

The Catholic Record

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

VOLUME XXXVII.

LONDON, CANADA, SATURDAY, APRIL 14 1917

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THE ALL IMPORTANT WORK

Of all the tasks that fall to the average mortal's lot the leading of a child into the green pastures of faith and hope is the most delicate and difficult. If the perception of beauty on the lower levels of earthly experience be rare, how should the soul's consciousness of the higher order and purpose behind the world of time and change be other than a slow and gradual accomplishment? Yet with what clumsy instruments the work of moral and religious guidance is sometimes carried on! How the tragedy of the World-War has opened many blind eyes to the immeasurable need of the individual and society. Millions, as they recall faces that will never smile on them again, mazed with doubts and sick with fears, get glimpses of:

"The future and its viewless things—That undiscovered mystery Which one who feels Death's winnowing wings Must needs read clearer, sure, than he!"

Now, what knows the child of death? Life, bursting bud, and scented blossom fill its vision. More life and fuller is its demand. To direct and satisfy this craving, to mould it into habit while the pinions of the spirit are unfolding themselves to dare the upward flight and desires that enoble, even though doomed to disappointment, are refining the personality—is not this the supreme object of education? Meanwhile the life that now is attains its due development. We want men and women, not machines. Germany has forever destroyed the illusion that a nation can be built up on that sandy foundation. The future beckons us onward to a grander destiny than force and craft can ensure. In the better time that our children will face the heritage of freedom and progress we can leave them will be valued more than all our material gains and bequests. To what greater task can the surviving generations address itself than to purify its slums, elevate its counsels, and dignify its institutions, so that a regenerate world may await the finer race that will succeed to its duties and consolations.

OF GREAT USE

Weather has been defined as the small talk of fools. But there is no denying the fact that it is the very life of the farmer and the only thing which appeals to everyone, now in a wet skin, now in a bronzed face, now in the quake which hysteria suffers under thunder, now in the anxiety which the gardener feels when he sees his flowers stricken down under the frost, now when the skater thinks "The ice will bear." Instead of being merely the matter of the rapid conversation of society, weather is everything. The fall in the mean temperature by a few degrees would put an end to our "civilization," as we proudly call it, and reduce us to the level of the Eskimaux. We have had glaciers in this country, and then ice-climbing was not a cult, as it is now—like all cults, claiming in the Alpine regions its human victims. As we grow older the weather becomes even more important. Children can laugh and smile under clouds that scowl; but old people's spirits require sunshine to raise them to the living point: and how comfortable is the sunny afternoon to old bones. And yet we deride the paramount subject, the weather. Were it not for the weather, our literature would be without its smiles and metaphors—it is the sky that is always reflected in the page. Without the weather and the changing drama of the sky, mankind might as well be a mole or an earthworm; but even these subterranean animals depend upon celestial phenomena, and even burrowings go on better under some conditions than under others.

Then we see that the human race under the directions of a fumbling medical profession, have to follow the sun or the weather to keep or to recover health. Formerly men were herded into hospitals where the walls were poisonous with the germs of disease: nowadays men are sent

to the high alps or to dry Colorado, or to the deserts of Egypt, to be placed under the care of the only physician, the weather.

A GREAT WORKMAN

It was the weather that used to conduct our commerce, and the mariner had a "weather eye" for favorable winds, and his ship used to creep between the slamming doors of the wind from port to port, where strong stone arms were held out to protect them from the weather. Now we have embowelled our ships with machinery and coal, and we pretend they can go in the teeth of the wind. But even these are delayed by fog, which is a terrific form of weather in crowded seas, and are sent to the bottom by collisions with icebergs, which the weather is drifting south from the ice-house North into Southern seas. These are the great aspects of weather which even nowadays influence War and politics. Wars are declared in the spring or summer—and we still have the old world phrase—"going into winter quarters," applied to armies in the field. It is not necessary to go into the scientific aspect of weather. But it is weather or weathers that has to a large extent sculptured the features of the world. It is rains and mists which have furrowed the hillsides by brooks and streams; it is these, when they are collected into rivers, that cut great trenches in the land. So, too, it is the slow accumulation of snow in fastnesses of the Alps which creates that graving tool of the rocks, the glacier, which with a haft of ice and a blade of stone grinds down the hills and scours the bones of the earth. And geology itself speaks of the "weathering" of the rocks and the great strength of time.

It is the weather in its varied aspect that clothes these bones of earth with verdure. It is the wind that sows millions of seeds. It is the shower which waters. It is the sun that draws. And the spring is nothing but a caravan of new and genial weather, which wakens the flowers, and brings back the birds in the resurrection of the year. The cobbler declared in the pride of his craft that there was nothing like leather. We declare with deep conviction that there is nothing like the weather.

THE MEDIEVAL AND THE MODERN SIR THOMAS MORE

In dwelling on the personality of the late Duke of Norfolk the London Times reverts to the days of Henry VIII. to find his spiritual prototype in Blessed Sir Thomas More. Leaving aside the literary gifts of the author of "Utopia," the writer seeks far deeper for the points of resemblance between these two great Catholic laymen who occupied respectively the highest positions of dignity in medieval and modern England. Both loved their country intensely, because they loved God even more: "There was in them both a peculiar combination of qualities not very often found together. They both combined the capacity for intense loyalty to causes and to individuals with great personal independence; they were both courageous and yet cautious in public affairs; both were of an open temper and yet had marked gifts of diplomacy; they both frankly acknowledged the facts of life and the weaknesses of human nature, and yet preserved an undimmed sense of the ideal; they both combined an ardent seriousness with a boyish gaiety and humor that nothing could quench. There is a strong likeness even in the quality of their most trivial jests which seems to make a quaint echo through the centuries. Like More, too, the Duke combined an eager and active interest in public affairs with the most marked taste for domestic life. Both revelled in the humors and tender gaiety of a home circle. Both while stern with themselves, were inclined to think that life should be made easy to others. Both had a passionate love of their country and a profound loyalty to their sovereign. None could be found more typically English, none ever loved their country better, none were ever more devoted to the See of Rome than were Thomas More and Henry Fitzalan Howard."

However much many of his fellow-Catholics may in their convictions and sympathies have been opposed to the political or national sentiments of the Duke of Norfolk, they can all heartily agree in their admiration of the ideal of the Catholic layman so happily sketched for us here in the picture of the medieval and the modern Sir Thomas More.—America.

FARM HELP

By Dr. G. C. Croelman, Commissioner of Agriculture

Never before was farm help so scarce in Ontario. Never before were prices so high for farm produce. The farmer says: "If I cannot get help I will have to do the best I can without it, and if the prices keep up I will do very well anyway, even with reduced acreage."

The townspeople are worrying about the next crop. Boards of Trade, patriotic societies and other organizations are holding meetings and trying to induce retired farmers and citizens generally to turn out and help the farmer during the season. High school boys are also being induced to enlist for farm work. Now, the city people are in dead earnest, the farmers are just as much in earnest. Then, why is everybody excited about greater production? It seems to me there are three reasons and all of them most important.

1.—The Allies are not getting all the food they need. The world is short of food. Ten nations are on short rations and six nations are on the verge of starvation.

2.—Great Britain lacks food for her people at home. The wheat of Russia is inaccessible. The Argentine has a short crop. India is 7,000 miles away and Australia 13,000 miles from Great Britain. A ship can make four round trips from Canada to England while it is making one trip from Australia. The great need, therefore, of Great Britain at the present time is an inexhaustible supply of foodstuffs from the Canadian Atlantic seaboard.

3.—Surely it is our great patriotic duty to see that our boys are properly fed in the trenches! What a shame and what a farce it would be if these splendid Canadian young men who are offering their lives for the freedom of the world should be rendered powerless for the want of food.

I do not know how much reliable help it is possible to get for our farmers for the seed time, but I believe it is the patriotic duty of every Ontario farmer at this time to sow all the crop he can possibly get in, and give it such attention as he can during the growing period. When harvest comes I think I can assure him that help will be available for the actual harvesting of his crop. If the men from the cities and towns are really serious, and I think they are; if boys who cannot get to the front want to do their "bit," if governments and municipalities and employers of labor realize the situation, and I think they do, then, if it is necessary in order to harvest the crop to close the schools and the shops and the factories this will be done, rather than any soldier of the empire at this crisis should go without food.

GREAT CATHEDRAL TO BE ENGLAND'S WAR MEMORIAL

WALLS AND PAVEMENT OF CHURCH TO BE COVERED WITH NAMES OF CATHOLICS FALLEN IN WAR

London, March 8, 1917.—The long expected scheme for commemorating in a suitable manner the dead of the great War has now made its appearance. It has the blessing of Benedict XV. and is under the presidency of Cardinal Bourne. It is entitled the Soldiers and Sailors Requiem Fund and its object is to build and endow a church in the Tyburn district of London commemorating all who have fallen in the struggle. The committee represents the army and navy and the four countries of the United Kingdom. It consists of Cardinal Logue, the Hon. J. Maxwell Scott, the Marchioness of Bute, Sir Stuart Coates, Admiral Kerr and Surgeon General Keogh. The editor of the Catholic paper, Tablet, of London, Mr. Smead Cox, who has lost all his sons in the War, is the treasurer, and Lady Margaret Macrae is the secretary. The walls and pavement of the proposed church will be covered with inscriptions of the names of the fallen, and each donor of one guinea has a right to one inscription. If the church is built on the site of the present Tyburn convent, it will occupy a commanding position on a main thoroughfare looking across Hyde Park, and the good work of prayers for the souls of the dead will also establish firmly the good work of perpetual adoration for which the nuns of Tyburn are famous and which they offer for the conversion of this country.—New World.

"NUN WHO RAISED REGIMENT"

TEACHES HER VOLUNTEERS WHAT AMERICANISM MEANS AND MAKES PATRIOTS OF THEM TOO

By Nikola Greeley-Smith, in Evening World

Future chroniclers of these times will know her as the nun that raised a regiment.

To-day she is Sister Marianne of the Institute of the Christian Doctrine at No. 173 Cherry Street, in the heart of the Italian quarter.

Through the efforts of the patriotic nuns of the Columbus Volunteers, four companies of the National Reserve and the Aviation Corps. The boys of the Columbus Volunteers are interested in their Government for the first time in their lives. They realize that there is something that they can do for their country. Before the convent undertook to teach them what America means to them, and what they should mean to her, they did not like political questions. To them politics meant ward politics—in the past identified in this section with an endless series of sanguinary feuds.

BOYS LEARN REAL MEANING OF AMERICAN POLITICS

"To-day there are no more enthusiastic Americans in the United States and they wait impatiently for the drill now held weekly, but which Lieut. Saulnier tells me may now take place more frequently.

"The companies drill in the large school building which is part of the institute and in the street in front of the convent, and Lieut. Saulnier thinks the street drill is best because the boys in the neighborhood sometimes throw things at them or jeer, and when they have learned to march straight ahead without paying attention to these interruptions they have learned a valuable lesson in self-control.

"Some of the boys have already spoken to me about joining the Roosevelt Brigade, but I do not think they have decided how they shall offer their services. They are all poor boys whose families need their wages up to the last moment, but when that moment comes they will volunteer for the duration of the War.

"Meantime we cannot equip our recruits. If people will help us, if a certain number would agree to provide uniforms and rifles for a man, we could get a full regiment and our work would be complete."

ADMIRAL BENSON

THE NEW HEAD OF THE AMERICAN NAVY

Admiral William Shepherd Benson, who has just been given chief command of the United States Navy, is a fourth degree Knight of Columbus and a convert to the Catholic faith.

Admiral Benson was born in Macon, Georgia, September 25th, 1855, the son of Richard A. and Catherine Benson. Both father and mother were college graduates.

In 1877 Benson graduated at the United States naval academy and has served twenty two years at sea and has occupied every position on land and sea that his rank would justify.

He was on duty under the naval advisory board of South Boston until March, 1885, when he was ordered to the branch hydrographic office at Baltimore. After a year at Boston he was assigned to the fish commission steamer "Albatross," where he spent two years, being engaged most of the time in deep-sea soundings and investigations of marine life off the eastern coast of the United States and in the Bahama group. For several years he was instructor in torpedoes and ordnance at the United States naval academy and was also detailed for a time to duty in the coast and geodetic survey.

His first important command was the Utah, where, without making any show, he inspired men and officers to give their best to the service. Next, he was selected for the administrative office of commandant of the navy yard at Philadelphia. There he continued the same old method—just kept on planning and working, not only making things go, but making them go right by the quiet forcefulness of his personality, unremitting devotion to hard work, and a high conception of duty.

In the spring of 1915 Congress enacted that there should be a Chief of Naval Operations, who should be charged with the operation of the fleet, and the preparation of plans for its use in war. Rear-Admiral Benson was chosen for the position. His work in the organization of the office was so successful, and had so fully demonstrated the need of the office, that Congress in 1916 enacted that the Chief of Operations should have authority to issue orders within his jurisdiction in the name of the Secretary of the Navy; that the Chief, while holding that office, should have the rank of Admiral, and, to insure permanency, that not less than 15 officers should be assigned to duty under him.

One of Admiral Benson's recent duties has been to tell the House

every pair of leggings ourselves with money that has been given to us. It takes \$250 to equip a man, and if we are to get our full regiment we must have help.

"The cost of equipments going up, of course. The price of leather is frightful, but we feel that the boys are giving everything they have in the offer of their lives to the Government—and that the people may really wish to help.

"Our first meeting was held in the convent and Major Gen. O'Ryan of the National Guard came down to talk to the boys. We have had talks from members of the Naval Reserve and of the Aviation Corps. The boys of the Columbus Volunteers are interested in their Government for the first time in their lives. They realize that there is something that they can do for their country. Before the convent undertook to teach them what America means to them, and what they should mean to her, they did not like political questions. To them politics meant ward politics—in the past identified in this section with an endless series of sanguinary feuds.

TO SETTLE THE IRISH QUESTION

The Irish question is a thorny one, as many a statesman has found to his cost; and yet it can be settled, and it ought to be settled. The recent outbreak on the part of the Irish leaders was met by the Government with an uncompromising front, but more mature deliberation has convinced the leaders of the Government that the present condition is exceedingly undesirable, and possibly dangerous. And it does seem like a strange irony that Britain should compliment Russia upon the securing of greater self government while at the same time it denies this boon to the Irish. The Government realizes this keenly, and it announced last week that it would make another attempt to reach a solution. It seems to us that Ulster might agree to waive her scruples and try the new proposal for a limited period, with the pledge that at the close of the time, if the things which she deems come to pass she could withdraw. This would not probably be wholly satisfactory to either party, but the case is one in which neither party can expect to get all it wants, and some compromise must be reached or a solution must be deferred indefinitely. We trust that the cooler and wiser heads will succeed in reaching at least a working agreement.—The Christian Guardian.

Cardinal Mercier, Primate of Belgium, has been awarded, by the Academy of Moral and Political Sciences of Paris, its grand prize of 15,000 francs. In awarding the prize to Cardinal Mercier the Academy "desired to honor his noble patriotism, his respect of right, his zeal for justice, his firmness in the face of oppression and his devotion for the poor and oppressed."

Archbishop Hanna of San Francisco has organized a social service work of far reaching importance. It is called the Boys' Welfare Society and has enlisted the aid of the most efficient laymen of San Francisco. Primarily Catholic in its idea and spirit it is planned also to cooperate effectively with all organizations dealing with problems affecting the welfare of boys and young men.

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Naval Committee what the Navy needs most, and it is said that its action was largely based on the recommendations of the late Chief of Naval Operations.

A brother officer and shipmate said of him:

"Whatever ship he served was sure to be a happy and efficient ship. Not, however, until he took command of the superdreadnought Utah did he find his real element, where the force of his personality could make itself felt. It was there that he initiated and created the Utah spirit, famous throughout the battle fleet, and now famous throughout the Navy, because he brought the Utah spirit to the Navy Department with him. Before he had been here long people began to find out that the Utah spirit was the Benson spirit."

