

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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TO THE OBSERVANT

It is instructive as it certainly is amusing to watch a group of children, in the playground or elsewhere, imitating their elders in some customary occupation or ceremony. How much mock solemnity or shy humour they can infuse into their little game—be it a funeral or a wedding that has taken their vagrant fancy! Actors and actresses most children are until the world claims them and the magical radiance of youth fades into the sober grayness of the common day.

It is a commonplace of moral reflections that we are but children of a larger growth, that our errors and illusions are mainly due to inexperience, the false and the true, blending in a mirage which delights even while it deceives. The rapture with which eye and ear and other senses fasten on vanishing phases of earthly beauty is doomed to pass like a dream. Joy and melancholy succeed one another, as the transient sunlight makes a glory or a gloom of the landscape, whether it reveal the purity of the virgin morning, the pomp of noonday, or the solemn majesty of night. It is the province of philosophy in its least abstruse form to train out our inner faculties of imagination and sympathy so that the things seen and heard and felt may lure us on to the appreciation of the realities they symbolize. Then our own happiness will be seen only as our integral part of the general welfare. In the light of a purpose that embraces all our kind we cease to arrogate to ourselves the right to control our fellows for ends that are not sanctioned by what Tennyson called "The common sense of most."

PLAYING PROVIDENCE

We are all in danger of "playing Providence" in our spheres of influence, smaller and greater. Some of us, being glib of tongue or facile in the use of the pen, find it incumbent upon us to prescribe exact rules of thought and conduct which have no sanction in the nature of things. Confident dogmatism—"puppyism grown up," as Jerrold once wittily said—is a power among the ignorant and over-busy. Therefore wield the scourge vigorously: assail statesmen who are burdened with imperial cares, criticise those in high places, affect infallible knowledge, essay the task of riding the whirlwind and directing the storm. In short, set up as the chosen instrument of Omniscience to correct error in a tremendous crisis; to deliver your fellows by prophecy, backed by public opinion lashed to frenzy and fortified by reckless zeal.

HERE AND NOW

Humanism begets humility, which is grounded in self-respect. We are not "our brother's keeper" in a sense that relieves him from moral responsibility. Schemes for regimenting men and women are getting out of date, be they as scientific and utilitarian as forms and phrases can make them. Fortunately, systems carry in their tissues the germs of decay. Some break off into independent organisms. Mostly they breed rival authorities and come to grief by definition. Playing Providence proves to be a costly and disappointing, though possibly stimulating, game in that ample sphere which is the preordained arena of spiritual development for beings such as we mortals are.

Here and now we are invested with power for duty. No more sacred field of service and reward awaits loyal hearts and hands. Life is not merely a preparation for a postponed realm of spiritual order and beauty. Order and beauty appeal to us for recognition in every place and hour. We are out on a great quest: our life is a sublime opportunity, a thrilling adventure. Too much care may be a hindrance.

AT OUR DOORS

There are good people who do a great deal of harm by fussy interference in the affairs of their poorer

neighbours. We can more easily put up with the fierce affection of people who are ready to lie and steal in defence of their own flesh and blood than accept at their face value the impertinent virtues of men and women who regard their social inferiors as raw material for experiment. It is true that we must take charge of the weak, the unthrifty, the stagers on Life's highway, but we must first make sure that experience and consciousness of our own feelings prompt us to care for our imperilled fellows. Too many would-be philanthropists waste time and energy in the attempt to be embodied reason and conscience to stumbling folk, when the discipline of pain and failure affords the only assured prospect or release. Weak pity is often a mask for sentimental shrinking from the sight of suffering. They who have welcomed the knife of the celestial surgeon best know the limits within which fallible man may be privileged to rescue erring mortals when they fall by the wayside. All around us are stricken souls and bodies. To bring healing and health to even one of these demands the consecration of every gift, the devotion of hours and days. Also we are beginning to realize that to prevent evil and misfortune by wise restraint and loving consideration is better than reformatory effort. If people would only school themselves in life-science, how much trouble they would avert, how much happiness they would help to diffuse.

SAVE NOW

We must needs view the modern craving for novelty in dress and decorative effects with a large charity. How can a scantily educated populace discriminate between showiness and artistic excellence when the shops scintillate with glittering wares which appeal to them on their own level? Cheapness is a snare, not to the young only but to people of all ages. Women especially keep the wheels of trade moving. Money is plentiful among wives and sisters of the troops, and it is notorious that munition-workers and industrialists engaged in the transport services are receiving high wages—not to speak of traders who are reaping bountiful harvests out of the War which so heavily burdens others. Is it wise, even from their own point of view, to indulge the passion for needless luxuries and florid display when the future seems so uncertain? In the lean years that are coming on they who have thriftily stored up the surplus of their profits have a clear advantage over their spend-thrift fellows. This consideration should weigh with all of us. It will go hard with those who have to face the altered social and economical conditions with no savings, but with heavier charges for indispensable comforts.

CARDINAL GIBBONS NOT IN FAVOR OF BONE DRY LAW

Baltimore, June 26.—"I do not believe in the National prohibition of light wines and beer, and am of the opinion that such a law could not be enforced."

This statement was made by Cardinal Gibbons when asked to comment on the bone dry amendment to the food control bill now before the Senate.

"I am opposed," the Cardinal continued, "to any State-wide or National prohibition measure. A law of this kind interferes with the personal liberty and rights of the people, and creates hypocrisy on the part of the public."

"If the people of any particular country district find conditions such that to have local option would mean the betterment of the community, then they should close the saloons in that district."

"But when it comes to having prohibition in large cities, it is a bad thing. Prohibition in any of the large cities is practically impossible of enforcement, however far reaching the attempts are to carry out the law, notwithstanding reports that the law has been carried out successfully in certain localities."

"The history of the world down to the present time demonstrates the fact that the people have and always will indulge in intoxicants, irrespective of any restraining power that it is attempted to saddle upon them."

The Cardinal is a firm believer, however, in the application of proper safeguards and restraints in carrying out the laws regulating the sale of intoxicants. He said that what he

would recommend for every city and community is a high license and regulations that would result in such laws being obeyed.—The Monitor.

CARDINAL O'CONNELL

STATES CATHOLIC POSITION

DUTY, NOT EMOTION, MUST CONTROL MINDS AND HEARTS

His Eminence Cardinal O'Connell delivered a timely and eloquent address at the Boston Opera House on Thursday evening, June 21, on the occasion of the concert given for the benefit of the Ninth Regiment by John McCormack. His Eminence was presented by Col. Edward L. Logan, commander of the regiment, and was accorded a most enthusiastic ovation by the great throng of 3,000 people present.

Colonel Logan spoke eulogistically of the work of His Eminence, particularly of his zealous labors for the soldiers and the great interest he has ever manifested in their well-being.

Mr. McCormack sang as the opening number the national anthem, "The Star Spangled Banner," and also closed the program with it. In addition he rendered a number of Irish airs.

THE CARDINAL'S ADDRESS

His Eminence, the Cardinal said: "I beg your leave, ladies and gentlemen, to say a word concerning the great movements which are occupying the thoughts and stirring the emotions of all America in these days."

"I am constantly being invited to address all sorts of assemblies and meetings on these and similar matters but, unfortunately, I can accept only very few such invitations, especially at this season when my regular occupations, always assiduous enough, are more than doubled."

"So, if you will permit me, I should like to state once and for all, as clearly as I can what our position is in order that there may be no misunderstanding now or hereafter."

"That position may be summed up briefly as the only position possible today for every loyal American, either now when we stand in the face of grave difficulties or later when perhaps even greater difficulties may confront us. Our position is founded on duty and not on emotion. This is true of the stand which every true Catholic takes in the face of all the grave responsibilities of human life; and when, as history well demonstrates, the Catholic has assumed his position on the principle of duty, human and divine, nothing in the world can move him from it."

OUR FAITH PRACTICAL

"Those who do not know us think that our religion is emotional—that, above all things is precisely what it is not. Emotion is fitful, passing, evanescent. The Catholic once having espoused any cause upon the basis of duty as a divine principle, never lays it down until the cause is just and rightfully settled. If you want an example you have merely to look at Catholic Poland, for centuries oppressed, partitioned, persecuted, yet still upright and demanding justice, or at Catholic Ireland, for centuries wronged, abused, maligned, and still today unconquered. Look again, under our very eyes, at the glorious little Catholic nation, Belgium, overrun, despoiled, wrecked, yet absolutely unyielding; or at the Papacy, traduced, deceived, yet never flinching, never yielding."

"Surely there is more than an emotion here. It is the faith, the divine faith in a great cause, which never dies and never fails until the wrong is righted, until injustice yields to justice."

"When Napoleon at the height of his glory, stormed and fumed in the palace at Fontainebleau, before the weak, aged Pontiff whom he dragged from the Vatican to be made a tool for his selfish schemes, the unconquerable Pius VII, gazed at the strutting tyrant, calmly folded his thin, wasted arms, looked him coolly in the face, and for an answer, quietly replied: 'Non Possumus.'"

"No, this is one thing history makes clear, that whatever may be the personal or national temperament of a Catholic, once his duty is clear he is firm as steel and as immovable as a mountain. That is our position today."

OUR CONSCIENTIOUS DUTY

"The air is rent with a thousand strident voices, shouting hysterically a thousand different principles. All this is poor service to the nation. It is nothing but emotion pressed to the point of hysteria, and only serves to confuse still more the minds of the people. Nothing will be gained by that now; and in the years to come—when peace has returned to all the earth—many will not be proud to be confronted then with their own utterances of today."

"Duty, not emotion, must control the minds and hearts of the people of America if they are to rise to the fulness of their strength in these trying times."

"Now, what is that duty? Let me put it as briefly as possible. The civil authority of our nation by a

perfectly legitimate act of authority declared us at war—that means that every citizen of America bowing to that sense of obligation which he assumes as a citizen, must do his fullest conscientious duty toward his country and for her defence.

"The manner and place by which that duty is to be accomplished is for our legitimate government to decide. Our simple and sacred duty is obedience to that authority. That is not emotional, but it is clear duty; and let me say here that as events move forward it will be some more and more manifest that he who will fight the hardest and the longest in the sacred cause of our country's defence will not be the emotional militarist, but the peace-loving Catholic, fighting not for the love of war, but through the divine sense of duty toward his country."

"He will not be found waving flags nor blustering about patriotism. Perhaps when the call comes, even tears will bedim his eyes, but he will go out quietly from the lanes of peace with the marching millions. He will kneel for God's blessing as he goes. He may not go lightheartedly—the highest and most solemn duties need not always be joyful ones—but he will go nevertheless, grimly determined to do his full measure for America just because America has called him for his fullest service. It will be those quiet, determined men with God in their hearts upon whose courage America must most rely."

MUST RENDER FULLEST SERVICE

"Let us have done once for all with these bewildering orations, with these endless insinuations, for if they aim to fire men's courage, they only increase their confusion. The one thing now that is necessary and the only thing that will stand firmly through all the varying vicissitudes now before us will be this principle—our country is at war and we are bound before God to render it our fullest service. Hate no one, despise no one. The nation that enters war for hatred's sake has already lost even before she fights her first battle."

"That position once clear, our country may feel assured of the absolute loyalty of all her children. That is our position with regard to this war, with regard to every war, and our duty towards those who suffer by the effects of war is equally clear."

"If to-day our faith must be stronger than ever, so must our charity be wider and warmer than ever. Our brave young men will need a million consolations to-morrow which to-day we must supply. While they are performing nobly and loyally their duty we must see to it that we are not lacking in ours. All the consolations of our holy faith and everything that human ingenuity can devise for the lessening of pain and suffering must be provided by us generously and adequately."

CHARITY DEMANDS SACRIFICE

"We must send along with the brave hearts who go to fight under the standard of our nation another band of kindly generous hearts that go to serve under the holy banner of the Red Cross; and here let us solemnly charge those responsible to see that that banner of the Cross is kept holy. We to those who dedicate it by pettiness or bigotry or shameful vanity or dissension. Let that standard be set up wherever there is danger or suffering and there let it represent all the tenderness, all the largeness, all the purity of the love of Christ for suffering humanity."

"To make that possible, let us all give and give generously so that from the very beginning the treasury of mercy will be full to overflowing. It is the time for the rich to be precisely in their generosity, but I know that even the poorest among us will not be satisfied unless they have given something out of his poverty. Somehow it is the blessed pennies of the poor which God most bountifully blesses."

"Let us do our duty to the Red Cross now, and when next Sunday comes we shall go before our altars, and kneeling, say: 'Lord, what I could do, that I have done, and Lord, dear Lord, grant to the tired world soon, very soon, Thy blessed gift of peace.'—Boston Pilot."

PAPAL MEDALS

STRUCK OFF ON FRASE OF SAINTS PETER AND PAUL
(By Catholic Press Association Cable)

Rome, June 28.—On Tuesday, the feast of the Apostles, St. Peter and St. Paul, Cardinal Gasparri, the Papal Secretary of State, presented to the Pope specimens of the gold, silver and bronze medals which are annually struck on the occasion of the feast. They bear on the face a likeness of the reigning Pontiff, and on the reverse side a representation of the completion of the monumental work of codifying the Canon Law. On the latter side of the medal Pope Benedict is represented as standing erect, holding the big volume and directing to it the attention of the religious and lay representatives of the Church, among whom is especially indicated Cardinal Gasparri himself, the principal worker on the codification.

ARMY CHAPLAINS

With the Catholic young men enlisting daily by the hundreds throughout the country, and thousands soon to be conscripted into the army, the question of the allotment of chaplains to look after their spiritual welfare still remains undecided. The original plan, which provided that to Catholic soldiers there should be allotted only sixteen out of every sixty-seven chaplains, a proportion of 25%, has thus far not been adopted, owing to numerous protests received at the War Department in Washington.

The Catholics of the United States are not asking any special favor of the War Department in the matter of the appointment of chaplains. Catholics are not even asking that any definite number or percentage of the chaplains appointed be Catholics. The demand from all parts of the country is simply that the Catholic chaplains be appointed on the same basis of proportion on which the chaplains of other denominations are chosen. This basis, which seems to be the only one founded upon absolute justice, would give to the Catholic Church between 30% and 40% of the chaplains in the new army.

