

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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SUNSHINE

To a generous mind it is not a pleasant task to trace outstanding lines of folly in human thought and act. Swift pilloried fools in his "Tale of a Tub," Pope pretenders in the "Dunciad," and Byron sciolists in "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers;" but then all three had grievances that soured them. True humour steers clear of malice. Its rapier point wounds to heal. It is the surgeon's knife, only wielded against the corrupt excrescences, which are the false growth of pride, luxury, pretence, and their inevitable shadows in the nether world. After all, light sweeps away vapours, the sun and the dew waken the birds and open the cups and crowns of flowers. Gracious words and smiles which betoken tender interest in shadowed lives are tonics and stimulants that may be trusted to work wonders. As David's harp dispelled Saul's dark mood, so the music of the heart casts out evil spirits in the home and often surprises dull folk on parade. There is an old story of an Eastern court of justice where a vagrant was told that he would be released on payment of a fine. He had no money and no friends; but, like Goldsmith in the Low Countries, he had a flute and began to play. The drowsy jurors woke up, the High Sheriff could not repress a smile, and the learned judge found himself beating time. By general consent the musician was allowed to go without payment. He or she who can charm the sad or gloomy out of their trouble, throwing open to them the realms of wonder and delight, confers measureless benefit upon those who need help and healing most. These are they who find out without abstruse study what unalloyed happiness is—"mounting to Heaven by the stairway of surprise."

THE BUSY-BODY

"We could make shift to live under a tyrant; but to be ruled by a busy-body is more than human nature can bear."

If we remember aright Macaulay is responsible for the words we have quoted. It may have been in a fit of petulance, or when inspiration failed to meet printers' demands for more copy.

But a busy-body deserves more pity than censure, because he or she is a living proclamation of what unrestrained verbosity can accomplish. To be but a voice inharmonious and strident in an anomaly in a world of actuality—and it is such a waste of time. For, to what avail is a mess of contentious words prepared by those who know not their limitations or who, out of an assurance which they miscall wisdom, give us advice on every occasion. But they forget that advice is like snow—the softer it falls the longer it stays.

The counsel of the tactful and charitable may oftentimes be a light to the feet; it may heal and bless; but that which comes from a mind echoing always with the sound of empty words touches neither heart nor intellect.

It seems to us that busy-bodies might cure themselves if they dammed up the tide of words and let themselves think. As first aid to the injured we would suggest that they give up the habit of taking themselves too seriously. We put beacon lights on mountains, but not tallow-dips. Having got themselves into the proper focus they might investigate their claim to the right of meddling with the affairs of their neighbors. When they see that the beauty of life is in helping, that love is the last Amen of the universe, they should get back on the fringing-line and be soldiers and not mere disturbers of the atmosphere. Nothing is more incurable than a frivolous habit. "A fly is as unattractive as a hyena." But let us hope notwithstanding, for surely no individual would like to bear to the eternal gates a bouquet of garrulity, or more or less unpleasant words as a life's achievement.

OUR OPPORTUNITY

"Oblige men to know you," said Cardinal Newman. "Persuade them, importune them, shame them into knowing you."

We are of the opinion that the layman in some parts of the Dominion is acting upon this advice, beginning to realize his dignity and the good he can accomplish. His timidity is disappearing and with the acquisition of culture he is fitted to do away with the errors and misconceptions of the past. Instead of being content, of proclaiming that his principles can solve social problems, he avails himself of every opportunity or platform and at meetings of his fellow-citizens to demonstrate the truth of his statement. His civic zeal will dispose men not of his creed to give him an attentive hearing. His interest in the things which concern the common-weal will at least inject a suspicion into the minds of the most antagonistic to us, that we are not averse to anything that can redound to the betterment of the community. Our public spirit will permit the non-Catholic to view us at close range, and interchange of aspiration and thought may help to give him another view-point, and to convince him that the Church is not the monstrosity fashioned in the warped minds of special pleaders, bigoted books and conscienceless preachers. It is our duty, not merely to say our prayers, and to glory in the Church, but to show that the beauty and truth of our faith can, as in the past, grapple with and solve every social problem and be not only a passport to eternity but to such happiness as can be enjoyed upon earth.

In a letter to the Bishop of Grenoble Pope Leo XIII. counselled Catholics to work for truth and virtue whenever they are allowed to work and with men who, though not themselves Catholics, are led by their good sense and their natural instincts of righteousness to do what is right and to oppose what is evil.

WHAT IS WRONG WITH IRELAND?

Toronto Globe

The official pictures of the Battle of the Somme, authorized by the War Office, are at present on view in Toronto theatres, and give a most vivid impression of the fighting at the front. Some of the most realistic films have, for obvious reasons, been cut out and reserved for private displays in England. A letter to The Globe points out one strange and unfortunate omission. From beginning to end of this official film record of doings in the Somme region no mention whatever is made of the Irish regiments! The English, Scottish, Welsh, and Canadian troops are shown, but in this War Office record of the greatest battle in the history of the world the Irish troops—that captured Ginchy and bore their share in all the horrors of the advance—find no place on the roll of honor.

Who is responsible for this affront to the Irish nation? That the military caste in the old land was anti-Irish before the war was evidenced by the mutiny among the Curragh officers at the time of the Carson gun-running episodes. That this anti-Irish sentiment remained after the war broke out was admitted by Mr. Lloyd George in the debate in the House on Wednesday last:

"At the most crucial period of recruiting at the beginning of the war, some stupidities, which at times almost looked like malignance, were perpetrated in Ireland, and were beyond belief. It is very difficult to produce a lost opportunity of that kind, where national susceptibilities have been offended and original enthusiasm killed."

Who are the men responsible for these "stupidities" which "at times almost looked like malignance?" Are the friends of the Curragh mutineers entrenched in the War Office? When the Irish regiments were decimated at the landing on Gallipoli, in one of the most glorious achievements of the war, the names of the regiments and their deathless exploits were suppressed in Sir Ian Hamilton's despatches. A belated despatch giving fuller particulars was published long after in response to criticisms in Parliament. Now, when there is an opportunity to do justice to the valor and sacrifice of the Irish soldier, the Somme war pictures give the impression that no Irish troops are fighting in Flanders. The letter that reaches The Globe is from the sister of an Irish soldier who fell in the recent advance on Ginchy, where the Irish troops covered themselves with glory. It was at Ginchy that brilliant young

Irishman, Lieut. T. M. Kettle, fell leading his men of the Dublins. He had returned to the front after attending the investigation into the murder of his brother-in-law, Mr. Sheehy Skelington. In breezy Kipling style Kettle, in the following lines, voices Irish feelings regarding the politicians and officials who lose no opportunity to belittle Ireland:

"I went into the talkin' shop to see about the Bill; The Premier 'e ups and says: 'We're waitin', waitin' still!' The Tories grimed, and Balfour strung our gamble Haman-high, I outs into the street again, and to meself sez I:

"O it's Paddy this, and Paddy that, an' 'A cattle-drivin' crew!' But 'twas 'Murphy o' the Munsters' when the trump of battle blew, When the wind of battle blew, my boys, when the blast of battle blew, It was Burke, and Shea, and Kelly when we marched to Waterloo.

"We ain't no saints or scholars much, but fightin' men and clean, We've paid the price, and three times thrice, for Wearin' o' the Green, We held our hand out frank and fair, and half forgot Parnell, For Ireland's hope and England's, too—and its yours to save or sell!

"For it's Paddy this, and Paddy that, 'Who'll stop the Ulman blade?' But Tommy Fitz from Malahide, and Monaghan's McGlade, When the ranks are set for judgment, lads, and the roses droop and fade, It's 'Ireland in the firm' line!' when the price of God is paid."

THE POPE ENJOINS CHARITY

WEIGHTY PRONOUNCEMENT OF THE HOLY SEE IN LANGUAGE CONTROVERSY

REMINDS DISPUTANTS OF STATE RIGHTS IN STATE SCHOOLS AND OF DIVINE ORIGIN OF EPISCOPAL AUTHORITY. THE ONE THING OF SUPREME IMPORTANCE AS REGARDS SCHOOLS

To Our beloved son Louis Nazaire Begin, Cardinal Priest of the Holy Roman Church, Archbishop of Quebec, and to the other Archbishops and Bishops of the Dominion of Canada

POPE BENEDICT XV.

OUR BELOVED SON AND VENERABLE BRETHREN: GREETING AND APOSTOLIC BLESSING

When divisions that endanger the mutual bonds of peace and concord arise within the Church, the office divinely committed to Our care of feeding the Lord's flock strongly urges Us to make every effort in Our power to bring them to an end.

What is there indeed more harmful to Catholic interests, or more opposed to the divine precepts and to the principles of the Church than that the faithful should be divided up into factions? For "every kingdom divided against itself, shall be made desolate;" and whenever Christians cease to be "of one heart and of one mind" they gradually wander away from that charity which is not only "the bond of perfection," but is also the first and foremost enactment of the Christian law, since the Saviour of mankind bequeathed it to His disciples and proclaimed it to be henceforth the sign and proof of the true faith: "By this shall all men know that you are my disciples, if you have love one for another."

Then again such dissensions, besides being totally in opposition with the spirit of Christ the Lord, produce also the baneful result of deterring more and more from the Catholic faith those who are beyond the fold, just as on the other hand fraternal concord and charity amongst Catholics have always been a great inducement to those outside the pale to enter the Catholic communion.

For this reason, Venerable Brethren, the contentions which for some years past have been entangled amidst Canadian Catholics, otherwise so renowned for their faith and piety, are to Us a cause of intense anxiety; and that those divisions have daily grown more bitter and have now been made public. We know from many and from the best sources, and we have learnt also from your own reports.

The cause of disagreement is fully manifest. There are Canadian Catholics of French origin and language, and there are those, who, though not all of one race, make use of the English tongue, and this constitutes for them a ground of contention and of strife.

French-Canadians assert that all proceeds satisfactorily in their Prov-

ince of Quebec; but they complain that in Ontario and in other parts of the Dominion, where there are a considerable number of inhabitants of their race, and where English is the language of the Province, there is not sufficient regard for the French tongue, either in the sacred ministrations or in the Catholic Separate schools. They wish therefore that priests should be appointed to the churches in due proportion to the number of Catholics of both languages, in such wise that in places where the French-Canadian form a majority, a priest of their language and race should be selected, and that in parishes where they are in a certain number, French should be used in preaching and in the exercise of other sacred offices in the same way as English, and finally they desire that in the Separate schools the children should be more fully and suitably taught the French language after their own manner.

On the other hand it is put forward that in Ontario, and in the other English-speaking Provinces, Catholics are in a minority compared to non-Catholics; though in some places French-Canadians are more numerous than Catholics of the other speech, that in the appointment of priests those who may and should eventually be converted to the true faith must be taken into account; that due consideration should be given to the language which is proper to the Province and to other circumstances of place and of persons, and that the question cannot be settled on the sole basis of a majority of Catholics of one or other race. It is added that too often French-Canadian priests are deficient in the knowledge of English, or speak it imperfectly, or neglect it out of preference for their own tongue, and thus their ministry is of little efficacy or unequal to local exigencies. Then as regards Separate schools, it is pointed out that if French were taught in the manner claimed by the French-Canadians, it would be greatly detrimental to the proper teaching of English, which is the language of the Province, and prejudicial to the parents, who would be obliged, either to provide at their own expense that which is wanting in order that their children should be thoroughly and completely instructed in the English language, or else to abandon Catholic schools and send their sons to the Public or neutral schools, which would be totally wrong. Finally it is contended that this system of education may provoke the ill-will of the State authorities against the Separate schools on the ground that they prove inadequate to the needs of the public welfare, and thus endanger the benefit of the law authorizing Catholics to have their own Separate schools, which it is in the greatest interest of religion to safeguard and to maintain. And would that all these points were the subject of calm and peaceful debates! In fact, as if the nation or religion itself were at stake, these matters are so bitterly discussed in the daily and weekly press, in books and pamphlets, in private conversations and at public meetings, that men's minds get more and more passionately inflamed, and the conflict between the two contending parties daily becomes more hopelessly irremediable.

It is with a view to furnishing a fitting remedy to so grievous an evil that we desire to open Our mind to your Venerable Brethren, whom we know to be ever in close union with Us. Rest assured then, that there is nothing you could do more pleasing to Us than that you should make every utmost effort, in peace and charity, to restore agreement and concord amongst the faithful committed to your pastoral care. To use the words of St. Paul the Apostle: "I beseech you, brethren, by the name of Our Lord Jesus Christ, that you all speak the same thing and that there be no schisms among you; but that you be perfect in the same mind and in the same judgment," supporting one another in charity to keep the unity of the spirit in the bond of peace." For we are the children of the same Father, we sit at the same table, we share the same sacraments, and are called to the same happiness; and in one spirit we have all been made to drink. "As many of you as have been baptized in Christ, have put on Christ;" "where there is neither Gentile nor Jew, circumcision nor uncircumcision, Barbarian nor Scythian, bond nor free, but Christ is all in all."

If by reason of family or of race there is a disagreement amongst the faithful and "the vessels of the flesh are strained," then in accordance with the exhortation of St. Augustine, "the bonds of charity should be enlarged." When all cannot be amicably settled, nor solely by the law of charity, there are judges in the Church, placed there by the Holy Ghost, to whose decisions the faithful must submit if they want to belong to Christ and not to be considered "as heathens and publicans." Hence, in the contentions that divide Canadian Catholics regarding the rights and usage of the two languages in their churches and in their Catholic schools, judgment rests with the Bishops, and especially

with the Bishops of the dioceses where dissensions are particularly acute.

We, therefore exhort them to meet together, to carefully weigh and consider a matter of such importance, and, with a sole view to the cause of Christ and to the salvation of souls, let them lay down and decide that which they hold to be just and expedient. If for any reason the question cannot be settled and finished by their ruling, let them bring it before the Holy See, where the issue will be finally decided in accordance with the laws of justice and charity, in order that the faithful may in future preserve peace and mutual good-will, as is befitting to the saints.

Meanwhile it is necessary that the daily and weekly papers which claim the honor of being called Catholic, should not fan the flames of discord amongst the faithful, nor forestall the judgment of the Church; and if those who write in them remain patiently and reservedly silent, or even further strive to calm excited feelings, they will surely accomplish a task well worthy of their profession. The faithful, too, should avoid discussing this matter in public gatherings, in public speeches or in Catholic meetings properly so-called, for it is all but impossible that speakers should not be carried away by party spirit or abstain from adding fuel to the fire already ablaze.

Now these injunctions which we give in Our fatherly affection to all, are laid down in the first place for the clergy. As priests should be "the pattern of the flock from the heart," it is indeed quite unseemly that they should allow themselves to be wrought up by this storm of rivalry and enmity. We therefore lovingly urge them to set an example to others of moderation and gentleness, of reverence towards the Bishops, of obedience finally, especially in matters of justice and of ecclesiastical discipline, and regarding which it is the Church's own right to decide. No doubt it would be greatly conducive to the spiritual welfare and concord of Catholics of both tongues, if all their priests were to know both languages well. Hence, we have heard, with notable pleasure that the teaching of French and English to seminarians, and we would suggest this as an example to others. In the meantime we urge all priests engaged in the sacred ministry to become thoroughly conversant in the knowledge and use of the two languages, and discarding all motives of rivalry, to adopt one or other according to the requirements of the faithful.

But as the bitter controversy is that concerning Catholic schools in Ontario, it seems fitting that we should mention some special points in that connection.

Nobody can deny that the civil Government of Ontario has the right to exact that children should learn English in the schools; and likewise the Catholics of Ontario legitimately require that it should be perfectly taught, in order that their sons should be placed on the same level in this respect with non-Catholic children who frequent the neutral schools, and that they should not be eventually less fitted for the higher schools or be disqualified for civil employments. Nor on the other hand is there any reason to contest the right of French-Canadians, living in the Province, to claim, in a suitable way, however, that French should be taught in schools attended by a certain number of their children; nor are they indeed to be blamed for upholding what is so dear to them.

