The Catholic Record

LONDON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 19, 1914

DWINDLING

The New York General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church has received the report that in the last five years an annual average of 51,000 members was placed on the suspension roll. The causes assigned for these defections were a growing love of pleasure, disregard for the Lord's day and the Word of God, etc. The backsliders may say that their disregard of the Word of God was learned from their teachers who, armed with the criticism of the century, have discredited the Bible. It is not to them what it was to their forbears. Its prestige is gone: its infallibility is vanished. And to many of them it is but a book to serve as a target for the target-practice of the up to date preacher. It seems to us that the causes of the ever dwindling attendance at Presbyterian worship is due to the wavering and uncertain attitude towards the dogmas of Christianity. Their ministers generally avoid doctrinal subjects in preaching. The sermon is secular, patriotic, humanitariananything rather than religious. And we suppose that many of the occupants of the pews wonder betimes why a minister, instead of preaching Christ crucified, enlarges upon some odd or whimsical subject or startling occurrence. They have a religion of sentiment from which the teaching of definite truth is excluded, but this can neither satisfy the needs of the soul nor strengthen it when it is buffeted by temptation and assailed by the doubts and difficulties of life. To-day, however, they should remember that they who scorn religion concentrate their attacks not against the accidental views of Christianity such as Calvin's or Wesley's but against supernaturalism in its organized and historic power which is the Catholic Church. This Church alone can aid us to withstand the allurements of the world, the flesh and the devil, and protect us against those who professing themselves wise publish to the world that there is no such thing as truth. And this Church from dawn to noon on Sunday has the pews filled with its members who stand before a true

THE PURITY LEAGUE

altar and a real sacrifice.

The president of the World's Purity League says that the frank, clean. open - minded discussion of social diseases is the best way to stamp out plague. The president, we fancy, has too much confidence in the remedial action of talk. Despite the problem novel, scattered broadcast with its wealth of information of things unclean, impurity still flourishes. The struggle with this vice is not new, and the punishments meted out to its slaves are not of recent date. That it entails misery and poverty and social ostra cism is well known. The wealthy libertine may and sometimes does hang on the fringe of the society which appraises men by the standard of the dollar, but he is despised by all who know that impurity weakens reason, and makes a man brutish and brandshim mentally and morally with the mark of the unclean spirit. The devotees of the flesh come in time to believe that the debauches of youth are conspiracies against old age and that one pays dearly in the evening for the follies of the morning. Christ went right to the root of the matter when he said: "Blessed are the pure of heart." Check the thoughts that make for evil in this matter. Keep clean the imagination. Forget not the hell that awaits the impure. The world will be pure when it returns to Christ whom it has forsaken.

THE KNIGHTS OF COLUMBUS OATH

The bigots who adduced the Knights of Columbus oath as a proof of the nefarious designs of the Church are enjoying a publicity which they wished to avoid. They have been fetched out into the open so that men may see these religious and political bravos who use the dirty knife of calumny against their

secause they printed this scurrilous hing. On the other hand a committee of Los Angeles Freemasons, after an examination of the obligation taken by the fourth degree Knights, declared that "the ceremonial of the order teaches a high and noble patriotism, instills love of country, inculcates a reverence for law and order, urges the conscientious cand unselfish performance of civic duty, etc." Again, we learn from a contemporary that a number of Indianapolis Protestants took up the matter of this bogus oath and placed themselves on record as say ing: "Knowing that the 'fake oath 'is false we hold that all good citizens will join with us in denouncing its circulation."

The Canadian Knights are smok ing out the circulators of this bogus oath." And in doing so they are anot only defending themselves from unjust aspersion but are also performing a duty for all men who safeguarded from the liar and calumnistor.

THE BITTER MINDED CHRIST.

HATERS While the French soldiers are fight ing the enemy the French officials are fighting God. Notwithstanding the heroism of the priests in the ranks, and the ministering offices of the religious women the French official element is as violent as ever in its hatred of the Catholic Church. A ministerial decree has been published enabling the authorities to seize on all the remnants of the Church. are striving to nullify the influence of the soldier-priests. Calumnies are spread broadcast. Clergy, members of any Catholic society, are accused of having caused the war. Their subscriptions to charitable works are represented as donations to the Kaiser. Even the late Pope is accused of having sent sums of money to the Austrian Emperor. And these charges are believed by many of those who have been inflamed with hatred of Christianity by the irreligions schools. However, be it said to the credit of General Joffre that he. heeding not the instructions of the Christ-haters, gives full liberty to elergy and soldiery to serve God and country together. He at least does not believe in the servitude of the soul. But what a revelation to the men at the front to see that those word-mongering lovers of democracy seek to debar them from the consolation of religion and to extinguish the light of faith that for many of them has been relit on the battlefields of France. This war may bring about a rebirth of France in all its former good qualities. We know not. Perhaps the people, wearied of tyranny of the official element, may purge the country of irreligion, close the mouths of those who revile its most glorious traditions and re-estab.

ANOTHER BIGOT HEARD FROM Commenting upon an article in the London Globe, suggesting the dismemberment of Prussia and the giving of all its component parts to Austria the New York Herald says : " A hundred times, no. We do not want a greater Austria. It would be a Roman Catholic power and a standing menace to Protestantism and to free thought in modern Europe. This statement is a specimen of the writing that tends to divest the press of prestige and influence. The scribe who penned it is under the sway of anti-clericalism. His reference to "free thought" betrays his mentality, and his ignorance of history is equal to his flippancy. A little knowledge, let us say, of modern Belgium may cause him to readjust his views. But this individual but utters cant words which he holds mechanically and not in any vital relation with the world of thought. However he should be grateful that the Church is a "standing menace" to the red-flag street orators, the gun. men, the grafter, the White Slave trafficer and the divorcees who dwell in his beloved New York.

lish the rule of liberty and religion.

A FUTILE PLEA

Germany's Crown Prince says that hands. this war is senseless and stupid. It fellowmen. Several newspaper men was forced on Germany and was enhave been convicted of criminal libel ginesred solely and wholly with a view diers. His text is "Letters from

to crushing the German people." We have heard this before from the war companions." He says:

"I know how much it means to all the British House of Commons. He German professors and perhaps if military operations had gone otherwise for Germany it might never been echoed by this royal warrior. The spectacle of a Germany-loving peace as the greatest of tressures is not the Germany revealed by such authoritative Germans as Treitscke and Bernhardi and it it wished to avoid war the way was open and not difficult. He could have refused its aid to Austria in its bickering with Servia. Russia was ready to accept the British proposal or any other proposal of the kind that would bring shout a favorable solution of the conflict. On August 1 M. Sazonoff, the Russian Minister of Foreign Affairs, said that he had "accepted the proposal for a conference of four, for nediation by Great Britian, by Germany and by Italy, for direct consideration by Austria and Russia, but Germany and Austria-Hungary had despise the bigot, and wish to be either rendered these attempts of peace ineffective by evasive replies, or had refused them altogether." Heard under the light of official statements, the Crown Prince's oothing words lack the note of sincerity.

MILITARY MASS

ON AUSTRIAN BATTLEFRONT

Przemysl, Nov. 1 .- (By courier to Vienna, thence by mail to New York)—
It is evening of Sunday. I went to church this morning. It was service of war time, on a battlefield, held Viviani and his Masonic adherents on a hillside, amid a litter of trenches and rifle shelters. Two batteries of howitzers in the valley, three hundred vards distant, boomed at inter and our own Austro Hungarian shells screeched high over the improkill while we were praying that we ourselves might pass through the war unscathed.

Imagine a group of hills and valleys covering an area as large as the city of Chicago; you stand on the sate side of the hill nearest the Rus sian lines and you have the scene of the service. You are near the top of the hill and you have orders not to show your head above the rim, for the slightest movement there might give the Russian lookout the range. From your hillside you look to the

of soldiers in gray, narrow lines, moving over the slopes like gigantic, grav worms.

This is to be a service for the Tyro lean sharpshooters, the 88th Austro-Hungarian Regiment. These men who are marching through the cold gray morning are straight from the renches, where they have lain for three weeks. The black earth is on their clothes, hands, faces. The hill is steep and it is necessary for them to raise their faces in order to fasten their eyes on the altar.

ALTAR ON THE HILLSIDE The altar is a simple affair. It is only a small lean to made of fresh Chris

massy" air about it, for it is decor ated with pine boughs, amid which candles flicker with a pale, ghostly effect in the daylight. The priest is here, waiting. He is a short man with a beard, kindly eyed and ruddy faced—a pilot of mer

who at any moment may take the short, quick journey into eternity. Big boots and a heavy overcoa appear under his white and vestments. He remains bare headed and the raw wind moves the hair on his face and head.

KEEPING IN TOUCH WITH FRONT A soldier comes along near the brow of the hill, stringing a wire on the ground behind him. He lays a small box and a telephone receiver on the ground near the altar. Gen Schonburg, the brigade commander is coming to church this morning and he must be in touch with head

quarters every moment.

More lines of men pass through the valley and climb the hill. They range themselves behind the first comers. From another part of the slope a huge, tall man, accompanied by neatly dressed officers, appears and shakes hands with the priest. The big man is Gen. Schonburg.

By this time over a thousand men are grouped mid-hill, a hundred feet below the altar. They are given "at and stand as much so as possible with fifty pounds of pack on each back and a cold, raw wind going. The priest turns to his lean to. the rude altar and kneels. The Mass for soldiers, the living and the dead, is begun. At various junctures where the service requires that the worshippers kneel and cross them selves the soldiers raise their hands eral kneels humbly on the earth and crosses himself with heavily gloved

A SERMON IN OPEN AIR

of you to get a letter from home.
"It is the letter from home that encourages us most. But I have for you all, this morning, a letter from home—from Heaven, our last and best home. This letter tells us that when we get there a welcome will be awaiting such as we have never known before; such as even, those we love back in the Tyrol Mountains could not give us. In these times of death, we cannot tell who will be dead and who will be

who will be dead and who will be alive to-morrow. I pray you all be ready and worthy for the welcome that Heaven will give us."

The battery at the foot of the hill booms out five times, the shots coming in quick succession. A bell tinkles as the priest bows to the

The General steps forth before the altar. Gen. Schonburg is eloquent in a rough, soldiery way. The Tryoleans have their homes in the Alps. They are Austria Hungary's ideal soldiers; they are looked upon much as we in the United States upon our Rough Riders. No weak sentimentality will please these elemental men and Gen. Schonburg doesn't give them any. He praised them for victories won and urged them to avenge reverses suffered. When the General concluded, a

decoration was placed about his neck. He was therefore named a General of division, instead of brig-

Then he stepped to a bench, where rested a large collection of medals. An aide called out the names of some fifty soldiers, who came forward to receive rewards for bravery. One young man, with a splendidly strong, yet gentle face, received a gold medal. He had run back into a machine gun fire to save his wounded

The Iron Cross went to another young man, an artilleryman. All the men at his battery of six howitzers had been killed. He found him self alone with the great guns. Over the telephone the orders kept comin from the battery commandant several miles away for his battery to fire, so this lone artilleryman loaded and fired three of the cannon single handed, for over an hour, stepping over the mangled bodies of his r as he carried ammunition or lifted and pulled the blood soaked ropes. The little priest stood nearby smiling benignantly. The men gave three "hochs" for the Emperor. A bell tinkled again while the priest bowed once more at the altar. The battery roared. Far away Russian runs bellowed an answer. In the valley below were huge patches of newly turned earth, where the Russian grenades, daily visitors, had left their marks.

At last the ceremonies were con cluded. The soldiers passed down the hill, trailed across the valley and their gray lines crawled up the slopes of other hills and sank from view over the summits. Church wa out.

We had Sunday dinner in ar officer's dugout, with an earth and timber root four feet thick above our heads.-N. Y. Sun. Dec. 4.

SLIGO HAS PLACE OF HONOR

KEENNESS TO SERVE EMPIRE MANIFESTS ITSELF THROUGH ALL IRELAND

Dublin, Nov. 14.-For the first time since the war broke out the policemen in Ireland have started to offer themselves for active service. More than one fourth of the en-tire police force of Belfast have volinteered and it is said that 200 of these will be accepted. In Kilkenny and other parts of Ireland the police are also anxious to enlist and the In tor General of Ireland has sign led his readiness to receive thei names. All the men wish to go with the Irish Guards and in the event of

their being permanently disabled they are to be given a Royal Irish Constabulary pension as well as the War Office allowance For the last few days, recruiting has steadily improved throughout Ireland, this being largely due to the more general publication of the Gov-ernments' pension scheme and the

ncreased separation allowance. The improvement is chiefly to be seen in Ulster, where the National ists have been sparing no effort to stir up the enthusiasm of their per ple. Leading Nationalists have been acting as voluntary recruiting agents in Belfast, and within a few days have, it is stated, succeeded in per-suading 300 Nationalist Volunteers

to enlist.
This Nationalist energy has aroused good feeling between the political parties in Belfast.

Over 13,000 of Sir Edward Carson's own Volunteers are now on active service. Sligo, however, is said to hold the place of henor among all the counties of Ireland for enlisting. One sixth of her men are at the front, and enlisting is still going on at an average of twenty-five men

The first member of the National-

has, for many years, had sole control of the press bureau and press campaign of the Irish party throughout Great Britain.

It is a common sight these days to see a young Canadian soldier sitting in a street car with his old Irish parents to whom he is perhaps pay-ing a last visit, telling them eagerly and proudly of the chances in the new country. Generally, everyone else in the street car is listening,

SIDELIGHTS ON THE GREAT WAR

NO WORK TOO MUCH Private J. McCall, of the Loyal North Lancashire Regiment, writing

from a hospital at Versailles, says : We have been both in France and Belgium and seen many churches ruined. Wounded lying close by them which have been cared for by the Reverend Fathers of our Faith in fact, we have taken them there ourselves, as no work seems too much for them. You will see them assisting the refugees, helping old people, and even giving soldiers hot tea, food, etc.

BILLETED IN A CONVENT Writing from the same hospital

Lance Corporal M. Scanlon, of the 2nd Connaught Rangers, says : Just a few lines thanking you ve much for your kind present which I received from our priest. It consists of two nice prayer books, a pair of beads, Sacred Heart badge and a

medal, and I need not tell you how delighted I was to receive them. My company has slept for three nights in a chapel, being billeted there, which afforded every man of us the grand opportunity of attendturing to myself how lucky we were to get there, but I fancy it was on account of my regiment being all Catholics that we were selected. On another occasion I was fortunate enough to be billeted in a convent where the Sisters of Saint Benedict were and here they made the place very comfortable for us. They carried some straw to us to lie on, and, in fact, they did not know what to do for us. They were to prepare a nice breakfast for us, but unfortunately, we had not time to have it, as we were moved off in the middle of the night. Two of those nuns could speak English, and were overjoyed to hear they had a Catholic regiment in the place. They also gave us some scapulars and medals, which I

nore after the War. " THE POOR NUNS "

have yet, and if I live, with God's help, I shall let you know a little

In a third letter from the same hospital, written by Private M. O'Leary, of the 1st Connaught Rangers, is the following:
It is with the greatest of pleasure

I received your beautiful articles of devotion, and I shall always cherish them with a feeling of kindness and happiness in my heart. I need hard. ly tell you how eagerly they were sought for here. . . . The sights I've seen in Belgium

would knock tears from the hardest heart that ever lived. I have seen the poor priests and nuns with the chapels and convents burnt over their heads. I pity the poor nuns. God help them, and young children and old, shot down in cold blood. Our hearts bled to look at them but those cowardly Germans have an awful price to pay for that innocent blood, and at the hands of the British troops, too. Our time will come before many months are over, when those cowards will welter in their own chapels and convents are in a hear of ruins and nothing but desolation and misery, but thank God it did not come to that in the British Isles.

"WHAT A SOLDIER SEES" Private O'Hagan, of the 2nd York shire Regiment, writing from the same hospital, says :

Just a few lines to thank you very much for the articles of devotion received whilst in this hospital. They are just the things we need at a

time like this.

Fancy standing against one of your best chums and a shell comes and takes half of him away and leaves just his legs and half his body standing against you, then another shell comes over and takes another poor fellow's head off. These are the sights I witnessed for fifteen days in the trenches and could not get out. So this will give you a slight idea of what a soldier sees at

THE SPIRIT OF THE FRENCH Some idea of the spirit of the

French people in this awful war which is falling so heavily upon them may be derived from letters written by parents at home and their sons at the front. Here is an extract from the letter of a father who has lost his son on the field of honour, leaving a widow and three children:

Yes, we ought to be proud to give to France all that we hold dearest, but above all we ought to find com-fort and calm in the thought that he The first member of the National whom we love best has found the then the priest knelt dewn and endist party to enlist for the front is happiness that knows no end. I am ed his sermon with a prayer for peace.

confident that Jacques has entered a happy eternity. At the moment he left us he made the sacrifice of his life into the hands of God, with heartrending anguish, it is true but with the fullest sincerity. They tell us he was a model Christian officer, giving an example as a practising religious man and show-ing the utmost care of his men, who adored him. He died in the brave discharge of his duty.

With this may be set the following from a letter written by a young soldier to be given to his parents as expressing his last wishes and feelings if he should fall on the battle-field:

If I die think only of one thing that I fell in doing my simple duty as a soldier. I implore you not to trouble too much about me. When I was a child, mamma always told me that to die on the field of battle was to go straight to paradise What more is wanted? . . If I am badly wounded and suffer before I die, it will be of God's will, as an expiation for my sins. . . It is for France that all this trouble has come

In a letter printed in Wednesday's

Evening News from Rouen, where he is in hospital, H. Stokes, of the Irish Guards, writes:

We have a big field hospital here ; it is like a white city in canvas. We had Mass yesterday in one of the tents. The priest was French, but the could speak English very well.

It was a sight. Everybody was bandaged, some with heads tied up, others with arms in slings, while the rest hobbled along on crutches.

A SOLDIER PRIEST'S TEARS

A moving story is told by Mr. R. Franklin Tate, the special corres-pondent of the Daily News in Paris: The other day a wounded soldier was brought into hospital, and it was found necessary to amputate his right thumb. It was impossible to administer an anæsthetic, yet the wounded man bore the operation without uttering a groan. When all was over, and the surgeon was about to pass on to the next case, the soldier burst out into sobs. "What," said the surgeon, kindly, "you did not even wince under the knife, and now, when it's all over, you are cry-ing!" "That's not the reason," re-plied the patient, "I am a priest, and amputation means that I can never say Mass again."

THE WITNESS OF THE PRIESTS The marvelous revival of the relig ious spirit amongst the French soldires is witnessed to by almost every letter that arrives from the priests who as chaplains or under the Colors are at the Front. Thus a priest of the diocese of Saint-Flour tells of the generous acceptance of suffering. shown by the men, and states that the priest soldiers, ambulance men, and stretcher bearers have an abundance of religious consolations in the way in which officers and soldiers avail themselves of every opportunity to hear Mass:—"How common danger awakens the religious sense." All agree in noticing this religious movement. Another priest assures his correspondent that they "gener ally meet with excellent dispositions among the wounded, and never with any refusal;" whilst a third states that "all these brave soldiers die re-signed to the will of God and fortified

ious had been proposed by their chiefs for the Cross of the Legion of Honor. There was no greater crime in history (said His Eminence) than the unprovoked attack on the most harmless of the nations of Europe by the Germans. No nation had given less cause for complaint than Belgium, and Belgium might surely have conceived itself absolutely immune We should all realize the immense debt England owed to Belgium and the responsibility which rested on the Allies to see that the ancient order of things was fully re established. destruction of the University of Lou vain was one of the most wanton act ever committed, and the statement that the German soldiers went the length of saturating books with petroleum showed that the destruc tion of the library was a deliberate and wanton act.—Cardinal Bourne.

no fewer than 82 priest and 127 relig-

In the Times of Nov. 23, is an article from a correspondent who is described as having a knowledge of Germany from the inside. Writing from

IN COLOGNE CATHEDRAL

Lubeck, this correspondent says :
A religious wave has swept through the country since war broke out. . . The Roman Catholic churches, especially along the Rhine and in Southern Germany, are never empty dur-ing the day. It is pitiful to hear the quiet sobbing of women in the churches and to see the black dresses. I have never witnessed a more touching service in Cologne Cathedral ene Sunday morning in the middle of October. The priest happened to mention the destruction of the Cathedral of Rheims, and a heartrending sob was heard among the worship pers. There was a long silence, and

CATHOLIC NOTES

The Abbe Demolis, curate of Chev. enoz, in the diocese of Annecy, was marching under fire when a soldier was shut down at his side. The priest turned to give the dying man absolution and was himself killed while in the act of doing so.

Liege, Belgium, the scene of so many horrors of war, is a large city of nearly 130,000 souls. As a diocese it has 670 parishes, 40 deaneries and a Catholic population of 1,155,000. Its Bishop is Mgr. Martin-Hubert Rut-

The mother of the late Mgr. Benson, a Protestant and wife of the late Protestant Archbishop of Canterbury, had on the ordination of her onvert son, one of the rooms in her home fitted up as a chapel in which he could say Mass.