Before such a just method of choosing the chaplains for the big army is adopted it will be necessary that Washington officialdom be freed of the belief that the 65,000 people in this country who profess a belief in no particular creed are Protestants. This idea is a gross injustice to the Catholic people of the country. The religious census shows that Catholics form 40% of the total number of people in this country who profess a preference for any faith. This census is made by Protestants, and is made always with a deduction of 15% from the Catholic total, on the ground that the Catholic Church counts children as members, while the sects count as members only those who are "communicants." Counting his non-churchgoers as Protestants is simply another outcropping of the deep-rooted and false idea that the United States is a Protestant country.—The Monitor.

BIRTHDAY HONORS OF ENGLISH KING GIVEN CATHOLICS

London, June 7, 1917.—In the King's birthday honors the names of more than one prominent Catholic appear. Sir William Dunn, Lord Mayor of London, has been made a baronet in recognition of his useful work on war funds and for many philanthropic works. Unhappily he has no son to succeed him, so unless the title descends to his daughter, who is married to an Irish judge, it is a somewhat empty honor. Col. Sir Ivor Herbert becomes a baron, and will take the title of his grandfather, which belonged to his grandfather and lapsed with his death. He is a Catholic member of parliament of some note as well as a soldier who has seen service with the troops in Egypt and on the Nile and has several times held important colonial commands. He married a daughter of Lord Londsbrough and is identified with a number of Catholic works. His home is in Wales, not far from that of the Vaughans, who have given so many sons to the Church.

THE RED CROSS AND THE NUNS

It will be a source of pleasure to Catholics in this country to learn that the American Red Cross does not intend, as has been widely reported, to exclude members of the nursing Catholic Sisterhoods from Red Cross work in our present War. According to the widely printed statement furnished to the Catholic press from an apparently well-informed person, the regulations of the Medical Board of the Red Cross were said to make it impossible for any religious orders to become Red Cross nurses for the reason that every detail of a Red Cross nurse's costume was minutely decreed; and, of course, the inference was drawn that as the nuns could not discard their habits for this prescribed costume it was impossible for them to act as Red Cross nurses.

The publication of these articles in the Catholic press has had the good effect of bringing from the highest officials in the American Red Cross statements that make it plain that there will be no discrimination against our nuns as Red Cross nurses. Henry P. Davison, chairman of the Red Cross War Council, declared emphatically that "no regulations which would exclude the splendid women of the orders of the Roman Catholic Church have been proposed or considered in the Red Cross Council, nor would they be considered." Eliot Wadsworth, as acting chairman of the Red Cross War Council, wrote to Cardinal Gibbons, saying:

"It seems advisable to state unequivocally to you at this time that members of the nursing Sisterhood may wear their official dress while serving as nurses under the Red Cross, and that the Red Cross has no

desire in any way to debar the Sisters on account of their dress, or on any other account, from serving their country as all other nurses will desire to do."

Cardinal Gibbons had publicly expressed his confidence in the fairness of the Red Cross authorities and his approval of their plans. In a letter to Mr. Davison, dated June 18, His Eminence says:

"I am in hearty accord with the vast work of the Red Cross War Council, as outlined by you in your recent visit, and towards accomplishing which you and your faithful corps of co-laborers have set their minds and hearts so unselfishly. I have confident hope that these world-wide plans of charity and mercy will be largely realized, bringing the grateful appreciation of suffering millions as a partial recompense, and as a greater reward the richest blessings of God."

The Red Cross War Council is supreme in all matters regarding Red Cross work, rules and regulations. If any minor officials by their actions gave seeming justification for the charges of discrimination that have been made, Mr. Davison and the other high officials have certainly by their clear-cut statements removed every cause for suspicion on the part of Catholics.—N. Y. Catholic News.

PONTIFF ADDRESSES LETTER TO BISHOPS OF WORLD ON THE SUBJECT OF PREACHING

Rome, June 26, 1917.—Pope Benedict has issued an Encyclical Letter to the Bishops of the Catholic world on the subject of preaching. In the course of it he suggests that imperfections in this very important department of the sacred ministry may, in some respects, be responsible for the evils that are affecting society at the present day. He recalls to their minds the declaration of the Council of Trent that the duty and practice of preaching belong primarily to the Bishops, who must, as a consequence, exercise the greatest care in the selection of those to whom they entrust this office, and also supervise the manner of preaching them. In the first place, the preachers must themselves be worthy of being the expounders of the Word of God; in the second, they must abstain from the delivery of discourses on political and on other worldly subjects; in the third, their methods should be solely those of God's commissioned preachers, and not those of mundane orators.

His Holiness quotes, exemplifies and emphasizes St. Paul's summary admonition to preach nothing but "Jesus Christ and Him crucified."

"THE MAN ON THE ROCK"

A venerable priest, Father Laurence Mulder, O. P., passed by his reward lately on one of the smallest Islands of the West Indies. He was known as "The Man on the Rock." For more than twenty-five years he labored on his little Island, which was hardly more than a huge boulder. Every Sunday morning he said Mass and preached a sermon in the Church on the top of the rock, and then made a seven-hour's journey down the steep cliff to perform the same duties in the chapel on the beach. During his forty-five years in the West Indies Father Mulder never returned to his own country, Holland. His mother, a woman of simple faith, resigned herself generously to his absence, saying, "If I felt that a single soul would be lost through his return I would not wish to see him."—The Tablet.

MONASTERIES IN THE MIDDLE AGES

The spiritual cares of the inmates of religious houses did not prevent their providing for the material wants of the country in seasons of distress. We have an instance in the life of St. Bernard which will illustrate this. A long drought, followed by a terrible famine, had long desolated Burgundy; and this scourge now falling heavily upon the rest of France, the populace, always cruel when pressed by hunger, broke out into unrestrained murmur and threats. In this sad condition God seemed to renew at Clairvaux the miracle which he formerly wrought in Egypt. This desert, thanks to the provident care of St. Bernard, became a very granary to all Burgundy; and we read that St. Bernard adopted as many as three thousand poor men, whom he marked with a particular sign ("acceptis sub signaculo") pledging himself to support them as long as the famine should last. This example was followed by the neighboring monasteries and brought extraordinary supplies to the province. Such was the frugality of the monks of the time that the frugality of the religious and the piety of the faithful caused to abound in monasteries.—Truth.

CATHOLIC NOTES

Rev. Francis Finn, S. J., who has written so many popular juvenile stories, has gone to British Honduras where no doubt he will collect more literary material.

Right Rev. Denis O'Donoghue, D. D., Bishop of Louisville, Ky., has tendered to the U. S. Government for use for two years as an army site, a tract of land containing about one hundred acres.

At Jefferson Barracks, Mo., the Knights of Columbus erected a large pavilion for Catholic soldiers for a social centre. It was formally opened with a military Mass. This is the first of the buildings for which the Knights are raising a million dollar fund.

Cardinal Gibbons and Mr. Herbert C. Hoover held a consultation on the food question, in Baltimore, recently. As a result, says a Washington despatch, the Cardinal will issue a circular urging upon Catholic homemakers the need of practicing strict economy in their kitchens.

Worcester, Mass., June 20.—The degree of Doctor of Literature was conferred upon John McCormack, noted Irish tenor, at the Holy Cross College commencement exercises today. He is the first distinguished singer to be thus honored by a college in the United States.

On the Holy Father's writing table is a statue of the Queen of Peace, presented to the Pope last December. On a photograph of this statue His Holiness has written a prayer that "the people may hear the sweet invitation of the Mother and the Son to seek refuge with the Prince of Peace."

Bishop Russell, of Charleston, S. C., recently celebrated solemn pontifical Mass in St. Patrick's Church, Baltimore, where he was baptized, confirmed, received First Mass, and offered his first Mass. Cardinal Gibbons presided. The parish is one hundred and twenty-five years old.

Nearly 120 students at Fordham University leave for France this month. They will form a unit in the ambulance corps. Two members of the Fordham Alumni Association have volunteered to equip two ambulances for the Fordham contingent in the battlefields of France.

The Catholic Order of Forsters, through the High Chief Ranger, Thos. Cannon, announced that the society purchased \$100,000 worth of Liberty bonds before the close of the campaign. It is believed that this is the largest block of the bonds held by any fraternal association in America.

Word has just been received of the death of Very Rev. Wm. Fortune, who was for many years President of All Hallows' College, Ireland. He was connected with the College for about sixty years. His goodness and influence were deeply felt by many generations of priests who studied under him, and who are now found scattered throughout the United States and Australia, as well as in Ireland.

"Guy Thorne" is the pen-name of the author of "When It Was Dark" (now in its five hundred thousandth printing), and a dozen other novels. His real name is Cyril Arthur Edward Ranger Gull, eldest son of the Rev. J. E. Gull, rector of Rushall. Mr. Gull is an Oxford graduate, and lives in the Island of Guernsey. His conversion to the Church adds still another eminent novelist to the long list of Rome's recruits from the ranks of men of letters.

Eight hundred men and women who had, by the grace of God, seen the light of truth and entered the Church founded by the Saviour of mankind, had the happiness of receiving the sacrament of confirmation in the Boston cathedral on Memorial Day at the hands of His Eminence, Cardinal O'Connell. This number was about two hundred more than the class which His Eminence confirmed in the cathedral a year previous.

Rev. Louis J. O'Hern, C. S. Sp., of St. Paul's college, Catholic university, Washington, D. C., is in charge of the appointment of chaplains. He is the representative of the hierarchy. Any priest desiring a position as chaplain must communicate with Father O'Hern. Father O'Hern is the only one authorized to present applications for Catholic chaplains. Every applicant must present ten letters of recommendation, including one letter from the ordinary. The age limit in the army is forty years; and in the navy, thirty-one and a half.

St. Joseph's Seminary, Troy, N. Y., the alma mater of thousands of Catholic priests in this country, was struck by lightning recently, and two of the four imposing towers above the central entrance were demolished. The main structure was not damaged. The building was abandoned as a theological seminary in 1896 in favor of one Mother House of the eastern province of the Sisters of St. Joseph. The 100 Sisters in the house escaped uninjured. The loss will amount to several thousand dollars.

AMBITION'S CONTEST

BY CHRISTINE FABER

CHAPTER XIII

VAIN IS THE SISTER'S SACRIFICE

Malverton Grosvenor approached Ellen, who had been a shocked and silent spectator of the scene recorded in the last chapter.

"You had better retire, Miss Courtney, and prepare for departure; you are to leave with your brother as soon as the day breaks."

"Do not be alarmed," he whispered; "and when you have left this place there will be sufficient time for Howard to explain. That poor girl will be taken care of," observing her glance toward Vinnette.

Nothing could restrain Miss Flanagan's impetuous anger when Ellen, having motioned her to withdraw, acquainted her with what Malverton had said. At the risk of being overheard in the apartment where the dead man lay, she poured forth her vexed feelings:

"Running away from England, and now hunted out of Paris. She was sure it was nothing else, and she knew further that Howard wouldn't stop till he had got them all into danger. His own life deserved to be lost, and for her part, she didn't care how soon his grave had him."

"Hush!" said Ellen, appalled; "not till he is more prepared to die."

Miss Flanagan raised her head from the trunk she was rapidly packing.

"Prepared! He'll never be that! He'll die just as that poor wretch in there died. That confession from him told what they all are; and just as if he had been a Jew, or an infidel, he never bent a knee at your prayer. The Protestant bowed his head, and treated it with respect. I am bad enough, God knows, but I haven't done what it seems most of that society has—given up my faith; and they're enlightened, they know, while I'm only a poor, ignorant creature. Who knows—maybe I'm not so bad after all?"

emotion: "The best, the brightest, the bravest of us all!" When he stood erect again, there were tears in his dark blue eyes, and his fair, English-looking face wore a pained expression.

"There is no time to be lost," whispered Grosvenor. With averted face Denbigh extended a hand to Malverton and Howard, waiting while each grasped it with warm and lingering pressure; then turning suddenly, he threw his arms about Howard's neck, and whispering: "God-by, my brother!" passed rapidly over to the other two members to whom he gave a like embrace.

On the threshold he turned to waive his hand; then the door closed on his retreating form, and the club was to know young Denbigh no more.

Vinnette had been a silent, and apparently unconscious spectator of the scene; she seemed oblivious to everything but the dumb watch which she maintained beside the dead. Ellen strove vainly to arouse her—to elicit some response to the tender consolation she endeavored to give; but the French girl only silently turned her sad eyes from Ellen's face to the corpse again; and, when at last the gentle comforter—admired by Malverton's whisper—"The time is up, Miss Courtney"—was obliged to leave, Vinnette passively received her parting embrace.

Dark, impenetrable Howard, who had witnessed apparently unmoved the whole of that dying scene, which had shown no emotion even in his leave-taking with young Denbigh, now gave the same strange embrace to the members who yet remained in the room, with the same coldness of manner, though one of the latter was affected as a girl might have been—but when he stooped for a parting glance of the brother's lips, which she found cold and stiff, he said in a low tone, but Ellen standing beside him heard the words:

"Your death, Louie, has been a noble one. Would that my efforts might be crowned by such an end!" Even at that moment of anxiety and agitation, with her mind full of doubts and fears about their future, Ellen sickened at the sentence which had issued from her brother's lips. Could it be that he had renounced every tenet of his faith, that he believed not even in future punishment, possibly that he had become so inoculated with infidelity as to ignore the existence of God? The wildest suppositions rushed through her mind; she grew faint from terror, and caught his arm, trying to murmur something, but not a word would come. It was evident that he regarded her frightened face as the result of the strange position in which she found herself. He stood erect at once, and she signified to Malverton his readiness for departure.

