

# The Catholic Record

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

VOLUME XXXVII.

LONDON, CANADA, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 16, 1915

1930

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### PLAIN

The war has made plain that the attainment of knowledge without acquiring at the same time principles to control the passion and senses is an abomination. We have heard for years that as knowledge increased man would progress, that under its magic wand crime would disappear and the world be purged of its grossness. And through dint of iteration its advocates believed and predicted a new era undreamed of in the old days, when man knew the difference between instruction and education. An acquaintance with history would perchance have subdued their optimism. However, so proud were they of their method of schooling—the chattering that has come down the centuries very dirty and bedraggled, that any criticism of it was resented with extraordinary acerbity.

But now educators are not so sure and are more inclined to look at things as they are. They do not contend that crime diminishes as instruction is diffused. In fact they admit that a striking determination is going on both in public and private life. Great is bad when it is found out. Literature? Novels made out of sex-hygiene and a "hero" who scouts the Commandments as conventionalities. Scribblers who advocate the restriction of children. Divorce is a common occurrence, and other things that need not be named flaunt themselves in the full face of day.

It is no wonder that educators are beginning to have a suspicion that there must be something wrong with the instruction which ignores religion. They may believe in time that "No man can be the client of science who does not love justice and truth; but there is no truth in justice without the light of the knowledge of God."

### THE PEACE GIVER

The Holy Father's influence is ever vital and perennial. That millions should abide in his house in living reverence and obedience is a phenomenon which astounds the non-Catholic. Prejudice, however, regards him with suspicion and hatred. It cannot understand why he should exist. One generation writes his epitaph and the next one sees Peter going his appointed way despite the clamor and antagonism of the world. Yet they who are aware of the beneficent activities of the Holy Father throughout the ages, and know that the theories of philologists and the devices born of irreligion and luxury are of no avail in times of stress and storm, are looking to him for a pronouncement towards closing this war. Not so long ago he spoke and he was laughed to scorn. Those were unclouded days. What could an old man, chief of an effete society, know of the trend of modern times, said the many, not remembering his vast experience. But now when civilization has been smashed to fragments they beseech him to stay the progress of misery, outrage and death. It may be that the memories of long forgotten days are stirring within them; that they are acknowledging the power of the Holy Father.

### HAVE OUR OWN

Our attention has been called to the fact that Protestant social workers are not averse to proselytizing. They care for the children of the poor while the mothers work. Entertainments are given now and then and in many instances the hard worked mother's burden is lightened by pecuniary assistance.

It avails nothing to criticize, or to deplore or to write us letters. Let us do our own social work. Let us have our own creche or building for the children whose mothers must perforce go out to work. But where are we to get the means? They should not be difficult to obtain. But is it not surprising if our work should be done by others, that the children of the household of the faith should be handed over to the ministrations of those who see the Church through the mists of prejudice?

### INCONSISTENT

Some of the German Catholic editors weep and lament because the Allies are able to get munitions of war in the United States. They berate Uncle Sam because he cannot see eye to eye with them. They would like to see the law that governs this matter consigned to the waste basket to keep company with other scraps of paper. If they must weep they should give their tears to Belgium. There is a country that bears witness to the German hypocritical love of mercy and humanity. Hypocritical, indeed, because Germanic mercy glows over the destruction of women and children and its humanity is written large on ravaged countries; on a Spanish fathered by inhuman cruelty; on faithlessness to national honor; and on methods of warfare without parallel in the annals of savagery. They were strangely quiet, however, when the German war machine rolled onward to the accompaniment of lust, rapine, outrage and butchery. Then they sighed not for a Portia to plead the cause of mercy and humanity, but for victory at any cost and by any means. They may mourn, these editors, but men who are not mad can appraise the German love of mercy by the little blackened, corpse covered country that would not sell her soul.

### ITALIAN PRIESTS IN ARMY

TENS OF THOUSANDS ENLISTED IN NATION'S DEFENSE AS SOLDIERS AND CHAPLAINS

Figures have just come to hand giving the number of priests in the Italian army, says a correspondent of the London Catholic Times. There were 19,320 priests under General Cadorna, commander-in-chief of the Italian forces, on the day he marched to the north of Italy. Seven hundred and forty-five held the grade of military chaplains. Of the latter forty-five have been hit by the enemy while ministering to the troops under fire. Twelve of them have been killed and thirty-three are lying in hospitals more or less grievously wounded. So courageous has been the conduct of many of the military chaplains in time of danger that the commander in chief has in person consigned to the Right Rev. Bishop Bartolomei, ordinary for the army and navy, a list of the names of chaplains who have been proposed for the reception of medals and other awards for valor.

### ENGLISH BISHOP DEFENDS POPE

The press of England has been doing its ignoble share in trying to impugn the neutrality of Pope Benedict XV. The English people were told that the Pope's sympathies were with the Teutonic powers and that any peace proposals emanating from him would inevitably be prejudicial to the Allies.

In the latest issue of the Dublin Review, the ablest Catholic quarterly in the English tongue, the Bishop of Northampton disposes of these charges as follows:

"Perhaps it represents the natural misgivings of a guilty conscience. It might well be so, for, all things considered, pro-German sympathies in the Pope's entourage would not furnish matter for surprise, nor solid ground for resentment. To say nothing of their political views, to which Catholic Italians have as much right as Catholic Englishmen, and which bound them until yesterday to the Triple Alliance, they might well have contrasted the ecclesiastical relations of the belligerents with the Roman See very much in our disfavor. In the Teutonic Empire the Catholic religion is maintained by the State; a fact that is already causing Alsace and Lorraine to ponder with mixed feelings the issue of the war. The Austrian ruler is the chief Catholic sovereign, and with whatever limitations, is the professed defender of the Holy See. The Kaiser, too, although a Lutheran, has never failed to treat the Pope with marked consideration. Both countries have maintained embassies at the Vatican to the advantage of all concerned. Compare with this the wretched aloofness of Protestant England, the sour and surly temper of Orthodox Russia, and the infamous misanthropy of anti-clerical France. Would it not have been natural on the part of the Roman Court to display some partiality toward those powers which have exerted themselves to be civil, and some coldness toward those which have chosen to assume an unsympathetic or hostile attitude? Yet the salient feature of the situation is this: that nothing of the kind has happened. The neutrality of the Vatican has been proof against every strain. The more the pro-German tone of the clerical press is exaggerated by the critics, the

more singular is the steadfastness of the Pope in resisting all outside influences and the more perverse the insinuation that he is but wearing a mask. For decency's sake, it would be becoming to acknowledge handsomely a neutrality so much more pronounced than we had any right to expect, instead of insinuating dark motives for withholding more than bare neutrality."—The Echo.

### IN TERROR FOR MONTHS

#### PRIEST ESCAPES MEXICANS

FATHER CASTILLO REACHES NEW YORK AFTER HAVING BEEN CONDEMNED TO DEATH

From the New York Times, September 24

Father Jose Luis Castillo, a Spanish priest of the Catholic Church, who was exiled recently from Mexico, yesterday gave a reporter of The Times an account of the persecution of the priests by the Carranza and other warring factions in Mexico. As an instance of the treatment accorded the priests, he gave the text of a notice posted by Agustin Millan, a Carranza general, in the City of Puebla. It said: "It is decreed that all the Catholic priests shall present themselves at the office of the military commandant before the expiration of two days. In the event of their not doing so, all those who are identified will be shot immediately."

In telling of his own experiences, Father Castillo said that he was sent from Spain in 1911 to establish a parish in the City of Pachuca, one of the wealthiest mining cities in Mexico, which has produced more than \$40,000,000 in gold and silver during the past ten years. "This city of Pachuca has 50,000 inhabitants, nearly all of whom are Catholics," he said, "but they are very weak and ignorant Catholics, for there are not enough priests. One priest is obliged to care for 10,000 or 20,000 people, and it is impossible to train and educate such a number well."

"Everything went well until last November, when the persecution began. On the 20th of the month, during the afternoon, Colonel Cohanuco Corboba, with four other officers, came to the rectory where I was with another priest. These officers examined every paper and book, every closet and drawer and even every corner of the rectory and church. After that they locked the church and took the keys and, surrounded by the officers, we were conducted to the City Hall.

"There we met the Governor, who asked us if we had heard confessions. We told him we had and he said, 'Do you know that the Republic of Mexico forbids this?' Finally he ordered us to go immediately to the head military office in Mexico City to be judged."

"When the priests reached Mexico City their escort deserted them and they fled to a hiding place, where they remained until December 1, when Villa captured Pachuca. 'We went back to the place,' Father Castillo went on, 'to open our church and crowds of people filled with joy came to thank God for this benefit. During the whole month of December we celebrated the Divine worship and Christmas was celebrated with enthusiasm. In the afternoon of that day Villa's troops again entered the city. The next day one of our best friends, William Uslar, came to the rectory and told us that the President of the Catholics, Mr. Gimenez, was killed by the revolutionary party. Early in the morning he was carried off in an automobile and shot outside the city and his body disfigured by the blows from a hatchet."

"Suddenly there was a knock at the door and when I opened it I found a soldier there. He asked for the pastor and I told him that I was he. Then he said that his brother was dying and wanted to see me. I said I would go with him if he would tell me the name of the family, as it was my duty to do so."

"The soldier then became angry, and said, 'I am the Colonel Jesus Soto. Here is my calling card, I am sent by my general to arrest you, and you are a prisoner.' Four soldiers appeared and I was conducted without hat through the city until I met the same automobile in which the President was carried to the principal hotel, which was crowded with soldiers, and there I met General Santa Navarro."

"We know very well that you are mixed in a plot with this man we killed a few moments ago," he said. I explained that I was innocent. I was interrupted every moment by the officers, who said to me, 'You speak nicely, you speak very well, but you will speak better after your death, for you will be killed as this man was whom we shot this morning.'"

"Finally I was sentenced in these words: 'The Spanish priest Luis Castillo is expelled from the State as a very pernicious element for the peace and prosperity of this country. In accord with the holy aspirations of the Revolution, he must go to the

Military Office, in Mexico City, to be judged there.' The order was signed by General Santa Navarro, the Villa general."

"I arrived in Mexico City at 10 o'clock at night and instead of reporting at the Military Office I fled to another part of the city and the following day I fled to Puebla, where I remained in hiding for ten days. All this time I did not wear a Roman collar and was disguised by a blue costume."

"The following day the Carranza general, Agustin Millan, posted the notice regarding priests, and when I went to the Military Office, I found there 250 priests. The colonel, Manco Infante, called all the foreign and native priests, with much blaspheming, and condemned them all to go to Vera Cruz to be judged. Next day, when I went to the railway station, I found I was the only priest ready to take the special train. All the others, badly frightened, had fled. So I started alone on my trip to Vera Cruz. Soon the soldiers came and examined my papers and found that I was a priest, and with much cursing and insult I was taken from the train and placed in the jail of the village of Amecoc." "I escaped from the jail that night and returned to Puebla with Colonel Paul Diaz. While walking beside him he was attacked from behind and terribly wounded. He fired his revolver three times at his assailant, but was too late, and then he died amid blaspheming. I remained with him until he died and then I fled, and finally reached Vera Cruz."

"Not receiving word from Mexico City telling me what to do, as the communications were cut, I visited several families and received 232 Mexican dollars, sufficient to pay my fare to the United States. On the steamship were eight other priests expelled by Carranza. Finally I sailed from Vera Cruz to Puerto Viejo, the last Mexican city, and there many of the faithful were awaiting the steamship to make their confessions and to have their children baptized. They came to the boat, but the captain could not step on the land for fear of arrest. The priests of the town had been banished several months before and their church profaned. Five days after this I reached New York."

"In speaking of the general persecution of the priests, Father Castillo said: 'Every one knows that the Mexican Freemasons worked successfully against all the friends and protectors of the Church and finally they had them expelled. The Protestants, our brethren, who in the United States are united with us in friendly relations, are not the same in Mexico. There they worked against the Catholic Church, and so, while the religious orders, priests and the poor Sisters are persecuted and expelled from their colleges and houses, the Protestants are protected by the same revolutionaries and the buildings formerly occupied by the Catholics now have become Protestant schools or churches. An instance of this is the Church of Dos Dolores of Orizaba, the College of the Fathers Josephine and others.'"

