

The Catholic Record.

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

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ON THE JOB

We who have given hostages not to fortune only, but also to our own kind in ways that grip our honor, and engage our powers, have to keep cool when the patriotic passion pleads. For such as live by hope and faith in a higher order than that which makes battle imperative, the service of charity establishes incontrovertible claims. Cool heads are required as well as warm hearts, if waste and disappointment are to be avoided. Emotional people are prone to fancy that they can serve in picturesque modes as nurses, or organizers of relief work; while all the time, their place is in the ranks of the humble toilers, who keep the ordinary mechanism of domestic and industrial life going with steady efficiency.

JUSTICE FIRST

After the same unreflecting fashion, but with more inexcusable levity we hear of some who shine brightly in subscription lists, while leaving trade accounts unpaid. More justice and less ostentatious charity are especially called for, in these trying times. Brain and conscience should reinforce impulses of benevolence. Each in his own order—the wealthy by liberal subsidies, the comfortable by renouncing superfluity of every kind, the poor by little acts of kindness and by brave words of cheer, must each and all sustain the national spirit in this unique crisis. But why go into details, when scribes are at work on every hand, when censors and preachers are rebuking and exhorting day by day. After all it is the will to help, the sacred spirit of devotion to a great cause—a cause well worth living and dying for, that move men and women to yield up all that they have and are when the call comes.

How little we know where the springs of honor lie, who pour forth scorching diatribes against young men who hesitate to rush off at once to the recruiting office. The grounds of their uncertainty may even touch the holiest reserves of human affection and aspiration. Nevertheless, such hesitant ones are the most likely to give instant heed to the summons when it lays hold of mind and heart with convincing power: "So nigh is grandeur to our dust, So near is God to man. When duty whispers low, 'Thou must!' The youth replies, 'I can.'"

THE OTHERS

No doubt the coolness of our brave allies, and the phlegm of our brave troops under fire or when wounded is admirable. But we must also keep in view the people, who are called upon to play another and more unwonted part—the parents and wives of the combatants, with that host of related sympathizing men and women, whose lot is to watch and wait for the news that filters through so slowly, and is so often disheartening, even when it falls short of the tragedy that quenches hope and leaves only despair. And yet, we must be brave, even when death and dismay overshadow the land and the highest glades of civilization are in danger, because of a national insanity on the rampage.

It is no common foe that we have to guard against: no ordinary trial that we have to go out to meet. The avoidance of mere fuss, and futile activity should be possible to the simplest among us. To discountenance both elation and despondency is at once a general duty and a source of personal strength.

It is not the time to hark back to ancient history, or to listen to those who learn nothing and forget nothing.

The calm acceptance of past ills, and a resigned temper when the heavier blows of fate fall upon us, are dictates of truth to which no prosaic reasoning can add any force. The wordless sympathy of Job's friends, who sat around and mingled their tears with his, were more potent to console than the long lectures which the three miserable "comforters" delivered.

NOT SENSATIONAL

Our temperance workers are averse to sensational methods. They are of the opinion, that organic disease cannot be cured by a poultice made of noise and sentimentality. They believe that the scalpel of total abstinence must be used to cut out the disease of intemperance. And to give more effectiveness to their labor, many of them have formed themselves into leagues, to put down intemperance by means of personal abstinence, joined to prayer and the frequentation of sacraments. These societies are growing apace. For some they are as a sanitarium; for others an inspiration to enthusiastic and life-saving work.

WHAT REMINISCENCES

Some time ago, we read the reminiscences of a bartender. For years he mixed drinks and dispensed them to the thirsty. He saw his customers drift in every day, and he noticed the hold that the alcohol had upon them.

Some of them used liquor because of climatic conditions, and to ward off disease. And they were all "moderate drinkers," that is, they could, as a rule, manage to avoid any collision with the law. He noticed, that in the course of time, the young fellows who erstwhile had vitality and ambition, became dulled and mechanical. They lost the sense of life's values. They became merely object lessons of what alcohol can do with a man, and the poor victims, still moderate drinkers, never seemed to be aware of it. Meanwhile the golden store poured into the cash register, to the delight of the "boss," one of the "jolly fellows," who owing to no strain on either their brawn or their brain exude good fellowship. Even moderate drinking, however, is in the decrease. Industrial competition will have none of it. Employers decry it, because, as they put it, the moderate drinker is unreliable. He is liable to crack under the strain of business, or at least is not up to concert-pitch.

We are glad of it, because, to our mind the "moderate drinker," exercises a deadly influence. The set arouses disgust: the "drinker," who does not submerge himself in alcohol, seems to bid the young and unexperienced to imitate his example.

THE LAYMEN

Mr. Humphrey Desmond, the author of "The New Laity and the Red Standard," says, that the writer of these pages had dealt editorially a week in and week out for thirty years, with Catholic questions and Catholic interests. This conviction deepens, that the welfare of Catholicity, and more especially its wider influence in this age of democracy depend very largely upon the cultivation of an intelligent, an effective, and loyal Catholic laity. We are of the opinion, that laymen are realizing that they are not ancients in confirmation to the end that they merely save their own souls, and pay their pew rent. They are beginning to see, that mere complaint about injustice to the Church is as futile, as it is unmanly, and to feel that the modesty and prudence so often invoked to cloak cowardice, have been overworked. They do not wait for miracles, but praying and working are not afraid to turn aside from the conservatism which is dry rot. All of us are not out of the rut worn deep by our forbears: but some of us are on the highway, trying to hold the age to truth and justice, and working in aid of all its legitimate aspirations. Instead of dwelling always without the precincts of their club-rooms, they are showing the world, that their principles can solve modern problems. And instead of harking back to the glories of the past, they are writing their own history with the pen of honesty, courage, temperance, purity of motives in political and civic relations. They believe in helping their community by fighting the forces, whether in saloon or theatre, that make for low standards and disintegration. In a word, they are in the open, proud of their principles and anxious that Protestants should view them at close range.

Religion is the best armor a man can have, but it is the worst cloak.

LOURDES AND THE WAR

Needless to say, Lourdes belongs to no single nation, says the Queen's Work. But among the sad consequences of the war, has come the stopping of those world pilgrimages which brought the people of all nations to the feet of Our Lady of Lourdes. Yet for all that, the wonderful pity of the Health of the Sick is still shown toward her children. In place of the white trains of the pilgrimages, there come to Lourdes the red trains of the wounded to be nursed back to health in the shadow of Our Lady's shrine. And her pity is going forth to those stricken by the engines of war, no less than it went out before to those who had been wounded by disease. "We have already seen among our wounded," writes the Bishop of Lourdes, "admirable cures of cures where the science of physicians and surgeons was in despair, and if all the broken bones are not miraculously cured, the Most Holy Virgin at least comforts all the souls, soothes the bruised hearts and inspires motherly charity in behalf of the wounded and the sick."

Nor are the children of Our Blessed Lady kept from her influence by any bounds of nationality. The wounded of both armies are brought there to be nursed back to health. She is the Mother of all of the world and loves her children of every land. One can fancy how the Catholic soldier who has done his duty with all honor and been wounded in the wars of his country rejoices when he finds himself carried for cure to this most famous shrine of Our Blessed Lady. "We are the favored ones," say the poor fellows when they find themselves in Lourdes. Here everyone is at home whether he has fought on one side or the other. Here the bitterness of war falls away and gives place to a holy consolation.

And for all the troubles of the time the people of France still keep up their pilgrimages to the Shrine. On the 22nd of March in 1915, 200 pilgrims from the diocese of Tarbes and Lourdes, came to pay their devotions at the Shrine of Our Lady. Two regiments of Hussars came to Lourdes for blessings on their arms, and perhaps never before had more fervent and earnest prayers been offered up at the Shrine of Our Lady than are poured forth constantly there by men and women, in the crisis of this momentous struggle.

Pilgrimages of penance, performed on foot, have also come to Lourdes since the beginning of the war, and one can see in the annals of the Shrine the mighty influence of the present affliction in bringing back the inkwarrant to the feet of Our Lady, and in stirring up her faithful sons and daughters to yet more earnest supplications.

A JEW CONVERT ON JUDAISM

Paul Lowengard, a notable figure in French literature of to day, was a Jew and is now a Catholic. He gives some account of how he came to give up the religion of his forefathers, "From the Bible and from History," says Mr. Joseph O'Brien, M. A., in The Catholic World, he learned the three fundamental dogmas of the Jewish religion: faith in a God distinct from His creatures; faith in the election of the people of Israel, the chosen race; and faith in a Messiah, foretold by Abraham, Jacob, David and the prophets; a Messiah who would spring from the race of Abraham, from the tribe of Juda, and from the House of David, in Whom all nations would be blessed, and the Jewish people above all.

These dogmas, says Mr. Lowengard, the Synagogue "affirms to-day in its prayers, its canticles, and its psalms but affirms them only with its lips, not with its heart. My conversion with the rabbi, M. Alfred Levy (later Grand Rabbi of France)—the books he gave me to read, the sermons which I heard him preach, all proved this to me—the traditional Jewish dogmas were not the dogmas of the Jews of to-day. They took from the Judaism of old its pride, its temporal ambitions, its hatred and its malice. For the rest, their liberalism easily accommodated itself to the interpretations of the Bible radically opposed to the Talmud, to the spirit of Moses, and to orthodox Judaism."

Mr. Lowengard continues his investigations; and his statement of the result is quite emphatic. He found the condition of Judaism so bad that he severed his connection with it. He goes on: "His followers lauded his liberalism. And what is this liberalism? The means to unite contraries, to reconcile opposites, rationalism and faith, affirmation and negation, order and disorder, Satan and God. Like liberal Protestantism, liberal Judaism is hardly a religion. From religion it has taken certain ceremonies, certain attitudes and certain words. But in its heart it is nothing but concealed free thought—masked rationalism—a mixture which a logical and sincere soul cannot swallow. One day I asked Rabbi Levy about the Messiah. For a moment he appeared embarrassed, and

then replied: "The Messiah is the triumph of justice, the reign of liberty and fraternity. This reign commenced with the French Revolution." I was shocked by the assertion. I had heard such statements in the sessions of the League of the Rights of Man," and in the conference of the notorious anarchist, Sebastian Faure. But later I learned that this idea of the Messiah was the accepted one among the leaders of Judaism in France. M. Auscher, rabbi of Besancon, told me that: "The Messiah is the unlimited perfectibility of humanity; M. S. Cahen, a well-known Jewish scholar, and the translator of the Bible, writes: "The Messiah came to us on the 28th of February, 1790, with the declaration of the rights of man. The Messiah whom we await is the destroyer of these rights, the recognition of their rights, the emancipation of humanity."

CONGRESS IN SPAIN

URGES CLOSER PARTICIPATION BY THE LAITY IN RELIGIOUS SERVICES

The grand event in the Catholic life of Spain during the past month was the highly interesting and successful Liturgical Congress held in the celebrated Benedictine Abbey of Montserrat. It was the first of its kind held in that country, and was presided over in person by the Papal Nuncio, Monsignor Ragonessi. Between clergy and laity over 2,000 people were present at the sessions, and at the magnificent liturgical functions carried out in all their beauty and solemnity in the Benedictine basilica during the congress. The assembly sat in sections, one devoted to historic studies, one to works of sacerdotal ministry and the third to Gregorian chant. A variety of learned papers and memorials were read in these various sections, in which the liturgy was treated of from every point of view—historical, artistic, archaeological, musical, etc., and many vexed problems were lucidly exposed and discussed. The assembly was brought to a close after three days' sessions by a splendid speech of the Nuncio in which he dealt with the liturgy of the Church as an educative force for the intelligence, the heart, the will and imagination of the faithful.

The congress has left permanent fruits in the translation of the Roman Missal into Catalanian, published in the abbey and presented to the Nuncio during one of the sessions, and also in the conclusions which were formulated and carried by acclamation during the closing session. These are of great interest and importance as tending to reveal the general drift of thought and discussion during the deliberation which may be summed up in the idea that the faithful should again take as close and intimate a part in the solemn ceremonies of the Church, should incorporate themselves as fully in the divine offices as they did during the Middle Ages.—Catholic Bulletin.

SEES DRIFT OF PROTESTANTISM

EMPTY CRADLES MAY BE ACCOUNTED FOR IN ONE WAY ONLY

The more thoughtful among Protestant leaders are waking up to see the drift of Protestant tendencies which Catholics have seen from the beginning. Empty cradles among our separated brethren are now so notoriously common, alongside of full Catholic cradles, that they must be accounted for somehow or another. The well-known English Congregationalist, Principal Griffith-Jones, for one, has no doubt religion is at the bottom of it. On the occasion of the Conference of Congregational ministers at the Bradford United College, England, he made some remarkable admissions the other day which are thus reported:

"His subject was the question of population and the danger to which Western Europe and America are exposed by the modern tendency to race-suicide. He pointed out that the decreasing birth-rate in European countries follows on religious and not in national lines. It is in the Protestant countries that this tendency is most marked, and further evidence is revealed by a comparison of such towns as Leeds and Bradford in the matter of birth-rate. In Leeds it is 23.2 per 1,000, and in Bradford 19.8, and the reason appears to be that Leeds has a strong element of Jews and Irish Catholics, while Bradford is an almost purely English and Protestant community. Preston, again, which is preponderantly Catholic, has the highest birth rate in the country, for, whereas the total birth-rate of the country is 24.4 per 1,000, that of Preston is 28.6. Dr. Griffith-Jones added that one of the reasons of the disparity that alarms him is that the Roman Church, like the Jewish community, strongly and unceasingly insists on the duties of married life, whereas Protestantism has lost much of the religious sentiment on this matter, 'possibly under the influence of the rationalistic spirit.'"

As regards the Catholic Church, we can certainly vouch that his explanation is correct. Catholics believe in the divine teaching that marriage is primarily for the procreation of human beings to love and serve God. They believe matrimony is a sacrament, no less than a contract, and therefore something sacred. They believe, too, that it is indissoluble except by death; they therefore reject and abominate divorce. Moreover, any attempt at the abuse of marriage is promptly nipped in the bud in the tribunal of Penance; to save his soul, a Catholic must be faithful to this sacrament as to any of the others. He must prefer God's law to vice or self-indulgence. But how impotent is Protestantism!—N. W. Review.

BELGIAN REFUGEES FIND HAVEN IN DETROIT

ONE HUNDRED AND EIGHT CHILDREN AND ADULTS FROM STRICKEN COUNTRY PROVIDED FOR BY FATHER SVOEN, OF BELGIAN PARISH

Again the devastation of Belgium, the country whose citizens stand out as the most heroic figures of the present European conflict, was brought to mind when the steamship Ryndam, of the Holland American line, arrived at her pier in Hoboken a few days ago from Rotterdam. On board were 108 Belgian refugees, 80 of whom were children, whose husbands, fathers and relatives already are in America seeking a livelihood. Most of the children were between the ages of six months and thirteen years; babes in arms and little tots just able to walk. Few of the number spoke English, but when the big ship passed the Statue of Liberty there was a concerted cheer from the refugees, who believe they have found the promised land. Like the shepherd with his sheep, the Rev. Henry Svoen, pastor of the Belgian parish of Detroit, Mich., who went to Belgium on March 6, was in charge of the wanderers. He had experienced great difficulties in getting permission from the German Government to allow the refugees to come to the United States.—Catholic Columbian.

