

The Catholic Record.

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

VOLUME XXXX.

LONDON, CANADA, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 9, 1918

2090

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A FEW REMARKS

Prudence is a virtue, but it is the meanest of the virtues. It is recommended as good enough to "wear" in this world, but, as often as not, it falls of its object of self-seeking when mere indiscretion carries the prize. There is as much of "fear" as of wisdom in prudence, and it is that timid quality which often leads it to calculating failure. Worldly wisdom says put away for a rainy day, and miser prudence does it; but something intervenes between it and the "rainy day," and all the trouble is in vain. A spendthrift who has a jolly time and dies before the first frost of the winter of discontent, has from a worldly point of view scored over cheated prudence. Prudence is, too, a stickler about that great possession, health—wears an overcoat and over-shoes—but a draught—the assassin—will strike home at its lungs notwithstanding; while some imprudent person who dared to get wet and cold is not a whit the worse, and attends the funeral of poor prudence. Prudence does no great thing. The dare-devil who risks everything in his random ambition sometimes hits the high mark of virtue and honor. But prudence does not like to run risks, and is bribed to avoid great enterprises by a mere competence. Indeed, it is in the avoidance of risks, in making all certain, that prudence consists. But he who will take no risks will affect nothing great. You must go into endeavors blindfold. It is those who "put it to the touch who win or lose it all."

Prudence avoids battles, shirks forlorn hopes. Old age is reserved in the ordinary course for prudence's heritage. But old age is not the only admirable thing. It has been said that those whom the gods love die young, and it is certain that those whom mankind reverence are often those who, against all odds, fight to a heroic end, and pass away in one blaze of undying achievement. It is those men who, although they die, live in the memory for centuries, and keep burning in men's hearts the fires which illuminate a dark universe. Is not the world richer for the memory of Thermopylae and its three hundred defenders? Is it not often bravado rather than sedate prudence that takes the heart by storm? It is counting the cost—foreseeing everything, as prudence does at such fights as Omdurman—that takes away the glory of battle, and the only fine thing which was done on that great day was a cavalry charge which was a mistake. It was the same with the mistake at Balaklava. Prudence knew that it was a blunder, but it was magnificent all the same. It is such charges as these that makes history a picture-book.

Tennyson's poem, the Revenge, is a fine one, but not finer than Sir Richard Greville's fight of the one against fifty-three ships of Spain. This was magnificent imprudence. It is in such deeds that laureates find poems ready made for them—deeds that set the pulse of the nation to martial music, and make a nation of shop-keepers something of sea-dogs after all. But history is full of cases where safety is in the cannon's mouth, and the hero who takes his life in his hand and storms the breach, or attempts the impossible, may, after all, make as "old bones" to wear the Victoria Cross upon, as may prudence itself, who was laggard all day in the baggage-wagons. But if it is true of war, it is true of love too—for that also is a matter of hearts. Who does not hate to see the calculating eye of prudence in the young, leading the heart in the common highway to the market, when it ought to be over hedge and ditch and roaming? And yet we hear the old dispraise imprudent marriages, and Quakers advising the young "not to marry money, but to go where money is," while no one has a good word for the heart that loves without calculating, or the man who marries before he counts the cost. After all, marriage is very like war, and while bravery in both of these directions throws away many lives, sometimes the very imprudent-

ence of the audacity comes off with flying colours.

There would be more wisdom in prudence if it could take a larger view of possibilities. But much prudence is so blind, that it degenerates into the meanness of miserliness or the calculating selfishness of the screw. At best, it often in avoiding one danger walks into another. He does not gamble but he hoards—Life walks through the ambushes of death. Prudence may feel right well, but there is a worm or a germ in the bud of all this blossoming. Prudence may eat and drink in moderation, but she is very careful about sanitation, but death is "on the prowl" all the same, and a wheel comes off the coach, or a signal man is colour-blind, or the house is burned down, and so even prudence may come to an untimely end, and have to pay a gigantic sum as Estate Duty.

IRISH TENOR ADOPTS TEN ORPHANS

JOHN MCCORMACK CABLED FIVE NIECES AND NEPHEWS MADE PARENTLESS BY U. BOAT "I'LL BE YOUR FATHER"

It isn't often a man has his family increased with ten children in a single day, but that is what happened to John McCormack, the singer.

He has adopted ten U-boat orphans.

From a lurking place on the coast of Belgium a German sea-torpedo crept out in the mists of the evening and struck a terrible blow at the kin of the Irish tenor.

Five little boys and five girls of tender age—the youngest a babe scarce out of arms, and the oldest not yet sixteen—have been left fatherless and motherless; and, except for the generosity of the singer, they would have been thrown on the mercy of the world.

They are the nephews and nieces of Mr. and Mrs. McCormack, the children of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Foley of Dublin, who lost their lives when the Dublin mail boat, Leinster, was sunk in the Irish channel by one of Von Tirpitz's sea sharks when on the way from Dublin to Holyhead, with a resultant death list of 450 persons.

Mrs. Foley was the sister of Mrs. McCormack, who was Miss Lily Foley, a beautiful Dublin girl. Miss Lily was a member of the Irish Village at the St. Louis Exposition when she married the tenor.

And so Cyril and Gwen, the pretty little McCormack children, are to have five brothers and five sisters as soon as the details can be attended to.

The news of the sad blow to relatives of the McCormack family came when they were at dinner Thursday evening in their summer home, about two and a half miles from Noroton, Conn. They knew nothing about the tragedy until a messenger boy brought a cablegram, which read: "Tom and Charles were drowned on the Leinster. Bodies not recovered."

This was from another sister in Dublin. Mrs. McCormack was so overcome that she has been ill in bed ever since, but the singer's first thoughts were of the children, whom he had last seen happy and rollicking in Dublin just before the outbreak of the War in 1914.

"Mr. McCormack is walking across country and Mrs. McCormack is ill in bed," a butler announced when a reporter called.

Outside a motor purred at the door and a snappy Pekinese resented the intrusion. From a three-wheel coach on the porch a doll hung limp and lonesome—the children were away.

Across country the reporter started and overtook the singer and his valet striding up a road. But it was a different John McCormack from the one of the concert stage. Not the immaculate and debonair minstrel, but a rugged athlete, dressed in tweed knickerbockers, sweater and slouch hat, with hard lines in his face.

LATEST GERMAN ATROCITY STIRS THE IRISH TENOR

"Mr. McCormack—about the Foley children—"

"Don't speak of it," he said, wheeling with clenched fist. "It's the most damnable thing that has happened since the Lusitania."

The singer was genuinely agitated and strode up and down the road several times before he became calm. Then he said:

"I hope this outrage will wake up some of those Sinn Feiners in Dublin. I hope it will teach those Irish agitators we are not fighting the English, but a monster that they have simply got to help crush."

The singer kicked at a stone viciously and then continued:

"This is a terrible thing, and has brought the War right home to my own bedroom. It came right out of a clear sky. We were eating dinner, contented and happy, when the telegram arrived. Just think of those poor souls. They had not been to London since they went on their honeymoon, and the second time they tried to go they went—to death."

"They had received word that Chris. Barrett, a Sergeant in the British Army, and Mrs. Foley's only brother, who had been wounded in France, was dying in a London hospital. They took the first boat out, which happened to be the Leinster. Chris. died a few hours after she was torpedoed."

"Isn't it terrible. Just think of those two on an errand of mercy, and those cowardly curs waiting outside to kill them without giving them a chance. And think of those ten little ones, made orphans in a night. I don't know what the Irish over there can be thinking of to stand back when outrages like this are going on."

"They should know that this is not an English war," he repeated. "It's a holy war, a war of humanity against beasts, against savages. I wish I could do something, but all I can do is to look after the children."

"I don't know when I have had anything to affect me so. Mrs. McCormack is so ill she can't get out of bed."

PLANS FOR THE CHILDREN AND FROWN ON PEACE TALK

"What are you going to do for the children?"

"Everything I can. I will see that they suffer for nothing in a motley way. I am going to take care of them and see that they have the best education. I would like to bring them here, but I wouldn't put their lives in jeopardy."

attacking an enemy balloon July 29, he received a bullet in the shoulder and is ready for duty again.

FRIGHTFUL INSULT

Ottawa Journal, Oct. 29

The following comments by the Ottawa Evening Journal on the latest of Quebec's fancied grievances will give our contemporary L'Action Catholique an opportunity of realizing what Burns asked for in his poetic prayer:

"Oh wad some power the gittie gie us To see ourselves as ithers see us."

A frightful insult has been offered to the Nationalists in Quebec by the nomination of Sir Charles Fitzpatrick to be Lieutenant-Governor of the province. Sir Charles has committed the crime of not being of French-Canadian stock. He is only a Canadian. So according to the statement of L'Action Catholique of Quebec, the people of the province are "wounded to the bottom of the heart."

Born in Quebec, educated at a French Canadian university, a Catholic in religion, married to a French-Canadian lady, Sir Charles Fitzpatrick remains unfit for honor in Quebec in the estimation of those whom L'Action Catholique represents. Nor does it help that he was one of Sir Wilfrid Laurier's chief colleagues in the Dominion Cabinet, and subsequently, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Canada. He is not good enough for Quebec. He lacks the "pur sang." He is not exclusively French-Canadian. The mere name of him inflicts a deep wound, and "if peace is desired in Canada," says L'Action Catholique, the "Federal Government needs to change its tactics towards the French-Canadians of the Province of Quebec."

Yes, we suppose the Federal Government ought to confine itself to appointing a few more of those Lieutenant-Governors of other provinces. Shades of Cauchon, Royal, Joly and Forget, what think you of the horrible wound Quebec is getting?

The second Government of Sir John Macdonald at Ottawa appointed Hon. Joseph Cauchon, Lieutenant-Governor of Manitoba, his term lasting from 1877 to 1882. A Federal Government appointed Hon. Joseph Royal, Lieutenant-Governor of the Northwest Territories in 1888. A still later Federal Government appointed Sir Henry Joly de Lotbiniere, Lieutenant Governor of British Columbia in 1900, in which office he remained six years. A Federal Government appointed Hon. Amédée Forget, Lieutenant-Governor of the Northwest in 1898, and when Saskatchewan was constituted a province in 1905, Mr. Forget was appointed Lieutenant-Governor of that province, and held the post until 1910.

But think of the gall of a Federal Government in nominating an Irish-Catholic of French-Canadian education and alliance to the post of Lieutenant-Governor of a province in which a majority of the people are of French-Canadian stock! Why, it calls for bloodshed! "Our opinion," says L'Action Catholique, "is that the putting into practice of certain wise doctrines leads to civil war in Canada." Well we hate to be rude, but we venture to opine that the rest of the Dominion after what has happened regarding the raising of the Canadian army for Europe is not likely to feel much worried about the sort of war the admirers of L'Action Catholique are likely to put up about anything.

The horrible affront to Quebec is one which "has just been inflicted upon us after so many others," wails the bellicose L'Action Catholique. The rest of Canadians can infer from the episode how much reasonable ground there is for the perpetual Nationalist and ultra-montane outcries about all sorts of alleged affronts to French-Canadians.

CONSIDERED BEFORE CARDINAL'S DEATH

It is reported that the division of the diocese was under consideration at Rome before the death of Cardinal Farley, but that when news reached there of his falling health it was decided to do nothing in his lifetime.

It is reported that a relative of a high official of the Vatican who has been in this country has been in this vicinity making geographical charts for a report to Rome.

There are in this archdiocese 4,717 square miles. It extends north to Kingston, where it is joined by the diocese of Albany. It is bounded otherwise by the dioceses respectively of Long Island, Connecticut and Newark. It includes the boroughs of Manhattan, Bronx, Richmond and the counties of Dutchess, Orange, Rockland, Sullivan, Ulster and Westchester. Also under the care of the Archbishop of New York is the Bahama Islands. The Archbishop is supposed to make a canonical visitation to the islands once in three years.

The new diocese, if it is decided to create it after the date is in hand at Rome, will be known as the diocese of Poughkeepsie, and the bishop will live there.

previous Sunday at St. Botolph's, Bishopsgate, surely the first occasion on record when a Nonconformist preacher, and that preacher a woman, has occupied that position in an Anglican church in the City. It is not for us to dictate to the authorities of the Establishment what course of action might be expected to follow an announcement such as this. Perhaps the authorities are as broad as their vicar, in which case, as Miss Maude Royden, in November, there is no telling what developments may be in store! Meanwhile *Brotherhood* can at least rejoice in this, that here, at any rate, the principle of cooperation has gone far beyond anything represented by Father Gleeson's appointment of the widely-drawn studentship of the Chaplains' College—The Universe.

PROPOSED TO DIVIDE N. Y. DIOCESE

MGR. CERRETTI COMING TO INVESTIGATE AND REPORT

A report gained wide currency in Roman Catholic circles recently that the archdiocese of New York, in all likelihood would be divided into two dioceses, and that with his special mission from Pope Benedict XV. to congratulate Cardinal Gibbons on his golden jubilee in the episcopate, Archbishop Bonaventura Cerretti of Rome, is coming to the United States to adjust the details of the change. Poughkeepsie, it is said, will be the place of residence of the new bishop, and his jurisdiction will include Putnam, Orange, Dutchess, Ulster and Sullivan counties, while the archdiocese of New York will include the boroughs of Manhattan, Bronx and Richmond, Westchester and Rockland counties.

Mgr. Cerretti who it is thought will be charged to investigate and report on the matter, has the title of Papal Secretary for Extraordinary Affairs, and he is second in power from the Pope. The first is Peter Cardinal Gaspari, Papal Secretary of State. Archbishop Cerretti is well known among the clergy of this city. For nine years he was auditor of the Apostolic Delegation at Washington, D. C., serving under the late Dime-de Falcone, apostolic delegate from 1902 to 1911, and under Archbishop Giovanni Bonzano, the present apostolic delegate.

CAREER OF MGR. CERRETTI

The high Vatican officer has had a very wide experience. He was professor of classics at the Vatican Seminary from 1898 to 1900. For the following year he was an official at the Seminary Penitentiary. He was attached to the secretariate of State at the Vatican for the next three years. His first mission abroad was in 1904, when he was sent to Mexico as secretary of the Apostolic Delegation. After two years he was transferred to Washington as auditor of the delegation there.

Three years ago Mgr. Cerretti was recalled to Rome, consecrated as archbishop and sent as the first apostolic delegate to Australia and New Zealand. After two years he was recalled and appointed to his present high office. On his way to Australia and on his way back to Rome he passed through the United States, and on both occasions he stopped with Cardinal Farley. He is thoroughly familiar with the archdiocese of New York.

The reason for the proposed division of the archdiocese is that it has become too unwieldy because of the number of its clergy, churches, convents, schools and charitable institutions. Cardinal Farley had under his direction, 1,117 priests, 888 churches, parochial schools containing 91,399 pupils, and adding those in institutions, a total of 122,008 young people under Catholic care. The total Catholic population of the archdiocese is 1,325,000.

PORTIA IN AN ANGLICAN PULPIT

How different is the view presented by the most recent, and certainly so far the most startling instance of cooperation between Anglican and Nonconformist thought! The Bishop of Hereford, before he rose to the Protestant Episcopate, had prepared us for a good deal; but we compared that he has been orthodox itself, in the nebulous Anglican acceptance of that term, compared with the Rev. Mr. Hudson Shaw, the rector of St. Botolph's, Bishopsgate; and we would that any means existed of ascertaining St. Botolph's own opinion on the incident. Mr. Hudson Shaw preached recently at the City Temple, in the absence, through illness, of Miss Maude Royden, the "lady-minister" who at present directs the spiritual activities of that particular centre of Nonconformity. Nothing very startling in that, the reader may say; did not Dr. Hensley Henson preach more than once from Nonconformist pulpits? But what is startling is the other part of the story: Miss Royden, if the newspaper report from which we quote speaks truly, had preached on the

COOPERATION LIMITED

A little publication called *Brotherhood* rejoices—as why should it not?—that one effect of the War has been to extend and deepen cooperation among various religious bodies whose activities have entered into the War as an influence for good. The *Brotherhood*, however, which the periodical in question has as its ideal is religious brotherhood of that which, for example, has put a Catholic priest, Father Gleeson, as the head of the American naval chaplains; there is consequently a danger that a good deal of misunderstanding may arise as to the extent to which Catholics may cooperate with non-Catholic bodies in religious undertakings. The headline, "Roman Catholics and Protestant Denominations Cooperating," might almost suggest an erenon in matters of faith and worship; but the subsequent paragraph shows that the cooperation is simply the attendance of both Catholics and non-Catholics at a training school for chaplains which has been established by the U. S. A. War Department. There has been, of course, a considerable amount of friendly relationship, and a frequent working together in many non-essential things, since the War started. We have heard, for instance, of the confessions of Catholic soldiers being heard in Y. M. C. A. huts, and so forth. Apart altogether from the War, Catholics in England cooperate with non-Catholic bodies in a number of forms of religious and social services. Catholics are officially represented on the Imperial Sunday Alliance; the Cardinal is a vice-president of the Temperance Council, formed recently by various Christian bodies in this country; in these and in other ways there is cooperation, and it is all to the good. But *Brotherhood* must not infer from all this that there is Catholic recognition of non-Catholic ministry, or any leaning towards the "one as good as another" theory. There is not, and cannot be, any cooperation of Order: our pulpits, our altars, and our confessionals are not exchangeable.—The Universe.

RED HAND OF ULSTER MUST END WRECKING

BISHOP KEATING BAYS ENGLISH PUBLIC WANTS IRISH SETTLEMENT

Washington, Oct. 25.—Bishop Keating of Northampton, England, and the Bishop of Arras, Catholic prelates, who arrived recently in the United States to attend the Golden Jubilee celebration of Cardinal Gibbons, were presented yesterday to President Wilson.

Speaking at a luncheon at the Catholic university yesterday Bishop Keating declared: "The British public in general, the British Catholics in particular are determined that the findings of the Irish convention shall not remain a dead letter."

"The red hand of Ulster cannot be allowed to wreck any more statutes," the bishop said. "Ascendancy must end in Ireland as it must end in Prussia and elsewhere. No British party, certainly no British Government, will ever again be willing to play Ulster's hand or seek to perpetuate the intolerable situation which has brought misery for so many generations."