### REMARKABLE STORY OF CONVERSION

#### REV. W. F. BRANNAN RECEIVES OLD TIME CAPTAIN INTO THE CHURCH

The Very Rev. William F. Brannan, of Dallas, Texas, a widely known missionary, in a communication to the Southern Messenger, relates the following remarkable incident:

"On the ninth day of April, 1865, the day the army of General Lee surrendered on the historic field of Appomattox, with nothing to eat and little to wear, we breakfasted on the buds of the April trees. Among the others who surrendered was my captain, W. J. Bethune, of Company K, Fifteenth Alabama Regiment. We parted company there about fifty years ago. About a year ago I got a letter from him which I answered. The question of religion was introduced. I wrote him several letters on the subject, and sent him a number of books to read. He was satisfied and made up his mind to join the Catholic Church. I told him that as soon as I got better I would go to Mobile, Ala., and receive him into the Church. On Saturday last I was in the church saying some prayers, and all at once I thought of going over and write him a letter. I went over to go to my room when I was informed there was a call for me at the telephone. I picked up the receiver and said 'Hello!' The answer came, 'Is this Father Brannan?' I said 'Yes. Who is this?' 'Your old captain, W. J. Bethune.' I said, 'Come on out; will be happy to see you.'"

"He came at once. I gave him a cordial welcome, of course. After fifty years neither of us would have known the other. I said, 'Well, captain, why are you here?' 'Well, I came here to get into the Catholic Church and go to confession to you.' 'Well, captain, any priest could baptize you and hear your confession.'"

"Yes, I know that. But I wanted to go to confession to you because I would rather go to you than any one else."

"Were you ever baptized in your life?" "No, I was never baptized at all."

"Well, in that case, you don't have to go to confession at all." "He was amazed and looked and from what he said felt as if a huge section of the Rocky Mountains had been taken off his shoulders. The next day, Sunday, he came out in the afternoon and I baptized him, and a happier recipient of that sacrament I have never seen."

"The captain was a brave and faithful soldier, was wounded twice at Gettysburg, and the highest compliment I could bestow on him is to say that he will be equally faithful as a soldier in the 'Army of the Lord.'—Philadelphia Standard and Times."

### MR. ALBERTI, OF SACRED ROMAN ROTA, DEAD

Rome, Sept. 7, 1915.—There died very suddenly in Rome on Saturday Mr. Alberti, Auditor of the Sacred Roman Rota. The funeral took place yesterday. The Rota is one of the departments of the Roman Curia of which the outside public does not hear much, unless some case, which it has to decide, rivets the public attention, as happened in the Castellano Gould long drawn out agony. But it is, since the reconstitution of the Curia by Pius X., an important and exceedingly active department. And it is one that is particularly affected by the troubles of the times. It has eleven judges or auditors, the cases are apportioned in turns—each "sarnus" consisting of three judges. Out of the eleven it so happens that two are absent from Rome just now: Mr. Heiner, who represents Germany, and Mr. Perathoner, representing Austria, for the Rota is an international body, there being among the judges seven Italians, the two above named and Mr. Many and Prior representing France and England. The inconvenience of having two members absent when their times come around to be called as part of a turnus is evident. But the Rota, like all the rest of the central administration, can be managed by working double time to bring the work up to date before rising for the summer vacation in August and at least can hope that when it meets again the Holy Father will have replaced the Italian Auditor it has lost.—Chicago New World.

### NOBLE WORK OF OUR NUNS

Rae Dickerson in Chicago New World

The menace is right. It is true that nuns do terrifying things.

In Europe they are caring for mangled soldiers. Right here in Chicago they face the greatest opportunity for personal merit that this city offers.

Out on Hamlin avenue and Thirty-fourth street is the Municipal Isolation Hospital. In a large, rather imposing building, diphtheria cases are cared for by city officials; in back of this structure is a long, low-lying, unpurched building commonly known as the "pest house," in which smallpox and leprosy cases are attended. It is this latter building which is under the direction of nuns—four of the Poor Handmaids of Jesus Christ.

For thirty three years this order has nursed Chicagoans who were afflicted with smallpox. Through their ministrations many have returned well to their homes. A smaller number died and their death was less lonely and less hard because there were nuns to give spiritual as well as physical comfort up to the very last moment.

In 1905, when there was a sudden outbreak of smallpox, five hundred and sixty-five cases were sent to the hospital in five months. Of course during this period the nuns had to have help. Many of the patients were in the last stages, but of the whole number only 10 per cent. died. Two years ago when the disease became epidemic in South Chicago sixty cases were sent to the Sisters. Of these only 5 per cent. died.

THOSE WHO GO AND THOSE WHO DON'T

"No one comes here as a smallpox patient," said Sister Regina, Superior, who has been vaccinated. "Is one vaccination enough?" was asked. "If a good scar has been obtained in the first instance there is little danger from contagion. But, if the scar is not good, or if one desires doubly to assure safety, he should be vaccinated every seven years."

Those who do go are, in many cases not Chicagoans. Travelling men, who have laughed at vaccination and who are stricken with disease while passing through the city, are often patients here.

At the present time there is only one patient at the hospital—an old man of eighty who has developed leprosy. "Grandpa," as doctors and nurses call him, was a hearty man

who had never been sick until he was overtaken by the disease. He will be under the Sisters' care for the rest of his days.

As I went out the door of the hospital I could not help saying to Sister Regina: "Your work takes great courage."

"Some one must do it," answered Sister: "God asked us."

"I hope there will be few patients this year." "If there are many I pray that God will grant us the strength to care for them."

As I walked across the prairie to get my car I devoutly wished that The Menace might get wind of these other "awful" deeds done behind convent walls, and of the supernatural courage with which they must be undertaken.

### MORE IRISH SOLDIERS WIN WAR HONORS

London, Sept. 13, 1915.—Proud indeed are Catholics of the wonderful array of Irish and Scotch heroes who have received recognition from their grateful country. This week we have to recognize several more, congenial to the older ones on still higher honors and mourning many who have passed to their rest. O'Leary, V. C. and Dwyer the boy V. C. of London have both been gazetted with commissions. Among the latest additions to the list of Catholic V. C.'s is Corp. Angus, a young fellow who saved his officer's life on the battlefield, receiving forty wounds in so doing and who on coming home has been presented with a cheque for a 1,000 pounds by his grateful commander, who had headed the list of donors with a generous sum. Then there is Capt. Robert O'Sullivan, who won the Cross for conspicuous bravery in Gallipoli, Sergt. James Summers, of the same regiment, who won his V. C. on the same day. Both are Catholics.

### TO AID CONVERTED MINISTERS

A new movement is being started in the Southwark diocese for the assistance of convert clergymen. It will be a sort of house of studies to which they can go immediately after their reception into the Church, where they will receive free housing and help to settle in life after they enter the Church. A prominent priest has been put in charge, and the movement promises great success. As to another expansion of the Church, that which covers new missions and buildings, one of the most magnificent and spacious churches seen for a long time is about to be opened in Golders Green by Cardinal Bourne. It is to be dedicated to St. Edward the Confessor, and will be opened on his feast October 13. A luncheon will follow at which a collection will be made to meet the remaining cost of the building. Golders Green is one of the newest and most flourishing districts of London, and there are many Catholic settlers there and also a large number of Belgians.

### THE ANGELS OF "MONS"

Many a strange story has come from war-torn Europe, but none out-rival the one that is generally known as "The Angels at Mons." According to that tale, when the British army was retreating at Mons in France before the German advance a legion of angels appeared between the two armies and saved the British from an English paper ministers took it up in their pulpits and magazines went into ecstasies over it, all declaring that the evidence in corroboration of the incident was overwhelming. In time, however, it turned out that the story's only basis was "a bit of clever imagining" of a newspaper writer, Arthur Machen, who wrote a piece for the London Evening News in which he represented St. George as bringing up the spirits of the famous archers of Agincourt in spectral array to defend the British.

The eagerness with which this legend was accepted by the ministers in England is in striking contrast to the doubt they always cast upon Catholic claims of miracles, no matter how strong the evidence in their favor may be. The Rev. H. G. Graham, writing in the Glasgow Star, makes a telling point when he says: "Protestants generally refuse to believe that miracles happen nowadays; yet in a moment of frenzy they will believe that one has happened on no better grounds than that some one has said so. Catholics, on the other hand, believe that miracles can and do happen nowadays, as in past days, yet they decline to accept the report of one unless it has been well authenticated. Protestants, then, have made themselves rather foolish by their attitude towards the so-called 'Vision of Angels at Mons.'"

Catholics never accept stories of supernatural intervention on mere hearsay evidence. This incident ought to convince our Protestant friends of the reasonableness of the Catholic attitude toward miracles.—N. Y. Catholic News.

### CATHOLIC NOTES

The French priest prisoners of war in Germany are allowed to say Mass daily, and to give retreats to their fellow prisoners.

On Sunday, Oct. 3rd, His Lordship, Bishop Fallon, blessed a new mission church at Oil Springs which had just been completed through the zeal of the Rev. J. N. Campeon, parish priest of Petrolia.

St. Alphonsus' parish in the old city of Limerick, in Ireland, has the largest religious sodality of any single church in the world. The Arch confraternity of the Holy Family now numbers over 7,000 persons.

Longfellow's home, Craige House at Cambridge, is to be preserved for the public. It is said to be one of the best specimens of Colonial architecture of the eighteenth century. In the days of the American Revolution, when the siege of Boston was in progress, it was occupied as the headquarters of General Washington.

The Princess Cicea of Bourbon Parma, recently made her profession as a nun in the Benedictine Convent in the Isle of Wight, England. The Princess is a sister of the Archduchess Karl Francis Joseph, wife of the heir to the Austro-Hungarian throne. Another sister of the princess is also a nun in the above-named convent.

His Excellency, Archbishop Bonzano, Apostolic Delegate, ordained recently in the Chapel of the Immaculate Conception College of the Catholic University, nine young priests. One of these—Rev. Patrick Byrne of the Baltimore diocese—an honor student of St. Mary's Seminary, has been accepted by the American Secretary at Maryknoll (Ossining N. Y.) as an aspirant to the Foreign Missions.

That Mrs. Willard D. Straight of Westbury, L. I., has given \$5,000 toward the building fund of St. Bridget's Church was announced by the Rev. Dr. William F. McGinnis, the rector. Mrs. Straight, who is not a Catholic, made a large contribution to the church several years ago when Dr. McGinnis started building the parish hall. Mrs. Straight was Miss Dorothy Whitney, daughter of William C. Whitney.

A novel plan to encourage high school students to push ahead in their studies has been worked out in La Crosse, Wis. Those showing special aptitude may tender their high school diplomas as collateral for loans of \$800 over a period of four school years, to be repaid after having graduated from a university and starting to work, according to a plan backed by Superintendent Benetz, Principal McCormick and Frank P. Nixon, a millionaire.

The will of the late Archbishop Quigley of Chicago is valued at \$75,000, most of which represents insurance and a farm of land which was presented to him by friends during his incumbency as bishop of Buffalo. The estate is divided into six equal parts, one of which goes to his successor as Archbishop of Chicago, to be used in having Masses celebrated for the repose of the decedent's soul, and a number of charities are remembered.

In honor of his forty years' service as rector of St. Peter's Church, Montgomery, Ala., and also as rector of his valuable work for the Church in the South, Pope Benedict XV., recently conferred the rank of Domestic Prelate with the title of Monsignor on Rev. Denis Savage. The formal investiture of Mr. Savage in his new rank was the occasion for a notable gathering in St. Peter's Church, Montgomery, July 23. Amongst those present were the Governor of Alabama, the Mayor of Montgomery, members of Congress and priests from all parts of the South.

Speaking at a country life conference for the Protestant ministers of Maryland held at College Park, Md., on August 5, Dr. McBrien, of the United States Department of Agriculture, in commenting on the Public entrance of politics in the school system of this country was nothing less than a course, a statement which was loudly applauded. Ministers from Hartford and Montgomery counties substantiated Dr. McBrien's assertion by relating instances where the best interest of the schools had been held up because of various kinds of wire-pulling by the politicians for personal reasons.

