

# The Catholic Record.

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

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### THE FAREWELL

There is a touching passage in the Acts of the Apostles which marks a crisis in the Great Missionary's wonderful career—a passage which must have brought responsive tears to unnumbered eyes during the score of centuries that have reverberated with echoes of the Pauline tradition in divers keys.

At the close of his address to the Ephesian elders, the fearless apostle bade them an affectionate farewell, and then "they all wept sore and fell upon Paul's neck and kissed him, sorrowing most of all for the words which he spake that they should see his face no more." So the ship sailed on that fateful voyage, as many another has sailed since, but never so many as of late, bearing precious human lives to fields of dangerous duty and scenes of tragic happenings. Truly, the parting of friends and the sundering of the tenderest ties has been on a scale of such magnitude that all previous records seem to shrink in comparison. There is danger in the very frequency of such experiences; familiarity is apt to dull our apprehension of life's uncertain tenure, glorifying the exceptional at the expense of the common, the sudden call to face wounds or death in concrete form obscuring the ordinary risks of daily living.

None of us can quite get away from the pressure of custom; only when some startling break occurs in our intimate relationships does the opportunity come to escape into a larger world of thought and feeling, to realize our affinity with beings who share the same hourly risks, whose fellowship enhances the joys and assuages the pains which we cannot wisely bear in loneliness.

### WIDESPREAD

So general and widely distributed are the pangs of separation in these dreadful years that a new and enlarged vision of the elemental things which underlie our phenomenal existence from hour to hour is imperatively called for. Is it not evident that this dislocation of the framework within which our activities have been so long confined has brought about a striking alteration in the popular attitude towards unseen verities? Not that the change implies a return to traditional modes of conceiving the human calling; rather does it involve a radical transformation of spiritual values, though few may be able to formulate their new mental states.

The deeper sources and higher significance of pain have engaged the pens of all the great thinkers from the author of the Book of Job to the latest grappler with the mystery in prose or verse. No perfect solution has been or is likely to be found. Our virtues, such as they are, have been largely moulded in the furnace of trial. At every stage increments of mental and physical disturbance attest the law that every real gain has to be acquired through conflict, every advance made by sacrifice of the lower to the higher.

### CONSOLATION

Those whose interest rises or falls with the visible presence or absence of its object have yet to outgrow the alphabet of human intercourse; distance and lapse of years cannot vitally affect the bond which is made of finer strands than sight and hearing, hand-clasps and kisses can weave. Life's wonder and mystery spring from aims and ideals of which material evolution can give no satisfactory account. Our forbears used to reflect with a kind of fatalistic piety that "every bullet has its billet;" the present embroglio offers a variety of chances to the men who go out fearlessly to face fearful odds by sea and land, or in the air that envelops them. Alas, that a quick imagination and sensitive soul should sharpen the pain of parting, that our heightened consciousness of the unseen that holds the secrets of impending doom should lay us open to attack in our tenderest part.

This saddening forecast of the effect of the holocaust upon the

general mind has happily not been fulfilled. The final separation is viewed under conditions that differ widely from the older one which found expression in so many popular forms. The graveyard no longer bounds the prospect, nor do the alternatives so long set before the dying separate as they once did.

### REWARD

Great emotions have swept aside egotistic hopes and fears, flooding men's souls with a sense of the grandeur of a cause which blends law and liberty, the cosmic and the spiritual in one synthesis. Death appears under a new aspect. A new courage, far surpassing the sensuous rage of the warrior who fights for earthly predominance alone, infects all who suffer vicariously in the conflict for freedom and progress. Martyrdom becomes a fresh and living experience. Redemption by blood ceases to be a hearsay doctrine and gives a larger interpretation to the ancient gospel. Humanity seems to be in sight of the land of promise after its long wanderings.

What more can be usefully said on a theme that trenches on the unspeakable treasures of the heart? The new lives that are taking the places of the fallen will inherit a sweeter world; is not this the reward that so many who have paid the price of victory over evil have looked forward to? If only with this posthumous glory the personal vision be realized, who would grudge the devotion to a high sacrificial ideal involved? For then indeed would the cup of joy after sorrow be filled to overflowing; all the heavens that have been imagined would pale their ineffectual lights in the white radiance of that apocalypse, whereby we should

"Think each in each, immediately wise; Learn all we lacked before; hear, know, and say What this tumultuous body now denies; And feel, who have laid our groping hands away; And see, no longer blinded by our eyes."

### "THE MOTHERS' HOUR"

As another heart-offering, but also, we may be sure, as a solace for mothers' heartache, a beautiful custom has developed in England as one of the concomitant effects of the War. It is a very simple and a very beautiful one, and one which Catholics understandingly can appreciate. It is called "The Mothers' Hour."

The hour is 12 o'clock, and the custom now is when, at that hour, the bells are pealing in towers of church or factory, for all mothers throughout the kingdom to drop their instant work and simultaneously invoke Divine protection for their boys in the trenches in Flanders and France. Nor is this prayer at that hour the only outpouring of the heart. With it is associated a renewed renunciation, a repeated offer of all that the heart may suffer or the soul merit that day as another vicarious sacrifice for the boys who are fighting the fight for country.

Catholics will find nothing new in either prayer or self-dedication. For the first is reminiscent of our own beautiful "Angelus," recited at three stated times during the day; while the second is none other than our own daily offering for a special intention of the day's works in union with the merits of the Sacred Heart of Jesus.

But that the mothers of England, war-taught, should find in the days of their stress, and their consequent absolute dependence on God alone for alleviation of their suffering, a vague knowledge of our beautiful Catholic custom of united prayer at stated times, is itself beautiful. It may be that this sacrificial prayer of the Mothers' Hour may be the first step in the restoration to England of its rejected heritage; and thus become one of the blessings that surely must be, though now hidden amid the black horrors of war.

To the blessings that God will in His own way confer on the boys in the trenches, as the result of their mothers' prayers, is to be added another immediate one. The boys, too, hear the bells ringing at 12 o'clock in the countries of their present striving, and are reminded with certain knowledge of what their mothers at home are doing just then. They will be buoyed up with new hope, new confidence, new courage. And they, too, will pray. Is this not a beautiful thought—that the prayer of the mother at home and that of the boy in the trench, ascending at the same time as the vow of sacrifice, will descend again as the gentle rain of God's love upon the hearts of both? Why may not this custom be estab-

lished here as a new Angelus for Protestant and Catholic mothers alike? Why not here in America also a "Mothers' Hour?" Mothers will pray for their boys "over there." Oh, yes, they will pray. But all the mothers of all the boys, praying together day by day—surely such prayer must wait itself beyond the skies to find a resting place in the heart of God!—Brooklyn Tablet.

### IRELAND'S PROSPERITY

LORD ABERDEEN CONTRASTS CONDITIONS IN COUNTRY AND CITIES

To Editor of New York Times:

I have noticed a number of articles in the public press recently describing in glowing terms the supposed state of prosperity now prevailing in Ireland. If the writers of these articles had confined themselves to thus depicting only the agricultural districts a truer estimate of the present conditions of the country as a whole might have been formed; for the farmers of Ireland undoubtedly share with the farmers of Great Britain, the farmers of America, the result of the present high prices for all agricultural products.

The change which has been brought about by the effect of the Land Purchase Acts, through which two-thirds of the land in Ireland is now in the hands of the occupiers, combined with the results of up-to-date agricultural education, have revolutionized rural Ireland and have made her one of the chief food suppliers to the Allies during the War.

It is hard for people to believe that in normal times, before the War, Ireland was exporting to Great Britain food to the same amount of value as that sent over by the United States of America, i. e., £38,000,000. Since that time that amount has been increased every year; last year 750,000 extra acres were brought under tillage.

If the same attention had been given to the urban districts of Ireland in regard to housing, the fostering of suitable industries there would have been a different Ireland at the present day.

Some extracts from a report drawn up by a special committee submitting reasons to the Irish Food Control Committee why grants for the administration expenses of cooked food depots should be continued, so as to meet the extreme distress in which many thousands of people in Dublin are living, may throw some light on the conditions which prevail in that city.

ABERDEEN AND TEMAIR, New York, May 7, 1918. (Inclosure.)

DUBLIN COOKED FOOD DEPOTS STATEMENT BY THE COMMITTEE OF INVESTIGATION

\* \* \* The reason why such a grant should be necessary in Dublin, while it has not been required in Great Britain, depends on the conditions of the working classes in this city. These conditions differ in a marked degree from those prevailing in English cities.

Employment is poor at the best of times in Dublin. At present it is very seriously curtailed. The Port of Dublin is frequently closed for three, or even four, days in a week, and even when it is open the amount of shipping is much below the average, hence the quay laborers are having much less employment than usual. The ordinary Dublin industries are necessarily hindered by these restrictions on the trade of the port, and many of them have to dismiss a considerable proportion of their employees because of the shortage of material arising from this and other causes.

In England industries have been interfered with as seriously, but there has been no curtailment, but rather an increase of employment because of the enormous demand for munition work and allied industries.

The Labor Gazette for January, 1918, gives the percentage of unemployed among trade unionists as 7 for 1917, as compared with 3.3 in 1914. In Dublin there is very little munition work to take the place of the local industries which have suffered, and the demand for labor has in consequence fallen off. This demand for workers in England, as well as the power of English organized labor to secure increased pay to meet the increased cost of living, has brought about a very marked rise in wages; and the high wages paid to munition workers insure a high standard for all labor. In Dublin the rise in wages has been very much less, and is not commensurate with the rise in the cost of living.

There are in Dublin a considerable proportion of men whose weekly wage falls below \$6, and some whose wages are below \$5, while women's wages are mostly under \$4, and in many cases as low as \$1 weekly.

It is the unanimous opinion of the members of our committee, all of whom have direct knowledge of the conditions of different sections of

the poor of Dublin \* \* \* that the diet of many thousands in Dublin consists mainly of bread and tea, supplemented by potatoes and dripping when it can be got.

The health of a community fed in this manner is of necessity low. If proof of this were necessary it could be supplied by the appalling figures of infant mortality in Dublin, the number of deaths of children under one year of age being 1,237 out of 7,657 born in 1916. This high rate is unfortunately not only found in the war years; it shows rather that Dublin has suffered from bad conditions for many years, though they have become worse recently. The present abnormal distress and semi-starvation press more heavily on a population which was already living at or below the poverty line; and the future will show grave and awful results from the present disastrous lowering of standards already too low.

It is necessary to point out that every effort at improved feeding will do something to mitigate these results. Already we have evidence of the marked improvement in the health of children of school age since the Provision of School Meals act was put into operation. And on a smaller scale those working at the Cooked Food Depots have noticed the marked improvement in the appearance of men and women who have been using these depots for the past ten months, men and women whose former dinner of bread and tea has been replaced by the more balanced ration supplied them at the depots. There are nine depots working under our committee.

We do not consider that our scheme can fully meet the needs of the city workers for better subsistence; but we think it has done much to lessen the serious distress due to the conditions we have indicated. As far as we can see, such an alleviation will be even more necessary in the immediate future. The situation is abnormal, and demands special treatment. The methods of dealing with the food crisis in England, where the principal object is to economize food, are not sufficient here, where no improvement in the machinery of distribution would enable the poorly paid workers to obtain sufficient food for a minimum subsistence ration. None of the ordinary sources of public aid, no ordinary methods of administrative regulations seemed fitted to cope with the situation, the urgency of which is due to our failure to share in the vast industrial expansion in England while we share to the full in the increased cost of living.

ALTAR WINES ARE NOT PROHIBITED

SUPREME COURT OF OKLAHOMA THUS INTERPRETS DRASTIC "BONE-DRY" LAW

The Supreme Court of Oklahoma has reversed the decision of the District Court according to which railroads were not allowed to transport wine for Sacramental purposes in that State. If the decision of the District Court had been sustained, priests celebrating Mass in Oklahoma would have been criminals in the eyes of the law.

When the "bone-dry law" went into effect in Oklahoma as the result of State-wide prohibition, railroads took the stand that the law even prohibited the transportation of wine shipped to that State for Sacramental purposes, and the further stand was taken that the law even forbade priests to have in their possession wine for the celebration of the Divine Office. After the adoption of the "bone-dry law" it became very difficult for priests to obtain wine for the celebration of the Sacrifice of the Mass. Matters came to an issue when the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe Railroad refused to transport wine from Oklahoma City to Guthrie to be used at Divine Service in the Catholic Church there.

The Very Rev. Urban de Hasque, Chancellor of the Diocese of Oklahoma, thereupon instituted suit against the railroad in the District Court of Oklahoma. The court sustained the contention of the railroad that it was not permitted to transport wine, inasmuch as the prohibition laws of the State did not permit the shipment of wine even for Sacramental purposes.

Father de Hasque determined to carry the case to the Supreme Court of Oklahoma, with the result that the highest tribunal in that State has now reversed the decision of the District Court and decided that wines for Sacramental purposes are excepted under the provisions of the "bone-dry act" and may be transported by the railroads through Oklahoma. It is said that this case of Sacramental wine and the "bone-dry law" will be carried by the supporters of the latter movement to the Supreme Court of the United States, and that conditions in Oklahoma will furnish the best case. In any event, the decision of the Supreme Court of Oklahoma undoubtedly will constitute a precedent and have an important

bearing upon the decision of any tribunal in the future, as regards such interpretations of prohibition laws in the obtaining of wine for Sacramental purposes.

The Catholic authorities contended that the laws, as interpreted by the lower courts, constituted a violation of the Constitution of the United States, which guarantees to all persons the right and liberty to worship God according to their own consciences. If upheld, the law would inevitably have resulted in preventing the celebration of Mass in Oklahoma, thereby depriving Catholics of their highest and most essential act of worship.—Buffalo Echo.

### HEAR THE OTHER SIDE

IRISH VIEW OF CONSCRIPTION IN IRELAND

Francis Hackett in the New Republic

"There is no doubt in my mind that a great blunder has been made in regard to conscripting the Irish. Of course no one believes an Irishman when he says that he feels that England has no more right to conscript him by brute force than England has a right to conscript Switzerland. Believe it or not, about 3,000,000 Irish feel this way and in their hearts completely and irresistibly resent their conqueror's conscripting them. This is not a qualified truth. It is the truth. No Irish Nationalist feels that the Union is honest, or that representation under the Union is anything but a sham. For over thirty years three-quarters of the Irish people have carried on the old repeal agitation regarding the Union as government without the consent of the governed. They have unanimously pleaded for self-determination, these millions of Irish. Now Lord George says: 'This war is your war. You may not think so, but it is. And whether you think so or not, we'll force you to fight for us. We'll force you, although the worst you have to fear from Prussianism is precisely this kind of disregard of your liberty and private will, this use of force.' Americans may feel that the end justifies the means, but many of them, adopting Machiavellian language, are tempted to say, 'Yes, it is a blunder.' An Irishman says, 'You call it a blunder? Do you call the invasion of Belgium a blunder? You called that a crime. This is a crime and thousands of Irishmen are prepared to show it is a crime.'"

