church her cohesion and her strength. Between the two Puses came the great Leo XIII., whose name must not be omitted when we speak of those who

strengthened the Church of God. In the elevation of his intellect, his sure grasp of principle, his instinctive sense of the needs of his time, Leo XIII. stands out in the long line of Popes like one of the Fathers of the Church. He confirmed his brethren. In his grand Encyclical letters he dealt with every phase of the spiritual life, sent the Catholic schools back to the true sources of philosophy, dedicated the homes of the people to the Holy Family, taught Governments and their subjects, employers and employed, rich and poor, their mutual rights and obligations; and the sound of these pronouncements was heard with respect outside the limits of our Holy Church. Who on earth can speak with the power of these Popes? Who like them can shape the views and opinions and move the hearts of hundreds of millions of people by their words? They are the true teachers of the world, for in Peter Christ's prayer has been heard; their faith fails not, and they in turn confirm their brethren. And at the present hour, when in the terrible war that is raging, men slaughter one another, and hate one another with a savagery that is revolting in profane Christians, one figure, that of the storm-like Christ upon the waters, and pleads for peace, appealing to them all for the sake of the Master, whom they profess to follow, to remember that they are brothers, the children of their Father, who is in Heaven. Ah! well it would be for the world if they would heed that word of the Vicar of the Christ; well would it be if the warring nations had not broken away from the unity of the Faith, and in their religion had a common ground on which to meet. And here again we see, almost in a dramatic way, the power of Rome's attraction. Around the throne of Benedict XV. there gathered a few weeks ago a number of Cardinals, amongst whom were Cardinal Mercier, the patriot Prime of Belgium; Cardinal von Hartmann of Germany, Cardinal Bourne of England, and Cardinal Begin of Canada. Each of them, I dare say, was enthusiastic for the cause of his own country as any soldier in the trenches, but all of them drawn together in the higher and holier union which binds them to the Chair of Peter. Your Bishop, who is consecrated today, is the evidence and the symbol of your place in that union with Rome. He is sent to you as the pledge of the solicitude of our Holy Father the Pope for the members of his flock in this diocese; and I have no doubt that through his administration the ties of love and reverence and filial obedience that have bound you, as they bind all Catholics in Ireland to the Chair of Peter, will be drawn, if possible, more closely and firmly than ever. For Dr. Hackett himself I fear that but is a change which he must contemplate with anxiety. It is no small sacrifice to exchange the peace and the happiness and security of his life in religion for that of the Most Holy See, the Bishop's office. But it is not his own choice. The burden has been laid upon him by the Vicar of Christ, and he need have no fear but that in accepting it in obedience to strength to bear it worthily. In passing from his Convent to his Episcopal Chair Dr. Hackett is following in the footsteps of the great and illustrious Founder of the Congregation of the Most Holy Redeemer, St. Alphonsus Ligouri, who, in spite of his earnest appeals, was made Bishop of St. Agatha of the Goths, and in that position lived a life of extraordinary sanctity and Apostolic zeal, which is one of the glories of the Catholic Church, and an inspiration for all Bishops. He was a man of the very highest intellect and of great learning, and has been declared a Doctor of the Church. But amongst the profoundest lessons that he has taught us and has been the means of impressing on the minds of the faithful are the devotion of true Faith to the Divine Presence in the adorable Eucharist, and then a triumphant love for the glories of Mary. Surely it is not without a special providence that Dr. Hackett has been trained for many years in the school of St. Alphonsus, and has been breathing among the members of the great Congregation of the Most Holy Redeemer, the spirit of their Founder, and has learned and felt in his missionary labours the power of Mary's intercession and the Divine greatness of God's gift of love in the adorable Eucharist. These will now stand him in good stead. Our Blessed Mother Mary will intercede for him, and the glorious St. Joseph, on whose feast he has the happiness to be consecrated, will join his prayers to those of his spotless Spouse, and plead for him, his clergy and his people, that they may be one in faith and the bond of peace. The prayers of Mary and Joseph and the blessing of the Divine Child will, we hope and pray, rest from this hour on your Bishop, and make him a true shepherd of the flock, spending and expending himself for their sakes, and doing while he lives great work in the ministry for the edification of the body of Christ. Amen.

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LONDON, SATURDAY, MAY 20, 1916

WHAT IS SINN FEIN AND WHY

Now that the Sinn Fein "rebellion" has taken its place with the Young Ireland rising of '48 and the Fenian movement of '67 as an incident in the chequered history of Ireland many of our readers will be interested in knowing the genesis of the movement which reached its futile climax in the recent abortive insurrection.

Mr. Joyce Kilmer, a contributor to the New York Times, sought out Padraic Colum, an Irishman, now in New York, who was in close touch and sympathy with founders of Sinn Fein:

I asked Mr. Colum to tell me something about the origin of Sinn Fein, the organization which was the soul of this revolution.

"Sinn Fein," said Mr. Colum, (and, by the way, this word is pronounced as if it were spelled Shin Fane), "was really originated about eight years ago by Arthur Griffith, editor of The United Irishman, and by the young men who were associated with him as contributors to that publication.

To The United Irishman, most of the young Irish writers contributed—Thomas MacDonagh, Seumas O'Sullivan, Joseph Campbell, and a number of others, including myself. To it William Butler Yeats contributed the first essays about the Irish Theatre. The first published work of James Stephens, who wrote 'Here Are Ladies' and 'The Crook of Gold,' appeared in The United Irishman.

Griffith's idea was that Ireland would get results by a policy of passive resistance. He thought that Ireland should send no representatives at all to Westminster, but should organize a Parliamentary assembly at home. Sinn Fein, you know, means 'ourselves.' Griffith thought that the Irish should make Ireland, and not England, the centre of all their activity, political and otherwise. He wanted representatives elected in the different parts of the country and sent to Dublin to make laws for the government of Ireland. These laws would not be binding, of course, but they would have a powerful moral force.

"The Resurrection of Hungary," in which he showed that Francis Deak, Louis Kossuth's lieutenant, had reorganized the Hungarian people on a similar basis. Griffith changed the name of his paper to 'Sinn Fein,' and the name was given to the organization of the people who worked for the success of his plan. In the course of time it came to be applied loosely to all Irishmen who desired Irish freedom, and were opposed to the policies of Mr. Redmond, although a great many of them are not actually in sympathy with the policies that actually belong to Sinn Fein."

Most of the leaders and founders of this Sinn Fein movement were men of letters closely identified with the Gaelic revival.

Padraic Pearse (whose father was an Englishman) wrote poems and plays in English and Irish. Thomas MacDonagh published four volumes of verse and wrote a play which was produced at the Abbey Theatre. Most of the others likewise were of literary tastes and achievement. James Connolly, Mr. Colum tells us, was "a revolutionary in the Continental sense of the word—a representative of the proletariat." He was a friend and co-worker of James Larkin who for a short time was very prominent in Dublin labor troubles a few years ago. Connolly also was a writer and published a volume "Labor in Irish History."

Eoin MacNeill was a professor in the National University and in his writings was opposed to physical force, as indeed were all the original Sinn Feiners.

Another distinguished Irishman, Canon Hannay (George A. Birmingham) refers to Sinn Fein in an article on "Recruiting in Ireland To-day" in the Nineteenth Century. Precisely because it was

written six months ago the references are of vivid interest to-day.

"Almost at once it was found that there was opposition, of a kind much more definite and better organized than any that had been met in the early days of the War. Sinn Feiners increased and multiplied in a most surprising way. They carried on a most vigorous propaganda, interrupted meetings, hooted speeches, and even tried to insult Lieutenant O'Leary, who since he won the V. C., has been something of a hero in Ireland. The history of the Sinn Fein party is interesting, and must be told in outline if the meaning and value of the party's present opposition to recruiting is to be properly understood. Originally it was a small party composed chiefly of intellectuals in Dublin. It was vehemently nationalist, and looked forward to founding an independent Irish Republic. The leaders did not advocate actual rebellion. They recognized an appeal to physical force was useless. Their policy was based on a misunderstanding of the course of events in Hungary when the Magyars were struggling for independence. It was a case of idealism in politics. The party made high demands on its members and offered uncommonly little in the way of reward. It made little or no headway except among clerks in various government offices."

This is interesting in the light of recent events when it was found that many leaders in the rebellion were civil servants.

"Sinn Fein was looked on coldly by the Church which controlled, indirectly, a good deal of the wealth of Ireland, and was detested by the orthodox politicians who controlled, also indirectly, most of the rest. The result was that only an idealist, or a man whose salary and position were guaranteed to him by the Government, he proposed to destroy, could afford to be a Sinn Feiner."

"Gradually the party forgot the Hungarian history which it had somewhat laboriously learnt and gave up most of its constructive policy. It became merely a centre of opposition to Mr. John Redmond and the Parliamentary Party. It was the old antagonism between the extremist and the constitutional agitator."

"The activities of this newly augmented Sinn Fein Party are causing a certain amount of anxiety, and men are to be met with who regard them as serious and dangerous. I do not think there is any real cause for fear."

That the outbreak of the War should send all the malcontents, socialists and shirkers into the ranks of Sinn Fein is not surprising. Nor is it to be wondered at that honest men should be misled by the agitators. The old ranking sense of injustice had been revived by the events of the Carson campaign in Ulster.

"There were two phases," says a vigorous writer in Ireland, "of his campaign. One was a defiance of the Imperial Parliament and the British power. The other was the actual prosecution of civil war against the Catholics of Belfast. This latter was not an affair of fire and sword, of rifle and machine gun; it was an affair of steel billets, with whose aid the Catholic workmen in Belfast shipyards were ejected, battered and maimed, from the places where they had gained the daily bread for their families. It was not until the Kaiser's forces drove them forth. In the case of the largest shipyard, the chief owner was a Home Ruler and he wanted his Catholic employees to remain. Carson's henchmen it was who assailed, who injured, who cast them out; who closed all avenues of employment to them and forced them to go to towns and cities in Scotland to get work. It was civil war, save only for one feature. For fear of endangering the chances of Home Rule, then being fought for on the British side, the friends of the injured Catholic workmen went under voluntary restraints and did not strike back."

"The men who committed these assaults went unpunished. The law made no attempt to vindicate its majesty. And after working hours, and on holidays, the men who perpetrated the outrages were organized into a military body under military leaders, openly challenging the authority of Great Britain, and being in no way interfered with. Sir Edward Carson became their spokesman and counsellor. He defied the authorities in case of need. He brought arms from Germany. He locked the police in their barracks. He defied the navy, and the navy failed to interpose any effective barrier to his law-defying enterprises. He destroyed the morale of the officers of the British army. He brought about a mutiny among the officers in the principal centre of British armed power in Ireland, the camp at the Curragh. He was not interfered with. On the contrary, he was made a hero in London."

"British Toryism played with fire, fanned with rebellion. The very papers which now demand the overthrow of ministers for not dealing with rebellion in its incipient stages, then threatened the same ministers with destruction if they dared interfere with Carson or put an end to his open and defiant treason. He was aided and abetted in every officer's mess."

"If Mr. Asquith wants to fix responsibility, here is where the responsi-

bility lies, at the door of one man, and of those who were misled by him or intimidated by him. Home Rule was held up for fear of a Carsonite rebellion. Holding it up has produced an attempt at revolution, planned on the Carson model, executed with more than Carsonite daring by men who saw Carson taken into the Cabinet while Home Rule was still held out of operation. Whoever may have planned, whoever may have fomented, whoever may have made actual this rebellion in Ireland, Carson is the author of it, Carson is primarily responsible for it, Carson must bear the blood guilt of it. Whoever escapes the responsibility, he must bear it. He is guiltier than Casement, for he have yielded to the young men who he first showed them the potency of rebellion and then made them feel that rebellion would be justified if it rid Ireland of him. The blood shed in the streets of Dublin is on his head, and all his present declamation of loyalty, all his asseverated desire to crush the rebels, cannot wipe out the stain."

Any investigation into the causes of the Dublin trouble which does not go down to its origin in Ulster will outrage mankind's awakened sense of justice. Any attempt to govern Ireland short of practical Home Rule will be the sheerest folly.

One great statesmanlike and generous act now would put an end forever to the Irish question. Is Carson big enough to meet the crisis? If he has enough genuine Irish generosity he can make easy the great act of statesmanship which would make "The United Kingdom" a reality.

WHY DO PEOPLE NOT GO TO CHURCH?

"Why people do not go to church" was the subject of a sermon preached by Rev. W. Irvine in Unity Hall. He said that "it was but reiterating a truism to say that people did not go to church. The question was one of great interest in conferences and assembly to-day. It has been estimated by a writer that 75% of the British people were out of touch with organized Christianity while on the continent of Europe the people of Britain were considered a church-going people."—The Albertan.

The Calgary Albertan has been giving a good deal of space to the discussion of this question of perennial interest to our Protestant friends. Ministers preach sermons and correspondents write letters dealing with the causes of the trouble, but they all agree as to the facts.