The entrance of the United States into the War makes Admiral Benson's position of supreme importance. Those who know him best feel confident that the qualities developed during a life time of hard work, high ideals of service and conscientious devotion to duty will enable him to cope successfully with the grave problems that will confront him as commander of the fleet in time of war.

QUESTIONS

News comes from Australia of the death of the Right Rev. Monsignor R. Dunne, Archbishop of Brisbane. He was a native of Cork, where his family was well-known. He left his native land for Australia in 1871 and had never returned.

Rome, March 14.—Apostolic letters that have just been issued erect as Vicariates-Apostolic the Prefectures-Apostolic of Alaska and the Yukon (Dominion of Canada), the latter acquiring territory from the Archdiocese of Vancouver.

The Philadelphia Chapter of the Knights of Columbus is planning for the establishment of a national home for the aged members of the order. They propose assessing each member \$1 a year, which in three years would amount to \$1,000,000.

Robert Spencer, a great great-grandson of Daniel Boone, the famous Kentucky pioneer, was received into the Catholic Church recently and made his first Communion in St. Leo's Church, Denver, Sunday morning, March 18. He was instructed by the Rev. William O'Ryan.

Some months ago five priests, with the approval and blessing of the Bishops of Ireland, commenced to organize an Irish mission to China. Since that time they have been preaching and raising funds throughout Ireland. Their success has been phenomenal. Fourteen priests, forty or fifty nuns, and many students have volunteered for China.

TWENTIETH-CENTURY NEED OF A ST. PATRICK

"The thing that impresses me most about St. Patrick and his time," said the Hon. Bird S. Coler in his address to the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick, at Staten Island, "is that he and the man whom he converted thought straight. They went to the point like a well-aimed shot. No lesson could be better chosen to point a moral or to urge a course of action than the vision of St. Patrick; that is true for all the centuries. Give us the common-sense that takes things for what they are. Give us St. Patrick's sympathy with and understanding of facts. They did not know airships then. They did not know about wireless telegraphy and electric lights, and a thousand other marvels, but they knew that a tree was a tree, and a man a man, and a lie a lie forever. . . . We need St. Patrick's spirit in our nation. We need it to drive out the snakes of a superstition that imputes magic powers to the silliest and most grotesque of sociological flibbertygibnets. We need it to make a man love his country, and insist that in their schools children be taught to love their country. We need it to expel flag burners and altar desecrators, and those who thrust the raging fire of life into the hands of little children. We need it to banish from our minds the unclean things that go around with books at 10 cents a copy in one hand and a hammer, to break the laws of decency, in the other."

There is need of not only one, but of many such men as St. Patrick was in his time, to convince the press of hypocrisy and the world of sin, to teach men to think correctly, to speak honestly and to discriminate the true from the counterfeit in all the things of life, but particularly in the fields of religion and morality.—America.

Mayor Rolph of San Francisco has suggested that Archbishop Hanna be appointed head of a board of arbitration to settle all labor disputes in that city. He further suggested that the Archbishop should be empowered to appoint four other clerical members representing various denominations. "No other member of the community," said the Mayor, "possessed the confidence of all classes to such an extent as did the Archbishop."

As a result of the recent reorganization of the Canadian Chaplain Service, Major Rev. W. T. Workman, of the Franciscan Friary, Montreal, has been placed at the head of the Overseas Catholic chaplains with the title of Assistant Director of Chaplain Services, Roman Catholic. He is attached to Canadian Headquarters, London. Capt. Rev. F. L. French, of Renfrew, Ont., has been appointed Senior Catholic chaplain in France, with the title of Deputy Assistant Director of Chaplain Services. There are now four Catholic chaplains with each Canadian Division in France.

CATHOLIC NOTES

Six hundred members of the Benedictine Order are now serving as chaplains and in other capacities in the European War.

Father Henri Mathieu who went to France from the Franciscan Convent at Taunton, Mass., has been killed at the front.

The Rev. Bonaventure Hammer, O. F. M., who was prominent as a writer and translated General Lew Wallace's "Ben Hur" into German, died in Lafayette, Ind., on Friday, January 19.

Mother Jemaide, superioress of the Sisters of St. Joseph of Cluny, at Madagascar, has been awarded a prize of \$2,000 by the French Academy, in recognition of her work as an educator.

George L. Duval, Brooklyn Catholic well known for his generosity to charities, has made a donation of \$100,000 to the San Juan de Dios Hospital, Valparaiso, Chile, South America.

There are 1,400 Salesian Missionaries now working in Argentina. The first foundation was made in 1875 in Buenos Ayres. There are now twelve Salesian communities in that city and 5,000 pupils are under instruction.

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THE WATERS OF CONTRADICTION

BY ANNA C. MINOQUE
Author of "Cordons," "Borrowed From the Night"
CHAPTER XV

At noon the next day, when Arthur's train was bearing him to his new life, Joe laid the letter in his hand. She read it, and her spirit seemed to go down before the words. As in a vision she saw him cleaving a high and shining way to the goal that life had thus unexpectedly set before his eyes; and knew it was a future in which she should have no part.

"I can not follow you, Arthur," she cried piteously, and hid her face in her hands. "Blood will tell—always, always," said Miss Cora, when Lucy told her what Arthur had written her concerning himself. "Blood will tell," she repeated, as if to herself, and Lucy felt a white heat running through her veins. The old proud spirit, the unaccountable hate that had inspired her against these people seemed to leap back into her heart, and she felt the misery that had enfolded her life being rent asunder. Her soul seemed to stand naked before her, and she blushed for the shame of her folly, her sin. Then her womanhood rose up, and she wrapped around it the shining garment of purification, and Lucy saw her own way lying before her, a narrow, hard, but a straight white way, and, with a strange joy pervading her being, she set her feet upon it.

Two years passed. Joe, supreme master of the Hall, was bestowing upon the land a care that was increasing its value and future productiveness. No crops were planted, but the seed of the heavy blue grass, carefully gathered, was sown back upon the land, and the money Arthur allowed him was largely expended upon the purchase of fertilizers, for the worn-out fields and neglected places, while stones were carefully gathered for the repair of the rock fences, and the dead-wood that had been allowed to cumber the trees was removed, stumps were leveled, and sapplings set out. Arthur would come back some day, so he had promised, and Joe's one ambition in life was to hand over to him the remainder of the plantation in a condition that would make it as valuable as the acres his grandfather had possessed.

The life of the community flowed on in a current that to the unthinking observer might appear sluggish; but to the individuals comprising it, the aspect was entirely different. Love, hate, hope, despair—the old struggle works out in each human breast, and call no life uninteresting, because the outward appearances are calm.

Love came to Sylvia, a love totally dissimilar from the romantic attachment which had felt for Arthur Stanton, and, casting aside the traditions of her class, she had given herself to Miss Cora's iconoclastic nephew, and her suddenly developed democracy proved nearly the undoing of her mother. A healthy grandson, however, speedily kicked down all the stately dame's barriers, and the bright political aspect of her son-in-law's future, completed her resignation to her daughter's choice of a life partner.

When her own awakening had come to Lucy, she looked from her circumscribed life to the great world beyond, and a wild, impassioned longing seemed to drive her into it. Out there forgetfulness would be easier, and before she could live this new life, memory must be killed. It was then Duty raised her white hand. Out there she was not needed; here a place none but she could fill awaited. It were infinitely better that a generation of children should benefit by her instructions, go into manhood and womanhood properly equipped to meet their duties, than that she in the rush of the busy world, should have her ears deafened to voices that had had a power to sting. Moreover, to win her victory here would give it a value, it should not have if out there; and Lucy bade the tempter to be gone, and resumed her work as teacher in Stanton School.

Afterward Jasper Long took up the thread of a friendship that had been so singularly snapped (if he had come to know her, he ever remained silent) and the kindly folk smiled and said some day there would be a new mistress in the old home in the valley. But Jasper spoke never a word of love, and Lucy, grateful for her blessing, gathered her tender friendship into her empty life. Still Jasper knew he was waiting, and sometimes when Lucy's old gay laugh filled his ears with its music, as they drove or walked together, he felt as if he had taken a step nearer to his destiny.

Thus the two years passed, and one morning Jasper Long, after a night of watching by the bedside of his suddenly stricken father, found himself master of his life and his inheritance. He was young, and in the leisure that had been his he had been developing by a course of reading his own mind, and now he was free to give himself up to the one mistress who never proves unfaithful, albeit she never fulfills all the desires of her lovers. He put his affairs in order, made arrangements for his future as an art student; then he sought Lucy. The drive along the way they had taken that Sunday, the memory of which was fixed forever in the mind of each.

A silence had hung for a long while between them; then he said:

"Do you remember, Lucy—"
"Yes," she interrupted, "I remember," knowing what his question was.

"My duty, as it stood then, no longer exists," he continued. "I am now free to live out the life I was ready to prepare for my son. I shall start in a very short time for Paris to enter a school of drawing."

"I am glad—so glad," she said, although she felt her heart sink like lead, thinking of herself. A slight pressure on the reins stopped the horse in its unguided walk.

"Lucy, will you come with me?" She turned her surprised face toward him. In the gloom of the evening and the trees, it showed like a cameo, and thrilled his artistic soul with its exquisite beauty. He took her little hands.

"Come with me, Lucy, as my dear wife," he whispered, and as he drew her toward him, she felt all her being yielding to the request. By one of those emptying flashlights of consciousness, she saw her life as it was, in all its toil, its dullness and its loneliness; then, as swiftly was unrolled before her the life that might be hers, as the wife of Jasper Long, rich art student, successful artist.

"I owe you so much, Lucy, as my friend; as my wife, you shall be the inspiration of my life, of my work. I shall fill your life as fully as I may; my supreme object should be your happiness. O, Lucy, even now, if you bid me give up the career I have mapped out, I should do so. Lucy! Lucy!" he cried, and now his face was close to hers. "What passed over your life passed over mine! We can belong to each other by sorrow as well as by love."

She felt herself being drawn into his life, even as her body was being drawn closer to his breast; then the spirit of that other hour they had driven down that way, brushed its wings against this, and with it came the prophetic knowledge of the hollowness of their union that had then been allowed her. A marriage of their bodies and an eternal separation of their souls? The thought set her back in her own place. She withdrew herself from his clasp.

"No, Jasper, that cannot—cannot be," she said. "You do not understand, Lucy," he said, his hands following hers. "I ask for nothing you cannot give! I only ask for your companionship—only the privilege to be yours—I and all I possess, all that may come to me. And I cannot leave you!"

Again she hesitated, for her time without him rose before her. "I do understand," she said, however; "and still I say I cannot go. But you must. Now turn the horse and let us go home."

He gathered up the reins, and Lucy, looking from his face to the sky, saw a great luminous star melting through the fading light of the western sky.

"Look, Jasper!" she cried pointing to the star; but he did not follow her direction, and instead caught her white hand and pressed it to his lips.

Other years passed. The children who had come to Lucy clutching their primers in their chubby hands were now in the advanced classes. Her family and the community had accepted the fact that she would follow her bent until old age should incapacitate her; and, if the former grieved in silence over her willfulness and regretted their one interference with her will, the latter rejoiced that since such was to be her fate, they were blessed by her work.

As for Lucy herself, she had come at last into a little world of quiet happiness. She had conquered self, and standing on that vantage ground she had found she was mistress of her destiny. She perceived that while nothing any more could harm her, the very world seemed bent to give her happiness. She was living in a realm of love and benediction in her family, in the school and in the community. The song was now perpetually in her heart, the smile on her lips, and the sparkle of heart-gladdening in her eyes.

"It was worth while, all that went before, to come into such a kingdom." "All day that thought had been with her. It was a tender April day, the last one of the school year; for Lucy had succeeded in having the term extended even beyond the time secured by Miss Cora. On the morning the exhibition was to take place, followed in the afternoon by a picnic in the wood across the creek. There had not been much study, for the final drilling of the children in their parts of the entertainment they had prepared for parents and friends, had taken up the greater portion of the day. Now, with noisy shouts and laughter they had left, taking their books and slates with them. Lucy's roll-book and lunch basket were on the desk, and as she stood surveying the room, ready for the great event of the morrow, a sudden wave of gratitude for the good that was allowed her, overspread her soul, and again she thought.

"It was worth while, all that went before, to come into such a kingdom." Then she was aware that someone was standing in the doorway. She turned quickly, the clutch of alarm at her heart, and saw a man, tall, bearded, well dressed, looking at her through the dusk that had descended upon the room.

"Lucy!"

torturing love leaped into life, fighting blindly as it came.

He strode across the floor, and she knew he was coming to take her into his arms, crush his kisses upon her lips, knew he would do this thing, that she had no power within her to prevent it; and also knew that in so doing his hardly won manhood, his proudly held womanhood would be smirched, outraged, trampled upon.

"O Christ, save us!" The prayer stopped him at the desk, and as he looked at her across it, she knew that she had wronged him.

"I am free to come to you, Lucy," and the voice went to her in a wave of tenderness. "Were it not so—Oh, Lily! Miss! My Lily! Miss!"

THE END

AMBITION'S CONTEST

BY CHRISTINE FABER
CHAPTER II
THE COURTEYS

The "Courtney House," as it was familiarly known, having been in the proprietorship of the Courtneys from the time that the first of the family—emigrated from England—made himself a home in the then Dutch city of New York, was situated on a corner of one of the down-town streets, with its front looking out upon the Battery, and its rear facing a line of warehouses, whose dingy exterior formed no pleasant contrast to the row of elegant buildings in course of erection just beyond. It was a substantial building, though irregular in form, and unfashionable in appearance, and seemed, with its grim exterior, to frown on the improvements which modern times had made in the buildings about it. But the ocean breezes swept athwart its dark face, and the bright green of the Battery grass—which was then allowed to spring in its natural luxuriance—with the trees that skirted the grassy edge, made the house ancient and unfashionable as was its construction, a desirable residence. Such Mrs. Courtney evidently thought it, for she refused to locate her residence further up on the island as so many of her fashionable neighbors had done, and she persisted in a strange determination to have brought done to the building which might alter its external appearance.

Within the massive structure, all the appurtenances of more modern times which wealth could supply, were collected—velvet car-pets, satin cushioned furniture, and embroidered curtains, centre tables of hewn oak; gilt paintings, with solid gold knobs; oil portraits by the celebrated masters of old; gilded vases, whose massive golden rims gleamed in the afternoon sunlight; while at each end were immense mirrors, which reflected and magnified the splendor and spaciousness of the elegant apartments. In the room adjoining were rows of volumes on every side; large, inviting chairs; a centre table covered with an embroidered cloth, upon which rested a curiously constructed lamp, and bowered glass windows, which allowed the light into the apartment with a subdued radiance that seemed to give a sacred air to the place. Throughout the house, in every room, was found the evidence of a highly cultured taste. It was thus from the time that Alban Courtney brought home his young Irish bride, and allowed her to remodel the interior of the house as her girlish fancies prompted, and it was evident that the most perfect taste. Her gente management had made the old house on the Battery a paradise to him; whose home it had been from childhood, and the very servants were wont to love the will of the young mistress. The same servants who had welcomed her advent to the grim old mansion were with her still, and loved as of old the supposed widow, Mrs. Courtney; supposed, because the master of the house had gone away suddenly after his wife had donned deep mourning, which she had worn since. When questioned by wondering friends, she had answered:

"He is dead to me for a time," and persistent inquiry could elicit nothing further.

Gradually the strange disappearance had ceased to be the principle theme of fashionable gossip, and Mrs. Courtney was conceded to be considered—a widow. Always reserved in her manner, she repelled more than ever the friendships which would have thrust themselves upon her, and, secluding herself almost entirely from society, she devoted her time to the careful nurturing of her two beautiful children. That they repaid her devoted-care was evident in their elegantly refined manners when abroad, their unselfish, affectionate demeanor at home; and "Master Howard" and "Miss Ellen" were regarded with no less affection than their mother by the warm-hearted domestics. It seemed to have been Mrs. Courtney's intention to educate both her children herself—as she was well qualified for doing—at least, until their tender years should have passed; but the boy's eager mind panting for the stimulus of rivalry, and his ambition being fired by accounts of school triumphs—which he sometimes heard from occasional playmates at the house—he implored his mother to send him to school. She feared the effect of incessant study upon his health, which had never been robust, but she yielded at length to his entreaties, and entered him as a pupil in a Cath-

olic school, which was at that time the most celebrated one of the kind in the city. Her tender, maternal instinct would have sent the carriage with him each morning and for him in the afternoon, but he indignantly refused, saying:

"I am not a girl, mother, and I want to seem no better than the other boys."