The most interesting banner at the magnificent procession of the Blessed Sacrament at the close of the Eucharistic Congress at Lourdes was the banner of the Pontifical Zouaves, which was given the place of honor in the procession. It was brought by the Duke des Cars at the request of the commandment of the regiment and the Zouave chosen to carry it in the procession was an Irishman, Captain Bartle Teeling, who had served in the campaign of 1867 with Gen. De Charette, and who appropriately wore the cross for that cam-paign, which was the first decoration ever given by Pope Pius IX. in honor of the 1mmaculate Conception.

There has recently come from Rome to the academy of the Sisters of St. Joseph, Nazareth, Mich., a vial of the blood of the Venerable Cure of Ars, with some of his hair, clothing and furniture of his room. clothing and hair have been shaped into floral designs and surround the vial of his blood. It is by far the most extensive relic of this great and holy priest that has ever been brought to America. It is the shrine of this venerable servant of God at Nazareth Academy. The reliquary is of silver and measures Foley of Detroit, has certified to the

The Right Reverend Bishop Mass, of Covington, Ky., has received a let-ter from Mgr. De Becker, rector of the American College, Louvain, Belgium, which contains the good news that that institution is safe. It reads: "Thanks be to God, the American Seminary remains, after a hard struggle, unscathed, and its rector and vice-rector, who have looked death in the face, have escaped by what I consider a miracle.
The details of our treatment are in the hands of Mr. Brand Whitlock, Ambassador of the United States in Belgium. To him, after God, I owe my life; to him our American Culunique privilege of standing whole in the midst of surrounding ruins."

From South Africa comes word that the Rev. Franz Mayr, an Austrian missionary assisting the Servite Fathers in Switzerland, met his death at the hands of a native robber on October 15. He had visited the chief Mission at Mabane, and he left it, after having been to confession, to return to Bremersdorp, where he was erecting a mission station. He was found dead on the way on the afternoon of the day Some money which he had to meet with the sacraments of the Church. the expenses of the building was They are happy to see us at their side." By the middle of September taken from him. No particulars are available of the manner in which he was assaulted, but the chief in the neighborhood reported that a native had money and a crucifix, and this native is charged with the crime.

Amongst the Catholic chaplains with the German armies is Prince Max of Saxony, a brother of the present King, and a priest who has an intimate knowledge of London and Paris, in the former of which he worked for some years as a curate, and in the latter as a professor. This royal priest has just been decorated by the Kaiser with the Iron Cross for valour on the field. He goes everywhere with his men and in the few intervals of rest he never rests, for he is preparing the soldiers for death, hearing their confessions and administering the sacraments. The King of Saxony and his son both Catholics, are now with the armies. There is a possibility that if both are killed in the fortunes of war, Saxony will have a sacerdotal sovereign.

Archduke Ferdinand of Austro-Hungary and Duchess Sophie, his wife, who were assassinated in Serejevo last June, have left a most edi-fying bequest. The Archduke and his wife had succeeded in renovating the church at Hall, in the Tyrol, where Archduchess Margaret of Austria lies buried, and had introduced perpetual aderation of the Blessed Sacrament. The letter of foundation obliges the nuns to pray for all the personal and political enemies of the heir apparent and his wife. The Sisters are to implore the Lord to bless all those who wish to do evil or have done so to the Archduke and Archduchess. This includes the Servian assassins. A grander monu-ment of their truly Catholic spirit Archduke Ferdinand and his wife could not have left as an inspiration to future generations.

80 AS BY FIRE

BY JEAN COMMOR CHAPTER XV THROUGH THE STORM

The snows lay heavy on Rose The wide old house was hoosed and mantled in winter ermine—rose bower and trellis and hedgerow white with spotless wreaths and garlands; the lawn stretched a dazzling slope to the blue curve of the river frozen from shore to shore. "So hard a winter," it was declared in the un-impeachable authority of stable and kitchen, "had not been known since befo' de wah." And in the midst and worst of it, the old house, closed and silent for long months, roused into sudden life. Fires blazed in the great rooms, the shuttered win dows were flung open to the gray wintry light. Unule Scip marshalled his domestic force into line. Aunt Dill, dozing over the kitchen hearth, "Ole Marster," was coming home after two years of absence. "Ole Marster and Miss Nellie were coming home!" But though it was the rest-lessness of an invalid that drove the Judge back to the old nest at this uninviting season, it was a cheery homecoming. The note of hospitable welcome sounded far and near—all up and down the river the great country houses flung open their doors in warm greeting to the rehad brought its unusual pleasures of skating, sleighing, coasting, even the duck hunters from the city found belated game among the sheltered creeks, where the ice had not closed. Nellie entered into all with a fever-ish gayety that only added to her charms. Half a dozen suitors were at Rosecrofte were notable gatherings even in the hospitable record of the house. Aunt Ver the house. Aunt Van was a guest for the season. The old dame cheered the judge with extemporaneous sympathy he found nowhere else. Just to see Aunt Van, brisk and bracing under her sixty years, was a tonic in itself. And her recipes for broths and brews and gruels, garnered from three gener-ations of housewives, were treasures beyond modern reach. For the down hill, as well as the uphill of life, Aunt Van still held cheery help and hope. And just now she was head and front of all things, for Mr. and Judge comfortably established, had returned to their own house in town.

Milly had gone with them tempor arily, but they would all return for the week's end. Meanwhile Nellie had been carried off this afternoon to the Dixons, ten miles distant, where there was to be an oyster roast to night, followed by a dance that would have drawn every beau and belle for miles around at any oyster dance failed to draw. leadenhued clouds that had The sullenly lowering all day burst into wintry wrath. The few guests that dared its fury dashed up to the door powdered with snow and sleet, breathless with the fight through the driving storm. But there was a house party already gathered in the hospitable old mansion, and the "roast" went on merrily in the old -the absent musicians were replaced by Bess' piano and her brother Bob's fiddle, while motherly Mrs. Dixon shook down pallets and made up cots, declaring no one nould leave the house that night.
Miss Randall had just led the Vir-

ginia Reel to a spirited close, and was standing by one of the wide windows looking out at the great and writhing in the teeth of the wind, while she listened to young Barker Wallace, the latest victim to

her charms.
"The beastliest night you ever saw, Miss Randall. I wouldn't have ventured a step from the door but that I heard you were here. Horse fell three times coming from the sta tion, but I said I'd come if I had to walk every inch of the way. That is the way you get fellows you know. There is half a dozen of them ready

to fight over you now." To fight over me! Dreadful!"

would do any good."
"It wouldn't, I assure you,"
"Figl the laughing rejoinder. "Fightin and dying are altogether out of date Fighting There are so many pleasanter things to be done now, don't you think so? Braving the storm, for instance, on a another belated cavalier," as through the blinding swirl of snow without a sleigh dashed up to the front door, and in another moment good Mrs. Dixon's motherly voice was heard

calling anxiously.
"Miss Randall? Nellie? Where is she? She can not venture out to-night. It is impossible, Mr. Leigh."
Miss Randall, with blanching face, hurried into the wide hall where Allston Leigh stood shaking the snow

from his great fur-lined coat, an excited group gathered around him. "My dear, my dear!" Mrs. Dixon clasped the white-faced girl tenderly in her arms. "You must bear up like a brave girl. It is your grandfather—he has had another bad attack,

"Is-is-dead?" the girl cried out, sharply

"No, no, not yet—but—but——"
"He is dying and has sent for me," she said, quickly. "Oh, I must go, I

"But, my dear child, it is impossible," said Mrs. Dixon, positively.
"Mr. Leigh will tell you so himself. It was all he could do to get here."

"And getting worse every moment," said Leigh. "But—he was calling for you—and I had to come——"

"Calling for me—for me!" she echoed. "Oh, then I must go, I must go, I it is all I can do now—now."

go. It is all I can do—now—now.
"Dear, dear child, it is madness, pleaded Mrs. Dixon. "You'll never get to Rosecrofte. Nellie, Nellie n't attempt it."
"Miss Randall, I protest!"

In the chorus that rose about her the girl's eyes sought Allston Leigh's

"You will take me?" she asked. "If I am willing to risk it, you will take me?

And then the storm of remonstrance, of protestation fell about them, all in vain. In less than ten minutes, Nellie, wrapped in furs and robes that would defy arctic blasts, was seated at Leigh's side in the sleigh, skimming through the wild wintry storm, the wind shrieking behind them, snow and sleet beating pitilesely down upon their heads, the whole world a dim, blurred chaos of darkness and discord, in which

they two were alone.

Their horse, the most powerful on in the Rosecrofte stable, had been rubbed down and fed generously, and

spirit.
"We'll manage it," said Leightened cheerily. "Don't be frightened Selim knows the road well and wants to get home. Of course the Judge didn't know what sort of a night it was or he would not have sent for you. But I had to come." And he told her how the shock had

fallen swiftly and unexpectedly while the old gentleman had been seated at his own fireside chatting pleasantly

with Aunt Van.
"Luckily," added the speaker "Vance was in the house. We came down this morning together at the Judge's invitation for a couple of days' shooting. He is doing all he can, but he fears the worst. The Judge is an old man now and, well he end must come for us all."

She did not answer him, she seemed to have no words to-night. The light, mocking, brilliant Lie she had made of herself vanished in this shadow of death. He was calling for her, this old man whose pride and love and trust she had mocked and betrayed, he was calling for her, and she must go to him, and lie, to the last. A sickening self loathing came over her, a horror of all that she had been and was, a deeper horror of all that she must be forever, unless unless— And then thought paused

shivering before the alternative. Confession, Retraction, Restitution ing for long through the mad music services and was impressed with the beauty of the music, of the flowers of her life. Confession, Retraction,

Restitution!
Confession, with all its humilia tion. Retraction with all its scorn and disgrace. Restitution, with all

its poverty, despair, abandonment.

For the sleep walker had wakened.

With the stolen fruit held in her reckless grasp, she stood on daring height she had gained, waterfall thundering beneath her. and there was no help, no hope.

Confession, Retraction, Restitu

The words that had been a soft low, almost unheard whisper in the early days of her stolen life, that all the triumphs of these after years could not silence.

They seemed borne on the wings storm and darkness to-night at Allston Leigh's side. There was no light in heaven or earth to guide them. Fences, hedgerows, all were buried, while ever and anon some flercer gust would sweep a mighty drift, blinding and bewildering in their

"We'll make it all right," Leigh continued, cheerily. "Selim is doing nobly. We must be nearly on a line with Chapel Point now. Only a few miles more and we will see the lights of Rosecrofte." But even as he spoke, said the young lady, disapprovingly.

"I hope you are not one of the half dozen, Mr. Wallace?"

"No," said Mr. Wallace, who was young and pink and known by his intimates as "Bunny." "But I'd—I'd die for you all the same, if it would do any good."

there was a shock, a lurch, and with an almost human cry of pain, Selim was down, struggling wildly in the traces. A smothered exclamation burst from Leigh's lips as he leaped out of the sleigh to the horse's head, and vainly tried to help the snorting, quivering animal to his fast.

"Oh don't, don't," cried the girl, pitifully. "Cut him loose from the traces—he is hurt—dreadfully hurt. "Done for, I am afraid," said eigh, grimly. "There must be a Leigh, grimly.

or something here he can't see, and the poor beast has broken

"Oh, cut him loose!" she cried "He is struggling so pitifully," and leaping from the sleigh, she stood beside Leigh in the darkness. "I will help you—"
"Stand back, in God's name," he

called sharply. "We can see to nothing, nothing. And you, you!"
"Don't think of me," she said. "We can see to do will sit here in the sleigh while you go fer help. There are houses all

along the road."
"The road," he echoed, helplessly "We have lost the road or this would not have happened. We tre—I do not know where. I should have known this venture was madness,'

he cried, desperately."
"But my madness, not yours," she said. "I took the risk. Oh, the

poor horse!" Poor Selim! Can we do nothing for him?"
"What is the horse to you, your safety, your life?" A great drift couldn't bave mar swept down upon them as he spoke, Here is your gate."

and he had to fling his arm about her to steady her against its blinding rush. "You must get back in the sleigh," he said huskily.

"And then—then?" she asked.

"I have loosed the traces. I will pull it myself."

"You can not." she said. "The

pull it myself."
"You can not," she said. "The runner is broken. I felt it go as the sleigh lurched. We must walk. We are not in the wilderness. There must be shelter somewhere within reach. And it is all my fault, from beginning to end. So don't swear at yourself under your breath any more, please." There was a new music in her tone, that wonderful light, brave note with which women like this meet peril when love is near. Leigh's heart leaped to it as if it were a bugle call. He would save her, shelter her, keep her from all

arm to night—and forever after.
"Put your arm in mine and hold fast, and we will try—" the wind howling down upon them nearly tore away speech and breath—"we try to find a way together."

And the strength of ten men seemed to enter into Allston Leigh as with that slender form clinging to him for life and safety, he faced the wild sweep of snow and sleet, the mad rush of the scurrying drifts that swept by them like troops of sheeted specters, all the wild turmoil of this errible night, his heart aglow.

But the light hold on his arm grew

"Have you any idea where we are?" his companion's voice trembled as she asked the question with all the old lightness. "We seem to have passed earthly bounds and to be

have passed earthly bounds and to be adrift in space."
"Not quite. There is a telegraph pole," he answered, "which means we've struck the turnpike again. Poor Selim was making for the short cut home. Don't be afraid. No harm shall come to you. I am strong enough for both." She strug gled on at his cherry word, but here numb a strange torror feet were numb, a strange torpor was creeping over her, she felt as if she were swaying over a great void, Allston Leigh's arm her only hold. wind came a welcome sound.

"Sleighbells!" cried Leigh, jubilantly. "Hello, there, hello! Help! help here, help!" A great double sleigh, speeding swiftly through the storm, stopped at the summons.

Who calls ?" shouted the driver. "Here, here, man. We have broken down and we are miles from home. Take us in, for God's sake This is Miss Randall of Rosecrofte with me. I am Allston Leigh——"
"Lord!" cried a cheery, familiar voice through the wild darkness. This is luck, Judge."
"Mills!" exclaimed Leigh, in

"Nobody else," was the hearty re-joinder, as the muffled driver held to his camping steeds. "Can't let go of these horses, for they're a bit skeery, Judge, but just put the lady in and give your orders. This team is yours to command. Plenty of b'arskin back there to keep you warm,

miss. Lord, Judge, but it was luck to strike you this way, sure." "Luck, indeed!" said Leigh, a he lifted the half-fainting girl the sleigh, and wrapped her warmly in the "b'arskin," and then sprang to the front seat beside the driver who continued to shout his cheerfu explanations over the storm. "drove out with two of Rockton's me to-day, to see about a grinder they had put in a stone yard down 'bout here. They wanted me to stay all night with the rest, but it takes more than a baby blizzard like this to house me. Got to be in Washington around here all winter. Now where shall I take your lady? Steer this machine where and how you please, so as to get her under roof quick."

"Keep straight on," said Leigh
"I'll tell you when to turn—we're
all right now. Not three miles from turning to the muffled d him. "We are all—all figure behind him.

There was no answer. The girl, wrapped warmly in the bearskin, felt as if she were turned to stone. The laughing, mocking, beautiful Lie that she had been for more than two years crouched there in the darkness, still and cold, while Barbara Graeme lived again at Daffy's

It was all gone—gone—the glitter-ing dream—she was back again on the old broken porch of the Road House, with Rip fluttering in her arms. She was seated on the soap box in Daffy's store listening to her first love tale. She was in the black beamed old kitchen with Gran stirring the bean soup. She was the friendless starveling again, in her sunbonnet and sweater, but with no gilded chains holding her, no warn-ing voice thundering in her soul day and night, no fear or remorse eating into her heart. She was Barbara Graeme again and free, free, free!

The end had come. Daffy was here, and the lie she had lived would shrivel before his honest eyes at the first glance. How or whence he had come she was too dull and numbed to think. And like one who in stony calm awaits the death blew, she sat wrapped in the fur robes. Mute and wrapped in the fur robes. Mute and still while the sleigh sweet on through the white wastes, with the mocking wind shricking behind them and the deep voices of the two men who loved her coming brokenly to her in the lulls of the storm.

"That petition you fixed up is all right, Judge, it'll do the business. We'll get him out to die free. If it hadn't been for you taking hold

And the sleigh swung through the

Safe home!" cried Leigh, tri umphantly, as he sprang out to assist his companion to alight. But there was no answer, no movement. The slight figure within had slipped down, white and senseless, among the

cushions.
"Nellie, Nellie! Great heavens, she is dead!" cried Leigh in an agony of terror.

"Lord, no, Judge; no! Here catch hold of these horses, boy!" said Daffy, flinging the reins excited ly to Scip, who had come hurrying out at the sound of sleighbells.

But before Mills could reach the Judge's side, Leigh had caught up the unconscious girl in his arms.

Her head rested on his shoulder, hat and furs had fallen back, and the red-gold hair swept in disorder from a pale face and sharpened into the olden outlines to night. As the light from the open door of Rosecrofte fell full upon her Daffy staggered, his wild cry of recognition lost in the turmod of the storm.

Weasel again! Weasel borne into this splendid home in Allston Leigh's arms. Great heavens, was he going

mad or—or—
And then as he stood there dazed, sleet, the memories seared into his faithful heart flashed out into life and light again. Bixby Creek—the little cottage on the hillside—the covered litter that bore away the injured girl—the special train he had watched from the banks!

It was Judge Randall's granddaughter the men had told him-Judge Randall's grand daughter they were taking away. Great drops of sweat stood out on Daffy's brow as he wrestled with the bewildering thoughts that faced him. when Leigh's voice, kindly and anx ious, roused him.
"Mills, my dear fellow, where are

you? Let Scip put away your horses and come in for the night." "No, no; thank you, Judge." The cheery voice sounded hoarse and strange as Mr. Mills emerged from

he shadow of the great porch. "The—lady—?"
"Is all right, or will be in a few moments the doctor says. Merely a faint from cold and exhaustion," answered Leigh. "But, great heavens, you are shaking with the cold. You ust come in and have a drink, at least, before you go on."

And dazed, desperate with the bewildering doubt pressing upon him, Daffy followed Leigh through the open door into Judge Randall's home

TO BE CONTINUED

PRIVATE KANE

Seated one day in my study, I wa reading my office, and pondering over the poetry of the Psalmist that never grows old, even by daily use. Full of God's pity and mercy, the psalms ring the changes of love and sorrow. and above all, of infinite hope,

A knock at the door disturbed me and I reluctantly said, "Come in, while I held my finger in my brevi-ary, and showed a serious face to the ntruder.

It was the housekeeper. "I beg

pardon, Father, for disturbing you a your office," she said timidly, "bu your office," she said timidly, "but there's a very respectable lady in the reception room, and she says she won't keep you a minute." I closed my book, inwardly blessing the lady, and went to meet her.

As I entered the room, I recognized

a non-Catholic lady whom I h casionally met, a woman of high standing in the town.

"I beg pardon for my intrusion, Father," she said in refined accents, "but I am on the Board of the Sol-dier's Home on the hill, and I as was leaving the Hospital this afternoon one of the old soldiers called me to nis bedside and asked me most earn estly if I would send him a priest. I d, not being a Catholic, but he seemed so much in earnest and looked at me so pleadingly that I could not refuse him and so I came here rather were busy at this time, and must not be disturbed. But I said I would de tain you only a few moments," she rose with a winning smile.

"I am delighted you came, Madam, I am delighted you came, madam, I responded; "while I was busy, I am always ready for any interruption like this, and yours is a welcome one. What is the name of the old soldier?

What is the name of the old soldier?

"He said he was Private Kane,"
she repiied; "the porter will show
you his bed. I must not detain you
any longer," and she graciously held
out her hand, and went towards the
door. I accompanied her, opened the
door, and bade her goodby.

I looked at my watch. I had time
to go to the Home, and return before
supper. It might be urgent, I thought,
I laid my breviary aside, took my hat
and left, bringing with me the holy

and left, bringing with me the holy

When I reached the Hospital, I asked the porter who admitted me, if there was an old soldier there by the name of Kane. He answered respect-fully that there was, and showed me a long ward with two rows of beds. The fourth bed from the end. Father; a man with a gray

I walked along between the beds the fourth bed from the end I saw a man with a gray beard who looked inwith a gray beard who looked in-quiringly at me. I went to him, and took his hand. He seemed very ill. "Is your name, Kane? I said. "Yes, Father," he replied, languidly. "You seem pretty sick, my son, wondering that he was so u I said, couldn't bave managed it at all. strative, but ascribing it to his con-

"I am very sick-I won't be long

here."
"Of course you are a Catholic?"
"Well Father, I used to be, but it's
thirty years since I went to my duty."
"Well, my son, God is very good to
give you this chance to save your
soul. How merciful He is, and how
auxious to restore you to grace. I
know you want to make your confession, and how peaceful and happy
you will be when it is over.
"But, Father, I don't think I am
ready to go to confession; I don't

ready to go to confession; I don't know how to begin."

know how to begin."

"Oh! don't worry about that," I said, "I will help you. Come, now, let us begin." And I put on my stole. There was no one very near, and I was able to help the poor fellow to make a most satisfactory confession. He took time; but his repentance was so sincere that I blessed God for sending me to him. He was extreme ly weak, and I thought it better to anoint him. I explained the sacrament, and he rejoiced to receive it.

