

The Catholic Record.

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

VOLUME XXXVI.

LONDON, CANADA, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 19, 1914

1887

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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, humanitarian—anything rather than religious. And we suppose that many of the occupants of the pews wonder sometimes 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 altar and a real sacrifice.

THE PURITY LEAGUE

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 the 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 ostracism 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 brands him 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 adorned 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 man may see these religious and political braves who use the dirty knife of calumny against their fellowmen. Several newspaper men have been convicted of criminal libel

because they printed this scurrilous thing. 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 and 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 saying: "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 smoking out the circulators of this "bogus oath." And in doing so they are not only defending themselves from unjust aspersion but are also performing a duty for all men who despise the bigot, and wish to be safeguarded from the liar and calumniator.

THE BITTER MINDED CHRIST-HATERS

While the French soldiers are fighting 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. Viviani and his Masonic adherents 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 irreligious schools. However, be it said to the credit of General Joffre that he, heading not the instructions of the Christ-haters, gives full liberty to clergy 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 the persecution, of the inhuman tyranny of the official element, may purge the country of irreligion, close the mouths of those who revile its most glorious traditions and re-establish the rule of liberty and religion.

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 trafficker and the divorcees who dwell in his beloved New York."

A FUTILE PLEA

Germany's Crown Prince says that "this war is senseless and stupid. It was forced on Germany and was engineered solely and wholly with a view

to crushing the German people." We have heard this before from the 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 treasures is not the Germany revealed by such authoritative Germans as Treitschke and Bernhardt and if it wished to avoid war the way was open and not difficult. He could have refused its aid to Austria in its bickering with Serbia. Russia was ready to accept the British proposal or any other proposal of the kind that would bring about 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 mediation by Great Britain, by Germany and by Italy, for direct consideration by Austria and Russia, but Germany and Austria-Hungary had 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 soothing words lack the note of sincerity.

MILITARY MASS

ON AUSTRIAN BATTLEFRONT

By William G. Shepherd, United Press Staff Correspondent

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 on a hillside, amid a litter of trenches and rifle shelters. Two batteries of howitzers in the valley, three hundred yards distant, boomed at intervals and our own Austro-Hungarian shells screeched high over the improvised altar and went their ways to kill 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 safe side of the hill nearest the Russian 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 other hills; across them come files of soldiers in gray, narrow lines, moving over the slopes like gigantic, gray worms.

This is to be a service for the Tyrolean sharpshooters, the 88th Austro-Hungarian Regiment. These men who are marching through the cold gray morning are straight from the trenches, 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 pine boards. There is a "Christ mass" air about it, for it is decorated with pine boughs, and 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 men who at any moment may take the short, quick journey into eternity. Big boots and a heavy overcoat appear under his white and gold 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 headquarters 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 ease," and stand as much as possible with fifty pounds of pack on each back and a cold, raw wind going. The priest turns to his lean to, faces 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 themselves the soldiers raise their hands to their caps in salute. Their general kneels humbly on the earth and crosses himself with heavily gloved hands.

A SERMON IN OPEN AIR
Then the priest talks to the soldiers. His text is "Letters from

Home." He calls the soldiers "my war companions." He says: "I know how much it means to all 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 talk 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 ball tinkles as the priest bows to the altar.

The General steps forth before the altar. Gen. Schonburg is eloquent in a rough, soldierly way. The Tyroleans have their homes in the Alps. They are Austria-Hungary's ideal soldiers; they are looked upon much as we in the United States look 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 brigade.

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 captain.

The Iron Cross went to another young man, an artilleryman. All the men at his battery of six howitzers had been killed. He found himself alone with the great guns. Over a telephone the orders kept coming 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 mates as he carried ammunition or lifted and pulled the blood soaked trigger ropes. The little priest stood nearby smiling benignly. The men gave three "hoos" for the Emperor. A bell tinkled again while the priest bowed once more at the altar. The battery roared. Far away Russian guns belloyed 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 concluded. 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 summit. Church was out.

We had Sunday dinner in an officer's dugout, with an earth and timber roof 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

Special Correspondence to the Montreal Star, (Dec. 7)

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 entire police force of Belfast have volunteered 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 Inspector General of Ireland has signified his readiness to receive their 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 Government's pension scheme and the increased separation allowance.

The improvement is chiefly to be seen in Ulster, where the Nationalists have been sparing no effort to stir up the enthusiasm of their people. Leading Nationalists have been acting as voluntary recruiting agents in Belfast, and within a few days have, it is stated, succeeded in persuading 800 Nationalist Volunteers to enlist.

This Nationalist energy has aroused good feeling between the political parties in Belfast. Over 18,000 of Sir Edward Carson's own Volunteers are now on active service. Sligo, however, is said to hold the place of honor 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 per day.

The first member of the Nationalist party to enlist for the front is

Stephen Gwynn, M. P., one of the most distinguished literary men in the British House of Commons. He 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 paying a last visit, telling them eagerly and proudly of the chances in the new country. Generally, everyone else in the street car is listening, too.

SIDE LIGHTS 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 very 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 attending to our duties. I was often picturing 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 be fortunate, 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 have yet, and if I live, with God's help, I shall let you know a little more after the War.

"THE POOR NUNS"

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 hardly 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 blood for this. The grand chapels and convents are in a heap 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 Yorkshire Regiment, writing from the same hospital, says:

Just a few lines to thank you very much for the articles of devotion I 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 and it 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 front.

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 comfort and calm in the thought that he whom we love best has found the happiness that knows no end. I am

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 practicing religious man and showing 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 battlefield:

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 upon us.

A BANDAGED CONGREGATION

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 he 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 correspondent 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 anesthetic, 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 crying!' 'That's not the reason,' replied 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 religious spirit amongst the French soldiers 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, fatigue, and privations of all sorts 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 "generally meet with excellent dispositions among the wounded, and never with any refusal;" whilst a third states that "all these brave soldiers die resigned to the will of God and fortified with the sacraments of the Church. They are happy to see us at their side." By the middle of September no fewer than 82 priest and 127 religious 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. The destruction of the University of Louvain was one of the most wanton acts ever committed, and the statement that the German soldiers went to the length of saturating books with petroleum showed that the destruction of the library was a deliberate and wanton act.—Cardinal Bourne.