The Rev. Theodore C. Petersen, C. S. P., professor of the Church History at the Paulist Novitiate, Catholic University, has just completed a remarkable wood carving of a life-sized figure of the dead Christ on the Cross, which he has presented to the Sisters of St. Mary's Benedictine Institute, Richmond, Va., for the beautiful new chancel of their convent. Dr. Petersen, who spent all his spare time for the past five years in executing this work, is a convert to the Catholic faith, having been born and reared in Germany, where he studied for the Lutheran ministry. It was the study of religious art that first drew him to the Catholic Church, and finally into her fold.

CARDOME

A ROMANCE OF KENTUCKY

BY ANNA C. MINOUE CHAPTER XXIII

The reception came to an early close, and the officers of Morgan's cavalry left the ball-room for the saddle. They rode that night and the next day, fighting their way through a town of considerable importance and coming out of it the victors; captured the enemy's stores at another place and spread everywhere as much consternation as if they were half the Confederate army instead of a few hundred dauntless men. Towards the close of the second day, Morgan paused in his wild ride, and after directing the regiment to move on, he knew that the retreat could not now intercept his retreat into Tennessee, he turned north, toward Newport. By his side rode Clay Powell and Hal, and a small company of picked men followed. It was midnight when they reached the brow of one of the hills that overshadowed Newport. The road led down white and straight into the heart of the sleeping town, and as the cavaliers passed, riding in advance observed a horseman riding rapidly to meet them. As he approached and drew rein, Clay Powell and Hal saw with astonishment that the reckless rider was Mr. Davidson. He and Morgan clasped hands, as when long separated friends meet.

"Major," then said Morgan, "this is a strange meeting!" "As our parting was sad, Captain, —ah! I beg pardon, it is Colonel now, and ought to be General! But," he continued hastily, "I may have done you harm in sending for you. The undertaking is perilous." "By your own example you once taught me in danger," interposed Morgan, light flashing from his beautiful eyes. "Ah! I see you have not forgotten!" exclaimed Mr. Davidson, with a thrill in his voice. "John, the whom I ask you to assist to-night is the daughter of that man who struck blow for blow with me, until we cut a passage for you and your wounded friend through that horde of Mexican devils." "I know it," returned Colonel Morgan. "But even if she were not the daughter of Lewis Castleton, I should have come as readily. Do you remember what you said when I began to upraid you and him for risking your lives to save mine? A Kentuckian never abandons a countryman when he is in danger, even though that man were his deadliest foe. I have never forgotten those words. Lead on! for Miss Castleton and her friends shall be rescued to night, or Morgan's men will go to Tennessee without their leader!"

"I see here two other friends of mine," said Mr. Davidson. "Permit me first to speak to them; then, as we go to the town, I shall outline my plans for conducting this enterprise." He greeted Clay Powell and Hal, after which he rejoined Colonel Morgan. As they rode forward, Mr. Davidson began to give an expression of his opinion. "This imprisonment of Southern ladies," he cried, passionately, "is the worst of many bad actions that have disgraced the North's method of conducting this war. I swear to you that I, who, on the declaration of war, Southern though I am to the heart's core, felt that I could not take up arms against the flag I once fought under, have, since seeing that flag wave over yonder prison, regretted bitterly, bitterly, that I ever struck a blow in its defence, that I ever wore the same uniform as those ruffians who countenance such proceedings! Great God! have the valor and manhood of the North fallen so low that tender maidens and delicate women are dragged from their homes and thrown into prison, where by the terrible weapon of fear they are made to work from morning until night to supply clothing for the men who are sworn to kill their fathers and sons? Morgan," and he struck the pommel of his saddle with his clenched hand, "it has been nearly three months since, on hearing of Miss Castleton's imprisonment, I, in the guise of a minister, obtained permission to visit this prison freely, and I swear there have been times when, seeing what those gentle women must endure, I have been ashamed to meet their eyes, because the creatures set over them are men like myself. And I further declare that not one soldier who goes down into the hell of battle and pours out the last drop of his heart's blood for his country is more the hero than are those brave, patient, sadly persecuted women! What they have endured!—indignities, insults, privations! Who shall attempt to measure their anguish of soul, their sorrow of heart? But I could do nothing, for I knew not whom to trust. I could only wait until a Southern regiment was near enough for me to communicate with it. God sent you, my friend, in answer to my prayer.

ricious drinking, and I left them, fighting drunkenly over their glasses like the brutes they are. But they will be asleep before I return. I saw to it that the good wine which I wasted on them possessed a stronger opiate than nature gives the grape-juice. There is one, however, whom I strongly suspect, for I have often caught his eyes fixed on me with a peculiar, knowing expression; and to-night I saw him, unobserved as he thought, pour his wine on the floor. I have been cautious, but it is not true that sometimes our very caution betrays us? This man came here recently and was, I firmly believe, sent by one who, for other than purely patriotic reasons, was instrumental in inaugurating in Kentucky this mode of punishing Southern ladies.

"I do not quite grasp your meaning," said Colonel Morgan. "To speak freely, then," began Mr. Davidson, "Miss Castleton was arrested at the investigation of one man, Howard Dallas, and while I believe that the whole scheme originated in his wily brain."

"On what do you base your convictions?" questioned Morgan. "For answer Mr. Davidson threw back his head and swept the cloudless sky with his glance, whereat Morgan smiled and asked: "Do you still seek knowledge of human events from the stars, Major?" "Yes," he replied, slowly. "The lives of human destinies cross, become tangled. The stars hold the secrets of their unravelling and sometimes reveal it to the earnest, humble student. You may have heard how my own life was crossed and then ruined? Out of its wreck there rose the hope, the desire to do one thing—right a wrong. He who has that claim on me rides behind us; and I find that, no unlike my own, his life bids fair to be ruined by the same baleful influence. In its overthrow others will be involved."

"Then he said, rather irrelevantly it appeared to his listener: "Howard Dallas is a suitor for Miss Castleton's hand, and she has twice refused him. This brings me to a subject on which I am in need of advice: I must keep all knowledge of Miss Castleton's whereabouts from Howard Dallas, for a time at least. This must be done," he said, with emphasis, "for I foresee that a powerful agency is at work to mar, perhaps ruin, her life. A number of gentlemen of Covington and Newport have promised to lend me assistance in sheltering and shielding the other ladies until such times as they can communicate with relatives. Once we get them outside of the prison they will have friends who will care for them and defend them. But Miss Castleton must be provided with a place of secret refuge. She is not safe while her habitation is known to that unscrupulous man."

Colonel Morgan rode on for a few paces in thoughtful silence, then he turned and suddenly illuminated face to his companion and said: "I have solved your difficulty! There is a life-long friend of mine living in Ludlow, a friend to whom, if in need, I could go as freely as I could to those bound to me by the closest ties of relationship. This friend will gladly welcome Miss Castleton into his family until such time as the relenting of Judge Todd will give her back the protection of his home."

They had now reached the foot of the hill. At the suggestion of Mr. Davidson, the party left the main street for one narrow, dark, deserted alley. They marched over it abreast, in dead silence. An alarm now meant not only defeat of their project, but capture or death to themselves. A line of lilac bushes partially screened the old frame house which had been made to meet the requirements of a woman prison when this mode of warfare was adopted by the Federal authorities. On reaching this dense shadow the men paused, while Mr. Davidson crept across the yard and listened at the door for the sentry's tread. Not hearing it, he concluded that the drowsed warden had taken effect and that the prisoners were at the mercy of the one who could unlock the door. A key that would do this for him was in his hand, but as he placed it in the lock there came to his quick ears the sound of a foot stealing over the bare floor. The walker might be the wary sentry, or some woman, who, weary of waiting for the release that had been promised to her and her companions that night, was daring discovery and possible death rather than pass another day in captivity. Every moment was precious, still he waited for the sound of that footfall which had ceased. To open the door and find the sentry standing there was to reveal the plot. Tumult, however short-lived, would arouse the guards from their drunken sleep. The shooting certain to follow would awaken the town and bring out the Union soldiers on Morgan and his few men.

It was then a hand fell on the shoulder of the waiting man, and turning quickly he saw Morgan, whose fears had been aroused by the unexpected delay. "Some one is awake!" whispered Davidson. "I heard the footstep. Whoever it is knows that we are coming and is waiting for us."

"Then he shan't be delayed any longer!" returned Morgan; and he lifted his sword high in the moonlight, a signal for his men to advance. He did not know how many were waiting for him behind that closed door; he only remembered that in the chamber above innocent helpless women were expecting him to deliver them from their cruel captivity. In the next instant his little company was around him, Hal leading the way.

"An' look at yoh, honey-child," she went on, "out byah in his night air an' 'faw, an' not de sign uv a shawl on yuh shoudahs! Come right 'way an' git into de cyahage."

Colonel Morgan, who had been holding a low conversation with Clay Powell, now advanced and, bowing over the hand which Virginia extended, said: "Though I regret the circumstances under which we first met, Miss Castleton, I am glad that I have the honor of knowing you. The thought that I have been able to render you and your friends any assistance affords me more pleasure than I can express. As perhaps our good friend, Major—"

"I have told Miss Castleton of your forethought," interrupted Mr. Davidson. "Colonel Morgan," said Virginia, "with so many dangers around you and your brave men, I must not detain you even to thank you and them for what you have done for us to-night. I beg you to leave this town immediately. You have put yourself in a great peril to-night—oh! if I will make a struggle to keep his anger in curb. The man folded his arms and looked at his former chief, but without any of the subject fear of that first moment. To him still, as to every man who served under him, Morgan was his idol, and he passionately hoped that his treachery might there be wiped out in a death administered by his hero's hand. But Morgan turned scornfully away and said to Mr. Davidson:

"Will you please question that fellow for me, Major?" "Answering the questions put to him, the man confessed that he had been appointed to his position by Howard Dallas with the explicit direction to watch Miss Castleton. He had suspected Mr. Davidson from the outset. He knew that the scheme to liberate the prisoners was under preparation and had warned the other guards, who were not as completely under the influence of the drugged wine as the supposed minister had imagined, but were now waiting in the room at the rear of the building until he should give them the signal, upon which they were to rush on, and surround and capture, or kill the party of rescuers.

"And what was your signal to be?" asked Mr. Davidson. "I was to shoot the first man who stepped across the threshold," answered he; "but, and a tragic expression crossed the still young face as he looked from his questioner to his former chief's haughtily averted head, "I could not shoot Morgan!" "Will the guards remain there until you give the signal?" asked Mr. Davidson. "They will not stir until a shot is fired," returned he, calmly. "The signal must not be given!" said Mr. Davidson; and instantly every gun was levelled at the man, who smiled and said: "Put down your guns, gentlemen! They are not needed after Morgan's words!" Then he waved his hand toward the stairway and said: "You will find the prisoners up there."

And again he folded his arms and waited. "Major, will you notify the ladies that we are here?" asked Morgan. Mr. Davidson stole up the carpeted stairs, and in the next moment the first prisoners were on their way to freedom. Hal stood near Colonel Morgan, straining his eyes for the first glimpse of one fondly remembered form, and when Mr. Davidson reappeared, with Virginia leaning on his arm, he all but sprang to meet her.

Before the first of the advancing ladies could open her lips to give voice to her gratitude, Morgan said, quickly: "Not a word, madam, I beg of you! We are yet in danger, and discovery may mean death for every man, and a return to captivity for every woman. Lieutenant Todd," for Morgan never forgot little things, "escort Miss Castleton, so the Major can look after this man," pointing toward the ex-soldier, who stood as immovable as a stone, his eyes fixed on the scene. Hal sprang to Virginia and folded her to his heart, kissing her white, tear-wet face with all his old boyish devotion, which had been made deeper by the suffering both had endured.

"Oh, Hal!" she said, brokenly. "My darling!" and then they followed blindly with the others. The town, with its soldiers, lay around them. Behind were the guards, waiting for the signal that was to call them to the defence of their prisoners. Through those manifold dangers, which required but a sound to swarm into ready, fearful life, Morgan led the way. At the appointed place the rescuers were met by several gentlemen, and in a brief space of time, with no words save a heartfelt "God bless you!" from the happy women to Colonel Morgan, the liberated prisoners had been hurried away—all except Virginia.

"Colonel Morgan has considered your safety," whispered Mr. Davidson, and then hastily unfolded to her the proposal made by the commander, and concluded by urging her to accept it.