In his analysis of the problem Mr. Irvine quite unconsciously throws a good deal of light on the reasons why people do not go to church.

"In finding an answer to this question we must realize the transition period through which the church is passing. It stands today at the parting of the ways."

No doubt the reverend gentleman is quite honest and quite sincere. "The Church is in a period of transition." "It is at the parting of the ways." It has got to be quite the thing for Protestants of all sects to speak of "The Church"; the use of the singular conveniently glosses over the disagreeable fact which a correspondent comments upon as one of the reasons why people do not go to church. He points to "the disunion of the so-called Christian churches, the multiplication of sects and the cruel persecution of one sect by another." The man in the street—when he ought to be in church—is not deceived by the term "The Church."

Then the vague promise of what "the Church" is going to be, what it ought to be, what it must be in the future, does not impress the un-church-ed. Rather is it their justification.

The hungry sheep look up and are not fed. They are told that sometime in the future the shepherds will know what to do; the teachers will know their own minds; the Gospel message will be revised and brought up to date.

But we are still "at the parting of the ways." A profound philosophical remark which makes things quite clear.

"On the one hand is its traditions and its history, involving principles of great moment to our forefathers, while on the other hand there was the road to progress, to untrammelled freedom of thought, and spiritual achievements fitted to our age. While standing thus irresolute and undecided the church appears at her worst and we must be careful not to pass hasty judgment."

"The church has lost its attractions because she has failed in adaptation to the spiritual need of our time. While ministers were asking why the people don't go to church, the people are asking why they should go?"

Now here when this profound philosopher leaves aside his grandiloquent references to progress, untrammelled freedom of thought, and the great changes that have come over the heavens and the earth in our time, he seems to put the question quite plainly and sensibly.

Why should people go to church to hear a preacher without a message? Why they do not go, Mr. Irvine indicates pretty clearly when he says:

"The church has never recanted from its impossible orthodox position. The average man judges the church by these doctrines and perceiving them to be unreasonable, in many cases, at variance with science and with all, impracticable, he does not attend."

"Even though the preaching of to-day is not doctrinal, in the sense of creeds, yet there is an evident lack of conviction in the modern ministry. They lack the vision of leadership and the enthusiasm of their predecessors. They have lost the old note of divine authority, and have not yet been able to strike the new. Insofar as this is true the church is to blame for not having the confidence and devotion of the masses."

Orthodoxy, doctrine, creed, these deadly sins, Mr. Irvine gratefully admits, "the church" has pretty well shaken off.

Now why should people go to church to listen to a "modern ministry" evidently lacking in conviction, which disclaims all divine authority and which relegates the supernatural to the limbo of outworn creeds and superstitions?

Does the "modern ministry" think that men are vitally interested in their futile strivings to bring their anaemic religious emotions into harmony with the spirit of the world which is ever opposed to the spirit of Christ?

IS THINKING BECOMING A LOST ART?

This may seem a strange question to ask in this age of boasted enlightenment, when universities are being endowed on every side, when new schools with the latest equipment are springing up in every town and hamlet throughout the land. Yet if we examine the matter closely we will find reason to doubt if intellectual development is keeping pace with material progress.

"By their fruits you shall know them" is a very sound axiom to build upon. If our primary and secondary schools are really developing the intelligence and imparting a liberal education, we should see evidences of it in the tastes and ideals of the people. Let us examine some phases of our national life to see what light they throw upon the question. Take first of all, literature. A good education should develop a taste for good reading. But have even the majority of the graduates of our universities acquired a taste for good literature? We think not. They have read along certain prescribed lines in order to get their degrees; but you will find few of them enthusiastic about the classic literature even of their own tongue. Not long since a writer bemoaned the fact that our good old English authors were but gathering dust in our libraries, while the people are feeding upon the latest froth that appeals solely to the imaginations or the passions. What is the reason for this? It is evident. Either the people have not acquired habits of thought or are unwilling to use their brains.

Take again the matter of public lectures. There was a time when a good speaker was a drawing card; but there are now many towns in Ontario where a modern Demosthenes or Burke would not draw a sufficient house to pay expenses. The only kind of a lecturer that succeeds now is the one who amuses the people, tells witty anecdotes, appeals to the imagination or perhaps the prejudices of his audience and makes outlandish and often irrelevant statements, without ever attempting to prove them. This is the key to the popularity of Billy Sunday. We heard recently at a recruiting meeting a speech by one of the Dominion Cabinet ministers that was really a masterpiece. He was followed by a gentleman who indulged in some rhetorical fireworks and hackneyed appeals to patriotism. In the judgment of several persons within our hearing the former was no good, but the latter was grand. Why this? Because the one appealed to the intelligence of his audience, while the

other did not call into play any brain action.

In the histrionic art, also, we notice the same phenomena. Shakespeare has been supplanted by vaudeville and the movies. The latter sometimes make the claim of being educational. "The Birth of a Nation" is especially heralded as such. In many towns the school children were given a half holiday to enable them to see it. Curiosity led us to be present at a matinee performance. The music was good—at least they say it was good. The scenic effects were all that could be desired. But as we viewed the mob, battle, and love scenes and the evolution of the negro from an untutored slave in the cotton fields to a gentleman, dressed in a smart uniform and playing tennis on a college lawn, we thought to ourselves: Is this instructive? Is this true history? Again we thought what a contrast the birth of our own nation would be to this. Would that the pageants at the Tercentenary of Quebec which were lauded by Professor Wrong of Toronto University as being "highly instructive, true to history, and calculated to create a better understanding between the two races in Canada" had been perpetuated by the cinematograph! What an epic we would have had if Cartier and Champlain, LeCaron and Brebeuf, Laval and Frontenac, Huron chiefs and Algonquin braves, Indian children and devoted nuns, Coureurs de bois and Voyageurs, LaSalle and Hennepin, Dollard and Madeleine Vercheres, Montcalm and Wolfe were made to pass before us in their right perspective amid the historic scenes of long ago! But this is aside. When we came out into the street and met the people coming home from work, it took us some time to get our bearings, to remember where we were, what day it was and what time of the day; and we decided that the movies are destructive, not only of sane thinking, but of normal habits of life.

There is another sphere in which this intellectual hysteria manifests itself, viz., our recreations. The games that attract are not those that require skill, but those that furnish excitement. We can understand people going to see a good hockey or lacrosse match, but the poorest exhibition will attract a crowd, simply because it gives them a chance to yell or screech, as the case may be. Many of those who snatch a short vacation from a busy life, will, instead of communing with nature, "fling tongues in trees, sermons in stones and books in the running brooks," in a word, instead of recasting their souls and bodies, spend the greater part of the night in dancing and other amusements and then sleep away the most beautiful hours of the day.

Nor are Catholics wholly free from the above indictments. In a neighboring city across the border, a number of gentlemen belonging to the "Committee on Religious Prejudices" sent out a request that their Protestant fellow citizens should provide them with a list of their objections against the Church to be opposed to enlightenment; and as a proof of this the list of entertainments as advertised in the diocesan paper was dances and card-parties and only one-tenth of an educational character. Of course this argument proved too much. The Guardians of Liberty, who are strong on lectures, would, according to this reasoning, be great friends of enlightenment. Yet we must admit, however, that this incident affords our co-religionists some food for thought.

We may conclude that there are two weapons that murder thought. The first is the defect in our educational system above referred to. The second is lack of faith or a bad conscience. When Protestantism undermined faith it undermined reason. The Catholic Church is today the great bulwark of reason, for she sees things in their right proportion and never gets excited. Men with a bad conscience do not court self-inspection and avoid it by a continual round of distractions. No wonder the Scripture says "With desolation is the world made desolate, because there is no one that thinketh in his heart." It were well for them if they were forced to do so. If they were made to sit by the rivers of Babylon perhaps they would remember Zion.

"THE GLEANER"

Tears are the safety-valves of the heart, when too much pressure is laid on.

NOTES AND COMMENTS

THAT THE insolent and insinuating tone of the Toronto Globe's recent reference to Premier Asquith's audience with the Holy Father, is not in harmony with enlightened public opinion in England may be seen from the Morning Post's comment thereon. The Roman correspondent of that journal, who may be presumed to have written with knowledge, had this to say: "As Great Britain has had a mission to the Holy See since December, 1914, it was only proper that the Premier who appointed it should when he found himself in Rome ask for a Papal audience." From this it may be seen how far removed from fact was the Globe's assertion—dictated no doubt by ingrained Presbyterian animosity to all things Papal—to the effect that "we may be sure the audience was of the Pope's seeking."

THE FURTHER comment of the Morning Post's correspondent is in the light of the foregoing instructive: "No unprejudiced person acquainted with Rome," he says, "can, after the experience of the last sixteen months, doubt that it was an excellent stroke of policy to send the Mission here. Sir Henry Howard and his coadjutors have rendered a great service to their country by putting the British case before the Pope, who was previously in the position of a judge hearing (from no fault of his own) only the counsel of one party. Since the Mission came the tone of the clerical press in Rome towards us has almost entirely changed, while the Minister's kindness and interest in his British fellow-subjects, quite irrespective of their religion, have been specially useful at a season when unusually large numbers of British soldiers have been in Rome, and when all Britons living here feel that blood is thicker than water." It is fortunate for British interests generally that during this grave crisis the reins of government are in the hands of a man whose largeness of mind and statesmanship rises far superior to the petty sectarian politics that obtain so frequently in the Globe office.

OUR YOUTHFUL BUT vigorous and promising New York contemporary, Ireland, contains in its last issue an estimate of Sir Roger Casement by the young Cambridge poet, Shane Leslie, which those who wish to acquire some degree of understanding regarding this latest storm petrel in Irish history will do well to study carefully. Its gist is shown in one sentence: "We believe Sir Roger's mind has been truly and terribly set on one cause only, and that Ireland is the cause for which he has gone out of his way and out of his mind in order to sacrifice his life." Or: "If the Irish in America demand a hero let them take him if they will. Let them contrast what is good and what is not good in what Casement has done. And then let them contrast what is not good and what is good in what John Redmond has done. . . . Which is best for Ireland? The man who made Home Rule possible or the man who endeavored to make it impossible. The Irish must choose their hero. We have chosen ours"—a choice which is shared by an overwhelming majority of the Irish race throughout the world.

THAT THE PROGRESS of the War has not been allowed to interfere with industrial and agricultural development in Great Britain is evident from the bulletins and other reports which continue to be issued by the Boards of Trade and Agricultural societies throughout the country. One of the latest of the latter has to do with the discovery of bacterized peat as an intensive cultivator of food and other products of the soil. Professor Bottomley, of King's College, London, who has given much attention to the subject has recently made an offer to the Corporation of Manchester in connection with his discovery of the capabilities of "homogen," the name he has given to the peat product treated in his laboratories.

THE CLAIM made is that by treating ordinary peat with bacteria a substitute for manure is produced which is fifty times more valuable than the manures now generally in use. This claim seems to have been already substantiated in large measure. Experiments have shown that five hundred weights of bacterized peat applied to an acre of land will nearly double a crop of wheat. The Corporation of Manchester, which owns

enormous quantities of peat on the Moss and Carrington estates, has been considering the suggestion that its exploitation is desirable and with this in view has entered into negotiations with Professor Bottomley which are expected to lead to very important results.

THE OPENING of these peat deposits is urged for several reasons: (a) as a means of utilizing an otherwise almost useless material in the preparation of a highly nutritious plant manure; (b) as a means of fertilizing existing waste lands on the city estates; (c) as a source of revenue to the city by the preparation (according to Bottomley's method) and sale of the manufactured material; (d) as affording a means of providing employment for discharged soldiers and others.

AT A lecture not long since the Professor stated that there are seventeen million acres of waste land in the United Kingdom, most of which is used as sheep runs. This exceeds the combined areas of agricultural land in Holland, Belgium and Denmark, and gives some idea as to the important bearing the discovery of peat bacterization is likely to have upon the food producing capabilities of the country. Ireland, too, is vitally concerned as it has been shown that in Green Island alone there are thirty-three million tons of peat, the bulk of which under the Bottomley method could be converted into an ideal fertilizer.

COMING DOWN to particulars, it is shown that at Kew Gardens and the experimental station at Lea Valley, plants apparently dying have been restored to more than normal growth. Four potato sets weighing a few ounces in all, placed in a small box of moss litter and watered once a week with the extract from bacterized peat, produced three pounds of potatoes in eight weeks. One tomato plant so treated had 16 pounds of tomatoes on it at one time. At Lea Valley, 18 cucumber plants treated with manure and bone meal yielded 148 pounds of fruit, while 18 others grown in nine parts of ordinary soil mixed with one of bacterized peat, gave 224 pounds of fruit and marketed 71 pounds before a single cucumber was ready from the other bed.