So the elegantly dressed little lad footed the mile which intervened between his home and the school—on stormy days alone being induced to use the carriage; and his mother's fear for the effect upon his health seemed to have been exaggerated, for save an occasional attack of illness, which rarely detained him from school more than a day, he continued in his wonted health and spirits. Her anxious heart had at length somewhat lulled its fears, though it was evident to even casual beholders that the boy grew every day more fragile and spirituelle in appearance, and her matronly pride asserted itself when year after year awarded to her son the first prize of his class.

This year was his last at school. A few months travel through the States had been planned to ensue, when his college life was to begin; hence his being chosen as the deliverer of the Valedictory. Upon that Valedictory he had well nigh expended all the strength of his nature, working on previous nights till long past midnight, despite the entreaties of his mother and the gentle remonstrances of his sister. Now, as both hung over the satin-curtained bed in his own room, whether he had been domestic, the mother censured herself for having permitted such a strain upon her boy's mental energies.

"And you are right, Madam," answered the portly physician, who had attended the boy from his infancy. "I know it," sobbed the lady; "but only save him this time, doctor, and he shall not glance into a book again."

"That would be out of your power," was the somewhat curt reply. "That forehead," pointing to the face, white as the pillow on which it rested, "betrays a mind that will never rest till it has worn itself out. But this is no time for regrets; we must work to save the lad."

And, tenderly as did Mrs. Courtney herself, the physician attended to his patient. The long, sultry summer had well nigh gone, the patient rallied from the fever which had succeeded his hemorrhage, then he recovered sufficient consciousness to know the loving forms about him, ere his eyes began to lose their wild, unearthly expression; and the Indian summer had begun ere he was able to recline in the invalid chair. His mother and sister were his constant companions; and, still too weak to speak, he was wont to press lovingly from one to the other, to press their hands, and sometimes to recline his head on his mother's shoulder.

One evening that Mrs. Courtney was summoned to the parlor to receive some kindly meaning, but boisterous visitor, the sick boy turned to the gentle girl at his side, saying, with sudden strength in his tones:

"Ellen, separation from my books is killing me. Oh! for one hour of the study I used to have."

He looked mournfully toward the handsome bookcase, whose well-filled shelves constituted his own special library, and which he would have in his own room, with all the other apparatus that he deemed essential to his study. Thus glared the corners of the apartment; a small telescope lay on a centre table; maps with self-adjusting frames filled a recess; large parchment charts, with diagrams upon them drawn by his own hand, rested near a small cabinet of neatly labelled minerals, and a few crayon drawings, which he had done when very young, hung upon the walls.

"I am so much stronger tonight, Ellen," he said, when he had looked long and wistfully at his books; "your reading to me a little while cannot hurt."

"The doctor's orders," she hesitatingly answered. "We will defy for once," he replied smilingly, "and I will prescribe for myself. So, careful little sister, do my bidding tonight, at least till mother returns."

He seemed so much better as he leaned back on the velvet cushion, looking up with almost his own bright smile, and the least possible color in his cheeks, that tender hearted, loving little Ellen could not bear to refuse him. She brought the volume he requested, and, seating herself on an ottoman at his feet, began. Her voice, promising to be exquisite in its fine modulations, had already been so carefully trained by her accomplished mother, that her reading was somewhat marvellous for a girl of her years. The volume treated of ideas beyond her comprehension, but her naturalness of style and loving little Ellen could not bear to refuse him. She brought the volume he requested, and, seating herself on an ottoman at his feet, began. Her voice, promising to be exquisite in its fine modulations, had already been so carefully trained by her accomplished mother, that her reading was somewhat marvellous for a girl of her years. The volume treated of ideas beyond her comprehension, but her naturalness of style and loving little Ellen could not bear to refuse him.

"How noble," he interrupted, "how grand such a life!" His sister closed the book, and laying her hand on his arm, said softly: "Do you think that God thought it so?" He answered a little impatiently: "I am not viewing his life in a roiling light; I am only looking at

its intellectual grandeur. But I am forgetting—you cannot understand these things just yet."

She answered as softly as before: "I know, dear Howard, that these things are far above me; but it seemed to me that a simple life of hidden virtues would be far greater than this showy lining of intellectual character as you call it."

"You are talking now, as nearly all girls do," he answered, a little scornfully. "Of course, you cannot understand the thoughts which agitate men's minds—you cannot conceive the delight it is to away multitudes by that powerful something in one's character, which influences them despite all will to the contrary; you cannot know what it is to feel one's power in this respect. Oh! the grandeur, the strength of such a mind. It might make one almost defy death."

He sat erect, but it was only for a moment. His head fell helplessly back on the cushion; the color died suddenly out of his cheeks, and a vivid stream rushed from his mouth. The agony in the scream which his sister gave caused him to open his eyes; but it was only to let the heavy lids close upon them instantly, and to sink into a stupor from which the combined efforts of the two physicians, whom Mrs. Courtney had distractedly summoned, failed to arouse him for hours.

"Ah," the broken-hearted mother moaned, "I would have given him to God without a murmur a few years hence—but not now—oh, no, no!" Ellen reproached herself as the cause of her brother's second hemorrhage, wrung her little hands and wept, till from sheer exhaustion she slumbered at last on the foot of his bed.

Wretched days passed till the lad was thought to be dying. Curious neighbors closely watched each visit of the physician, marvelling at the fierceness of sorrow for a child, when the disappearance of a husband had been borne with such apparent indifference. Everything in the shape of apparatus for study had been removed from the lad's room—his mother would not have a single book in sight, though the grave physician shook his head and pointing to the blue-veined temple which had just been released from an icy bandage, said:

"No use, Madam—that mind even now in its fever delirium is performing the labor of healthy days."

It seemed so, for the boy frequently raved of the studies in which he had been engaged, as if he were in the classroom with all the stimulus of class-rivalry about his ears. "Contrary to all expectations, death did not visit the lad then; and, when the grass was beginning to show its light green on the Battery, he was able to recline once more in the easy-chair. He was very pale and ethereal looking, and there was a supernatural brightness in his magnificent eyes, and a wasted look about his face, which seemed to betray how slight the tenure by which even now his life was held. But his mother wept tears of joy in seeing him so, and the pilgrimages to the nearest Catholic Church to offer thanks for her son's unexpected recovery; while his sister, anticipating his wishes, sought eagerly to gratify them all, save permitting a book to pass into his hands, or acceding to his desire of reading to him. He smiled sadly when first refused, but did not proffer his request again. From the window of the room he could look out on the bay, and he spent long hours in watching the numerous crafts as they passed and repassed. When interrogated about the persistent watch which he maintained, and remonstrated with on his desire to have the window open that the ocean breeze might fan his face, he answered impatiently:

"I'm denied books, which are to me part of my life. I cannot live without some such companionship, so that," pointing in the direction of the bay, "just now supplies their place. The vessels, passing to their destined ports, seemed like a panorama of souls, and the unpretending little schooners are emblematic of my gentle sister here."

Ellen was kneeling on the ottoman—her usual seat—beside his chair, with her clasped hands resting on the velvet arm, while Mrs. Courtney, standing at the centre table, was engaged in preparing some medicines. Howard had looked at neither while he spoke, but Ellen glanced toward him while she answered:

"And do not the humble little schooners perform a useful a part, in their way, as the ocean vessels, and will not God bless the humble souls as quickly as the grand, intellectual characters you speak about so often?"

He made an impatient gesture in his chair, and a half scornful look came into his face while he replied: "Why will you obtrude those religious views of yours into every conversation we hold?"

"Why?" and the child's eyes looked up with a woman's earnestness in their depths. "Because, dear Howard, we ought to be humble in everything we do, or would wish to do, and"—speaking with a solemnity of tone beyond her years—"you call these my religious views—should they not be yours as well? Are we not children of the same faith? Have we not both been taught these principles?"

"Don't," interrupted Howard, striving to place his hand over her mouth; "do not moralize now. I can't bear it!" The phial in Mrs. Courtney's hand fell, shivering into glassy atoms at

her feet, and Howard and Ellen, looking up at the sound, saw her turn suddenly and walk hastily into the adjoining apartment; but neither suspected that she had left the room to conceal from them her sudden emotion.

TO BE CONTINUED

A NARROW ESCAPE

"Yes, but, John, can't you be serious, dear. Don't you see that I'm very much in earnest, you big foolish fellow," and as little Mrs. Donovan looked up in her husband's laughing face with a quivering lip and eyes perilously near to tears, there was no doubting the truth of her words.

"All right, little woman," John Donovan said, with sudden compunction, bringing to a quick conclusion the last lively steps of an Irish jig which he had just been performing in the middle of the sanded kitchen floor. The stalwart young farmer, handsome of face, brawny of limb, merry-eyed, and kindly of tone, had ever been of such a light-hearted and easy-going disposition that his friends sometimes said of him that he would still be found dancing and singing on his death-bed.

"What is it, dearie? Sure 'twould be the hard-hearted fellow, indeed, could refuse you anything. Tell me, Mollie, what is it that you want us to do, astoreen," he went on, in his coaxing, colloquial way, as his wife remained sad and silent.

"You know very well what it is, John," she answered, dejectedly. "That bothersome confession again!" he asked, with uplifted brows and a very wry face. "Ah, well, I'll promise you I'll think about it, little girl."

"Yes, but you always say that, though it's nearly three years now since you knelt to the priest, and tomorrow is Ascension Thursday, and the very last day for the performance of the Easter duty," his wife said, with a little sob in her voice. "And I'm getting so hopeless, so very disappointed in you, John."

His eyes rested on her pretty down-cast head with a look that wavered a moment between irritation and tenderness. Suddenly at the thought of all that his little Mollie, his dear wife, the loving mother of his lovely children had been to him:

"A perfect woman, nobly planned, To warm, to comfort and command," the latter feeling gained complete sway.

"All right, little woman," he said, passing one arm affectionately about her. "Don't cry. I'm not worth crying about, my pet. And I'll do what you ask, I promise you—anything rather than see you fret."

Mollie lifted a grateful face, into which a sudden little radiance had crept like sunshine after rain. "Today?" she asked, eagerly. "Must it be today?" She nodded decisively. "Yes, if you want to fulfil your Easter duty for this year. Tomorrow is the very last day," she said again.

"Well, I must be off to Dublin Market this morning, so it will be a bit awkward," he began. "That is just the one of the very reasons I want you to go and make your peace with God," his wife said earnestly. Having lived all her life amidst quiet country lanes and fields, such places as cities and seaports and market places were fraught in Mollie's imagination with a thousand dangers. "You know, John, that but I'm miserable all the time till you come back, fearing you'd be killed by a train or a motor car, or maybe swept into the river by some of those wild cattle being shipped off to foreign parts."

"No fear, dearie," he laughed confidently. "I can take better care of myself than that."

"But one never knows," she went on, "what may happen, or what moment we may be suddenly called on to appear before God. Think of all those poor people who went down in the Titanic! And of the poor young lady who was killed the other day by the motor, not a hundred yards from our gate!"

"God help them, poor creatures," her husband said with feeling. He had been amongst those who helped the unhappy victim of the last accident motor, and he could not yet think of the maimed and disfigured face of the poor dead girl without a shudder. "After all, confession is not such a hard thing at all, John, when one makes up one's mind to it. And one feels happy after it—just as though one were walking on air." Mollie went on hopeful at last that her words were having some real effect. "If you went into one of the city churches as soon as the market is over, the priests are sure to be hearing confessions there all day."

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faults and omissions of the last three years had slipped from his shoulders, leaving him care free and happy as an innocent child. How easy he had found it, after all, how kind and fatherly, how understanding and sympathetic the white-haired old priest had been! And how foolish he himself had been to delay so long over a matter so very easy in the end, and which had brought that strange, wonderful, beautiful feeling of new-found grace and goodness into his heart.

John Donovan was a man who, though careless in many ways, yet had been greatly beloved from boyhood upwards for his unflinching kindness and good nature towards all men. And in even a more special way towards all women and children, whom he never failed to treat with an old-world chivalry and tenderness too often found absent in these degenerate days.

Today, if possible, he felt more imbued than ever before with the spirit of universal kindness and goodness. A blind beggar at a street corner received from him a doctour out of all proportion to his expectations. A few moments later he might be seen helping a feeble old woman through the crowded traffic of the street, carrying her heavily loaded market-basket for her, and depositing it and her safely amidst the old creature's voluble thanks on the footpath on the other side. And when, just as he turned into the railroad station on his way home, his ears were suddenly assailed by the frightened cry of a tiny girl whose mother had momentarily lost her in the hurried throng of passers-by, it was John Donovan who came first to the rescue, comforting the child, and succeeding after a very short search in restoring her to her much alarmed mother.

Having done so, he turned with uplifted hat from the lady, and was about to recross the road hurriedly to the station—his train must be very nearly due—when a startled shout from behind him brought him to a sudden standstill. Not a moment too soon either, for hardly had he time to look about him when he was struck by the side of a motor car which had crept up behind him unheeded.

Had he advanced one step further, or disregarded for a second that warning shout, he was probably no more, for the car was bound to go clean over him. As it was, he felt a sudden jar of both legs, and was barely able to throw himself free of the car ere it was brought to a stop.

In those few moments of doubt and terror, with the memory of the mangled face and form of that recent poor victim of modern rush and hurry before his eyes, his first thought was a prayer for Mollie and the little ones at home, perhaps now to be left husbandless and fatherless forever. His second was a great uplifting of his heart to God in gratitude that, if he were to be taken, it was in the state of grace and newly-shriven that he would go before his Lord and Maker.

Was it not for this very reason, indeed, that Mollie, in the providence of God, had prayed and pleaded with him so earnestly this morning? If he must be taken from her, how much better now than yesterday or a year ago, with all his faults and sins lying heavy and unforgiven on his soul!

But he was not to be taken after all. The car, which had happily begun to slow down ere it struck him, soon came to a standstill, and John Donovan presently found himself with nothing worse than a pair of badly bruised shins and some torn and mud bespattered clothing, the centre of a crowd of sympathisers, half of them filled with concern for his safety, the other half equally indignant and denunciatory of the reckless driving of the man who had so nearly run him down.

"The mercy of God you were not killed," one of them said, "and are you quite sure you got no bones broken?" asked one anxious on-looker.

"Quite sure," John Donovan answered with a smile. He was feeling badly bruised, and suffering from shock, yet it seemed quite natural that now, as always, he should show a happy and smiling front to all. Perhaps it was because it is always the lookers-on who see most of the game, and he himself had had hardly time to realize his great danger when it was already over and past. But of the crowd of anxious, excited or indignant people about him, it is safe to say that he was the one most cool and collected of them all.

"Ay, it was a pretty close shave indeed," he admitted to those who congratulated him on his narrow escape. "And I might as well have been killed, almost. Well, I suppose, I wasn't good enough to go yet awhile, boys—though, praise be to God, things might have been worse than they are with me. An' to think a body could so easily walk into a motor car like that, and go to one's grave without word or warning!"

"Sure, poor Mollie was right after all," he reflected inwardly; "an' one can never be sure of the moment one may be taken. If it was herself or one of the childer was in it now!" and a spasm crossed his face. "It shows us how well prepared we ought to be at all times and in all places, glory be to God!"

Molly was naturally much shocked when she heard of the danger her husband had run, even though he himself did his best to make it seem trifling and unimportant. But one good thing came of it which was to prove of vast help and consolation to her in the years to come. It was

that John had been so impressed by the warning of that day that ever after he was determined—and carried out his determination—"to be for ever and always," as he expressed it, "ready, as far as lay in poor mortal power, to go before the Lord."—Nora Tynan O'Mahony.

COWARDICE OR CAUTION?

