

# The Catholic Record.

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

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LONDON, CANADA, SATURDAY, MARCH 8, 1919

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### GOSSIPING AND GOSSIPERS

There are superior persons who pretend to despise gossip, and of course there are poisonous kinds of gossip which are to be condemned and avoided. No one, who has not enemies, can approve of the gossip which degenerates into scandal, and even hatred will not excuse some backbiting. But ordinary gossip, the news about one's neighbors and their doings, all these seem to be legitimate matters of conversational comment; and those who will shut their ears to domestic details concerning the people they know, have got up on stilts of pride which keep them severely aloof from their fellow-men, it is true, but make them look very ridiculous. For the foundation of good gossip is interest in our neighbors and acquaintances, and that is not only a natural thing but a wholesome. The superior people we have referred to hold their heads above all curiosity, but curiosity is really only a homely word for love of knowledge, and in this finer phrase it is admired and praised by all. But curiosity when it deals with persons and not with things—and it is with persons that many true men and women in this life have to deal, and things are only the roads to human hearts—is called gossip, but it is really taking an interest, as all open minds will, in your kind so far as it is brought under your observation in your own city or your own circle. Indeed, to-day we have to deplore the decay of gossip, and that decay is not due to the change of human hearts, for men are still dear to men and women to men, even if women are never dear to women, as some libellers assert, but is owing to circumstances connected with the growth of towns and cities. In very large towns and communities gossip becomes impossible, because you never meet the same people more than twice or thrice in a lifetime, and that is called Friendship. Acquaintanceship is a less intimate relation. If you have some friend A, whom you really know better than that, it is no use talking about him and his success, or him and his failure, to B, because B does not know A. And thus you are deprived of the best model for your conversation—a man. Hence conversation has to take to generalities, or books, or politics. Indeed all the conversation during the day is the garbled and half recollecting contents of the morning papers; and as the man you are talking to has probably read the same paper, as all the papers contain the same news, your conversation soon lapses, or you have recourse to the weather, although even there you have been anticipated by the "forecast." There is an affected admiration of impersonal conversation which is really very silly. Young persons may think it much finer to be talking about books and politics than about persons, but it is not; for of the latter, if they have eyes they probably know something, while of the former they know absolutely nothing, as listening to a conversation upon "the heights" will soon inform you. If you talk politics it only resolves itself into a more ignorant kind of gossip. You may readily well-known names in your conversation, but your real deep knowledge of those public men is limited to a topside press, and the conversation only gets interesting when some personal trait becomes the subject of it. That is why we call it ignorant gossip. All this high class conversation is very poor stuff indeed, unless it can draw from more or less accurate gossip some human interest into its breezy ambit. The decay of gossip is felt seriously in literature. Gossip was the raw material of the novel. It was romance. It is true we may still have a picture drawn from earlier times, of hair-breadth escapes, of hurrying events, of passionate affections, and unrivaled sword-play. Dumas has come back to the library, and even to the Stage, and has now found a rival there in the person of Cyrano. But of fiction of our own time, there can be little, because gossip in the large circles of town life is dead. The result is, that our novel writers, who desire to have real human interest

and character in their pages, have taken to the village as the background of their fiction. Nothing is more excellent than Mrs. Gaskell's gossip in "Cranford"; but as that sort of gossip is a thing of the past, we have to go to the streets and houses of "Thurms," and other Scotch villages, for conversation which Barrie and Ian Maclaren and Crockett have overheard, to get the real human material for our works of fiction. Indeed the novel is only gossip turned into literature. But of course, although much is to be said in praise of gossip, gossip varies very much in its character, and its merits and demerits fairly represent the excellence or defects of those who "crack." The good heart will gossip kindly—like a west wind. The spiteful man will show his teeth when he gossips, and let you feel the bite of cold latitudes as the east wind does. Indeed there is no more excellent method of arriving at a true conclusion as to the character of men and women than by listening to their gossip. In that they "stand and unfold themselves." You can find out at once whether this man or woman who is discussing his or her neighbors has a broad, human nature—an even, genial temperament, or one of those narrow, shrewd natures which have a vulture's nose for carrion and the capacity of a fly for carrying infection. It is the latter sort of gossips that have got gossip a bad name. They have used this fine instrument of instruction and affection for the purposes of the highwayman and the burglar. They have turned general converse about persons—which is the only important conversation, as we have said; conversation about books or history, or science or poetry, only bring conversation about men's "proxies"—into slander, and that not because gossip is slander, but because these people gossiping were slanderers. After all our experience, therefore, we still retain our taste for gossip—but we like it good.

### MEMORABLE WORDS

"FAITH IS BETTER THAN DOUBT: LOVE IS BETTER THAN HATE"

In closing his last speech to the Young Liberals of Ontario at London, Sir Wilfrid Laurier spoke these now memorable words:

"As for you who stand to-day on the threshold of life, with a wide horizon open before you for a long career of usefulness to your native land, if you will permit me after a long life, I shall remind you that at ready many problems rise before you: problems of race division, problems of creed differences, problems of economic conflict, problems of national duty and national aspiration. Let me tell you that for the solution of these problems you have a safe guide, an unfailing light, if you remember that faith is better than doubt and love is better than hate.

"Banish doubt and hate from your life. Let your souls be ever open to the strong promptings of faith and the gentle influences of brotherly love. Be adamant against the haughty; be gentle and kind to the weak. Let your aim and your purpose, in good report or in ill, in victory or in defeat, be so to live, so to strive, so to serve as to do your part to raise the standard of life to higher and better spheres."

### A JEWISH TRIBUTE

RABBI JACOBS LAUDS LAURIER'S STRENGTH AND COURAGE

Preaching at the Holy Blossom Synagogue, Toronto, Saturday morning, on the subject of the Prophet Elijah, Rabbi Jacobs paid a glowing tribute to the great statesman who has just passed away. "The great souls of Israel were men," the Rabbi declared, "who were never awayed by public opinion nor influenced by a love of popularity. Had they been weak and wavering in their views the world would still be walking in darkness. What progress the world has made in morality, in religion, in science and in art, is due, not to the men who under stood the graceful art of pleasing everybody at any cost, but to men who had the courage of saying no to the evils of the day and to act in accordance with their convictions. To men like Elijah who were not afraid to speak and to act bravely, manfully and sincerely."

"Before leaving the pulpit," said Rabbi Jacobs, "I cannot forbear paying a tribute of respect to the memory of the great statesman, Sir Wilfrid Laurier, who has passed away. In common with our fellow Canadians of other faiths, we place on record our deep regret at the great loss which the Dominion has sustained by his death."

### HIS SERVICES NATIONAL

"The columns of the press have been filled with full and salient details of his biography. To whatever schools of politics we may be attached we cannot deny the great services he rendered his country, and that he was a worthy leader of men. Not only can we admire him for his brilliant intellect, for his oratory, for his charming personality, but for his qualities of mind and heart. Many a politician can take a lesson from his integrity. When he felt his was right nothing could move him and he was quite content, it need be to stand alone.

"In an age afflicted with the maladies of skepticism and religious differences, he was a firm believer in the truths of his own faith, from which he derived strength and support, comfort and solace.

"On several occasions he is known to have expressed himself most generously, sympathetically, and with a liberal mind in matters affecting the Jewish people."

### UNIVERSAL TESTIMONY OF LOVE

#### GREAT FUNERAL PROCESSION

PASSES THROUGH DENSE CROWDS LINING STREETS

Staff Correspondence of The Globe

Ottawa, Feb. 22.—Sir Wilfrid Laurier had many political foes, but personal enemies he had none. The truth of this assertion was well illustrated this morning, when all sorts and conditions of people gathered from every Province in the Dominion to pay homage to the former Prime Minister and to show their abiding love for him. Ottawa was the Mecca for political warriors of all shades of opinion, and a striking feature of the great funeral procession was the presence in it of Henri Bourassa, the Nationalist Leader, and Armand Lavergne, his lieutenant, who have fought Laurier for years in his native Province of Quebec. Nor was the cortege composed entirely of men in public life. There were in the mammoth through the representatives of Rivalry, Judges, journalists, veterans of the great war, Cabinet Ministers, members of Parliament, Senators, Labour men, farmers and people in every walk of life.

Not less than fifty thousand persons witnessed the State funeral of the beloved Chief of the Liberal Party. It was the most impressive spectacle in the history of the Dominion. The whole nation mourned.

The multitude assembled under leaden skies, but the weather at no time during the day was unpleasant. The clouds of the morning soon passed away and the afternoon was marked by beautiful sunshine. It was a typical Canadian winter day, and the elaborate program arranged by the Dominion Government was carried through without mishap.

#### FIFTY THOUSAND THERE

The great open space surrounding the temporary House of Parliament was a dense mass of humanity long before the hour for the funeral procession to start. More than fifty thousand admirers of the eminent statesman had looked upon his face as he lay in state during the past two days. Again this morning huge crowds began to assemble in front of the Victoria Museum, in which the temporary House of Commons is located. Some came shortly after the dawn, and owing to a change in the arrangements none were permitted to enter the chamber of death.

By 9 o'clock the principal streets of the Capital were lined with people. The crowd being so large, many numbers who travelled by special trains from Toronto, Montreal, Brockville, Quebec and other places. The roads leading to the city were dotted for hours with people driving in from the surrounding countryside.

#### BUSINESS AT STANDSTILL

The business of the city was at a standstill as the cortege got under way. Church bells tolled mournfully. All heads were bared and reverently bowed as the procession slowly wound its way through the long lane of people.

Twenty minutes before eleven o'clock the hearse bearing Sir Wilfrid's remains, which was drawn by four magnificent horses, passed Parliament Hill on the way to the Basilica. The scene of the dead Chief's greatest triumph was a dense mass of humanity, and there were many symbols of sorrow as the eminent statesman departed from Parliament Hill for the last time. Gathered about the East Block, from which the former Prime Minister directed Canada's course for fifteen years, were hundreds of friends who did not take part in the procession. The scene on the flagstaff outside was at half-mast. The uncompleted Parliament building, which Sir Wilfrid predicted would rise from the ashes of the stately structure destroyed a year or two ago by fire, was covered with the drapery of mourning. For nearly fifty years he served his country in the old building, and he "loved its very stones."

### A PICTURESQUE SCENE

The scene from the balcony of the Chateau Laurier was a picturesque one, and the impression will not soon fade from the memory. The Stars and Stripes was at half-mast above the office of the United States Consul. Thousands of people packed the great square, leaving only a narrow lane through which the funeral cortege could pass. It was a crowd of many colors, and the background of snow added to the beauty of the picture. Camera men by the score were to be seen at every vantage point. Daring folk climbed telegraph poles and trees to get a better view. Every window had its quota, and large crowds were upon the roofs.

The procession was headed by Dominion policemen, who advanced with measured tread. Immediately following were seven huge sleighs of officers and lateral wealths and equestrians. Beside the horses the honorary pallbearers walked. Then came the members of the Cabinet, the heads of the Churches, the Mace, the Speaker of the Senate and the members of the Upper House. His Excellency the Duke of Devonshire, representing His Majesty the King, rode in a sleigh drawn by two beautiful horses. Behind the Governor General came the representative of his Royal Highness the Duke of Cornwall, Major-General Gwatkin. The Mace, the Speaker and the members of the House of Commons walked two by two, the Liberal members having precedence. Then followed the delegates of the various municipalities, a large number of returned soldiers and many personal friends of the old Chieflain.

#### HONORARY PALLBEARERS

The honorary pallbearers were: Sir Thomas White, Sir James Lougheed, Sir William Mulock, Hon. Sydney Fisher, Hon. Senator Belmont, Hon. Sir Allen Aylesworth, Hon. Rodolphe Lemieux, Hon. Charles Murphy, Hon. Senator Dan Jurard, J. A. Robb, M. P., Hon. Senator Edwards, Hon. Senator David, Hon. Jacques Breaux, M. P., Sir Louis Gouin, Hon. Frank Oliver, Mayor Lavigne of Quebec.

The chief mourners were: Mr. Carous Laurier, half-brother of Sir Wilfrid Laurier, Manches, N. H.; Dr. Reuben Laurier, Montreal, cousin; Joseph Desormiers of St. Leo, Que., cousin; Robert Laurier, Ottawa, nephew; Wilfrid Raoul and Charles Laurier, Montreal, nephews; Mr. Justus Brodeur, Montreal, Belque, nephew; Lucien Giguere, private secretary; Rodolphe Bourdreaux, and Ernest Lemaire, former private secretary.

#### LIEUTENANT GOVERNORS PRESENT

Among others in the procession, in addition to those already mentioned, were:

His Excellency the Duke of Devonshire, Governor General, attended by Col. Henderson, Lord Minto, A. F. Snaden and Lord Fortescue.

General Gwatkin, representing the Duke of Cornwall; Sir Charles Fitzpatrick, Lieutenant Governor of Quebec; Sir Richard Latta, Lieutenant Governor of Saskatchewan, and Hon. William Pugsley, Lieutenant Governor of New Brunswick.

Chief Justice Sir Louis Davies and Justices Duff, Idington, Anglin and Mignault, of the Supreme Court; Sir Walter Casels and Justice Audette of the Exchequer Court.

Sir William Sullivan, Sir Francois Lemieux, Chief Justice Archibald, Durand, J. A. Robb, M. P., Hon. Senator, Monet, Fortier, Lafontaine, Archibald Greenshield, D. mers, Duclos, De Lorimier, Weir, Brunau, Roy, Huttington, Robidoux and Chauvin of the King's Bench and Exchequer Courts of Quebec.

#### QUEBEC DELEGATION

Hon. J. E. Caron, Hon. L. A. Taschereau, Hon. Walker Mitchell, Hon. J. A. Tessier, Hon. H. Mercier, of the Government of Quebec; Speaker Galipeault, and Messrs. Lava-guin, Macklin, Mayrand, Morel, Oliver, Ouellete, Pelouquin, Peralat, Pilon, Robert, Sauve, Savoie, Scott, Therien, Lorville and Taroot of the Quebec Legislature.

Hon. W. M. Martin, Premier of Saskatchewan; Hon. W. F. Turgeon, Attorney General; Hon. W. G. Foster, Premier of New Brunswick; Hon. G. H. Murray, Premier, and Hon. M. J. Daniels and Finn of the Nova Scotia Government; Hon. Robert Rogers, Sir August Auger, Sir Douglas Hazen, Sir Sam Hughes, Sir Heroldus Laporte; Sir Henry Drayton, Dr. P. S. McLean, A. S. Goodeve, C. A. Boyce of the railway. Commission; Chas. Magrath.

#### CHURCH REPRESENTATIVES

Rev. Dr. Chown, Superintendent of the Methodist Church; Rev. Dr. Fletcher, Moderator of the Presbyterian General Assembly; Bishop Roper, Ottawa; Rev. Dr. John Neil, former Moderator of the General Assembly; Rev. Dr. Crawford Brown, Toronto; Rev. Dr. Hertridge, R. B. Whyte, Wesley McGaw, E. J. Woodside and other Presbyterian pastors of Ottawa; Rev. George Clendinning, President of the Montreal Methodist

Conference; Rev. Mr. Aikens, Rev. Dr. Rose, Rev. Mr. McIntosh, Methodist pastors of Ottawa; Rev. A. M. Marshall and Rev. C. E. Duncan of the Baptist Churches.

Rev. E. J. Cornell, Rev. M. J. Whelan, representing the Roman Catholic Church; Rev. Archdeacon Mackay, Rev. Canon Snowden, Rev. J. F. Gorman and Rev. R. H. Stacey of the Anglican churches of Ottawa; Rabbi Fyne; Commissioner Richards, Salvation Army.

Sheriff Lemieux, Montreal; Dr. Whyte, Ottawa; E. W. Beattie, President of the C. P. R.; Grand Hall Vice-President of the C. P. R.; Sir Frederick Williams Taylor, Hon. L. O. Tallon, W. H. Biggar, W. D. Robb and Frank Scott, five Presidents of the G. T. R.; Sir Alexander Lacombe of Montreal.

Mayor Fisher and the City Council of Ottawa were followed by members of Municipal bodies and other representative men from all over Canada.

#### NEWSPAPERMEN PAY TRIBUTE

The press of Canada was largely represented. Among the newspapermen present were: Mr. W. J. Taylor, Sentinel-Review, Woodstock, President of the Canadian Press Association; Mr. John M. Imrie, Manager of the Canadian Press Association; Hon. Frank Oliver, The Bulletin, Edmonton; Hon. Geo. P. Graham, The Recorder and Times, Brockville; Hon. W. S. Fielding, Journal of Commerce, Montreal; Hon. Frank Carrell, The Telegraph, Quebec; H. A. Robert, E. Bertheau, La Presse, Montreal; W. G. Jaffray and Stewart Lyon, The Globe, Toronto; G. A. C. Jennings, Mail and Empire, Toronto; A. F. MacDonald, The Chronicle, Halifax; J. G. Elliott, British Whig, Kings-on; Henri Bourassa, Les Devoir, Montreal; J. M. Eastwood, The Times, Hamilton; D. A. Jones, The Observer, Pembroke.