After absolution he seemed like another man, eager for every grace the faith could give him. After the anointing was over he looked at me with moist ever. "How can I ever thank moist eyes: "How can I ever thank God for sending you to me!" he said "Spend this evening in saying your prayers." I replied, "and to-morrow I will bring you Holy Communion!" I bade him goodby and started down the aisle to leave the Hospital. As I came towards the end of it, a man with a gray beard started up in bed, and called me: "Father," he said, "Oi thought ye

would never be through with that renegade, and its meself that sint for Oi wants to make me first Fri day, Oi haven't missed a month !"
"What is your name?" I said in

"Why, me name is Private Kane!"
"And what is the name of the man have left ?" I said.

"Sure his name is Private Kane, too. He is Tom, and Oi am John Kane. We never saw each other before he came here, and he is in the fourth bed at that ind, and I am in the fourth bed at this ind. I axed one of the committee ladies to go for ye, for Oi wanted to make me first Friday and it will be to morrow, Father. Won't ye hear me confession?"

It was easy to hear the monthly confession of this good old soldier, and he made it with edifying sentiments of faith and contrition. I ments of faith and contrition. I promised to bring him Holy Communion the next day, and told him about his namesake, who had received such grace from God that day.

"Glory be to God!" he exclaimed, "Oi've been praying for him! He was a brave soldier, Oi am told, and the Loud has been good to him!"

the Lord has been good to him!'

I smiled at his earnestness, but I felt that his prayer had been heard. The next day I gave both of them

Holy Communion.

Private Tom Kane lingered only a Arrivate Tom Rane Ingered only a day or two, but John still lives—an invalid who is always praying for some one's conversion, particularly if he has the name of Kane!

Here was a marvelous instance of How was it I was directed to that bed, where I was not expected. the heart of a straved sheep, longing to take him home?—By "Rev. Richard W. Alexander" in the Missionary

GRAY-HAIRED PRIEST ON BATTLEFIELD

On the battlefield of Spissons wish I could show you the little gray haired priest of this village near Soissons as he goes about his duties

less Land that he knows about his face and he reads his services over a dead German with the same tender tones and the same smile or who sleeps in the red, white and blue

I first saw him as he passed through the village square in his robes that had once been white. His surplice was splashed with the mud of hundreds of automobiles which dash through the narrow, wet streets. On his feet were army shoes, as muddy as any sol-dier's. But he raised his face as he chanted a service from a book in his ands and when I saw his smile I forgot the crime. Behind him marched four men, guarded by sol-diers. Even before I knew who or what they were I saw that there was something especially evil and grue-some about them. A French officer explained the procession to me.

"These men were caught wearing spies; who knows? But they are worse than spies. They were caught ooting the French and German dead out there on the battlefield. are being taken out now to be shot.

AT RED CROSS HOSPITAL It was a thing to shudder over, but

the little clergyman marched on with the look of hope and mercy on his face as if he knew someone who un-derstood and even controlled all this ity has fallen. Someone who knows that he might have pity even on a man who had robbed the dead. The next time I saw the little

elergyman was at the entrance to the Red Cross hospital. Three caskets stood in the high hallway which opened onto the street. A line of French soldiers stood at attention, facing the doorway. A Red Cross ambulance drove up and the soldiers broke their rigid formation to make way for five wounded soldiers who were carried past the coffins where three dead soldiers rested.

The soldiers reformed again. There was evidently a hitch in the proceedings. The church was across the street and, by the glances of the officers toward the church door, I could see they were waiting for the elergyman. Then I saw him come

to the door. Five women and two little girls, all in black, were following him, per-sistently, and speaking to him. He sistently, and speaking to him. He stopped and spoke a moment with each woman. They knelt, one at a time, on the sidewalk, as he raised his hand in blessing over each mourning bedecked head. He held his hands on the heads of the little girls and raised his face upwards as if he were telling someone to take special notice of two little folks who needed extra care.

All this time the soldiers were waiting. The priest walked across the street, through the mud, his soldier's shoes spattering the dirt into his surplice, the officers saluted, the soldiers raised the caskets, the little priest led off through the slush and

priest led off through the slush and the three dead soldiers of France were started on their last march.

WAR CHAPLAIN'S DUTY

I've seen the little priest a score of times since then. He marches more than any soldier. There are scores of dead to bury; there are dozens of stories and confessions to hear from dying men in the hospitals; there are the broken hearted women and chil-dren of the village who have lost their soldier loved ones to be com forted, and his task was so great that it seemed to me that if I were the little priest and saw so much of such a terrible sorrow in a world gone so far away I would take off my white robe and fold it away and say, "God has forgotten us. What's the use?" Only I know by the little clergy-man's face that he knows that God

has not forgotten us, even though the cannons of men who are hungry to kill are sounding above the chan of the funeral services and even broken hearts and more dead to bury.

—By William G. Shepherd, United
Press Staff Correspondent.

THE GREAT MESSAGE

To day we are cursed by over specialization. It is no longer enough to say to a man, "Be good." If there are a thousand ways for a man to be bad, you must tell him the thousand particular ways in which he can be good. In an age of specialists, the moralist must specialize just as much as the other scienstand him even if they show enough interest to listen to him, which is

improbable. Perhaps that is why the social message of the Catholic Church has reached so few at the very time when every one needs it most. The old inclusive commands sound trite to many a worldly ear. What is more, the ways of giving them have, in many cases, become ineffective. To-day men expect things to be brought into their homes and daily lives. They no longer go out to seek truth

or moral help.

The crazed specialists who fill cur schools and colleges, who write for our magazines, who dabble in philanthropy, and lead our laborers, have no desire at all to ask the Church her opinion. If the Church has any thing to say, they expect her message to be brought to them by some oblig-ing person, and they expect it to be brought in a form they understand. This attitude of the specialists may be the result of laziness or merely of bewilderment. In any case, it is exasperating. But that does not lter the fact that it exists, and that it accounts very largely for the failare of the Church to bring her mes sage home to these wandering souls

by the old methods. The opinion of the Church is so little known by Protestants and agnostics that they have actually come to the conclusion that she has no opinion at all. Even some Cathin the Church. They themselves have come under the specialists spell. They have heard what those outside the Church say; and being human and weak they have turned traitor.

As a matter of fact, the message of

the Church was never fresher or more virile than to-day. Its very freshness and simplicity help to hide it, just as the simplicity and childlike qualities of a really great man often make him obsure. The message is so simple that the youngest child in our schools knows it by heart. "Love the Lord, thy God; heart. "Love the Lord, thy God; and love thy neighbor as thyself for

the love of God."

In this exquisitely simple command is summed up "all the law and the prophets." It is the greatest social message the world has ever known. Even if a man is an agnos tic or an atheist, it is at least pos sible for him to love those about him. He can fulfill the human part of the message, even if he is uncon scious of the divine motive.

The love which Christ preached and the Church preaches to-day is far more than mere sentiment or emotion. Your love for your feilowmen may show itself in a hundred ways, none of which could be branded as emotionalism. You cau not rob a man if you love him; and you can not be indifferent or unjust to him. With love, the dishonesty, the hatred, the envy, all the evil that tear us to pieces, are impossible. The love "of the law and the prophets" is the central moral force of the universe. Its negation is decay, death, hell. The source of this love is known to naturalistic science as tion was to get magnetism, its effect is called cohewhen released.

sion. If you destroy the cohesive bonds of a substance, say by friction, you create heat and even fire. The human diseases which result from acts of excess and immorality are merely forms of this same decay, the destruction which follows any break ing up of nature's cohesive bonds Nature demonstrates the central idea of hell-fire before our very eyes.

This is love as scientists know it.

To the man of the street love is To the man of the street love is known as fellowship. An act of hate destroys this fellowship. It creates disorder and restlessness, the characteristics of all heat and decay. Any break in the fellowship or love of one man for his neighbors brings social fire, social decay. What is the or one man for his neighbors brings social fire, social decay. What is the disease of society to day if not the disorder of hate? The simple, inclusive command "Love God and thy neighbor," has been denied and attacked. The result has been and is

social hell-fire.

To the spiritual minded love is charity. The saints see in love much more than the scientists see, much more than the scientists see, much more than the men in the street. The scientist specializes; the man in the street specializes; each sees a part of love. But the saints and the it charity. The scientist says, "Do not drink too much alcohol; the excess will cause disease." The man in the street says. "Be decent and honest, and respect your fellow-citi-zens, otherwise you will start a social revolution." The Church and her teachers say, "Love God and your neighbor; for if you do not, you will not only bring physical disease and revolution, but you will kill your

The Church speaks at once in the language of science and of the man in the street and of the saint. She is sounding the dominant chord of temporal and eternal life. But be ause to-day is a day of specialization, her language is not heard, nor if it were heard would it be understood

by many.

The Church to-day needs laymen, as well as priests, who can carry her passage into the thousand and one specialized lives of the scientists and the men in the street. The Catholic business man can carry the mes-sage in a specialized form to his cellow business men. The Catholic laborer can interpret the general message to the special needs of his Socialist friends. The Catholic women of society can meet the sins of society by another special form of

The business man is honest among his kind; but he is often dishonest to his laborers. The society woman may be honest to her servants and her creditors; but she is often a traitor to the highest function of woman. She needs to have the mes sage of love interpreted in one way; the business man needs it in another those who move in the same circle of life who understand its difficulties and temptations, who can learn the tact necessary to make their message

The great message of the Church is both old and new; but the way in which we give it to the world must be new. For each and every man in every class of life we must have a special messenger and a special form of the message. Then we can look for a true regeneration. We can then expect the millions of Protestants and agnostics to hear us. Then, too, they will learn that the simplicity of our message is but the simplicity of greatness.—Richard Dana Skinner

MORE TALES OF HEROISM

Tales of heroism and of suffering are multiplied daily, declares our European correspondent. From Tournai, Belgium, comes the story of how two nuns met death while assisting a sick member of their community. At the commencement of the fusillade which surprised the inhabitants of Tournai, a sick member of the community of the Sacred Heart was lying in the upper part of the convent, and the superioress, wishing to guard her against the noise and the bullets, went up with another Sister to place a mattress in the window. As they approached the window a bullet entered, struck the youngest Sister, a brave Bretonne full in the chest, killing her instantly, and ricochetting, passed through the arm of the Rev. Mother Budet, who only survived two days. The object of their care was unharmed.

Almost too painful to dwell upon is the story of how Father Veron, S.J. met his death. His companion. the Abbe Sueur, tells of his vary. During the retreat he and Father Veron, both army chaplains, got separated from their column. They were arrested with several peasants by Prussian troops in a small village of the Aisne. For six days they were marched between files of soldiers with fixed bayonets and in company with many prisoners, civilian and military, towards Paris, their guards jeering at the retreating

Then when the retreat from Paris Then when the retreat from Paris began, and coming defeat loomed on the horizon, they were marched to the North again, and despite their fatigue and semi starvation were loaded with the heavy burdens of the soldiery. Their only food was a few apples picked as they marched and a little water. Through it all Father Veren continued to save his deals. Veron continued to say his daily prayers and recite the Rosary five times each day in place of saying the Breviary, while his one preoccupa-tion was to get back to his soldiers

But at length he fell on the road from exhaustion. He was thrown into a wagon. At the halting place his bruised and broken body was flung onto a heap of stones covered with nettles, and there his friend had to prepare him for death. The Abbe Sueur risked his own life in protesting to his captors, and with such fervor did he speak that he actually obtained for the dying Jesuit shelter in a devastated chamber. There he was carried and there the Abbe watched over him all night. In the morning of Our Lady's feast Father Veron died in perfect tranquillity. A few days afterwards his friend was rescued by the English. — Church Progress.

PRAY FOR THOSE WHO ARE DYING IN WAR

There seems to be something pro-hetic in the choice of the November tention recommending prayers for cose dying in war. It was chosen by one who is now dead. It comes to us at a time when the number of dying is unusually large. The Holy Father, Pope Pius X., was quite well when he wrote those two words, "the dying," but he was one of the dying. He did not know it, but he was failing and uncersional and uncertainty.

ing and unconsciously approaching what we call the end.

When he wrote it, there was no thought of the awful war that broke out so suddenly and brought death to him and to so many of his devoted children. Perhaps he felt it coming, and in the intention expresses the cry of his heart.

hy, all of us are dying. There are thousands of classes in the world, but the dying is the only class world, but the dying is the only class that embraces all. We begin to die as soon as we begin to live, and growth is only the ripening of that which must surely die. Care and skill can do much to delay death and to make it painless, but at length the time comes when we want out. the time comes when we must sub mit and enter into that other life for which this is but the prelude.
Our heavenly Father sends us into
the world to earn a place in heaven.
We are to till our field until the harvest, and then we shall leave it and receive a reward according to our works. We do not know the time of the harvest. We do not know when or where we shall be called. Some are called while they are planting; others from the growing grain; while some are left to see the field ripe and the court toward. the corn stored in the barn.

We know that our call may come suddenly. We find a list of sudden deaths in every paper we read. Every day one or two are killed on the streets of our city, fifty three, they tell us, in a month. When we go out to business, we know not if we shall ever return. Surely, it behooves us to be ready. "Blessed is that servant whom, when his master cometh, he shall find watching."

Then there are the accidents in mines, and in mills, in factories, and on railroads. Almost every hour we hear the sharp clang of the ambulance bell as it hurries through the streets bearing some one who has suddenly fallen, beneath the whels of the great car of life. of the great car of life. The world is large, and we are so scattered that we do not appreciate the fact that we are losing so many every day. We read the death notices in the paper. Sometimes the list is long enough to impress us, and sometimes we see the name of one whom we saw only a few days before, and these facts strike us, but we forget almost as soon as we have laid the paper down. We hear the names of the recently dead each Sunday when we go to church : do we ever think, my name will be read out there some Sunday, maybe next Sunday?

IN DAYS OF BATTLE

In these days of battle, think of how many are dying! The flower of five nations, the greatest nations in the world, armed with the most deadly weapons genius has been able to con trive, are mowing one another down, wounding unto death, and killing outright tens of thousands who n God sent into the world to live, to labor, and to help. Death comes to them in its most dreadful form. It comes with the swiftness of lighting. It sears and tears and crushes. On the fields, in the woods by the roadside, by the river bank, in the trenches, they are the are they are the they are the are they are they are they are the they are lying in pain, ground under horses' hoofs and cannon wheels, thirsting, bleeding, dying, unattended and alone. As we walk along the street, we can scarcely go through a single block without passing some house in which there is some one dying. Perhaps it is our next-door or. If ever there was a truth forced upon us, it is the truth that we are to die, and that death is unavoidable.

We can not control death, but we can prepare for it. We can use life ime, so that when we are called or stricken, we shall be ready, our cord fit for inspector, and our work finished, so far as we had the time. We know not the day nor the nour,

but we do know that there is a day and an hour. We know that nothing defiled can enter heaven. We know there is only one life, one dea h, one judgment. There is no such thing as another chance. There is no appeal from the decision of God. We ail knowthis. How can we then live as if the kind of life did not matter, as if eternity did not depend on our filelity and our diligence? Of course we make mistakes To err is human. But we should not a low our mistakes to endure. The wise man retra ses his steps as soon as he sees he has left the road. The prudent man

confines, he seeks the hills, that he may escape illness and death. The soul is worth more than the body. The life and health of that soul is infinitely more important. On it depends eternity. We choose our own eternity. A God offers an everlasting peace. "Eye hath not seen, ear has not heard, nor hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive the things, that God hath prepared for those who love Him." Surely we should not allow anything to render its attainment impossible or uncertain.

certain. When God calls us, or warns us, it When God calls us, or warns us, it is worse than folly, it is a crime, to refuse to listen. "In whatsoever day you hear the voice of God, harden not your heart!" God does not need us, but we need Him, Without Him is ruin irreparable. What shall we say of him who hears that diving voice, that blessed invite. that divine voice, that blessed invita-tion, and defers His answer, or worse, refuses to answer and accept? We are wounded when our friends decline our invitations. If they de-cline two or three, we send them no more. We feel that they have ceased to be friends. If God were ceased to be friends. If God were to treat us as we treat one another! Some people are afraid to think of death and to prepare for it, and often it happens that through an inexcus-able dread they are not able to re-ceive the last Sacraments. This is inexcusable. The friend of God longs for the visit of the priest, who can help him to prepare for that can help him to prepare for that great journey. The criminal longs for the visit of an advocate who will defend him; why should we not look for him who can help us to examine our conscience, who can exercise the power of forgiveness, and who can give us that Bread of Life, which will strengthen us and comfort us as we pass away? There is nothing in the world like the Holy Visticum. It is the means our Saviour takes to be with us in our agony, to take us by the hand and lead us out through the darkness into the everlasting light. Those who know God and lead the lead to th love Him have no reason to fear

While we have health and strength we should prepare for that evil day. We should try to find out the will of God, and do it. When we make mis-takes we should at once undo them by sincere repentance. We should think of ourselves, and particularly of those who are dying, far and near, neighbor and stranger. If we pray for them, surely they will pray for us, and they will, perhaps, inspire a thousand others to make intercestion for the these districts. sion for us. How to die well is the most important thing to know and to accomplish.—Rev. John Belford in

AMMUNITION FOR THE ENEMY

It is unfortunate, to say the least, that reputable Catholic publications continue to give publicity to statements so derogatory to the welfare of the Church as that which is scatof the Cauren as that which is scat-tered broadcast in an article entitled, "Stopping he Leakage," reprinted from the June issue of "The Queen's Work" of St. Louis. According to the learned editor of this publica-tion, the Catholic Church in America has suffered a loss of 10,000,000 souls during the past century by defections from her ranks. He generously admits that "the statisticians are still disputing over the precise number of the Catholic immigrants and their children who have been lost to the probable estimate.'

ly, and we all deplore them, no matter how small they be. But nothing can be gained by exaggerating these losses, and much harm may be done and, no doubt, is done, by supplying our enemies with ammunition of this kind to use in their warfare against the Church. Let us see what truth there is in the writer's assertion that the Church has suffered a loss of at least 10 000 000 souls who ought to be numbered among her children.

Where did " the statisticians " get the figures upon which their esti-mate is based? If they started from false premises their conclusion can-not be true. The only sources of reliable information on this point are the official statistics of the United States Census and of the Commis sioner of Immigration—and these tell no such story of Catholic losses On the contrary, they clearly show that the present Catholic population of the United States is nearly as large as it should be, when we take into consideration the number of Catholic immigrants, who have found a home in the United States during the past century, and their natural increase. We have an admirable summary of the figures, taken from official sources, in a pampblet issued two years ago by the Right Reverend Bishop Canevin of Pittsburg which he gives the result of a his-torical and statistical examination into the losses and gains of the Catholic Church in the United States from 1790 to 1910. This is the most reliable and up to date work on the subject which we have and it furnishes a complete refutation of the charge that the Catholic Church in the United States has sustained a loss of 10 000 000 or even of one fifth of that number during the

past century.
From data furnished by the census has left the road. The prudent man reports and the reports of the Comtakes medical advice and remedes as soon as he finds himself weak or in pain. He gives up the work that

their natural increase of the highest percentage the whole number of Catholics to be accounted for in the United States in 1910, was 18,488,820. The Official Catholic Directory for 1911, places the Catholic population 1911, places the Catholic population at 14,618,761, a very conservative figure as every oue admits, who knows how its statistics are gathered. This discrepancy does not mean that 3,864.559 Catholics are to be counted as lost to the Church. It is offset by the "2,800,000 Italians, including their children, and nearly a million more made up of later immigrants from France, Belgians, Cubans, Spanish Americans, and their descendants, of whom not more than 30 per cent. would be included in the usual parish census from which the statistics of the Directory are compiled. Yet nearly all of this eclipsed tenth are as Catholic to day as the same class of people as the same class of people in the countries of their ances tors. Besides the merely nominal Catholics that are passed over in the parish census, there is a very large number of real Catholic immigrants, foreigners 'as they are called, scat-ered all over the United States.

If the directory included all these, the discrepancy would be greatly re-duced, if it did not entirely disappear." In estimating the Catholic population of the United States it must not be forgotten that of the millions of Catholic immigrants who have come to this country since 1800, many have died, and the statistics of immigration show that at least 40 per cent. did not establish permanent homes here.

Notwithstanding this, is it not trange that "the statisticians" have succeeded in attributing to the Catholic Church a loss of from 10, 000,000 to 30,000,000 of adherents during the past one hundred years. In view of the story told by the offi-cial statistics to which reference is here made, one need not be an ex-pert statistican to understand how utterly false is the assertion, so frequently made, even by those who have the interest of the Church at heart, that defections from her ranks in America are not to be counted by the tens of millions. It is time place all such statements among the exploded fallacies of the past and allow them to enter into the eternal sleep of oblivion.—St. Paul Bulletin.

PUTTING THE LID ON SLANDERERS

Nothing brings a character assas sin to time so quickly as a touch of the law. If there is anything that kills the activity of a slanderer and neutralizes his efforts it is to bring him before the court and ask him to prove his assertions. In nine cases out of ten he whiningly throws him-

self on the mercy of one whose re-putation he would destroy.

We have already noted several instances of this in these columns. We take pleasure in recording another, because we believe that too much publicity cannot be given to cases in which a threat of legal action has brought a bigot to his enses.