"President Wilson said the military men are in power in Germany. I think the military men are equally in power in England. Lloyd George has asked them, 'Do you need the Irish?' And he has obeyed their answer. 'Yes, you must conscript these Irish, they will make 100,000 fighting men. We can use them, and we need them badly.' But these military men, supported by Miller and Curzon, do not realize, and never have realized, that morale is primarily important. Important to the Frenchman who makes a principle of the self-determination of Alsace-Lorraine, if not to the Russian and to the Balkans. How Germany must smile, if the Irish resist conscription. It is worth many divisions to Germany. It reduces the moral pretensions of the Allies to the same level as Germany's, in the eyes of liberal Germans; and liberal Germans have been half persuaded to believe the moral claims of the Allies.

"Let us call this thing by its proper name. Why did the English leave Ireland out of conscription up to the present? Because it was inexpedient to conscript the Irish. Why was it inexpedient? Because the public opinion of Ireland so strongly opposed it. And why was the opinion of Ireland opposed to it? Because Ireland has no stake in the war similar to England's stake in the war. Ireland quite clearly has not the liberty to lose which England has to lose. England has failed to give Ireland the self government which would constitute a stake in the war. The 'inexpediency' in other words, turn on a question of justice and fair play. Now, the key-note of President Wilson's great policy is justice and fair play. The English are almost at Calais. Good God, man, why quibble about politics now? All right. But Germany is not secure either. Germany has to fear defeat and the crushing of the German Empire. Why quibble about Belgium and the Lusitania? Why not forgive Germany's disregard for principles and consider this whole thing an imperial dog-fight?"

"It is because of this preciousness of principle that the Allies must wait self-determination to precede conscription in Ireland. It is not a question of the sacredness of human rights. The right not to be conscripted by a government that is a conqueror's government is a sacred right. The real issue is contained in that simple statement. You cannot disguise it."

"The Irish are not cowards or pacifists. Neither are they slaves or cattle."

### THE CATHOLIC CLERGY

AND THE MILITARY SERVICE ACT OF ENGLAND

Misrepresentations have appeared in some of the newspapers as to the attitude of the Catholic hierarchy in England and Wales regarding the Military Service Act, and Cardinal Bourne, in a statement in which he gives the lie to those false charges, says: It is quite in accordance with Catholic tradition, that in case of real need, priests should render non-combatant service of a kind compatible with the priestly character and dress, especially by tending the wounded. The Bishops, therefore, at once signified their willingness to see who among their clergy could be set free for this purpose, pointing out at the same time that only the Bishops could accurately judge the circumstances, and that in view of the heavy demands already made on their clergy, no large number could be available for other work.

The Bishop of London (Anglican) has recently stated that his clergy are 1,100 in number, and that 24 of them are acting as military chaplains. The active secular clergy of the diocese of Westminster are fewer than 300 in number, and 52 of them are serving as chaplains. This gives some idea of what the Catholic clergy in England are doing in this respect.

Allusion has been made to the clergy undertaking even combatant service. It must not be forgotten that it is directly contrary to the Christian sentiment and to ancient Catholic tradition that those who are consecrated to the service of the Altar for the offering of the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass and the administration of the Sacraments should be called upon to take part in the shedding of blood.

France alone among the belligerent nations, impelled by anti-Christian principles and the hatred of religion, has violated the tradition of centuries. God, indeed, has made use of the heroic patriotism of the French clergy to undo some of the consequences of this enactment; but those who remember that the laws of Christian tradition cannot be violated with impunity may surely find in this violation one of the causes why victory is so long delayed. The example of the anti-Christian Government of France is not one to set before the people of Christian England.

### PROOF OR RETRACTION

MR. MCMASTER CHALLENGES HON. MR. ROWELL

From Hansard, May 22nd

MR. MCMASTER.—That sort of thing (the appeal to religious prejudice) is just the very worst and most wicked thing that we could have in Canada, and that was spread abroad throughout Ontario in both Liberal and Conservative papers. I asked myself this question: Did the leader of the Unionist party in Ontario try to stop that sort of thing, or did he profit by it? If he profited by it, if he allowed that to go unchecked, and if he did not do everything he could to stop that sort of thing he did wrong. I am willing to pause to find out from him now whether he tried to stop that sort of thing, because I do not want to accuse him unjustly and I await his reply.

MR. BUREAU.—He will not reply.

I do not want to say anything that would not be fair and right to the President of the Privy Council (Mr. Rowell) who did the President of the Privy Council do in this campaign that was going on? He went up to North Bay and made a bitter attack upon the French Catholic Orders that had come to this country.

Now, Mr. Speaker, if his words were true, I would not have very much to say. I would permit myself, perhaps, to criticize the wisdom, in an election of this sort, of raising a personal attack upon those Orders of a religion to which I did not belong. I think that would be fair criticism. But the President of the Council, eight weeks ago, was told in the most firm and unmistakable manner, with proof, that his assertion was incorrect. And although we have had a statement handed out to the press, which is, possibly a new way in which men belonging to this Government answer their adversaries—or some of them; I don't want to be unfair to those who use the old fashioned way and come into the House to make their own defence—eight weeks have passed without reply; and except for this statement handed out to the press, we have had no statement from the President of the Council either adding the proof that he was right when he made those charges or that he withdraws them like a man.

The road of extravagance is the road to discontent, unhappiness and social destruction. The steps of men must be turned in the direction of Christian simplicity and self-restraint.—Rt. Rev. Mgr. S. Parkinson, D. D.

### CATHOLIC NOTES

Since the beginning of the War about 82,000 trucks have been shipped from the United States to countries of Europe.

Recently the five hundred students of the medical and dental departments of St. Louis University, St. Louis, Mo., were sworn into the government service to be called as soon as they shall have been graduated.

A series of hitherto unknown sermons of St. Augustine have been discovered. German papers say, at Wolfenbuttel Brunswick by Father Germain Morin, a Belgian Benedictine monk. News of the discovery has been forwarded to this country from Amsterdam.

The Red Cross Society and the Order of St. John in London have received from Sir John Arnold, a check for \$350,000, the one day contribution of the Irish provinces of Leinster, Munster and Connaught, collected through the Irish Times.

Rome, May 21.—In the Sistine Chapel, yesterday morning, the Holy Father personally consecrated with the full Papal rite and ceremonial Cardinal Van Rossum as Prefect of the Sacred Congregation of the Propaganda.

In regard to a mischievous letter, which has been published in an English paper, stating that Cardinal Gasparri, the Papal Secretary of State, had publicly expressed his regret that the troops which are occupying Jerusalem, are not all Catholics, His Eminence in a letter to Cardinal Bourne of London, indignantly denies that he did anything of the kind.

Rev. Brother Bernard, Director of De La Salle College, Aurora, Ont., has just been appointed Provincial of the Christian Brothers of Ontario in succession to Rev. Brother Edward whose term of office has expired. Brother Bernard is a native of Bromley, Renfrew Co., Ont., and a brother of Rev. Wm. P. Breen, Secretary of His Lordship the Bishop of Pembroke.

Archbishop John Ireland was elected Commander of the Military Order of the Royal Legion of the United States, Minnesota Commandery, at its annual meeting at the West Hotel, St. Paul, on Tuesday evening, May 14. It is the highest gift within the power of the Royal Legion, a militant and progressive body composed exclusively of officers of the Civil War and officers' sons.

The Rev. Robert L. MacNeely of Santiago, Chile, says the Buffalo Union and Times, traveled 6,500 miles in order to offer his services as chaplain to the United States. Obtaining a year's leave of absence from his diocese, Father MacNeely, who is now fifty-five years of age, left immediately for New York, which he reached on April 8th. He is the son of a veteran of the Civil War who went to death on the blood-stained field of Gettysburg.

The statue of the Blessed Joan of Arc, the immortal Maid of Orleans, who was declared blessed among the holy virgins of the Church of God by the late Sovereign Pontiff, Pope Pius X., and who is now venerated upon our Catholic altars, was presented to the Louisiana Historical Society by the Museum of French Art on Wednesday, May 1. The presentation took place at the "Cabildo," the Government House of Spanish colonial days, now the Louisiana State Museum.

Among four priests ordained May 18 by His Eminence, Cardinal Farley, at St. Joseph's Seminary, Danville, N. Y., was the Rev. Robert J. Cairns from the Foreign Mission Seminary at Maryknoll. Father Cairns is an alumnus of Holy Cross College and one of its most popular students. He is the fourth to be ordained for Maryknoll during the present scholastic year, and is the fifteenth priest now enrolled in that already vigorous young society.

It is reported that Alaska has a native Catholic population of 11,500, all of whom are converts or descendants of converts. Christianity was introduced into the country one hundred years ago by traders from Russia. It was the faith of the Greek Orthodox or schismatic Church, but Catholic missionaries made their appearance and conversions to the True Church followed. The Jesuits have been the most active of the orders on these Missions. There are now twenty-two priests and ten lay brothers of the society laboring there.

Some time ago the Chinese Government decided to open a large public hospital at Peking, furnished with the latest appliances and under the management of young Chinese physicians, who had graduated from American universities. Catholics will be gratified to learn that the administration of this notable institution has been placed in the hands of the Sisters of Charity. When it is taken into consideration that the Protestant missions are numerous and wealthy in the city, and that they fully expected and desired the care of the hospital, the compliment to the Catholics is more marked. Decidedly in the north as well as in the south of China, the Catholic Church is gaining a strong foothold.



GERALD DE LACEY'S DAUGHTER

AN HISTORICAL ROMANCE OF COLONIAL DAYS

BY ANNA T. SADDLER

BOOK II CHAPTER X A COUNTERPART

The de Lacey reached the Colony of Maryland in safety. Had the proprietary government been still in the ascendant, with the Catholic freedom from every kind of intolerance, these two sorely tried members of the ancient faith might have settled down there in peace and security. But the Catholics, and the Catholic government they had founded, were dispersed. Persecution against dissenters, and of course against Catholics, was relentlessly enforced. Negotiations were continually in progress between the authorities of Maryland and those of other colonies to restrict the liberties of Catholics, to render their position intolerable, and even to banish them entirely from the land. Intolerance like a fatal miasma had spread upwards from Virginia and downwards from New York and New England, and it required the whirlwind of the War of Independence to clear away this mist.

It was, therefore, deemed inadvisable that the fugitives should linger long in that congenial atmosphere where they were so cordially received. A plan was formulated by their friends in New York by which they were to be conveyed by the sloop "Anna Maria" to Sandy Hook, where they were to board the brigantine "Mermaid," of which the honest seaman, Rogers, was captain. Once on board the brigantine, a safe passage to the Spanish dominions in the south was assured, where they might hope for at least a temporary security until a lull in the storm of persecution should enable them to return to New York.

Meanwhile, counterplotting had been going on in Manhattan, and Vrow de Vries again appeared as the evil genius. The autumn winds were laying waste the garden which Evelyn had so carefully tended, and blighting with its chilly breath the foliage of those splendid trees of Manhattan, when Captain Prosser Williams stood once more within the luxuriant apartment which Vrow de Vries dominated from her chair. He was walking up and down impatiently, glancing from the lean, dark figure of Mynheer Laurens, who had also been summoned to conference, to the living antithesis offered by the mistress of the house.

It irked Captain Williams much, in his present mood of fiery impatience, to have thus to propitiate his repulsive and uninteresting hostess. The latter watched him out of her dull eyes, in which smouldered a fire of resentment, as though she had been quick to read his thoughts. She purposely continued her conversation with her other guest until the young officer's impatience had reached its limit.

"And what," he said at last, "is this notable intelligence which you so urgently invited me to hear?" "If you will but seat yourself," the woman said, "I will make known to you such late news as has reached me."

There was a hint of dryness in her tone, which served as a warning to her fellow-conspirator. He complied instantly with her request, and, seating himself ruthlessly upon one of the silver-laced chairs which were kept more for ornament than use, he prepared to listen. Vrow de Vries, slowly unfolding a letter, read it in a thick, guttural voice, which sounded as though her considerable avowdrip impeded her utterance. The first part of that epistle proved a thorn in the flesh of Captain Williams. For it fitted in all too well with his own dark and brooding thoughts, and forcibly reminded him how, in common with the good people of Salem, he had been baffled and fooled. For Goodman Cooke gave his sister a prolix account, embellished with many a flight of fancy in which superstition played its part, of the scene in the court-house at Salem.

Since no trace of Indians had been found in the town, and those in the nearest encampments were pursuing their ordinary avocations without any hostile intent whatever, and professing utter ignorance of the late attempt, the believers in witchcraft, including a considerable number of the townspeople, were of opinion that the whole occurrence was an illusion of the senses, created by the evil power of the reputed witch and the spirits with whom presumably she was familiar. A panic had ensued, it was believed, in the course of which the witch had transported herself far beyond the limits of the town.

beyond our human judgment; and where Papists are concerned, who shall say that the powers of hell may not interfere in their behalf?"

Prosser Williams laughed. "Devilish they may be in their deeds, these Papists," he said, "but at least they have the wit to despise such follies." Vrow de Vries somewhat sharply recalled both men to the subject of the letter, the conclusion of which was of sufficient interest to arrest the wandering mind of the young officer. For Goodman Cooke had heard a rumor that two people, corresponding exactly to the description of the father and daughter, had arrived in Maryland, where they were known to consort with Jesuits and other Papists. Also it had been bruited about that a young sailor, who had been employed by Captain Jenkins of the sloop "Anna Maria," had openly boasted in a tavern, when in his cups, that his master was about to take to Sandy Hook, near New York, two fugitive dissenters. On being pried with questions he had disclosed the date upon which the "Anna Maria" was to sail. He knew nothing further, save that the passengers were to be put aboard some vessel sailing for overseas on a southerly port.