IN COLOGNE CATHEDRAL

In the Times of Nov. 25, is an article from a correspondent who is described as having a knowledge of Germany from the inside. Writing from 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 during 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 one 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 worshippers. There was a long silence, and then the priest knelt down and ended his sermon with a prayer for peace.

CATHOLIC NOTES

The Abbe Demolis, curate of Chevrenoz, in the diocese of Annecy, was marching under fire when a soldier was shot 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 180,000 souls. As a diocese it has 670 parishes, 40 deaneries and a Catholic population of 1,155,000. Its Bishop is Mgr. Martin-Hubert Rutten.

The mother of the late Mgr. Benson, a Protestant and wife of the late Protestant Archbishop of Canterbury, had on the ordination of her convert 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 campaign, which was the first decoration ever given by Pope Pius IX. in honor of the Immaculate 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. The 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 to adorn the shrine of this venerable servant of God at Nazareth Academy. The reliquary is of silver and measures 18x21 inches. Right Rev. Bishop Foley of Detroit, has certified to the authenticity.

The Right Reverend Bishop Maas, of Covington, Ky., has received a letter 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 College of Louvain is beholden for its unique 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 Bremeredorp, where he was erecting a mission station. He was found dead on the way on the afternoon of the day of leaving. Some money which he had to meet the expenses of the building was 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 valor 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 Sarajevo last June, have left a most edifying 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 adoration 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 Servite assassins. A grander monument of their truly Catholic spirit Archduke Ferdinand and his wife could not have left as an inspiration to future generations.

SO AS BY FIRE

BY JEAN CONNOR

CHAPTER XV

THROUGH THE STORM

The snow lay heavy on Roscroft's. The wide old house was hooded and mantled in winter—rose haw and hellebore and hederow white with spotted 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 unimpeachable authority of stable and kitchen, "had not been known since before 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 windows were flung open to the gray wintry light. Uncle Scip marshaled his domestic force into line. Aunt Dill, dousing the kitchen hearth, woke into warning and forecast again. "Ole Marster," was coming home after two years of absence. "Ole Marster and Miss Nellie were coming home!" But though it was the restlessness 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 returned travelers. The hard winter had brought its unusual pleasures of skating, sleighing, coasting, even the duck-hunters from the city found the latest game among the sheltered creeks, where the ice had not closed. Nellie entered into all with a feverish gaiety that only added to her charms. Half a dozen suitors were in the lists, and the week end parties at Roscroft were notable gatherings even in the hospitable record of 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 generations 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 Mrs. Gilbert Randall after seeing the Judge comfortably established, had returned to their own house in town.

Milly had gone with them temporarily, but they would all return for the week 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 bean and bell for miles around at any other time. But even the Dixon oyster dance failed to draw. The leaden clouds that had been sullenly lowering all day burst into wintry wrath. The few gusts 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 kitchen—the absent musicians were replaced by Bens' piano and her brother Bob's fiddle, while motherly Mrs. Dixon shook down pallets and made up cots, declaring no one should leave the house that night.

Miss Randall had just led the Virginia Reel to a spirited close, and was standing by one of the wide windows looking out at the great trees whose boughs were swaying and writhing in the teeth of the wind, while she listened to young Banks, Wallace, the latest victim to her charms.

"The bestest 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 station, 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!" said the young lady, disappearing.

"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."

"It wouldn't, I assure you," was the laughing rejoinder. "Fighting and dying are altogether out of date. There are no more pleasant things to be done now, don't you think so? Braving the storm, for instance, on a night like this. And here comes another related 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, and—"

"It 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 must go."

"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. It is all I can do—now—"

"Dear, dear child, it is madness," pleaded Mrs. Dixon. "You'll never get to Roscroft. Nellie, Nellie, don't attempt it."

"Miss Randall, I protest!"

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

"You will take me?" she asked.

"If I am willing to risk it, you will take me?"

"Yes," he answered.

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 pitilessly down upon their heads, the whole world a dim, blurred chaos of darkness and discord, in which they were alone.

Their horse, the most powerful one in the Roscroft stable, had been rubbed down and fed generously, and took the homeward road with renewed spirit.

"We'll manage it," said Leigh, 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.

"Lucky!" 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, the end must come for us all."

She did not answer him, she seemed to have no words to-night. The light, mocking, brilliant life 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 over her, a horror of all that 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! The stern trilogy had been sounding 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 humiliation. 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 the daring height she had gained, the waterfall thundering beneath her, and there was no help, no hope.

Confession, Retraction, Restitution!

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

They seemed borne on the wings of the wind as she sped through the storm and darkness to-night at Allston Leigh's side. There was no light in heaven or earth to guide them. Fences, hedges, all were buried, while ever and anon some fierce, daring light she had gained, the waterfall thundering beneath her, and there was no help, no hope.

"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 Roscroft." But even as he spoke, 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 feet.

"Oh, don't," cried the girl, pitifully. "Cut him loose from the traces—he is hurt—dreadfully hurt."

"Done for, I am afraid," said Leigh, grimly. "There must be a ditch or something here he can't see, and the poor beast has broken his leg."

"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 do nothing, nothing. And you, you!"

"Don't think of me," she said. "I will sit here in the sleigh while you go for help. There are houses all along the road."

"The road," he echoed, helplessly. "We have lost the road or this would have happened. We're—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 swept down upon them as he spoke,

And he had to fling his arm about her and steady her against the 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 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 harm to-night—and forever after.

"Put your arm in mine and hold fast, and we will try—" the wind howling down upon them nearly drove away speech and breath—"we will 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 terrible night, his heart aglow.

But the light hold on his arm grew heavier each moment.