Some time ago one Ernest Whittaker of Coudersport, Pa., made state-ments reflecting on the character of Rev. D. S. Sheehan, of that city, as a citizen and a priest, and was promptly called to account for it. After the case had been entered for trial, the defendant begged for mercy and, on September 9, signed a re-traction in which he admitted that Church here in America during the past century. Some estimates place the number as high as 25,000,000 or that, after a full investigation, he ado on that or at the most. 15,000,000, is a more there was no truth in these charges which he now regretted having made. He agreed to pay all the costs of the suit and have his retraction published in the newspapers. Father Sheehan accepted this dis position of the case because his primary object was to vindicate his character and not to get damages.

whittaker made the mistake of many another bigot whose career of slander ended in a court of law. He failed to make "a full investigation" of the charges before spreading them broadcast. In future he will be slow to believe rumors and slower still to spread them—a lesson which could be profitably learned by others of his class.—St. Paul Bulletin.

MUSIC AN INSPIRATION TO THE SOLDIER

Joseph O'Connor, of New York, who was in Washington last week, in an interview said: "It's a remarkable thing that the rallying song of the British Irish title. The power of music to inspire and lure the soldier has always been recognized in every age and every country. The British war offices know the potency of the right kind of an air, and they have never failed to utilize it whenever they wanted to stir the patriot ism of recruits or encourage enlist-

"In 1772, before the Revolutionary war, the recruiting song of the Brit-ish was, 'On the Road to Galway,' sung to the same air as 'Yankie Doodle.' In the Napoleonic wars, when Britain needed soldiers, and every resource was exhausted to induce men to enlist, 'The Rocky Road to Dublin,' brought more recruits than all the patriotic speeches and pleadings of orators.
"It was in the South African war

that the English adopted 'Garry Owen 'as their recruiting song, and it had the desired effect.

The latest recruiting song is "It's a Long Way to Tipperary," and while this song is being used with with the same enthus in other times.

"But there is no question about the efficacy of a rollicking air to in-spire patriotism." — Philadelphia Standard and Times.

WAR OF NATIONS FOLLOWS WAR ON RELIGION

* * * Had Europe listened to his (Pius X's) voice and looked to his his (Pius X's) voice and looked to his example long ago, we would not to-day have before our eyes fields filled with carnage such as not the whole history of the world ever witnessed before. But they did not heed. On the contrary, almost every country in Europe persecuted the Church, robbed the Church, trampled on her rights and regarded her as not to be robbed the Church, trampled on her rights and regarded her as not to be listened to. Now they are paying the penalty; their eyes are being opened and kness are bent to earth to-day that had not knelt for ageneration, pleading for that mercy which they had mocked at. It is the old, old story, redemption is by blood. The churches in Europe, in every country that I visited, were filled with men as well as women praying with men as well as women praying

with men as well as women praying God for mercy, men going to the sacraments who had not been there for twenty, thirty, forty years before.

I saw this in France; I saw it in Austria; I saw it in Italy; I saw it in Switzerland; I saw it in Germany.

They are awakening God grant. They are awakening. God grant that the prayers for peace which our good President in his wisdom has called for on this day may go up to the throne of heaven, have a merci ful reception there and that peace may soon settle down on this warring world.—Cardinal Farley.

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LORDON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER, 19, 1914

LIFE INSURANCE

Letters of inquiry, letters seeking advice, letters of protest, letters complaining that the CATHOLIC RECORD does nothing to defend old sub scribers against injustice have reached us with regard to the reorganization of the Catholic Mutual Benefit Association. Herewith we publish one of them in the form of an open letter to the Grand President.

We deeply sympathize with the C. M. B. A., its members, promoters and governing board. There is no doubt that during its long life-long for a fraternal assessment insurance society—it has done a great and good it was worth; but in answer work. It has paid out many millions to a protest by "Canadian" The of dollars to the widows and orphans of deceased members. Doubtless, also, it has promoted the spirit of tible gossip. The "defence" may be this good already accomplished, and further and says of course there in the risk already for a number of years carried, that members must find their conpensation for what they have already paid in; they are now face to face with an entirely new insurance proposition which it is their duty first, to examine, then to accept or reject.

It is precisely because it is an entirely new insurance contract which is now offered that it must take into account not the age of entry but the acquired age. The new schedule is a confession of inability to fulfil the terms of the old contract. This may be right or wrong, necessary or unnecessary; but it is a fact which should be grasped by C. M. B. A. members if they would decide intelligently on what should be done in the premises.

Life insurance is a business requiring like any other a knowledge of the business principles which underly it, principles which if ignored must endanger the safety and permanence of any organization attempting to carry it on.

There is one sentence in our correspondent's letter which is illumin-

"If sister societies can carry on

That is precisely the sort of argument that is responsible for the foundation of Catholic assessment insurance societies with inadequate insurance rates. All around them Catholics saw such societies apparently "carried on successfully." For a small monthly fee, life insurance was provided in a form that appealed irresistably to the working man and to those interested in him and his tamily. The benefits were evident ; everywhere was seen the contrast between the hard struggle with grinding poverty of the family whose breadwinner died leaving them unprovided for, and the great relief afforded to the family of his neighbor who belonged to a fraternal insurance society.

"If they can do it why cannot we?" was the insistent and natural query that was finally answered by the organization of the C. M. B. A. and kindred Catholic fraternal insurance societies. They were not Catholic in origin; they were simply Catholic counterparts of the numerous secular or sectarian societies which were to all appearances "successfully carrying on business" and affording a very much desired, even if not desirable, form of insurance.

Unfortunately it was the argu ment, the apparently all-sufficing argument, that others successfully provide such insurance, and not the knowledge of the fundamental and essential principles of life insurance that guided the promoters and founders of the C. M. B. A. and other like societies. If or when these societies, find it impossible to continue the business of life insurance in defiance of the principles on which

it is based, then they are simply following in the wake of many hundred similar non-Catholic societies which have already gone to the wall.

That some of the means employed to secure the very desirable object of life tinsurance have been found inadequate and unsound does not alter the fact that life insurance is desirable. Indeed there is nothing in our complex modern civilization more necessary, and no business, when conducted in harmony with its underlying principles, that enjoys such security and stability.

In a series of short articles we shall endeavor in a simple, practical manner to make clear to persons cf average intelligence some of the principles and features of this great business. Incidentally we may be able to help our C. M. B. A. readers ; but the painful experience which they are undergoing merely furnished the occasion. The solution of their problem must lie in the recognition and application of sound life insurance principles; and this we shall leave entirely in their own hands.

THE COURIER AND MR. DANCY

The Canadian Courier which is generally—were it not for the article in question and the apology therefor should say uniformly-fair, decent, and discriminating in all its departments allowed itself in a moment of weakness to publish an article by a Mr. Dancy which was a transparent tissue of slanderous gossip. This might pass for what Courier is betrayed into a sorry defence of its contributor's contemp fraternity and mutual help. It is in judged from this: "Indeed he goes were some 'good officers' who stood by 'their gallant King' and 'the little men of iron—the Belgian soldiers.'

> Mr. Arnold Bennett notes that in England undue optimism, the result of the "peptonized diet" of war news, is alternated with undue pessimism. "The whole war machine is broken down." "hopeless and irreconcilable dissensions amongst officers," he notes amongst the rumors that gain currency and grow in circumstantial detail. Ia the House of Lords, November 25th during the debate on alien enemies Lord Haldane expressed the suspi cion that many cases of signalling to the enemy were suborned British people. Dr. Bridges, the poet laureate, protests against professional football. "We feel it an intolerable humiliation when the Canadians are crossing the sea to fight for Britain the Britons themselves should be idly congregating in thousands to watch a football being kicked about.

. . They are providing a perpetual excitement which distracts the average citizens of our great morthern towns from considering and facing their duty to their country and encourages them in dishonor when glory is offered. Nor is this business successfully under the rate at the age of entry then so can the all; the indulgence of their ordinary Government is anxiously calling for soldiers, adds enormously to the deadening spirit of indifference and of ignorant confidence which is our main source of nevil." The Daily Chronicle in a leading article Nov. 25th says: "The Football Association and the clubs concerned have only the financial motive for not abandoning their course and it is intolerable that that should excuse their continuing to do so much harm to the country. . . The very fact that the spectacle can breed in them such utter indifference to the lot of their mates fighting at the Front less than 200 miles away is surely its strongestcondemnation." Appeals for recruits to the assembled thousands of football players and spectators on Saturday, Nov. 21st, proved practical-

What a picture some Belgian Mr. Dancy - if such there be - might draw of England! Compared with Dancy's gossip he could make a show of authoritative endorsation of his statements that our Mr. Dancy does not even pretend to make. If he wished to show that the British negligent as Mr. Dancy brands the Government of Belgium he would not need to indulge in unsupported statement—his authorities are legion.

"In all fairness to the truth," says Dancy, the unique, "let it be said that this same system of treachery was encouraged by the Belgian Government before the War — this Gov-ernment which catered more to religion than to the weal and welfare of the Belgian people."

Neither the Belgian Army nor the fence against Mr. Dancy. It is not Officer Commanding-in-Chief, Irish municipal business in Council and who, as Bishop of Cracow was, in It should have a wide circulation.

ecessary to take an axe to kill a Command, in consultation with Cardiosquito even if the insect carries the germs of yellow fever. But the Courier should disinfect any future articles from that source before giving them to the public.

IN A STATE OF WAR

An irate subscriber of German ex traction has reached the stop mypaper stage of patriotic indignation. First he scornfully pointed out our inconsistency in publishing a report of German cruelty and also a letter from an American Catholic hospital chaplain in Germany who testified to the fact that German treatment of wounded enemies was even better than that accorded to their own wounded soldiers. It is hardly necessary to point out that the chaplain in question was not competent, nor did he pretend to be, to say what went on elsewhere in the extended war zone.

Now he takes violent exception to story of suffering of a French woman and her children as the tide of war rolled over her home. It may be found in our issue of Dec. "A soldier's wife in the 5th. Vosges." A little higher criticism proves to his own satisfaction that the whole story is an "invention." little reflection would enable him to see that it is but a sample o the suffering that is inevitable in the war-devastated parts of France and throughout the whole of bleeding Belgium.

These sidelights on the war bring home to us personal suffering in a way that the cold and impersonal accounts of progress and reverses fail altogether to do. We have reason to know that they are appreciated.

Major-General Von Disfurth (re tired) in an article contributed to the Hamburg Nachrichten, is not so squeamish as our hyper-sensitive and irate correspondent. The retired officer's Germanism is of a more

"Whatever act committed by our troops for the purpose of discourag-ing, defeating and destroying the enemy is a brave act and fully justi-

Germany stands the suprem

rians. . . . 'Our troops must achieve victory What else matters ?"

We should be sorry, however, to leave the impression that our thinskinned correspondent represents any considerable proportion of Canadians of German origin. We have no reason to believe that there are half-a-dozen readers of the RECORD who share his hysterical

His compatriets whose balan and sense of proportion are unquestioned would probably be grateful to him if he pondered over Pope's advice :

At every trifle scorn to take offence That always shows great pride or little sense.

CATHOLIC ARMY CHAPLAINS The question of providing an adequate number of Catholic chaplains for the forces in the field has been satisfactorily settled by the military authorities. After an interview with Mr. Tennant, Under-Secretary for War. Mr. John Redmond received from him this letter :- " Since the outbreak of the war the approved establishment for Roman Catholic chaplains has been one to every division sent abroad, and three were allotted to the general hospitals. It was recently decided that every Irish regiment and battalion predominantly Catholic should have a chaplain attached to it. Consequently the number of such chaplains was increased from fourteen to thirty to admit of this being done, and, in addition to this, four more were sent out on the requisition of the Principal Chaplain. By an arrangement with Cardinal Bourne, eight of the additional sixteen priests were nominated by Cardinal Logue of Armagh. When the priests arrive at the base the Principal Chaplain Government has been as criminally details them for duty wherever the need is most urgent. It is hoped that the additions thus made will be found to meet the necessities of the case. If as I think you feared, there should be found an insufficient number of chaplains in the hospitals at the base to overtake the work, and this is reported to me, I need hardly assure you that our sympathetic consideration would not be wanting. As Catholic appointments to the Irish There would be organized opposition, Belgian Government needs any de- divisions are made by the General systematic study and criticism of

nal Logue."

The whole tone of this officia ommunication not less than the specific assurance of sym pathetic consideration further needs that may velop shows very clearly harsh and hasty criticism is not the wisest or the most effective method of securing redress of a grievance.

Even before the happy under standing reached between Mr. Redmond and Mr. Tennant as disclose in the foregoing letter The Tablet was able to state, that "there are now more than sixty commissioned haplains ministering to our Catholic soldiers, and of these nearly forty are for service at the front. This number will be gradually increased in proportion to the strength of the Expeditionary Force."

EXPLAINED ROSARY TO THE BAPTISTS

A subscriber sends us the follow ing extract from a letter received from a friend in Manchester, England:

"Our Catholic Lord Mayor for Manchester was re-elected without a single dissenting vote, the first time in the records of the elections for that office : he is a worthy man (Alderman Macabe) and deservedly popular, being here, there and everywhere doing good. He was asked a week last Sunday to give a lecture in the afternoon to a large Baptist gathering and gave one on "Prejudice" and brought forward the Rosary beads noticed so often among the Belgian wounded and refugees in Manchester. He explained the Rosary and its uses, and told them that they who recited the Rosary properly knew more of the New Testament than many who prided themselves on being able to repeat the text from beginning to end. The first time I am sure the Baptists were treated to a Rosary

TRY THE PARTY SYSTEM

Smug pharisaism so often characterizes the press of Toronto in the criticism of its neighbors that it is refreshing to read the Globe's frank avowal of Toronto's woeful lack of public spirit.

"The debt of the city of Toronto is thrice that of the Province, and the annual civic tax levy is much greater than the total obtained by the authorities in Queen's Park from the 2,750,000 inhabitants of Ontario.
. . . Toronto, therefore, needs her biggest and her most courageous

men on guard at the City Hall.
"Has she secured them? The best way to answer that question is to ask another. What would be said by the people of Ontario if it were seriously proposed to make Controller Church Premier or Ald. Sam McBride Minis ter of Public Works. There would such a roar of indignant protest from every quarter that the out rageous suggestion would never again be heard of. Yet here we are l'oronto, a little over three week from election day, with the possibil fore us that these two mer during 1915 may occupy in this city positions analogous to those of Premier and Minister of Works. There are no heated protests. good many citizens who smile cynically at the suggestion of Church or Mayor will vote for him because the ward organizations of their party and the secret societies are being "worked" with skill on his behalf."

Poor lodge-ridden Toronto! However, it is pleasant to note that some members of Council are elected because they have high ideals of public service." It is not so pleasant to note the general lack of appreciation of honest effort in the public service.

"Such men occasionally persist in their labors of self sacrifice, and come back year after year, but, speaking generally, the reform Toronto City Council has a short life and far from a merry one. After against the stone wall of general inertia he retires to private life con vinced that nothing short of an earthquake will shake up the City Hall crowd."

The survey of Toronto's civic ser rices only a short while ago showed that millions of dollars in excess of the reasonable cost of good work were squandered for wholly unsatisfactory results. Still so great is the apathy, so cynical the indifference, so complete the absence of public spirit and the sense of civic responsibility that the organized predatory elements are allowed to perpetuate incompetent administration - and

We pride ourselves in Canada on keeping party politics out of municipal affairs. Would it not be a good thing for Toronto to have openly and regards the new Army, the Roman aboveboard the party system?

in the press ; an alternative adminis-1079, slain before the altar of his ration for the people thus enlightened to choose on election day; an impelling, if not compelling, motive for the party trying to oust a corrupt or incompetent administration, to bring out candidates of business ability and integrity. For the reason that the revenue is derived from direct taxation the people should be It was his granddaughter. Princess more responsive to agitation, more appreciative of business-like administration. It is difficult to see any argument for the party system in the province that would not hold good for the city. At all events Toronto's case could not be much

NOTES AND COMMENTS

ALTHOUGH CRACOW is much in the world's eye at the present time and is destined to all appearance to be the theatre of one of the greatest battles of the War, it is among the least known of European cities. Once the capital of Poland it is now an Austrian fortress of the first class, and, from its situation, the key to the integrity of the Austro-Hungarian dominions. If, as seems pro bable, it falls into the hands of the Russians at an early date, a blow will be dealt to the Austro-German compact from which it can scarcely recover, and the greatest obstacle to the Russian occupation of Berlin will have been removed. It is not to be wondered at therefore that Germany should for the moment have thrown her whole strength into the Polish campaign, at the risk even of weakening her Western frontier in order to draw off the Russian menace to Cracow. That in the event it will aught avail her is inconceivable.

CRACOW STANDS in a vast plain at

the junction of the Vistula and the Rudowa. It has a population of about 100,000, of whom one fourth are Jews. It is in fact the strong hold of Judaism in Galicia. Recent visitors describe it as conveying the impression of decayed grandeur which, considering its past, is scarce w matter for wonder. For as capital of the ancient Kingdom of Poland, it was once the scene of events which had an important bearing upon European history, and gave to it an honorable place among the world's cities. Its gradual decline dates from 1610, when the royal residence was removed to Warsaw, but the Polish Kings continued to be crowned and buried at Cracow until the final downfall of the Kingdom. Then with its partition in 1795, Cracow fell to Austria, and has since, with the surrounding province, remained within the Austro-Hungarian Em pire. Through all its vicissitudes however, it has retained its distinctively Polish characteristics, and while its citizens are described by visitors in recent years as showing no discontent under Austrian rule it is safe to say that in the event of Russian victory in the present momentous conflict, and of Russian good faith as they will resume their nationality with all the accumulated patriotic exuberance of two centuries of expatriation.

the Poles are almost to a man Catholies and Catholics of a staunch and vigorous type. And where not oppressed in their religious belief and practices turbulence is not among their characteristics. This fact will perhaps account for their comparative contentment under Austrian rule as compared with their immunity from the harrassing laws which have been imposed upon their brethren who had the misfortune to Prussian rule on one side of the other the unhappy Poles of those countries have been ground as between two millstones. Every oppressive instrument and tyrannical device that race and creed hatred could suggest has been forged against them, but all without avail. For, as in Ireland, so in Poland, oppression has but made the fires of faith and patriotism burn the brighter and gone far perhaps towards the ultimate conversion of the oppressors.

APART FROM the Jewish element

THE MEMORIES that Cracow chiefly delights in are St. Stanislaus, King John Sobieski, Kosciuszko, Mickiewicz, and Copernicus. St. Stanis laus is the Patron Saint of Poland.

cathedral. In the centre of the present cathedral-a later structure on the same site—a silver sarcophagus enshrines his remains. The name of John Sobieski, the victor of Vienna and deliverer of Europe from the Turks, is deservedly held in remembrance throughout Christendom: Maria Clementine Zobieski, who became the wife of Prince James Francis Stuart, and by that marriage, mother of the Bonnie Prince Charlie so dear to every Scottish heart. Koscinszko, who strove so manfully to free his people of a later generation, will forever rank high on the roll-call of liberty-"And Free dom shrieked when Koscinezko fell.' Adam Mickiewicz is the national poet of the Poles, while Copernicus a Catholic priest, is the father of modern astronomy. In the beautiful Gothic court of the old University of Cracow stands a statue of Coper nicus, reminding the beholder that he was a student there from 1491 to 1495. In 1530 he completed his great work "De Revolutionibus," proving the sun to be the centre of the solar system. In 1543 the first printed copy of this work was placed in his dying hands. His memory is now the crowning glory of the University.

THAT THE proverbial kindly and hospitable nature of the people of that region has not changed in this generation is shown by recent experiences of a correspondent of the Hasgow Herald.

"From Volacz we climbed the slope of the Eastern Carpathians, at s point recently passed by the Russians, and here, at a height of some 4,000 feet, we came upon the farmhouse of Firczak-Lak, where we stayed a night with the kindly farmer and his wife, who proved to be Hungar hospitable legend which, when trans lated, meant here." And "God has brought you And once satisfied that we were not Germans, we were b ably invited to spend the night.

Everything was clean. "A luxuriously clean bedroom, spotless linen, and even towels and soap were attractive. Excellent coffee milk and cheese were the staples of the diet here. The farm was a dairy farm. There were 120 cows, and that year the farme was making cheese, the famous Gruyere; also Trapista and Karpati, less well known. I never met kinder people. When we left they refused to take any payment from us and hoped we would come again to see them. All they would allow us to do was to give a trifle to their little three-yearold boy Imrah for his money box.'

OF ALL the publications incidental to the great European War-and they are already numerous—we are disposed to give the first place to Mgr. Benson's beautiful and consoling little posthumous work, "Vexilla Regis," a book of devotions and intercessions, to repeat the sub-title, en behalf of our Authorities, our Soldiers and Sailors, our Allies, the Mourners and Destitute, and all affected by the War." And we would give it the first place, not because of any pretence, (which it does not make) to being a profound original composition, or for anything striking or startling which it might contain, but simply because, recognizing the littleness of man and his absolute dependence upon God. it goes direct to the heart of things. and places the issue of the war entirely in the hands of Providence.