Cavalry plunging after. And as they fought from their lips broke a cry, awful, far-transferring, the terrible cry of the Rebel—the man who would be free!

The Federals yielded, but rallied with stubborn resistance to meet the next charge. A second time they gave way before that small band of fiercely determined men. A third time to the charge, to be a third time repulsed; and then the trumpets called retreat, while a wild shout of exultation broke from the Confederates. The day was won.

As he saw the Stars and Stripes go down, and the flag of the Confederacy waving over the hard fought field, Phil McDowell fell unconscious from a side-wound that he had received early in the encounter. With his beautiful bay mare standing over him, they found him, as his father had been found after the battle of Buena Vista, wounded to the death, but with his face to the enemy, his hand still clasping his good sword. Tenderly he was borne to the hastily arranged cot under the friendly arms of an oak, and summoned the surgeon; but one glance at the wounded soldier told the man of science that his skill was unavailing. The sun was going down behind the solemn trees when Phil opened his eyes to consciousness. Surprised at finding himself lying there, with the anxious faces of his friends around him, he half rose, then fell back, muttering: "Ah, the shot! I remember!"

He strained his eyes for Hal, who was stationed near the head of the cot, with averted face, striving to conceal the emotion he could not control. Phil's right hand had found his and drew him to his side, and in the dying crimson light the eyes of the two men met in a long, comprehending gaze. Here General Morgan approached, and as he looked down on the white face of his Captain his eyes were tender with unshed tears. "This is a bitter day for me, my friend!" he said. Phil's lips tried to form the words which his affectionate veneration for his chief prompted, but they died unuttered.

"Is there anything I can do for you, Captain?" asked Morgan. "Any wish I can gratify?" A light came into Phil's dying eyes and made radiant his pain-wrung face, as he said, in thrilling tones: "Let me see the flag once more!" Morgan turned away and brought with his own hands the banner that he and his men had followed to victory that day. As he placed it beside the dying soldier, its stainless folds were caught and ripped out by the cool breeze; Phil reverently took one of the silken, gold-fringed corners and pressed it to his lips; then he slipped back into unconsciousness.

TO BE CONTINUED

IN THE SIERRA MOUNTAINS

A TRUE STORY By Rev. Richard W. Alexander. Pioneer stories have held audience since man first learned of the dangerous lives of the early settlers; and there are those among us to day who have verified in their own persons the adventures of such men, and could supplement the most wonderful tale by experiences of their own just as thrilling. In the days when the thirst for gold drove men westward one would think all religion dead, but now and then comes back a tale of God's mercy that reads like a wonderful dream, or a piece of fiction. This is the case with the true story I am about to tell.

Thus said a famous missionary as we sat together one evening in a quiet rectory parlor. He was in a reminiscent mood, and I was glad he was going to give me some of his wonderful experiences in his successful quest for souls. He stopped a moment and, folding his arms and leaning back his head in the great armchair, he began: "In the early '60's the Passionist Fathers were called to the diocese of X., and they located in Y. City. The mines in Y. City were in full blast and so was every deviltry. The town was wide open. Dance halls, saloons, and gambling dens ran without supervision. The city was full of the worst characters, male and female. The Fathers were a small community, three in number, and a lay-brother. Father Pedro, the superior, was a very large, handsome man, remarkable in his size and weight, which was near to three hundred pounds, but he was so well proportioned that he did not seem to be unusually heavy. He had been laboring in Nevada for some time and was a great favorite. He saw great possibilities of saving souls, where priests were few among these reckless people, and the other two Fathers went out to him direct from Rome. On Sundays they went to different mining camps to say Mass, and preach, and do whatever good they could among the wild characters gathered here from the four quarters of the earth.

while he saw a man sitting on a fence near him, watching him at his work. The man had a surly look, and as he continued to sit and watch Father Pedro, and now and then to cast a look at the Monastery, Father Pedro went to him and asked him pleasantly what he was doing there. The man answered gruffly without raising his hat, which nearly all the miners did: "Can't I sit here? I'm out of work, and have no money. I'm not hurting anybody!" Father Pedro laughed, and laid down his axe.

"Sure! you can sit there as long as you want. But suppose you come here a minute—you look like an honest fellow. Here is a dollar someone gave me, go down to the R—Hotel and get a square meal, and perhaps you can get work there; if not, come back here to-morrow, and I think I can help you to a job. The man looked sheepish, but he sprang off the fence, and with a muttered "Thank you," the dollar and disappeared. Next day Father Pedro waited to see if the fellow would return; he noted the scowling face and the sheepish look, but the man never came back, and Father Pedro concluded he must have obtained work.

Time passed on and Father Pedro had entirely forgotten the incident. So many similar ones were in his life. And he always clothed them with kindness. Winter had come, and a severe one, in Y. City. Father Pedro had been away to visit some of the "stations" up in the mountains. He was worn out and weary. He returned on Tuesday evening, and after he had eaten supper, sat down to rest a little while before he repaired to the Chapel. An old newspaper was on the table nearby, and he picked it up carefully and began to read it. His eyes caught an account of the capture of a desperado of the worst type who was known all over the town, who was a bold robber and had committed several cold-blooded murders. He had been condemned to death and was to be hung on Thursday morning. Several clergymen of different denominations had called at the jail to help him to prepare for death, but he had cursed them all and even attempted violence towards one of them. His conduct was already like one of the damned, and there was neither compassion nor sympathy for him. Father Pedro, however, felt a thrill of pity for this poor wretch. He was only twenty-eight, and from the date of the paper his execution was only two days off. Could he save his soul? He had just come home from a wearisome journey, it was late Tuesday night, deep snow was on the ground, and the town where the criminal was in jail was miles across the mountains. But a soul might be saved. One for whom Christ died! It roused all his missionary spirit. All weariness was forgotten. His great size and muscular strength often served him well in meeting the desperate characters about him. They respected his appearance, and soon listened to him. He determined he would make the effort. He went immediately to a livery stable, secured a sleigh with a strong pair of horses, and started. He travelled all night long, the way over the mountains was rough and dangerous, the snow and wind were blinding, and he had to stop and change the horses, promising to get them on his return. At 8 o'clock Wednesday morning he arrived at the jail. When he inquired for the criminal he was told he was well secured in the strongest cell in the building. Father Pedro said to the authorities:

"Well! I have come over the mountains to see that man. I am a priest."

"But, Father," was the answer, "he'll kill you with his flat. He is like a wild animal!" "Don't worry about me," said Father Pedro. "Do I look as if I would take a beating!" The jailer looked admiringly on the fine physique of Father Pedro, but shook his head.

"I wouldn't dare; Father, that man is a fiend, and as strong as the devil!" "Well, let me have a look at him, anyhow," said the priest. "Can't you do that?" "Oh, yes; if you want it, I'll let you look at him, since you are a priest. But you won't want anything else when you see him."

The warden led Father Pedro into a long iron-barred corridor. The cells were all empty but one, and as their footsteps sounded in the stone floor, and showing his teeth like an animal, appeared at the little grating which was made in the solid steel door. When he saw big Father Pedro he began to cry out before the astonished warden: "Oh, Father, come in! come in!" "Open the door!" commanded Father Pedro.

"No! I dare not," said the warden, "he will kill you!" "Open it, man, and let me in! Have no fear. I have none!" The jailer hesitated, but Father Pedro persuaded him. The door was unlocked and Father Pedro entered. "Now lock the door and go away," said the priest.

When the door was closed Father Pedro shut the little grating. Then he turned to the prisoner, who fell on his knees before him crying and sobbing. "Oh! Father! Father! God sent you; I have prayed for you to come, and wicker as I am God heard me!" "Why, my poor man, my son, surely you don't know me; I never saw you before."

"Oh, Father, you did; you did; and God sent you to prepare me for death. I ought to be a Catholic." "My poor man! God has indeed been good to you; I don't know how it was, but I felt I must come to you. I rode over the mountains all night to get here. Surely God sent me. Come, my son, let me help you to make your confession."

"It's a long confession, Father," said the sobbing man, still on his knees at the Father's feet. "It's years and years!" "Never mind," said Father Pedro. "Let us begin, and God will help you."

And as there was no other place, Father Pedro sat down on the narrow iron bed, took his stole out of his pocket and placed his hand on the poor fellow's head, with one arm around him. Surely the angels in Heaven looked down with joy on that prison scene in the gloom of that winter day, although it was not yet noon.

The criminal made his confession and Father Pedro pronounced the saving words of absolution over that sorrowing soul. Truly he was penitent, and, as he said, he was ready to expiate by his execution the crimes of his scariest life, and suffer all the shame and terror of it. God was too good to send him his big Father Pedro.

"But," said the priest, puzzled beyond everything, "how did you know me? I am sure I never saw you before, even though God's inspiration forced me to come to you." "Father, don't you remember some months ago in Y. City, when you were in the yard cutting wood for the night? A man was sitting on the fence watching you, and you called him, and spoke to him like a son, and gave him a dollar to get a meal and a bed in a hotel, and told him to come back next day if he did not get work. I was that man, Father. I had come with murder in my heart, so look over the ground. I intended the night to break in and get the money and gold dust, they said you had stored in the house. I would not have hesitated to kill you, but—here the poor wretch broke down and hid his face.

There was silence between myself and the good missionary for a moment, then he rose up. "Father Pedro declares he thinks that poor fellow's repentance and his awful death brought him a very short purgatory, and he feels he has a new friend in Heaven."

I was moved more than I dare say, and took refuge in silence.

PROTECT THE LAMBS

There recently appeared in the daily press an article by a writer who deplored the fact that city children have to amuse themselves in such unlovely and unesthetic surroundings. Unashingly ash-cans, lurid posters, tastelessly decorated windows, raucous noises, and badly dressed men and women abound along the gray and cluttered pavements of the streets that are the chief playgrounds of the thousands of boys and girls who grow up in our large towns. If these children, the writer would imply, could daily behold masterpieces of art and architecture, listen to classical music, and play in beautiful gardens that are much frequented by correctly arrayed ladies and gentlemen who pronounce their final consonants distinctly, the citizens of to-morrow would be more cultured than those of to-day. Perhaps they would; provided, however, that the writer's suggestion could at once be carried out. Crowded tenements, no doubt would then disappear, beautiful parks would be multiplied, and courses in practical esthetics would be joyfully followed by each city's entire population.

bound to see that their children are thoroughly taught our religion, that they make their First Communion by the age of seven, and go often thereafter to the Holy Table that their purity may remain unscathed; mothers should know where and how and with what companions their boys and girls amuse themselves, and our municipal authorities should reduce to a minimum the moral perils of city streets held for the young. That such highly desirable objects as the foregoing may be effectively gained, the League of the Sacred Heart has made the "spiritual welfare of children" this month's intention. If the millions of Associates throughout the world join to their united prayers practical zeal for protecting the innocence of Our Saviour's lambs, the Guardian Angels will have new reasons this October for rejoicing.—America.

**RELIGIOUS TRAINING**

**ITS NECESSITY IN OUR UNIVERSITIES**

By Cardinal O'Connell

The Christian philosophy of life furnishes to all teachers the highest ideals in educational endeavor. According to its principles, which clearly define the eternal destiny of man, there can be no exclusion of that knowledge and training necessary for the complete fulfillment of this sublime purpose. The Christian teacher has an exact and clear concept of the pupil before him. Never losing sight of the dignity of his charge, he labors to develop and exercise the brilliant faculties of the soul that the mind may grow keen and the will strong in the service of God, by whose divine providence they enjoy existence and to whose service they are to be entirely dedicated.

In childhood the seeds of eternal truth are carefully sown. The simple facts of religion are taught to the slowly developing mind with method and manner adjusted in which the child studies and learns in an atmosphere of faith and love of God, for from earliest years the little ones are taught to make religious principles and motives the life and spirit of every task. Religious training in the elementary schools serves a very definite and important purpose. It leads the tender sentiments of young and innocent hearts to an acceptance and love of the ideals of Christ.

With increasing years the growing mind very rapidly begins to assert itself, to reflect, deliberate and form judgments, however feeble, of the relative value of things. It feels a thrill of native power, and with confidence inborn eagerly questions each new idea presented by the ever increasing and ever widening experience of life.