CRUCIFIX UNHARMED IN WRECKED ABBEY ON MONT DES CATS

London, Oct. 2, 1918.—The attacking German armies have done their worst to the Cistercian Abbey on Mont des Cats, and the building is now a heap of dust and rubbish. A crumbling wall or two is all that is left of the church; the floor is heaped with debris, and the cloisters piles of broken brick and stone. The ground everywhere is strewn with shattered sacred statues, torn books, splintered glass lamps, and broken metal work. And in the midst of the ruin is the outraged cloister garth, overrun with weeds, with a bronze statue of Our Lady and the Holy Child, the head of which has been broken off at the neck by an exploding shell. Outside the walls of the abbey stand the ruins of an ancient windmill and between the windmill and the abbey, on ground of which it is impossible to find a square foot that is not pitted with shells, stands a building untouched by a large Calvary with the outstretched arms of Christ still extended uninjured to the world. Everything around is chaos and ruin, the Christ on His Cross alone is without any mark of violence.

It has been remarked that this same coincidence has appeared in many parts of the battlefields. At Montebelluna, the state of Our Lady stands uninjured whilst the church in which the statue stood has been blown into fragments. In the ruined church at Chipilly the figures of Christ and Our Lady, unscarred, alone mark the spot where once the high altar stood, and at Albert the Virgin and Child leaned forward, whole and intact, crowning a ruin.

CATHOLIC NOTES

Washington.—According to an official dispatch from France, news has been received in Paris from Teheran, Persia, confirming reports of the murder of Christians by the Turks. Among the victims were Father Soutat, a French priest.

Cardinal Gibbons has offered to the military authorities at Camp Meade the services of the Sisters of Mercy as nurses. The hostess house of the Young Women's Christian Association and several of the Knights of Columbus buildings have been converted into hospitals.

London, Eng.—Mrs. E. Thompson, of London, England, a daughter of the late Dean Farrar, the eminent Anglican divine and author, has lately become a Catholic and now heads the Catholic Woman's Missionary League, a society which provides material help for the foreign missions. Mrs. Thompson inherits much of her distinguished father's literary talent, and is the author of a "Missionary Manual," and mission hymns.

Rev. Edward J. Walsh, S. J., since last May, dean of the Department of Arts and Sciences at Georgetown University, has been appointed regional inspector of the colleges of New England, which have Student Army Training Corps, and will have his headquarters at Harvard University. His new duties come under the direction of the War Department.

The impressive installation ceremonies of Right Rev. Michael James Gallagher as Bishop of Detroit, Michigan, took place in that city Tuesday morning, October 29, at the Cathedral of St. Peter and Paul. Most Reverend Archbishop McEller of Cincinnati, officiated. The address of welcome was delivered by Bishop Kelly, the present administrator of the diocese.

Few soldiers from the New York district have had as many unusual escapes from death as Private Joseph H. Harrington of the 106th Infantry. His home is 191 Foxhall street, Ridgewood, L. I. First he writes home a shell fragment struck him, but its force was broken by a crucifix, a medal of the Sacred Heart and a prayer book. While he was waiting for treatment fragment tore off the entire left side of his uniform, and shot split the medal, which his mother had given him, in half. It hurt him only slightly.

The Very Rev. Joseph H. Rockwell, S. J., the new provincial of the New York-Maryland province of the Jesuits, has tendered to President Wilson the use of all the Jesuit institutions in the province that may be needed for government purposes and also the services of 1,000 Jesuit fathers as teachers. President Wilson, Secretary of War Baker and Secretary of the Navy Daniels have acknowledged the offer in letters, saying the offer is one of the most generous made to the government since the nation entered the War.

London, Eng.—By the death of wounds on August 22 of Capt. Francis Charles Plowden, the ancient Catholic family of the Plowdens of Plowden, has lost its head. Captain Plowden had but recently succeeded the headship of the family, when he answered the call to arms, and now has met with a soldier's death in France. His brother, Godfrey, preceded him, dying of sickness in the east, and the headship of the family now devolves on a younger brother, Roger Plowden, now on active service in Palestine, the descendant of one Roger Plowden, who many centuries ago fought in the Crusades and met his death on the sands of the holy land.

The Rev. Fr. Deu, France, makes the following announcement: "By royal decree the Belgian government are about to bestow the medal of Queen Elizabeth on the Countess D'eu and Sister St. Emile, director of hospital 25 of the Bon Secour order; also another Sister St. Fideline of the same order. In recognition of their services and of the gratitude of the Belgian government for the devotion and precious services, and the great works they have accomplished for the Belgian refugees the medal was bestowed." It was only last March that Sister Emile received the medal de guerre from the French government for her invaluable services in the military.

The City of Philadelphia has been more sorely afflicted by the influenza epidemic than New York or even Boston. In order to alleviate the acute distress, Archbishop Dougherty took vigorous measures to place at the disposal of the health authorities the vast organization of the Church. The Sistershood were called upon and two thousand of the members responded to serve as nurses anywhere and everywhere. "The vital factors," states Dr. Krusen, Director of Public Health, "in the fight against the epidemic were Archbishop Dougherty, the Catholic Sisterhood and the fourth year medical students." High praise for them came from all sources. The cheerful and conscientious devotion of the Sisters, their simplicity and efficiency came as a revelation to many who had not known anything of their self-sacrificing lives.

A DAUGHTER OF THE SIERRA

BY CHRISTIAN REID

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CHAPTER II.

IN THE QUEBRADA

The tourist who enters Mexico in a Pullman car and rolls luxuriously along the great plateau, gazing through plate-glass windows at strange Oriental-looking cities, at vast haciendas, with leagues of fertile plain and the distant Sierra, thrusting its violet peaks into a sky of dazzling sapphire, obtains many wonderful and beautiful pictures to hang in the chambers of memory; but he knows little, after all, of this old land, strange as India and fascinating as Spain. To him Mexico is a panorama of brilliant sunshine, white dusty roads, walled towns, picturesque campaniles, shadowy arcades filled with the varying tides of human life and great old churches rich with dim splendors. He does not dream that the blue rim of the distant mountain range at which he gazes—that range which stretches its mighty length along the western side of Mexico and bears alone the name of Sierra Madre—marks the outline of a world so different from that which surrounds him that it might well belong to another hemisphere. It is a great world of towering heights and majestic forests, of rushing streams and stupendous gorges, where for hundreds of miles the only roads are trails; where since the foundation of the earth no wheel has ever rolled; where even the passes are ten thousand feet above the sea, and where in all the wide solitude Nature reigns supreme, with a beauty, a charm of infinite freshness such as can be found but seldom now on this old, man-trodden globe.

In this region the traveller journeys on horseback or muleback, instead of in Pullman cars; and if he approaches it from the western coast, he soon finds himself among heights broken into deep chasms and gorges, down which the rivers rush from their birthplace in the clouds to their grave in the vast Pacific. It is by these tremendous cliffs, well named in the Spanish tongue *quebradas* (broken), that these wide, bold, sovereignty there pour its torrents over, under and around the rocks of every conceivable form and color which lie piled in fantastic masses in the bottom of the gorge, there is no desolation in this strange, beautiful quebrada world. On the contrary, the moisture of the river pouring downward, and of the clouds sailing in from the ocean creates a wealth of verdure, as delightful as it is rare in a sun parched land. Immense trees spread their wide green boughs over flashing water; the great shoulders of the hills are clothed with luxuriant woods, and the small dwellings of primitive construction which now and again stand on knolls, sufficiently elevated to be secure from rising water, are completely embowered in shade, generally that of magnificent orange trees.

The inhabitants of these dwellings are much in evidence as they pass up and down the quebrada; the men with white cotton *calzones* rolled to their hips, leaving their brown, sinewy legs entirely bare; and the women with skirts kilted above their slender ankles and feet, for the purpose of wading across the tumultuous, but in the dry season mostly shallow water. These pedestrians alternate with long trains of pack mules, bearing burdens of all kinds from bales of merchandise to bars of silver bullion from the mines in the mountains above, or sacks filled with freshly coined dollars from the mint of Culiacan; with trains of diminutive burros, also pack-laden, and with horsemen who seem to have ridden booted and spurred out of another and more picturesque age.

It was high in the quebrada of the Tamezula River that a party of travellers journeying upward halted one day for the noon rest. There were in the party as many mules and men as usually accompany persons of importance in these regions, but several features of the outfit would have struck the native eye as unusual and significant of *gringos*, that is to say, of foreigners. For one thing, three or four of the mules carried on their *aparejos* large, square modern trunks, such as are seldom used by Mexicans; others were loaded with boxes bearing signs of ocean freight, and to complete the note of strangeness one pack consisted of a tent, which is an article almost unknown in Mexico, even in the army.

This tent was not erected at present, however. It lay on the ground with the rest of the packs, while the animals took their feed by the side of the stream, just here swirling over its rocks with some approach to tranquility and the *mozos* lay near them in various recumbent attitudes, their *serapes* making bright bits of color against the gray rocks and amid the varied greens of the abounding verdure. A few yards distant a different group reclined under the shade of one of the great trees which abound here—a group consisting of a middle-aged man, two

younger men and a lady, the latter youthful and extremely pretty, with an indefinable air of the world in her appearance which contrasted piquantly with the wild picturesque-ness of her surroundings.

Not that it should be supposed that she was not adorned with perfect appropriateness to these surroundings. It was the very perfection of her costume with regard to time and place, of the well-cut habit, fitted as if moulded to the lines of her slender figure, with its skirt short enough to show the trimly-booted foot, and the practical simplicity of the hat of soft, gray felt and veil of silvery tissue, which marked her difference from the women to be met now and then on the road wrapped to the eyes in their *rebosos* sitting in saddles like arm chairs; helpless, ungraceful masses of drapery, strikingly suggestive of the woman of the Oriental countries. This was a type of the modern woman, not only ready to go anywhere and do anything which duty or inclination demanded, but after certain unusual advantages of education, travel and life, she had become one of those exceptional women whose power of attraction is not limited to men, but whom all classes of humanity find fascinating.

That the two young men now lying at her feet as she sat enthroned between the gnarled roots of the tree—Thornton, a graduate of Columbia, signing for the *fish-pots* of New York, and Mackenzie, a young Mexican Scotchman—found her so was patent to the most superficial observation. It is likely that under any circumstances this would have been the case; but when, after long social exile in the wilds of the Sierra Madre, they met their chief in Culiacan, on his return from the States, accompanied by this captivating daughter, there was only one result possible; and that result achieved itself, to employ a French idiom, in the shortest possible time. It was a result which surprised no one. Mr. Rivers, accustomed to seeing men bowled over like nine pins by his daughter's charms, regarded the speedy and complete subjugation of his staff with the indifference with which we regard the usual and the expected; while to Isabel Rivers herself home had long since become merely the atmosphere in which she was accustomed to live and move. Regarded superficially at least, this had not spoiled her. In manner, she was delightfully simple; with an exquisite quality of human sympathy, to which was owing a large part of her charm.

At present it was evident that she was less interested in her two admirers than in the surpassing picture of the scene around her. For two days she had been riding in a state of constantly increasing admiration through the deep gorge, her eyes shining with delight behind the silvery folds of her veil, as the wild loveliness of the way opened before her.

"I could never have imagined that there was anything in the world so beautiful, which was not also famous," she was saying now, as she glanced from towering rock to flashing water. "People cross oceans and continents to see things less wonderful; but I doubt if any one, outside of the people who live here, ever heard of this."

"You may be quite sure," said Thornton, "that no ever did. And we who live here don't, as a rule, go into raptures over the quebrada; Mackenzie?"

"Mackenzie shook his head.

"Our sentiments concerning it can be pretty much summed up in the opinion of the arrieros—*muy mala la quebrada!*" he said. "Of course," looking around dispassionately, "one knows that it is very picturesque, and—"

"Sublime, grand, wildly beautiful,—those are the adjectives appropriate to the quebrada," Thornton prompted patronizingly.

"There's another still more appropriate, and that is rough—in the superlative degree," said Mr. Rivers. "If we could only get a railroad here—"

"Papa, the suggestion is a sacrilege!"

"Sacrilege or not, my dear, it is a thing I should like amazingly to see; and so would everyone else, except the freighters who are making fortunes out of our necessities. Think of the increased profits in our ore heaps if we had cheap freight to the ocean!" he went on, addressing his subordinates. "And, by the by, have I told you that I've some hope of seeing a railroad here?"

"No!" said Thornton, with quick interest. "How?"

"I heard in San Francisco that the Puget Sound Reduction Company want ores, and that they are coming into this country after them. I am inclined to believe there is truth in the report because I met Armistead, who is Trafford's expert, in

Guaymas, and he told me he expected to see me in Topia. Now, if those people come into these mountains and buy mines they will build a railroad at once—no freighting with mules for eight months, and being tied up by high water in the quebrada during four, for them!"

"Not much!" Thornton agreed. "Armistead!" he added, reminiscently. "It's astonishing how that fellow has succeeded. We were in the same class in the Mining School, and I don't remember that he displayed any particular talent. It's all a matter of getting the confidence of the capitalists and syndicates; but how did he manage it?"

"Generally managed through personal influence and connection," said Mr. Rivers, who knew whereof he spoke. "Lloyd is with him," he added carelessly.

"He couldn't get a better guide for the Sierra," said Thornton. "Lloyd knows it thoroughly. He will do the work, and Armistead will get the credit."

"That's how it generally is," said Mackenzie, in the tone of one disgusted by the ways of an unsatisfactory world.

Miss Rivers regarded the speakers meditatively with her beautiful eyes, which were of a golden brown tint, and singularly expressive.

"I remember those men—I was talked with them one evening in the patio of the hotel," she said. "They struck me very differently."

"They couldn't possibly have struck you otherwise," said Thornton. "They are very different; so different that their conjunction is rather odd. I like Lloyd."

"The inference is plain. Well, I too liked Lloyd—if he was the tall, sunburnt one; but if they are on their way to bring a railroad into this marvelous quebrada, I hope they will both be lost."

"It's possible that they may be—they were going to visit some mines in the mountains of Sonora, where the Yaguis are pretty thoroughly civilized," said Mr. Rivers. "But if they aren't lost, they were to follow us by the next steamer."

"In that case they'll be along soon," observed Mackenzie; "for I heard the day we left Culiacan that the *masatlan* had arrived at Altata."

"If they leave Culiacan promptly and ride fast they may overtake us," said Mr. Rivers; "for our progress since we entered the quebrada has been more leisurely than travelling."

"Nothing could be more charming than such loitering along such a way. I am so glad I came with you, papa! I have never enjoyed anything more in my life."

"I hope you will remain in that frame of mind, my dear," remarked Mr. Rivers, a little sceptically. "But it is barely possible that six months in Topia may prove to you a strain even to your love of novelty and the picturesque; and since the quebrada becomes impossible when the rains begin, it will be at least that long before you can get away."

"I shall not want to get away," she declared. "I feel as if I were going into some wild and wonderful fastness of Nature, far and high in the hills, with the gateway closing behind me."

"That's exactly what you are doing," said Mackenzie, practically; "for when the river rises the gate is certainly closed. Nobody goes up and down the quebrada then. But here comes Lucio at last to say that lunch is ready."

"Ya esta la comida, *Señorita!*" said Lucio—who was a slim young Mexican, attired in the national costume, approaching the group.

They gathered around the provision chest, on the flat top of which a rather elaborate repast, considering time and place, had been arranged. It was all delightfully gyp-like; and as Isabel Rivers sat on a great stone, while she ate her chicken and tongue and drank her California claret, with a canopy of green leaves rustling overhead and the crystal river swirling by over its stones, her face expressed her delight in the elegant fashion some faces have.

"Like a picnic?" she said in reply to a suggestion of Thornton's. "Not in the least. A picnic is merely playing at what we are doing. This is the real thing—the thing for which I have longed—to go away and live for a time remote from what we call civilization, in the heart of Nature. And here we have not only the heart of Nature but an Oriental Arabian Nights-like charm in all our surroundings. Look at that now!" she lifted her hand and pointed. "Doesn't it take one back a number of centuries? And could anything be more picturesque?"

Her companions turned their heads, following with their glances the direction of the pointing hand, just as a train of horsemen and pack-mules came splashing across the ford below them. They made, as Miss Rivers said, a strikingly picturesque effect, and one altogether in keeping with the wild scenery of the quebrada. At the head of the train rode a group consisting of three men, dressed as Mexican caballeros dress for the road: in high boots of yellow leather, breeches, and braided jacket of cloth or buckskin, and broad sombreros, with their silver-mounted trappings glittering in the sunlight, and a woman, who sat her horse in better fashion than most of the feminine equestrians who travel in these regions, but whose costume lacked the perfect adaptability to its purpose of that of her male companions. It was, in fact, extremely ungraceful; for she wore openly a riding-skirt over her ordinary dress; and above a blue *reboso*, would like

an Eastern yashmak around her head and neck and partly covering her face, a sombrero of rough straw.

"By Jove!" said Mr. Rivers, "that's the conducta of the Santa Cruz Mine; and there's the Gerente, Don Mariano Vallejo himself."

He arose as he spoke and went quickly forward, as with jingling spurs, the cavalcade came riding toward them.

"Don Mariano!" he cried. "Como le va Usted?"

"A-h, Don Roberto!" exclaimed Don Mariano, in a high key of pleasure and surprise.

He sprang from his horse, and threw his arm around Mr. Rivers, who promptly returned the embrace. They parted each other cordially on the shoulder; and then the Mexican, drawing back, regarded the other with a smile. He was a bronzo-faced, gray-haired man of much dignity of appearance and bearing; with a lean, muscular figure, strongly marked features and eagle-like glance.

"Me alegro mucho de verla a vd.," he said. "Cuando volvio Ud?"

"I returned a few days ago," Mr. Rivers answered (also in Spanish); "and I am on my way up to Topia, with my daughter. And you?"

"I have been down to Culiacan to lay in supplies for the mine and will be before the rainy season," Don Mariano replied; "and I am returning now with the conducta."

"What is the amount of your conducta this month?"

"Thirty thousand dollars. It is not bad."

"It is very good. I wish the *Caridad* would do as well. She must be here, and she must have been at Mass! She is faithful! Thank God she is faithful!"

How she got home Miss O'Boyle never knew. Trembling from head to foot and blinded by happy tears, she stumbled up the road and into her mistress' grounds, unconscious that the people whom she passed turned to look after her wonderingly. Reaching the house, she went directly to the servants' quarters, and meeting one of the maids in the hall asked excitedly:

"Jane, do you know a girl named Maggie O'Boyle who works somewhere in White Springs? No, not exactly a girl, either; she must be forty years old by this time—a pretty little thing, with a roguish laugh, and dimples, and pink cheeks—but that was thirty years ago! I mean, do you know any one at all named Maggie O'Boyle?"