THE KORAN AND OUR LADY

MOHAMMEDAN DEVOTION TO THE BLESSED VIRGIN

Touning the dignity of the Blessed Virgin, the doctrine of the Koran is in some points singularly like our own, says the "Ave Maria." According to the Mohammedan Bible, Mary is immaculate. In the thirty-seventh verse of the third chapter we read these remarkable words: "The Angels said to Mary 'God has chosen thee; He has rendered thee free from all stain; he has selected thee out of all the women of the universe.'" As a natural result of this appreciation of Our Lady, those places in Palestine and Egypt which were hallowed by the passage of Jesus and His Mother are dear to the Mussulmans. They frequently make pilgrimages to Bethlehem, which is styled by the Mussulman traveller, Ibn-Batutah, "the third place for its sanctity."

During the Crusades two Syrian sanctuaries of the Blessed Virgin were especially honored by the Mohammedans: Our Lady of Tortose, a church whose foundation was attributed to St. Peter; and Our Lady of Sardenay, near Damas. It is related that a sultan of Damas, afflicted with blindness, went as a pilgrim to this latter shrine, strong in the faith that he should there recover his sight. Confiding in the goodness of God, he prostrated himself and prayed. On arising, says M. Rey in his work on the French colonies in Syria he saw the lamp burning before the statue of Our Lady, and glorified God. Moreover, he promised an annual gift of fifty measures of oil with which to keep the light burning in this church—a promise faithfully fulfilled until the time of Nour-ed-Din. Other miracles, according to the same author, were wrought at Sardenay in favor of Mussulmans; they are preserved in local traditions. In our own day we have seen a sanctuary of Our Lady of Lourdes established in Constantinople, where it is the center of most fervent prayers of Mussulmans, as well as of wondrous cures in favor of these infidels, so devoted to the Immaculate Virgin—admirable prelude to graces still more admirable, that in God's good time will doubtless touch the hearts and illumine the intelligence of the simple unbelievers. Yes, Mary, whom Mohammed proclaimed immaculate and ever-virgin, may yet be the subjugator of these peoples, bowed under a religious law so tolerant of licentiousness.

For this reason it is lawful to remember that at Matariyah, in Egypt, there has been established a sanctuary of Notre Dame de Lourdes. The place for the shrine was most happily chosen; it was for some time the scene of the Holy Family's exile. It was there that, in response to the prayer of Mary, a fountain gushed forth from a source long dried up. Near this fountain the new groto

was constructed by Father Julien, S. J., President of the Holy Family College at Cairo. Let us hope that a scene which witnessed a miracle wrought in favor of our Blessed Mother while she was on earth, may yet become renowned for favors granted from her throne in heaven.—St. Paul Bulletin.

CARDINAL VANNUTELLI DIES IN ROME

FAMOUS DEAN OF SACRED COLLEGE WAS POPULAR AND MUCH BELOVED MAN

Canadian Press

Rome, August 19.—Cardinal Serafino Vannutelli, Dean of the Sacred College, is dead at the age of eighty-one. Cardinal Vannutelli was one of the most influential of those members of the Sacred College, eligible to the Papacy. He was one of the six Cardinal Bishops, who take their title from the Suburban Seas of Rome. He was Bishop of Porto, Santa Rufina and Ostia.

He was created and proclaimed Cardinal by Pope Leo XIII. on March 14, 1887. The Cardinal was born on November 26, 1834, at Genazzano, in the diocese of Palestrina. His early education was obtained in the Seminary of Genazzano, and he received degrees in philosophy and theology in the Capranica College at Rome.

He next studied at the Pontifical Seminary, from which he emerged to enter the diplomatic service of the Vatican. His first post was that of auditor to Monsignor Meglia at Mexico, and later at Munich. He was sent as Apostolic Delegate to Ecuador and to Peru. Returning from these distant missions, he was next appointed Nuncio to Brussels, and later to Vienna, where he remained until 1887, when he was created Cardinal. He then established himself at Rome, where he filled various important offices, finally being appointed Secretary of Briefs.

His presence at the capital was soon felt, for not only was he active in church affairs, but took a leading part in the social life of the Black Circle, where he was a favorite. He was to be met with at the diplomatic receptions, and at the weddings and baptisms of his friends' children. He was much beloved as a kindly, agreeable man. Social by nature, his experience in foreign courts increased his native talent for society. His popularity brought its penalties, and strong efforts were made to get him out of Rome. He was offered the important seat of Archbishop of Bologna, gained time by temporizing, and, finally, by the death of the Archbishop of Frascati, was able to frustrate his enemies and to obtain the vacant bishopric of Frascati, in the near neighborhood of Rome.

He was much regarded by Leo XIII., who often consulted with him. He was a charming, popular man, and had many ardent friends, first among whom was his brother, Cardinal Vincenzo Vannutelli, whose greatest ambition in life was said to be that Serafino should succeed to the Papacy.

A SCOTCH PREACHER'S TRIBUTE

The Rev. Alexander Whyte, a Protestant preacher of Scotland, said one Sunday to his congregation: "To-day I am going to give you a sermon on St. Teresa. I want you all to know her, even if she is not a Protestant but is a famous Roman Catholic. Many a time I have meditated on that text of Christ: 'If you love Me and keep My commandments, the Father and I will take up our abode in your hearts.' I have wondered if Christ and His Father had really taken up their home in the hearts of truly Christian people. I have wondered if Christ and His Father were in my heart. No doubt you have asked the same question. Well, St. Teresa will show us that Christ has kept His word. When I read her life," continued the preacher, "I was thrilled with the deepest emotions of joy as she described her experience with Christ and the Father and the Holy Ghost in the interior of her soul. Christ took up his home in her soul, spoke to her, trained her, loved her and developed in her a character Christ-like in love and virtue. And Christ confirmed the story of this abode by her marvelous spiritual life. I rejoiced so much over the revelation of our Lord in her soul, because I felt that He would keep His word with me if I kept His commandments. You will have the same great faith and hope when you know St. Teresa. That is the reason that you and all men, as well as I, should read St. Teresa's life, to see and realize that Christ has kept His word: 'If you love Me and keep My commandments, the Father and I will take up our abode in your hearts.'"—The Missionary.

Do we want to be strong? We must work. To be happy? We must be kind. To be wise? We must look and think.—Ruskin.

CATHOLIC NOTES

The Brothers of Mary will open their new building for House of Studies at the Catholic University in October.

The Franciscan Missionaries of Mary have eight hundred lepers under their charge in different parts of the east.

In Bengal the Jesuits from Belgium have converted at least 100,000 natives in the last twenty-five years. In China and Africa there are fully 1,100,000 persons under instruction for Catholic baptism.

George D. Shearer, of San Rafael, Cal., is exhibiting samples of fruit picked from trees planted by the Franciscan Fathers in 1817, the year they established the Mission San Rafael Archangel.

The pioneer missionary among several Indian tribes in the Northwest and Alaska, the Rev. Jos. M. Cataldo, S. J., has translated the New Testament in the Nez Percé language.

About four miles from Bethlehem are the three pools of Solomon. One of them is 582 feet long, 20 feet wide and 49 feet deep. The next is 423x229 feet and 39 feet deep, and the third is 380x229 feet and 25 feet deep.

Mr. Lancelot J. S. Wood has been received into the Church at St. Clemente, Rome, by the Very Rev. L. Nolan. Mr. Wood is a well known author and has done good service for the Catholic Church for many years. He is connected with the very interesting weekly, Rome.

M. Michael Gavrilovich, formerly minister plenipotentiary of Serbia at Montenegro, has been appointed delegate to the Holy See by his government, and he was received on his arrival by the Cardinal Secretary of State.

Rev. Franz Schaeuwies was ordained to the priesthood in Baltimore by Cardinal Gibbons and said his first Mass in St. Patrick's church in Philadelphia. He had been in the ministry of the Episcopal church for seventeen years.

An important event to the English Catholic world is the approaching opening of the \$100,000 school erected in memory of the late Cardinal Vaughan. The school is located in Addison Road, Kensington. It contains a chapel, class-rooms, laboratories, and art rooms, with an exceptionally fine hall.

The Prior of the Benedictine Abbey of SS. Peter and Paul, near Brussels (some of the Fathers from which monastery are doing Belgian chaplaincy work in the diocese of Plymouth) has been wounded for the second time at the front. With commendable bravery, he refuses to leave his post of danger.

The list of religious bodies compiled by Dr. Henry K. Carroll embraces 150 different Protestant denominations with a membership of 24,000,000. There are 15,000,000 Catholics. This leaves 61,000,000 heathens in the United States. These sixty one millions have no religion and want none.

The High Altar of the Abbey Church, Caldey Island, is unique. It is built principally of stones from the ruined monasteries. They are 63 in number, coming from Lindisfarne, Waverly, Tintern, Glastonbury, Westminster, Chester, Bolton, Selby, Rievaulx, Walsingham, Basinwerk, Canterbury, etc., etc. Four are from Ireland, viz., from Mellifont, Monasterboice, and Drogheda (two).

On the occasion of his installation, Archbishop Hanna, of San Francisco, appointed the Rev. John J. Cantwell, who served as secretary to the late Archbishop Riordan, to the office of vicar-general of the archdiocese. Father Cantwell comes of an Irish family that has given many sons and daughters to the Church. Two of his brothers are among the best known priests of the archdiocese of San Francisco—the Rev. William J. of San Bruno, and the Rev. James P., secretary to the Archbishop.

One of the grandest works of art produced in this century is said to be the magnificent gold monstrance which His Holiness the Pope has donated to the Cathedral of Bologna as a token of affection for his old diocese. The monstrance is of massive gold, artistically chased, surrounded by a Cross made of Oriental pearls and amethysts. The base consists of Oriental stones on which scenes of the Five Glorious Mysteries of the Rosary are represented.

The famous Catholic Church of "Rockito" in the Government of Warsaw, Russian Poland, was destroyed in a counter-attack by the Russians against the Germans. The foundation of this church was laid in 1631, architects from Greece and artisans from Italy being brought to Poland to superintend the construction. It was not completed until 1890. It contains a thaumaturgic figure of the Blessed Virgin, which was not destroyed during the bombardment, and the peasants for miles about are now making pilgrimages to the ruins to gaze upon the "Miracle of the Sacred Shrine."

CARDOME

A ROMANCE OF KENTUCKY

BY ANNA C. MINOGUE CHAPTER XIV

As soon as his retirement from the editorship of the Frankfort Herald became known, Phil McDowell was offered a similar position on one of the Lexington journals; and on the day of Lincoln's inauguration he fought on paper his first fight for the South. Though for the war which followed men were arming themselves, Phil clung to his post of duty until the Union supporters destroyed the paper, as they would have sent the dauntless editor to herd with the criminals in the Ohio penitentiary had he not been saved by his friends; for Kentucky's neutrality was respected neither within nor without.

When the "Resolution Legislature," as the assembly of the representatives of Kentucky was aptly called, passed, over the Governor's veto, a resolution commanding the withdrawal of the Confederate forces from Kentucky, though for weeks the morning and evening guns of the Federal camp had been filling with dismay the hearts of the people, a number of members resigned their seats and came out openly for which ever cause they espoused—the only course left for honorable men. Among them was Clay Powell.

As he was nearing the outskirts of Lexington toward the close of the September day when he had hidden farewell to the legislative halls, he was joined by a gentleman whose plain citizen's clothes could not conceal his military bearing, nor the assumed indifference of face and tones hide a soul born to command. The face was eminently handsome. The figure, now mounted, was superb. It showed grace, strength and activity, as the small eyes, of grayish-blue color, evinced thought and keenness. Scarcely had the first words been exchanged when Powell realized that he was in the presence of one of those remarkable men who, appearing at remarkable periods, wield an influence that is felt and remembered. The address of the stranger's conversation did not escape him, and though it was a time when freemen were beginning to grow guarded in their speech, he replied to his companion's remarks with frankness and confidence. In answer to his strong declaration against the latest action of the Legislature, the stranger laughed softly, and then said: "Not all in the town toward which we are travelling would agree with you in that opinion. Do you not know that, in accordance with that resolution, the Lexington State Guards are to be disbanded and their guns turned over to the service of the Federal government?"

"Where is Captain Morgan at this hour?" asked Powell, quickly. "Oh, in Lexington," replied his companion, whereat the rare smile crossed his listener's handsome face. The stranger caught that smile and, interpreting it, said: "So you think if Morgan is there, the Unionists should look well to the guns? Do you know him?"

"Not personally, but my father fought with him in Mexico. Captain Morgan, as perhaps you know, was scarcely nineteen years of age then. The record he made for himself during the war, and the information I have received of devotion to the Confederacy, convince me that not until the use of the 'Lexington Rifles' are in the arsenal and guarded by a regiment, should the Unionist feel secure."

"As he ceased, the gentleman leaned toward him and extending his hand, said, in a peculiarly winning voice: "Though your name is unknown to me, the son of a former comrade-in-arms can never be a stranger to John Morgan."

Clay Powell clasped the hand in glad surprise, and when he mentioned his own name he felt the fingers close over his in a quick, warm grasp as Morgan said:

"Your father was a brave soldier and noble gentleman. I have followed your own career, brief as it has been, in the Legislature, and your voice heard in the cause of justice assured me that you are a worthy bearer of his name." He paused for a moment, then with a smile coming over his face, added: "Nor are you mistaken in your estimate of John Morgan. This very night, lowering his voice, 'I am going to secure my guns, and take my gallant boys to join the force at Green River. They have waited five months for me to lead them, but—I was detained; there was something like a break in his voice, for his wife was but a few weeks dead."

The September afternoon was waning as they passed down the broad streets of Lexington. Unrest and alarm were everywhere visible, and groups of men stood on every corner discussing the great question of the day. Before the court-house was a body of home guards, and as the two horsemen passed, one said, with a laugh:

"It will go sadly against John Morgan's grain to lose his company's arms."

"Morgan ought to be ashamed of himself!" declared another patriot. "He could take the 'Lexington Rifles' to the Union if he wanted to do so. But he and they can go to 'Secesh' and be d—d, but they won't carry those arms with them!"

"I am not so sure of that," said the first speaker. "John was only a boy when he went to Mexico, but they sent him home an officer. He

hasn't forgotten his military training, and if my advice is followed, the guns will be secured now while they are in the armory."

"We are going to take them to-morrow."

"They may not be there to-morrow to take."

"Nonsense! The order for their removal just came to day, and only a few Unionists know anything about it. Besides, he's afraid to attempt to get them off, with the Federals camped on the fair-ground and the streets filled with soldiers."

"If my memory serves me right," remarked the other, "those who came back from Mexico said John Morgan was afraid of nothing under God's heavens."

Further down the street a Union sympathizer, but a fast friend of Captain Morgan, seeing him, called out. "The order has come for your guns, Captain!" and he laughed good-naturedly.

"Yes, they intend to remove them to-morrow," replied Morgan; then he added, "but we will fight you with those guns yet," and with his guest he rode on to the stately house which from earliest childhood he had called his home. As Clay Powell crossed his wide doorway and noted the elegance of its appointments, its comfort and wealth, and knew that a few hours' work would voluntarily leave it to the rapacity of those who sought, by confiscating "Rebel" property for their own benefit, to prove their loyalty to the Union, he received his first illustration of the devotion of the sons of the South.

Scarcely were they seated in the spacious library when Phil McDowell was announced.

"I just received your message, Captain," he said.

"You have heard, of course," said Morgan, "that the Legislature has ordered the State Guards to be disbanded? This tyrannical order will be carried out here to-morrow. I am going to save my guns."

"Then we start to-night?" asked Phil, and Powell noticed that a sudden paleness came over his face.