In the garish light of the breaking day everything looked grim and weird to Ellen, when she arrived outside the house; even the cab in waiting, with its driver heavily muffled, though the air was only slightly chill, appeared strange, and she turned sickeningly from all with a heart-breaking yearning for her mother and home. Howard and Malverton were holding some conference, to which she was invited; they murmured the driver, and they Ellen, mindful over, even in the sharpest pain, of everything which she considered to be a duty, thought seriously of endeavoring to arouse Mrs. Boland in order to bid that kind friend farewell; but there was no time for the conference between the young men was soon ended, and both Howard and Malverton came to assist her and her maid into the carriage. Malverton said:

"There is no danger to be apprehended now, Miss Courtney; so recover your spirits as fast as possible, for I predict for you a safer, if not a happier time where you are going, than you have had heretofore." He pressed her hand respectfully, waited until she and Anne Flanagan were comfortably seated, then turned to bid Howard good-by.

for the latter's sake, much more than for her own, that she intended, to use her own expression, "to give Howard his own."

The young fellow himself spoke first. Rousing slightly from his recumbent position when the vehicle had whirled through several streets, he said, as if speaking to himself: "This is all Taggart's work."

No one answered him. The time for which Anne Flanagan waited had not yet, in her opinion, arrived, and she feared to open her mouth lest some indignant sentence should issue forth, while Ellen felt too ill to respond.

The bright, sunny morning was beginning to shine through the windows of the cabriolet, and Howard, somewhat surprised at receiving no reply, pushed his cap back to look at his companions; then, as if satisfied with the scrutiny, he pressed it over his eyes again, and resumed his recumbent position. The cabriolet stopped at length on a bustling quay—bustling with the preparations making by the owners of several fishing smacks which crowded the water preparatory to starting on their voyages—with the untiringly on the jargon of the rude sailors, who looked wonderingly at the little party as they alighted from the vehicle, and passed, under the driver's guidance, to one of the larger vessels anchored close to the quay. Miss Flanagan exclaimed in disgust at the smell of fish which so strongly saluted her nostrils, and daintily lifted her skirts from the slimy, slippery way. The party, speeding across some temporarily erected foothold, were quickly on board the craft, where they were met by the captain and his crew, a Frenchman, with all the characteristic politeness of his race, and much higher, apparently, in the scale of education, and refinement than most of his class were considered to be. He was attired in some quaint costume, which was nevertheless becoming to his portly figure, and his pleasant face was indicative of the good humor and fun which are generally supposed to mark the jolly skipper.

The driver handed him a card on which something in French was written. The captain responded, in the same language, to the effect that all was right, and, with another bow and smile, conducted Howard and the ladies to his cabin, while the driver returned to the cabriolet for the trunks. The cabin was a queer little cubby hole. There were nautical instruments lying in all directions; there was a stationary table in the centre, with a half dozen hard-bottomed chairs scattered about it; a queerly constructed little writing desk fastened into the side, and a peculiar sort of hard cloth on the floor that served for a carpet. But, with all the courtesy of the drawing-room, the captain proffered this, his domicile, for the use of the party during the voyage; and, opening a door, he showed another little apartment, containing a sailor-like fashioned bed, and the appurtenances of a rough toilet, which room he offered to the ladies, apologizing for its poverty. Then, turning to Howard, he said, laughing, in French, that for him it would be necessary to make a bed in the cabin each night.

On returning to the cabin, he set before the party the contents of his simple larder—hard biscuit, dried fish, and wine—at which Miss Flanagan stared aghast. But the driver of the cabriolet, aided by some seamen whom he had enlisted in his service, boarded the vessel just then, carrying the trunks and a hazy, which latter had just arrived, having been sent post-haste after them—by whom, Howard knew, and Ellen suspected. When opened, its contents somewhat allayed Miss Flanagan's fear of immediate starvation. The polite captain was invited to share the repast so much needed by the travellers, and despite the heavy heart which Ellen bore, she found herself frequently smiling at the mirthful remarks of the gay Frenchman.

An hour after, and the fishing smack, this time without its usual cargo, bore away; the captain repaired to his duties, and the cabin was left to the party in undisturbed peace. Howard sat near the open door, and the fresh, brisk breeze from the water was wantonly lifting his short, crisp curls, and tossing them into a becoming disorder. He was evidently in no mood to be questioned, and Ellen seeing that, refrained from putting the query which trembled on her lips, to know where they were going.

"He will tell me himself soon, I suppose," she said, mentally; "and Malverton knew, for he said I would be happier."

fact of being Mrs. Courtney's favorite maid, and in the family so long. As soon as her rising passion permitted, she spoke:

"An I beneath your notice, Master Howard?" The surprise with which Ellen had watched her movements gave place to slight alarm at the angry tone in which the words were uttered; while Howard turned suddenly, and looked at her with indignant wonder.

She gave her tongue full reign then. Forgetting the gulf which wealth and education had made between herself and the children of her mistress, she allowed the passion that she had been nursing for the past hours to have free vent. The coldness, the neglect, the harshness which had shut her out from her light and love, rushed upon her, till her wildly excited mind imagined that it recognized in the person of Howard Courtney one of those who had figured in that bitter period of her life. She reproached him with having fallen from his faith; she taunted him with the disrespect he had shown to Ellen's prayer; and she predicted for him a sudden and untimely end, worse than even that of the "dead wretch" they had left behind—"For you," she said bitterly, "will not have even the likes of the poor French girl to cry over you. But you're only as the rest of them were—flinging away the love that's given you, as if it wasn't worth the keeping, and trampling on the heart that gives it. You could not be otherwise, for you have his mind and his nature."

She paused for want of breath. Howard rose, the flush with which the brisk breeze had dyed his cheeks deepening to the more vivid color of passion.

"I do not understand you," he said, with forced calmness. "I recognize no right by which you dare speak to me thus; henceforth, I will not understand what you mean."

"No right?"—her voice became painfully shrill—"I have the right, which is knowing that, that might make you carry your head lower gives me."

She had not intended to speak as she did, but, in the violence of her passion, she had lost all self-control. Now, however, alarm for the effect of what she had said was rapidly cooling her indignation.

Howard stood erect, his face slowly settling into a stern expression far beyond his years, and his voice sounding cold and unnatural as he replied:

soul, but the soul lives only in the deeds we do in life." Oh! the white, heart-broken countenance which followed his motions and looked into his face when, at last, he turned it towards Ellen. She had no words with which to combat such a speech; she could only look at him with a silence more touching than the most earnestly-spoken entreaty would have been. Something in her pleading face reproached her, to encircle which she knelt before him, and for an instant he again succumbed to her pure, sweet influence. He said softly and almost tenderly:

"I do not wish to convert you to my way of thinking, for religion upon your character has a sweet and purifying effect—upon all characters like yours; but many minds are too strong for such restraints."

He attempted to encircle her shoulders, but Ellen put aside his arm, and turning her face resolutely away from the kindly expression in his eyes, walked silently to the little room beyond. Closing the door behind her, she sank on her knees to give vent to the anguish with which her heart was breaking. She felt that her brother was gone now—past all recall; that the sacrifice she had made to remain with him had availed nothing; not alone had he abandoned the true Church, but he was an avowed atheist.

"Oh, my God!" she moaned; "that neither prayer, nor sacrifice, nor love, can save his soul! Deprive my life of the things I most cherish—of every pleasure, of every human consolation; make it a waste of suffering; but save his soul. Bring him back, oh! my God! Bring him back before it is too late." Overcome with emotion, she pressed her head to the side of the berth, burying her face in the rough coverlet, lest her sobs might be heard in the adjoining apartment.

Both Howard and Anne Flanagan had looked after the grief-stricken girl till she had shut herself from view. Anne Flanagan, confident that the explanation she had given of her unlucky remarks was received had become quite calm, and she spoke sharply in Ellen's behalf. Howard shrugged his shoulders.

"Aye, shrug!" said the indignant woman; "but maybe you won't look so indifferent when she's gone from you, and you know that you've killed her."

The young man smiled. "Both she and you, if she prefers it, shall have the opportunity of returning to New York as soon as we reach our destination, which is Ireland."

"Ireland?" Anne Flanagan sank overcome in the seat which Ellen had vacated. Ireland! she repeated, covering her face with her long, tawny fingers through which in a moment the tears slowly trickled.

than the Sisters who took care of him, and the padricito who used to visit the orphanage and say Mass for the children. The padricito was now pastor of the little church not far from the master's house. Jose's love for Carlotta had its only rival in his love for the padricito. He rather liked his master; but after all, masters can not expect to be liked too well when they are insistent about such a foolish thing as work.

While Jose sat, smilingly rubbing both his ear and lips, the padricito came into the patio in a great hurry. He was very much excited. "Where is the master, Jose?" he asked. "The master did not return, Padricito. He went to the city yesterday."

"I do not wish to convert you to my way of thinking, for religion upon your character has a sweet and purifying effect—upon all characters like yours; but many minds are too strong for such restraints."

The padricito waved a telegram in his hand. "Just look at this," he said. Jose took it and laboriously spelled through it. "Does this paper say, Padricito," he asked, "that the master has been arrested by the revolutionists?"

"That is just what it says, Jose," answered the priest. "The master was arrested and I am afraid he will be shot."

"But why, Padricito, should the master be shot?" asked Jose. "He is a good man. He takes care of the poor. He does not do any harm, and he gives me some work when I need it."

"The master, Jose," answered the priest, "is not of the Revolution. Therefore he will be shot."

"But you are not of the Revolution, Padricito, and therefore will you also be shot?" "It is quite possible, Jose," answered the priest sadly. "Where is the senora?"

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JULY 14, 1917

"When must I die?" "Immediately. There is no need of waiting any longer. If you will not pay, your sentence will be pronounced. Will you pay?" "I can not—I have no money." The colonel turned to the captain who had arrested the priest and said to him: "Take him outside the city and shoot him. The rest of you may go. Six men will be sufficient for the job."

she thought about the men who were to shoot the padrecito? What would she think of Jose himself? Jose saw red. In a flash he had made up his mind. The captain stood to one side with his sword drawn and held it in his right hand. In the left he carried his cigarette. Jose kept his eyes on the captain as he lifted his sword. Straight along the barrel Jose ran his eye. The rifle was not pointed at the padrecito's heart. The sword of the officer fell, and the word of command was shot out of his lips. Five bullets went into the padrecito. But Jose's rifle had swung around like a flash and stopped when the sights covered the captain's breast. One bullet, Jose's, went into the captain's heart. The padrecito dropped with a prayer. An instant Jose was running along the road toward San Marcos. The soldiers grounded their guns and, blinded with tears, let Jose go. There was no one to command different. They knew of certain padrecitos, too.

THE MOST PRECIOUS BLOOD

John C. Reville, S. J., in America

"Who is He that cometh from Edom, with red garments from Bosra?" Cornelius is He in His vestments. Thus sings the Church on the first Sunday in July in the Vespers of the feast of the Most Precious Blood. Then with a majesty and pathos to which the masterpieces of Greek tragedy offer no parallel, a sublime dialogue takes place between her and the heavenly Bridegroom. "It is I," He answers, "I that speak in righteousness, mightily to save." Now a voice like that of John, the Baptist of the Apocalypse, or of some burning Seraph, witness of the glorious ignominies of the Cross, thrills us with its strain: "He was clothed with a vesture dipped in blood, and His name is called the Word of God." Smitten with an agony of grief and love, wondering at that royal robe of her Spouse crimsoned with the drops of Gethsemani, the Bride exclaims: "Wherefore is Thine apparel red, and Thy garment like unto those that tread in the wine-press?" And deep with all the agony of an outraged God, tender with the gentle reproach of a deserted and forgotten friend, comes the voice of the Bridegroom: "I have trodden the wine-press alone, and of the people there was none with Me."

Seldom in the glorious drama of her liturgy has the Church struck a note so majestic, so thrilling. Before her stretches the infinite, shoreless ocean of Christ's redeeming love, of the heart of God. Rapt in vision, she gazes a glance once more over the episode of the tragedy she has already celebrated on Good Friday. Then she wailed over the Bridegroom slain and, clothing herself in the garments of mourning, she summoned her children to kneel with her at the foot of the Cross to keep vigil, in sorrow, shame and love, over the last agony of the Son of God. But now, while the note of sorrow still lingers on her lips, even as the mother of the Magdalene, she hears her voice in the triumph of the pulpit hearts of her martyred sons, she, too, hymns her psalm of victory. It is the song of the Bride conscious of the immortality won by the Spouse Who laid down His life that His brethren might be saved. Like a queen celebrating the victories of her conquering son, she exclaims:

Forth let the long procession stream And through the streets in order wend; Like the bright waving line of torches gleam, The solemn chant ascend.

With what pride, what rapture of ecstasy, she lingers over the trophies and the triumph of her hero! Surely she has a right to celebrate them with all this sacred pageantry. Bride or mother never sang as she sings of the high deeds of her loved One. What a theme is hers! The world redeemed, the human race saved from the thralldom of sin!

By the first Adam's fatal sin Came death upon the human race; And this new Adam doth new life begin And everlasting grace.

For scarce the Father heard from heaven The cry of His expiring Son, When in that cry our sins were all forgiven, And boundless pardon won.

In the antiphons of Matins, Bride of sorrows and Mother of the followers of the triumphant King, she bends over each sacred drop of His redeeming Blood, shed for us in the Circumcision, the Garden of the Agony, the Royal Way up the hallowed slopes of Calvary. She adores them at the Pillar of the Flagellation, and as they begin the Crown of Thorns that circlet of kingship on His brow. Thinking of Him as one ever living, she sees the world leagued against Him and clasps Him in her arms as if to shield His Sacred Blood from profanation and to defend Him against His foes, exclaiming with the Psalmist: "Why have the gentiles raged and the peoples devised vain things? The kings of the earth stood up, and the princes met

together against the Lord and against His Christ." But, confident of the Divine strength of the Lamb that taketh away the sins of the world, she addresses Him in the words of the inspired Singer of Israel: "Arise in Thy glory and beauty, march forward to victory." And as her God and her Spouse is also the Lion of the Fold of Judah, as she contemplates Him victorious through love over His foes, the glorious phalanx of those whom He has redeemed, she beholds them accompanying the Lamb that was slain, all marshaled in their glorious companies, rank by rank, the embattled hosts of the stalwart soldiers of Christ. How white their garments! How beautiful their brows, wreathed with those laurels of Paradise that never fade, for they were engrained on the sacred tree of life, the Cross. Wonder rapt at the sight she exclaims in the antiphons of Lauds: "These who are clad in white robes, who are they and whence come they? And from whence adoration and power and glory from the elect, voices like the sound of many waters and murmurous with melodies not of earth, answer: "These are they who have come out of great tribulation and have washed their robes in the Blood of the Lamb. They have conquered the dragon by the Blood of the Lamb and the Word of the Testament."