"VEXILLA REGIS" is simply a

prayer book for war time, and it is compiled along the lines indicated by the Offices of the Church, under active resistance to Russian and the firm conviction that so vener-German domination. In Austria, able and orderly a system their religion being the same as that must surely guide the soul more of their masters, they have enjoyed skilfully and effectively than any spasmodic or emotional method could accomplish. Apart from the intrinsic merit of the book-and be allotted to Prussia. Between no one perusing it can fail to realize its worth—it has an affecting interest boundary line, and Russian on the all its own in that the revision of its of its illustrious compiler. The last proofs were actually in Mgr. Benson's hands, as we learn from the Bishop of Salford's touching preface, when he was stricken with his fatal malady. All those, therefore, to re-scho the Bishon's words, " who will find there. in comfort and inspiration in their day of sorrow, and fitting supplication for the dear ones who have been called away in these sad times will not fail to include Father Benson's name among those for whose speedy and eternal repose they raise their hands in prayer." The book is very attractively published by Longmans Green & Co., and sold without profit to themselves or the trade at 50 cents.

ANOTHER timely little book from the Longmans press is "A child's Prayers to Jesus," by Rev. William Roche, S. J. Many of these prayers are in rhyme, making them easy to memorize by little children. They are directed especially to our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament, but embrace every phase of the Christian life understandable to the mind and heart of the young. Father Roche has done a useful even a necessary work in compiling this little book The following " for help in prayer," will give an idea of the spirit in which it is conceived and executed : Reach downward from Thy hidden

throne And take my hands of prayer,

And hold them, hold them in own In church and everywhere.

And I will lift them up to Thee Quite often in the day Do Thou each time take hold of me That I may never stray.

ON THE BATTLE LINE

THREE GERMAN WARSHIPS

SHNK (Canadian Press Despatch)

London, Dec. 9. - The following announcement was issued by the Official Information Bureau:

At 7:30 a. m. on the 8th of Dec. the Scharnhorst, Gneisenau, Nurnberg, Leipzig and Dresden were sighted near the Falkland Islands by a British squadron under Vice Admiral Sir Frederick Sturdes.

An action followed, in the course flag of Admiral Count Von Spee, the Gneisenau and the Leipzig were sunk. The Dresden and Nurnberg made off during the action and are being pursued.

"Two colliers also were captured.

"The Vice Admiral reports that
the British casualties are very few in number.
"Some survivors have been rescued

from the Gneisenau and the Leip

Computations of the loss of life on the sunken German warships show that 1,816 men went down.

London; Dec. 10.-The Official Bur eau announces:

"A further telegram has been received from Vice-Admiral Sir Fred erick Doveton Sturdee, reporting that the Nurnberg was also sunk on December 8, and that the search for the Dresden is still proceeding.
"The action lasted for five hours,

with intervals.
"The Scharnhorst sank after three

hours, and the Gneisenau two hours "The enemy's light cruisers scat-

tered and were chased by our cruisers and light cruisers.

"No loss of any British vessels is

No further official reports have been received. Unofficial reports say that the Dresden has been sunk.

LLOYD'S RATES DROP

Lloyd's are now insuring shipping or Pacific ports at a low rate, as result of the destruction of the German fleet in the South Atlantic.

THE DRESDEN CORNERED

Buenos Ayres, Argentine, Dec. 10.-The German cruiser Dresden, the only warship of Admiral Count Von battle with the British under command of Admiral Sir Frederick Sturdee, has been cornered in the Straits of Magellan, according to advices obtained through well-in-

formed circles to day.

The naval division commanded by Admiral Sturdee is understood to in clude nine warships, notably the British battle cruisers Lion and In defatigable.

Globe Summary, Dec. 12.

The Buenos Ayres Despatch says Admiral Sturdee's squadron is under stood to include among other big gun ships the battle cruisers Lion and Indetatigable. If this is the case the battle off the Falklands was notable for the first appearance in actual conflict upon the ocean of a greater gun than a 12 inch. The Lion has eight 13.5 inch guns and a speed of 28 knots. Such speed and such weapons, in range and power. would hopelessly outclass the Ger-mans, and it is doubtful if they got within range before they were sent to the bottom. The British 13½-inch shell weighs 1,250 pounds, and would all its own in that the revision of its pierce the German armor at 8 or 9 proof sheets was quite the last work miles distance. The Krupp 8 2 shell weighs 309 pounds, or less than a fourth of those used in the Lion's gun's. The German shells were e lective enough to put the Good Hope out of action at a range of 12,000 yards, or almost seven miles. but they would fall harmlessly against the Lion's armor a mile or

> Once more the fortune of war has changed on the eastern front. The Russians have met and checked the German force advancing upon Warsaw from the East Prussian frontier, the advance guard of which was reported to be only fifteen miles from the city. On the main front, to the west of Warsaw, where the Russians occupy two positions, one near Lowicz and the other to the south, at Miszga, where the portion of the Grand Duke's army

flow of emigration, the greater pro-portion is made up of women, old

men and children. Because of abnormal emigration, due entirely to

misgovernment, Ireland has a far smaller number of inhabitants of

nilitary age than any country of

similar population in the world

Alien misrule sent the people flying from the land, and therefore in the

hour of the Empire's need the men were not there to answer her call. But of the number of eligible inhabitants Ireland has con-

tributed more than her share. Figures quoted in the House of Com-

mons at the outbreak of hostilities show that in October, 1918, ten months

men in the regular army was in Great Britain 91.5 per 10,000 popula-

tion; in Ireland 106.8 per 10 000. In other words, as noted by the editor of Notes and Comments in a

10 000 of their respective popula-tions, Ireland supplied 15 more men than was supplied by Great Britain.

These figures are confirmed by a

reference to one year's recruiting. For the army year October, 1912—

September, 1913, the ratio per 10 000

population was for Great Britain 10 1, for Ireland 13.8. Therefore in propor-tion to population Ireland had, at the

outbreak of war, a far higher percent-age of her sons in the army than had

Great Britain. Mr. Redmond stated in the House of Commons that Ire-

land had 93,000 men in the army at the beginning of hostilities. That

number has since been largely added to, as many as 50,000 recruits having joined the colors from Ireland. And

the recruiting has been confined al

most entirely to Catholic and Nationalist Ireland. Thus a far larger

quota has been supplied by the Cath-olics and Nationalists of Belfast in

proportion to their numbers than

can be credited to Sir Edward Car-son's loyalists. At least two mem-

bers of the Nationalist party have donned the King's uniform.

Capital has been made out of the fact that a little coterie of extremists

like the Sinn Feiners came out openly against Ireland's participa-

tion in the war. Questions were asked in Parliament, and the press

despatches informed us that the Government had to suppress six

seditious newspapers in Dublin. All this looks formidable, but only to

those who are unacquainted with the

inner facts of Irish politics. There

will always be a number of cranks

and extremists in every country

been politically heterodox. If they loved England less it was not be-

cause they loved Mr. Redmond and the Home Rule movement more.

They have been Mr. Redmond's bit

terest opponents. They are made

up of a few anti-clericals, sccialists

syndicalists, and political extremists

have about as much weight in form

ing Irish public opinion as the writer

has in deciding the German plan of campaign. These are the people

who, a few years ago, proceeded to cut the British connection by issuing

a toy stamp for their letters. The beauty of the joke lies in the fact

that they used the king's head also, as otherwise their letters would not

be transmitted through the mails. They also refused to pay their income tax, until the collectors came

around, and then they paid up, because, as their leader, Mr. Edward

cause, as their leader, Mr. Edward Martyn, nicknamed "King Edward VIII.," said, "if they didn't their

Sinn Feiners are a negligable quantity. Mr. Redmond knew his people

a single voice of any weight has been raised against his recruiting cam-paign. Everywhere he has been

advocacy of the cause of the Empire

has been testified to by such anti-Irish papers as the London Times.

An attempt has also been made to

connect the Church with the dis-loyal element. A New York paper

ported to be a cablegram from the

veteran Bishop of Raphoe denoun-cing Redmond and the English

Immediately the bishop cabled his indignant denial. "Now, as ever," he said, "I work with Mr. Redmond

and the responsible leaders of the

Irish people."

In striking contrast to Mr. Red-

crisis is the part played by General

the army and navy did for Ulster." They came to Ulster's help in the

day of trouble, and they would come again. It was now the Volunteer's

duty to show their gratitude and support them to the last man. And

he added that when the war was

over and their ranks reinforced by

some 12,000 men, thoroughly well trained, and with vast field experi-

ence, they would return to the attack

and "relegate Home Rule to the d-1.

Had Sir George Richardson wished

to check the recruiting movement amongst the Nationalists he could

went so far as to publish what

better than the Sinn Feiners.

received with open arms. that he is sincere in

heroic bunch of rebels?

the old Fenian school, and they

evacuated Lodz last Sunday en-trenched itself thirteen miles to the east of that city, the Russians have held their positions against most held their positions against most obstinate German assaults. Seven times during the last few days have the Germans made attacks en masse, and seven times have they been driven back by the stubborn Russian troops who hold the trenches. It is Paris and Von Kluk over again, this advance of Von Hindenburg toward

The Lodz-Lowicz campaign may, of course, yet be brought to a sudden end by the advance of the German army now marching upon Warsaw from the East Prussian frontier. If it can strike home the Russian army the southeast, either to the lines on the Pillica River, or to the Vistula itself in the vicinity of Ivangorod. The Russian is a stubborn fighter at all times, and doubly so in trenches. month of constant battle, involving the loss of at least 250,000 men in killed and wounded to the two armies, may be the gain by the Germans of but little over twenty miles of Polish soil. Even were they to reach Warsaw the price paid for it will have been far beyond their ans. One or two more struggles the sort that have attend-the latest invasion of Poland will remove most of Germany's re-maining first line troops from the

The Austrians announce that Przemysl, the Galician fortress now under siege, is only surrounded, and is not being attacked. "The garrison daily makes sorties which keep the enemy at a respectful distance from the fortress zone." It does not seem falls in one month or three. The place is surrounded, and hunger and failure of supplies will do the rest.

THE OTHER SIDE

Berlin, Dec. 11.—(By wireless to Sayville.) The latests reports from the fighting zone around Lodz according to information given out by the German Official Press Bureau to-day, show that the resistance of the Russians in that region is by no means broken. The new Russian positions on Miazga Cut are only some twelve or thirteen miles to the eastwards of Lodz, which demon-strates, it is said that much remains to be done before the Russians car be considered definitely defeated.

"In these circumstances," the German statement says, "the battles in the vicinity of Lowicz, to the northeast of Lodz, have gained added significance. If the Germans succeed in breaking through here the posi-tions of the Russians behind Miazga

The report from South Poland does not mention the place where the Austro-German attacks on the Russians have been resumed, but it Russians have been resumed, but it probably is at a point to the south of Piotrkow. These attacks serve the purpose of preventing the Russians from detaching forces to assist their armies further to the north. These attacks, as well as those of the Austrians in the south, thus far have led to no definite result.

Advices received here from Buda pest say that another attempt of the Russians to enter the Hungarian province of Zemplin has been frus-trated."

GERMANS CLAIM PROGRESS

Berlin, Dec. 11.- In the official communication issued to day by the German Army Headquarters Staff the Germans claim to have n gress on both sides of the Argonne forest and in Flanders, and to have repulsed French attacks in the Woevre region.

The text of the official statement is as follows :

We have made progress in Flanders. To the east and to the west of the Argonne (in France) the enemy's artillery positions were attacked with good results. French attacks in the forest of Le Pretre and to the west of Pont-a Mousson were repulsed."

PREPARE FOR FIGHTING RETREAT

The Daily News has the following despatch from the Belgian frontier: Hints from half a dozen sources leave little doubt that the main movements of the enemy's troop, both in and into Belgium, which we have been hearing so much about lately, are now completed. Germany has her pieces in position. Every straggler over the border enlarges on the extraordinary preparations made for a fighting retreat, but it should never be forgotten that preparations even of this magnitude in a life and death struggle are only part of an obvious me; because the plans are made game; because the plans are made for retreat it does not follow that a retreat is contemplated immediately.

From what I am able to gather, believe the German retreat through Belgium will offer the alltes one of the toughest problems in the history of the country. They must be ready for a series of terribly costly field sieges, so costly in life that it may possibly be, judging by the recent ex-periences of this kind of fighting, that we may ultimately be forced to regard three quarters of the Belgian territory as the citadel before which

many has done in effect is to exte the Antwerp defence system of modern earthworks in a mighty semicircle, measuring something like one hundred and fifty miles from top to

The Germans have transported six new heavy guns to Ostend, apprehensive of bombardment by the British fleet. They are also concentrating in the region of Arras.

In Servia the Austrians appear to have suffered a very severe defeat. The pressure of a huge addition to the Austrian army forced them to evacuate Belgrade a couple of weeks ago and retire southward to a mountainous region more suitable for defence. There an Austrian army almost 800.000 strong followed them. The Serbs, who could not have had quite 200 000 men to pit against the enemy, and whose material of war was admittedly scarce, have now driven the Austrians back almost to the Danube inflicting losses in killed, wounded and prisoners of 60,000 men or more. It seems to be true that they were aided by the revolt of three Boh regiments, but even then the victory was a very remarkable one. The Serbs must have among them not only brave soldiers, but some military genius who in a greater sphere might have become a Napoleon or a Marlborough.

HOLLAND MAY YET BE DRAWN INTO WAR

(Special Cable Despatch to The Globe

Amsterdam, Dec. 11.-In defend ing the war loan of 275,000,000 guilders the Minister of Finance, Dr. lay that there was still a possibility that the Netherland might be in-volved in war. At the beginning of the war a meeting of the Ministe was held every day, but now only twice a week, and it is seldom that some matter of international charac-ter is not discussed. It is as much necessary now as from the first moment of the crisis that they be ready, both in a military and economic sense. The minister also pointed out that the position of the Bank of the Netherlands was very

IRELAND AND THE

(By Rev. D. A. Casey, "Columba")

Since in certain quarters there is evidence of a desire to create the impression that Ireland is not doing her full share towards the support of the Empire in this war, we think it well to put before our readers the true facts of the situation.

To understand Ireland's presen

attitude it is necessary to briefly touch upon past relations between that country and Great Britain. Centuries of misgovernment, of cruel and relentless persecution, had im-planted in the minds of the Irish people a bitter and implacable hatred of England and the English. The Ireland of the past had been held against her will, not for England, but in the interest of a narrow and over bearing Ascendancy. The ruling class sought every opportunity of flouting the people's will. Not only did they arregate to themselves all offices of profit and emolument, but the very profession of loyalty became to them a party privilege. They pro-claimed to the world that everyone who did not see eye to eye with them in their wholesale spoliation of the country was a rebel. Anyone who protested against the robbery of the people was branded as disloyal. "God Save the King" came to have much the same meaning to an Irish Nationalist as "To H—l with the Pope" had to an Irish Catholic. And all the while this bloated Ascendancy party was loyal only to their own selfish interests. If proof be needed we need but turn to the record of their actions during the last few years. They declared time and again hat rather than submit to the enactment of a perfectly constitutional Act of His Majesty's Parliament they were prepared to make war upon His Majesty's forces, and even to invite the aid of Germany to help overthrow the constitution. The mass of the people had no voice in the conaffairs. They agitated for control of the machinery of government. They were held up to scorn as rebels. They were rebels indeed, but not against the King or the Empire. They were rebels against ment that was reducing their fertile country to a desert. They were dis-loyal because they had nothing to be loyal to. If disloyalty could ever come a virtue it would have been

in such a case as this. The Ireland of the past felt very much towards England what the next generation of Belgians would feel towards Germany were Belgium to become a German province. A people that had been systematically despoiled and trodden upon could hardly be expected to cheer for the oppressor, or to kiss the hand that mote them. Hence it is not to be vondered at that the maxim that "England's difficulty is Ireland's opportunity" should become the opportunity" should become the watchword of the Irish people. Nor should we be surprised to find Ireland's sympathics almost invariably

had learned to understand each other Common interests drew them to-gether, and artificial partitions were, ignored and forgotten. Ireland found that she had no quarrel with the English people, and the English people began to realize that the op-pressors of the Irish were their own sors of the Irish were their ow hereditary enemies. It needed but the legislative recognition of the national rights of Ireland to place the coping stone upon this edifice of mutual understanding. And when the King signed the Home Rule Bill the reconciliation was complete.

The outbreak of war, then, found as never before. The menace of a common peril still further solidified that union. For the first time in history the interests of Ireland and England were identical. And immediately Ireland adjusted herself to the new relationship. In every other war in which England was engaged Ireland stood sullenly aloof. she was, in the words of Sir Edward Grey, "the one bright spot" in s sky black with disaster. Fourteen years before Irish members openly cheered the news of Boer victories in the House of Commons. Now Mr. Redmond rose in his place and assured the Government that they could with-draw every soldier from the country, and that the armed sons of Ireland would defend her shores from invasion. In the hour of the Empire's peril the Irish leader pledged himself to hold the country for England. Thus England learned once again that it paid to trust the people. Seven hundred years of alien rule had failed to win the hearts of the Irish people. Over and over again the spokesmen of the nation assured sucessive English Governments that the concession of self government would placate the hostility of the Irish people. English statesmen were deaf to their appeals, and the result was an Ireland always seething with revolt. At last an English Prime Minister decided to make the experiment, and at once Ireland buried the memories of old wrongs, and rallied to the side of England. The enactment of Home Rule effected what seven hundred years of alien rule had failed to do—it won Ireland

to the Empire.
But England, even in her repentance, was niggard in her dealings with Ireland. The Home Rule Bill was not passed as a treaty between the two countries. It was passed by one English party in face of the most vehement opposition of the other great political party. This fact naturally told against the measure of Ireland's gratitude. Beside it granted but a very meagre measure of liberty. It was but the merest ghost of a constitution, vitiated by a whole host of vexatious, restric tions and limitations. And even the limited amount of liberty it conveyed was subject to an unknown and in-definite Amending Bill. Moreover it was not to go into effect for a year or until the close of the war. All stituting comparisons between Ireplayed by such countries as Canada and ustralia, countries already in the pjoyment of self government, and that self-government of the widest possible nature. Canada and Australia are fighting for complete self

government already enjoyed: Ireland for partial self government promised. All this was calculated to dampen the ardor of Irishmen for recruiting But in spite of these adverse circumstances Mr. Redmond and his lieu-tenants proceeded to make good their promises of Irish co-operation. But again England blocked the way. Volunteers should defend the shores of Irela accepted. Then the Irish leader should be kept together as a separate unit known as the Irish Brigade, and officered by Irishmen. England long hesitated over this small concession to the national pride of Ireland, until the greater part of the Irish people became persuaded that she still distrusted them. They con-trasted the response made Mr. Red-mond's offer with the ready accept-ance of Sir Edward Carson's offer to raise a division of Ulster Volunteers. But now comes the most astounding item of all. Cardinal Logue and the Irish bishops asked that an adequate number of chaplains be appointed to the Irish regiments. Again the War Office bargained and delayed, and finally gave as a reason for their re-fusal that they lacked means of transportation for the chaplains. And all the time they had plenty of conveyances for the thousand goats required to feed the Hindu soldiers who had joined the British forces on the continent. Anyone who knows anything at all about Catholics understands very well that this neglect to make ample provis ion for a sufficient number of chaplains was the one thing needed to effectually kill the recruiting movement in Ireland. It is only just to say that this has since been remedied, but the hesitancy of the War Office has created the impression that England was more solicitous for the needs of her Hindoo soldiers than for

the spiritual interests of Irish Cath-If proof be needed of the whole hearted loyalty of the Irish people it will be found in the fact that in spite regard three quarters of the Belgian territory as the citadel before which the army must sit down in the old-fashioned way and wait for nature to complete the work of our arms.

We have such plentiful experience of the offensive efficiency of the Krupp heavy guns that we must not be surprised if their defensive worth also proves exceptional. What Gerof these difficulties, all of England's

nothing short of utter nonsense to expect Ireland to contribute anything like 800,000 men to the army. The entire population of the country is only a little over 4 000,000, and of that number, thanks to the merciless this with the patriotic and statesmanlike utterances of Mr. Redmond who is going about the country urging the people to sink all differ-ences in face of the common peril? What with the baggling and procrasination of the War Office, and the bellicose sentiments of the Ulster men, the wonder is that Ireland did not resolve to remain neutral in this conflict. The fact that, despite obstacles of every kind, recruits con-tinue to pour into the ranks is the the Irish people. It would be the very irony of fate were their sacrito be made in vain, and were pandering to the demands of the lip THE CATHOLIC TRUTH SOCIETY OF CANADA Catholic Truth Society

Canada opened the season of lec-tures by Catholic laymen last Sunday night in Griffin's theatre, corner of Yonge & Shuter streets, Toronto

before a large number of persons. The president of the society, Mr. J D. Warde, occupied the chair and in a brief address outlined the objects of the series of meetings which are to continue each Sunday evening throughout the winter. He showed the need for such a society in our present day to give the people inter-ested in religion the fundamental truths of the Catholic faith, the upbuilding of a pure national sentime pased on the love of Christ and the desire to follow in His footsteps in loing good to mankind with a view to bringing them to realize the happi ness afforded by the profession of faith in the Redeemer, and the practice of that faith by giving due honor, homage and love to Christ and the rendering of justice, truth and charity to fellow beings. The lecturer of the evening, Mr. J.