Sir Bertram C. A. Windie, M. A., M. D., in America

Among the accusations leveled against Catholic men of science by anti-Catholic writers the most serious is that of concealing their real opinions on scientific matters, and even of professing views which they do not really hold, out of a craven fear of ecclesiastical denunciations. The attitude which permits of such an accusation is hardly courteous, but stripped of its verbiage, that is the accusation as it is made. Now, as there are usually at least some smouldering embers of fire where there is smoke, there is just one small item of truth behind all this pother. No Catholic, scientific man or otherwise, who really honors his faith would desire wilfully to advance theories apparently hostile to its teaching. Further, even if he were convinced of the truth of facts which might appear—it could only be "appear"—to conflict with that teaching he would in expounding them either show how they could be harmonized with his religion, or, if he were wise, would treat his facts from a severely scientific point of view and leave other considerations to the theologians trained in directions almost invariably unexplored by scientific men. Perhaps the memory of old, far-off unhappy events should not be recalled, but it is pertinent to remark that the troubles in connection with a man whose name once stood for all that was stalwart in Catholicism, did not originate in, nor were they connected with, any of the scientific books and papers of which the late Professor Mivart was the author, but with those theological essays which all his friends must regret that he should ever have written.

It may not be waste of time briefly to consider two of the instances commonly brought up as examples when the allegation with which we are dealing is under consideration.

First of all let us consider the case of Gabriel Fallopius who lived—it is very important to note the date—1523-1562; a Catholic and a churchman. Now it is gravely asserted that Fallopius committed himself to misleading views, views which he thought to be misleading, because he thought that he was thereby serving the interests of the Church. What he said concerned fossils then beginning to puzzle the scientific world of the day. Confronted with these objects and living, as he did, in an unscientific age, when the seven days of creation were interpreted as periods of twenty-four hours each and the universality of the Noachian deluge was accepted by everybody, it would have been something like a miracle if he had at once fathomed the true meaning of the shark's teeth, elephant's bones and other fossils remains which came under his notice. His idea was that all these things were mere concretions "generated by fermentation in the spots where they were found," as he very quaintly and even absurdly put it. The accusation, however, is not that Fallopius made a mistake—as many another man has done—but that he deliberately expressed an opinion which he did not hold and did so from religious motives. Of course, this includes the idea that he knew what the real explanation was, for had he not known it, he could not have been guilty of making a false statement. There is no evidence whatever that Fallopius ever had so much as a suspicion of the real explanation, nor, it may be added, had any other man of science for the century which followed his death.

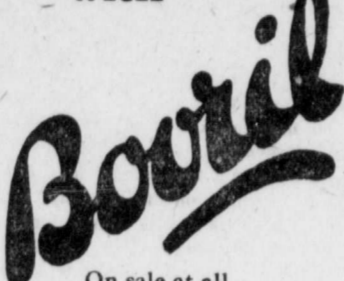
Then there arose another Catholic churchman, Nicolaus Stensen (1631-1686), who, by the way, ended his days as a bishop, who did solve the riddle, giving the answer which we accept today as correct, and on whom two hundred years later the title of "The Father of Geology" is a little difficult to understand. How the "unchanging Church" should have welcomed, or at least in no way objected to, Stensen's views when the mere entertainment of them by Fallopius is supposed to have terrified him into silence. But when the story of Fallopius is mistold, as indicated above, it need hardly be said that the story of Stensen is never so much as alluded to. The real facts of the case are these: Fallopius was one of the most distinguished men of science of his day. Every medical student becomes acquainted with his name because it is attached to two parts of the human body which he first described. He made a mistake about fossils, and that is the plain truth—as we now know, a most absurd mistake, but that is all. As we hinted above, he is very far from being the only scientific man who has made a mistake. Huxley had a very bad fall over Bathybius and was man enough to admit that he was wrong. Curiously enough what Huxley thought a living being really was a concretion, just as what Fallopius thought a concretion had been a living thing.

Another extremely curious fact is that another distinguished man of science, who lived three hundred years later than Fallopius and had all the knowledge which had accu-

mulated during that prolific period to assist him, the late Philip Gosse, fell into the same pit as Fallopius. As his son tells us, he wrote a book to prove that when the sudden act of creation took place the world came into existence so constructed as to bear the appearance of a place which had for ages been inhabited by living things, or, as some of his critics unkindly put it, "that God hid the fossils in the rocks in order to tempt geologists into infidelity." Gosse had the real answer under his eyes which Fallopius had not, for the riddle was unread in the latter's days. Yet Gosse's really unparadigmatic mistake was attributed to himself alone and "Plymouth Brethrenism," which was the sect to which he belonged, was not saddled with it, nor have the brethren been called obscurantists because of it.

Of course there is a second string to the accusation we are dealing with. If the scientific man did really express new and perhaps startling opinions, they would have been much newer and much more startling had he not held himself in for fear of the Church and said only about half of what he might have said. It is the half instead of the whole loaf of the former accusation. Thus, in its notice of Stensen, the current issue of the "Encyclopedia Britannica" says: "Cautiously at first, for fear of offending orthodox opinion, but afterwards more boldly he proclaimed his opinion that these objects (viz., fossils) had once been parts of living animals."

If illness threatens a breach—reinforce with



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"One may feel quite certain that if Stensen had not been a Catholic ecclesiastical notice would have run—and far more truthfully—'Cautiously at first until he felt that the facts at his disposal made his position quite secure and then more boldly, etc. etc.'"

What in the ordinary man of science is caution, becomes cowardice in the Catholic. We shall find another example of this in the case of Buffon (1707-1788) who was cited as that of a man who believed all that Darwin believed and one hundred years before Darwin, and yet was afraid to say it because of the Church to which he belonged. This mistake is partly due to that lamentable ignorance of Catholic teaching, not to say that lamentable incapacity for clear thinking, on these matters, which afflicts some non-Catholic writers. Let us take an example from an eminently fair writer, the author of "The Life of Buffon," the author says: "I cannot agree with those who think that Buffon was an out-and-out evolutionist, who concealed his opinions for fear of the Church. No doubt he did trim his sails, the palpably insincere *Mais non, il est certain par la revelation que tous les animaux ont également participe a la grace de la creation*, following hard upon the too bold hypothesis of the origin of all species from a single one, is proof of the kind, for whatever Buffon may have meant, and none but himself could tell us, it is perfectly clear that whether creation was immediate (as under transformism considered from a Christian point of view it would be) or immediate, every created thing would participate in the grace of creation, which is just the point which the writer from whom the quotation has been made has missed.

The same writer furnishes us with the real explanation of Buffon's attitude when he says that Buffon was "too sane and matter of fact a thinker to go much beyond his facts, and his evolution doctrine remained always tentative." Buffon, like many another man, from St. Augustine down to his own times, considered the transformist explanation of living nature. He saw that it unified and simplified the conceptions of species and that there were certain facts which seemed strongly to support it. But he does not seem to have thought that they were sufficient to establish it and he puts forward his views in the tentative manner which has just been suggested.

The fact is that those who father the accusations with which we have been dealing either do not know or scrupulously conceal their knowledge that what they proclaim to be scientific cowardice is really scientific caution, a thing to be lauded and not to be decried.

REMARKABLE CLAIM OF PROTESTANT BISHOP

REFUTED BY WELL-KNOWN MINISTER CONVERT TO CATHOLIC CHURCH

Bishop D. S. Tuttle is the Presiding Bishop or head of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States of America. He resides in St. Louis. At a mid-day Lenten service recently, in the Columbia Theater, Bishop Tuttle told of St. Alban and the Church of England. Tracing St. Alban's martyrdom for the Christian faith in England, in the year 300, the Bishop declared the Christian Church existed in Britain as early as 200, writes Rev. A. M. Richey in Western Catholic.

"Some say St. Paul visited Britain. It is said some of those present at the Day of Pentecost went back home and told the story of the narrow Strait of Dover from Gaul into Britain the early missionaries had come. Anyway, Christianity was introduced into Britain by the year 200. Alban's martyrdom came from his conversion, after he had sheltered a Christian British priest. And when, not more than twenty years after Alban's death, a council of Christians was held in France, three British Bishops attended.

"Early as 250 there was a national British Church, with its own Bishops, its own prayer book, its own liturgy, its own national existence. Then, in the time of Henry VIII, you will find how it was that the Church in England, and the Parliament, and the whole people, said that the Bishop of Rome had no more right of dictation to England than any other foreign Bishop. For thirteen hundred years before ever Henry VIII, lived, England had gone on with her Bishops and her clergy and her prayer book. The Church of England, in its Reformation, became simply the old, independent, autonomous church that it was in the time of St. Alban."

FICTION

This sounds very extraordinary! St. Alban and the Catholic Church!—the Reformation and the Protestant Episcopal Church!—The same? St. Alban a Protestant Episcopalian? Good old Bishop Tuttle a Catholic of pre-Reformation days? Oh no!

One might as well say that Pope Benedict XV, is a Jew because St. Peter was a Jew, or that Saul of Tarsus was not a Roman because he persecuted the Church of God.

FACT

The great Catholic St. Paul, after his conversion, as we know, was a great missionary. He also spent years in Rome. He was there associated with St. Peter, and St. Ignace says: "It is a matter of necessity that every church should conform to the two most glorious Apostles, Peter and Paul, at Rome because of her pre-eminent authority."

It is a fact that St. Alban was considered the first martyr of Britain. The Britons were mostly pagans and persecuted the Church in those days whenever they could put their hands on it, much as the British persecuted the Church in Ireland a hundred years ago, forbidding priests to enter the country, celebrate Mass or teach the children—and they actually martyred some whom they found doing so no more than a hundred years ago. And it was the Mass—the sacrificing priest—in the one case as in the other, though fifteen hundred years apart.

Do you think, dear Bishop Tuttle, that St. Alban and the priest owed his life to him, St. Patrick and other British and Celtic Christians of those early centuries were the same sort that went over to Ireland not many years since and protested against everything Catholic, forbade the people to hear Mass, punished those who taught the children their catechism and even slew the priest whom they discovered offering the Sacrifice of the Mass? No, Bishop Tuttle, you do not really think that ancient Catholics and modern Protestants are the same thing.

St. Alban had also been a pagan but was converted and when a persecution broke out, to safeguard the priest, as Bede, the early English historian tells us, Alban disguised himself in the priest's cloak and was apprehended in his stead. He was dragged before the judge, scourged, and when he would not recede from his new faith, was condemned to death, much as some Irish priests were some years ago by British authority. Why? Because these were Catholic and sacrificing priests and the others were Protestants who rebelled against the very idea of sacrificing priests.

And Bishop Tuttle asks us to believe that the Protestant Episcopal Church, or "the Protestant Church of England established by law in its Reformation, became simply the old independent, autonomous church that it was in the time of St. Alban."

"Autonomous Church!" That's the crux, is it?—That the focus of the grand St. Louis paganism!

Autonomous. Every parish is autonomous in certain ways, but subject to the diocesan. Every diocese is autonomous within its prescribed bounds, but subject to the Archbishop or Metropolitan. Every Catholic nation or the Catholic hierarchy in each nation are within prescribed limits autonomous, but always subject to the Supreme Pontiff at Rome who today as much as in the days of Irenaeus is looked

upon as representing the "pre-eminent authority."

There is no doubt that the Catholic religion was introduced into Britain at an early date, "some time before the martyrdom of St. Alban," as Bishop Tuttle very logically states.

ISOLATION

It is also true that on account of the severity of the persecutions they suffered those early English Catholics were compelled to flee to the mountains. When the rule regulating Easter was fixed in 325, on account of their isolation they knew nothing about it, but when St. Augustine and his monks came, those isolated Catholics conformed to the established customs of the Universal Church and were one in every respect with the Center of Unity from which they had been isolated through circumstances over which they had no control.

THE REAL QUESTION

But what has all this to do with the Reformation and the Protestant Episcopal Church?

These early British were Catholics, not Protestants; they had sacrificing priests, not ministers who protested against the Sacrifice of the Mass; they acknowledged obedience to Rome, instead of refusing that obedience—and yet Bishop Tuttle tells us: "The Church of England, in its Reformation, became simply the old, independent, autonomous church that it was in the time of St. Alban." It is as difficult for an Episcopalian to read history straight as it is for him to think logically or submit his thought to the guidance of tradition and authority. He is so given to private interpretation and the influence of preference and prejudice that he interprets known facts out of their established relationship to meet his wishes and private theories.

If one were to question and cross-question Bishop Tuttle on this matter as one feels inclined, and brought in St. Patrick, St. Brigit, St. Columba and a few other early Saints of the British Isles as witnesses, it is quite conceivable that we should get the good Bishop somewhat confused.

But what can one do? There are people who love their illusions too much to part with them.

THE CONVERSION OF ENGLAND

Although there were Christians and missionaries in pagan Britain just as there were in pagan Germany before St. Boniface undertook the great task set him, yet in the one case as in the other the more primitive efforts were abortive and unsuccessful, and the conversion of England dates from the Mission of St. Augustine and his forty monks in 597 just as the conversion of Germany dates from the Mission of St. Boniface.

St. Augustine found but very few Christians in Britain, owing to their isolation on account of persecution they had not only been unable to keep in touch with Christians across the channel, but had failed to make any impression on the inhabitants of Britain.

The few, scattered, disorganized and persecuted Christians of Britain before St. Augustine's time could not be called a National Church in any sense of the word. To find an analogy one must transport himself to the heart of China fifty years ago. There he will see a few isolated Catholic priests and people cut off from the great body of the Faithful and persecuted unto death. Could they be called a National Church? Even today, with nearly two million Catholics in China, there is scarcely a national character to the Church in China such as is to be found in France, Belgium, Italy, Austria or Ireland.

WORK OF ST. AUGUSTINE

Then, it is an anachronism to speak of the few early scattered Catholics of Britain as a National Church. They had no national organization. When St. Augustine arrived in England they were scattered to the tops of mountains for the most part in fear of their lives. It was St. Augustine who gathered them together, enlightened their ignorance about Easter and many other matters and gathered them under his wing, organizing and pursuing the work of converting the country in a systematic way.

One must distinguish "The Church" from the physical property of the Church. The property of the Catholic Church was stolen by Protestants at the Reformation. The claim that the Protestant Church of England is the same as the ancient church of Britain will never make that robbery right nor a falsehood the truth. Protestants are not Catholics.—Michigan Catholic.

MARY'S BEADS

There is one harp that any hand can play,
And from its strings what harmonies arise!
There is one song that any mouth can say—
A song that lingers when all singing dies.
When on their beads our Mother's children pray,
Immortal music charms the grateful skies.

—JOYCE KILMER

The doctrine that enters only into the ear is like the repast one takes in a dream.—Chinese.
Words do ten times more to irritate people than the strongest acts.—Cardinal Manning.

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Editors: Rev. James T. Foley, B. A., Thomas Coffey, LL. D.

Associate Editors: Rev. F. J. O'Sullivan, B. F. MacIntosh.

Advertisements for teachers, situations wanted, etc. 50 cents each insertion. Remittance to accompany the order.

Approved and recommended by Archbishops of Toronto, Ottawa, Kingston, Montreal, and St. Boniface, the Bishops of London, Hamilton, Peterborough, and Oshawa, N. Y., and the clergy throughout the Dominion.

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LONDON, SATURDAY, APRIL 14, 1917

THE CATHOLIC REVIVAL IN FRANCE AND ANTI-CLERICALISM

Ten thousand evidences crowd one another as to the marvellous religious revival in France, and yet a quite natural, almost inevitable, anticlerical action by the French Government has had the effect of making timid friends diffident and open enemies exultant. Let us glance at the real situation.

Many Catholics date the decadence of religion in France from the Revolution. And this fundamental misconception is responsible for many others.

Before the Revolution the Catholic Church in France had become identified with the French absolute monarchy. It had become above all a national institution.

"The very fact that the Church had become an unshakable national institution chilled the vital source of Catholicism. Not only did the hierarchy stand in perpetual suspension of the Roman See, and toy with the conception of national independence, but they, and all the official organization of French Catholicism, put the security of the national establishment and its intimate attachment to the general political structure of the State, far beyond the sanctity of Catholic dogma or the practice of Catholic morals."