Jane shook a bewildered head. "No, ma'am, I don't; but you know this is my first year here. I don't know anybody but the girls here and at Warner's and at Keith's."

"That's true. I had forgotten about your being new. I'll speak to Jennie and to Grace—or perhaps Katie would know her."

At once Miss O'Boyle went in search of Jennie and Grace and Katie and questioned one after another, not much more coherently than she had questioned Jane; but none of them had ever met a Maggie O'Boyle at any of the nearby summer places, or had ever heard of her.

Disappointed but not discouraged, Miss O'Boyle went to both Masses on the following Sunday and at each was the first to enter the church and the last to leave it. Just inside the door did she take her station that she might scan the face of every woman who came; but she saw no one bearing even a slight resemblance to her Maggie, although she tried to make every allowance for the passing of the years. The following Sunday found her in the same place near the church door; all to no purpose. Reluctantly she was becoming convinced that her sister had been in White Springs for only a day or two and was there no longer; so it was with a heavy heart that she went to the parish house after the late Mass to arrange to have a Mass said for her mother on July fifteenth, the anniversary of her death.

When she told Father Quinlan what she wanted he took a memorandum book from a pigeon-hole in his desk and looked to see if he had already promised his Mass for that day.

"Yes, I have, Miss O'Boyle; I am sorry," he said. And then he frowned and looked more closely at the note which he had made, before adding in a puzzled way: "Why, what I have already written here, under July fifteenth is, Mr. Honora O'Boyle, anniversary; you must have asked me before, and have forgotten."

"No, father, I did not! I know that I did not! Miss O'Boyle contradicted emphatically and excitedly. "Was it—oh, was it some one named Maggie O'Boyle who gave you the offering for that Mass? Was it Maggie?"

"Maggie O'Boyle," he repeated, surprised at her agitation. "No, there is no one of that name in White Springs, as far as I know. Let me see—when was it? I believe—oh, yes, I remember now! It was Mrs. Randolph Madison who asked me for that Mass. She came two weeks ago to arrange for it because she was going away. I had quite forgotten."

Miss O'Boyle's face was a study; it was gripped and puzzled and hopeful, and disappointed all at once.

"Mrs. Randolph Madison," she echoed. "It may be another Honora O'Boyle—it must be; and still—"

"Of course Honora and O'Boyle are usual Irish names. The Mass is for her mother, Mrs. Madison said."

"You mean the Madisons who live in the big house on Forest Hill?" Miss O'Boyle asked.

"Yes, Mr. Madison is dead. He was a splendid man; married rather late in life, and his wife gave him no peace until he came into the Church!" Father Quinlan laughed

heartily at his little joke, and added, "She was a school teacher, I am told. Mr. Madison met her somewhere, fell in love with her at first sight, and married her six months later."

"She was born in Ireland, wasn't she, father?" Miss O'Boyle asked, in a tone that pleaded for an affirmative answer.

"I think I've heard that she was—and educated there by the Sisters of Mercy, if I remember."

"And she's rosy and pretty, with curly hair, and the mark is a laugh that ever came out of Ireland? It's so, isn't it, father?"

"You think that you used to know her; you think that perhaps—?" Father Quinlan was puzzled. He had known Miss O'Boyle for several years as a quiet, reserved, shy, well-bred woman, a servant with no ambitions beyond her station.

"Father, if Mrs. Madison's mother was Honora O'Boyle who died on the fifteenth of July, Mrs. Madison is—she must be—my Maggie—though it's strange; it's so strange I hardly believe it." And in a few words she told her story, with Maggie somehow made its heroine and herself quite hidden in the background. When she had finished, not giving Father Quinlan time to question him about Mrs. Madison's appearance and her ways; and her face grew radiant when she heard good things of her.

"And children, Father? Has she any children?"

"Oh, yes, three little girls; Mary, and Henrietta, and Josephine."

"Mary?" Miss O'Boyle repeated eagerly. "That's my name, Mary. You're sure there's a Mary?"

"Yes, quite certain," Father Quinlan assured her, smiling kindly; adding, after a moment, "Mrs. Madison is away now, but I think that she will be here before the end of the week."

"It doesn't matter when she comes. I'm not going to trouble her. It would be embarrassing for her to have me around; I'm poor and ignorant; I'm a servant, and not fit to be anything else. I'm happy now just to know she's kept the Faith—and she's rich, too, the little rascal, and high and mighty."

Father Quinlan thought of the stately Mrs. Madison, and smiled to hear her called a little rascal; and then he looked at her sister's rather awkward, angular figure and plain face, and thought of her brogue and her colloquialisms, and still he doubted whether she was wise, or even kind, in her unselfishness.

Miss O'Boyle gave Father Quinlan the rosary which she had found, begging him to see that Mrs. Madison got it some day; and she trudged homeward, all the way protesting to herself that she was very, very happy, and crying all the way.

THE LOST ROSARY

Florence Gilmore in Rosary Magazine

Mass was over and the well-dressed summer congregation had poured out of the church. People were standing in little groups, gaily talking and laughing, or were already speeding homeward in automobiles. Only Miss Mary O'Boyle remained near the altar; a sweet faced, simply-dressed woman, no longer young and no longer very strong, the house-keeper in one of the palatial country houses on the hill. For a quarter of an hour she lingered, saying her beads and afterward making a little visit to St. Joseph's altar; then, as she passed down the aisle, her eyes were caught by something white which lay on the floor close to one of the confessionals. It is strange that she saw it, for she was the most near-sighted of women, and seldom found anything, even when she was in search of it.

Stopping, she picked up a little, glistening bit of white and found that it was a Rosary of glass beads, with a silver cross; a simple, ordinary, very old rosary, almost exactly duplicated in every Catholic book-store and in every congregation in the land. On the back of the cross was engraved one word, "Maggie," commonplace, too, in the extreme. But Miss O'Boyle examined beads and cross and reexamined them; and her hands began to tremble, and her eyes to fill with tears. She kissed the figure on the cross, and the silver cross, and the beads, and pressed the beads close to her heart; she looked at them again, more lovingly and with more evident agitation.

Thinking suddenly that perhaps their owner was still nearby, she hurried—indeed, she almost ran—to the door, through the vestibule, and down the steps, only to find the churchyard deserted. The last automobile was just disappearing in a cloud of dust, and the most impatient siders were turning down the road. Miss O'Boyle could only stand, panting, in the gravel path and examine the beads once more.

She knew them well, although it was long years since she had seen them. To other eyes they might have been unlike all others; besides, there was the name on the cross. It is true she could not read, but she herself had had that word engraved there and remembered perfectly how the letters had looked, even to the crowding of the E at the end.

Thirty years before she had sent those beads to her little sister Maggie for her First Communion Day. She had bought them with the first money she had been able to save in America, and—though she had forgotten this part long before—their price had meant two superfluous days and many long walks home after working hours. A friend who knew how to write had addressed them for her to the home-village in County Galway, and she had carried them to

TO BE CONTINUED

THE LOST ROSARY

Florence Gilmore in Rosary Magazine

the post-office through a driving rain.

For ten years after that Miss O'Boyle sent to Ireland every penny she could save, lovingly determined that Maggie should have the education denied her, and the old people a taste of comfort after the long toll of their younger days. But there came a sad and terrible year. Miss O'Boyle stood motionless as she looked at the beads and thought of it. She lost her position and could find no other, and at the same time her father and mother fell ill. Longing to help them, she could do nothing, she was hungry, and cold, and half-clad herself. Utterly discouraged, she left her boarding place in Albany and went to New York in search of employment, where she found it only after other weary weeks. When she was again able to send money to Ireland she got word that her parents were dead. Nearly frantic with grief and anxiety, she dictated a letter asking particulars of their last days and inquiring for Maggie. The story of the happy death of her parents came in time, but of Maggie she could learn only that the girl had written to her sister in America, and getting no response had gone in search of her. All this had happened long, long years before, and Miss O'Boyle had heard nothing since; she had never had a clue or a ray of light until she found the white beads on the church floor.

Presently her first bewildered excitement changed to joy. "Maggie is at White Springs! Maggie is here!" she thought exultantly. "These are her beads. She must be here, and she must have been at Mass! She is faithful! Thank God she is faithful!"

How she got home Miss O'Boyle never knew. Trembling from head to foot and blinded by happy tears, she stumbled up the road and into her mistress' grounds, unconscious that the people whom she passed turned to look after her wonderingly. Reaching the house, she went directly to the servants' quarters, and meeting one of the maids in the hall asked excitedly:

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Two weeks later Miss O'Boyle was leaving the church after every one else, as was her way, when she was stopped by a tall, distinguished looking woman in light mourning, who had been waiting for her. The woman put her hands on Miss O'Boyle's stopped shoulders and looking down into her face said only one word, and said it very softly: "Mary."

And Miss O'Boyle looked up into the face above her, and she tried to speak but could not.

"Father Quinlan gave me the beads yesterday," the woman said. He did not seem to have a clear idea where they came from, but I knew—I knew—that only one person in the world would recognize them as mine, and I watched for you today, Mary, and—and it might have been mother herself who went to Our Lady's altar after Mass and began to say her beads. Mary, weren't you willing to let me find you?"

At first Miss O'Boyle could not say a word; she could only cling to her strong, younger sister and try to soothe her through her tears. "I—", she stammered at length, "I don't want to disgrace you, Maggie dear—and you so rich, and I only some one's housekeeper."

"Disgrace me! Why, Mary I've looked for you for years. I came to America to join you and you had left Albany and no one could tell me where you had gone. But for you, Mary, what should I do? An ignorant peasant, that is all."

Still Miss O'Boyle shook her head; but taking her by hand Mrs. Madison led her to her automobile and took her home. "I'll explain to Mrs. Hoover. She must get another housekeeper," Mrs. Madison said, with a laugh so like the old one that her sister smiled through her tears. "You're as self-willed as ever, Maggie dear," she whispered happily.

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Sent by post for Group of ten, 50c. It is a boon to sufferers from Asthma. The air-carrying theanin vapour, inhaled with every breath, makes breathing easy, soothes the sore throat and stops the cough, ensuring restful nights. It is valuable to mothers with young children.

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But before he left it Silvertown was one of the most complete Catholic missions in London, with a fine church, presbytery, schools and parochial hall. Dean Ring is well known in the East End as a parish priest and no less in the wider Catholic world for his educational work. He was the last chairman of the West Ham School Board, and has been for twenty years a member of the Catholic Education Council. He has already received many congratulations on his new dignity.

A LOVING INVITATION

"COME TO ME, ALL YOU THAT LABOR AND ARE BURDENED AND I WILL REFRESH YOU!"

BY REV. CHARLES COPPENS, S. J.
Catholic Press Association

Many texts of Holy Scripture are become so familiar to our ears that they have ceased to make on our minds the impression which their real meaning deserves. Such is the 28th verse of the 11th chapter of St. Matthew's Gospel, which contains the encouraging words of our Blessed Saviour: "Come to Me, all you that labor and are burdened, and I will refresh you." For let us pause a few moments and attentively consider the rich promise it contains. It clearly assures us, on the authority of God Himself, that, in all the difficulties and anxieties of life, we have a ready help at hand, a refuge from every ill, a source of all consolation, provided only we have proper recourse to the goodness of the Lord. He who utters this magnificent promise is the eternal truth itself, the Son of God, one with the Father and the Holy Ghost. He made this promise to all the members of the human race. His Sacred Heart, glowing with love for us, invites us to come to Him whenever we are in any need or trouble, and He says to us: "Come to Me all you who labor and are burdened, and I will refresh you."

PROMISE MADE BY THE ETERNAL GOD

If a mere mortal like ourselves, but possessed of uncommon riches, and animated with sentiments of extraordinary generosity, were to speak to us in the most earnest terms, and say to us: "You know that on many occasions I have shown you my sincere love; now listen to a most liberal promise that I wish to make to you for all future time. It is this: I invite you, on all occasions, whenever you will be in need of my assistance, to come to me with confidence and tell me what you desire; and I assure you, on my word of honor, that I will give you a favorable hearing, and grant you all your reasonable requests. If a mortal man would earnestly speak to us thus, we could scarcely believe our ears.

And yet we know that this promise has been made to us, not indeed by a mortal man, but by the lips of the eternal God, Who is all powerful to bestow all gifts, all faithful to keep His word, and animated with the most generous bounty towards us. That we may better appreciate His immense condescension, we shall do well to reflect awhile on the majesty of Him who made the promise, on the condition of those to whom the promise is made and on the magnitude of the blessings promised.

IMPLORES US TO ACCEPT HIS GRACIOUS INVITATION

And first, it is the infinitely holy and truthful God who has deigned to pledge His infallible word that He will help us with His almighty power, if we will accept His invitation, and have recourse to Him in all our needs: "Come to Me all you that labor and are burdened, and I will refresh you." No promise could be more reliable, for none could rest on a higher authority. Do we suddenly realize the fact that it is God Himself who invites us, who, as it were, implores us to accept His gracious invitation that we shall confidently come to Him, God who has explicitly promised that we shall not appeal to Him in vain, but that He will undoubtedly refresh us?

And to whom has the great God made this promise? Not to a few favorites only among His creatures, nor to His faithful angels, nor to the most holy only among men, but also to poor sinners, not to the great alone, but also to the small; to all in fact who stand in need of His assistance: "Come to me," He says, "all you who labor and are burdened, and I will refresh you."

Now who is there among us who does not frequently stand in need of God's aid? It is therefore to all and every one of us that the Lord's gracious invitation is personally addressed. He expects us to act upon it as often as we desire His assistance. As a helpless infant at every moment of distress utters an instinctive cry as an appeal for its mother's help, so every child of God should promptly raise its voice to its Heavenly Father as soon as it has a sensation of its need of assistance. For He is ever near us, ever ready to supply all our real wants, provided only we appeal to Him, ever whispering to us the encouraging invitation: "Come to Me all that labor and are burdened, and I will refresh you."

HIS WORDS INSPIRE US WITH UNBOUNDED CONFIDENCE

The power of parents to assist their little ones, no matter how warmly they may love them, is confined within very narrow limits. They can only render them material help; but the great good God enters far more deeply into the inner recesses of our various needs. The very words in which He has deigned

to express His most liberal invitation are so wide in their application as readily to inspire us with unbounded confidence. We need only to recall to mind a few of His generous utterances to conceive new courage and a firm reliance on His paternal love for us all. For He has expressed His mind so clearly and so forcibly, saying to each of us: "Ask and you shall receive, seek and you shall find, knock and it shall be opened to you." And He adds the explicit promise: "For every one that asketh receiveth and he that seeketh findeth, and to him that knocketh, it shall be opened." Furthermore, knowing the slowness of the human mind to understand the things of God, He has, deigned to reason with us, using arguments which appeal directly to our hearts; for He says to us: "What man is there among you, of whom if his son shall ask bread will he reach him a stone? Or if he shall ask him a fish will he reach him a serpent?" And He draws thence the following forcible conclusion: "If you then, being evil know how to give good gifts to your children, how much more will your Father who is in Heaven give good things to them that ask him." (St. Matth. vii., 7-11).

A STRIKING EXAMPLE OF POWER OF PRAYER

Is it not almost inconceivable that such generous and emphatic invitation of our loving Lord should leave the hearts of any men unaffected by gratitude and eagerness to fly to Him in all their needs? And yet such is the case. There are multitudes of persons, even in this highly civilized land, who pay no heed whatever to these words of our Blessed Saviour. His earnest appeal is to them like a voice sounding in the wilderness. Let us give here a striking example of this fact.

Years ago a highly educated gentleman had himself introduced to me. He was an able physician, a lecturer in a medical college, and had been induced by a Catholic friend to look into the all-important matter of religion, of which till then he had been in total ignorance. The gentleman listened attentively to my explanations, and frequently returned to receive further instruction. He said he was desirous to believe our doctrine, because he knew that his friend was constantly kneeling in his moral conduct by the faithful practice of his religion. But he could not make up his mind to believe the truths proposed.

I told him to pray for the grace of God, for the gift of faith. He was willing enough to do that also; but he said he did not know how to pray, he had never prayed to God in his life. I handed him a printed copy of the "Our Father," and told him to go home, to lock himself in his room for a little while, then to kneel down and attentively read that prayer, taught us by Our Lord Himself. He willingly promised to do so.

When he called on me the next day, I asked him whether he had kept his promise and prayed to God. He said yes; he had done so; but that it had been the greatest mental effort he had ever made, to try to realize that, when he had thus put himself in perfect solitude, there was still present to him an unseen being that understood his words and listened to his requests.

And thus estrangement from the great good God is carried to such an extent in the midst of our material civilization that there are many persons who never pray, who are as total strangers to the Saviour's loving invitation: "Come to Me all you that labor and are burdened, and I will refresh you," as if these words had been uttered by Confucius in China or Zoroaster on the Persian plains. The gentleman of whom I have spoken soon reaped the fruit of prayer and was received into the Church. How many there are who have grown up like him in total neglect of prayer no one can tell. But considering that at least one-third of the population of this country belong to no church organization, and make no profession in worshipping God in any manner, their number may amount to many millions.

But our thoughts become more practical for ourselves, when we apply our reflections to our own habitual way of turning to prayer whenever we are in any trouble or special need of God's assistance. No one of us but is sometimes distressed, sometimes in difficulty or perplexity. Then we turn perhaps to right and left, and seek for aid from every creature, or abandon ourselves to despondency and lamentation. It is well to try to help ourselves, or to appeal for human aid as far as reason approves; but it is not well to ignore the Divine assistance, and to turn a deaf ear to the loving accents of Our Lord; and yet do we not too often neglect that one best of all helps, and forget when we need most to remember the generous promise: "Come to Me all you who labor and are burdened, and I will refresh you?"

TO CONCENTRATE CHRIST'S ATTENTION ON OURSELVES ALONE

We need not be afraid lest the vast multitude of God's children will make Him less loving to each one of us, less attentive to every petition, or less solicitous to promote our individual happiness. As the sacred Book of Ecclesiastes remarks: "All the rivers run into the sea, and yet the sea does not overflow" (I, 7); and so all the desires of all human hearts may flow into the boundless ocean of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, and yet there will ever be as much more room left as if no streams had entered it.