The fact that the eyes sparkled with triumph as she read, for well she knew the delight with which such information would be received by that influential member of His Excellency's Household, who now sat carelessly in her best silver-laced chair. It gave Vrow de Vries singular pleasure to be thus pulling the strings of which her husband was ignorant, and having her part as he had his, in the movements of the day. It responded to a latent ambition within her to be even temporarily the association of men for whom her husband, in their public or official capacity, had a profound respect. Also, it gratified her idle jealousy of her late neighbor, which had been fanned into a flame by her husband's praise. But whatever her sentiments or those of Henrius Laurens who showed great pleasure at this important information and at the circumstance that the date mentioned still allowed time for action, they were mild in comparison with those of the chief conspirator. There was no lack of interest now in Captain Williams' aspect. His apathy had vanished as if by magic. For, just when he felt himself baffled at every point and the coveted prize seemed to have slipped from his grasp under circumstances most humiliating to his self-esteem, here was an opportunity offered to regain all that he had lost and to take a notable revenge upon those who had outwitted him, while doing a service to Lord Bellomont and the State which should merit a rich reward. Moreover, the hope of finally securing the person of Evelyn sprang again into life. For that ill-starred love of his had increased with those obstacles which had been confronted, and never had it been greater than when Evelyn had appeared pale, helpless and in bonds in the courtroom at Salem. Her image rose before him as he had seen it then, and filled him with an almost intolerable longing to look upon her again and to hear her voice, even if it were in anger or contempt. He forgot Vrow de Vries, who was watching him curiously, and Henrius Laurens, who, however, was chiefly concerned at the moment with the thought of what steps might be taken to bring these two fugitives to justice.

The pallor of Prosser Williams' face was heightened by two spots of dull, red color in either cheek. His eyes gleamed with a baleful fire, and his breath came short and sharp. He dared not trust himself to speak. The conflict of emotions was too strong, and he feared that it would become too painfully evident to the eyes that were watching him. He rallied sufficiently, however, to reply to the questions which Henrius Laurens was already putting, as to what should be done in the present emergency. The two men conversed together purposely in low tones, which were not always audible to their singular hostess, who observed them with a smile of pure content. For she knew she had set in motion whatever engines of destruction they might choose to employ. It was agreed between the confederates that the services of Greatbatch should be called into requisition, since Prosser Williams held him in the hollow of his hand. Just now when Lord Bellomont was making furious efforts for the suppression of illicit trading, it was widely suspected that that notorious smuggler, accused likewise of acts of piracy, was still at large simply because he was protected by an influential member of the Household, who also stood well with Lieutenant Nanfan and the other prominent men of the extreme Protestant party.

Captain Prosser Williams, while apparently taking Mynheer Laurens into his confidence, concealed from him his ulterior plans for obtaining possession of Evelyn de his wife. If she could be brought to listen to his suit, she and her father would still be spared all annoyances. His plan had failed, she must be seized as a prisoner, whose release he should obtain from Lord Bellomont on the condition of marriage with her. As in the case of the young Colonial, opposite him was used as a mask for selfish motives. Taking leave with scant ceremony of Vrow de Vries, the two hurried off towards the tavern of Dr. Halle, where Greatbatch was sure to be found whenever his vessel was in port.

They were so fortunate as to find him there. As a sharp cutting wind was blowing outside, the tavern appeared particularly inviting, and Greatbatch was enjoying with even more than his usual relish his portion of the Barbadoes rum. His purple face aflame and his tongue loosened, he was drinking, swearing and grumbling when the two young men entered the room. He no longer uttered public denunciations of His Excellency, since Prosser Williams had put him upon his guard. But, since grumbling was his favorite pastime, he usually found some pretext for its exercise, and just then it was directed against the young tops and dandies who were sent out by the home government to prey upon the colonies in general and honest traders in particular. Though he mentioned no names, those present were quite aware of the object of his animadversions, and a smile played over their faces as the door opened to admit the particular young top whom he evidently had in mind.

As Captain Prosser Williams threw aside his cloak because of the heat indoors, it was universally conceded that he merited the title. His satin waistcoat was as gaudy in coloring as it was rich in material, and upon a doubt of heavy silk fell his curled and perfumed locks. Greatbatch's manner changed to a cringing civility as the approaching officer greeted him with a careless nod, striking him on the shoulder and exclaiming:

"Well, old sea-dog, drinking the ocean dry as usual!" The two young men then seated themselves at a table close by, whence the officer, leaning back in his chair, addressed the smuggler in a voice inaudible to most of those around.

"Remain here after these others have gone. Mynheer Laurens and I have business of weight to discuss with you."

This suggestion made the master of the "Hesperia" not a little uneasy, but he had no choice but to obey, since he was far too deeply in the toils to refuse. Besides, his curiosity was all-devouring, and he wanted to discover what business could have led these two to seek him just then. He found the time long till the guests slipped away one by one, including Mynheer Laurens, who had snuggled against the young officer and his companion, serenely unconscious of the new act in the drama that had been enacted in his own drawing-room. The two young men regarded him with secret amusement, knowing that he was quite ignorant of recent developments and that his wife was determined to keep him so. They were equally unaware that the urbane and polished man of the world had pulled certain strings which had brought to naught their late machinations in Salem town. They little guessed that, as a result of his appeal, Lady Bellomont had put Captain Ferrers upon the scent, and had asked leave for that officer on a frivolous pretext, which the Governor in a fit of good-humor had granted.

Now Mynheer, as he sipped his wine, wondered what new devilment these young men might be planning; whether they were simply passing an idle moment, or about to engage in some shady transaction with the smuggler. He waited a considerable time, but as others were going and none of the three in whom he was interested showed signs of stirring, he strolled out at the door with a genial good-night. But he did not go very far. He drew up the collar of his cloak, and gathered it close about him as a protection against the biting wind, while he took up a position on the other side of the great elm. If Greatbatch was the last to leave, Mynheer was determined to have a word with him and find out what was afoot. For he had noted Captain Williams' action in leaning over to whisper to the smuggler, and had surmised what was said.

TO BE CONTINUED

THE SHORTEST WAY HOME

Chapman had most of the characteristics of the bigot. He was ready to find fault, quick to accuse, and resolutely shut his mind to the truth. The staid slanders against the Catholic Church found a ready lodgment in his mind, and he added to them from time to time until they made a wall of intolerance which it seemed impossible for the most aggressive opponent to overcome.

In his ordinary every-day intercourse, John D. Chapman was all that any reasonable person could desire. He was free and easy and open-handed, and had a personality that was at once agreeable and ingratiating. But the mention of the Catholic Church was always sufficient to transform the man. He saw red. Every aggressive instinct bristled like the quills upon the fretful porcupine. He was ready to defend himself and his "beloved country" from the "machinations of Rome," little thinking that his existence was not even suspected at Rome, and that his beloved country was only one of many spots upon the map of the world.

But one of those eccentricities of nature which the human mind will never be able to satisfactorily explain, Chapman's best liked friend was a man who differed from him in every way in which it is possible for one man to differ with another. Lawrence Higgins was a ray of sun-

light. That, in itself, made him notable. He was middle-aged, with a family; Chapman was in his late twenties; and in the enjoyment of single blessedness. Higgins was red-headed and hopeful; Chapman was dark-haired and inclined to look at the dark side of life. Higgins was a devout member of the Catholic Church; and Chapman had no form of faith except a confirmed opposition to Catholicism.

The men came into frequent contact in a business way, and their dealings were always mutually satisfactory. Higgins never wanted the scratch of a pen from Chapman, and Chapman said he would willingly trust his life to Higgins. It was a source of wonder that two men so radically opposed to one another in so many things could get along so agreeably. Higgins explained this by saying it was a law of nature for opposites to agree, and that Chapman was sincere. Larry had a profound respect for sincerity. Chapman, on his side, was convinced that Higgins was honest, and said one could not ask for more than complete honesty.

In the course of time, Chapman came to break bread at the Higgins home and while there met the various members of the family, including Agnes Higgins, the fair-haired daughter who was a replica of her father, with the added advantages of youth and a convent education. There was mutual admiration, between the young folks, but Agnes knew of Chapman's anti-Catholic tendencies and was disposed to look at him askance. The light of faith shone brightly in her blue eyes, and she was not the sort of person to permit the slightest reflection against her Church to go unchallenged.

After dinner at that first visit came the inevitable clash between the girl and the young man. He had no thought of provoking a controversy, but the words persisted in coming from him.

"I admire your father immensely," he said in a patronizing way, "in spite of his blind faith."

"Evidently," she retorted calmly enough, but with flashing eyes, "you do not know the meaning of the word."

"Oh," he replied jauntily, "I think I do."

"I'm sure you don't," she said firmly. "Faith, as we understand it, is belief in revealed religion. We are confident that it is divine and, that being the case, nothing else matters. It is not easy to explain to the worldly minded. It is a gift—a gift from God. If you haven't it, nothing else in the world can take its place. If you have it you can afford to dispense with everything else."

"And you condemn those that have not got it?"

"Not at all," was the quick reply. "I only pity them from the bottom of my heart. The distribution of the gift is one of the mysteries that my poor mind can never fathom. I only know that it may often be withheld from the great ones of the world and granted to the poor savage in the wilds of Africa."

"But what good does it do?"

"All of the greatest and most unselfish deeds in this hard world come from faith. It is faith that enables priests and nuns to devote their whole lives to the good of mankind. What they do, they do without money and without price. There is no earthly incentive. They do not work for the applause of men."

"But your people are priest-ridden," he persisted.

"That's the bigot's catch phrase," she replied, "and like most catch phrases, it is meaningless. No one has more personal liberty than members of the Catholic Church. Their only check is their conscience. The Church, in the person of the priest, serves them from the cradle to the grave. It is their guide, their counsellor, their helper, their comforter, their disinterested and ungrateful, and if they fail in the end, it is their own fault."

attempt to answer his glittering generalities. It would be a waste of time as he would do no good."

She pursed her lips in an endeavor to look at him sternly. "Do you mean to say that it would do no good to prove to him that he's in the wrong?"

"That's just what I mean. I've met men of his type before. He's intellectually vain, and if you were to prove that he was wrong, it would humiliate him terribly."

"Then he's a hopeless bigot. Is that what you mean?"

"He's a bigot, but not hopeless. She gave a gesture of impatience. "Dad," she protested, "it's hard to understand you. How can you pretend to respect a man for his bigotry?"

"Because it's honest bigotry," he smiled.

"The fellow has the courage of his convictions. He would be converted more easily than the chap who is indifferent, or the man who says that one religion is as good as another. He's quite different from the professional bigot—that is, the man who uses his bigotry as a means of money-making."

She nodded her pretty head wisely. "I think I see what you mean. It makes me understand why you respect him. But isn't there some way of making him see the truth?"

Higgins smiled at the enthusiasm of the girl.

"There are many ways, but as I've explained to you, controversy is the least desirable. It just has to come to him naturally as the sense of reason comes to a child. This may take a long while, but you know my dear, the longest way round is, after all, the shortest way home."

"Dad," she cried impulsively, "I'm beginning to think you're a wise man."

He patted her on the head again. "Don't talk that way, or you'll spoil me entirely."

Chapman and Agnes met only at rare intervals after that, but on these rare occasions he did not harp on his hobby, and she had nothing to say about religion. But each of them felt keenly interested in the other. Her loyalty to her faith had impressed him and caused him to admire her, but without changing his views of Catholicism. Agnes on her part, studied him carefully and came to feel with her father that, no matter how mistaken he might be, he had the virtue of honesty.

It was three months after the first discussion between Chapman and Agnes that Higgins went on a business trip together. They sat in the smoking car of the express train and discussed a number of subjects in which they were mutually interested.

road official came along at this moment and grabbed him by the arm.

"For God's sake!" he cried, "don't try to go in there. You can't possibly do him any good, and you're risking your own life."

The priest halted for a moment and looked at the other with perfect calmness.

"No earthly good," he said quietly, "but there's something else."

Before any one could interfere, he had gone all the way in and was by the side of the stricken man. Those on the outside witnessed a remarkable transformation. They saw the face of the man who was pinned beneath the weight of the debris. It had been distorted with pain, but the moment Father Fisher took his hand, the poor victim's countenance cleared and assumed an expression of tranquility. They saw the priest reach into his pocket and pull out a stole which he slipped about his neck. He bent his ear toward the victim, and his lips began to move. Everybody realized that the poor man was making his confession.

The moments seemed like minutes to the awe-stricken onlookers. Presently the priest lifted his hand and made the sign of the cross over the prostrate one. All understood now that the last rites of the Church were being administered to the dying man. Instinctively everybody—regardless of religious belief—lifted their hats and stood in reverent silence, until the ceremony was completed. Then, the priest watched the scene with a fascinated expression. The poor fellow lifted his head by a supreme effort and, looking affectionately at the priest, smiled contentedly. The next moment he fell back dead. Father Fisher closed the eyes of the corpse and crossed his arms reverently and then, as only then, began to crawl out from the dangerous position.

Lawrence Higgins had moved closer to the burning car, and his lips were moving in prayer. The aperture through which the priest had entered was framed with flames. Could he get through alive? That was the question in every mind. He did, but his hair and his eyebrows were singed, and he was burned and bruised from the fire and falling timbers. It was Higgins who gave him a helping hand and pulled him to a place of safety. Involuntarily, the crowd burst into applause. But Father Fisher, if he heard, paid no attention to the demonstration.

"Thank God, Larry," he said to his friend, "I got those in time."

"I thought so, Father."

"Yes," he said, simply, "that is one of the most consoling of all the consolations things about the Catholic Church. It not only teaches men how to live but it teaches them how to die."

Before anything more was said a messenger appeared to announce the priest elsewhere. Others needed his attention and ministrations. And for more than an hour he worked with amazing energy, giving spiritual help and consolation while the doctors, who had arrived, were caring for the physical needs of the victims. Wrecking crews came upon the scene, and before noon of that day all signs of the catastrophe had been removed, and the world went about its business as usual.

Three days after the train wreck Chapman called on Higgins at the office and said to him, in his frank outspoken way:

"I'd like to meet Father Fisher. Would you mind taking me around to see him some night?"

"Certainly not," replied the red-haired one, looking at his friend curiously. Chapman caught the look and said with some heat:

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Chapman was surprised how well informed Father Fisher was concerning the affairs of the world. He expected him to be an authority in his sacred calling, but he wondered how he found the time to learn so much about current affairs. He touched on many topics and he illuminated and clarified every subject he discussed. In the midst of their talk there was a call from the little office adjoining the study. The door between the rooms was not entirely closed as the priest went to answer the summons, and Chapman could not help but see and overhear. A young woman in black, with a shawl drawn over her head, was speaking:

"Oh, Father," she said, "they've taken Ann to the Municipal Hospital and I don't know whether she'll ever come back. She cried to see you before she left, but they wouldn't wait."