#### GENERAL PAU

##### GENERAL PAU SPEAKS AT TORONTO

It was significant of the deep love and high esteem in which Toronto's dignitaries are held, not only by the citizens, but by the world at large, that at last night's banquet in the Armaria, when more than 3,000 soldiers and their friends were entertained, the board was graced by such distinguished personages as the personal representatives of His Majesty King George V., His Excellency the Duke of Devonshire, Governor-General of Canada, and of the great Republic of France, General Paul Pau.

#### OVATION FOR PAU

Perhaps it has been given to no visitor from another country to receive the greeting that was accorded General Pau as he stepped upon the platform and faced that huge gathering of men and women. His stocky figure in his blue uniform, with the right sleeve hanging handless at his side surrounded by a head with high brow, ruddy complexion, twinkling eyes, white moustache and goatee, brought swift recollection of another equally distinguished little man who visited Canada some years ago and who passed away ere the tides of victory swept the allies and his own beloved British Tommies forward to complete the downfall of the Hun—the late Field Marshal Lord Roberts, Britain's well-beloved "Bobs."

Roar after roar of cheers echoed and re-echoed through the building, and then the band struck up "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow," and four thousand voices took up the words. It was the tribute of fighting men to a fighting man. When the noise had died away to absolute silence the General spoke, his voice ringing out clearly and reaching every part of the hall. The nursing French held the attention of those who were unable to understand his words. The General said:

#### SPIRIT OF BROTHERHOOD

"In the name of the French Mission allow me to thank you for inviting me to be a guest at this magnificent gathering, which is a token of the spirit of brotherhood which exists in your army, as in ours, between the officers and men, and of the feelings of comradeship that unite the army and the nation."

"Our strength has been in the union of our armies and our allies, as well as in the union of the allies. As I sat at my place at the table I found before me the motto given by His Excellency, 'Union in Peace as in War,' and I may say that it was the union of moral and material forces achieved our success, and that union will allow us to get love and profit out of victory, and with the grace of God we will keep that peace for which the world has been pining for these past four and a half years."

"Be united, remain united in peace as in war. You have done your duty gallantly. I see all those crests about me on the walls that remind me of the places where you have fought so nobly. I see the flags of Great Britain and the allies, and they remind me that they are flying over the German towns on the banks of the Rhine. But your work is not over. You are getting back

into civilian clothes. Do not lose the qualities of the soldier. Respect the law and be united in your work and in your families. After saving the world, you will only thus insure the happiness of your country and the whole world.

#### FRANCE NEVER FORGETS

"The strength of our countries has been spent in the four and a half years of warfare. We must take up the task we have laid down when you went overseas. It will be made easier for you by the many magnificent institutions that I saw as I traveled across your great country."

"I want to say in closing that France shares the same admiration for you that is evidenced by your own countrymen. You are worthy of it. Now that you have left France, the love of France will go out to those whom you have left behind, and who are now sleeping beneath French soil. France will never forget you, for France never forgets those she loves."—The Globe.

#### HAVE CATHOLICS NO POLITICAL RIGHTS?

A Correspondent writes as follows. For obvious reasons we withhold name and address:

"The Statesman is beginning to make its influence felt. A prominent citizen was approached last week, on three occasions, with the request that something should be done to inform the people of the city as to the true character and designs of The Statesman. They told him that they had it on the best authority that is (The Statesman) was edited and controlled by Catholics."

"The Statesman is under the absolute control of its editor, who is a Protestant. This method of attack is not new. When The Statesman was first launched powerful and mysterious opposition developed in orthodox Liberal circles in Toronto. For a time this opposition was difficult to explain, until a prominent Liberal at Ottawa told the story. 'A terrible charge was made against you a few days ago,' he said. In response to a demand as to the nature of the charge the reply was—'of being a Catholic.' The motive which underlay these sinister attacks was obvious. Rumors of the establishment of a daily paper had aroused the keenest apprehensions in Toronto newspaper circles, and, to kill the project effectively, it was whispered abroad that the proposed daily paper would be edited and controlled by Catholics. Seeing that ninety per cent of Catholics are Liberals, and that they stood by the Liberal Chief against his detractors, it was in keeping with Unionist tactics that any Protestant prominently identified with a new newspaper supporting Laurier and Liberalism would have to run the gauntlet of 'No Popery' Unionist misrepresentation. It is a strange commentary on public life in Canada that a Catholic is regarded as having no political rights unless he throws in his lot with the Tory Party. As a Tory he may aspire to the highest office in the gift of the Orange lodges."—The Statesman.

#### THE COMMON PEOPLE'S FRIEND

Ottawa, Feb. 22.—"Every farm house and every village within twenty miles is empty today," says one who knows Ottawa well. Although the dead Laurier was buried with all the civil pomp of a State funeral and all the high ceremony of an ancient Church, the plain people also bore their part. If you are a day laborer, there are just such workmen as you showing their respect and mourning; if you are a farmer, there were just such farmers as you standing with uncovered heads when the hearse went by. No matter who you are or what your station in life—high or lowly, rich or poor, proud or humble—you were represented at the funeral of this man who, because he was so chivalrous and so human, belonged to all classes and to the people.

When the funeral service was over and we passed out of the dim aisles of the Basilica I looked up and saw with sudden exaltation that the sun had broken through the mist and clouds and was shining down as if mourning had been turned to rejoicing. So it seemed, and so I shall believe it to be, I, who had come in from the fields and the open spaces, felt that a great work was ended and that a greater had begun. I felt that all that had raised this man above his fellows and apart from them was now put away. The last ceremonial was ended. Now that his body had been laid in death with the kings and counsellors of the earth, the spirit of Sir Wilfrid Laurier, a man of the people, had passed into the wide spaces, golden sunshine and open air, to the land he loved, to be an inspiration to all Canadians as long as chivalry, courtesy and high achievements are prized among men.—By Peter McArthur in The Globe.

#### CATHOLIC NOTES

An appropriation of \$50,000 has been made to purchase and maintain a cemetery in France for American soldiers.

Right Rev. T. Broderick, just consecrated titular Bishop in the Cathedral of Killarney, County Kerry, Ireland, is only thirty-six years old.

Mrs. Leonora Z. Meder, lawyer, club-woman and former Commissioner Public Welfare, Chicago, who recently announced her candidacy for Mayor, is a Catholic.

Representative Rainey, says the Union and Times during the debate on the War Revenue bill stated that it was "safe to say that there are 30,000 millionaires in the United States today, of which number at least 23,000 were created by the war."

Two Catholic generals have received promotions in the regular army. Lieutenant-General (temporary) Robert Lee Bullard becomes major-general Francis J. Kernan has been appointed a member of the Peace Conference to visit Poland.

Baltimore, Md., Feb. 21.—21.—Monsignor William A. Fleischer, rector of the Catholic Cathedral here since 1900, died suddenly today of heart disease. He had been in poor health for the last six months. Monsignor Fleischer was born in Baltimore fifty-five years ago.

One of the recent notable converts to the Church is the Rev. C. F. S. Adams, who up to the close of September was a curate of the Anglican Church and had served in several London missions. He was received at St. Eubeldreda's, Ely Place, by the Rev. Father Kennedy.—Catholic Times.

The Rev. William Turner, S. T. D., whose appointment to the episcopal see of Buffalo was announced a fortnight ago, will be consecrated at the Franciscan Monastery in Brookland, D. C., on Saturday, March 30th. His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons will be the consecrator. The installation in Buffalo will probably take place on April 8th, says the Buffalo Echo.

The Right Rev. Mgr. Joseph F. Mooney, administrator of the New York Archdiocese, has appointed the Very Rev. Mgr. Thomas G. Carroll, secretary to the late Cardinal Farley, administrator of the Church of the Holy Family at New Rochelle. The pastorate has been vacant since the death of the Rev. Andrew T. Roche. The church was established in 1913, and the parish is important. The appointment makes Mgr. Carroll the youngest rector in the archdiocese.

The golden episcopal jubilee of Cardinal Gibbons observed Thursday, Feb. 23, in Washington, D. C., was perhaps the most notable gathering of the Catholic hierarchy in North America in more than thirty years, including Cardinal O'Connell, of Boston, Cardinal Binig of Canada, Archbishop Cossentino, the Papal Delegate, Archbishop Cereali, the representative of Pope Benedict, Archbishop, Bishops and many Monsignori. The lay membership was represented by distinguished business men and government officials.

Vienna, Feb. 12.—The Government of German Austria is turning over to the Italians, under protest, paintings which the Italian Government claims were taken from occupied Italian territory by the Austro-Hungarian armies. Among the paintings are the "Madonna of the Orange Tree," by Giovanni Battista; Caracciolo's "Christ," Pintoretto's "Philosopher," two altar pieces by Veronese, and one of Bastiani's best canvases. Some of these paintings were found in the Imperial Art museum at once at Eckhart castle, where former Emperor Charles is living. The first lot of sixty-four paintings is being prepared for shipment to Italy under military escort.

On Lincoln's birthday, Feb. 12, Albert Tramsare and Matilda De Molder, of St. Joseph's Home, Peckskill, N. Y., were the happy recipients of letters from King Albert of Belgium. His Majesty, in response to the children's good wishes on learning of his return to Brussels their greetings for the New Year, and the assurance of continued prayer for King and Kingdom, gave expression to his kindly appreciation of the love of his little compatriots of St. Joseph's Home in far off America. To be possessors of letters bearing the seal of His Majesty King Albert is no slight honor for the little ones.

Dominic I. Murphy, who for some years has been American Consul General at Sofia, Bulgaria, has been honored by having a street in Sofia named for him. Kelly, Burke and Shea were the famous trio immortalized by J. I. C. Clarke in his poem, "The Fighting Race." But the name Murphy is found in more places than any of the great three or all of them combined. There are Murphys in every one of the thirty-two counties in Ireland, and the Irish census showed it to be the most common name in Ireland. It will assuredly make an Irish-blooded tourist's heart warm when he strikes Murphy street, Sofia, Bulgaria. We would like to know just how one pronounces "Murphy" in Bulgarian.

A DAUGHTER OF THE SIERRA

BY CHRISTIAN REID

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CHAPTER XX—CONTINUED

"And you were thrown—"
"By my horse. Now, lest you should say that so good a horseman should not have been thrown, I had better admit that Don Arturo Vallejo had hold of the bridle of the horse, and there was something in the nature of—or a struggle going on."

CHAPTER XXII
A RIDE IN THE GREENWOOD

"Twilight falls soon in the Quebrada Onda. Long before the sun has ceased to gild the upper world, shadows gather in the great earth-rib and darkness falls there, while yet all the lovely spaces of the sky above are filled with light. Under the mighty rock which formed the roof of the cave where the little party of three had taken refuge, these shadows naturally gathered earliest; and it was the perception of advancing darkness which presently brought Miss Rivers to her feet with an air of determination."

"Mr. Lloyd," she said, "I have made up my mind. If you could ride through that water, I can. It is only a question of getting wet, and that doesn't matter."

"I am afraid you will find that it matters very much," said Lloyd, as she also rose, conscious of a sense of relief; although he felt bound to remonstrate, for the falling shades had filled him with a disquiet which was reflected in the gravity of his face. "You will be wetted to your waist," he added, warningly.

"It doesn't matter," she repeated. "We must get away from here. Night is at hand. Could we ride up that mountain in the night?"

"It would be extremely dangerous to attempt to do so."

"Well, you see, then, how necessary it is to lose no time in starting. My father must be very anxious about me, and the only way to relieve his anxiety is to go to him. Please look that my saddle is all right."

"I will change it to my horse, if you have no objection. He is taller than your mule."

The exchange was made, the young lady mounted, and they rode down from the eyrie which had so unexpectedly become a trap, into the current of the swirling river. To Lloyd's very great relief, the water had fallen a little. It was still high—very high—and once or twice there seemed danger that the animals would lose their footing; but they passed safely around the cliff and then to the higher ground at the edge of the quebrada. Isabel laughed a little as they splashed through the shallower water.

"To dare is generally to succeed," she said. "Why didn't I ride out with you when you tried this before, or at least as soon as you came back?"

"It was higher then," said Lloyd; "and I really think that you are sufficiently wet as it is."

His discomfited as she spoke—for they had now reached dry ground—and regarded her soaked feet and skirts a little ruefully. But she laughed again as he assisted her from the saddle, which was now to be changed again to her mule.

"What does a little wetting matter?" she asked. "I am sure I shall suffer no harm from it; and as for discomfort—bah! One would expect to rough it a bit. I should have been very much disappointed if I had met with no adventures."

Lloyd laughed in turn, so delighted was her gay good humor. "It is plain that the Sierra intends to give you all that it has to give, adventures among the rest," he said as he unbuckled girths and assisted Manuel to change the saddles.

Miss Rivers meanwhile looked up at the sky, which seemed so very far above their heads. "It is not as late as I thought," she observed. "Possibly the sun may yet be in evidence somewhere. If only we can gain the top of the mountain before dark—we are quite sure papa has gone on ahead, Mr. Lloyd?"

"I don't think there can be a doubt of it," Lloyd replied. "There was every sign of a party having passed across about the time the storm began; and as I suppose Mr. Rivers was not very far behind you—"

"Certainly not very far."

"It must have been his party. So—why, hello! what's that?"

"He evidently crossed it at the beginning of the storm, before the water rose so high. Then, thinking you were ahead, he pushed on as soon as he possibly could. The tracks are very plain."

"How unfortunate!" she exclaimed, with deep concern. Then, seizing the only practical conclusion, added: "We must follow as soon as possible."

"Yes," Lloyd agreed, "we must follow as soon as possible."

Indeed as soon as Lloyd had adjusted the focus to his vision he saw with perfect clearness that the group of men and animals on the hillside was not the Caridad party. But, although immediately convinced of this, he did not lower the glasses from his eyes, but continued to gaze through them for a minute or two.

"Certainly not Mr. Rivers nor any of the Caridad people," he said positively. "But I'd like to know who they are."

"No; for they have no packs, and they seem, from the number of animals, to be all mounted. It is a travelling party clearly, and I am a little curious to know if a suspicion I have is correct. Here, Manuel, take these glasses and tell me if you ever saw any of those men before."

Manuel took the glasses, and had hardly looked through them before he uttered an exclamation. "But yes, señor," he said. "I know almost all of them. They are men from Canelas, and even—yes, there is Pepe Vargas from Tamezula, and Tobalito Sanchez and Cruz and Pancho Lopez. Caramba! but it is wonderful to see men's faces like this, at such a distance."

"How do you know the señor who is with them?"

Manuel hesitated before replying. "He has his hat pulled over his face so that I can't be sure," he said, "but he looks to me like an American whom I have seen in Topia with the Señor Armistead."

Lloyd nodded as his eyes met those of Miss Rivers. "It is as I thought," he said.

"What do you mean?" she asked quickly. "It can't be that you think it is the party for the Santa Cruz?"

"It is just that I am pretty sure."

"But Mr. Armistead promised—"

"Sometimes the undue lack of subordinateness can be made to account for broken promises, or there may really be no intention of breaking the promise. I'll find out what is intended as soon as possible. The river is too high to cross now."

"How will you find out?"

"By a few discreet inquiries when I return here, which will be as soon as we find Mr. Rivers."

A smile came into Miss Rivers' eyes and curved her lips. "I believe you mentioned a little while ago that you were resolved to leave the Santa Cruz matter severely alone in future," she remarked.

The Santa Cruz matter will not leave me alone, it appears," Lloyd answered a little grimly, as with his hand under her foot, he lifted her lightly into the saddle.

"I wish you did not feel it necessary to go so much out of your way by accompanying me," she said as she gathered up her reins. "Manuel can very well take care of me."

"You must know that it is impossible for me to think of leaving you until I have seen you safely with your father," Lloyd replied, as he swung into his own saddle.

And something in rather a shade of stern resolution in rather than of pleasure or of compliment, made her feel that further protest was useless. It also amused her a little; for such was not the tone usually employed by men whom fortune gave the opportunity of serving her.

"Be satisfied," he said, "you send your imagination like a bird to gather in all the beauty you do not see."

