

# The Catholic Record.

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

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### ONE OF THE ELECT

Mr. Philip Gibbs is a realist, as any chronicler of history-making incidents should be, but he very properly refrains from making his book, "From Bapaume to Passchendaele," an unqualified record of suffering and destruction. Heroism rather than horror is the note of his work. He recognises that he is one of a body of men who are to be "witnesses to give evidence at the bar of history," and cannot minimise the murky air of misery and violence: but he mitigates it by touches of tenderness, of selfless thought for others, of heroism, of human kindness, and even of humor. His eyes are not blind, nor his sympathy irresponsible to the tragedy of it all; but he never loses sight of the heroic truth—"Dulce est decorum est pro patria mori."

The fine courage of our men and of our Allies relieves the terror of a war without precedent—a war in which science has been at once more destructive, more repulsive, and more beneficent in its work of healing than in any previous war the world has known. The men with whom he talked were splendid heroes all, who answered his questioning with "a stark simplicity of truth, with often a queer glint of humor—grim enough, God knows—but humor still."

There had to be in this book, if it were to convey a true impression, much talk of "ravaged plains, and burning towns and ruined swains, and mangled limbs and dying groans," but the final effect is one of immeasurable pride in the unflinching heroism of men fighting to save their country and half the world from tyranny, the men of nearly a hundred regiments who figure in the Author's Roll of Honor; this story of the War as it raged from Bapaume to Passchendaele. Mr. Gibbs can paint his war-pictures with vigor, as is proved on every page; but he has also the virtue of restraint when things literally too terrible for words lie behind the veil which, with equal judgment and humanity, he does not lift.

### LOOKING AROUND

It is often those persons who have the best opportunities that are incapable of putting them to the best use. "Any nose can ride with impunity a rose," but there are a thousand plants in Nature that are quite as meritorious as the rose—without its reputation, a reputation which has been made for it by poets—which fail to attract the careless eyes of unobservant people. The cabbage is a vegetable which has a name which has almost become a reproach. It is thought a second-class vegetable for the table, and it is a great ungainly lolling thing in a garden. No one would believe you if you claimed real beauty for a cabbage. Yet only to-day we walked through a field of cabbages; some were the ordinary green cabbages compacted of the most excellent fold on fold of waistcoat upon waistcoat; some were the purple variety, but the beauty of all was unmistakable. Some of the leaves had been touched by the frost—we cannot suggest any other cause—but the colors that had been developed were infinitely varied, and always beautiful. The leaves, which like lapels flaunted outside the closely-buttoned waistcoats we have referred to, had in many cases become a beautiful pink shading into pompos purple. Some of the big leaves had handfuls of silver in them. It was only dew or raindrops, but in the glossy hold of the leaves they glowed and glistened themselves like pellucid quicksilver. Now all this beauty is exposed to the view of almost every one in late September or early October, and yet they do not see it. They are hunting or shooting and they see none of these beauties from Nature's paint box, and don't feel at all satisfied when one of the big leaves pours its handful of quick silver—now nothing but common water—into their shooting boots. If the cabbage is spoiled, so also is the "homely" turnip. It is grown to feed cattle. It is only in poor households that it is used as

an article of food. But here, again, a man who will walk a late September field, and take his eyes with him, will have a revelation. The leaves, which were common green all the summer, are now of a hundred different hues—some yellow, some red, some purple, and all exquisite in their beautiful gradations. There are half-a-dozen men and women working in the field, and not one of them sees anything to admire in the turnip leaves. They are too common to be admired; they are only turnips. If you showed them an orchid they would express astonished delight, because they are unfamiliar with it. But here at their feet are beauties which would make any conservatory beautiful, and they have no eyes for these.

### ALL IN THE POINT OF VIEW

A hundred years ago man had no eyes for scenery. In some of the books of travel of the seventeenth century Scotland is described as bleak, and desolate, and barren, and and so on, but the observers saw no beauty in her gnarled scenery. One writer abused the monotonous color of the heather, and the rocks cropping up from the verdure he compared to scabs. It took a Walter Scott to discover picturesque Scotland.

Beauty is not altogether in Nature: it is in the eye and the mind behind the eye. It is not always seen, it is appreciated by a beauty in the mind. To the mind with beauty in it, or the instinct of beauty, everything is beautiful; to the fool there is no beauty anywhere. The fact is, that Nature is nothing in itself. It is only when it makes men feel that it is beautiful.

But for an eye the universe, although pulsating with undulations from suns and stars, would be homogeneous blackness, impenetrable night; but for an ear the noises of the universe, the thunder rolling through the heavens, the hoarse voice of the winter, the bursting of great waves on the shore, the songs of the spring birds—all these would be in profound, unbroken silence. And so it is in the variegated world, the evening sunset, the sacred silence of morning, the lulls from the hedgerows, are nothing to man until there is a heart that feels, a brain that understands, and then they are beauty, they are poetry. It is not then, an education of the intellect that is required to the due appreciation of cabbage leaves and turnip "shows," it is an education of the heart.

If you bring a heart to Nature there is blood instead of sap in every vein. If you bring poetry to Nature you will find poetry. Nature, indeed, is just the Field of the Cloth of Gold where a soul meets God. That is why we say poets are born and not made. It is the chance meeting that makes the place holy ground. But when the heart really feels, then the merest flower can stir thoughts too deep for tears, and one can see in the weed from the crannied wall the implicit secret of the universe—a secret which, unfolded, would tell us what God and man is. Let no one despise the common beauties. It is only because they themselves are too common to understand these infinities that they pass them by.

### SINCERITY

At the meeting of the Catholic Press Association sincerity has been proclaimed as one of the chief secrets of an editor's success. Readers will not be touched by what has not first touched the writer. Old Horace knew this when he said: "If thou wilt have me weep thou must first feel sorrow thyself." Nor is this a law appertaining to writing alone, in all artistic productions sincerity or its absence mark the line of demarcation between art and artificiality. Art is truth, artificiality is false. Both marble and wood would lend themselves to genuine works of art, but a wooden column with a marble veneer is a lie, a hypocrisy, an artificial make-belief. In this sense Keats has truly sung that "beauty is truth, truth is beauty."

And most essential is sincerity to the character of man. It distinguishes the friend from the flatterer, the gentleman from the guy, the saint from the Pharisee. To God the ugliness of falsehood is bare at once, to man it cannot long be latent. The physiological key to the solution of this problem lies in the fact that at bottom all men are true, and

therefore no man's most interior self can vibrate to the sound or sight or touch of falsehood. This is the reason why insincerity, which is falsehood, cannot succeed, whether in art or in life. Truth alone, even if it be only the truth of sentiment, has the real subjugating power.—The Tablet.

### BISHOP FALLON HOME

HEARTFELT WELCOME FROM THE PEOPLE OF LONDON

VIVID WORD-PICTURES OF SCENES AT THE FRONT CARRY HEARERS INTO THE VERY HEART OF THE WAR

No audience that has assembled in this or any other city since war has become the supreme topic of interest has listened to a more thrilling, a more comprehensive or a more vibrantly powerful message from across the sea than the multitude that filled to capacity St. Peter's parish hall last night, upon the occasion of a reception to Right Rev. Bishop Fallon, who has only this week returned from a six months' visit to the war theatre.

His Lordship's entry was the signal for an outburst of applause and deafening cheers, that subsided only to have the voices raised in a Te Deum of thanksgiving from a grateful people that their bishop had returned in safety from a land of horror and through a sea of terror, and selection of national melodies, played by the Tony Vita orchestra, was followed by an exquisitely rendered chorus of boys' voices in "O Canada," and "My Old Kentucky Home," under the direction of Rev. Father Finn, and accompanied by Miss Keating.

On the platform with His Lordship were the executive heads of all the Catholic societies in the city representing the spiritual, fraternal, educational activities of the Church. Philip Pocock read an address of welcome, voicing the sentiments of the people, not only of the city, but of the diocese, and including the numerous friends and admirers of Bishop Fallon throughout Canada.

As a powerful platform personality Bishop Fallon has no peer. For over two hours he held the concentrated attention of a huge audience of all classes, ages and creeds, and within that time managed to convey to them a concrete idea of the gigantic drama going on in Europe, of the marvels that have been accomplished by all branches of the Allied armies, for the protection, the comfort of troops in training, the recovery of wounded in surgical and dental departments, and he included in his historic recital a graphic description of hospital bombing and German fiendishness such as one seldom has an opportunity of hearing.

### FIGHTING FOR AMERICA

"I feel more strongly now on the subject than I did before my trip, for I know that the men from Canada who have gone to fight in France and other theatres of war are fighting to save America from a devastation that has overrun so much of the country through which I have passed during the last few months."

Referring to his visit overseas, His Lordship stated that he went at the invitation of the Canadian Government to visit the Canadian forces in England and France, for no other reason than to represent a Canadian Catholic, in just such a capacity as had gone Bishop Ritchie of the Anglican Church, Rev. John McNeil representing the Presbyterians, and Rev. Stanley Chown of the Methodist Church.

He described his departure from an Atlantic port, heavily convoyed by battleship, cruisers and airships, as the most marvelous experience of his life.

### MARVELLOUS CO-ORDINATION

His Lordship said that it is impossible for anyone who has not been there to understand what is meant by the Canadian effort, the immense and marvellous co-ordination of all branches of the army in order to make a perfect military machine. "And in extolling the efficiency of the Canadian corps," he continued, "I am quoting directly what British army officers have said to me." He told of the remark that a major-general made to him concerning information that they had obtained that the Germans held in highest regard the Guards and the four Canadian divisions next. "But," stated this British authority, "if the Germans were to compare now, they would place the four Canadian divisions first and Guards fifth."

His Lordship warned against the danger of an exaggerated national consciousness. "For Canada is not winning the War, we are not doing any more than our noble part, but considering the resources that are at our disposal of men and money, our men are holding 12 or 14 miles of front with a certainty, a perfection and a courage that is not surpassed by the soldiers of our own or the other side."

### CRITICISM FROM HOME

The only time he ever heard or saw anything critical concerning the Can-

adian effort was when newspapers from home reached him. As for the Americans, the speaker repeated the words of an American officer to him on the voyage across. "If we can only reach the standard set us by the Canadians we shall be eminently satisfied."

The first visit he made upon his arrival in England was to the hospital of the province of Ontario at Orpington, a splendid evidence of the philanthropic effort of the people of this province, where the marvellous work in surgery and dentistry done by Canadian representatives has set a standard for the emulation of other nations. In this connection Brig. Gen. Ross of Kingston was mentioned as having worked wonders in the development and co-ordination of the various arms of the medical service.

A most striking thing was the absolute absence of contagious disease in the Allied armies.

### THE GREAT SERVICE CORPS

Another feature of Canadian effort was the forestry corps, whose commanding officer, Gen. Alex. MacDougall of Ottawa, is a close, personal friend of the bishop. He conducted the London prelate to Windsor Forest, where are the beginnings of a work that extends from the standing tree to the sawn timber conveyed to the trenches in France to build the ramparts to withstand the enemy. This corps of 26,000 men is doing all the work of this character for the British and French armies, and outside of the marvellous forest of British Columbia, Bishop Fallon does not think the forests of France have their equal in the world. The finished output of one central group working near the battleline was more than 2,000 tons of timber per day, and would fill a line of cars that would extend from London to Windsor.

The Canadian Railway Corps came in for an equal share of praise. In the opinion of the military authorities, they have taught the world the science of constructing railways speedily and to cope with the problems of rapid transportation of men, munitions and supplies. While British engineers had built a mile a week of battlefield railways, the Canadian engineers have laid ten miles in one day.

### PICTURES BOMBING

The bishop gave a most realistic picture of the bombing by the Germans of the hospitals to which so many Londoners belonged, in command of Lieut. Col. Reason. Describing the destruction of the hospital at midnight, he told how two surgeons operating on a wounded officer, and three nurses in attendance, were blown to pieces, and that one German plane swooped down and turned a machine gun on the nurses who were striving to succor the wounded outside the building.

At the funeral of the victims Bishop Fallon was invited by the Protestant chaplains to address a few words to those assembled, and he responded by expressing horror that such a crime had been committed, of suffering for the sorrowing relatives at home, and a prayer that God would grant eternal rest to those who had been suddenly and so foully hurled to eternity. The bishop was present when three German officers captured from a fallen plane were brought in. Gen. Watson asked them if they knew they had bombed hospitals. One said "Yes," and when asked why, said that those were his orders, and if he had failed he would have his ears pulled when he got back to Germany.