Nevertheless, let the Catholics of the Dominion remember that the one thing of supreme importance above all others is to have Catholic schools and not to imperil their existence; in order that their children should be taught to preserve the Catholic faith, to openly profess the doctrine of Christ and to live in the exact observance of the Christian law. Love for our children, the good of religion and the very cause of Christ demand as much.

How these two requirements are to be met, namely, a thorough knowledge of English and an equitable teaching of French for French-Canadian children, it is obvious that in the case of schools subject to the public administration, the matter cannot be dealt with independently of the Government. But this does not prevent the Bishops in their earnest care for the salvation of souls, from exerting their utmost activity to make counsels of moderation prevail, and with a view to obtaining that what is fair and just should be granted on both sides.

In conclusion, Venerable Brethren, we rely so confidently upon your faith and zeal, and we know so well how mindful you are of your duty and of the account to be rendered before the judgment seat of God, that we hold beyond doubt that you will leave nothing undone to put an end to the existing evils and to bring about the return of peace. Let all your thoughts and care be centered therefore on the aim that "all may be one and that they may be made perfect in one," as our Divine Master taught and prayed immediately before going forth to die upon

the Cross. Let the words of St. Paul the Apostle re-echo in the hearts of the faithful under your charge: "One body and one spirit: as you are called in one hope of your calling, One Lord, one faith, one baptism, One God and Father of all, and through all, and in us all." In their mutual amity let the faithful be "kind one to another, merciful, forgiving one another, even as God hath forgiven you in Christ."

Meanwhile, as a pledge of heavenly graces and of Our paternal love, We cordially bestow upon you, Our Beloved Son, upon you, Venerable Brethren, and upon the clergy and people of your respective flocks the apostolic blessing.

Given in Rome, near St. Peter's, on the 8th day of the month of September, 1916, the third of Our Pontificate.

BENEDICTUS PP. XV.

A CALL FROM BEYOND

It is not only nature that weeps and moans and sighs during November month. During the long hours of the evening and the busy hours of the dark days many a heart holds converse with those who have gone before into the other world. The little plot in "God's acre," which is no longer green—except in the loving memory of those who weep above it—holds for many of us that which we have treasured most and loved most.

The cemetery would be the most desolate place in the world were it not for the belief which we hug to our hearts that some day this city of the dead will become in the twinkling of an eye a city of the living—a city from which will go out into everlasting life those dear ones for whom we can wish nothing better than an everlasting life of joy. For those whom we love we would see happy, not for an hour or two, nor for a year or two, but forever and for aye. And therefore when we gather together in the resting-place of God's faithful, unashamed to weep in our sorrow, it is not as those who have not hope. Indeed, our hope in the life to come and our belief in the goodness of the Master and the indulgence of His Sacred Heart toward the frailties of our poor mortality—these are the things that make a visit to the cemetery a real consolation to our hearts and a stimulus to our faith.

Our faith bids us pray for the dead always. Our Church asks us to pray for the dead with especial fervor during November month. And because we love our dead perhaps more than when they were living—because death has torn away the veil and has revealed the many good qualities which we were too blind or too stubborn or too much engaged to discern—because we love our dead we will pray long and instantly during this month that God may take them to His mansion to sup with Him at the table of His elect.

The souls in purgatory have been waiting for the coming of November. They know that during this month Catholic hearts pray more faithfully for those who cannot help themselves. Are we going to disappoint the suffering souls? Are we going to be a party to the prolongation of their stay in the cleansing flames by our indifference to their appeals for prayers, alms, Masses and works of mercy?—The Rosary Magazine.

FORMER EPISCOPAL RECTOR OF RIPON A CONVERT

A very touching and picturesque ceremony took place in the beautiful chapel of the Newman School, Hackensack, New Jersey, on Thursday evening, Oct. 12, when Mr. Arthur Clement Chapman, formerly a clergyman in the Episcopal Church, was received into the Catholic Church, and conditionally baptized by the Rev. Sigourney W. Fay, rector of the school. His godparents were Mrs. Joseph Argimbau, of Hackensack, and Mr. Henry B. Sanderson, curate of the school, formerly an Anglican clergyman, and a very old friend of Mr. Chapman.

The ceremonies were carried out with the care and solemnity calculated to impress upon the minds of the boys the great spiritual power of that faith which has drawn back to itself so many of our separated brethren during the last century. Mr. Chapman is the fourth Episcopal clergyman who has been received into the Catholic Church in the school chapel. It may be remembered that Dr. Locke, who was head of the school until two years ago, had himself formerly been a clergyman of the Episcopal Church, and the present rector was formerly Archdeacon of the Anglican Diocese of Fond du Lac, Wisconsin.

Mr. Chapman was for some years a clergyman in the Diocese of Fond du Lac. He was at first rector of Oakfield and was afterwards promoted to the rectorship of the Episcopal church at Ripon, which is one of the most beautiful parish churches in the Middle West. He will now study for the priesthood of the Catholic Church. — Philadelphia Standard and Times.

CATHOLIC NOTES

The Catholic population of England and Wales, this year, is estimated at 2,000,000.

December 20 of this year will be the sixtieth anniversary of the ordination of the Right Rev. Bishop Foley of Detroit.

The leading Catholic paper of France recently published a list of the priests and religious killed in the war. It contained 1,250 names.

Work has begun in Spain on the great statue to the Sacred Heart on the Cerro de los Angeles which is to be a national monument.

Eighteen of the African missionaries known as the White Fathers have been killed in the war and three have died of exhaustion under the flags of the allies.

The first Catholic Church in New York City for Belgians is now under construction on West Forty-seventh Street and will cost \$50,000. It will be named in honor of St. Albert.

President Wilson announced that his efforts to bring about an agreement among belligerent nations to allow relief supplies to be sent to Poland had failed.

The Rev. W. B. Black, of St. Columba's Protestant church, Granton-on-Spey, has been received into the Catholic Church, and also his lay reader and assistant, Mr. H. B. Easter.

At the present time there are 825 schools in the United States teaching Irish history. There were 45 schools in the city of Chicago up to Sept. 1, in which Irish history is being taught and 5 more have been added thus far this month.

In the Arctic region, fronting the icy stretches of Behring Strait, is a rude chapel, built by the Indians, in which Mass is said. The missionary priest's house is a one room structure, serving him as kitchen, bedroom, reception room and library.

In regard to the religious census of the personnel of the Army and Navy, which Senator Sheppard of Texas intends Congress to have compiled, it is of interest to know that from 33.13 to 50% of the enlisted men in both arms of the service are Catholic.

The beautiful fifteenth-century home of the late Monsignor Benson—Hare Street House—has become the country home of the Cardinal of Westminster. The private chapel attached to the house, remodeled from an ancient barn, was made a dream of beauty under the capable hands of the dead priest-novelist.

The Redemptorist Fathers have started a vigorous campaign to raise funds for the completion of the \$1,000,000 Church of Our Lady of Perpetual Help, Bay Ridge, Long Island. The structure, at present only a basement, will be the greatest church building in Brooklyn, when it is completed.

Permission to organize a home for ex-convicts in Chicago has been sought from Archbishop Mundelein by Father Peter, Catholic chaplain at the Illinois state penitentiary. Sufficient funds to adequately finance the proposed institution have been pledged by prominent Chicago business men and philanthropists, many of them personal friends of the chaplain.

The work undertaken by Father Breton and the Japanese Sisters for the conversion of the Japanese people of Los Angeles, is progressing in the most satisfactory way. Eighty children attend the Japanese Catholic school. To meet the expenses, Father Breton collects old newspapers and magazines which he disposes of for the benefit of the mission.

A big luncheon has been arranged for a convention of "society girls" in Pueblo, Colo., and Friday had been chosen for the banquet. Many visiting girls were Catholics and quietly asked the committee to arrange for them to have something else served them in place of meat. On entering the hall small pieces of ribbon were noticed on some chairs. The committee had kept its secret. The waiters served fish to the ribboned chairs and meat to the others. This expression of loyalty to their faith (there were 16 Catholic girls in the group of 70), made such an impression on one Protestant that she is now under instruction in the Catholic religion.

The award of the Distinguished Service Cross to the Rev. Father Anthony H. Pollen, S. J., is announced in the list of British naval honors recently issued. Father Pollen, who is fifty-six years of age, although himself severely burned, carried men whose injuries from the same cause were of a still more serious kind, from the battery-deck to the distributing station on board the "Warspite" in the battle of Jutland. The heroic chaplain is the second son of the late Mr. John Hungerford Pollen, who became a convert under the influence of his brothers, a well-known member of the Society of Jesus, and a third brother is Mr. Arthur H. Pollen, the naval writer and lecturer.

MOONDYNE JOE

THE GOLD MINE OF THE VASSE

BOOK FOURTH

THE CONVICT SHIP

XIV.

THE DARKNESS OF DESOLATION

The recovery of Captain Draper was regarded as a good omen by the sailors and convicts; and with a return of confidence to them the fever daily declined. The average of recoveries grew larger, and there were few new seizures. From the day of his interview with Harriet, Draper saw her no more. Neither did he see Miss Pandora. The steward alone attended him. He was forced to ponder on the future, and every new possibility was harder to accept than the last. During those days of convalescence, his coward soul preyed upon by his villainous imagination, Draper suffered almost the tortures of the damned. When the heartbroken Harriet recovered from the excitement of the dreadful interview, her soul had only one feeling—remorse. She was dying of thirst, sitting down on the burning sand, and commune with the devouring fire in the body, so this unhappy one sat upon her pallet in the hospital room, and communed for hours with the newly-lighted consuming fire in her soul. At last Mr. Wyville entered the hospital, with the physician. He approached Harriet, and spoke in a low tone, such as he had used when addressing her once before. "Do you remember me?" She looked at him in surprise, at first; but as she continued to gaze, there rose in her mind a recollection that brought the blood strongly from her heart. She clasped her hands beseechingly. "I thought I had dreamt it in the cell—I did not know that it was real. O, sir, did you not come to me and speak blessed words of comfort? Did you not say that he was guilty of part of my crime?" "Yes, it was I who visited you in Walton-le-Dale. I come now to say the same words—to ask to save the innocent one who has borne your penalty." "Thank heaven, it is not too late! This moment let me do what is to be done. O, sir, I know now the whole of my crime—I never saw it till this day. I never pitied her nor thought of her; but now, when I could ask for even God's pardon, I dare not ask for hers."

Seeing Harriet in this repentant mind, Mr. Wyville lost no time in having her confession formally taken down and witnessed. This done, he spoke comforting words to Harriet, who, indeed, was relieved by the confession, and felt happier than she had been for years. Assembling the officers of the Convict Service in the cabin, immediately afterward, Mr. Wyville took his first step as Comptroller General, by announcing that Alice Walsmsley was no longer a prisoner, that her innocence had been fully established by the confession of the real criminal, and that henceforth she was to be treated respectfully as a passenger. When this news was given to Sister Cecilia, she almost lost her placid self-control in an outburst of happiness. But she controlled herself, and only wept for very gladness. Then she started up, and almost ran toward her secluded room, to break the tidings to Alice. Alice was sewing when Sister Cecilia entered. She had acquired a habit of sewing during her long solitary confinement, and now she was happiest while working at a long seam. She smiled pleasantly as Sister Cecilia entered. The kind little nun almost regretted that she bore news that would break the calm stream of Alice's life. She was happy as she was: would she be happier under better circumstances? would the awakened memories counterbalance or sink the benefit. "Good news, Alice!" Alice looked up from her sewing inquiringly. "Is the fever over at last?" she asked. "Better than that, my child," said Sister Cecilia, sitting down beside her, and putting an arm around her with tender affection. "I have special good news that will gladden every kind heart on the ship. One of our prisoners, who has been in prison a long time, has been proved innocent, and has been made free by order of the Comptroller-General!" As Sister Cecilia spoke she still embraced Alice and looked down at her face. But there was no perceptible change, except a slight contraction of the brow-muscles denoting awakened interest.

"And she, who was a poor prisoner an hour ago, is now a respected passenger on the Queen's ship!" continued Sister Cecilia, lightly; but in truth she was alarmed at Alice's calmness. "It is a woman, then?" said Alice. "Yes, dear; a woman who has been nine years in prison, suffering for another's crime. And that other has confessed—Alice! Alice!" cried Sister Cecilia, dismayed at the effect of her words. But Alice did not hear; she had slipped from her seat, pale as marble, fainting; and were it not for the supporting arm of the nun she would have fallen headlong to the floor. Sister Cecilia did not alarm any one; she was experienced in emotional climaxes. She did the few things proper for the moment, then quietly awaited Alice's recovery.

In a few minutes the pale face was raised, and the mild eyes sought Sister Cecilia as if they asked a heartrending question. The little Sister did not understand the appeal; so she only encouraged Alice by a kind word to regain strength.

"And she!" whispered Alice, with quivering lips, now speaking what she had looked; "where is she—the forsaken one?" "She is on board, my child; she is a prisoner, and a most unhappy one. She has no hope but the peace of atonement. God send her comfort!" "Amen! Amen!" cried Alice, laying her head on the Sister's arm, and sobbing without restraint.

XV.

THE NEW PENAL LAW

There being no female passengers in the cabin of the *Houqumont*, it was decided that Alice Walsmsley should remain in her room with Sister Cecilia till the end of the voyage. The only change made was in her dress, and this, by some strange oversight on the part of the little Sister as it seemed, was quite extensively and fittingly provided for. Alice selected the quietest possible dress, and when she stood arrayed in it, after so many weary years in prison gray, she could not help glancing at her face in the glass, and blushing as she looked; and at this very pretty and womanly moment, Sister Cecilia came upon her and gave a pleasant little laugh. Upon this, Alice blushed deeper, and turned her confused face away, whilst Sister Cecilia reached after it, and drawing it to the light kissed her affectionately. "Why, Alice," she said, with a provoking smile, "you are quite a beauty." Unquestionably, even a few days without the burden of bondage had worked wonders in Alice's life. She was no longer moody; she instantly and naturally began to take fresh interest in everything she saw and heard around her.

The ship cleared the Tropics and raced down towards the Cape in the vigorous Southern trades. The blustering winds and the rough sea brought refreshment even to the feeble, and to Alice renewed strength. Her face lost the pallor of confinement, and her step became elastic. The years of her imprisonment had kept dormant the energies that waste with exertion. She began to feel as youthful and as cheerful as when she was a girl. One day she was standing beside her open window, looking out on the sea, when she plainly heard above her, on the poop deck, a voice that held her rooted to the spot. "I cannot foresee the result," she heard these words—"but I shall go on to the end. I have loved her dearly always; and I shall, at least, prove it to her before the dream is dispelled."

Alice held herself to the window, not meaning to listen to the words so much as to obey the strong promptings of her love to hear the honest ring of his voice. "It was Will Sheridan who spoke—he stood on the poop with Mr. Wyville—and Alice knew the voice. After so many years, it came to her like a message from her girlhood, and bridged over the chasm in her life. No other words reached her; but the conversation continued for a long time; and still she stood beside the window, her cheek laid on her hands, while she allowed the familiar tones of Sister Cecilia found her so, and playfully coaxed her to tell her thoughts; but Alice's diffidence was so evident that the little nun sat down and laughed heartily. The voyage round the Cape had no special interest; and a few weeks later the officers began their preparations for disembarkation. The air grew balmy once more, and the sky cloudless. "We are just three hundred miles from the mouth of the Swan River," said Sheridan one day to Mr. Wyville, when he had taken his observations. "Have you ever landed at Fremantle?" "Yes, once—many years ago," said Mr. Wyville, and he crossed the deck to observe something in the sea. Throughout the voyage, neither Sheridan nor Wyville had seen Alice Walsmsley. Each in his own mind deemed it best to leave her undisturbed with Sister Cecilia. Mr. Wyville was still impressed with the conviction of Sheridan's unhappy and hopeless affection for Harriet; but he was much perplexed by her forgetfulness of his name. However, when they reached Australia, one day ashore would clear up matters without the pain of preliminary explanation. Day after day, in the mild Southern air, the ship glided slowly on, and still the watchers on the crowded deck saw no sign of land. From morning light they leant on the rail, looking away over the smooth sea to where the air was yellow with heat above the unseen continent. There was a warmth and pleasure in the promise it gave.