But earth must be joined to heaven. The soldiers still laboring here in the heat of the battle, wounded maybe in the struggle against powers and principalities, are united in a holy confederacy with their brothers above that like them they may conquer by the power of the Precious Blood. So she gathers her children, gray-haired veteran and tender child, sinner and saint, rich and poor, priest and people, to the mystic pageantry of the Mass. Burdened though they be with sin and sorrow, she knows that if the stream of that innocent and sanctifying Blood bedew their souls, but touch the fringe of their garments, they will be saved. Exulting already in their triumph, she lifts her voice with the priest at the Introit and exclaims: "Thou hast redeemed us, O Lord, in Thy Blood, out of every tribe and tongue and nation, and hast made us to our God a Kingdom." The kingdom of the Precious Blood, its empire, its sway over all those who are willing to seal their hearts and their lives with its sacred blazonry, such is her theme to-day. Trembling lest the enemy despair and livery lest the kingdom be lost, she believes what she likes, but all during the early days the Church reserved the right to punish those who disagreed with her and made use of the excommunication. In the time of Constantine, Catholicism was more or less a State religion. At the time of Charlemagne there was hardly any other religion. So you see that a heretic was not only an offender against the Church but also an offender against the State. Therefore, a man who was a heretic was a disturber of the peace.

The period of the Inquisition lies between the year 1183 to the present day. The first official document that we have from the Pope giving authority to inquiry into the teachings of any man was dated 1232. Could the Church probably allow any other doctrine to be taught than that which was given her by Christ? Is that intolerant? If you are absolutely sure that you are right, can you say that another opinion may be right? You could not possibly say that to yourself or to any one else, and if you had the coercive power to force others to your opinion, you would be perfectly right in making use of it. Could this country allow a body of men defending the German views and government to continue their work here while the country is at war with Germany? It could not, and that is the same way it was in the sixteenth century. It was treason.

Writers in opposition to the Church usually focus their attention to the Inquisition in Spain, but the Inquisition existed just as much in other places. The whole of Spain had been overrun with Moors. With the Moors there came over from Africa a large number of Jews. The Moors and the Jews had obtained a strong influence in Spain, but at the time of Isabella almost the whole of the country was reconquered and an effort was made to convert them to the Catholic religion. The Jews pretended to become Catholics, but among them there were still working secret societies, and some of these even came to Queen Isabella and tried to convert her to the Mohammedan religion. Therefore, the Inquisition. If a man was suspected of heresy he was told of thirty days to think it over, and if he changed his views he was left off with a slight punishment. If he failed to appear after the time allotted him had expired he was arrested. Now, we should take the view as looked at in those days. What is true today becomes untrue tomorrow in matters of policy.

The person accused of an offense against the Crown in those days was not told of what he was accused, nor who the witnesses were to be. But he was allowed a defense and was allowed an attorney. Torquemada was Grand Inquisitor of Spain for 15 years, and during that time it is said he put to death 8,800 men and imprisoned many more. Those figures are absolutely wrong. Probably two thousand people suffered death in those fifteen years in the whole of Spain. Was that death



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THE CHURCH AND THE INQUISITION

That the Church is intolerant of error, is narrow-minded in this respect, and has a right to be so, was one of the points made by Father Schmitt, S. J., of Rockhurst College in his lecture on the Spanish Inquisition to the Kansas City Council, Knights of Columbus. The Inquisition in the fifteenth century were officers appointed by the Pope to inquire into any heretical teachings that might come to their attention, but they were empowered by civil authority to punish, even with death, those whom they found guilty. Looked at with our present-day standards, the proceedings were much to be deplored, and one is often hard put to answer even to himself the charges brought against the Church as a result of the executions and imprisonments of the Inquisition. These were not considered extraordinary severe by the people of those days. Men were put to death for far lesser crimes than than they are now.

The cry of intolerance has been raised against the Church," said Father Schmitt, "for many years, and among the many of incidents cited in this matter of the Inquisition, Christ left a charge of His doctrines with His Apostles, and that charge was absolutely sacred to them. Every one now feels that he can believe what he likes, but all during the early days the Church reserved the right to punish those who disagreed with her and made use of the excommunication. In the time of Constantine, Catholicism was more or less a State religion. At the time of Charlemagne there was hardly any other religion. So you see that a heretic was not only an offender against the Church but also an offender against the State. Therefore, a man who was a heretic was a disturber of the peace.

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penalty too great? Bear in mind that heresy was treason. Was the Church responsible for this? Of course, the Inquisitor was appointed by the Pope, but he derived his authority for capital punishment from the civil government. "The Church never claimed the right over life and death. The Church merely did the investigating, the government the executing. Capital punishment would not have been so bad, but unfortunately there are criticisms to be made against the Inquisition. You can easily see how an Inquisitor was tempted to condemn a man to death when it is understood that by so doing the man's property was confiscated to the Crown and the Inquisitor could thus gain favor with the king. There were then men, as there are now, perfectly willing to do almost anything for a mere temporal gain. Then, too, there was a difference between the attitude of Rome and that of Madrid. Madrid said to put to death as many as you can in order to terrorize the people, but Rome said: "Save their souls no matter what you do." "The prisons then were not the same as the State prisons. The prisoner was allowed a great deal of liberty. What about the racks, the gridirons, the saw? History speaks absolutely nothing whatever of these. They were undoubtedly used in those days to make criminals confess, and it is possible that the Inquisition also used them. But why go to Spain for such instances? How many witches were burnt at the stake in our country in the early days? Why blame the Inquisition for something we ourselves have done? "The chief charge brought against the Inquisition is intolerance. The Church can never be tolerant of error because she knows that she has to deal with the souls of men, and under no circumstances can she be unfaithful to the charge entrusted to her by her Divine Founder. It is said again and again that Spain became decadent after the Inquisition, but this is not true, because Spain enjoyed some of her best days immediately following it. The charge that the Inquisition was unpopular is absolutely unfounded, as the people were anxious to know the truth and stood behind it."—Truth.

clusiveness is largely based on this claim. But it has also much of its 'raison d'être' in reasons which are the conditions of efficiency for any organization. Her creed and ritual and organization form a complete and living whole. Once you begin to tamper with it, and to suggest that only those parts of her creed should be insisted on which she shares with other Christians, you threaten the validity of the living organism, and the individuality on which its power largely depends."

Christ is present in His priest through the "character" and the mission that the priest receives. It is Christ who speaks through his mouth when he delivers the message of the gospel; it is Christ, too, who, using the priest's will and intention as well as his words and actions, performs the supernatural acts of the sacramental and sacerdotal rites. Finally, the universal characteristics of the priesthood—such as its separation from the world and, simultaneously its accessibility—these are nothing else but characteristics of Christ Himself, precipitated, as it were, in a human medium.—Msgr. Benson.

EXCLUSIVENESS OF CATHOLICS

In "Men and Matters," a collection of brilliant essays by Wilfrid Ward, the author gives an answer to the frequent query why Catholics will not join in the "Church Unity" movement and similar movements for the general good of Christianity. In the essay on "Church Unity" the writer begins by asking: "What is the true import and rationale of the exclusiveness of Catholics; of their slowness to amalgamate with other Christians? Why, if they wished to co-operate with others against the common enemy, are they not more ready than they actually are to put out of sight points of difference, to join in common worship, to send their children to schools in which the essentials of Christianity are taught, though not the distinctively Catholic doctrines?"

The reply may be put in various ways. The one which I think best appeals to the modern mind is the view which is illustrated in Cardinal Newman's essay on "The Development of Christian Doctrine," by his to an organism. An organism has many parts performing various functions which cannot be regarded as equally important elements in its life-work. Yet its power to do its life-work effectively depends on the whole being kept alive and vigorous. And for this object functions not directly connected with its most important work are indispensable. Cicero's digestive functions are certainly a very minor matter in our thought of Cicero as a world power. Yet they may have played an all-important part in the general well-being, without which he would not have left us the writings by which his greatness was established. The Catholic Church, no doubt, claims to be the one indefectible guardian of the Christian revelation. Her ex-

clusive- ness is largely based on this claim. But it has also much of its 'raison d'être' in reasons which are the conditions of efficiency for any organization. Her creed and ritual and organization form a complete and living whole. Once you begin to tamper with it, and to suggest that only those parts of her creed should be insisted on which she shares with other Christians, you threaten the validity of the living organism, and the individuality on which its power largely depends."

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Our Lady will not only listen to us, but will help us if we will let her. She will often show us that what seems a misfortune is in reality a blessing.

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CHRIST IN THE PRIEST

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LONDON, SATURDAY, JULY 14, 1917

THE IRISH SETTLEMENT

"We are fighting again for the liberty, the self-government, and the undictated development of all peoples and every feature of the settlement which concludes this war must be conceived and executed for that purpose. Wrongs must first be righted, and then adequate safeguards must be created to prevent their being committed again. Remedies must be found as well as statements of principle that will have a pleasing and sonorous sound. Practical questions can be settled only by practical means. Phrases will not accomplish this result. Effective readjustments, will; and whatever readjustments are necessary must be made. But they must follow a principle and that principle is plain.

"No people must be forced under a sovereignty under which it does not wish to live."

In this stating or rather restating the objects of the War, President Wilson forcefully and clearly stated the case for Ireland. Whether or not he had Ireland in mind in making this pronouncement, there is not a doubt in the world that the President has specifically voiced the overwhelming American conviction that to deny self-government to Ireland would be a flagrant and shameless inconsistency with the principles for which we are waging war, which the conscience of America and of mankind would find intolerable. This, indeed, has been acknowledged by practically every leading statesman in English public life. Home Rule for Ireland is no longer a debatable question. All organized opposition to it has broken down. This is a fact which Irishmen at home and abroad must endeavor to realize if they would take full advantage of the new situation thus created.

This revolution of sentiment was thus graphically depicted in a recent issue of the Nation:

"Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman was shouted down in the House of Commons when he defended the granting of a free Constitution to South Africa. But to-day the granting of that free Constitution is recognized by all as having proved the only salvation of the British Empire. Gladstone labored with energy almost superhuman, amid storms of obloquy and the desertion of friends, to effect that security of Empire which only a satisfied Ireland could give. And the Liberal Party, in office and out of it, clinging, as it appeared, to a desperate cause, maintained his demand for justice. For this they were attacked with an unprecedented ferocity, shouted down in Parliament, denounced as thieves and traitors. Armed rebellion was organized against them, with the active support of the majority of the governing classes. War comes with its huge resting of reality, and behold! all men are Home Rulers—all men realize that the vital mistake made was that Home Rule was not granted when Gladstone first saw the necessity thirty years ago.

"Lord Lansdowne, with the last voice of the dying ascendancy, proclaims to an acquiescent House of Lords that we have travelled so far along the road to Irish self-government that it is impossible to go back. Mr. Balfour varies his time in America from speaking in praise of Democracy to listening to demands for Home Rule—Home Rule which he has fought for forty years, Democracy which for forty years he has despised."

"We need waste no time in assaulting positions which the enemy has abandoned. British statesmen of all classes have accepted President Wilson's dictum: 'Remedies must be found as well as statements of principle that will have a pleasing and sonorous sound. Practical questions can be settled only by practical means.'"

It is not now a question of putting in force the Home Rule Act already on the statute book. Good faith and good will could have made that compromise of conflicting interests a workable measure three years ago; now it will not be seriously considered as satisfying the demands of Irish nationality. Even the most inveterate reactionaries recognize that Home Rule is a modern case of the Sybilline books.

"The present condition of Ireland," writes Shane Leslie, "is one which can be often explained but never apologized for. The clear results of historical laws, like those of chemistry, cannot be evaded or minimized by excuse or exigency or extenuation. . . . The atavistic memory of Ireland has asserted itself, and the two countries are today more estranged than at any time since the Union. It is sorrowful but not wonderful in our eyes. In destroying Redmond's influence in Ireland the British Government has destroyed its own forever."

After noting the significance of the protest against partition signed by Protestant and Catholic bishops he goes on:

"Under these conditions a Convention comes together in Dublin with their backs on England and their eyes on the United States. There is no use in pretending that the Convention is not the result of irresistible pressure from America. America has brought about a unique result in war time, and it is for America to foster and further the constructive results of the Convention in every way possible, whether by endorsing the Irish Parliament it will undoubtedly create or by hinting financial and shipping connections with Ireland after the War."

Lloyd George and Lord Curzon emphasized the necessity and urgency of placating Irish sentiment in the United States and in the overseas Dominions as well as at home. It becomes a practical and urgent consideration, therefore, to find a solution of the Irish problem that will meet with practically unanimous and cordial approval of the whole Irish race. Self-government as we have it in Canada would be such a solution, and the only one which would remove the far-reaching effects at home and abroad of centuries of oppression and misgovernment. In the conduct of the War, in the reconstruction period, and ever afterwards who can measure the influence such a settlement for better understanding and cordial cooperation between the two great English-speaking nations as well as within the Empire itself? To make the Irishman in the States, in Canada, in Australia, in Ireland feel that what benefits England benefits Ireland, what hurts England hurts Ireland, would be an achievement for which the future historian would find an honored place even amongst the stupendous events that will make our time an epoch in the world's history.

FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE

A correspondent who found that at a recent nurses' graduation the speaker made Florence Nightingale and her work the text of an intensely, even offensively, Protestant address, writes for some information on the subject. The object may, perhaps, best be attained by giving some of the actual facts of the life of this noble gentlewoman who has come to be recognized almost universally as the unrecognized patron saint of nursing.