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If however we wish to feel at times as if we could concentrate Christ's exclusive attention on ourselves alone, we can on such occasions enter into the solitude of a devotional church or chapel, and there, remote from the bustle of the busy world without, forgetting for the time being all but the sacred presence of our Eucharistic Lord, there beneath the flickering flames of the sanctuary lamp, kneeling amidst the faithful hand of the adoring angels, we can commune more confidently and intimately with our benign Saviour, pouring out with concentrated attention the deepest sentiments of our hearts, feeling all along that we enjoy a private and mutual converse with the dearest and most devoted friend that any human being can entertain.

We may add still greater fervor to our prayer, and make still more certain of obtaining any special favor we desire, if we pay such a visit during the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. On that occasion, day after day, our Blessed Redeemer deigns to present our humble petitions to His Heavenly Father, enriching them with the simultaneous offering of His Precious Blood, renewing in our special behalf, through the hands of His minister, the Holy Sacrifice of the Cross, under the humble appearances of bread and wine.

The Blessed Saviour Himself, in His infinite wisdom and generosity, is often ready to go further still, when in that most wonderful pledge of His boundless love. He comes frequently to impress the seal of His generous approbation on the earnest petitions of our hearts when He deigns to visit us in Holy Communion.

Jesus has thus provided a variety of means to arouse within us a holy confidence in the efficacy of prayer. All these are only various stones of that infinitely benevolent voice in which the God of all goodness appeals to the dull ears of human hearts, ever repeating to us the wonderful invitation: "Come to Me all that labor and are burdened, and I will refresh you."

THE GOOD SAMARITAN

The parable of the good Samaritan is one of the best known gospels of the year and the lesson that it teaches is so plain that it is impossible to add aught to the simple beauty of the story. Christ spoke the parable to answer and, perhaps, to rebuke the questioning lawyer. If the man who asked the information was honest in his inquiry, or possessed a sincere desire to gain information, he would no doubt have answered with great directness. But the lawyer was one of the crowd that followed Christ, seeking to catch him in His words, in order that they might have a pretext to condemn Him. He had listened to Christ teaching the people, telling them they were blessed because they had seen and heard what kings had desired. The lawyer, puffed with his own importance, thought on occasion a fit opportunity to attract attention to himself and, mayhap, bring confusion to the Saviour. The crowd was intent upon listening to the Lord's words when, of a sudden, the interruption comes as the lawyer addresses the catch question to the Saviour: "What must I do to be saved?" That the man was not sincere was evident from his words of the gospel where he is said to be tempting Christ. This also appears from his very calling. He was a lawyer and his business was to know the law, not merely human laws as today, but at that time the lawyers must be expert expounders of the law of God. So it was not so much information he asked as notoriety. He directed to Christ the most fundamental question and the one that should have been the base of all his legal knowledge: what must I do to be saved?—as if the man were ignorant of what he must have learned at the very beginning of his studies.

Just as in our time there are men continually inquiring about our religion, not so much to know as to ridicule our doctrines. With bad faith and with ready insults they inquire not from those who are competent to answer but from half-informed persons and from mere children who cannot match them in debate or resort to their specious argu-

ments. They attack where there is little danger, and glory in contending in members of the Church whose faith is stronger than their knowledge.

The only way to meet such assailers of the faith is with silent contempt. When one asks about the faith and is actuated by an honest purpose, it is our duty to impart the information ourselves or to give these sincere inquirers the means of obtaining it. But when a man asks with the sole wish to expand his insult upon what we hold sacred, if you cannot match him in force of ridicule it is far wiser to allow his words to pass unnoticed. You cannot change his evil views and it is only a waste of energy and a risk of patience to pay the slightest heed to his jeering. Even though others are listening your silence will be a better defense than all ill understood answers. Sometimes when you can meet the questioner on his own ground and repel his attacks it may be necessary to silence him for the sake of others. In general, however, the silent is the better way with these ridiculers of religion.

Christ did not answer the lawyer of the Gospel but forced him to answer himself. The lawyer wanted the crowd to admire his powers, but

with one word Christ unmasked his insincerity and held him up to the ridicule of the people. You are one trained in the law, Christ seems to say, and you come to me with a question any child can answer: "What must I do to be saved?" You are a lawyer: how does the law answer that? The crest-fallen man answered at once, too confused at being thus humiliated to admit that Christ had gained a victory. For he will not stoop with the first attempt to ensnare Christ, but when detected in his purpose he rushes thoughtlessly on to entrap the Saviour. The law said, as he quoted, that he must love his neighbor. Now let Christ tell him who is his neighbor. That lawyer must have exulted at what he no doubt considered a master stroke. It was all very well to report what was written in the law, but only the deepest wisdom could give the meaning of that law so as to satisfy all listeners. So the lawyer had caught Christ finally, for no matter how the Lord defined the word "neighbor" there would be some in the crowd to whom he should give cause for offense. The Lord, however, was not to be taken in the snare.

Again He would not answer directly, but made the lawyer reply to his own question. Christ according-

ly relates the story of the man who fell among robbers. To push the lawyer to the extreme, He introduces the Samaritan—of all men the least likely to be considered a neighbor by the people who were listening. The Samaritans were separated from the Jews by an intensity of personal and national hatred of which we have no parallel today. So fiercely hostile were these people to one another that when Christ asks a drink from the Samaritan woman at the well she is astonished that He should have addressed her or that He was willing to take water from her hand. No friendly intercourse passed between the two peoples, so that to say that a Samaritan could be a neighbor to the Jews seemed an impossible contradiction. But after Christ had narrated the parable there was nothing else for the lawyer to say. It was the lawyer then and not Christ that gave the offense to the crowd.

In the thwarting of the man and his evil intention, however, Christ was at pains to leave the world a standard whereby we may know true neighbors. The Saviour had us all in mind when He drew that picture of the charitable Samaritan. Do thou in like manner, He says, and show mercy; the test of true

neighborliness, therefore, is the willingness to aid those who need our assistance.—The Guardian.

We are in the dark about ourselves. The management of our hearts is quite above us. Like the forlorn Hagar in the wilderness we must say for consolation, "Thou, God, seeest me." He knoweth whereof we are made, and He alone can uphold us. From within ourselves, by His aid, we must work unto nobler things. Let "good deeds, not words and wishes," be the watchword of our warfare.—Rev. William J. B. Daly.

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It is to the eternal glory of Great Britain and her Allies that we were unprepared for war.

Posterity will read of this and wonder how our first small armies escaped destruction.

But on our side was something greater than guns and the engines of war. Right, Justice and Truth sustained our men. They fought and died unconquered because of this great knowledge—"Thrice is he armed that hath his quarrel just."

Canada now comes to her people to borrow money to "carry on" to a complete Victory—a victory that will purge the world forever of the horrible, pitiless doctrine of might.

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With thankful heart and a solemn understanding, we must each do our utmost to provide the money without which the sacred task for which so many of our sons have laid down their lives, cannot be completed.

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94

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Advertisement notices cannot be inserted except in the usual condensed form. Each insertion 50 cents. Approved and recommended by Archbishops

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LONDON, SATURDAY, NOV. 9, 1918

GENERAL PRINCIPLES

A principle is a fundamental truth universal in its application. The principle in the political order for which the greater part of the civilized world has stood in the stupendous struggle now nearing successful conclusion is that which underlies every rational conception of democracy, and which is succinctly defined in the statement that governments derive all their just rights from the consent of the governed.

He voiced a feeling and conviction which we have reason to think is much more widespread in England than press despatches might lead us to believe:

"There is one question in regard to which the need for action by Liberals is immediate. I refer to Ireland, where the situation—already delicate, but after the labors of the Convention not without hope—has been entangled by gratuitous difficulties. We are witnessing the easily foreseeable results of the crude mishandling this last spring of the Irish problem of military services.

"There is nothing in the whole sphere of our Imperial and domestic policy so immediate in its urgency and so far-reaching in its consequences as that which should be able to enter the Council Chamber of Peace free from the reproach that the only part of our Empire to which we are afraid or are unable to grant self-government is that which lies close at our own shores."

There is little reason to hope that the present British Government will have the courage or the statesmanship to settle the Irish question. But the acceptance of the general principle of democracy carries with it as a logical and necessary consequence its application to Ireland and this puts beyond all doubt or question the ultimate concession to the Irish people of the rights so eloquently and unequivocally proclaimed by Mr. Wilson and accepted by the Allied nations.

Great Britain, when the voice of her people is heard, will not stand out the one unprincipled nation in a world committed to the principle of democracy.

"No man, no group of men, chose these to be the issues of the struggle. They are the issues of it, and they must be settled—by no arrangement or compromise or adjustment of interests, but definitely and once for all and with a full and unequivocal acceptance of the principle that the interest of the weakest is as sacred as the interests of the strongest."

Now apply the general democratic principle to Ireland. Apply to Ireland the foregoing deductions from the great fundamental principle of democracy. Mr. Wilson, the great spokesman of democracy, has laid down general principles which if applied to Ireland would settle once and forever the Irish question. To accept the principles and deny their application to Ireland is to rival Berlin in dishonesty and to incur the obloquy of all men and nations who have fought for freedom and democracy.

There is little wonder then, that Mr. Asquith, speaking in Manchester the very same day that Mr. Wilson delivered his great address in New York, should voice the keen sense of humiliating inconsistency which must oppress all honest Englishmen if their great country can not take part with clean hands in the great Conference of the world's democracies.

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"EQUAL AND IMPARTIAL JUSTICE"

Nearly three hundred years ago an enlightened Englishman, who was at the time Attorney-General for Ireland, wrote this truth which is still true at the beginning of the twentieth century: "For there is no nation under the sun that doth love equal and impartial justice better than the Irish."

A correspondent in an Irish paper by way of comment on Sir John Davies witness to the passionate Irish love of equal and impartial justice cites two instances of the ascendancy conception of equality, impartiality and justice.

The previous week the paper had reported the fact that Michael Callahan was sentenced to three years' penal servitude on the charge of attempting to bring fire-arms and explosives into Ireland. Whereupon the correspondent remarks: "Sir Edward Carson, who, in the British House of Commons, took full responsibility for the Larnie gun-running, was made Attorney-General for England in May, 1915; First Lord of the Admiralty in December, 1916, and member of the War Cabinet, July 1917."

Another famous and cynical objection to the Irish people is furnished by this two-fold sample of equal and impartial justice under Sir John Davies' successor as Attorney-General for Ireland, Sir J. H. Campbell, the most blatant rebel and pro-German of them all in 1914:

1. Jack O'Sheehan was guilty of the unpeakable Irish crime of singing "The Felons of our Land." The punishment that was considered as fitting that crime in Ireland under present-day administration of equal and impartial justice was two year's hard labor.

2. Charles Quaid, of Croom, was convicted of murdering his housekeeper "under circumstances of great cruelty." He, however, had rendered services to the Empire in the matter of recruiting. His sentence was one year's imprisonment in the first division, (i. e. without hard labor.)

The official report to the War Office of the Irish Recruiting Committee in the first year of the War extolling alarm at the rapid and enthusiastic enlistment of Nationalists is the spirit which still animates a hostile administration and a parasitic Bohaldom in Ireland. It is the same spirit which impelled Lieut. Forester to sabre the crippled tailor at Zabern.

The question of Irish disaffection, like other questions, has two sides. The press agencies give us only one side. Despite the natural temptation men of Irish origin should not be deluded by a figure of speech. To personify "England," to blame "England" for past and present Prussianism in Ireland is to make a grievous mistake fraught with disastrous consequences. The group of politicians now speaking and acting in England's name will soon have to render an account of their stewardship to the newly-enfranchised English people. And the English people will not perpetuate Prussianism at home after overthrowing it abroad. Patient confidence in the eternal principles of right is now more necessary and better justified than at any time in history.

WILSON'S ADDRESS

President Wilson's great address of Sept. 27th, which our Canadian newspapers barely noticed, we gave in full in the October 12th issue of the CATHOLIC RECORD. Since the time it was set up it has become one of the great fundamental bases for the readjustment of the world. At the time we regarded it as the most important pronouncement since the beginning of the War. The following extracts from an editorial of the current number of the Saturday Evening Post recognize and emphasize its importance:

"We wish every reader of The Saturday Evening Post would turn back now and read over the speech President Wilson delivered in New York at the beginning of the Fourth Liberty Loan drive in September. We believe it is as memorable as the Declaration of Independence and Lincoln's Gettysburg Address. It translates the spirit of both those historic utterances into world language.

"It would have been a thesis an amiable dream—but two million American soldiers in France and the day-by-day effort of a hundred million Americans at home give it the solid outlines of attainable reality. In what it tangibly implies no political document we are acquainted with equals it, for none other was consciously addressed to such a vast audience.

"At every vital point it stands squarely opposed to the Prussian idea. To say that the State legitimately exists only for the well being of the men and women who compose it; that justice and the interests of the peoples shall be the only international rule; that there shall be no subjugation of one racial group by another—is to challenge and deny in the flattest terms the Prussian idea that people exist for the power and glory of the State. To accept the President's idea is to renounce conquest completely and as a matter of course.

"The implications of that speech are tremendous: No domination of one group by another; no irresponsible power; everywhere the greatest practicable measure of self-government; no organized coercion except to enforce the will of a majority; justice the constant aim; and a constant effort to give every group the freest possible opportunity to develop its abilities.

"Take the speech home again. It states a cause that sanctions all the sacrifices necessary to attain it."

One of the implications of that speech is self-government for Ireland. It is a masterpiece and our readers can do no thing better than to read and re-read it."

LEARNING THE LUXURY OF DOING GOOD

If we are to measure the enormity of humanity's crimes by the punishment that is being inflicted upon the race, we must conclude that never did mankind sin so grievously as in our day. War, famine and pestilence are taking their dread toll from every land and inflicting dire distress upon many of the survivors. But, notwithstanding the weight of God's avenging hand, there is still so much insincerity and dishonesty in public life, so much callousness and blindness among the ruling classes, so much vice flouting itself in public places, so much vitriolic hatred of

Christianity and above all so much forgetfulness of God's overruling Providence that no wonder people are asking themselves if we have come upon the days foretold by Our Lord Himself in that terrible last gospel of the year. But, darksome though the horizon be, God is still in His world. The punishment that He inflicts upon His erring children is not so much vindictive as medicinal: and already it has brought forth its fruits of repentance and good works. War, like a toad ugly and venomous, has brightened the precious jewel of charity in the hearts of many. Adversity has taught us new uses, united humanity within closer bonds and given a new impetus to our generous impulses. Catholics, it is consoling to note, notwithstanding the many calls upon their benevolence, are giving more liberally than ever before to our home and foreign missions.

It is a pleasing occupation to point out the bright patches in the dark cloud that envelops the world. We might dwell upon the numerous conversions to the faith, the return of so many careless Catholics to the practice of their religion and the edifying example of so many heroic nuns and chaplains; but we prefer to single out one good effect of the War which is deserving of special notice because it strikes at one of the capital vices of our age, viz., the vice of avarice. The world has loosed its purse strings. It has learned the luxury of doing good.

Religion teaches us that while men should be secure, as far as their fellows are concerned, in their earthly possessions, whether these possessions have accrued to them by inheritance or through their own efforts, yet they are but stewards in relation to God to whom belongs the earth and the fulness thereof. They are bound to use their superfluous wealth for God's glory and the welfare of their neighbor. This applies not only to very rich men but to all who possess more than is necessary to maintain themselves in their station in life and to make reasonable provision for their offspring. Notwithstanding this teaching there is a very common misapprehension, even among Catholics in regard to this matter. "If I give," say they "of my abundance to the poor in order to have God's blessing, I am performing a praiseworthy act but I am not bound by any precept to do so." Yet we are told in Holy Writ, "Help the poor because of the commandment." "I command thee to open thy hand to the poor and needy brother."

If the War did nothing else than bring home to men the instability of material possessions, and enlarge their generosity towards the afflicted it would be a real blessing. If it induced them to break the golden calves that they had been worshipping, it would have checked at least a very pernicious and widespread species of modern idolatry. This it certainly has accomplished. It is true that the profiteers are still with us and that suffering at home and abroad has not softened the flinty hearts of some opulent citizens, but popular opinion has set its seal of condemnation upon both of these. Never before has Canada given so generously, and what is true of Canada is true of other countries. Call follows call for one charity or another and the people respond gladly and with increasing alacrity. Yea, they give till it hurts and find pleasure in the pain.

It may be that patriotism has much to do with this. There is a satisfaction in knowing that one has done his bit. It may be, too, that pity gives ere charity begins. We must not look for the highest theological motive in a world that lost its sense of true proportion when it lost the gift of the true faith. The published appeals to the people seldom suggest a higher sanction for giving than mere altruism; yet we may reasonably suppose that many have in mind when making their donations the words of Christ, "Whoever you do unto the least of Mine you do unto Me." Catholics may well emulate the example of many of our separated brethren in the matter of generous giving. If they knew God as Catholics do they would certainly love Him; for they have given the best proof of that by loving their brother. God is charity, and a world that is becoming more charitable is certainly becoming nearer to God. The selfishness of the nations might well lead to a pessimistic view of the future were it not that we know that the Lord loves a cheerful giver and that charity covereth a multitude of sins.

THE GLEANER

NOTES AND COMMENTS

THE GEOGRAPHY of Europe will be an interesting study after the close of the War. Turkey, for one thing, will probably cease to be known west of the Bosphorus, and Constantinople, for so many centuries the capital of Moslemism, may revert to the Christian Powers of the West. Those of us whose memory goes back forty years will recall that on the maps over which we pondered as school-boys, Turkey in Europe stretched from the Black Sea and the Sea of Marmora to the Adriatic, and the several Balkan States—Roumania, Serbia, Bulgaria—were non-existent. Greece had a feeble hold on the southern peninsula and the Isles of Egean, but, largely on sufferance of Turkey. The Great Powers, it is true, had to be reckoned with, but for which fact Greece too would have been crushed under the heel of the Moslem.

IN MIDDLE Europe too the changes will be vast and far-reaching. With the setting up of Hungary as an independent State, the great Dual Empire is rent in twain, and the sway of the Hapsburgs possibly ended. Serbia, which has suffered so much through-out the War, will gain in prestige, and Roumania—Austria-Hungary's other neighbor on the South—freed from Russian and German domination, should enter upon a freer and higher national life. As for Russia, apart from the recreation of Poland (which should not be a matter of speculation), it is too soon to prognosticate the changes that are almost certainly in store. Russia has always been an unknown quantity in European history, and notwithstanding present chaos, we have never wavered in the belief that she will yet yield predominant influence in the world, and, possibly is destined to be the great bulwark of Europe against the "Yellow Peril."