### DEVASTATED CITIES

A description of the devastated cities of ruined France followed. He had seen the ancient ruins of Pompeii and Herculaneum and San Francisco, the most recent scenes of destruction, but both together could not begin to give an adequate idea of the enormity of the pillage and wanton ravage that has taken place in Belgium and the occupied cities of northern France.

His meeting with Gen. Sir Arthur Currie was the occasion of a dinner given in Bishop Fallon's honor. The General was quick to announce the fact that he came from Strathroy. Bishop Fallon referred to the Canadian commander as the biggest man he had met in Europe, "the great discovery of this war, the finest combination of ability, simplicity and humility I have ever met in all my life, a great soldier and a fine type of Canadian gentleman."

Referring to "the devastation of France, General Currie had remarked to His Lordship. "This War should never end until a taste of war is felt on German soil." He added to this: "I know my country. There is a show coming and it will be a big one. I am proud of them. I am the proudest man in Europe and the sorriest. I know that when they get orders to go they will go forward or they will remain there. And that is what makes me both proud and sorry."

Each the bishop described as the explanation of the big change that had come over the western front since last March.

### IRELAND

As to the relations of the different parts of the Empire, he outlined his political position as the kind of a British imperialist who believed that

self-government is good for one part of the British Empire, it is good for every part, and he believes that if self-government is not good for Ireland, it is not good for Canada. He could not find one in England from top to bottom who knew anything about Ireland. The only way to make Ireland in sympathy and accord with the sister island was to follow the path of justice, and that the British Empire must go along on the principle of absolute equality, and it must not be said that a man's religion could be used as an excuse for depriving him of the civil rights which are the boast of British liberty. Every chance he had of expressing these views while overseas he did so publicly and privately.

### CATHOLIC ARMY HUTS

He warmly exhorted his audience generally to the Catholic Army Huts which provided the comforts of home for soldiers of all classes and creeds in England and on the battlefield. The importance, the absolute necessity of the work the Catholic Army Huts were doing in conjunction with the Y. M. C. A. and other organizations could only be realized by those who actually experienced conditions over there.

### THE PROSPECTS OF HOME RULE

London Free Press

"You want me to speak a word about Ireland. (Yes! Yes!) I will. This is exactly the type of British imperialist I am. I believe in self-government within the British Empire, and without exceptions. I believe in self-government for India when India is ready for it. I believe in self-government for Canada, Australia and New Zealand. We all have it and we wouldn't do without it. If it isn't good enough for Ireland, then it can't be good for Canada. If it is good for Canada and New Zealand, then, in the course of right and justice, it should also be given to Ireland," declared Right Rev. Bishop M. F. Fallon, bishop of the Diocese of London, at the reception tendered him last night in St. Peter's Parish Hall, on the occasion of his return from overseas.

His remarks on the Irish question made only at the close of a graphically interesting recital of his war experiences in England and France, evoked enthusiastic applause from his audience.

### VENTURES NO OPINION

As to whether Ireland would be granted self-government in the near future, Bishop Fallon was uncertain. Nobody would be met in England knew anything about the Irish question. They don't understand the Irish and if they didn't understand Ireland, then the fabric which constituted the British Empire was in an exceedingly dangerous position. That a man's religion should be used as a reason for depriving him of rights enjoyed in other parts of the British Empire was deplorable. It was regrettable that the reward of a victory won by constitutional method should be denied for reasons that could not be given.

On the other hand, while speaking at a dinner of prominent English and Scotch military men, he dared to say how grateful he would be if fair and broad-minded statesmanship would only give to Ireland that self-government which had made Canada so prosperous, he had been surprised to have his statement loudly and enthusiastically applauded.

### CATHOLICS IN THE ENGLISH CHURCH

There is a type in the Church of England which might be classed as the extreme right for which no counterpart is to be found in America. They are the ones who pride themselves on being not only Catholic but Roman. The highest of high Anglicans in this country contain none of this sort. Their slogan is "we are Catholics, yes, but Roman Catholics, no." In our country the movement for corporate reunion has never gained a footing. In England this cause is respectable both in numbers and in influence. The English reunionists have all the Catholic practices and all the Catholic devotions, and they go further. They accept the headship of the Holy See. But they say that God has seen fit to place them in the Church of England for the express purpose of some day bringing back that Church into communion with Rome. They make this assumed obligation a matter of conscience and if they see a great deal that is inconsistent and even repellant in the English church, they feel that this must be borne with for the sake of the larger end.

When Ronald Knox made his submission a few months ago people remarked because he held these views that he was a Roman anyway and Rome might just as well have him. This of course was the effort to hide the discomfiture over the conversion of the son of the Bishop of Manchester whose family and ecclesiastical connections and whose attainments as a scholar raised him on a par with Benson. Ronald Knox did not however "come over" until he had satis-

fied himself that the cause of corporate reunion as it stands today in England was practically more than doubtful and that as between the fancied claim of conscience in remaining Anglican and the danger of sinning against the Light, the latter was the stronger motive.

The Caldey community went through much the same intellectual and spiritual experience. Their case differed only in that they were finally told by their Anglican superiors that they must abandon certain Catholic usages which they valued more than life itself. It is well, however, to understand this attitude of the English reunionists because it explains why the conversion movement there, gaining though it is, still does not make more rapid progress. The English "ultramarine" swallows Kikuyu and the Bishop of Hereford for what he terms conscience sake. On the other extreme the broad-churchman boasts that he belongs to a church which is so broad that it can embrace every type from the pseudo-reunionist and Unitarian to the Catholic in sympathy if not in actual union with Rome. It is all a curious jumble, the outcome of which is difficult to foresee. The hope simply is that good-sense will triumph in the end and that there will be vastly more who will recognize as Abbot Carlyle and Knox recognized that staying in the Church of England on any notion of turning it into a mass to Rome, is merely to shut one's eyes and ears to facts.—The Catholic Convert.

### EPISCOPALIANS PRAY FOR CARDINAL

Cardinal Farley is slowly but steadily recovering from the very serious attack of pneumonia which confined him to his bed in his summer home at Massaroneck for three weeks. On Wednesday His Eminence was permitted to sit up in a wheelchair and was rolled about the house for an hour. The Cardinal is still in a very weak condition, and his physicians do not say that he is out of danger, as there is always the possibility of a relapse.

The improvement in the Cardinal's condition is regarded by those near to him as a miracle brought about by prayer. Prayers for the Cardinal's recovery were said last Sunday at all the Masses in all the churches of the archdiocese.

Not alone in the Catholic churches but also in Protestant Episcopal churches was the Cardinal's recovery prayed for. Bishop David H. Greer of the Protestant Episcopal diocese of New York requested that prayers be said for the Cardinal in the Protestant Episcopal churches of the city, and this was done in the Cathedral of St. John the Divine and at Trinity and other Protestant Episcopal churches. In not all of them, however, was the name of the Cardinal mentioned. It was the first time in the history of the Cathedral of St. John the Divine that a reference to a Cardinal-Archbishop had occurred in its service, and the same was said to have been true of Trinity. Dean Robbins was the preacher at the Cathedral, and Professor Leicester C. Lewis of Western Theological Seminary, Chicago, occupied the pulpit at Trinity. The prayers were the usual ones which the Episcopal Book of Common Prayer designate as prayers for the sick, and petitioned either for recovery, or else, "this painful life ended, to dwell with Thee."

Public prayers were also said in Rome for Cardinal Farley. His Holiness Pope Benedict XV was deeply concerned when he heard of the Cardinal's serious illness. Two cablegrams have been received at the Cardinal's summer residence from the Pope. These cablegrams express the deep interest of the Holy Father in the Cardinal's illness and the desire that His Holiness be informed frequently of the prelate's condition. His Holiness also bestowed His Apostolic blessing on the Cardinal.

Rome, Aug. 29.—In the presence of a large number of the American embassy—both Catholics and non Catholics—a solemn tridium for the recovery of Cardinal Farley was begun today in His Eminence's titular church, the Basilica St. Mary Minerva.

The church was assigned to him by Pope Pius X. when conferring the Red Hat and obtains its name from the fact that it is erected over the site of a pagan temple as well as an early Christian church—the Temple of Minerva, founded by Demitian, and the church containing the tomb of the painter monk Fra Angelico, built at the end of the twelfth century.—N. Y. Catholic News, Sept. 7.

One of Hawthorne's venerable characters declares, "I have spent all my life in pursuit of tomorrow, being assured that it has in store for me some real benefit, but I am now getting on a little in years, and must make haste for unless I overtake tomorrow soon, I fear it will finally escape me. 'Sad pursuit, hopeless endeavor! If you are young do not begin it; if you are old discontinue it; let all both young and old, bend every energy to the ardent, enthusiastic use of today."

### CATHOLIC NOTES

Mother Marianne, the last of the Sisters of Sarcouze, N. Y., who went to the Luper Colony in Molokai in the Hawaiian Islands, has died there at the age of eighty-two years.

Charles H. McCarthy, a prominent Catholic and graduate of Georgetown University Law School, was appointed recently assistant to Charles Piez, vice president and general manager of the United States Shipping Board Emergency Fleet Corporation.

The roll of honor of Father Dunne's Newboys' Home of St. Louis now has eighty-four stars, two of which are gold memorials for Andrew McAllister, killed in battle on Flanders field, and for Francis McGrath, drowned while in military service.

Three more Catholic chaplains in France have received high honors for heroism on the battlefield. The Rev. Lawrence Costello and the Rev. John Brady, both of New York, have received the French war cross, and the Rev. Julius Basset of Denver has been cited by General Pershing for bravery.

Indianapolis, Sept. 2.—With the opening of the school year in the first days of September, Catholic education in Indianapolis will take a long step forward in the announcement that with this year Indianapolis will have three Catholic high schools for boys, all free.

Second Lieutenant R. E. Gorman, R. A. F. (formerly C. A. S. C.) son of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Gorman, of Ottawa and Los Angeles, was killed by a collision in the air in England on July 25th. His brother, Gunner G. L. Gorman was killed in action on the 17th of August while a third brother Lieut. T. C. Gorman, C. E., was killed in action last March. They belong to a well-known Irish Canadian Catholic family which has four representatives overseas in the Canadian Chaplain Service and twice that number in other services.

The present admiral of the English fleet is Lord Walter Kerr, who is so distinguished a Catholic that he was chosen unanimously to succeed the late Duke of Norfolk as head of the most effective Catholic bodies among English-speaking Catholics.

Rome, Sept. 3.—There will be two Episcopal consecrations in Rome next Sunday. One will be that of Bishop MacNicholas, of Duluth, Minn., in the Church of San Clemente, and the other that of Mgr. Barlassina, who has been appointed Auxiliary Patriarch of Jerusalem, in St. John Lateran's.

The death is announced of Canon Dominus priest of the diocese of Bayeux, France. During forty-four years he was chaplain of the Benedictine convent and school at Lisieux, where he gave first Holy Communion to Sister Teresa of the Child Jesus, Carmelite of Lisieux, known the world over as the "Little Flower."

New York, Aug. 30.—Mrs. Priscilla H. Goethals was baptized a Catholic recently by Rt. Rev. Mgr. Cornelius O'Keefe, pastor of the Garrison Church at West Point, N. Y., and made her first Holy Communion. She is the daughter-in-law of Major General Goethals, builder of the Panama Canal and present head of the war board at Washington. Mrs. Goethals was formerly a Protestant Episcopalian.

Among the recent converts to the Church in England is Colonel George Rankin, lecturer in Persian in Oxford University. He has a distinguished career at Cambridge, of which he is a graduate, besides being an Hon. M. A. of Balliol College, Oxford. He has published several works on the philology of Oriental languages.

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

Washington, Aug. 31.—The War Department has abandoned its plan to substitute a shepherd's crook for the Cross as the Army chaplain's insignia. It is stated that, when the proposition was broached, the Committee on Special War Activities, through the Committee of Six, composed of representatives of all religious denominations, protested against the plan, and the protest has been heeded.

Rome, Sept. 3.—The question of the establishment of diplomatic relations between the Holy See and China now rests entirely with the latter. The Holy See, which accepted China's proposal to that effect, has clearly explained that the presence of a nunciature in Peking will not in the slightest degree affect the rights enjoyed by France through the treaty of Tientsin, and is now simply waiting to see if China will carry out its original proposal, or allow itself to be deterred from it by the pressure of a foreign power.