Florence Nightingale was born in Florence, in 1820, and was named after that city. She appears to have had a remarkably clear perception of the Catholic idea of vocation, and in that sense of the word one can hardly resist the conviction that she had a real vocation to nursing. Her biographer Sir Edward Cook, says: "Florence was an affectionate and dutiful daughter. She obeyed and yielded for many years. She strove hard to think her duty lay at home, and that the trivial, round and common task would furnish all that she had any right, before God or man, to ask. But the sense of vocation deepened in her mind." Quite a linguist, she read much in French and German as well as English, often annotating what she read. In one of her notebooks her biographer, amongst some remarks on Lacordaire, found this passage from the eloquent Dominican copied out in her notes:

"I desire for a considerable time only to lead a life of obscurity and toil for the purpose of allowing whatever I have received of God to ripen, and turning it some day to the glory of His Name. Nowadays people are too much in a hurry both to produce and to consume themselves. It is

only in retirement, in silence, in meditation, that are formed the men who are called to exercise an influence on society."

It will be seen, therefore, though Miss Nightingale never entered the visible communion of the Faith, that from her earliest years she was influenced by Catholic teaching and spirit.

She had a shrinking from society and though her social position necessitated her presentation at court, her first season in London was spent in examining into the working of hospitals, reformatories and other charitable institutions. This was followed by a tour of inspection of foreign hospitals. At that time England was sadly behind-hand in matters of nursing and sanitation and Miss Nightingale, who desired to obtain the best possible teaching for herself, went through a course of some months training at the Institute of Protestant Deaconesses at Kaiserwerth, Germany. From Kaiserwerth she went to Paris, where she studied the system of nursing and management in the hospitals under the charge of the Sisters of Charity.

In 1854 England was stirred to its depths by the report of the sufferings of the sick and wounded in the Crimea. A royal commission of inquiry revealed the fact that there was an utter absence of the commonest preparations to carry out the first and simplest demands in a place set apart to receive the sick and wounded of a large army. To Miss Nightingale this proved the trumpet call to duty, and in that duty she earned her great and undying reputation.

With regard to the religious aspect of epoch-making work in the Crimea she was quite impartial though "in certain quarters she was represented as a conspirator in a Tractarian or Romanist plot."

"She applied only one kind of test to a nurse: Was she a good woman, and did she know her business? . . . Miss Nightingale was, it is true, desirous from the first to include Roman Catholics in her staff, and she did so, in spite of many difficulties, to the end. But her reasons therein were practical, not sectarian. In the first place many of the soldiers were Roman Catholics; and, secondly, her apprenticeship in nursing had shown her the excellent qualities, as nurses, of many Catholic Sisters. But here efficiency was the test, and a Protestant Deaconess from Kaiserwerth was all one to her with a Sister from a Romanist establishment. And one practical advantage of the vowed Sisters was that she did not lose them from marriage. One morning six nurses came to Miss Nightingale declaring they one and all wished to be married. They were followed by six soldiers—sergeants and corporals—declaring their desire to claim the nurses as brides. This matrimonial deluge carried off six of her best nurses." (Sir Edward Cook's Life of Florence Nightingale.)

Though she had fault to find with some of the Sisters, of the others Miss Nightingale wrote to Mr. Herbert, at the time Minister of War: "They are the truest Christians I ever met with—invaluable in their work—devoted, heart and head, to serve God and mankind—not to intrigue for their Church." To the Reverend Superior, who came out from Bermondsey with the first party of nuns, Miss Nightingale was particularly attached. "She" writes, "said Cardinal Wiseman," that great part of her success is due to Rev. Mother of Bermondsey, without whom it would have been a failure."

On April 29th, 1856, (peace was signed on March 30th) Miss Nightingale wrote from Balaclava to Reverend Mother (Moore) of Bermondsey, who was about to return to England: "God's blessing and my love and gratitude with you, Rev. Mother, as you well know. You know well, too, that I shall do everything I can for the Sisters whom you have left me. But it will not be like you. Your wishes will be our law. And I shall try and remain in the Crimea for their sakes as long as we are any of us there. I do not presume to express praise or gratitude to you, Rev. Mother, because it would look as if I thought you had done the work not unto God but unto me. You were far above me in fitness for the General Superintendency, both in worldly talent of administration, and far more in the spiritual qualifications which God values in a Superior. My being placed over you in an unenviable reign in the East was my misfortune and not my fault."

Florence Nightingale lived to be

ninety years old, but Mother Moore survived her by a few years. The name of Florence Nightingale was known throughout the civilized world, but the quiet, retiring nun had been forgotten until, on the occasion of her death about four years ago, the British War office recalled momentarily her great services by according her the honors of a military funeral.

Florence Nightingale was a great, high-souled Christian woman, called, we have not the slightest doubt, to her noble vocation as truly as the Catholic Sisters who prayerfully and humbly consecrate their lives to the work for which they believe they have a special vocation from the Holy Spirit of God. Sainly, Catholic-spirited, deeply imbued with the spirit of Christ and with unwavering faith in God and unflinching love for His afflicted, Florence Nightingale was an unfortunate choice for the ungenerous suppression of truth and suggestion of falsehood in the address which our correspondent rightly reverts.

NOTES AND COMMENTS

THAT THE "Huns" are not all confined to Germany is evident from the account which comes to us from overseas of an outrage perpetrated upon a wayside Calvary in a suburb of London. Inspired most probably by the effect produced by such objects in Catholic France, and in a well-meant spirit of emulation, this Calvary had been erected as a memorial of a young soldier killed in action. At the time it was set up the Protestant Alliance and kindred organizations expressed their disapproval, and indulged in noisy demonstrations in the vicinity. But their evil did not stop there. A few days later passersby were horrified to see the memorial in ruins, smashed and destroyed beyond repair. The fact that it was a memorial of one who had given his life for his country might have been supposed to be its surest safeguard. But the detestable spirit of bigotry, and hatred of the sign of man's redemption—even though not the work of Catholics—evidently still overmasters every other consideration in some hearts. And unhappily, Canada has her share of them.

ON THE BATTLE LINE

BERLIN SENDS OUT the big war news of the day in the statement that the battle in Galicia has been renewed, the Russians making massed assaults between Zborow and Konichy and at Brzezany. The Germans say the attacks were repulsed. They made a similar report at the opening of the Russian drive for Lemberg. From the Roumanian front comes the report that German troops hoisted white flags, and called upon Russian and Roumanian troops to fraternize with them. The answer was given by the Russian artillery, which soon put a stop to Hun overtures. The indications still point to an offensive beginning in Roumania.

RUSSIAN FORCES trying to sweep into Mesopotamia from the Persian frontier are meeting with stiff resistance from the Turks. The latter have been making steady progress lately, and are carrying the battle into part of the Russian line. The area of the fighting is some one hundred and fifty miles east of Mosul, one of the big objectives of a combined Russian and British advance whenever such is again possible. It is not clear now to what extent such a movement may be carried out, since the British advance has been halted on account of the hot weather. Prior to the Russian revolution the Russians were making pretty steady progress on the Caucasian and Persian fronts, and it looked at one time as if the Allied armies would join and sweep forward to put the Turk out of business over a wide area. Despatches from the British force recently have referred only to patrol activity and the work of the airplanes in the task of harassing the enemy. Emphasis has been placed on the care taken for the health of the troops during July and August, very trying months in Mesopotamia. It is not safe, however, to venture the prediction that there will be no movement of the British for some time, as it is possible that a diversion or a more serious effort might be made with the idea of helping to turn the tide for the Russians.

A RENEWAL of activity on the Cerso front is reported by Rome, though apparently it was not on a large scale. The Italians are fighting over territory that presents many and terrible difficulties and obstacles, and some considerable time is required to complete preparations for renewed offensives following upon the gains made on the way to Trieste and in the Trentino district as a result of the fighting some weeks ago.

ON THE WEST FRONT there is also a lull in so far as operations on a big scale are concerned. Raids and artillery duels are reported from all the Official Headquarters. The French are awaiting signs of a renewed attack on the Aisne front, where the Germans were crushingly defeated in the great offensive of Tuesday night. Some European critics believe that this attack was undertaken to restore the morale of the German troops, which has suffered through a series of defeats on the West front. If this is so, the result has been the opposite to that desired, and it would not be surprising if the Germans should give way on this front to a limited extent rather than renew their attacks.

STORIES OF RIOTING in German towns, necessitating stern measures by the troops for their suppression, are continuing to reach the outside world. Simultaneously with the opening of the Reichstag comes a delicate hint from the Imperial Treasury that gold jewellery and gold coin must be handed to the Reichsbank for the country's use. No wonder that the President of the Reichstag regretted that the "magnanimous peace terms" of the Kaiser had been rejected by the Allies.—Globe, July 7.

Twenty-years ago, says the Economist, the German Emperor invented the metaphor "the mailed fist," to express a menace to the decrepit Chinese Empire, and now a sweep of that fist has wrecked the whole apparatus of "Kultur" laboriously raised in China meanwhile. The submarine blockade constrained China to follow the United States in its formal protest, and German obstinacy and ruthlessness have enabled the Allies to win over the Celestial Republic. The active propaganda carried on by the German Embassy has failed completely, and the Republic has accepted from the Entente Powers the offer of tariff revision and of suspension of payment of the Boxer indemnities which it rejected when Germany made them in 1915. The more recent dis-

turbances, fragmentary intelligence of which the cables are now bringing to us, cannot, whatever their outcome otherwise, change the course of events in this particular.

THE CONSEQUENCES of this to Germany can only be estimated in figures and these are too voluminous for reproduction here. Suffice it to say that since the Boxer Rebellion and the opportunity which that event afforded to Germany, and of which she took full advantage, a large part of China's internal economy passed under Germany's control. The several loans to China, the vast sums invested in railways, in shipping and in public works have all passed temporarily into other hands, and, when peace is declared, are liable to permanent seizure as indemnity for losses through the submarine campaign. In addition there is the stoppage of Germany's import and export trade with China, which had assumed very large dimensions. So that in regard to China alone the statesmen of Germany have problems ahead of them, enough and to spare without taking into account those of other nations.

No wonder that the Vorwärts and Frankfurter Zeitung, always strong in their economic information, are alarmed at the prospects before them. Well may it be asked, what must the peaceable and enlightened German merchants in China think of Kaiser- rule now?

THE ORANGEMEN may place the government in a difficult position if they persist in their irreconcilable attitude. But will they? It will be seen that if there be an overwhelming majority and a majority drawn from Northern Catholics against partition, the pose of the Orangemen will be very difficult. It will indeed be impossible; for then it will be clear to all the world that on them alone—unless, of course the Sinn Fein lunatics help them—the responsibility for preventing the settlement of the Irish question will rest. It is not a responsibility which anybody will want to accept. Everybody knows that Sir Edward Carson is profoundly anxious for a settlement; so is Col. Crane, the ablest and most influential of the Orange leaders. Of course Lloyd George—especially with his knowledge of an American opinion conveyed to him quite straightly through unofficial sources—is anxious for settlement. A settlement in the shape of some compromise which should respect the apprehensions of the Orangemen and preserving the unity of Ireland, I do not at all dismiss as one of the possibilities of the Convention.

There is one further consideration which I must mention. The Orange Ulster is the crux, it is not the only—it is not even the most important—issue before the convention. The most important issue is the re-arrangement of the Home Rule Act already on the statute book especially in the region of finance. When the Home Rule Act was passed Ireland was a debtor nation to England; the cost of Irish administration to England was thirteen millions a year; the yield of Irish taxes was eleven millions a year—that is to say there was a deficit of two millions sterling. This imposed upon the management and control of Irish taxation by the Irish government a number of restrictions, some of them rather burdensome. But fortunately the Home Rule Act contained a provision that when the Irish deficit disappeared the financial relations arrangements had to be revised. The deficit has disappeared under the enormous increase in Ireland, as well as in England, of war taxation; the revision, therefore, comes automatically. England I am sure, and Lloyd George, who has never been a pedant on finance, is not in the mood in these days of gigantic expenditure to haggle with Ireland over taxation. And I am sure, therefore, that a new arrangement can be made on terms much more satisfactory to Ireland than those in the existing bill. On this question of finance there will of course be no difference of opinion among Irishmen; as Englishmen, ruefully though not quite accurately put it, all Irishmen will combine against the purse of poor John Bull.

This is only one of the many modifications which may be made in a convention providing it gets over the stumbling block of Ulster. It should be added that the Orangemen hold the curiously paradoxical position although they hate Home Rule, they prefer, if it is to come, its enlargement to a small Home Rule measure. They, therefore, if they can come to terms on Ulster, will back the Irish Nationalists in every demand for increased powers to the Irish Parliament. Would it not be a paradox if Ireland's liberties got unlooked for, unhelped for, unaided by the Orange aid—would it not be a still more remarkable paradox if when Ireland had thus the chance of larger liberties than anyone thought possible, the madness of some, the dishonesty of others of her sons should finally stop the way.

MINISTER CHAPLAIN'S NOBLE ACT

"An old subscriber" (says the Ave Maria) has our best thanks for this narration by the Rev. Charles W. Gordon ("Ralph Connor") of Winnipeg:

"The other night a young chap was brought in with bad wounds. My heart went out to him. He had lost blood and was pallid to the lips, but his smile was bright and brave. The doctor fixed him up. He chatted away with me quite cheerfully. We took him into the adjoining dugout, or cellar, to await the ambulance. I got him some cocoa and made him comfortable. Oh, he was grateful. . . . I saw he must go soon. I spoke to him of his Father in Heaven. He listened eagerly. 'Shall I pray with you?' I asked. 'Yes, sir; but I am not of your religion.'—'You are a Roman Catholic?' asked I. 'Yes.'—'Have you got your crucifix?'—'No; I left it in my kit.' I sent around to find a crucifix among the boys; but, strange to say, could not find any. (I made up my mind I would carry one with me after this.) I went out, cut two little twigs; the doctor tied them together in the form of a cross. I held up the cross before his eyes, now growing dim. His eyes brightened, his face really shone in a smile. 'I see it,' he said, 'Lift up my hand.' I lifted it up for him. 'I can't pray,' he said. 'Never mind, God knows. Say after me. 'God be merciful to me, a sinner! Forgive my sins for Jesus Christ's sake, and receive me now.' He said the words after me, his eyes fixed on the cross. He moved his lips; I placed the cross against them. He kissed the symbol of infinite love and mercy. In a few minutes he closed his eyes and was gone."