D. Cherrier, in speaking on the sub-"What Do Catholics Be ieve." summarized the great truths of the Catholic religion as believed in and practised by faithful Catho-lics in their relation to God and mankind. He dealt with the law of God as given by Moses in the Old Testament, and exemplified by Jesus Christ by His life, sufferings, death and resurrection, showing how Christ had come on this earth by taking human form like ourselves leading an humble life amid poor surroundings and teaching men to do the will of His Father in heaven by nonoring and adoring God in His proper place and giving love, help sistance to all mankind with-

out distinction of persons or creed. The lecturer maintained that the Catholic Church was the true Church of Christ as founded by Him immediately previous to His ascension into had the right and authority to interpret the law of God by read the dwelling within the Church of the Holy Ghost, the third person of the Blessed Trinity. As in our civil system of government mankind had a code of laws for the guidance of citizens to distinguish between right and wrong, and had given to such governing authorities the power to interpret the laws of the country for our benefit, so it was but reasonable to maintain and believe that Christ had also left here on this earth a subsisting and valid authority to interpret His law and to teach people the manner in which His

will was to be carried out.

The other fundamental beliefs Catholics in the communion of saints, the confession of sins, the resurrection of the body and life everlasting were also enumerated

The lecturer closed by stating that the lesson to be drawn from the study of Catholic belief was the putting into practice the principles of their faith by rendering to God what properly belonged to Him, and rendering to our fellow creatures the love which was due to them by eason of our common brotherhood. Because one who professed the Cath olic belief and did not practice it was no reason to condemn the Catholic faith any more than it was reasonable to condemn all the citizens of this country because s number of them do wrong. aithful Catholic, he said, would give God all honor, respect and homage, by God all honor, respect and homage, by obeying His commandments, by seeking to carry out His holy will in being true to the teachings of His Church and by being guided by love of justice, truth and charity in his thoughts, words and actions of and being inhoraged. to his neighbors, confident in the belief that by seeking to do the will of God in all things he would in God's own time merit the reward of an Ulster. Speaking recently in Belfast he said, "if any man found himself wavering, let him try and recollect the events of last March, and what eternal life of future happiness and

bliss in heaven. Mr. H. F. McIntosh spoke of th institution by the Society of the Question Box, and invited all persons in doubt or anxious to learn any of make liberal use of this medium. All honest questions would be given full consideration and answered the following Sunday evening.

A musical programme was very acceptably rendered; "Calvary" being sung by Mrs. O. J. Stayley, and The Rosary" by Mr. W. Daly, the accompaniments being played by Miss Clare Whelan.

A new feature was introduced this

year in the form of religious moving

Judging by the large number of people present and the interest manifested, these meetings of the Truth Society promise to be more successful than the preceding year. A cordial invitation is extended to all per-sons, Catholics and non-Catholics, to

attend and learn more about the Catholic religion.

A SENSIBLE VIEW

The amazing story that Sir Roger Casement, who has been a trusted envoy of the British Crown on numerous occasions, has received an assurance from the Berlin government that Ireland would not be molested but treated as an independent state if the Germans were to land there, lacks confirmation. The whole matter is, however, not serious. The Irish people have long memories and the Hessian is not yet forgotten in the emerald isle. But. from this, Ireland has never made any political mistakes as a nation. For one hundred years she fought steadily for Home Rule, and has secured it despite the handicaps of misguided extremists who set ber. It is scarcely likely that the political freedom and legislative Home Rule for the shadow of independence under Germany or any other nation. Besides, Louvain isn't such a long way from Tipperary. The Ottawa Citizen.

THE CHIMES OF TERMONDE

The groping spires have lost the sky, That reach from Termonde town : The minster chimes are down. And try to find the way: The bells that we have always known.

War broke their hearts to-day.

They used to call the morning Along the gilded street And then their rhymes laughter And all their notes were sweet.

heard them stumble down the air Like seraphim betrayed; God must have heard their broken

That made my soul afraid. The Termonde bells are gone, are

Its forth we must by bitter dawn, To try to find the way. They used to call the children To go to sleep at night; And all their songs were tender

And drowsy with delight.

The wind will look for them in vain Within the empty tower. We shall not hear them sing again At dawn or twilight hour. Its forth we must away, away, And far from Termonde town, But this is all I know to day—

> They used to ring at evening To help the people pray, Who wander now bewildered And cannot find the way.

BRITISH DIPLOMATIC AGENT IN ROME

A welcome news that Sir Henry Howard has been appointed to go on a special mission from the British Government to the Holy See. No doubt the immediate and ostensible object of the mission is to offer the customary congratulations to the Holy Father on his election to the Pontificate. It will be surprising, however, if the instructions to Sir Henry Howard do not cover a wider field. Of the three Powers against which the British Empire is in arms Germany, Austria, and Turkey Vatican, and so are able to place their views officially and continuously before the Holy See. Sir ously before the Holy See. Sir M. R. Doyle, Belleville....... 5.00 Henry Howard, as a Catholic and a E. de. M., St. Johns............. 2.00 trained diplomatist, will have an opportunity during what is likely to Pupils of Lourdes School, a prolonged sojourn in the Eter nal City, of giving full representa-tion to the views of the British Government in the many matters which are of common concern to the worldwide Church and the world-wide Empire. In fact, his services are likely Friend, North River.....

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STUDIOS

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to prove sosindispensable that we may well expect to find them con-tinued long after the period of the

For the long record of service rendered by the new Representative of the British Government at the Vatican, we cannot do better than turn to the pages of the Catholic Who's Who, where we read: "Howard, Sir Henry, K. C. M. G., K. C. B., late British Minister to the Netherlands and to Luxemburg—b. 1843, s. of Sir Henry Francis Howard, G. C. B., and g.-s. of Henry Howard of Corby ; educ. at Downside; entered Diplomatic Service 1865; cr. C. B. 1874; 1st Sec. of Legation 1885, Sec. of Embassy 1890, and Minister Plenipo, 1894; Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipo, at The Hague 1896-1908; K. C. M. G., 1899. In the course of a long and distinguished career his duties have taken him to lands as far apart as the United States, the Netherlands, Guatemala, Greece, Denmark, China, Russia and France. He was one of the British delegates to The Hague Peace Conferences of 1899 and 1907 an opportunity all Catholics must covet him to promote among peoples the secular peace and concord that must precede their spiritual unity; m (1867) Cecilia, dau. of G. W. Riggs of Washington, U. S. A. (she d. 1907.)"

A balancing pole to him who walks across the tight rope of life.

FATHER FRASER'S CHINESE

Taichowfu, China, June 7, 1914.

Dear Mr. Coffey, — When I came here two years ago I only had one. I owe this rapid progress principally to my dear friends of the CATHOLIC RECORD. God bless them and your worthy paper!

It takes about \$50 a year to support a catechist and for every such sum I receive I will place a man in a new district to open it up to the Faith. During the past few months I have opened up quite a number of new places and the neophytes are very pious and eager for baptism. You will appreciate the value of my catechists when I tell that I baptized eighty-five adults since the begin-ning of the year as a result of their work. I have even brighter hopes for the future if only my friends abroad will continue to back me up financially. J. M. FRASER.

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FIVE MINUTE SERMON

FOURTH SUNDAY OF ADVENT

PREPARATION FOR CHRIST'S COMING

'All flesh shall see the salvation of God." (Luke iii, 6. God wills the salvation of all. He wishes none to be lost. All flesh shall see the salvation of God because God wills not the death of a sinner but that he be converted and live. He came into the world and died for the salvation of all. But He gave us the salvation of all. But He gave us a free will. Consequently, it depends upon our own free choice to see, or not to see the salvation of God. Still we shall be obliged to see Him when He comes at the last day to judge the living and the dead. Another reason why all men shall see the salvation of God, and His holy Gospel, was to be made known to the whole world—to Jew and Gentile.

During the season of Advent the Church frequently exhorts us to pre-

Church frequently exhorts us to pre-pare for the feast of Christ's nativity Prepare ye the way of the Lord."
y these words the Church asks us to prepare for the reception of Jesus on the great feast of Christmas by cleansing our hearts from sin. For no one is fit to receive Him whose rt is not free from sin.

Our Saviour never went into any house without leaving His blessing. He visited the house of Mary and Martha. The result was, that beside raising their brother, Lazarus, to life, He bestowed such graces that Martha was admitted into heaven as a virgin and Mary as a penitent. He visited Matthew, who, ceasing to be an un-just publican, was converted and became an apostle, evangelist and martyr. He visited Zacchæus and conferred a great blessing, for He said, "This day is salvation come to this house." Zacchæus was a usurer and a lover of the world. He became and a lover of the world. He became tor many years. The government charitable to the poor, a lover and began a campaign against the use of yodka and at the same time readjust follower of Christ.

So, too, when Christ comes to us on Christmas day, He will leave revenue from other sources. The His blessings. Those blessings will use of vodka in Russia is on the decorrespond to the disposition of each individual. If we prepare well beforehand, if we remove the hills of pride, if we make straight the paths of sin, if we humble ourselves under the mighty hand of God, we may hope, we may have the utmost con-fidence that He will confer such blessings upon us as will make us worthy to be exalted to the mansions

On the contrary, a curse follows those who close their hearts against His sweet presence. If we shut our arts as the people of Bethlehem

did their doors, we are certain to feel the consequences of it some day.

Are you proud and haughty? If so, God cannot find a dwelling place in your and feel the consequences. your soul, for He comes in meekness and humility. If you think too much of money, if you are greedy or avaricious, God cannot dwell in you, for He loves poverty. He is a lover of purity and consequently cannot dwell in the impure soul. Neither will He dwell in the heart that hates its neighbor for He is the Prince of peace who commands us to love even

Let us, my dear friends, remove everything that would be detrimental to our salvation though as dear to us as life itself. "For what will it profit a man to gain the whole world and lose his soul." Let us conquer our pride, mortify our evil desires

and restrain our guilty passions. He is coming to visit us and en-rich us with His blessings. He is already knocking at our hearts for admission. Can we be so insensible to our eternal welfare as to refuse Him admittance? No. We will give Him our whole hearts cleansed and We will follow the example of the nions shepherds of Be who sought Him until they had the unspeakable happiness of finding Him in the manger; or, like the three Kings of the East, we will give Him our best and richest offering, a pure

By so doing we will prepare the way of the Lord and make straight His paths, so that He may possess our s and souls here by His grace and that we may possess Him in the kingdom of His glory hereafter.

TEMPERANCE

CHANGE OF MIND IN OREGON

The State of Oregon has gone for The State of Oregon has gone for prohibition by many thousand votes. The women were a large factor, doubtless, for a majority of them were known to be "dry," but it is probably true that more men also voted "dry" than "wet" at the election. voted dry than wet at the elec-tion. In any event it is a remark-able reversal of the verdict of 1910, when the State declared against pro hibition by more than 20,000 in a, total vote of a little more than 100, 000. It is clear that the State has in four years decidedly changed its

The people of Oregon have rendered judgment against the saloon as an institution rather than against liquor. Possibly there can not be a general use of liquor without the saloon; but it is certain that there can be no saloon without liquor. saloon; but it is certain that there can be no saloon without liquor.

The effort in Oregon now, where the manufacture and sale of liquor is to the state of liquor is to the state of liquor is to wholly so. No doubt many saloon be prohibited after July 1, 1916, is primarily therefore to abolish the Just what will take its place, if anything, remains to be seen; but no one for a moment can possibly think that the war on the aloon or on liquor is over .- Portland Oregonian.

DID BOOZE EVER DO YOU ANY GOOD ?"

No other voice against the use of alcohol as a beverage is speaking

ANY DYSPEPTIC CAN GET WELI

By Taking "Fruit-a-tives" Says Capt. Swan

Life is very miserable to those who suffer with Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Sour Stomach and Biliousness. This letter from Captain Swan (one of the best known skippers on the Great Lakes) tells how to get quick reliaf from Stomach Trouble.

Port Burwell, Ont., May 8th, 1913.
"A man has a poor chance of living and enjoying life when he cannot eat. That was what was wrong with me. Loss of appetite and indigestion was brought on by Constipation. I have had trouble with these diseases for years. I lost a great deal of flesh and suffered constantly. For the last couple of years, I have taken "Fruitatives" and have been so pleased with the results that I have recommended them on many occasions to friends and acquaintances. I am sure that "Fruitatives" have helped me greatly. By following the diet rules and taking "Fruit-a-tives" according to directions, any person with Dyspepsia will get benefit".

"Bruita-tives" are sold by all dealers

"Fruit-a-tives" are sold by all dealers at 50c. a box 6 for \$2.50, or trial size 25c. or sent postpaid on receipt of price by Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.

with the definiteness and certainty of that of the sanitarian. The inter-national congress on hygiene, meeting in Petrograd, spoke so strongly against the use of alcohol that the

Russian government took heed.

The government had enjoyed a for many years. The government ed its revenues so as to provide for cline.
The North Carolina Board

Health passed a resolution condemning the use of alcoholic beverages on the ground that the use of alcohol was inimical to the public health.

I know that members of the sec-tion on preventive medicine of the American Medical Association plan to advoca e similar action by that body.

In the recent Safety First meeting in Chicago condemnation of the use of alcohol by reason of the dangers from accident and the impairment of efficiency caused by it was frequently heard.

According to the public press the Illinois Steel Company has put a ban on it.

These are illustrations of the new force or group of forces that are en-listing themselves for the fight against intemperance. The reason for the interest of these groups is not one of sentiment, or even of morality. They have been taught by experience that alcohol produces inefficiency, increases hazards and lowers resistance.

It is easy to prove that alcohol harms the ordinary cells of the body. Alcohol is a drug. Alcohol addiction is a drug habit. The abuse of the drug will go the way that drug abuse of every kind is destined to go.

The question which heads this

column is not from a long haired or even a prohibition orator. It is a part of an electric sign displayed over the gates of the Illinois Steel Company.-Dr. W. A. Evans.

WHEN THE DRINKING-SHOP IS CLOSED

Commenting on the measures taken by the various governments involved in the present great war to keep their soldiers free from the alcohol habit, the Catholic Temperance Advocate says:

"It does seem to us that war and other calamities force men to be honest as to the effects of alcohol drinking. Not only in war but also in every time of riot, the drinking shop is closed or its activities great ly restricted. We can not but ask if here are not interests in time of peace quite as sacred as the inter-ests that are jeopardized by alcohol drinking in time of war.

For the love of country we should strive after sobriety in peace as well as in war. For the good of homes we need restriction of alcohol-selling in peace as well as in war. For the salvation of souls we need to elimin ate as far as possible occasions of sin in peace as well as in war. Alco-hol drinking is disastrous to so many interests that love of neighbor demands the limitation of its sale in peace as well as in war, and in some places at least, its elimination whenever possible."

A HAZARDOUS OCCUPATION The mortality records of all big companies show that in proportion to the number of men insured, more saloon keepers die yearly than

men in any other work save, perhaps, railroad brakemen and gun testers in the navy and army.
"What is the cause of this great

Liquor and Tobacco Habits

br. McTaggart's Vegetable Remedies for hese habits are safe, inexpensive home reatments. No hypodermic injections, no isse of time from business, and positive cures, tecommended by physicians and clergy. Enuiries treated confidentially. Literature and medicine sent in plain sealed packages. Address or consult—

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men do shorten their lives by use of alcohol, but if they do not drink at all the rate of insurance we charge them would still be very high. The reason is what we call the moral hazard. Just what this is it is hard by tired, inflamed muscles. Massage the to say. Summed up, it is merely that they die easier and more often

Detailed, it is, in a general way, they are open to greater temptations, break down their resistance, and many of them contract diseases where other men would not. How many saloon men have died of pneumany salcon men have died of pneu-monia during the winter? Scores of them, usually. And pneumonia is not the only disease. Their money is made easily (speaking of the sal-con owner) and among that class-easily won money means that it is spent easily. 'Easily spent' means a free and easy manner of life, which cuts years relentlessly from the lives of men.

nen. Then there is the mortality through accident. The list of saloon men who have been shot or killed with a blow from a bottle, or in brawls and melees is long, especially mong the poorer class saloons."

The man behind the bar does no

look upon his job as dangerous, no matter what the insurance companto know how these big insurance companies look upon one who occupies such a position.—Montgomery

CONVERTED TO BE SAVED TROUBLE OF THINKING?

An English writer, named Dell, having said something to the effect that "a man on becoming a Catholic leaves his responsibility at the threshold of the Church, and is con-verted to be saved the trouble of a Catholic, but who cannot keep still

the foregoing, proceeds thus:
"Mr. Dell must know better. He must know whether men like New-man and Brunetiere left off thinking when they joined the Roman Church. Moreover, because he is a man of lucid and active mind; he must know that the whole phase about being that the whole phase about being saved the trouble of thinking is a boyish fallacy. Euclid does not save geometricians the trouble of thinking when he insists on absolute definithe contrary, he gives them the great trouble of thinking logically. The dogma of the Church limits thought about as much as the dogma of the solar system limits physical science. It is not an arrest of thought, but a fertile basis and constant provocation of thought. But, of course, Mr. Dell really knows this as well as I do. He has merely fal len back (in that mixture of fatigue and hurry in which all fads are made) upon some journalistic phrases. He cannot really think that men joined the most fighting army upon earth merely to find rest. It is on a par with the old Protestant fiction that monks decided to be ascetic be ause they wanted to be luxurious I should keep out of a monastery for exactly the same motives that prevent me from going into the moun-tains to shoot bears. I am not active nough for a monastery.

DAILY BREAD OF RELIGION

While leakage in the membership of the Catholic Church within sever al decades of years has been various-ly discussed, the general impression being that such leakage, whatever it may be, has been grossly exagger-ated not only by Protestant writers, but by a few Catholic authorities who did not investigate the subject thoroughly, it cannot be denied that the numerical increase in the Catholic Church allegiance is something worth talking about at the present time. There seems to be every where a revival of the true faith. I has always happened in the history of the Church that when her enemies are flercest in their attacks upon her, publishing falsehood and calumny broadcast, she prospers most and receives into her communion an extraordinary number of con-

One of the blessed results of the late mission at St. Mary's Cathedral, Salt Lake, was a great number of non Catholics expressing their desire to become Catholics. These converts are at present being in-structed in Christian doctrine, preparatory to their reception into the fold. Missions are being given in almost every Catholic diocese of the United States with similar results.

The vile bla-phemies of Tom Watson and other human buzzards are bearing a different kind of fruit from what they expected. They have aroused even lethargic Catho-lics to action and stirred up a holy zeal and love for their religion. The cinders that were smouldering have again burst into bright flame, and the light and warmth therefrom have reached the hearts of thousands of unbelievers. God permits evil and from it brings forth good. It is all in the designs of a benefi-cent Providence, and according to the forecasts of our Saviour, who spoke of the trials and persecutions of His Church. Gold is tested by fire, and so must the Church of God pass through the fire of tribulation and persecution to become better, more attractive to the hearts

Nothing fascinates the nonbeliever so much as the force of good example. To the sincere Catholic his religion is more than his daily bread. may not be always conscious of

Don't be inconvenienced and annoyed by tired, inflamed muscles. Massage the parts with Absorbine, Jr., and rout out the trouble Athletes do They know that Absorbine, Jr. penetrates quickly and reduces soreness and inflammation—that it is powerful and efficatious in cases of serious sprains, wrenches, torn ligaments, and painful affectione.

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ments, and painful affectione.

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this truth-of his spiritual condition —but the reason is because he has formed a habit which has gone over others, who are not of the faith, recognize the shining light of his example much more readily. It furnishes them with the incentive to in vestigate the claims of his religious non-Catholic does not see in mem-bers of other creeds the same assimilation of belief and practice. Religion with them is more superficialit has not gone into the marrow. It does not shine out in the counten-

than genuine Christianity.
Religion must be our daily bread.
We must become filled and saturated with it, so that it will be to us a second nature. We need not be self-conscious about it—best, in fact, not o be, but in all humility to lean upon the grace of God. When we recite the Lord's Prayer and say, "Give us this day our daily bread," it means not only a petition for physical sustenance, but the super substantial Bread, which, by receiving the Bless-ed Eucharist, is the Food of our

God has been pleased in these days to give light to many non-Catholic minds and bring them into the Church which Christ established on a rock. The Paulists, whose special port many conversions. So do the other missionaries. A spirit of fair-ness and willingness to learn the truth has wept over the American people. Watsonism is dying a slow but sure death.

Such men as Watson will hang themselves if you give them plenty of rope. His calumnies have been a blessing to the Church in disguise. She is emerging out of the conflict glorious and triumphant.—Inter-mountain Catholic.