"But there is so much that I shall never see!" she replied,—and then she laughed. "How foolish I am, and what I have seen, and do see is too much for me to take in! And now I suppose we must go on."

"Yes, and ride fast."

Which proved to be possible; for now the trail led them over a plateau, level and open as a royal park, though covered with superb forest, where the great pines and evergreen oaks rose in columned stalactites to immense heights, their interlacing boughs forming overhead a canopy of wandering breeze woke a murmur like the voice of the sea. And as they rode, fast as their animals could be urged to go, down these enchanting vistas, with the breeze which fanned their faces bringing to them all the wild fragrances of hundreds of leagues of mighty woods, the delight of motion added to the delights of sight and sound and scent seemed to make life for the moment a thing of simple pleasure.

And then the trail carried them along mountain crags, where the wooded steeps fell sharply away to ward a lower world of glorious blues and purples, which glamed and glistened between the straight stems of the giant trees and through their crowns of verdure; or it skirted the tips of foaming torrents, which flung their waters over tremendous precipices into green abysses far below, or led them through glades of silver blue deep between bold hills. But there was ever about the way that sea-like murmur of unnumbered leaves, together with the music of swiftly flowing streams; while the earth breathed forth perfumes like a censer, and the sweet air was like a sensible benediction from the radiant bending sky.

And as they rode, day melted into night so softly that it was difficult to tell where one ended and the other began. But the last tint of sunset color had faded, and the moon was flinging her fairy light over their way and marking it with delicate shadows, when they finally overtook Mr. Rivers and his party in a stream-lined glen, where a halt had been made usual ches in preparation for the night were in progress.

Indeed, Mr. Rivers was in the saddle, and the intention, he explained, of returning to the Quebrada Onda, when his daughter rode up. The relief with which he greeted her was very great, and the expression of his thanks to Lloyd left nothing to be desired in the way of cordiality; but after this it was natural that there should be some expression of the irritation which had mingled with his anxiety.

"I have had scouts after you in all directions," he said to his daughter; "and when it became clear that you were not ahead, they decided nothing to do but to go back to the infernal quebrada. It was clearly impossible that we could have passed you under ordinary circumstances, that I was forced to think you must have met with some serious accident."

"I am very sorry to have caused you so much anxiety," Isabel murmured regretfully.

"I've had a pretty uncomfortable afternoon, I assure you," her father returned; "and have quite determined to keep you under my eye in future."

"If you had kept me under your own eye, I should have been as thoroughly drenched as you no doubt were in the storm," Isabel said; "whereas, thanks to having met Mr. Lloyd, I had the pleasure of watching it from the shelter of a delightful cave."

"Hum!" said Mr. Rivers. "It was very lucky for you that you met Lloyd, and keeping dry was highly desirable; but as for finding pleasure in that downpour, in a cave or otherwise—I can only say that I was extremely far from doing so; having been only drenched, as you observe, but harassed with apprehension about you. Well, I take care that you don't wander out of sight any more. Now, men" (peremptorily in Spanish), "go to work and make the camp."

A little later, when this labor was over—the tent pitched, the fire made and supper prepared—Mr. Rivers, mood underwent a change. Irritation was forgotten in the pleasant relaxation and sense of comfort which is quite so where to be experienced in the Greenwood after a day of hard riding. There was only light talk, pleasant laughter and jesting as they gathered around the fire, which threw its rich radiance over the rocky escarpment of the hillside overhanging the camp, over masses of foliage and the figures of men and animals. The stream near by chanted the sweetest possible song as it hurried over its stones; and all the fragrant, pungent odors which night and recent rain draw forth in the forest filled the air, mingling with the aroma of the delightful Mexican berry from the coffee-pot placed on some red embers at the edge of the fire.

With appetites agreeably sharpened by the keen air, and spirits filled with the charm of this delightful gyping, they feasted well, the varied contents of Lucio's often-stocked provision chest; and then came an hour or so of smoking on the part of the men, and more pleasant talk on the part of all; while Isabel reclined on a bright-colored blanket, and the firelight played over her sunny hair and lit up the smiling loveliness of her lips and eyes, frank as those of a thoroughbred boy, charming as those of a nymph. And then it was that that other campfire down in the depths of the Quebrada Onda, Mr. Rivers remembered and mentioned. Mr. Rivers looked grave when he heard of the revelations of the opera glasses.

"I don't like this at all," he said. "Nothing could possibly be more awkward, more undesirable in every way, than that we should be the guests of Dona Beatriz Calderon when her mine is attacked by Americans."

"I can't believe that anything of the kind is possible," remarked Isabel. "Mr. Armistead promised me that no attempt to take the mine should be made while I am at Las Jocas; and I think—she glanced at her father appealingly—that Mr. Armistead is a gentleman."

"Oh, yes, undoubtedly a gentleman!" Mr. Rivers replied hastily. "But—when gentlemen permit themselves to do strange things occasionally. If Manuel really recognized those men, and if that fellow Randolph is with them, it looks—well, it looks very much as if we had better turn around to-morrow morning and go back to Topia; for I had no intention of being mixed up directly or indirectly, in this affair of the Santa Cruz."

"Papa, I can't—I really can't go back to Topia!" Isabel declared. "If Mr. Armistead has been guilty of such treachery, I want to stay and help to fight him."

"That is exactly what can't be permitted, my dear," her father answered. "I am afraid I was very wrong to yield to your desire of coming out here at all just now. But you see, he looked at Lloyd—"

"I wasn't altogether sorry to show in this way my sincere respect for Miss Rivers to continue on her way to Las Jocas. Her visit there is expected, and will be deeply appreciated."

"But if these men behind us are going to seize the mine?"

"They will not seize it. Of that I assure you. An attempt to do so will only result in injury to themselves. But, like Miss Rivers, I find it difficult to believe that even an attempt is to be made now. Armistead, within certain limitations, is a gentleman, and he would not violate his own word so flagrantly."

"What can those fellows be after, then?"

"That I am going back to see as soon as my horse has finished feeding. It is a beautiful night for riding."

"But not for going down in to the Quebrada Onda,—no night is beautiful enough for that. Wait until morning."

"No; for then they will be on the road and I want to get them in camp. That is the place to find out things."

"And if you find out that they are going to the Santa Cruz?"

"Then I may be able to offer Randolph some advice which will induce him to turn back."

Mr. Rivers glanced a little curiously at the quiet face on which the firelight shone.

"Do you know the man?" he asked.

"I think I do," Lloyd answered slowly. "Then, perhaps to escape further questioning, he rose to his feet. At the same moment Miss Rivers rose also."

"This is charming!" she said. "But I am sufficiently tired to find my thoughts turning to the sleep awaiting me in my tent."

"Pleasant dreams," said Lloyd, stepping over to her with a smile. "He held out his hand. Good-night and good-bye!"

"Do you really wish me to have pleasant dreams?" she asked, looking up into his face as she laid her hand in his.

"Can you doubt it?" he asked, with some surprise.

"Then don't go down into that quebrada tonight," she said; "I also shall certainly dream of you as falling down some terrible abyss from that fearful trail."

"Do you think it a habit of mine to fall over precipices?"

"No, no; but to go down—over that way we came up—at night! The mere thought of it makes me shudder. If you want me either to sleep or dream well, please promise that you will not do it."

"Very well, then,—I promise that I will wait for daylight to make the descent. But that means that I shall leave here considerably before daylight. So—adieu!"

She did not echo the beautiful words; but, looking at him with a smile which had in it something a little mischievous, she answered, "Basta luego!" and then vanished into her tent.

TO BE CONTINUED

the saints that a single Mass is of greater value than all the treasures of the world?"

Do you sometimes think of thanking God for the incomparable present of His Heart? In practice, do you regard assistance at Mass as the first of your Christian obligations?"

Are you practically convinced that prayers, the office, the chapel, the prayers of the most heroic, even martyrdom itself—that all good works taken together are not equivalent to the Holy Sacrifice?—The Sentinel of The Blessed Sacrament.

LEAVING HIS MOTHER

Father Bonner turned from the window. He had been contemplating the landscape for some minutes, while the young man seated at the table in the center of the room waited impatiently. He looked up hopefully at the priest's approach, but his countenance fell, as Father Bonner said:

"You must wait, Danny, wait—"

"Oh, Father, I can't wait," Larry Heenehan is going and so are Jack Connor and Jimmy Guilfoyle. Even Fatty Schneider has enlisted, and you tell me to wait, wait. I'll be the last! I'll be the last when I would have been the first if—Father, I can't do it! I'll have to go without—"

The words ended in a sigh that was almost a sob.

In his perplexity Father Bonner turned to the window again. What he saw did not help him. It was not at the familiar street he was looking, but at a picture that had been in his mind for some weeks past, ever since Danny Desmond had come to ask his advice about enlisting. He saw a little cottage, a tiny garden, a gray-haired mother, and Danny the young-fledgling of eight and the only one of the flock left to her. Death had visited her often, trials and sorrows of one sort and another had been for many years her portion. Pence had now come to her and her last years were being passed contentedly. And if the grim god of war now took Danny? At seventy such partings are not easy. And yet was it wise to check the youth's enthusiasm, to hold back one so anxious for self-sacrifice? Father Bonner was troubled. He turned again to the young man.

"Give me another month, Danny, no longer, I promise you. Will you wait for a month?"

The young man did not answer, nor did he change his position as the priest laid his hand gently on his shoulder. His disappointment was so great that he dared not trust himself to speak. After a few moments of strained silence the boy (he was no more), took his hat, and went slowly from the house. Father Bonner watched him from the window as he swung down the walk and out the gate, and in spite of his years a thrill went through him as he thought of the young manhood of America, eager to serve their country in her hour of need. His heart went out to the man in Washington, on whose shoulders so great a burden rested and he longed to send him a message of cheer and tell him of the loyal legions anxious to do his bidding, to stand behind him even in death. From all parishes came the same story—the boys were going so rapidly that the women and girls could not sew the stars on the service flags fast enough. But while exulting in their bravery, Father Bonner saw further ahead. His heart filled with sorrow for the brave lads who would go down. "Will be Kelly and Burke and Shea, 'over again,'" he thought, sadly.

He was disturbed in his reverie, by the voice of his housekeeper adjuring him to come into supper. Ellen Coffey was a depot whom he dared not disobey, and as she served him, deftly and capably in spite of her sixty odd years, she plied him with questions and volunteered bits of information gathered through the day. For it must be admitted that Ellen loved gossip, and until she learned Danny Desmond's business Father Bonner would have little peace.

"Wanted to enlist, did he? Well, then, why didn't you let him? His mother? Oh, well, she could very well go to live with her daughter Katie. You mind her, don't you, Father? The red-haired one. She married Fitzgerald's son and they live over in Greenville. Yes, they have two or three, or maybe 'tis four children. What would one extra be, but just nothing at all. Besides, look at the help she'd be with the little one's."

Father had his dessert by that time, and Ellen had the Desmond family affairs settled to her satisfaction, so he let her ramble on. When occupied with a problem like this she did not pester him about his appetite, nor watch to see if he ate what she deemed a proper amount for his health. She did not leave the dining room, however, until she had expressed herself freely on the subject of Danny's enlistment, and received Father Bonner's laughing assurance that in a month's time, if nothing turned up to prevent it, he would do all he could to help Danny along.

Left alone, the priest's thoughts again traveled to the sheltered little home of old Mrs. Desmond. Just how did she hope to solve the problem? Danny would go, he knew. He would require no permission from either the priest or his mother, yet he hoped a way might be found to make that mother see that she herself must send her son.

On the following Sunday, as he addressed the Married Ladies' Sodality, a suggestion came to him. He dwelt

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on it at some length. As he often told his old friend, Father Barton of St. Mary's, whenever he wanted anything done he went to the Married Ladies' Sodality—then felt ashamed of himself afterwards. "If you want to see the sturdy of the country, the workers of the Church, the martyrs of the twentieth century, look at the Married Ladies' Sodality of any Catholic Church," he was wont to say. "In the worn countenances, the toil-scared hands, the carefully renovated and mended clothes, you will see mute evidences of the sacrifice these women are making for God, their Church and their families."

"And now," he thought, as he stood before them today, "their sorely beset country demands from them, their husbands, sons, and brothers. And do they falter? No! With eyes fixed on the Mother of Sorrows, encouraged by her example they rise to noble heights of sacrifice. No murmur or complaint passes their lips—only prayers for strength and resignation."

As Father Bonner dwelt on these things he felt too guilty to look towards the pew where he knew Danny Desmond's mother sat. "This not for me," he thought, "to ask from her so great a sacrifice. That's between her and God." And as he knelt at Benediction he put this problem with his other perplexities, at his Saviour's feet. But there was a tremor in his voice as he said Benedict XV's beautiful prayer for peace, as if he already saw his old friend among the "countless mothers bereaved of their sons."

Mrs. Desmond was so much on his mind that it was no surprise to find her waiting for him in the sacristy. "The grace of God," he thought, "She has come to give him up."

The gentle little old lady waited until he had taken off his vestments and the last of the altar boys had passed through, their cheery "Good night, Father," flung back over their shoulder as they hurried out to the late afternoon sunshine. The young ladies were busy divesting the altars and their whispers reached Father Bonner and his visitor.

"Read that, Father," she commanded, taking a letter from her pocket, "and then tell me what you think of the cheek of my children. Dictating to me at my time of life! I'll show them I'm master yet, old as I am. If Katie can let her husband go, I can let Danny go. And can all come here and live with me—and—" The mother's pretended indignation hid her deeper emotions. The priest's heart echoed them after reading Katie's letter.

"Dear Mother," she wrote, "Jerry wants to enlist, and he wants to know what is Danny going to do. He thought if Danny was going to enlist you could rent the cottage and come here with me and the children, and I could go back to the factory. You know you used to tell us when we were little that 'many hands make light work' and the biggest job is small if every one helps. Well as the President has a pretty big job on hand to put Germany in her place, we'd better all get busy and make it as short as we can. This is what Jerry thinks too, so let me know right away what you think of my plan. God grant the War may be over soon, and our boys safe home to us again. Kisses from the babies. Your loving daughter,

"Katie."

"Let me answer Katie, will you Mrs. Desmond," Father Bonner said. "I'll tell her to arrange it your way and to come here. I also want to say to her, and to you, too, that it is to such mothers, and their sons and husbands and brothers, that the world will owe the liberty and the safety that will surely be the glorious result of the great battle now being waged upon the fair fields of France."

"All of which is only a fine way of saying we'll lick the Kaiser, bad manners to him and all his kind," said Mrs. Desmond, with fervor, as they crossed the strip of lawn between the church and the rectory. "And, by the same token, there's Ellen Coffey watching you like a hawk. You let that woman bully you. Father, you aren't call your soul your own when she's around—do you now? And if that isn't my Danny, too?"

"I was waiting to see you, Father, but since it's getting late I'll be taking this mother of mine home now, then come back and see you again." "Do, Danny, my lad. Good night, Mrs. Desmond. Mind you let me know if you need any help."

"And all Ellen Coffey could get out of the pastor that night was: "Our flag will have more stars than any other flag in the diocese, Ellen. And it will be a proud day for us when it is dedicated—the proudest day but one, Ellen, and that's the day our boys come marching home."—Mary Agnes McDonald in the Magnificat.

The man who is calm does not selfishly isolate himself from the world for he is intensely interested in all that concerns the welfare of mankind. His calmness is but a Holy of Holies into which he can retire from the world to get strength to live in the world.

Science, which has been the great intellectual adventure of the last century—to what has it led us? Only again to that edge of the unknown, where we confront the infinite. It has not gained by one hair's breadth upon the encompassing mystery of our lives.

### KING, CARDINAL AND MARSHAL

Who won the war? It is a big question, and it requires a careful answer. Belgium won the war for if she had not resisted the German invasion the Germans would have swept through that country and overpowered France and England by mere force of numbers. France won the war for it had not been for the persistence and courage of the brave French army the Prussian hordes would have gone unchecked to the English channel. Great Britain won the war for the blocking of the German fleet, the capture of the Turkish army, and the dogged determination of the English soldiers were enormous factors in the final result. Russia won the war for the early mobilization of her troops caused Germany to send countless thousands of her soldiers to the Eastern front, and thereby weakened her to that extent in France. Italy won the war for her overwhelming defeat of the Austrians first caused that nation to sue for peace. The United States won the war for her unprecedented feat in sending millions of men across the trackless Atlantic turned the tide in favor of the Allies, and thus insured the downfall of the most autocratic Power in the world. In short, we all won the war, and in the face of the sacrifices that have been made, and the glorious victory that has been achieved, comparisons are not only unnecessary but odious.