WHILE MATTERS are, as we write, still unsettled on the Western front, it would be idle to speculate as to the future. That Alsace-Lorraine will revert to France seems a foregone conclusion, but, will Denmark get back the stolen provinces of Schleswig-Holstein; shall Saxony and Bavaria become once more independent kingdoms, and to what extent will the Austro-Italian frontier be readjusted? These are all questions which come within the scope of President Wilson's "conditions," and while the diplomats are gathered about the Peace table, all mankind will look on with a degree of interest and expectancy without parallel in regard to the wars of the past.

WRITING OF THESE pending changes an influential American journal writes:

"Of the new State structure of Central Europe, the geographical position of Poland makes it the keystone. Eight million Poles in Galicia, two millions in Posenania, and about ten millions in Russian Poland make a total of twenty millions which, if the Entente solution prevails, will constitute the population of the new Polish State. If there were any question of the Austro-German solution prevailing, the new Poland would contain only ten millions of people. Russia began, early in the War, the endeavor to bring together the three fragments of Poland dissected by the partitions of the eighteenth century. This was involved in the promise of Polish autonomy which accompanied the appeal made by the Grand Duke to the Poles. But it is plain that to complete the new State structure of Middle Europe there must be a dismemberment of the Austro-Hungarian Monarchy. If it were only a question of restoring to Rumania the districts of Hungary which are properly hers, of incorporating Galicia in an independent Poland, of yielding the Trentino to Italy, and giving Bosnia and Southern Dalmatia to Serbia, the Austro-Magyar coalition might remain more powerful than ever in the Monarchy, and Czech-Slovaks and Croato-Slovenes would be left absolutely powerless. In other words, the erection of a Southern Slav Commonwealth on one side of the new Middle-European Confederation, is quite as necessary as the constitution of a Polish State at the other, to save Europe from the total of the Drang nach Osten which was the real cause of the present War."

The writer of "Rambles in Book-land" in The Statesman, says of the great French preachers, Maesillon, Bourdalou, and Fenelon, "and a dozen others, all excellent masters of style," that in reading their sermons, he feels all the time that they are endeavoring to work upon his emotions, but never touch his heart. Of the three named Fenelon is best known to English readers, and in his

regard, contrasting him with Bossuet, it is related by a contemporary that when people heard Bossuet they exclaimed, "What a splendid sermon," but that when they heard Fenelon they said, "May God give us grace to sin no more." So far do men differ in their estimate of a preacher's power! Possibly in the case of the Statesman writer, the difference is subjective. Certain it is that even through the halting medium of translation, Fenelon still has power over the hearts even more than the intellects of men.

THE MUCH-DEBATED question of a Catholic daily paper derives fresh interest from its apparent solution in South America. Chile, we are reminded by a Texas contemporary, has a splendid Catholic daily in La Union, which issues separate editions at Santiago, Valparaiso, Concepcion, and Punta Arenas. Argentine has no less than eight Catholic dailies, published in as many different cities. Bolivia proudly points to La Vardad, published at Las Pas. In La Union of Lima, and El Debar of Arequipa, Peru has two influential Catholic daily organs of opinion, and even little Costa Rica, with its total population of 450,000, possesses a daily paper professedly and unmistakably Catholic. But these are Catholic countries, someone may object. True, but is it any the less noteworthy that even in a Catholic constituency, organs of public opinion should be professedly Catholic in tone and outlook? Daily papers in North America usually pride themselves on being non-religious.

ON THE BATTLE LINE

THE ISOLATION of Germany on her Eastern frontier has proceeded so far that on Wednesday all passenger and freight traffic between Germany and Austria ceased. In the mountains of Bohemia the Czechs have seized trains carrying food to Vienna and to Germany. The disintegration of the Austro-Hungarian Empire continues with amazing rapidity. A popular Government has been formed in Vienna by leading Austro-German Socialists, who have solemnly hauled down the flag of the Hapsburgs and assumed control over the army and the civil administration. The Hungarians have possession of their Capital after a little over two years of exile. Government entirely independent of Austria. The southern Slavs are now in complete control of the Austro-Hungarian Empire, together with the fleet of Austria-Hungary. It says much for German discipline that amid the chaos of the break-up of the Teutonic Empires Austrian troops of Germanic origin fight on doggedly along the Alpine front in northern Italy, while the Germans on the Meuse, in the Champagne and along the Scheldt above and below Valenciennes obstinately resist the attacks of the British, French and American armies. This resistance, however, is but the last flare-up of a dying fire. Germany must make peace almost immediately on any terms if she would avoid a bloody revolution. The War Lords stand with their backs to the wall—and the wall is giving way behind them.

THE BATTLE on the plains of Venetia has developed into a complete rout of the Austrian army. Of the number of prisoners taken by the Italians up to the present time no accurate count can be kept. They are believed to number considerably over 60,000, and already more than 700 guns captured by the Italians and the British and French have been counted. The booty taken, it is stated, is immense, its value being estimated at billions of lire.

IN THE REGION south of Valenciennes Sir Douglas Haig reports that English and Canadian troops attacked yesterday morning at dawn on a six-mile front, and after sharp fighting, during which exceptional heavy casualties were inflicted on the enemy, forced a passage of the Rhonelle Brook, captured the villages of Aulouy and Preseau, occupied the high land on the southern edge of Valenciennes to the point where the flooding of the Scheldt Valley begins, and practically isolated the city. Between two and three thousand prisoners were taken during the battle. The drive was engineered by the Canadians, and the advancing infantry had the support of one of the heaviest artillery bombardments of the War, which made the going easy. Valenciennes is now almost bottled up; only a narrow tract of un-flooded land is available for the retreat of the Germans still in the city.

THE ATTACK along the Scheldt on Thursday and Friday by British, American, French and Belgian troops was most successful. It is announced that on a front of almost twelve miles the German positions were penetrated to a depth of between three and four miles.

THE AMERICAN forces operating on the west bank of the Meuse have occupied the town of Brioules, on the west bank of the Meuse, after a severe engagement, and have followed this up by a general attack along the whole front between the Meuse and the Forest of Argonne. In all, during the day's operations a dozen villages were taken, most of

which had been fortified by the Germans, and more than three thousand prisoners had been captured. The advance is the most important made in a single day's fighting since the first rush of the Americans north of Verdun a little over a month ago.

GENERAL GOUBAUD'S army attacked along the Aisne west of the Forest of the Argonne, driving easterly, so that he might link up his front with that of the Americans east and northeast of Grand Pre.

LORD ROBERT CEIL, speaking on behalf of the Foreign Office, stated last night that the armistice accepted by Turkey means a complete and unconditional surrender. Mr. George Barnes, member of the British War Cabinet, states that British warships have been assembled at the mouth of the Dardanelles for some time, and that on Thursday evening the vessels had already started through the Straits. The forcing of the Bosphorus Channel into the Black Sea may take some little time, as it was very heavily mined to prevent the Russian fleet from attacking Constantinople. It is believed, however, that the Turks will be able to show the Allied mine sweepers where the obstructions are, and thus enable them quickly to clear the channel. Mr. Barnes suggests that the first step toward an attack on Germany from the eastern frontier will be the occupation of the Danube waterway.

THE AUSTRIAN naval vessels at Pola, the chief naval base on the Adriatic, have been surrendered to the Southern Slav Council.

THE RED CROSS IN IRELAND

A GREAT CONTRIBUTION FROM MUNSTER, LEINSTER AND CONNAUGHT

The Times (London, Eng.) Oct. 11, 1918
In estimating Ireland's voluntary civilian effort, by gift and by service—and by Ireland here we mean only Munster, Leinster, and Connaught, since in Red Cross and other civilian effort Ulster elects to act independently—account must be taken of the population and wealth. There are in the three Provinces only 1,838,700 persons between the ages of the total and sixty, or less than half the total of the whole population of the island. The population of Great Britain exceeds 41,000,000. The ratio between the population, therefore, of the three southern Provinces and Great Britain is as one to 15. If the figures used by the Inland Revenue Commissioners are to be the guide, the relative potentiality of Ireland and Great Britain in civilian war effort, in respect of personal service, in the ratio of one to 15 and in respect of wealth of one to 28.

If account were taken of income, the disparity would be much more marked, and the ratio, at the lowest estimate, would be one to 30. Few persons enjoy large incomes from commerce alone in Ireland. The result clearly demonstrates that Ireland's contribution to the War is astoundingly great. For instance, the total sum contributed by England and Wales on "Our Day" last year amounted to £341,631. The wealth of England and Wales is, as shown, at least 25 times that of Ireland. Hence Ireland's proportionate offering would have been £13,665. It actually amounted to £22,600.

It is impossible to state with complete accuracy the amount contributed by Irish civilians since the outbreak of the War towards Red Cross and other war funds. A substantial but unascertainable sum has been, and continues to be, sent direct from contributors to funds and societies having their headquarters outside Ireland. For example, substantial contributions flow regularly to the Prisoners of War Regimental Committee of the Irish Women's Association, whose headquarters is at Kensington Palace, Messrs. A. Guinness, Son, and Co. subscribe several thousand pounds annually direct to the British Red Cross. A reasonable proportion of the Prince of Wales' Fund was subscribed from Ireland. An Irish Hospital attached to the French Red Cross was, for a time, maintained by Irish contributions at the Western Front. The Irish district of the St. John Ambulance Brigade endowed some beds in the hospital at Etaples. Altogether there is no doubt that the total sum contributed by the three Provinces in money and in kind is not less than half a million, a sum which would correspond with a contribution by Great Britain of about fourteen millions.

Contributions from Ireland represent all social grades of the people and all religious denominations. Catholic and Protestant, Nationalist and Unionist, rich and poor, have shown in the most practical manner their loyalty to the Red Cross and to other war funds. When the Red Cross Pageant paraded the streets of Dublin the political leaders of every school expressed by word and by action their respect for the Geneva Convention. The Irish medical and nursing professions have shown outstanding loyalty and self-sacrifice. Eminent physicians and surgeons have surrendered valuable practices for work at home and at the front; the trained hospital nurses from Irish hospitals have not been behindhand.

HOSPITALS AND AMBULANCES

We may now come to details. The British Red Cross Society and the Order of St. John have recruited between 500 and 600 men for the R. A. M. C. through the Military

Home Hospital Reserve, and for the Auxiliary Royal Naval Sick Berth Reserve, and as stretcher bearers under the Joint Red Cross. Thirty-one men's V. A. Detachments with 1,300 members, and 83 women's V. A. Detachments, with 2,927 members, have been organized. By the Joint Board of Selection for posting V. A. D's to military and auxiliary hospitals for nursing and for general service upwards of 1,500 candidates have been approved and appointed. In Cork 400 V. A. D's have been recruited for similar service. The Inquiry Bureau for Wounded and Missing Soldiers and Prisoners of War has been opened since February, 1918, and the written communications sent out from the office exceed 15,000 annually. Voluntary Aid Detachments, consisting of 800 men, employed in Dublin, have been organized, and have carried 17,510 patients. A mobilization scheme, approved by the D. D. M. S. Irish Command has been organized in the event of invasion. The Central Red Cross Workrooms at 64 Merrion square, with numerous branches, have made 44,076 garments, over 20,000 pairs of socks, and 10,000 mufflers knitted; some 800 voluntary women workers are employed. By the Clothing Depot gifts to the value of £20,000 have been distributed. The National Egg Collection Department has distributed eggs to the value of £20,500. Tobacco to the value of £5,500 has been distributed.

The following hospitals have been equipped or assisted and maintained by voluntary contributions at a total cost of £100,000, exclusive of grants from headquarters: City and County of Dublin—Dublin Castle; Irish Counties; King George V. (Ipswich Wing); Corrig Castle, Kingstown; Dublin University, V. A. D.; Glenmaroon; Harmitage; Temple Hill, Monkstown; Monkstown House (for officers); Surgeon Wheeler (for officers); Mercer's (one ward); Sir Patrick Dun's (one ward); Co. Cork; Glengarriff (for officers); Co. Louth; Dundalk; Co. Kildare; Firmount; Co. Kilkenny; Co. Even (for officers); Co. Meath; Balmagh Barry, Co. Westmeath; Bloomfield and Tudham House; Co. Wicklow; Duke of Connaught's (Limbs); Princess Patricia's.

The work done in the Irish War Hospital Supply Depot with its sub-depots comprises: (a) Women's work. Dressings and bandages, paper mache surgical appliances, sphagnum-moss dressings; the total output exceeds 350,000 dressings. The value of this work alone has been estimated at £45,000; and the National Waste Paper Depot, only recently established, has earned on an average £100 per month. The roll of women workers numbers 6,000. (b) Men's work.—Provision of splints, crutches, bed rests, and various other articles of necessity and comfort for wounded men.

OTHER ENTERPRISES
For the prisoners of war various committees have laboured constantly, zealously, and successfully in Ireland to supply Irish prisoners of war (chiefly the Royal Dublin Fusiliers, the Munster and Leinster Regiments, and the Connaught Rangers) in Germany and elsewhere with food and comforts. Large sums have been raised and expended; the present cost of supplying the Royal Dublin Fusiliers amounts to £40,000 per annum.

The Irish Automobile Club has performed all the work of removing the wounded to their destinations, and has in various services transferred a total of 58,000 men. The club has joined in recruiting work, has entertained and taken out wounded soldiers to the number of 50,000, has equipped a buffet for the Dublin Garrison, and, through its wounded soldiers' reception committee in conjunction with the Soldiers' and Sailors' Help Society, has provided 40,000 free meals. The club also conducts soldiers' railway buffets and a bureau for the employment of discharged soldiers and sailors (mechanics), at which 289 have found employment. The club has raised and expended £20,000 since the War broke out.

Other enterprises include the Soldiers' and Sailors' Help Society (Irish Branch), which has since 1914 administered from national relief funds £22,820, and has collected and expended more than £20,000; the Soldiers' Central Club, which for the benefit of travelling soldiers, is open night and day, and provides sleeping accommodation for over 300, upwards of 1,000 men sleeping every week on the premises; the Soldiers' Rendezvous, which has provided over 400,000 meals; and the committee which has presented fruit and vegetables to the Fleet in value more than £5,500.

In the County and City of Cork there is a branch of the British Red Cross Society, whose women workers have made and dispatched to London and the military and local hospitals 270,000 bandages, dressings, and other hospital articles, as well as 63,500 pyjamas, shirts, etc., and a volunteer motor corps, which has been of great service to Red Cross workers.

There are also a number of small but useful institutions for soldiers and sailors maintained by voluntary effort, such as the Sailors' War Hotel, the Soldiers' Club at North Wall, the Soldiers' and Sailors' Guide Corps, the Hostel for Soldiers' and Sailors' in Dublin, the Emergency Rest House for Travelling Soldiers at the port of Dublin, the Dressing Station, North Wall, railway buffets and canteens, and Queen Mary Needlework Guild, which has several branches in Ireland.

INTERESTING ITEMS

(Catholic War News Service)
THE POWER OF PRAYER

Are the events of the War directed and influenced by the power of prayer? The question is an apt one because 50,000 English children have offered their prayers and Holy Communion for the intentions of Marshal Foch and for a victorious peace. This spiritual offensive was inaugurated by the London Universe, and in July last the prayers of 50,000 children were asked. At the same time the Generalissimo of the Allied Armies was planning his July offensive, and in that month the reaction set in which turned the great German offensive into a defeat. Now there are two things very clear about this incident: the children, very naturally, knew nothing whatever about Marshal Foch's plans, and the Marshal himself did not know until recently that 50,000 children were praying for his intention. But a great reaction has taken place along the Western Front, and the tide of battle has turned definitely in the favor of the Allied Armies.

Marshal Foch is aware how his arm has been sustained by the power of this united prayer, and his letter to the editor of the Universe shows how earnestly he values the spiritual aid rendered by the children. The Marshal's letter reads as follows:

Command in Chief of the Allied Armies The Marshal
C. Q. G. A., Sept. 19th, 1918.

Sir:—I have felt very deeply the expression of your sentiments, and the noble thought that has prompted your initiative.

The act of faith which the children of Great Britain have made for my intention has profoundly touched me.

Please express my gratitude to them, and beg them to continue their prayers for the victory of our Just Cause.

Receive, Sir, the assurance of my special esteem.

(Signed) F. FOCH.

PRIESTS DIE IN ACTION

A gallant Irish priest has just died in action with his men. Major the Rev. John Fitzgibbon, wearer of the Military Cross, was the son of Mr. John Fitzgibbon, Member of Parliament for South Mayo. His brother, Captain Michael J. Fitzgibbon, was killed in Gallipoli in August 1915. Father Fitzgibbon was thirty six years of age, and was ordained to the priesthood in July, 1915. He volunteered for service as military chaplain at the beginning of the following year, and was awarded the Military Cross for devotion to duty under fire. The death of Capt. Father Bertini, O. S. B., is also announced. Father Bertini, who was a monk of the Benedictine Abbey at Farnborough, was in Luxembourg at the outbreak of the War. Although he was born in England, he was an Italian by descent, and on being allowed by the German authorities to proceed to Italy he was obliged to join the Italian army. He was found by Cardinal Bourne, serving as a private in the medical service. Through the influence of the Cardinal the Italian Government released him from military service, and allowed him to proceed to England on the condition that he volunteered as a military chaplain. Father Bertini complied with the condition, and saw service with the troops on the Italian front, where he was ministering for some time before his death.

SENTIMENT IN ALSACE LORRAINE

In Alsace Lorraine the Germans have imprisoned many women, and among the number are several nuns. One Sister Catherine Braun, was condemned in 1915 to a year's imprisonment because, in a letter sent by hand, she expressed anti German sentiments. On March 30th, 1916, a court-martial at Mulhouse condemned two nuns to six months' imprisonment, and directed the girls' schools at Guebwiller. Their trial caused a sensation, and the hall was crowded to overflowing. Sister Ludwine, the superior, was accused of having spoken of the Germans as "barbarians," of having declared that Alsace-Lorraine had belonged to France for two hundred years and ought to remain French. She not only spoke French herself but made the Sisters speak it. She wondered how the men who bombarded Rheims Cathedral ventured to write "God is with us." When great German victories were announced she used to say, "Dear Sisters, the news is not true." Her companion was charged with having spoken with indignation of the German cruelties and once she was heard to say: "I am French; I have it in me, and nothing can prevent this." The military magistrate, who acted as public prosecutor, made a speech in which he gave a curious insight into the French sympathies of Guebwiller and its citizens; it seems clear that the nuns only echo the antipathy of all the people for the Germans and their sympathy for the French. Another nun, Soeur Valentine, was condemned at Mulhouse to five year's hard labour. She had worked at a military hospital, and was accused of having treated the French wounded better than the wounded Germans, and of having concealed French articles to prevent the Germans taking possession of them.