"What was the trouble?"

"Diphtheria, and in an advanced stage. She may not last until morning, and no priest to console her!"

Father Fisher pulled out his watch and looked at it. "It's past the usual hour," he said, "more to himself than to the woman, but I know they'll let me in."

In five minutes he had excused himself to his callers, put on his hat and coat and left the house. At the door he passed a great bunch of people and he could see that they were waiting to see a woman in the hospital recovered too, so the incident was not depressing by any means.

In the meantime Chapman absent himself from the Higgins' home. Agnes and her father wondered if they had unwittingly offended him. "You haven't quarreled with him about his coming here?" asked Higgins.

"No," replied Agnes, with opened words. "I followed your advice and never touched on the subject—after the first time."

At the end of six months Chapman appeared, bringing a great bunch of letters to Agnes. She was glad to see him—more so than she cared to confess.

"Agnes," he said, and the sound of her Christian name from his lips was very musical indeed, "I've some news which I think will please you."

"What, for instance?"

"I've been received into the Catholic Church."

She grasped both his hands impulsively, her eyes sparkling with joy.

"You've surprised and made me very happy indeed."

"I thought you would, and now I want you to make me very happy."

"How?"

"By becoming my wife. Please say that you will."

He could scarcely hear her reply, but he knew that it was the word he had longed for. Agnes from her dear lips. After some moments she looked up shyly.

"John—what sort of argument ever brought you into the Catholic Church?"

He beamed on her.

"It was an argument at all—although during my period of probation, I've satisfied my reason perfectly—but action. I've watched Father Fisher in his work, day by day, and I am fully convinced that the Church which can produce men of that kind must be a divine institution. And my only wonder now is that I've been blind to the truth so long."—George Barton, in the *Magnificent*.

MOTHERHOOD

No more deserved and touching tribute could be paid to any class of individuals than was paid to the mothers of the nation Sunday, May 12. In their hands is the construction of our civilization. Their strength is the measure of the nation's strength, as their purity and integrity is the measure of the fidelity of the nation to the ideals of morality, justice and right.

Well might the country turn to them and do them honor at all times, but particularly now, when the world is passing through its Gethsemane and the sacrifices and deaths of their children are writ large on the pages of immortal history. To fight and die for one's country has always and in all lands been esteemed an honor. And in this glory the mother naturally shares. For the child is the parent's very own, and the honor that comes to him is reflected likewise on her.

The mother's part in the making of a brave soldier is incalculable. Her courage and fortitude have nerve to the performance of the mightiest deeds. Her example has been a tower of strength to her sons when the heat of battle has brought exhaustion and life seemed not worth the living. The thought of home and mother, of the day when all will be united in the happiness of unending peace now stimulates the soldier at Picardy and Setcheprey, as it did those who

fought and fell at Vimy Ridge or in the valley of the Somme.

Again, on the mother devolves a great work of conservation. By saving food, fuel and all that the Government asks she is building mightily for her son in the trenches. It has been said and truthfully that food and fuel will win the War. And the mothers are saving food and fuel for those sons. They are employing substitutes for coal and food so that their sons in faraway France, fighting for the boon of freedom and the preservation of human rights, may not suffer from the severity of the elements or from lack of invigorating food. Here the mothers are doing a high and noble duty, and with a lightness of heart and nobility of spirit that will become the best traditions of honorable and self-sacrificing motherhood.

On distant battlefields the greatest safeguard to morals, upright religion, and the greatest spur to upright conduct is the very thought of that mother at home, laboring, sacrificing, waiting. All untoward acts are nipped in the bud as the thought of mother and the honor of her family rush into the balance against the desire to do evil. Truly, God has blessed motherhood, and the honor men do to them will be reflected in national vigor and be rewarded by the God of battles.—Boston Pilot.

THE SOLDIERS AT THE ALTAR

TOLD BY LIEUT. MARCEL DUPONT, OF THE FRENCH CHASSEURS

Now one morning after countless ablutions with hot water and a clean shave, I was going, with brilliantly shining boots, down the steep foot-path which led to the little house of our good Monsieur Cheveret, when my attention was drawn to a small, white notice posted on the door of the church. It ran:

"This evening at six o'clock  
Benediction of the Most Holy Sacrament."

It occurred to me at once that this happy idea had been conceived by the chaplain of the ambulance, for until then the church had been kept locked, as the young parish priest had been called up by the mobilization. I made haste to tell our captain and my comrades the good news, and we all determined to be present at the Benediction that evening.

At 5:30 o'clock our ears were delighted by music such as we had not heard before. It was a very soft and sweet music, such as I had never heard in any church before.

At the end of the shady walk I was passing down—whose trees formed a rustling wall on either side—appeared the little church, with its slender steeple. It stood out in clear relief, a dark blue, almost black, against the pale sky.

But as soon as I got closer to them I found myself mistaken. It was not aged and blind women who were hurrying to the church door, but a group of silent artillerymen wrapped in their large blue caped cloaks. The bells shook out their solemn notes, and seemed to be calling them to come, to go, and should have been glad if their voices had been heard. For I was afraid the darkness of the nave, and their bodies alone emerged from the gloom. By the effect was grand enough to fascinate the most skeptical of painters; it soothed and charmed one and wiped out all the miseries that the War had left in its wake.

Men like these were ready for anything; and I myself should have liked to see a Monsieur Homais hidden away in some corner of the church.

Meanwhile the sacred office was proceeding at the altar. It was like the light of the soldier-priest served by choristers of thirty-five in uniform; at the ceremony it was inexpressibly touching and attractive, and it was especially delightful to see how carefully and with what reverence their functions that the ceremony might not lack its accustomed pomp.

When the singing had ceased the chaplain went up to the holy table. In a voice full of feeling he tried to express his gratitude and happiness to all those brave fellows. I should not imagine him to be a brilliant speaker at the best of times, but on that occasion the worthy man was completely unintelligible. His happiness was choking him. He tried in vain to find the words he wanted, used the wrong ones, and only confused himself trying to get them right. But nobody had the least desire to laugh when, to conclude his address, he said with a sigh of relief:

the whole congregation of soldiers. And yet no discipline was enforced; there was no superior present to impose a show of devotion. Left to themselves, they all understood what they had to do. They crowded together, waiting in silence and without any impatience for the ceremony to begin.

Suddenly a white figure came towards me through the crowded ranks of soldiers. He extended his arms in token of welcome, and I at once recognized the chaplain in his surprise. His face was beaming with pleasure, and his eyes shone behind his spectacles. He appeared to be supremely happy.

"This way, Monsieur l'Officier, this way. I have thought of everything. You must have the seat of honor. Follow me."

I followed the holy man, who allowed a way for me up the crowded aisle. He had reserved all the choir stalls for the officers. Before the War they had been occupied, at High Mass by the clergy, the choir, and the principal members of the congregation. He proudly showed me into the honor of his family, rather embarrassed at finding myself suddenly in a blaze of light, between an artillery lieutenant and a surgeon-major.

The low vestry door now opened and a very unexpected procession appeared. In front of us a bearded priest walked four artillery men in uniform. One of them carried a censer, and another the incense box. The other two walked in front of them, arms crossed and eyes front.

The whole procession knelt before the altar with perfect precision, and I saw beneath the priest's vestments the muddy garters of the same kind as those worn by the gunners.

At the same time we heard, quite close to us, strains of music which seemed to us celestial. In the dim light I had noticed the harmonium, but now I could distinguish with a little more exactness the various parts by his skill in drawing sweet sounds from a poor worn instrument. At once all eyes were turned toward him; we were all enraptured. None of us dared to hope that we should lift our voices.

The organist seemed unconscious of his surroundings. The candle placed near the keyboard cast a strange light upon the most expressive of heads. Against the dark background of the church the striking light of a noble face was thrown into strong relief: a forehead broad and rufous, an aristocratic nose, a fair moustache turned up at the ends, and, notably, two fine blue eyes, which, without a glance at the fingers on the keys, were fixed on the vaulted ceiling as though seeking inspiration there.

The chaplain turning to the congregation, then said: "My friends, we will all join in singing the 'O Salutaris.'"

The harmonium gave the first three bars, and then the organist, the dreadful discord expected from this crowd of soldiers—mostly reservists—who, I suppose had come together that evening mainly out of curiosity.

Judge of my astonishment! At first came a few timid voices joined in the "Agnus Dei." Then, one by one or so a marvel happened. From these chests came a volume of sound such as I could hardly have believed possible. Who will say then that our dear France has lost her faith?

What is the purpose of these contesting religious wars? The business of the man who invisible in the darkness of the nave, and their bodies alone emerged from the gloom. By the effect was grand enough to fascinate the most skeptical of painters; it soothed and charmed one and wiped out all the miseries that the War had left in its wake.

Men like these were ready for anything; and I myself should have liked to see a Monsieur Homais hidden away in some corner of the church.

Meanwhile the sacred office was proceeding at the altar. It was like the light of the soldier-priest served by choristers of thirty-five in uniform; at the ceremony it was inexpressibly touching and attractive, and it was especially delightful to see how carefully and with what reverence their functions that the ceremony might not lack its accustomed pomp.

When the singing had ceased the chaplain went up to the holy table. In a voice full of feeling he tried to express his gratitude and happiness to all those brave fellows. I should not imagine him to be a brilliant speaker at the best of times, but on that occasion the worthy man was completely unintelligible. His happiness was choking him. He tried in vain to find the words he wanted, used the wrong ones, and only confused himself trying to get them right. But nobody had the least desire to laugh when, to conclude his address, he said with a sigh of relief:

"And now we will tell twenty beads of the rosary; ten for the success of our arms, and the other ten in memory of soldiers who have died on the field of honor. . . . Hall! Hall, full of grace. . . . I looked around the church once more, and everyone's lips were moving silently accompanying the priest's words. Opposite us I saw the artillery captain take a rosary out of his pocket and tell the beads with dreary eyes; and when the chaplain came to the sentence, 'Holy Mary, Mother of God . . .' hundreds of voices burst forth, deep and manly voices, full of fervor which seemed to proclaim their faith in Him Who was present before them on the altar, and also to promise self-sacrifice and devotion to that other sacred thing, their country."

Then after the Tantum Ergo had been sung with vigor, the priest held out his hand, and I saw that those soldiers with one accord laid down on the stone floor and bowed their heads. The silence was impressive; not a word, not a cough, and not a chair moved. I had never seen such devotion in any church. Some spiritual power was brooding over the assemblage and bowing all those heads in token of submission and hope. Good, brave soldiers of France, how we love and honor you at such moments, and what confidence your chiefs must feel when they lead such men to battle!

Another Drive on the Pope

One of the distressing by-products of the War has been a violent outbreak of anti-clerical, sectarian and Protestant hatred against the Pope. Wild talk has been revived concerning the temporal power, although the last vestige of that power, in its grave these many decades, is being kept in being by the Vatican and its priests. The Italian Government, which has most concerned, so far from asserting the odious charge, went out of its way to pay a high compliment to the loyalty of the Italian clergy and hierarchy.

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tion about the Pope's attitude towards Belgium is equally at variance with the facts. The kingdom of Belgium, the Belgian Government and Cardinal Mercier have all officially expressed to the Vatican their intense gratitude for the Pope's attitude towards Belgium. If these three unimpeachable and competent witnesses are satisfied, what show of justice has the complaint of the Wall Street Journal?

Furthermore, only crass, inexcusable ignorance or deliberate suppression of facts can explain the echo of the false reports to the effect that the resistance to conscription in Ireland is the result of Papal pressure. Before the Wall Street Journal made its calumnious insinuations there had appeared in the New York Times, and every well-informed person was aware of it, this deliberate denial from Cardinal Logue:

"I don't suppose you yourself need telling, but if you think anything can be done, tell me, and I'll do it. It is nonsense. The Irish Bishops have received no instructions and no suggestions from the Vatican, about their attitude toward conscription. If they had, it is surely myself who would know, and I don't know anything of the kind. But everybody knows that the Catholic Church has sons on both sides in this horrible War, and everybody ought to know that so far as the Vatican is concerned, it has been neutral throughout. The Vatican has not been disapproved."

Why did the Wall Street Journal ignore this statement?

The Italian columny, which the same editorial repeats, was challenged by the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster as soon as it appeared in the London Morning Post, and its author, so far from substantiating, failed to produce proof and was compelled to lapse into inglorious silence. Cardinal Gasparri at once contradicted it and characterized it as an atrocious calumny; his statement has not been disproved. The Italian Government, which has most concerned, so far from asserting the odious charge, went out of its way to pay a high compliment to the loyalty of the Italian clergy and hierarchy.

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greater inspiration than the epic of her martial story. She teaches that the battle is to the clean and the pure, that the pure are the strong, that victory cannot be won without suffering, that those who would be faithful to duty, to country and to God must, by some mysterious decree, be purified by suffering, and tried as by fire. Joan the Warrior Maid, passed through the fiery furnace of tribulation after she had felt the thrill of victory. She was as dauntless in her awful agony as she was restless on the field of glory where her banner had gleamed in the forefront of the fray. Yet we love her more amid the billowing flames of Rouen than in the midst of the coronation glorious and the jubilant anthems of Reims.

While her countrymen were singing her praises at Orleans a few days ago, the children of New York were crowning her statue on Riverside Drive with flowers. They were laying the homage of the great Republic of the West at her feet. For the Maid of Domremy, they know, represents the ideals for which their fathers and their brothers are now fighting with her countrymen. As they looked up to the Virgin of Arc, sturdily yet gracefully poised on her charger, her sword drawn in her superb gesture of leadership and command, their hearts prayed that she might go with those they love to fight for them for the liberty of the world. From her pedestal the Maid sees a ceaseless tide of humanity passing at her feet. Before her stretches the fair river whose waters, as they broaden into the ocean, bear the ships that are carrying the soldiers of the New World to help in the redemption of the Old. As with the passing throng, we see the image of the Blessed Maid poised there, harnessed for the battle task, we dream at times that horse and warrior have sprung to life again, leaped from the pedestal and are riding through the fields of France in the vanguard of the fight for justice and freedom. It is not all a dream, for we know that the spirit and the soul of the Maid are with us in the fight. If the soldiers of America have her faith, her purity, her unwavering loyalty to country and to God, they will surely conquer.—America.