But in every crisis in the history of the world heroic figures stand out above their fellows with the distinctness of the lighthouses that dot the rocky coasts of the seven seas. Amid the din and clamor, the chaos and smoke of battle we behold a tall, well built man whose steel helmet glistens in the sunlight, and we know instinctively, that it is Albert, King of the Belgians, the knightliest figure of them all, the man who was willing to sacrifice life and all the agreeable things of earth for the sake of his honor. Mark him well, for he is the type of true manliness. The strong jaw, the frank and boyish eyes, the broad forehead, and the unaffected simplicity justify the admiration that is felt for him by honest men everywhere. His position was inherited, and before the war he was quoted as saying to a visitor: "I wish I could have won my throne." Who shall say that his laudable desire has not been fully gratified, for if there is a ruler anywhere today who has earned a scepter, it is the heroic king of the Belgians.

Where is the pen that can do justice to the part played by the Belgian people during the first three months of the war, under the leadership of this splendid specimen of manhood? We know, and all the world knows, how they frustrated the complete triumph upon which the Prussians so confidently counted. The defense of Liege and Namur alone entitles the Belgian soldiers to a place among the bravest of the brave. It was their self-imposed task to hold the north of Belgium until the French and English came to their aid. The help they longed for did not reach them, but in spite of that they accomplished the almost impossible task. In the initial encounter they met with dreadful losses, but in that conflict no less than 3,000 Germans were among the killed. In one instance a single Belgian regiment arrested the progress of an entire German army corps. The heroic defenders of their soil lost half of their men in that engagement, and two-thirds of their officers. They were pressed back, inch by inch, until they had but a fragment of their beloved country to call their own. At that supreme moment, King Albert issued the famous order: "Resist to the end! Hold on to the death!" And that order was literally obeyed. For months and years they suffered and starved and died. But it was not in vain. Only a few days ago King Albert, at the head of his victorious troops, marched into the capital of Belgium, amid the tears and the cheers of his long-suffering people.

Once again we turn and gaze on stricken Belgium, and this time we see a venerable man in red, tall, thin and straight as an arrow, a man with the simplicity and strength that go with greatness, a man whose very face carries on it the evidence of goodness and power. Need it be said that this is Cardinal Mercier, whose defiance of the Germans furnishes the material out of which must come one of the most thrilling stories of the great world war? The insolent power of the invaders had no terror for this man, because to him right was always greater than might. Made a captive in his palace he sent forth those wonderful pastoral letters which cheered and strengthened the Belgian people in the darkest hour of their tribulation. Threatened by the arrogant and insolent von Bissing he hurled forth a defiance that rang around the world; menace by the intimidation of a German dungeon he dared his tormentors to do their worst. But it was in protecting his people that Cardinal Mercier was at his best. Nothing could induce him to concede to the invaders the moral right to do a wrong. Like his famous French predecessor he rose to supreme heights in defying kings and kaisers. He points to poor bleeding Belgium, and in the famous words of the poet cries: "Around her form I drew the awful circle of our solemn Church. Step but a foot within that holy ground, and on thy head, yes,

though it wore a crown, I launch the curse of Rome!"

Some day the complete story of Cardinal Mercier will be told and when it is we shall find a narrative that will excel in interest the greatest romances of history. He was more dangerous to the German cause than an army division or a fleet of battleships. The Germans would have shot him if they had dared, but they did not dare. They tried to bribe him into silence, they endeavored to suppress his writings, they exercised all of the devilish ingenuity of which they were capable to smother his magnetic personality, but they failed miserably in all of these things. The burly, brutal, barbaric von Bissing was no match for this keen, cultured, saintly man. He might torture him, but he could never vanquish him. He might murder him, but even the dull intellect of the slave-driver realized the stupidity of such a step. Mercier alive was a constant source of trouble, but Mercier dead surely would hasten the coming of the wrath of Heaven. It was the spirit which animated Cardinal Mercier that kept the Belgians free, even when they appeared to be hopelessly in the power of the Germans. They were forbidden to assemble in public meetings, but in spite of that edict they managed to join one another in caves, in secluded parts of the kingdom, and in places where their supposed conquerors never dreamt of looking. The things that happened at these secret gatherings may never be known to the world, but fortunately we have a brief extract from one memorable address which was made by the Cardinal to his small audience. Hear these inspiring words:

"My brothers, I do not need to exhort you to persevere in your resistance of the invaders. I come rather to tell you how proud we are of you. A day does not go by without my receiving from friends of all nationalities letters of condolence which invariably terminate with the words 'Poor Belgium!' and I answer: No, no, not poor Belgium, but great Belgium, incomparable Belgium, heroic Belgium. On the map of the world it is only a tiny spot which many foreigners would not notice without the aid of a magnifying glass; but today there is not a nation in the world which does not render homage to this Belgium."

"How grand and beautiful she is! If they could see her as we see her, they would know there is not a single Belgian who weeps or complains. I have not yet met on my way a single workman without work, a woman without resources, a mother in tears, a wife in mourning who was sorrowing. This is what disconcerts the men who have been among us for a year. It is now just one year that they have been living among us, and they do not know us yet. They are stupefied. On one hand one complains. We shall obey and shall continue to obey the regulations which they have imposed upon us. But the other hand not one heart gives itself to them, and by the grace of God none will give itself to them. We have a King, one King, and we will continue to have one King until that great and glorious day when afflicted Belgium comes into its own once again!"

For the third time we gaze upon the battle scarred fields of Europe, and this time amid the roar of cannon and the smoke of conflict we behold a modest man in blue. To the casual observer he might seem like an ordinary person, but if we look closer we find that he has bright keen eyes, that he has a shrewd face and that he bears about him the unmistakable impress of power and authority. It is Ferdinand Foch, Marshal of France and the Generalissimo of the Allied forces. We know, upon the authority of military experts, that he is a master of strategy, that he has the love and affection of his men, that he is quick to think and prompt to act. We know that in three short months, by following his carefully conceived plans, the power of the most autocratic States in Europe has crumbled into the dust. But what everybody does not realize is that this great soldier did not rely alone upon material resources. He had something else, and that something was faith, the Christian faith which moves mountains. With all of the greatness of genius he yet possessed the simplicity and the humility of a child. Curiously enough a graphic illustration of these qualities comes to us through an American soldier. It was given to one of our American boys, Private Evans of San Bernardino, California, to meet Marshal Foch at close range. He tells of it in a letter "to the folk back home."

Hear the story as it is summarized from a letter in the Los Angeles Times of October 6, of this year:

"Evans had gone into an old church near the French battle-front, and as he stood there with bare head, satisfying his respectful curiosity, a gray man with the eagles of a general on the collar of his shabby uniform also entered the church. Only one orderly accompanied the quiet, gray man. No glittering staff of officers, no entourage of gold-laced aides were with him; nobody but just the orderly."

Evans paid much attention at first to the gray man, but was curious to see him kneel in the church praying. The minutes passed until fully three-quarters of an hour had gone by before the gray man arose from his knees. Then Evans followed him down the street, and was surprised to see soldiers salute this man in great

excitement, and women and children stopping in their tracks with awestruck faces as he passed.

It was Foch, the French Marshal the Commander-in-Chief of the Allied forces, the man who brought the Prussians to their knees. Can there be any wonder that success pressed upon the banners of the Allies under such leadership? Here was a man who embodied in his person both faith and works. A man who had the humility to go upon his knees in an old church while 10,000 guns were roaring on 100 hills, and the earth rocked with death. Can we be surprised that he went about his awful but necessary work with sublime confidence? We are told of one occasion when Premier Clemenceau stood on the battlements with an anxious heart, how one look into the confident face of Foch stilling his fears. The agnostic doubted, the man of faith and humility did not doubt.

Here then we have the Providential trinity which saved civilization when it was tottering to destruction. The King, the Cardinal and the Marshal, the three men who played their parts in the greatest war the world has ever known. There were others and they will be celebrated in song and story, but all will concede that the trio under consideration will rank among the most heroic figures of the bloodiest conflict in history. In the course of time they will return to the dust from whence they came, but while the world lasts the memory of their deeds and their splendid faith will remain to stir the blood and gladden the hearts of those who come after them.—George Barton in America.

### AN INJUSTICE

It is the duty of Catholic parents who have children growing up, to pause and reflect seriously before they permit them to give way to their common inclinations to escape from school.

A time comes, and comes early with most boys and girls, when they long to get out of school and be and live and work amongst grown up people. And, unfortunately, very many parents give way to their importunities and permit them to do as they wish.

This is a mistake, and also an injustice. The competition in the life of today is very keen. Knowledge was never so useful, and so often indispensable, in the race of life. It is no doubt the fact that many parents are deceived by the superficial appearances of things, into supposing that because employment of young boys and girls are readily em-ployed at present, because a boy or girl in the early teens can bring home some cash—that be all and end all in so many people's eyes—there is no great importance to be attached to the knowledge that can be had in school, and that they are doing no harm to their children since they are able to go out and earn money.

But parents ought to look a little ahead of their noses. Public contentions change; times and prosperity are and wane; and the boy or girl who can earn a little cash this year may be very little wanted by employers next year. The use men have made of this great earth which God has given us, has not been always a wise or prudent use. We have, been, very generally careless and wasteful of our natural resources. We have wasted our coal, our forests, our minerals, our oils, our natural resources of all kinds. Already we can see the end of some of our natural supplies. Others have, by reckless wastage, and more general usage, come to be so costly that many must soon find substitutes for them.

The next fifty years will see the world faced with the greatest problems, in industry, in commerce, in invention, in manufactures, in any nothing of government and sociology, and the human race ever had to find solutions for. The original mode of life of men on the earth was a very simple matter. But in every age of the world's life, the life of man has become more complex. When we consider all that the world calls progress, and much of which is progress, we see the irony which attends all human effort. The more labor that men do, the more stands ahead of them to be done.

Our fate is to labor and to labor and still to labor. Our work is never done; nor is its nature fixed; it is as variable as light and shade. What we call our progress is a graduation from one difficulty to another difficulty; from one problem which we found hard to another problem that is harder.

We do not believe God meant the world and its resources to be used as men have used them; that it pleases Him that vast regions of the Earth's surface, rich and ample to support hundreds of millions of human beings, are almost untouched by the hand of man, whilst millions gather together on a few acres of ground and pile their ant-hills of brick and stone up and up like modern towers of Babel.

But that is the way man has used the earth; and we who live in this age must take the world as we find it; and struggle along amongst the other ants as best we can. And, taking the world as it is, it is certain that the people who now inhabit it, and for generations to come after them, the conditions of life will never resume their old time simplicity,—but, on the contrary, that conditions will grow more and more complex.

This interesting and complex life will call on the human mind as it has never yet been called on. Hu-

man brains will have demands made upon them to which all the past demands of social, industrial and political problems, will seem to have been small. This is the kind of world into which children are now being born; this is the trend of conditions into which half grown boys and girls are now being launched,—unprepared.

There's the rub. Unprepared! Well the half learned little text-books of the early school grades prove a sufficient outfit of knowledge for your boy when he finds himself out in the modern world with his way to make, and dependent on his own resources. Do not suppose that natural ability will suffice. Many men, it is true, have done well for themselves, and for the world, with little schooling. Do not be deluded by that fact. Such men have always been the first to acknowledge that they have been hampered and retarded by their lack of school training. The training of the mind will control the world of the future. No one can doubt this who gives any amount of careful thought to all that is to be seen and heard today in the world. The problems of the future can only be solved by trained minds. The man with the mental training may wear overalls, or he may wear an ambassador's uniform; but in either case he will be of value in proportion to his mental training. The man who cannot think will be always far behind. Worse than that, he will be at the mercy of the man who can think.—The Casket.

### THE LATEST LINCOLN FORGERY UNMASKED

A favorite practice of the professional bigots is the invention and forgery of writings to serve their purpose. They usually consist of impossible Catholic teaching or practice, like the murderous decrees which they falsely pretend to quote from the Canon Law or the fake oath they falsely attributed to the Knights of Columbus. Or there may be an opinion falsely attributed to some great man in whom the American people have reason to place all trust, like the forged Lincoln utterance about the dark cloud he saw on the horizon of this country because of the Jesuits here.

Consistent with these practices is a forged statement only lately coming to our notice, which is also attributed to Lincoln. The Old Lincoln fake is pretty well discredited since the letter of Robert Lincoln to Our Sunday Visitor, written after an examination of his father's writings and papers, in which he repudiates it as a "simple invention." Even professional bigots no longer venture to refer to "the dark cloud Lincoln saw" when appealing to intelligent audiences, although its use has not been entirely discontinued in the back woods.

Now comes this new Lincoln forgery, which is quoted by an organ no less distinguished than the New Age Magazine, the official publication of 38rd degree Scottish Rite Masonry, printed at Washington, D. C. which credits the martyred Lincoln with saying:

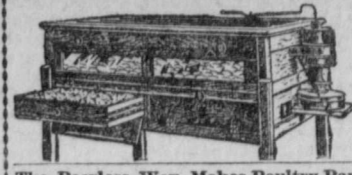
"I have the proof that Archbishop Hughes whom I had sent to Rome that he might urge the Pope to induce the Roman Catholics of the North, at least to be true to their oaths of allegiance, and whom I thanked publicly when under the impression he had acted honestly according to the promise he had given me, is the very man who advised the Pope to recognize the legitimacy of the Southern Confederacy and put the weight of his tiara in the balance against us in favor of our enemies. Such is the perfidy of Jesuits."

For authority the New Age cites "Americanism or Romanism, Which?" a book of its kind written for distribution in connection with anti-Catholic lectures and appealing to a class almost wholly lacking in even elementary knowledge of history. That the New Age would refer to such a book as authority, is certainly to be regretted; it calls for something more than regret that it lends its columns to the dissemination of such a rank and impossible forgery.

DISPROVED

It is a matter of common familiarity to all who know anything at all about the subject, first, that Lincoln did not send Archbishop Hughes to Rome, but to France; second, that his mission had no reference to the Catholics in this country, but was to help to prevent France and England from forming an alliance to recognize and aid the South, as was being discussed in foreign diplomatic circles at the time; third, that the Pope did not recognize the Southern Confederacy but on the contrary refused to accord it recognition, and on the whole acted toward our government in a manner probably more satisfactory than any of the great European powers; fourth, that Archbishop Hughes was not a Jesuit, as some would know better than Lincoln and Secretary Seward, one of his most intimate friends.

This latest example of the professional bigots' willingness to resort to any means to stir up hatred for the Catholic people, would be ridiculous were it not that, in spite of it being so obviously spurious there will be many who will believe it true. And in these times for one who loves his country and sees the sacrifices that Catholics in common with others are making for its sake, it must be a dis-comforting not to say a discrediting belief to hold.—Catholic Transcript.



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LONDON, SATURDAY, MARCH 8, 1919

OFFICIAL

The Archbishop's House. Quebec, 24th Feb., 1919. To His Lordship...

My Lord: His Eminence the Cardinal Archbishop of Quebec...

I have the honor to be My Lord Your Lordship's humble servant...

The Sacred Congregation of the Council Most Holy Father:

The Cardinal Archbishop of Quebec and the other Ordinaries of Canada humbly petition Your Holiness...

In an audience the 14th of January, 1919 Our most Holy Lord BENEDICT XV...

According to Canon Law the days of abstinence during the ordinary weeks of Lent are Friday and Saturday...

THE LENTEN REGULATIONS FOR 1919

THE FOLLOWING ARE THE LENTEN REGULATIONS FOR THE DIOCESE OF LONDON

All days in Lent, Sundays excepted, are fast days. The law of fasting ordains that only one full meal a day be taken...

Flesh meat is allowed at the principal meal on Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays...

The prohibition to use fish and flesh at the same meal during Lent has been abolished.

The Lenten fast and abstinence cease at 12 o'clock noon on Holy Saturday.

Persons under twenty one years of age or those who have reached their sixtieth year are not bound by the law of fasting...

The precept of abstinence obliges all who have completed their seventh year, even those who have passed the age of sixty.

Soldiers serving in the Army or Navy are exempt from both fast and abstinence, with the exception of Ash Wednesday, Good Friday, and the forenoon of Holy Saturday...

A person dispensed from abstinence is not thereby dispensed from fasting, and vice versa, if he is allowed several meals a day, this does not mean that he need not keep the abstinence...

In order, however, to safeguard conscience, the faithful should have the judgment of their pastor or confessor in all cases...

Whatever may be the obligation in the matter of fast or abstinence, Lent is for everybody a season of mortification and of penance.

Pastors are earnestly requested to preach during the holy season of Lent the necessity of penance and the obligation of Christian mortification.