ENCOURAGING BIBLE READING

A renegade priest and ex-monk now imposing on the ignorant credulity of Protestants in country districts of the United States has the astounding effrontery to repeat the Luther legend of discovering the Bible, says the Ave Maria. Being appointed librarian of his convent, he "discovered "among the "dangerous and prohibited books" a copy of the acred Scriptures, carried it off to his cell, devoured it, and was " con-

Alas, how few of those who listen to this tale will ever be convinced of view he had few of the gifts that its preposterous falsity! Many in telligent non-Catholics, in fact, would be surprised to learn that a society for the spread of the Scriptures (the Society of St. Jerome) exists among Catholics, or that one of the last published acts of Pius X . following the example of Leo XIII., was to encourage Bible reading by a grant of indulgences. In a recent issue of the official organ of the Vatican we read that :

In an audience granted on April 23, 1914. to the Rev. Father Assessor of the Holy Office, His Holiness has been gracious y pleased to grant the panonically erected by O dinaries of places, or which in the future shall be so erected, with the scope that their members unite to promote the Gospel more and more, and for this end purpose to themselves: First-Frequently, and if possible every day, to read a part of the Gospel, using editions approved by the Church and enriched with numerous and lucid notes; Second -Often and opportune

on your BATH ROOM One rub will make

Old Dutch Many uses and full directions on Large Sifter - Can 10 \$

STRAUSS DEFINES PREJUDICE

Nathan Strauss of New York, wh strongly supported Governor Glynn, and who had been aroused by the efforts to bring religious prejudice enorts to bring religious prejudice into the campaign, made the follow-ing statement on "Prejudice" on Monday, the day before election: "Easy to create, it is hard to de

stroy. Sinister of wit, it is weak of wisdom. Its perceptions are false. It sees in darkness; it is blind in the light; it nurtures lies and rejects truth. Breeding hatred, it blasts sympathy. It rules those who give it life. It is a conjured Frankenstein, dominating millions of men. It sits besides the gates of life and takes toll of all that pass.
"It is the conservator of all that

reason which would destroy, the destroyer of the works of justice. It is the hand maiden of error, the Nemesis of knowledge. It feeds fear and poisons hope. It lives by the law of the dead, it thrives upon the meat of yesterday. It sickens on the sustenance of to-day.

"It is the anarchist of the heart.

It smothers faith. It gives love to the torch. It bemeans benevolence and shuns communion. It stills the sound of music and palsies the hand of art. It betrays belief and sets suspicion on a throne. It rejoices in tears. Its mirth is in misery.

"It is the monster of the mind. Tt pollutes thought, serves despair and ravishes right. It offends against fact and is a stranger to logic. Its soothing is in sophistry. It divines the unreal and walks in the way of panthoms. It drains the potions brewed by witches of the brain. It is a thing of charms and amulets
"It is prejudice."—Intermounta

A BEAUTIFUL TRIBUTE

Now that Robert Hugh Benson is lead it is a duty to remind ourselves that the only sufficient valuation of such a life must be in the realm not of the pen or the platform, but of the

His pen was an amazing thing. By it he seemed to belong, if not to all time, at least to the century which gave him such a full hearted welcome. The few years he spent in the field of literature sufficed for a of his fellow workers. His swiftness of production bewildered alike his readers and his publishers. His battalions of books came up in close formation, threatening to overwhelm

He chose his themes from so wide field and exhausted his subject by such minute analysis that author almost came to dread his works as a narrowing of the already narrow margin of themes unwrought.

Every literary man who has tried to keep pace with Robert Hugh Benson will realize that such a weighty yield of literature exhausts the writer's productiveness. The amazing fact of his life was that he was almost more active as a lecturer, and especially as a preacher, than as a writer. Scarcely a living speaker of to day has spoken from so many platforms or so many pulpits in two continents. He was a further proof that Cicero was right in dema that the orator should-write much Benson's written words easily came to mind in the pulpit. His sermons and lectures, in turn, easily became

make a good speakernot very musical voice, a pronuncia-tion that had to be torrential in self defence against stammering, an almost gawkish gesture which grew out of nothing in the speaker's theme except the speaker's intense sincerity. But, in truth, he did not need the lesser gifts of the orator, having a full measure of the highest, to wit, something to say, and a clear, earn est, convincing way of saying it.

It almost seems futile to be making literature and orstory when the mar must be judged finally and fully in following indulgences: To all and the sphere of the spirit. He was an several the pious sodalities already overwhelming example of the law overwhelming example of the law that a priest's life can be the fullest in the world. Robert Hugh Benson lived at least two full lives in the short years of but half a life. This bewildering swiftness and fruitful-ness were but one product of his soul. It was essentially a spiritual quality. Monsignor Benson the priest was a far richer being than Robert Hugh Benson the amazing writer and speaker.

It was in the sphere of the spirit that he really lived. Only the lesser part of him won, and was indifferent to, the triumphs of the tongue and pen. The ordinary hero is not a hero to his valet, because the hero's vale has sight of the pettiness or sordid-ness that prove the hero's feet to be of clay. Robert Hugh Benson never had a valet, but he had many bosom friends, who lived from time to time under the same roof, and were thus even more fitted than a hero's valet for the task of judgment. We all for the task of Judgment. We all know that his was a spotless life. Indeed, we call it a dedicated life. He made it over to a high aim. He loved the Lord his God with his whole heart, and therefore did not think it amiss to love Him with his whole mind. Everything (except sin) was loved for this supreme love.

Some men die by their own vices. This man died through his love of

I have written thus because it is the truth, and I will not serve Robert Hugh Benson with a lie. If my readers do not like it, they would not have liked the true Robert Hugh Benson.—Vincent McNabb, in The New Witness, London.

CARDINAL O'CONNELL ON THE MEXICAN SITUATION

Boston, Nov. 15 .- In an address be fore the diocesan branch of the Federation of Catholic Societies to day length conditions in Mexico with respect to restraint on religious liberty, describing the conduct of the leaders there as "disgraceful anarchy," and declared that "Catholic men will not rest until the truth is made known as it is and not as it is reported by those who have proven themselves publicly and privately incapable of being considered trustworthy agents

of this Government.
"And when the truth is known then all the world will realize that for the sake of our public honor as a nation we must put an end to the Masonic conspiracy which for two years has deluged Mexico with blood, drained the material resources of that country and spread atheism and anarchy over a land once happy and

industrious. "Let us tolerate no further even a suspicion of what has been more than once openly asserted, that the eaders of this anarchy are receiving under-handed support from this country; but let our Catholic men continue to investigate the truth of conditions and then stand for that truth in all their might until every word and sentence on its revelation is heard in Washington."

The Cardinal, in reference to public utterances during the last six months of cultivated non Catholics, declared that either these men, "completely misunderstand us or, what is even worse, so unscrupulous ly misrepresent us that we are liter-ally driven by their utterances and their actions either to pity ignorance or to despise their

knavery."
"Catholics," he said, "no longer live in the Catacombs. They are free and shoulder to shoulder with all other men. They will be found, as every human is found, to have splendid qualities side by side with undoubted imperfections, but they are no bounded secret society which meets in the dark for unholy pur-

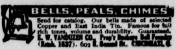
And yet, again and again, but mostly at election time, we are

deluged with the vilest literature pamphlets, warning the public against uprising and baneful conspiracies. We wonder whether we ought to pity such childish ignorance or despise its contemptible knavery."—N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

It is more polite to admire than to







The Right Way to Strike a Match

Once in a while we have complaints about our Matches breaking in two. Tais is no fault of the Match, as EDDY'S MATCHES are made from specially selected straight. grained wood only. For the benefit of those who are still in ignorance as to the proper way to hold a Match (and there are many) we give the following directions:

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CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

CHEERFULNESS

Men are often described as "chuck ling" to themselves. The operation is a healthy and holy one and should be transplanted from fiction to real life. A man makes a fool of himself so often that if he is not in the habit of chuckling to himself he is lost. Take yourself, too seriously, and what a score of torments you are pre what a score of forments you are pre-paring for yourself! You might just as well take the eyelids from your eyes or cover your feet with sensitive excresences and walk into the car crush after work is over. Do you prefer to wince and weep, or emit a chuckle? Cultivate the latter and you will also, by being in a pleasant frame of mind e cultivating good health. There i one class of people who make a science of chuckling to themselves They are the saints. St. Francis de Sales said once that he felt like taking his heart in his hands and throw ing it at some one. He did not "Many bees in many days make a little honey. I won't throw away my hive of patience." There you have it. A chuckle is not a cackle or a sneer that runs through with icicles. A chuckle is a good-natured, unctuous thing, with all the oil and all the gold of a laugh, but with none f a laugh's noise. It is humorou humility, patience put to music. I is honey hived by experience and sweetened by charity, and when you part your lips to chuckle to yourself, you show the world the golden honey

LISTEN TO SERMONS

Sermons are good for the best of us—the right sort of discourses, listened to with the right sort of dispositions. There is a great deal to be hoped for from the young man who appreciates the value of sound, well meant counsel, and who will listen respectfully to the voice of friendly admonition. He realizes that the lessons which may be learned from the experiences of those who have preceded him along the thoroughfare that connects adolescence and maturity, are spt to be useful. He knows this, because he stinctively turns to whatever prom ises to afford a landmark on this momentous journey, which is made only once in life.

The greatest mariner that sails the mighty deep, is the most diligent students of the charts that mark the currents and the shoals. The longer his service in traversing the mysterious highways of the sea, the keener grows his trust in what other men have taught concerning the exist-ence of hidden reefs and treacherous tides, that lie ever in wait to shipwreck the unwary and the fool-ish. This quality that seeks to know dangers and how to avoid them, is what constitutes a good navigator.

And so it is with the class of Cath olic young men who listen attentively to sermons for the assistance these may afford in steering a straight and safe course on that inevitable voyage which must land us eventually either triumphant at the last great hoped-for port, or leave our poor aten moral castaways on the shores of eternity.

CONDENSED WISDOM

Get into a business you like; devote yourself to it. Be honest in everything. Employ caution; think out a thing well before you enter upon it. Sleep eight hours every night. Do everything that means keeping in good health. School yourself not to worry; worry kills, kinds. If you must smoke, smoke moderately. Shun discussion on two points—religion and politics. And last, but not least, marry a true wo-man and have your own home.— Catholic Columbian.

QUESTIONS

If life is full of trials, why can't we render our own verdicts?

If love is blind, what can

people see in each other?
Why can't a thirst for knowledge be as easily quenched as some other thirsts?

Why should a man want the reputation of, being a bad man unless he can make good? If matrimony is a fight to a finish,

what is the necessity of the divorce courts?

courts?

If a man has money to burn, why should he so hate to spend it for coal?

If talk is cheap, why is it so expensive in the end? Is a wife ever as pretty as a type-

writer? Are the troubles of the Anti-Vice Society due to morality or bilious-

Isn't "the high moral ground," so nentioned by the members of the Anti-Vice Society, often a bluff? If a man never makes a mistake, does he ever do anything?

ANOTHER NEW RELIGION

Another new religion is about to be launched in Boston by an Englishman. It is to be called the "Church of the Republic," and its basis is that "America herself as a standard-bearer of the Ideal is the true Church of every American." It has eighteen principles and six objects. The prin-ciples are about as clear and intelligible as its fundamental tenet. They make of God a merely subjective en-tity, which depends on the mind for its existence. It is a regrettable fact that new churches seem to find a fertile soil in this city, and the sillier they are the greater number of adherents they gather.—The Pilot.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

ST. ANTHONY'S BREAD

An aged Sister sat at her office-table, a big book of accounts before her, and she was casting a sad look at her totals; the expenditure was a bigger item than the income: how was she to meet the deficit?

"Mother," called out a Sister, coming in excitedly, "there is no bread for to day."

coming in excitedly, "there is no bread for to-day."

The Superioress buried her face in her hands. The matter was very serious. There were ten nuns and forty children in the institution. How could she feed them that day?

"God will provide for me now God will provide for us, my aghter," she answered, calmly.

"Yes, Mother, but in the m time whatever shall we do?" "Pray, pray. When has Providence deserted us?"

"If you depend on Providence alone,
I am afraid, Mother, we shall have
to do without bread to day. I don't
mind for myself; but the little Poor Sister Renault! It was in-

deed a difficult task to be in charge of food in a bouse. She knew it and consequently she kept on grumbl-

ing.
Let us say three Hail Marys in honor of St. Authony and promise a Mass," said the Superioress; you will see we will have bread before

They had hardly finished their prayer when they heard a knock at the door. Imagine the actonishment of Sister Renault when she found two cartloads of bread outside. Was it possible that St. Anthony could have sent the bread so soon ?

A gentleman came up to them.
"Sisters," he began, "my men by
great oversight have spoilt two ensful of bread this morning; they forgot to put salt in it. I should be glad if you will accept it in charity. But you must excuse-

"No excuses, monsieur," replied the Superioress. "It is St. Anthony that made you think of us. Then she related her plight, her confidence

and prayer. Monsieur Latour, the richest baker in the town, half smiling and half in real earnest, said :

Rev. Mother, I know by experience St. athony's great power. When 'ye': are in want of bread let me know and I will be glad to help you; for if St. Anthony makes me spoil two ovensfull of bread each

time I will be ruined."
"Do not be afraid," the Superioress assured him. "St. Anthony be-fore everything else is a good father to all those who confide in him."— Sunday Companion.

CONFESSING FAULTS

It takes a brave person to confess himself in the wrong, but one who does make such a confession has taken the first step toward remeding the fault. An old proverb says,
"Open confession is good for the
soul." We have read of a girl who
had the unfortunate habit of using sharp and cutting language. Her words often sounded much worse han she intended, and her unruly congue was continually getting her nto trouble. At last she determined confess to God in prayer every to contess to God in prayer every night the unkind words she uttered during the day. Years afterward, when she had overcome the habit and her language had become kind and considerate, she told of the ex-periment and said: "I felt so periment and said: "I felt so ashamed as I repeated such words before God that all day long I tried to guard against having to confess the next night. I grew to hate the sin, and then, of course, I stopped it. The trouble before had been that I really didn't hate it, though I thought really didn't hate it, though I thought I did." This is an excellent plan to follow in overcoming any bad habit, and we commend it to the boys and girls who read these lines. But would it not help a great deal, if in addition to confessing the wrong to God, we would also confess our sin to the one who has been injured by it and ask his or her forgiveness?
This may sometimes be very humiliating, but it is nothing more than our simple duty.—True Voice.

POLITENESS

Never try to look in the open door

of a private room.

It is unpardonable to try to peep through the crack of a door to see who is passing, or to listen to what may be going on in another room. Leave your wraps and oversho

n the hall. Take your hats to the visiting room, unless you are old Do not knock, or ring the bell too

oudly, or more than twice.

Never try to open an outside door until you are told to "come in." Remain standing until you are in-

Sit erect with both feet resting on the floor.

Do not lean your head against the

back of a chair, or against the wall.

Never tilt your chair.

Do not drum with your fingers apon furniture.

It is impolite to scrutinize everything in the room, especially brica-a-

Do not fail to rise when a hostess enters a room and stand until she is Never be a thief by stealing your friends' time with useless visits.

ARCHBISHOP IRELAND ON FAITH

What a beautiful definition of an act of faith was that given by Arch bishop Ireland in an address to the Supreme Council of the Knights of Columbus in his Cathedral of St. Paul recently. It is worth repeating: "An act of faith! What, you will, say is nonsense for parents to pretend so simple, so easy for the Catholic as that their children are above such

an act of faith? It is the best, the fairest of the gifts of Heaven. It is your entrance into the supernatural world, the link that lifts you into the bosom of Him Wno is supremely the True, the Good and the Beautiful." Then he asks: "Tell me how you treat your act of faith, what do you do to nurture it into brighter vigor, how you translate it into your daily living, how you defend it against peril, how you honor and glorify it before men and angels—and I will tell you to what degree you may claim as your well-wen down the claim as your well-won dowry the title of the typical Catholic, the valorous knight of God's Church."

MOTHER

Backward, turn backward, O, Time in thy flight:

Make me a child again, just for to night.

In what has not at some time sweet old song, bringing with it, may be, the half forgotten accents of a voice long hushed and turning on the light again to the tear dimmed pictures that have hung so long on the walls of the past. And as the wizard, Memory, renew the scenes of the long ago, how we long "for touch of a vanished hand and the sound of a voice that is still."

Though the frosts of many winters have fallen upon our heads and Time's relentless fingers have graven their records upon our faces, the burden of the years falls away "as a glance is backward cast o'er the well-remembered forms that lie in the silence of the past." In the center of every picture, the light of every scene, there stands forth one face and one form, that of "Mother." The source of every flood, the center of all the love and consolation and blessing of childhood, the inspiration of the vigorous years of hopeful youth and of manhood's time of chievement, the tender memory of life's autumn years, the love of mother born earliest, lives longest and dies

that no word of ours ever added to her burdens caused her a heartacher if so, even God Himself could give no greater consolation to declining years. But if remores brings back the record of cruel word or unloving act only

God's forgivenness can wipe it out.

Though far may be separated the scenes of early years, though our eyes may first have opened upon the sun of the south or the snows of the north, we have in common the love of home and mother. If she has gone before, and is watching and waiting our coming, let us place tenderly where her dear dust lies the garlands of our loving memories, dedi-cating to her the white flower of

urer living. If her presence still adds its light o our lives let us not keep back the flowers to place upon her tomb, but give thom into her living hands that he tender grace of loving deeds may brighten life's afterglow as the shadows of evening fall.—The Cas-

THE BOY'S READING

A little incident that serves to point out a moral happened the other day in this city. Three young men who were arrested for burglary de-clared that the cause of their down-I learned." said one of them. to find the combinations of old fash ioned safes by reading a novel about a detective, and after I prac-tised a while I found it easy."

Now it would be a gross exaggeration to say that because a boy reads dime novels, or because he sees in the moving pictures the reproduction of clever acts of burglary, he is necessarily fated to become a house-breaker and a murderer. But it is certain that a book is bound to have an influence upon a boy, and that influence will be either good or bad. The boy is impressionable. He is imitative. Cleverness, smartness, appeal to him. He wants action in his literature. And there is the great danger of many of the books that are produced to please the young. There is action, action always ; there is the smart hero, who is strong and manly, who overcome all opposition, who becomes rich and famous even by methods that are often openly criminal. And these methods, glorified by the author, are bound to have their impression on the youthful admirer of heroism. True, the lad may not be tempted by admiration for his hero to try, as the youths above mentioned, to break open a safe, but there is no question that, by being led to have wich ideals of manliness and success he is getting false notions of life.

The danger is not confined to the dime novel, to the literature where murder and robbery are the sum and substance of life. There is a greater danger still from the books that are written for grownups. Boys have been morally wrecked by reading a bookthey found about the house. They argued that as long as it was in the house, as long as father and mother could read it, it must be all right. Nowadays it is hard for a cleanminded grown person to avoid the filth of much current fiction. Yet go into some houses, and thrown about carelessly, when anyone may pick them up and read them, are maga-zines that reek with sensuality, novels whose one aim seems to be to condone impurity. And if a boy or girl gets the opportunity those books and magazines will be devoured. It

things, that they will not see the harm that they themselves have noticed, that they are too innocent to be defiled by what they themselves cannot read without a blush. Too much confidence in children in the matter of their reading or any other matter is fatal. Parents should not matter is fatal. Parents should not let them have the sensational newspaper on the plea that they will look only at the funny pictures. Youthful curiosity is strong. The parents will never know, for the child will not tell the harm they have caused his soul by exposing him to danger. But the harm is done, nevertheless, and

they are to blame for it.

How to avoid it? By watchfulness. Parents try to keep a boy from evil companions; they are horrified if he picks up with the boy that has the reputation of being a rowdy. They should be as careful in regard to the books that he makes his companions. They should read his book and pass on it word they should make sure that the book he is reading is all right. It is a care, trying though it should be at times, that will repay both the parents and the boy.—Boston Pilot.

CATHOLICISM NOT A SUPERSTITION

The late Stanley Matthews jurist of much power—Senator from Ohio and an Associate Justice of the United States Supreme Court, in 1869, while one of the counsel for de endants in the case of John D. Minor against the Board of Educa-tion of Cincinnati, Ohio,—case about the Bible in the Public schools made use of these words in his ad-

dress to the court:
"I will say that from the study which I have made, as time and op-portunity have been given me, of the doctrinal basis of the Catholic faith, I am proud to say that it is not an ignorant superstition, but a scheme of well constructed logic, which he answer. Give them one proposition and the whole of their faith follows most legitimately and logically, and that is the fundamental doctrine, the loctrine of what the Church is, what it was intended to be, by Whom it was founded, by Whom it has been perpetuated, being the casket which contains, to-day, shining as brightly as before the ages, the ever living actually present body of God teach ing and training men for life here and life hereafter."

It is interesting to note that the Rev. Paul Matthews of Faribault who has been named Protestant Episcopal Bishop of New Jersey is a son of the Stanley Matthews referred to in the foregoing.—St. Paul Bulle-

THE MASS BY A "COMMON SOLDIER

Of the stories coming to us from the battle fields of Belgium few are more interesting than that which a doctor tells of the whole of a certain ambulance corps attending a Mass said by—whom, do you suppose? Why, by one of the hospital bearers, a common soldier assigned to do the rough work of a hospital orderly, but a priest, nevertheless—since this is the use France finds for her priests. The doctor who tells the story says:

The officiating soldier priest en-tered, and what struck me at first uble and the alb. But we were in the presence of the enemy, and it was not the time for taking off your uni-

I had not been to a Mass that I now of since my first Communion, a truly French touch, here | except easionally at marriages and funerals, but these did not count. And at the commencement I was very uneasy, for I could not remember when to rise, when to sit down, when to bow. But our soldier priest made a sign to me with his hands, what to do, and the others all followed my ex-

Then suddenly our soldier-priest began to speak to us. He told us began to speak to us. He told us that there were only soldiers in the Church; that many might have stayed comfortably at home, considering their age. And then he suggested that there were many among us who neglected a little the good God and His Church, but who were at the same time serving Him by our

After that he started talking about our families about our womenfolk at home consumed with anxiety about us, and about our little ones whom us, and about our little ones whom, perhaps, we should never see again, about the example which those of our corps had left us who had died in doing their duty.