"Yes, to-night," said Captain Morgan. "At nine o'clock two wagons will be at the armory for the guns. I wish you to take command of the escort. You are to follow the Versailles road out of Lexington. After that, the country is clear. I, with the rest of the company, will overtake you before you reach Bardonia. This is a short notice, Mr. McDowell," he added, "but the exigencies of the time make it necessary."

"I am ready, sir," replied Phil. Then he turned to Powell, and asked: "Are you going to become one of Morgan's men?"

"I am," replied he, without a moment's hesitation. Captain Morgan had turned away to light a cigar, and in the moment's silence that hung between the two men Phil McDowell made the supreme sacrifice of his life. It yet wanted six hours of the one set for his departure. The fleet-footed Ladybird could easily carry him to Cardome and back again; but if the time had been shorter, he would still have taken his chance before neglecting to say farewell to Virginia. He would send that farewell instead!

"I have one regret," he said, no emotion showing on his face or in his voice, "that this order has come so unexpectedly. I shall not be permitted to say farewell to my friends at Cardome."

"Will you accord me the high privilege of bearing it for you?" Clay Powell asked quickly. "It will also give me an opportunity to say good-by."

The closing words were spoken, and the dark eyes that went out the window and across the wide street, over which the long September shadows lay, had in them an expression, eloquent of the sadness of retrospection, which touched the heart of the watcher. Could he but say to this man: "Thrust your pride away! Give her, at least, the sad comfort of missing you, the right to mourn for you, if you fall!" But the love, that at its own sacrifice offered him the opportunity, could do no more.

"I need not repeat to you," said McDowell, "what is in my heart, what I would say to those friends who the sorrowful happiness allowed me. You know what friend feels for friend in such an hour; say it for me. If the Judge should blame me, tell him to remember how, in my boyhood, he ever impressed on me the truth that it is better that all the world should think us wrong, than that we should appear such before our own consciences. In doing what I am to-night, I am living up to what he inculcated. But say that my only sorrow is that upon this action of mine I can not ask his blessing."

"Farewell, Virginia farewell!" he said, and passed across the hill, down into the deep shadows cast by the trees.

CHAPTER XV

The night came in, with the golden harvest moon shedding her light over the rich city whose streets presented pictures of the life and enjoyment of a Southern community. Beautiful women in open carriages went past on their way to social gatherings; on the wide lawns, nurses in neat attire walked with children; on the broad piazzas family groups were seated, their subdued voices and laughter coming pleasantly to the ear, while frequently from the many lighted windows would float the sound of music, the trip of dancing feet. In the main thoroughfare men were talking earnestly, while often among them would be seen the rich uniform of a Union officer or the blue coat of a private, who had come in from the camp pitched at the city's edge.

Through these streets John Morgan went on his way to the armory. The indifference of face and manner which

had been so apparent in the afternoon had entirely disappeared, and in its stead was the military bearing of a chieftain. He gazed over the scene familiar from childhood, on the friends and acquaintances of years; and if there were any sadness in his heart as he realized that he had come to the parting of the ways—that in another hour, he who now walked the streets of his native town honored and revered for his loyal citizenship, his generous, straightforward life, would be regarded by many as a traitor—no sign of emotion showed on his stern features. He looked the man that he was, one who knew that he was doing what was right, and who would die before he would abandon or be turned aside from the undertaking. Many noticed the direction he took, and some smiled, remembering how soon the Captain's occupation would be gone, while others grieved. The member of the home guard laughed and chafed him as he passed, but unheeding, if indeed he heard them, John Morgan went straight on over the familiar way which led to the armory. It was now five years since he had organized that company, which represented the flower of Lexington youth, and never had man more efficient captain nor captain more devoted to loyal men.

"As he entered the armory he raised his eyes to the motto, which their profound love and admiration for him had made them adopt—'Our Laws the Command of Our Captain,' and as he saw the men awaiting him he knew that now, when that motto was to be put to the test, they would not be found wanting. They were formed in lines to receive him, but after the salute their enthusiasm broke into wild cheers; then the stern lines relaxed on the Captain's face and he smiled on his men with affection. They did not know why they had been so hastily called together, but the motto of the 'Rifles' was obeyed to the letter. When they were given the reason another cheer, wilder, clearer, stronger, again awoke the echoes of the old armory, nor was there shrinking on one face. These fully realized the dangers surrounding the undertaking; knew that with the Federal officers, home guards, spies and Union patriots all around them, their chance of escape with two heavy wagons of arms was but one in a hundred; and examples were not wanting of the fate reserved for the 'Rebel'; but if an army had been at the door and Morgan had made them to go out with the guns, they would have obeyed."

The number selected as guard for the arms was not large. As the names were called the response was quick and ready. At 9 o'clock the two wagons, standing in the shadow of the armory, were loaded. Then mounting his horse, Captain Morgan, with Phil McDowell by his side, started with his guns, while in the streets below Union officers and privates, loyalists and home guards, chinked over the advances that the Legislature was making in "educating the people" into Union principles.

"Tramp! tramp! tramp!" came from the armory. A Union officer paused and listened attentively, and he thought that he caught, amid the sound of many feet, the heavy roll of wagons. He questioned a loyal citizen, who laughed and said, sneeringly: "That's Cap' Morgan drilling his men. They will drill without arms to-morrow night!" Both laughed, while the tramping at the armory went on, and, abashed by the sound of his men drilling, their captain carried his arms out of the city. When all danger of discovery was passed he placed the guard in charge of Phil and turned back to meet his leader on the morrow. The procession headed by Phil went on un molested over the quiet road. Only once did his eyes leave the straight way Morgan had hidden him from a slight eminence, somewhat in advance of his company, he drew in his horse, and turning his head looked across the long, fertile fields to where he knew Cardome lay, wrapped in moonlight.

"Farewell, Virginia farewell!" he said, and passed across the hill, down into the deep shadows cast by the trees.

"Singular, isn't it," he said, "how that music goes into one."

"Yes," I answered, "but I heard some music earlier in the evening that made me feel very different."

"What was it?" he asked.

"Well," said I, "just when I was getting ready to come here and was dressing, the strains of 'Lead, Kindly Light,' floated into my mind, and I sang the beautiful hymn in a low tone, as I was coming down the stairs. Then a curious feeling came over me. I felt that I had to play the piece. So, instead of hastening to this place, where many were expecting me, I stepped into the parlor and softly played the hymn that is associated with the name of Newman. I played it over two or three times, putting on my hat and coat and started for the door. Just as I opened the door a breathless old woman was about to ring the bell."

"Well," said I, "what do you want?"

"Oh, come, sir, please," she gasped; "there's a woman sick on the next block."

"How long?" I asked, and when she told me that the patient had been sick for a week and was not sending for a doctor until 9.30 at night, I felt annoyed, as most doctors do, under such circumstances.

"But I went along to make the call. I found an old woman, up three flights in a tenement, surrounded by several other old women. All of them looked poor and miserable. The sick woman was breathing heavily."

"An examination showed her to be suffering from pneumonia and swelling of the lungs. She was doomed to die. A few questions showed that there had been no physician, although she was ill for more than a week. The reason was plain, lack of money."

"I inquired if she had had the priest. 'Very often that queer starts a fever in the minds of the sick, but, usually, the fear is but temporary. The visit of the priest is always calmative and beneficial.'"

"In this case, all of the old women had one question in their faces. That was, 'Is she going to die?' The patient herself asked the question."

"I told her that it was very probable and that no time was to be lost. I hastily wrote a note and dispatched it to the doctor, reciting urgency and adding the word 'Omnes.' Every priest knows that means all the Sacraments that the sick man can receive."

"I knew as I left the house that the woman's hours were few, and that she would be dead before morning. And I knew and realized fully that had I not stopped to play 'Lead Kindly Light,' and to sing it over a few times, I would have been gone before the sick call came. I would have been here, in this ballroom, chatting and exchanging talk and reminiscence, and that woman, a block away from my house, would have died without the priest, for I was the only doctor to be had at that time of the evening. The messenger had tried three others and all were out, not to return for the night. I was in, just about to go out. I would not return for several hours. But I was there when the call came. The 'Kindly Light' had led the messenger to me just in time to secure the priest for the dying woman."

George McCann looked at me strangely. His face was pale and his manner very earnest.

"What wonderful things happen in life," he said. "A tiny incident, a spoken word, a whispered sometimes, and a fate is revealed or sealed. Let me tell you of my dead brother."

"I was born in Ireland," said George, "and one of my brothers loved the sea. Nothing could keep him from it. And like those who love the sea, he followed his mistress. He was not a bad boy, but the sailor life, you know, has many temptations, and is a rough one, at best. My mother always worried about him. But Danny always wrote to her. No matter in what part of the world he was, he would write a letter to mother. And always told her he was well and happy."

"Motherlike, she worried about him. She feared he would get into evil ways. She loved her absent boy. We men did not worry about him. Mothers and men are different. From Australia, one day, came to my mother's house, in Boston, a note from Danny. It said he was leaving Australia on the ship, Adelaide, for San Francisco, and when the voyage was ended, he was coming home to mother."

"Of course, she cried for joy. And she watched the papers and mail for news of the Adelaide. At length came a letter from San Francisco. The Adelaide was there, with Danny as cheerful as ever, and her sailing day for Liverpool was named in the letter. 'When next you hear from me,' wrote Danny, 'I'll be home-bound from Liverpool.'"

"But the Adelaide never reached that port. Four months after she sailed from San Francisco, her shattered hull was seen in the South Atlantic, 200 miles from Rio Janeiro. Two of her boats were picked up empty. The Adelaide had been wrecked and her crew was lost."

"My mother cried and cried, when she learned the news. She went to church every day and prayed for Danny's soul. She asked that Masses be offered up for him. She was reconciled to his death, but she feared for his soul."

"One day she went to confession to a Marist Father in Boston. When the confession was ended, she asked the priest for a favor."

"What is it?" he kindly said.

"Father," said she, "pray for my son."

"Why, what's wrong with him?" asked the priest.

"And then she told the story of the son who died at sea. The priest seemed interested. 'What was the name of the ship,' he inquired."

"The Adelaide, bound from San Francisco to Liverpool," she answered.

"The priest stirred hastily. 'The Adelaide,' he said, 'and where did she come from to San Francisco?'"

"She came from Australia, Father," answered the penitent.

"And what is your name, Madam?" asked the priest eagerly.

"My name is Mary McCann and my son—"

"Your son's name was Daniel McCann, wasn't it?" said the priest.

"Why, yes, Father," was her surprised reply.

"Well, Madam," said the priest; "I gave a mission in San Francisco the very week the Adelaide sailed from that port. Your boy came to me in that mission and made his confession. He told me he was to give up the sea at the end of the voyage he was to make. I gave him Holy Communion, myself, and blessed him again as he left the church."

"Thank God," was all Danny's mother could say."

The very same priest who knew Danny McCann and gave him Holy Communion 3,000 miles away was the one to whom Mrs. McCann knelt on that day in Boston to ask him to pray for her sailor son.—Dr. S. McColl.

Unfounded beliefs that Catholics are to turn over the government to the Pope; that the Church favors a "closed Bible"; that Catholics intend destroying Protestantism and to abolish public schools, were given by Dr. John G. Coyle as the causes of anti-Catholic bigotry in the United States, in an address at St. Gabriel's church, Brooklyn. The address was the feature of the quarterly meeting of the Diocesan branch of the American Federation of Catholic Societies.

After having reviewed the various outbreaks of bigotry in this country, in 1775, 1834, in 1852 (Know Nothingism), 1857 (the A. P. A.) and of the Guardians of Liberty, Knights of Luther, etc., of our day, Dr. Coyle made his analysis of the various points taken by the forces of bigotry, and answered them in turn.

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The Catholic is charged with wishing to turn over the country to the rule of the Pope, although the Catholic American has shown in wars against Mexico and Spain, that he is a true American, and although the Pope cannot even control the Governments of Catholic Bavaria, Bohemia, Spain, Portugal, France and Belgium.

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The Catholic believes in a supreme court on the meaning of the Bible. Every new Christian creed has been based upon some man's interpretation of the Bible and his following out of his interpretation. As individuals in states must take their interpretation of the laws and commandments of the state from one authorized body, the courts, and must obey the decision of the courts as to the meaning of the laws, so the Catholic takes the meaning of the Bible as given by his court, the teaching body of the Catholic Church that extends in unbroken line back to the Apostles themselves who heard Christ give His teachings. The men who were charged to go forth, teaching all nations, are the first supreme court on the Bible, and the court has never been without its full quota of members since that day.

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The Catholic American does not wish to destroy the Public school. He does protest and rightfully, that Public schools, paid for by all denominations, should not be conducted so as to offer insult to the religious beliefs of any of the denomi-

ations whose children attend. A Public school curriculum or practice which teaches history or uses reading matter that directly insults and offends the religious sensibilities of any citizen is, in itself, contrary to the freedom of worship and the equality before the law expressed or implied in our statutes and constitutions. The Jew lifts up his voice to protest when his faith is insulted or belittled in the Public school, and rightfully. Both the Catholic and the Jew find it necessary to supplement the Public school education. Both have the unquestioned right to suggest alteration in its teachings, to demand alteration when the Public school teaching violates freedom of worship or religious equality, or decent observance of neighborly consideration of feeling.

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The Catholic American is a member of a faith which numbers over 16,000,000 people, who go to church every Sunday. In their great act of worship, the Mass, the priest and the people pray for the preservation of authority, the continuance of the rulers. No faith in the country can match that spectacle of 16,000,000 people on their knees in prayer for the safety of the country. No faith in the country can duplicate the ever-changing devotion of the Catholic faith to the protection of the marriage tie and the preservation of the home.

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It would require the pen of a Lott or a Huysmans to describe the state of the trenches. I will say simply that the Germans' complicated defence was pulverized; there remained only a shapless pit, twisting and turning, with deep holes here, heaps of sandbags there, and blocks of cement and trunks of trees scattered in every direction. We lie there choked with dust, suffering a cruel thirst, under a hot sun, till 11.30 a. m. My sergeant-major and myself then find a deep hole by the place excavated for our shelter for our captain. There we lie down to rest. But I am summoned almost immediately to help a dying officer. Having remained with him till he died, I wander round the trenches and through the deeply dug communicating passages to look for the dying, and am then told that my Trappist friend fell during the bayonet charge. After a long search I find his body in a ruined trench, the head split open, the brains scattered over the ground. I recommend the soul of this son of St. Bernard to God, and then kneeling by the body I open the letter he had left me, telling me his last wishes. The little objects on his person I shall send to his parents.

I go back to my company. On reaching the spot where I had been lying with my sergeant-major and other sergeants, I find only a heap of earth, from which protrudes a head covered with blood, and with the left temple pierced. It is all that remains of my sergeant-major. Of the others there is scarcely a trace. Here and there is a bone, a piece of a skull, some clothing. I cannot but see here a mark of Divine protection. Had I not been called away on priestly duties, my body would now be lying buried with seven others in a trench captured from the Germans on the plateau of Quennevires, the 15th of June, 1915, at 11.30 a. m.

The writer of the letter has since been mentioned in despatches (to use the corresponding English expression), in the following words: "N. caporal fourrier, X. chef de section, prodigieux sous un feu très violent pour assurer la communication des ordres, traversant sans hésitation les endroits très plus battus."

During the month of May a Trappist of Woodborton, near Plymouth, Dom Paul Deberrie, joined us as a corporal. We naturally became close friends. Many a long evening did we pass together in the trenches, talking of monastic life, of our hopes, our regrets, our confidence in regard to the future.