As in the past, two appropriate week day services will be held in each Church, and the necessary permission for Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament on these occasions is hereby accorded.

A special effort ought also to be made to have the sacred practice of family prayer in common, and especially the recitation of the Rosary, a duty of honor and religion during this penitential time.

✠ MICHAEL FRANCIS FALLON, Bishop of London.

THE INSINUATION OF "DISLOYALTY"

Ireland in the recent election having given her mandate to Sinn Fein whose avowed policy is to make Ireland an independent republic, it has become the usual thing on the part of a certain type of Canadians to meet any expression of sympathy with Ireland's struggle for national freedom with the taunt of disloyalty.

There was a time when good sense as well as the rules of logic demanded as an essential condition for intelligent discussion the definition of terms.

The use of terms in no clearly defined sense is characteristic of an age of half-education, loose-thinking and looser talking.

So we have a right to expect, and we do expect, that England will now come to an understanding with Ireland and continue the partnership.

Only a few weeks ago Lloyd George and Bonar Law in their election manifesto said: "There can be no political peace in the kingdom or the empire while the Irish question remains unsettled."

And if it is not settled, as the great Canadian who just been gathered to his fathers had the courageous loyalty to say, it means the bankruptcy of British statesmanship.

Disloyal! They are disloyal and they dishonor England and the traditions and institutions which are the glory of the British Empire, who prevent or who do not do all in their power to further the solution of the one great question on which the good name, the stability and mayhap the very existence of that Empire depends.

Laurier and the Bilingual Resolution

The interesting fact is now disclosed that the late Liberal chieftain resigned the leadership when he found that his English-speaking followers were strongly opposed to the bilingual resolution on the Ontario situation.

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None was asked. In the pre-Confederation debates the only discussion was on the proposed substitution of "shall" for "may" in respect of the clause relating to the debates in Parliament.

By the British North America Act there is no right or legal standing whatever given to the French language outside of Quebec except in the Federal Parliament and Federal Courts.

What then is the meaning and purpose of Sinn Fein? Over and over again we have shown how constitutionalism was killed in Ireland—slain in the house of its friends, who now bewail the fact that other methods have taken its place.

Brown and Jones are in partnership and Brown is the "predominant partner." He has the greater capital invested, he controls the business absolutely to suit himself...

He has the greater capital invested, he controls the business absolutely to suit himself; he has grown rich, Jones has grown poor.

For years Jones, who though the junior partner has his all invested, has sought by every means in his power to secure a square deal from his powerful and domineering partner.

At times some minor concessions are ungraciously thrown at him, but he remains unsatisfied, discontented, and finally comes right out with the proposition to dissolve partnership.

That is out of the question; you can't do that." But, insists the junior partner, I have an absolutely legal right to demand a dissolution of partnership.

You don't own me body and soul, the days of slavery are past. I insist on my right and hereby serve notice that I wish the partnership dissolved.

But that would ruin my business," the predominant partner replies, as if that were final and conclusive. "Sorry," says Jones, "but since we can't get along together we must under our business relationship. It is my right if I choose to exercise it, and I am now about to take the necessary legal proceedings to withdraw from the firm and set up in business for myself.

No court will refuse my application." At this stage it might be expected that Brown would endeavor to come to an understanding with his partner if he avers he cannot think of carrying on business without him.

This is the stage at which Ireland and England have now arrived. That Ireland, according to the declarations of universal democratic principles made over and over again during the four great years just past, has the right to determine her own national destiny is beyond all manner of doubt or question.

It would revolt the conscience of civilization to deny to Ireland what is granted to Poland, to Roumania, to the Czechoslovaks and the Yugo-Slavs.

So we have a right to expect, and we do expect, that England will now come to an understanding with Ireland and continue the partnership.

Thus at any rate has the Sinn Fein policy put the matter squarely up to the predominant partner.

Only a few weeks ago Lloyd George and Bonar Law in their election manifesto said: "There can be no political peace in the kingdom or the empire while the Irish question remains unsettled."

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Neglect of Civic Duties

BY THE GLEANER A careful examination of the question will reveal the fact that much of the social and economic unrest that is so evident at present, and which manifests itself in revolutions, socialism and labor strikes, may be traced to the neglect of the individual to perform his civic duties.

The State was created for the individual, not the individual for the State. The State should consequently represent the individual whose creation it is. That it often does not, neither in its municipal, provincial or federal departments, is due to the fact that the citizen has not exercised his franchise or has not performed that duty wisely and honestly.

The result is that the government becomes entrenched in power and largely independent of the citizen through the latter's supineness or mercenary proclivities.

Little by little the rights of the individual are being encroached upon. Protests become louder and louder as the voter feels the fetters that he has forged for himself becoming more and more galling.

At last the breaks out in rebellion against the authority of its own making. It is idle to talk about "government for the people, of the people, and by the people" if individual citizens do not give thought to civic questions and exercise their franchise intelligently.

That at a time like the present when Ireland's part in the late War is misinterpreted and underestimated, the bearded veteran of five wars who was a conspicuous figure at the

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citizen through the latter's supineness or mercenary proclivities. Little by little the rights of the individual are being encroached upon.

big soldiers' banquet in Toronto last week bore the name Michael Brophy should not have been without instruction to those present.

The proportion of Irishmen in any gathering of British veterans is always large. In the Toronto gathering General Paul Pau, with the discerning eye of an old soldier, was quick to single out Michael Brophy and to do him signal honor.

THAT LUXURIOUS living and self-indulgence are not the highways to health and happiness has been demonstrated once more during the War.

The Lancet, England's chief medical journal, along this line has been noted in the Canadian press and cannot receive too much publicity.

It is the old lesson that plain living makes for high thinking, and reasonable abstemiousness for bodily health and vigor.

IN DISCUSSING the vexed question of Imperial titles in the Dominion the Canada Law Times thinks that a wise compromise might be found by distinguishing between prefixes and affixes—that is, by retaining the letters K. C. B., K. C. M. G., C. B., and so forth (just as university graduates use the affixes B. A., M. A., LL. B., etc.) and by dropping the prefix "Sir."

On the principle that it is fitting honorable public service should receive some sort of recognition there is much to be said for the Law Times' view.

IT IS ANNOUNCED that in the work of restoration of the devastated part of France, Norway, a neutral throughout the War, is to help by planting a belt of Norwegian forest trees.

France had always jealously guarded her forests and their ruthless destruction by the German armies was a blow felt scarcely less keenly than the destruction of her cathedrals.

Much enthusiasm has on that account developed in France for the scheme, and the fact that, as proposed, it is to be carried out without imposing the slightest burden on France is honorable to the Government and people of Norway.

WORK ON the scheme is, it is further announced, to begin immediately, and the idea is to send a forestry party of fifty men, fully equipped with tools, tents and stores, and to plant 250 acres annually for a period of five years.

The tentative zone for planting is from Adrennes toward the Belgian frontier, behind Arras, a country fought over time and time again during the four years of war.

IN THIS connection the thought arises that at least some of the historic churches so viciously bombed by German artillery are not damaged beyond repair.

THE cathedral of Amiens for example, will, it is now definitely stated, live again. The nave is but a shell, from the empty organ case in the western gallery to the brick foundation.

There are holes in the vaulting of the south choir aisle, and the once beautiful leaded glass hangs in ragged strips. There are no holes, however, in the main fabric, and some of the missing glass from the great windows has been preserved intact.

THE front is entirely uninjured, and so are the nave and transepts of grey Piquigny stone, splendid in their simplicity and freedom from adornment.

"No wonder," says a writer in the London Chronicle, "that Amiens and all France celebrates so hazardous an escape with joy. To the whole world, in fact, the destruction of Amiens cathedral would have been a loss hardly surpassed by the destruction of the Parthenon in Athens."

THE illustrious statesman," said Archbishop Mathieu, "now lies before the altars of this church. He has now passed before the tribunal of God to account for his life, and impartial history shall tell the coming generations of his unquesting qualities of both heart and mind."

WHOLELY dead. His soul lives; it is now facing its God and Judge, and his qualities, but it begs of us to pompously chant his name in prayer, of a pious thought. The press, reviews, books, all have already told of Laurier's high qualities; all have united in a common accent of appreciation, and all have lauded his great merits."

THE GREAT LOVE FOR HIS COUNTRY "There is one great truth about Laurier," continued Archbishop Mathieu: "a truth that no one shall ever contest, that is his passionate love for his country. Yes, Laurier loved his Canada; he worked with never ceasing energy toward its prosperity and development, and it may be said with truth that Laurier spent his whole life, every day of his life, in the service of this country, which he always strove to make a nest of happiness for all who inhabited Canada. He was born in Quebec and loved his Province. He admired the kind and generous character of the Quebec habitant, he loved the honest soul of Quebec, the happiness of its patriarchal homes. For over half a century Laurier was the representative in the Canadian Commons of Quebec, that flower of France cultivated by Albion. Laurier loved old Quebec, and old Quebec in turn dearly loved Laurier."

THE CANADA MEANT TO LAURIER "But Laurier equally loved Canada as large. To him Canada was a land of promise, a land blessed by God, a land that held for him a secret of happiness equalled by no other soil in the world. He loved Canada, so rich in all the gifts of nature. He loved his country because it was his country, because, if I may quote from a noted author, it gave an idea of the splendor of heaven: 'Oh Lord, what then must Heaven be, that You gave such splendor to this world?'" Laurier proved by his unending efforts to give it prosperity, happiness, wealth. "And Laurier made it the goal of his life to work toward the welfare of his fellow-citizens. He well understood and strove to make it understood by all, that we are not born for hatred, but for love; that one must ever see the good in one's neighbor, and never credit him with ill will toward others. Laurier felt, and he strove to make all others feel, that one sole affection should bind all Canadians in a common good-will, in a common determination of bringing to all happiness through this Christian unity.

irresistibly that as one of Canada's greatest contributions to the Allied cause during the progress of hostilities was in the department of forestry it would be fitting that she should have some part in the same service during the period of reconstruction now happily entered upon.

IN THIS matter of reconstruction in France it is gratifying to learn that at least some of the historic churches so viciously bombed by German artillery are not damaged beyond repair.

THE cathedral of Amiens for example, will, it is now definitely stated, live again. The nave is but a shell, from the empty organ case in the western gallery to the brick foundation.

There are holes in the vaulting of the south choir aisle, and the once beautiful leaded glass hangs in ragged strips. There are no holes, however, in the main fabric, and some of the missing glass from the great windows has been preserved intact.

THE front is entirely uninjured, and so are the nave and transepts of grey Piquigny stone, splendid in their simplicity and freedom from adornment.

"No wonder," says a writer in the London Chronicle, "that Amiens and all France celebrates so hazardous an escape with joy. To the whole world, in fact, the destruction of Amiens cathedral would have been a loss hardly surpassed by the destruction of the Parthenon in Athens."

THE illustrious statesman," said Archbishop Mathieu, "now lies before the altars of this church. He has now passed before the tribunal of God to account for his life, and impartial history shall tell the coming generations of his unquesting qualities of both heart and mind."

WHOLELY dead. His soul lives; it is now facing its God and Judge, and his qualities, but it begs of us to pompously chant his name in prayer, of a pious thought. The press, reviews, books, all have already told of Laurier's high qualities; all have united in a common accent of appreciation, and all have lauded his great merits."

THE GREAT LOVE FOR HIS COUNTRY "There is one great truth about Laurier," continued Archbishop Mathieu: "a truth that no one shall ever contest, that is his passionate love for his country. Yes, Laurier loved his Canada; he worked with never ceasing energy toward its prosperity and development, and it may be said with truth that Laurier spent his whole life, every day of his life, in the service of this country, which he always strove to make a nest of happiness for all who inhabited Canada. He was born in Quebec and loved his Province. He admired the kind and generous character of the Quebec habitant, he loved the honest soul of Quebec, the happiness of its patriarchal homes. For over half a century Laurier was the representative in the Canadian Commons of Quebec, that flower of France cultivated by Albion. Laurier loved old Quebec, and old Quebec in turn dearly loved Laurier."

THE CANADA MEANT TO LAURIER "But Laurier equally loved Canada as large. To him Canada was a land of promise, a land blessed by God, a land that held for him a secret of happiness equalled by no other soil in the world. He loved Canada, so rich in all the gifts of nature. He loved his country because it was his country, because, if I may quote from a noted author, it gave an idea of the splendor of heaven: 'Oh Lord, what then must Heaven be, that You gave such splendor to this world?'" Laurier proved by his unending efforts to give it prosperity, happiness, wealth. "And Laurier made it the goal of his life to work toward the welfare of his fellow-citizens. He well understood and strove to make it understood by all, that we are not born for hatred, but for love; that one must ever see the good in one's neighbor, and never credit him with ill will toward others. Laurier felt, and he strove to make all others feel, that one sole affection should bind all Canadians in a common good-will, in a common determination of bringing to all happiness through this Christian unity.

"Laurier believed this union feasible between fellow-citizens who have at heart the same motives of love, God and country; who have the self-same aspirations toward the triumph of good-will.

NOTES AND COMMENTS THAT AT a time like the present when Ireland's part in the late War is misinterpreted and underestimated, the bearded veteran of five wars who was a conspicuous figure at the

citizen through the latter's supineness or mercenary proclivities. Little by little the rights of the individual are being encroached upon.

Protests become louder and louder as the voter feels the fetters that he has forged for himself becoming more and more galling.

At last the breaks out in rebellion against the authority of its own making. It is idle to talk about "government for the people, of the people, and by the people" if individual citizens do not give thought to civic questions and exercise their franchise intelligently.

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PREACHED RACE UNITY

"No one better than Laurier understood that there are hundreds of questions on which honest men have a right to differ, but at the same time have the duty to forgive; and the political questions are so complicated, especially in a land like ours, their practical solution depends on so many and so varied circumstances that it is often better that men animated with the same desire of serving their country may not agree as to the means of proceeding. Laurier, better than anyone else, understood that the various nationalities that dispute one another the influence and preponderance on this continent are not vowed to be adverse one to the other; for competition does not imply rivalry, much less animosity, and rivalry, good accord does not imply fusion."

NATIONAL LIFE DEPENDS ON GOOD WILL

"Why, then, not live in harmony, keeping in mind that most of the nations have been formed of heterogeneous elements, such as their flags are made of strips of silk or wool stitched together? Stone and brick are far from homogeneous. Still, the two go to build a strong wall. And what makes their common strength? Cement."

"The cement we need, in a country like ours, is the great principles of charity, fraternity, tolerance and justice that were brought to this world by the Man God and which generated humanity. They alone can produce harmony where reigns discord. And with these sentiments at heart we shall produce the most happy race in the world, for none has inherited a country so rich, so plentiful, so agreeable, so beautiful as our Canada, the land of promise to the race that will understand individual rights and respect them."

"And I say that those were the sentiments that guided him whose loss the country at large mourns this very day." After reviewing the qualities of Sir Wilfrid Laurier as a statesman, as a speaker, as a citizen, Bishop Mathieu recalled that ever Laurier will be remembered as a great man, one of the greatest, if not the greatest, of all our contemporary Canada. "As I speak, today, on Laurier's life," added Archbishop Mathieu, "I feel like a man who has but a few minutes to visit a beautiful and spacious garden. I have merely walked through the main avenue, viewing here and there only a few of the glorious flowers I saw. But of the high esteem in which entire Canada held Laurier, I want no further proof than the deep sorrow exhibited by all at the news of his demise."

REV. FATHER BURKE'S SERMON

Laurier's Life Message and Work

(Staff Correspondence of The Globe)

Ottawa, Feb. 23.—Rev. John E. Burke, O.S.B., of Toronto, who preached the funeral sermon in English at the Basilica, gave an eloquent and profoundly impressive address. He spoke in terms of high eulogy of the character and life of the deceased statesman—and spoke as one who knew and loved him. Father Burke selected as his text:

"Moreover, they bewailed him and all Israel made lamentations for him, and mourned many days, saying, 'How is the valiant man fallen that delivered Israel.'"—Mac. ix: 26, 21.

In the solemn salient he spoke as follows:

"The task which rests upon me this morning is, indeed, a mournful one. I am unable to give you a clearer idea of it than by repeating to you the expressive, picturesque terms used in Holy Writ to sound the virtues and deplore the death of him whose virtues were so outstanding that the very stones prated of them—the saintly and soldierly Judas Maccabeus. This man whom Providence raised up to lead His chosen people; who defended the cities of Judea; who subdued the pride of the Children of Ammon and Esau; who so loved truth that he burned the gods of the pagan nations upon their altars—this man whom his people thought well nigh indispensable to their nation one day suddenly met death upon the field of battle. At the first report of this disaster the people were moved—floods of tears ran from their eyes. For a time they were dumb. Then, at length, breaking the long silence, they gave expression to their grief, crying in a loud voice, 'Why is that great man dead who saved the people of Israel?'"