THIS BEING so it is not to be wondered at that "homogen" has already become commercialized, and even that the demand is greater than the supply. At present the plant available for producing the fertilizer is limited, and as ordinary fertilizers are also scarce it is not surprising that the new product easily brings £15, or \$75 per ton. In face of present conditions resulting from the War the hope is entertained in Great Britain that homogen will soon be available in sufficient quantities to help in increasing home food supplies. We presume that the authorities in Canada also have the matter in hand. There are said to be vast deposits of peat in this country, and it is therefore a question only of initiating experiments with a view to demonstrating their degree of suitability for fertilizing purposes under the Bottomley method.

ON THE BATTLE LINE

LONDON, May 12.—That the long prepared German offensive against the British front is at most but a few days off, if it has not already begun, is the almost unanimous opinion of military critics here to-night, following the announcement of the German attack at Hulluch.

This offensive will mark the abandonment of the attempt to take Verdun, which is now beyond all shadow of doubt a failure, and will mark what will in all probability be the last desperate effort of the kaiser's armies on the battlefield.

Before the British front are massed 500,000 Germans with guns, many of which have been and are still being brought from Verdun.

Against him are at least a million British troops, including the Canadians and Australians, with artillery, outnumbering greatly that of the enemy.

Military men here declare there is absolutely no chance of a German success.

After eight days of heavy fighting on both sides of the river the French hold practically the same lines as they occupied a week ago, save on the northern slope of Hill 304, where the enemy have made a slight gain. The gain is so unimportant that the staff have not considered it necessary to waste life in efforts to recover the lost ground. The occasional capture of a few French trenches encourages the Germans to keep trying for Verdun, and the longer the German offensive lasts the better pleased "Papa" Joffre will be. He does not

need to nibble them when they nibble themselves.

That philosophy does not apply to the capture of some British trenches near the Hohenzollern redoubt north of Loos, reported by Berlin. With the trenches were taken 127 prisoners and several machine guns. Every foot of ground in this region is important, and doubly important if the Allies have designs on Lille. The British official report dealing with this attack says that 500 yards of first line trenches were taken by the Germans northeast of Vermelles by infantry attack on Thursday evening, following a heavy preliminary bombardment. The report adds: "We regained a portion of the ground lost by a counter-attack during the night." There was no infantry action yesterday, but a good deal of artillery activity has developed in the neighborhood.

A review of the Russian operations on the Turko-Persian border indicates that the Turks are likely to realize their armies in Mesopotamia to meet the Russian army advancing on Bagdad from the mountains to Luristan. That army has now traversed the wild hill country on the frontier, and is approaching the strongly-fortified Turkish base at Khanikin.

There has been heavy fighting on the Dvina in the region of Jacobstadt. The Germans have concentrated many heavy guns there, and are trying to force a way toward the river by blasting operations. The Russians are holding their positions steadily in the face of a very violent bombardment. The subsidence of the spring floods in Courland enables the enemy to make effective use of his superior strength in heavy guns. There is talk also of a combined land and sea attack on Riga. This might well be accompanied by aggressive German action farther up the river. —Globe, May 13.

T. P. O'CONNOR'S LETTER

HOW THE POOR REPUBLICAN ENTHUSIASTS WERE DUPED

THE CONSTITUTIONAL MOVEMENT FINALLY AND DEFINITELY VINDICATED

Special Cable to the CATHOLIC RECORD (Copyright 1916, Central News)

London, May 13. — The whole ghastly story has gradually been revealed of the devices whereby unhappy young men were lured into the senseless rising in Dublin. Many of these dying boys of eighteen told the priests who attended them at the end that they thought they had been brought to Dublin for an ordinary review. Nearly all were certain they were going to succeed for they were told by German agents that 50,000 German troops had landed in Kerry, that a German submarine had sunk a British gunboat in the Liffey, that France had made peace, that England had been defeated and that the Irish Republic would be asked to appear at the European peace congress. Anybody in America will trace the similarity of those utterances to those in America and trace the origin to certain German agencies.

The fuse was finally set to the magazine by a forged circular attributed to Dublin Castle, setting forth an elaborate attempt to exorcize the city, to seize the Catholic archbishop and other palpable inventions. This forgery is also to be traced either to a New York agent or therefrom.

In Dublin the feeling that the unfortunate dupes were innocent or were won by skilful and heartless intrigues is growing stronger and the cry is getting universal among the Liberal journals and politicians of England for a close of the executions under the direction of the military government. The feeling is even stronger in Ireland, and is producing a reaction in favor of the Sinn Feiners, otherwise universally repudiated as the most dangerous enemies of Ireland's hopes.

John Dillon arrived in London Tuesday night. He had been all through the disturbances with his six children within the firing zone. His letters and telegrams had not reached him for a week. The heroic courage and friendship of his tradesmen who supplied his house in the face of falling bullets, saved the family from starvation. He refused to leave Ireland even when wanted in London, spending his time in interviewing the military, who received him politely while he pleaded for mercy for the unfortunate victims of crafty, well-paid conspirators.

John Redmond was simultaneously seeing Mr. Asquith daily, making the same appeal. That appeal is now backed by all humane men. It is expected that thousands of young men will probably be interned for a short time, then returned to their homes: some indeed already have reached their parents' houses. Arrests continue on a large scale, but even these will soon cease, and civil government will be reestablished.

It is impossible yet to say what the final outcome of this tragic interval will be. At present there has been no deadly injury to the cause of Home Rule as at first was feared. Two facts have been evolved from the whole incident. The first is that there is still an Irish problem waiting an early and a drastic solution. Second, there is an overwhelming majority of Irish who show the same ardor for the allied cause as the heroic soldiers fighting over in Europe. These facts were brought to light by an astonishingly wide movement to solve the Irish problem by mutual concession. Mr.

Asquith hinted it; Sir Edward Carson did not reject it; Mr. Redmond welcomed it, and Winston Churchill, now definitely returned to political life, went further by an elaborate appeal to Mr. Redmond and Sir Edward Carson to use their enormous power over their parties to find a common ground.

At the present moment attention is concentrated on Dublin. Feeling runs so strong on the executions that it is impossible to enter into any negotiations. As the tragic incidents fade the impulse toward a harmonious settlement will be renewed. It may lead to remarkable results. The presence in London of many colonial representatives may help. They all plead earnestly for the immediate tackling of the question of imperial federation and admission of the colonies to the Imperial Parliament. This involves federation with local Parliaments created for the British Isles.

Thus, except for the bitter, sorrowful feeling produced by the executions, the feeling in regard to the future of Home Rule is more sanguine than last week. The Irish Party is determined meanwhile, to put the issue squarely before the people of Ireland whether they want the Constitutional movement of the Irish Party and whether they will stamp out the whole campaign of calumny carried on against them by so many agencies. There is no doubt of the answer Ireland will give. Never before in Irish opinion, as reported by members from all parts of Ireland, did the people receive stronger proof than in the Constitutional movement alone has Ireland hope of a full victory.

England's financial situation following the war, is the subject of much thought and discussion among her statesmen. She is bearing the burdens not only of her own enormous armaments but is sharing those of her poorer sisters of the coalition against Teutonic oppression. Monetary indemnity is not among the gains that can be counted upon in this war of exhaustion. Germany and her consorts will be scarcely able, though conquered tomorrow, to undertake the payment of any large indemnity in money. Turkey might be expected to yield territory, but it is territory long impoverished by the rapacity of her own tax gatherers, from whom her subjects flee as from the plague. It would be long before such territory would become self-sustaining, leaving out the question of repayment for the one who takes over the responsibility of its management.

To deal in any large way with the billions involved in the principal of the great debt that is accumulating with every shot fired, every ship loaded or sunk, is out of consideration at this time, and may be for a generation to come, but the interest is to be met in the same spirit of determination with which the nation is meeting its even more grave and vast moral responsibilities. At the best we can expect an addition equal to 10,000,000,000 in American money to our enormous liabilities. In addition there are large sums in the way of annuities or pensions to crippled heroes to be paid for a period of years after the end of the conflict. A further loan has been suggested to cover this particular debt of the nation to the men who are sacrificed for it.

It has been questioned whether the pocket book of the country will withstand the strain of further compulsory conscription of cash in the form of the income tax which has reached a point which many declare to be its limit. Many reasons are advanced against any extremely heavy taxation until the nation has had time to recover from the first crippling effects of the war. The class that will be most affected by a further advance in the heavy income tax are those least able to compensate for it—those in receipt of a fixed income which they depend for protection against poverty in old age. In business, however, it has been urged there will be a certain tendency to aid the income tax to the cost of manufacture or of distribution. So that an advance in prices may be expected if the income tax is made burdensome. In addition, if capital is rendered unprofitable in England, we may expect to see it finding an outlet in distant lands where the raw material is grown and where the cheap labor of the east is available.

Opponents of higher customs duties as a source of revenue urge that they would seriously burden the poorest in this country who have already suffered through the fluctuations of the open market and that this indirect taxation as surely means a rise in prices as an income tax.

Other and even more radical suggestions that are receiving consideration is one that would introduce conscription of corporations and their property in the service of the state. The successful ownership and operation of railways and mines by many European governments is receiving more attention among public men at this time than ever before in the history of England. It is urged by the pleaders for state ownership and operation that it would involve nothing revolutionary. The brains employed in the management of the railways, mines and canals, it is argued, would still be required. Sir Joseph Compton-Rickett, M. P., one of the foremost advocates of this measure, suggests that the financing of it would be a simple matter. The shareholders, he says, would receive government bonds at a fixed rate of interest at a price corresponding to their relative claims. The balance of profit, largely increased by concentration, would follow the profits

of the post-office into the income of the country. He would apply this government monopoly not only to the transportation systems but to the great coal production of South Wales, where the fuel output has advantages possessed by no other by its great concentration of power into small space. It is needed by English industry and English warships, but the surplus could be disposed of to great profit by the government it is urged.

The armament works are another field that could be profitably worked by the government, in the opinion of Sir Joseph and others. They would have the government buy its own guns and manufacture all its own ammunition, as well as the supplies for its army and navy. They go still further in the suggestion that following the example of Russia and one of the American states there should be a government monopoly of the liquor traffic. It is doubtful if any step will be taken toward the realization of these aims while the all absorbing effort of the war is upon us, but its close must see great changes in our system of government.

CORPORAL CORRIGAN AT YPRES

(By a Canadian C. F.)

The present World War consists of an almost infinite number of minor incidents. Its history will be a more or less correct synthesis and analysis of the more important and characteristic of these incidents. The present is no time for attempting to write such a history. It is, however, preeminently the time for the careful chronicling of minor incidents, which, if not noted at once, become vague and unreliable, when they are not entirely lost.

A War Hospital is an ideal place for the collection of this historical material. One cannot merely get the soldier's own account while it is yet fresh in his mind, but one can at the same time correct and supplement his story by those of his companions of his own and of other units. While I have not been sent overseas by the Canadian Government as an historian, I could not resist the temptation the other day to take down an interesting story—that of Corporal Corrigan, which I put together just as he told me, as he sat with his one remaining leg hanging down on the side of the bed, at the Duchess of Connaught, Canadian Red Cross Hospital, Cliveden, Taplow, Bucks, England, Holy Week, 1916.

Corporal James William Corrigan was born in Metcalfe, Ont., and when he enlisted in August, 1914, was living at 1905 Chateaubriand Ave., Montreal. He joined the Royal Montreal Regiment, or as it is more generally known, the 14th Battalion. He belonged to Company No. 3. As the Battalion belonged to the First Canadian Division, it took part in the one event of epic importance in which Canada participated during the first year of the war—the St. Julien Battle. The full story of this famous battle can be written only when a hundred accounts, such as the following one of Corporal Corrigan have been pieced together into a complete narrative.

On the morning of the 22nd of April, 1915, the day of the first German gas attack, our Battalion, the 14th (it is Corporal Corrigan who speaks) had been relieved, and hence was in reserve about two miles north of Ypres when the gas attack occurred at 5 o'clock. We were then advanced to our Brigade Headquarters.

On the morning of the 23rd, the 2nd and 3rd companies (I belonged to the 3rd) took up a rather important position between St. Julien and the Wood, and that same night it went into the all-important first line trenches behind Poelcapelle.

The following morning the Germans sent gas across the apex of the Canadian salient. It caught some of the 48th Highlanders (the 15th Battalion) and crossed into the Germans' own lines on the south side of the salient. The Germans attacking the Canadian lines in greatly superior numbers, gradually forced us back to a point 300 yards in front of St. Julien, and later in the day into the village of St. Julien, where there was hand to hand fighting.

Here for the first time I used my bayonet. I had succeeded in killing two Germans with my bayonet, an officer and a private, when suddenly I saw, just in front of me a German officer with his revolver ready to shoot me. I made ready to run my bayonet through him, when a bullet struck him in the temple, and he fell almost on top of me. While pushing the body aside, I chanced to tear off his shoulder strap. It bore the number 188. I treasured this souvenir but it disappeared in a hospital in Rouen.