FIFTY HOURS' BOMBARDMENT

On June 6th, while our regiment was in reserve, we were called to support an attack made by the Zouaves against the German trenches of the Plateau de Quennevires. My company did not actually join in the attack. We had however to remain close at hand in a deep burrow for seventy-two hours without moving,

and subjected to the most dreadful bombardment imaginable during fifty hours. Thanks to the strength of our protecting works, we suffered but little. But on leaving the trenches after such a cannonade, you can easily understand that men are no longer in their normal state; they are shaken both in nerve and body, and their movements are performed automatically. For myself, although my head was clear so as to be ready for any orders, I felt a sort of emptiness in my mind, an impossibility to think, and a loss of memory. During this attack the Zouaves behaved splendidly, carrying three lines of trenches at the point of the bayonet. The terrain had been well prepared by our artillery. Every yard had been ploughed by our huge shells, and all that remained of the wonderful German works was a long, irregular, shapless pit.

The Boches launched their counter-attack on the 14th, in the evening. From then till the 17th the battle raged, ending finally in a victory for us. The cannonade began at 5 p. m. on the 14th. My regiment at once received orders to support the first line. We cross the ruins of the now famous Tr. le M. and enter the underground works leading to the first line. The noise is deafening, and as it grows dark the whole heaven is lighted up by the bursting of shells. After picking our way among the debris with which the trenches are encumbered (some of them are four or five yards deep), we reach at 2 a. m. a shallow trench giving access to those captured from the Germans. It affords but poor shelter from the shells which are falling thick and fast. Crowded together, almost on top of each other, we press ourselves against the protecting wall of the trench. In that position I passed what I hope is one of the most tragic nights of my life. I saw my rosary, then, sitting on my heels, and my forehead against the walls of the trench, I fell asleep. A little later, a new advance, and we stream into a trench just taken. It is clear now, we are to make a bayonet charge. I recommend my soul to God and wait. Some Moroccan troops join us, and scatter themselves along our line. They suddenly leap onto the parapet of the trench and rush towards the enemy. Without waiting for orders, the whole line is up and away. Scarcely are we on the parapet when we see the pointed helmets of the enemy rising from the grass, and they are in full flight to the north line. We jump into the captured trenches for shelter from the machine guns, and then as fast as we can we transfer all the defence works from south to north, and prepare for a counter-attack.

CAUSES OF BIGOTRY AGAINST THE CHURCH

Unfounded beliefs that Catholics are to turn over the government to the Pope; that the Church favors a "closed Bible"; that Catholics intend destroying Protestantism and to abolish public schools, were given by Dr. John G. Coyle as the causes of anti-Catholic bigotry in the United States, in an address at St. Gabriel's church, Brooklyn. The address was the feature of the quarterly meeting of the Diocesan branch of the American Federation of Catholic Societies.

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monthly pension for their declining years. That little anecdote mirrors perfectly the unworldliness of Pius X., and his trusting childlike nature; and no doubt, too, but that it will be told in centuries to come to his honor, and will shine resplendent when more buried deeds have long since been shrouded in oblivion.

THE HEALER'S HAND

The Great War has forced men's thoughts back upon the stern realities and problems of life. It has sobred thousands and humbled their pride. Many a thinker must see in this present awful crisis," says an anonymous writer in the Atlantic Monthly, "not an isolated phenomenon, not a mere political event, for which a train of political causes has been laid, but also one of the natural results of our ways of thinking, of our kind of progress. The growth of material over spiritual conception in the last fifty years is appalling." Breaking what they termed the galling shackles of Christian dogma and morality, men now clamor for a larger freedom. The old-fashioned doctrines cribbed and cabined them to narrow limits. They want more space, greater opportunities. Everywhere hands are rudely knocking at forbidden doors. While our age is feverishly endeavoring to increase its economic and commercial efficiency, it is still more eager to widen the circle of its material comforts and luxuries, its grosser pleasures and amusements. Literature, art, journalism, the theatre reflect in glaring colors the passion of the age.

And yet the millions thus steeped in materialism still go abounding and unsatisfied. No wonder. They have a distorted view of life. They have shifted its center of gravity. That is in the spirit, not in matter. The true life, the only one deserving of the name lies not outside us, but within. It is a life in harmony with God's law and commandments. When that life is lost, the soul is smitten with a moral leprosy. That word made us shudder. Leprosy! Life slowly ebbing away under a corroding virus. The spirit's earthly tenement crumbling inch by inch in the grasp of a loathsome enemy. The coldest heart thrilled with sympathy at the agonies of the doomed and helpless victim. And few miracles of the gospel strike a more sensitive chord in our hearts than the one in which Our Lord cleansed the ten lepers of their disease, and restored them to the full vigor of manhood and of health. It was an act of infinite mercy and power. It was as if the portals of the grave had been broken down and the dead had come to life.

A moral leprosy has attacked our age. The poison of materialism has tainted the very sources of life. But the soul unconsciously protests. It must be saved from the foul contact. But only a Divine Hand can seal the scoured brow of society with restored health and beauty. A Divine Voice must repeat the words: "Be thou clean!" Only then will the scars and scales disappear.—America.

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH IN CHINA

In the July number of The Ecclesiastical Review, Father Sylvestre Espelage, O. F. M., writes about the wonderful growth of the Catholic Church in China. From 700,000 in 1900, the number of Catholics in China has grown to 1,600,000 in 1914. "There are four reasons or causes," says Father Espelage, "which we might suggest to explain this great development: first, the blood of martyrs; second, increased fervor throughout the Catholic Church brought about by the decrees of Pope Pius X. on frequent Communion and the early Communion of children; third, an increase in the number and activity of priests and nuns in China; fourth an increase of the movement to help foreign missions, a zeal noticeable in the world at large and especially in the United States."

Enlarging on the four causes the writer, in the first place, alludes to Tertullian's saying that "the blood of martyrs is the seed of Christians," and recalls the fact that the Boxer Movement in 1900 was not only anti-foreign but also anti-Catholic, and that therefore the approximately 20,000 Catholic men and women who fell as the victims were truly martyrs. No wonder that just from that time there was an unprecedented harvest of souls in China's mission fields! Speaking about the second cause Father Espelage says: "Holy Communion, the Eucharist, the greatest moral force in the Catholic Church—here we have a lever with which to move the world! Well did Pope Pius understand this, and in his efforts to renew all things in Christ his decrees have already begun to revolutionize the world of sin and heathenism. At least many of us in the mission fields seem to feel that there is some hidden force or power at work which greatly assists our efforts. Is not the Church Militant one large body, and should not we in the mission fields at the extremities, so to say, of this large body also begin to feel more strength and warmth when the heart beats stronger and with greater love, sending the life-blood of grace tingling through the whole body even to its very extremities?"

The increase of missionaries, which was mentioned as the third cause of growth, is illustrated by the fact that in 1901 there were 1,276, in 1914 there were 2,292,

"From 1896—1896 there was an average increase of 85 missionaries annually, whereas in the eleven years from 1896—1906 there was an annual increase of sixty missionaries."

Relative to the fourth cause our missionary remarks: "In my opinion the best proof that Catholics in the United States are taking more interest in their foreign missions, is their desire to know more about them. This desire has been bred and fed by missionary magazines and literature. In 1900 there was not in the United States a single missionary periodical; but since then there have sprung up God's Work and Catholic Missions of New York City, The Field After formerly of Boston, now of Ossining, New York. The time has come, in God's Providence, when America, and especially the United States, must take a greater interest in the foreign missions of the Catholic Church, and send out more help in men and money. Auspicious beginnings in this direction already are being made."

It is true, the war has done great damage to Catholic missions, and while we are also suffering from its effects, we are still much better able to lend a helping hand in the hour of need than our brethren in the faith of European countries. May our generosity be equal to the occasion!—The Guardian.

THE WARRIOR ANGELS AT MONS

In our Anglicon contemporary, The Living Church, of July 24, there is an editorial on "The Spiritual Side of the War," which contains much that is excellent in sentiment, but it is with the opening paragraph alone that we are at present concerned. It runs as follows: "A curious story has received considerable circulation through the press telling of angelic visitors being visibly present on a battlefield during the British retreat from Mons early in the war, which, according to the story, protected a considerable number of the army from the annihilation that seemed inevitable. The report has been cleared up by the statement of a journalist that he had written such a story, purely as fiction, without the least thought of its being taken as fact, and that in some way it had been connected with the reports of actual occurrences. Of course the reported incident did not occur!" (Italics our.)

Quite unconsciously to himself the Editor of the leading Episcopalian organ in America has given us in this sentence an illustration of the inherent lack of faith in the supernatural, current not only among Protestants generally but even High Church Anglicans in our day. To a Catholic the visibility of angels on a battlefield would only be a repetition of what has occurred so often before and is so in harmony with the common experience of such a great number of private individuals that it would require only an ordinary amount of trustworthy evidence to convince them of the truth of an incident such as has been alleged in connection with the British retreat from Mons. How different the attitude of mind revealed by the words we have quoted by The Living Church, the Editor lights upon the assertion of a single journalist that he originated the story, purely as fiction, and at once in spite of his pro English sympathies he accepts this as an explanation of the widespread report. "Of course the incident did not occur."

The Lamp does not presume to say whether the story of the troop of angels at Mons is true or not, but we happen to have just received from England a reprint from "All Saints Parish Magazine," Clifton, concerning this alleged apparition of angels, which is rather difficult to reconcile with the claim made by a certain "journalist" to have spun the whole affair out of his own fancy. In this little parish paper it is asserted that a "Miss M., daughter of Canon M., knew two officers, both of whom had themselves seen the angels which saved the (British) left wing from the Germans when they came right upon them during the retreat from Mons." The Anglican vicar of All Saints, the Rev. M. P. Gillson, in support of this rather unreliable sort of testimony publishes an extract from a letter, which he asserts was written by an officer in the English army, as follows: "I myself saw the angels which saved our left wing from the Germans during the retreat from Mons. We heard the German cavalry tearing after us and ran for a place where we thought a stand could be made with some hope of safety, but before we could reach it they were upon us. We turned and faced the enemy, expecting instant death, when to our wonder we saw between us and the enemy a whole troop of angels; the horses of the Germans turned round, frightened out of their senses; they regularly stampeded, the men tugging at their bridles, while the horses tore away in every direction from our men. Evidently the horses saw the angels as plainly as we did, and the delay gave us time to reach a place of safety."

The following comment of the Rev. Mr. Gillson upon the affair is a very forcible bit of evidence by way of confirming what we have already said as to the lack of a downright belief in the supernatural among non-Catholics, even High Churchmen. Mr. Gillson says: "You will, I think, be no less surprised than I have been to find that our modest little 'Parish Magazine' has sud-

dently sprung into almost worldwide notoriety; every post for the last three weeks has brought letters from all over the country, not asking merely for the single copies, but dozens of copies. The Church Family Newspaper 'discovered' The Anglian Guard at Mons, and reprinted it as from our 'Magazine.' The prospect of angels really doing something seems to have moved the readers of that paper with profound astonishment, and I have been asked to publish it as a leaflet; and I have been told that it is my duty to make known the names and the ranks of the officers referred to and generally to devote the remainder of my days to asking people to believe that angels are real. And all the time one wonders mildly at so much astonishment; for the story as quoted in our magazine is surely exactly what we should all have expected to happen. Why should it seem more strange that a regiment of Prussian cavalry should be held up by a company of angels, and their horses stampeded, and our infantry delivered from a hopeless position, than that an angel with flaming sword should have withstood Balaam, or that St. Peter should have been delivered from the hand of Herod by the intervention of an angel? Do they really relegate all such miracles to 'Bible days,' and believe that when the Church made up the Canon of Holy Scripture she also brought to a close the age of miracles? It would seem so, but assuredly that is not the view which Catholics hold of the interest which our heavenly Father takes in His children. 'He shall give His angels charge over thee to keep thee in all thy ways, is as true, we believe, to-day as when the Psalmist wrote it. And all of us must have heard from time to time stories of the ministry of the Holy Angels vouchsafed in our day."

In justice to the Editor of The Living Church we are bound to assure our readers that he has not lost his faith in the invisible ministry of angels, it is only as their visibility on exceptional occasions that he demurs. In this same editorial he says: "There are angels in plenty on the battlefield. They remain invisible because our eyes are not focussed to see them." Yes, no doubt, the defect is in our own vision. Like Jacob we would be constantly meeting with the angels of God if our human eyes were better focussed. We recall to mind that Balaam's ass saw the angel with the drawn sword much sooner than did his master.—The Lamp.

THOSE NO 'COUNT CATHOLICS

When we run across a worthy compilation of credits we like to give it as much currency as possible. Here is one: Catholics invented the barometer, thermometer, strometer, electrometer, microscope, helioscope, camera obscura, and the mariner's compass. They also invented the air pump, the diving bell and the magic lantern. To Catholics we owe photography, acoustication, church bells, clocks, stained glass, arseanial vans, spectacles, organs, and the steam engine. The planetary movements were first observed by Great St. Jesuit.

The first to discover the sun's equator was Buscovitch, another Jesuit. Torricelli, a Catholic, was the first to discover the gravity of the air, while another Catholic named Tournesort, was the first to group plants into genera. Virgilina, a Catholic Bishop, discovered the perichity of the earth, and the Jesuit, Lana, wrote the first book on aerial navigation. The "Gregorian Calendar" is the work of a Pope. The Catholic, Cabot, discovered the variation of the compass. Grimaldi, a priest, discovered the refraction of light. Galvani, a Catholic, discovered the electrical science of galvanism. Abbe Hany discovered the laws of crystallization. The celebrated anatomist Stenson, in the sixteenth century, who demonstrated that the heart was a muscle, afterwards became a convert and a Catholic Bishop. The first works on jurisprudence, science of perspective, medical art, anatomy, algebra and universal history, were written by Catholics.

In line with the discoveries it might and we think should be stated that Catholics made the greatest of all discoveries.—America.

TRY IT "How many people have you antihustially commended in the last twenty four hours?" writes a believer in the "Word that lifts." "Perhaps if we kept a written record of our heartily uttered commendations, spoken directly to the one commended, we should be surprised to discover how little of it we are doing. One of the easiest and surest ways of helping others to do their best, it is one of the most neglected of methods. To tell a person of something good that we see in him, or of something that he has accomplished well, is tenfold more effective a way of getting him to do still better than to tell him of one of his failures."—Sacred Heart Review.

As a means of accomplishing things, one should class next to initiative willingness to do the right thing at once. Happiness is a great power of holiness. Thus kind words, by their power of producing happiness, have also a power of producing holiness, and so of winning men to God.

hallucination. But those who are its victims generally leave such history severely alone. All the nations of the world, by first seeking under the guidance of the Church, God's kingdom and His justice could enjoy in due measure all "these things" of earth that they have striven for so tirelessly, and which the European cataclysm is now seriously imperiling. Meanwhile they would hardly be setting such little value as they do to day on the far more precious and important things of the spirit.—America.

WISDOM ON THE WING

Duty is a pleasure with a time limit. A diet of wild oats is apt to produce black sheep. Don't climb the hill before you cross the valley. It is a good rule to be dead when a slanderer begins to talk. Let us rouse ourselves and think seriously of sterility. There is nothing trivial if you love the person to whom it happens. Most of us get what we deserve, but only the successful will admit it. True happiness is merely a case of not wanting things you cannot get. It is more shameful to suspect our friends than to be deceived by them. Talk is said to be cheap, but many a man has had to pay dear for things he said. It is better to be rebuked by a wise man than to be deceived by the flattery of fools.