The straining eyes were saved the long pain of watching the indistinct line. The shore of Western Australia is quite low, and the first sign of land are tall mahogany trees in the bush. The ship passed this first sight line early in the night; and next morning when the convicts were allowed on deck, they saw, only a few miles distant, the white sand and dark woods of their land of bondage and promise. The sea was as smooth as a lake, and the light air impelled the ship slowly. At noon they passed within a stone's throw of the island of Rottenest, and every eye witnessed the strange sight of gangs of naked black men working like beavers in the sand, the island being used as a place of punishment for refractory natives. An hour later, the ship had approached within a mile of the pier at Fremantle. The surrounding sea and land were very strange and beautiful. The green shoal-water, the soft air, with a yellowish warmth the pure white sand of the beach, and the dark green of the unbroken forest beyond, made a scene almost like fairyland. But there was a stern reminder of reality in the little town of Fremantle that lay between the forest and the sea. It was built of wooden houses, ranging down a gentle hill; and in the centre of the houses, spread out like a gigantic star-fish, was a vast stone prison. There was a moment of bustle and noise on the deck, through which rang the clear commanding voice of Sheridan, and next moment the anchor plunged into the sea and the cable roared through the hawse-hole. Every soul on board took a long breath of relief at the end of the voyage. A tug was seen coming from the wharf, the deck of which was crowded. At its mast-head floated the governor's flag. On the deck was the governor of the Colony with his staff, and a host of convict officers from the prison. The tug steamed alongside, and the governor came on board the convict ship. He wore a blue tunic, with epaulettes like a naval officer, white trousers, and a cocked hat. He greeted Mr. Wyville with official welcome on account of his position, and warmly expressed his admiration of his philanthropy. "I understand you bring us a new penal system," said the governor. "I hope it is a stronger one than that we have."

Not in this generation, nor the next, will the financial panic of eight years ago be forgotten in the manufacturing district round Fulcherville and its neighboring town, Brampton. The "year of the big wind" they call it thereabouts and the name is fitting. It followed a decade of prosperity during which money had been shoveled up rather than made, and the inevitable Bonanza ills accompanied it. Country financial frogs, the Napoleons of provincial puddles, sought to match the metropolitan ox, and dreamed themselves into the Morgan class. They began feverishly to advertise their advent by purchasing rare tapestries, old masters, and famous manuscripts. Manufacturers who had been ordinary workmen a few years before bloomed overnight into captains of industry. Their wives and daughters, happy heretofore on a hundred almonth and Sunday supplement dreams, became, on a three-month paper, millionaires and the horrible toil of social greased-pole climbing. Their sons began to regard work as the servile bondage of the great unwashed, and were afflicted, in virulent degree, with yearnings after polo and other undemocratic diversions that are supposed to mark the caste of Vere de Vere.

Then came the deluge. The rains descended, the floods came, the winds blew, and beat upon the houses that were long on castellated battlements and short on foundations, and they fell, and great was the fall thereof. After the cyclone the world was sweeter, cleaner, fairer. It blew incipient hell out and permanent salvation in. There are young men round that district to-day, first-rate good fellows, working hard six days a week to the everlasting profit of their immortal souls, married to cured climbers who are self-broke to kneading board and gingham aprons, and raising perfect satisfactory boys and girls instead of the rotten and gingerbread, and they leaved in amaze that, after all, they were really men, instead of things for ingenious tailors and valets to experiment upon.

It was 10 o'clock of a brilliant October morning in the year of the big wind when Miss Pandora Fulcher's car set her down before the doors of a big office block on lower Broadway. Even the bustling, self-centered New Yorkers, streaming to and from the elevators, turned to cast a second glance at the tall, big-framed, plainly dressed woman, who seemed to bring with her, as she strode through the crowd, something of the swing and majesty of the seas. Verging on sixty, her eyes dark, direct, piercing, were expressive and full of fire as those of a vivacious, quick-blooded girl. In her strong, ivory-tinted face was something of the severe immobility of the Indian. The prominent cheekbones, the firm, rather full lips, and powerful beaked nose, emphasized the impression. Among those who hurried along were doubtless some who recognized the multimillionaire mistress of the great upstate Fulcherville Mills, with their 10,000 workpeople, whose home on Fifth avenue was one of the historic family mansions of older New York, and whose steam yacht, the Xantippe, was known on all the Seven Seas.

Miss Fulcher made her way to the city offices of the Fulcherville Company on the fifth floor. The busy year of the firm ended with August. The balance sheet, together with a voluminous and itemized report of the work of the various departments, had been sent to her by Copenhamen, and she had studied it on the way home; for she was a keen and shrewd business woman, and kept an experienced eye on the general progress of the Mills. Ezra Flaxton, her general manager, was awaiting her in the office, a tall, spare New Englander, who had grown up in the Mills from "doffer" boy to superintendent, and whose strong, capable hand was in every part of their complex organization. In a few minutes they were busy with the balance sheet and reports. The year had been prosperous, orders abundant, and profits large. There was, as usual, little to criticize, but the sharp eye of the mistress detected one poor bare spot in the generally prosperous field.

"What's the matter with Mohairs this year, Ezra?" she inquired. "Production has fallen off and profits are considerably reduced."

"A bit of extra sharp competition that caught us napping in the early part of the season," he admitted. "There was a time we had that field pretty much to ourselves, but young Lathrop, or Brampton, has jumped into it and got away with business we thought we owned. I don't think he'll catch us that way again."

"Who's Lathrop?" asked Miss Pandora, interested at once. "Just a bright youngster who bought the old Slade Mill at Brampton, money lender, got his claws into Tom Slade, foreclosed, bought in at the sale, and sold to Lathrop, so much done, the balance in annual instalments."

"So the Slades are gone," she mused. "I remember when they were the big folks hereabouts, judges and governors and senators."

"And the last of them is down to borrowing quarters for drinks," said Ezra. "That's the way of it, sabots to silken shoes and silken shoes to sabots again. 'Clogs to clogs in three generations' as the Old Country folk put it," quoted Miss Pandora. "The earlier generation made its money like a chain-gang laborer, the last spent it like a drunken sailor. Who is the new man Lathrop?"

THE YEAR OF THE BIG WIND

A boy with his head screwed on the right way, and lots of hustle and pluck," replied Ezra generously. The Fulcherville folks were big enough not to grudge the small man his place in the sun. They would wrestle they would use their weight fairly and a little more than that. "He'll make his way all right if he can weather the storm that's coming."

"There is trouble ahead, then?" she asked. "I heard whispers and prophecies on the other side."

"Big trouble," he replied. "It's here now, right overhead, and black as ink. After the hot spell come the lightning and the hot spell all right. The lightning has been a hot spell all right. Reckless borrowings and lending and spending, without a thought of the morrow. You would think a bottomless gold mine had been discovered by the new smarties, that grew richer the deeper they dug. Banks and Trust Companies as mad as the rest, or madder, and now they're paying time has come, and they'll pay to the skin and bone of 'em. They'll be fewer papers millionaires this time than months, and a lot of good wholesome business that can't get clear of the wreckage will be swept away. Lathrop out yonder is tied up to some shabby concerns, and he'll find Penstock hard as the nether millstone if he makes a slip. The boy's a live competitor, but I'd hate to see him swamped. He's married to a nice girl and just getting to his feet."

"Sentimental as a housemaid still, Ezra," sniffed Miss Pandora. "Business is war, and the time to sympathize with a competitor is when you send the wreath to his funeral. When he's living knock him on the head, and it will cost little to say what a fine fellow he was when he's inside his coffin. Well, I'll get back home. What a day it would be at sea! I'll have to run up to Fulcherville some day next week to see how they are shaping with the rebuilding of the Homestead, and then the Xantippe turns south. It'll be a miserable soul in heaven, Ezra, if there's no sea there."

Looking back on events in the light of subsequent history, it is borne on one that the zenith of Brampton's halcyon was attained on the Saturday of Mrs. Milton Penstock's "Five O'Clock" at the Country Club. The day looms up in retrospect, with a "night before Waterloo" halo about it. Mrs. Milton Penstock, a large, floridly handsome woman, was one of the leaders of the little manufacturing town's haut monde. Ancestry and lineage, antecedent to a possible grandfather, few Bramptonians could boast and these were mostly to be found among the poorer and humbler, the has-beens and down-and-outs financially, who consequently no longer counted. Social status fixed itself automatically in sympathy with the size of the individual or family dollar pile. Mr. William Milton Penstock had been known in his humbler days as Billy, but with the acquisition of money and status his reserve name had come into use. He was Brampton's most brilliant illustration of the trite adage that there's always room at the top. His ascent from a second-hand furrier, money-lender, and chattel mortgage dealer to a real estate magnate, had been monkeylike in its rapid agility. The poor we have always with us, hence the success of the Penstock kind, those skilled fishers in the troubled waters of the unfortunate world. He now called himself a banker, an elastic term that covers a wide diversity of financial operations. One of the most earnest pursuits was to forget the things that are behind, and press forward to the prizes ahead. A neat, suave little man, with shrewd, cold eyes, sharp nose, relentless steel grip, and a store of pompous moral platitudes that would have ornamented the discourse of a Bishop. He could foreclose on the home of a widow so sympathetically that she would almost believe him to be the hapless victim of some inexorable legal process, that compelled him to do what he hated with all his soul. Blunt-spoken men called him a variety of harsh and nasty names, but on the whole, he was in good repute, for money covers a multitude of sins. He had purchased and presented a rare folio Shakespeare to the Brampton Public Library, and the gem of the local Art Gallery was an Old Master, presented, as the scroll above it ran, by William Milton Penstock, Esquire.

Indian Summer day was very hot. The players would not return from their various amusements for some time, so social converse, of a more or less intimate and gossip kind, whiled away the pleasant hour. There were some there who had heard and seen with wondering anxiety the whisperings and signs of the coming storm, but the day and scene were so fair and idyllic that it was hard to believe ill of so agreeable a world.

It was in this calm, beautiful hour that the strange woman appeared. None knew whence she came. She just manifested herself, dark, gray, grim, a veritable perambulating portent, so she seemed. She strolled across the course near the eighteenth hole, skirted the flower bordered lawn, and stood for some moments surveying the general effect of the handsome house, herself the cynosure of a score of pairs of eyes, many of them frankly amused. Mrs. Penstock raised her lorgnette and swept the woman from stout laced walking shoes upwards. Short cloth skirt, white blouse, gipsy dark face and amazing hair. No such hat had ever been seen within the precincts of the Brampton Country Club. It was nothing less than appalling, and looked like nothing so much as the cone-shaped top of a discarded straw beehive of generous proportions. In her ungloved hand she carried a stout hazel walking-stick. Mrs. Penstock lowered her lorgnette and announced that she would speak very severely to the steward about permitting friends of the servants to stroll about the club laws on "Five O'Clock" days.

She was about to call a waiter and request him to direct the poor creature to the kitchen, when the stranger, her architectural study finished, marched up the steps, surveyed the assembled throng, nodded to them with friendly impartiality, strode to the opposite end of the veranda and seated herself comfortably.

"Mullins," said the horrified hostess to a servant, "is that—or person a member of the club?" glancing at the human bomb. "I do not seem to recognize the lady, Madame," replied the man. "See the steward immediately and find out," she ordered sharply. "Very well, Madame." And Mullins escaped. Passing along the veranda the stranger saw and summoned him.

"Mullins!" she said, a twinkle in her eye, "bring me tea and biscuits please." Mullins knew a lady when he saw and heard one. He inclined his head with great respect; and bustled off to execute her order. Alice Lathrop, a pretty young matron, with a little girl at her side, watched the little scene with indignation and some quiet enjoyment. She was sure the old lady had heard Mrs. Penstock, but her eyes sparkled with delight at the calm assuredness of the extraordinary interloper. There was a fine challenging truculence about the woman, a chippiness of the shoulders, the indefinable air of frank and breezy personality. Alice became seized with a great desire to go over and chat with the stranger, but while she hesitated, fearing intrusion, her little girl ran away from her, pattered over the veranda to the woman, and put out her arms to be taken up.

"You sweet little cherub," said the woman, lifting the child to her lap. "No, that's not my name," replied the mite. "I'm Mary Lathrop, and daddy calls me honeybunch. That's mother over there, the pretty lady in the white dress. Who are you, please?" "I'm old Mother Hubbard who went to the cupboard, and the old woman who lived in a shoe, and—" replied the stranger. "No, you're not." The little maid shook her curls, laughing. "Where are all your babies, then? Did you spank them all and send them to bed before you came out?" And her silvery mirth rang over the lawn. "I know who you are," she continued confidentially. "Well, who am I? There's the nicest, prettiest box of candy the steward can bring if you can tell me truly," said the woman. "You are the old lady who sweeps the cobwebs off the sky, and this is your broomstick." And the child took up the hazel stick. "Guess you swept off the broom part." The woman chuckled with delight. "What a clever little honeybunch, to guess right away," she said. "That is just who I am. They sky was dreadfully black and dirty, and there were such lots of spiders spinning their ugly webs there. I guess I'll have to buy a new broom. Now we'll go for the candy." And hand in hand the big, grim woman and the dainty child passed indoors to the steward's counter, returning a few minutes later with a great pictured box of chocolates. Young Mrs. Lathrop met them as they came out. "Oh, Mummy!" said the child. "See what the old lady who sweeps the cobwebs off the sky has given me."

"I'm afraid I have a very rude little girl," said Alice apologetically. "You really should not have given her such a lovely box."

"She's a darling, my dear," said the woman. "You are Mrs. Lathrop, Mrs. Charles Lathrop, I suppose?"

"Yes," replied Alice. "You know my husband? He is on the links."

"No, but I've heard your name," the other answered. "Won't you sit down a moment? I'm afraid I ran into some function here of unusual solemnity. May I ask who the lady is who apparently regards me as some odd biological specimen?"

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LONDON, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER, 4 1916

THE CHURCH INVISIBLE AND THE CHURCH INADVERTIBLE

It has become the fashion nowadays for Protestants to speak of "The Church" not the Churches. "The Church" does not mean the Methodist Church nor the Presbyterian nor the Baptist nor any other. The advocacy of the union of certain Churches has emphasized the evils, the folly and the weakness of division.

No preachers who are adepts in avoiding disagreeable facts and whose habit it is to trim their sails to catch any wind of popular favour would evade the outstanding and paralysing fact of the hopeless division of Protestantism, by insinuation even deny it, by using the comprehensive, indefinite and nebulous term, "The Church."

But what do they mean by the term? What is "The Church"? We are sometimes told that the Church is invisible and made up of all who are imbued with the spirit of Christ.

But we are told again and again that "The Church" has a message and a mission for the world; that when peace comes again "The Church" must deliver that message and fulfil that mission. "The Church" must teach the world the truths that will save the world. But how can an invisible Church make itself audible?

Of course the sad and patent fact is that the "The Church" of these vapid orators and writers is not only invisible but inaudible.

In a sermon at the recent Protestant Episcopal Convention in St. Louis the Rev. Dr. Manning, of New York, put the matter before his colleagues with clearness and precision:

"There are only two theories as to what the Church is. Either our Lord Himself founded a Church in this world which has His authority to minister and to teach in His name or else our Lord founded no Church, but left His disciples free to form Churches according to their own notions as they might see fit, in which case the Church has no divine character and no divine authority. And this latter is the position and teaching of most of the Protestant world to-day."

Dr. Manning belongs to that section of Episcopalians who believe that their Church is a branch of the Catholic Church. With that claim we are not just now much concerned. Whatever his position may be he at least sets a refreshing example of intellectual honesty and moral courage in squarely facing the question of what "The Church" means.