During this same retreat on the 24th a curious incident happened to me. A shell struck a private of the 5th Royal Highlanders (38th Battalion) who was 20 feet away, practically tearing off his leg. The force of the blow knocked me flying to the edge of a shell hole. I crawled in, to find three or four there already, two of whom died soon afterwards. We were there but a minute, when the Scotie came, dragging after him his leg which was attached only by a piece of flesh. He said that his leg was only a hindrance to him now, so I put it across the butt of my rifle, and with my razor amputated the leg. I tied the pull-through of his rifle round the trunk of his leg, tightening the knot with the handle of his en-

trenching tool. A short time later he was carried away by the stretcher bearers alive. I think he has survived.

The evening of that same day I had another adventure. I was sent with 8 men of the 5th Royal Highlanders back to Brigade Headquarters to get some ammunition. While we were there, we were given some rolls of barbed wire to carry to the 2nd Field Company of the Canadian Engineers who were in the wood 200 yards north of St. Jean. While 200 yards from headquarters, we were passing through an open field in front of one of our concealed batteries. Suddenly the Germans got our range and dropped 10 or 11 shrapnel shells amongst us. I was knocked down, and upon getting up found a piece of shrapnel, the size of a match box, embedded in the roll which I was carrying. The wire saved my life. We delivered the wire and returned to Brigade Headquarters. After we got our ammunition, Brig General Turner was reading some orders for us to carry forward to our Commanding Officers, when a shell struck the Brigade Headquarters building, knocking General's cap off his head, knocking it off with a shake of the head, continued reading as if nothing had happened. I have always thought that that was a remarkable exhibition of coolness.

On the morning of the 25th we were holding a line of trenches behind St. Julien, when we were reinforced by the 50th British Division, which contained the 8th Durham Light Infantry, the Buffs, and the Yorks and Lancs. That evening our two companies, the 2nd and the 3rd, were relieved (the 1st and 4th companies had been temporarily attached to another unit), and we went across the Yser Canal, a little north-west of Ypres to go into rest billets. Of my company (No. 3) only 14 answered the roll call, of the 240 who had gone forward on the 22nd.

We arrived at our rest billets at 3 in the morning of the 26th. We had barely time to get breakfast and have our feet washed when Brig. General Turner ordered our whole Third Brigade to a line 200 yards north of St. Jean. We dug in and remained there from 9 a. m. till 3 p. m. when we took a line from St. Jean south, again digging ourselves in. We had so much digging in to do that our hands were bleeding from the constant use of the entrenching tools.

On the morning of the 27th while digging out run rations to a body of men at the right of St. Jean, a poisonous German shell landed in the midst of us, wounding seven, two of whom were killed outright. I was wounded, a piece of shrapnel, the size of half an inch lead pencil, having entered the calf of my right leg. I did not realize I was wounded till my attention was called to it by Sergeant-Major (now Lieutenant Handcock). I dressed Pte. Denman's wounds, which were serious and put him on a stretcher. Lance Corporal (now Lieut. Brewer) then put a field dressing on my leg. We were without iodine or antiseptic of any kind. With Pte. McGillon, I carried Denman to a small village, on the way to Ypres. Just as we got into the village, the dressing station was blown up. A few minutes later Denman died of his wounds. I sent Pte. McGillon back to our lines. Pte. Tim O'Brien, who had also been wounded by the same shell, and who had accompanied us thus far, being unable to proceed further, remained here to be picked up by the transport wagon. However, before the transport came, he had already died of the effects of his wounds. Of the seven hit by that poisonous shell, four, to my knowledge, have died.

Meanwhile, as my leg was getting worse, I proceeded to Ypres to get medical treatment. I got as far as the Square in front of the beautiful Cloth Hall, when I heard a seventeen inch shell coming. I threw myself flat on the Square beside a dead horse. The shell hit a corner of the cathedral tower, and stones and bricks were flying and falling on all sides.

As soon as the worst effects of the shell were over, I looked up and saw a tall, kindly, distinguished looking Belgian priest, rather advanced in years, at the opposite corner of the Squ re. He came over to me, and as I was by this time lame, he helped me into a building in one of the streets just off the Square. I learned later that this was the Convent of the Soeurs de Marie de Lamotte d'Ypres. There was only one sound room left in the convent after the frequent bombardments. The priest, who was Father Charles Delaere, parish priest of St. Peter's Church, Ypres, gave me some coffee which the sisters had prepared, and some cognac. He told me that during the night of the 22nd, a seventeen inch shell had entered the cellar, where four sisters, who with Ypres every three seconds, through a hole in the floor I saw a part of the cellar, where four sisters, who with him, risked their lives daily in tending the sick, wounded and dying, used to sleep at night. A large number of soldiers, who had been carried by Father Delaere into the very room in which I was then, had died there, and their bodies had been carried through the window by the priest, into the courtyard of the convent, where they were yet to be seen. There had been, as yet, no time to bury them. They were afterwards, I learned buried in the convent garden. Since I came to England, the added as he told me the story. I have met one of the very sisters, who was with Father Delaere that day, namely Sister Marguerite. She is now teaching at a Belgian school at Maidenhead. She spent twenty-seven weeks in the cellar with three other sisters

of the convent. They spent their days with Father Delaere, searching in Ypres and the neighborhood, at the imminent risk of their lives, for typhoid sufferers, and for French, Turo, British, Canadian and German wounded and dying. They left Ypres only when there was not a soul remaining in the town. Father Delaere has been created by King Albert, Chevalier of the Order of Leopold for the heroic devotion he displayed during those months.

But to return to my story. After Father Delaere had given me the coffee and cognac, he advised me to get out of Ypres, as it was dangerous to remain and as I needed medical attendance. I was not now able to walk alone, so with one hand on a cane, and with one hand around Father Delaere's neck I hobbled along. As we were leaving the convent, or what was left of it, a sister was sweeping aside the bricks and mortar which a shell had piled up in the doorway. I learned that no fewer than forty-four shells hit the convent while the priest and the sisters were there. With the assistance of Father Delaere, I hobbled along a couple of miles till I reached the large red brick Female Lunatic Asylum on the outskirts of Ypres.

Upon our arrival there, a couple of sisters of Our Lady of the Civil Hospital of Ypres brought out a mattress and placed it on the side of the road, as it was safer there than in the hospital, owing to the bombardment. Moreover, I was sure of being picked up by a transport wagon. Father Delaere, having now done all he could for me, returned to his ruined convent at Ypres to perform the same services to other wounded soldiers.

An hour and a half later, the transport wagon picked me up and brought me to Ypres, where I was now about 1 p. m. (April 27th, 1915). I was here brought to No. 2 Canadian Field Ambulance. As it was fearfully overcrowded, with men much more badly wounded than I was, my leg was merely painted with iodine and a bandage changed.

At 6 p. m. we were removed by motor lorries to a clearing hospital in a village beyond Poperinghe, (Abeele). This also was crowded. That night I was removed in a London bus to Hazebrouck. We remained there the night of the same 27th of April, and arrived at Rouen at 10.30, the following night. I shall never forget that train journey. The compartments were fearfully crowded. I crawled under a seat, and remained there all the time. As it was not a corridor train, the doctors could come in to see the patients only when the train stopped at the various stations. They were able to attend only to bleeding wounds.

At Rouen we were brought to No. 3, British Stationary Hospital. Here the doctors did their best to save my leg, but it was 36 hours since I had been hit, and the poisonous shell had done its work. In spite of half a dozen operations, I had to have my leg amputated below the knee on May 2nd, when the shock nearly killed me, and again above the knee on the following day. On June 2nd I was sufficiently strong to stand the journey to England. So we got into a boat at Rouen and sailed down the river and across the Channel to Southampton. We then proceeded by train to the York Military Hospital, York. On July 24th I came to this hospital and I have now been at this Canadian Hospital at Cliveden nine months. My leg had to be amputated again here to make a cushion over the bone for an artificial leg. It is now a year, less a week, since I was wounded at St. Jean, Ypres, and I expect to leave this week for Ramsgate, and to get home to my wife in Montreal next month.

Such was the straightforward soldier's story which Corporal Corrigan (No. 26911 of the C. F. I.) told me as I sat beside his bed, pencil in hand, in G. I. Ward of the Duchess of Connaught Hospital. It is one page of the glorious chapter of history which Canada wrote at Ypres in April, 1915. It is a plain, straightforward account of how a Canadian soldier did a manly part in defending an outpost of freedom at St. Julien, and then, when put hors de combat by a poisonous German shell, met a good Samaritan in the person of one of Belgium's greatest heroes, Charles Delaere, parish priest of St. Peter's Ypres, and Chevalier of the Order of Leopold.

FRENCH UNION OF PRAYER

Cardinal Lucon's eloquent appeal for four days' national prayer for France has, as was to have been expected, been responded to unanimously by all the French Prelates. Throughout the whole country fervent supplications have been offered up to God in every town and village. The series of prayers commenced on Thursday, 23rd inst., and closes today, 26th March. The first day was set apart specially for the supplication of children; the second day, Friday, for penitence; the third day, Saturday, the Feast of the Annunciation, to ask the intercession of the Blessed Virgin; and Sunday the Sacred Heart of Christ is being invoked. In instituting these prayers Cardinal Lucon and all the Archbishops and Bishops of France expressed deep regret that the Republican government refuses to associate itself with the prayers of the vast majority of the people. Cardinal Lucon said in his appeal: "Let us beseech the Lord to enlighten the minds of those who wield power in France in order that they

may understand and acknowledge that their authority is derived from God, and that they exercise it for Him. Let France at last, abandoning that public irreligion which has done her so much harm abroad, return to the road of her Christian traditions, where, with the celestial favor, of which she stands in need to-day, she will find order and peace at home, and abroad that consideration, sympathy, and influence she always enjoyed so long as she remained faithful to her providential vocation."

The venerable Cardinal also said: "The religious revival which took place at the beginning of the hostilities, especially in the army, was so remarkable as to be almost supernatural. It is necessary that the revival should extend and become durable. If at the end of the present cruel war, if after so much blood and so many tears shed, and so much suffering endured, we were to find ourselves such as we were formerly, the trial would not have attained its object, and France, even victorious, would not be saved."—The Monitor.

The best way to keep thoughts of the bitter past from stinging you is to turn on a current of thought strong enough to drown their memory.

FATHER FRASER'S CHINESE MISSION

Taichowfu, China, Dec. 11, 1915. Dear Readers of CATHOLIC RECORD: It may be a little surprise to you to learn that it takes \$100 a week to keep my mission going. I am glad when I see that amount contribute in the RECORD, but when it is less I am sad to see my little reserve surpluses diminished and the catastrophe arriving when I must close my chapels, discharge my catechists and reduce my expenses to the few dollars coming in weekly. I beseech you to make one more supreme effort during 1916 to keep this mission on its feet. You will be surprised to learn what a great deal I am doing with \$100 a week—keeping myself and curate, 30 catechists, 7 chapels and free schools, 3 churches in different cities with caretakers supporting two big catechumenes

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of men, women and children during their preparation for baptism and building a church every year.

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FIVE MINUTE SERMON

FOURTH SUNDAY AFTER EASTER

"Now I go to Him that sent Me, and none of you asketh Me 'Whither goest Thou?'" (John xvi. 7.)

Our Lord announced to His disciples the approaching completion of His work of redemption. "Now I go to Him that sent Me,"—I am about to die, and after My death I shall return to My Father, rejoicing at having accomplished the work which I was sent into the world to do. You do not realize that this fulfillment of My task is fraught with happiness for you; you are only sad because I am leaving you, and therefore you do not ask which I am going; you do not consider that I shall be in heaven where I am destined, as Man and Redeemer, to sit at My Father's right hand and make intercession for you.

As Man and Redeemer Jesus has fulfilled His destiny, and how much this ought to encourage us to attain to ours!

Many people live on, year after year, without ever asking: "Whither are we going? What is our allotted task?" It is, however, man's privilege to know what his task is, and to exert his free will in order to accomplish it. We ought always to keep our end in view, so that each day, hour and minute of our life may carry us onward towards the glorious goal for which we were created. We are destined for an eternity of happiness. "God will have all men to be saved" (I. Tim. ii, 4) says the Apostle, and the happiness that we are to enjoy is so great, that "eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man, what things God hath prepared for them that love Him" (I. Cor. ii, 9). For such eternal happiness it is surely worth while to abandon and renounce the trifling delights of this world, in as far as they are sinful. If we could see heaven and all the joys awaiting us there, we should ask ourselves, "Why do you care so much about what appears pleasant on earth? Why are you discontented when things here do not go according to your desires? Cannot you do without a few things and deny yourself a little for the sake of obtaining such unspeakable bliss? The pleasure that sin affords is a pitiful thing, soon passing away and leaving behind it nothing but remorse and shame, and would you barter for it an eternity of happiness? Your love of comfort, your lukewarmness and indolence are mean, miserable things. Why do you care nothing for your everlasting rest? You think more of a despicable piece of selfishness, or a ridiculous display of vanity, or even of indulgence in bad temper, than you do of the joys of heaven. You fancy that it is impossible to resist this or that craving, and no sooner have you yielded to it than you feel, with bitter sorrow, that you have forfeited Paradise for a brief, deceptive pleasure. Would that heaven and all its joys, would that the happiness for which we are destined, were ever before our eyes! We should not sin so recklessly, or yield so readily to earth's allurements but we should here in this world enjoy peace of mind and a good conscience.