In the picturesque language of the inspired author we are told that Judas himself rebuked his weeping; the arches of the temple trembled; the Jordan was troubled, and its banks re-echoed the sound of those mournful words, 'Why is that great man dead who saved the people of Israel?'"

MOURNING A GREAT LEADER

Christian men and women, whom the obsequies of this day assemble in this temple, behold yourselves in the affliction which befell the Israelites of old. They had lost their cherished leader, devoted to the highest ideals of the people. We, too, have lost ours. We have lost him whom we oft acclaimed our nation's best. We mourn one who came to us from a period that is now passed. We lament the demise of him who was great in success, great in adversity, the foe of tyranny, the lover of democracy, devoted to the service of his king and country, and as we gaze now upon your casket that contains his mortal remains there come the pang of regret, the lump in the throat, tears to our eyes, and, like the people of ancient days in Old Jerusalem, we exclaim, 'Why is that great man dead who saved the people of Israel?'"

I would to the living God this morning that His spirit might quicken my tongue that I might do justice to the virtues of this figure, who for so many years benignly and yet affectionately guided the Government of this free country. I find comfort in the thought that God and not God can justly judge any man. There is a danger, however, standing in the shadow of this national catastrophe one might run to hyperbole. Am I not right in attributing to Sir Wilfrid Laurier a description he once used of that lover of Canadian freedom, Louis Joseph Papi- neau? Did, he said, 'any man ever live better fitted to be the idol of a nation? A man of commanding presence, of majestic countenance, of impassioned eloquence, of unblemished character, of pure, disinterested patriotism, for years he held over the hearts of his countrymen almost unbounded sway.'"

'VARITY' NOTEWORTHY TRIBUTE

His commanding presence! Is it out of place, next to reverence, in this temple dedicated to the Most High, that I should speak of one of God's outstanding gifts to this dead Knight? Is it puerile, my brethren? Did not Mark Antony speak of Cæsar's very mantle? Yes, a man of commanding figure was the dead Chief! Who shall forget the noble brow, the chiselled mouth, the classic features, and the erect, kingly form? He was ever the embodiment of grace. To the endowment of God he added the polish of a Chesterfield. There was a verve about Sir Wilfrid that one would expect to accompany his physical comeliness. Truly he was a romantic figure! A representative of an age that is gone. Are not we who were vouchsafed the vision of the Chief! in the flesh, are we not the poorer that we shall not look upon his face again?"

His Impassioned Eloquence!

When I speak of the eloquence of Laurier my mind instinctively goes back three years to a speech delivered on the historic occasion when the Hudson Bay Company and the North West Company, which culminated in a murder in art in the city of Toronto in the early part of the nineteenth century. Those who heard him that night, aged as he was with the frost of seventy winters upon his brow, may well recall the genius of Laurier as he made those vigorous old voyageurs of 'the forest primeval' walk before us. He clothed them with flesh and blood. Under the spell of Laurier's oratory they were not spectators from a dead past. No! They lived and moved and had their being before our very eyes. The Varity, the students' organ of Toronto University, asked the next morning: "Why cannot our professors make history as interesting as Laurier?"

HE LIVED HIS FAITH

Or when I speak of eloquence, some of you recall that July night, more than thirty years ago, when he delivered what many consider the finest speech of his life, on the occasion of the Riel debate. Edward Blake declared it to be the crowning proof of French domination, and the finest speech delivered in Canada since Confederation. Sir Wilfrid's speeches reveal the man. There is logic in the thoughts, majesty in the ideas, beauty and grace in his diction. The predominating thoughts seem to be individual liberty, equal opportunity for all, radical and religious harmony, a fervent and undying love for Canada, and a pride in its approach to nationhood. Upon all his phrases there plays like the sun upon autumn woods, beautifying and transforming them, a mysticism that is charming, and sadly wanting in this practical age.

And now I come, most revered sirs and brethren, to Sir Wilfrid's unblemished character and his pure, disinterested love of country. In this connection let me say a word of something which, in my mind, explains in a large measure his unstinted service to country, and also his unblemished character. I refer to Laurier's Catholicism. His religion was no professional Catholicism. His religion was too sacred a thing to be dragged into the arena of political controversy. He did not spend his time writing tracts or delivering unctuous phrases. The fact is, his faith illuminated most of what he said or did. He, when he differed with some Church dignitaries, exclaimed: "No word of bitterness shall ever escape my lips against the Church. I respect it and I love it." Witness her influence in his devotion to his country. With Sir Wilfrid loyal service was something more than a sentiment. Loyalty to him was clothed with the hierarchic purple of Catholicism. Am I not right, Your Excellency, in stating that love of country is of solemn obligation in our holy religion? Am I not right when I say that that obligation has its sanction in the virtue of religion? Am I incorrect when I state that, as we owe to God adoration because He is the author of our being, and as we give obedience and reverence to our parents because they represent God and bestow upon us physical existence, so, too, Cath-

olicism commands me to give to the land of my birth, which confers upon me social existence, allegiance to the point of death itself.

LIFE-TIME OF PUBLIC SERVICE

Herein is the secret of Laurier's devotion. Who in recent years, if ever, in any country in the world, stood forth as a finer champion of the best in public service than he whom today this country mourns? Forty-eight years of unremitting toil! Forty-eight years of consecration! Here he has been the true Knight to God, to King, to country he dedicated the play of his many talents, the sweep of his vision, the benefit of his initiative and good judgment. Under his sceptre the country prospered. He came to power when Canada was on the verge of dissolution. To many Confederation seemed a failure; the country was torn with racial and religious dissension; Nova Scotia was disgruntled; Manitoba disorganised; Quebec was defiant. To the problems that confronted him Sir Wilfrid gave the impact of his genius. When this Knight lay down his shield the country was infinitely better off than when he took it up. Five millions of people had grown to eight; thousands of miles of new railroads were built; the wheat fields of the West blossomed, bringing wealth and contentment to many; great manufacturing plants were developed; foreign trade was forward by leaps and bounds; Provincial, religious and racial controversies became less acute; Provincial patriotism gave place to a broader patriotism. He found the country a colony, he left it a nation respected in the galaxy of Common wealths that constitute the British Empire. And all these things the Chief! did with hands unweary. His character remained unblemished.

A MEMORY THAT WILL NOT PERISH

His memory will not die; summer will give place to summer here in the Northland; the cold blasts of many winters will rise and subside; tide will give place to tide; but while men live and heroes are respected and mothers tell stories to their little ones, the memory of Sir Wilfrid Laurier shall not perish. The time allotted to me is already spent; I must hurry; let me say one word more. Your Excellency, whose priestly virtues are so many, you have honored the occasion with your presence, may I, sir, ask you when you resume the holy sacrifice of the Mass, when you come to the commemoration of the living to remember her with whom this nation sympathizes, the faithful partner of Sir Wilfrid's many years, she to whom he was devoted. Pray for her that God may sustain her with true Christian fortitude, and grant her that consolation that God alone can give.

Remember, too, Your Excellency, soul of the gentlemanly Laurier, Canadian Knight-errant of the twentieth century. Pray for him that God may vouchsafe him the joy of that region of 'refreshment, light, and peace.' Somehow I think God has sent fit to welcome Sir Wilfrid home. Burns Jones, the painter, has depicted the figure of Christ on a wayside cross in France, stooping down to kiss the forehead of a Knight. The legend upon which the painting is based is that this Knight met on the way his worst enemy and forgave him. As the Knight knelt to pray at the cross roads Calvary, the figure of Christ suddenly became living, and for the Christian charity displayed by the Knight kissed him upon the forehead. I like to think that Sir Wilfrid's great virtues, great deeds for God and country, cried out trumpet tongued for similar treatment to that which was meted out to the Knight of old. Let, however, our standard of sinlessness differ from that of God, pray that the Author of All, the God of the heavens may have mercy and grant pardon to him.

To you, distinguished sons of Canada, who have been honored by being chosen pall-bearers for Sir Wilfrid, may I address a word to you? Bear him away gently, oh so gently. He is our loved one; the nation's beloved. When you have arrived at the grave lay him down tenderly, for the sod seldom covered a nobler heart than that of Wilfrid Laurier.

ON WOODEN CHAIR

SIR WILFRID WORSHIPPED FOR MONTHS IN A HUMBLE BASEMENT

(Staff Correspondence of The Globe)

Ottawa, Feb. 23.—Father Laflamme, the parish priest of the Church of the Sacred Heart, which Sir Wilfrid Laurier used to attend in Ottawa, paid a sterling tribute to the departed statesman in the course of the service this morning.

"He loved, as he used to say, the dear Church of the Sacred Heart," said Father Laflamme. "He loved it in the days of its prosperity as in the days of its adversity. Under all circumstances he lent the aid of his influence."

"After the fire in the old church the situation was particularly trying. The services had to be held in a humble basement. But Sir Wilfrid, then Prime Minister of the country, instead of seeking accommodation in some of the other churches, was content, like the others, to occupy a little wooden chair and a humble prie-dieu. Whoever the preacher, he listened at ways with the same attention to the exposition of the Word of God."

THE SERVICES IN THE BASILICA

PEROSI'S REQUIEM MASS SUNG BY MASSES CHOIRS

REVERENT THROUG SWAYED BY PROFOUND EMOTION

(Staff Correspondence of The Globe)

Ottawa, Feb. 23.—In the Basilica Saturday afternoon the greatest thing was neither the Mass nor the funeral service of the late Right Hon. Sir Wilfrid Laurier. It was not the rolling tones of the organ, the intoning of priests and prelates, the responses and singing of the large and splendid choir, nor the sincere, eloquent and well-directed eulogies of Sir Wilfrid by Mgr. Mathieu, Archbishop of Regina, and the Rev. Father John Burke, Priest Father, of Toronto. Neither was it the fact that the occasion had called together more distinguished men of action and thought and letters from all walks of life and all parts of Canada than any funeral has done since Canadian history. Nor was it the bronze casket, resting amid the cathedral-like beauty of the canopied catafalque, surrounded above and below by pyramided lights from one hundred and seventy candles from which faint, white wreaths of smoke sped constantly, slanting upward into invisibility, as though paving a spirit path for the soul into the beyond. Nor was it the silent galleries, packed with ladies and members of the press, nor the saddened hearts of sorrowing relatives and friends, where all felt themselves to be mourners and friends, nor the reverent air which clung more closely than a garment on the men and manner of every person who entered the church. The greatest thing was not one of these, though drawing sustenance from each, and in its turn deepening the solemnity, beauty and impressiveness of the services, accentuating the sternness and the solace of the music and making vivid and living the words of the speakers. The greatest thing, the real thing, was the memory of Sir Wilfrid himself.

MEMORIES OF THE MAN

There was scarcely one—if one of that assemblage of more than 2,000 persons who had not cherished memories of Sir Wilfrid either in a private or public capacity. Not a single reference to the crowded incidents and accomplishments of Canada's great Premier from the time he was born at St. Lin, Quebec, on November 20, 1841, to the time of his death last Monday afternoon, was made that did not produce crowding reminiscences in the mind of each who listened. Just the word "St. Lin" would bring to the Mayor, Aldermen and others from Sir Wilfrid's birthplace recollections of their mothers' tales of "the little gentleman" as the women unanimously called him in his boyhood. So were there present people who knew him at Arthursville, hundreds who had worked with or fought against him in Ottawa, or throughout the Dominion of Canada, many of different parties who remembered with what a swelling of pride they had witnessed his triumphs in the old world, and the dignity and grace which shed honor on the title of "Premier of Canada." There were also those who had been heartened by him after what seemed disastrous defeat, and they recalled his words and the miraculous way he had of seeming and being as great in defeat as when in power.

THE FRIEND OF CHILDREN

There were moist-eyed women in the gallery who remembered how he greeted and noticed children, more than two thousand mental moving picture galleries were in intense action throughout the service, and in each it was a living Sir Wilfrid who chatted, smiled, made speeches, remembered a man's name, smoothed out quarrels, worked for Canada, made personal friends of opponents and refused to lose his head over all the hero-worship of Liberals or be embittered by opponents. And yet—remembering Sir Wilfrid was never more alive in men's minds—yet, all the time the coffin lay in the catafalque, even the great golden crown hanging high above it from the lofty, sky-blue, star-bespangled ceiling of the nave could not prevent that coffin giving a leaden depression, a dull grief and a sense of utter loss to all these recollections. The black and gold draping of chancel and galleries gave a touch of sombre sadness.

THE IMPRESSIVE SERVICE

After the mortal remains were received at the door of the Basilica by the Rev. Father Laflamme, parish priest of the Church of the Sacred Heart, which Sir Wilfrid had attended during life, the coffin was carried high on the shoulders of six Dominion policemen to the catafalque, where four young men stood on guard throughout the service. The Mass, evolved by the Catholic Church to its present solemnity and impressiveness through the experiences of nineteen centuries, lasted an hour and a half. There were passages of singular beauty to which even the numerous Protestants could bow an assenting heart as they followed the English translation of the Latin words in the service.

In the Solemn Pontifical Mass

the Apostle Delegate to Canada, Mgr. Pietro Di Maria, officiated, with Mgr. J. O. Routhier, Administrator of Ottawa Diocese while Archbishop Gauthier is in Baltimore, as priest assistant. Canon Campano acted as honorary deacon, Canon Plante as sub-deacon of honor, and Rev. Father F. Mayrand as deacon of office, with

a sub-deacon from l'Assumption College, Sir Wilfrid's alma mater. The master of ceremonies was the Rev. Father R. Martin of the Basilica. There was a massed choir of 76 voices made up from the other Catholic churches in Hull and Ottawa. The playing of the organ before the Mass after the church lasted for 50 minutes before the last member of the procession had found his seat. Even then many with tickets of admittance found that there was not room for them, as it was an absolute impossibility to look after them all.

Before the funeral service following the Mass, Mr. J. B. Saucier, who had sung at the last public address made by Sir Wilfrid in Montreal, sang "Les Adieux" of Schubert. At length the service ended in Latin with the words: "Eternal rest grant unto him, O Lord, and let perpetual light shine upon him. May he rest in peace. Amen. May his soul and the souls of all the faithful departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace. Amen." Then followed the eloquent tributes of Mgr. Mathieu and Rev. Father Burke.

WILL FRENCH MINISTER RETURN TO THE VATICAN

(C. P. A. Service)

Paris, Feb. 20.—A pronouncement, important to the Catholic world, was made recently in the French Chamber by M. Poincaré. In reply to several suggestions from deputies regarding the question of the Alsace Lorraine frontiers, the minister paid a high tribute to the patriotism of the Catholic clergy of these provinces. Then, in the further course of his speech, he made the announcement that there was no question of an official resumption of relations between the French Government and the Vatican.

The announcement came somewhat startling.

During the months of the summer of 1918 the question of the resumption of diplomatic relations with the Vatican was raised in the most unexpected quarters, and one non-Catholic publicist in particular brought forward cogent reasons why France should once more be represented by its minister to the Holy See.

It may be, though it cannot be stated with any degree of certainty, that the restoration of Alsace Lorraine to France will have a deciding effect on this policy of the government.

It appears certain, however, that Alsace will make it necessary for the French Government to reconsider its present policy towards the Catholic Church.

A VALUABLE LESSON

Our friend, J. Godfrey Raupert, never writes more interestingly than when he indulges in reminiscence concerning his life in the Anglican Church. During a period of about ten years he was a zealous and honored clergyman of that communion; and when he left it for the Catholic Church, he had to suffer the trying loss of his closest friends and of his only source of income. The tremendous sacrifice which his conversion entailed has been recompensed in manifold ways by the good God whose inspirations he so faithfully followed. His mother-in-law, the wife of Major Gardner of the English army, soon followed him into the Church and her conversion was followed, in the course of time, by that of his wife and herself. His only son was ordained a Dominican priest about four years since.

Deprived of his living by his change of faith, Mr. Raupert has been obliged since then, to maintain himself by writing. His first book, "Roads to Rome," brought him into prominence, and his reputation as a writer was enhanced by his work entitled "Ten Years in Anglican Orders." He is unquestionably the highest authority in the world on the subject of Spiritism, and his writings and lectures on psychic matters have served immeasurably to stay the spread of that insidious cult.