"Either our Lord Himself founded a Church in this world which has His authority to minister and to teach in His name" or He did not. That is the first question, the fundamental and essential question which every honest man and woman in the world must ask themselves. And for those who believe in the divinity of Christ the question is of transcendent importance. If there is a Church founded by Christ Himself which has His authority to minister and to teach in His name, then it becomes the imperative, inescapable duty of every Christian to seek out that Church, to hear to the voice of Christ speaking through it, and to avail himself of its divinely instituted ministry.

Is it the Methodist or the Presbyterian or any one of the countless churches of Protestantism, or is it all of them together under the indefinite, elusive and meaningless term "The Church"? The basic principle of Protestantism, Private Judgment, precludes even the claim to the title in any such sense. As Dr. Manning pertinently said:

"Those adhering to this position depended on 'individual conscience' as their authority in religious matters and if this were correct then one man's guess was no better than another's."

If there is anything essential, any thing fundamental in Protestantism,

any thing which makes it a subject of a predicate at all, it is the boasted principle of Private Judgment. This principle and the idea of a Church founded by Christ to teach in His name are mutually exclusive.

So when Protestants talk of "The Church" as having a message, of the saving truths which "The Church" must teach the world, the world asks: By what authority? When they attempt to don the stolen livery of the Catholic Church and to speak with authority they are confronted with their own basic principle, the very reason for their existence, Private Judgment, and the world goes its way leaving their self-contradictory would-be teachers, confessedly without authority, pottering at new doctrines which they fondly hope may be acceptable to the world and not incompatible with the "modern mind."

With a good deal of sympathy for Dr. Manning and those who with him are trying to uphold the Catholic ideal we may conclude by quoting his pertinent protest against the tendency of his fellow-ministers to mutilate the creeds and formularies which they received from the Catholic Church.

"I hope they will not yield," he said, "to the Pelagian self-confidence and lack of true self-knowledge which appears in the proposal to mutilate the majestic opening of invocations of the Litany and to substitute immeasurably poorer forms, so that we may be relieved from confessing ourselves 'miserable sinners' a step nearer to an entirely comfortable, twentieth century, self-congratulatory religion with no unpleasant suggestion of shortcoming or need of repentance on our part."

That the majority of Anglicans or Episcopalians either expressly or implicitly adopt the Protestant principle of private judgment is notorious. Many of their spokesmen and writers are frankly and aggressively Protestant.

Referring to a statement of Dr. Relland, rector of St. George's, in the preface to the Year Book of the Church, Dr. Manning said:

"We have a clergyman of our own Church who takes the Protestant position and relies on his own judgment, asserting in print that the Prayer Book which he uses and the Creed which he repeats at every service are contrary to truth and common sense."

If this were an isolated case the matter would not amount to much; but thousands of such pronouncements are made by Anglican preachers and writers. Creeds are flouted as outworn; fundamental Christian doctrines are denied; even the virgin birth of Christ, His resurrection, His divinity are all called into question and denied or modified so as to eliminate every element of the supernatural, by rationalistic private judgment. And the Church of our perturbed and unhappy friends, that Church which they claim is a branch of the Church Catholic, is unable to find a voice speaking in Christ's name to restrain even her doctors in Israel from attacking the most elementary Christian truths and proclaiming doctrines utterly subversive of the fundamental notion of a visible Church "founded by Christ Himself, ministering and teaching in His name."

So glaring is this tendency against which men like Dr. Manning protest, so hopeless the outlook for authoritative Christian teaching on the part of their Church, that the time can not be far off when they will recognize that "the branch" to which they cling is severed from the vine. When the inevitable disruption takes place there will be an influx of earnest and sincere souls into that Church which alone witnesses to the fullness of Christian truth, and which with the fearlessness of Christ Himself "teaches in His name."

IRISHMEN AND IMPERIAL FEDERATION

In a recent issue of the Nineteenth Century J. Clerc Sheridan, Commissioner for Revenue to the Union of South Africa, during the course of an article, "An Appeal for an Irish Entente," says:

"As a resident of the Dominions I venture to say a best word on their behalf. They look for a consolidation of the Empire by closer organization of the several parts and a central organization of Imperial interests and government. Their part in the War entitles them to the fullest and speediest consideration of their wishes; and everyone who is in touch with Dominions people knows that they expect proposals of a far-reaching and statesmanlike kind to be brought forward at the close of the War. If they are disappointed or balked in these expectations it is certain that awkward

questionings will be suggested in their minds as to the capacity of the people in the Mother Country to understand or manage the affairs of the Empire."

There is nothing more certain than that the question of Imperial Federation will, after the restoration of peace, be the dominant political question of our time. The term is not a happy one, indeed that it is a misnomer is admitted by many who are ardent advocates of the thing thus named or misnamed. Nevertheless for convenience we shall use the term. The citation above is one of a thousand indications that in all parts of the Empire the fact is recognized that when the War is over the relations of the Dominions to the home countries will come up for readjustment. "Imperialism" scoffs an impatient reader. Let it be agreed that the term is an unsavoury one. It has been cheapened and abused and prostituted to unworthy ends. It often meant nothing but a clap-net appeal to prejudice. Its meaning now is so vague that Imperialists so-called as well as those who proclaim themselves anti-Imperialists know not what they mean by it.

But all this does not affect the question that is soon to come up for settlement.

Mr. Bourassa is not an Imperialist in what sense soever the term may be understood. And yet study of the situation has led him to take a step in advance of many who boast of "loyalty to the Empire." In the course of an exhaustive analysis of Mr. Lionel Curtis' book, "The Problem of the Commonwealth," he admits, indeed emphatically asserts, that because of the War Canada's present status cannot be maintained when peace is restored.

Moreover, Le Devoir announces that it has made arrangements for a number of volumes of "The Problem of the Commonwealth," which it will distribute to readers desirous of studying a question of such great moment to Canada and Canadians. Whatever may be thought of Mr. Bourassa and the policy of his paper in other matters, in this he sets an example which sentimental Imperialists and sentimental anti-Imperialists alike would do well to follow. An intelligent study of a vastly important subject should precede final judgment thereon.

It is not necessary to be an Imperialist, whatever that may be, to recognize that the paramount political issue for all Canadians is the future political status of Canada. And that is obviously and necessarily involved in the proposed political organization of the Empire. The duty of every intelligent Canadian to study the question is not fulfilled by scoffing at Imperialism. And this study is quite as important for those who would oppose as for those who would promote the project.

In urging the study of this question we meet with the query, why should Irishmen favor such a proposition? A good and sufficient answer, so far as Irish Canadians are concerned, is that all Canadians, irrespective of their origin, should be interested first of all in the welfare of Canada. If that demands her participation in the responsibilities as well as the burdens of the whole commonwealth no traditional sentiment should cloud their judgment or obscure their sense of duty.

But there is an especial reason why Irishmen at home and, so far as Irish sentiment influences them, Irishmen abroad as well should welcome what is popularly known as Imperial Federation. This would necessarily solve the whole Irish problem.

The South-African Irishman whom we have quoted above continues:

"Anyone of clear vision who takes the least pains to think must perceive that there is only one road to Imperial consolidation, and that is by way of devolution—wide and entire devolution of all affairs of a local character to locally constituted legislatures or parliaments, Irish, Scottish, or English as may be—in order to make room for the organization and working of an Imperial or Federal Government."

Not only would Irish Home Rule be necessarily involved in Imperial Federation but the extent of the self-government for Ireland would be determined by the self-government that would satisfy England and Scotland. In that case it is certain that Ireland would get a much more satisfactory measure of Home Rule than that now on the statute books.

So far, then, from there being any force in the "Irish" objection to Imperial Federation Irish considerations make it extremely desirable.

It is not, at least as yet, evident to us that it would be so clearly in the

interest of Canada; and it is precisely because of this that we desire to point out that an intelligent study of this question is a duty incumbent on all Canadians.

To ignore the whole matter, to dismiss it as imperialism will not make for intelligent judgment when the question comes up, as it inevitably will come up in the near future, for practical settlement.

CAPT. R. E. HORKINS AND HIS COMRADES IN LIFE AND DEATH

Following is in part the letter appraising Mr. T. J. Horkins of Campbellford, Ontario, of the death of his son, Capt. R. E. Horkins, M. D., R. A. M. C.:

Sept. 28, 1916.

"Dear Mr. Horkins,—It is with deepest regret I have to inform you of the death of your son, Capt. R. E. Horkins, R. A. M. C., and Medical Officer to the 77th Brigade, R. E. F. Cotter—poor 'Ham's'—man in the Brigade who does not feel that they have lost a true friend. We had been friends ever since he first joined us at Rolleston Camp in August, 1915. 'Doc,' as we called him, was the life of our mess. He was absolutely fearless. I have seen him go at the call of duty with shells falling all over the place as if nothing was happening. By strange coincidence, his great friend, 2nd Lieut. R. G. Hamilton, was killed by the same shell, as was also Major F. R. Cotter—poor 'Ham's'—battery commander. It all happened in a moment—a stray shell. Ham and Cotter were killed instantly but your son lived for about 30 minutes. 'Let me down boys, I'm done,' were the last words he said to the stretcher bearers who were carrying him back to the dressing station."

"He was buried to-day side by side with his great friend, and a priest of his church officiated."

Yours Sincerely,
C. H. MORRISON,
Capt. and Adjutant,
77th Bde. R. F. A.

Dr. Horkins graduated in the faculty of medicine, Toronto University, in 1912, and for a year was house surgeon at St. Michael's hospital, Toronto. He was one of 35 medical men who went overseas in March, 1915, to take commissions as lieutenants in the Royal Army Medical Corps. He was transferred to the 77th Howitzer Brigade, Royal Artillery, and had been ten months with that branch of the service when he met his death.

A fellow-officer Capt. T. W. McMahon wrote the next day to Capt. Horkins' bereaved parents a letter of condolence in which occurs this paragraph:

"As soon as we heard of his death we arranged for a priest to come the following morning for the burial."

"Dr. Horkins was a particular friend of mine and it was a very great shock to me. I am the Veterinary Officer in the 16th D. A. C. My home is at Simcoe, Ontario, and as I am a Roman Catholic will look after his grave while we are here. We put up a cross bearing his name and rank, which will be well looked after."

Loving care for the cross-marked grave in a far off land must fall to the lot of others, for Captain McMahon was killed in action the day following the death of Capt. Horkins.

The Rev. J. Curtiss Kelly, Anglican Chaplain, writes:

"Indeed your son's death gave me a terrible shock, more particularly as the Major and the doctor's greatest friend, 2nd Lt. R. Hamilton, were killed at the same time."

"Ever since the part played by us in the great offensive, your son and I were the greatest friends. We were constantly together and slept in the same dug out. He constantly spoke to me about his mother and father and I promised to write to you in the event of anything happening."

"I am a Church of England chaplain so could not officiate at the graveside but the body was brought some four miles to a recognized cemetery and one of his own chaplains officiated at the burial. He now lies side by side with Hamilton and the Major. It may indeed be said of your son that 'They were lovely and pleasant in their lives and in their deaths they were not divided.'"

"How can I attempt to comfort and console you in your tremendous loss. Doubtless you will realize and find comfort in the fact that he laid down his life as a sacrifice on the altar of Duty, and that he was called to meet his God while playing his part in a glorious cause."

"I can claim that I am in a position to speak definitely as to his attention to duty. He was ever on the alert to do anything for the officers and men of the Brigade. He did his duty nobly and well and never shirked when there were many and great dangers."

Realizing the great uncertainty of coming through the battle Dr. Horkins entrusted his friend with this last message for his mother in case he fell in battle:

France.
"My Dearest Mother,—We are on the eve of a great battle and if this letter finds its destination it will convey the news that I am batted out, 'middle peg.'"

My last wish will be that you take it as the Spartan mother that you are and be reconciled to the will of God. My duty to my country will have been served, but to you I owe much more. My only regret at this hour is my inopportunity to add to the comforts of your life and fulfil the obligations of a son to a mother. "You will give my sincerest love to father, brothers and sisters and ask them to remember me in their prayers. As for me, mother dear, you will be in my dying thoughts."

Your Affectionate Son,
Dick.

For the foregoing notes we are indebted to the Campbellford News. The CATHOLIC RECORD extends sincere sympathy to Dr. Horkins' friends and to the friends of his gallant comrades in life and in death.

THE DEVOLUTION OF JIMMIE McDOUGALL

He studied for matriculation in one of the old Grammar schools of Ontario many years ago. He was an earnest young man and took life seriously. He came of rugged Scotch stock and had been brought up religiously on oatmeal porridge and the Shorter Catechism. He had listened on Sundays to a minister of the old school, who preached the Word of God as he knew it, and who had not substituted the "Rock of Ages" for the Psalms of David. He was proficient especially in Greek and Mathematics, subjects that appeal in our day only to a small coterie. In a word, he was just such a young man as, had he possessed the Catholic faith, would have been looked upon by his bishop as a most promising candidate for the priesthood. In common with several other students in the school, he was preparing himself to become a minister in the Presbyterian Church.

These young men used to hold prayer meetings, twice a week, at one or other of their boarding houses. We doubt if this custom is still in vogue; it scarcely harmonizes with the spirit of modern student life. The remembrance of one of those meetings is one of the abiding recollections of our school days. We were present by accident, and being invited to remain, we did so, blissfully ignorant that we were thereby guilty of "participatio in divinis." Two things impressed us on that occasion—the zeal of those young men to convert sinners and save them from hell, and the evident sincerity of their prayers.

After their departure for the University we lost track of most of them. What transformation took place in them there we can only surmise. We do know that one of them passed through a veritable agony of disappointment, when he found his faith and his ideals shattered by the new teachings that were then coming into vogue in that institution. Our old friend Jimmie McDougall (he is a type not a person) is now the Rev. James McDougall, D. D., pastor of a fashionable city church. One would scarcely recognize him, there is something so superficial about him. He gives the impression of always acting a part and of being afraid lest someone might see through the disguise. In ordinary conversation, he speaks in that well modulated, orotund voice that ministers assume when they make a prayer. He does not particularly relish what to most men is especially interesting, viz., recollections of their school days. There is so much of present interest, you know, that he scarcely ever gives a thought to the old school. It is not, we suspect, that he is ashamed of the raw young Scotch lad from the country, but rather that he fears to think of what Jimmie McDougall, with his simple faith, his supernatural aspirations and his straightforward and logical principles, would think of this proper minister's picture, the Rev. James McDougall, D. D.

Jimmie McDougall started out to preach the Gospel as summarized in his little Scotch catechism. The Rev. Dr. McDougall preaches on almost everything else except the Gospel. He has his ear to the ground to find out what will be the next popular cry so as to lead in the shouting.

Jimmie McDougall believed in hell; in fact with his honest logic he would have said "What's the use if there is no hell?" If the Rev. Dr. McDougall believes in hell, he is very reticent about making profession of his belief. Possibly he considers its existence merely an academic subject, and would say with another minister at a recent conference: "The health of my children and the proper sanitation of my home interest me more than whether there is a heaven or a hell."

Jimmie McDougall never dreamed of such a thing as church union. Of course he had no D. D., but he had common sense. Perhaps he had heard of a blend of mountain dew; but the blending of religions would have touched the funny bone of even his Scotch sense of humor. The Rev. Dr. McDougall is in favor of church union, because it is popular with the multitude, because he deems it an evidence of broadmindedness and lastly because he has not sufficient faith in any revealed tenet to prevent his making a compromise.

We must confess to a feeling of satisfaction at the stand taken at the recent meeting in Toronto by those who termed themselves the Anti-disunionists. Of course, from a Catholic standpoint, their plight is a sad one; but they must be commended for their adherence to that very considerable body of revealed truth that was handed down to them by their ancestors, the rugged old Covenanters. Pity it is that their inherited prejudice against the one true Church prevents them from enjoying, without compromise, unity of faith, of worship and of government. The minister, who attributed this unionist movement to a little clique of university professors and ministers in collusion with them, was right. It is the Universities that have been largely responsible for the devolution of just such men as Jimmie McDougall, and for bringing about the elimination of the last vestige of the supernatural among the sects.

THE GLEANER.