THE RETURN OF MARY O'MURROUGH

BY ROSA MULHOLLAND
Author of "The Tragedy of Chris," "Nanno," "Omnia," etc.

CHAPTER XIV
"IT WASN'T DONE WHEN THE MESSAGE WAS SENT"

It was Saturday evening in Killarney chapel. Night shadows already darkened the white-washed walls, but an occasional sacred emblem was revealed by the rays of the sanctuary lamp, and by a pale golden gleam from the sky beyond the narrow windows. The Father was in his usual seat, with a little curtain dropped before him, and groups of men and women kneeling around awaited a hearing of their tale of faultiness or trouble, to be rewarded by untiring sympathy and counsel.

Notwithstanding the dusk and his haste, he might have been recognized by his tall figure and the natural swagger which his bent head and restrained footsteps could not altogether do away with. It was the young man called Jakes, to whom Shan Sullivan had given a lift one day on his way home from Ballygroglin.

He remained a long time in his dark corner, and by his frequent abrupt movements and occasional hard sighs it might have been supposed that he was passing through some struggle, was finding more than usual difficulty in preparing himself to render an account of his conscience. When at last he approached the spot where the people were seated or kneeling waiting their turn, a woman who was acquainted with his mother glanced at him from under the hood of her cloak and interrupted her prayers to whisper to him:

"Y can go before me, Jakes, if y' like, I'm not in a hurry, and y' have a long way to get home before mornin'."

Jakes nodded his thanks and took her place, and the good woman was further distracted at her devotions by the question presenting itself to her mind: "What on earth brings Jakes Finucane up here, so far from his own place, to go to confession to Father Fahy?"

She was punished for her distractions and her curiosity on finding that, when Jakes entered the confessional, he seemed to have forgotten that he was ever to come out. Half an hour passed, and there was no movement from behind the curtain. No reminding coughs, no sound of shifting of the positions of the weary, no rattling of oftold rosary beads, produced any effect. An hour went by, the splendor had vanished from the doorway, the yellow gleam from the windows, the sanctuary lamp shone enhanced in lustre as the only beacon in the darkness, and still, except for an occasional almost inaudible murmur from behind the veil, priest and penitent within that quiet, tribunal might as well have been asleep. Mothers began to be think of tasks awaiting them at home, and to ask themselves what hour it would be at all at all when the childer got their Saturday night wash and were in bed? At last the unmistakable sounds announcing the coming forth of one who is shriven, startled the good matron who had given away her turn to Jakes, and set her hurriedly recalling the details of her own little story which had now to be told with an added self-accusation of uncharitable impatience; and Jakes, with his head down, stumbled from behind the curtain, and retreating fast, buried himself again in the chapel's darkest corner.

The delayed confessions were all at last made, and one comforted penitent after another had departed in peace through the darkened doorway into the night. When the final words had been said, the last backslider admonished, the last troubled soul comforted, the Father at last came out from behind his curtain and made for the sanctuary, going in at a little gate which separated it from the rest of the chapel, and kneeling on the sabbath steps.

Still wearing his purple stole, frayed and threadbare, removing his old biretta, white at the corners, and placing it on the step beside him, the old man remained alone after the flock had departed, unusually moved in his prayer by some peculiar excitement. After a long time he raised his venerable head, arose from his knees, and took his way from the chapel: and locking the door behind him, and with the key in hand, he turned into the darkness and proceeded towards his own dwelling. For a minute he stopped, and gazed around at the tragic grandeur of the night landscape, the black abyss of the bog; a sable scarf of cloud stretched behind the naked peak of Mangerton, a grey river welling in the upper sky like a world's tears about to fall in deluge, a few palpitating stars as if hurrying to escape the onswep of a tumultuous mass of cloud-rack moving towards them on the suddenly rising wind.

The sharp air caused him to draw the skirts of his old black soutane around his knees, and to quicken his steps toward his house.

Passing in at the wicket he heard a slight cough, and looking round saw a tall figure which had been lurking there awaiting him. "It's me, Father. It's Jakes Finucane. You know me."

"You, Jakes! Yes, I know you. How is your respectable father?"

"He's middlin' well, thank yer reverence, if the times wouldn't be bad with him."

"Well, Jakes, you'd better be getting on your way home. It'll be pretty far into Sunday before you're at Ballygroglin."

"It isn't about that I'm carin', Father. There's a word I want to say to y'. I was at confession wid y', Father, an' y' remanded me."

"Did I, Jakes? I'm sorry to hear that. There must have been a reason. You must understand it yourself. I don't know anything about it."

"Don't y' remember the thing I was tellin' y' about, Father, that was throublin' me? Y' bid me do something, an' I couldn't make up my mind to it."

"Then you must work it out for yourself, Jakes, between yourself and God. You know yer well that I cannot remember anything afterwards that is told me in confession. If I gave you an advice, it was likely to be a good one."

"I've made up my mind since, Father, that I'll follow your advice. I'll tell you what I ought to tell. I'll do justice between man an' man."

"That's a good resolve, Jakes; but if you want me to talk to you about it, you will have to tell me the story here outside confession, as freshly as if my ears had never heard it before. That will give me ordinary information, which I can discuss with you openly like anybody else."

"I know that, Father, an' it's the reason why I waited for y', the late hour that it is."

"I'm glad of it. A good resolve can't be put into execution too quickly. But if it's going to be a long story we had better get into the house, and have it there."

"They turned into the cottage, where the priest's old housekeeper looked disapprovingly at his companion, grumbling to herself that they wouldn't let him alone, night or day. But she raked up the fire in his little room, and served the coffee she had been keeping hot for him, remarking that it was going on for 12 o'clock, and his reverence had better look sharp if he was going to drink it."

The Father drank it, helping the visitor first, and then settled himself to listen to all that Jakes might say. "Y see, it's about the thing that happened to Korke's cattle that night what Shan Sullivan was in prison for."

"What do you know about it?"

"I'll tell you every word of it. Myself was thinkin' of joinin' the force, an' the polis down in Ballygroglin was keepin' me up to it, sayin' that a lot of bad things was to be done in the country round here, an' that new men 'd be wantin'. An' I'm just the highb. I was in an' out in the barracks, an' Serjeant Hourigan was learnin' me a lot o' things before I'd start to Dublin to go through the course."

"An' that is how I come to be in the barracks that night, an' by accident to know all that went on."

Jakes paused, and shifted his feet on the floor, and changed the knee on which he rested an elbow, supporting his head on his hand.

"I understand so far," said the Father, "now tell me what it was that went on."

"Well, yer reverence," said Jakes, lowering his voice as he proceeded, "Serjeant Hourigan went out that evening about 7 o'clock, an' he left a message that was to be telegraphed to Dublin Castle. I chanced into the barrack an' it lyin' on the desk, an' I read without thinkin' about it."

"Jakes' voice had dropped to a whisper, and he made another pause. "What was the message?" asked the priest.

"It said that there was an outrage on Korke's cattle at Killelagh," said Jakes, getting out the words with difficulty.

"At 7 o'clock in the evening?" said the priest. "But the thing wasn't done, or at least discovered until 11 or 12 o'clock at night."

that terrible, I would rather be dead than be cursed wid it any longer. Still an' all, when your reverence told me in confession that God wouldn't forgive me if I didn't tell the truth, I balked at it, back again."

"Well, Jakes, you've done it now. You've deliberately put it in my power to give information of the true state of the case. But I hope you will take it in your own hands and inform the authorities. You can release Shan Sullivan from prison."

"If they take my word for it, Father."

"The thing will be easily proved by the telegraph clerk, and the people up at Korke's."

"So it would, Father, if the thing was gone into. But it's more likely that it'll be all hushed up."

"They'll have to release Shan, even if they screen the police," said the priest, after a minute's reflection. "It will be their only means of preventing a widespread scandal."

"They won't punish the polis," said Jakes, "but maybe a lot of things that was going to happen won't come off, leastways not for another while. But myself 'd have to go to America, an' I'm sorry for my mother."

"Well, Jakes it's Sunday morning now, an' you'd better take a shake-down on the kitchen settle, and we'll have another talk about this before you go back to Ballygroglin."

CHAPTER XV
"THEY HAVEN'T COME BACK"

On the Monday following, Father Fahy, his old coat and hat newly brushed up for the occasion, accompanied Jakes Finucane to Ballygroglin, and to the house of a resident magistrate in the neighborhood.

The youth's story was told to the man of authority, listened to first with astonishment, afterwards with growing incredulity, which changed suddenly to indignation, and finally denounced as an audacious invention to injure the police in the discharge of their duty, and to encourage a nefarious practice of outrage as well as a general spirit of defiance of the law. Pain and surprise were expressed that a clergyman of high character should lend his countenance to a ruffianly conspiracy designed to frustrate justice, and to deprive an unfortunate country of any kind of safety and tranquillity.

After the storm had passed, the priest pressed for an examination into facts as supported by dates. This was, however, refused, as only tending to encourage lying stories concocted by criminal accomplices.

Having failed in this quarter, Father Fahy retired, resolved to test further the accuracy of Jakes' story. The exact hour of the sending out of the telegram announcing the outrage on Korke's cattle was ascertained satisfactorily, before public attention was called to the matter, and having secured this piece of evidence, the old priest went back to Killelagh to reflect on some possible further course of action.

He returned without Jakes, and allowed a day to pass before he dropped in to have a talk with old Korke about the prospects of the year as to cattle and farming. After a time the conversation turned, as often before, on the memorable maiming of the cattle, an event of now nearly a year ago.

"I never will believe it was Shan Sullivan did it," said Korke. "Owney an' me had many a word about the bit o' land not much bigger nor the tail o' yer coat, axin' yer reverence's pardon. But Shan did nothing but laugh at the pair of us."

"I suppose yer wants to build a grand house on it," he would say, with plenty of bathrooms and pantries, and such conveniences, like the Quality's houses," says he. "An' yer could let it to some lord in the summer-time, says he. All the same, though Owney and me would be sparrin' about it when his heifer or mine would go threspassin' this side or that, an' would ate up the little bit o' grass, still an' all we were good enough friends other times, an' would have give more value nor that to each other if the pinch came. An' to tell me that Shan would come into my field in the dark an' hough my cattle, sure, Father, it's a d—d lie on the face of it."

"We're agreed on that," said the priest, "have you any kind of suspicion of who might have done it?"

"Not the ghost of it, Father. I don't know what is my enemy, thank God. There's a mysteriousness about the whole of it that baffles cogitation."

"Have you any certainty about the hour of the occurrence? I know it was only discovered about eleven o'clock at night. Are you sure of the moment when it was done?"

"I'm sure this much, that the cattle were right enough in the field at ten o'clock. Myself was out lookin' at them about that time, an' the old woman seen them ten minutes afterwards when she was closin' up the door."

"Are you prepared to swear to that, Korke?" said Father Fahy.

"As sure as God made me, I will, any day," said Korke. "But sure, what's the use o' swearin' what won't be listened to?"

"It may be of some use. We must try to find a way of getting it listened to."

"Och, God pity y', Father!—I humbly ax yer pardon, yer reverence—but sure you're sayin' you're prayin' up there, an' y' don't know half o' the wickedness that's goin' on. 'Thim that hides can find,' they say, an' 'thim that uses the knife

knowed how to lie in wait for Shan when he was comin' home to his own place by the footpath through my fields. An' who'll dar to accuse the polis? Wouldn't it only be another reward for them, an' a black mark goin' up to Dublin again' the man that interfares wid them?"

"It's true you can't take an action against the Crown, Korke. The law can do no wrong. We must ask help of the God who hates injustice and iniquity."

"Well, Father, it's yourself knows how to interfares in that quarter, anyhow," said Korke. "An' it's a quarter where polis and magistrates doesn't count. The Lord doesn't want juries to give Him a verdict, packed or unpacked!"

"You mentioned a knife, Korke. Shan maintains that the police picked up a knife with blood on it, and said it was the instrument with which the deed was done. But no such knife was produced at the trial. How do you account for that?"

"Now, Father, you're not a babby. God forgives me for always forgettin' my manners to the priest, but this thing would take manners from a saint or an angel. Don't you know it was the Serjeant's own knife, an' would they be for bringin' it forward to tales on themselves, I will ask y'? They swore they found the knife, an' that it was stole from them afterwards. So it was, yer reverence, stole by wan villian from another, for the benefit of the whole o' them!"