We are destined, as St. Paul says, one day to see God face to face, and to know even as we are known, but we shall never be worthy to behold Him, unless even now the most ardent desire of our heart is to know Him aright. Faith teaches us to know God, and without faith no one can hope to go to heaven. May our faith remain sacred to us until we draw our last breath. May all that we learn and experience be regarded by us in the light of faith, i. e., may we refer it all to God, and employ it in learning to know Him better. Let us never waver in our faith, and never be infected with the spirit of worldliness which cares for everything but God. Let us cherish a firm and steadfast faith in God, for thus we shall become worthy one day to behold Him and, as the Apostle says, to enjoy Him, to find unspeakable happiness in loving Him whose love alone is able fully to satisfy the heart of man. This is man's destiny, this is the highest possible bliss, but this love must at least begin on earth, for only a heart that has lived for God in this world will live in Him in the world to come.

Love of God is displayed in obedience to Him. The better we love Him, the more ready and joyful will be our obedience. If He one day asks us whether we had loved Him on earth, we shall answer with gladness proportionate to the humility and fidelity with which we have done our duty, to the number of good works that we have performed, and to the amount of self-restraint that we have practised out of love of Him. The genuineness of our love will be proved in this way and by the solidity of the virtues that we have acquired; not by the number of fine speeches that we have made, or of pious books that we have read. We ought to love God not only in word and with our emotions, but in deed and in truth. We are destined some day to join the company of those blessed spirits, who stand before the throne and never cease their worship of God. Let us now prepare ourselves to fulfil this glorious duty by means of prayer, for prayer alone will furnish us with the grace of faith, will strengthen us to disregard the things of earth and to overcome temptations to sin, and will help us to be faithful in good works. Thoughtful prayer, proceeding from hearts earnestly desirous of salvation, brings us even now closer to God, and will some day unite us for ever with Him. Therefore let us pray without ceasing, as the Apostle bids us, but pray with a heart full of

good will really to accomplish the task, for which our prayer obtains us strength.

We know whither our Lord has gone; He is in heaven, preparing a place for us. We know, too, whither He wishes us to go—also to heaven, to be happy with Him for ever. When in the common-place round of our everyday life we are tempted to forget our high calling, let us ask ourselves, "Whither ought I to go?" The answer will be, "To heaven, by faith, avoidance of sin, a life of virtue and incessant prayer." Amen.

TEMPERANCE

THE PRIEST AND TEMPERANCE

There is room for difference of opinion as to the relative merits of license, local option, anti-saloon and prohibition legislation as a means of checking or repressing the evils of drink, writes Rev. M. A. Lambing in the "Catholic Temperance Advocate." From principle or policy, honest men, scientists or Christians may have sufficient reasons for refusing to encourage any or all of these measures. But no such person can have a sufficient reason for opposing or for not supporting the total abstinence movement recommended by the Catholic Church and fostered by her hierarchy. It benefits the Church, the state and the individual in every way and in no way injures anyone. No evidence other than that which meets one who opens his eyes and looks about him is needed to convince the unbiased mind that drink is the worst enemy the Church has in this country, not in itself, perhaps, but in opening the way to almost every other enemy and inviting its assault. And whatever assails the Church injures the individual and the state; whatever fosters vice increases crime. The state can prosper, no more than the individual, without the safeguard of religion.

The priest is the salt of the earth, to preserve from corruption those whom Christ has redeemed and added to His Church to be saved. There is no better security for the preservation of the Church and state after God's immediate care than an organized, abstinent priesthood.

One of the hardest labors of the pastor is providing for the financial needs of the parish. All manner of legitimate, and sometimes dubious schemes have to be employed to raise the money needed. The drink bill of the United States averages \$15 for every man, woman and child in the country; Catholics spend their full share of this. There are, in round numbers, 15,000 churches in the United States with an average congregation of 1,100 members whose quota of the drink bill is \$16,500,000, about four times as much as is required to support the parish. It is evident that this sum—the money spent for drink—is worse than wasted. The sin, crime, poverty and suffering caused by drink furnish one-half of the priest's trouble and labor.

The priest must preach temperance and labor to root out the vice of intemperance. Nothing would be greater help to him in this work than membership in the Priests' Total Abstinence League. It would give the utmost force and efficiency to his labor, whether in the confessional, in the pulpit or in the homes of his people; much more than if he were simply an abstainer.

There has never been a time when the minds of so many men and women have consciously or unconsciously turned in the direction of the Catholic Church. And there is nothing more frequently alleged against the Church in this country than the number of Catholics given to drink and engaged in the "dangerous" liquor business. No one thing would meet this objection so well and tend to remove whatever justification there is for it than for it to be generally known that a large and ever-increasing number of the Catholic clergy are members of the Priests' Total Abstinence League. It is not enough that they are temperate or known to be abstainers; it is necessary that they be organized.—St. Paul Bulletin.

TRUE FRIENDSHIP

The dedicatory passage at the close of Cardinal Newman's "Apologia" is sometimes cited as a specimen of almost perfect English, as, indeed, it is. But it is much more than that; it is one of the finest tributes to friendship ever wrung from a great soul. The saying that one's friends are proven by adversity and not by prosperity is so old and has been so many thousand times repeated that to introduce it here smacks of the commonplace. Yet, like many another truism, it will bear repetition. Poor, weak human nature is always forgetting. During our fat years we go on "making friends," as we say—people who take gladly of what we have to give them, but who, when we are touched by the famine of the lean season, pass by upon the other side. This need not, and should not, make us bitter. It is more than likely that we have been paid off in our own coin, and when the accounts have been balanced we find we have one or two real friends remaining, and that is as much as any man ought to ask. They may not often have eaten bread at our tables, possibly because of our gold coinable aversion to their pure and less worthy guests. But we have known where to find them when the

crisis of our lives came, and we have sought them out for comfort and counsel when burdens pressed hard and our souls grew weary of the strife.

It is this personal note that attunes friendship to everything else in life that is noble and worthwhile. No one has better sounded it than Newman in his dedication, particularly where he apostrophizes the fellow Oratorian who was dearer to him than the rest: "And to you, especially, dear Ambrose St. John, whom God gave me, when He took everyone else away; who are the link between my old life and my new; who have now for twenty-one years been so devoted to me, so patient, so zealous, so tender; who have let me lean so hard upon you; who have watched me so narrowly; who have never thought of yourself, if I was in question." This was the kind of love that Jonathan had for David, whom he had called his "own soul," or, I think it is not irreverent to say, that St. John bore our Divine Lord when he leaned upon His breast at supper or stood at the foot of His Cross to drink in his Friend's dying words.

In a recently delivered eulogy that is of interest to Catholics, above others, we have an expression of sacred friendship that is worthier than any I can recall of comparison with Newman's dedication. I refer to the sermon preached by His Grace, the Archbishop of St. Paul, at the funeral of Bishop Scannell of Omaha. Since there is not sufficient space for me to quote it in full, I will give my readers the benefit of a few of the opening sentences. It would be well for us to inscribe them upon the tablets of memory; to say them over again and again, lest our zeal for God should flag or loyalty to our friends wane.

"Richard Scannell, you were a friend to me; I was a friend to you. I understood you; you understood me. Your converse was sweetest music to me; mine, I never doubted, was sweetest music to you. The dreadful message that you were dead, agonized my soul, sped around me a void that none other will fill. Without you the journey along life's pathway will be lonely. I shall miss you, as few others of my fellow-travelers would be missed. Fondest is my good-bye; Heaven be your abode; my one-day, mine—with you, for eternity!"

Consider, for a moment, the lines: "I understood you; you understood me. Your converse was sweetest music to me; mine, I never doubted, was sweetest music to you." Have you ever heard the mutual understanding of true friendship more beautifully characterized? I have not. It is natural, if we are at all human, that we should wish to let our friends know by outward sign that we love them. Some people, though, are not very human. I recommend such read and ponder the words of his intimates, if he can be said to have had any intimates, had to say of Thorbea: "As for taking his arm, I would as soon think of taking the arm of an elm tree!"

But however demonstrative we may be, we are obliged to admit that friendship is at its deepest and best in moments of silence: the long walks into the country, when not half a dozen words are exchanged in as many hours; the quiet meal, when one is tired and rests comfortably in the consciousness of sympathy close at hand for the asking; the desultory chat before the open hearth fire, when strong currents make themselves felt beneath the surface flow of placid small talk, when one is serene in assured comradeship and thankful that one is clothed and fed and has a roof, no matter how humble, to shelter him from the blast.—James Loomis in New World.

PREDICTS WAR WILL LEAVE WORLD IN DIRE POVERTY

The Irish Bishops, in their Lenten pastoral letters, direct attention to the necessity for thrift and for raising as much foodstuffs as possible on the farms. There are frequent allusions to the war in the pastorals, the most emphatic exhortation to recruiting appearing in the letter of the Archbishop of Tuam, Dr. Healy, who hopes that while the people will till their fields they will also be ready to fight for them against all comers, especially against the Germans. "Irishmen are able to fight," he writes, "as they have well proved on every battle front in Europe. They do not want their fertile acres seized by the foe. What is to save them but the strong arms and courageous hearts of the Irish people and their Allies?" He hopes that they will rally to the flag, "not by compulsion, but from a sense of duty as becomes free men."

Cardinal Logue speaks of the war as "not only the greatest and most destructive war in history, but a war that seems to have stirred to their lowest depths the worst and most depraved of human passions. The distinction between soldier and civilian seems to be ignored. Even neutrals and their property are no longer immune from destruction. Peaceful citizens travelling by sea with their wives and children are sent to the bottom without warning. Men, old and young, helpless women and innocent children, often in their beds at night are made victims of a sudden and terrible death."

The Bishop of Limerick, in his pastoral, predicts that the war will leave the world in a condition of dire poverty and speaks of the storm which will break over Euro-

pean society when the war is over. "If any one thinks," he says, "that the millions of working men trained to arms in Europe will settle down peacefully to starvation at the end of the war, in order to help to remass fortunes for their 'betters' he may have a rude awakening."—Providence Visitor.

OUR LADY—QUEEN OF MAY

The month of May is devoted in a special manner to the Mother of God. It is a month set in the sweet of the year—fresh and fragrant with the flowers and showers of spring. Because of its virginal charm it is fittingly consecrated to her whose white virginity was her unique privilege, and who is for us the exemplar of all that is innocent and fresh and pure.

The Church honors Mary as the Virgin-Mother of God with a singular homage. While others refer to her merely as the Virgin, Catholics with a glad human affection know her as the Blessed Virgin—Our Lady. Such an appellation is most in consonance with all tradition regarding her. Was she not hailed "blessed" by the Angel Gabriel, and by Saint Elizabeth? It fulfills literally her own prophecy: "Henceforth all generations shall call me blessed." Again, the Church resting its belief on the Scriptures and on the Fathers, has dared to proclaim her Immaculate Conception; that she alone of the race of Adam was preserved free from the stain of original sin. And, rightly regarded, was it not inevitable that the Mother of the Redeemer should never, not even in her origin, have been subject to the sway of Satan, that the human fountain-head of the Incarnate Divine should have been untarnished in its source. So for us she is in truth "the world's and aspirations' one success"—the one perfect flower of humanity, an image of what humanity had been without the fall of man. As a corollary of this privilege there exists in the Church a pious belief, not yet defined as dogma, that her body, as it had never known defilement of sin, was not permitted to corrupt in the grave, but was assumed after death into Heaven. Of the fact of her Assumption Cardinal Newman writes lyrically: "It was meet that He, who died for the world, should die in the world's sight; but she, the Lily of Israel, who had lived out of the gaze of the world, fittingly did she die in the garden's shade and amid the sweet flowers with which she dwelt. Her departure occasioned no noise in the world. The Church went on its usual way; there were persecutions, there were martyrdoms, there were triumphs. At length gradually the news spread abroad that the Mother of God was no longer upon earth. But her tomb could not be pointed out, or, if pointed out, was empty, and, instead of her pure fragrant body, there was a growth of lilies from the earth." If any one were to object to these privileges as being too special exemptions in her case, might it not be replied that nothing in the life of the Blessed Virgin was ordinary? For was she not greeted, as no other mortal, by the Angel: "Hail full of grace?" and again did she not become Mother of God without ceasing to remain Virgin?