"That political structure—the French monarchy—seemed to be of granite and eternal." In its overthrow was involved official French Catholicism whose nationalism had identified the Catholic Church with the monarchy.

Nationalism of its very nature is opposed to that mission of the Catholic Church which she received from her Divine Founder when He said: Go teach all nations. The Catholic who identifies nationalism with religion, even though in faith, necessarily degrades Catholicism and paves the way for those who under the cover of patriotism prostitute religion to nationalism.

Nationalism lost England to Catholic unity; nationalism is responsible for the Eastern Schism; nationalism carried to its logical conclusion has involved the Christian world in the present fratricidal war. Nationalism is doubly responsible for the bitter antagonism that has obtained between the Church and Republican ideals in France. The Catholic Church is the Church of all nations; nationalism in religion is necessarily anti-Catholic.

Before the Revolution "the State wore Catholic clothes," recently it has worn the clothes of atheism. But it is hard to see how a Catholic, at any rate, can fail to see in this the providential purging of the Church in France of the deadly virus of nationalism.

Hilaire Belloc, from whom we have quoted above, says that before the Revolution, "few of the middle classes went to Mass in the great towns, hardly any of the artisans." And writing six years ago: "It is safe to say that where one adult of the educated classes concerned himself with the Catholic Faith and practice in France before the Revolution, there are five today."

Since the Separation of Church and State in France the revival of religion, the deepening of the spiritual hold of the Catholic Church on the French people, the marvellous increase of Catholic influence over the whole national and intellectual life of France, was such that a prominent Anglican clergyman (Head Master of Eton) preaching at Westminster Abbey characterized it as "the most momentous event occurring in Europe for at least a century."

Another anti-Catholic measure was the withdrawal of the exemption of the clergy and seminarians from military service. The world now knows how this master-stroke of anticlerical hatred has recoiled on its perpetrators.

L'Humanité is an advanced radical paper founded by Briand (in his Socialist days,) and Jean Jaurès. It was the organ of the latter until his death some months ago. Writing of the army in this paper "a militant Socialist of the 18th division" bears unhesitating testimony to the fact that "in these terrible times men turn to religion." And as to the permanent effect of it all he thus writes:

"As far as it is possible to reckon the future by the present, judging by what we see and hear at the present time, we have reason to assert that the changed point of view in France will produce a complete change in the religious situation when the War is over. It is already spoken of everywhere, and especially among the working people. It is the universal cry. Henceforth France will not give place to an anti-religious policy. Assuredly the sectaries—the inimical minority—will not disarm. One should not be astonished to see them open an active campaign against Catholics. Formerly, by means of skilful calumnies they might have drawn in their wake the whole mass of indifferents. But to-day that great mass is no longer indifferent; that is the major point. By means of the War it has formed a religious opinion. Most of the thousands of soldiers, who, during days never to be forgotten, have lived with the priest and with death, believe and practice their religion to-day; even those who have not found faith and piety have only sympathy and respect for priests and religion. There is not one among them who would favor an anti-clerical policy, not one who would permit it. It would be like firing on their comrades in the trenches."

It will be noted that this well-informed Socialist does not predict the absolute disappearance of anti-clericalism. On the contrary: "Assuredly the sectaries—the inimical minority—will not disarm." So that the recent spiteful action of the present French Parliament—which was elected before the War—in compelling the few remaining priests physically fit to go from the Ambulance Service, and the like, to the actual fighting of the trenches, has not much significance. True it will increase the heavy list of priests who have made the supreme sacrifice; over 2,000 have already died on the field of battle. Without minimizing at all the importance of the fearful thinning of the ranks of the French clergy, it may be said with absolute confidence that they have won a complete victory over rabid anti-clericalism.

Frenchmen who during this terrible time have challenged the admiration of the world will not in happier days "fire on their comrades in the trenches."

OUR GREAT ALLY AND OUR GREAT DUTY

Not in all Canada is there a true Canadian whose heart does not feel an exultant thrill of pride and joy and fellowship at the lining up of our great neighbor on the side of freedom, justice and democracy. This action of the United States in itself goes far to shorten the War; and if war-mad Prussianism insists on prolonging the struggle the inexhaustible resources of men, money and munitions which the United States brings into the conflict make the ultimate outcome absolutely certain.

Germany's decision to fight on even against such odds can be based only on the hope or belief that her submarine warfare will paralyze the efforts of the combination against her which otherwise even the most optimistic of her leaders must regard as overwhelming.

The Germans may be anything else you care to call them, but they are not fools where war is concerned. If they believe that the submarine campaign will succeed then it is folly to deny that there is good ground for that belief.

Again, at the helm on our side are men whom every dictate of reason and duty and patriotism impels us to trust implicitly and to obey unquestioningly. From the watchtowers of Israel comes the command, imperatively, imploring: Put the last available acre of land and the last available ounce of labor into the production of food.

There is a lot of silly talk about sending all sorts and conditions of men and women, boys and girls, to "help" the farmer. The farmers could render just as effective "help" in the lawyers' and doctors' offices, or in the countless other depart-

ments of city life where skilled labor is essential. But if National Service is anything more than a name and a pretense effective mobilization of the necessary forces of labor will be forthcoming to meet the duty of the hour. However, there is a duty for individuals as well as for those charged with guidance and government. Dr. Creelman's article, "Farm Help," on another page, goes far to point out the pressing nature of that duty.

Under ordinary conditions the ruthless submarine might attain the end desired; with the invaluable aid of the United States we can radically change the conditions.

THE EDITOR OF 'ROME'

The recent death of Monsignor O'Kelly, which occurred on April 11th at Calvary Hospital, Rome, will come with a sense of deep personal loss to many friends in many parts of the world. Forty years' residence in the Eternal City made him personally known to great numbers; while through the excellent weekly which he edited he kept English-speaking Catholics everywhere accurately informed on matters of great interest to them. It seems too much to hope that 'Rome' will be able to find a successor who will combine the knowledge of conditions throughout the English speaking world with all the qualities of head and heart that distinguished the lovable personality of the priest-journalist who has now passed to his reward.

WHAT THE IRISH PARTY HAVE ALREADY ACCOMPLISHED

In pointing out last week that our radical friend, the Citizen, was sadly lacking in accurate information with regard to Irish affairs we confined our remarks to one specific instance. There were many others which space precluded taking up.

Amongst them, the Citizen gave as proof of the futility of Irish politics a sample of the holdings of Irish landlords in Ireland quoting from a book "published a few years ago." And our thoroughly democratic contemporary adds: "They (the Irish) have also to win freedom from an absentee junkerdom."

Is it possible that the Citizen has not heard that the Irish people have already won that freedom; and thereby have given the death-blow to land monopoly in the sister island? That indeed is only one item in the long account of what democratic Britain owes to the indefatigable work of John Redmond, T. P. O'Connor and the others "while enjoying club life in London."

We have, indeed, ready to hand a very effective and complete answer to the Citizen's whole scornful litany of complaints against Irish politics and politicians. John Redmond delivered a speech at an Austrialian banquet in 1915. The Right Honorable, the Prime Minister, in the recent Irish debate said:

"I think it worth while quoting the whole speech, for it is a better summary of what has happened in Ireland during the last thirty or forty years than anything I have ever read or seen."

With this *Nihil Obstat*, with this official imprimatur, Lloyd George quoted word for word in the British House of Commons John Redmond's Australian speech as follows:

"Nearly five and thirty anxious years have passed since I was first in Australia, but what a revolution in Ireland has occurred in the interval. To-day the people of Ireland broadly speaking, own the soil. To-day the laborers live in decent habitations. To-day there is absolute freedom in the Local Government and the local taxation of the country. To-day we have the widest Parliamentary and municipal franchise. To-day we know that the evicted tenants who are the wounded soldiers of the land War, have been restored to their homes, or to other homes as good as those from which they were originally driven. We know that the congested districts, the scene of some of the most awful horrors of the old famine days have been transformed. The farms have been enlarged, decent dwellings have been provided, and a new spirit of hope and independence is to-day among the people. We know that for the towns legislation has been passed facilitating the housing of the working classes. So far as the town tenants are concerned we have this consolation, that we have passed for Ireland an Act whereby they are protected against arbitrary eviction, and are given compensation not only for disturbance from their homes, but for the good will of the business they have created."

Here the Prime Minister interjected:

"A piece of legislation in advance of anything obtained for the town tenants of England—I may add, far in advance of any legislation obtained

by the town tenants of any other country. I tried to get it for England three or four years ago."

Mr. Redmond goes on:

"We know that we have at last won educational freedom in University education for most of the youth of Ireland, and we know that in primary and standard education the thirty-four years that have passed have witnessed an enormous advance in efficiency and in the means provided for bringing efficiency about. Today we have a system of Old Age Pensions in Ireland whereby every old man and woman over seventy is saved from the Workhouse."

"We have a system of national industrial insurance which provides for the health of the people, and makes it impossible for the poor, hard working man and woman when sickness comes to the door to be carried away to the Workhouse Hospital and make it certain that they will receive decent Christian treatment during their illness."

Very pertinently Mr. Devlin, the member for West Belfast, rose on that august assembly, whose apologies now take credit for all these things, and asked:

"Will the right honorable gentleman say how many Irish members of Parliament were sent to jail for fighting for these things?"

Whereupon Mr. Lloyd George replied:

"I was going to add that this brilliant record of legislative achievements was largely attributable to the powerful party of which Mr. Redmond is the distinguished leader, and of which Mr. Devlin is such a distinguished orator."

A creditable record; but the half is not told.

For the past half-century every step in democratic progress, every measure for social betterment in Britain itself, was not only powerfully aided by the Irish members, but, in nearly every instance vitally dependent on the support of the Irish Home Rule Party in the British House of Commons.

THE JUDGMENT OF THE ORIENT

"The East looks into the past for its directions, and its course is shaped accordingly with tranquility and certitude. The West has no historic sense worthy of the name. It scorns experience and revels in experiment. . . . But all change is not progress, and the restless West is now at war. What does this signify if not that the theory and practice of Western civilization have broken down and that progressive Europe has reverted to the conditions of a primitive and savage era?"

Thus K'ung Yuan Ku'suh, an educated, travelled and observant Oriental, begins an essay on the problems suggested by the Great War. It is not necessary to believe that this wise man from the East has solved the problems to feel, amid the deluge of familiar explanations, the quaint charm of his Oriental point of view.

What we call "the national consciousness," "public opinion," etc., he prefers to call "the soul of a nation." And to each national soul attributes sex, which is determined by the predominance in the nation of masculine or feminine soul characters. East may be East and West West, and the twin may never meet, but K'ung Yuan Ku'suh right here betrays a striking kinship with many Occidental writers—he elevates his conceit, which might pass as a figure of speech, into a profound scientific truth and philosophic principle.

Masculine and feminine characteristics as the Oriental conceives them are not such as an Occidental politician would care to proclaim where woman suffrage prevails. "The female soul is an envious and grasping spirit. It submits to superior strength, but it scorns the compulsion of ethical restraints. The male soul is apt to be cruel, but it is incapable of spite. It loves justice, and except when influenced by passion it voluntarily serves the ends of justice." He adds that history teems with instances of women possessed of and governed by virile souls; and that life teems with instances of men animated by the effeminate souls.

In passing we may note the illuminating fact here once again emphasized that it is Christianity alone in the world's history which recognizes not only the equality of woman, but surrounds the dignity of womanhood with chivalrous respect and reverence. Woman when she was in honor did not understand. Modern feminist movements tend to degrade womanhood to Oriental and pagan levels.

With the educated Oriental's estimate of woman in mind, it is not so hard to understand the custom of ignorant Chinese deliberately

allowing superfluous girl-babies to die of exposure and neglect.

This being his philosophy of sex the author says that the soul of England is "intensely, arrogantly masculine." And that, while claiming to be the most virile nation in the world, Germany's national soul is essentially and dominantly feminine.

"The women of England and France may have been as silly as the women of Germany, but if so, their behaviour failed substantially to affect the general attitude of their nations towards Heaven. Their attitude, indeed, remains today much as it was before the War. England is perhaps more reverent, and France more prayerful; but the posture of both nations is masculine and dignified. The position of Germany, per contra, is that of an impassioned, pagan priestess urging on her servant-god to reward her ministrations by supernaturally augmenting the capacity of her people to pillage, murder, and destroy."

A shrewd observer of national characteristics and conditions, the writer's judgment is always interesting, sometimes illuminating. Of the Italians he says: "They seem to me an old race—a race that has matured every faculty and allowed some of its finer spiritual attributes to mortify, or maybe, to assume a twisted form that simulates morbidity." But he confesses that he does not understand though he admires the Italian people. "I have looked into the nation's heart but I cannot read it."

Think what we may of his philosophy, his powers of observation, or his judgment, there is one passage in his book which is the judgment of East and West, the unanimous opinion of the present, and the certain verdict of posterity; it voices mankind's heart-felt tribute to wartime France:

"Least of all the world has this splendidly regenerated nation cause to grieve that Armageddon has appeared. War alone could have transmuted the dross of self-indulgence and the sordid aims of bourgeois industry into the refined gold of patriotism which is now the universal spiritual currency of France. Do not repine, oh people of France, that so many of your cities have been demolished, that so many of your gallant children have been slain! You who survive and your descendants are and will be infinitely richer for the cruel chastening; and the treasures you have already won and are destined to acquire will not decay, for they are treasures of the soul. Do not ask for pity. Your right is to be praised. From a far country a simple Oriental sends you this humble word of greeting and lays this tribute at your feet: You have changed to good your worst defects and blended them into a steadfastness of character which terrifies your enemies and fills your friends with admiration. March on to victory! The way is rough and your foes are strong and merciless. You will suffer greatly, but your triumph is assured."

"The Judgment of the Orient." Some Reflections on the Great War made by a Chinese Student and Traveller, K'ung Yuan Ku'suh. Englished by Ambrose Pratt. Dent and Sons.

SOCIOLOGY

It is most gratifying to know that the social study of propaganda has actually passed from the realm of academic discussion into that of actual achievement. In one church club in the city of Toronto, the study of social and economic questions has been taken up systematically during the past season, and quite recently at a very representative meeting in Newman Hall a society was formed for the promotion of social service work. This is very consoling, if it were for no other reason than that it is an evidence that Catholics are waking up to the fact that "eternal vigilance is the price of liberty" and that action and organization count for much more than indignant protests.

The War has brought us face to face with new conditions that demand organized watchfulness. Mr. Henry Somerville, the honorary secretary of the above named association, referred recently to the spiritual dangers and material injustices to which Catholic returned soldiers may be subjected, if their interests are not safeguarded and proper care exercised in their segregation. There is another class that presents even more prospective difficulties than the soldier. We refer to the emigrants, especially the orphans who will come to our shores. To illustrate what dangers beset these poor people, we might mention a case which fell under our own observation. In November last an orphan girl from Glasgow landed in Quebec. Through the Emigration Department she was engaged as maid in a family that

dwelt in a town where there was a Catholic Church. Upon arriving at her destination she was immediately transferred to another family, eighteen miles distant, in a district where there was not a single Catholic. She wrote to the nearest priest, expressing her disappointment at not being able to attend "chapel" and asking him to obtain a place for her. This he did; whereupon the people with whom she was living, who were paying her eight dollars a month—she is now earning twenty—and who were urging her to attend the Protestant church, offered to increase her wages and motor her to her own church occasionally if she would remain. She wisely refused. Since then she has been the recipient of copies of the Appeal to Reason and the Menace, posted in a distant city by someone, whose identity is as great a mystery to the poor girl as the contents of the papers; for, as she says, "I dinna know a soul in this country." Those who have had to do with Children's Aid agents and with local Emigration agents know that this is no isolated case.