"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 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 started glad on at his cheery word, but her 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. Then faintly through the storm of wind came a welcome sound.

"Sleighbells!" cried Leigh, jubilantly. "Hello, there, hello! Help! help! 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 Roscroft with me. I am Allston Leigh—"

"Lord!" cried a cheery, familiar voice through the wild darkness. "This is luck, Judge."

"Mills!" exclaimed Leigh, in amazement.

"Nobody else," was the hearty rejoinder, as the muffled driver held to his camping steeds. "Can't let go of these horses, for they're a bit shrewy. 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, mine. Lord, Judge, but it was luck to strike you this way, sure."

"Lunk, indeed!" said Leigh, as he lifted the half-fainting girl into 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 cheerful explanations over the storm. "I drove out with two of Rocketton's men 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 to-morrow morning, so I can't fool around here all winter. Now where shall I take you 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 Roscroft," turning to the muffled figure behind him. "We are all—all right."

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 Dafy's voice.

It was all gone—gone—the glittering 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 Dafy'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 warning 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. Dafy 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 blow, she sat wrapped in the fur robes. Mute and still while the sleigh swept on through the white wastes, with the mocking wind shrieking 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 I couldn't have managed it at all. Here is your gate."

"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 anxious 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 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 extremely 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 eyes: "How can I ever thank God for sending you to me!" he said.

"Spent this evening in saying your prayers," I replied, "and to-morrow I will bring you Holy Communion!"

I bade him good-by 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, "O! thought ye would never be through with that renegade, and its meself that sint for ye. O! want to make me first Friday. O! haven't missed a month!"

"What is your name?" I said in amazement.

"Why, me name is Private Kane!"

"And what is the name of the man I have left?" I said.

"Sure his name is Private Kane, too. He is Tom, and O! an John Kane. We never saw each other before he came here, and he is in the fourth bed at that end, and I am in the fourth bed at this end. I axed one of the committee ladies to go for ye, for O! 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 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. "O!'ve been praying for him! He was a brave soldier, O! am told, and 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 day or two, but John stayed longer, and he was always praying for some one's conversion, particularly if he had the name of Kane!

Here was a marvelous instance of God's love. How was it directed to that bed, where I was not expected, and yet where God was knocking at the heart of a strayed sheep, longing to take him home?—By Rev. Richard W. Alexander in the Missionary.

PRIVATE KANE

Seated one day in my study, I was 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 breviary, and showed a serious face to the intruder.

It was the housekeeper. "I beg pardon, Father, for disturbing you at 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, I warmly blessing the lady, and went to meet her."

As I entered the room, I recognized a non-Catholic lady whom I had occasionally 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 Soldier's Home on the hill, and I was leaving the Hospital this afternoon one of the old soldiers called me to his bedside and asked me most earnestly if I would send him a priest. I hesitated, 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 timidly. Your housekeeper said you were busy at this time, and said not to be disturbed. But I said I would detain you only a few moments," and she rose with a winning smile.

"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?"

"He said he was Private Kane," she replied; "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, and bade her good-by.

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 oils.

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 respectfully 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 beard."

I walked along between the beds the whole distance of the aisle. In the fourth bed from the end I saw a man with a gray beard who looked inquiringly 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." I said, wondering that he was so undemonstrative, but ascribing it to his condition.

GRAY-HAIRED PRIEST ON BATTLEFIELD

On the battlefield of Soissons—I wish I could show you the little gray-haired priest of this village near Soissons as he goes about his duties these days.

There's the peace of a certain Wallace and that he knows about on his face and he reads his services over a dead German with the same tender tones and the same smile or hope that he has for the dead soldier who sleeps in the red, white and blue of France.

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 soldier's. But he raised his face as he chanted a service from a book in his hands and when I saw his smile I forgot the crime. Behind him marched four men, guarded by soldiers. Even before I knew who or what they were I saw that there was something especially evil and gruesome about them. A French officer explained the procession to me.

"These men were caught wearing civilian clothes. Maybe they were spies; who knows? But they are worse than spies. They were caught looting the French and German dead out there on the battlefield. They 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 understood and even controlled all this madness and evil into which humanity has fallen. Someone who knows the weakness of humanity so well that he might have pity even on a man who had robbed the dead.

The next time I saw the little clergyman 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 clergyman. Then I saw him come to the door.

Five women and two little girls, all in black, were following him, persistently, 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 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 children of the village who have lost their soldier loved ones to be comforted, 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 clergyman'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 chant of the funeral services and even though each crash means more broken hearts and more dead to bury. —By William G. Shepherd, United Press Staff Correspondent.

THE GREAT MESSAGE

To day we are cursed by overspecialization. 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 scientists; otherwise very few will understand 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 our 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 for her opinion. If the Church has anything to say, they expect her message to be brought to them by some obliging 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 alter the fact that it exists, and that it accounts very largely for the failure of the Church to bring her message 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 Catholics are showing a lack of confidence in the Church. They themselves have come under the specialist's 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 child-like qualities of a really great man often make him obscure. The message is so simple that the youngest child in our schools knows it by 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 agnostic or an atheist, it is at least possible for him to love those about him. He can fulfill the human part of the message, even if he is unconscious 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 fellow-men may show itself in a hundred ways, none of which could be branded as emotionalism. You can 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 evils 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 magnetism, its effect is called cohe-

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 funeral 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 superiors, 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 ricocheting, 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 Suenr, tells of his long Calvary. 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 allies.

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 soldiers. Their only food was a few apples picked as they marched and a little water. Through it all Father Veron continued to say his daily prayers and recite the Rosary five times each day in place of saying the Breviary, while his one preoccupation was to get back to his soldiers when released.