May there be some one to press a crucifix to the lips of this good Presbyterian minister when he, too,

T. P. O'CONNOR'S LETTER

THE IRISH CONVENTION

THE INSANE FEVER OF SINN FEIN MAY BE GREATER DANGER THAN ULSTER

Special to the CATHOLIC RECORD (Copyright 1917, Central News)

New York, June 30, 1917.—T. P. O'Connor, M. P., who arrived here last week to lay before the friends of Ireland the real issues in relation to a greater Ireland said today that he had found that the coming Convention was attracting a great deal of attention in America.

Many here regard it as a great opportunity for settling the Irish question and look forward to its proceedings with good wishes and with hope, said Mr. O'Connor.

Of course there are here, as there are in Ireland, a certain number of people who denounce the Convention, he continued. They are already doing their best to destroy its chances. "That, I think, is the object of some of the disturbances that have broken out in Ireland, he added. Of course the object is not to help towards a settlement, but to create anarchy; the hope being that out of this anarchy may come the chances of starting an insurrection for an Irish republic. I regard the purpose and the means as outside practical politics, and though I am sure the rank and file of the men who favor this method are honest, I cannot understand intelligent and educated men accepting such incredible responsibilities.

The object and possibly the result of these operations on the Convention may be to make its task more difficult, if not impossible.

There are two sections of Irish opinion which have been hostile hitherto to the Irish demand which have been coming round to our side a good deal recently. The first of these sections is the Irish Unionist. These are of the south. These men have been amongst the most resolute opponents of Home Rule in the past. Some of them certainly are Catholic but the majority are Protestant; and most of them have been associated with the landlord party; and therefore have been in fierce collision with the popular forces. But in recent years these gentlemen have come to the conclusion that Home Rule was inevitable; and as they were Irishmen, living in Ireland, with genuine Irish feeling, they desired to become on good terms with their Nationalist neighbors, and to take part in an honest and friendly attempt to combine all creeds and all parties in a common effort for the elevation of Ireland.

I need scarcely point out that these leanings towards us will be gravely prejudiced if these Unionists be convinced the future of Irish self-government is to be in the hands of revolutionary forces. Of all the hideous corpses of the past which were thrown up by the insane rebellion of last year, the worst was the recrudescence of religious feeling—a passion that so far as the south of Ireland was concerned, had died down. But here is an incident. A Protestant lady visiting the house of an old Catholic lady who had been her lifelong friend said that it was remarkable the houses that had most been wrecked by the insurgents were those of Protestants. The Catholic lady took her to her drawing-room and showed all the panes smashed. It was a direct contradiction of the idea; but the recurrence of such an idea from the dead and gone past is a proof of the kind of dissension and passions which a rebellion brings back to being.

As to the Orangemen of the North they remained undisturbed on the surface but underneath there was the beginning of the break up of the ice of irreconcilable hostility. As a matter of fact the Orangeman today who refuses conciliation is isolated; the whole Empire, the whole world is against him and he knows it. Besides, after all, he is a good Imperialist, though he may not be a warm Irish Nationalist Irishman in one sense of the word—and he knows that the Empire will be imperilled in war and shamed in peace until the Irish question is settled.

Thus the Convention begins in fact, in prospect, if only it be left alone; and if only a determined conspiracy is not organized to destroy it. Let me say a few words on its composition. The Convention consists of 101 members—102 including the chairman. There will be thirty-three chairman of county councils—the popularly elected bodies that govern our rural population; of these thirty-three twenty-eight are Nationalists. There will be representatives of all the great cities and all the towns; two of the three Lord Mayors of the Nationalists—two of the mayors of county boroughs are Nationalists; only one is a Unionist; the four Catholic archbishops will be Nationalists; two of the five labor members will be Nationalist—possibly three; in short there will be a clear Nationalist majority.

What is, however, more important is that there will be an even greater majority if things go right against partition. The Southern Unionists are much against partition—that is to say against the separation of any portion of Ulster from the Dublin Parliament—as the Nationalists; so, it is said are some of the Protestants, even of the North. I do not think that any minority will ever be got to shoot the Orangemen into Home

"shall feel the pangs of death" and may his soul be brought "to the participation of heavenly joys!"

CATHOLIC HUTS FOR SOLDIERS

FURTHER NOTES AND NEWS

Last week it was recorded in these columns that the Knights of Columbus of Ontario and of Quebec had voted a \$1 per capita contribution for the Catholic Canadian Chaplains' Fund for Soldiers' Huts, and that the Knights of Alberta had voted \$1,000 for the same object.

Word has also been received that the Knights of Columbus of the Maritime Provinces at the State Convention likewise voted a \$1 per capita contribution. This means that all the Knights of Columbus of Canada, apart from those of British Columbia, are giving a dollar a man to this fund.

This splendid response on the part of the Knights of Columbus is an example worthy of our admiration and imitation. What society will step in next and bear its share? Meanwhile in Ottawa a third entertainment has been held for this fund—this time in the shape of a garden party organized by Catholic ladies at Rockcliffe on July 5th.

A few days ago those Canadian London offices in Cleveland House were moved elsewhere. Among the other offices moved, was the Head Office of the Chaplain Services.

The Americans were not long in realizing the need of Catholic Huts for their soldiers. As announced recently, the Supreme officers of the Knights of Columbus at a meeting held in New Haven voted \$1,000,000 for this purpose.

Meanwhile English Catholics continue to erect huts in England. The following account of the opening of one of these in Park Hall Camp, taken from the last number of the Tablet, will be read with interest by those interested in the movement.

OPENING OF SOLDIERS' RECREATION HUT

"The Bishop of Shrewsbury, on Wednesday, May 30, opened a Soldiers' Recreation Hut at Park Hall Camp, Oswestry, the third hut erected by the Catholic Huts Council.

His Lordship spoke of the objects for which the hut was built, viz.: as a recreation room for the men and a place where they could hear Mass on Sundays.

In connection with the former, he considered that the hardness of the soldiers' life was deserving of reasonable recreation, and that a debt of gratitude was due to all those who in any way had contributed to the building of this hut.

where the men might find recreation, rest and refreshments away from the temptations of a large town. He would like first to thank the Catholic Women's League, and especially Mrs. James Hope, who had done so much for the men in this respect, and then the Catholic Huts Council, whom they had to thank for this beautiful hut.

The work called for considerable self-denial on the part of the workers but their labor would be made easier by the good discipline and order of the men. The hut was not exclusively for Catholics, and he hoped that the spirit of good fellowship characteristic of all the huts would be found there.

"General Buchanan, who spoke next, said, on behalf of the men of the camp, he wished to endorse all that the Bishop had said in regard to the C. H. C. and the C. W. L. There were eighteen places of recreation already in the camp, but with 20,000 men an additional hut was always full utilized."

"Mrs. Hope, in rising to speak, said that the Bishop had said that the hut was open to Catholics and non-Catholics alike, and she wished to emphasize that very strongly; the only time when it was purely Catholic being on Sunday morning, when it was used for Mass. Mrs. Hope also spoke of the great debt of gratitude that the C. W. L. owed to the Y. M. C. A. for their help and readiness in showing them the working of their huts when their knowledge was very slight. In regard to the Bishop's remarks on discipline among the men, so far she had always found that the men looked on the huts as their own club, and behaved accordingly, and that the same discipline existing in the camps was required by the C. W. L. from the workers. Each worker was given a copy of the rules and a leaflet for their guidance, and all knew it was necessary to recognize one head and obey her wishes."

JOHN J. O'GORMAN, C. F.

Giving much to the poor doth increase a man's store.

ARCHBISHOPS PROTEST

AGAINST THE PERSECUTION OF RELIGION BY CARRANZISTS

At the recent meeting of the American Archbishops at the Catholic University, Washington, a protest against the persecution of the Church in Mexico and against the tyrannous constitution that has been adopted there was drawn up and sent to the daily press, together with a letter declaring the loyalty of American Catholics to their country in the present crisis.

The government in Mexico owes to the United States the fact of its existence. It is not our intention to enter into any consideration of the wisdom of expediency of the political purposes which brought about this result. They are absolutely outside of the sphere of our jurisdiction, excepting where they trench upon the liberty of conscience and freedom of the Church.

We recognize the fact that all nations are supreme in the management of their domestic affairs, so long as their laws and their administration do not work injustice to the welfare of the civilized world and grant the usual privilege of residence, travel and commerce to citizens of other nations. Within these limitations it is a fundamental principle that the people have a right to determine their own form of government.

CRUELTY, RAPINE AND MURDER

"For years a struggle or rather a series of struggles for the control of the government of Mexico has been carried on with lamentable results. Rapine and cruelty have left their marks and ineffaceable memories in many of the fairest parts of that land.

The Church has been a special victim of hatred, her bishops and priests and nuns have been shamefully maltreated, many of them killed and others exiled. Libraries of incalculable value have been destroyed. These facts have been fully reported, with names and dates, but they have been borne in the hope that out of the sorrow and disgrace eventually there would emerge a strong and just government, bringing it to its protection to the people, and rights of conscience and of property.

To some extent order has been restored, but under condition which make it evident that there is still a dreadful vista of bloodshed and spoliation before the unhappy Mexican people. The administration of Carranza has been recognized by the United States. An ambassador has been sent by each country and received by the other. The revolution is an accomplished fact. Its fruits will appear from the new national constitution adopted at Queretaro on January 31, which went into effect May 1. How far this constitution accords with liberty of conscience and right of property will appear by analysis of certain of its provisions.

PARENTS DEPRIVED OF EDUCATIONAL RIGHTS

"The third article provides that instruction shall be free, that given in public institutions shall be non-sectarian. No religious corporation nor minister of any religious creed shall be permitted to establish or direct schools of primary instruction. Private seminary schools may be established only subject to official supervision. The obvious purpose of this section is to throw the whole system of education into the hands of the state, depriving the people of the right to educate their children in religion. Thus by the fundamental law a nation which owes whatever civilization it possesses to its acceptance of belief in Christianity forbids any form of religion to be taught.

"By section 2 the religious associations known as churches, irrespective of creed, shall in no case have legal capacity to acquire hold or administer real property or loans made on such real property. All such property held by religious associations, either on their own behalf or through third parties is made to vest in the nation, and anyone has the right to denounce the property so held.

"Episcopal residences, rectories, seminaries, orphan asylums, collegiate establishments, religious associations, convents, all vest in the nation to be used exclusively for the public service. All places of public worship hereafter erected are made the property of the nation.

"By article 3 no public or private charitable institution for the sick and needy, for scientific research or for the diffusion of knowledge, mutual aid societies or organizations formed for any other purpose may be under the patronage or direction of religious corporations or institutions or of ministers of any religious sect.

DESTRUCTION OF RELIGION THE AIM

"It will be seen by these ingenious,ly drastic provisions that the whole machinery of the Church, its religious teaching, worship and beneficial and charitable activities are paralyzed. But the hostility of the framers of the constitution of religion goes further. The state legislature shall have exclusive power to determine the maximum number of ministers of religious creeds according to the needs of each locality. Only Mexicans by birth can be ministers of any religious creed in Mexico. Ministers may not vote, or be eligible to office. The governor of the states must be consulted before any church is dedicated. The outgoing minister must give notice of any change, together with his predecessor and ten citizens. Studies carried on in institutions devoted to the training of ministers

shall not be ratified in official institutions. No minister of any creed may inherit personally or as trustee any real property occupied for a religious or charitable purpose. * * * "The purpose is plainly to extirpate from the people their ancient faith. Without the moral support of the government of the United States this tyrannical force of a free government would not exist. The underlying motive upon which our institutions are based is freedom to worship God according to the dictates of conscience, so long as there is no interference with the rights of others. . . . The loyalty of Catholic citizens to the laws of our country, and their respect to those who are charged with the responsibility and the maintenance of the law require no proof. We realize how heavy are the responsibilities that rest upon our government, and we would not willingly make them heavier, but since conditions prevailing in the neighboring republic of Mexico are such that we must believe them to have arisen largely because of the policy of our national administration, we feel bound in conscience to protest. In doing so we but follow the instincts of all liberty-loving people. Our nation is at war mainly because its honor and integrity have been injured by autocratic power. We have inherited from our ancestors the spirit of democracy based upon Christian ideals and Christian precepts. The brief recital of what it is intended to fasten upon a neighboring nation under the name of liberty and democracy is sufficient to show that it is opposed to all that these names imply."

THIS GIRL'S PRICE

In the Toledo Record there recently appeared a tribute to one missionary nun that shows how remarkable is their work in itself, and how profoundly it impresses the Protestant observer who does not comprehend the spirit that animates the apostolic soul. The quotation is: "Not long ago, in distant Algeria, North Africa, an American tourist visited the lepers' colony there out of pure curiosity. These poor lepers were cared for by a community of Sisters. The gentleman was attracted by one of these self-sacrificing women because of her youth, beauty and refinement, and to his surprise he learned that she was an American girl. Being introduced to her, he said, 'Sister, I would not do this work for \$10,000 a year.' 'No,' said the Sister, 'nor would I do it for \$100,000 nor a million a year.' 'Really,' said the stranger, 'you surprise me. What, then, do you receive?' 'Nothing,' was the reply, 'absolutely nothing.' 'Then why do you do it?' The Sister lifted the crucifix that was pending from her rosary and, sweetly kissing it, said, 'I do it for the love of Him, for Jesus who died for the love of them and for the love of me. In the loathsome ulcers of these poor lepers I see the wounds of my crowned and crucified Saviour.'"