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LONDON, SATURDAY, AUGUST 28, 1915

THE WAR SCOURGE AND THE GOSPEL REMEDY

While prayers for peace must continue to form part of the life of every Christian, till the war-scourge pass from Europe, there are two other factors of a peace programme which should engage everyone's attention.

Have all the long centuries of civilization left us all on a level with the brute? Is all the progress of the ages represented by shell-strewn fields and trenches piled with the dead?

What is our reply? If Christ had never come, if the sacrifice of Calvary had never taken place, we might reply in the role of pagans, with a cynical jest.

In the light of the gospel, what shall we reply? What other remedy can suit this crisis but the gospel of peace and good will?

Time after time in her long history, the Catholic Church, in some quarter of the globe, has seen the eclipse of Christian principles by the powers of darkness.

Peace and good will to all mankind—that must be the watchword of statesmen at that great conclave which must gather before long for the return of the world to Christ.

eager to acknowledge His authority and to obey His laws. The "Song of Hate," will be forgotten. The gospel of peace and good will will rule all hearts.

The second item of our peace programme is a personal life of Christianity. Our Lord and His apostles and martyrs overcame the world-spirit because they were "not of this world."

God. Modern commercialism arose, with its ruthless gospel of "the survival of the fittest," and the ethics of business and politics alike were divorced from the spirit of Christianity.

EUROPE'S SORROWS AND THE VOICE OF GOD

On the war-stained fields of Europe, amid the pandemonium of unloosed barbarism, at moments there is a voice of blessing that is heard by thousands, and that voice is the voice of God.

And then the war came, and at the call of duty there were clear strong answers, hurried farewells to home and kinsfolk, and partings that seemed like death.

Yet in the soldier's reflections, there are bright notes that spring from heroic sacrifice. Better the battlefield and death than Belgium abandoned and a cause betrayed.

Peace and good will to all mankind—that must be the watchword of statesmen at that great conclave which must gather before long for the return of the world to Christ.

AN AMERICAN WOMAN'S IDEAS ON THE WAR

"Better for every nation to die now by German torpedo and shrapnel than to live under German domination."

So writes Elizabeth Towne, of Holyoke, Mass., U. S. A., in the Nauticus Magazine, and her words will find an echo in the heart of the whole English speaking race.

In the above words is the kernel of the whole European situation. What could be further apart than British liberty and Prussian militarism. A tree is judged by its fruits.

The Prussian endeavor to prejudice the people of the United States against Great Britain is thus referred to by this American writer: Oh, the diabolical super crime of it all is the insidious poisoning of a whole splendid nation by the "Deutschland domination microbes."

It is a clear issue—British liberty or Prussian slavery? This clear-sighted American woman, bred in the air of liberty, sees plainly that freedom cannot live under Prussian rule.

And the words of this free American woman admirably typify the spirit of the whole British race towards the German menace. This is the spirit that fires the hearts of all the millions of brave men and women from Land's End to John O'Groats; the spirit that animates Ireland and her dauntless sons, and Scotland from the Lowlands to the Highlands.

THE DUTY TO PRODUCE A CHRISTIAN STATE

Among the duties that devolve upon Christians in every age is the production of a Christian state. The blessings of a Christian state are evident, for in it, as Leo XIII. once wrote, men's mutual rights and duties are set forth clearly, while the power of Christianity is at work to secure their observance.

The Christian state to-day is even rarer than the spirit of Christianity. Not that Christianity's power to transform men's lives has ever waned. There are countless salu-

souls in the Church to-day. They belong to the hidden life of the Church which the world hardly sees or knows of. But a wholly Christian government, that openly confesses Christianity and frames its policy upon Christian principles, is hard to find. Nor is it surprising. The last question to be heard at election times is whether the candidate is a religious man.

The Christian state is the result of many components. One of the chief of these is definite religion in the school. Apart from religion, there can be no real education. The memorizing of material facts may make the mind acute, but the soul will be starved if it receive no religious knowledge.

It will persecute the Church in the name of enlightenment, and will crucify Christ again in the name of progress and intelligence. It will enslave mankind under the pretext of culture. It will deny men the right to a Christian education, in the name of liberty and patriotism.

Another important success mentioned to-day is the capture of the strong Austrian positions at Driezintzer, a redoubt, or small frontier fort, on the northern slope of Monte Paterno, which is still in Austrian hands, and where, besides a number of killed and wounded, they lost 24 prisoners.

THE PERIL OF SOCIALISM

When Canon Sheehan wrote his anti-Socialistic novel, "Miriam Lucas," he was laughed at as a dreamer and prophet of evil. The children of St. Patrick would never become Socialists. But almost before the self-satisfied reviewers had folded up their manuscripts a great industrial crisis was precipitated in Dublin, and, lo Sheehan was justified.

Like the Irish people, we here in Canada are happy in our self-confidence. Far removed from the great industrial centres, with their teeming millions thrown together haphazard, we find it hard to believe that the seeds of Socialism can find congenial soil in our midst.

believe in revealed religion and in Christian Social reform essayed the publication of one anti-Socialist magazine, The Common Cause. Fall of hope and promise as it was it died in its infancy. Could anything better illustrate our apathy to this the great danger of the day?

Let us suppose, for the sake of argument, that our people, strangers to modern industrial conditions, are immune from the peril of Socialism. Even so we must not forget that our young people will not always remain with us. The great big world calls to them, and some day they will go forth in quest of the Great Adventure. And in the world's busy places they will happen among many who are convinced Socialists.

NEWS FROM THE WAR-ZONE

The sinking of the White Star liner Arabic on July 19, by a German submarine was the chief feature of the week's war news. Twenty-five passengers are reported missing, eight of whom are said to be American citizens.

AUSTRIANS ARE REPULSED

Italian successes against the Austrians are reported, and the advance of the Italians upon Carso continues. In reply to the steady encroachment of the Italians on their positions, the Austrians undertook a fresh offensive on a large scale.

ITALIANS MAKE CAPTURE

Another important success mentioned to-day is the capture of the strong Austrian positions at Driezintzer, a redoubt, or small frontier fort, on the northern slope of Monte Paterno, which is still in Austrian hands, and where, besides a number of killed and wounded, they lost 24 prisoners.

RUSSIANS STILL RETREAT

The Russian retreat continues, and there is a rumor that the capture of Brest Litovsk is likely to occur in a few days. Ossowetz holds out splendidly, but Ossowetz can be masked and rendered harmless by a comparatively small German army, leaving the great mass of the Germanic troops free to sweep on east of the Bug.

IF CONSTANTINOPLE FALLS

A great and pressing danger may force Germany to forego the spectacular, and may prevent British submarines from winning fresh laurels in legitimate maritime warfare in the Baltic. Late advices indicate that a large Bulgarian army is concentrated on the Turkish frontier, that Serbia, under the pressure of Britain, France, and Russia, has agreed to give the Bulgars immediate possession of Serbian Macedonia, the bone of contention between the two small nations, and that Greece, also tempted by territorial gains elsewhere, is balked to lend her strength to a new Balkan League which will complete the expulsion of the Turk from Europe.

Of what avail would it be to advance upon Petrograd if that involved leaving Constantinople to its fate? The Globe believes that the next great aggressive stroke of the Germanic armies will be made from the Danube toward Constantinople, and not, as the Russians fear, toward Petrograd. If Constantinople falls the Germanic cause falls with it. Not even the most arrogant Prussian Junker could delude himself into believing that the occupation of Petrograd would bring the allies to Berlin as suitors for peace.

BERLIN OWNS DEFEAT

Berlin acknowledges defeat in the action on Lingeopf, in the Vosges, but claims the recapture of trenches recently lost between Ablain and Angers. The French night report admits that as a result of three counter-attacks launched during Thursday evening and Friday morning "the Germans succeeded in regaining a footing" in the trenches taken from them on Wednesday. They suffered "appreciable losses."

SUNK BY THE HUNS

The long list of ships that have recently fallen victims to German submarines was greatly augmented yesterday. The Kaiser's pirates have set out to sink everything that comes within their reach, from peaceful fishing craft to westward bound liners that cannot possibly be carrying supplies for the Allies.

BRITAIN MAKES ADVANCE

The footing obtained by the new British army of 50,000 men recently landed at Sulva Bay is being maintained and improved, according to a French official report from the Dardanelles. On the southern front, around Krithia and eastward, there have been only outpost affairs recently. The Russians continue to control absolutely the waters of the Black Sea, and a report from Sebastopol announces the sinking by a Russian submarine of a Turkish steamer laden with 7,000 tons of coal.

BELGIUM'S SACRIFICE RECEIVES A TRIBUTE

DIED FOR EUROPE, DECLARES G. K. CHESTERTON, IN STRIKING PANEGYRIC

The following letter from the well-known English writer, speaks for itself: To the Editor: Sir—I hope you will grant me space to say a few words about the Belgians still in Belgium. The admirable efforts of the National Committee for Relief in Belgium are going a long way to avert famine, but if the million and a-half destitute Belgians were kept alive, the National Committee must have yet further support. The only conceivable cause of doubt in the matter must lie in a mere weariness in well-doing, produced not by any intellectual difficulty but by such wholly unintellectual things as time and fatigue. I think, therefore, the best way of preventing any possible neglect of so great a matter is to repeat once more the great truths upon which rested the whole original claim, not so much on our sympathy as on our common honesty.

I therefore plead for further help for the Members of the National Committee who have taken this duty upon themselves. All subscriptions can be addressed to the Treasurer at Trafalgar Buildings, Trafalgar Square, London, or to local committees where they have been formed.

Yours faithfully, G. K. CHESTERTON, Overroads, Beaconsfield, Bucks, 5th August, 1915.

Christianity is always out of fashion, because it is always sane and all fashions are mild insanities. The Church always seems to be behind the times when it is really beyond the times.—Gilbert K. Chesterton.

not try. A few were so feeble-minded as to say they had found dangerous documents in Brussels, as if what they had done could be excused by things they did not know when they did it. This almost piteous lapse in argument was, however, covered up by the cleverer Prussians as quickly without a rag of reason on them than with such a rag as that. Before we come to the monstrous material suffering, there is in the existing situation an abstract unreason, nay an abstract insanity, which the brain of man must not bear. A nightmare must not abide to the end. The tiniest trace of Prussian victory which remains will make us think of something which is not to be thought of: of something like the victory of the beetle over mankind.

Second, it must be remembered that this murder has been done upon a people of such proximity and familiarity that there cannot be any mistake about the matter. There is some shadowy justification for the comparative indifference to the wrongs of very remote peoples: for it is not easy for us to guess how much slavery shocks a negro or cannibalism a cannibal. But the innkeepers and shopkeepers of Ostend felt exactly as the innkeepers and shopkeepers of Dover would feel. We have to imagine a pre-historic crocodile coming suddenly up a modern life by a civilized and almost commonplace. Imagine tigers breaking out of the Zoological Gardens and eating all the people in Albany street; imagine Red Indians exhibited at Olympia literally scalping every passer-by from that place to Hammersmith Broadway; imagine Jack-the-Ripper crowned King of Whitechapel and conducting his executions in broad daylight outside the Tube station at Aldgate; imagine as much as you can of what is violent and contradictory in an over-turn of a modern life by short of this fearful Belgian scene in that familiar Belgian scenery. It is idle to talk of exaggerations or misrepresentations about a case so close to us. Chinese tortures may not be quite so fantastic as travellers tell us; Siberia may not be so desolate as its fugitives say it is; but we could no more invent such a massacre in Belgium than we could a massacre in Baltham. The things of shameless shame that have been done are something worse than prodigies, worse than nightmares, worse than devils; they are facts.

Third, this people we have heard of daily have endured this unheard of thing and endured it for us. There are countless cases for compassion among the bewildering and heartrending by-products of this war, but this is not a case for compassion. This is a case for that mere working minimum of a sense of honor that makes us repay a poor man who has advanced his last penny to post a letter we have forgotten to stamp. In this respect Belgium stands alone, and the claims even of other Allies may well stand aside until she is paid to the uttermost farthing. There has been self-sacrifice everywhere else; but it was self-sacrifice of individuals, each for his own country; the Serbian dying for Serbia, or the Italian for Italy. But the Belgian did not merely die for Belgium. Belgium died for Europe. Not only was the soldier sacrificed for the nation; the nation was sacrificed for mankind. It is a sacrifice which is, I think, quite unique even among Christians; and quite inconceivable among pagans. If we even privately give a man a penny or even privately give a penny for binding the wounds of a solitary and exceptional martyr, we ourselves shall be something almost as solitary and exceptional. We shall perhaps be nearest to the state of that unspeakable sociologist who persuaded his wife to partake of a simultaneous suicide; and then himself cheerfully lived on.

Fourth: If there be anyone on this earth who does not find the final success of such crime more than the mind can bear; if there be anyone who does not feel it as the more graphic since it walks among the tragic lines and lamp posts of a life like our own; if there be anyone who does not feel that to be caught napping about Belgium is like being caught robbing one's mother on her deathbed; there still remains a sort of brutal compassion for bodily pain, which has been half admitted here and there even by the oppressors themselves. If we do not do a great deal more even than we have already done, it may yet be said of us that we left it to the very butchers of this nation to see that it did not bleed to death.

I therefore plead for further help for the Members of the National Committee who have taken this duty upon themselves. All subscriptions can be addressed to the Treasurer at Trafalgar Buildings, Trafalgar Square, London, or to local committees where they have been formed.

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SIDELIGHTS ON THE GREAT WAR

CORPORAL DWYER, V. C.'S RECRUITING SPEECH

Lance-Corporal Dwyer, the Falham youth of nineteen who has the distinction of being the youngest V. C. headed a recruiting march through the City and West End at the week-end, and his appearance evoked a remarkable demonstration of enthusiasm.

Why do you want so much asking to join? You always shouted out at the top of your voice before the war that you are British. There is no excuse for any of you not joining.

HOW THE MUSTERS PREPARED FOR BATTLE

A soldier in the Royal Munster Fusiliers in a letter to his brother, Mr. Leahy, of Monksdown, which has appeared in the Freeman's Journal, has given an account of the glorious work of the regiment on May 9.

We have had a fearful time. No doubt you saw in the papers the glorious name again earned by the regiment. Well if ever heroes were born the fellows were. I have been in some dirty work since we start, but my God! the 9th of May will ever live in my memory.

THE GREEN FLAG ON A GERMAN TRENCH
The writer then goes on to describe how the green flag was planted on the parapet of a German trench.

A BOY HERO

Finally we have the following account of a young soldier's heroism: I could not individualize the bravery. Every man was willing and happy when the hour came, officers and men wore heroes, but I feel I must tell you about one man—I can't very well call him a man, as he was more a boy, but with the heart of a lion beating within his Irish breast.

into safety as a third bullet got him, and extinguished the life of one of the most daring and bravest men in this or any other regiment.

DUBLIN'S WELCOME TO SERGEANT O'LEARY, V. C.

Sergeant O'Leary, V. C., was given a civic welcome at the Dublin Mansion House on Friday in last week. Mr. John Dillon, M. P., in the course of a speech said:

We welcome him also because that valour has been exhibited in the vindication of a cause which we believe in our hearts as Irishmen is a just cause—is the cause of liberty and freedom throughout the world.

SAVING UP FOR A MASS

A curé in Anjou has received a moving letter from one of his parishioners at the front:

I have been wanting to write to you for some time, but have kept putting off because I wanted to send you five francs, and in order to get that sum I had to wait a hundred days, as I wanted it to be my pay.