In all the cases quoted there is a striking disparity between the severity of the punishment and the nature of the offences. It may be argued that these women were German subjects and on this account deserved to be punished for disloyalty to the

country to which they officially belonged. What is curious and interesting is the light here thrown on the mental attitude of the women of Alsace Lorraine; they belong to different classes; but well-to-do "bourgeois," wives of civil functionaries, and pastors, workwomen, peasants, and servants are at one in their detestation of the Germans. Another notable feature of the case is the boldness with which they expressed their opinions at home and abroad and the cheerfulness with which they ran the risk of imprisonment rather than conceal their sympathy for France.

THE ST. QUENTIN CATHEDRAL

Now that the French Armies are in occupation of St. Quentin the havoc wrought by the invaders to the glorious cathedral has been made known. The roof has entirely gone the pipes of the organ have been torn from their carved wood setting, and carried away as metal. The sight of the devastated cathedral is thus described by one who walked in its ruins shortly after the French troops entered the city:

"Of St. Quentin's once glorious cathedral and the havoc made of it by our modern vandals I must write in greater detail. The carcass of the cathedral is like an old ruin newly damaged. We reached it by the west entrance through a barrier of cobbles and barbed-wire surmounted by a notice-board, 'Durchgang verboten,' and then found a free way in by the south door. The great square tower, which, with the high roof burned in one of last year's fires, was a landmark throughout the countryside, and a first-class German observatory, shows a number of shell-holes. The vaulting of the apse has completely, and that of the splendid Gothic nave springing over 40 ft. high has partly fallen in stone and dust littering the floor. Of the beautiful stained-glass windows and of stone and wood-work dating back as far as the twelfth century, only pitiful fragments remain. Parts of the chapels that had survived the shocks of six centuries, the Spaniards of Queen Elizabeth's day and the Germans of Bismarck's day are now shattered, and the frescoes of the choir are open to the cold autumn sky."

SWISS CATHOLICS AND BELGIUM

The Catholics of Switzerland have through the whole course of the War given their hearty sympathy to Belgium. The St. Gall *Ostschweizer* has been publishing a series of articles on Belgium which the editor, Herr C. Buomberger-Longoni, has reprinted. In his concluding remarks Herr Buomberger-Longoni says, regarding Belgium:

"We were not to accord to Belgium in her misfortunes our sincere and heartfelt sympathy we should be guilty of forgetting our complete Catholic unity, the great Christian duty of brotherly love and the law of righteousness. Great and illuminating traits of Catholic life and thought stand imperishably graven on Belgian history. We must and shall remain for them our admiration and loyalty. The Catholic Church never can possibly desire that any land in which her rights are upheld, in which true hearts beat bravely for the Catholic Faith, should go under, or even lose independence and sovereignty. That would be a loss for the Catholic cause. Therefore in the interests of our Church we stand manfully for the justice of Belgium's cause."

The Catholic ideal rests upon the community of all peoples and cultures. Beyond the abyss of this War men and nations must realize their true positions once more, else must Christianity despair of her task. The great thought which must unite and reconcile all peoples is that of Right. This brings us back to our point of departure.

"The Belgian people in their misfortunes and sufferings may rest assured that we Swiss, that we Catholics are thinking of them, that the Belgian name, the Belgian deeds, and the Belgian cause lives in our hearts, and that we shall take example from the great champions of Belgian Catholics, from the Malous, the Anethans, the de Theux, the Apremonts, the Beernarcts—that we shall regard them as models for our own steadfastness of purpose, our upright, manly attitude, when it is a question of upholding unwaveringly the beautiful law of the Golden Lion of Brabant and its brave honest people."

"On the Belgian coat of arms appear the words 'L'Union fait la Force'—'Union is Strength.' May unity make us strong in the noble struggle for the inalienable rights of Belgium."

The action of the Bishop of Namur Moneigneur Heylen, in withdrawing the order of Baron von Falkenhause commanding Catholic churches for the use of Protestant soldiers, is explained fully by La Metropola, which recalls the events of the past three years.

In 1915 the Governor-General of Belgium desired the Bishop of Namur to concede certain churches for Protestant worship by German soldiers, but Mgr. Heylen's answer was a decided negative, which did not lose in force when the request was repeated in the form of an order. When the order came the Bishop hastened to inform Baron von der Lancken that any church used for the purpose of Protestant worship would be immediately placed under an interdict. Thinking that the Bishop's words were no more than a threat, the German authorities proceeded to commandeer the Parish church of Virton for Protestant worship. Mgr. Heylen, after vainly seeking a per-

sonal interview with the authorities in question launched his interdict. The Blessed Sacrament, and all altar furniture, was removed from the church to a neighbouring convent. The result of this was that the German Catholic chaplains could no longer say Mass in the Church upon which the interdict had fallen, and they suffered the humiliation of yielding to the ecclesiastical authority wielded by one of the conquered nations. Mgr. Heylen appealed to the Holy Father to use his personal influence with Germany in this grave matter, with the result that a promise was given, through Cardinal von Hartmann, that a temporary church for the Protestant Germans should be provided at Virton, and similar instructions were given to the Governor of Brussels. All then went well till the March of this year, when the Bishop of Namur learnt that once again a parish church in his diocese had been requisitioned for Protestant worship by the German commandant. Without hesitation His Lordship launched the interdict, and the church in question was evacuated by the Catholic worshippers. Shortly after this spirited action the German Chaplain-in-Chief, Mgr. Middendorf was sent from Brussels to Namur with instructions from Baron von Falkenhause to soften the Bishop's heart by pleading that in Russia and Roumania the German troops had been permitted to worship according to Protestant rites in the Catholic churches, whereas in Namur they had to hold their religious services in the open air, in rain or in snow. To this the Bishop replied by expressing his astonishment that a Catholic priest should dare make such a proposition. He reminded the German ecclesiastic of the promise made by Cardinal von Hartmann, and bade him tell the Governor-General that the Bishop of Namur was determined to place the interdict on every church where Protestant services were celebrated. To this position he has ever since adhered, although he has been repeatedly approached by the German authorities in Brussels with the request to shut his eyes to the action with regard to the churches thus misused. The valiant Bishop refuses to withhold the interdict, which, he is informed, gives great offence to the German Catholic officers and soldiers, and his conduct stands out in marked contrast to that of the subservient German Catholic chaplains.

A despatch coming through from Constantinople states that, according to reliable information, the Patriarch of Georgia, Kyrien II., who a short time ago went to a monastery in the neighbourhood of Tiflis to spend the summer months there, has been murdered by some unknown person.

The Patriarch was chosen as the supreme head of the Georgian Church by an assembly of clergy and laity, and his restoration of the independence of the National Church of Georgia last year.

BELGIUM'S BILL IN BILLIONS

KAISER'S DEBT TO LITTLE KINGDOM INCLUDES MILLIONS PAID HIM IN WAR CONTRIBUTIONS

London, Oct. 21.—Some of the items which figure on Germany's bill in Belgium are given as follows from an official Belgian source:

Local contributions and fines levied by Germany on Belgium in 1914, \$40,000,000.

War contributions from November, 1914, to October, 1916, \$192,000,000.

War contributions, seven months to May, 1917, \$70,000,000.

War contributions from May, 1917, to May, 1918, \$140,000,000.

War contributions from June to October of the current year, \$75,000,000.

Raw materials and machinery taken by the Germans were reckoned by them in January, 1915, at \$400,000,000. The damage to December, 1914, estimated by the North German Gazette amounted to \$1,000,000,000. This makes a grand total of \$1,921,000,000.

These items do not include material destruction and requisitions levied in January, 1915, which alone must be reckoned at many hundred million dollars.

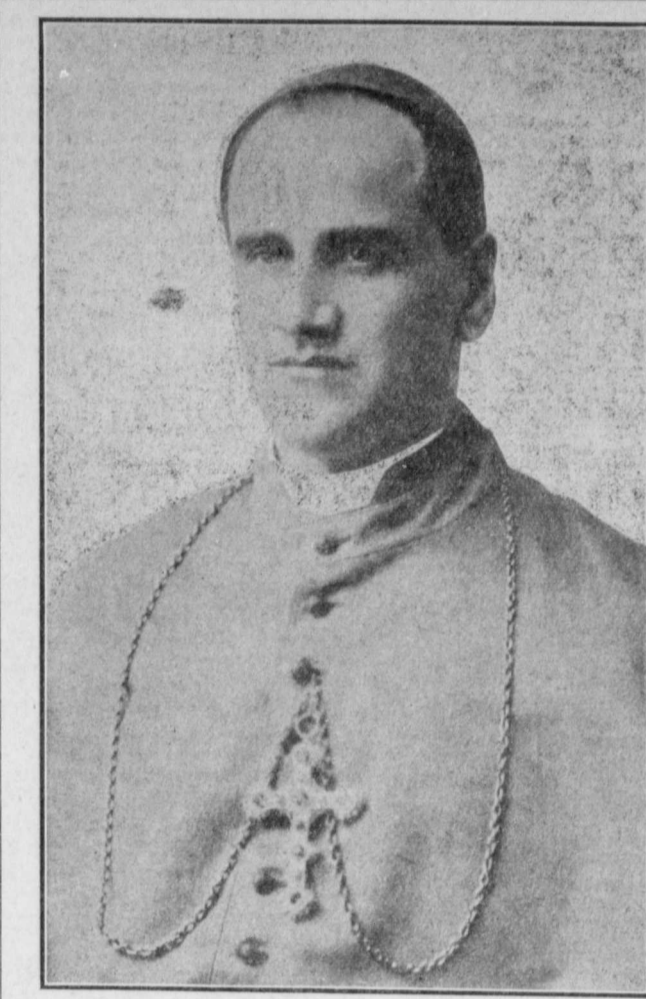
During the winter of 1916 Belgian workmen to the number of 1,750,000 were deported to Germany. The future production of these men was thus totally lost to their country.

K. OF C. GIFT TO MME. FOCH

Madame Foch, wife of the Marshal, has received 10,000 francs from the Knights of Columbus toward the fund for widows and orphans of French soldiers of Paris, of which Madame Foch is chairman. The gift was presented by Past Supreme Knight Edward L. Haarn, now in Paris serving as an overseas commissioner for the K. of C.

Intention of the Knights to make this contribution became known on the birthday anniversary of Joan of Arc, when the Knights of Columbus in New York honored the memory of the Maid of Orleans by placing a floral cross of lilies-of-the-valley on the Joan of Arc statue in Riverside drive.

Announcement was made of the proposed gift by James A. Flaherty, Supreme Knight of Columbus, when addressing Marcel Knecht of the French High Commission; Gaston Liebert, French Consul-General; George M. Kunz, president of the



HIS EXCELLENCY THE MOST REVEREND PIETRO DI MARIA
APOSTOLIC DELEGATE TO CANADA

Joan of Arc committee, and Abbe Forde d'Arrere, the fighting priest of Paris.

"We honor the modern woman of France," said Mr. Flaherty, "and I can think of no more fitting way of doing this than by helping Madame Foch, wife of the great Marshal, in the work she is doing for the widows and orphans of French soldiers who have fallen on the field of honor."

When accepting the gift in behalf of the French soldiers' widows and orphans Madame Foch assured the Knights of Columbus' representative that "the tribute would add to the debt of gratitude already acknowledged by French citizens for services rendered them in the hour of distress by generous Americans."

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH EXTENSION SOCIETY OF CANADA

PURGATORY

Purgatory is the place or rather the state in which the souls of the just, who have departed this life without having adequately satisfied Divine Justice for their faults, complete this expiation before being admitted to the enjoyment of eternal happiness. The following is the doctrine of the Church on this point as defined by the Council of Trent:

"Whereas the Catholic Church, instructed by the Holy Ghost, has, from the Sacred Scriptures and the ancient tradition of the Fathers, taught in Councils and very recently in this Oecumenical Synod that there is a Purgatory, and that the souls therein detained are helped by the suffrages of the faithful, but principally by the acceptable Sacrifice of the Altar; the Holy Synod enjoins on the Bishops that they diligently endeavor to have the sound doctrine of the Fathers in Councils regarding Purgatory everywhere taught and preached, held and believed by the faithful."

Then the Council ordered theologians and preachers to avoid on this matter all questions of pure curiosity; and for still greater reason all that seems uncertain or fabulous and likely to nourish superstition.

Nothing could be wiser than these decrees. The Council did not decide whether Purgatory is a particular place in which souls are confined, in what manner they are purified, whether by fire or otherwise, what is the severity of their sufferings nor their duration, to what exact amount they are relieved by prayers and good works of the living or by the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. Theologians are free to hold an opinion on these various questions, but such opinions are neither articles of faith nor of absolute certainty, and no one is obliged to subscribe to them.

The definition of the Council of Trent contains four truths which must not be confused; the first, that after the remission of the guilt of mortal sin and its eternal punishment, obtained from God, there remains a temporal punishment to be undergone by the sinner; the second, that when this satisfaction is not made in this world it can and must be made after death; the third, that the prayers and good works of the living may be beneficial to the dead by relieving and shortening their sufferings; the fourth, that the sacrifice of the Mass is propitiatory that it consequently possesses virtue to blot out sins and satisfy the Divine Justice for the living and the dead.

We should be deeply impressed and consoled by the thought that we have it in our power to relieve the poor souls in Purgatory.

Prayers, fasting and alms-giving are the means suggested to us by the Church for the relief of the members of the Church Suffering.

The Angel Raphael said to holy Tobias: "prayer is good, with fasting and alms, . . . for alms delivereth from death, and the same is that which purgeth away sin, and maketh to find mercy and life everlasting."

There is no better or more efficacious prayer than the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. Have Masses offered up then by our missionary priests for the repose of the souls of your dear departed friends.

Mortification, self-imposed privations, resignation in suffering, etc., borne for the love of God are a great aid to the souls of the dead.

Love of money and for the things it procures for us are very often the cause of the loss of souls. During the month of November we cannot do better than to give away for the sake of the poor souls and for the honor and glory of God a little of our superfluous wealth. It has come from God to be used by you as His steward for His greater glory and your own salvation.

Let us suggest that you educate a young man for the priesthood. You have the money; we have the young man.

Build a chapel for some poor congregation in a far off place. We know the places; give us \$500 for this work.

Aid us in our holy work of propagation of the Faith by a generous alms during this month of mercy.

Some day—some November—will see us out of this life. Then, and then only will we know the real meaning of the words "It is a holy and wholesome thought to pray for the dead that they be loosed from their sins."

Donations may be addressed to: Rev. T. O'DONNELL, President, Catholic Church Extension Society, 87 Bond St., Toronto.

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

PREVIOUSLY ACKNOWLEDGED..... \$895 00
A Friend, Southwold St..... 10 00
Thanksgiving, Deseronto..... 5 00

ALL SOULS

There is something especially appealing this year about the Commemoration of All Souls. During the past year many new bonds have been made between us and the suffering souls. The War and the terrible scourge through which we have just passed has brought Purgatory nearer to many a heart. Thus today this commemoration is filled more than ever with true Catholic sentiment.

But All Souls' day is not a mere sentimental observance. It is eminently practical. It is not a day of vain regrets, of tears and hopeless moaning. All those things belong to paganism. To us the day is one of spiritual business, of putting aside our own grief in order to pray for those to whom our prayers mean so much.

of All Saints. It is another aspect of that wonderfully consoling doctrine of the Communion of Saints. The Catholic Church makes life such a family affair. All her children, in Heaven, in Purgatory, on earth, are united at the same heart.

But while the Church dons her mourning garments her cry is not that of the inconsolable mother. She knows that all these, her children in Purgatory, are safe in her bosom. But she feels that the chastisement is upon them and that they wait in their pains and cry to be delivered from the defilement that keeps them from the sight of God. So her mourning is a mourning of relief, of hope.

It is so not only on All Souls' day. It is so with her all through the year. She never lets her suffering children out of her mind. Even while she chants the glories of her victorious children she remembers the less fortunate. Not a Mass is said without its memento of the dead; not a service conducted without ending with that distinctively Catholic prayer, "Eternal rest grant unto them, O Lord, and let perpetual light shine upon them." It is the same old spirit of remembrance of the dead that does not permit a Catholic to speak of a departed one without that prayerful, "God rest his soul," or "The Lord have mercy on him." She has counted over and over the treasures of her wealth of indulgences, and offered them to be applied to the suffering souls. So that the commemoration of the dead is an old story with her day after day.

But All Souls is the day of the great commemoration. It is then that she pours out her relief to the poor souls. Masses are multiplied. Every priest has the privilege of saying three Masses, a great privilege and all in keeping with the Church's desire to hasten the time of deliverance for them that are still in their bonds.

What Catholic could listen to the Church and not feel his heart burn to do something to help the souls. To us it is a matter of justice as well as charity. It is also practical common sense. Some day we too may be in Purgatory, perhaps sooner than we think. It is then that we will appreciate the value of a prayer or a Mass. Let us provide for that now by helping those now in Purgatory. Those who are helped to Heaven by our Masses and prayers will not be ungrateful; they will help us in the time of our need. To pray for the dead is for us a good spiritual investment.—The Pilot.

FATHER FRASER'S CHINA MISSION FUND

Dear Friends,—I came to Canada to seek vocations for the Chinese Missions which are greatly in need of priests. In my parish alone there are three cities and a thousand villages to be evangelized and only two priests. Since I arrived in Canada a number of youths have expressed their desire to study for the Chinese mission but there are no funds to educate them. I appeal to your charity to assist in founding burses for the education of these and others who desire to become missionaries in China. Five thousand dollars will found a bursar. The interest on this amount will support a student. When he is ordained and goes off to the mission another will be taken in and so on forever. All imbued with the Catholic spirit of propagating the Faith to the ends of the earth will, I am sure, contribute generously to this fund.