For some time after that Father Fahy was very busy in his little room, reviewing notes and making out a statement which he sent away accompanied by a long letter to somebody at a great distance from Killelagh. The letter opened a correspondence which lasted a considerable time, and as the spring days waxed longer and brighter the man of authority, who seemed suffering from his flock seemed likely to be awarded. A visit to Shan, bringing comfortable hope, appeared to be now justifiable, and the Father started one morning early, saying merely to his housekeeper that he was going to the town on business.

His former visits to the prison had been announced beforehand, not only to Mary but to all the neighborhood, and he had departed laden with the messages of sympathies and well-wishers. The reserve which he practised on the present occasion was part of a certain mystery in which he had wrapped his movements in this affair since the moment when he had entered into contest with the representatives of the law in Ballygroglin.

He found the prisoner deplorably the worse in health and spirits, with the look of a desperate man, a look which his visitor had not seen in him hitherto.

"Now, Shan, I think I've brought you a little comfort. We've discovered the rascals that did the deed you're suffering for, and were going to expose them, too."

"Does it mean that I'm going to get out of this?" asked Shan sullenly. "I hope it does. I think it does. I've got friends to take the matter in hand, and the world is going to hear about it," said the old priest; and then he hastened to relate his efforts in the matter, including an account of the evidence of Jakes, and of the owner of the maltreated cattle.

Shan now listened incredulously. "I don't believe the polis will ever be put in the wrong," he said. "They can do what they like; and Jakes had better run before worse happens to him."

"Now, now, Shan, I didn't think you would have been so downhearted. Where's your pluck, man, you that used to be such a soldier? Think of what it will be to get back to the little farm with your name cleared, and Mary there waiting for you!"

"Mary!" Shan uttered the name and groaned. "Father, y' told me she had come back, an' she hasn't come back. That wasn't Mary that was?"

"Aye, it was Mary, Shan, and I fear you had little welcome for her. Poor Mary that worked for you and waited for you. What has hardened your heart, man, that you wouldn't be glad to see her, even if she's changed in her looks?"

"I would have been glad to see her, but I didn't see her, persisted Shan. Change isn't the word for it. I couldn't find her. She wasn't the Mary I was lookin' at in my mind all these lonesome years without her."

"Are you not changed too, my poor fellow and Mary says nothing about that?"

"Oh, God knows I'm a bad sight for any woman, in a thief's clothes, and in a hole like this," groaned Shan. "Mary doesn't mind, because her heart's true."

"An' isn't my heart true? What's true, if it isn't that I can't forget one woman an' turn around an' care for another?"

The priest was disheartened. He began to fear that Shan's brain was affected by his misfortunes. The prospect of release did not seem to cheer him. The loss of the Mary he had loved, the shock of disappointment, coming as unexpectedly upon his joyful anticipation of meeting her, seemed to have deprived him of the power of thinking reasonably upon any subject.

"Well, all I can say is—I'm terribly disappointed in you. I came to give you a hope of getting out of this, and you do nothing but grumble. Do you mean to tell me that you don't believe it was Mary O'Murrough that came to see you? Was there nothing of her that you could recognize, that you talk such nonsense to me?"

"I don't deny that I'm goin' on like a madman. I will say to y' that I heard her voice, but, if I did, it only brought the face that I love the plainer before me, an' I had to shut my eyes to keep lookin' at it. I see it every day still for my company. I wasn't lookin' long enough at the strange woman that come to see me, to get used to the notion that she was Mary. They hustled her away before I had many words wid her. I don't even remember what the face of her was like, only that it was a new one that had come to put Mary out of my memory."

"Now listen to me, Shan. You and Mary parted when you were very young. You had both good looks and the freshness of youth about you. Each of you kept a glorified picture of the other vividly before the mind, loved it, worshipped it, made a companion of it. It may be that that kind of worship ought only to be given to God. You know the first Commandment, but I am not rebuking you for the fidelity of those long hard years. It was a blessed thing, and I believe God was pleased with it. But now that you find the glorified picture of youth marred by time and toil, is your heart to become hard and faithless? Will God not be angry if you now cast this faithful woman off?"

Shan started and pulled himself together. "Don't be mistakin' me, your reverence," he said, "I am not going to cast her off. I'm meanin' to marry her, if she's willin' to take a man out of prison that has been wearin' a felon's clothes. God! if Mary that day in Killarney could ha' seen the sight I'd be this day, an' her comin' home to me!"

"The man began to tremble, and suddenly he bent down his head and wept.

"Oh my poor fellow, my poor son!" murmured Father Fahy. "God knows it's all hard on you. But out of trials come blessings."

"Then, for a time, the mere human friend was merged in the spiritual comforter, and Shan listened meekly enough to words of sustaining promise and hope, muttering some response to the prayers that were prayed over him.

"TO BE CONTINUED"

THE LIGHT IN ST. JACQUES

By J. C. Plummer in Rosary Magazine

It was that delightful hour when, supper over, the children awaited the magic touch of the sandman on their eyelids. Then according to custom each dragged a stool alongside of Louise, their French nurse-maid, and looked wistfully into her cheery face.

Well she knew the meaning of movement and look. From her wonderful store of legends of her native land she would tell them tales of the long ago, as they were told by the villagers around their hearths; by villagers who, though plain in speech and manner, yet clung devotedly to the Holy Church and believed in God and His saints as did their forefathers.

"I wish," began Louise, "that we three had wings and could fly to the old town in which I once lived. Such a quaint old town; such a dear old town, built, they say, in the time of the Romans! How odd it would look to you!—narrow streets leading into another street by archways, houses of stone, with huge beams of wood across their front walls, with queer steps entering at the side and queer diamond-shaped window-panes."

"In one of the narrow streets of this old town, a street running out from the market square, lived my dear friend Marget. Her mother, Madame Lerouge, was a widow who made her living by fine sewing. Once she had been ladies' maid in a great chateau and her needlework was remarkable. Marget worked in a cigarette factory, but her brother, little Louis, did nothing—for he was blind."

"The blindness had come upon him when he was less than a year old. The village doctors could do nothing but advise his mother to send him to the great oculists of Paris, and this of course was beyond the slender means of Madame Lerouge."

"I often went to Madame Lerouge's house, for I was very fond of both Marget and Louis. One afternoon I met there a Madame L'Epine, a relative of Madame Lerouge, who had come to pay her a visit. She was a sweet old woman from Normandy and could tell the most delightful stories. One of them pleased us very much. It was of an old man who dwelt like a hermit in a small hut near a village. He never mingled with the people save when he came to the store for a few supplies, but as he went regularly to church and was gentle and kindly in his manners, every one liked him. He did not care to talk, though evidently an educated, refined man, and his only associate was the priest, with whom he would take long walks. The good father would, however, give no information about him."

"One black November night the hut burned down, and when in the morning the villagers visited the ruins they found the hermit burned to death and the hut a mass of glowing embers, but amidst them, unstained by smoke and untouched by flame, stood a beautifully carved wooden statue of the Holy Virgin. The villagers fell upon their knees and cried out that it was a miracle."

"When the priest arrived he said, 'My children, you see before you the work of a wonderful artist, made not for fame nor for money, but in honor of our Blessed Lady.'

"The priest had a pedestal built and on it he placed the statue, burying at its foot the charred remains of the old man. It soon became a favorite shrine where the people would gather to pray. Nothing unusual happened, however, until the anniversary of the burning of the hut, when it was noticed that a strange glow rested upon the face of the figure. This lasted for seven days, causing much excitement in the village. As it happened that several afflicted people who prayed at this time were cured, the fame of the statue of Notre Dame de Colette spread far over the land and many sick people came to pray before it when the light was on its face. Later, during the wars which destroyed France, the statue was destroyed."

"I wish," said Louise, softly, after the old lady had finished telling about the miraculous statue, "that I had lived in that village. I should have asked the Holy Mother to give me my sight."

"The old woman laid her hand tenderly on the little boy's head. "Courage, mon fils," she said, "the Holy Mother is here as well as in Colette. Patience, and pray to her."

"In a narrow street hard by the Lerouge house was the Church of St. Jacques. It was not a large building and what with the tall houses on each side and over the way the sun never managed to shine into it. Inside it was ever dark, and many times have I seen old Mera Pigault take a bit of candle from her pocket, light it and read her prayers, and then carefully put it back. I often think of St. Jacques when I am in your mother's pew, with its cushioned seat and padded kneeling-board. In St. Jacques we knelt on the cold stone floor—which in rainy weather was none of the cleanest."

"One day some workmen began repairing a house alongside of the church. They removed a portion of the roof and made a hole in the wall, so that when the sun reached the mid-heavens, a stray beam wandered through the roof, and then through the hole in the wall and into the church. It must have felt strange, for never before had a sunbeam entered St. Jacques. After looking around it settled on the face of the statue of the Blessed Mother."

"The cigarette factory in which Marget worked gave its operatives the noon hour for dinner, and as she lived near the factory she always had a half-hour to spare. During this time she would often run into the church and say some prayers before returning to work."

"On a certain day she had begun her prayer when her eyes fell upon the illuminated face of the statue. For a moment she sat spellbound, staring at the soft light which glowed on the benign countenance, then, arising, she fled from the church."

"Bursting like a whirlwind into her house, she grasped Louis by the hand, and without waiting to find his cap dragged him out of the door, crying: 'Come, Louis—come with me to the church—we must not lose a moment!'

"As she hurried him along the street, she whispered in an agitated voice: "'A miracle, Louis! The face of the Holy Mother in St. Jacques is lighted, as was the face of the Virgin in the story of Madame L'Epine! You must ask her to give you your sight, and we will go each of the seven days.'

"The light yet rested on the face of the Virgin when they entered the church, and prostrated themselves before the statue. The little boy, lifting up his sightless eyes, prayed that he might see, while Marget, her eyes riveted on the shining face, implored the aid of the Holy Mother for her blind brother."

"When they told their mother about what had happened she was much excited and went around to see good Pere Leo, the priest. But when he explained just how the light came into the church, Madame Lerouge's countenance fell."

"'What a disappointment for the little ones,' she sighed. 'I must deceive them.'"

"Let them be," returned the priest. "The light will not bring about a miracle, but true faith may, possibly. Let the little ones pray and await the result."

For five days Marget faithfully accompanied her brother to St. Jacques and each day the light rested on the face. Madame Lerouge looked after them and sighed.

"How long will the light remain on the face?" asked Louise, as they walked to the church.

"Don't you remember in the story?—seven days," replied Marget. "I will see," cried Louise, joyfully, and the flowers and the birds, and, oh, so many things!"

"Yes, thou wilt see," returned Marget, firmly; but Madame Lerouge only smiled sadly when they talked in this way.

"When on the sixth day they entered the church, Marget's heart seemed to stop beating. The light had vanished, for the repairs had been completed and the holes filled up."

"Oh, Louis," she whispered in a trembling voice, "the light is not there—and it is only the sixth day!"

"Sadly they walked out of the church. Louis' heart was broken, and leaning against the church wall he cried pitifully, while Marget, also weeping, tried to console him.

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LONDON, SATURDAY, SEPT. 21, 1918

A HUNDRED THOUSAND WELCOMES

Irish though many of them were there were few in the vast crowd that thronged St. Peter's Hall on Friday night last who did not realize afresh the deep significance of the ever-old and ever-new expression of Celtic feeling and fervor in the caed mille fuithe which the people of London gave to their beloved Bishop on his return from overseas.

In another column we give the London Advertiser's report of His Lordship's address; accurate and well written as the summary is, it gives but a suggestion of the force and fire, the humor and pathos of the speech; of that intense conviction of the speaker which reaches and stirs the very souls of his hearers in a way that even a verbatim report conveys but a feeble impression. Nevertheless there are many thousands of readers for whom the printed account of what Bishop Fallon says will be illumined and vivified by the memory of the personality, the force, the earnestness and the eloquence of the speaker; and tens of thousands will be delighted to hear that he considers it a duty to convey to his fellow Canadians the message he bears from our brothers across the sea striving so valiantly and so successfully to save Canada from the horrors of war and civilization from utter destruction.