A CHAPLAIN'S WITNESS

A French chaplain at the front, in a letter home, bears strong witness to the goodness of the soldiers. He says:

Hostility towards religion has almost entirely disappeared. Generally speaking, it is a sympathy, a growing sympathy, that is everywhere evident.

A PRIEST-SOLDIER'S DEATH

In the Semaine Religieuse de Montpellier is an account of a brave priest soldier, Sergeant Mas, who, when the war broke out, was curé of Pegarolles de Buzes, Herault.

A TRIBUTE PAID TO MOTHER CHURCH

PROTESTANT CLERGYMAN CAN NOT SHUT HIS EYES TO VIRTUE OF ANCIENT CHURCH

That the Catholic Church has her admirers and defenders among non-Catholic clergymen is evidenced by the following excerpt from a sermon preached by Rev. J. S. Thompson of the Independent Church, Los Angeles, Cal.:

bers of society. The keys of knowledge which that Church possesses are wisely used to admit the worthy into the kingdom of heaven, and to prepare them to seek that kingdom with consecrated hearts.

THE LATE JAMES CORCORAN

There are not many men in Ontario who, when their time comes, will be more missed than the late James Corcoran, whose death in Toronto last week and burial in Stratford has been duly chronicled in the daily papers.

James Corcoran was born at Ballagley, County Derry, in 1880 and received his early education in the school of his native village.

In preparing for death Mr. Corcoran displayed the same thoroughness as had been his wont in business transactions.

NATURAL VERSUS SUPERNATURAL

The great religious thesis of modern times may be briefly expressed under the general formula—the natural versus the supernatural.

Here the professor candidly admits that the Catholic Church to be the great antagonist with which the scientists of his day have to struggle, and the only one spiritual organization which possesses power and strength to resist the wild and reckless march of the so-called modern science and civilization.

Mr. Corcoran had always taken an active interest in politics. He was an enthusiastic Liberal, and in 1874, contested the riding of North Perth in that interest. He was a warm personal friend of the Hon. Alexander Mackenzie who greatly esteemed him, and was on terms of close political and personal intimacy also with the Hon. Edward Blake, Hon. C. F. Fraser, and other leading members of his Party.

promising than as a Catholic. Devotedly attached to his religion and consistent in its practice, he was also most generous in his support of the Church and her educational and charitable institutions.

But our advanced thinkers adopt the theory that nature suffices for each individual. What is naturalism? To the total aggregate of finite entities we give the name of nature.

The only persons who can lay claim to the name of pure naturalists are on the one hand pure skeptics, who not only are unable to construct a system of any repute, but who are not entitled to a hearing at all, and on the other hand the pure pantheist who takes and adores all nature as his God and who gets so entangled in the meshes of the contingent and the necessary, the finite and the infinite, that he substitutes all these for God.

CIVILIZATION'S DEBT TO THE CATHOLIC CHURCH

Catholics are becoming accustomed to see old anti-Catholic fables disseminated by non-Catholic writers and speakers. History is slowly becoming less partisan, although bigotry manages to snap and snarl through lesser mediums, and educated men are assuming a more candid attitude in their treatment of historical events.

THE BIBLE AND CATHOLICS

The Church existed before the Bible and it knew both the Testaments long before a line of them was written. The Church existed from the time that God laid down His divine law to the first family of the human race.

the populations of Europe; when we see the economic, moral and intellectual conditions prevalent all over the western world after the abdication of the last Roman emperor; when we essay to penetrate the depths of economic, moral and intellectual misery to which such conditions had reduced western society—then must we marvel at the extraordinary power, at the incredible perseverance, thanks to which the Catholic Church caused a new civilization, a new culture, to arise out of the chaos—thanks to which the Catholic Church was able to cause the darkness to vanish, after many centuries, and to give place to the pure light of Christianity.—The Missionary.

SPECIAL FOR THE RECORD

HOMESICK

Och, me poor old heart is weary, Of the city streets so dreary, And the tollin' an' the moolin' all the day;

On the countless passin' faces Sure you never see the traces Of the kindly Irish friendship that you knew;

Oh, me poor old heart is weary, Of the city streets so dreary, And the tollin' an' the moolin' all the day;

OUR ONE BIG OMISSION

"There is one big omission in our Catholic system," says the Brooklyn Tablet, "and it is in the failure to look after the boy when, in long trousers and with an exaggerated sense of his own importance, he starts off to become a working boy."

FATHER FRASER'S CHINESE MISSION

Yesterday (Passion Sunday) I laid the corner-stone of the church in Taichowfu. The former church was too small for the crowds who are being converted in the city and neighboring towns.

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Word of God: "I will ask the Father, and He will give you another Paraclete that He may abide with you forever; the Spirit of Truth, whom the world cannot receive because it seeth Him not, nor knoweth Him; but you shall know Him, because He shall abide with you and shall be in you. But the Paraclete—the Holy Ghost—whom the Father shall send you in My name, He will teach you all things, and bring all things to your mind whatsoever I shall have said unto you." (John xiv, 16-26)—The Missionary.

A PROTESTANT MINISTER ON POPE'S PEACE ENCYCLICAL

The Reverend E. Ellsworth Shumaker, of Cambridge, addressing a Union Ministers' meeting in Tremont Temple, Boston, in the interests of peace, had this to say of the Encyclical of Pope Benedict XV.:

"The appeal of the Pope was a beautiful appeal, and for one with sincere appreciation I read that appeal to the world for peace, and I thought it was a beautiful thing in Pope Benedict to extend, as he terms it, his apostolic benediction to those not members of the Roman Church who are working for peace. It seems to me that such an expression on the part of the great leader of the Roman Catholic Church is something which everyone of us should, in a large spirit and in a large minded way, and with all the magnanimity of our being, rejoice and co-work in."

Nevertheless, it is pleasant to note the appreciation of the spirit and the strength of the Catholic Church on the part of the various Protestant denominations, which we see more and more frequently, in spite of certain bigoted short-sighted efforts to array the latter against the former.

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Thornton-Smith Co. Mural Painting and Church Decorating

11 King St. W. Toronto

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Previously acknowledged... \$8,065 87 Ex. 897, C.M.B.A., Toronto 5 00 Memory of Mother, Lucknow 2 00 Memory Ino. Cormack, St. Johns, Nfld. 1 00 Friend, Winnipeg 5 00 M. Dobson, Chicago, Ill. 1 00 Rose, Ottawa 10 00

Our customs and habits are like the ruts in the roads; and the wheels of life settle into them, and we jog along through the mire because it is too much trouble to get out of them.

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FIVE MINUTE SERMON

BY REV. F. PEPPE... FOURTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER PENTECOST

"Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow..."

Many men who reject the revealed Word of God turn their attention to nature, and maintain that the contemplation of its beauties awakens within them feelings of devotion. This is quite possible, as God speaks to us through all His creatures...

let us call to mind that her only aim in life was to grow and increase in virtue and perfection. May her holy name encourage us, too, to do our best to make progress in all that is good...

TEMPERANCE

TRAGEDY OF DRUNKENNESS

Why do we laugh at drunkenness? Surely the tragedy of the drunkard is not a fit subject for mirth or merry-making. And if this is true when the drunken spectacle takes the form of a man bereft for the time being of his senses, how much less mirth-provoking is the drunken woman?

THE KITCHEN GROC SHOP

An article in a magazine says: "The home is the proper place for a man to do his drinking. He should not spend his money in the saloon, paying a high price for the liquor he gets and helping the owner pay his enormous license fee. Here is the proper way for a married man, addicted to the use of intoxicating liquor, to do his drinking. Begin by giving your wife \$2 with which to purchase a gallon of whisky. Then patronize the wife exclusively when you want a drink. Pay her 15 cents for a glass for each drink. Every one knows there are approximately sixty-nine drinks in a gallon of whisky. When the first gallon is gone your wife will have \$8 to put away in the bank and enough besides to buy a second gallon of liquor to start in business all over again. Keep this up for a few years and soon your wife will have enough money to give you a proper burial, should you die, and to buy herself a house and lot, educate your children and marry a decent man."—St. Paul Bulletin.

THE OTHER SON

One day two well-dressed, but somewhat intoxicated, young men staggered into a Macon, Mo., studio, and said they wanted to have their pictures taken. "All right boys," said the photographer; "how do you want me to pose you?" "We'll ten to—(hic)—zat," one of the lads replied; "won't we, Joey?" They pulled out a couple of whisky flasks and zigzagged over to the back-ground screen. There they arranged themselves, each with an arm around the other's neck, while their free hands held their bottles to their lips. "Now, shoot away, old man," one of the boys directed the photographer. The two young men lived back in the country. Instead of taking the care home they decided to walk on the track. On a curve around the hill one of the boys was run over and killed by a train. At the inquest...

A LIFETIME OF SICKNESS

Worn Out, Thin and Miserable Until She Took "Fruit-a-tives"

PALMISTON, June 20th, 1914. "Stomach Trouble and Distressing Headaches nearly drove me wild. Some time ago, I got a box of 'Fruit-a-tives,' your famous fruit medicine, and they completely relieved me. To-day I am feeling fine and a physician, meeting me on the street, asked the reason for my improved appearance. I said, 'I am taking Fruit-a-tives.' He said, 'If Fruit-a-tives make you look so well, go ahead and take them. They are doing more for you than I can.'"

Mrs. H. S. WILLIAMS. Box, a box, 6 for \$2.50, trial size 25c. At dealers or sent postpaid by Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.

let us call to mind that her only aim in life was to grow and increase in virtue and perfection. May her holy name encourage us, too, to do our best to make progress in all that is good; not to stand still, nor to slip back into lukewarmness, and indifference but to press forward and upward, always advancing on the way to heaven. May the most holy Virgin Mary, the Lily among thorns, obtain us grace to act thus to-day and always. Amen.

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Remove Finger Marks and Other Spots from Painted Walls. Old Dutch Cleanser. Includes image of a woman cleaning a wall.

the half-empty flask, which was not broken, was in evidence.

Some weeks later an old woman strolled in mourning visited the studio, and gave her name to the photographer.

"I heard you took a photograph of my son a while back," she said. "I want it."

The photographer tried, to protect the memory of his customer.

"It wasn't a very good picture," he explained. "Maybe you've got an old one at home; send that down, and I'll copy it for you without charge."

"But I want the one he had taken last," she insisted.

The photographer still hesitated. He was a good man, and he had a gentle mother of whom this woman in black reminded him.

"I'd—I'd rather not make the picture up for you," he told her; "it's not good. You won't like it at all. The truth is," he added desperately, "he had it taken with a bottle of liquor to his mouth."

"That's just why I want it," said the mother. "You see, I've got another son."—C. E. World.

BUT SATAN IS ACTIVE

"Closed till the Fall Season," is the sign on a Presbyterian church on West Twenty-third street, New York. The neighborhood is not one of wealth, where the householders are out of the city during the summer. Within four blocks, north and south, and the same distance, east and west, there are 30,000 men, women and children, permanent residents of the vicinity. The Presbyterians among the 30,000 are not all rich enough to be out of the city till the fall season. Therefore, these Presbyterians must go to some other Presbyterian church, if they wish to go to a church offering their own form of service.

The cost of keeping the church open during the summer cannot be very great. The minister's salary must be paid, whether or not the church is open. Presumably the salaries of other attaches must also be paid. What is saved is the lighting bill that might be caused by evening services, the wages of cleaners and similar minor expenses.

Some of these good people, connected with that particular church, are cutting down expenses by closing the church. It may be that the minister is not on vacation, but is doing work at some other place for the summer. Even if the minister is not on vacation, the church itself is lying unused, idle and on vacation.

But no one ever heard of the Devil taking a vacation. In the general relaxation of rigors of dress, in the promiscuous intermingling of people at summer resorts, in the tendency to excursions, looser methods of social intercourse and many other customs that the heat of summer induces, there is the danger towards looseness of morals that is observable in many hot countries, and parents, guardians and careful clergymen are on the alert to prevent summer decline in morals.

It is fairly sure evidence of little hold upon a neighborhood and of little results from a creed among the people, when a temple devoted to worship, located in a crowded neighborhood closes "till the fall season." It is a very fair fore-runner of a not distant day when the same church will be closed for good.—N. Y. Catholic News.

A NOTABLE NEW PAPER

When we first saw the name, "The Catholic Convert," at the head of a neat well printed and shapely magazine, it was to be struck with the idea that it was a new move on the part of an old acquaintance, called "The Converted Catholic," published for a long time by an ex-priest in New York, we were beholding. But the illusion did not last many seconds. Like "The Fall Mail Gazette," a journal written by gentlemen for gentlemen—the newcomer is "written by converts for converts" and this furnishing a large variety of reasons for conversions, disclosed by men who had all deeply thought and wrestled with their reasoning selves, in sore mental travail, assures readers who are not converts, but persons born, so to speak, in the faith, a vast amount of most refreshing and succulent pabulum for knowledge seeking souls. The contents are certainly most entertaining. Each separate mosaic bears that signet that there is no gaudiness—the stamp of soul-felt sincerity. The Catholic Converts' League of New York city are the publishers of the work, and it is issued quarterly at 117 West Sixty-first street, New York. The first article in No. 2 is one by the former Archdeacon of the Protestant Episcopal Diocese of Fond-du-Lac, the Rev. Sigourney W. Fay. It contains one of the clearest and most logical definitions of Christianity as it exists that we have seen in print. It runs as follows: "Jesus Christ is the eternal Son of God, begotten from all eternity in the bosom of His Father, and for us men and for our salvation incarnate in time of the Mother of God and ever Virgin Mary. This God incarnate came upon earth to reveal to men what they otherwise could not have known, and to open the kingdom of heaven to all believers, by offering upon the cross a sufficient sacrifice for the sins of the whole world. In order that His teaching might be carried down to all generations and

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that the fruit of His passion might be applied to all men. He set up a visible society upon earth, to which He committed His doctrine and His grace. This invisible society is His representative upon earth. It is His bride, and being instituted and set up by Almighty God to do His work, it must be conceived of as being infallible in its teaching and indefectibly holy. Otherwise God would not be all-wise or almighty. The Anglican theory of unity is knocked to pieces very neatly by Dr. Fay. He says: "The Anglican theory of unity then, comes to this: Three hundred years ago the Anglican Church broke off communion with the remainder of the Catholic West, and since then has claimed to submit to and be judged by a Catholic Church that it has itself created and which is a mere figment of Anglican theologians. The Catholic Church to which the Anglicans appeal has not existence upon earth. The actual churches that go to make up this nebulous Catholic body repudiate Anglicanism, and deny its orders and sacraments and condemn its formularies as heretical."—Philadelphia Standard and Times.

RETURNING

The Catholic Times, May 28. Statements as to the extent of the religious revival in France since the commencement of hostilities are strongly confirmed by those of a special correspondent of the Church Times who visited that country during Ascension-tide. In the capital and small villages he visited church after church, and everywhere he found crowded congregations at the services. "Every church I went into in Paris," he says, "I found thronged with worshippers. One incident he relates which has peculiar significance. On the last day of Ascension Day he was in a library and told the attendant that he was coming next day to make a reference. "Do you not know," was the man's remark, "that to-morrow is the great festival of the Ascension. You must come on Friday." And the comment of the correspondent is "I do not think that would have happened in a public institution a year or two ago." The spirit of the revival has penetrated official circles, and much of the old indifference and antagonism has been replaced by genuine fervor. The clergy have the conviction of seeing that the people have resumed the practices of religion and that the zeal they have shown is producing good fruit. The self-sacrifice of the priests in the trenches and beside the sick and dying, together with the perils of the conflict, has wrought an astonishing change for the better in France.