NOTES AND COMMENTS

A CORRESPONDENT of the Canadian Churchman, Capel B. St. George, criticizes vigorously some remarks of another correspondent reflecting upon the French-Canadians and the War. "They are not more to be blamed," says Capel B. St. George, "than the Irish." Blamed for just what, the said Capel B. does not enlighten us, but whatever it is, it is the Pope that is at the bottom of it all.

IF A FRENCHMAN or an Irishman happens to be a house breaker or a grafter—a leader in the State, in the law, or in the public service—it all amounts to the same thing—he is a tool in the hands of the Pope, bent upon the one object, through deeds of either good or evil repute, of circumventing the great Protestant public, and bending it to the Roman yoke. Therefore, whether the French-Canadian or the Irishman falls short of Capel B. St. George's idea of his duty, or the same French-Canadian or Irishman covers himself with glory and with gore at Ginchy or anywhere else along the far-flung battle-line, he is in either capacity but working out the designs of the Pope for the resubjugation of the human race.

NOW SEE whether this terrible indictment leads the said Capel B. St. George! We had thought that the celebrated Reform Bill of 1832 was, by universal consent, now regarded as a landmark in the history of progress, and the first great step in England in modern times towards the emancipation of the people from the thralldom of class privilege. But according to this erudite political philosopher this is all wrong. It was Rome that foisted the Reform Bill upon England, and in doing so she had deep and sinister designs of her own. Here is what Capel B. St. George has to say about it:

"ABOUT TWO hundred years ago God gave England complete deliverance from Pope and Popery, blessed her army and navy with victories, raised her to the front rank of world-power. The Pope's emissaries worked, and the Church that should have withstood him failed in her duty, and the Reform Bill was passed." What was the result of this master-stroke? "Since that, steadily everything wanted has been obtained, until now the Bishop of Rome virtually rules, both in Church and State, and the few Protestants who see this are punished if they attempt to speak." There you have it! The French-Canadian or the Irishman giving a new meaning to valor and laying down his life upon the blood-stained soil of Flanders, is but the tool of the Pope, just the same as his compatriot who, like Capel B. St. George himself, but probably for a better reason, has refrained thus far from enlistment in the armies of the King.

Now, just here is where the Canadian Churchman's dauntless correspondent gets in his fine work. Since all these dreadful things have in some unexplained way been engineered by the Pope "it will be a very great surprise to me," says Capel B. St. George, "if the Pope is not represented at the coming peace conference." Then comes the uncovering of the batteries. "If Cromwell had been on the throne," he queries, "would the coronation oath have been changed?" or—would the Reform Bill have been passed? Modern historians are happily in a position to answer that question. Had Cromwell been on the throne or even William the Third, England would have been in no position to reproach Germany with violated treaties, or Belgian atrocities, or the sinking without warning of unarmed passenger vessels filled with helpless women and children. All such acts and more are written up to Cromwell's account, and, in a scarcely lesser degree to William the Third's in the ledger of history. That in this they measure up to the ideal of Capel B. St. George his letter to the Churchman leaves no room for doubt. The only surprise is that our Anglican contemporary should have had no misgiving in publishing it.

LIMERICK AND Drogheda; Glencoe and the aftermath of Culloden! We had not supposed that any Englishman now existed who thought of these events without some degree of confusion and compunction and yet the Canadian Churchman's correspondent can see in their instigators and perpetrators only laurel-crowned heroes, who, had he his way, would be called back from the relatively not-distant past to wreak a like vengeance upon every Irishman who dared to assert his nationality and upon every Catholic who, sharing the common burden of patriotism with his Protestant fellow-countrymen, claimed the right to worship God in the well-tryed and beaten paths of his fathers. That it only means anything at all is the only meaning which Capel B. St. George's incendiary screed is capable of bearing. Coming from a nonentity, however formidable his name, the world need not worry over it. Nevertheless, we repeat, that to find so respectable a journal as the Canadian Churchman opening its columns to such as he is legitimate occasion for surprise and wonder. As for the Pope, he still reigns.

PERHAPS SOMEONE will see in the latest Army regulation another evidence of the Pope's insidious warfare upon British liberties. No doubt some crafty Jesuit working under orders from headquarters is responsible for it. Has it not all the earmarks of its origin? It is given out that it has been practically decided to make the experiment of varying the Army ration by the inclusion of fish in the dietary, and two out of the many reasons given for this are that "the Irishmen would appreciate fish on Fridays and other fast days," and that "the Canadian troops have for some time been in receipt of a fish ration at least twice a week." What a pretty subject for the Churchman's correspondent!

THE REGULATION is, however, interesting on its own account. On a small scale the fish experiment was made some months ago at Aldershot and some camps within the London area. It was not then, it is stated, entirely successful, but the conditions which then operated against success have been removed and a later trial on a much larger scale gives every prospect of success. It has the approval of the R. A. M. C., who objected in the first instance to a ration of three-quarters of a pound of fish per man as not supplying sufficient "calories"—the prime consideration in the selection of a fighting man's diet. The ration has now been fixed at one pound of fish per man, for one day of the week only. Will the War Office hazard the selection of Friday as the day? That surely would afford all the proof of Papal intrigue that the most flagrant doubter could desire.

We should find great peace if we would imbué ourselves with this thought, that we are here solely to accomplish the will of God; that that will is accomplished from day to day; and that he who dies leaving his work unfinished is just as far advanced in the eyes of Supreme Justice as he who has leisure to accomplish it fully. — Frederic Ozanam.

ON THE BATTLE LINE

During the past week tremendous important developments have taken place in the great War. First in importance and magnitude is the success of Mackensen's great drive in Dobruja where the victorious Germans, Bulgars and Turks are in full possession of the Constanza-Chernavoda railway and are pursuing the routed Russo-Roumanian army relentlessly.

Were Roumania in touch with Western Europe effective aid could be given speedily, especially in the matter of heavy guns. Unhappily, Roumania can be reached only through Russia, and the lines of supply are hopelessly overlaid, so that even were the badly needed guns already at Archangel, it would be a long while before they could be brought into action in the Dobruja. Mackensen knows that haste is essential to success. He is giving the beaten Russo-Roumanian army no rest. Chernavoda has been evacuated under pressure, and the heights recently occupied twelve miles north of the Constanza-Chernavoda railway have proved untenable. There seems to be little probability that the retreat will be stayed until the Bessarabian frontier is reached. Even then the Germans may be tempted to push on. Were the army of von Mackensen to cross the Danube at Ismail the great and splendid prize of Odessa would be almost within reach. By Mackensen, who has a genius for rapid movement, as the campaigns of 1915 in Galicia, Poland and Serbia proved, a rush for Odessa, which is less than 120 miles from the frontier of Bessarabia and Roumania, might be regarded as entirely feasible, especially if Falkenhayn, without his assistance, were simultaneously over-running Northern and Western Roumania.—Globe, Oct. 26.

A writer in an English publication, The New Age, discussing the situation in the Dobruja and the failure of the Russians to send a large army into the Danubian region, says: "It was stated by General Kuropatkin in Le Temps more than a month ago, and quoted subsequently by Colonel Repington in The Times, that the Russians cannot advance, or cannot send any more, because they have used up their shells. They are incidentally in need of heavy howitzers and mountain guns, but their great requirement for two or three weeks has been shells, and then more guns and more shells. They look to us to provide them, to us, the greatest manufacturing country among the Allies." It would seem, therefore, that the shell problem, although solved on the western front, is still acute in the eastern sphere of operations.

Patrolog reports that the army of von Mackensen continues its attacks all along the front in the Dobruja between the Black Sea and the Danube. The Teuton drive has now progressed to a point slightly over a hundred miles north of the Bulgarian frontier, and Mackensen's army is but a little more than fifty miles south of the Bessarabian border. The attempt to encircle and cut off the Russo-Roumanian army has, however, failed. The two armies are rapidly nearing the great marshes that form the delta of the Danube, and it is inconceivable that Mackensen will attempt to cross the river into Russian territory with no railway base within a hundred miles, and a country behind and around him naturally inhospitable, and rendered more so by the destruction of everything that might prove useful to his army.—Globe, Oct. 28.

Though the Roumanian resistance has hardened and occasional successes are reported the Teutons are steadily forcing their way all along the Transylvanian front.

ON THE WESTERN FRONT

London, Oct. 25.—Smashing through a front of over four miles, the French troops have captured positions on the right bank of the Meuse for a depth of two miles. The Village and Fort of Douaumont, the Thioumont work and farm, strongholds of the Teuton advanced line; and the Haumont quarries, north of Thioumont, have fallen before the French onslaught.

The French victory, won on terrain that has seen some of the bloodiest fighting of the war and won despite the maze of fortifications that covers the Verdun front, is a welcome antidote to the Teuton victories against the Roumanians. It is evidence that Von Mackensen and Von Falkenhayn cannot draw troops from other fronts to battle for Bucharest. It is an omen of renewed allied pressure against the kaiser's lines in the west.

The ground gained at Verdun by the smashing success of the gallant French soldiers has been as gallantly held. If the fort of Vaux falls to them the French will have regained the whole first line defence of the great fortress. Thus in incredibly short time have Joffre's men nullified the blood-stained advance which cost the Crown Prince many months of bitter fighting, incalculable supplies of munitions and hundreds of thousands of men.

To know how to pardon is but to remember that one is man.—St. Ambrose.

T. P. O'CONNOR'S LETTER

THE IRISH PROBLEM STILL THE PARAMOUNT POLITICAL INTEREST

REDMOND REGAINING COMPLETE CONFIDENCE OF IRISH PEOPLE

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

London, Oct. 28.—Amid the tremendous swayings of all battlefronts, with Roumania depressing and Verdun raising our hopes, Ireland still occupies much attention behind the Parliamentary scenes. This is partly due to the after effects, even more than to the interest created during the actual debate in the House of Commons over John Redmond's tremendous indictment of the War Office methods and Lloyd George's deliberate and emphatic admission of the truth of the charges.

With such staggering terms as "stupidity" and "malignity" applied by Lloyd George to his predecessor's methods, in addition to the candid Simon report as to the murder of Skellington, together with other revelations of the follies of the military regime, have shaken the implicit faith in the present military methods in dealing with Ireland. Another factor that has helped towards a settlement of the Irish question on which all sane men, of all political parties, English as well as Irish, are now determined, is the growing need of the splendid soldiers which Ireland could still give the British Army.

Lloyd George, who always takes the lead in demanding the exhaustion of every effort to win the war both in men and munitions, and who was the first to realize the gigantic needs, the difficulties and perils of this war, put this aspect of the Irish question to the forefront. He argued, however, that recruiting was impossible until a better atmosphere existed in Ireland and he declared that the better atmosphere could only be reached by Home Rule. But before further attempt is made to give Home Rule to Ireland, everybody recognizes that the Irish resentment against militarism must be assuaged by the transformation of the present military methods which are the relics of the rebellion.

Secretary Duke is somewhat too apprehensive, owing to his English training, of the sporadic outbursts of popular impatience, and is inclined to go slow, though he is in full sympathy with the universal desire to settle the Irish question. Plans to reform the Irish administration, however, are being forced and several changes will be made soon. The example of William Byrne, an Irishman born in England, and both a Catholic and Nationalist to the important office of Under Secretary, succeeding two English officials who recently held the office. Other changes are to come soon.

There is a growing feeling that the release of the many young men who were dupes and visionaries, from the prisons and detention camps, will be carried out more expeditiously. And when these changes are made, another problem will present itself, that of taking up the task of satisfying Ireland, by creating her liberties.

As usual in the days preceding the opening of a new session of Parliament, the members of the Irish Party who live in Ireland had consultations with those who have remained in England, and the two sets of members exchanged information as to the state of political feeling in the two countries. Such consultations are made the more necessary by the fact that there is not only difference between Englishmen and Irishmen, but even between the Irishmen who live in Ireland and those who live in England. I have already told the story of the visit I paid to my own people in Liverpool and of the atmosphere of fierce and unbroken conviction among the Irish there as to the side and place of Irishmen in the great War. I am certain that Liverpool in that respect can speak for all the other great Irish centres in England; on the other hand, there are still signs of discouraging symptoms of division, largely owing, as everybody knows, to the executions and the wild performances of military rule.

But I was relieved to find that the dissension in Ireland has been greatly magnified; as is always the case when there is a violent and vocal minority speaking against the sober and silent sense of the sane majority of a nation. As I always anticipated, the 300,000 peasant proprietors whom the Irish Party have brought into existence by their success in winning so many acts of land reform, are not the kind of people to see with any satisfaction the dominance of anarchy in their nation; and in spite of everything, they have been steady. Their steadiness is now asserting itself, and meeting after meeting in different rural capitals have indicated their unswerving and unbroken confidence in Redmond's leadership and in the constitutional movement. The chain of silence was imposed on the steady forces so long as military law was the operating everybody in Ireland—the peasant proprietors as well as others. And this silence was misrepresented as meaning the break-up of Redmond's party. But military rule is gradually passing out of sight; the reality of the peril to the constitutional movement with the consequent loss of Home Rule for another generation has been made more real to everybody's mind by the outbursts of faction; and so at last the real opinion of Ireland is asserting itself; and the

real opinion means that in spite of everything the Irish people are determined not to go sun-chasing by following the apostles of hopeless, physical force.

The English papers as usual gave brief reports of Redmond's meeting at Waterford; I am able to supplement these reports by information I have received from members of the Irish Party who were present. I must avow that I looked forward to this meeting with some anxiety; but I was told that my anxiety, here in London remote from the scene, was felt equally by many towns and many miles from Waterford. All kinds of alarmist reports were circulated. It was freely said that Redmond would not get out of Waterford alive; that there were men who were determined to have his blood, and that they thought this visit to Waterford gave them their opportunity. Some substance might be given to these reports by the fact that Waterford is well known in Ireland as a city in which political feeling runs high. During the Parnell split Waterford remained almost unaltered, and certainly fiercely Parnellite; and when there was the by-election at which Redmond was first returned for Waterford after Parnell's death, the Parnellite sentiment was so strong that no anti-Parnellite could venture to address a meeting without risking his life.

If there was nothing so bad as an attempt to assassinate, at least there might be some small and yet damaging and painful division of feeling; especially as there is a waspish little paper in the city which constantly assails Redmond and his Party. As a matter of fact, just one man and two women did try to create a disturbance at the meeting of Mr. Redmond; they were all bundled out quietly before Mr. Redmond's arrival; and as to the man, he had to be escorted home by the police or he might have been very badly mauled by the exasperated people if he had not had this protection. I am told that the reception of Redmond was royal in its enthusiasm and in its unanimity. When the people in the hall had cheered themselves hoarse, Redmond had to speak from a balcony to an overflow meeting; two bands played for hours in his honour, then made a tour of the whole city; again returned to the point opposite Redmond's hotel; and again there was a demonstration of passionate enthusiasm and welcome of which an Emperor might be proud.

This story has gone like an electric shock through Ireland; it established distrust and confidence in the constitutional ranks, and already the rats that came out when it was supposed that the Irish Party were down and out, are rushing fast back to their holes. Ireland, then, is all right.

But coming to England the situation is not so satisfactory. The demand for more men for the front is real and urgent. The advance on the Western front is making its way steadily, uninterrupted, splendidly, and another *Widow's* candles for those who did not like them at 12 noon. This clergyman's security in the Anglican Church had already been severely shaken, he tells us, by the conversions of the Brighton clergymen, of Caldey Abbey and Milford Haven Communities, of many other ministers and laymen, together with the Kikuyu affair; and his experiences now as chaplain put the finishing touches on his preparation for Catholicism. It will be best to give the relevant paragraphs, for they are too true to life.

"What a hopeless task it was! Of nearly 25,000 men in that garrison, at least 18,000 were officially designated 'Church of England,' and although on Sundays there were two Communion services in the big church, and one in the district church, the total number who communicated seldom exceeded sixty, and that number included women in both places! Less than sixty out of 18,000 men, and one of whom would, in a few months, quite probably be dead! Was this the great 'Catholic revival' in the Church of England after sixty years? How many hundreds, how many thousands of those who never came except when forced to do so must have been brought up in High Church parishes? Here was the *real* Church of England at last.