One of those light but effective touches of Bishop Fallon's spoken words which it is difficult to convey in cold type was his reference to certain silly rumors when he said that he was home and "home to stay." The applause, the cheers, even the laughter, (for those close to Bishop Fallon have got pretty well used to silly rumors), that greeted this brief remark showed that the people at once grasped its full significance.

The CATHOLIC RECORD is sure of rightly interpreting the wishes of its great army of readers in extending to Right Reverend Bishop Fallon a hundred thousand welcomes home; and many times a hundred thousand Canadian hearts will experience a thrill of joy and pride in knowing that he is "home to stay."

THE HOME RULE OUTLOOK

Mr. Samuel Gompers told the British Labour Congress that he did not agree with former British Governments in their treatment of Ireland. Mr. Gompers used mild language. As a guest in England he was no doubt trying to express himself more politely than forcibly. Nobody now agrees with the treatment of former British Governments accorded to Ireland, and if Mr. Gompers was significantly silent about the present British Government it does not follow that he thinks it an improvement on its predecessors in its dealings with things Irish. International reasons, Imperial reasons, British reasons and Irish reasons are now all in favour of Home Rule. The most enlightened Unionists like Sir Horace Plunkett and the most bigoted Unionists like Sir James Campbell have become Home Rulers because they have been forced to see that no other policy will ever be accepted by the Irish people. Britain knows that her governmental system in Ireland has broken down. The British Government is now afraid to go forward or to go backward or to stand still. It is afraid to touch the Irish problem and afraid to leave it alone. The solution is Home Rule and it is not applied because of the blind and bitter but resolute opposition of North-East

A FRENCH WRITER'S REPORT ON CANADA

M. Francois Veullot, a nephew of the great Louis Veullot, was sent to Canada by the Catholic Committee of French Propaganda which has done so much notable work during this War. The principal aim of the Committee has been to combat the idea, spread industriously among Catholics by German propagandists, that France is infidel through and through. It cannot be denied that official France supplies only too much plausibility to the charge; yet the Catholic Committee has succeeded in convincing men of good will that the country of France is not as the Government. M. Veullot's mission to Canada was mainly in Quebec where by speech and writing he pleaded the cause of France in this War. Now that M. Veullot is back in Paris he has reported his impressions of Canada. Of the religious and social life of the people of Quebec he speaks superlative language of praise. He also discusses the delicate question of the attitude of Quebec to the War, a question which has, perhaps, aroused more interest in France than in any other country except our own. M. Veullot begins by admitting what he calls "the brutal fact" that the French element in Canada made far less than a proportionate contribution to voluntary enlistment. But for this fact, M. Veullot points out, there were general and particular causes which must be taken into account before accusing Quebec, as its critics in France do, of indifference to the cause of the Allies. M. Veullot names as a general cause for backwardness in enlisting the fact that the great majority of Quebec people are rooted to the soil as agriculturists, and that fathers need their grown up sons to help them on the farm. Amongst particular causes M. Veullot names mistakes made by English-speaking Canadians in their dealings with Quebec. First in order he puts the alleged fact that the appeal to enlist was made chiefly on grounds of "English imperialism" and he goes on to mention the sending of a Methodist minister, unable to speak French, as a recruiting officer; the drafting of French-speaking recruits to units where all the others spoke English, and "the revival in Ontario of the old campaign against the teaching of French." We have no wish to discuss M. Veullot's diagnosis of the situation. Catholics in Ontario and other parts of Canada will sometimes differ from M. Veullot in their viewpoints. But they will acknowledge that M. Veullot writes with fairness, and not at all in the one-sided manner that certain journals in the United States that have summarized his article would lead us to believe. M. Veullot's article appeared originally in the "Bulletin de Propaganda Francaise," and it is reprinted textually in "La Vie Canadienne." But the general and particular causes already stated are not the only ones mentioned by M. Veullot. He says:

"There is also a historical factor, of which we cannot dispute the reality or minimize the consequences—the deep and long-standing antipathy which in old Canada especially, that is, in Quebec and Ontario, separates the two races. The loyalty of the French-Canadians to the British Crown is unquestionable; but not less unquestionable is their enmity towards the English. It is a sad fact, but it is a fact. My whole heart and all my prayers are with those Canadians on both sides who are seeking to bridge the gulf that separates them. I believe that some day they will succeed. I wish it for the sake of Canada as a whole, and especially for our brothers by race who would be a considerable force in a more united Canada. But at present the racial quarrel exists

and it has affected the War situation, a situation which ought to have softened antagonisms but which has made them more acute."

By these words M. Veullot shows that he appreciates better than many Canadians the seriousness of the evil of racial enmities in Canada. He sees the necessity of aiding the forces that are working for reconciliation and unity. "La Vie Canadienne," which prints M. Veullot's article, is one of these forces. It is a review that is not afraid to say boldly "Nous Sommes Britanniques," and it requires more courage than may be thought to say those words, for feelings had become very bitter. The hopes of Canada's future peace and unity and strength lie with those who are working to exorcise the evil spirits of racialism.

CATHOLIC SOCIAL WORKS IN MONTREAL

It is a pity that Catholics in Canada have not any book that gives a representative, if not a complete account, of the various forms of social work that are being done by Catholics throughout the Dominion. Such an account would be an education as well as an inspiration. Most of our social works are in the hands of religious or of priests; and therefore there is a special interest in undertakings which are successfully managed by the laity. Montreal has two Catholic social works of the first importance which are under lay management and which have proved their efficiency. One is the Catholic Social Service Guild. The functions of the Guild correspond broadly to those of bodies which take some such name as Charity Organization Society or Associated Charities. In the United States, and in some dioceses in Canada, the work is usually directed by a priest appointed by the Bishop, and who is practically the Diocesan Superintendent of Catholic Charities. Dioceses which get such efficient service as the Catholic Social Service Guild gives to the English-speaking Catholics of Montreal may count themselves specially favoured.

At this time when we are all so interested in Catholic Soldiers' Huts it is appropriate to note that a Catholic Sailors' Hut is flourishing in Montreal. It takes the name not of Hut, but of Club, but the difference doesn't matter. It has a successful history of twenty-five years and like the Catholic Social Service Guild it is under lay direction. The ships that come to the Port of Montreal bring sailors from all seas and all countries. Sailors ashore cannot be left to stay in the streets and indeed there are many doors open to receive them. But it would be better if some of these doors were always bolted and barred, for they are of the houses of land sharks who will do the sailor no good. The Catholic Sailors' Club is, to use the hackneyed expression, a home from home. The Sailor can meet his friends there, he can play games, he can write letters or read, he can get advice in his difficulties, he can go to Confession, he can hear Mass. A visitor to the Club notes in several of the rooms a woman's picture, a woman whose face is lined with the marks of age and whose hair is grey. It bears no description in words but it will be recognized as Whistler's portrait of his mother. No better word could be taken of mutely reminding the wandering sailor not to neglect writing letters home. We once heard an experienced worker among soldiers say "The man who writes home frequently is a man who is keeping straight," and no doubt there is much sound psychology in the remark. The relatives of men away from home will help to surround them with the safeguards of home influences by writing letters to them frequently; and the men will safeguard themselves if they reply to those letters. The War has brought to us all a realization of the value of recreation and religious centres like Catholic Soldiers' Huts, and therefore we should be better able to appreciate the splendid work done quietly for so many years by the Catholic Sailors' Club.

WHAT THE SOLDIERS WANT

The need for huts for soldiers overseas is so pressing that in the case of the French Canadians at Bramshott the Officer Commanding, Col. Desrosiers and Major Gaspar Des Serres have spent their own personal money to install a marquee tent with moving pictures and other entertainments for their men. The representative of one of the Quebec papers, Le Soleil, who is now in England with the deputation of Canadian

editors, writes to his paper that the French Canadian soldiers in camp at Bramshott are very urgently in need of a "Chez-Nous," or in other words, a Hut. This Quebec writer appeals to his compatriots to provide a "Chez-Nous" as a tribute to the troops who have done such glorious things in the recent advance. He says:

"Let us give generously. Those who have their sons 'over there' will not hesitate, and to those whose sons are not there, the duty of giving is even greater. The autumn is coming. It is the season when we all feel it is good to be sheltered in our homes. Let us think of our soldiers over there, who have left their homes."

During the present week every Catholic in Canada has an opportunity of helping a great Catholic patriotic work, an opportunity of paying a debt of justice and gratitude to the men who are offering their lives in our behalf. The Knights of Columbus campaign for Catholic Soldiers' Huts takes place this week. It is a cause to which every Catholic should give not a little but much. "Give until it hurts, and then give more." In Ontario there has just been a Navy League campaign and a Victory Loan campaign will soon be on in all parts of the Dominion. There are many calls to give, but that is no excuse for parsimony towards Catholic Soldiers' Huts. We shall have to go on giving money as long as we have any to give, and as long as men are giving their lives. War time is necessarily a time of sacrifice. The multiplicity of causes will not be an excuse for the Catholics of Canada to neglect in aiding Canadian Catholic soldiers. The K. of C. campaign in the Maritime Provinces was a magnificent success. The objective of \$100,000 was more than attained. The rest of Canada will complete the work.

LITURGY AND WORSHIP

What a pity it is that good Catholics miss so much joy and devotion, through knowing so little of the beauties of the liturgy, of all those prayers and ceremonies and customs the Church makes use of to worship the Creator, Father, Son and Holy Ghost. Huysmans, a celebrated French writer whose conversion from infidelity was largely due to the attraction which liturgical beauties exercised upon his imaginative and artistic nature, has expressed his amazement that people who practise faithfully the Catholic religion are ignorant of the words, vestments, gestures and all the symbolism of Catholic worship. In the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass there is not a word, not a movement, not the smallest article used, that has not a history and a meaning, if only we knew it. There is, perhaps, no Catholic so ignorant as not to know why the people stand at the reading of the Gospel, or why they genuflect at the words "Et Homo Factus Est" of the Credo. But how many are ignorant of, for example, the vestments worn by the priest in celebrating Holy Mass, the language of the five ecclesiastical colors: white, representing joy and purity; red, the love of God and Christian courage; green, hope and eternal peace; violet, penitence; and black, mourning! White is used for all the feasts of our Lord, the Blessed Virgin and saints who are not martyrs; red for the feasts and offices of the Holy Ghost, for the feasts of the Cross and Sacred Passion and of the martyrs; green for the time of pilgrimage, the Sundays after the Epiphany and after Pentecost; violet, for the Sundays of Advent and Lent; and black for Good Friday and all offices for the dead. All the Mass ought to be known, in detail and as a whole, all that leads up to and follows after the supreme moment of sacrifice. We must never forget that the essential act of the Holy Mass is the Sacrifice, the offering up of the Son of God to the Father as a victim for the sins of the world. It is more helpful for us to think of the mystery of sacrifice as more primary than the mystery of transubstantiation. We mean that we ought not to think only of the miraculous change of bread and wine into the Body and Blood of our Lord as the essence of the Mass, but we ought to think of the sacrifice, the offering up of our Lord on the altar to His Heavenly Father. It is the veritable renewal of the sacrifice of Calvary and this is the essence of the Mass. Our Lord makes an oblation of Himself on the altar as He did on Calvary and it is for this that the Mass has its unspeakable power, and we in assisting at it, in uniting ourselves to the great oblation, gain such immense graces. There is a little pious picture sometimes distributed

that ought to be better known. It shows our Lord, in the vestments in which a priest says Mass, coming from the altar to the sanctuary rails with the ciborium and Host in His hands, to give Holy Communion to a child. At the bottom of the picture are the words "Jesus Christ gives us Himself in the Holy Eucharist." It is a helpful thing for us to picture to ourselves Jesus Christ in His priestly robes, as the real celebrant at the Mass. He is the priest as well as the Victim of the Sacrifice. It is He whom we receive in Holy Communion and it is from Him that we receive Him. The little picture we have spoken of should be fixed in our minds. With the eyes of faith we should see Jesus Christ not only in the Host but as the priest. "Jesus Christ" gives us Himself in the Holy Eucharist." He is the Giver and He is the Gift. This thought will help us to a better understanding and appreciation of the Blessed Eucharist.