**CLEMENCEAU UNBENDS**

**BECOMES VERY FRIENDLY WITH THE "WHITE BISHOP" FROM AFRICA**

Paris, May 2.—A remarkable entente has been established in France between Mons. Clemenceau, the "Tiger," who was once such a virulent persecutor of the Church, and a representative of that Church. Clemenceau is anxious to assist the native troops employed by the French who have responded so magnificently to the call of the country of their adoption. He finds that they labor under many disadvantages, cannot communicate with their families and have many special wants of their own which, owing to their slight acquaintance with the French language it is impossible for them to make known.

Hearing that one of the White Fathers, a Bishop of the Sudan, was in Paris, the president of the council sent for him and asked his advice and help for the black troops. Mgr. Lemaitre and the "Tiger" were mutually delighted with each other. Clemenceau listened with tears in his eyes to the Bishop's tales of the generosity of these "savages," who refused money for their sons' services when the War called them to France's aid. He rushed from the interview direct to the president of the republic, and as a result the Bishop of Sittif is commissioned by the French government to visit all the native camps in France and Africa and ascertain the reforms needed to aid the morale of the soldiers and reward their fidelity.

The Bishop is at present at Ferjus, where he journeyed daily in the general's auto to the various camps in the vicinity of the Cote d'Azur. There the "White Bishop," as he is called by reason of his garb, converses with the men in their own language, pagan as well as Christian. Already these visits have resulted in several reforms, for Mons. Clemenceau is no stickler. The natives are now allowed to discard their boots, which irritate them in hours of leisure, and to dance occasionally the "bamboula," which delights them greatly.

**THE SACRED HEART**

Golden June is again upon us and with it the tender devotion to the Sacred Heart. It is a time when the whole world is plunged in the madness of racial hatred, when the nights are lit by the flare of battle and the days are gloomed by its smoke, how consoling it is to turn to our Lord and lay our bewildered head upon His breast. How many a mother's heart is aching to-day for the son that was torn from her bosom: how many a soldier's heart "over there" is actually bleeding in the cause of Freedom or figuratively bleeding for the home he has left! These are truly days of fell affliction; the voracious maw of Moloch is still demanding his red victims with insatiate cruelty.

What a relief to turn in those turbulent times to the Sacred Heart of Jesus! He knows the miseries of human life, for He has experienced them. He understands the heart of

Heart suffered beyond the sufferings of any of His children; even before it was pierced by the spear, it had been rent by anguish. That Sacred Heart, symbolizing the love of God for us, tells us again and again of the outrages heaped upon it by the guilty hands of men.

And it should be remembered that in that Sacred Heart of Christ the eternal love of God throbbeth with infinite tenderness. The love that runs so sweetly through all the years of His sorrowful life and that finally brought Him to the gibbet of Calvary was imprisoned, as it were, in that Sacred Heart, to overflow in mercies on us. The love of God is there—that is enough. The sad heart of humanity can turn to Him to-day and find rest from turmoil and solace for affliction.—Catholic Union and Times.

**CHURCH SHOWING IN THE WAR**

One must accept with great reserve many of the statements on all manner of subjects made in the newspapers nowadays. Not long ago a brief report of an address by Secretary of the Navy Daniels appeared in the daily press throughout the country. Here is what Mr. Daniels was represented as having said:

"God bless the Methodist Church. I will say here, not to the discredit of any other church, the Methodists have sent more men into the army, more nurses to the front and more prayers ascend to heaven from its worshippers than any other."

We do not desire to minimize the part our Methodist friends are taking as sturdy Americans in our country's fight today. We believe that, as the most numerous body among the Protestant Churches, Methodists are very largely represented among Uncle Sam's soldiers and sailors. But we do not believe the Methodists under arms outnumber the Catholics, and we confess we were surprised to read that Secretary Daniels said they do. But investigation shows that Mr. Daniels said nothing of the kind. In a letter to one who inquired as to the basis for the statement attributed to him, and which letter we find published in Our Sunday Visitor, the Secretary of the Navy says:

"I have received your letter of April 8, and in reply I am writing to you that I make no statement whatever on my own authority with regard to the part which the Methodists had taken in the War. I merely quoted from Lincoln, who made the following statement to a committee of the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church in 1864, with reference to the part which the Methodists had taken in the Civil War. President Lincoln's words were as follows:

"Noblely sustained as the government has been by all Churches, I would utter nothing which might in the least appear invidious against any. Yet, without this, it may fairly be said that the Methodist Episcopal Church, not less devoted than the best, is by its greater numbers the most important of all. It is no fault in others that the Methodist Church sends more soldiers to the field, more nurses to the hospitals, and more prayers to heaven than any other. Bless the Methodist Church. God bless all the churches, and blessed be God, Who in this our great trial giveth us the Churches."

"I am sorry that the newspaper reports made it appear that I had made this statement on my own authority with reference to the present war, which, of course, I did not do."

At the time of the Civil War Methodists were more numerous in our country than Catholics, and it was only natural that they should have a larger representation in the army. But now there are more Catholics here than Methodists, and no one says American Catholics are holding back when the nation calls. Naturally, then, we expect to find more Catholics than Methodists in our fighting forces. But Methodists or Catholics or Baptists or Presbyterians, we're all one as thorough Americans, and when any of us raises the question as to which Church is most largely represented in our army and navy we do so in a friendly spirit. We Catholics are glad to accept Lincoln's tribute to the Civil War Methodists, and we feel sure our Methodist friends will recognize the fact that the Catholic Church is more numerously represented than any other Church now in our armed forces.—N. Y. News.

**MOTHERS TO MOTHERS**

**TOUCHING LETTER SENT BY MME. JOFFRE AND MME. POINCARÉ**

A tribute from the mothers of France to mothers of the United States—and especially those whose sons are fighting alongside the French and British armies overseas and with the allied naval forces—has been received from Mme. Joffre, wife of the famous commander, and Mme. Poincaré, wife of the president of France, by Miss Anna Jarvis, founder of Mother's Day, which was celebrated May 12.

"Our hearts are with yours, American mothers, in this day set apart to consecrate motherly love and this sweet name of 'Mother,'" says Mme. Joffre's letter, which also assures the mothers of this country that "our maternal hearts beat in unison with yours notwithstanding the distance."

The letter from Mme. Poincaré

**MOTHERS TO MOTHERS**

At the moment when the United States, true to their very touching custom, are about to celebrate Mother's day, allow me to say, in the name of the three societies of the French Red Cross, how earnestly we wish to share in this demonstration of gratitude toward the valiant mothers who have reared the children of noble America, and how deeply our sentiments are in unison with theirs on this holy occasion. From the very beginning of the War the American mothers with tender care sent us our own sons in that country. Then they themselves came among us and enlisted, and now they see their husbands, brothers and sons cross the ocean to France in order to fight under the Star-Spangled Banner. In spite of distance, French women will henceforth feel that they are near to American women. For both are closely united in the same duties and the same patriotic aspiration."

Father Hayes spoke as follows: "What means this wondrous outburst of enthusiasm, these countless throngs, these martial strains, these men in khaki, blue and white? What means these gorgeous vestments, this fragrant incense, these solemn tones of priest and people? Ah, you know its meaning well. It is the grateful outburst of a loving mother's heart for her loyal children; it is the priceless tribute of a mighty country to those who in the day of trial stood by her valiantly, and cheerfully poured forth for her the last measure of their heart's devotion."

**FORTY THOUSAND AT MILITARY MASS**

**MOST IMPRESSIVE SPECTACLE WITNESSED OUT-OF-DOORS IN NEW ENGLAND**

The celebration of the Solemn High Military Mass in the Fenway Park, Boston, at which His Eminence, Cardinal O'Connell, presided, was a veritable storming of the Gates of Heaven in propitiation for the souls of the brave soldiers and sailors who have offered the supreme sacrifice on the altar of their country.

It was the most sublimely inspiring spectacle of any sort that has ever been witnessed out of doors in New England.

About all that finite man could do to add impressiveness to the solemn majesty of the sacred ceremony was done.

Humanity assembled in numbers aggregating nearly forty thousand in this vast amphitheatre, about every seat of which in the boxes and on the stands was occupied, while those who comprised the significant military procession were grouped by scores of platoons forming a tremendous hollow square in which the beautiful altar was the central point.

A sea of faces greeted one in whatever direction one might look.

Then art and nature were in evident competition to fascinate the senses and take the minds of the thousands present from earthly things to those of the spiritual realm. The presence of God, the great Creator of all things beautiful, was almost felt so potent was His handiwork of light, color, movement, sound, the spoken word of the preacher, and above all and beyond all by the mystery of the unbloody sacrifice of Calvary.

One might sing out of the fulness of the heart, as this most awe inspiring ceremonial advanced from its "Introito ad altare Dei" to the "Ite Missa Est," that the Heavens were telling of the glory of God and of His infinite love and mercy.

The senses were enraptured at the awful minute of the consecration, when the coming of the Son of Man was announced by the three sharp reports of the rifles of the firing squad and by the wonderful harmonies of the bugler as he sounded "taps," which echoed and reechoed in its sad consoling sweetness, its message of the life eternal beyond the grave.

"Kyrie Eleison," "Credo," "Gloria" and "Sanctus" were lost in the all consuming act of the consecration and Communion; the mystery of the Advent, "the moving of the water," in supplication, in propitiation with the certainty of the knowledge of the efficacy of this Holy Sacrifice of the Mass for the intention for which it was offered to the Most High God, with such a wealth of beauty of environment, such a sublimity of sweet harmonies of hymns of praise and prayer by vestal choir, such an assemblage of Church and State dignitaries and such a multitude of souls of every race and color and sex, all in sympathetic union with the thought and spirit of the celebrant of the Mass.

Sense was lost in mystery and from countless lips came the supplication: "O Lord Have Mercy on the Souls of the Brave Soldiers and Sailors who Have Lost Their Lives in This War; may perpetual light shine upon them" and "grant peace and consolation to their sorely bereaved relatives and friends."

The whole spirit and intention of the wonderful ceremony which so many were privileged to witness and to participate in were beautifully epitomized by His Eminence, when at the close of the Mass with his hands uplifted to Heaven he invoked God and making the sign of the cross in Papal Benediction, used these words:

"May the holy sacrifice of the Mass offered up here today for the glory of God bring to the souls of those who have died for their country, rest in God and eternal peace, and may it enlarge in the hearts of everyone throughout the nation, the love, the sanctified love of God and country. May the blessing of God the Father, Son and Holy Ghost rest upon us all and abide with us forever."

**CHAMPIONS OF LIBERTY**

"It is a nation's grateful remembrance of those men and women, through whose heroic sacrifices she stands today the peerless queen of nations, the admiration of the world. Hail, glorious champions of liberty and independence! Hail mighty heroes, defenders of our nation and our flag! We salute you today; and though your bodies are sleeping in death, we pray the great God of Nations to take your generous souls to His bosom, to grant you the wreath of unfading glory, the emblem of which we place upon your graves."

"Well indeed it is for us to gather here and learn the lesson which these heroic souls have taught, and still are teaching from out their silent graves. And what is that lesson? It is a lesson of obedience, a lesson of generosity, a lesson of sacrifice, a lesson of true patriotism. Patriotism! Oh, beautiful virtue which welds the minds, the hearts, the hopes, the lives of countless millions into pure love for their country. Make no mistake; patriotism is not an ephemeral outburst of enthusiasm, nor does it consist in waving flags or impassioned speech. It is a virtue, as truly a virtue as is the love of God, Our Father in Heaven. And hence, like every other virtue, it cannot be acquired in a day or a week; it must be the result of repeated acts of devotion to country, which in the aggregate are called patriotism."

**FOUNDATION OF PATRIOTISM**

"The very foundation of true patriotism is submission to lawfully constituted authority. There can be no peace, no security in the land where there is no reverence for those who rule the nation. In our own glorious Republic we have it in our power to place at the helm of our ship of state the man whom we deem best fitted for that exalted position, and once he has taken his stand at the helm it is our sacred duty before God to submit to his authority and to obey his commands. 'Let every soul be subject to higher powers; for there is no power but from God,' says the illustrious Apostle of the Gentiles. The man who rules citizenship is based upon beauty and conscience, the man who does right because it is right; who respects authority, not through servile fear or punishment, but through a sense of duty, stands upon a firm foundation and has a rule of civil conduct which makes him a true patriot."

"There are times, it is true, when our loyalty to our flag is put to the test, when our vision is obscured by the mist which our enemies cast about us, and we are tempted to deny to our rulers the confidence which is their due. But in such trying times it is well for us to remember that the voice of Congress and of the President is for us the voice of God, and though we do not understand the motive underlying their several enactments let us not forget that their horizon is all the more expansive by reason of their exalted position. Our own divine master has given us a blinding example of this virtue, ever insisting that we should render to Caesar the things that are Caesar's and to God the things that are God's. Therefore, let us learn that lesson of obedience which these heroic souls are teaching from their graves, let us stand by our President and our Congress and give to them our whole-hearted, undivided support."

"This is not the time for bitter criticism, party strife or personal interests. The crisis demands the union of head and heart and hand of every citizen in support of him upon whose shoulders rests the heaviest burden that human shoulders ever bore."

"The man who loves his country is ever ready to give of his best to his nation and his flag, and to give it with wholehearted generosity. Selfishness can find no lodgment in the heart of a true patriot. His country has been a tender, generous mother to him, she has granted him liberty and opportunity unequalled in any other clime, and to protect that liberty, he is ready to make any sacrifice. He would be indeed an unnatural child were he to turn his back upon her when she sought his assistance."

**LOVE OF COUNTRY**

"Oh, Christian men and women, fellow citizens of this great nation, let us all learn this grand lesson of generosity from the heroes whose memory we are celebrating to-day. And you civilians, look out over this vast assembly of men in uniform and learn the lesson which they too are teaching. They have left home and friends, generously sacrificing the comfort of life and at the first call of their country came forth and offered to her their talent, their energy, yes, their very heart's blood, in her defence."

"Love of country prompts the true patriot to deeds of noble sacrifice. It breaks forth into acts of the most sublime heroism. In a time of national crisis, such as the present, it becomes a ruling passion. It halts at no obstacle, brooks no opposition. It is stronger than death. It imparts to the patriot's soul a courage and virility which causes him to rise supreme and triumphant over every hardship and danger. Recall the matchless bravery of the 300 Spartan soldiers who defended with their lives the narrow pass of Thermopylae. With a part of his sword one of them wrote on the face of the rock, 'Ye that pass by, go and tell Sparta that we died for her sake.' Think you, in this day of test, this hour of sacrifice our nation shall fail? Think you the flames of devotion and loyalty burn lower in our breasts than in those of other lands? Let history give the answer."