As Virgin and as Mother she stands in a two-fold relation to us—Our Lady and our Mother. As our Lady she is "the Woman," seen in the heavens by the seer of the Apocalypse, "clothed with the Sun, with the Moon beneath her feet, and on her head a crown of twelve stars." As such she is the Lady of our devotion who represents the appeal of the "eternal feminine" in its best sense, an ideal of dazzling whiteness and innocence, and purity. In the tales of knight-errantry we read of a certain Sir Galahad whose strength was as the strength of ten because his heart was pure. Such a knight should every Catholic be in the service of our Lady, and he should wear her favor, her scapular, proudly in her honor. And if he will only take her as his exemplar, she will help him to keep himself unspotted from the world. Nowadays most of all there is need of such an ideal; nowadays when the virtue she exemplifies is most often impugned, and the passions are regarded as a law unto themselves, when everywhere the indecency flaunting itself in the press, in the novel, in the theater, on the billboards, brings the flush of shame to an honest cheek; nowadays there is need of her inspiration to keep oneself immune from the shame and infamy of it all. Amid the widespread depravity of a paganism world her influence, if invoked, will make itself felt like some clear well-spring to sweeten one's life and keep it wholesome and pure.

As our mother, she represents all the tender maternal traits of our religion just as the cross represents all its severer features. From the cross we were committed to her in the person of St. John, since when she remains for us "the gentleness that drapes the cross's rigorous austerity." For she will help to lighten the burden of the cross if only we will ask her. So in all trials and afflictions we should have recourse to her as children to a mother, and lay our cares at her feet confident that she will relieve them and soothe them away. Such child-like confidence in her intercession was a mark of the greatest Saints of the Church—of St. Augustine, of St. Dominic, of St. Bernard, who wrote the touching Memorare in her honor. Such faith, too, breathes in that beautiful prayer

of the Church, the Salve Regina, in which she is invoked as Mother of that Mercy which came to redeem the frailty of our first erring mother. And though she is now in her heavenly home, she still has regard for us "poor, banished children of Eve." So we pray to her in hope and confidence "Turn therefore thine eyes of mercy toward us, and after this our exile, show unto us the blessed fruit of thy womb, Jesus."—Rev. F. M. in The Missionary.

GOD ALONE

"Why do you let saints come between you and God?" asks the Protestant sometimes. But we don't. The great convert, John Henry Newman, found them not about us. In his "Apologia Pro Vita Sua," he writes: "Only this I know full well now, and did not know then, that the Catholic Church allows no image of any sort, material or immaterial, no dogmatic symbol, no rite, no sacrament, no saint, not even the Blessed Virgin, to come between the soul and its Creator. It is face to face, solus cum solo, in all matters between man and his God. He alone creates; He alone has redeemed; before His awful eyes we go in death; in the vision of Him is our external beatitude. And, after studying the Exercises of St. Ignatius, he wrote: 'For here again, in a matter consisting in the purest and most direct acts of religion—in the intercourse between God and the soul, during a season of recollection, of repentance, of good resolution, of inquiry into vocation—the soul was solus cum solo; there was no cloud interposed between the creature and the Object of his faith and love. The command practically enforced was, "My son, give Me thy heart."—The Missionary.

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CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

HOLD FAST TO WHAT YOU HAVE

If there is anything more pathetic than the man who never had a home or friends, or money, it is the man who had a home and did not appreciate it; friends and could not keep them; money and lost it.

The world is full of derelicts, and every town has its "has been" who once "were"—and could not keep. It is a sad commentary on human life that men must work and sacrifice and save; practice thrift for years; accumulate a competence, and for one reason or another lose it all, and begin over again worse by far, except for the experience.

Men who were once citizens of affluence will be found in the bread line, sleeping in the parks at night, living on relatives, in the poorhouse, selling shoestrings on Broadway, when by better management they might have been in comfortable circumstances.

There are two principal reasons why men lose what they have acquired.

First, by being an "easy mark," lending to friends and relatives and unable to say "no" to a request for help or an alluring proposition. Second, the desire to make money fast—not by gambling, but by trying to get a large income from a small principal.

The stories of men who have acquired considerable money, and in the desire to make it grow fast have lost it all would fill a book, and no caution is more opportune than this: Hold fast to what you have.

A few basic and common-sense rules will, if persistently followed, save those who heed them many a pang of regret.

First: Do not lend to your friends. Friendship loans are bad; it is a delicate matter to ask for your money.

Second: Never endorse a note for anybody. More losses and business disasters have come about through lending one's name to promissory notes than perhaps any single cause.

If you want to help a friend and have the money to spare better make a gift outright and forget it than try to deceive yourself that it is a loan. If you can't keep your friends without lending them money better lose them; friends are easier made than money.

Third: Put your money in a good bank and leave it there. Experience has proven that the average man can do no better than bank his money, for in making private investments risk attends and loss often follows.

There are thousands of good banks, and one is no doubt in your town, and bankbooks are mighty good investments.

Fourth: If you accumulate enough to warrant private investment be satisfied with 5% and never aim to get more than six. Danger lies beyond 6%.

Fifth: Experience has again proven the country over that first mortgages on improved property at not more than 50% of a fair market value is the most satisfactory form of investment and yields the highest returns compatible with safety.

Savings banks specialize in mortgage loans, and you can follow their lead with safety.

Sixth: Before making any investment ask your banker if it is legal for him and would he make it; and if not legal question it carefully, and if he turns it down refuse it.

Seventh: Never buy land you have not seen. Millions have been lost in buying lots in the instalment plan, particularly in large cities. The promoter will make the profit, not you.

These rules are simple, safe and easily followed. You won't go wrong if you heed them. They come out of bitter experience, and why should you pay the same price for knowledge other men have paid? Get all you can—honestly, and keep it once it is yours.—Thrift.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

"THANK YOU"

Several winters ago, a woman was coming out from some public building when the heavy door swung back and made egress somewhat difficult. A little street urchin sprang to the rescue; and as he held open the door she said: "Thank you" and passed on.

"D'ye hear that?" said the boy to a companion.

"No; what?"

"Why, that lady said 'Thank ye' to the likes of me."

Amused at the conversation which she could not help overhearing, the lady turned around and said to the boy: "It always pays to be polite my boy; remember that."

Years passed away; and last December, when doing her Christmas shopping, this same lady received an exceptional courtesy from a clerk whom she thanked.

"Pardon me, madam, but you gave me my first lesson in politeness a few years ago."

The lady looked at him in amazement while he related the little forgotten incident, and told her that that simple "Thank you" awakened his first ambition to be something in the world. He went the next morning and applied for a situation as office boy in the establishment where he was now an honored and trusted clerk.

Only two words, dropped into the treasury of a street conversation but they yielded returns of a certain

kind more satisfactory than investments, stocks and bonds.—Catholic Transcript.

THE MAKINGS OF A MAN

He was a lad of perhaps twelve years, with a very boyish look and wholly capable, we discovered, of boyish grins. What we noticed was that he lifted a much smaller lad, plainly his baby brother to the street car platform and then stood aside to let his mother get on first. And five minutes later, when the car had filled up beyond its seating capacity, he rose, made an awkward boyish gesture with his cap and gave his seat to a lady. He was no little Lord Fauntleroy in velvet and curls; he was only a boyish boy, so boyish he hadn't found out it was "sissy" to be polite to his mother. It was no concern of his that it had been pronounced "all right" for a man to keep his seat. And he never dreamed that at ten or twelve he was furnishing inspiration to older men whom he may never know. He was simply a gentleman as unconscious as he was unafraid. And when he grows up and learns that it is all right to keep your seat and that there are many weighty reasons urged against giving it up, he is quite likely to be the kind of man who learns also that there is nothing wrong in doing a courteous thing and that he will not be less esteemed therefore by anyone whose opinion is worth having.—Milwaukee Journal.

THE OLD DOCTOR'S STORY

"I have a little story to tell you, boys," the old doctor said to the young people one evening. "One day—a long, hot day it had been, too—I met my father on the road into the town."

"I wish you could take this package to the village for me, Jim," he said hesitatingly.

"Now, I was a boy of twelve, not fond of work, and just out of the hayfield, where I had been at work since daybreak. I was tired, dusty and hungry. It was two miles to town. I wanted to get my supper, and to wash and dress for singing school."

"My first impulse was to refuse, and to do it harshly; for I was vexed that he should ask me after my long day's work. If I did refuse he would go himself. (He was a gentle, patient old man.) But something stopped me—one of God's good angels I think."

"Of course, father," I said, heartily giving my scythe to one of the men.

"Thank you Jim," was the answer. "I was going myself, but somehow I don't feel very strong today."

"He walked with me down to the road that turned off to the town, and as he left he put his hand on my arm, saying again: 'Thank you, my son. You've always been a good boy to me, Jim.'"

"I hurried into town and back again. When I came back near the house I saw a figure at the farm hands at the door. One of them came to me, tears rolling down his face."

"Your father," he said, 'fell dead just as he reached the house. The last words he spoke were to you.'"

"I'm an old man now, youngsters, but I have thanked God over and over again, in all the years that have passed since that hour, for these last words: 'You've always been a good boy to me.'"

"No human being ever yet was sorry for love and kindness shown to others; but there is no pang of remorse so keen as the bitterness with which we remember neglect or coldness which we have shown loved ones who are dead."

"Do not begrudge loving deeds and kind words, especially to those who gather with you about the same hearth. In many families the habit of nagging, crossness, or ill-natured feeling, gradually covers the real feeling of love that lies deep beneath. And, after all, its such a little way that we can go together!"—Intermountain Catholic.

MAN'S OBLIGATION TO WORSHIP GOD

Sin in general is a refusal to do God's will, a denial of the service which He demands and which is His due. The obligation of rendering to one what belongs to one rests upon such an innate sentiment of justice that it cannot be questioned by any rational being. When, therefore, Christ said to the astute and malicious Pharisees and Herodians that they must "render unto Caesar what belonged to Caesar and to God what belonged to God," He gave expression to a truism of equity which can meet with no exception in the entire, indefinite range of natural and supernatural conjunctures.

That we render to Caesar what belongs to Caesar, the law of Caesar armed with his sanction generally provides. That we render to God what belongs to God, the discharges of this sacred obligation is entrusted to our free will in all the comprehension of the precept. Hence it comes to pass that in the daily practice of our lives we see the rights of Caesar safely guarded, while the rights of God, namely, the foundation, the support, the reason of all other so-called rights, the rights of God, which constitute of themselves the rule of all righteousness, in accordance with which all goodness has to be measured, and all wrong censured, we see these rights, supremely unique rights, discarded, ignored, east aside, forgotten, contested and finally insulted.

Placing ourselves in the simplest and truest light of creature, considering, namely, that all the realities, and all the possibilities of our being are the gifts of God, consequently constituting so many claims on the part of our Creator and Preserver to our rendition of our services, we feel ourselves overcome at a first glance, by a sentiment of terror at the sight of our deficiency in rendering to God what belongs to Him. For if as creatures we belong so essentially to Him, His precept of loving Him with all our hearts, minds, and souls is only the spontaneous claim of justice, which ought to be spontaneously embraced by our very nature and diligently executed by our will. Being indebted to His creative goodness for all we possess, we must at the same time acknowledge that all must return to Him, consecrated, immolated to Him according to the strict eternal principle of consistent wisdom, by which the Creator Himself had to be animated when He thus enriched us with heart, intellect, free will and soul.

These premises, immense as they are in their comprehension of obligations, imperative as they assert themselves with regard to their consequences, are of such elementary evidence that they cannot be questioned by any man who recognizes God as his Creator. They rest therefore on the deep immovable foundation of our relation as living beings and the Author of our existence. And yet it remains sadly, yes, awfully true that the rights of God, rights penetrating to the inmost recesses of our beings since it is in Him and by Him that we think, love and exercise our very life, that the claims of God, covering every throbbing of our hearts in the name of the most sacred, the most natural justice, are the least respected and served.

It is not at all difficult to prove how each of our faculties in its attitude towards God swerves away from its vocation and natural obligation, how our intellects and our hearts and our wills severally examined have eyes and see not, ears and hear not, with regard to the most sublime relations by which they are bound to their Maker. Even the fact of His existence as forcibly revealed to our minds by the display of His works is allowed to degenerate into one of those phenomena to which we do not advert owing to the dull habit of seeing them. While the entire universe proclaims a living, personal God above us, our intellects remain indifferent. The smallest insect humming its song of praise, the lofty voice of the forest and roaring magnificence of the thunder, the splendor of the sun, moon and stars, the dead leaf which is drifted about, everything in nature is music, harmony, order, beauty, appealing to our intellects for the homage of adoration.

The universe itself, taken as a whole, is a living, moving image of the eternal acting stability of God. For what we call motion and repose, darkness and light, succession of seasons, the progress and change of the firmament, and other phenomena which constitute the variety of the universe by the constant successions, are fluctuating only to our eyes, but in reality are permanent. The scene, which for us at this season, the last stages of winter, is shrouding itself in snow-capped mountains and wintry frost, bears to sunny California all the smiles and promises of spring. The spectacle remains the same. It is only the spectator who changes in relative attitude. The same sun, which we admired a few minutes ago setting in purple clouds, was at the same time rising in dazzling brilliancy upon another horizon, thus giving us in its majestic course an image of God in nature, ever enjoying the same vigor, the same warmth of love, and yet, for the benefit of our sphere, though remaining the same, producing constantly, and perpetually the triple effect of its rising, of its zenith and of its setting—a sublime trinity of distinct phenomena simultaneously produced by one identical cause.