Another purpose of this association, which especially commends itself, is the study of the ethical principles that should govern a man in his capacity as a citizen of the State. A Catholic who knows his Catechism is aware of his duties as a Christian, as a member of the Church. But how many of them have any clear idea of their rights and responsibilities as citizens? God instituted only two societies, the family and the Church. The State, whether we consider it in its municipal, provincial or federal scope, was instituted by man with the sanction of God to attend to those needs and those necessary tasks which could not be coped with successfully by the individual or the family. The State was made for man, not man for the State. Human nature is such, however, that the civil power continually strove to arrogate to itself rights that belong to the individual or the family. What is history but the record of the struggle of the individual to maintain his right against the usurping power of the State? In that struggle the Church has always championed the cause of the people against unjust governments or autocratic rulers. While there was a united Christendom, tyrant kings dare not go too far; for the Church could free their subjects from allegiance to them. What has brought about the present calamity in Europe? It is State Absolutism unrestrained by any religious influence.

Now the reader may ask: What has this to do with the study of social and economic questions? Very much indeed. That same spirit of State Absolutism is rife in this country. What means this agitation for State ownership of railroads, electric light plants, etc.? Why this desire to do away with competition and private initiative? What means this movement to give the State fuller control of the mental and physical education of the child? Why are so many restrictions put upon private works of charity? All these things spell nothing else than State Absolutism. As citizens, it is our duty to resist these encroachments which may entail heavy burdens upon the generations to come. In a humorous reference to the Senate, Mr. F. H. Gadsby said in all seriousness that its existence was necessary in order to supply a second thought to the deliberations of the Commons; and that this was all the more necessary since the people do not think at all. The multitude is swayed by sentiment, prejudice and politics. There is all the more reason, therefore, why Catholics should introduce into our legislative bodies and into our social service work the leaven of true ethical principles.

THE GLEANER

NOTES AND COMMENTS

SOME OF OUR American exchanges announce as a quite recent event the conversion of a Presbyterian minister in the person of Mr. I. L. Game-well. Mr. Gamewell was for many years a Presbyterian minister, and is now a Catholic, but far from being a recent event, his reception into the Church took place fully ten years ago.

MR. GAMEWELL has an interesting, and to himself a distressing history. He was born and baptized a Catholic, but brought up in surroundings inimical to his Faith, to which on that account, he grew up a stranger. He has himself told how for years he knew no religion, but coming into touch with Presbyterians in his early manhood, he attached himself

to that body, and in course of time became one of its ministers. For many years he served in that capacity in various parts of the United States, but while discharging his obligations dutifully and conscientiously never felt perfectly at rest. As years passed he found himself more and more out of sympathy with the increasing laxity of his associations in regard to dogmatic teaching, and becoming, finally, thoroughly alienated, he severed the connection and became again a layman and a drifter in the shoreless sea of uncertainty and indifference.

THESE WERE the most distressing years of his life. He felt more than ever the need of guidance, but living in a country where Catholics were practically unknown no thought of his ancestral Faith came to him, and no other anchorage was in view. Finally, however, there was a rift in the clouds which surrounded him. Some Paulist Fathers giving missions in the South came to the town where he was residing. Curiosity drew him to one of their exercises; he heard the One Truth proclaimed in no uncertain tone, got into personal touch with the missionaries, and found that what, unknown to himself, he had long sought was now within his grasp. He was soon reconciled and for the last ten years has devoted himself to catechetical work amongst the scattered Catholics of the section. The intelligence that he has now become editor of a Catholic paper points to a great extension of his sphere of usefulness.

THE ACCESSION OF THE UNITED STATES

TO the cause of the Allies, and the increasing perils which encompass Germany in the troubled waters upon which she embarked three years ago, recall Sir John Tenniel's world-famous cartoon, "Dropping the Pilot," which appeared in Punch on occasion of Bismarck's dismissal in 1890 by the present Kaiser, soon after the latter's accession to the throne. The cartoon was at the time considered one of the strongest and most effective that had ever appeared in the famous London journal, and it may be said to have made as great an impression abroad as it did in England. We have not heard that anyone has thought of its republication but its reappearance at this time or at the close of the War, would certainly not be selve to the Kaiser's conscience.

BISMARCK had shaped and guided the destinies of the German Empire from its inception until the coronation of the present Kaiser. His was the master mind that brought about the War of 1870, and initiated that policy of centralization and aggression which aimed to make the whole world subservient to the glory of the Fatherland. "Deutschland über alles" in his hands became in fact as in name the German ideal of government. Bismarck, therefore, is as much responsible for the present War as any man. But of Bismarck it must at least be said that he possessed a strong hand and a far-seeing vision. He knew his own limitations and the limitations of autocracy, and when he realized that a false step had been taken did not hesitate to retrace it. In the infamous May Laws against Catholics, for example, when it came home to him that he was attempting the impossible the more drastic of them were repealed. It is inconceivable, therefore, that under his leadership Germany would have stumbled into the pitfalls by which she now probably realizes she is encompassed.

TENNIEL'S CARTOON

represents Bismarck as a pilot descending the ship's ladder to the waiting boat below, while the young Kaiser, leaning on the gunwale, regards him with a haughty and supercilious smile. The dropping of the pilot usually signifies that all danger from rocks and shoals is past, but if for any reason he departs too soon the way of the navigator becomes perilous. When Wilhelm II, boarded the ship of state its course lay through a stormy and rock-betwren sea. But it was under the guidance of a capable and experienced pilot. With that over-weening sense of inerrancy, however, with which he is credited, the new Kaiser considered himself quite equal to the task and in no way dependent upon the pilot. There was to be no rival on the ship, he directing its course, hence the dismissal of the pilot. That is the purport of Tenniel's cartoon, and it is its own eloquent commen-

tary upon subsequent events and upon the situation today.

AN EDITORIAL writer in the Mail and Empire musing on "Royal Romances" terminated by the War, and moralizing on the restricted field for matrimonial alliances of the British Royal Family which the break with Germany entails, steps aside to assert with no qualification whatever that "no Roman Catholic can ever share the throne of England." Catholics, this oracle may rest assured, have no anxieties on that score. Their equality in all else before the law being assured they are not troubling themselves about the religious belief of the Sovereign. Nevertheless, it may be said that in these changing times "never can" are prodigious words which it would be well to use with reserve. "Never can" in these days must wait upon "who knows."

ON THE BATTLE LINE

GIANT OFFENSIVE
London, April 6.—As the French and British doggedly push forward through the snow and slush on St. Quentin and Cambrai, taking here a village and there a height, Von Hindenburg's imperial artillery, from Verdun to the sea, has begun to roar with a fury not equaled since last July.

Every indication foreshadows the grand offensive on the west front which the German people have been promised and for which they have been hoping.

ADVANCED STROKE

It is believed by military experts here that the march of events has advanced the date of the Kaiser's stroke and that he plans to offset the moral effect of America's intervention on the fatherland. Moreover, the French and British heavy guns are being raised up through the zone of withdrawal with much greater speed than the German leaders anticipated, and this would further speed the return blow.

RUSSIAN FRONT

A German offensive in the Riga region succeeded in penetrating the Russian lines according to an official despatch from Petrograd. In a fierce counter-attack the Russians regained their lost trenches. In the fighting at the Stokhod bridge-head reported yesterday the Germans claim to have captured nine thousand Russians, fifteen guns and one hundred and fifty machine guns. The Germans are using shells charged with poisonous chemicals.

THE UNITED STATES

President Wilson yesterday set his seal to the Act of Congress which declares that a state of war exists between the United States and Germany. Premier Lloyd George, on behalf of the British War Cabinet, issued a statement to American newspapers that voices the sentiment of all the British peoples regarding the action of the President and Congress. In this statement the British Premier welcomes the American nation into the circle of world powers, and places emphasis on the fact that it held back until fully convinced that the fight was not a sordid scuffle for power and possessions, but an unselfish struggle to overthrow a sinister conspiracy against human liberty and human rights.

The seizure of German vessels interned in American ports began yesterday morning following the action of Congress in declaring that a state of war exists. German vessels in American ports number ninety-one, with a gross tonnage of about 600,000. It is not yet known whether the vessels will be utilized by the United States. The port authorities acted on orders issued by the Secretary of the Treasury. The vessels range in size from the mammoth Vaterland of 54,000 tons to small sailing ships. Twenty-seven vessels were seized at New York. Hereafter the port of New York will be closed to all shipping after 6 p. m. every night during the War.

German submarines in Mexican waters to the number of at least twenty are, it is unofficially reported, ready to carry on a submarine campaign on this side of the Atlantic. A Washington despatch says the first intimation of their presence in the Gulf of Mexico came through from a well informed neutral source in Europe. Some of the enemy submarines, it is reported, reached Mexican waters in February. A Texas despatch says that pro-American sentiment is spreading in Mexico, and that General Carranza seems determined to clear all pro-Germans out of the Mexican army. Public opinion in Mexico does not, it appears, take kindly to German intrigue against the United States. All uncertainty on this head should soon be cleared up, as the attitude of Mexico cannot long remain in doubt. War preparations in the United States are now going forward at topmost speed in all public departments.

BRAZIL

Brazil is incensed by the sinking of the Brazilian steamer Parana and

the drowning of three of her crew, and threatens to declare war on Germany. There is great excitement at Rio Janeiro. The Brazilian Foreign Minister is quoted as saying that the situation is grave. It is expected that the interned German ships will be seized by the Brazilian Government. Austrian and German Consulates are closely guarded against attacks by the mob.—Globe, Apr. 7.

T. P. O'CONNOR'S LETTER

UNLIMITED ENTHUSIASM

PRESIDENTIAL ADDRESS HAILED IN ENGLAND AS THE GOSPEL OF LIBERTY

Special Cable to the Catholic Record (Copyright 1917, Central News)

London, April 7th.—It would be impossible to exaggerate the great wave of enthusiasm throughout the entire United Kingdom with which President Wilson's address to the Congress of the United States, has been received in England.

There has been a little doubt in this country for weeks past that America would ultimately enter the War but the blank fog of silence which spread in Washington for many days, gave rise here to much misgivings, and there came the expectation, not of the refusal on the part of President Wilson to enter the War, but rather of the spirit in which he would call upon Congress to finally act in this matter.

There were suggestions too from the German press, that another last desperate effort was going to be made by the German Empire, to offer some manner of compromise to America that might entice the President into a last attempt to keep his country out of the horrors of War. Then out of all this dense fog of silence down came this tremendous thundering address on this slight fabric of anxiety; and the manner in which the United States will really enter the War produces a more profound impression upon the people of Great Britain than the actual entrance of America into the War itself.

President Wilson's address is the greatest pronouncement against Germany and her malicious plans, against the liberty of the world, says everybody here, since the War began. The most striking feature of the speech is the mastery, the relentless, and yet without, nude presentation of the fundamental issues that divide the belligerents, namely that there are those already involved in the War who maintain that it is not a War for aggression nor yet for new territory. Nor still is the War being conducted at least upon the part of the Entente Allies, for the purpose of killing trade rivalry, which Germany has long maintained, through the limitation, the real cause of Great Britain's entrance into the conflict.

The people of Great Britain are delighted to find the cause of the United Kingdom proclaimed to the whole world by President Wilson, as a fight between Liberty and Militarism; between democracies and despotisms.

One of the other things in President Wilson's address, most approved here, is the strong distinction which the eminent chief executive of the United States drew between declaring war on the Hohenollerns and the Junkers, and declaring War against the German people.

It is even hoped here that such a declaration may open the eyes of the millions of people who come under the rule of the German Kaiser and encourage them to imitate the example set by Russia, by breaking the bonds of servitude which have brought them into this abyss of blood and disaster.

It is even suggested by one of the most prominent London papers that our Wiltors should drop copies of President Wilson's speech in the German trenches. However, nobody even supposes that the German militarists will allow their people the opportunity of reading in full an indictment so scathing of their oppressors, and their unjust but hopeless cause.

Finally the speech puts an end to another form of misgiving, namely that America would, though going to war with Germany, adopt an attitude of detachment, of limited liability, in short, of going into the War on her own initiative and not allying herself with the allied governments.

The speech, however, involves full cooperation by the United States both on the sea and on the battlefields in France; and from this hour it is expected that Doctor Page, the American Ambassador, and our Ministers will be in hourly consultation. It is also expected that America will be marching with mathematical accuracy, step by step, with the allied armies, fleets and policies, and everything appears now as if a new perspective has really dawned on the War.

Nobody here now doubts how the War will end or that the collapse of Germany will come sooner than was contemplated by even the most optimistic of Great Britain's Ministers and leaders. The submarine menace to the shipping of Great Britain and the threatened starvation of our people has been the most formidable of all the German instruments. This, however, has been exercised by the voice of President Wilson and is still further nullified by the swell of the swish of the American Navy through the German infested ocean,

and the thunder of the hammers in American ship-yards which are replacing our lost tonnage.

In fact, the difference between us since that period before, and that which came after, the message of President Wilson to Congress, is the difference between a fierce snow-storm, which came a few days ago and which reminded us that the long winter still had us in its grasp and the blazing sunshine which today heralds the coming Spring.

In fact the lofty dignity in which President Wilson voiced his appeal to the American people and their representatives has caused the wisest of our men to realize that the ultimate effect upon both the Eastern and the Western world will be felt for years afterwards for the betterment of all mankind.

Coming as it does as a most tremendous sequel to the Russian revolution it forms an evangel of transformation which plainly predicts what must come to all the countries of Central Europe before the universe can again breathe the air of peace. The War has been placed on a new level by the statesmanlike pronouncement of President Wilson and plainly indicates that a new era has dawned not only upon Europe but upon the whole world.

In fact, the speech has echoed through the hearts of every true Briton like another utterance of the Gospel. It offers not hate or revenge but the routing out of falsities which have caused a cancer on the face of Europe.

FACES DIVISION

DIFFERENCES OVER RESERVATION MAY SPLIT ANGLICANS

London, March 9, 1917.—Will the Anglican quarrel on the question of the Reservation of the Sacrament end, as so many other Anglican disputes have ended, merely in the use of hard words on one side and the other, is a general question in religious circles of England today. Whatever the issue may be, it can be safely said that at present the indications point to a development of the disagreement. Anglican bishops of the southern province, Dr. Gore leading, have taken a firm stand against the demand of the memorial from one thousand clergymen for "the right of access to the Reserved Sacrament for the purpose of devotion." Practically the meaning of the pronouncements of the bishop of Oxford is that in his opinion the High Churchmen have gone far enough in the direction of Rome and that they must now stop. But they differ widely from his view. Some of them in contributions which appear in the Anglican press do not disguise their belief that their duty is to adopt the Roman doctrine and practice, especially regarding devotion to the Blessed Sacrament. They long to be able to do in their churches as is done by Catholics who pay visits to the Blessed Sacrament and derive from them comfort and strength. But in imitating Catholics, they should remember that the Holy See has condemned Anglican orders. Their proper place is not in the Church of England but in the Catholic Church.

CARDINAL MERCIER EXTOLS BELGIANS

"THE MORAL GRANDEUR OF THE NATION"

A glowing tribute to the courage and devotion of the Belgian people in their fight for liberty is paid by Cardinal Mercier, the Primate of Belgium, in his Lenten pastoral letter. Under the heading "The moral grandeur of the Nation," Cardinal Mercier says: "My beloved brethren, it is indeed necessary to preach courage to you. And when I say 'you' I am thinking more immediately of the faithful companions of our misfortunes, but my thoughts go out also beyond our occupied provinces to our refugees, our prisoners, our deported fellow-countrymen and our soldiers.

"Brethren of our armies of Liege, Haelen, Antwerp, the Yser and Ypres, Kamerun and East Africa, it is you who are our foremost purveyors of energy. On August 2, 1914, you sprang up from the bosoms of all the families of our national aristocracy with splendid ardor attesting to the world at large that nobility has preserved its traditional significance in Belgium; the middle classes, the bulkheads of the nation, ranged themselves beside you. The working classes too furnished their contingent of voluntary recruits, who were all the more praiseworthy since their departure made a painful void in the home. Military chaplains and stretcher-bearers have gladly offered and lavished their devotion.