"It was the most disillusioning and terrible experience of my whole life. In vain we preached, exhorted, and urged. We visited barracks, hospital and prison. Man after man, even among the previously wounded, took no interest in the Sacraments, not, poor fellow, because he was hostile to them, but because they meant, and always had meant, nothing to him. It was impossible in most cases (of course there were a few exceptions) to give them what they had never known in life, and did not desire in death. They could only be left to find, as we trusted, a mercy and happiness in the fuller life of which through no fault of their own, they had been deprived in this one.

"In striking contrast to these unfortunate men were, of course, the Catholic soldiers. It is true that they were not all saints—far from it—but to see them crowding round their priest even on the departure platform to receive Absolution before going to the front, to see their intimate knowledge of *what to do*, even though in their lives they had fallen far, to see them returning desperately wounded and in all cases seeking the priest as soon as the doctor, was, to one who for some months had witnessed the mournful and palpable failure of the notion of Catholicism, of which he was still a minister and teacher, the last deciding factor.

"By their fruits ye shall know them." Here in the most terrible scourge which has ever visited the world, when if ever men turned

will resume their old position of independent critics of the Ministry, Liberal journals in this country, have realized these facts of Irish life, and with one accord have denounced the attempt to extend Conscription to Ireland. I do not think that there is any Cabinet Minister, or indeed anybody in a responsible position, who does not share the objections. But all the same, the resentment exists and may be damaging to the future of Ireland when the time comes again to bring to an end the century-old quarrel between her and England by the concession of Home Rule. The peril will be the greater after a victorious war with a khaki House of Commons and a military class exultant in its triumph over the most serious peril that ever assailed the British Empire.

Thus, then, we have this paradoxical position in British politics, that an overwhelming majority of British politicians are in favour of the concession of self-government to Ireland before a month has passed since Ireland, resentful and suspicious, stands aside in proud aloofness. How this situation will ultimately develop, it is impossible to say. Irish politics are always uncertain and always changeable, and it is possible that a few weeks may create an entirely new situation. For the moment there seems to be no possible policy for Ireland and for those who love her, English as well as Irish, but to wait and be patient and hopeful. I do not myself abandon the hope that Ireland will have her Parliament before the war has come to an end. But it is British statesmen who must make the first advance, and must do so openly and not by negotiations in which the faith of Ireland has been destroyed by the stupidity of some English politicians in the last effort at reconciliation.

THE CONVERSION OF AN ANGLICAN CHAPLAIN

ANGLICANISM "KNOWN BY ITS FRUITS"

About the best, because the simplest and plainest account that we have seen of the effect of Catholicism on a people in the Army is to be found in an article in a contemporary journal on "The Failure of Anglicanism; the Experiences of an Ex-Anglican Chaplain." Mr. Bernard Henry Berlyn. This gentleman, we are informed by himself, was appointed chaplain (High Church) to a large garrison town where he was told there was a nice new church where they had a "celebration on Sundays at 8 a. m. with lighted candles for those who like them, and another *Widow's* candles for those who did not like them at 12 noon." This clergyman's security in the Anglican Church had already been severely shaken, he tells us, by the conversions of the Brighton clergymen, of Caldey Abbey and Milford Haven Communities, of many other ministers and laymen, together with the Kikuyu affair; and his experiences now as chaplain put the finishing touches on his preparation for Catholicism. It will be best to give the relevant paragraphs, for they are too true to life.

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"By their fruits ye shall know them." Here in the most terrible scourge which has ever visited the world, when if ever men turned

their thoughts to God and used the religion they knew it must be them. I saw the fruits of the two systems—and I knew them.

"Of those who were there, Catholics and Protestants, the great majority had, but a few years before, been at schools where their religion was taught them. Perhaps quite a large proportion of the Catholics had not been devout in their religion and had even ceased to practise it. But here it was waiting for them unchanged, the Faith which once learned can never be forgotten, and which never fails or falters. And in the hour of their need they turned to it as naturally as a child to its mother.

"When I saw, in that terrible time, something of the *real* Catholicity of the Church, the French, English, Belgian, and even German prisoners, all receiving the same Sacraments from the same English priest, the scales fell from my eyes, and I saw before me a Faith which once learned can never be forgotten, and which never fails or falters. And in the hour of their need they turned to it as naturally as a child to its mother.

"The editor notes that Mr. Berlyn is now an officer in the Army, and is believed to be 'the only chaplain to be converted on active service by what he saw of the practical results of Anglicanism.'—Alfonso in Edinburgh Herald.

HEROIC NUN SAVES CHILDREN'S LIVES

Farnham, Que., Oct. 26.—The heroism of Sister Benoit, one of the staff of the institution, stands out as the feature of the fire which last night and to-day destroyed St. Elizabeth Hospital here, a fire, which so far as can be learned to-night, cost the lives of 19 people, including 5 children, 8 women and 6 men.

Single-handed the heroic sister saved the lives of 45 children. With the flames roaring about her, she stood on the balcony outside of a room on the third floor of the building and handed the children carefully and coolly to the firemen on ladders below her. The majority of the youngsters undoubtedly would have lost their lives were it not for the work of the brave nun.

LOYALTY THAT COST

AN EDFYING EXAMPLE OF FIDELITY TO CATHOLIC TEACHING

The question is often asked by Catholics: "Is there any harm in attending services in a Protestant church?" Ordinarily the individual who puts such a question is well aware of what the Church's attitude is in this matter, and should need no further advice. An example of ideal loyalty to Catholic practice in this regard is contained in the *Almanac of the Sacred Heart*.

Thomas Pounce, who lived in England in Queen Elizabeth's reign, paid in fines £48,000 and spent thirty years in prison sooner than assist at a Protestant service, or go to a Protestant church. Sundays, Bishop of London, offered him his liberty if he would attend but once the new services, and hear a sermon. He civilly and calmly answered: "If I cannot recover my liberty otherwise than by offending God, I am firmly resolved that my soul shall rather be torn from my body than that this flesh shall go forth out of prison on such terms." He was thrust into a cell under ground. No ray of the sun, nor any gleam of light entered there. No one was allowed to visit him, for whenever such visits were permitted, he gained many to the Catholic faith. He slept on the bare ground, heavy fetters were put on his legs, and handcuffs on his wrists, with chains attached. As the blacksmith was about to rivet the shackles, Thomas endeavored to kiss them, whereupon the smith inhumanly struck him with them on the head and drew blood, when, with undisturbed countenance, he exclaimed: "Would that the blood might flow from the veins of my heart for the cause for which I suffer!"—Catholic Transcript.

CHRISTIAN BROTHERS OF ST. LOUIS

The sympathy of American Catholics goes out to the Christian Brothers of St. Louis. A beautiful college, which from the heights of Cote Brilliant looked down upon the city of the Crusader King for more than thirty years, is to-day a blackened ruin, the grave of two venerable Brothers, members of the faculty, but with the sympathy will be mingled a large measure of admiration for the undaunted spirit of these tried and approved educators. The flames had not subsided before a suitable classroom structure had been secured, and plans arranged for the erection of a new and even nobler collegiate group. In this "plucky,"

BELIEF IN PURGATORY

MINISTERS QUITE FREQUENTLY VOICE THEIR CONVIC-TIONS

REV. R. J. CAMPBELL, (PROT.) (London, England)

"Protestantism in general has had little comfort to give to mourners, for it has been sadly silent regarding the fate of our dead. Once the grave has closed over their dust we have been supposed to be able to do no more for them, and to be ruthlessly cut off from all connection with them, direct or indirect.

"May it not be that this war will bring us back to a more definite and helpful fashion to the doctrine of the Communion of the Dead? Our dead are not only not dead, but more alive than we. To some extent they must need us still; the shock of passing out of the physical body cannot have changed them very much; they want us, think of us, long to know that they are followed by our loving thoughts and prayers.

"If they were helped in this way while in the body, they can be helped even more when out of it. Earnest, faithful, persevering, loving prayer can reach to comfort them and cheer them on in their new venture of soul."

REV. H. PAGE DYER, (EPISCOPAL) (Philadelphia, April 27, 1915)

"Almost everybody believes there is a heaven, but there is a diversity of thought as to when the saved shall reach there. Of course, it is evident that the bodies of all the saved will be reunited to their souls at the time of the Resurrection, for not until then will they have risen from their graves. But what about the entrance of the souls into heaven? The Protestant belief is that every soul that does not go to hell goes to heaven at the moment of death. One difficulty about this is that it takes no account of the quality or character of a man's mode of life. A man whose life has been so low and bestial that he barely escapes damnation, according to this theory, goes as surely and quickly to heaven as a man who has lived a careful, holy and beautiful life.

"The ancient belief of God's Church is one of holy common sense. Few souls are so pure that they are fit for heaven, where nothing that is defiled may enter. And yet there are many millions of people who are too good to go to hell. This vast body of immortal beings will at death go neither to heaven nor to hell, but to an intermediate state, a sort of vestibule to heaven, an ante-chamber, where their stains will be removed, and where a divine process of purification is mercifully provided by Almighty God."

BISHOP CHAS. A. BRENT (PROT. EPIS.) (At St. Louis, Oct. 14, 1916.)

"Heresies and 'isms' began with the separation of a truth from the truth. Roman Catholics teach invocation of the saints and prayers for the dead, and a leading Canadian Methodist Episcopal minister told me that, as a result of the war, thousands of Methodists in the Dominion, have been praying for the dead, an innovation for that denomination.

"It would do us no harm to study other creeds, with a view of adopting the things worth while for ourselves."

REV. J. D. JONES, (PROT.) (In "The Great Hereafter")

"It may be permitted to a sturdy Protestant to say that when our fathers, in their revolt against the abuses of purgatory, swept away the very idea of a probationary life, they went too far. There was a real truth in this doctrine which had been held by the Church for centuries. No doctrine which persists throughout the generations can be dismissed as wholly untrue."—Our Sunday Visitor.

MUTATIONS

The darkest shadows at times are lifted.
The clouds not always obscure the sun;
The hardest burden is sometimes shifted,
The hardest toiling is sometimes done.

The stream that flows from the distant fountain,
Now through desert and now through lea,
Though wide the plain or steep the mountain,
Sooner or later must reach the sea.

The gales of winter that shake the forest
Give place in spring to the softer wind,
The wounded hearts that have aches the sorest
Some future day will their solace find.

Did spring ne'er leave us 'twould lose its sweetness;
If flowers bloomed always we'd cast them by;
'Tis change that makes the world's completeness,
The sweetest laughter succeeds the sigh.

—DANIEL O'CONNELL.

FATHER FRASER'S CHINESE MISSION

Taichow, China, Dec. 11, 1915.
Dear Readers of THE CATHOLIC RECORD:
It may be a little surprise to you to learn that it takes \$100 a week to keep my mission going. I am glad when I see that amount contributed in the RECORD, but when it is less I am sad to see my little reserve sum diminished and the catastrophe arriving when I must close my chapels, discharge my catechists and reduce my expenses to the few dollars coming in weekly. I beseech you to make one more supreme effort during 1916 to keep this mission on its feet. You will be surprised to learn what a great deal I am doing with \$100 a week—keeping myself and curate, 80 catechists, 7 chapels, and free schools, 8 churches in different cities with caretakers supporting two big catechumens of men, women and children during their preparation for baptism and building a church every year.

Yours gratefully in Jesus and Mary,
J. M. FRASER.

Previously acknowledged... \$8,020 50
Jas. Morrison, Markdale... 5 00
Mrs. M. Dobson, Chicago... 1 00
C. Cunningham, Cleveland... 2 00
E. Stark, Cleveland... 1 00
Jos. Hawkes, Stanley... 1 00
A subscriber... 50
Friend, Summerstown Sta... 2 00

Merchants' Bank of Canada
ESTABLISHED 1864
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Bankers to the Grey Nuns, Montreal; St. Augustine's Seminary, St. Joseph's Academy, and St. Michael's Hospital, Toronto.

FIVE MINUTE SERMON

By Rev. N. M. Redmond
TWENTY-FIRST SUNDAY AFTER
PENTECOST

WE MUST FORGIVE IF WE WOULD
BE FORGIVEN

"Shouldst not thou also have had compassion on thy fellow-servants, even as I had pity on thee?"
(Matt. xviii. 33.)

Every one who is morally bilious with the gall of unforgiveness, should hang his head in shame at this reproach. How blind, how contracted, how ungenerous this disease makes a man!

How unchangeable such a one is! If he has faith, he expects the remission of his large debt. Oh, what a debt the sins of his childhood, the sins of his youth, and the sins of his riper years make!

Which of the commandments of God; which of the precepts of God's Church have I not violated; which of the seven deadly sins have I not committed? Yes, if he knows himself, he will in sincerity say with the Psalmist: "My iniquities have overtaken me; they are multiplied above the hairs of my head."

He should not stop, but continue by saying: "The dishonor of each of my offences is measured from the majesty of Him Whom I have offended. Oh, then, what an immense debt, since the majesty of God is infinite! Of this immense debt, of which the ten thousand talents of the gospel are but an imperfect illustration, he expects forgiveness, whilst he refuses to forgive some comparatively petty offence offered him by a neighbor."

If he has hope, he expects not only forgiveness, but that God, Whom he has so grossly offended, will rain down His heavenly favors upon him, and crown him eternally in the immortal joys of heaven. But his offender can expect naught of him save the blighting efforts of an unforgiving temper. In him we cannot suppose charity. Into his soul the justifying grace of the sacrament of penance cannot flow. If he presumes to receive that sacrament, he is guilty of a sacrilege, and prepares the way to a still greater sacrilege in the Sacrament of the Eucharist. Does he say the Lord's prayer? If so, what is the meaning of the words: "Forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them who trespass against us," when uttered by him? Oh, terrible profanation of the prayer given to us by our blessed Lord!

Which runs, "but as I forgive not others, you forgive not my sins of childhood, my sins of youth, my sins of riper years—forgive not any of my numerous iniquities." Who is the person whom he refuses to forgive? One that was an enemy of God the Father, at the time He sent His divine Son into the world to save him; one that was an enemy of Jesus Christ, when He ascended the rugged heights of Calvary to shed His blood for him; one that was the enemy of the Holy Ghost, up to the time He entered his soul in holy baptism. Behold, O wretched man! God the Father, God the Son, God the Holy Ghost forgiving and favoring your fellow-being, whom you refuse to forgive, much less to favor! Have you lost all sense of shame? If not, blush at being the slave to an unreasonable, unforgiving temper.

What, O man of deplorable folly, must be the outcome of that gall of unforgiveness that fills your breast? Remember that the fate of the unforgiving servant of the gospel will be yours. Christ's word you have for this when He says: "So likewise shall My Father do unto you," etc. Thus disposed toward God's creature your reconciliation with God is impossible. So long as an unforgiving rancor toward your neighbor fills your breast, the favors and blessings of the infinitely good God will never reach you. A stranger to charity will you be, without which all your seeming virtue will prove rank hypocrisy. You can give your body to the flames for your faith, and it will not save your unforgiving soul from the fire of hell.

How careful we should therefore be, lest aught against our neighbor should continue to rankle in our bosom. The genuineness of our virtue, the remission of our sins, the supernatural life of our soul, the peace of our life here, and our happiness hereafter, demand our entire freedom from anything of the kind. An unforgiving soul has never passed, and will never pass through the portals of heaven to enjoy the visible presence of the God of infinite compassion and mercy. Let us, therefore, beseech Almighty God to preserve us from so dangerous an evil, and not only to give us the grace always to forgive, but also to fill our hearts with the most tender charity toward each other, so that at the last hour admission into the joys above will be granted us; where charity reigns in her full lustre, uniting all the blessed souls to Jesus Christ, and in Him to one another, with a pure, disinterested, and unchangeable love.

Envy saps man's moral strength as consumption does his physical.— Esther Sandroch.