The Catholic Record

Price of Subscription—\$1.00 per annum. United States & Europe \$1.50. Publisher and Proprietor, Thomas Coffey, L.L.D. Rev. James T. Foley, B.A. Editors (Thomas Coffey, L.L.D. Associate Editors (Rev. D.A. Casey, H.F. Mackintosh. Advertisements for teachers, situations wanted, etc., 50 cents each insertion. Remittance to accompany the order. Approved and recommended by Archbishops Falgout and Spalletti, late Apostolic Delegates to Canada, the Archbishops of Toronto, Kingston, Ottawa and St. Boniface, the Bishops of London, Hamilton, Peterborough, and Oshawa, N. Y., and the clergy throughout the Dominion. Messrs. P. J. Neven, E. J. Broderick, M. J. Hagarty, D. J. Murray, George B. Hewett, Mrs. W. E. Smith, Miss Sara Hanley, Miss L. Heinger and Miss Bride Saunders are authorized to receive subscriptions and transact all other business for The Catholic Record. Obituary and marriage notices cannot be inserted except in the usual condensed form. Each insertion 50 cents. Subscribers changing residence will please give old as well as new address. In St. John, N. B., single copies may be purchased from Mrs. M. A. McGuire, 249 Main Street, John J. Dwyer and The O'Neill Co. Pharmacy, 109 Brunel Street. In Montreal single copies may be purchased from Mr. E. O'Grady, Newsdealer, 106 St. Viateur street west, and J. Milloy, 241 St. Catherine street, west.

LONDON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 10, 1914

LIFE INSURANCE

Letters of inquiry, letters seeking advice, letters of protest, letters complaining that the CATHOLIC RECORD does nothing to defend old subscribers against injustice have reached us with regard to the re-organization 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 work. It has paid out many millions of dollars to the widows and orphans of deceased members. Doubtless, also, it has promoted the spirit of fraternity and mutual help. It is in this good already accomplished, and in the risk already for a number of years carried, that members must find their compensation 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 underlie 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 illuminating: "If sister societies can carry on business successfully under the rate at the age of entry then so can the C. M. B. A."

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 irresistibly to the working man and to those interested in him and his family. The benefits were evident; everywhere was seen the contrast between the hard struggle with grinding poverty of the family whose breadwinner died leaving them unprotected 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 argument, 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 hundreds of 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 insurance 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 of 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 furnishes 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 therefore we 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 it was worth; but in answer to a protest by "Canadian" The Courier is betrayed into a sorry defence of its contributor's contemptible gossip. The "defence" may be judged from this: "Indeed he goes further and says of course there were some 'good officers' who stood by their gallant King and 'the little man 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. In the House of Lords, November 25th, during the debate on alien enemies Lord Haldane expressed the suspicion that many cases of signalling to the enemy were suborned British people. Dr. Bridges, the post 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 northern towns from considering and facing their duty to their country and encourages them in dishonor when glory is offered. Nor is this all; the indulgence of their ordinary amusement at a time when the Government is anxiously calling for soldiers, adds enormously to the deadening spirit of indifference and of ignorant confidence which is our main source of peril." 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 strongest condemnation." Appeals for recruits to the assembled thousands of football players and spectators on Saturday, Nov. 21st, proved practically fruitless.

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 endorsement of his statements that our Mr. Dancy does not even pretend to make. If he wished to show that the British Government has been as criminally 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 Government which catered more to religion than to the well and welfare of the Belgian people."

necessary to take an axe to kill a mosquito 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 extraction has reached the stop-my-paper 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 a 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. 5th. "A soldier's wife in the Vosges." A little higher criticism proves to his own satisfaction that the whole story is an "invention." A little reflection would enable him to see that it is but a sample of 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 Disturth (retired) 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 robust order.

"Whatever act committed by our troops for the purpose of discouraging, defeating and destroying the enemy is a brave act and fully justified."

"Germany stands the supreme arbiter of her own methods. . . . For my part I hope that in this war we have merited the title, barbarians."

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

We should be sorry, however, to leave the impression that our thin-skinned 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 views.

His compatriots whose balance 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 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 regards the new Army, the Roman Catholic appointments to the Irish divisions are made by the General Officer Commanding-in-Chief, Irish

Command, in consultation with Cardinal Logue."

The whole tone of this official communication not less than the specific assurance of sympathetic consideration of any further needs that may develop shows very clearly that harsh and hasty criticism is not the wisest or the most effective method of securing redress of a grievance.

Even before the happy understanding reached between Mr. Redmond and Mr. Tennant as disclosed in the foregoing letter The Tablet was able to state, that "there are now more than sixty commissioned chaplains 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 following 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 sermon."

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 three times 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 the people of Ontario if it were seriously proposed to make Controller Church Premier or Aid. Sam McBride Minister of Public Works. There would be such a roar of indignant protest from every quarter that the outrageous suggestion would never again be heard of. Yet here we are in Toronto, a little over three weeks from election day, with the possibility before us that these two men during 1915 may occupy in this city positions analogous to those of Premier and Minister of Works. There is no roar of indignation. There are no heated protests. A good many citizens who smile cynically at the suggestion of Church for 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 reformer in Toronto City Council has a short life and far from a merry one. After running his head several times against the stone wall of general inertia he retires to private life convinced that nothing short of an earthquake will shake up the City Hall crowd."

The survey of Toronto's civic services 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 worse.

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 aboveboard the party system? There would be organized opposition, systematic study and criticism of municipal business in Council and

in the press; an alternative administration 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 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 worse.

NOTES AND COMMENTS

ALTHOUGH CRACOV 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 probable, 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.

CRACOV STANDS in a vast plain at the junction of the Vistula and the Rudawa. It has a population of about 100,000, of whom one fourth are Jews. It is in fact the stronghold of Judaism in Galicia. Recent visitors describe it as conveying the impression of decayed grandeur which, considering its past, is scarcely 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 Empire. 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 to the national integrity of Poland, they will resume their nationality with all the accumulated patriotic exuberance of two centuries of expatriation.

APART FROM the Jewish element the Poles are almost to a man Catholics, 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 active resistance to Russian and German domination. In Austria, their religion being the same as that of their masters, they have enjoyed immunity from the harassing laws which have been imposed upon their brethren who had the misfortune to be allotted to Prussia. Between Prussian rule on one side of the boundary line, and Russian on 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.