In the latest number of the Ave Maria Mr. Raupert testifies to the utter inadequacy of the Protestant system to provide the requisite spiritual aid and comfort to the souls of men. His article is entitled "A Great and Valuable Lesson Taught," and in explaining this lesson he writes from ample experience. Speaking of his clerical ministrations in the Anglican church, he says: "I will remember how frequently and strikingly this defect came home to me in the course of my life and ministrations as an Anglican clergyman. My first appointment upon my ordination was to a large and busy parish in an eastern suburb of London, where I had opportunities of studying the practical working of the Protestant system of thought under what I still regard as exceptionally favorable conditions. Our staff consisted of the rector and three curates; and I think I may say that we were all men of sincere faith and desperately in earnest—ready, night and day, to minister to our people, and to bring them all that the Gospel of Jesus Christ, as we understood it, has to offer to shipwrecked humanity.

"I had a large and thickly populated district assigned to me, and I did all I could to aid, to the best of my ability, those who desired my aid. I relieved their material and temporal needs according to the means at my disposal, and I endeavored to assist them in the time of sickness and of death. It was at such times, however, when they were smitten by disease and nearing death, that I most frequently became conscious of my utter helplessness and of the inadequacy of the means of spiritual aid provided by the Protestant system. Again and again did I stand by the bed of the sick and dying, or come away from a death bed, with a painful sense of complete and utter failure,—with a consciousness that something was radically wrong somewhere, if I could not lay my hands upon it and call it by its proper name. I never failed to realize that the soul to which I strove so earnestly to minister was really a sealed book to me; and that I could never, under any circumstances, be sure whether I had in my ministrations, said and done the right thing."

Mr. Raupert found in the Catholic Church the adequate spiritual help which were wanting in the church of his early allegiance.

Like Newman, whose writings largely contributed to his conversion, he has employed his time and his talents, since his conversion, in trying to bring others to a realization of these helps.—Catholic Union and Times.

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH EXTENSION SOCIETY OF CANADA

UNITY OF SPIRIT

The death of Sir Wilfrid Laurier has brought forth a volume of praise that can easily be understood by those who knew the goodness and greatness of his character and the high ideals of statesmanship which governed his political life. The press is pointing out to us the many maxims which he followed in governing the country and the worthy manner in which he always interpreted the Constitution. Above all is pointed out to us how much he endeavored to inculcate in public life the necessity of harmony and unity. We frankly confess that without this spirit Confederation will be an impossibility.

We notice it in this column for the purpose of recalling another subject just as important, the necessity of unity among Catholics. To mention this important matter is no doubt to be suspected of referring necessarily to political union. We wish to say immediately that we are not concerned with politics. We are speaking of unity among Catholics in matters of Catholic endeavor, matters that concern our faith and its practices.

It is not very necessary to recall here how much Our Divine Lord insisted upon unity of faith. He spoke about it, prayed that His Apostles might have it ever as He and God the Father and showed His heroic solicitude even for the lost sheep of the fold. In practice we have unity of belief, unity of Catholic truth, but do we so often realize that among us there might be greater unity of endeavor? The Church constituted by Christ, with a supreme Pontiff has in her very organization a ready means to make our efforts practically united because through our union with Him we have an ever present source of authority and instruction. Our first duty therefore will very evidently be to heed the voice of our supreme Pontiff when speaking on matters that concern the daily practices of faith. The guidance which he gives is received by our pastors, both bishops and priests and is handed down to us by them and applied according to our immediate necessities.

This intimate union which brings into our daily lives the direction of the Vicar of Christ becomes effective only when there is on the part of the members of the Church a constant deference towards their pastors and a recognition of their authority in matters concerning our spiritual welfare. Happy is the lot of both pastors and people when this condition of unity of spirit prevails. We exhort our readers to ever remember that when this spirit is gone only confusion and loss of souls can be the result. The ordinary members of the church should therefore remember that the greatest spiritual calamity which can befall them is the loss of this unity.

When we glance, on the other hand, at the beautiful effects of constant cooperation between pastors and people in the work of the church we cannot but realize how great are the benefits. In the parish where priest and people work harmoniously the greatest good is sure to come, piety flourishes, family life is purified, schools are erected and maintained and even the purposes of higher education are not neglected. Everyone shares in these great benefits. The whole community is strengthened in the graces of God who blesses as He said those who would break the Kingdom of God and His justice.

For Catholic people their first duty then is to cooperate with the work of their pastors. We recall it here simply to show that we never have forgotten that a work such as we carry on in Catholic Church Extension comes afterwards. We do not fear, however, to be forgotten. The parishes doing most at home and working in constant cooperation with their zealous pastors are the first to recognize our claims of charity. We

pled for aid to those not so happily situated as they themselves and our reports show clearly that the appeal is not in vain. Nor can it be otherwise. When our Holy Father, the Pope, at the request of the bishops established this bond of charity between the different parts of the Church in Canada, he was thinking first of the necessity of priests for our great and growing provinces of the West. The parishes with zealous pastors are therefore sympathetic with all appeals to provide the labourers for the Vineyard of Christ. They think of those without church or sacrament, they think of their lack of schools, they think of the dangers of their pioneer life and so provide as far as their means allow the necessary aid and encouragement. Since our work is in Canada they feel too that it will be an assistance to help educate a priest for the West? What can you do to help the Catholic Church Extension?

Donations may be addressed to:

Rev. T. O'Donnell, President, Catholic Church Extension Society, 87 Bond St., Toronto

Contributions through this office should be addressed to:

EXTENSION, CATHOLIC RECORD OFFICE, London, Ont.

DONATIONS

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MASS INTENTIONS

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The Suffering Souls, St. G., P. E. I..... 2 00

FATHER FRASER'S CHINA MISSION FUND

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

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

I propose the following burres for subscription:

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HOLY SOULS BURSE

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FIVE MINUTE SERMON

FIRST SUNDAY OF LENT

TEMPTATION

"To be tempted by the devil." (Matt. iv. 1.) To show us, my dear brethren, that no man dare expect to escape temptation in this life our Blessed Lord even allowed Himself to be tempted by the devil. The daring of the Evil One to approach our Lord!

ON THE ROAD TO UNITY

The briefest study of the proposed American Church brings us face to face with its fundamental ideal, the unity of all religious bodies and of all American citizens in one great Church. Its propagators are striving to fulfill the desire of Christ that there be but one fold.

The Catholic will find it hard to understand how Protestants—and the leading propagators of the new Church are Protestants—can fail to see that the new ideal is a frank admission that for four centuries Protestantism has labored in vain. The chaos and discord of the sects is not mere accident; it is the logical, inevitable working out of the fundamental Protestant principle, the right of the individual to interpret religious creeds and religious experiences for himself.

During those centuries when the principle of private interpretation was cutting Protestantism into smaller and smaller segments, the sects kept drifting ever farther apart.

Yes, St. Paul won the victory, but there are not many heroes like St. Paul. True my dear brethren, and it is only natural for us to wonder, have we a chance of overcoming our enemies? Their power is great, their courage undaunted, their hatred of us enormous and unmeasured; they wage against us a perpetual war, so that with them there can be no peace, no truce.

Appalling is this picture of the enemies that we have to fight against, the constant temptations that we must endure, that remember and take heart from this—we are not alone in the conflict.

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INDIGESTION AND CONSTIPATION

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out losing the individuality dear to the sects. If the difficulty were as palpably easy as Dr. Miller and his confreres imply, the vain efforts time out of mind to unite even small religious bodies would be quite inexplicable.

But his statement on closer examination proves to be mere misty platitudes without foundation in anything more solid than an irresolvable good-will and an incurable idealism.

Denominational differences are only epidemic. Skin diseases, it might be noted in passing are among the few non-fatal maladies that continue to baffle the medical world.

But just how much on the surface are these differences between the sects? If every shade of doctrine, every religious variant possible, is not taught by Protestant Churches, then the general public has been vastly misled. One may be a Protestant and believe in personal merit or reject it, accept the Providence of God or question it, defend the authenticity and infallibility of the Scriptures or class them as myth, poetry, history, or lies.

Have you ever, by any chance, remarked the imperturbable good humor of one-legged men? Have you ever noticed that a cripple is almost always smiling? Did it ever occur to you that the woman with a houseful of lusty, yelling children is the meekest woman in the neighborhood? Nature's paradoxes, it would seem that when that old scoundrel Trouble, smites a citizen with frequent and unsparring blows, he somehow manages to hit his victim's funnybone and the victim laughs at him.

Take a walk through any city. Pay your respects to the civic magnates. You will find them all as solemn as undertakers at a funeral; their dignities weigh them down like a leaden cloak. If you have sufficient influence to obtain an interview with the people who guard themselves as burdened with the responsibilities of the locality it will not escape you that their smiles are much like the reflections of candle light on coffin-plates. Study the features of the passers by, the well-to-do folk. Gloomy humans as a general rule.

Not the majority have much reason for tears. Their vexations, one may venture, are of the vegetable or garden variety. One has had a quarrel with his wife and is still fighting it out alone when his better half has no opportunity to make objections. A woman has failed to match a piece of silk in two or three stores and has come to the conclusion that men and women are unfeeling brutes. A third individual is leaning how to get the better of a rival and of course is deadly serious. A grumpy lot.

Wend your way to the poorer quarter of the town, to the section where expenses are always out of breath from a stern chase after fleet footed income, where entire families manage to exist in two or three close rented rooms, where the street department never mends the pavements, where fresh air is all but unknown and the variety of odors puts Old Cairo to shame. I mean a district where the all-important question is not Prohibition or the result of the Peace Conference, but: "Where is tomorrow's dinner coming from?"

When Lincoln said that the Lord must love the common people because He made so many of them, he knew whereof he spoke. Lincoln belonged to that great aristocracy that snobs call the "common people." He lived cheek by jowl with gaunt poverty and hard work all the years he was growing up and realized from first-hand experience that the poor of the most out of life after all. This is one of the reasons that Lin-

den, those who persist in it come at last, not merely to take pleasure in stating and denouncing the faults of their neighbour, but in finding out that he has faults; for fresh faults in somebody must be found if one's propensity to criticize is to be gratified. Consequently, the backbiter, however careful when he begins, comes soon to making rash judgments. To some at last, mere suspicion comes to look like certainty; and they so treat it. It is no uncommon thing to hear people who do not at all suspect,—though perhaps they ought to,—how grossly unjust they are, give voice to positive statements as of proven fact, without anything to fall back on, if they are sharply questioned, but some hasty suspicion, some most unfair and arbitrary interpretation of word or action. There are people who would reject with horror the idea of taking five cents from another without being very clear that person owed it, who cheerfully take other people's characters from them on only the flimsiest of suspicions; suspicious indeed which, in only too many cases they welcome for the chance afforded to wag their uncharitable tongues. It is seldom that a real love for the right and a real hatred of the wrong are at the back of such conduct. The desire to appear better than others—strong, though often unconscious,—is perhaps the most common motive of backbiting and detraction. Holier than thou is still a popular attitude. There is also the desire for a petty sensation; the mean importance of being the bearer of ill-news, or even of rumour; the wretched feeling which gives pleasure even to the telling of death tidings; not pleasure in death, but pleasure in the importance of being a news-bearer. There is a certain satisfaction in reading of a great shipwreck; not because we are glad of the shipwreck, but because it makes us feel good to be safe. There was an ancient Greek who said it was delightful to sit on the shore and see a drowning man struggling for life in the waves. Ordinary people don't go that far. They are sorry enough to see any one drown; but there is a certain pleasure in telling of it and in dwelling on its horrors which we feel because we have escaped where another went down. A similar feeling, we suppose, is back of some detraction and backbiting. Consciously or unconsciously, we feel better because another has gone down in the waves whilst we sat safe on the shore. But be the motive what they may, the practice is a mean and bad one. There is not a touch of good anywhere about it. Well, a good thing to give up in Lent, not merely for Lent, but for keeps; for good and all.—The Casket.

CHEERFULNESS

Have you ever, by any chance, remarked the imperturbable good humor of one-legged men? Have you ever noticed that a cripple is almost always smiling? Did it ever occur to you that the woman with a houseful of lusty, yelling children is the meekest woman in the neighborhood? Nature's paradoxes, it would seem that when that old scoundrel Trouble, smites a citizen with frequent and unsparring blows, he somehow manages to hit his victim's funnybone and the victim laughs at him.

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coln, along with his other great claims to fame, has come down through history as a teller of stories that still make men weep from laughter. He gathered that fund of fun in his starved boyhood.

To take a leaf out of Chesterton, the trouble with most prosperous people is that they haven't trouble enough to keep their natures from curdling. The rich are always discontented. Stand on Tremont Street some afternoon and survey the faces of the women who occupy the most sumptuous limousines. You will seldom see a happy face in those costly vehicles. Those women are disgusted with life; they are suffering from surfeit. By way of contrast glimpse the frankly vulgar crowd that threatens every moment to burst the sides of some ancient and battered Ford. They have no make them anxious or shy or money to make them anxious or shy or money to make them anxious or shy.

The world needs cheerful people whatever the recipe by which they arrive at the desired result. There will never be too many of them. Of these it can be said as of any trolley car, however crowded: "There is plenty of room." — A Looker-on in Boston Pilot.

Just men are not torn by trials, rather are they taught and tested.

You will notice in the accounts from overseas that all the nurses and workers in the European hospitals who suffered after terrific battles tell the same story; that the stricken men never complain, no matter how badly war has battered them. Mere boys who are sightless and know that henceforth they will walk in the dark, young men who have lost arms and legs or have been pieced together by the marvellous skill of the surgeon—they are all cheerful. Assuredly they have full right to claim melancholy for their own. But they don't. Not a bit of it.

Isn't it enough to make us ashamed of ourselves that we went moaning about because sugar was scarce or bread was brunette when we think that all these months these young defenders of ours not only fought for us, but that thousands died and thousands of others are coming back maimed and all but helpless? Shrivelled from poison gas, torn and hacked by sharpnel and the surgeon's knife they were cheerful and we complained. And now they come back smiling. Can any man or woman talk about losing faith in human nature after reflecting on such things as these?

There is a man who sits all day long and far into the night in a little cart on Washington Street and sells papers. Both his legs are gone. Once in a while on a cold night

I have stopped at his cart, bought a paper or two and inquired how things were going with him. According to his version things were always going well. He is always cheerful, perhaps the cheeriest soul on that much abused thoroughfare. It has always made me smile to look at the scowling and self absorbed crowds hurrying on with their collars high about their discontented necks and then to glance back at that little cripple sitting still in the cold and apparently quite contented with life.

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CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

COMPENSATION

Life pays us for the work we do—In misery for our deeds of shame; In friends and honor and in fame For standing fast and standing true.

Who live on earth shall surely get The wages that his strength has earned; Not from its course can life be turned; Unpaid, it never leaves a debt.

Who sows in sin, in shame shall reap; Who toils in honor shall rejoice; For life shall smile upon his choice; Life makes its laws for men to keep.

THOUGHTS ON LENT

The conception of Lent in the mind of the world, as contrasted to the Church's idea of the penitential season, is directly opposite. With the worldling, Lent is a fast; with the Catholic, it is a great fact, holy in its purpose and sacred in its realization.

The worldling does not search his heart for frailties, does not retire from the busy mart to hear his Christ in solitude, but considers Lent a time to cultivate an appetite for things always forbidden—to rest from sin so that he can enjoy it with all the mere stomach and all the more relish when a meaningless Lent has passed, leaving nothing but the memory of hypocrisy and folly.

Many men believe they are truly charitable when they give an alms publicly and a curse privately for being shamed into the giving. They believe that if they esteem what is estimable, preserve a mannerly bearing towards their neighbors, are devoted to their kinfolk, that, forsooth, they are very charitable.

Michael Hayes, with his wife and child, had come to Brooklyn two years before the time in which this story opens. Failing health had compelled him to retire from business; so he had taken the quiet home near Forest Park, where they lived until the death of Mrs. Hayes left Michael a sorrowing widower with one little boy, Tony, a bright lad of six years.

But last Sunday Mr. Hayes' cough was very bad and they stayed at home, and his father read some little prayers to Tony, and told him some pretty stories that he loved to read in the "Annals of the Holy Childhood," and Tony promised to put by his pennies to give St. Anthony a double lot next time.

But how dark it was getting! The little boy at the window shivered and jumped down from his cramped position. The fire was nearly out; he had been alone for a long time. Surely it must be supper time—the lights were on in the street and park—and he felt hungry.

Do you want to succeed? Grow in solitude work, develop in solitude, with books and thoughts and nature for friends. Then, if you want the crowd to see how fine you are, come back to it and boss it if it will let you.

Constant craving for indiscriminate company is a sure sign of mental weakness. If you enter a village or a small town and want to find the man or youth of ability, do you look for him leaning over the village pool table, sitting on the grocery store boxes, lounging in the smelly tavern with other vacant minds?