HISTORY WILL ANSWER

"Summon the spirits of those who have gone before us, who bled for hearth and home. Do they not give the lie to such base suspicion? Our land has ever been the home of patriotism. Our past triumphs are glorious to recall. Please God, the inspiration of to-day's grand spectacle shall not be lost on us. Please God, the red blood of true patriotism, of obedience, generosity and willing sacrifices courses strongly as ever through our veins. Ye that pass by, go tell the world, we cherish our country, we love our flag. On land and sea we are ready to defend it with our heart's best blood. America is ready, her great and her lowly, her soldiers and her sailors at home and abroad, one and all, we stand united, undivided with brain and brawn to strive and struggle till victory crowns our arms."

"Eternal God of Heaven, look down with favor upon our nation. Grant courage to our hearts and strength to our arms."

**CORPUS CHRISTI**

**THE LITTLE FLOWER STREWERS**

Dear children, kiss your flowers, and fling them at His feet; He comes, the Lord of flowers, of all things fair and sweet. His glory all is hidden, but who He is you know; Then throw your flowers before Him, and kiss them as you throw.

Yet envy not the flowers that die so sweet a death— One heart's fond sigh is sweeter than a score's perfumed breath. More sweet than sweetest incense the tears of love that flow, The thrill of faith that mingles with every flower you throw.

Yes, let your flowers be emblems of holy thoughts and prayers That from your hearts are springing—for hearts alone He cares. Oh! may your hearts before Him with loving worship glow, While thus you throw your flowers and kiss them as you throw. Ah! soon the rose leaves wither—we, too, like flowers must die, But in the heavenly springtime shall bloom again on high.

That God unveiled beholding whom "neath these veils we know, And as we set feet, dear children, our flowers, our hearts, we throw.

—Intermountain Catholic

**THE CATHOLIC WAY**

Decoration Day is not a day of special religious observance. With the Catholic the true memorial day of the dead is All Souls' Day. But there is a reason why this holiday which has been set apart in order to do honor to those who fought for their country should not be sanctified and made a Catholic day as much as possible.

Remembrance of the dead is one of our most sacred duties. By justice and by charity we owe them much. How is this obligation fulfilled? The Catholic knows how to answer that question. All he has to do is think of the Church's manner of remembering the dead. She does not adorn her altars with flowers, she does not indulge in panegyrics, she does not build lifeless monuments on which to inscribe the names of the dead. Instead she resorts to prayer. Hers is a love of pity. She knows that nothing defiled can enter Heaven, that the soul must be purified wholly before coming into the presence of God. Thus she is always praying for the souls in Purgatory, and urging us to do likewise.

Hence the Catholic knows very well just what memorials he must pay to his dead. That knowledge is a very part of him; he has been familiar with it from childhood. He cannot excuse himself if he fails to do his duty. He cannot point to the manner in which those outside the Church remember their dead, imitate them, and then declare that he has done his duty to the souls. Outside the Church there are no prayers for the dead. The doctrine of the existence in Purgatory has been denied. When men die nice things are said of them, flowers are placed upon their graves, and then they are forgotten as far as any real help to them is concerned. Such memorials are memorials of the dead body. They do not help the soul.

It would be a pity if any Catholic should confine his remembrance of the dead to this pagan system. Yet there are all too many Catholics who in the matter of death act like pagans. They are careful to have the finest possible funeral for their loved ones; they erect the finest monument they can afford; they do not let a Decoration Day go by without a visit to the cemetery to place flowers on the grave; and after they have done all

that they act as if there was nothing else to be done for the dead. If they had the real Catholic spirit, they would know that these external observances are of no avail to the dead whom they still really love. One little Hail Mary would be a greater act of love than the building of the most costly monument.

The true way then for the Catholic to keep Memorial Day is to make it a day of prayer. Put bouquets on the grave if you will, but put a spiritual bouquet with them. Have Masses said for the dead, pray for them, go to Holy Communion for them. This year the Feast of Corpus Christi falls on the same date as Memorial Day. The blessed Sacrament is God's greatest memorial to us. What better way to keep the day, sanctifying the Feast and at the same time helping the dead, than by receiving Holy Communion, for the poor souls?—Boston Pilot.

**REASONS WHY PRIEST SWAYS HEARTS AND MINDS OF ALL**

Father Martindale contributes an interesting paper to the London Tablet in which he reviews the chief means through which the influence of the Catholic Church is brought to bear on non-Catholics at the front. He suggests that the War, plunging down to the elemental passions of manhood, also leaves exposed the more emotional part of the soul and disposes men to receive new influences. In this way a religious faith will be able to penetrate into the depths of a heart that at ordinary times it could never have touched.

The influences that may have such effects are chiefly the following: First, on the Western Front the men are in contact with a Catholic people and Catholic habits and practices are revealed to them in a new light. The wayside shrines, the crucifixes, are for the first time intelligible to men to whom their message is under the circumstances singularly direct. Secondly they become familiar with our devotions. Masses and prayers for the dead become significant for them, and the doctrine of Purgatory becomes an obvious truth. The teaching of a Church which holds that the comrades whom they loved are not only in Purgatory, but there may be actually helped by their friends on earth, appeals strongly to non-Catholic soldiers. Thirdly, with extraordinary eagerness non-Catholics ask for medals and pictures of the Sacred Heart and of our Lady. Many, too, have insisted on having with them Catholic men and officers merely because they are Catholics. Fourthly, the example of our chaplains appeals to the men in favor of the Catholic religion.

The man who is free from the ties of wife and children is far more often in the fore front of danger. In ninety nine cases out of every hundred when a chaplain is found in the front line he is a Roman Catholic padre. One has only to go through a hospital among the returned men to ascertain their view on this point. Other chaplains find themselves reduced to the role of good-fellowship, presiding at canteens, distributing cigarettes, writing letters, organizing concerts; in a word, they cheer the living but are able to do little for the dying.

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these fine qualities to adorn your own life.—Rev. Joseph Farrell.

**THE CATHOLIC CHURCH EXTENSION SOCIETY OF CANADA**

**SELFISH CATHOLICITY**

We have placed these two words "Selfish Catholicity" side by side so that their relation to each other may be realized more clearly. Our intention is not at all to make you think that there is a species of Catholicity named selfish, but, rather to emphasize the fact, that CATHOLICITY and SELFISHNESS are contradictory terms.

Selfishness is a vice against which Catholicity strives. Catholicity tries to destroy it with the arm of charity. Very often success crowns the effort. But from very many Catholics the virtues, unselfishness and self-denial, receive little attention and cultivation.

Consider the attitude of the everyday Catholic. How many of them think, besides going to Mass and their "Duty" and giving to the support of the parish in proportion to their fellowmen, that they have other very serious obligations to meet in their religious life? Very few, in our opinion.

In return for the support they give to religion they expect a comfortable church and good service. Their aim seems to be to get something necessary for life and Eternity and to give nothing except a little money, the amount of which will depend largely on the value they place upon what they consider they get.

The idea far too prevalent is, that the church is a place for services of various kinds, long and short. You go there for Mass, for the Sacraments, etc., but that you go there as to a power-house where you are to be electrified to do good to someone else besides yourself is entirely forgotten by the majority. Just on this point we think Catholicity must insist and reconstruct the mentality of many of its children.

Our Catholic people, religiously minded as they are, must be brought to a realization of the Great Truth that they are not mere receptacles into which so much grace is to be poured in order that they be saved. It must be brought home to them that they are rather channels through which the Grace of God flows purifying and is brought to bear upon the lives of others.

Catholicity and "going to Church" are not synonymous terms. The test of a man's Catholicity must be, not how many times he goes to Church for his own good, but how much his "going to Church" makes him do for the Kingdom of God upon Earth.

To sum up, a good Catholic is not one who merely goes to Mass, receives the Sacraments and gives generously on Sunday, but one whose Catholicity is a blessing to others, and whose life is, in so far as he can make it, an imitation of Jesus Christ Who went about doing good.

Donations may be addressed to:  
REV. T. O'DONNELL, President,  
Catholic Church Extension Society,  
67 Bond St., Toronto.

Contributions through this office should be addressed to:  
CATHOLIC RECORD OFFICE,  
London, Ont.

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FIVE MINUTE SERMON

REV. P. P. HICKET, O. S. B. THIRD SUNDAY AFTER PENTECOST

HOLY MASS "In every place there is sacrifice, and there is offered to My Name a clean oblation." (Mal. 1, 11)

The Holy Eucharist is not only a Sacrament, but also a Sacrifice. And we are bound to believe that the Sacrifice of the New Law is the Holy Mass, which is the Sacrifice of the Body and Blood of Jesus Christ, really present on the Altar, under the appearances of bread and wine, and offered to God for the living and the dead.

This is the incomparable Sacrifice—God offering himself to God. Its value, then, is supreme. "If all the prayers and worship of men and angels, and even Mary's devotion, were offered in one act of praise and adoration, they would not even approach in efficacy the infinite worth of a single Mass. God alone is worthy of God."

And this Holy Mass is given to the Church; priests are ordained to offer it, sinners are welcome to it, and we are compelled to attend, that we may give glory to God and save our souls. We are bound to hear and attend Mass to show we are God's creatures. For the Mass is not a prayer, a devotion merely, but it is a Sacrifice, and "a Sacrifice is the offering of a Victim by a priest to God alone, in testimony of His being the sovereign Lord of all things."

To neglect this Sacrifice is withdrawing our allegiance from the Almighty God; is disrupting His sovereignty; is setting ourselves up as self-existing, self-sufficient—is a denial that we are God's creatures.

Moreover, the Holy Mass is one and the same Sacrifice with that of the cross, inasmuch as Christ, Who offered Himself a bleeding Victim on the cross, continues to offer Himself in an unbloody manner on the altar, through the ministrations of His priests. "Therefore we are bound to hear Mass to acknowledge our Redeemer and to obey his words, 'Do this in commemoration of Me.' (Luke xxii, 19). We are bound to hear Mass, that the Redemption may be applied to our souls. Repeated falls into sin necessitate repeated forgiveness. Christ died once, but continues to offer Himself on the altar. And His complaint to so many is: 'You will not come to Me, that you may have life.' (John v, 40). It is as great a sin to neglect a Mass of Obligation as it was for the Jews to deride the Crucified Saviour. By staying away and despising Holy Mass, Catholics, who know what it is, willfully deny their Redeemer. 'I have spread forth My hands all the day to an unbelieving people, who walk in a way that is not good, after their own thoughts: a people who continually provoke Me to anger before My face.' (Isaiah lxxv, 2, 3).

Thirdly, we are bound to come to Mass for our own souls' sake, to obtain God's mercy and forgiveness. Mass is offered up for our "innumerable sins, and offences, and negligences." To despise the Mass is to reject the means for these sins and shortcomings to be forgiven.

Thus, then, it is imperative on all Catholics, who are not lawfully prevented, to hear Mass on Sundays and festivals of Obligation to show that they are God's creatures, to acknowledge the Redemption of Jesus Christ, to obtain God's mercy and forgiveness. Thus far duty and the law. But oh! my brethren, do we require to be driven to Holy Mass? Are we denying its efficacy? Have we given ear to those who blaspheme it? Oh no! To a good Catholic, Mass is the joy and glory of his life. "It is the last invention of the Creator's love which converts our fallen world into a true paradise." It would require a Chrysostom or a St. Bernard to tell you of the joys, the fervour, the enthusiasm, that devotion to Holy Mass can kindle in the hearts of men. It will be a wonder—an incomprehensible wonder—for all eternity to the saints of God how men could be found who were not anxious to attend Holy Mass! Yes, it is a mystery even to the evil spirits how men, Catholics, knowing what the Holy Mass is, could neglect and despise it.

Let us ask God to illuminate our souls to understand and appreciate the Holy Sacrifice, for the best of us think little of it, to what we should. For it is the Sacrifice in which we poor sinners, through Jesus Christ our Lord, can approach the Almighty, Sovereign Lord of all things, not with empty hands, but with that which can pay Him all, and which is the full price of all that we need and pray for. Jesus Christ gives Himself to us and for us in the Mass. United to Him, we pay the Almighty honour, and glory, and obedience. We render Him thanks—full and complete thanks—for all His mercies and graces. The Father looks down upon us, and is pleased that He has created us and that His Son redeemed us.

And then, in the Mass, we do not supplicate, as beggars and outcasts, for what we need. We can pay for all we need. We have the priceless treasure of the Blood of Jesus Christ. That Blood was shed for the remission of sin, and that is our first petition—forgiveness. We ask for the remission of sin and of the punishment due to our sins, and that same relief for the souls in Purgatory.

Then we ask for the graces and favours we need, and which our parents, children, or friends for whom we pray, may need. And the price is there upon the Altar! The

price for a thousand worlds' Redemption and all the graces they could want. We obtain little because we ask for little. "Ask and you shall receive, that your joy may be full." (John xvi, 24).

We cannot always kneel around the Altar, safe near our Lord. We have to go forth and battle with the world, and work for our living, and be distracted, and worried, and annoyed, and tempted. Before you go, get strength from the Holy Mass. The Holy Eucharist is the food and life of our souls. So Sunday's Mass is the time to obtain the graces that we need to battle through the coming week. See where you have previously failed, ask specially for the grace and strength you require. Pray for a good will to put Jesus and His interests first and foremost, for loyalty, fidelity, loving acceptance of the Holy Will of God, for perseverance and a holy death.

To believe in the Mass, to hear it as often as may be, this is a Catholic's privilege and joy. It is our strength and our glory. By the Mass we can honor God, glorify our Redeemer, receive a pledge of the forgiveness of our sins, and be enriched with all the graces and blessings to guard us and guide us safe. "The mercies of the Lord... are new every morning; great is Thy faithfulness." (Lam. iii, 22, 23).

PATRIOTISM OF CATHOLICS

The present terrible conflict has brought to the fore the patriotism of Catholics throughout the world. In the past when peace blessed the nations, there was little opportunity to gauge the patriotism of any particular religious body. There were words of protestation on the part of many that they alone stood undiminished by the nation. There were also accusations launched especially against Catholics that they stood aloof from the country's interests and could not be counted upon for energetic and wholehearted defence of the nation's ideals.

The conditions of the times were such that a comparison was hard if not impossible. But now all is changed. War has settled over the nations and the best that is in us must assert itself. The country has sent forth its call and the response must be generous and the native spirit of America's sons must express itself. And what has been the result?

There is no one who does not know that the Church has risen mightily to the occasion. She has forged to the forefront with numbers far beyond those of any other religious body in this country. The Catholic portion of the land has sent into the ranks over 50% of our national army.