Thus nature, namely, the heaven and the earth, unite in the sublime exposition of the praises of God, showing forth a divine intellect of order, power, wisdom, beauty and goodness, representing, according to the beautiful idea of St. Paul, a system or combination "of invisible things rendered manifest in a visible form." This universe is an open book before which our intellects keep their eyes closed, thereby refusing to render to God what belongs to God in the practical admiration of His works.

But at the same time, as man is thus placed in contact with the wonders of nature in the capacity of sole interpreter of their praise to the Maker of all things, he is also, by force of his creation, brought to live and deal with his fellowmen under social ties. Man is as naturally a social as he is an individual part of the universe. To God, therefore, does he owe his existence as a member of society as he owes his existence as an individual being. In fact, there is not, nor can there be a section of our nature, in all its aspects, in all its respects and relations which God does not cover with His alienable right as primary Cause and Creator. So that the social man, the citizen, the member of a community, is accountable to God for the special blessing and corresponding responsibility of association.

And if the member of human society is obliged to render to Caesar what belongs to Caesar, as a member of society, he is pre-eminently obliged to render to God the things that are God's for God is the Creator of society, as he is the Creator of individuals. "It is by Me that kings hold their sceptre." So that, under the eye of God, all this universe must be concentrated in one unity and one union of submission to the will of Him before Whom potentates and dominations are as if they were not.

One man, one family, one society or nation, one universe under the fostering influence of one sun, which is itself an insignificant speck in the body of one nebula, all in unity, in harmony, under the authority of one God. Therefore, if there cannot be found in this entire universe one single atom which may be distracted from the authority of God, it follows, in strict logic, that man in his social relations must be the creature of God, and carry out the precept laid down by St. Paul in the name of strict justice, that whatever we eat, drink or sleep, whatever we may be doing, our primary obligation is to render to God the things that are God's.—F. D. in the Intermountain Catholic.

Although the difference between rehearsing the details of personal sins and collating general statistics as to certain offenses is radical and apparent, it is true that the virtue of charity is at times grievously shattered by many a disputant, even though he sticks to generalities. We rejoice that Catholics are comparatively free from the meaner and more sinful fault, but we sometimes doubt if they are guiltless in their emphasis of generalizations from more or less inadequate statistics. It is certainly legitimate and honorable to call attention to the statistics as to divorces in countries where Protestants predominate, as contrasted with divorces in countries where Catholics predominate. It is equally proper to relate the fact that vital statistics in our cities demonstrate that Protestants as a body come next to the unchurched in the guilt of race suicide. The statement of facts is not an offense against charity merely because those facts tell a grim story of human weakness when stripped of the grace of God. It may be a duty to call attention to such facts to demonstrate anew that a branch cut off from the vine will wither and die.

CHRISTIAN CHARITY

Without charity nothing is of avail in the Kingdom of God. Without it Christianity becomes a misnomer and much evil is done by a partisanship which mistakes itself for zeal. There is no more scandalous example of the evil done by the lack of charity than has been wrought by the recent anti-Catholic campaign which has been pursued by those who call themselves Christians. The traducers of the Catholic Church do not hesitate to exaggerate every scandal that "must needs be." They greedily welcome every falsehood and give it the widest circulation. The flagrant sinfulness of these calumnious speeches never seems to dawn upon those who are guilty of uttering such speeches. Honest Protestants are heartily ashamed of the unChristian bigotry of their brethren.

We hope that what is left of Christianity in our Protestant Churches will finally assert itself and silence the scandal mongers and calumniators of the Church. On our part we should have no wish to revile because we have been so bitterly reviled. It is the duty of the Christian to profit by the evil that men do, as well as by the good that they do. The lack of charity in others should make us search our own hearts more thoroughly. Are we tempted sometimes to return evil for evil? If we yield to such temptation, we are unworthy of the name we bear. Undoubtedly Catholics do not rehearse the personal sins of Protestants as Protestant bigots do the personal sins of some Catholics. But do we not sometimes desire to retaliate? Do not some of us rejoice in the moral failure of Protestants and especially of their ministers?

No one can reasonably object to any general statistics which show the prevalence of certain offenses in certain communities, if the statistics are honestly gathered and intelligently presented. But statistics may be woefully manipulated and maliciously distorted in support of false conclusions. Mr. Carroll D. Wright used to say that "statistics never lie, but liars use statistics." In fact, all sorts of people use statistics and the promiscuous use of them has impaired their value enormously.

Although the difference between rehearsing the details of personal sins and collating general statistics as to certain offenses is radical and apparent, it is true that the virtue of charity is at times grievously shattered by many a disputant, even though he sticks to generalities. We rejoice that Catholics are comparatively free from the meaner and more sinful fault, but we sometimes doubt if they are guiltless in their emphasis of generalizations from more or less inadequate statistics. It is certainly legitimate and honorable to call attention to the statistics as to divorces in countries where Protestants predominate, as contrasted with divorces in countries where Catholics predominate. It is equally proper to relate the fact that vital statistics in our cities demonstrate that Protestants as a body come next to the unchurched in the guilt of race suicide. The statement of facts is not an offense against charity merely because those facts tell a grim story of human weakness when stripped of the grace of God. It may be a duty to call attention to such facts to demonstrate anew that a branch cut off from the vine will wither and die.

POWER OF RELIGIOUS MOTIVE

Education means the drawing forth: the developing of the power and faculties of man. To educate a man means to cultivate, train, direct the powers that God has given him. To develop character. The education which the Church proposes to her children is the education of the whole child. An education that takes into account not only the child's intellect, but all the faculties of his soul as well. It is concerned not only with the present but also provides for the future, not only his temporal end but his eternal destiny. The Church claims as insufficient, even pernicious, that education which ignores religion, thus stifling the noblest aspirations of the human heart, and blinding the human intellect to those eternal interests that give to man his true dignity and to human life its full meaning. The Church proclaims by the voice of inflexible authority that education which is not grounded on religion is not for her children. She insists that the education of the Catholic child must be Catholic. And in so doing she is most wise, for the sovereign importance of religion and the difficulties attending religious training in our age make it imperative that religion should permeate the whole

life of the child, and that while his mental powers are unfolding they should be constantly kept under the direct power of religious motive.—Rev. William F. Dougherty.

ONE WAY TO RECOVER FALLEN AWAYS

Who will insure that the faith which now rules the conduct of your Catholic household will last beyond the present generation? asks the Catholic Citizen, of Milwaukee. The Church will last, but the Church does not come to the people. The people are said to "fall away from the Church."

Study the meaning of the expression: They "fall away" from the Church by neglecting to go to church. They lose their interest in religion. They do not come to hear the priest. They do not come to gain spiritual inspiration. One remedy for "fallen-away Catholics" would be for the priest to go to their household—or for their Catholic neighbors to visit them and exhort them to come back. But this is rarely or ever done.

We know of no better means of bringing religion to those who fail to come for it than the silent missionary of the press—the fifty-two-times-a-year visit of a Catholic paper speaking to every member young and old, and speaking by every device from the insinuated Catholicity of the story to the five-minute sermon.

No Catholic father and mother can better insure the Catholicity of their children than by cultivating among them a taste for Catholic reading. It is difficult to induce them to read books, but this is the age of newspaper reading and a good Catholic

newspaper is a power for good in this time, we live in, that no one has as yet begun to realize.

TWO LESSONS IN ONE INCIDENT

The "Christian Union Quarterly" contains an article by M. M. Davis, of Dallas, Texas, which shows not only the scandal given by the divisions among Christians, but also presents an argument against mixed marriages. It often happens that the children of such go to no church at all. The following is an extract from the article:

"Some reasons why we should be united: (1) Divisions cause our children to stumble. Some years since in a Missouri town there lived a pious husband and wife—choice spirits—but members of different churches. The husband was the efficient superintendent of the Bible school of his church. One Sunday morning, with his little four-year-old boy's hand in his, he was going to church, when the bell of his wife's church began to ring. The little fellow, puzzled, stopped and looking up into his face asked, 'Papa, why did God put your church in one place and mamma's in another?' Of course no good answer was given. But the shot went to the mark and a revolution was brought in that home. The stone over which the child was stumbling was removed, and the two henceforth lived together as one in the Kingdom of God. This piteous case, a sample of millions of similar cases, were there no other reasons, is sufficient to condemn forever our unfortunate divisions."

Advertisement for McClary's Florence Oil Cook Stoves. Includes an illustration of a woman cooking and text describing the stove's features and availability in various cities.

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First Friday of one month, April—and been called for her reward on the First Friday of another—Our Blessed Lady's month—surely a happy augury of her speedy entrance into Paradise. Besides her husband, Mrs. Mackintosh leaves three children, two brothers and a sister to mourn her loss. May she rest in peace.

APPLYING THE SERMON

By Tom Daly

"O! the pastor'd a sermon was splendid this mornin'." Said Nora O'Hare, "But there's some in the parish that must have had warnin'!" An' worshipped elsewhere; But wherever they were, if their ears wasn't burnin'! Troth, then, it is quare!"

"There are women, sez he, 'an' they're here in this parish, An' plentiful, too, Wid their noses so high an' their manners so airish, But virtues so few, 'Tis a wonder they can't see how much they resemble The proud Pharisee, Ye would think they'd look into their own souls an' tremble Such sinners to be. Not at all! They believe themselves better than others An' give themselves airs Till the pride o' them strangles all virtues an' smother The good o' their prayers."

"That's the way he went at them, an' faith, it was splendid— But wasted, I fear, Wid the most o' the women for whom 'twas intended, Not there for to hear, An' thinks it to meself, walkin' home, what a pity That Mary Ann Hayes An' Cordelia McCann should be out o' the city This day of all days

"But, indeed, 'twas a glorious sermon this mornin'." Said Nora O'Hare, "Though I'm sorry that some o' the parish had warnin'!" An' worshipped elsewhere; But wherever they were, if their ears wasn't burnin'! Troth, then, it is quare!"

FOR GOD'S SAKE, JUMP!

"There comes a point beyond resistance in physical or mental conflict. That point Benson ultimately reached, writes a biographer of Monsignor Robert Hugh Benson. "He made his submission. His mother and Father Frere of Mirfield had known throughout of his struggle. Quite apart from his absolutely clear perception of the ultimate skepticism implied in much of the cult of moderation, Hugh felt that any creed that was true demanded tremendous self-surrender. 'I believe,' one wrote timidly to him, in later years 'that if only I could find myself in Catholicism, I could swim.' Then, for God's sake," he answered, 'jump!'"—New World.

THE DUBLIN "REVOLT"

It may seem paradoxical to say so, but never were we so proud of Ireland and the Irish as during those days when some who understood them but imperfectly were under anxious about the outcome of the Dublin "revolt." For we knew, as the world was soon to know, that treachery finds no resting place in an Irish heart. We knew that although Irishmen love liberty they have ever refused to purchase it at the price of dishonor. We know that the German strategists had blundered badly once again. Faithless themselves they would have Ireland prove faithless too. But never for an instant did we doubt that Ireland would hurl the insult back into their teeth. Last week when the issue still hung in the balance we dismissed the Dublin disturbances as the work of a handful of irresponsibles and cranks. Today we have no reason to alter a comma in what we then wrote. The Dublin fire-cracker has burned out, and Ireland's honor is still unscathed and Ireland's loyalty is still intact. Every day's dose of news has demonstrated more and more emphatically that the Irish people were not to be decoyed from the path of honor and loyalty by the fair promises of the treaty breakers of Berlin.

It is a pity that circumstances should have made it possible for an aggregation of half Socialists, half Catholics, to work ruin and destruction in the streets of Ireland's beautiful capital. It is heart-breaking to think that Irish blood has been shed in the furtherance of German "kultur." But as every cloud has its silver lining, so much good may result from this regrettable episode. For some years Dublin has been infested with a nest of Socialistic agitators who pursued their nefarious designs under the guise of Irish patriotism. The great strike of 1913 tore off the mask and revealed them in their true colors as followers, not of the green flag, but of the flag of socialism. It is heart-breaking to think that they have forgotten how they then came out in open opposition to religion and the Church. Defeated then, they but bided their time. Last week it seemed to them that the hour had struck. Had they succeeded in setting up an Irish republic the tragedy of France and Mexico would have been repeated over again. If there are those amongst our readers who think that we are

unduly harsh in our judgment of their motives we would ask them to remember the scenes enacted in the streets of Dublin in the summer of 1913. One result of the comic opera revolution will be to clean up the nest of irreligious agitators Dublin and Ireland can very well afford to dispense with their presence. It is true that more or less allied with the Larkin faction were such noble and sincere characters as Eoin MacNeill, a man who had nothing in common with the Liberty Hall rabble. The worst that can be said of MacNeill was that he was blind to the reality of things. But that he was a sincere Irish patriot no one can deny. For Larkin and Co. we have no pity, but Eoin MacNeill was deserving of a better fate.—Kingston Freeman.