Gratefully yours in Jesus and Mary, J. M. FRASER.

I propose the following burses for subscription:

- SACRED HEART BURSE
- Previously acknowledged.....\$269 50
- A Friend, Southwold St..... 5 00
- John Murphy, Melrose..... 8 50
- M. Meaney, Lordsburg, New Mexico..... 2 00
- C. J. Lahey, Metacale..... 1 00
- Rev. A. J. Reynolds, Killaloe..... 10 00
- M. E. G., P. E. L..... 1 00
- F. O'S.,..... 1 00
- Port Hope Sunday School..... 1 00
- Patrick Gilday, Glace Bay..... 10 00
- A Member of the League of the Sacred Heart..... 1 00
- QUEEN OF APOSTLES BURSE
- Previously acknowledged \$1,057 00
- Mr. D., Renfrew..... 2 00
- ST. ANTHONY'S BURSE
- Previously acknowledged..... \$19 00
- IMMACULATE CONCEPTION BURSE
- Previously acknowledged..... \$18 50
- P. V. H..... 1 00
- COMFORTER OF THE AFFLICTED BURSE
- Previously acknowledged..... \$9 00
- ST. JOSEPH, PATRON OF CHINA, BURSE
- Mr. L., Renfrew..... 5 00
- Mrs. O., Renfrew..... 1 00
- Mr. M., Renfrew..... 1 00
- Mrs. R., Renfrew..... 1 00
- Friend, Renfrew..... 5 00
- No Name, Almonte..... 25 00
- BLESSED SACRAMENT BURSE
- Previously acknowledged..... \$14 00
- J. L. C., Ottawa..... 5 00
- Mrs. W., Almonte..... 2 00
- ST. FRANCIS XAVIER BURSE
- Previously acknowledged..... \$25 00
- Mr. D., Almonte..... 5 00
- HOLY NAME OF JESUS BURSE
- Previously acknowledged..... \$19 00
- HOLY SOULS BURSE
- Previously acknowledged..... \$23 00
- LITTLE FLOWER BURSE
- Previously acknowledged..... \$18 00
- Mrs. B., Almonte..... 1 00
- Rev. J. B. Ferguson, Warwick..... 5 00
- A Friend..... 50

FIVE MINUTE SERMON

Rev. J. P. Hickey, O. S. B. OBSTACLES TO A GOOD LIFE: THE ENEMY

"An enemy hath done this." (Matt. xlii. 28.) The Gospel, my dear brethren, puts before us a picture of the master's best endeavours almost ruined. He had his field cared for, good seed sown; he was looking forward to a good harvest: and how was it that it was a field of weeds, choking the corn? The master knew at once, and said, "An enemy hath done this."

So many a time each of us, and all of us, looking back into the field of the past, recalling our good resolutions, our confessions, our Holy Communion, the missions we have attended, the times without end that we have begun again to be good, are distressed and grieved at what we see. What has become of all our good endeavours? We look, and there are our few scrappy prayers, listless attention at Mass, our selfishness and uncharitableness, our sins and our shortcomings! How is it? "An enemy hath done this."

We must not lose heart when we find the enemy's work, so craftily and cunningly done, ruining so much for there is Someone else, Who sees it, and judges leniently of our sinful, wasted lives for that very reason. Our Blessed Lord, in his mercy, makes that excuse for our sins when time after time, we return to Confession in the same sad state. "An enemy hath done this." He knows that we are no match for the enemy. He knows that the enemy, the devil, only tries to ruin our souls out of spite towards Himself, God the Son made Man. Therefore, is there forgiveness and plentiful mercy for the humble and contrite heart, whenever it returns to its Lord, confessing, "I have wandered and strayed away from Thee, lured by temptations, following after pleasure, and, O Lord, see my poor soul now."

"An enemy hath done this." But though it is a plea for pardon, that we have an enemy, it is no excuse for carelessness and continuance in sin. As we know that we have an enemy, we are bound to be on guard against him. The oftener we have become the more careful, the more earnest, the more watchful, we should be against him. The tepid and careless say, "Oh, we are no match for him," and the faint-hearted, "How often have we fallen! What use in trying more?" These are coward's words. Can we believe for a moment that our Blessed Lord leaves us at the mercy of the enemy? No; we have two great safeguards to protect us.

First, prayer: "Our help is in the Name of the Lord." (Ps. cxlii. 8.) The Lord has said: "He shall cry to Me, and I will hear him; I am with him in tribulation; I will deliver him and glorify him." (Ps. xc. 15.) "The Lord is my helper and protector; in Him hath my heart confided, and I have been helped." (Ps. xxxvii. 7.) He, who neglects prayer, betrays his own soul to the enemy; he, who neglects prayer turns his back upon God's help, and despises it.

The other safeguard is to keep out of danger. The devil has been compared to a chained-up dog—watchful, savage, treacherous, but he is only dangerous within the length of his chain. If we venture within reach, do we deserve pity if we are bitten? Disobedience, independence, evil company, pleasures, bad habits, lead us on; foolishly we venture too near—there is a sudden spring; we are seized. Once more in the power of the devil through mortal sin, and the poor soul cries out again, "An enemy hath done this." No, not altogether. We know the danger we are in, and we fall. Keep out of the occasions of sin; be humble enough to be guided by parents and priests; be constant in your prayers, and the enemy cannot hurt you. "For though I should walk in the midst of the shadow of death I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me." (Ps. xxii. 4.)

Many of us, alas! can turn the text in our minds over and over, and have regretfully acknowledged that we ourselves have been helped, have been God's enemy by our willful sins. For once, the Almighty Father looked down from heaven upon Calvary, and He saw there, dying on the cross, His own Son, God made Man! That awful spectacle! The Redeemer nailed to the cross, crowned with thorns, His side pierced with a lance! His Father from heaven looked upon Him, and knew "An enemy hath done this."

Oh, yes, our sins—our mortal sins—that was their cruel work! But when we had done it, it was in our blind folly. The enemy had deluded us. We did not realize that our sins would strike the fatal blow at the Victim on the cross.

May the eyes of our soul be opened, may we have wisdom to see the guile and the craft of the enemy, that he may never again work our ruin. Fear him, but not with a coward's fear. Fear him, and take precautions; fear him, and watch him and keep out of reach; fear him, and pray all the more devoutly that God may aid and strengthen us.

THE ANGELUS

The Myers Resolution containing the word Angelus is distributing the Christian Scientist. The Christian Science Monitor reprints in part an article from the California Christian Advocate, which maintains:

"This adroit use of the Angelus should be taken out of the resolution and the Record. Harmless as it may be in this country, though offensive to Protestants, who believe that there is but one Mediator between man and God and that is Christ Jesus, yet it will be looked upon in Roman Catholic countries like Italy as an evidence that the Pope dominates America. President Wilson cannot afford to lend himself consciously or unconsciously to this ruse, which will be used by many for propaganda even if it was not so intended. . . . It is an astounding fact that Congress allows itself to be led by these propagandists, and our public press puts on the soft pedal and does not call the attention of the country to these attempts which point to the destruction of the foundations of our country which are Christian and Protestant." It is well that Congress has such champions of the "foundations" which are endangered by the insertion of a word that is sacred to at least thirty per cent. of our land forces and more than forty per cent. of our naval forces.—America

GENERAL INTENTION FOR NOVEMBER

RECOMMENDED AND BLESSED BY HIS HOLINESS POPE BENEDICT XV.

THE CONVERSION OF NON-CATHOLICS

In no way does the vitality of the Catholic Church display itself more strikingly than in the work of conversion among the Protestant sects. Yielding to the evidences of truth that she presents to them, converts are continually streaming in in large numbers. Every year tens of thousands of men and women of all ages and conditions are recognizing her infallible authority and accepting as true the dogmas that she teaches. Once within her fold they find a peace and a happiness that they had not experienced in their previous lives. Those thousands are coming to us not in numbers at a time but one by one, each with his or her own story of how truth seized their minds and urged their wills to act. The conversion of a non-Catholic to the Church is now so common an occurrence that even the Catholic press rarely gives more than a passing mention to what is, after all, an important event, namely, the safe orientation of a human soul on its way to eternity.

The work of conversion is going on quietly and steadily chiefly among those serious minds who feel the need of a definite creed. While there is a great deal of indifference among Protestants and little thought given to dogmatic truth, there are still many among them who know that contradictory doctrines cannot be held and who feel keenly that there is something wrong somewhere. They see confusion and discord reigning among their own different sects, and realizing the tremendous interests that are at stake, they ask in despair, "Where is the Church that Christ founded?" And when they have reached the limit of their searching after Truth, they exclaim, "Can it be possible, after all, that the Catholic Church is the Church against which the gates of Hell shall not prevail?" It may take months before they hear the answer. Sometimes years pass away before the truth lights up their path fully and they feel that they can safely enter upon it. But God's grace is never wanting to Protestants who are in good faith and who earnestly seek the truth. Sooner or later the scales fall from their eyes, and then, even at the price of tears and sacrifices, they resolutely take the decisive step.

But the tens of thousands of converts who enter the Church yearly are only a fraction of the vast Protestant world they leave behind them. There are millions living around us, but living far from us in belief and practice. Friendly neighbors undoubtedly they are, zealous and pious according to their lights, but, for all that, unconscious victims of ignorance and prejudice when there is question of the claims of the Catholic Church to their allegiance. They see us going to church more regularly than they do; they see us insisting on the Christian training of our children; they know that we abhor their divorce laws; they are aware that we submit voluntarily to certain religious obligations, going to confession, or fasting on Friday, for instance; but the majority of them know absolutely nothing about the motives that impel us to believe as we believe and do as we do. They have an uneasy feeling that we worship Mary and the saints; that we bow down before images; that we purchase pardon for our sins by indulgences; that we believe the Pope cannot sin; that Rome can bind us to accept any teaching it chooses to impose, etc. This uneasy feeling ends by transforming itself into a certain conviction or habit of mind that things must be so; and the natural outcome is a cocksureness all their own and a lofty contempt, mingled with sympathy, for us bungled, superstitious Catholics. Assuredly, if the Catholic Church were what Protestants think it is, they would be found in conscience to keep away from it!

But you will ask, Why do those people not enquire? why do they not try to find out just what we believe? This would seem the rational way of acting, but it is not the non-Catholic way, because unappreciated

SPANISH INFLUENZA RAGES IN CANADA

Thousands of Cases Reported With Many Deaths.

THOSE WHO ARE MOST SUSCEPTIBLE TO IT

"FRUIT-A-TIVES"—The Wonderful Fruit Medicine—Gives the Power To Resist This Disease.

The epidemic of Spanish Influenza which played such havoc in Europe, has reached this continent. Thousands of cases of the strange malady have appeared and many deaths are already reported. Surgeon-General Blue of the United States Public Health Service having stated that "Spanish Influenza will probably spread all over the country in six weeks."

Practically every ship which touches our shores from abroad, brings those infected with the disease. Surgeon-General Blue urges that "the individual take all the precautions he can against contracting the disease by care and personal hygiene". Plenty of exercise should be taken; the diet should be regulated, etc.

Spanish Influenza affects most severely elderly persons and others whose powers of resistance are weakened by illness, work or worry, especially those who are "run-down" or "not feeling up to the mark."

The really great danger from the disease is not so much in the disease itself, as that it often develops into pneumonia. What everyone needs now is a general tonic like "Fruit-a-tives". This wonderful fruit medicine is not a germ-killer. It is a body-builder; a strength-maker; a blood-purifier; a power in protecting against the ravages of disease.

"Fruit-a-tives" regulates the kidneys and bowels, causing these organs to eliminate waste regularly and naturally as nature intended. "Fruit-a-tives" keeps the skin active, and purifies and enriches the blood. "Fruit-a-tives" tones up and strengthens the organs of digestion, insuring food being properly digested and assimilated.

Everyone can take ordinary precautions, avoid crowded places, and use "Fruit-a-tives" regularly to insure sound digestion, to keep the bowels and kidneys regular and the whole system in the best possible condition. Then we are safe from disease.

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

prejudice takes the place of logic when we are concerned. The fact is, the mental attitude of Protestantism is quite inimical to the Catholic because it is impossible for us to experience personally the intensity of their religious prejudices, nor do we realize how strongly they are impelled not to seek enlightenment about our position. We Catholics possess the truth; we know just what to think about the outside sects; in our security we can afford to sympathize with those who are still groping, and we do sympathize heartily. But Protestants see things from a different angle. Although they claim to be visible societies, the idea of a supreme authority in religious matters, other than their own Invisible Head, is abhorrent to them. The Bible and its private interpretation is sufficient for them. They will allow no one, whether priest or Pope, to dictate to them what they should believe. Protestants do not reason as we reason. They form their judgments about the Catholic Church, her doctrines and practices, without examining the facts or the reasons that are essential to a just and impartial verdict. Without sufficient data to rely on, they decide that we are what they think we are and not what they think we should be, and our feeling of security irritates them. Their habit of mind may be the result of education and environment; it often comes from the study of perverted history; usually it is the result of early training. When children are taught to hate the Church and to despise everything Catholic, the lessons of early childhood are not easily forgotten; it would, in fact, be asking too much from people, after they have reached manhood and womanhood, to give up without serious reflection the notions received about us from their parents and teachers whom they are bound to respect. Often their only religious instruction is contained in the very words that differentiate their sects from the true Church. They are "Protestants" merely because they have been taught to "protest" against the errors of the Catholic Church, and they take a certain pride in this attitude.

E. J. DEVINE, S. J.

would seem to be reserved for our clergy, our Sunday school teachers, our non-Catholic missions, etc., but the Catholic laity can nevertheless do a great deal if they will only try. There are thousands of cheap pamphlets and leaflets lying covered with dust in book racks when they should be circulating among people who would profit by them. There are book racks in the vestibules of many of our Canadian churches, and yet how few of the parishioners take an interest in the contents of those racks! How few there are who invest five cents in the purchase of a pamphlet! We cannot hope to dispel ignorance or banish prejudice from the minds of our "separated brethren" if we fold our arms and sit idly by. We should be willing to spend a dollar now and then to spread the true faith around us. There should be a book rack in every Catholic Church in Canada kept constantly filled with Catholic booklets and tracts for popular use. Besides a weekly newspaper should be received by every Catholic family in Canada. How many instances could be cited where the perusal of a Catholic newspaper has been the beginning of a conversion. A few books of instruction and controversy should also be found in every Catholic home, not exclusively for the benefit of Protestant neighbors but for the instruction of the inmates themselves whose knowledge of their religion is often very elementary. Religion is often a popular topic of discussion with people belonging to the various sects, and as we are mingling daily with them, occasions frequently present themselves when we are called upon to contribute our share of enlightenment. What a sorry spectacle a Catholic makes of himself when he is unable to explain a simple point of doctrine to an enquiring Protestant or to give an account of the faith that is in him.

Through no merit of our God has made us members of His true Church. He has given us the gift of faith, and we should be only too anxious to share both faith and membership with others less favored. And yet what do we witness only too often? Weak-kneed Catholics who are ashamed of their faith; people who undoubtedly believe, but have not the courage to stand up for their beliefs; people who will allow to pass unchallenged the most atrocious calumnies against their mother Church. It may be that, through lack of knowledge, they cannot themselves refute those calumnies, but they at least have no excuse for not knowing that the printed retort of them may be had for a few cents in the book rack in their parish church.

Let us take a lesson from the enemy who fills his pockets with tracts when starting on a journey and brings none home with him. How easy it would be for a zealous Catholic to forget a well written five cent booklet in a street car or a railway coach! Who can ever tell what effect the reading of that forgotten booklet may have on its unknown readers!

There are various ways in which our laity may exercise their zeal for the conversion of non-Catholics, but one of the simplest, as outlined here, is to crush out prejudices among their neighbors by the diffusion of cheap literature. Show our Protestant friends in black and white where the truth lies and they will soon surrender to evidence. Even though they do not enter the Church-for faith is after all, the gift of God—they must cease to be prejudiced against her. If we supplement this form of activity with fervent prayer and the good example of our lives, we may hope to do something in the work of conversion, a work that is dear to the Heart of our Lord, as it is evidently dear to the heart of our Holy Father since he has asked us to pray for the conversion of non-Catholics during the present month.

CHARITY

I am speaking of charity as applied to all kinds of needs, and I make no exception of needs of the soul. I am speaking of that profound interior charity which asks itself, in presence of another soul, another mind, "What are its needs? And what can I do to help to satisfy them?" We must love with all our heart, with all our soul, with all our mind. To love with

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The day will end for you as fresh as it begins—if you take Eno's each morning



all one's mind is to detect wherever they exist, the hunger and thirst of the intellect, and to fly to their relief. To love with all one's mind is to go to the assistance of mind, wherever it lives, wherever it suffers. "Blessed is he that understandeth concerning the needy and the poor," says Holy Scripture. And there are many kinds of poverty.—Ernest Hello.

The heart that suffers with resignation sees farther than the mind that reasons. To lay up treasure in heaven is the object of life. To get ready to be fit companions for the angels is the most essential of duties.

The signs of goodness are courage, moral and physical, a fact which places all really good men and women beyond the reach of ridicule and above the high water mark of contempt.

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EDDY'S MATCHES are practically universal use throughout Canada. A match for every purpose, and every match is for its purpose. The next time you buy matches, see that the Eddy name is on the box. It is your best guarantee of satisfaction. The E. B. EDDY CO. Limited HULL, Canada Also makers of Industrial Fibre and Paper Specialties. C.S.

Save Sugar!

Don't use Sugar where Corn Syrup will serve your purpose as well or better. The ships that carry sugar are needed for soldiers and their supplies. Crown Brand and Lily White Corn Syrup are delicious, wholesome and economical alternatives for sugar in pies, puddings and preserves; as a sweet sauce and on cereals.

Use CROWN BRAND CORN SYRUP



The most nutritious part of the corn converted into its "sugar" or syrup form, with the added flavor of a little cane syrup. LILY WHITE CORN SYRUP For use where the Food Board Bulletin calls for Corn Syrup (White) Delicious for table use and cooking. In 2, 5, 10 and 20 lb. tins, at all dealers CANADA STARCH CO. LIMITED MONTREAL

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THE MAN WHO FADES FORTH WITH A WORD ON HIS LIPS
Of kindness, of comfort, of helpful intent—
That man will bring sunshine no cloud may eclipse;

THE MAN WHO FADES FORTH WITH A WORD ON HIS LIPS
Of kindness, of comfort, of helpful intent—
That man will bring sunshine no cloud may eclipse;

PRAYER AND TROUBLE
Have you felt that curious unrest that envelops you when in times of distress you have tried to carry your burdens to One Who has promised us that if we ask we shall receive?