IN THE GARDENS OF THE MOTHERHOUSE

From a human standpoint, what we find most interesting at a convent reception is the aftermath, the little family reunions in the convent garden. Father, mother, big brother and sister and the baby girl of the family have come to see Gertrude clothed in the habit of a religious. During the Mass they prayed and wondered and were impressed by the unusual solemnity. They wept a little, but very quietly, when the choir sang "Go ye forth O Sion's Daughters" and their loved one in bridal attire left the chapel to don the sombre habit. The words of the preacher and of the officiating Bishop consoled them but still further accentuated the fact that she, who was so recently a member of their household, was theirs no longer but wholly consecrated to God's service. She could not return with them but at least they could gather round her; they could have her all to themselves for a brief hour before departing for their home.

We are not privileged to say what words were spoken there in the shade of the maple; for we would have deemed it an intrusion to have entered the little circle. We suspect, however, that the conversation was about very ordinary matters. It is ever thus. In the most solemn moments we talk of trifles, when we are really thinking of the days of old and have in mind the eternal years. The good mother, as a sort of relief to her pent up feelings, no doubt discoursed volubly of the news of home and the parish and of the plans that her husband and sons were making for the coming year; and the novice listened with attention, for religion does not destroy but sanctify human affections and human interests. The big sister told of the gossip of the neighborhood; and again the novice listened, for feminine curiosity cannot be wholly discarded with the superfluity of hair. We wondered why that big sister had so many fits of crying. We suspect that it was the result of conflicting emotions. She thought of the scene of the morning, so suggestive of self-sacrifice, of heavenly love and unearthly peace; and then she remembered a plighted word. Never mind, she will dry her tears when she meets him, and she will play Martha's role all the better for that partial revelation of the joys of Mary. The little tot was silent for a long time, looking first at one and then at the other. At last she unbosomed herself by the question: "Gertrude, may I be a flower girl the next time?" We would not say that this indicated a vocation to the religious life, any more than do the protestations of certain habitues on these occasions that they think it is just too lovely for anything to be a nun. The member of the group that elicited our sympathy most of all was the father, and we will devote to him a separate paragraph.

They do not say much, these Irish fathers—we have in mind an English-speaking community the majority of whose subjects are of Irish extraction—but "they do be thinking long." That is why we felt for this particular head of the family. A woman more readily relieves her mind by giving vent in words to her joys and sorrows, but the silent man is often misunderstood. The callous hands and the bronze features told of years of strenuous labor, while the merry twinkle in the eye revealed the heart of a boy and the dignified bearing bespoke the soul of a Catholic gentleman. He had seen the little olive branches springing up around his table, and now one of them has been transplanted in the

garden of the Lord. He begrudges it not. He rejoices in it. It is at least the beginning of the consummation of his life's work. The development has been quite natural—the Catholic home with its family devotions and reverence for everything pertaining to religion, the parish pew with the little ones kneeling with their parents every Sunday before the altar, and lastly regular and frequent reception of the Sacraments often at the price of long fastings and great exertions. Perhaps his children did not enjoy the advantages of a Catholic school. Many priestly and religious vocations have developed in such an environment; so true it is that the genuine Catholic home is the true nursery of vocations and that not even the advantages of a Catholic school can overcome the evil influence of worldly parents or the lack of home training.

Glancing over the various groups, we were struck by the fact that these fathers were, for the most part, tillers of the soil. The successful merchant, the lawyer, the doctor and the gentleman of leisure had few representatives. Too many of their daughters, who had enjoyed superior advantages were aiming only at the social laurels, even, perhaps, at the sacrifice of faith itself. It is hard to account for the fact that cities and towns supply so few vocations. It cannot be attributed wholly to worldliness; for there are plenty of virtuous and self-sacrificing young men and women in our cities. We think that it is due to the distractions which tend to disrupt home life, and to the spirit of independence that comes from the ability of bright young people to earn large salaries, and which keeps them in the maelstrom of commercial life till youth is gone.

There was another little assemblage in that garden, so suggestive of the needs of our day and what apostolic zeal can accomplish, that we will refer to it in a future issue. It was a priest surrounded by a bevy of bright young religious, all of them girls from his own parish.

THE GLEANER

NOTES AND COMMENTS

A NEW SHADE has been evolved in the United States to which has been given the name of "Yankee Brown." Coming in the midst of a great war its adoption as the national color is urged. Some new shade is likely soon to be fashionable in Germany also. Why not "Dun" color?

OF A CROWD of soldiers gathered one evening in an American hut in England, the Rev. G. W. Russell, of Bethlehem Presbyterian Church, Philadelphia, now an army chaplain, asked: "How many of you are Roman Catholics?" More than half of them raised their hands. "Men," then said Mr. Russell, "I have arranged for Father Gile, an English Chaplain, to come tomorrow night to receive your confessions. He will use my office. He will celebrate Mass on Sunday morning at 9.30 o'clock in this hut. Won't you come? I am a Protestant, but you men have escaped the perils of the submarine. Attend Mass and then write home to your mothers, or wives, or sweethearts that one of the first things you did upon landing was to make your confession, attend Mass and thank God for your safety."

AS A RESULT, we are told, nearly every man of them heard Mass and received the sacraments, and many of them later called upon Mr. Russell to thank him for giving them the opportunity of doing so. For his kindly and considerate act this Presbyterian pastor will be thanked far beyond the limits of the army. The example he has set is certainly worthy of emulation. As an adjunct the reader will not fail to note that in a crowd of mixed men, enlisted under their country's banner, more than half of them were Catholics.

A CLERICAL contributor to the Toronto Globe characterizes as "one of the saddest utterances of modern days," the following culled from the posthumous papers of Dr. Marcus Dods, whom he describes as "among the leading theologians of Scotland": "I am a backslider. I used to enjoy prayer, but for years I have found myself dumb. Of course, one can always make a prayer, but prayer, in the sense of asking for things, has not been, in my case, a proved force. . . . I wish I could live as a spectator through the next generation to see what they are going to make of things. There will be a grand turn up in things theological,

and the church won't know themselves, fifty years hence. It is to be hoped that some little rag of faith may be left when all is done. For my own part, I am sometimes entirely under water and see no sky at all."

THE WORDS are rightly described as "sad" and "pathetic," but do they not after all exhibit the whole trend of recent years in the matter of religious belief outside the Catholic Church? We do not have to look far for corroboration of this. When we see a professed unbeliever elevated to a bishopric in the Anglican Church, as was the case within the present year, and hear from a Presbyterian pulpit the statement, unrebuked, that belief in Christ's divinity is not essential to membership in that communion, the words of Marcus Dods have a profound significance. The truth is that German higher criticism has eaten into the very vitals of Protestantism, whether in Germany itself or in any other country where the religion of Luther holds sway. No more personal protest against Dods' gloomy outlook can stem that tide. There is one, and one only remedy.

THERE IS, it seems, a movement on foot to change the name of the Church of England in Canada, among those suggested being "The Canadian Church," "The Catholic Church," and "The Canadian Catholic Church." It is to be presumed that the great body of membership of the Church of England, comprising as it does the average run of sensible men and women, will not lend itself to anything so inherently absurd. This is the view taken by many English churchmen themselves. One, writing to the Canadian Churchman, reminds those behind the movement of an incident that transpired in England in the early years of the last century, and which is directly applicable to the proposal under discussion. He outlines it as follows:

"Some hundred years ago, a question as to change of names was brought forward in the old country. A family named Jones, in Monmouthshire (undoubtedly the oldest branch of the family represented in the long and noble family named Herberts—the Earls of Pembroke and Montgomery in the English peerage), attempted to change their name to Herbert. Trouble arose, and the Solicitor-General made a very important pronouncement on the question. A family may change its surname, on condition that it can get its neighbours to recognize it by its new name. The upshot of this case was that the old Welsh Squire Jones failed in his attempt at the time to shine by the name of his great English twenty-fourth cousin, but he quietly entered his eldest boy as a cadet in the County Militia under the name of Herbert, and Sir Ivor Herbert, M. P. for Monmouthshire, is today the great grandson of Squire Jones, of Clytha."

"I mention this case," he goes on, "because the principle laid down by the Solicitor-General at the time is a perfectly sane and important one in this connection of our change of name as a Church. We are a comparatively small body among a population of over seven million people. The Roman Catholic Church was a long established body here before the fall of Quebec. We have huge numbers of Christians on every side of us, and the question comes in: By what name are these other Christians willing to recognize us? For we must remember, it is we, not our neighbours, proposing a change? Does any one suppose that our neighbours would be willing to call us 'The Canadian Church,' or 'The Catholic Church,' or 'The Canadian Catholic Church'?"

"Our Parliament, acting upon the principle laid down by the English Solicitor-General a hundred years ago, would probably not allow us to do act, and as we hold all our personal and real property by our present name, we cannot alter our name and still retain our property without the consent of Parliament. A small body, like the Irvingites, may get incorporated as the Holy Catholic and Apostolic Church as its first name, but an ancient Church, holding large properties by a legal name, proposing to take a new name, which implied great claims as against our Roman Catholic and Reformed fellow citizens would be an altogether different matter."

THIS IS the language of reason and common-sense, and expresses, we should say, the feeling of the majority of English churchmen. A similar proposal came up for discussion at several conventions of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States, and in spite of prolonged and persistent agitation was on each occasion voted down by a large majority. The proposal to transform a Protestant Episcopal Church into the "Holy Catholic Church of America" was too big a draft on the credulity of its mem-



FIVE MINUTE SERMON

REV. F. P. HICKET, O. S. B.
EIGHTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER
PENTECOST

CHOSEN, BUT NOT WORTHY

"His own city." (Matt. ix.)

What a privilege to be styled "His own city!" The favoured, the chosen city of Christ. And what place is referred to? Is it Bethlehem, for sweet memory's sake of that first Christmas night? Or Nazareth, blessed as the home of the Holy Family so long? No. Jerusalem, where He taught, kept the festivals, and wrought so many wonders among the people? None of these. That favored spot, "His own city," stood by the Sea of Galilee, for the Gospel says: "And entering into a boat, He passed over the water, and came into His own city." (Matt. ix.) This was the first place He came to after His baptism; here He dwelt for a while after His first disciples, Peter and Andrew, James and John. It was outside this town, on the rising hillside, to accommodate the multitude, that Christ preached His first sermon, taught the eight Beatitudes and the "Our Father." From Simon's boat, in front of this town, He taught the people, and its inhabitants saw the miraculous draught of fishes. Here dwelt the nobleman whose son He cured; here He healed the demoniac in the synagogue. Here He spoke the word that made whole the centurion's servant, and raised the daughter of Jairus to life. It was to this city He came after feeding the five thousand people, and in its synagogue He told them that He was the Bread of Life. "He that eateth this Bread shall live for ever." "These things He said, teaching in the synagogue in Capharnaum." (John vi. 60.) Yes, my dear brethren, that is the name of Christ's own city, as St. Matthew calls it—Capharnaum.

We all naturally envy such a favored place, and wish we had the chance, the lesson, the sight of those wondrous miracles with which its people were blessed.

But, my dear brethren, this is not all about Capharnaum. Turn over two chapters of St. Matthew's Gospel, in which our Lord sent the disciples to preach, and John the Baptist from prison had sent to ask if He was the Saviour that was to come. Then you will read these words: "Then began He to upbraid the cities, wherein were done most of His miracles, for that they had not done penance. And thou, Capharnaum, shalt thou be exalted up to heaven? thou shalt go down even unto hell. For if in Sodom had been wrought the miracles that have been wrought in thee, perhaps it had remained until this day. But I say unto you that it shall be more tolerable for the land of Sodom in the day of judgment than for thee." (Matt. xi. 20-24.)

Is there anything, my dear brethren, more terrifying than these words of our Saviour to those for whom He had done so much? You see, God's graces and favors are not everything; they have to be gratefully received and faithfully acted up to. What instructions they had heard! What miracles they had witnessed! They had got used even to miracles, for our Lord said to them: "Amen, amen, I say to you, you seek Me, not because you have seen miracles, but because you did eat of the loaves, and were filled." (John vi. 26.) What sordid motives led them to follow Christ! We could not have believed, had not He Himself declared it.

Let us turn and look upon our own selves. We, too, are "His own city." We, too, are His favored ones, and which one of us has been always true to Christ? The children of God we are, and others know Him not. We have our home in this His own city, the Church. His miracles were wrought for our instruction, and some of them were only mere figures of what has been worked in our souls.