In the years of adolescence, moreover, the human passions manifest themselves which may become the controlling factors in after life, blotting out and destroying early ideals partly formed, giving impetus to illicit likes and dislikes, fostering unlawful ambitions, degrading human nature by a purely materialistic concept of life and thus forming an individual who will prove a menace to society rather than its prop and mainstay.

The importance, then, of religious training in secondary schools and colleges cannot be overestimated. These schools accept the responsibility of educating the youth during the formative period of his career. The budding plant must be nurtured, trained and pruned. Within their walls the mind is to be enriched with all the treasures of learning and culture, the will to be strengthened and made ready to face the grave temptations and difficulties of life. This dual purpose of education is never to be lost sight of, for capacity of mind is too often the characteristic strength expert criminal; physical strength offers but the means to selfishness and brutality. The mind and heart are now in the plastic years when the habits of virtue or waywardness are in the making. How then shall this training proceed?

The problem of what shall be taught in college and university may be embraced in one brief question: Are all the activities of the college and the energies of its teaching staff to be directed to the presentation and explanation of only that knowledge which comes within the grasp of the senses? Is the young mind now to be impressed with the fact that truth has no existence apart from the world of matter? The years of early training have been happily spent in a religious atmosphere under the inspiration of religious teachers. To transplant the youth at this critical time of life from the home of faith and religion to an atmosphere of pure materialism is to defeat the purpose and intent of all religious training.

The college which in very fact or in its spirit ignores God and the teachings of revealed religion exposes the impressionable youth to the gradual loss of his love for religious truth. He is no longer inspired with high regard and admiration for his true dignity and supernatural destiny. His future usefulness and happiness are to be built up on a far weaker foundation. Under the pretext of presenting what is essential to learning and culture the non-sectarian college at least negatively declares religion to be of no substantial importance and to have no necessary place in the development of mind and heart. The boy at school is ill prepared to withstand this influence, particularly since the subjects offered him for study can of their nature and treatment obscure his view of the supernatural and bury him

deeper and deeper in the world of nature and sense.

The development of a keen desire for scientific knowledge is the characteristic purpose of many schools of the present day. The successful inventions of brilliant men are impelling the ambitious to constant and deeper research, and classrooms of physical science open wide their doors to welcome the multitudes. The method of procedure in the study of science is entirely experimental. The professor and student alike by devoted study and application gradually force from nature a knowledge of the laws governing her wondrous power. Investigations and experiments follow fast one upon another. The eager student continues unceasingly his search for the secrets of science; through it all his mind is engrossed in the natural course of things and his admiration increases as he learns more of nature's wonders and of her beauty. He marvels at her mysteries and gives all honor to human intelligence which has so successfully solved many of them for the benefit of mankind. He learns to appreciate the perfection of various organisms and to place his finger on the material facts upon which science declares that life depends.

Off itself scientific research leads him no farther. In fact it may hold him fast in forgetfulness of the great First Cause of all things, the omnipotent Creator himself. At the same time continued and successful investigation has developed a positive distaste for whatever requires the complete assent of intellect and will. In profound conceit the young student is ready to deny whatever has not been proved in the experiments of his laboratory. While he has advanced in scientific learning, his knowledge of religion has remained stationary. His mind has nothing but the simple and faint impressions of childhood which to offset this new viewpoint so prejudicial to faith and religious feeling. The truths of heaven offer no grounds for scientific inquiry; they are accepted not on the proof of the experiment, for they stand on the authority and sanction of God.

Unhappy indeed is that scientific research which has shut out from it the light of faith and a knowledge of divine truth. The student deprived of faith gropes in the dark in his effort to solve new problems. His lack of faith begets discouragement and dims his appreciation of life itself. For he has begun to think that there is a contradiction between revelation and science. He has forgotten that they both centre in the source of all truth, the abiding wisdom of the Almighty. Faith and hope and love are the surest guides in all man's yearnings after knowledge. In their divine light the seeming conflict between faith and science explains itself. Man has erred in his calculations or has failed to understand the word of God. Faith, hope and love alone strengthen the student's appreciation of truth, for they teach him the first principle of all knowledge—there is no truth which does not rest in God.

From a study of those natural sciences which consider the various workings of nature the student in college and university begins imperceptibly to form his own philosophy of life. He longs to discover some underlying principle by which his own life and its mysteries can be explained. Too often he takes his place before a professor whose principles of life and conduct are positively irreligious. Materialism, agnosticism, pantheism are the current philosophical system of the present day. In the face of the baneful influence of their teachings how can inexperienced and partly formed youth withstand? God is no longer Creator of the world nor is He man's Maker and Master. "There are no realities which the senses cannot grasp," declares the materialist. "If there are I do not know them," says the agnostic.

Modern philosophers do not hesitate to declare that mind is but a phase of matter and that there is no spiritual substance in man. These teachers have no concept of man's supreme dignity; they extol but the material and direct life's activities according to purely utilitarian standards. Man's moral responsibility immediately ceases, for there is no other sanction for conduct than convenience of self interest. Conscience is but a taste for conforming to the conventions of good society; refinement is of equal value with purity of heart; sin no longer an insult to the supreme majesty of God, is but an offence against human nature.

The influence of these false doctrines can be counteracted only by the faithful instruction in those religious principles which are the basis of the true philosophy of life. Where apart from religious training can the student learn that he himself is an immortal being with an eternal destiny, whose soul is the great central activity manifesting its power through the faculties of intelligence, memory and free will? Religion alone teaches the essential relationship of the intellect and moral faculties in man; they both have their source in immortal soul.

From Christian ethics the voice of conscience receives profound respect and reverence, because it is the mirror of the eternal law of God. When the existence of the Supreme Lawgiver is recognized and His omnipotence and majesty felt with a salutary fear, then does human nature do itself violence in obedience to the moral law. It is only through religious instruction that the mind grows strong and bright with a

knowledge of revealed truth, develops a holy respect to the divine sanction of the dictates of conscience and leads the will to obedience and submission to the prescriptions of law, both human and divine. This moral power is of far greater importance than intellectual acumen. False philosophies of life are life's destruction, for they set up false ethical standards. They can produce but materialistic, utilitarian minds and hearts which easily become "the base and pest of society instead of being the bulwarks of their countries."

The concrete expression of this false philosophy is found in much of the literature presented in schools and colleges as a means to intellectual development. This fact is stated with due recognition of the tremendous importance of literary training as an instrument of education. For the most wonderful and exquisite creations of the human mind have their place in the world's great literary inheritance. A careful study of the best in literature tends to strengthen the latent mental faculties. The imagination is aroused and quickened; the mind is trained to diligent application and to an appreciation of the inspiring thoughts of the master minds of history.

Literature is more than artistic style and grace of construction. Literature is the expression of life. It describes man as he lives with all his qualities, good and bad. The pagan classes particularly too often serve but to shock the mind and to weaken the will for their authors cannot rise above nature. In the golden age of Greece and Rome a national morality founded on religion was never conceived. The literary masterpieces of pagan antiquity pictures fallen man at his worst living far from the revelations of God and following to the extremes the impulses of human nature's basest passions. Out of this vision of the ambitious and struggles of pagan life, what correct ideals can the immature student form for himself?

Side by side with this necessary literary training the young mind must be brought to a knowledge and love of the great achievements of the heroes and heroines of God. In following the history of Christianity he is led to the foot of Calvary, where the Son of God offered Himself to torment and suffering that the souls of men may be brought to their eternal destiny. The world has known but one perfect man, the Christ, Who lived and taught and suffered for the souls made to His own image and likeness. His life is the true ideal—the ideal of personal excellence rather than of worldly success—the ideal of service, of devotion and loyalty to the truths which God has made known.

Religious training in college and university is the only means of offsetting the influence of pagan ideals and impressions and of developing a strong overmastering ambition to live according to the standards of Christ. These are the standards which give life its true value and hold out hope and consolation in the unending struggle for their attainment.

**ST. TERESA**

OCTOBER 15

A saint at once popular and retiring, out of the world and yet foremost in the thoughts of many millions of the world's most thoughtful spirits, St. Teresa of Jesus claims and is accorded a peculiar influence. Her great day falls midway in this month, a feast acclaimed by vast numbers of devoted Catholics, and especially by missionaries.

Hardly any woman, since the mother of Jesus became the mother of John the beloved apostle under the cross, has had more to do with guiding the zeal of the apostolic ministry to convert making than Teresa of Jesus. And reasonably so, for the force of every good work is in its motive; and the writings of Teresa have ever been a favourite reading for convert makers; she lifts them into lofty regions of wisdom about the worth of men's souls; she melts them with sympathy for the Redeemer of those souls; she opens new vistas of meaning to the words of St. Paul, the greatest of missionaries: "He loved me, and He delivered Himself up for me" (Gal. II, 20). To herself the truest meaning of this teaching was the life missionary prayer; she tells us that the loss of souls through the Protestant heresies was the principal cause of her foundation of the new Carmel with its silence, solitude, and prayer. Of the country and age of Ignatius and Bertrand, here was the inner vigor of the outward apostolic life, the innermost significance

Nature without God, false philosophy, un-Christian literature, the misconception of history mean the destruction of religious ideals. In this environment the religious enthusiasm of childhood quickly disappears. The logical result of irreligious training in college and university is a generation of men of intellectual capacity, indifferent to religious influence, whose code of justice and morality is fundamentally materialistic and utilitarian.

In striking contrast to non-sectarian training is the system of Catholic secondary education in academies and colleges, whose numbers are increasing so rapidly in our city. In these schools there is no narrowing of the field of learning and culture, but the spirit is the spirit of the Christian home. The sense of responsibility for regulations and laws safeguards the pupil in his natural tendency to a complete disregard of self-restraint. These schools, provide a thorough supervision, intelligent, kindly and adapted to the age of the pupil. They offer courses in sciences, literature, philosophy and history wherein all study is permeated and vitalized with the true religious spirit. Their glory is the religious teacher whose life is modelled on the evangelical counsels and is the practical application of Christian principles.

Under these conditions the influence of the religious personality is

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seen at its best. Religion is no longer a set of dry abstract truths in the mind of the pupil. It is the life embodied in the noble example of the living teacher. Herein lies the strength of the religious colleges and academies, whose one aim is to send forth graduates of deep learning and culture ready and willing to spread the blessed influence of true Christian principles in society.

The training that develops character is society's greatest asset. Character is not wealth, nor beauty, nor intellectual genius. It is moral strength; the life dominated by principles which rest securely in the truths which God has revealed. These sustaining truths give light and power to the performance of every duty. They qualify the man of higher education to be the leader of his people, for they assert themselves in the influence he is bound to exert. What then is this influence to be? It is to be the influence of a mind and heart engraven with that sense of responsibility to neighbor which springs from a clear understanding of responsibility to God. This training alone assures to the community that adherence to religious principles by which the permanence and stability of national governments can be secured. It alone can inspire a man with a knowledge of his true dignity and prepare him for his eternal destiny in the Kingdom of God.—N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

**TRIBUTE TO FAIR MINDED NON-CATHOLICS**

At the banquet which followed the installation of Archbishop Hanna in San Francisco, Bishop Conaty, pledging the love and co-operation of the Bishops, the priests, the religious communities and the laity of the province, mentioned also "that great broad minded, fair minded non Catholic people who stand ready to honor us for the good we do, and who value us for what we are." This was a happy thought, remarks the Sacred Heart Review. Dwelling too much on the narrow minded section of our non-Catholic population, we are likely to forget that they are not by any means the whole body. If we remember those among our separated brethren who "honor us for the good we do, and who value us for what we are," we are more likely to do more good, and be more worthy of the faith that has infinite value.

**FRANCE PRAYS**

Many writers have commented on the startling revival of religion in France since the European war began. It has been left for a Socialist writing to the anti-clerical journal, "L'Humanite" to offer testimony that cannot be questioned. "Whether we halted, whether we rested, the night after a battle or after a march, the mind was never at rest. The vision of the wounded was ever before our eyes the groans of the dying sounded in our ears, the thought of self, of wife, of children, haunted us. Will my turn come next? Ah, then is the moment of self-examination, then a man separated from the world of things by this rupture of equilibrium called war, travels back to his childhood. The influence of early education asserts itself. And so it is that normally, logically, I may say, is brought about the return to religious ideas."