A USEFUL BOOK

Lord Rothschild said that any man who was bold and courageous enough could accumulate a fortune, but that it required greater wit to keep it. In a like manner, almost any man or woman can save a little money. It requires greater wit to invest it wisely. To let it remain in a savings bank drawing a paltry 3% is, to use an almost Biblical expression, wasting one's talents. On the other hand, one should guard against the temptation to invest it in wildcat speculative enterprises. Some very valuable advice upon the matter is contained in a little book entitled "Profits from Savings." A copy of which will gladly be sent to any reader of this paper. If you would like to have a copy, just write The Standard Reliance Mortgage Corporation, 82-88 King St. East, Toronto, and say "Please send me your book 'Profits from Savings.'" Mention the CATHOLIC RECORD.

AN ENEMY OF EDUCATION?

(From the April issue of Brann's Iconoclast)

A. P. A. orators and editors spend most of their time and energies trying to prove that the Catholic Church is opposed to education for the masses. This absurd fallacy finds its base in an erroneous understanding of the Catholic attitude toward the Public School system. The Church does not object to this system because it is opposed to popular education, but it believes that the child should have a religious education which the Public School cannot give. As proof of their sincerity Catholics pay their taxes to the state for the purpose of supporting Public Schools in which Protestant children are educated, and levy a special school tax against themselves in order to give their own children what they consider proper religious training. Criticism of our Public School system, or any other American institution, is not incompatible with patriotism. Freedom of speech and press gives all citizens the right to express their candid opinion on such matters. Criticism is not to be feared. It tends to correct defects and improve the standard of excellence.

TRYING TO "CONVERT" CATHOLICS

They who are at it, do not make much headway in the work of converting Catholics. Whether in our midst, or in Catholic countries abroad or in Latin America, the record of Catholics gathered in is small and pitiable. It is not easy to bring about the conversion of a Catholic to any of the Protestant forms. There are Catholics who slip down and out, and leave the old Church because some of her laws have said to them "Thou shalt not." But very few join the sects. Some ex-priest, or ex-nun affects to enter the communion and is allowed to lecture (for the glory of God), and expose the errors and evils of the Roman profession. But the rosters of the churches do not contain any great number of those who were once Catholics and now are not—so as to boast of it. Some weeds from the Pope's garden drift into shallow pools; but when a Catholic leaves the practice of his religion, he or she is not very strong at practicing any other. The drift is towards large number of those return from their wandering in time for sincere repentance and true reconciliation. Very often Providence makes amends for the defection of some, for their children or their grandchildren are not seldom led to enter the Church. However, the old saying has not lost its force—"Once a Catholic, always a Catholic."

Protestant propaganda among Catholics does not turn out very satisfactorily. Bishop Anderson, Protestant Episcopal Bishop of Chicago, has recently written: "Protestant propaganda in Latin countries has not so far demonstrated great skill in ministering to the people. The missions in Italy, France, Spain, Quebec and elsewhere—they pre-eminently unsuccessful. It looks as though the Latin people and the Latin Church must travel together. Perhaps we can help by administering to our own people in their midst, and trying to set a good example. Perhaps in this way we can help them to be better Catholics. To try to help them by converting them from Catholicism to Protestantism is to hurt them. The converted Catholic does not make a good Protestant. Has the Panama congress any special genius for making South Americans better Catholics. If not, the Episcopal Church will serve a broader purpose by keeping out of it."

The Rev. Dr. Bell, of Fond du Lac, writes in the same strain, in the Living Church: "One is somewhat astonished to find that there are only 8,228 communicants of the Episcopal Church in all Latin America. That means we are spending \$28 a year for every communicant we have down there. But in the Diocese of Fond du Lac, Wis., just for example, the Church

spends about \$1,400 for each communicant we have. We spend, therefore, for Church extension on this basis of computation, twenty times as much in Latin America as we do in Northern Wisconsin.

"But surely there must have been much growth in Latin America to compensate for this expenditure. Yes, in five years, from 1910 through 1915, we gained in all the jurisdictions put together 129 communicants, a gain of 9%. Say that we spent \$1,000,000 in those five years. That would mean that each new communicant cost the general Church about \$1,315. Think of that!"

"My parishes contribute about \$40 in general missions. In a little more than three years our contributions would convert one Latin-American."—Providence Visitor.

THE DAILY PAPER'S POISON

"Extra! Extra! All about the murder trial!" And we buy a paper (says the Catholic Universe) and carry it home—the home where love and ideals and children are growing upon the food we give them. We love the children; we love them so very much we poison them.

ANNUAL PILGRIMAGE

The Kingston Twenty-Sixth Annual Pilgrimage to St. Anne de Beaupre, under the patronage of Archbishop Spratt, will be run on Tuesday, July 4th, over the C. P., G. T. and C. N. Railways. For further particulars apply to station agents or to Rev. J. J. Keely, South Mountain, Ontario.

DIED

McDONALD.—At Calgary, Alta., on April 27, 1916, Eleanor Mary, wife of Donald McDonald, and eldest daughter of the late John Doyle, of Plympton, formerly of Centre road, East Williams. May her soul rest in peace.

NEW BOOKS

"Marie of the House D'Anters." By Michael Earl, S. J. Published by Benziger Brothers, New York. Price \$1.35 net.

"Only Anne." A novel. By Isabel C. Clarke. Published by Benziger Brothers, New York. Price \$1.35 net.

"My Lady of the Moor." By John Ozenham. Published by Longmans, Green & Co., New York. Price \$1.35.

RELIGIOUS VOCATIONS

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DANGERS TO FAITH BESET STUDENTS

In the following words the Rev. C. F. Cronin, of St. Paul Seminary, St. Paul, Minn., points out the dangers which beset Catholic students in non-Catholic educational institutions:

"The Catholic Church, ever solicitous about the highest spiritual interests of her children, never ceases to warn them of the menace that threatens the faith of those who unguardedly pursue a course of studies in secular institutions of learning. So convinced is she, in her wisdom and experience, of the imminence of the danger, that she rests not content with issuing words of warning, but she is prepared to assume the gravest financial burdens to provide for the children of the faithful such educational facilities as will at once afford them the perfect safety and positive instruction in the vital truths of religion and morality, while at the same time supplying them with such scientific and cultural training as will enable them to compete even in the battle of life with the graduates of other schools. For the Church is not so visionary as to be unmindful of man's material needs, and of the importance of a solid practical course in the arts and sciences to equip him for success in the all too strenuous economic struggle for an earthly existence.

"But while these should be secured, they are not the only, nor even the chief consideration. Not by bread alone does man live. The spiritual life exceeds in importance the material life as much as does the immortal soul the corruptible body, as does the endless duration of eternity the brief span of time, as does the all-satisfying joy of Heaven, the wearisome, illusive pleasures of earth. Because this great truth, too often ignored by man, who so easily tends to degenerate into a creature of sense oblivious of the demands of the invisible and the spiritual, is fully realized by the divinely enlightened Church, she zealously guards the deposit of faith on which rests the entire spiritual edifice. She forewarns her members not to expose this priceless treasure to the many dangers that assail its security, and she describes a most insidious foe of the faith in the pseudo-science or vagaries and fanciful theories that are frequently paraded with such an air of learned lore in the guise of scientific truth and under the attractive title of modern enlightenment from professorial chairs of colleges and universities.

"Very often the whole atmosphere of such centers of learning is charged with a naturalism which is the death of belief in the supernatural, and a liberalism and religious indifference more fatal than active hostility to dogmatic faith. Susceptible students whose grounding in religious truth is not of a high order, and who regard with deep admiration their professors—men perhaps quite learned in their specialty but little skilled in questions of religion, yet because of that limitation and because of an innate weakness in man to generalize, indulge the greater freedom to theorize on a domain wholly beyond their competence—easily imbibe the loose ideas that float around them; and because those notions are incompatible with religious truth, not rarely a doctrine divinely revealed yields place to a fanciful theory humanly asserted. Thus does faith suffer shipwreck. The Church, taught by her deep insight into human nature, and her long centuries of experience among all sorts of human conditions, beholds the danger and as the vigilant custodian on the watch-tower, sounds the alarm.

"Many of her children with prudent and becoming docility hearken to her voice and obey her command. Some, not so satisfied that her fears are not the outcome of a medieval obscurantism, and somewhat conceited in their own estimate of things, and not seldom lured on by the siren voice of the social distinction and the political preference that may ensue on patronizing secular, or even so-called high-toned Protestant, colleges and universities, are deaf to her appeals; or at least hold their judgment in suspense until they find confirmation of her view from other sources. These persons may be induced to recognize the wisdom of the Church's attitude from the proceedings of a recent meeting of the Minneapolis Presbytery. At that meeting the ministers of the Presbyterian Church issued a complaint and drafted a unanimous resolution to be forwarded to the General Assembly which holds its next meeting at Atlantic City in May. The complaint runs: "There is danger that professors and instructors in our colleges will teach theories of the human race, its origin and development which are atheistic and un-Christian in their tendencies and at best only bearing the stamp

of a remote probability from the scientific standpoint. There also is danger that the Bible will be taught by instructors in the department on the basis of a literary, scientific theory, thereby subverting the purpose and power of the sacred book. This danger arises from choosing professors from universities which are not in harmony with the historical faith on which our Church rests."

"If such things are done in the green wood, what in the dry? If men called to the office of ministers and teachers of religion, and who enjoy special advantages of religious education are lured by the liberalism and rationalism of public universities—and who that glance over the titles of and excerpts from the Sunday sermons of many ministers as reported in the public press can doubt it?—what are the chances of escape of the ordinary lay student? And yet, are some Catholic parents willing to take unnecessary risks? Will they sell their children's birth-right for a mess of pottage? If not, they should patronize Catholic educational institutions wherever possible; and where impossible, they should see that those who attend secular colleges and universities are surrounded with such safeguards of their Christian faith as to render innocuous the germs of unbelief which infect the atmosphere that they inhale."—N. Y. Catholic News.

MRS. ELLEN M. MACKINTOSH

The CATHOLIC RECORD of last week contained the announcement in brief of the death of this estimable lady, the wife of Mr. H. F. Mackintosh of the editorial staff of this journal. This sad event, which took place early on Friday morning, 5th inst., at St. Michael's Hospital, Toronto, brought to its earthly close a life singularly rich in all the Christian virtues. Mrs. Mackintosh was the eldest daughter of the late Benjamin Griggs Harris, of Baltimore, Maryland, and granddaughter, therefore, of John Harris, a Catholic pioneer of Ontario, one of the founders of St. Vincent's church, Niagara-on-the-lake, and, later, of Guelph. John Harris, the younger, her son, Guelph's only Catholic mayor, was therefore an uncle of the deceased and Mother Regis Harris, founder of Loretto Convent, Niagara Falls, an aunt. On her mother's side Mrs. Mackintosh was descended directly from Captain James Neale, one of the first Lord Baltimore's commissioners in the foundation of Maryland as a Catholic colony. Captain Neale, though a Catholic, was in high favor with King Charles I., and attended that unhappy monarch upon the scaffold. Anne Neale, his wife, was a lady-in-waiting to Charles' Queen, Henrietta Maria, and the family in Maryland still cherish as precious heirlooms, a ring and medallion presented to their ancestors by their Majesties. James Neale arrived in Maryland in 1642, and the family has ever since borne an honorable part in the civil, and more particularly in the ecclesiastical history of the State. Most Rev. Leonard Neale, second Archbishop of Baltimore, was a great-uncle of Mrs. Mackintosh, as were also Father Francis Neale, S. J., president of Georgetown College, and Father Charles Neale, Provincial of the Society of Jesus in America, who brought the Carmelite Nuns to America. On the civil side, Henry Neale, Mrs. Mackintosh's great-grandfather, was prominent in the Revolution, organizing and equipping a company at his own expense, which later took part in the battle of Long Island and other important engagements of that momentous event. The Hon. Roger Brooks Taney, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, was nearly connected with the family. It may be seen, therefore, that zeal for the Faith, and fidelity to its precepts were heritages which came to Mrs. Mackintosh from a long line of honorable Catholic ancestors.

The deceased lady was married to Mr. Hugh Fraser Mackintosh in Baltimore, in July 1898, when Toronto became her home. For the past thirteen years she has been a regular attendant at St. Francis Church, and took an active part in the spiritual and charitable works of that parish. Cheerfulness and benevolence were always outstanding features of her character, and because of these qualities she will be greatly missed by the poor and the afflicted. She was taken on April 6th, and removed to St. Michael's Hospital on the 7th, where a severe operation was found to be necessary. She stood the ordeal well, and an early recovery was hoped for, but a week later, pneumonia developed, and being unable to rally from the shock she died peacefully on the morning of May 5th. It is worthy of remark that a devout client of the Sacred Heart such as she was, should have entered the hospital on the

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