Then I began to feel something damp running down to the end of my

nose. I looked to my right and there I saw our dispenser—you know, the old pill roller, who believes in nothing, not even medicine-making the most horrible grimaces in order to hide his emotion; while on my left the other Medicin en Chef was busy scrubbing his moustache with his handkerchief as hard as he could.

I drew out my handkerchief, and this seemed to act as a signal. Soon other handkerchiefs were fluttering all over the little church. Then some one sobbed noisily ; it was Sidi, an old soldier from Africa, who in civil life is the keeper of a stall in some part of Montmartre.

And then just at that moment as if to enable us to hide our snuffling, the whole build-ing began to vibrate, and we heard music of a kind which certain



THE ROSARY WILL BRING PEACE

unlettered man's prayer-book: But it is more than that," says the Pilot. "It is a prayer book for all from Pope to peasant. Even the greatest intellects in the Church have told their beads with all the loving simplicity of the child who knows no other books but this one of Our Lady herself. Even the most eloquent book of prayers is gladly laid aside to take up the old Rosary that

seems like part of one's soul." Does not the Rosary bring home to each and every one of us the lessons of Jesus' life, says the Irish Messenger, In it, as we repeat with quiet persistence the angel's salutation to Our Mother, our minds are brought through all the scenes of His

From the Crib His infant voice gently tells us that to be poor and lespised of men is not the mistortune that the world would fain proclaim it to be. While our minds are fixed upon these joyful mysteries we hear Him saying, "Learn of Me because I am meek and humble of heart." From Nazareth He teaches us His boyhood's lesson of gentle and unquestioning obedience to the guid-ance of those whom God has placed over us-the truest source of peace in a world that chafes at every res traint. In the sorrowful mysteries He teaches us that midst pain of body and desolation of spirit peace can still hold sway in the soul, "Father, into Thy hands I commend My spirit." Then, as the beads of the glorious mysteries slip between our fingers, we realize that, in the words of St. Paul, "The sufferings of this time are not worthy to be com pared with the glory to come, that shall be revealed in us." (Rom. viii.

No wonder, then, that the Rosary, life lose their terrifying power and become invested with a wondrous value. But this recitation must not be perfunctory. As we pray we must hear Our Blessed Mother say ing to us, as long ago she said to the servitors at the wedding feast of Cana, "Whatsoever He shall say, to you, do ye." If this be our spirit, Jesus will not hesitate to convert the waters of the bitterness of life into

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ly did not come from the organ. It the wine of His consolations. This ly did not come from the organ. It was cannon on all sides of us. We ran to the doors, and the last thing I saw was our soldier-priest giving us a hasty blessing, and then running to the sacristy to put off his sacerdotal vestments and become a soldier once more.

Shall we doubt that out of the close comradeship of priests with soldiers in the Freuch army some great good may come? He would be the bitterest pessimist who would fail to see in such incidents as that great good may come? He would be the bitterest pessimist who would fail to see in such incidents as that accounted above, a promise of better things for France religiously in the future. But up to the present, the Government of France seems to be Government of France seems to be mouth of the wise man: "My son, bind them in thy heart continually and put them about thy neck. When thou walkest let them go with thee, then thou sleepest let them keep thee, and when thou wakest talk with them." (Prov. vi, 21).

MSGR. BENSON'S LAST SERMON

In a sermon preached a few days before his death, Right Rev. Msgr. Benson took for his text the parable of the leaven which a woman placed in three measures of meal he declared that Catholics have to answer two charges! First, that the Church is too worldly and that our divine Lord has failed; second, that the Catholic Church is at least as guilty of the crimes that stain the pages of history as any other religion could

Megr. Benson went into deep deail in his elucidation of the charges and proved conclusively to his great congregation that they are utterly groundless. And is it not so? Read the history of the Church from the time of its foundation by our divine Lord. Where has it failed to do what our Redeemer ordered it to do? The Church has carried on an educational system, entirely without outside support, which is the admiration of the entire would; she has cared for the sick, the destitute, the orphan she has preached the gospel and gone into the highways and byways baptising and bringing into the fold of Christ those who were without knowledge of the true God. The Church is not too worldly. The Church is truly divine. The disciples were not instructed to take themselves entirely away from the world. The apostles, in order to carry on the work given into their had to mix with all kinds of people, just as do we to day.

many charges against the Church which are not true. The Inquisition is a specimen, and with that the Church had nothing to do.

daily recited, brings with it the spirit of peace. Seen in the light of its They are, however, expected to be somewhat different from the critinary mortal. The teachings of the Church, her rules, her dogmas, her doctrines impose upon her children duties which cannot be shirked. When we do not live in accordance with these doctrines we are not faithful children of our good mother. We must demonstrate that we heed the words of warning so frequently given—that we are at least striving to do our best in an endeavor to save our immortal souis. That is the object which our heavenly Father had in placing us here. Our bodies will die and soon become dust; our souls shall go back to their Maker, there to receive reward or condemnation in accordance with our life here.— Catholic Union and Times.

ASK AND YOU SHALL RECEIVE

One of the most widely advertised ministers of St. Louis, one who has a ministers of St. Louis, one who has a large following, severely arraigns the Christian practice of praying for things. He says it is dictating to the Almighty, trying to run the universe and "too often embroidered with your personal desires."

To us the most beautiful thing about prayer is that it is bringing, our prayers of the attraction of the street of the street.

our personal desires to the attention of our Heavenly Father. We cannot get away from the antiquated notion that Christ was serious and in earnes when He 'said, "Ask, and you shall receive," and, "Whatever you ask the Father in My Name, believing in Me, He will give it to you." Of course, God knows our wants; He is recalled to attend the wounded in ambulances, and that the Sisters who more than anxious to supply them; ambulances, and that the Sisters who yet He put the condition that we ask Him. And we modestly believe He should be asked to return." The

our daily bread." The natural father loves to have his children express their wants because He knows they will then, better appreciate His granting their wishes. It is even so with our Heavenly Father. He knows our wants, but also knows we will better value His graces if we have petitioned for them. There is a variety will be the state of th for them. There is a wide margin between that confidence in God which is the virtue of the Christian and the atalism that is the cult of the orienal pagan. n we petition God it may de-

when we petition God it may demand a miracle, but what of it? If necessary. God will perform the miracle; it will not be hard for Him to do so. This preacher imagines it is an attempt to change the inexorable laws of nature or the immutable designs of God. We know this is not so. The preacher evidently does not know that with God all things, past, present and future for us are but God's eternal present. But, even granting that it would mean a change in the inexorable laws of nature or the immutable designs of God, we may ask again, what of it? If it demanded all that God would do it is necessary to answer an honest prayer. He has times innumerable, in answer to prayer, suspended what the preacher calls the "inexorable laws of nature." And often one would think that He had even changed His eternal decrees to satisfy the longing at some poor human

heart. Prayer of petition is our greatest comfort, and our surest hope. It would be a cold and dreary old existence, life would scarcely be worth while, if we did not know that we can go to our Heavenly Father with all our troubles and feel quite sure that He will hear and heed. believe that Christ meant every word of that unqualified statement. Whatever you ask the Father in My Name, believing in Me. He will give it to you."-Intermountain Catholic

SCHOOLS FOR SLANG

Dr. E. J. Macewan, Professor of English in Kalamazoo College, is disturbed over the abuse of the English language by students under his supervision. He says :

"The language used by the average college student of to-day cannot be understood by a thoroughly English

speaking person.
"In the halls of this institution the students use language that is absolutely abominable and which suggests that the user never in his life heard a word of English, but was a barbarian.

"Some of the local college professors have advertised a course in slang to be given during the freshman year. only remedy which would at all decrease the amount of slang used by college students. At present a course in English is given for freshman and there is no real English spoken after the freshman year. Therefore, if a course in slang were required, there would be none used after the first year.

"It would seem that persons far enough advanced to attend college should have learned enough concerning the English language to speak it intelligently, without back-sliding into the lazy language of slang. I will personally see to it that there is no slang used in any of

Catholic parents who patronize non Catholic halls of learning, will receive a cruel jolt once they read the above indictment of their pet institutions. For, in all non-Catholic colleges are slang-experts to be found; young boys and girls, in most instances the off spring of wealthy parents, whose conversation would bring tears to the eyes of a half-educated F.ji.

Go to any of the fashionable sum ner resorts; attend any public function, where wealth predominates and the general conversation of those present may be classed as senseless and slangy. Boys and girls who attend Public and High schools are noted for their slang, and we rejoice to learn of one teacher being brave and bold enough to denounce this foolish custom.-Michigan Catholic.

TWO PETITIONS IN FRANCE

Mgr. Sevin, the Archbishop of Lyons, has caused to be printed and distributed to the priests throughout his great diocese two petitions for which he asks the signatures of all the people. The first is a demand to the President for national prayer and declares among other things:

"The families of those fighting, united in faith and patriotism, respectfully insist that the head of the State and the ministers ask the protection of God on the arms of France by demanding from the Church in the name of the State national prayers for the success of our arms and for France." The second petition is for the return of the Sisters. It is also addressed to the President and runs

as follows:
"The families of those fighting, in presence of the want of nurses al-ready felt and growing more acute, respectfully but energetically insist that the exiled religious should be Him. And we modestly believe He had a right to do it.

The good preacher reminds that Christ would have us say, "Thy will be done," and therefore, we must rest content to wait on God. Yet the same Christ and in the same prayer, taught us to say, "Give us this day somen—Church Progress.

BELGIAN ORPHANS

FATHER STILLEMANS SAYS OFT PROPOSED CHARITY IS IMPRACTICAL FOR THE PRESENT

New York, November 29.—The Rev. Father J. F. Stillemans, president of the Belgian Relief Committee, has received many requests lately for information concerning Religion children, comband as a received many requests. Belgian children orphaned as a re-sult of the war, the inquirers in nearly every instance desiring adopt one or more. In addition individual applications, Father Stilleindividual applications, Father Stillemans called attention to reports that several suggestions have been considered, in various parts of the country, the purpose of which would be to bring large numbers of these little unfortunates to the United States to be put into American homes. Speaking of the orphan situation yesterday, Father Stillemans said:

This movement undoubtedly appeals to many as a beautiful charity. But, unfortunately, I fear that it is not practical. Belgium has been in vaded and its population driven out and scattered into different countries. We learn every day that many families are scattered and their members ignorant of one another's where-abouts. In some cases the father is a prisoner in Germany, the mother, and perhaps one child, may be in Holland, and another child in England. It is veritable chaos. After the war ends these people must be brought together, and only then will it be known what children are or-phans with no relations to care for them. At present it is impossible to tell which children are orphans So no practical work can be done at present, and we must keep our zeal until the end of the war. lost sight of is that Belgium's population is practically entirely Catho lic. Consequently the Belgian children are Catholics, and undoubtedly if they were to be brought up outside of that faith it would be entirely against the will of their parents and relatives." — Philadelphia Standard

THE FRENCH ARMY

It is natural that our chief interest in the western battlefront should be in the British army, Under Sir John French, that splendid body of men had a great part in the salvation of Paris, and since the German advance was checked it has made a reputation for gallantry and steadiness which will never die. Yet we must not forget that the main portion of the land work has fallen the French. The line from Belfort north to the sea is over two hundred miles long. On every portion of this line alike the enemy has been held helpless. It used to be said that the French were magnificent in the attack, but that they were tempera-mentally unsuited to long periods of defensive warfare. No military authority now makes such a state-

The French have been magnificent both in attack and defence. Early in the war they took Muelhausen at German reinforcements compelled them to evacuate the place. But a week or so later they took it again, showing a spirit of ardent enthusiasm that the enemy could not withstand. Ever since the Battle of the Marne, the Germans have been seeking to advance from Metz and beseige Verdun, the fortress on the Meuse. Not once, but twenty times they have once, but twenty times they have ties to bless and invest with the corattempted without success to break responding scapular. If the medal the French line. The only re-sult of all this fighting is that the French have pressed foward and are now only fifteen miles from Metz. When, for so long a time and under such unfavorable weather conditions the French forces can maintain them-

The state of affairs about Verdun is not different from that on other portions of the line. The troops ounder General Joffre have shown a steadiness and persistence which are worthy of all praise and which recall at days of the Napoleonic period. Conscripts or veterans in those times were alike in their ardor for the service, and in their discipline. Even in the war of 1870, when France was crushed by unreadiness and stupidity rather than by Prussian vigor, one French charge lived in human memory and gave a new proverb to the language, "C'est magnifi-que, mais ce n'est pas la guerre." Nothing could have been finer, in a military sense, than that gallant

charge.
In this tremendous struggle, the French are not spending themselves in vain. General Joure, the cold, taciturn, resourceful leader, has proved his ability and has won the devotion of every soldier. He has brought his men to realize that the Germans are not necessarily con-querors, and has stimulated a feeling of individual ascendency over the enemy which has been of the greatest possible value. While British ships have guarded the north coast and British soldiers have done Hom. and British soluters have done Homeric deeds on the left wing, in company with the gallant Belgians, General Joffre and his splendid army have sealed the passes of Belfort and the Moselle, have occupied the passes of the Vosges and in the Argone thave set the Germans burrowing like foxes. It is a military accomplishment of high value, and proves that

Freedom is as much a trumpet-call to France to-day as in the stirring times of Rouget de Lisle.—The Tor-

MORE CATHOLIC CHAPLAINS

Some improvement has resulted from the agitation raised in England regarding the dearth of Catholic chaplains for the Catholic soldiers at the front. Seven additional chaplains have been appointed, among whom are three Irighment but these whom are three Irishmen; but these are declared to be not nearly sufficient, one priest expressing the opinion that at least one chaplain to every five hundred men is necessary.

But an uneatisfactory feature about the new chaplains to the Cath-

olics at home is that they have been sent to France and ordered to report to the chief of the chaplains department, who is a Protestant clergyman. He has the power of deciding where they shall be placed and with all the Protestant's ignorance of the vital interests of Catholic souls he has appointed the whole seven priests to various hospitals. Where they are wanted is with the soldiers on the young lives and have but a few minutes to prepare for swift death. In the hospitals there is good work to be done, but naturally, in a war like this, it is those with a chance of recovery who reach the hospitals, and it is with the dying, not the liv-ing, that our priests wish to be, and that our soldiers desire their pres-

In Ireland the agitation against the present conditions is growing in vehemence. Of the seven priests just sent out six are seculars and one is a Franciscan. Of the Catholic soldiers now at the front two thirds are Irishmen. By the way, among the first of the old volunteer regiments, now Territorials, to be honored with a command to the front has been the Honorable Artillery Company, which is one of the oldest and finest bands of our citizen soldiers. Its colonel, who is joining his men, is Lord Denbigh, head of a great Catholic house, president of the \$7.96 a month on \$1,000. Supposing Catholic Association, and well known he had joined at 45 years of age, he

THE SCAPULAR MEDAL

In a regulation made by the late Holy Father Pius X., in 1910, it is permitted to wear a medal instead of one or more of the small scapulars. There is a story, which may be true, or may not be, that the attention of the kindly Pontiff was first called to this matter by an African missionary who told how his naked Negro Cath olics found the wearing of the scapular difficult in the thorny jungles of the Congo. The permission intended at first for these dusky children of Holy Church, to use a medal as a substitute, was finally given to all Catholics. The wearing of several scapulars is inconvenient, and possibly unsanitary, and this medal can replace any or all of them; that is, all persons who have been validly invested with a blessed woolen scapular may use the scapular medal instead—and if they have been invested with several, the medal will take the place of all, if properly blessed. This refers only to the small scapulars, for the medal is not

large scapulars."
As said above, a new scapular may replace an old one without a blessing. This is not the case with the medal. It mus the blessed—and this can be done only by a priest who has facullars, a blessing must be given to it for each scapular which it is in-tended to replace. For each bless ing the Church merely requires the

sign of the cross.

The medal must have on one side the French forces can manufacture of our norm selves against troops as good as any sin Europe, the charge that France is a decadent State will not longer be a decadent State will not longer be an image of the Blessed Virgin. It may be made of any kind of hard

How is it to be worn? There is no rule about this. It may be hung from the neck, carried in the pocket or purse, or worn in any desired manner. If thus used constantly, it gives a share in all the spiritual ford, Ont. May his soul rest in privileges that would come from the wearing of the scapular which it re-places.—Providence Visitor.

THE C. M. B. A.

To the Editor of the RECORD :

To the Editor of the RECORD:

I enclose an open letter to the Grand
President of the C. M. B. A. that I
I trust you will publish. As I feel
there is in this new rate an unjust
discrimination against the old members I think that every member
should publicly protest against it. It may be necessary to raise the rates but it cannot be necessary to strike them on the acquired aged in-stead of the age of entry. I believe they should be kept just as low as possible, compatible with safety. (Name and address enclosed)

Toronto, Dec. 7th, 1914.

OPEN LETTER TO THE GRAND PRESI-DENT OF THE C. M. B. A. OF CANADA Sir,—In the new table of rates for the C. M. B. A. just published in the "Canadian," there are some points that, in my humble epinion, are not

just to the old members.

Take the assessment of all mem

Brown and Jones, who were born in the same year. Twenty five years ago, when they were twenty years of age, Brown wishing to give protection to those dependent on him, joined the C. M. B. A., giving both time and talents to advance the interests of the association. Jones, however, looked only for a good time, allfally appending his means on his selfishly spending his means on his own pleasure, without a care for his dependents. But, quite recently, he experienced a change of heart, and desired to make some provision for his wife and children, and so joined the C. M. B. A. Now what is the result. Jones, the new member, is assessed \$2.06 a month on \$1,000 and Brown, although he has been paying assessments for twenty five years, is mulcted in the same amount. But you may say, Brown had insurance for the last twenty-five years. Yes against death, but he did not die. So I maintain he had no insurance, but has paid his share of the fund to satisfy all

ceased members. I would point to another injustice in the new rates, and I now instance no fictitious individuals, as there are at least two members in the branch to which I belong in this class. These brothers joined nine years ago, at the age of eighteen, taking \$1,000 each, paying at the rate of 83 cents a month, and then upon the raise in rates on the old members, \$1.00 a month. Now at the age of twentyseven, your new rate taxes them \$1.06 a month although for the last seven years they had been paying more than your present rate called

claims, under the certificates of de

for, at their age at entry.
But the hardest blow is struck at the old man, the man whose earning power is diminished, or altogether gone. It may be that circumstances were against him, or he may have was low, but who pinched and saved that his old and feeble partner might not be a pauper when he was gone, and now at seventy years you demand from him a sum that is absolutely beyond his reach. Think of a man whose earning power must be limited indeed, being asked to pay as one of the right-hand men of the Catholic episcopate in this country.

—Church Progress.

now might be able to pay the rate at age of entry, \$2.06 a month, but what your rate demands, is simply, so far your rate demands, is simply, so far as he is concerned—confiscation of

his certificate. I have not considered the options as they do not, any of them, appeal to me, being I think equally as ob-

jectionable as the rate. I am not implying motives to the Grand Council, but I think, and I believe the great majority of the members will agree with me, that there has been shown a great lack of judgment in fixing the rates. If sister societies can carry out business suc-

ntry, then so can the C. M. B. A. I have just one suggestion to make the words "fraternity" and "benevo-lence" be eliminated from all documents connected with the order.

MEMBER.

XMAS AND NEW YEARS

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DONNELLY.-At Warminster, Ont., Mr. Peter Donnelly. May his soul rest in peace!

O'Brien —At his home in Hyndford, Ont., on November 24, 1914, Mr. James O'Brien, aged sixty eight years.

May his soul rest in peace?

KENNA.—In Ayton, Ont., Dec. 9th,
1914, Mrs. Michael Kenna, aged eighty-one years. May her soul rest in peace!

PURCELL—At Racine, Minnesota, on Wednesday, Dec. 2nd, 1914, Mr. Michael Purcell, aged eighty three years, a former resident of Strat-

SHANNON.—At his residence, 172
Mance street, Montreal, Que., on
December 5, 1914, Mr. P. C. Shannon,
Chartered Accountant, in his sixtyfifth year. May his soul rest in

MCGREGOR—At her home in Til-bury East, on Monday, Dec. 7, 1914, Ann, beloved wife of the late William C. McGregor, in in her seventy first year. May her soul rest in peace !

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A QUALIFIED NORMAL TRAINED CATHO-olic teacher for Separate school. Duties be-ginning after Christmas holidays. Apply stating salary, to W. Ryan, Box 22, Charlton, Ont.

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W ANTED TEACHER FOR CATHOLIC 1857-2.

W Separate school, section No 1, McGillivray. Holding first or second professional certificate. Duties to commence January, 4th, 1915. Salary \$500. Apply stating experience to Denis Farmer, Sec., Crediton, R. R. 1, Ont.

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