"The government, after two years and six months of trial, is still in harness with a courage that nothing can weaken. Our good wishes follow in the wake of these valiant men; I do not want to make any accusations at all. I do not want to say that any editor or any paper, any journalist, or any journal, is guilty of wanting to misrepresent anything, but I know that there have been accusations without number, and I think there must be some ground for them, and it is very natural. It would be very unnatural were it not so. In a world crisis like this each one tries to influence the other his way. That they are subjected to this influence I think they will not ask us to doubt.

"Are they all telling the truth? Are they telling the facts as they are really known to them? Even when they publish everything they know don't they know also that there is a whole host of things that are not told on both sides? I am not taking sides. The life of and the only reason diplomacy exists is to influence opinions of others who are opposed. Don't they know that the diplomacy of today is a very clever thing on all sides, that they have means now of influencing the minds of the public one way or another which formerly were not so free? Now, in all this, who is getting the truth?

"We have listened to the mighty voices of wives and mothers; through their tears they have prayed God to sustain their courage and fidelity to the honor of their husbands and sons carried off by force to the enemy's factories. These gallant men have been heard at the hour of departure rallying their energy to instil courage into their comrades, or by a supreme effort to chant the national hymn.

"We have seen some of them, on their return, pale, haggard, humn wrecks; as our tearful eyes sought their dim eyes we bowed reverently before them, for all unconsciously they were revealing to us a new and

unexpected aspect of national heroism. After this can it be necessary to preach courage to you?

"In our young days our professors of history rightly held up to our admiration Leonidas and his 300 Spartans, who, instead of seeking safety in easy flight allowed themselves to be crushed by the Persian army at the Battle of Thermopylae. The teachers of the Belgian generation of tomorrow will have yet other instances of military heroism and patriotism to evoke. And may we not hope that our generation too will preserve the memory of the union it has now fashioned, and that in the future there will be among us all a deeper wish for national union, less personal acrimony in the conflict of ideas, less grudging respect for civil and religious authority, more general fidelity both before public opinion and in the secret recesses of the soul to our motto 'union is strength,' and echo of the words of Christ 'that they may be one!'—Catholic Transcript.

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CARDINAL O'CONNELL'S ADVICE

WARNS PEOPLE AGAINST BEING MISLED BY FALSE REPORTS OF SENSATIONAL NATURE

Boston, Mass., March 14.—In the midst of the War crisis which is creating such a furore throughout New England, particularly in the daily press, the voice of Cardinal O'Connell has been raised counselling all Americans to "keep cool, weigh the facts and pray for light instead of indulging in hysterical flag waving." Talking to the St. Vincent de Paul society His Eminence warned his hearers not to permit their minds to be inflamed by false and malicious newspaper reports. "Unless we Americans keep our heads cool now," he said, "there is danger that the whole world will be in flames."

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dozen other languages, and was a constant reader of European papers and books in various languages.

The fact that he was recently received into the Catholic Church was generally unknown, outside of a very few of his intimate friends.—Michigan Catholic.

FEAR OF ZEPPELINS

POOR IRISH YOUTH'S INVENTION ENDS FEAR

Mary Boyle O'Reilly, writing from London, says: England's fear of Zeppelins has subsided and the secret of England's success lies in a discovery by a \$6-a-week drug clerk. As a result British gunnery was able to bring down three invading airships in flames in a recent raid. The discovery by the drug clerk resulted in a new form of rifle shell which sets a Zeppelin afire. Alec Carr, the young Irish drug clerk, has been appointed to a \$10,000-a-year commission with the government. Carr was a poor Belfast boy, graduate of an Irish school and apprenticed to a pharmacist. His hobby was practical chemistry and his room was a laboratory.—St. Paul Bulletin.

TWO CONGREGATIONS FUSED

Addressing a private Consistory on March 22, the Holy Father said that he wished to hold the Consistory in order to keep up the traditions of the Church and to make announcements for the filling of the vacant sees. He also announced a reform which he thought it proper to introduce. He recalled the reform effected by Pius X. in 1908, adding that Pope Pius intended to make a further change when the opportunity offered. This reform related to the Roman Congregations. The present circumstances, said Benedict XV., permitted of the change contemplated by Pope Pius. This consisted in the abolition of the Congregation of the Index as a separate Congregation and its amalgamation with the Congregation of the Holy Office, the purpose and aims of which were similar. For the same reason and to lessen the work of the Holy Office, the Pontiff had decided to transfer that section of the Congregation concerned with indulgences to the Apostolic Tribunal of the Penitentiaria.—America.

VERDUN

"They shall not pass!" one said, and so the word Through trench and dugout went: The backward-driven army, halting, heard, When hope was almost spent.

As at Thermopylae, a strength of Now gripped their hearts entire: "They shall not pass!" Each Frenchman's soul could feel The words were forged in fire!

And now the Breaking Strain was reached at last— Their faith must stand or fall. They swayed—but held—while all because it means a great deal more: That you can easily understand. Many a man has gone down to his grave just with the consciousness of his complete innocence. He has been hunted, vilified and lied about until all the world believes it, and he is absolutely innocent. And after his death the world finds it out and begins to weep when it is too late. Will the world ever realize this prospect?

To sum it all up, let us keep our heads clear, our minds straight, our hearts upright. Let us stand fast to the holiest principles of our faith and our citizenship. Let us work with love for all those about us who are in need, and by the example of our own faith bring faith to those who are without it.—Catholic Sun.

"These are moments which are going to try the leaders of men. It is easy enough to lead men when there is nothing at stake, but when the world is full of trouble, now we will see who the real leaders are. We have to use our own minds all the time. The papers. Let me say it like, it is inevitable, the papers form the public judgment of men. It is all easy enough to say we form our own judgment, but they have to go back to some document in order to pass judgment.

"The every day food of the American mind is the daily paper. The people at large cannot escape its influence. I do not want to make any accusations at all. I do not want to say that any editor or any paper, any journalist, or any journal, is guilty of wanting to misrepresent anything, but I know that there have been accusations without number, and I think there must be some ground for them, and it is very natural. It would be very unnatural were it not so. In a world crisis like this each one tries to influence the other his way. That they are subjected to this influence I think they will not ask us to doubt.

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FIVE MINUTE SERMON

BY REV. N. M. REDMOND
FIRST SUNDAY AFTER EASTER

WE ARE ALWAYS UNDER GOD'S EYE
Now when it was late that same day, the first of the week, and the door was shut, where the disciples were gathered together for fear of the Jews, Jesus came and stood in the midst, and said to them: "Peace be to you." (John xx, 19)

Whilst it may be reasonably presumed that large numbers have obeyed the voice of our Mother the Church, and honored the glorious Resurrection of our Divine Redeemer by rising from their sin and tepidity in a good Easter confession, it cannot well be doubted that there are those who still remain in their sins. It becomes us, therefore, to give our thoughts today to a subject fraught with consolation for the former, and with terror for the latter. No sane person will undertake to deny that it is a sense of great consolation to the good, and of terror to the man in his sins, that nothing which happens in man is hidden from the all-seeing eye of God. What a variety of impressions flashed to the minds of the Apostles regarding their shortcomings during the awful tragedy of our Saviour's Passion and death, as He suddenly appeared before them in His sacred humanity! Yet in His Divinity He was never absent from them, but was constantly reading the book of their interior, as He does that of every man that exists. Let man exhaust his wit in precaution, let him fancy as much as he will, that he alone is its witness to what transpires, the futility of his precaution, and the deception of his fancy must appear, when he reflects that God is more the principle of the life of his soul, than she is that of the life of his body. Hence his deepest thoughts and most latent motives are better known to God than to himself. The operations of his soul that are so nice and subtle as even to escape herself unnoticed, as well as their influence on her for good or for evil, are by God thoroughly analyzed, and most minutely recorded. God is a pure, indivisible spirit, hence whole and entire He is everywhere. Thus it was that the Psalmist understood this truth when He said: "If I ascend to Heaven, Thou art there; if I make my bed in hell, behold Thou art there" (Psalm cxxxviii, 8). "In Him we live, move, and have our being," and He with all His divine attributes and perfections is in our souls, and everywhere. Oh, what a thought! Each one of us can say to his soul with the absolute certainty of divine faith: My soul, you have within you, and around you on all sides, the eternal, immense, omnipotent, self-existing, infinite God; whose omnipotence with a word made all things leap into existence; within whose immensity all things exist, and without whom there could be no creatures, no earth, no heaven, no men, no angels, no time, no eternity.

If the presence of the master have such an effect on the conduct of the servant, as we know in practice it has, what a salutary influence the consciousness of God's presence would have on the conduct of every Christian! What a source of good to his soul for time and eternity it would certainly prove! How different, indeed, would be the daily conduct of a great majority of Christians, if the blessed consciousness that they are everywhere, and always under God's eye were constantly with their souls; if they would bring home to themselves the thought that He observes, penetrates, and has ever present with Him all that they do; and that He in His goodness, and consistently with His justice, will not allow the least iota of good to pass unrewarded, or the slightest title of evil to go unpunished! Could they then dare to be so negligent in their Christian duties, or could they possibly offend Him with so much boldness? They certainly could not, nor would not. To be convinced of this, we have but to call to mind the great care with which they conceal their misdemeanors from men whom they fear or respect. Yet the very most they have to fear, or expect from their fellow-man pertains only to their present life, and is therefore of infinitely less importance than that which they have to fear from God's justice, or that which they hazard, and their eternal gift of His goodness. Their great misfortune is, that they live in forgetfulness of God's all-seeing eye, which is always on them, yea, peering in upon the most latent springs of their souls. The sad consequences of their forgetfulness is, alas, but too well displayed in the number of offenses which they both internally and externally offer Him in their daily lives. When they have studiously concealed themselves from all human eyes, when they have their criminal projects wrapped secretly within their hearts, in their forgetfulness of God's presence, they falsely imagine that they are safe from the gaze of all. What a blessing it would be for them when thus concealed from all human witnesses, that the recollection of God's presence would not be wanting to their minds! Oh, that they would always be so conscious of it, as to say each to himself: God sees me. If I commit the sin which the temptation suggests, He cannot behold it without detecting it, and He cannot detect it without being willing to punish it. If I commit it, I cannot escape His justice—sooner or later vengeance will come upon me. Can I be certain that God will not strike me in the very act, as He has thousands? Have I any guarantee that He will give me time and grace to confess and repent? Emphatically no, for this sin may fill up

the measure of my iniquity beyond which He will not allow me to proceed, at least with any hope of mercy.

But what a consolation the truth of God's divine presence is to the faithful Christian. In the clouds as well as in the sunshine of life's journey, it cheers him on, and every day makes him a better man. It acts as a holy stimulus under the happy influence of which he daily becomes more resigned to the Divine will, more mortified in spirit, and more rich in positive Christian works. In every state of life persons living under its blessed influence distinguish themselves by the practice of the rarest virtue. Solicitous to conceal their works as far as possible from the eyes of men, they are happy in the thought, that God sees and records not only what they do and suffer, but also what they would gladly do and suffer for His sake, if they could.

The Scriptures abound in records which show that this has always been the practice of faithful servants of God. They tell us that "Enoch walked with God;" that God commanded Abraham "to walk before Him and be perfect," as if He should have said, keep thyself in My presence, and thou shalt be perfect in virtue. The Psalmist tells us that this was the practice of His daily life: "I set the Lord always in my light." In fact the Scriptures say the same of all the other fathers of the old law: they walked in the light of God. Not less but even more has this been the practice of the Saints of the new law of grace and love, as the history of their lives fully verifies.

Should it not also be our daily practice, dear Christians? Why is it that you,—I speak to those who have not yet fulfilled their Easter duty,—are so slothful and negligent? Oh, the answer is to be found, in no slight degree, in the fact that you live oblivious of God's divine presence. Would you not be ashamed to treat the presence of an earthly friend with such indifference? Awake, then, to a wholesome sense of shame for having so long treated God's presence with such cold and sinful indifference. But to you who have corresponded with your Easter duty, I will, in conclusion, address the words of the Psalmist: "Seek ye the Lord and be strengthened; seek His face," that is, His Divine presence, "evermore."

TEMPERANCE

DRINK PROVES TO BE INJURY TO STUDENTS

With students, particularly, the action of alcohol and special intellectual and nervous strain operate frequently to bring about very obstinate nervous troubles. There are many more breakdowns from beer than from books.

This fact is recognized by the scholarly men who have charge of the United States Army and Navy schools. These have absolutely forbidden the use of all alcoholic liquors including beer, to their bright young students in the art of scientific assassination.

These objections are shared by the majority of our university heads. Their general attitude toward alcohol is ably summed up in a letter from Dr. Howard McClellan, dean of Princeton University, who says: "We regard drinking as harmful, especially for young men, and we therefore are making every effort to discourage and prevent it. We forbid absolutely the keeping or drinking of alcoholic liquors in college buildings or dormitories. We forbid also the frequenting of saloons and drinking places. In addition, the University conducts a course of education upon the influence of drink."

Dr. Charles W. Eliot, President Emeritus of Harvard University writes me: "My observation among students of Harvard University during the last sixty-five years is that the use of alcohol among them has very much diminished—particularly during the last twenty-five years. This improvement has been the result of voluntary action altogether. Locally in Cambridge the absence of saloons has been of advantage. So far as I am able to judge, the recent physiological demonstrations, that alcoholic drinks diminish efficiency in all occupations, have not yet had much effect on the educated class; but, as these demonstrations become known, I cannot but think that they will re-enforce the general tendency towards temperance.

"For myself, I can perhaps best put my conclusions about the use of alcohol in the following way: If I were to begin life over again I would start as a total abstainer from alcoholic drinks, and would not offer them to friends or guests in my house. This conclusion is based on the conviction that alcoholism is the greatest evil which afflicts the white race—first because of its own effects, and secondly, because it induces or promotes other grave evils."

THE VALUE OF USED STAMPS

We have all shared in the perplexity of the editor of The Lamp, as to what value attaches itself to cancelled stamps. The usual answer—"They buy babies in China with them"—gave no light, because the question would come—"What do the Chinese do with the stamps?" Our contemporary is able to inform its readers that the collectors of the ordinary cancelled stamps sell them, for 3 cents a pound, to be made into paper pulp. It only takes several

thousand stamps, incidentally, to make a pound. If a rare issue or a very old stamp is among the number, it is sold to a collector. That the profits arising from this type of charity-work have been sufficient to justify its continuance, is only another evidence of the value we should attach to little things.—Catholic Transcript.

LOSS AND GAIN IN THE CHURCH

During the past few years it has been the custom on the part of many Catholic writers to deplore the great losses which they claim the Catholic Church has sustained in recent times in this country. We are told that during the past century large numbers ranging from thousands to millions have been lost irretrievably to the faith in America. In this connection it is a pleasure to call attention to an illuminating article in the January number of the Catholic Historical Review. Right Rev. J. F. Canevin, Bishop of Pittsburgh, Pa., presents an examination into the question from the standpoint of critical analysis.

The Right Reverend writer lays down the principle that to solve the problem with any degree of accuracy we must begin with some definite period and with a sufficient knowledge of the Catholic population in this country at that time. Given

the Catholic population at that date, its increase in the nation can come from births, immigration, and conversions. Its decrease will be by deaths, emigration, and perversion.

He notes that the first official records of immigration began with the year 1820. At the time of the first government census in 1790, Bishop Canevin estimated the Catholic population of the United States at 30,000. Between 1800 and 1820, Louisiana, and the West, with a Catholic population of 75,000, had been added to the territory of the United States. Bishop Canevin arrives at the conclusion that in 1820, our Catholic population all told numbered 243,000. The number of Catholics among the foreign-born can be found by the percentage of Catholics in the population of the country from which the immigrants came. Following out this principle the Catholic population should have grown by natural increase and immigration to about 18,483,320, in 1910, and in 1915, the Catholic population would have reached the total of 20,701,318.

The Catholic Directory for 1916, gives the Catholic population as about sixteen and a half millions, but this does not mean, however, that since 1790, over four millions of Catholics were lost to the Church. In the first place, there are today in the United States more than four million immigrants from France, Italy, Belgium, Cuba, Mexico, and

Spanish America. Although these people are thoroughly Catholic today, not 30% of them would be included in the census which furnishes the figures for the Catholic Directory. There are besides great numbers of recent immigrants, who are practical Catholics, and who are not enumerated in the parish census. All in all, it seems impossible to prove from figures that the Church has lost in numbers, while on the other hand, she has certainly gained in prestige.