For instance, our Lord seemed to fear, when the man sick of the palsy was brought to Him; for He said: "Thy sins are forgiven thee," and not a word about his cure. Our Lord did not forget; He was thinking of us, and how that wonder of forgiveness would be renewed countless times for us. Again, when He blessed the loaves and fed the multitude, He had us—ourselves—in His Blessed mind and heart. Please God, He did not see us murmur and leave Him when He explained the Blessed Sacrament! But those who receive the Blessed Eucharist so seldom, who are careless about Mass, are they not amongst those who "walked no more with Him?" (John vi. 67.)

So, to be Catholics, to profess the right religion, to listen, to attend, is not enough, and will not save us from being denounced as Capharnaum was. All the woe came upon it "because they had not done penance." (Matt. xi. 20.) They had not turned from their sins, repented of them, amended their lives. We cannot live in sin, and be friends with God. Turn from sin, do God's holy will, and obey the Church.

Let us be grateful indeed for this example of Capharnaum. There is still time for us to profit from it. Our Blessed Saviour does not wish to denounce us and condemn us. He wants us to be faithful to Him, love Him, and be saved.

The same chapter of St. Matthew's Gospel bears me out in this. For what did our Lord add after His angry words? His Sacred Heart

seemed to check His anger, and after a few lines we read: "Come to Me, all you that labour and are burdened, and I will refresh you. Take up My yoke upon you, and learn of Me because I am meek and humble of heart; For My yoke is sweet, and My burden light." (Matt. xi. 28-30.) Grateful for having been chosen as His own, cheerfully give yourselves to His service. Be nothing daunted. He will be ever near us, that we may learn of Him. Manfully take up His yoke upon you, and the blessing of obedience in so doing will make the yoke sweet and the burden light.

CONSECRATION

God grant our dead shall not have died in vain, Nor vainly poured in sacrificial flood The pure libations of their precious blood.

By Somme and Marne, from Flanders to Lorraine; But that, made fruitful by so rich a rain, The holy ground whereon to death they stood

For Freedom shall ripe harvests yield of good, And glad earth thence shall gather golden gain.

Ah, no; our dead shall not have died in vain Nor flung away their flower of youth, if we

Fresh inspiration from their dust shall draw, Till not on earth one tyrant shall remain.

One slave wear bonds, one wrong unrighted be, But all the lands shall cherish love's sweet law.

Nay by their graves that freshly sanctify The fields of France, and by the blood they shed

And by our pride in these our honored dead, To lofty aims, delectable and high, All selfish aims (and petty putting by,

We pledge our lives, that, as they bravely bled, We, by their bright example brightly led,

May learn of them as nobly how to die.

Christ-like they fell to set their brothers free, That man, released of servitude, might live,

Ah, would we fly prove our patriot pride And rightly reverence their memory, To great ideals let us grandly give Our hearts by truth and honor glorified.

- PATRICK COLEMAN

TO PRAY FOR THREE

To pray for thee, is sweet to me, When morn's bright beams are stealing Along the earth, and o'er the sea— And convent bells are pealing.

To pray for thee, is sweet to me, When noon-tide sun is beaming In golden rays, on flower and tree, Through green boughs softly gleaming.

To pray for thee, is sweet to me, When evening shades are falling, And days bright orb sinks to the sea— And vesper bells are calling.

To pray for thee, is sweet to me, When silvery stars are peeping, And tired eyes close wearily, And half the world lies sleeping.

To pray for thee, will ever be My joy 'till life's last even! And if on earth thou then should'st be I'll pray for thee in Heaven.

CHRISTIAN CHARITY

If envy is Satan's own vice, charity is Christ's own virtue. It is the particular virtue that He came to inculcate. Under the Old Dispensation there existed only the law of fear. The chosen people of God were urged to obey His commands and to do penance for their sins by the threat of severe punishments. The prophets from Isaiah even to John, the Precursor of the Lord, preached nothing but the vengeance of the God. Then Christ came. He came not to abolish the law of fear, but to temper its severity with the great doctrine of love. The law of love would henceforth rule. Charity, the most excellent of virtues, would hold sway over the hearts of men and draw them by its gentle urging to the observance of the commandments of God. It was a new force up to that time unknown that would revolutionize the world by its lack of force.

This new law of love was stated by Christ very briefly. To the Pharisee who asked of Him which was the great commandment in the law, He answered simply: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with thy whole heart, and with thy whole soul, and with thy whole mind." This is the greatest and the first commandment. And the second is like to this: "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." On these two commandments depend the whole law and the prophets.

"Love God and your neighbor," is the Christian rule of life epitomized. "This do and thou shalt live," is the promise of Christ to those who observe this simple command. It matters not what else we do provided we observe this first and second precept. Or even

the first precept alone, if faithfully observed, is sufficient. Because, if we truly love God we will also love our neighbor. And thus we will be preserved from all sin because sin cannot exist where there is true love of God. Sin and the love of God are contradictory terms. Where there exists true Christian love there is a state of peace and happiness. And the follower of Christ, who has succeeded in learning and putting into practice this simple lesson of the Master is already enjoying a foretaste of celestial bliss in spite of the cares and sorrows that surround him.

LOVE OF ONE'S NEIGHBOR

But the law of love, while simple in its statement, is difficult of observance. We say that we love God, and really mean it. Yet we do not love our neighbor. As St. John says that no man can love God and hate his neighbor. The virtue of Christian charity imposes upon us the obligation of loving all men—even our enemies, even those who have done us an injury. It is an easy matter to love those who have befriended us, but it is not so easy to love and wish well to those who wish us ill. This is the obstacle that must be removed before we can be said to have the virtue of a Christian charity. We must overcome this tendency toward revenge that is so strong in us. "An eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth" was not preached by Christ. Nor did He put the stamp of approval on the other dictum of the Old Law: "Thou shalt love thy neighbor and hate thy enemy." Christ taught love for all, and this is the love that we must cultivate.

But, they tell us, in these enlightened times, that this doctrine of Christ has been tried and has proved a failure. Christianity, in a word, has failed, because the charity of Christ has not worked well in practise. Sometimes we hear the expression "Cold as charity!" Naturally we ask: "Why? Why so chilly cold? Why has it failed?" There is but one explanation, one answer: "Because it was not Christian." The charity of Christ did not fail, because it cannot. Men found it hard to practise. It ran counter to their natural inclinations, and for this reason they refused to adopt it.

Still, they say the need of some form of charity in order to preserve order and harmony in the world, to prevent things from becoming chaotic. So they substituted their own scheme. It is called humanitarianism, and it strives for the uplift and welfare of mankind in general. It is run on a strictly business basis, dealing out its benefactions to the poor unfortunate wretches of humanity. Why? because they are children of God and have immortal souls, not out of love for the God who made them to His own image and likeness, but because it is a degrading thing for mankind in general to behold these poor unfortunates in such utter misery.

CHARITY NOT PHILANTHROPY

But this is not the charity of Christ. The cup of cold water given in His name is worth more than the millions expended in the name of some benefactor of mankind. Charity is love, the real love of man for his fellow man, created his equal no matter what his station in life may be or how poorly he has utilized his opportunities. It is not philanthropy. There is something cold about this, something haughty and overbearing. It smacks too much of the handiwork of the publicity man. In many instances it is nothing but conscience money. It is money that has been stolen and is now returned as a donation, the donor receiving the credit that is not his due.

We have had enough of this artificial charity. We look now for a return to the natural kind, the charity of the good Samaritan. Modern substitutes is too cold and business-like. It is not a work of love. It is a business proposition or a pastime which brings no return of love. It is assistance rendered that leaves behind it a sharper sense of pain than that which it sought to relieve. Liberty is a possession that all men crave. They long to be able to adopt the means necessary to an end in accordance with their own methods. They do not like to have others dictate to them how they are to act. They will not appreciate assistance given under these conditions.

If you would learn true Christian charity go to St. Paul and read the thirteenth chapter of his first Epistle to the Corinthians. It is something that we cannot cultivate ourselves without God's help. True charity is a grace, a gift of God, the part of the fruits of the Holy Ghost. It must need be given to us from above before it can have the rekindling quality that makes it true Christian charity or love.—The Tablet.

THE CONSOLATION OF BEING A CATHOLIC WHEN DEATH APPROACHES

"The 'Imitation' has helped many a man to live well and to die holily. In the introductory study which Mrs. Wilfrid Ward contributed to the volume of 'Last Lectures' by her husband, the late Dr. Ward, she tells of the things that comforted him in his closing days—the care and devotion of his friends, the tender solicitude of his household, and the spiritual science that was greatest of all.

"He usually managed to walk up the steep hill to the Church, where he said the Miserere, and each night he read the whole chapter of the

Royal Road to the Cross from the 'Imitation of Christ,' and often the one preceding it. He read, too, his old favorite—the little volume of Fenelon's 'Letters to Men.' On the last night at Buxton, he said to me: 'I see the purgative value of suffering—it does for one what one would never have done for oneself.'

"His last Communion was of extraordinary joy to him, and his reserve on spiritual matters was wearing thin." His voice was failing, but he kept saying: 'Thank God! How wonderful!' and once he added: 'No one knows what it is to be a Catholic.' No one could doubt of his joy or fail to be comforted by it—the deep Christian pen-

itence so constant and so complete for months past was turned into joy.'

Such testimony as this serves to drive home the lesson of what the Church is to her children in all ranks of life. To the man of letters with a long record of brilliant intellectual achievement, as to the soldier laid dying far from home, the knowledge of the royal road of the Cross made the end happy.—Sacred Heart Review.

Humility does not consist in an ignorance of truth. If a man is above the average height of men, he cannot help knowing it.—Cardinal Manning.

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300 CUPS TO THE POUND SOLD EVERYWHERE



CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

WHERE'S MOTHER?
Bursting in from school or play:
This is what the children say:
Trooping, crowding, big and small,
On the threshold, in the hall,
Joining in the constant cry,
Ever as the days go by—
"Where's Mother?"

From the weary bed of pain,
This same question comes again;
From the boy with sparkling eyes,
Bearing home the earliest prize:
From the bronzed and bearded son
Perils past and honors won—
"Where's Mother?"

Burdened with a lonely task,
One day we vainly ask,
For the comfort of her face,
For the rest of her embrace,
Let us love her while we may,
Well for us that we can say,
"Where's Mother?"

Mother, with untiring hands,
At the post of duty stands,
Patient, seeking not her own,
Anxious for the good alone
Of the children as they cry,
Ever as the days go by—
"Where's Mother?"

MAN'S WORST ENEMY

Man's greatest enemy is himself.
If every one should be as careful of
deserving an honest opinion of him-
self as he is of securing the good
opinion of others there would be a
vast difference in the standing of the
majority of mankind. Look carefully
into yourself and discover your own
flaws—Sacred Heart Review.

KEPT HIS HABITS

Booth Tarkington, speaking of
spiritualism, said the other day:
"The average man treats spiritual-
ism as a joke. An illustrator found
out recently that I was interested in
the subject, so he rushed upon me
with a story about a widow, who
tried to get in touch with her de-
ceased husband.

"The medium, after a good deal
of futile work, said to the widow:
'The conditions this evening
seem unfavorable. I can't seem to
establish communication with Mr.
Smith, m'am.'"

"Well I'm not surprised," said the
widow, with a glance at the clock.
'It's only 8:30 now, and John never
did show up till about 12:30 a. m.—
Intermountain Catholic.

THE BOY WHO WON THE PEARL

A story is told of a Persian ruler
who had three sons. The father
owned a beautiful pearl, and wished
to give it to that one of his sons who
had shown himself the noblest.
Accordingly, he called them all
together, and asked each of them
what had been the most praiseworthy
deed he had performed during the
last three months.

The oldest boy spoke first. He
said:
"On my journey last week I was
entrusted with a number of valuable
jewels. The merchant who sent
them took no account of them. One
or two would never have been missed,
and I might easily have made myself
rich. But I did no such thing. I
carried the parcel safely as if it had
been my own."

"My son," said the father, "you
were honest, it is true, and you have
done well. But you could hardly
have acted otherwise without
shame."

Then the second boy spoke. He
said:
"As I was walking the other day
I saw a child playing by the lake, and
while I watched him he fell in. I
swam in after him, and saved him."

"You also have done your duty,"
said the old man; "but you could
hardly have left the child to drown."

It was now the third son's turn.
He said:
"As I crossed the mountains, the
other day, I saw near the edge of a
dangerous precipice a man who has
hated me and done me harm. He
had sat down to rest and had fallen
asleep. I would have passed on my
way without a word, but something
within me called me to go over and
wake him. This I did knowing all
the time that he would not under-
stand, and that he would be angry
with me, as indeed he was."