CATHOLIC EDUCATION

Enemies of the Catholic Church insist that she attempts to keep her children in ignorance. One of the shortest words in the English language is the answer—lie. And the unfortunate feature is that the people who make this unjust charge know that they lie. The Church builds educational institutions everywhere. Her system of universities, colleges, academies and parochial schools is the admiration of every unprejudiced mind.

This week we are entertaining in Buffalo the great Catholic Educational Association. Representatives who have come to the convention, have not come, as the average delegate attends a convention, for what so-called fun he may get out of it. These people are here for business, and they have accomplished much. It is not possible to give in detail the interesting papers read or the learned discussions thereon. Those will all be printed in the report of the convention, and to the thoughtful educator, whether he be Catholic or non-Catholic, will prove interesting and educative.

As a matter of fact, and in spite of all twaddle to the contrary, Catholic education is the only true education. It is based on God. Education without God is a misnomer and leads to destruction. There can be no morality in irreligious education. In fact, there is no foundation on which it may stand. We see the exemplification of this fact in every walk of life. Religion in education has been taboo, with the result that a great portion of the public is conscienceless. It is a serious charge, but it cannot be denied.

In the thoughtful sermon that Father Hills, S. J., preached to Canisius College students a couple of weeks ago, there is much food for thought. "Conscience is no stay against crime," said Father Hill, "when no God of reality and omniscience sanctions its promptings." We may undertake to quicken the conscience, to instill the difference between right and wrong into the minds of the young, but what shall it avail unless the Almighty is behind it all, unless the young man and young woman have the necessary fear and love of God in their hearts? The result will be nil.

They tell us, too, that Catholic education is non-progressive. Such is not true. Verily, we do not attempt to undertake all the fads and fancies of latter-day reformers;

but when an innovation of merit is suggested it is at once taken up and used. Go into any of our Catholic institutions for higher education and note the remarkable work being accomplished by teachers and pupils. This should forever silence the brawlers who blather about our "unprogressiveness."

There is no more complete or satisfactory system of education than that used by the Catholic Church. It is built on religion, on real morality, on God. It has passed through the fires of the most unjust criticism and has come out unscathed. So long as the world lasts the Church will carry on this system which has done and is doing so much for humanity, for authority, for good government.—Buffalo Union and Times.

THE POPE AND THE BOYS

It is not to be wondered at that Pope Benedict XV., seeing the carnage of the present War and realizing the need in the immediate future of healthy and rugged men, should approve a movement which until recently has been conducted almost exclusively under Protestant auspices. Up to the present time a great many prelates have withheld their support and approval from the Boy Scout Movement for the reason that there was nothing distinctively Catholic about it. Its code of morals, as embodied in the Boy Scout Manual, was based solely upon humanitarian motives. But it has been proved that over and above the merely human and temporal considerations which up to this time were the sole spirit of the Boy Scout Movement it is not impossible to inject into it the Catholic note; in fact, the appearance of that Catholic note will increase not only the efficiency of the Boy Scout Movement, but also its discipline. And it is no doubt this which the Pope had in mind when writing to Cardinal Bourne, of Westminster, on the subject.

It is the best thing in the world to get our young men interested in healthy sports that are not so violent as to undermine their strength or shatter their nerves. Boys, above all others, need to be taught lessons of virile tenderness and genuine chivalry. Kindness to the weak and the brute, consideration for the aged, honor and uprightness and manliness with their equals and the world are qualities which we want to see developed in each and every one of the growing-up generation. The Boy Scout Movement has accomplished wonders in this respect during the short period of its existence, and now that with the approbation of His Holiness Pope Benedict XV. it is to be taken up by Catholics in real earnest it will be able to report the most astonishing kind of success among the young. And the reason is plain to all—the young man will have a spiritual and supernatural motive in all his dealings and the sanctions of God's law for his conduct.—Rosary Magazine.

SOME PROMINENT CONVERTS

Two Archbishops, two former United States Ambassadors to Austria, an Admiral in the United States navy, several officers in both the army and navy, sons and daughters of men prominent in public life, are conspicuous among the large number of distinguished converts who have embraced the Catholic faith in this country. The following is a partial list:

His Grace the Most Rev. Archbishop of New Orleans (Dr. Blenk); a former Lutheran.

His Grace the Most Rev. Archbishop of Oregon City (Dr. Christie).

Admiral William S. Benson, U. S. N., Chief of the Bureau of Naval Affairs, and with Dewey the only other full admiral in the navy.

Hon. Henry F. Ashurst, United States senator from Arizona; a former Freemason.

Judge Edgar P. Baker, late chief justice of the Supreme Court of Arizona.

Bellamy Storer, successively member of Congress from Ohio, United States minister to Spain and Belgium and ambassador to Austria-Hungary.

Maria Longworth Storer, aunt of Hon. Nicholas Longworth, husband of Alice Roosevelt.

Frederic De Courland Penfield, United States ambassador to Austria-Hungary under President Wilson.

The Marchesa Penfield, wife of F. C. Penfield, ambassador to Austria-Hungary and the richest woman in the United States.

Hon. Hannis Taylor, Washington, D. C., authority on international law, and ex-minister to Spain.

Mr. Vest of Grand Island, Neb., son of United States Vest, of Missouri.

Judge Paul Dillingham Carpenter, Milwaukee; son of the late Matthew H. Carpenter, United States senator from Wisconsin; grandson of Governor Dillingham of Vermont, and nephew of United States Senator Dillingham of Vermont.

Miss Martin, a Sister of Mercy; daughter of United States Senator Martin of Kansas.

Miss Hallie Voorhees, daughter of United States Senator Voorhees of Indiana.

Miss Gorman, daughter of United States Senator Arthur Pue Gorman of Maryland.

The Right Rev. Nevin F. Fisher, rector of the Church of St. John the Evangelist, Philadelphia.

Alexis Irene du Pont Coleman, author and professor in the Colleges of the City of New York; formerly a Protestant Episcopal minister and son of the late Anglican Bishop Coleman of Delaware.

Miss McKim of the Sisters of Charity, New York; daughter of the Rev. Randolph McKim, the anti-Catholic rector of Epiphany Episcopal Church, Washington, D. C.

Mrs. Winthrop Rutherford, New York, daughter of Hon. Levi P. Morton, late governor of New York and vice president of the United States.

Frank H. Spearman, the novelist, Brig. Gen. Martin D. Hardin, U. S. A. (retired), Chicago.

Rear Admiral William H. Emory, U. S. N.

Charles Hanson Towne, managing editor of McClure's Magazine.

Father Paul James Francis Watt, superior of the Fathers of the Atonement and editor of The Lamp, Garrison, N. Y.; a former Protestant Episcopal minister and son of a clergyman.

Mrs. Chaucey M. Depew.

Mother Edith Parlee, a nun of the Sisterhood of the Blessed Sacrament; late mother-general of the Anglican Sisters of St. Mary, Peekskill, N. Y.

Miriam Coles Harris, the novelist.

Mrs. James Watson Benton of the Palazzo Barberini, Rome; daughter of Brig. Gen. Guy V. Henry, U. S. A.—The Echo.

THE NUNS IN THE GREAT WAR

Alvan F. Sanborn, says the Boston Pilot, writes from Paris to the Boston Transcript to pay a tribute to the heroic work that is being done in the War by the women of France. The finest tribute of all he pays to the Sisters, who nobly responded to their country's call. Mr. Sanborn writes: "The Red Cross Society, while more venerable than the feminist organizations, is a mere parvenue by the side of the religious orders. The humble Sisters' by the admission of the very intolerant anti-clericals who erstwhile were bent on harrying them, have rendered services in this War that entitle them to the everlasting gratitude of the entire nation. They have adapted their nursing methods of late years much more completely than is generally supposed to the exigencies of modern surgery and medicine, and, even where their training still leaves something to be desired, they more than atone for the lack by their incomparable fidelity and application. 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FIVE MINUTE SERMON

REV. F. P. HICKEY, O. S. B. SEVENTH SUNDAY AFTER PENTECOST

THE CHURCH CATHOLIC AND APOSTOLIC

"Go ye into the whole world and preach the Gospel to every creature." (Mark xvi. 15.)

No better known word exists, my dear brethren, than "Catholic." The spelling may vary a little, but its sound and look are unmistakable in many languages. Like the word itself, so the Church, that bears that name, is unmistakable. It is universal, as the word Catholic signifies, it is found everywhere, it has worked its way throughout the whole world. Imitations there are and there have been, but they deceive none except those who are willing to be deceived. The genuine Catholic Church is recognized by the whole world. Its enemies even, however bitterly they may hate it, certainly cannot ignore it.

From the lips of its Divine Founder the Church received the commission to be Catholic. "Go ye into the whole world and preach the Gospel to every creature." And it has been faithful to that commission ever since. It is marvellous to follow the journeyings of the Apostles. Filled with the Holy Spirit they hastened to carry the good tidings throughout the world. "Their sound hath gone forth into all the earth, and their words unto the ends of the world." (Ps. xviii. 5.) The men, who covered together for fear of the Jews, when filled with the Holy Spirit and commissioned to preach, traversed the known world of those days, founded sees in every country, and laid down their lives in various lands.

And their successors followed and ruled the world from the Catacombs. Ten persecutions raged against the Church, and yet within fourteen years from the last persecution, when the Emperor Constantine had given liberty to the Church, in the year 325, how many Bishops could assemble at the First General Council? Three hundred and eighty.

How amazed the world must have been! This Religion that had been stamped out? The Council was convened at Nice in Bithynia, and see what a Catholic assemblage of Prelates met there. Pope Sylvester sent representatives from Rome, Bishop Hosius of Cordova in Spain presided, Caecilian came from Carthage, in Africa, from Gaul the Bishop of Dijon, Antioch and Asia Minor and Italy sent many, and from Alexandria in Egypt came Bishop Alexander and with him the greatest of them all, the young Athanasius. Thus the three hundred and eighteen Bishops, from all parts of the world, gathered together to proclaim their Founder Divine, and to prove that His Church was Catholic.

It is a long, long look back, through the vista of ages from 1900 to the First General Council, A.D. 325. But throughout those ages the Church has been ever spreading, making itself Catholic and more Catholic as time went on. True there have been storms and hurricanes that have tried it, but, like some noble tree, a giant of the forest, though branches have been torn from its trunk, it is still alive, the same old tree, flourishing and throwing out new branches, and its roots spreading, claiming fresh ground each year. And in our own day, there are Bishops in communion with Rome, and holding their powers from the Pope, in every land upon which God's sun shines down. And under these Bishops, priests, and all these priests believing the same truth, preaching the same doctrine, saying the same Mass, administering the same Sacraments, Catholic in every way is the holy Church of Christ.

"Go ye into the whole world and preach the Gospel to every creature." They to whom these words were spoken were the Apostles, and they were told to preach the Gospel. My dear brethren, the Gospels had not been written then. What they had to preach was not the written Gospel, but the good tidings of the Redemption of Christ. And how had they this knowledge? From the Holy Ghost, of whom Christ had said, "He will teach you all truth" (John xvi. 13), and "He will teach you all things and bring all things to your mind whatsoever I shall have said to you." (John xiv. 26.) And when the apostles added fresh preachers to themselves, as Barnabas and Timothy and others, these learned the word from the Apostles, and so began Tradition. Tradition, the handing down the teaching of Christ by word of mouth, by teaching and preaching. Clinging to this tradition makes the Church Apostolic. What other Church, save the one, can claim this privilege, this mark of authenticity. We can trace back the history and origin of every sect and church, and their antiquity is wanting, for we find their author long subsequent to the time of the Apostles. And we find their author is a man, and not the Divine Founder of the Catholic Church, Jesus Christ our Lord.

So we children of the true Church see the importance of holding fast to the teaching and the traditions of the Apostles. What does St. Paul say? "But though we, or an angel from heaven, preach a Gospel to you besides that which we have preached to you, let him be anathema." (Gal. i. 8.) And see him, as St. Luke tells us, "confirming the Churches, commanding them to keep the precepts of the Apostles and the ancients." (Acts xv. 41.) From the beginning there have been proud and self-sufficient men who have started doctrines and ideas of their own.

They did not escape St. Paul's notice; he says, "There are some who trouble you, and would pervert the gospel of Christ." (Gal. i. 7.) But their errors have never prevailed except locally and for a time.

In these days of indifference, when one is called a bigot, unless he admits that one Church is as good as another, when believing what one likes, and nothing hard and fast, is mistaken for charity and large-mindedness, we cannot be too strict in holding fast in every point to the One, Holy, Catholic and Apostolic Church. "Therefore, Brethren, stand fast; and hold the traditions which you have learned." (2 Thess. ii. 14.) Let us rally to these strong and stirring words of St. Paul. Pray for earnest faith. Be on your guard against vain words and insidious sneers. Reverence every tradition and teaching of the Church. Remember that by your life you can honour or dishonour the Divine Founder of the Catholic and Apostolic Church.

TEMPERANCE

A DANGEROUS SNAKE

Some time ago I read an anecdote which amply illustrates the action of drink. The head of a zoological garden had in his collection of reptiles one which was rare and poisonous.

One day, in talking of this reptile to some visitors, he opened the cage where it was kept and by the usual method picked it up, grasping it just back of the head so that so far as its bite was concerned, it was perfectly harmless. Turning to his visitors, he said: "When I get through telling you the history of this snake, all I have to do is simply to cast it into its cage." Then he proceeded to tell them where the snake was obtained, its supposed age, and the length of time a person would live if bitten by it. During this time the reptile was coiling its body around his forearm shutting off the circulation and weakening the muscles until, while he was still talking, his grip relaxed, the serpent's head was released from his grasp, and he was bitten again and again.

This man did not realize that the coils of the reptile's body around the arm would gradually weaken the muscles so that ultimately he would be unable to maintain his power over it and would soon or late be at its mercy. And although the drinking man at the start has the power to quit and is profuse in his assertions that when he finds it harming him he will give up its use, he does not at that time realize that through the cultivation of a craving for itself, its numbing of sensation, its impairment of intellect, its blunting of perception, and its weakening of will power, it will rob him of all those things which give him his normal power of resistance. In other words, as the appetite for it increases, his resistance to it decreases, and the time comes, in a large number of cases, when it is next to an impossibility for him to discontinue its use without the aid of a thorough course of treatment.