SOLDIER-POET OF ITALY

GIOSE BORSI, A CONVERT, SON OF ANTI-CLERICAL, KILLED AT BATTLE OF IRONZO

Father Pasquale Maltese of St. Anthony's church, Van Nest, N. Y. City, has made translations from the Bulletin of the Salesian Fathers at Treviso, Italy, of an article on life and writings of the young Italian poet and journalist, Giosue Borsi, who fell on the Ironzo battlefield. Borsi had achieved an enviable literary fame and been accepted as a successor to his father among anti-church editors. But he was converted just before the European war broke out and soon attracted attention as one of the foremost among the apologists of the Catholic Church. The Bulletin also announces the forthcoming publication in Italian by the Salesian Fathers of his "Letters from the Front" and his "Spiritual Colloquies," works on which his latest fame rests. Purely spiritual in thought and viewpoint, they are considered an amazing product of days dedicated to the materialism of war.

Cardinal Mailli has expressed the opinion that the "Spiritual Colloquies" will stand with the Confessions of St. Augustine as among the greatest apologist literature produced by the Church, and Cardinal Mercier has written of "Letters from the Front," and particularly of the last one, addressed to his mother, that "when some day, as is my intention, I shall speak to (the Belgian) soldiers, I shall bring before them this letter to show them how one lives and how one dies."

Giosue Borsi was born in 1888, the son of Averardo Borsi, who owned a chain of Italian newspapers, a celebrated man, to whose memory a statue now stands in Florence, his home city. The elder Borsi was a famous anti-clerical, and the son grew up as an opponent to the Church, although his mother was strongly religious. When the father died in 1910 the younger Borsi became editor of the Nuovo Giornale of Florence at the age of twenty-two.

He had already won fame as a literary man. At the age of twenty he was recognized as a foremost commentator on Dante in Italy. He was a poet and had published two volumes of verse, besides a great volume of prose writings, both critical and original. His first work, a classical poem to his mother, was a product of his thirteenth year.

It is said that the first outward steps of his conversion to Catholicism came in connection with his work as an editor. In the interests of his newspaper he had consulted frequently with Father Guido Alfani, Director of the Florence Observatory, and a famous seismologist. His commentator says that his sensitive nature had been deeply touched by the sudden death of his father and by the death of a beloved sister, which followed shortly, and that, seeing his family thus suddenly destroyed, he found solace in religion. Father Alfani became his spiritual adviser, and he was received into the Church in 1914.

The outbreak of the war came shortly after his conversion and this period saw the beginning of his "Spiritual Colloquies." When Italy entered the war Borsi decided to enlist. Apparently from the first he had a presentiment that he was to die—the product of his highly sensitive imagination and the artist's instinct for filling out a picture to its ultimate possibilities. This feeling, judging from his writing, was very real to him and colored everything he did.

One of his first steps of preparation was to destroy everything he had ever written before the period of his conversion. One morning he made a fire in the garden of his home and confided to the flames all his manuscripts and printed pages, "stirring them and putting them back with a stick so that all should be consumed."

THE CHRISTIAN IDEA OF WAR The following "Morning Meditation and Prayer" from the "Spiritual Colloquies" will show the spirit with which he had resolved to take his place in the Italian Army:

"I firmly believe that the victory of the Italian Army will be a great step toward the triumph of justice, toward the coming of Thy holy kingdom on earth. I shall fight with pride and with glory, without hatred, without grievance. Should death come I hope I will not be surprised without Thy grace, and I hope I may die tranquil while loving Thee and invoking Thee. May Mary pray for me in the hour of my death, as I ardently besought her so many times, and may Thou grant the grace to make me die with the name of Thy Holy Mother upon my lips.

"God of Hosts, watch, I beseech Thee, over the Italian Army and over the soul of every one of its brave soldiers, so gay, so lively, so intelligent, so resourceful, so frugal. Inspire its leaders, guide them to victory, and grant that they will never abuse Thy protection by being harsh and cruel.

LAST LETTER TO HIS MOTHER After he was dead his last letter was found. It was to be delivered to his mother in the event of his death. Thus the thought that had impelled him to write his first poem at the age of thirteen to his mother, that had persisted during the moment of his death when he asked that the volume of Dante be sent to her, still was in force after his death. This last "Letter to his Mother" has gone around the world, and been trans-

lated into many languages as a monument to filial love. Some of its passages follow:

Mother: This letter, which you will receive only in case that I should fall in battle, I am writing in an advanced trench, where I have been since last night, with my soldiers, in expectation of the order to cross the river and move to the attack.

I am calm, perfectly serene, and firmly resolved to do my duty in full to the last, like a brave and good soldier, confident to the utmost of our final unflinching victory; although I am not equally sure that I will live to see it. But this uncertainty does not trouble me in the least, nor has it any terror for me. I am happy in offering my life to my country; I am proud to spend it for so noble a purpose, and I know not how to thank Divine Providence for the opportunity—which I deem an honor—of dying on this fateful day of autumnal day, in the midst of this enchanting valley of our Venetian Giulia while I am in the prime of life, in the fulness of my physical and mental powers, to fight in this holy war for liberty and justice.

In the world there are so many battles to fight, for love, for justice, for liberty, for the faith, and for a time, I must confess, I presumptuously believed predestined and assigned to the arduous and terrible task of winning one or another of these battles.

All this was, I admit, beautiful, flattering, desirable, but it cannot compare with my present lot. This is the very truth, and indeed I cannot say whether I would really be satisfied if the writing of this letter would have been in vain. Life is sad; it is a painful and annoying duty, a long exile in the uncertainty of our own lot. In order that life may go quickly in accordance with my wishes, and without leaving me in a thousand disappointments, there would be need of many very rare and difficult occurrences. Besides, I am and I feel weak, I have not the least confidence in myself. The whole battle against the ingratitude and wickedness of the world would not have frightened me as much as the battle against myself. It is better, therefore dear mother, as it has happened. The Lord, in His wise and infinite wisdom has reserved me for just the destiny that was fit for me: a destiny that is easy, sweet, honorable, rapid; to die in battle for one's country.

With this beautiful and praiseworthy past, fulfilling the most desired of all duties as a good citizen toward the land that gave him birth. I depart, in the midst of the tears of all those that love me, from a life toward which I felt weary and disgusted. I leave the failings of life, I leave the sad and afflicted spectacle of the small and momentary triumphs of evil over good. I leave to my humble body the weight of all my chains and fly away free, from in the end, to the heavens above, where resides our Father, to the heavens above where His holy will is always done. Just imagine, dear mother, with what joy I receive from His hands even the chastisements that His justice will impose on account of my sins. He Himself has paid all these chastisements by His superabundant merits, a God of mercy and of love redeeming me with His precious blood, living and dying here below for my sake. Only through His grace, only through Jesus Christ, could I have succeeded that my sins be not my eternal death. He has seen the tears of my sorrow, He has pardoned me through the mouth of His spotless spouse, the Church. I do sincerely hope that the Madonna, so loving and kind toward us, will assist me with her powerful help in the instant when my eternity will be decided.

And as I am about to speak of forgiveness, dear mother, I have only one thing to say with all simplicity: Forgive me! Forgive me all the sorrows that I have caused you; all the agonies that you have suffered on my account every time I have been ungrateful, stubborn, forgetful, disobedient toward you. Forgive me if, by neglect and inexperience, I have failed to render your life more comfortable and tranquil since the day when my father, by his premature death, intrusted you to my care. Now I understand well the many wrongs I have been guilty toward you, and I feel all the remorse and cruel anguish now that dying, I have to intrust you, to the providence of the Lord. Forgive me, lastly, this final sorrow that I have inflicted upon you, perhaps not without stubborn and cruel inconsideration on my part, in giving up my life voluntarily for my country, fascinated by the attractions of this beautiful lot. Forgive me if I have not sufficiently recognized and tried to compensate the incomparable nobility of your soul, of your heart, so immense and sublime. Mother, truly perfect and exemplary, to whom I owe all that I am and the least good I have done in this world.

"I pray also with all my heart for our enemies and brothers, whose dear and precious blood, perhaps I will have to shed. Take away from their hearts every sentiment of hatred and rancor. Among so many fighters there are so many that love Thee, who are good, intelligent, affectionate to their homes, to their parents, to their wives, to their little children! Grant me to remember this always, so that I will not rush upon them in cruelty, in barbarity, in ferocity.

On the contrary, show me the way to exercise on the battlefield toward my enemies as toward my friends some Christian virtue of pity, succor and love. Grant that I should feel the gratitude due the Church for being so provident and beneficent as to allow me to partake of her sacraments even on the battlefield, so that I may be ever prepared for Thy call.

"War is a terrible scourge, a fearful chastisement that Thou inflictest on the people. Although I know well that often it is the bloody sign by which Thou recallest them to Thee when they have strayed from Thee; although I understand that the evils of war, terrible as they may be, are often amply compensated by the good that war carries with it; although I am persuaded that war is the great test of the endurance of the races, the "bona occasio" of the people's inner concord, the inspirer of obedience of discipline, of sacrifice, of self-forgetfulness, a purifying tempst that scatters a thousand evil vapors, heals thousands of corruptions, revivifies the hearts of citizens, inspires a thousand forms of charity; yet I am not so inhuman or sanguinary as to desire it, much less to wish it long and cruel.

"Therefore I believe it my principal duty as a good Christian to wish and pray it may be brief and that peace may come soon, a long peace and a fruitful one, by which man will learn to love Thee always, our Divine Master and Saviour."

Shortly after his conversion and he should be remembered that his conversion and his death in battle were separated by only a year's time—he wrote in Florence his "spiritual will." It begins this way:

"With this my holographic will I dispose of all my spiritual goods as follows: I make my universal heirs all those who at the moment of my death shall love me enough to have faith in the fruits of my existence. I leave whole and entire to every one of them my inestimable wealth, which is the infallible secret of perfect happiness.

This "secret" was to "be Christian," which he calls "the only important duty, the only unfailing happiness, the only infallible good."

Writing this "spiritual will" at a time when Europe was at war and his own country was occupied with the part she should take, he gives expression to the following humanitarian thoughts on attaining the "inestimable secret."

Beware of incontinency and of its dangers, beware of vice and its blindness, but above all despise and fight without truce in yourself and in others, malice—that repelling and poisonous fruit of envy and of pride. Fight it without pity and hate it with all your heart if it is true that you love men with all your heart. Persecute it with fury, with indignation, with ridicule, put it to shame, crush it always with indomitable courage and do not come to any agreement or compromise with it. It is the privilege of truth to be gay and innocent like a child, fearless and inexorable like an archangel; but love men tenderly, love them with humility, with trust, without diffidence; love them as you love yourself, excuse them with stubbornness, endeavor to understand them and to find in their behalf the most ingenious justifications.

Love the wicked with fervor, but in a special manner adore the poor, the weak and deformed. Consecrate to them the palpitations of your heart, the most persevering and tender solicitude. The first are the poor of fortune which is capricious and unjust; the second are the poor of intelligence which is erring and blind; the third are the poor of beauty that pass away and are no more. Remember that they are your beloved brethren of the Father; that they can do the greatest good to you before Him; bow before them and you shall be exalted, whereas to bow before the powerful of the earth is most degrading.

This was the strange constitution of the infantry Lieutenant who went to the front to fight beside rude peasants and ignorant men of the city slums, men who had no thoughts about life in the trenches except that they had been told to fight and did so.

The Lieutenant was a fine soldier, they all testify. He led his men valiantly in action, and in the pauses of the fighting no one could inspire the men with more steadfastness and courage than he. Sometimes he took the functions of the chaplain, when a priest was needed and none was to be had. Always in the breast pocket of his tunic he carried a small volume of his beloved Dante, whom he had not felt it necessary to renounce.

Del Lungo, one of the best critics in Italy, who has collected and published the last writings of Borsi.— Catholic Columbian.

The nobleness of life depends on its constancy, clearness of purpose, quiet and ceaseless energy.

Give us courage and gaiety and the quiet mind. Spare to us our friends, soften us to our enemies. Bless us, if it may be, in all our innocent endeavors. If it may not, give us the strength to encounter that which is to come, that we may be brave in peril, constant in tribulation, temperate in wrath, and in all changes of fortune, and, down to the gates of death; loyal and loving to one another.— R. L. Stevenson.

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First Announcement

We have in preparation a new book under the suggestive title:

"The Facts About Luther"

which will be ready for the market about October 1st, 1916. The work is written by the Rt. Rev. Mons. P. F. O'Hare, LL.D., who is well known as a writer and lecturer on Lutheranism. The object of the volume is to present the life of Luther in its different phases as outlined in the contents.

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CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

AN IDEAL

I wish I were as big a man,
As big a man,
As bright a man,
I wish I were as right a man in all
this earthly show.

DOING THE HARD THING FIRST

If you have anything to do that
you ought to do and can do, do it
now. Don't put it off until
tomorrow.

How about your algebra? Oh,
yes, you hated that. It was the
hardest work you did in the course
of the day to get that algebra lesson.

Has this habit of procrastination
where the hard thing is concerned
stayed with you through your later
years or have you learned to get the
best of it by doing the hard thing
first?

STICK IT OUT

"What I learned at the sweeps is
what made me," is the testimony of
a Yale graduate to the benefit his
athletic training had been to him in
the life struggle that began after
college days.

WHEN WE WANT TO GIVE UP

When the children of Israel
became discouraged, as they were so
prone to, the Lord instructed Moses
to speak to the Children of Israel
and tell them to go forward.

effort; all the trouble of planning,
struggling and striving to overcome
the difficulties in front.

They are tempted like the Israel-
ites to go back to the fleshpots of
Egypt, to the place in life they ought
to leave; its advantages are exagger-
ated because they are temporarily
deprived of them and they have not
vision enough to see the Promised
Land; they have not courage enough
to go forward into the unknown.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

THE MESSAGE OF THE CLOUDS

The clouds of dawn rose angry and
fire-streaked over the desert.

"Look!" said Big Buck, pointing
"the Great Spirit rides! The God of
the Indian! The black cloud is his
head; the burning cloud is his bright
war-bonnet; and the fire-streaks are
his arrows. He rides for revenge!"

"But the priest who visits us," pro-
tested Little Pete, "the good priest
says that up in the clouds no one is
angry. He says that the Blessed
Virgin lives up there, and she holds
always in her arms a Little Babe
that she loves and always she smiles
and smiles. He showed me her pic-
ture—all bright and shining."

"No!" Big Buck scowled darkly.
"Is the Great Spirit, and He rides
alone, for revenge?"

"Five dollars," replied the latter.
"H-mm," responded the agent.
"Tha's \$4 too much."

That night Piute Pete woke up
and crept softly out of the tepee.
The air was clear and starlit, and
the coyotes were barking for com-
pany. Pete was not afraid. He
began to walk away from the tepee;

"Good-bye," said Pete, hastily, and
started to ride away.

So the agent bought Wise Chief
back—for \$2.50.

That night, again, Piute Pete crept
out of the warm tepee. The road
outside was dark and the coyotes
barked sorrowfully as he walked to
the agent's house and to the barn
back of the house. He took Wise
Chief, as he had taken him the night
before; and again he began to lead
him away.

"Oh!" whispered Pete, softly.
"oh!"

He turned straight around, and
dragging Wise Chief after him—Wise
Chief lagged, because he wanted to
go home—made for the agent's barn.

"Well!" exclaimed the agent, tak-
ing hold of Pete's chin and tipping
back his face so that he could look
into his eyes. "Well, well! Of all
the strange turns! I think—I think
I will give your father another
chance. Go home and tell your
father that from me!"

"No!" cried Pete. "No! The
Great Spirit has gone, and the
Blessed Virgin stands there instead.
See her, so soft and bright and
smiling!"

TEMPERANCE

DRUNKENNESS A GRADUAL
HABIT

The habit of drunkenness, like all
other habits, is acquired gradually.

Many begin their career of drunk-
eness under the plea of necessity.

AN INCONTROVERTIBLE
ARGUMENT

Catholic people often speak of the
total abstinence pledge as a great
sacrifice of pleasure, as the giving up of

something which entails a great deal
of self-denial. Now it may be correct
for them to regard the taking of a
pledge to abstain from intoxicants in
this way, or it may not, and either
answer must furnish an incontrovert-
ible argument in favor of taking
the pledge.