"My son," cried the father, "the
pearl is yours! To do good without
hope or favor or reward to those who
have wronged us, is to be truly
noble."—Catholic Sun.

THE LOST ART OF WALKING

Once upon a time we were a nation
of woodsmen—or riflemen and ax-
men, of boatmen and horsemen.
That is because we were then a
nation of pioneers. And the rifle
and ax, the canoe and the horse,
were the tools with which we sub-
dued the wilderness and made our
way. And above all, in those brave
times we were good walkers.
The notion that we are even yet a
nation of riflemen obtains among
the unthinking, but it is pure fiction:
any expertness with firearms that
we retain is confined to the shot-
gun.

Most men cannot be trusted to
chop kindling wood without cutting
off their toes. Riding is almost for-
gotten, and the few who can handle
the paddle and the oar are mostly
willing to let a motor drive the boat.
And as to walking—why, it is already
a lost art. A few more years of the
automobile and we shall scarcely
be able to manage to get from curb
to doorstep. Maybe our feet would
entirely disappear if it were not for
the golfer and the Boy Scouts.

The poorest way to see the coun-
try is from the window of a railroad
car. The next poorest is from an
automobile going forty miles an
hour. A man on horseback has a
very fair chance to see things, pro-
vided he gets off the beaten track.
Really to see the country, however,
a man must walk.

Now, neither the automobilist nor
the pedestrian is out merely for
exercise and fresh air. The one can
be obtained by sawing wood, the
other by sitting on a porch. Both
are also seeking enjoyment through
motion and new scenes and changed
environment.

Would you know a hill intimately?
climb it on foot! Would you come
to friendly terms with a valley?
cross it on foot! Would you see
the hidden charms and beauties not
on public view? go through the
country on foot!
For it is only the pedestrian who
can leave the beaten track at will
to climb to the vantage spot on the
hill; to wander off down the wood-
land path to the shady pool under
the willows. It is only the man on
foot who has the time to find these
hidden charms and the leisure to
appreciate them when found.—Cath-
olic Columbian.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

SHORT SKETCH OF LIVES OF SAINTS OF THE WEEK

SEPTEMBER 16.—ST. CYPRIAN, BISHOP, MARTYR

Cyprian was an African of noble
birth but of evil life, a pagan, and
a teacher of rhetoric. In middle life
he was converted to Christianity,
and shortly after his baptism was
ordained priest, and made Bishop of
Carthage, notwithstanding his resis-
tance. When the persecution of
Decius broke out, he fled from his
episcopal city, that he might be the
better able to minister to the wants
of his flock, but returned on occasion
of a pestilence. Later on he was
banished, and saw in a vision his
future martyrdom. Being recalled
from exile, sentence of death was
pronounced against him, which he
received with the words "Thanks be
to God." His great desire was to
die whilst the act of preaching the
faith of Christ, and he had the con-
solation of being surrounded at his
martyrdom by crowds of his faithful
children. He was beheaded on the
14th September, A. D. 258, and was
buried with great solemnity. Even
the pagans respected his memory.

SEPTEMBER 19.—ST. JANUARIUS, MARTYR

Many centuries ago, St. Januarius
died for the Faith in the persecu-
tion of Diocletian, and to this day
God confirms the faith of His Church
and works a continual miracle,
through the blood which Januarius
shed for Him. The Saint was
Bishop of Beneventum, and on one
occasion he travelled to Misenum in
order to visit a deacon named Sostius.
During this visit Januarius saw the
head of Sostius, who was singing the
gospel in the church, girt with
flames, and took this for a sign that
ere long Sostius would wear the
crown of martyrdom. So it proved.
Shortly after Sostius was arrested,
and thrown into prison. There St.
Januarius visited and encouraged
him, till the bishop also was arrested
in turn. Soon the number of con-
fessors was swollen by some of the
neighboring clergy. They were ex-
posed to the wild beasts in the
amphitheatre. The beasts, however,
did them no harm; and at last the
Governor of Campania ordered the
Saints to be beheaded. Little did
the heathen Governor think that he
was the instrument in God's hand
of ushering in the long succession
of miracles which attest the faith of
St. Januarius. The relics of St.
Januarius rest in the cathedral of
Naples, and it is there that the lique-
faction of his blood occurs. The
blood is congealed in two glass vials,
but when it is brought near the
martyr's head it melts and flows like
the blood of a living man.

SEPTEMBER 20.—STS. EUSTACHIUS AND COMPANIONS, MARTYRS

Eustachius, called Placidus before
his conversion, was a distinguished
officer of the Roman army under the
Emperor Trajan. One day, whilst
hunting a deer, he suddenly per-
ceived between the horns of the
animal the image of our crucified
Saviour. Responsive to what he
considered a voice from heaven, he
lost not a moment in becoming a
Christian. In a short time he lost
all his possessions and his position,
and his wife and children were taken
from him. Reduced to the most
abject poverty, he took service with
a rich landowner to tend his fields.
In the meantime the empire suffered
greatly from the ravages of barbar-
ians. Trajan sought out our Saint,
and placed him in command of the
troops sent against the enemy.
During this campaign he found his
wife and children, whom he de-
spaired of ever seeing again. Re-
turning home victorious, he was
received in triumph and loaded with
honors; but the emperor having
commanded him to sacrifice to the
false gods, he refused. Infuriated at
this, Trajan ordered Eustachius with
his wife and children to be exposed
to two starved lions; but instead of
harming these faithful servants of
God, the beasts merely frisked and
frolicked about them. The emperor,
grown more furious at this, caused
the martyrs to be shut inside a
brazen bull, under which a fire was
kindled, and in this horrible manner
they were roasted to death.

HOW TO GET RID OF RHEUMATISM

"Fruit-a-lives" Point the Way to Quick Relief

"I suffered for a number of years
with Rheumatism and severe Pains
in my Side and Back, caused by
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When I had given up hope of ever
being well again, a friend recom-
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much better that I continued to
take them; and now I am enjoying
the best of health, thanks to your
wonderful fruit medicine."

W. M. LAMPSON.
"Fruit-a-lives" are sold by all
dealers at 50c. a box, 6 for \$2.50,
trial size 25c.—or sent postpaid by
Fruit-a-lives Limited, Ottawa.

SEPT. 21.—ST. MATTHEW, APOSTLE

One day, as our Lord was walking
by the Sea of Galilee, He saw, sitting
at the receipt of custom, Matthew
the publican, whose business it was
to collect the taxes from the people
for their Roman masters. Jesus
said to him, "Follow Me;" and
leaving all, Matthew arose and fol-
lowed Him. Now the publicans
were abhorred by the Jews as
enemies of their country, outcasts,
and notorious sinners, who enriched
themselves by extortion and fraud.
No Pharisee would sit with one at
table. Our Saviour alone had com-
passion for them. So St. Matthew
made a great feast, to which he
invited Jesus and His disciples, with
a number of these publicans, who
henceforth began eagerly to listen to
Him. It was then, in answer to the
murmurs of the Pharisees, that He
said, "They that are in health need
not the physician. I have not come
to call the just, but sinners to pen-
itence." After the Ascension St.
Matthew remained some years in
Judea, and there wrote his gospel,
to teach his countrymen that Jesus
was their true Lord and King, fore-
told by the prophets. St. Matthew
afterward preached the faith far
and wide, and is said to have finished his
course in Parthia.

SYMPATHY FOR THE AGED

There is no place at which we may
sit and learn the principles and
policies that enable us to make the
most of life as at the feet of the
aged. Other things being equal, they
are our wisest folk. The heads
whose gray hairs are crowns of right-
eousness, who have been adding
grace to grace and strength to
strength, while many a year has
come and gone, whose inward man
has grown into beauty and power
while the outward man has declined,
should attract us for what they know,
appeal to our sympathy, and
command our reverence. Turning
aside to commune with these old
ones lovingly and tenderly, we may
learn, too, as from no other, how
to live to be happiest as well as most
useful, and catch the aroma of that
mellowness and sweetness that so
enriches the possible joys of this
earthly pilgrimage, and is so dis-
tinguished an element of the meek-
ness of those who are now almost
nearly for the garner on high.

Lack of appreciation or positive
neglect of these old ones in our homes
and social circles is a prodigious wrong
and a type of heathen heartlessness.
For my own part, old age is most at-
tractive, and when I see the silver-
white hair lying on a serious and
weather worn face like moonlight on
a stately old tower, I have a strong
temptation, whether I know the person
or not, to lift my hat in token of my
affectionate esteem and reverence.—
Catholic World.

A JEW AT MASS

Brooklyn Tablet

The following letter, received from
a Hebrew of Hartford,
Conn., now an officer in the American
expeditionary forces, is illustrative
of the impression made upon non-
Catholics by the Catholic devotions
in the trenches.

"It was last spring," he writes,
"we had just returned from our first
'time in' and were going into re-
serve. Our destination was a large
cave in a sector which will go down
in history as one of the sectors in
which to life's most important
battles of the War have been fought.
Upon arrival I found that the cave
had once been a chalk mine and was
about fifty yards underground and
absolutely safe from shells. For the
want of something better to do I
walked about my new home and in-
spected the surroundings. It was a
secondarily large cavern, and had
been turned into quite a community.
It contained comfortable quarters
for a large number of men, stor-
ehouses for food and supplies and a
canteen, and last but not least, a
place of worship.

"The altar was built of ordinary
planks and was decorated with vases
made out of shells containing ever-
greens. A sign in front of the altar
announced that Mass would be cele-
brated Sunday morning at 10 o'clock
and I decided to attend. The scene
was striking. The music was furnished
by a string orchestra and the choir
consisted of one French soldier.
Whether or not it was due to the
surroundings I cannot say, but that
morning I heard a violinist and a
tenor voice such as I never heard
before. They were marvelous. I
never realized that music could sound
so sweet and elevating.

"The service was conducted by a
regular French soldier, who, I was
informed, was a regularly ordained
priest (priests and ministers are not
exempt in France), and his prayer for
the success of the Allies was deliv-
ered in a manner as only one who
is fighting for the cause for which he
prays is capable of doing.

"The congregation was of course,
as interesting as the service. There
stood officers and men, 'Poline' and
'Sammies,' Catholic, Protestant and
Jew, all in their own way praying to
God, thanking Him for having guided
and shielded them thus far and ask-
ing for His guidance and protection
in the future. It was a scene I will
never forget.

"I have seen some of the men
since under enemy fire and some
lying dead in the trenches, and in
both cases when I looked into their
faces, it brought back that Sunday
morning in the cave. The same
calm, serene yet determined expres-
sion, indicating that their cause was
just and whatever the result would
be, they would do their duty like
men.

"The services concluded, I walked
outside for a breath of fresh air. As
I walked about aimlessly I reached
the little graveyard, which is a fa-
miliar sight in every sector. There
it was with tri color rosette. In the
center was a monument erected by
loving comrades-in-arms. It was not
made of granite and bronze, but frag-
ments of stones taken from the de-
stroyed village nearby. It was sur-

mounted by a large statue of the
Virgin Mary, rudely but excellently
carved out of a large piece of chalk
taken from the cave and underneath
was the inscription, 'Icô repose les
Soldats Braves, qui Mort Pour la
France.' It was the same character-
istic inscription you see everywhere
on the western front.

"As I stood there on the hill over-
looking the valleys about me, I gazed
upon the snow-covered ruins which
for all the world looked like a
ghastly monument erected to the
dastardly deed of a heartless nation.
The rumbling of the artillery in the
distance sounded like stifled voices
asking the world to look upon the de-
struction and act accordingly. I re-
turned to the cave more than ever
satisfied that I was fortunate enough
to be a small cog in a large machine
that was slowly but surely crushing
the power which directed the work
that caused such misery."—Lieut.
Albert L. Simons, 104th Infantry.

REAL HELP FOR TIRED FEET

A busy day and on your feet most
of the time—a long tiresome trip or a
hike in the country—new shoes to break
in—all these mean tired feet. Soothe
and rest them by applying a few drops
of Absorbine, Jr. Or, if you are very
tired and your feet burn, ache or swell,
soak them in a solution of Absorbine,
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and lasting.

You will like the "feel" of this
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It penetrates quickly, leaves no greasy
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Absorbine, Jr., as a dependable first aid
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