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

1079, slain before the altar of his 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: It was his granddaughter, Princess Maria Clementine Zobeliski, 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. Kosciuszko, who strove so manfully to free his people of a later generation, will forever rank high on the roll-call of liberty—"And Freedom shrieked when Kosciuszko 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 Copernicus, 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 Glasgow Herald.

"From Volacz we climbed the slope of the Eastern Carpathians, at a 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 Hungarians. Over the doorway was the hospitable legend which, when translated, meant 'God has brought you here.' And once satisfied that we were not Germans, we were hospitably 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 farms was making cheese, the famous Gruyere; also Trapiata 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-year-old 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, "on 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 the firm conviction that so venerable and orderly a system must surely guide the soul more skillfully and effectively than any spasmodic or emotional method could accomplish. Apart from the intrinsic merit of the book—and no one perusing it can fail to realize its worth—it has an affecting interest all its own in that the revision of its proof-sheets was quite the last work 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-echo the Bishop's words, "who will find therein 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. It should have a wide circulation.

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 Thine 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 SUNK

(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, Nürnberg, Leipzig and Dresden were sighted near the Falkland Islands by a British squadron under Vice Admiral Sir Frederick Sturdee.

"An action followed, in the course of which the Scharnhorst, flying the flag of Admiral Count Von Spee, the Gneisenau and the Leipzig were sunk. The Dresden and Nürnberg 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 Leipzig."

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

(Canadian Press Despatch) London, Dec. 10.—The Official Bureau announces:

"A further telegram has been received from Vice Admiral Sir Frederick Doveton Sturdee, reporting that the Nürnberg 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 later. "The enemy's light cruisers scattered and were chased by our cruisers and light cruisers.

"No loss of any British vessels is reported.

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 for Pacific ports at a low rate, as a result of the destruction of the German fleet in the South Atlantic.

THE DRESDEN CORNERED

Buenos Ayres, Argentina, Dec. 10.—The German cruiser Dresden, the only warship of Admiral Count Von Spee's squadron to escape after the battle with the British squadron under command of Admiral Sir Frederick Sturdee, has been cornered in the Straits of Magellan, according to advices obtained through well-informed circles to day. The naval division commanded by Admiral Sturdee is understood to include nine warships, notably the British battle cruisers Lion and Indefatigable.

Globe Summary, Dec. 12.

The Buenos Ayres Despatch says Admiral Sturdee's squadron is understood to include among other big gun ships the battle cruisers Lion and Indefatigable. It is in 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 Germans, and it is doubtful if they got within range before they were sent to the bottom. The British 13.5-inch shell weighs 1,250 pounds, and would pierce the German armor at 8 or 9 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 effective 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 more farther away.

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, the Russians occupy two positions, one near Lowicz and the other to the south, at Mieszga, where the portion of the Grand Duke's army which

evacuated Lodz last Sunday entrenched itself thirteen miles to the east of that city, the Russians have 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 Kluck over again, this advance of Von Hindenburg toward Warsaw.

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 of the centre will have to retreat to 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. It looks as if the net result of a 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 means. One or two more struggles of the sort that have attended the latest invasion of Poland will remove most of Germany's remaining first line troops from the scene of action.

The Austrians announce that Przemyel, 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 to matter to Russia whether Przemyel 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 latest 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 demonstrates, it is said that much remains to be done before the Russians can be considered definitely defeated.

"In these circumstances," the German statement says, "the battles in the vicinity of Lodz, to the northeast of Lodz, have gained added significance. If the Germans succeed in breaking through here the positions of the Russians behind Miazga will be untenable.

"The report from South Poland does not mention the place where the Austro-German attacks on the 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 Budapest say that another attempt of the Russians to enter the Hungarian province of Zemplin has been frustrated."

GERMANS CLAIM PROGRESS

Berlin, Dec. 11.—In the official communication issued to-day by the German Army Headquarters Staff the Germans claim to have made progress on both sides of the Argonne forest and in Flanders, and to have repulsed French attacks in the Woerwaere 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 movement of the enemy's troops, 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 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, I believe the German retreat through Belgium will offer the allies 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 experiences of this kind of fighting, that we may ultimately be forced to 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 Ger-

many has done in effect is to extend the Antwerp defence system of modern earthworks in a mighty semi-circle, measuring something like one hundred and fifty miles from top to top.

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 SERBIA

In Serbia 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 300,000 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 Bohemian 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 defending the war loan of 275,000,000 guilders the Minister of Finance, Dr. Treub, declared in Parliament to-day that there was still a possibility that the Netherlands might be involved in war. At the beginning of the war a meeting of the Ministers was held every day, but now only twice a week, and it is seldom that some matter of international character 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 strong.

IRELAND AND THE WAR

(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 present 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 implanted 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 overbearing Ascendancy. The ruling class sought every opportunity of flouting the people's will. Not only did they arrogate to themselves all offices of profit and emolument, but the very profession of loyalty became to them a party privilege. They proclaimed 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— I 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 that 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 conduct of affairs. 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 the shameless system of misgovernment that was reducing their fertile country to a desert. They were disloyal because they had nothing to be loyal to. If disloyalty could ever become 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 smote them. Hence it is not to be wondered at that the maxim that "England's difficulty is Ireland's opportunity" should become the watchword of the Irish people. Nor should we be surprised to find Ireland's sympathies almost invariably on the side of England's enemies.