The correspondent of the Church Times who has been edited by the spiritual revolution in France, observes no such improvement in England. "Here in England, to all appearances," he writes, "we have made little difference in our attitude to religious things." What is the reason? Is it not largely because of the coldness and aloofness of many of the Anglican clergy? The working classes, with whom they are not in touch, stay away from church. "Class barriers," said an Anglican prelate in dealing with this subject at a recent meeting, "would have to be broken down if the masses had to be brought back to organized religion." Who erected the barriers? Has not the Church of England helped to do so—a Church which has held profound detestation to the squire but has treated the worker as if his salvation were not of equal importance? When the barriers have been firmly fixed it is not easy to remove them. The worker seeing that the best paw was reserved for the squire and that there was no sign of welcome for himself, remained away from church. He became indifferent to religion, lost the habit of observing religious practices, and may be said to have fallen away from Christianity. In vain are efforts made to undo the effects of the neglect of which he is the victim.

THE POPE AS MEDIATOR

"In his 'Contributions to the History of the Origin of the Great War,' M. B. Valler, a Protestant writer in 'Holland,' says: "There is only one Power standing without and above the parties (to the struggle of nations) and entitled by its moral position to interfere. When it thinks the opportune moment has come, this Power is His Holiness the Pope. All those who love peace for itself, be they Protestants, like the author, or Catholics, and who feel impelled to plead for peace with some man, must go to Rome and not direct their appeal to Governments, not one of which can be considered a disinterested party to the questions at issue.

"The influence of the Holy Father knows no national boundaries and is strong in England also. His great spiritual prestige must be conceded by all countries. Hence the appointment of a Dutch Ambassador to the Vatican would be not only the fulfillment of a long neglected, great and ideal duty towards the Catholic fellow-citizens, but also, under existing circumstances, an act of peace and wisdom, not to say a meeting of an urgent demand of the times."—St. Paul Bulletin.

MONTH OF CATHOLIC CONVENTIONS

Great Catholic conventions are following each other in rapid succession during the present month. They are a welcome sign of Catholic life. They bring with them a renewal of corporate spirit and energy. Considering merely their internal effect upon the widespread Catholic associations which conduct them, they are a tonic and a stimulant, quickening the pulsings of life and sending the blood with a new thrill of energy through the entire social body. They are not therefore meaningless or useless. The Church has ever gladly encouraged them and her dignitaries have willingly lent to them the prestige and support of their presence. Such conventions, too, are required for the planning and arranging of the year's economy and all the many details of membership, rule and governance.

"But what results have they to show?" is the query insistently made. "Binding resolutions" are passed, a silence follows, and then all continues as before. Were this the whole story they still would have achieved important results. They would at least have preserved the life which for want of them might have become extinct, they would have made possible its normal growth, and who is pessimistic enough to say that no good has come of our Catholic organizations? They may indeed be considered as a necessary adjunct of Catholic life.

But the whole tale is not so briefly told. A very great deal of good has actually come from these conventions, varying naturally in its extent and intensity with the different conventions and organizations themselves. Of the resolutions passed many are partially, and some are entirely, carried into effect. However, that much more could be done, and should be done, we all admit. To point this out in a spirit of charity is not amiss. But there is no excuse for carrying criticism on the part of those who should be present to suggest the remedy, to stimulate, encourage and cooperate instead of comfortably sitting at home and passing strictures on men who have borne the heat and labor of the day. It is precisely because of the great number of apathetic or carrying members that so little, comparatively, can be accomplished by our Catholic organizations. There are vast possibilities unrealized in even the best of our associations, but this is often most perfectly understood by the very men who undergo the greatest personal sacrifices to make an organization effective. Criticism is not unwelcome to them when given in a helpful spirit, but what they most desire and deserve to receive from us is cooperation. The best place to

correct mistakes and point to higher aims is the convention itself. It has been arranged for this purpose. It is there that Catholics must steadily strive to make possible the more perfect realization in all their societies of the great Catholic ideals of universal, fearless and unselfish cooperation for the promotion of Catholic interests, the propagation of our holy Faith and the welfare of our native land.—America.

SINCERITY AND TRUTH

Sincerity and truth are virtues not easily exercised in social life. They often find an antagonist in the laudable desire to please. It is often difficult to speak what we really think. The temptation is strong to make our speech vary accordingly to the person spoken to, to pretend to agree with opinions with which we entirely and strongly disagree, and to encourage a show of intimacy with people whom we dislike, and perhaps go so far as to despise. It is often extremely difficult in association

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with others to act at once sincerely and kindly. Nevertheless, truth is divine and absolute, and of all duties the love and practice of truth ranks first and highest.—Truth.

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CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

OPPORTUNITIES THAT WAIT

In many lines of business there are young men and men of middle age, of excellent business ability, of good initiative, industrious and ambitious, yet they may be settled under conditions of environment which preclude their making of themselves and for themselves that which they could make were limitations removed or if they themselves were so situated so that opportunity for development would be practically unlimited.

Undoubtedly a large number of this class, who are working along the best years of their life under restricted conditions, could, if they reached out into larger fields with an expanding horizon, make for themselves men of larger influence, and larger accomplishments. They could secure greater prosperity than there is any possible hope for them to secure if they remain content under limitations that from the very nature of the business that they are in, cannot be removed.

There are scores of young men and men in middle life who have pinched themselves awake to the fact that there is something better for them, in rising above the channel in which they are running, to go out with the tide to larger fields.

In the foothills of the Catskill mountains in New York, a traveler through that scenic country turns a point in the hills, and comes upon a most beautiful stone church—and with it a beautiful parsonage building and well laid out grounds. In astonishment he looks upon this beautiful building in a comparative wilderness with only scattered farm houses making up the neighborhood and he wonders why it is there; an inquiry he finds that a daughter of Jay Gould built that church in the wilderness as a memorial to her father who, in his early days, sold maps from house to house through that section. Jay Gould had aspiration for larger things than map selling and for a larger field than the local surroundings where he then lived, and he went to New York and became a master hand in the world of finance and the world of transportation.

Those possessing this spirit, who are not content with narrow limitations, can, if they possess the right energy and ambition, always make for themselves a larger place in the world. And how many there may be doing good work though they are, in a limited way, in limited fields, who could easily rise to larger fields if they would but seriously think of the limited future before

them in their present environment and take not the chance, but the real opportunity to develop their energies in a greater way in broader fields of endeavor.

But as a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush, a young man should not give up a good position until he is reasonably sure of a better one. He should first get ready for a larger field or other employment, by study, by practice, by saving up some capital, by the exercise of his talents as a salesman, a buyer, a manager, etc. Let him prepare himself for the better place. Then let him seek it.—Catholic Columbian.

DEFENDED HIS FAITH

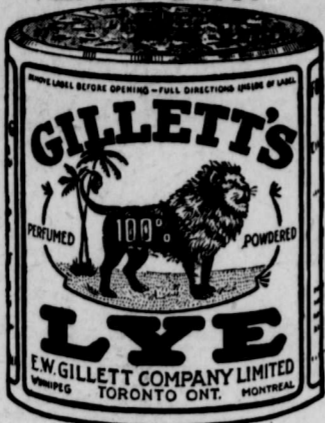
We have all heard of Catholic young men who, in the presence of non-Catholics, fail to defend their Faith. An incident in the life of Cardinal Howard of England should teach such weak ones a lesson.

In early life Cardinal Howard was in the army, and one day some of the officers picked up a scapular somewhere about the barracks and brought it to the mess table, where it was ridiculed and treated with disrespect. At last one of them hung it to the gasps over the table. Lieutenant Howard came in rather late. He was immediately assailed with shouts of "Oh, Howard, here's something in your line! Isn't this thing popish?" As soon as Howard saw what it was, he walked straight to the middle of the room, and before them all said in a loud, clear voice: "Yes, it is something belonging to my religion; it is something I reverence and esteem, and for which I would be ready to draw my sword, if necessary, to defend it." So saying he drew his sword, and with the point of it took down the scapular from the gasps, kissed it, and reverently pinned it to his breast. No one said a word after that, but all present honored him the more for his disregard of human opinion.—Truth.

YOUR OLD MOTHER

Honor the dear old mother. Time has scattered the snowy flakes on her brow, plowed deep furrows on her cheeks, but is she not sweeter and more beautiful now? The lips are thin and shrunken, but those are the lips that have kissed away many a hot tear from the childish cheeks, and they are the sweetest in the world. The eyes are dim, yet it glows with the soft radiance of holy love which can never fade. Ah, yes, she is the dear old mother. The sands of life are nearly run out, but feeble as she is she will go farther and reach down lower for you than any other upon earth. You cannot walk into a midnight where she cannot see you; you cannot enter a prison where bars will keep her out; you cannot mount a scaffold too high for her to reach that she may kiss and bless you in evidence of her deathless love. When the world shall despise and forsake you, when it leaves you by the wayside to die unnoticed, the dear old mother will gather you up in her feeble arms and carry you home and tell you of all your virtues till

GILLETT'S LYE EATS DIRT



you must forget that your soul is disfigured by vices. Love her tenderly and cheer her declining years with holy devotion.—Intermountain Catholic

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

A CHILD'S SACRIFICE

Reminiscences, for some, hold only events pleasant and merry, while for others they bear memories tender and sacred, and that of which I am about to tell you, dear readers, belongs to the latter class.

I was alone on a bleak wintry day. The snow had fallen heavily the last few days, and the village, for miles around, was one vast sheet of ice and snow. And I was in this terrible storm. For the past twenty-four hours I had not had food, sleep nor shelter, and at last, exhausted, I fell in a heap on the snow and was left to the mercy of the blasting wind and cruel cold.

A dim light burned in the warm chamber in which I finally awoke to consciousness. After looking around doubtfully at my new surroundings, I fell back once more on my pillows, and then a Someone softly blew out the lamp.

Through the darkness came the sound of a sweet, childish voice, praying thus: "Sweet Jesus, grant he may not die. He is a big man, and has so many things to do in his life, and he is looking for some one whom he loves, and he has not yet found her. I am a delicate little girl, and can do no good on this earth, and I long to be in Heaven. My Jesus, take me instead, if it be your holy will."

Ah! what a pang shot through my heart as I thought of the one for whom I was searching, and how tenderly my heart went out to the little one who had offered her life for mine!

"Little sister, come to me," I said, stretching out my arms in the darkness. "You will be my little sister, for God has told me that my own lost one can never be found."

At the sound of my voice coming weakly through the dusk, the "little sister" uttered a startled cry, but coming forward at last she knelt down beside my bed. I felt the clasp of one of her little hands within mine, I felt the other hand stroking my forehead, and overcome by her gentleness, and goodness, and saintliness, as I had never been before by anything, I sank back on my pillows and relapsed into unconsciousness.

It was early in the afternoon of the next day when I once more regained my senses, and the first one who met my gaze was the little sister, whom I now looked upon for the first time.

The golden curls were streaming down her back in shining splendor, and the soft, white hand was often raised to throw back the resisting locks, which would come down over her wonderful, heavenly blue eyes, now dreamy, now sad, and then peaceful as the stars of night. Surely nature had been lavish with her gifts to the little, golden haired angel, who had called me back as I stood on the brink of death, the little one who had sacrificed this beauty, this peacefulness, this saintliness for me!

"Are you better now," she questioned, breaking the silence in which, spellbound, I had studied her every feature.

"Better, little sister," I said—"yes, I am well again, but not altogether through human aid, but better at the cost of another's life."

"You heard," she whispered, almost inaudibly.

"I heard, little golden hair, ah! I heard. Why, why, why, and my voice became sadder at each word I spoke."

"You called me 'little sister'—should not a sister be willing to die for a brother, a good, good brother?"

How I Darkened My Gray Hair
Lady Gives Simple Home Recipe That She Used to Darken Her Gray Hair

For years I tried to restore my gray hair to its natural color with the prepared dyes and stains, but none of them gave satisfaction and they were all expensive. I finally ran onto a simple recipe which I fixed at home that gives wonderful results. I gave the recipe, which is as follows, to a number of my friends, and they are all delighted with it. To 7 ozs. of water add a small box of Orley Compound, 1 oz. of bay rum and 1/2 oz. of glycerine. These ingredients can be bought at any drug store at very little cost.

Use every other day until the hair becomes the required shade, then every two weeks. It will not only darken the gray hair, but removes dandruff and scalp humors, and acts as a tonic to the hair. It is not sticky or greasy, does not rub off and does not color the scalp.

LOSS OF FAITH PRICE FOR "SOCIETY"

THE PURSUIT OF FASHION AND MIXED MARRIAGES ARE THE DANGERS OF THE DAY

What is good society? Is it the company of people wiser and better than ourselves regardless of wealth—people who made names for themselves in the world or art, letters, or business to whom we justly look up with a certain respect due to their success and feel honored in being permitted to know them? Naturally it should be, but is it?

In America we have a select circle called the "Four Hundred"—composed of many good people, but none of them especially clever or brilliant save in spending money, said money not having been earned by them but by their hard working forebears. To be in this set is considered the acme of good society by many people but not all. There are people in New York State who would commit any meanness, submit to any humiliations, abuse their own fathers and mothers if they stood in their light in entering this privileged circle.

The heart burnings, the wranglings, the keeping up the proper status to enable them to say, "I was at Mrs. Vandell's Lawn Party," or "I was yachting with the Goodes," such delightful words, you know," are considered worth any effort that human ingenuity can suggest. No need to tell of the snubs, the disappointments undergone before attaining this pinnacle. The delight of being even on the door mat of this charmed circle repays all and the society seeker is happy.

But what have we Catholics to do with the "Four Hundred," or what is known in the fashionable world of America as good society? Very little.

And yet this so-called "good society," in the fashionable sense of the phrase, is exercising a vital influence among the upper classes of our Catholic people and insensibly influencing those in lower strata and undermining our Catholicity. What those in authority practice is generally conceded to be the right thing. So, when a wealthy Catholic sends his son to Yale or Harvard because he thinks that it is fashionable and that there is no Catholic college good enough in a social sense to send his boy to—

in the smaller fry follow suit and send their sons to Protestant institutions where they meet people of greater wealth than they possess. The result is much the same in both cases—a loss of the Faith.

In many of these fashionable colleges religion is tabooed. Often the professors openly proclaim their agnosticism and the pupils soon, if not strongly grounded in the Faith, follow suit. The same may be said about our girls: we send them to colleges and schools where Catholicity is secretly sneered at, and when our young people come home finished in their studies religion holds no

place in their lives. All they want is to shine in society—good society.

The consequences are when our girls and boys meet those separated from them by religion they don't find it hard to tear down the barrier and mixed marriages are the result. You have only to read the daily papers to hear of the after results of these marriages, some of which end in divorce, some in separation. All this could have been avoided had the insane ambition of American Catholic parents to get into so called good society not been uppermost. The girl and the boy would have received the proper religious training of the sanctity of marriage regarded from a Catholic viewpoint and would never dream of evading its responsibilities.

So far has this ambitious worldly spirit gone, that, to counteract it, exclusive Catholic schools where only the children of the very wealthy are admitted have been established. It is a slap at the democracy but it only goes to show that in this case the end justifies the means. Religious training must be secured at any price but the loss of Faith. That gone, all is lost.