**Little Workers Do Big Work with Old Dutch**

**Old Dutch**  
Pots and Pans cleaned in a Jiffy

of that immense missionary energy soon to stem the onrushing tide of falsehood and base which had already befouled the greater part of northern Europe, soon to evangelize the ends of the earth.

The power of missionary love is tested never as well as by martyrdom. Teresa from childhood coveted martyrdom, and as a little child she knew by instinct that love is strong as death: so she strove at scarcely six years of age to lay down her life for Christ among the Moors. Says her poet, Richard Crashaw:

"Scarce had she blood enough to make  
A guilty sword blush for her sake;  
Yet has she a heart dares hope to prove  
How much less strong is death than love."  
"Tis love, not years or limbs that can  
Make the martyr or the man.  
Love touched her heart, and lo! it beats  
High, and burns with such brave heats,  
Such thirsts to die, as dares drink up  
A thousand cold deaths in one cup."

This raging zeal of youthful religion found in later years its development and its discipline in the cloister. By becoming a foundress Teresa gathered kindred spirits with an identical vocation to the hidden missionary life into a well-ordered system of prayer. Choirs of nuns, whose souls were lighted up with the same restless desire to die for God and His truth, were gathered in her own country first, and then in all Catholic countries, whose characteristic motive for lifelong seclusion and prayer was the saving of souls from eternal fire. What men did by preaching Teresa and her daughters did not one whit less efficaciously by contemplating the infinite God, and His only begotten Son offered for the salvation of the world—they and the many other contemplatives of that day were the power behind the pulpit of every Catholic missionary in Europe, as well as of those among the multitudinous nations of heathendom, whose existence was then first revealed by the discoveries of Columbus, Da Gama, and their associates and followers.

It is a dramatic as well as a providential unity in the Church's history, that St. Teresa was canonized in company with Sts. Ignatius, Xavier, and Philip Neri, the Church's foremost missionaries and trainers of missionaries. All of these three were among the most active men of their age and yet were none the less all contemplatives, for all saints are such. But not every contemplative woman is so intimately associated with the Church's missionary life as was St. Teresa. It is an established fact that her prayers made many thousands of converts from heresy and idolatry.

It behooves all of us who are zealous for the spread of Christ's holy faith to breath in deep draughts of the spirit of St. Teresa. Before we can tell of our converts we must deeply ponder the truths, the events, the promises, the threatenings of God to mankind—the whole will of God and the entire scheme and plan of God in man's salvation. "Meditate on these things, be wholly in these things" (I Tim. iv, 15), was the dominant note of St. Paul in all his instructions to the choicer spirits whom he chose as leaders in the apostolic missions. And such must be the schooling of us all, whether we labor for converts as laymen and in the circle of our relatives and friends, whether we wear the holy garb of Christ as priests or vowed religious, or whether we are engaged in convert making in the wide opportunities of the press and the platform.—The Missionary.

**THE FIRST STEP**

Ethel H. Porter in Household  
She ventures slowly, half in glee,  
Her weight she tries, uncertainly,  
Her eyes are wide with half-brave fear,  
She knows my loving arms are near!  
One foot unlifted, fingers tense,  
She holds a heart-beat in suspense,  
Then with unguided, outstretched hands,  
See, all at once my baby stands  
All by herself!

**UNRECOGNIZED GOLD MINES**

If the Catholics of America realized as well as does the editor of any Catholic paper whose duty it is to go carefully through his exchanges and what priceless storehouses of sense, solid information and judgment are to be found on the editorial pages of our Catholic weeklies, the question as to the fullest development of the Catholic press would be solved forthwith. We say "the fullest development of the Catholic press," because as matters stand at the present moment every editor is more or less handicapped by lack of cooperation on the part of his reading public. Circulation is all we need for the present. If our Catholic papers were appreciated by the laity as they should be, and enjoyed the circulation they eminently deserve, further improvements in editorial management might safely be undertaken. No editor, however, unless he is a fool—and of course no one likes to think of himself in that light—would voluntarily assume heavy financial obligations without at least a reasonable prospect of being able to discharge them.

ough religious training of children, so that later on in life, no matter how far they may stray from the path of duty, they may have the chance, through sickness, trouble, the bitter truth the world finally beaks into the most perverse brain, to "return to religious ideas."

Much to be pitied is the younger generation of Frenchmen who have been educated away from God. They have no religious ideas to turn to. Happy indeed are the little ones educated in our parochial schools; they will have their chance. "The world of things" is a poisonous atmosphere shutting souls away from self-examination, the realization of the greater things as they are. "The rupture of equilibrium called war" is one of the agents that clears away this pernicious vapor, but there are many others in life. See that your boys and girls are taught their religion and its duties in childhood; that is the best insurance parents can make secure for their little ones.—Pilot.

My little girl, in years to be  
When I shall know eternity,  
Should you to grim temptation hark,  
In some wild hour, fierce and dark,  
Remember then, though I am far,  
In whose control our footsteps are,  
Oh, heed His tender, guiding hand,  
And God will help my baby stand  
All by herself!

See, all at once my baby stands  
All by herself!

See, all at once my baby stands  
All by herself!

See, all at once my baby stands  
All by herself!

See, all at once my baby stands  
All by herself!

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See, all at once my baby stands  
All by herself!

which dance to the tune of the monied trust whistle, to the editorial pages of our Catholic papers, where each event as it occurs is judged at its true value, and from a Catholic, and therefore a patriotic and spiritual point of view. Catholics and linguists make poor bedfellows!

The excellencies of Catholic editorial work are pointedly ignored by outsiders. In the several magazines which give a digest of current thought and opinion, you will seldom, if ever, find a Catholic editorial quotation. Perhaps the omission is due to the fact that it would possibly form an undesirable contrast to the slipshod writing done in many of the secular papers. And there may be another reason: in times of passion like the present, few people wish to hear the plain, unvarnished truth.—Rosary Magazine.

**NO REWARD HERE**  
The Catholic Church could not carry on its schools, its hospitals, its orphanages and its other institutions of mercy as successfully as at present if it did not have a legion of men and women who work not for pay, but for God. On their sacrifices is founded its success in this line of endeavor. They give themselves as well as their labor to Christ. They look to heaven for their compensation.—The Catholic Bulletin.

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Price of Subscription—\$1.00 per annum  
 United States & Europe—\$1.50  
 Publisher and Proprietor, Thomas Coffey, L. D.  
 Editors: Rev. James T. Foley, R. A.  
 Thomas Coffey, L. D.  
 Associate Editor: H. F. Mackintosh.

Approved and recommended by Archbishops  
 Palumbo and Sbarretti, late Apostolic Delegates to  
 Canada, the Archbishops of Toronto, Kingston,  
 Ottawa and St. Boniface, the Bishops of Quebec,  
 Hamilton, Peterborough, and Ogdensburg, N. Y.,  
 and the clergy throughout the Dominion.

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In St. John, N. B., single copies may be purchased  
 from Mrs. M. A. McGuire, 349 Main Street, John J.  
 Dwyer and The O'Neill Co., Pharmacy, 109 Bruce  
 street.

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LONDON, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 16, 1915

### TEACHERS' INSTITUTES

Last week we noted the wholly un-  
 called for attack on Separate schools  
 made in very bad taste and in very  
 bad English by the Rev. Mr. Riddiford  
 while he was the guest of the  
 East Middlesex Teachers' Institute.

The matter, however, is of sufficient  
 importance to call for further  
 notice.

It may be as well to reproduce here  
 the extract from the address in ques-  
 tion given the Free Press account of  
 the morning's proceedings at the  
 Institute.

"What we need in Canada to-day is  
 not Separate schools but national  
 schools, where everyone can sit down  
 together and be united into a glorious  
 whole. Let us teach religion in the  
 home and in the church, but let  
 us leave the public school, as represent-  
 ing the State, to do its part in the  
 nation building untrammelled with  
 the necessity of laying awake at  
 night in an effort to split theological  
 hairs." Such was the statement  
 made at this morning's opening  
 session of the East Middlesex  
 Teachers' Association at the county  
 buildings by Rev. W. C. Riddiford,  
 pastor of Egerton Street Baptist  
 Church, in an address on "The Con-  
 tribution of the Public School to the  
 State and the Church."—The Free  
 Press.

It may serve more than one pur-  
 pose. The children amongst our  
 readers, whether Public or Separate  
 school pupils, may find it a useful  
 exercise to decipher the meaning  
 and put into decent English Mr.  
 Riddiford's elaborate effort to be at  
 once smart and grandiloquent.

But we owe something to the  
 sense of decency which evidently  
 plays its part in editing even the  
 news columns of The Free Press. A  
 Catholic teacher present at the meet-  
 ing writes us as follows:

Mr. Riddiford mentioned the "char-  
 acteristics" he would require in the  
 teacher of his own boy and girl and  
 reached the climax in the state-  
 ment: "And I would not want a  
 Roman Catholic so long as they be-  
 lieve in teaching religion, in the  
 school and having their schools  
 separate from the State."

This jumble of words bears in-  
 trinsic evidence of being Mr. Riddiford's  
 very own. Singular and  
 plural jostle each other as usual;  
 there is the usual Riddifordian  
 confusion of thought; and  
 Mr. Riddiford's customary snarling  
 bark at Catholics.

Now Separate Schools are constitu-  
 tionally guaranteed in Ontario.  
 "National schools" is a term without  
 meaning in Canada. Each province  
 has its own school system, and is  
 guaranteed the right, with certain  
 reservations, under the British North  
 America Act to manage its own edu-  
 cational affairs. Ontario is not a  
 nation and cannot have national  
 schools. The B. N. A. Act, which is  
 Canada's constitution, reserves to  
 Catholics in Ontario the educational  
 rights enjoyed under the Roman  
 Catholic Separate School Act of 1868.  
 The Separate Schools of Ontario are  
 practically an urban system. In no  
 town or city of Ontario is there a  
 school where "everyone can sit down  
 together and be united into a glori-  
 ous whole." There would be separate  
 school buildings even were there no  
 Separate schools. In urban municipali-  
 ties Separate schools work no  
 injury to Protestants. On the con-  
 trary, emulation between the two  
 sets of schools has benefited both.  
 For many years the English Separate  
 Schools have set the pace and  
 spurred the Public Schools to more  
 earnest endeavor. We have com-  
 paratively very few rural Separate  
 schools. As a rule they come into  
 existence in sections where the  
 Riddiford conception of the Public  
 school prevails.

Separate Schools are an integral  
 part of the school system of Ontario.  
 They do precisely the same work as

the Public schools; their teachers  
 have the same qualifications as the  
 Public school teachers; and they do  
 their full share in forming the chil-  
 dren of foreign-born parents into  
 good Canadians.

Outside of the Separate schools  
 Catholics have perhaps an equal num-  
 ber of children attending the Public  
 schools, continuation schools and  
 High schools of the province. To all  
 these schools Catholics contribute  
 their full proportion of the cost of  
 maintenance. We are not complai-  
 ning, but we are not going to be read  
 out of the ranks of Canadian citizen-  
 ship by the Riddifords who are in-  
 vited to speak at Teachers' Insti-  
 tutes.

Teachers' Institutes are also an  
 integral part of our educational  
 system.

The Department of Education  
 issues a volume entitled "Regula-  
 tions, Courses of Study and Examinations  
 of the Public and Separate  
 Schools." Under the heading of  
 "Teachers' Institutes" provision is  
 made for bringing the teachers of the  
 province together during two days of  
 each school year, during which two  
 sessions must be held each day  
 and one evening session. The idea  
 is an admirable one, and the regula-  
 tions governing Teachers' Insti-  
 tutes are fully justified by the results  
 achieved.

For certain classes of teachers  
 there is no option in the matter.  
 They must become members. They  
 must attend the meetings.

Section 4, subsection (1) of the  
 Regulations reads as follows:

(1) "The Public School, the lay  
 Roman Catholic Separate School and  
 the Continuation School, Grade C,  
 teachers, whose schools are situated  
 within the Inspectorate or Inspector-  
 ate constituting an Institute, shall  
 become members thereof, and shall  
 attend all the meetings promptly and  
 regularly."

(2) "Registration as members of,  
 and attendance at, an Institute on the  
 part of teachers of Roman Catholic  
 Separate Schools, who are members  
 of Religious Orders, are optional, but  
 are strongly recommended by the  
 Minister of Education."