At the outbreak of the present war, however, a change had come over the situation. The democracies of the two countries, after waging a fight of eight years against vested privilege,

had learned to understand each other. Common interests drew them together, 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 oppressors of the Irish were their own hereditary enemies. It needed but the legislative recognition of the national rights of Ireland to place the coping stones 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 the English and Irish peoples united 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. Now she was, in the words of Sir Edward Grey, "the one bright spot" in a 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 withdraw 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 successive 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. Besides 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, restrictions and limitations. And even the limited amount of liberty it conveyed was subject to an unknown and indefinite Amending Bill. Moreover it was not to go into effect for a year or until the close of the war. All this has to be borne in mind in instituting comparisons between Ireland's part in the war, and the part played by such countries as Canada and Australia, countries already in the enjoyment 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 lieutenants proceeded to make good their promises of Irish co-operation. But again England blocked the way. The offer of Mr. Redmond, that the Volunteers should defend the shores of Ireland against invasion, was not accepted. The Irish leader asked that the recruits from Ireland 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 contrasted the response made Mr. Redmond's offer with the ready acceptance of Sir Edward Carson's offer to raise a division of Ulster Volunteers. But now comes the disappointing 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 refusal that they lacked means of transportation for the chaplains. And all the time they had plenty of conveyances for the thousands of goats required to feed the Hindu soldiers who had joined the British forces on the continent. Anyone who knows anything at all about this neglect to make ample provision 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 Catholics.

If proof be needed of the whole-hearted loyalty of the Irish people it will be found in the fact that in spite of these difficulties, all of England's making, the flow of recruits was still abnormally large. We make this statement without fear of contradiction. We have seen demands from certain quarters that Ireland contribute 800,000 men for the war. Ireland has not done so, and in their disappointment these good people raise the cry of disloyalty. Now it is

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 flow of emigration, the greater proportion 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 military age than any country of a similar population in the world. Allen Mierle 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 contributed more than her share. Figures quoted in the House of Commons at the outbreak of hostilities show that in October, 1913, ten months before the war began, the number of men in the regular army was in Great Britain 91.5 per 10,000 population; in Ireland 106.8 per 10,000. In other words, as noted by the editor of Notes and Comments in a recent issue of the RECORD, for every 10,000 of their respective populations, 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 proportion to population Ireland had, at the outbreak of war, a far higher percentage of her sons in the army than had Great Britain. Mr. Redmond stated in the House of Commons that Ireland had 98,000 men in the army at the beginning of hostilities. That number has since been largely added to, as many as 60,000 recruits having joined the colors from Ireland. And the recruiting has been confined almost entirely to Catholic and Nationalist Ireland. Thus a far larger quota has been supplied by the Catholics and Nationalists of Belfast in proportion to their numbers than can be credited to Sir Edward Carson's loyalists. At least two members 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 participation 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. These Sinn Feiners have always been politically heterodox. If they loved England less it was not because they loved Mr. Redmond and the Home Rule movement more. They have been Mr. Redmond's bitterest opponents. They are made up of a few anti-clerical, ecclesiastical, and political extremists. The old Fenian school, and they have about as much weight in forming 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 boy 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 Marjyn, nicknamed "King Edward VIII.," said, "if they didn't their furniture would be seized." A truly heroic bunch of rebels? These Sinn Feiners are a negligible quantity. Mr. Redmond knew his people better than the Sinn Feiners. Not a single voice of any weight has been raised against his recruiting campaign. Everywhere he has been received with open arms. And that he is sincere in his 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 disloyal element. A New York paper went so far as to publish what purported to be a cablegram from the veteran Bishop of Raphoe denouncing 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. Redmond's attitude in this time of crisis is the part played by General Richardson and his friends of "Ireland" 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 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 experience, they would return to the attack and "relegate Home Rule to the 4-1." Had Sir George Richardson wished to check the recruiting movement amongst the Nationalists he could have chosen no better words. In effect he says to the majority of Irishmen, "the army and navy are against you, and though Home Rule is nominally the law of the land, it is a mere mockery, for they will enable us to prevent the act from being put into operation." Contrast

this with the patriotic and statesmanlike utterances of Mr. Redmond, who is going about the country urging the people to sink all differences in face of the common peril? What with the haggling and procrastination 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 continue to pour into the ranks is the most eloquent proof of the loyalty of the Irish people. It would be the very irony of fate were their sacrifices to be made in vain, and were England to betray their trust by pandering to the demands of the lip-loyalists of Ulster.

THE CATHOLIC TRUTH SOCIETY OF CANADA

The Catholic Truth Society of Canada opened the season of lectures 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. Ward, 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, and gave the people interest in religion, the fundamental truths of the Catholic faith, the up-building of a pure national sentiment based on the love of Christ and the desire to follow in His footsteps in doing good to mankind with a view to bringing them to realize the happiness 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 subject of "What Do Catholics Believe," summarized the great truths of the Catholic religion as believed in and practised by faithful Catholics 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 a humble life amid poor surroundings and teaching men to do the will of His Father in heaven by honoring and adoring God in His proper place and giving love, help and assistance to all mankind without 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 Heaven, and stated that the Church had the right and authority to interpret the law of God by reason of 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, and 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 the people the manner in which His will was to be carried out.

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

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 reason of our common brotherhood. Because one who professed the Catholic 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 a number of them do wrong. The faithful Catholic, he said, would give 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 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 eternal life of future happiness and bliss in heaven.

Mr. H. F. McIntosh spoke of the institution by the Society of the Question Box, and invited all persons in doubt or anxious to learn any of the truths of the Catholic religion to 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. Staley, and "The Rosary" by Mr. W. Daly, the accompaniments being played by Miss Clara Whelan.

A new feature was introduced this year in the form of religious moving pictures. 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 persons, 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, aside 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 back her cause time without number. It is scarcely likely that the Irish will exchange the substance of 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

By Grace Hazard Conkling in November Atlantic
The groping spires have lost the sky,
That reach from Termonde town:
There are no bells to travel by,
The minster chimes are down,
Its forth we must alone, alone,
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 were
laughed
And all their notes were sweet.

I heard them stumble down the air
Like seraphim betrayed;
God must have heard their broken
prayer
That made my soul afraid.
The Termonde bells are gone, are gone,
And what is left to say?
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—
The chimes, the chimes are down!