THOUGH YOU DESIRE THAT FAVOR MORE THAN ANYTHING IN THE WORLD, YOU CANNOT CONCENTRATE YOUR THOUGHTS UPON IT AND AGAIN YOUR HEARTCHANGING DESIRE IS BUFFETED ABOUT LIKE WISPS OF GRASS IN A STORM.

SOME SEEKER OF PEACE OUT OF TROUBLE HAS WRITTEN: "THE DARKEST HOUR IS JUST BEFORE THE DAWN." THIS OLD, OLD SAYING HAS COMFORTED MANY A SAD HEART.

THE KEYNOTE OF LIFE
Do not say that you "did not think." If you forget, it is because you do not care.

COURTESY, REAL COURTESY, IS SO HOLY AN ATTRIBUTE THAT ONE WONDERS WHY ALL TRUE CHRISTIANS ARE NOT POLITE. WHEN WE PICTURE THE TENDER GENTLENESS WITH WHICH OUR FANCY ALWAYS INVESTS OUR BLESSED LORD, HOW CAN WE GO ABOUT CAUSING INCONVENIENCE BY THE BREAKING OF AN ENGAGEMENT?

THE COURTEOUS DEEDS WHICH LIVE IN HISTORY, LIKE THE HUMBLE ONES OF EVERY DAY, HAVE BEEN PERFORMED BECAUSE SELF WAS FORGOTTEN.

negro through simple kindness of heart. It is painful to see how many would-be gentle folk go to work in the most clumsy way; adorning the outward man with expensive trappings, cultivating the prevailing gait or driving a particular equipage, consulting the latest manuals of etiquette, and ending in complete and surprised discomfort through self-love and self-consciousness. No one is so poor that he cannot be gentle and polite; for courtesy is but another name for love. Love is gentleness "writ" large. A man may wear a shabby coat; he may, through stress of circumstances, be rough of hand and forbidding of visage; but he will be a gentleman if he is gentle, and he will always remember if he takes the trouble to care.—The Casket, Antigonish.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

SHORT SKETCH OF LIVES OF SAINTS OF THE WEEK

NOVEMBER 4.—ST. CHARLES BORROMEO
About fifty years after the Protestant heresy had broken out, our Lord raised up a mere youth to renew the face of his Church. In 1560 Charles Borromeo, then twenty-two years of age, was created cardinal, and by the side of his uncle, Pius IV., administered the affairs of the Holy See. His first care was the direction of the Council of Trent. He urged forward its sessions, guided its deliberations by continual correspondence from Rome, and by his firmness carried it to its conclusion. Then he entered upon a still more arduous work—the execution of his decrees. As Archbishop of Milan he enforced their observance, and thoroughly restored the discipline of his see. He founded schools for the poor, seminaries for the clerics, and by his community of Oblates trained his priests to perfection. Inflexible in maintaining discipline, to his flock he was a most tender father. He would sit by the roadside to teach a poor man the Pater and Ave, and would enter hovels the stench of which drove his attendants from the door. During the great plague he refused to leave Milan, and was even by the sick and dying, and sold even his bed for their support. So he lived and so he died, a faithful image of the Good Shepherd, up to his last hour giving his life for his sheep.

NOVEMBER 5.—ST. BERTILLE, ABBESS
St. Bertille was born of one of the most illustrious families in the territory of Soissons, in the reign of Dagobert I. As she grew up she learned perfectly to despise the world and earnestly desired to renounce it. Not daring to tell this to her parents, she first consulted St. Ouen, by whom she was encouraged in her resolution. The saint's parents were then made acquainted with her desire, which God inclined them not to oppose. They conducted her to Jouarre, a great monastery in Burgundy, four leagues from Meaux, where she was received with great joy and trained up in the strictest practice of monastic perfection. By her perfect submission to all her sisters she seemed every one's servant, and acquired herself with such great charity and edification that she was chosen prioress to assist the abbess in her administration. About the year 646 she was appointed abbess of the abbey of Chelles, which she governed for forty-six years with equal vigor and discretion, until she closed her penitential life in 692.

NOVEMBER 6.—ST. LEONARD
Leonard, one of the chief personages of the court of Clovis, and for whom this monarch had stood as sponsor in baptism, was so moved by the discourse and example of St. Remigius that he relinquished the world in order to lead a more perfect life. The Bishop of Rheims having trained Leonard in virtue, he became the apostle of such of the Franks as still remained pagans; but fearing that he might be summoned to the court by his reputation for sanctity, he withdrew secretly to the monastery of Micy, near Orleans, and afterwards to the solitude of Nobac near Limoges. His charity not allowing him to remain inactive while there was so much good to be done, he undertook the work of comforting prisoners, making them understand that the captivity of sin was more terrible than mere bodily constraint. He won over a great many of these unfortunate persons, which gained for him many disciples in whose behalf he founded a new monastery. St. Leonard died about the year 550.

NOVEMBER 7.—ST. WILLIBROD
Willibrod was born in Northumbria, A. D. 657, and when twenty years old went to Ireland, to study under St. Egbert; twelve years later, he felt drawn to convert the great pagan tribes who were hanging as a cloud over the north of Europe. He went to Rome for the blessing of the Pope, and with eleven companions reached Utrecht. The pagans would not accept the religion of their enemies, the Franks; and St. Willibrod could only labor in the track of Pepin Heristal, converting the tribes whom Pepin subjugated. At Pepin's urgent request, he again went to Rome, and was consecrated Archbishop of Utrecht. He was stately and comely in person, frank and joyous, wise in counsel, pleasant in speech, in every work of God strenuous and unwearied. Multitudes were converted, and the saint built churches and appointed priests all

over the land. He wrought many miracles, and had the gift of prophecy. He labored unceasingly as bishop for more than fifty years, being alike of God and man, and died full of days and good works.

NOVEMBER 8.—THE FEAST OF THE HOLY BELICIS

Protestantism pretends to regard the veneration which the Church pays to the relics of the Saints as a sin, and contends that this pious practice is a remnant of paganism. The Council of Trent, on the contrary, has decided that the bodies of the martyrs and other Saints who were living members of Jesus Christ and temples of the Holy Ghost, are to be honored by the faithful. This decision was based upon the established usage of the earliest days of the Church, and upon the teaching of the Fathers and of the Councils. The Council orders, however, that all abuse of the devotion is to be avoided carefully, and forbids any relics to be exposed which have not been approved by the bishops, and these prohibitions are recommended to instruct the people faithfully in the teaching of the Church on this subject. While we regret, then, the errors of the impious and the heretics, let us profit by the advantages which we gain by hearkening to the voice of the Church.

HOME IS WHAT WE MAKE IT

A man may own a handsome and well furnished residence and yet may not possess a home—that is, a home in its best and purest sense, where domestic felicity reigns supreme; for only amid such surroundings can we find the happy home.

So understood, there is no sweeter word in the language than "home," and one has well said, "Few words lie nearer the heart than the word 'home.'"

To those of us who were "trained" in good homes, how deep, how heartfelt is the pity we feel for those who were deprived of that moral and social stimulus that is the concomitant of the happy home!

"Where is your home?" a little boy was asked by an acquaintance. "Where mother is," the little fellow replied, as he looked lovingly across at her.

The little boy's philosophy would be endorsed by many of maturer age. Undoubtedly the mother of a family, the mistress of the house, has much to do with the "tone" or quality of home life. The author of "The Chronicles of the Schonberg-Cotta Family," says: "Of our mother I cannot think of anything to say. She is just the mother—our own dear, patient, loving little mother; unlike everyone else in the world, and yet it seems as if there was nothing to say about her by which one could make anyone understand what she is." In other words, the "dear, patient, loving little mothers" are so widely describable.

EUCCHARISTIC

Here on His Altar dwelling
He waiteth day and night,
His Heart with love up-welling,
His Face with welcome bright;
With strong and mystic yearning,
He claims our hearts, discerning
Our bitter needs, and turning
Our gloom to gladness light.

This is the God respondent,
This is the lowly Christ;
This is the King transcendent,
The Man they mocked and priced!
A Flame from Heaven descended,
With our weak nature blended;
A Monarch potent, splendid,
Down from His Throne enticed!

Kneel ye before His portal,
Confess your sins and weep,
Till from pollutions mortal
Your souls transfigured leap.
To meet Him midst the thunder
Of Death's veils rent asunder,
And, in adoring wonder
To find His love so deep!

There is a lone line in the heart which the whole universe cannot fill. God alone can satisfy. He is our first beginning, our last end. Throughout the gamut of passion, from the most brutal and gross up to

the most aesthetic form of lust, from there up to the most cultivated mental sympathy that ever existed between a man and a woman, it is not in spite of its thrilling satisfaction, nevertheless, unsatisfactory? We

are alone, and there is something in us which cannot be shared with the one creature who may have entered the inner sanctuary of our being. What we want is God.—Rev. Henry O'Keefe, C. S. P.

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Master Motive, The, by Lura C. Man. A Tale of the Days of Champlain. Translated by Thomas A. Gethin.
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Ronald's Mission, by Henrietta E. Delamar. Ronald is a boy of eight in whose fortunes other children are interested. His father's mission was confined to his mother on a voyage to the Indies, and he was left in the charge of a nurse. He was a brave and noble boy, and he was a noble man.
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The Catholic Record

LONDON, CANADA

OUR DEFENDERS

DATA CONCERNING PAY AND COST OF EQUIPMENT AND MAINTENANCE

Up to the end of this year Canada will have sent Overseas an Army of 425,000 men. There have been 200,000 casualties and the number of killed up to the 31st of August last had reached a total of over 29,000.

At the present time we are spending \$1,000,000 a day on our war efforts. From the beginning we have expended \$1,000,000,000. The cost of the War is growing as the size of the Army grows.

The following figures will show how the money is being spent. They are up to the middle of 1918:

Pay and allowances, \$501,704,000; maintenance of the Army in France, \$114,386,000; Separation allowance, \$71,486,000; clothing, \$35,449,000; boots and repairs, \$10,600,000; ocean transport and expenditure, \$16,000,000; land transport, \$17,500,000; stores, \$14,000,000; motor trucks, ambulances, etc., \$9,600,000; remounts, \$8,591,000; machine guns, \$4,700,000; kit bags and necessities, \$5,500,000; outfit allowances, \$5,500,000. These items total \$814,000,000.

AVERAGE PAY \$1.25 A DAY

The average pay amounts to about \$1.25 a day per man for all ranks. Average cost of rations in Canada is 50 cents, in Britain 38 cents. Maintenance of Canadian troops in France works out to about \$2.30 per day per man. The cost of clothing per man is about \$64.00 a year, with \$5.00 per man added for necessities.

The upkeep is placed at \$20.00 per man a month. At the beginning of the year there were 71,000 dependents of soldiers in Canada who received an average of \$26.75 a month for all ranks.

These figures will help to a better understanding of what the cost of maintaining our fighting forces is. It amounts in round numbers to over a million dollars a day. It is a huge bill but it is the price of Victory.

We have spent in a little over four years more than the total national revenue of Canada from 1895 to 1904.

And the cost of the War is growing as the War increases in intensity. Offensive cost more, and our Canadian boys are taking their place in the big drive which has almost brought the Prussian giant to his knees. That is why Canada wants \$500,000,000 to carry on another year. It will take all of that, for in addition to our actual war expenses, we have the interest on our war debt, and the financing out of the funds of the loan issues heavy expenditures arising out of the war situation.

GLORIOUS PAGE IN HISTORY

Canada's part in the War is one of the most glorious pages in the history of the Anglo-Saxon race.

Our men have won imperishable fame at Ypres, the Somme, Vimy Ridge, Hill 70, Passchendaele, Lens, Amiens, and it must not be said that the people at home did not stand behind them in the final struggles of the campaign.

Five hundred millions is the price of Victory. Divided among 8,000,000 people it is not a heavy burden compared with what Great Britain and some of her Allies are bearing.

Think of the price paid by 29,000 Canadians who have laid down their lives for liberty. They have made the Supreme Sacrifice. We can sacrifice to ensure that these men have not died in vain.

REV. W. F. DERMODY DEAD

Hamilton Spectator, Oct. 21

Death early on Saturday evening claimed one of Hamilton's most beloved Roman Catholic priests in the person of Rev. Father William F. Dermody of St. Joseph's church, and eldest son of Mrs. and the late William J. Dermody, 157 Catharine St. south.

His death was due to an attack of Spanish influenza, which developed into pneumonia. Father Dermody had been ill at St. Joseph's hospital a little over two weeks, although up till the last he was conscious.

Father Dermody was one of the best known priests in the Hamilton diocese, and his untimely death will be deeply regretted by citizens of every creed, and in every walk of life.

Born in Hamilton, on December 3, 1891, Father Dermody at the time of his death was twenty-six years of age, and was one of the youngest priests in the diocese.

He began his education at St. Patrick's school. When he passed the entrance examination he had the highest standing among the pupils of the separate schools. He then entered St. Mary's High school, but later transferred to the collegiate institute, where on passing his matriculation he entered St. Jerome's college. While a student at this college, Father Dermody was always high up in his class work, although always taking part in all sports. Especially interested was he in baseball, and for two years was the pitcher for the college team.

After five years' attendance at St. Jerome's he graduated with honors and won the college oratorical medal. He then definitely pursued the course to enter the priesthood, going to the Grand Seminary at Montreal, where he remained for a year, after which he attended St. Augustine's seminary at Toronto for two years, and from which he was ordained a priest on May 29, 1916, and on the following Sunday, May 30, he celebrated his

first Mass at St. Patrick's church, where he had been an altar boy for several years.

Father Dermody was then appointed curate for St. Joseph's church and also for St. Ann's. He was also chaplain for the military hospital here. After two years in this work, he devoted all his time as curate for St. Joseph's church. His duties there brought him in touch with the returned soldiers at the sanatorium, where he was a regular visitor, and his kind and winning way had won for him a warm place in the hearts of many of the returned heroes, by whom he will be greatly missed. He also was in charge of the Catholic patients in the mountain asylum.

Father Dermody was also a great favorite with children, especially the boys, and by his many young friends in Hamilton he will be greatly missed. Deceased was a very gifted speaker, and in his death the local diocese of the Roman Catholic Church loses one of its most prominent teachers and priests.

Surviving him is his mother, and two brothers, Percy and Vincent, at home, and five sisters, Mrs. George Smith, Miss Annie, Eileen, Josephine, and Clara, all of this city. His father predeceased him about five months ago. Owing to the ban having been put on all public funerals and church services, the funeral took place privately this morning, from his mother's home, to Holy Sepulcher cemetery. All the priests in this city this morning celebrated a private Mass in honor of the departed priest.

Prayers at Mass for School Children

It is always a somewhat difficult thing to make school children assist at Mass piously and intelligently. It is easy enough to have them sing hymns or recite the rosary, etc., but to cause them to follow each important part of the Mass and to say suitable prayers is no simple task. For several years the compiler of "Prayers at Mass for School Children" tried various selections and arrangements and finally published the one which produced the best results. The children must answer alternately to a leader or to one another and at all times they must keep in touch with the priest so that their attention is held all during Mass and their words are in keeping with the

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various parts of the Holy Sacrifice. The hymns are few and short. The Spiritual Communion is a special point in the arrangement. If given a fair trial they will be found to be satisfactory. The fact that it has reached a fourth edition is proof sufficient. One lasting effect can be expected from these prayers and method, the children will not only learn proper ways of hearing Mass, but also some very good habits will be formed.

The booklets are sold in quantities at a rate of \$5.50 per 100, post free. Orders may be sent to Rev. E. P. Graham, Holy Angels', Sandusky, Ohio.

Victory Bonds maintain the present prosperity of Canada. If the people of Canada do not lend to their Government, the Government cannot buy War supplies; and if the Government stopped buying War supplies, there would be an end of war industries and high wages. There would be little work to be had.

IN MEMORIAM
In fond and loving memory of Mrs. Chas. Martini who died at Rodney on Oct. 31, 1917. May her soul rest in peace.

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DIED
O'MALLEY.—At Ottawa, Ont., on Sunday, October 6, Mr. John O'Malley, aged seventy-one years. May his soul rest in peace.

MOYLAN.—At her late residence, 58 Melrose ave., Ottawa, Ont., on Tuesday, Oct. 15, Miss Esther Mary Moylan, aged seventeen years. May her soul rest in peace.

DOODY.—At her mother's residence, 81 Balsam St., Ottawa, on October 16, 1918, Bertha Craig, beloved wife of James Doody, in her twenty eighth year. May her soul rest in peace.

LUNNY.—At her father's residence, 146 Hinton Ave., Ottawa, on Wednesday, October 16, 1918, Anna Kathleen Fagan, beloved wife of Hugh J. Lunny, aged 24 years. May her soul rest in peace.

GRACE.—At 297 Somerset street, Ottawa, on Thursday, October 10th, 1918, Patrick S. Grace, son of P. J. Grace, Sunnyside avenue, in his twenty-ninth year. May his soul rest in peace.

O'CONNELL.—On Tuesday, Oct. 15, 1918, at his late residence, 57 Spruce street, Ottawa, Harry O'Connell, husband of Violet O'Connell, aged twenty-six years. May his soul rest in peace.

FLAHERTY.—At Woodstock, Ont., October 16, 1918, James Patrick Flaherty, aged thirty-four years and six months. May his soul rest in peace.

SHEEHY.—At Toronto, Ont., October 25, 1918, Lillian Sheehy. May her soul rest in peace.

GELINAS.—On Monday, Sept 30th, 1918, at Drysdale, Eli J. Gelinas, aged thirty years, five months, four days. May his soul rest in peace.

SCHOOLEY.—At the residence of her mother, Mrs. Margaret Hayes, Ottawa, Mrs. Chas. Schooley of Collingwood, late of Sturgeon Falls, aged thirty-six years, of pneumonia. May her soul rest in peace.

BURGESS.—At Grand Falls, New Brunswick, October 24, 1918, Mathew Burgess. May his soul rest in peace.

MANLEY.—On the 29th of October, at the U. S. Government Marine Hospital, Detroit, Quartermaster Frank J. Manley, oldest and dearly beloved son of Captain and Mrs. Alfred Manley. May he rest in peace.

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