Let me further say that the time has come when our profession should drop the time-worn antiquated idea that the victims of drink are chiefly found among degenerates, perverts, etc. Temperament has much to do with the rapidity and the certainty with which alcohol overcomes the individual, and the man of quick, nervous temperament is the one that responds most quickly to the quieting, soothing effects of alcohol, and, therefore, such a one succumbs to its enthralling influence much more quickly than the man of lymphatic temperament. — Charles L. Hamilton, M. D., in the Catholic Temperance Advocate.

HIGH MASS

All Catholics worthy of the name assist at Mass at least once a week. It is the direct command of Almighty God, no less than a precept of the Church, that one day out of seven should be sanctified and set apart for sacred service. The faithful in general obey the precept of their religion prescribing attendance at Mass, though this in itself is only the minimum required under the pain of mortal sin.

In the ceremonial of the Church, elaborate and detailed rubrics are prescribed for the reverent and solemn celebration of the world's great act of worship. These rubrics are of great antiquity and were primarily intended for the celebration of the sacrifice in which many of the parts were sung. Hence the Mass is best understood when it is a High Mass. In itself it is a great liturgical action, with a beginning, a middle and an end, and all these parts are intended to stand out with significance and impressiveness, in the remarkable ceremonial which has been built up around the great act of the Consecration of the Body and Blood of our Lord. The Low Mass came later. While there were many excellent reasons for its introduction the fact remains that the idea of the Church is better carried out in the celebration of what we know as the High Mass.

It is deplorable that a preference for what is known as the Low Mass has become so noticeable among the Catholics of our time. To be generous in God's service means more than to assist at the shortest Mass we can find, and that but once a week. There is a mine of religious instruction simply in the ceremonies of the Church, and when these are followed intelligently, not only does

there come to minds a better appreciation of the Holy Sacrifice, but also into hearts a deeper love for the mystery of the Mass and more sincere gratitude for the graces purchased by Christ's redemptive death, perpetuated to us in His immolation on the altar.—Providence Visitor.

CARDINAL MERCIER

[Laura Simmons, in the New York Tribune, pays the following poetic tribute to Cardinal Mercier, who has become prominent through his efforts to keep his flock together in Belgium.]

It was but yesterday he walked in humble tranquil ways— A happy shepherd with his flock, and peace upon his face.

To-day—a stern defiant form limned on a fiery cloud— His altars stripped and desolate, his children terror-bowed.

Despair and famine in the land—his brethren maimed and slain; (Vicar, behold—thy sinless Lord is crucified again!)

Still do the stricken turn to him in trust and love; and he, Who shared their joys, now treads with them their dark Gethsemane.

O'holy champion of right, in days of woeful wrong! His burning heart, 'neath priestly garb, a People's bulwark strong!

Through Christendom that dauntless voice of tragic protest rings— Above the selfish schemes of state, or petty strife of kings;

A frail, black-robed archangel—Lo, he guards the ravaged way; "Our vengeance is with God alone; beware—He will repay!"

Behind the flaming sword atides God's promise, grim and sure; "His strength shall be the strength of ten, whose cause is just and pure."

WONDERFUL FAITH OF THE CATHOLIC SOLDIER

"FRENCH WINDOWS" OPENING ON THE BATTLEFIELD

(By "M. C. L." in Edinburgh Herald)

It has been said that some persons seem to carry stamped on their retina an image that bids out the actual thing before them; there are those whose eyes are so filled with ideals of goodness and purity that whenever they look at man or woman they see virtue reflected back to them, whilst the eyes of others, say, of venomous Orangemen or No Popery fanatics, are so filled with evil that they see only what is vile reflected back to them from purity itself. There are persons who can draw out the best in others, who inspire faith and hope, reverence and love, unconsciously revealing what they themselves are by their treatment and estimate of their fellow-creatures; and one finds an inspiring revelation of character in "John Ayscough's book on the War, "French Windows." He beholds in others what is noble, lovable, exalted, holy and opening windows into his own soul reveals to us a sanctuary; in telling us of the faith of the Catholic soldier he tells us of his own, absolute, unquestioning, exalted. Little wonder that a non-Catholic surgeon who was associated with him "somewhere in France" should have written that he honoured the Church which produced such a man. "John Ayscough" is the penname of the Colonel-Priest, Mgr. Bickerstaffe Drew, and "French Windows" is a series of sketches of personal experiences of the War, now piercing in pathos, now relieved with quiet humour, now giving us a glimpse of a convent, now of a village-home after the Huns had finished with it. Needless to say, "the Ancient," as the author styles himself, writes of Catholic nuns as they are, not as malice misrepresents them, and fair would have them be. He tells us something of the effect which personal contact with these ladies had upon Protestant "Tommy" how the Franciscan Sisters at an old French town handed over the new part of their Hospice for Aged men and Women for the wounded soldiers, undertaking to nurse them, in addition to taking care of their regular charges who occupied an older but "quite modern and excellent" wing of the building; whilst the Sisters inhabited the worst part. "They were all excellent, but their Superioress was a quite remarkable person, capable, ever-ready, and a first-rate organizer. She was a trained anesthetist, and almost nightly would be at work in the operating theatre till it was night no longer, and then would take a very brief sleep; she was always in chapel in her place when the Ancient went to say Mass there at half-past six or seven." It was to her that Queen Alexandra sent a gracious letter of thanks for the care bestowed upon the wounded British soldiers.

"Those Masses in the hospice chapel one will not easily forget. There were the nuns, most of whom had been at work half and more than half the night, and all the long day before; some of whom were too old for any work, and crept slowly to their places. . . . There were good folk from the town, almost all in deep mourning." And nearly always before the altar was a soldier's coffin, sometimes two or three, sometimes half-a-dozen, draped with the

flag of France for which those silent heroes, soon to be laid to rest, had died. The English Protestant soldier who went one morning to hear that Mass, and looked with pity and respect at the bent figures of fathers come to pray for their dead sons, and at the veiled circle of nuns and heard the music, which was a cry to Christ, said that he had never seen 'cut' like that. He went round the whole of the hospital and was impressed by the comfort, the exquisite cleanliness, the perfect peace and stillness of the lofty, airy wards.

"It was abundantly clear on what a kindly and sympathetic footing the nuns were with their soldier patients; and what especially touched the young Englishman was that the lads who helped the Sisters as *brancardiers* in the wards were ecclesiastical students, who had had to lay aside for a while their treatises to read in this great book of charity." On another occasion "the Ancient" and his unit were billeted in a school, and sat down to supper at desks of an acute angle. "But in the village was a convent, and in the convent were nuns, and the birds of the air were carried the matter. The nuns were gravely scandalized to hear talk of grates lapping up soup out of precipitous soup-plates in school rooms, and a deputation came to see. 'Ma Soeur' saw, and was more deeply shocked than ever. 'This,' she said, as though quelling a revolution, 'must cease.' The convent was very big—nearly a tenth of the size of the smallest nun's heart," and "all of us were ordered there, soldiers and all. . . . And as the days went on it was easy to see that the Sisters of Charity"—(to whom the Commanding Officer referred as "these holy ladies"—"were not less contented with their military guests than were their guests with their open-hearted welcome." "The Ancient" did much in the way of distributing crucifixes and medals, "mostly medals of God's great mother, and he could but trust that they who claimed them might be reminded of her sky-clean mantle and be drawn under its protection. The least effect must be to each of these soldiers, caught in the great tangle of the great War, that he should remember the more clearly the double Motherhood stooping over him, hers in Heaven who is its Queen, and hers on earth whom the Virgin Christ calls His bride and spouse." A Presbyterian soldier, who asked for a crucifix, said that he had seen a whole village smashed and a whole church by the German shells, but the great Crucifix stood untouched, the Figure with arms outstretched, the Face turned up as though asking his Father's mercy on men. Occasionally non-Catholic officers helped in the distribution, and when one from "the black North" complained that his assistance had not been asked, "the Ancient" bantered him about giving "Popish gear to Papists," to which the young man answered: "Don't! I am learning things." So has it been with many. And surely any who witnessed the administration of the last Sacraments to dying Catholic soldiers, French, Belgian, Pole, ally and foeman alike, must have learned something of the unity of the Faith.

"I wonder how many times during the War it came in upon one what a wonderful, great thing the Catholic Church is," says the author, and even those not of her fold must have at least faintly discerned it. The comment is made in connection with experiences in a village where at first the people had supposed "the Ancient" to be a Protestant pastor, and had respected his age and his calling, but when they found that he was a Catholic priest, "there was a sort of intimacy and relationship in their smiling encouragement." They were all members of the one great family. "A Catholic like us!" How many barriers go down before those words! And how true are the author's words that in the Catholic Church there is a certain thing, which he calls a quality, that arrests every open-eyed man who scans her. "You have come to see it," he told certain of his associates on the way to visit a monastery, "since you have been forced to look at her here in France. It is that quality that preaches louder than any preacher in any pulpit. . . . Polemics, controversy, special pleading, would simply bore you and set all your opposition alert on guard. But that quality arrests you, and because it is a fact, patent in itself, it impresses you more than any assertion of it could. That quality is one of the heirlooms of the Catholic Church, bequeathed to her by her own children, and lives, like those of these monks, maintain its store, and add to it in every age." We cannot read this book without longing that our lives might add a little to that store, that never through word or deed of ours should the name of Catholic be tarnished nor that fine "quality" be lessened. Nor can we read it without a sense of humble gratitude to God that we belong to His Church and claim as our kindred in Christ the saintly souls "through which He shows the Light."

Our Lady was not only admirable in her outward form and inward beauty, or in great heroic deeds, but also in her daily life which was ordered and regulated by the law of God and love of her neighbor. Live, as it were, on trust. All that is in you, all that you are, is only loaned to you. Make use of it according to the will of Him Who lends it; but never regard it for a moment as your own.—Fenelon.

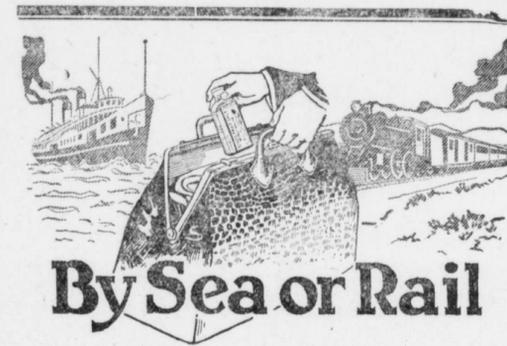


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CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

Let me be a little kinder, Let me be a little blinder, To the faults of those about me, Let me praise a little more;

THE CATHOLIC YOUNG MAN AND HIS CHURCH

It cannot be denied that the average Catholic young man is not as conspicuous in his zeal as the average Catholic young woman.

The moral standing of a parish can best be judged by the religious zeal of its male members.

The young men form an integral part of the congregation to which they belong.

The first thing a young man should do is to join one of the parish societies unless he have very serious reasons for not joining it.

If a young man for some reason or other does not join a parish society, he should at least try to carry out the religious part of the program.

The young men who are willing to assume the duties of ushers and other lay functionaries in the church deserve praise and credit for their devotion.

It is not unmanly, as so many young men seem to think, to pray, to wear a scapular, to have a pair of beads, and to take a prayerbook along to church.

men are not trained enough in mental prayer to be able to spend the time of Mass or other devotions in church usefully and devoutly unless they have their prayerbook with them and use it.

All the good and great things they may hope to do some time later on when they have become older they must learn to do now.

Let every Catholic young man do his share in parish work, material and spiritual, let him give a good example of zeal and devotion.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

A QUEER GOBLIN

Once upon a time in the good old days when fairies were found in every butter-cup and the little birds and the wild creatures of the woods

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lived in a big public park where there were a great many other animals, and the men who take care of them have a heap to do.

The lamb I am going to tell you about was early left a little orphan lambing, and one of the kind-hearted keepers took it out of the field with the other lambs and sheep and brought it up himself.

He had a pet kitten, and soon the pet lamb and the pet kitten became great friends, playing together and cuddling close to one another for warmth when they took a nap.

By and by Kitty became old enough to go off by herself, while Lambie could not get out of the little yard in which he was kept.

He would watch anxiously until his little friend came back and as soon as he saw her would jump about and "ba-a-a" with delight.

Everything that the cat did the lamb tried to do. It took some time for him to learn that he was wasting time in trying to climb a tree.

The keeper who has brought up the two animals together and who tells the story of the remarkable lamb insists that it arches its back when angry just like its pussycat friend.

What will happen to the lamb when it is too old to be a pet and has to go back into the field with the staid and quiet sheep who live there?

EDITOR BRANN AND THE BIGOTS

Excerpt from Brann's Books

And why, pray, am not I privileged to dilate upon the historical "colloquy between Luther and the Prince of Darkness," when worthy A. P. A.'s complain to me of the celestial visions seen by Catholic virgins?

So Arthur rose, and the goblin and the king wrangled long and furiously. At first it looked as though the goblin might win, but Arthur would not give up.

As the goblin rose to his feet it said: "Never put off a task till to-morrow that can be done as well to-day."

A MOTHER'S GLORY

She was small and she wore one of those rusty black dresses that seem symbolical of long distant youth, hardships, sorrows and yet the retention of self-respect.

With her was a young man, erect, clean, strong. She had but to look at that boy to tell every one he was all the world to her.

"Sign here, please," he said. The woman seated herself. She first flexed her fingers by motions as though she were writing, but the pen point did not touch the paper.

A LAMB AND A PUSSY

coming of Christian Science, the dawn of Schrader or the invention of the microbe mitalleuse.

It is well sometimes remember that but for these selfsame Catholics we might have no beloved constitution to worry about.

They are not altogether indebted to institutions; but the part played by them in our great national drama has been very important.

He who covets not to please men, nor fears their displeasure, shall enjoy much peace.

He who gives to the poor lends to the Lord.

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NO MAN CAN FORSEE ACCIDENTS, which may occur to any one of us.

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