In proportion to the estimated population this per cent far exceeds what might have been expected. According to Protestant statistics the Catholic population of this country is about 14,000,000. If therefore, the Catholics had numbered 14% of the entire American army, admiration would have been expressed over their generous response to the nation's call.

According to the fullest Catholic statistics, there are twenty millions of Catholics in the United States. If, therefore, Catholics were represented by twenty per cent of the national army we would be justly praised for our patriotism and public spirited devotion to our country's cause. But when one glances over the record of Catholics actually in the service of the government today, in the army and the navy, he stands aghast at their superiority of numbers over those of every other religious body. When one realizes that there are at the most twenty millions of Catholics in the country and that our Catholic soldiers constitute over fifty per cent of the national army, then all past criticism is relegated to mythology and our critics should hang their heads in shame.

But such is the case. Numbering one fifth of the population, we form one-half of America's valiant army. This is a record that every Catholic should be proud of. And this record is not alone one of the Church in America. In every one of the allied belligerent countries the same story is told of Catholic devotion to country. In France, in England, in Italy Catholics are fighting for the preservation of national ideals and a fostering of the liberties to which the human family is entitled by every right. Devotion to God has made them prompt in the performance of their duties to their respective countries.

This war has brought to light many things. It has unmasked the hideous spectre of autocracy and held it up to the world's derision. It has demonstrated the futility of Lutheran belief and the sad consequences that have befallen a nation whose only moral standard was might. And it has brought to their knees the cowardly critics of the Church who in fairer times launched broadsides of abuse, misrepresentation and slander at Catholics. They were once bold and defiant. Our protestations of loyalty were in vain.

But now the scenes are shifted. The critic scurries to cover. His petty criticisms are no longer taken at face value, for the world sees the truth of the Church's position. It sees, too, that they who were loudest in denunciation of Catholics, who protested most eloquently their patriotism are not found fighting for the country's noble traditions and liberties but are quietly keeping the vigils where formerly air bombs

were thrown from front line trenches of bigotry.

The Church will arise from the ruins of war more glorious than ever before. Her motto of God and country will be writ large in the pages of history. Her fidelity to the observance of Christian ethics will be proclaimed wherever man is found and no longer will the world believe those who seek to rob her of her glory, but will hail her as the most beneficent guardian of human liberties and bless her for her munificence to struggling humanity.—Boston Pilot.

THE BEST OF SCHOOLS

LESSONS LEARNED AT MOTHER'S KNEE—THEY REMAIN THROUGH LIFE

A lecturer in Dublin recently remarked that "the best of all Irish schools was that directed beside an Irish mother's knee."

It was a high, but not undeserved tribute to the power of maternal influence the world over. There is no teacher like a parent, no school like a home, no influences, next to religion, like those of domestic life. A character moulded by these three influences, a career carved out under these three inspirations, must be an ideal one.

St. Louis, monarch of France, that "king among saints and saint among kings," used to say that his motto was, "God, France and Margaret" (his wife's name). St. Francis de Sales, who has been called "the sweetest saint in the calendar," says in one of his beautiful discourses: "We owe ourselves to God, to our country, our relations, our friends."

Now what does all this lead to? Simply that the highest natures and best intellects of the world are agreed that each individual should have three objects on which he shall expend all the devotion of his heart and soul—religion, patriotism and home ties—the last named being represented by one figure in particular standing out from all others and shining as a star. As a contemporary writer says treating of patriotism: "We may embrace in love of country a love of kindred and race, and in a particular degree that supreme passion which in a pure heart exalts one chosen from the ranks of its own people to symbolize and share with country the intensest devotion of all its being and soul."

Woman, in the character of either mother, sister, or wife can alone fulfill this role. She alone can "symbolize and share with country (and religion) the intense devotion of his being and soul." Here is a great privilege and an unusually great responsibility. She is born to a great destiny and she has a weighty duty to discharge.

We come back to the proposition with which we started: "The best of all schools—a mother's knee." It is the duty of mothers to train up the rising generation in the way they should go. This is an age in which we hear much of woman's work, but let it never be forgotten that the greatest of woman's work is home-making. Women who are happy enough to possess homes of their own are privileged and blessed beyond words in having such a sphere of influence in which to work. Many women have no homes of their own, and can never look forward to having them. It has been ordained otherwise for them. To such counsels on home-making would seem only addressed in bitter mockery; to them other words must be addressed on other occasions. But today it is to the home-makers, those who actually have homes, and dear ones about them, that these words are addressed: "Home is the place where mothers dwell." What a beautiful, what a significant saying that is.

The faith would have died out in Ireland during the penal days, when for months at a time the people never saw a priest, if it had not been for the mothers who had not taught their children their prayers. "Our hope is in the youth of the country." Let this fact never be lost sight of, and let the supplementary truth be borne in mind with equal clearness that the training of the youth lies almost entirely in the hands of the women.—Catholic Union and Times.

TRUE CIVILIZATION—IT WAS APTLY DEFINED BY A GREAT CATHOLIC JURIST

The late Lord Russell of Killowen, lord chief justice of England and one of the most renowned Catholics of the British Empire, in a speech delivered in Saratoga in 1890, before the American Bar Association gave the following definition of true civilization: "What, indeed, is true civilization? By its fruits you shall know it. It is not dominion, wealth, material

luxury; nay, not even a great literature and education widespread, good though these may be. Civilization is not a veneer; it must penetrate to the very heart and core of the societies of men. Its true signs are thought for the poor and suffering, chivalrous regard and respect for women, the frank recognition of human brotherhood, irrespective of race or color or nation, or religion, the narrowing of the domain of mere force as a governing factor in the world, abhorrence of what is mean and cruel and vile, ceaseless devotion to the claims of justice.—Sacred Heart Review.

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Belgium has won and received the admiration of the world for her share in defending the cause of humanity, says The Visitor, Providence. According to one of her distinguished sons, the sure explanation of his country's heroic virtue is "that the Catholic body not only great leaders—statesmen of European reputation—but it has filled every district of the country with capable and educated men, men who understand Catholic principles and know how to defend them."

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By their fruits you shall know them. Louvain produced no Kant, Nietzsche nor Bernhardi, because she loved the truth and had respect for the best traditions of the centuries. It was Plato and Aristotle, arrayed in Christian dress by Aquinas and Augustine and Albertus Magnus, that engaged the minds of the students of the institute, and the deluge of German materialism that had been pouring over Europe since Kant, never flooded those schools set apart to preserve to their students the mind of Saint Thomas.

For my own part, old age is most attractive, and when I see the silver-white hair lying on a serious and weather-worn face, like moonlight on a stately old tower, I have a strong tendency, whether I know the person or not, to lift my hat in token of my affectionate esteem and reverence.—Union and Times.

HOW NEW YORK IRISH FIGHT

Capt. James A. McKenna, Jr., of the 69th Regiment, New York, writes to his father from France of the snappy work of the Americans under fire. McKenna is a lawyer and a former Harvard oarsman. His brother, William, is adjutant of the same regiment. On Good Friday Captain McKenna wrote:

Dear Pop—To begin with you will be pleased to know that my company was the first in this organization to go into the trenches. We had a little scrap and two wounded before the rest of the companies followed. That is not a very important matter, but it gave me a great deal of satisfaction to be sent in first and I know it will please you. Since the first company we have had many little arguments, and although I can not say that any of us love the music of the shells, I can assure you that we are always ready for more. I can truly say that all my men are veterans now; they have stood the test of every kind of fire and their courage has been remarkable. In my company twelve men have been awarded the French War-Cross for conspicuous bravery in action, and I am absolutely sure that the only reason every man is not wearing the cross is because not every one gets the chance to do the heroic.

And then, too, some of the finest deeds pass unnoticed. One of my Lieutenants, for instance, did as fine a bit of work as I have ever seen, but I could not ask for the cross for him, because I'd have to ask for it for every man I have. This Lieutenant took a lot of men through a terrible shell-fire without any one getting a scratch and without overlooking a single part of the job I sent him out on. It was a rare exhibition of steel nerve, with shells crashing all around, but it was just such a thing as we see every day. We all look upon the decorations as fine things, but every one knows that, although it takes a good man to get one, it also takes a lot of luck, and many of the men who deserve the cross are hidden away among their fellows—but their turn will come.

One of my men who got the cross did a fine piece of work. During some night-fighting he carried in from No Man's Land a wounded French soldier at the risk of his own life. His work was particularly good because he need not have taken the chance, and when he did go out he went into a stretch of territory which was being swept by machine guns, grenades and artillery.

Many of our men have rescued wounded French. One big red-haired fellow named Ryan brought in three—two Americans and a Frenchman. Some of our Irish friends in New York will be glad to know that although we have our share of killed and wounded, we have more than our share of crosses for bravery in action. My company has twelve and in the regiment to date there are sixty-eight. The Colonel was given one, and when I asked him why, he replied: "That is because I have such a good regiment." The old outfit is beating its Civil War record. You know what that means, and you may pass the good word to the Friendly Sons.

I saw a German shell hit a place in which there were several men. The explosion was like all the rest, but not a sign of confusion among my men. Soon the shelling passed that point, but not until it had passed did the men who were hit have a word to say, and when the first man spoke all he said was: "Boys, I think I'm wounded." I'll never forget that piece of calm Irish grit—wonderful. That fellow was painfully wounded, but he never groaned—not a sound. You will be glad to know he will recover.—Catholic Columbian.

SYMPATHY FOR THE AGED

There is no place at which we may sit and learn the principles and policies that enable us to make the most of life like we can at the feet of the aged. Other things being equal, they are our wisest folk. The heads whose gray hairs are crowns of righteousness, who have been adding grace to grace and strength to strength, while many a year has come and gone, whose inward man has grown in beauty and power while the outward man has declined, should attract us for what they know, appeal to our sympathy, and command our reverence. Turning aside to commune with these old ones lovingly and tenderly, we may learn, too, as from no other, how to live to be happiest as well as most useful, and catch the aroma of that mellowness and sweetness that so enriches the possible joys of this earthly pilgrimage, and is so distinguished an element of the meekness of those who are now almost mature for the garner on high. Lack of appreciation or positive neglect of these old ones in our homes and social circles is a prodigious wrong and a type of heathen heartlessness.

He Himself arranged that it be so. And not only will you find that she provides the consolation afforded in the confessional, but innumerable other solaces as well, which strangers to her fold realize "they cannot find in their own religion.—Catholic Transcript

When I discovered many years ago the great difference between the amount of money the Farmer usually received from the peddler or small dealer for his wool, and the price at which the peddler or dealer sold the wool to us; I was amazed. Of course nearly all the wool eventually comes to ourselves and a few large dealers—but the greater number of hands thro' which it has to travel the smaller the price the farmer receives as each one has to have a profit. Consequently it seemed to me good business to deal directly with the farmer and pay him the much higher prices which we used to pay to the peddlers and middlemen—thus eliminating the peddler and middleman to a great degree. By shipping direct to us the Farmer secures a very much higher price for his wool which in a good many cases means a profit instead of a loss to him. The satisfaction expressed by the many Farmers who shipped their wool direct to us for many years is so great that I am encouraged to continue the same policy to a greater extent this year. For over 30 years I have been buying wool and know the market from A to Z. Before selling your wool this season don't fail to write me first for prices, stating the number and breed of sheep you have. The Farmers who ship to me receive their cash in full by return mail—at highest Toronto prices—with no deductions except transportation costs. I have published a book on "Sheep-raising" and preparing wool for market—that is very useful to all sheepmen. Send me your name and address and I shall be glad to send you a copy free. Write for it today—address me personally, using Desk number as follows—

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A QUESTION AND ITS ANSWER

We have the assurance of a Protestant observer of affairs in our concentration camps, that thousands of Protestant soldiers are joining with their Catholic fellows in hearing Mass. Professor Shaw, who fills the chair of theology in Taylor University, Indiana, is authority for the statement, and the professor answers his own question as to why this unwonted condition of things exist. "It is," he says, "because they feel that this Mass stands for an atonement of their sins. It furnishes them with the desired confessional that they cannot find in their own religion. I was brought up a Scotch Presbyterian, my very soul crying out against this thing, and yet I find that it is the one exigent way of getting rid of that awful thought of dying with sin. The soldier must have it. He wants to purge away the guilt of his soul. He must tell his sins to someone else. Yes, it is fast coming into evidence that it is essential that we must have a good open confession. It has been our habit for the last century to deny sin. Since this War, however, there has been a wholesome demand of the need of Jesus Christ." Many of your co-religionists will say "Pshaw!" as they learn of your views, professor. But you are started on the right track! The more you investigate, the greater will be your conviction that the Catholic Church has at her children's disposal everything essential to this satisfying this "wholesome demand of the need of Jesus Christ."

The Catholic Highlands of Scotland The Western Highlands and Islands BY DOM ODO BLUNDELL O. S. B., F. S. A. (SCOT.) Author of "The Catholic Highlands of Scotland (Central Highlands)" "Ancient Catholic Homes of Scotland" 2 Vols. \$2.75 Postpaid The Catholic Record LONDON, CANADA

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PROHIBITION

THE ANTI-CATHOLIC TREND OF THE MOVEMENT

For the past two years, anti-Catholic forces have set their citadel in Maryland, lavishing upon their funds and their venom on the Catholic Church. Unmindful or ignorant of the fact that Catholic Maryland gave to America its first taste of religious liberty, these bigots have established headquarters in the city of Baltimore, whence is issued a paper that vies with the Menace for indecency and for its venomous attacks upon the Catholic Church. Each issue is full of malice, and advertises lewd books and cartoons. The band of vandals at the head of this anti-Catholic movement, if not in the actual employ of the Methodist Episcopal Church, at least are aided and abetted by that institution. Meetings and initiations have been held in the Methodist churches of Baltimore, and, on the eve of a recent election, an "anti-Catholic parade" was planned for the city.

Men were candidates for the Legislature and were elected as was Governor Catts of Florida, on an anti-Catholic platform, making their campaign exclusively on the issue of intolerance. At least sixteen members of the House of Delegates of Maryland owe their election to this issue, and the State is now reaping the fruit of the seed sown by the Methodist Episcopal Church. So many anti-Catholic measures are before the Legislature of Maryland, that it would be idle to recount them. The first measure brought out was the amendment to the Constitution, providing for nation-wide prohibition, and this was speedily followed, as has been the case in other States under similar circumstances, by bills providing for the reading of the Bible in public schools, cutting off all revenue from Catholic institutions, practically legislating such recognized institutions as the House of the Good Shepherd and the various orphan asylums and industrial schools, out of existence.