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 Germany, Austria, and Turkey two have permanent Ministers at the Vatican, and so are able to place their views officially and continuously before the Holy See. Sir Henry Howard, as a Catholic and a trained diplomatist, will have an opportunity during what is likely to be a prolonged sojourn in the Eternal City, of giving full representation to the views of the British Government in the many matters which are of common concern to the world-wide Church and the world-wide Empire. In fact, his services are likely

to be of great value to the British Government in the many matters which are of common concern to the world-wide Church and the world-wide Empire. In fact, his services are likely

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to prove so indispensable that we may well expect to find them continued long after the period of the war.

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 Luxembourg—b. 1848, 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 Plenip. 1894; Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenip. 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 (1857) Cecilia, dau. of G. W. Hays, of Washington, U. S. A. (she d. 1907)." —The Tablet.

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

FATHER FRASER'S CHINESE MISSION

Taichowtu, China, June 7, 1914.
Dear Mr. Coffey.—When I came here two years ago I only had five catechists, now I have twenty-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 beginning 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.

Previously acknowledged: \$4,578 48
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E. de M., St. Johns..... 2.00
A Friend, Ottawa..... 2.00
Pupils of Lourdes School, Toronto..... 10.00
F. J. Gilbert, Kenora..... 5.00
Angus O'Handley, Barabois Harbor..... 2.00
Friend, Seaford..... 5.00
A. McDonald, Bristol..... 50
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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.

During the season of Advent the Church frequently exhorts us to prepare for the feast of Christ's nativity. Prepare ye the way of the Lord. By 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.

Our Saviour never went into any house without leaving His blessing. He visited the house of Mary and Martha. The result was, that besides raising their brother, Lazarus, to life, He bestowed such graces that Martha was admitted into heaven as a virgin and Mary as a penitent.

So, when Christ comes to us on Christmas day, He will leave His blessings. Those blessings will correspond 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 confidence that He will confer such blessings upon us as will make us worthy to be exalted to the mansions of eternal bliss.

On the contrary, a curse follows those who close their hearts against His sweet presence. If we shut our hearts 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 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. If you are 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 our enemies.

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 enrich us with His blessings. He is already knocking at our hearts for admission. Can we be so insensitive to our eternal welfare as refuse Him admittance when He will give Him our hearts cleansed and purified. We will follow the example of the pious shepherds of Bethlehem, who sought Him until they found 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 heart.

By so doing we will prepare the way of the Lord and make straight His paths, so that He may possess our hearts 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 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. In any event it is a remarkable reversal of the verdict of 1910, when the State declared against prohibition 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 mind.

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. The effort in Oregon now, where the manufacture and sale of liquor is to be prohibited after July 1, 1916, is primarily therefore to abolish the saloon. 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 saloon 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 WELL

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 relief from Stomach Trouble.

During the season of Advent the Church frequently exhorts us to prepare for the feast of Christ's nativity. Prepare ye the way of the Lord. By 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.

with the definiteness and certainty of that of the sanitarian. The international congress on hygiene, meeting in Petrograd, spoke so strongly against the use of alcohol that the Russian government took heed.

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

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 enlisting 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.

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 greatly restricted. We can not but see that there are not interests in time of peace quite as sacred as the interests that are jeopardized by alcohol drinking in time of war."

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.

Liquor and Tobacco Habits
Dr. McTaggart's Vegetable Remedies for Dr. McTaggart's Vegetable Remedies for Dr. McTaggart's Vegetable Remedies for

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 to say. Summed up, it is merely that they die easier and more often than men in other occupations.

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 among the poorer class saloons.

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 converted to be saved the trouble of thinking, G. K. Chesterton, who not a Catholic, but who cannot keep still when he sees foolish statements like the foregoing, proceeds thus:

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 Sacred Scriptures, carried it off to his cell, devoured it, and was "converted."

DAILY BREAD OF RELIGION

While leakage in the membership of the Catholic Church within several decades of years has been variously discussed, the general impression being that such leakage, whatever it may be, has been grossly exaggerated 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.

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

this truth—of his spiritual condition—but the reason is because he has formed a habit which has gone over into his very flesh and blood. Others, who are not of the faith, recognize the shining light of his example much more readily. It furnishes them with the incentive to investigate the claims of his religious allegiance to belief and action.

A BEAUTIFUL TRIBUTE
Now that Robert Hugh Benson is dead 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 spirit.

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STRAUSS DEFINES PREJUDICE

Nathan Strauss of New York, who strongly supported Governor Glynn, and who had been aroused by the efforts to bring religious prejudice into the campaign, made the following statement on "Prejudice" on Monday, the day before election.

It is the anarchist of the heart. It smotheres faith. It gives love to the torch. It bequeans 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 birth is in misery.

A BEAUTIFUL TRIBUTE
Now that Robert Hugh Benson is dead 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 spirit.

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CARDINAL O'CONNELL ON THE MEXICAN SITUATION

Boston, Nov. 16.—In an address before the diocesan branch of the Federation of Catholic Societies to-day Cardinal O'Connell discussed at 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.

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

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deluged with the vilest literature and the basest and most scurrilous 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.

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CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

CHEERFULNESS
Men are often described as "chuckling" to themselves. The operation is a healthy and holy one and should be transplanted from fiction to real life.

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.

The greatest mariner that sails the mighty deep, is the most diligent student 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 existence of hidden reefs and treacherous sides, that lie ever in wait to shipwreck the unwary and the foolish.

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, work does not! Avoid liquors of all kinds. If you must smoke, smoke moderately. Shun discussion on two points—religion and politics. And last, but not least, marry a true woman 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 some 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?
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 typewriter?
Are the troubles of the Anti-Vice Society due to morality or biliousness?
Isn't "the high moral ground," so often mentioned 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 is a standard-bearer of the Ideal is the true Church of every American." It has eighteen principles and six objects. The principles are about as clear and intelligible as its fundamental tenet. They make of God a merely subjective entity, 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 siller 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."
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 us, my daughter," she answered, calmly.