To these regulations no exception  
 can be taken. Indeed we consider  
 that it is highly desirable that our  
 religious teachers should attend the  
 Institutes. In London the teachers  
 of all schools, Public, Separate and  
 Industrial, as well as the Collegiate  
 Institute come together on such occa-  
 sions. And it is only fair, but per-  
 haps unnecessary, to say that nothing  
 has ever occurred offensive to our  
 teaching Sisters.

Both in the case of Religious  
 teachers in the Provincial schools  
 and High School teachers where  
 attendance is left optional it is  
 strongly recommended by the Min-  
 ister of Education. Obviously the  
 recommendation is a wise one and  
 might well be developed into an  
 obligation. The work of the  
 Teachers' Institutes is intimately re-  
 lated to the matter of teachers' qualifications.

The Program of the East Kent  
 Teachers' Institute contains this  
 paragraph:—  
 "The teachers are paid for these  
 days and are absolutely required by  
 the Regulations to attend on both  
 days. A teacher who is absent on  
 either day may stand suspended un-  
 til his or her certificate is renewed  
 by the Minister."

The scope and object of Teachers'  
 Institutes, their importance, and the  
 Regulations governing them being  
 understood, it becomes quite evident  
 that Catholics have a right to be pro-  
 tected from such insolent and boorish  
 incidents as the Riddiford ad-  
 dress before the East Middlesex In-  
 stitute.

Inspector Thompson, it is true, at  
 the conclusion of Mr. Riddiford's ad-  
 dress, reminded him that it was a  
 mixed convention, that all could not  
 agree with him, and that presumably  
 he was expressing his own personal  
 views. We are credibly informed  
 also that several Protestant teachers  
 were indignant but expressed their  
 indignation privately. This form of  
 protest, we imagine, is altogether too  
 mild to teach pschydermatous indi-  
 viduals of the Riddiford type that  
 an invitation to address a  
 Teachers' Institute does not dispense  
 them from the observance of the  
 amenities of social intercourse.

We want something more. We  
 want the Department of Education  
 to take the necessary precautions  
 against the recurrence of such inci-  
 dents in any part of Ontario.

The overbearing brutality of the  
 man of wealth and power and the en-  
 vious and hateful malice directed  
 against wealth and power are really  
 at root merely different manifesta-  
 tions of the same quality.—Theodore  
 Roosevelt.

### THE FORCE OF EXAMPLE

This local item points a moral of  
 very general interest:

The parish church of Brechin,  
 Ont., has been the scene of a number  
 of solemn and impressive cere-  
 monies. In the thirty years since  
 the parish was established five of its  
 members have been raised to the  
 dignity of the priesthood, and have  
 returned to celebrate on its altar  
 their first solemn Masses. Father  
 James Quigley of the Servite Order  
 was the first in point of time, then  
 followed Fathers Thomas and Wil-  
 liam Rosch of the community of St.  
 Basil, and Father S. McGrath, the  
 present pastor of Schomberg, Ont.  
 The fifth priest is Father John Sher-  
 idan, C. S. B., who was ordained on  
 Sept. 26 and celebrated his first sol-  
 emn Mass on Oct. 3. This latter  
 occasion was the more notable be-  
 cause nearly all the clergy who as-  
 sisted at the ceremony are natives  
 of the parish. Father Hayes, the  
 pastor, acted as assistant priest.  
 Father E. McDonald, cousin of the  
 celebrant, officiated as deacon, and  
 Rev. E. McCorkell, C. S. B., as sub-  
 deacon, whilst Fathers T. Rosch,  
 C. S. B., and S. McGrath assisted in  
 the sanctuary, the latter preached  
 an eloquent and instructive sermon  
 from the text of Ecclesiasticus:  
 "With all thy soul, fear the Lord and  
 reverence His priests."

Five priests from one small parish  
 is a record to boast of. It is not un-  
 precedented, it is not even un-  
 surpassed. Yet there are many parishes  
 in Canada, composed of good prac-  
 tical Catholics of clean blooded stock,  
 which have given not even one son  
 to the service of God's Altar. With-  
 out attempting to determine the ex-  
 tent of all the contributory causes  
 one strikes us as outstanding. A  
 parish may be and may remain for  
 generations a barren fig-tree in this  
 respect; but rarely, indeed, does a  
 parish count one son only in the ranks  
 of the priesthood for any consider-  
 able length of time. The force of  
 example draws others. Boys receive  
 a powerful incentive to think of con-  
 secrating their lives to God's service  
 in the priesthood. Others share the  
 holy joy of the parents of the young  
 priest when he offers up the Holy Sac-  
 rifice on the altar of his native parish  
 church. The holy ambition to give  
 a son to the service in God's army  
 comes to them also. Vocations are con-  
 ceived and fostered; inspirations of  
 the Holy Spirit of God are cherished;  
 the priest's first Mass in his native  
 parish sows fruitful seed on good  
 ground.

There will be an especial reward  
 for pastors and parents who are the  
 first to redeem their parishes from  
 the ranks of those which may with  
 justice be called barren.

### TWO WEIGHTS AND TWO MEASURES

John Redmond, in an interview  
 with the London correspondent of  
 the New York World the other day,  
 expressed great indignation at the  
 statements from America published in  
 England that the Irish are support-  
 ing the pro-German propaganda in  
 America.

"Those of us who are intimately  
 acquainted with America know the  
 individuals concerned and their re-  
 markable insignificance," said Mr.  
 Redmond, "and, of course, treat their  
 efforts with contempt, and even the  
 English people who have paid any  
 attention to the subject are quite  
 aware that 95 per cent. of Irishmen  
 in America are in complete sympathy  
 with the attitude of the Irish party  
 on war, and the 5 per cent. opposed  
 exceptions, merely shriekers and  
 kickers who have never given us  
 anything except annoyance and  
 trouble all through the Irish move-  
 ment."

No unprejudiced observer could  
 fail to be impressed by the fact  
 that not a single prominent  
 American of Irish origin has  
 identified himself with the anti-  
 British propaganda. And Irishmen  
 have achieved prominence in all  
 walks of life in the States. Still not  
 a man, who in other circumstances  
 would be considered representative,  
 is identified with the pro-German  
 movements.

As for the Irish at home Mr. Red-  
 mond gives some surprisingly con-  
 vincing evidence:

"They (the anti-British Irish-American  
 clique) profess to be Home  
 Rulers, but they won't allow Ireland  
 to rule herself in this matter of the  
 war if they can prevent it. People  
 in all parts and all parties of Ireland  
 were never so united before as on  
 this subject."

"We are entirely of one way of  
 thinking, and the statements to the  
 contrary published in one or two  
 so-called Irish-American newspapers  
 are lies from beginning to end."

"There is not a single municipal  
 corporation in Ireland, north or  
 south, that has not declared itself in  
 sympathy with our view of the war.  
 The same statement holds good of  
 every county council and district  
 council, and every elected body of  
 every kind in every part of the  
 country."

This is a good and sufficient  
 answer to the Irish American anti-  
 Britishers even if they were much  
 more numerous and important than  
 they are: "They profess to be Home  
 Rulers but they won't allow Ireland  
 to rule herself in this matter of the  
 war if they can prevent it."

"Every elected body of every kind  
 in every part of the country" must  
 be fairly representative of Ireland.

Referring to the prosecution of  
 certain cranks and the grotesque ex-  
 aggerations of these facts in a couple  
 of so-called Irish-American papers  
 Mr. Redmond characterizes the latter  
 as absolutely ridiculous lies, and  
 continues:

"The truth is, Ireland is in pro-  
 found peace. No meetings are or  
 have been suppressed, and freedom  
 of speech has not been interfered  
 with. Three or four men have been  
 imprisoned for short terms for open  
 pro-German declarations, for which  
 in a similar case they would have  
 been sent to Germany."

"Indeed, my only regret is that  
 they were lifted out of their obscu-  
 rity by being prosecuted, as they are  
 incapable of doing any real harm.  
 The Nationalist party is holding  
 meetings and conventions all over  
 Ireland, many of which I have ad-  
 dressed myself, and from the time  
 the war started until now not a  
 single voice has been raised  
 in any of them in criticism or  
 opposition to the attitude of the  
 Irish party."

With regard to recruiting the Irish  
 leader said:

"The total number of Irishmen  
 under arms in the British forces at  
 this moment cannot be less than  
 245,000. We have now three full  
 divisions raised in Ireland, in fact an  
 Irish army corps in addition to the  
 men who enlisted in older Irish  
 regiments in existence before the  
 war."

And he added that recruiting is  
 still going on at the rate of 4,000 or  
 5,000 a month.

Now let us turn to the considera-  
 tion of another class of British sub-  
 jects who publish literature quite as  
 objectionable as any to be found in  
 the suppressed Irish sheets.

Before us are some pamphlets pub-  
 lished by the National Labour Press,  
 Limited, 30 Blackfriars Street, Man-  
 chester; St. Bride's House, Salisbury  
 Square, Fleet St., London, E. C., in  
 this year of our Lord, 1915. This is  
 an extract from "Nationality and  
 Patriotism," by G. H. Norman:

"The reluctance to enlist which has  
 been exhibited in many parts of  
 Britain, apart from the growth of a  
 deep seated conviction that all wars  
 are vulgar and immoral, has been  
 partially caused by the knowledge,  
 which is slowly dawning on the  
 British masses, that, however  
 desperately and courageously they  
 may fight any foreign foe, the  
 enemy within the gate will not  
 guarantee them any portion of  
 British soil except a pauper's grave.  
 Speaking in 1896 Lord Rosebery  
 said: "During the last twelve  
 years you have been laying  
 your hands with almost fan-  
 tastic eagerness on every tract of territory  
 adjacent to your own or desirable  
 from any point of view. In twelve  
 years you have added to the Empire,  
 whether in the shape of actual annexation  
 or of dominion, or of what is  
 called a sphere of influence, 2,600,000  
 square miles of territory, twenty-two  
 areas as large as the United Kingdom  
 itself."

"Yet the housing problem is as  
 great as ever, and the British work-  
 man has not benefited by these ex-  
 pansions of Empire, though he has  
 played a great part in depriving the  
 owners of it. It is surely becom-  
 ing plain to the average Englishman  
 that, supposing Britain con-  
 quered and occupied Germany, not  
 the slightest benefit would accrue  
 to the British workman."

"If the ruling classes really heeded  
 the call of patriotism, which they are  
 always preaching to others, one  
 would have imagined they would  
 have financed the war with their  
 free capital, without asking for in-  
 terest. There is no such act of patri-  
 otism upon record in a European  
 country, because the wealthy classes  
 seize upon a war as a means of  
 further enriching themselves at the  
 expense of the working classes."

Elsewhere he quotes from the  
 "Selected Speeches on Foreign Pol-  
 icy" of John Bright:

Listen to Mr. John Bright speaking  
 in 1858 words which ring as true to-  
 day as they rang then: "The more  
 you examine this matter, the more  
 you will come to the conclusion  
 which I have arrived at, that this  
 foreign policy, this regard for the  
 liberties of Europe, this care at one  
 time, for the 'Protestant interests,'  
 this excessive love for the 'balance  
 of power,' (and now for the 'neutral-  
 ity of Belgium') is neither more  
 nor less than a gigantic system of  
 outdoor relief for the aristocracy of  
 Great Britain."

Speaking of British Militarism  
 he cites instances of "atrocities" in  
 Egypt during perfect peace as late as  
 1906 which are too horrible to repro-  
 duce here.

It is not our purpose to disentangle  
 the error from the admixture of  
 truth in these disloyal and un-  
 patriotic appeals to the prejudice

and over-developed class conscious-  
 ness of the British workmen.  
 It is not necessary to point  
 out that their effort may  
 easily be more mischievous and far-  
 reaching than any puny Sinn Fein  
 sheet or anti-British Irish American  
 paper. But it may be useful to ask  
 our anti-Irish fellow-countryman  
 why they have two weights and two  
 measures? Why an insignificant  
 Irish ranter achieves newspaper  
 fame while serious and mischievous  
 appeals of English labor leaders rest  
 in obscurity?