It seems a terrible thing to have to say that we Catholics who pride ourselves so much on our Catholicity, yet view with equanimity the sending of our children into these hotbeds of temptation simply because it will bring them into "Society." Those of us who do are blinded by the glitter and glare of fashion which causes religion to flicker and burn out like an ill kept lamp. If it were proved that we could become members of this so-called good society and keep our Faith intact, then there would be no need to write this warning. But it has been proven time and again that it cannot be done. God and Mammon seldom live in the same house and the devil is always at hand awaiting his chance.

It is hardly believable, but to-day there are so called fashionable women who are ashamed to confess that they are Catholics though they make a weak struggle with their own consciences to convince themselves that they really are Catholics. These people would be the first to send for a priest if they were ill or in danger of death. But so long as society lures them by the flowery path of fashion they will be but poor Catholics.

To illustrate: I knew a man, a charming individual whom I met in the course of my newspaper career. He had a large family. One after another they died and were buried in the Episcopalian belief. One day the eldest girl astonished me by saying, "My father was brought up a Catholic, but my mother was an Episcopalian. He met her in his college days. They were married by an Episcopalian minister." I found out later that this man in his endeavors to get into society and to enlarge his business gave up the faith and died as he had lived, unrepentant. The Episcopalian minister attended his funeral. The daughter spoken of had always a secret contempt for Catholics and had the sneering standpoint and contempt for Catholic practices, such as confession or the celibacy of priests. It was a great shock to me when I heard this story.

Getting into society has a great deal to say to so many mixed marriages. If I were asked the greatest menace to Catholicity to-day, I would answer mixed marriages. So many of our separated brethren own greater wealth and power that to know them proves a temptation to weak-kneed Catholics. If Catholics could only be made to understand that this only society worth cultivating in this world is the society of God and His angels and saints; accustomed to that spiritual atmosphere, there would be little chance of their downfall. As Catholics rather would they spread the light wherever they went. Goodness, holiness, strict accountability to God and their neighbor would guard them into the Kingdom we are all seeking—the Kingdom of Heaven.—Sheila Mahon in Brooklyn Tablet.

How I Darkened My Gray Hair

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there were brought together, as occupants of the same pew, during services in the chapel four converts, of whom one was a son of a German Lutheran minister, another the son of a Danish Lutheran minister, the third being the son of a Swedish Lutheran minister, and the last member of the quartet a man of Hebrew descent. To quote Calphas, the high priest, yet for another purpose than his: "What further need of witnesses have we?"

THE CRUCIFIX ON THE BATTLE FIELD

THE SYMBOL OF REDEMPTION SEEMS IMMUNE

The testimony from the front as to the immunity of the crucifix from damage where bullets and shells are destroying everything else is much stronger than that concerning the intervention of angels. We have ourselves had letters from soldiers attesting from their own experience the remarkable escape of the crucifix in many places, says the London Catholic Times. A photograph taken at Ypres and reproduced in the current issue of the Windsor Magazine shows how the figure of Christ on the cross remained intact when large parts of the picture that contained it were torn and shattered. Sergeant O'Leary, V. C. is represented by an interviewer as having said: "One of the strangest things about the front is that absolutely all the figures on the cross are uninjured. They call it the miracle of the cross, and I can myself say I have never seen a wayside shrine with the figure damaged. I have seen cases where the church and everything else were knocked to the ground, but the crucifix has always escaped injury." Private Birchall of the 5th King's Liverpool Regiment bears witness to the same fact in much the same language.

Everything in a village at which he fought had been knocked down except three shrines and a crucifix. They remained without a scratch. "It has been the same everywhere I have been," wrote Private Birchall. And Sergeant A. Pearson, of the 7th West Riding Regiment, the son of the late Rev. Mark Pearson, a well known Yorkshire Congregational minister, in a letter from the front to a brother Freemason, which has been published by the Daily News, says the British Tommies, noticing it was peculiar that they never saw a crucifix either on the roadside or in the churches smashed, are buying crucifixes and rosaries and hanging them around their necks to ensure their safety. He acknowledges that he had done this himself. We have not seen any statement on the subject from Catholic priests at the front. Doubtless their testimony would coincide with that of the laymen.—St. Paul Bulletin.

It seems a terrible thing to have to say that we Catholics who pride ourselves so much on our Catholicity, yet view with equanimity the sending of our children into these hotbeds of temptation simply because it will bring them into "Society." Those of us who do are blinded by the glitter and glare of fashion which causes religion to flicker and burn out like an ill kept lamp. If it were proved that we could become members of this so-called good society and keep our Faith intact, then there would be no need to write this warning. But it has been proven time and again that it cannot be done. God and Mammon seldom live in the same house and the devil is always at hand awaiting his chance.

It is hardly believable, but to-day there are so called fashionable women who are ashamed to confess that they are Catholics though they make a weak struggle with their own consciences to convince themselves that they really are Catholics. These people would be the first to send for a priest if they were ill or in danger of death. But so long as society lures them by the flowery path of fashion they will be but poor Catholics.

To illustrate: I knew a man, a charming individual whom I met in the course of my newspaper career. He had a large family. One after another they died and were buried in the Episcopalian belief. One day the eldest girl astonished me by saying, "My father was brought up a Catholic, but my mother was an Episcopalian. He met her in his college days. They were married by an Episcopalian minister." I found out later that this man in his endeavors to get into society and to enlarge his business gave up the faith and died as he had lived, unrepentant. The Episcopalian minister attended his funeral. The daughter spoken of had always a secret contempt for Catholics and had the sneering standpoint and contempt for Catholic practices, such as confession or the celibacy of priests. It was a great shock to me when I heard this story.

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Borrowed refinement can no more conceal its true character than can the leopard change its spots. That which is not natural can never successfully deceive.

He who, forgetting self, makes the object of his life service, helpfulness and kindness to others, finds his whole nature growing and expanding, himself becoming large hearted, magnanimous, kind, sympathetic, joyful and happy; his life becoming rich and beautiful.—Ralph Waldo Trine.

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WORK IN PHILIPPINES

MISSIONARY TELLS OF UTER DESTRUCTION AMONG HIS PEOPLE

One of the most pathetic stories that reached the offices of the Catholic Church Extension Society in many weeks was received from Father Jurgens, a Philippine missionary. Some time ago he appealed to the society for funds, for on account of the war his mission was in danger of having to be suspended. Funds were sent him, among them Mass Intentions. Like every other missionary he has proven himself extremely grateful.

"I wish to express my most sincere thanks for your goodness and kindness," he writes. "You will understand how welcome help is to us, now that Belgium cannot help us. My assistants assure you of our school children join."

"We have many reasons to thank God for His visible blessing upon our work. The conversion of the adults, which has formerly been so difficult is progressing very well now, and this year more than one hundred have been baptized. They are very faithful to their Christian duties, assisting regularly at Mass and receiving the Sacraments frequently. In the year 1910 we gave about four hundred Communion; this year, thanks to God, there are about ten thousand. But I am sorry to say that with the growth of the missions there is not a similar growth of the means to maintain it. As soon as the money comes in, it goes out to pay outstanding bills. Our people are extremely poor. I can hardly think of a people in the world who are poorer than they. They have hardly enough to keep body and soul together. Their clothing is nothing but a narrow loin cloth. On Sundays our church is filled with a heap of human flesh. It is rather shocking to see them approach Holy Communion in such a uniform, and I wish to appeal for clothing as well as funds. Clothing the naked is one of the corporal works of mercy. Our mission is under the special patronage of St. Rita, the advocate of the Impossible. I hope she will move the hearts and hands of many Americans to help us. I am, as you know, thankful for any help you can send us. We need money, and need it as badly as poor missionaries can need it. Mass Intentions also will be gratefully received."

Donations for this missionary, Father Jurgens, may be sent to the offices of the Catholic Church Extension Society, whose offices are located in the McCormack Building, Chicago. They will be gladly and promptly forwarded to him.—Catholic Columbian.

BACKWARD CATHOLIC COUNTRIES

It is an old contention that Protestant nations are thriving, whereas Catholic countries are decaying. When pressed for their proofs of this assertion, those who make it give a rather evasive reply. Germany is not exclusively a Protestant nation, for at least one-third of the population is Catholic. France, on the other hand, is, at least nominally, overwhelmingly Catholic. England, exclusive of Ireland, may be regarded as a Protestant country. Belgium is Catholic and had a Catholic administration. These are the European nations which before the war seemed to be most conspicuous for their economic initiative and enterprise. To account for their commercial and industrial activity on a denominational basis is clearly illogical.

When thus pressed into a dilemma, the opponents of the Church release their old stock argument, pointing to Spain, Portugal and probably Italy as examples of Catholic nations that are on the wane. But also these examples are unsatisfactory. Spain and Portugal, after the discovery of America, and before the Reformation, were the most enterprising maritime nations in Europe. Evidently in those days, their Catholicity was no impediment to their progress. It is further to be borne in mind that Spanish blood was transfused to the American continent and that Spain was naturally weakened by this drain on her population.

It may be granted that some of the Catholic Latin races in Europe do not compare favorably in economic energy with certain northern races, but this is not due to the fact that they are Catholic, as we are about to prove. The application of steam and electricity to industry, agriculture and commerce has revolutionized the economic department of human activity. The races who benefited most by this transformation of economic conditions were those whose geographical position gave them immediate access to certain raw materials. Spain, with its mines of silver and mercury could not generate steam and electricity, for it lacked coal. It could not supply the machinery of production, because it had precious metals instead of iron. In other words in this age of steam and electricity, the races who have had coal and iron at their disposal have recorded the greatest economic progress. It so happens that Germany, England, France and Belgium are within our grasp and iron belt. These nations have harnessed the resources of nature and utilized them. Thus, not the Catholic Church, but nature, is responsible

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for the inferior role that Spain, Italy and Portugal are playing in economic endeavor. The Catholic Church cannot be blamed for not having had the foresight of supplying these nations with plenty of coal and iron mines. As a matter of fact, it is not the mission of the Church to direct industry and commerce, but to enter in this respect is not the accumulation of material wealth, but the development of spiritual perfection.—Echo, Buffalo.

DEATH OF REV. JOHN O'NEIL DOYLE

On July 28th, the death occurred at Margaree Forks, Inverness County, N. S., of Rev. John O'Neil Doyle. Father Doyle was the son of Matthew Doyle and Ann Jane Lafford of Margaree Forks and was born April 24th, 1870. After a preliminary and high school training in the school of his native parish, he entered the University of St. Francis Xavier, Antigonish, in the fall of 1902, taking the degree of B. A. in 1905. He then studied Theology at the Grand Seminary, Montreal, and at Quebec; but, owing to ill health, he went to the Southern Diocese of Little Rock, Arkansas, where he taught until his ordination to the priesthood, on Christmas, 1910. He taught for a time at St. John's College, Little Rock, and later did missionary work at Osceola, until his appointment to the parish of Hot Springs. It was while laboring in this latter place that he was stricken with paralysis, on May 12th, 1913, from which he never recovered. Knowing that the end was near, he desired to die in his native land and arrived home just four weeks previous to his death.

Father Doyle was held in high esteem by his bishop and by his fellow priests in the diocese of Little Rock, and in his short priestly career had won for himself the love and reverence of all classes of people. He was in every sense a manly man and a holy priest. His death was and will be a deep regret by his many intimate friends in Eastern Nova Scotia where, as boy, student and teacher, his beautiful character, kind disposition and engaging personality won the friendship of all who knew him. Zeal and sincerity, outstanding traits of his noble character, marks his priestly career in his adopted diocese.

The funeral service took place on Saturday, July 28th. A Solemn Requiem Mass was sung by Rev. M. M. Doyle, who was assisted by Fathers N. Tompkins and M. M. Coady, as deacon and sub-deacon, all of whom were cousins of the deceased. Rev. R. McNeil acted as master of ceremonies and Rev. H. D. Barry preached an able and touching sermon.

PRAYERS FOR THE SICK

Although these prayers are part of the ceremony of Extreme Unction, they might very well be said at any time for the physical recovery and the spiritual consolation of a sick person. "O Lord God, Who has said by Thy Apostle James: Is any one sick among you? Let him call for the priests of the church, and let them pray over him, anointing him with oil in the name of the Lord; and the prayer of faith shall save the sick and the Lord shall raise him up, and if he be in sin they shall also be remitted to him; heal, we beseech Thee, O our Redeemer, by the grace of the Holy Ghost, the maladies of this sick man, cure his wounds and forgive him his sins, and expel from him all pains of mind and body, and mercifully restore him to perfect health, interior and exterior, that being recovered by Thy mercy he may return to his former duties. Who with the Father and the Holy Ghost, lives and reigns one God, for ever and ever. Amen."

"Look down, we beseech Thee, O Lord, on Thy servant (name), fainting under the infirmity of his body, and refresh a soul which Thou has created; that he being improved by Thy chastisements may be saved by Thy medicines, Through Christ our Lord. Amen."

"O Holy Lord, Almighty Father, everlasting God, Who by imparting, the grace of Thy benediction to sick bodies preservest, according to the

multitude of Thy mercies, the work of Thy hands; favorably attend to the invocation of Thy name and deliver Thy servant from his illness and restoring him to health, raise him up by Thy right hand, and strengthen him by Thy virtue, and defend him by Thy power, and restore him to Thy Holy Church. Through Christ our Lord. Amen."

MRS. CATHARINE MULLINS

PROMINENT TORONTO CATHOLIC RECEIVES AN ELOQUENT TRIBUTE

The funeral of Mrs. Catharine Prendergast, widow of the late Edward Edmund Mullins, who died in Toronto, took place in London at St. Peter's Catholic Cemetery, on the morning of August 20. Mrs. Mullins and her family are very well known in London, where they resided for some years, and where her husband died some years ago.

Services were conducted at 6.15 o'clock yesterday morning at St. Patrick's Church, Toronto, after which the body was forwarded to London on the C. P. R. for interment. The train was met in London by many of the family friends, both of this city and of Stratford, including Monsignor Aylward of Sarnia and Rev. Father McKeon.

Six sons survive—Wm. E., general manager of the Government railway at Costa Rica, and of the United Fruit Company, Costa Rica; Timothy, C. P. R. city passenger agent, Ottawa; Ed. E., mechanical engineer of Northern Railroad, Costa Rica; John N., of Frank Tourist Company, New York City; Geoffrey J., civil engineer, of Toronto Harbor Commission; Rev. Father Frank Mullins, C. S. S. R., of Escapa, N. Y.; Richard L., of the Mandelsohn Piano Company Toronto, and three daughters—Miss Kathleen of New York City, Miss Helen of Toronto accompanied the remains from Toronto to London.

The six sons acted as pall bearers. In London Mrs. Mullins was well known. She was for some years a member of the congregation of St. Peter's Cathedral. Her charitable work in Toronto was also notable and an eloquent tribute is paid her by the Mail and Empire, which says: "In Roman Catholic circles Mrs. Mullins was regarded as one of the most indefatigable of philanthropic workers. She was unselfish to a thought, and in her charitable acts never allowed her right hand know what her left hand was doing. In all her activities Mrs. Mullins was modest and unassuming, but many poor families had reason to 'call her blessed.' She was prominently identified with St. Patrick's Church. In her illness she was uncomplaining and exhibited a true Christian spirit and a beautiful fortitude."

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St. Augustine of England, in 598, established at Canterbury a Catholic grammar school.

Life is made up, not of great sacrifices or duties, but of little things in which smiles and kindness and small obligations, given habitually, are what win and preserve the heart and secure comfort.—Sir Humphrey Davy.

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