The Church in what is now the United States began the nineteenth century with about fifty priests, fifty churches, and a Catholic white population of not more than 100,000. Today, after a century of struggle, poverty, and obscurity, churches, schools, colleges and universities have sprung up all over the land; institutions of mercy and charity are there to testify to the love which Catholics profess for their fellow-men. These things prove that the faith and fidelity of our ancestors supported and sanctified their lives and work. In a word, our losses cannot be proved, while our gain through conversions have been as great, if not greater, during the last hundred years than in any country of Europe.—Catholic Bulletin.

To attack other men's faults is to do the devil's work; to do God's work is to attack our own.—Faber.

A GIANT OF THE WEST

Father Dempsey's hotel in St. Louis had its tenth birthday during the holidays. The Reverend manager modestly gave out the record of the institution that long ago began to be the marvel of the West. He records that 67,699 different guests have been entertained at his Hotel for Workingmen, while 88,562 free lodgings and 100,613 free meals have been provided. Through his free employment bureau he has secured work for 6,981, and has placed free in the Catholic hospitals of the city 370 of his guests. Father Dempsey's guests are supplied with transportation to their homes, and during the past seven years 71 of them have been buried in "Exile's Rest," Calvary cemetery. St. Patrick's Home for Working Women, St. Patrick's Day Nursery and Emergency Home, St. Patrick's Dispensary are some of the other institutions that the energetic priest maintains. Incidentally Father Dempsey manages to find time to take thorough care of St. Patrick's parish of which he is the pastor.—Catholic Transcript.

Religion, to be of any real value must enter into a man's soul, lay hold of his convictions, and control the springs of his actions; and where religion fails to do this, it can scarcely be regarded as a blessing.—Rev. T. E. Shields.

Learn the luxury of doing good.—Goldsmith.

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A Call to Sow-that We May Reap

This call urges upon all Boards of Trade, Chambers of Commerce, Patriotic Societies, Urban and Rural Mayors, Aldermen, Councillors, Reeves, Retired Farmers and others to hold local meetings at the earliest possible moment and determine upon the best ways and means of meeting a great emergency in their locality

The world's available reserves of grain are gone. We are living literally from hand to mouth.

Ontario's farms stand in dire need of labor at this seeding time. Results of investigations by the Ontario Department of Agriculture show it. There is about one man per hundred acres left on the farms—not enough! Unless labor is forthcoming in thousands—men and boys—the farmer cannot now sow even a normal harvest, much less the increase the Motherland expects Ontario to produce.

This labor must come from the cities, towns and villages.

Retired farmers should lead in this great movement. They can at least direct the inexperienced help that will volunteer.

Business and professional men, high school boys, Y. M. C. A. members and others are called upon to make a sacrifice and take part in this honorable duty of helping to feed the people, the Motherland and our gallant lads at the front.

For further particulars regarding the Need, rates of pay, location where help is needed, etc., etc., write at once to

ORGANIZATION OF RESOURCES COMMITTEE,
Parliament Buildings, Toronto

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Vice-Chairman—Sir William Hearns, Prime Minister; N. W. Rowell, Esq., K. C., M. L. A.
Secretary—Albert H. Abbott, Esq., Ph. D.

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

HOW DID YOU DIE? Did you tackle that trouble that came your way With a resolute heart and cheerful?

If it is possible to live in a world of happiness and beauty for twenty minutes, is it not possible to prolong that time—to live always in such a world?—Catholic Columbian.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

THE CHILDREN "The house that has the childer is the house that has the joy in it, To me 'tis only home that has a girlie or a boy in it.

jauntily. "Policemen is my friends. They shake hands with me." "They won't any more," his mother said ominously.

SEVEN YEARS TORTURE

Nothing Helped Him Until He Took "FRUIT-A-TIVES"



ALBERT VARNER Buckingham, Que., May 3rd, 1915. For seven years, I suffered terribly from severe headaches and indigestion.

THE GOVERNMENT AND HIGH PRICES

The parasitic millionaire at Palm Beach sneers at the price of potatoes, in what he calls these days "of ruinously high wages."

WHY THEY FAIL

Most of the people who fail in life, do so because they don't half try to succeed. I saw an illustration in a magazine which represented the entrance to the harbor of success.

BIG MONEY IN LITTLE INVENTIONS

"I wish I could invent a great big something!" said Rob Farley. "Sometimes a little one is all right, son," his father answered.

THE POLICEMAN'S GARDEN

He wore a blue and white "Oliver Twist" suit, and blue-topped socks. His arms in their short sleeves were most fat and chubby.

SPLENDID TRIBUTE PAID CATHOLIC CHURCH

CHICAGO EDITORIAL WRITER SAYS IT PROVES SOUNDNESS OF REPUBLICAN GOVERNMENT The following tribute to the Catholic Church, which is evidence of a growing appreciation of the Church,

THE LITERARY STYLE OF CARDINAL MANNING

We have been accustomed to think of Cardinal Manning as the great representative of the Church in the practical affairs of men, and the arbiter between the conflicting interests of capital and labor.

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Selected Yellow Globe Danvers Onion (black seed).....oz. 25c, 1 lb. 65c, lb. \$2.10, 5 lbs. \$9.25.

DRUNKENNESS CAN BE CURED

It is a disease — not a habit Some years ago I was a heavy drinker. Demon drink had me in his grip.

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PARIPAN

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A MAN tried to sell me a horse once. He said it was a fine horse and had nothing the matter with it.

Consents to Patient Taking GIN PILLS

Mrs. W. G. Grant, of Woonsocket, R.I., is suffering from consumption of the bladder, for which she is under a physician's care.

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Advertisement for Stammering treatment by The Arnott Institute.

Large advertisement for Rennie's Seeds, listing various seed types and prices.

Advertisement for Paripan paint, highlighting its durability and ease of use.

Advertisement for Gin Pills, featuring a testimonial from Mrs. W. G. Grant and a list of agents.

Advertisement for Fish Nets and other fishing equipment.

Advertisement for a home-based earning opportunity.

Advertisement for Drunkenness cure, including a testimonial and contact information.

Advertisement for a washing machine, emphasizing its value and features.

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WHY THE "CHURCHES" FAIL

The Rev. George Craig Stewart of Evanston, Ill., gave a series of sermons on "colors" in St. Paul's Episcopal cathedral in Buffalo. One of his discourses, which was supposed to be a study in blue, disclosed itself as a picture in black, in such dark colors did he paint the inefficiency of "the church," by which he, of course, meant non Catholic denominations. The cause of the trouble which he deplored was the inadequacy of religious training. The following was one of his notable passages:

"If I had time I could prove from statistics that the solution of our social evil, of our industrial problem in the main and of our great Christian problems, goes back to the education of our children in those broad and deep religious principles which beget solid moral character and genuine Christian conduct.

"The church at present cannot do it, though it can help. Our public schools cannot do it, though they are doing their utmost to help. Only the fathers and mothers can do it, and most of them are not beginning to do all they can do to help. About one-third of them depend on the Sunday school, for statistics show that about one-third of the children enrolled in our public schools are in our Sunday schools as well.

"But in a Sunday school we have even at best, a 'short-weight' education. We devote thirty minutes a week to religion—we'll call it an hour, if you will—one hour a week to religious education, or forty hours a year. The public schools devote more than 1,000 hours a year to the three R's—reading writing and arithmetic—the equivalent of twenty-five years in Sunday school, and we still wonder why our children do not know more about the bible and the church and the fundamentals of faith."

Reverend Stewart was so close to the real solution that it is surprising that he missed it; or did he purposely avoid it? Given a good home training as a foundation, the next requisite is an elementary education in which religion forms an essential part of the curriculum. The Catholic Church by her parochial schools accomplishes what the Episcopal Church is vainly seeking to achieve with its inadequate means.

Reverend Stewart's frank admission ought to be a convincing argument to Catholic parents who are discussing the advisability of sending their children to parochial or public schools. The latter are efficient in their way, but they do not measure up to the standards to which Catholic parents should strive to conform.—The Echo.

WAR SERVICE BADGES

It is notified for general information that an Order-in-Council has been passed authorizing the issue of four classes of War Service Badges, viz:

Class "A"—For men honorably discharged after actual service at the front.

Class "B"—For those honorably discharged after six months' service in the C. E. F., or after less than six months' service provided the discharge was by reason of some disability due to military service.

Class "C"—For those honorably discharged after less than six months' service in the C. E. F., or who have volunteered to enlist and have been refused as medically unfit.

Class "D"—For those who have volunteered to enlist, but whose services have been refused on the ground that they would be more useful to the State in their actual occupation than if they enlisted.

There is a proviso, to the effect that no badge will be issued to men discharged by reason of the cessation of working pay, if they are still medically fit for overseas service.

This Order provides for the free issue of these Government Badges and makes it illegal to manufacture, sell, purchase, or wear any other badge purporting to be for such purposes as are provided for in the Order-in-Council.

Any infraction of the provisions of this Order-in-Council will be punished by a fine not exceeding \$500 or by imprisonment not exceeding six months.

Some time must elapse before the Badges thus authorized are available for issue, but as soon as they are available they will be forwarded to the District together with complete instructions regarding their issue.

He that swells in prosperity will be sure to shrink in adversity.—Colton.

What you can not tolerate in another, take care not to tolerate in yourself.—Aron.

in which the proper freedom of the individual is jealously guarded. And again, in this busy, nervous age, the monastic life presents, by a steady resoluteness not to be drawn into many exterior activities, that peace which heaven gives, in a measure, even amid the vicissitudes of human life.

Magr. Barnes, a distinguished English convert, and chaplain of the Catholic undergraduates at Cambridge University, followed Dom Sargent, and spoke of the place which Downside Abbey fills in the life of England. He sketched the work of Downside in the evangelization of Australia, a mission with which are associated the names of Ullathorne, Palding and Vaughan, and the achievements of others of its sons, notably Cardinal Gasquet.—The Echo.

BENEDICTINES FROM ENGLAND TO COME TO AMERICA

PROPOSE TO ESTABLISH PRIORY AND GREAT ABBEY CHURCH

Plans are being perfected by a small group of Americans now at Downside Abbey, Somerset, England, for the establishment in the United States of a Benedictine priory and later of a great abbey church, to be devoted primarily to the development of the liturgical worship of the Catholic Church. The priory will probably be erected in the vicinity of New York City.

One of the projectors of the plan is Dom Leonard Sargent, formerly Master of Novices of the Protestant Episcopal Order of the Holy Cross but since his conversion to Catholicism several years ago, a Benedictine monk attached to Downside Abbey, Dom Sargent, who is in this country in the interest of the movement, has received promises of support from hierarchy and laity alike. The plan is understood to have the sanction of Pope Benedict XV.

At a recent meeting of the Catholic Converts' League held at the Hotel Plaza, New York, Dom Sargent, before a representative gathering of clergy and Catholic laymen, described the project. He said:

"Although the establishment will be made somewhere in the East, the priory, it is hoped, will supply a need that is felt in many parts of the Catholic Church in America. The aim is to develop the Church's liturgical worship in such a way that the laity may have a share in it—the High Mass and the Divine Office sung daily in the priory chapel, and in time in the abbey church. Here will be afforded also to clergy and laity an opportunity for either a formal retreat or for spiritual rest and refreshment. Furthermore, it is hoped that the monks may make some useful contribution to the American Church in the fostering of ecclesiastical scholarship.

"If from the Abbey of St. Gregory the Great at Downside, a native American house can be founded in this country, we shall have among us a successor of Douai, of Westminster, of the ancient Spanish monasteries, a continuance in this western world of a life that goes far back in history and that has been blessed and fructified by the blood of its martyrs.

"For all this the Americans at Downside must ask the help that their compatriots can give them. Land must be secured in the country, a part of the priory begun, and a sufficient endowment assured from which the community can live. If, in later years, an abbey school is established, that will be one source of income. But at the outset the needs of the house must be provided in other ways."

Dom Sargent went on to trace the chief characteristics of the Order of St. Benedict. Relative to these he said:

"When we speak of the order, we are surveying fourteen centuries of a life that embraces prayer and worship, nation-wide missionary activities, the development of scholarship, and all those influences that have built up the civilization that signifies the Christianization of Europe. The monks were the leaders of thought, the friends of rich and poor, their guides and teachers, the promoters of a social 'uplift' that no modern movement has ever equaled.

"What they achieved in other days is the inheritance of and an inspiration to their successors today. What the sons of St. Benedict once did they are doing now under conditions of modern life. The spirit is the same, their efforts are directed by the same motive as before; the Benedictine aims are identical with those of the past—to worship God, with Himself and on behalf of His people, and to undertake any enterprise that He may put into their hands.

"When it is asked, 'What is the work of the monks?' the answer is, 'Whatever God appoints at a given time or in a particular sphere. The monk is bound primarily to the *opus Dei*, the life of prayer, and out of that comes his capacity for any missionary work that the divine economy selects for him. His life is both contemplative and active, but the contemplative must come first if the other is to be efficient."

Dom Sargent explained that the Benedictines are bound together by the rule of the founder of the order and by the inherited traditions of their monastic life, they have set the example of what every Christian is called to be, a witness for God, and an influence for good among neighbors and associates. This life is marked by certain salient features—reasonableness, freedom and peace. The ideal is not one of austerity but of a discipline that allows, with generous consideration, for the weaknesses of human nature.

"It is a life of obedience, but one

RECENT PAPAL LETTERS

No issue of the official bulletin of the Vatican for a considerable time has touched on so many widespread interests as the present number of the Acta Apostolicae Sedis in the portion allotted to the letters of the Holy Father. The first of these, omitting mention of those of local interest only, is the Apostolic Letter which concedes plenary and partial indulgences to the "Federation of Daily Mass" recently erected in Ireland, and in which His Holiness eulogistically refers to the devotion of the Irish Catholics in days of savage persecution to the Holy Sacrifice celebrated on mountains and in caves. Another grants to the diocesan seminary of Buenos Ayres the faculty of conferring academic degrees in theology and in philosophy. The tenth letter grants plenary and partial indulgences to the Catholic Truth Society of England and special privileges to priests belonging to this organization. In another letter the Holy Father concedes an indulgence to the faithful of Perth, Scotland, who recite three "Hail Marys" for the conversion of Scotland to the Church.—St. Paul Bulletin.

FOREIGN MISSIONS

KINSWOMEN THOUGH STRANGERS

There is a young woman in St. Louis and another in Boston who have never met or heard of each other; yet both are closely related by the bonds of complete devotion to the cause of the Church among the heathen. The St. Louis girl although employed at ordinary office work and living away from home, has managed in a short while to lay by \$20 in sacrifice money for the African Missions. Twelve dollars of it she applied to the ransom of a slave; \$6 to enable a black girl to marry a Christian husband; and \$2 to buy bread for the starving in Africa. The Boston girl only two months ago gave \$100 for four perpetual memberships in the Sodality of St. Peter Claver. Last week in a letter enclosing \$6 she announced that her financial affairs would allow her within a couple of weeks to increase the life insurance policies she is carrying for various mission organizations from \$6,000 to \$12,000, and that \$2,000 of this will be for the African Missions. She asked prayers that she might succeed in passing the physical examination. Souls like these will be much surprised in heaven on meeting their kinsfolks by grace.

The people who put the least into life are often those who expect to get the most out of it.

Prayer strengthens the soul more than food the body; and St. Augustine calls prayer the key by which we can unlock the treasury of Heaven.

Money, education, culture, a better civilization can do much to further peace among men; it can do little to right the wrongs done to the rights of God. Unless the rights of God be secured there can be no peace among men.—Rev. M. J. Fortier.

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QUALIFIED TEACHER FOR C. S. S. NO. 6, North Bayshore; duties to commence after Easter. Salary \$50 per annum. Apply stating qualifications and experience to M. E. Mooney, Newboro, Ont. 298-3

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