When it seemed clear that the National Prohibition amendment was in danger of being ratified, Cardinal Gibbons sent out the alarm, in a statement issued on February 6, pointing out the dangers of the amendment, as well as its folly, and asking for sane consideration of so important a question. The following day, the Maryland Legislature passed the bill, ratifying the National Prohibition amendment, as a slap at the Cardinal and as a call to arms, for those behind the anti-Catholic measures.

Cardinal Gibbons, to the people of Maryland, is always received with the respect and consideration it deserves, and would have a telling effect with the people at the polls. Those behind the Prohibition movement realized this, and dared not trust the question to a vote of the residents of that State. So they railroaded their bill through the aid of an anti-Catholic legislature.

The Prohibition amendment out of the way, the spirit of intolerance broke out in new channels. One after another the anti-Catholic bills were brought up for discussion. One of the first measures to be shown in the light of day was the so-called Bible reading bill. Intoxicated with the success of the Prohibition measure, George Waldron, national organizer for the Methodist Intolerance, appeared at the State House of Maryland to plead for his bill. But instead of discussing the measure, he delivered a bitter attack on the venerable Cardinal repeatedly, leaving less than ten minutes of his time for a discussion of the measure before the House. Waldron had carefully planned his attack upon the Church, and had packed the hall with his followers, two car-loads of people coming from Baltimore, to be ready with the applause at the given signal. Without exception, the newspapers of Baltimore excoriated Waldron for his action, and declared that it was high time that the decent Protestants of the State rise as one and crush the intolerance before it had brought more note to the State. But the Methodist organization, overjoyed at its success in obtaining the floor of the House for its harangue, proceeded to print the unprintable attack on the Catholics, and to advertise its sale throughout Methodist circles.

Waldron had made the statement that he expects the streets of Baltimore to run with blood, after the National Prohibition amendment is in force, and the Catholics cannot have wine for this Mass-business. He had also declared that the organization of which he is a leading light "has powerful influences at work," to prevent the shipment of wine to the front, or in or near the army or navy training stations, so that the Catholic clergy may not celebrate Mass. It is interesting to note in this connection that the Methodists have sent a Methodist preacher, an Anti-Saloon League employee, to "investigate" conditions abroad, in order to stop, if possible shipments of wine "for any purpose whatever."

Any one who is at all in doubt of the anti-Catholic tendencies of the Prohibition movement need but remember that the Anti-Saloon League is a Methodist Church institution; its head a Methodist bishop. The anti-Catholic forces in Baltimore were organized in the Methodist Episcopal churches of that city, and in New York State the same forces are at work, again with a Methodist bishop at the helm, Bishop Burt, a former resident European bishop for the Methodist Episcopal Church.

The Maryland bigots are publishing cartoons showing priests and dignitaries of the Catholic Church tapping whiskey barrels and drinking to "Politics and Religion" and "Rum and Temperance." The readers of the paper are told that the Pope, the Cardinals, the priests, and the devil are against Prohibition, so the Methodists are determined to make this a bone-dry nation!

William H. Anderson, State Superintendent of the Anti-Saloon League of New York, is a member of the Board of Temperance of the Methodist Episcopal Church, which publishes the Voice, a Prohibition paper of Washington, D. C. A recent issue of the journal boasts of the fact "the Methodists had a substantial lead in the House of Representatives," and prints a list showing the religion of the members of the Senate, the claim being made that the Senate is 12.48 per cent. Methodist and 3.12 per cent. Catholic! The paper says that "The Roman Catholics have established outstanding institutions which make them, today, by far the most prominent and influential Church in the city," so the Voice is raising funds to build a mammoth Methodist structure to face the Senate buildings, and Methodists are called upon to subscribe to this building, as a "thank offering" for the National Prohibition amendment having been passed by the present Congress.

While the Methodists are thus publicly lining up the United States Senate and House Representatives, on a religious basis, they call loudly for the heads of Catholics in office. The Maryland branch is at present deeply concerned because a Catholic is at the head of Red Cross work in Italy, even though he is a descendant of the illustrious Charles Carroll of Carrollton, Maryland, a signer of the Declaration of Independence. For Captain John Carroll of Carrollton, working in Italy for the Red Cross, is one of the founders of the American Ambulance Corps in Paris, and has a son in the navy.

The lesson from Maryland is a call to Catholics everywhere to keep a keen eye on the Methodist Church, the Anti-Saloon League, and the Prohibition measure. They represent a trinity of tyranny and the Prohibition amendment once out of the way the allied anti-Catholic measures quickly see the light of day. This was the case in Maryland, as in every State where the Methodists have gained control.—Ismaeta T. Martin in America

GRAND CHARITY BAZAAR

The drawing for the prizes offered at the Grand Charity Bazaar, held recently under the auspices of St. Mary's Church, Woodstock, Ont., took place a few days ago. The fact that the returns were not made in time to hold it sooner. The prizes were Ten Dollar Gold Pieces and the following are the prize winners:

- 1. Stephen Bouchie, Dover Bay, Nova Scotia.
2. Helen Jordan, Merrittton, Ont.
3. A. H. Tobey, Sudbury, Ont.
4. William E. Taylor, Toronto, Ont.
5. Ernest Desourdy, Sudbury, Ont.
6. Mrs. M. Sutherland, Sydney Mines, N. S.
7. Mary Jordan, Merrittton, Ont.
8. Frank Conlon, France.
9. H. N. McDonald, Toronto.
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The prize winners may secure their prizes by writing to Rev. John F. Stanley, St. Mary's Church, Woodstock, Ont. Send in your coupon.

Father Stanley desires to thank all those who so generously assisted in making the Bazaar a success.

NEW BOOKS

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"The Ways of War." By Professor T. M. Kettle, Lieut. 2nd Dabibi Fusiliers. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. Price \$1.50.

"The Man From Nowhere." By Anna T. Sadlier. Published by Benziger Brothers, New York. Price \$1.00.

ENGLISH CLERGY EXEMPT

CATHOLIC PRIESTS AND MINISTERS WILL NOT BE OBLIGED TO SERVE IN ARMY AS SOLDIERS

After great anxiety in London on the part of Catholics, it has been decided to drop that portion of the new Military Service Bill which relates to the conscription of the Clergy. Mgr. Howlett, Administrator of Westminster Cathedral, wrote a letter to the press recounting what Catholic priests had already done, and pointing out the hardship inflicted unnecessarily on the faithful, if it was thought necessary to take the older Clergy and set them to work of a non-combatant character which could be done by anybody.

It was stated in the House of Commons that the Government proposed to consult with the heads of each church how best to apply the new regulation. But Sir George Cave said that, having regard to the need

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for the service of Ministers of religion at the present time, and the results in men which the measure applied would give, it had been decided to leave the Clergy of all denominations exempt for the present.

Mgr. Howlett insisted the priesthood is a class set apart, and it is not fitting theoretically that they should take up arms, while, practically, it would have left a large majority of the Catholic population without the Sacraments. The Government acknowledges that where spiritual assistance has been withdrawn from a district the results have not been happy.—St. Paul Bulletin

OBITUARY

THE REV. JAMES A. MCCARTHY, S. J. With deep sorrow many readers of the RECORD will learn of the death, May 23, of the late Father James McCarthy, S. J., of St. Ignatius College, Chicago.

Born at Norwood in 1865, when the present four parishes were attended by the zealous and scholarly Father John Quirk. Father McCarthy came from a parish which has given many priests and religious to the service of God. And if his native parish has an enviable record in this respect, his own family has one still more remarkable: a brother, Father Joseph McCarthy, S. J., is a Professor in Loyola College, Montreal, a sister, Sister Mary Theresa, is a member of the St. Joseph's Community of Toronto, a nephew, the Rev. Dr. Murray, is a secular priest, in the Diocese of Chicago.

In the deeply spiritual atmosphere of such a thoroughly Catholic home, Father James as a strong, clean young man developed a vocation for the religious life and joined the Jesuit order in the States. There for many years and various capacities he spent himself in earnest, zealous and humble service until his death at the comparatively early age of fifty-three.

Entirely resigned to God's will he had the happiness at the end of being surrounded by the members of his family as well as by his brothers in religion. To both and to Father McCarthy's many friends we extend our heartfelt sympathies.

CONCERNING OUR READING

The Catholic press is not likely to allow the edifying instructions of the Bishop of Harrisburg, set forth in a recent pastoral to the faithful of his diocese to be of profit only to those to whom the letter was originally directed. Bishop McDevitt's message is one of moment to Catholic readers everywhere. He outlines "The Responsibility of the Faithful for the Support of Catholic Literature," and lays down in detail, the following summary of the duties of his flock:

1. In every Catholic family there should be a plentiful supply of wholesome reading matter. The existence of good books in a household implies an effective embargo against books that are dangerous to faith and morality. 2. This wholesome literature should include the Bible—at least the New Testament,—the lives of the saints, books bearing on the spiritual life, books that explain the doctrines of the Church, a Catholic paper and a Catholic magazine. 3. To render fruitful the possession of these treasures, the practice of family reading is highly advisable. 4. A most important duty on the part of Catholics in regard to good literature is the sup-

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GENERAL STORE AND CONFECTIONERY with dwelling at Dorset, Muskoka, head of Lake of Bays, also there is pool room and bar shop in connection. Good summer tourist trade. Also 500 acres of good land for sale at Matheson, New Ont., close to railway. Other good lots for sale in Bayville, Ont., and a good cottage for tourists on Lake of Bays, at Bayville. For further information apply to Box 469, Dorset, Ont. 3965-4.

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Acolyte, The. The story of a Catholic College Boy. African Fabiola, The. Translated by Right Rev. Mgr. Joseph O'Connell, D. D. The story of the young girl who, together with her slave, Felicitas, at Carthage in the year 303. One of the most moving in the annals of the Church. Alchemist's Secret, The. By Isabel Cecilia Williams. This collection of short stories is not of the sort written simply for amusements, but rather for their simple direct teaching, and they lead us to think of good to pity sorrows and trials of others rather than our own. Alias Kitty Casey, by Marie Gertrude Williams. Kitty Casey is in reality Catherine Carey, a girl to exclude herself, and at the same time enjoy the advantages of the country in summer. It is a masterpiece of position in a hotel, taking the position of waitress refused by her maid, Kitty Casey. The story is well written, and a romance of the old-fashioned kind. Beach Bluff, by Fanny Warner. A tale of the South Sea, the story of a young girl who is contained in this volume: "Agnes" and "For Many Days."

Black and Flanagan, by Mrs. James Sadlier. This book is the masterpiece of the illustrious author whose writings have made her name a household word among the Catholics of every country. Borrowed From The Night, by Anna C. Minogue. Miss Minogue has a way of showing her readers the difficult South Sea, but in a clear, simple, and gentle way. No one will read "Borrowed From The Night" without being fascinated with Miss Minogue, whose early life is surrounded with so much interest.

By Anna C. Minogue. A Romance of Kentucky. Much has been written of the trouble some times from 1860 to 1865, but seldom has a Catholic author taken this half century of material for a story. Miss Minogue is a resident of the Southern States, and she has a clear picture of the confusion and uncertainty which existed in that state. The story is admirably presented and written with romance and adventure. Callista, by Cardinal Newman. A tale of the Third Century; attempting to imagine and express the feeling and relation between Christians and heathens of that time. Captain Rossford, by Raoul de Navery. A thrilling story of feuds and adventures in the mountains of Corsica, by J. M. Villafraña. A study of civilization and a comparison of Christianity, not only with Paganism and other religions, but with Judaism also, towards the close of the reign of Nero. The scenes are laid in Rome and the author has created imaginary conditions and situations, including the burning of Rome and the flight of the Roman Guard around whose conversion to Christianity the plot of the story is woven.

Commander, The; by Charles D'Herouville. An historical novel of the French Revolution. Conscience's Tale, by Hendrick Conscience. Thoroughly interesting and well written, tales of "Flemish life, including 'The Recruiter,' 'Miserable Host,' 'Blind Row,' and 'The Poor Nobleman.'"

"Dear Jane," by Isabel Cecilia Williams. A sweet, simple tale of a self-sacrificing elder sister whose ambition to keep the little household together is aided with a grace and interest that is most touching. Faith, Hope and Charity, by Anonymous. An exceedingly interesting tale of love, war and adventure during the exciting times of the French Revolution. Fensholt of Fencliffe is the name of a large estate in Devonshire, England, the home of Agnes Falkland, who with her family and adopted sister, Francis Macdonald, and her husband, Francis Falkland, and the secret influence of which Agnes Falkland is the innocent sufferer.

Four Great Evils of the Day, by Cardinal Manning. Happy-Go-Lucky, by Mrs. C. Crowley. A collection of Catholic stories for boys, including "The Little Heroine," "My Baseball Club," "The Boy and His Friends," "The Boys at Balton," and "A Christmas Stocking." Hawthornside, by Clara M. Thompson. A story of an American life founded on fact. Heires of Kilgore, by Mrs. J. Sadlier. History and fiction combined; very interesting. In The Crucible, by Isabel Cecilia Williams. A story of high endeavor, of the patient heroism, the sacrifice of self for others' good, are keyed on the divine truth that the good we give up all for us and died on Calvary's Cross (St. Ignace's Heart).

Kathleen's motto, by Genevieve Walsh. An interesting and inspiring story of a young lady who, by her simplicity and honesty, succeeds in spite of discouragements. Lady Amabel and The Shepherd Boy, by Elizabeth M. Stewart. A Catholic tale of England, in which the love of an English girl for a Catholic boy, the daughter of a noble English family is ridiculed, in the course of time various opportunities present themselves which bring him before her parents in a more favorable light, and results in her marriage. Late Miss Hollingshead, by Mrs. M. Mulholland. A simple and delightful novel by Miss Mulholland, who has written a number of books for young ladies which have met with popular favor. Marian Elwood, by Sarah M. Brooks. The story of a haughty society girl, selfish and arrogant, who swears to the shallow world, and through the appreciation of the noble character and religious example of a young man whom she afterwards marries.

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Merry Hearts And True, by Mary C. Crowley. A collection of stories for Catholic children, including "The Little Heroine," "Blind Row," "The Boy and His Friends," "The Boys at Balton," and "A Family's Frolic." Old House By The Borne, by Mrs. J. Sadlier. Picturing scenes and incidents true to life in an Irish Borough. Orphan Sisters, The; by Mary I. Hoffman. This is an exceedingly interesting story, in which the doctrines of the Catholic Church are clearly defined. Pearl Of Antiquity, by Abbe Bayle. A charming and powerfully written story of the early ages of the Church.

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