You wonder why so much ability comes from the country—why Lincoln comes from the backwoods, while you flourishing in a city, can barely keep your position. The countryman has to be by himself much of the time, whether he wishes to or not. If he has anything in him it comes out.

Remember that you are individual, not a grain of dust or a blade of grass. Be a man. Get up in your bed-room, read, study, write what you think. Talk more to yourself and less to others. Avoid cheap magazines; avoid excessive newspaper reading.

There was a heavy load on the little fellow's heart, and a frightened look in his blue eyes, as he returned to the window and watched the doctor drive away. Could he mean that daddy would die—go away and leave him all alone—like mamma did? and large tears rolled down his cheeks.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

DO IT NOW

If you have a kind word—say it; Throbbing hearts soon sink to rest; If you owe a kindness—pay it; Life's sun hurries to the West. Days for deeds are few my brother, Then today fulfill your vow; If you mean to help another, Do not dream it,—do it now.

LITTLE TONY

At an upstairs window, in one of the tall houses near Forest Park, Brooklyn, sat a little boy who pressed his curly head and flattened his nose against the pane, as he gazed sadly at the wet pavement below. It was a wild afternoon; gusts of rain and wind tore around the house, as if to seek an object for their fury, while hapless pedestrians turned up their collars and hastened on to find shelter as soon as possible.

It was dark in the church. He began to feel as if he had been looking for hours. His father, a neighbor of mine, has just died, and they were missing the little boy; Tony's name. He must have slipped away on them," said a man in the crowd.

LISTENING TO DETRACTION

One of the greatest sources of detraction, or back biting, is found in the willingness of people to listen to the detractor, to take pleasure in what he says of evil concerning the neighbor, and at times to encourage him in its continuance.

Now visit those lands that are happy in the possession of national tranquillity and enjoying unprecedented prosperity and you will discover that they are faithful to the Church; you will discover that religion is held in honour there.

Let us remember that his system defies justice, contradicts all that religion inculcates, is absolutely subversive of law and order, and is downright anarchy, a defiance of all that the Church teaches.

Let us remember, too that inscribed on his banner are the words "No God, No Country." Does any Christian need more to tell him who and what the men are who come among us to shatter order and make of government a relic of barbarism?

Our citizens should value religion as their greatest safeguard in these trying days. Religion has been the bulwark of liberty. Only when it was made an outcast have disorder and ruin faced the world.

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REFUSE TO OBEY

PROTESTANT MINISTERS OF ENGLAND REVOLT AGAINST BISHOPS

The Bishop of Birmingham has followed the example of the Bishop of London and forbidden the Bishops in the Protestant churches of his diocese. The result is the clergy are in open revolt.

There never was a time when religion was so necessary as today. The nations have fought for liberty and justice. These are the reflections of religion. Take religion from our halls of legislation and the state will speedily lose sight of its great ideals.

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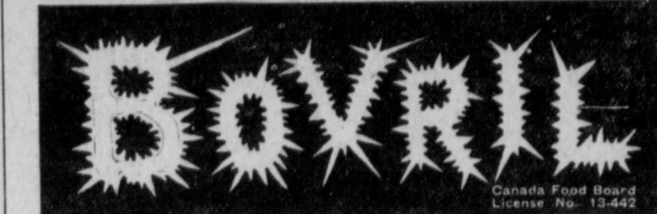
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On his recent visit to the Catholic University at Washington the Rt. Rev. Bishop of Northampton, England, was speaking of the spectacle presented in Jerusalem when 2,500 Jews of the Cross there where Our Saviour trod it first.

On the morning of the 15th dawned there, were, roughly speaking, about 2,500 soldiers, thirty or more priests doing duty with the forces, and a good number of officers. We commenced the day with Mass in camp and Holy Communion, then breakfast, after which everybody from the different base camps proceeded to the Jaffa Gate, which is one of the openings in the great walls round the city.

Our next point of interest was the "Ecce Homo." After the "Ecce Homo," we did something which hundreds of people would like to be able to say they had done, and that was the Stations of the Cross, which took us something like two and a half hours to accomplish, in which process we went over the identical spots traversed by Our Blessed Lord on His way to Calvary.

The day ended with Benediction at St. Stephen's Church, just outside the Damascus Gate of the Holy City. It is said that such a sight as that beheld on the Feast of Our Lady's Assumption, 1918, in Jerusalem had not been seen during the last 800 years.

Let us remember that his system defies justice, contradicts all that religion inculcates, is absolutely subversive of law and order, and is downright anarchy, a defiance of all that the Church teaches.

Let us remember, too that inscribed on his banner are the words "No God, No Country." Does any Christian need more to tell him who and what the men are who come among us to shatter order and make of government a relic of barbarism?

Our citizens should value religion as their greatest safeguard in these trying days. Religion has been the bulwark of liberty. Only when it was made an outcast have disorder and ruin faced the world.

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"ERIN-GO-BRAGH" St. Patrick's Annual Souvenir

The Green and Gold Book

A very interesting number this year. A Review of the Irish Question—"How is Dear Old Ireland and How Does She Stand?" Are her fondest hopes to be realized after weary years of waiting? Irish Stories, Irish Poetry, Irish Wit and Humor. Irish Scenes.

SEND YOUR ORDER NOW Ready for Mailing March 10th

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THE BEAUTIFUL Statue of St. Rita

SAINT OF THE IMPOSSIBLE ADVOCATE OF THE HOPELESS

On account of the spreading of the devotion to this wonderful Saint, who has wrought miraculous favors to those who have sought her aid, we have produced, at a special price, this beautiful Statue of St. Rita. It is tastefully finished in a dead black, emblematic of the sisterhood of St. Rita, and of the same composition as the larger statues in your church.

Catholic Supply Co. Manufacturers of Religious Statuary, and Publishers of Religious Pictures 46 St. Alexander St. Montreal

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All doctors know that a wonderful protector to the skin there is in the healing, soothing oils and disinfectant properties of

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and how effective Lifebuoy is for washing blankets, bedding and all garments that touch the skin.

The corollary to Lifebuoy is a skin of its protective qualities which quickly after use.

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Dr. McTaggart's Vegetable Remedy for these habits are safe, inexpensive home treatments. No hypodermic injections, no loss of time from business, and positive cure.

Recommended by physicians and clergy. Sold in discreetly. Literature and medicine sent in plain sealed packages.

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OVER 480,000 boxes of these little doctors sold each year.

Think of it! A box of Gin Pills for every 16 persons in Canada. A tremendous army of users wonders—Thousands of testimonials from persons who have benefited by their use prove that as a remedy for Backache, Brick Dust Deposits, Sciatica, Lumbago, constant Headaches, Gravel, Stones in the bladder, and other kidney or bladder afflictions—Gin Pills have no equal. Try them and judge for yourself.

Sold everywhere for 50c. a box.

The National Drug & Chemical Co. of Canada, Limited, Toronto, Ontario. 214 U.S. Address: Na-Dru-Co., Inc., 202 Main St., Buffalo, N.Y.

KNIGHTS OF COLUMBUS ACTIVITIES

The success of the Knights of Columbus campaign last August in Nova Scotia is well known to all. Their objective, \$100,000, was in the few short days they had to obtain it, over-subscribed; Halifax city went over the top subscribing nearly sixty thousand dollars, and when returns came in from other parts of the Province it was found that more than one hundred and twenty five thousand dollars had been raised.

On December 1st, "St. Mary's Army and Navy Club for three years, kept looking after by Messrs. J. K. Kelleher and W. E. Donovan, changed hands and was renamed "The K. of C. Hut." Great improvements were made in the building, both interiorly and exteriorly; A handsome stage was erected at the extreme end of the recreation hall, new furniture, billiard tables and shower baths were installed and the whole appearance of the building greatly improved.

ANNUAL REPORT

SOCIETY OF ST. VINCENT DE PAUL—BUREAU OF INFORMATION—YEAR ENDING OCTOBER 31, 1918

To the President of the Particular Council, St. Vincent De Paul Society, Toronto.

Dear Sir:—Once more I have the honor to submit a report of this branch of the society for the Thirteenth year of the work of Christian Charity in this City.

The close of our financial year, it may be said, witnessed the dawn of unprecedented bloodshed, on the battle-fields of Europe. With the coming of peace our society is face to face with new and intricate conditions.

Hospital, 2 in the Hospital of Incurables, 3 in St. Michael's Hospital, 1 in the House of Industry, 1 in Grace Hospital, 1 in the Infant's Home, and 2 in the Sacred Heart in The CATHOLIC RECORD, LONDON, which is inserted free of charge, continues to widen our field of activity.

Before closing I beg to add a word of personal thanks to the various City conferences for their kind co-operation and sympathetic interest in the work of the office during the year, and desire to enlist during the ensuing year the continuance of their splendid support.

MORNING ON THE IRISH COAST

By JOHN LOCKE Reprinted by Request

TO ERECT ENGLISH CATHOLIC HOSPITAL

Campaign to raise funds to build an English Catholic Hospital in Montreal will commence very soon.

Plans have been practically concluded for the erection here of a Memorial Hospital in honor of those who fell in the great world conflict.

TEACHERS WANTED

NORMAL TRAINED TEACHER FOR Separate school section No. 4, Holy Trinity, Toronto.

HOUSEKEEPER WANTED

WANTED GOOD CATHOLIC, MIDDLE AGED woman as housekeeper for widower with girl nine years old. Must have references. Address Charles Money, Maidstone, Ont., R. R. 2.

sterian viewpoint. He comes from a staunch Catholic family, and is a relative of the late Archbishop of Hyderabad, in India, their fathers having been brothers. Father Murphy was ordained in 1890 and celebrated his silver jubilee in 1905.—Brooklyn Tablet.

OBITUARY

EDWARD CARROLL The death of Edward Carroll occurred at Guelph, on the 6th February, 1919. The late Mr. Carroll was born in Guelph, 16th December, 1840, and resided in Guelph, a respected and valued member of that community, till the time of his death.

The late Mr. Carroll was a devout Catholic and his beautiful and peaceful death was a fitting culmination to his Christian life. About a week before his death Mr. Carroll suffered a stroke of paralysis but retained consciousness almost to the last.

Mr. Carroll is survived by his widow Elizabeth Carroll, who is a sister of Mr. J. E. McElderry, of Guelph, two daughters and four sons. His two daughters are Mother M. Victor, of Loretto Convent, Stratford, who was with her father during his last illness, and Miss M. L. Carroll, of Guelph. His sons are Messrs. Edward McE. Carroll and Austin P. Carroll, of Toronto, Francis Carroll, of Winnipeg, and Charles J. Carroll, of Marietta, Ohio.

DIED

QUINN—At Vinton, Que., on Feb. 19 1919, Mary Ann Moran, widow of the late David Quinn, aged sixty-nine years. May her soul rest in peace.

CARROLL—On Thursday, February 20, 1919 at 141 Baywater ave., Ottawa, J. Ernest Carroll, in his twenty third year. May his soul rest in peace.

O'CONNOR.—At Dubuque, Iowa, Jan. 27th, 1919, of influenza and pneumonia, Matthew Ambrose Carroll, aged forty years and one month, formerly of Arthur, Ontario. May his soul rest in peace.

CARROLL.—At Los Angeles, California, at his mother's home, on Jan. 27th, 1919, of influenza and pneumonia, Matthew Ambrose Carroll, aged forty years and one month, formerly of Arthur, Ontario. May his soul rest in peace.

THE HOME BANK OF CANADA The Flighty dollar gathers no compound interest. Full compound interest paid at highest bank rate on Savings Deposits of One Dollar and upwards.

GOOD COOK WANTED. HIGHEST WAGES. Send references. Apply Box 110, Catholic Record.

FOR SALE OR RENT. DUPLEX AUTOMATIC HAIR CUTTER. Patented 1918. Price to introduce, only \$1.00.

The Webber Hospital Training School for Nurses OFFERS A three-year course to young ladies desiring to become Professional Nurses.

Toronto Barber 40 Years Says Duplex Cuts Hair Better Than 8 Barbers Out of Every 10

Patented 1918. Price to introduce, only \$1.00. DUPLEX AUTOMATIC HAIR CUTTER. You Can't Go Wrong With a Duplex, the Silencing Teeth Won't Let You.

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When money is in a Savings Account in The Merchants Bank, it is absolutely safe from loss, as far as you are concerned.

THE MERCHANTS BANK Head Office: Montreal, CANADA. Established 1864. With 107 Branches in Ontario, 34 Branches in Quebec, 1 Branch in New Brunswick, 2 Branches in Nova Scotia, 25 Branches in Manitoba, 34 Branches in Saskatchewan, 65 Branches in Alberta and 8 Branches in British Columbia.

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The Gold Medal Company, Catholic Picture Dept. C. B. C. 311 Jarvis Street, Toronto, Ont.

\$3.50 VACUUM WASHER \$1.50 THIS AD. WORTH \$2.00 IF SENT IMMEDIATELY No More Bolling. No More Rubbing. Throw Away Your Washboard. Get a Rap d Vacuum Washer. This is What You Have Been Waiting For

FOR \$1.50 YOU WILL GET A WASH R THAT: Will wash a tub full of anything washable in 15 minutes. Has been awarded prizes over 350 machines in competition.

The noble life is hard—in the beginning. The ignoble life is twice as hard—in the end. The unrepentant sinner endures worse hardships than the saint, only he gets them later on, and must bear them without Divine aid.

BUTTONS COVERED with the same material as your dress at a very low cost—all sizes and shapes—write for our illustrated "Fashion Service for Home Dressmakers," showing buttons photo.

FINEST SELECTED Dwarf Palms STOCK NOW ON HAND ALTAR WINE

Mission Supplies A SPECIALTY J. J. M. LANDY CATHOLIC CHURCH GOODS 405 YONGE ST TORONTO

An Important Discovery Swollen Veins Relieved

That Absorbine, Jr., would relieve varicose veins was discovered by an old gentleman who had suffered with swollen veins for nearly fifty years. He had made many unsuccessful efforts to get relief and finally tried Absorbine, Jr., knowing its value in reducing swellings, aches, pains and soreness.

MEMORIAL WINDOWS ENGLISH ANTIQUE STAINED GLASS LYON GLASS CO. 1143 CHURCH ST. TORONTO ONT.

VETERINARY SURGEON

THERE IS AN EXCELLENT OPPORTUNITY for a veterinary surgeon in the town of New Liskeard, Ont. Full particulars can be obtained by addressing communication to Rev. Fr. Arsenault, New Liskeard, Ont. 2106-4.

RELIGIOUS PICTURES OF MERIT

We are in need of ladies, boys and girls (Roman Catholic in every parish in Canada, to act as our representatives in the sale of our beautiful Religious Pictures. These pictures are of real merit and are a credit to our religion and artistic taste.

CATHOLIC BOY WANTED IN EVERY CITY and town for spare time after school. For full particulars send name and address to Dominion Art Company, P. O. Box 223, Toronto, Ont. 2102-13.

EXPERIENCED MARRIED FARM HAND

Wanted by the year. Must be thoroughly reliable and understand taking charge of good farm stock with milking 12 cows. House and garden and milk from the farm. Catholic school and church in a village near Windsor, Ont. Apply stating wages to Box 113, Catholic Record, London, Ont. 2101-7.

SHAMROCKS

WE ARE THE ONLY FIRM IN CANADA that have shamrocks this year. The manager had to go to Chicago and all he could get was 100 gross. While they last \$1.0 a 100 they are still "shamrocked." Easter Lilies, Florida Lilies, Violets, Tulips, 15 cents a doz.; 25 cents a doz. Write to: Ontario Artificial Flower Co., Brantford, Ont. 2107-2.

MISSION SUPPLIES OUR DISTINCT SPECIALTY St. Basil's Hymnal, old edition, 75c, plus postage 15c extra. New Edition, 1 per copy, plus postage 17c. extra.

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Aunt Honor's Keepsake, by Mrs. James Sadler. An interesting story with a strong moral purpose. The character of the man, every walk of American society, in every trade and profession, is sketched and comes. They are real.

Between Friends, by Richard A. J. Carlin. A story of a boy and his friends. The boy is an orphan and, thinking of the past, becomes so unhappy that he runs away. He has many experiences in the from which he escapes, and finally gets back to St. Nicholas.

Freddy Carr and His Friends, by Rev. R. P. Carroll, S. J. This is a fine college story, full of life and interest. It tells of the adventures of a young man who has left the university and is back in the city.

Harmony Flats, by Whittaker. The author's sympathetic insight into the lives and characters of the little, neglected children, forced by relentless circumstances into the poverty and degradation of a New York tenement house, is wonderfully true.

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