If it is true that the taking of the
total abstinence pledge makes such a
man's life as to call forth an act of
heroic self-denial, then it only goes
to prove that a dangerous hold
liquor has upon that person. When
liberty then it only goes to demon-
strate the use that person has been
making of his "personal liberty."

A good deal is being written now-
adays in regard to men meeting with
accidents in factories and mines
while under the influence of strong
drink, or while not fully recovered
from the effects of a debauch. The
truth of these statements one
Monday morning lately. When call-
ing at a house on business he
enquired how a certain man who
boarded there was getting along and
if he was likely to have a job for all
winter at the place where he was
then working.

"I would rather follow a friend to
the grave than hear he had taken
such a step." These words were
once uttered by a celebrated man
commenting on the conversion to
Catholicism of someone he knew.

"WHAT THE GRACE OF GOD
CAN DO"

"I have not read George Moore's
blasphemous book, 'The Brook
Kerith'; we do not intend to read it;
indeed, it would be sinful for a Catho-
lic to listen to the blasphemies
which, judging from the reviews of
it, it contains. It is enough to know
that it is a book which should be
avoided quite as carefully as the
nationalistic studies of Strauss and
Renan. And there is plenty of good
literature to read without wasting
one's time and exposing one's faith
to danger in reading bad books. It
is enough for us that George Moore
has set himself the task of undermin-
ing Christianity, of proving that
Christ was not God, that Christ did
not die on the Cross but was taken
down from it in a swoon and revived
in the tomb by which Joseph of
Arimathia brought Him."

"DENYING CHRIST"

"We do not argue with George
Moore. He has always been a law
unto himself. And it makes little
difference to the world whether he
denies Christ or not. We do not
have to read him, and the fact is that
very few do read him. But it is a
very different matter when reviewers
stand sponsor for his blasphemies.

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that time was unable to walk without a
cane, just around the house. I used it
freely and inside of two days could
walk without limping, something I had
not done in two months. I went to the
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And how true that is is evidenced by
the fact that the Transcript can allow
several columns to a glorification of
a book in which Christ is made to
confess that much of what He said
on the Cross in the most solemn
moments the world has ever seen
seemed to Him "evil and blasphem-
ous."—Boston Pilot.

WHAT THE GRACE OF GOD
CAN DO

"I would rather follow a friend to
the grave than hear he had taken
such a step." These words were
once uttered by a celebrated man
commenting on the conversion to
Catholicism of someone he knew.

"KINDNESS IS WISDOM. THERE IS
NONE IN LIFE BUT NEEDS IT AND MAY
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not done in two months. I went to the
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THE MIRACLE OF ST. JANUARIUS

One of the noteworthy events of the past week in Italy has been the annual recurrence of the miracle of the liquefaction of the blood of St. Januarius, Bishop and patron of Naples. As in former years, thousands of Neapolitans gathered in their beautiful cathedral on the morning of the 19th inst., at 9 o'clock. And they remained there until 10.55, when the miracle took place. During the interval they responded to the litanies and other prayers chanted by one of the canons of the cathedral.

As this writer has been often asked in conversation for details of the occurrence by people who had their doubts of priestcraft or some other craft of mixing up with the occurrence, it may be opportune to give my own experiences there some years ago on September 19. I found listening to an expression of these "doots" extremely amusing.

The ceremony is conducted as follows. On the morning of the feast the treasure-vault (in which the phial containing the congealed blood, the gold statues of the Twelve Apostles and other valuables are kept) is opened by the key in the possession of the Archbishop and by that held by the mayor. I have an idea that there is a third, if not a fourth, key in the hands of other officials. Anyway, the iron door cannot be opened unless both the ecclesiastical and the civic officials are there together. The phial is then borne in procession to the high altar, upon which the head of St. Januarius, enclosed in a case of gold, is placed.

A canon of the cathedral chapter then stands on the altar steps and holds aloft in the sight of the priests and people crowding around the touching relic. Now and again he turns the phial upside down to ascertain if the liquefaction has taken place. And here he remains until it may please Providence to allow the miracle to take place. The time is indefinite; the liquefaction sometimes takes place in a few minutes after the prayers have commenced; at other times not for an hour; at other times, as has happened this year, not for a couple of hours. The power that manifests himself through the medium of the martyred Bishop's blood adheres to no fixed time for the occurrence of the miracle.

Anyway, if the liquefaction does not take place, the excitement of the Neapolitans runs high, for they assert, the failure to take place is a portent of great evil. Whether or not they are correct, pestilence ravaged Naples on one occasion, and the eruptions of Mount Vesuvius harassed the town in the vicinity of the volcano on another. So we can well understand the Southern Italians feel anxious as the morning of September 19 dawns each year.

As soon as the blood liquefies a white handkerchief is waved from the altar to the people, and a great cry of gladness goes up from the mighty throng. Then a signal is made to the military, who stand by the great guns on the fortress of San Martino, which overlooks the city and the bay of Naples. And a salvo of cannon, many times repeated, tell all Naples of his million of inhabitants, that St. Januarius has not failed them that day. The next minute the reporters are wiring the news to their journals all through Italy.

tries to be a good Catholic, and he will tell you he has seen the miracle, and he should feel no hesitation in calling himself a bickering idiot if he tried to give an explanation, ranging outside the supernatural order, of this strange occurrence which has gone on for fifteen hundred years.—Veritas in Rome Correspondence of Standard and Times.

**PARCELS FOR THE FRONT
PARCELS FOR PRISONERS OF WAR
IN GERMANY MUST BE VERY STRONGLY PACKED**

Post Office Department, Ottawa. The Post Office Department has been notified by the British Post Office that many parcels sent from Canada to Prisoners of War in Germany are being received in London in a damaged condition, so that frequently they have to be repacked before they can be forwarded to Holland for transmission to Germany. The British Post Office adds that in most cases the damage appears to be due to the fact that the parcels were inadequately packed by the senders. The public are warned, therefore, that parcels for Prisoners of War, unless they are very strongly packed, will probably arrive in such a condition as to be of little or no use to the recipients.

Ordinary thin cardboard boxes, such as shoe boxes, and thin wooden boxes should not be used; nor does a single sheet of ordinary brown paper afford sufficient protection. Even where proper materials are used, it is important that the contents should be tightly packed so as not to shake about during transit. The following forms of packing are recommended:

- (1) Strong double cardboard or strawboard boxes. Those made of corrugated cardboard and having lids which completely enclose the sides of the box are the most suitable.
- (2) Tin boxes such as are used for packing biscuits.
- (3) Strong wooden boxes.
- (4) Several folds of stout packing paper.

The British authorities advise that parcels for Prisoners of War in Germany must not be wrapped in linen, calico, canvas, or any other textile material.

Parcels posted in Canada for Prisoners of War in Germany which are not being adequately packed by the senders will not be returned but will be returned to the senders, as the British Post Office has notified the Department that parcels which are inadequately packed must be returned to the senders.

DEATH OF MR. J. O'CONNELL OF PETERBOROUGH

Mr. James O'Connell, a well known resident of Peterborough for many years, passed away peacefully at 4 p.m., Tuesday, Oct. 17th. Mr. O'Connell was born in Limerick, Ireland. He came to this country over fifty years ago, and at the time of his death had passed the three score and ten years allotted to man. His death will be mourned by many warm friends and relatives as he had a very happy family of making friends. He had the pleasure granted only to the few of revisiting the scenes of his childhood in Ireland, during the summer of 1914, the memorable year of the outbreak of the war. At that time he met a brother he had not seen in over fifty years. This brother, Mr. Patrick O'Connell, of Limerick, Ireland, survives him. He leaves also to mourn his loss his wife and six children; Sister St. Catharine, of St. Joseph's Community, Peterboro; Miss Alice, of St. Peter's school staff, Peterboro; Miss Lizzie, of St. Patrick's Lyceum staff, Ottawa; Miss Marguerite, of Jarvis St., Collegiate staff, Toronto, and Mr. John P. real estate manager, and James, of Peterboro.

The funeral took place Friday morning, Oct. 20th, from the family residence, 687 Concession St., Peterboro, to St. Peter's cathedral. Solemn Requiem Mass was celebrated by Rev. C. J. Phelan, assisted by Rev. Dean McColl as deacon and Rev. Father McAuley as subdeacon. The pall bearers were Messrs. H. Rush, Dr. McGrath, H. Phelan, J. J. Lynch, D. Conroy, P. J. Grady and Geo. Murphy, (Lindsay).

The funeral services at St. Peter's Cemetery were conducted by Rev. C. J. Phelan.

LETTER OF CONDOLENCE

REV. WM. APPELBY, C. F., TO MRS. THOS. DOUCETTE, TUSKET, N. S.
St. Patrick's Club,
Boulogne, B. E. F., France.
Sept. 24th, 1916.
Dear Madam.—By now I suppose you will have learned the painful news of your son's death from wounds received in action. May I be permitted to offer my sympathy and more, a word of consolation. I am the priest who attended him in his last moments and I can assure you his death was a holy one. He prayed to God to possess the ecclesiastical and civic authorities (who, by the way, often clash on many other points connected with city and religious affairs). And if these again prove unsatisfactory, ask the iron bands around the glass phial, and the triple seal that is set upon them. And if all these fails to satisfy you, come to "Veritas" who is as cool and as skeptical an individual as you will find in Europe (no one is more cautious in these things as one who

dear Madam, to fortify yourself and the thought that his death was that of a hero who has given his life for the cause of justice and righteousness, in fact for God's cause. Surely, then, his will be a great reward, and now I hope he is in all the glory of Heaven praying for you and all his dear ones and also for me. I am, dear Madam,
Yours sincerely,
(REV.) WM. APPELBY, C. F.

authority to settle definitely the vital question, whether the religious body they represent is the Church founded by Christ, as described by Dr. Manning when he says our Lord "founded a Church in this world which has His authority to minister and to teach in His name?"—N. Y. Freeman's Journal

MOORE DIED A CATHOLIC

IRISH POET NEVER DESERTED THE FAITH OF HIS FATHERS

It has very frequently been stated that Thomas Moore, the famous Irish poet, who was born and reared a Catholic, forsook the faith of his fathers and died a Protestant. Apparently there have been many grounds for this assertion, says the Western C. C. Catholic. Moore spent many years in fashionable society, in England. He died in England and was buried in that country. His grave is in the cemetery attached to a Protestant church. In that church a stained glass window has been erected to his memory. Moore's wife was a Protestant.

Lord John Russell, who edited Moore's memoirs, wrote of him: "He was bred a Roman Catholic, and in his mature years he published a work of some learning in defense of the chief articles of the Roman Catholic faith, yet he occasionally attended the Protestant Church." There is no doubt, however, of the faith in which the great poet died. He lived a Catholic and died a Catholic. Dr. Ambrose, a member of the Irish Nationalist Parliamentary Party, discovered the evidence that Moore did not forsake the faith he was reared in. He gave this proof to the world in an article in The Irish Ecclesiastical Record, of Dublin.

Dr. Ambrose made inquiry where Moore died and where the poet lived for many years, Bromham, a village near the town of Devizes, in Wiltshire, England. It was there that Moore died in 1852. The Rev. Mr. Edgell, who at that time was in charge of the church in which the window in memory of Moore is erected, was interviewed by Dr. Ambrose. It was from him that Dr. Ambrose learned the facts about Moore.

Mr. Edgell denied that the poet had ever attended the church, except to accompany his wife to the porch, where he left her and stated emphatically that he had never and died a true Catholic. Mr. Edgell subsequently put his positive assertion in writing at the request of Dr. Ambrose. The admirers of Moore will be glad to know there is no foundation for the statement that he deserted the faith of his fathers.

REMARKABLE RECORD OF CATHOLIC INDIANS

The following letter is its own comment:
Cape Croker, Ont., Oct. 25, 1916.

Hon. T. W. McGarry,
Treas. British Red Cross, Toronto:
Honourable Sir,—I beg the favor to send you the enclosed \$300.00 which I collected in my church (the Catholic Church) last Sunday for the benefit of the British Red Cross.

This is an Indian Reserve, and you will be pleased to hear (if you do not know already) that absolutely all the Catholic men, married and single, who were physically fit for military service, have enlisted in the 160th Bruce Battalion, and have already gone to England.

Sincerely yours,
J. C. CADOT, S. J.
N. B.—Fifty-eight have enlisted from here out of a population of less than four hundred souls, all Indians.
J. C. C.

DR. MANNING SETS A HARD TASK

The Rev. Dr. William Manning, Rector of Trinity Church of this city, holds that the Episcopal Church has a right to call itself the Catholic Church. In a sermon recently expressed the hope of the Triennial Council of the Episcopal Church, now in session at St. Louis, will make it clear what is the relation of the Episcopal Church to "the one Catholic Apostolic which our Lord Himself founded in this world." The reverend doctor has assigned to the members of the Triennial Council of the Episcopal Church a task of no little difficulty. We doubt very much whether they will be able to measure up to it. The doctor adds to their difficulty by his own definition of what constitutes the Church. Here it is as stated by him.

"There are only two theories as to what the Church is. Either our Lord Himself founded a Church in this world which has His authority to minister and to teach in His name, or else our Lord founded no Church, but left His disciples free to form Churches according to their own notions as they might see fit, in which case the Church has no divine character and no divine authority. And this latter is the position and teaching of most of the Protestant world to-day."

In commenting on the Protestant view the rector of Trinity added that those who depended on "individual conscience" as their authority in religious matters professed a belief that made "one man's guess no better than another's." This is very well put. But, then, do the guesses of a number of men, even though they make up the membership of the Triennial Council of the Episcopal Church, carry with them sufficient

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A dramatic tale of New York City after the Civil War, full of exciting narratives and with a strong religious moral tone. Love and Duty, A. An "envelope iron," Magic of The Sea, The; or, Commodore John Barry in the Making, by Captain James Connelly. It is a historical novel, well fit to take its place beside "Richard Carvel." Mantilla, The, by Richard Amelie. The Mantilla is a romantic tale of insurrectionary Cuba, with Bob Weld, an engineering student and football ball, as hero; and Don Juan, a merchant, otherwise Corta, for heroine. Marian Edward, by Sarah M. Brownson. The story of a happy society girl, who is led away to a life of poverty and the shallowness of her existence through the appreciation of the beauties of a handsome example of a young man whom she afterwards marries. Marcella Grace, by Rosa Mulholland. The plot of this story is laid with a skill and grasp of details not always found in novels of the day, while its development leads us through every page to a complete mastery of the subject, joined to grace and beauty of style. Marriage of Laurencia, The; by Marie Haultmont. We are certain it will be of great interest, especially to fair readers. Master Motive, The; by Laura Conan. A Tale of The Days of Champlain. Translated by Theresa A. Gettlin. May Brooke, by Mrs. Anna H. Dorsey. The story of two cousins who are left in the care of their very wealthy but eccentric uncle, who professes no religion and is at odds with all the world. It follows them through their many trials and experiences, and contrasts the effect on the two distinct characters. Merchant of Antwerp, The; by Hendrick Conscience. A novel of compelling interest from beginning to end concerning the romance of the daughter of a diamond merchant, and Raphael Banks who, through the machinations of fortune, earns the parental approval of their marriage, which has been withheld on account of difference in social position. Merry Hearts and True, by Mary C. Crowley. A collection of stories for Catholic children, including "Little Beginnings," "Bird Apple Wagon," "Polly's Five Dollars," "Marie's Trumpet," and "A Family's Fortune." Messaline, A. A Novel, by Katherine Tynan. Miss Erin, By M. E. Francis. A captivating tale of Irish life recolors the story, love and pathos, and charming in the true Catholic spirit that permeates every page. Mills Avenue, by Mrs. Eleanor M. G. Nixon. Mirror, The; by Mary F. Nixon. Monte Paridon, The. A story of a young man, a historical romance of the time of King Philip IV, of Spain. Mystery of Hornby Hall, The. By Anna T. Sadler. Mystery Of Cleverly, The. By George Barton. 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