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 echoed the haunting refrain of that sweet old song, bringing with it, maybe, 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."

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 remedying 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 than she intended, and her unruly tongue was continually getting her into trouble. At last she determined to confess 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 experiment 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 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 overcoats in the hall. Take your hats to the visiting room, unless you are old friends.
Do not knock, or ring the bell too loudly, or more than twice.
Never try to open an outside door until you are told to "come in."
Remain standing until you are invited to be seated.
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 upon furniture.
It is impolite to scrutinize everything in the room, especially bric-a-brac.
Do not fail to rise when a hostess enters a room and stand until she is seated.
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 Archbishop 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 so simple, so easy for the Catholic as

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 Who 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-worn dowry the title of the typical Catholic, the valorous knight of God's Church."

MOTHER

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Make me a child again, just for to-night.

In what has not at some time echoed the haunting refrain of that sweet old song, bringing with it, maybe, 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 achievement, the tender memory of life's autumn years, the love of mother is born earliest, lives longest and dies last.

It may be that we can thank God that no word of ours ever added to her burdens caused her a headache; if so, even God Himself could give no greater consolation to declining years. But if remorse brings back the record of cruel word or unloving act only God's forgiveness 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, dedicating to her the white flower of purer living.

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

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 declared that the cause of their downfall was the reading of dime novels. "I learned," said one of them, "how to find the combinations of old-fashioned safes by reading a novel about a detective, and after I practiced 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 overcomes 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 such 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 book they 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 clean-minded 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 magazines 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 is nonsense for parents to pretend that their children are above such

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 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 boys that have 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 before it gets into his hands. In a 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—a jurist of much power—Senator from Ohio and an Associate Justice of the United States Supreme Court, in 1889, while one of the counsel for defendants in the case of John D. Minor against the Board of Education of Cincinnati, Ohio,—case about the Bible in the Public Schools—made use of these words in his address to the court:

"I will say that from the study which I have made, as time and opportunity have been given me, of the doctrine 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 is a bold man who says he can easily answer. Give them one proposition, concede to them one single premise, and the whole of their faith follows most legitimately and logically, and that is the fundamental doctrine, the doctrine 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 teaching and training men for life here and life hereafter."

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

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 asked, and what struck me at first were the red trousers below the chasuble and the alb. But we were in the presence of the enemy, and it was not the time for taking off your uniform."

I had not been to a Mass that I know of since my first Communion, [a truly French touch, here] except occasionally 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 example. Suddenly our soldier-priest 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 work.

After that he started talking about our families about our womenfolk at home consumed with anxiety about 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 building began to vibrate, and we heard music of a kind which certain-

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It 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 French army some 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 unimpressed.—Sacred Heart Review.

THE ROSARY WILL BRING PEACE

"The Rosary has been called the 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 held 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 life.

From the Crib His infant voice gently tells us that to be poor and despised of men is not the misfortune 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 guidance of those whom God has placed over us—the truest source of peace in a world that chafes at every restraint. In the sorrowful mysteries 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 compared with the glory to come, that shall be revealed in us." (Rom. viii, 18.)

No wonder, then, that the Rosary, daily recited, brings with it the spirit of peace. Seen in the light of its mysteries, the troubles and trials of 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 saying to us, as long ago she said to the servants at the wedding feast of Cana, "Whatever He shall say to you, do ye." If it be our spirit, Jesus will not hesitate to convert the waters of the bitterness of life into

the wine of His consolations. This we can insure by hearkening to the command spoken on that spot lying between the gaunt and barren sides of Vesuvius and the bright calm waters of the bay: "Spread devotion to my Rosary and you shall find peace." Yes, spread devotion to Our Lady's Rosary, and not only shall we find peace for ourselves, but we shall bring peace to others. To accomplish all this, and to gain a true love for our Rosary beads, we have but to hearken to the words placed by the spirit of God in the 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, when 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. Enlarging somewhat on the subject, 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 possibly be.

Msgr. Benson went into deep detail 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 world; she has cared for the sick, the destitute, the orphan; she has preached the gospel and gone into the highways and byways, baptizing 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 care, had to mix with all kinds of people, just as do we to-day.

History is blackened with a good many charges against the Church, which are not true. The Inquisition is a specimen, and with that the Church had nothing to do. Catholics must be of the world. They are, however, expected to be somewhat different from the ordinary 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 souls. 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 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 attention, our personal desires to the attention of our Heavenly Father. We cannot get away from the antiquated notion that Christ was serious and in earnest 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 more than anxious to supply them; yet He put the condition that we ask 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

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 wide margin between that confidence in God which is the virtue of the Christian and the fatalism that is the cult of the oriental pagan.

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. We still 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. Personally, I think this about the only remedy which would at all decrease the amount of slang used by college students. At present a course in English is given for freshmen 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 my classes."

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 offspring of wealthy parents, whose conversation would bring tears to the eyes of a half-educated F. J.

Go to any of the fashionable summer 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 already felt and growing more acute, respectfully but energetically insist that the exiled religious should be recalled to attend the wounded in ambulances, and that the Sisters who have been driven from the hospitals should be asked to return." The priests deprived of their assistants and their young lay helpers who are all fighting, are being greatly aided in their work by the members of the Catholic Women's League and especially the Patriotic League of Frenchwomen.—Church Progress.

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FATHER STILLEMANS SAYS OPT. 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 Belgian children orphaned as a result of the war...

THE FRENCH ARMY

It is natural that our chief interest in the western battlefield should be in the British army. Under Sir John French, that splendid body of men had a great part in the salvation of Paris...

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

MORE CATHOLIC CHAPLAINS

Some improvement has resulted from the agitation raised in England regarding the death of Catholic chaplains for the Catholic soldiers at the front. Seven additional chaplains have been appointed...

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...

THE C. M. B. A.

To the Editor of the RECORD: I enclose an open letter to the Grand President of the C. M. B. A. that I trust you will publish. As I feel there is in this new rate an unjust discrimination against the old members...

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...

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