Happily there is only the dregs of  
 this anti-Irish class remaining. It  
 is more agreeable as well as more  
 useful to turn to this picture with  
 which Mr. Redmond closes the inter-  
 view quoted from above:

"No more remarkable or significant  
 pronouncement as to Ireland's political  
 and social future has been made  
 in years than by Bishop Bernard, the  
 Protestant Bishop of Osnory, at the  
 Synod of his diocese last week."

"Bishop Bernard is one of the  
 most eminent Protestant divines in  
 Ireland and was one of the two prelates  
 chosen to succeed to the arch-  
 bishopric of Dublin, now vacant."  
 "In an eloquent address he made  
 a touching reference to the northern  
 regiments and the Irish Guards, the  
 Dublin and Munster and Innis-  
 killings, who have died in the same  
 trenches for us and each other."

"We Irish Church clergy don't for-  
 get that the first Irish chaplain to be  
 killed was a Roman Catholic chap-  
 lain of the Dublin Fusiliers, who  
 went to his death like the brave man  
 he was because he would not be  
 separated in action from those to  
 whom he was sent to minister."

"We shall never forget these  
 things. Their memory ought to  
 soften the bitterness of political an-  
 tagonism by and by. I don't mean  
 that on one side or the other we  
 should abandon old convictions or  
 yield weakly to what our better judg-  
 ment refused to approve, but it is un-  
 thinkable that Irishmen should draw  
 a sword on Irishmen because of polit-  
 ical differences after the war is over."  
 "That pronouncement is symptomatic  
 of what is going on in Ireland  
 to-day and of the bright future for  
 Home Rule."

### THE IRISH WORLD AND IRELAND

The Dominion authorities have  
 withdrawn the privileges of the  
 mails from the Irish World news-  
 paper of New York. In excluding  
 this rabid pro-German journal from  
 this country they have the support  
 of every right-thinking Canadian.

The Irish World has, of course, a  
 perfect right to espouse the German  
 cause, but it has no right to preach  
 hatred of Britain in this free Domi-  
 nion. No doubt the paper in question  
 will raise a great furor about the  
 tyranny of the Canadian government  
 in thus interfering with the freedom  
 of the press, but do the handful of  
 Irish irreconcilables think for one  
 moment that an organ as rabidly  
 pro-British would be allowed entry  
 into the Fatherland? In our  
 opinion the Dominion authorities  
 have been altogether too tardy in  
 taking this step.

Nothing in all the surprising de-  
 velopments of the present times is  
 more startling than the right-about-  
 face of the great journal founded by  
 Patrick Ford. Having accepted the  
 leadership of Mr. Redmond, and after  
 giving its benediction to the Home  
 Rule Bill, now on the statute book, it  
 immediately, upon the outbreak  
 of war, swallowed itself. Like its friend  
 the Kaiser it advocated disregard of  
 the treaty between Ireland and Eng-  
 land. The Home Rule Bill it had  
 solemnly accepted, was, like another  
 famous international agreement,  
 simply "a scrap of paper," fit only to  
 be torn up and consigned to the waste  
 paper basket. For was not England's  
 difficulty Ireland's opportunity, and  
 was not now the acceptable time for  
 Ireland to make common cause with  
 the enemies of the Empire, and thus  
 wreak vengeance upon the power  
 that had so long oppressed her? This  
 was the code of honor the Irish  
 World would have Irishmen make  
 their own. But the Irish irreconcil-  
 ables reckoned without their host.

They did not know Ireland. It  
 is unfortunately true that England had  
 robbed her of many things, but like  
 Belgium she had kept her soul. And  
 the soul of Ireland revolted against  
 this black treachery. She had pledged  
 her word, and she would keep her  
 pledged troth. Even the vials of  
 the Irish World's wrath could not  
 lead her to break her treaty with the  
 democracy of Britain. The Irish  
 World might execute the right-about-  
 face, but it could not drag down an  
 entire people into the depths of dis-  
 honor.

It is true that the Home Rule bill  
 is nothing to throw up one's hat  
 about. But, good or bad, it had been  
 accepted as a settlement of the Irish  
 question. It was so accepted by the

Irish World in July, 1914. It was de-  
 nounced by the same organ a month  
 later as a worthless scrap of paper.  
 We think Mr. Redmond and the Irish  
 people may be pardoned for not being  
 able to think with the lightning  
 rapidity of the New York newspaper  
 editor. Had they chosen to be false  
 to principle the story of British mis-  
 government need never have been  
 written. According to the Irish  
 World this loyalty to principle was  
 all right when it brought the Irish  
 people into antagonism with England,  
 but all wrong when it brought Ire-  
 land to England's side. The reason-  
 ing of the Irish World is, at best, a  
 little twisted.

A fixed gospel of hatred is a poor  
 policy to preach to a people. The  
 best friend of England cannot defend  
 her treatment of Ireland. But now  
 that she is honestly endeavoring to  
 make amends are we to continue to  
 live in the past? And what has Eng-  
 land ever done in the past that is any  
 blacker or more hellish than the  
 things that Germany is doing to-day?  
 How has the Fatherland treated its  
 subject peoples? Let Poland answer,  
 and Alsace, and Belgium. Have not  
 the pitch-caps and hangings of 1798  
 had their counterpart in the Belgium  
 of 1914-15?

We deny the right of any hyphen-  
 ated Irishman to dictate Ireland's  
 course of action. The Irish people  
 in Ireland are the people to say what  
 Ireland's national policy should be.  
 They have made their choice. It re-  
 mains for the hyphenated gentlemen  
 to support that policy or sit still.  
 They deserted the ship and thereby  
 forfeited all right to determine its  
 course. As well might a shareholder  
 who withdrew from a firm because  
 he dreaded its bankruptcy presume  
 to determine that firm's method of  
 doing business. COLUMBIA.

### NOTES AND COMMENTS

IN THE course of a discussion in  
 Toronto Board of Education as to  
 the terms upon which Catholic chil-  
 dren would be admitted to the Pub-  
 lic schools of that city, a member of  
 the Board stated that it was the  
 "better class of Roman Catholics"  
 who avail themselves of this privi-  
 lege. Very much depends upon  
 what is meant by the term "better  
 class." If it be construed to mean  
 those who having in the struggle of  
 life acquired a competence or at  
 least a pretty fair share of this  
 world's goods and whose one aim is  
 to cut a figure in "society," the  
 statement may be substantially cor-  
 rect. But if it be taken to mean  
 those who have a living interest in  
 their Faith, and who are more con-  
 cerned that their children should be  
 good practical Catholics and upright  
 citizens than that they should be  
 doubtful ornaments, to what passes  
 for good society the statement is  
 grotesquely untrue. There are, un-  
 fortunately, some who give color to  
 the Toronto trustee's assertion, but  
 they are not to be found among those  
 to whom the Church may point with  
 pride as her children.

THE FAVORITE Protestant tradition  
 attributing to the Catholic Church  
 hostility to the circulation of the  
 Holy Scriptures among the people  
 was commented upon in these col-  
 umns last week. The utter fallacy  
 of the notion finds additional illus-  
 tration in the recent publication in  
 Oregon of a translation of the New  
 Testament under Catholic auspices,  
 into the Nez Perce dialect. This is  
 the work of a Jesuit, Father Joseph  
 Cataldo. The magnitude of the task  
 thus brought to a successful issue may  
 be imagined when it is recalled that  
 that language contains over 200,000  
 inflections of the active verb, and no  
 less than 51 tenses, to say nothing of  
 the numerous sub-divisions and  
 multiplied forms used as mediums  
 of expression. Father Cataldo spent  
 five years of unremitting toil upon  
 the task and the result surpasses all  
 previous achievements along that  
 line.

WHAT IS rather an amusing story  
 under the circumstances has man-  
 aged to elude the vigilance of the  
 German censors and made its way  
 into the countries of the Allies. It  
 concerns the imprisonment of  
 Madame Carton de Wiart, wife of a  
 member of the Belgian Government.  
 It having been stated that this lady  
 had been released at the instigation  
 of His Holiness, Pope Benedict XVI.,  
 the Prussian Governor of Brussels  
 deemed it necessary to issue a for-  
 mal denial of this by proclamation.  
 Quite contrary to the disposition of  
 other Belgian prisoners, the Govern-  
 or announces, Mms. de Wiart has  
 made no endeavor to have her pen-  
 alty mitigated, but rather otherwise,

and must, therefore, continue to lan-  
 guish behind prison bars. The in-  
 cident lying back of this determina-  
 tion on the part of the authorities  
 has not, it need hardly be said, ap-  
 peared in the Proclamation.

ON THE evacuation of Brussels by  
 the Belgian troops, Madame de Wiart  
 remained behind, occupying the  
 Ministerial lodgings, but from the  
 day that the German officials took  
 possession, she confined herself to  
 the upper storey. No attempt was

Antwerp, and when the pursuit grows warm in Antwerp, the papers bob up in Ghent, in Namur, or in Mons. The circumstance has come to be regarded as somewhat of a mystery, and it is not surprising that the German invaders should chafe under it. Perhaps they see in it a reminder of the vitality of Belgium as an independent nation.

THERE is something sinister in the report, voiced by the Geneva correspondent of the Paris Matin, that the Austrian Government has caused to be put into the crucible for war munitions the great bell from the Church of St. Stephen, Vienna. This bell was cast in 1711, by order of the Emperor Joseph, out of the bronze cannon taken from the Turks. That the metal should now go into other cannon to be used in defence of the same Moslem Power against Christians is surely an uncanny nemesis forecasting something of retribution to Austrian Empire.

ON THE BATTLE LINE

The centre of interest and perhaps also, the decisive field of action has shifted to the Balkans. The volte face of Greece is attributed to the action of King Constantine who is the Kaiser's brother-in-law.

The English papers recognize the gravity of the Balkan situation:

The Daily Mail says: "The powers of the quadruple entente have another great war on their hands. Bulgaria, at German instigation, has taken the wrong turn, hoodwinked by the astute German press campaign."

The Standard thinks that the Bulgarian policy is based upon blind hatred of Serbia and the determination to prevent the creation of a greater Serbia, and that "the present suicidal policy is due to the belief that the Teutonic powers are already the victors in the war."

The Morning Post says: "Europe moves darkly down to new horrors and tribulations, the extent and effect of which cannot be foretold."

THE GERMANIC DRIVE

The Germanic Drive across Serbia has begun, and the Bulgars will in all probability fulfill their part of the compact for the crushing of the Serbs by beginning the invasion of Serbia to day. There is no help in the new Greek Ministry, and while despatches which have reached Geneva state that Roumania will issue a degree of general mobilization within the next twelve hours, the Allies no longer expect that either Roumania or Greece will go to war with the Germanic powers to protect Serbia.

From Athens it is reported that the new Ministry will explain its policy to the Chamber of Deputies next Monday, "avoiding all reference to the Graeco-Serbian alliance." The sole support of the Serbs, therefore, against the first onslaught of 700,000 or 800,000 allied Bulgars, Germans, Austrians, and perhaps even Turks, will be the relatively small allied army now landing at Saloniki. Under the circumstances the Germanic drive, which is officially reported to have crossed the Drina, the Save and the Danube Rivers at many points yesterday, may be able to make rapid progress southward along the valley of the Morava River, through which runs the railway connecting Buda Pest with Constantinople. No matter where the initial movements of the Germans occur, it will be found that their principal offensive will be up the Morava toward Nish, the temporary Serbian capital.—Globe, Oct. 8.

IS RUSSIA PREPARED

Nothing has been permitted to transpire as to the measures taken by Russia to meet the serious situation in the Balkans, but it is inconceivable that the Government of Russia would have precipitated the crisis by its ultimatum to Bulgaria without taking adequate steps to back up its diplomacy by armed force. The Cologne Gazette states that two Russian cruisers are bombarding Varna, the Bulgarian Black Sea port, and this, if confirmed, may prove to be the first step toward a landing in force. Italy also may be depended upon to take part in the campaign in the Balkans, but the allies, in face of the default of Greece, will need to send at least half a million men to the new theatre of war, and it is doubtful if so many as a quarter of a million are immediately available. In the long run the German advance into the Balkans is likely to prove a fatal mistake, but at first it is likely to prosper. If the Germans do get to Constantinople, however, they will stand a very good chance of having their long line of communications—depending on a single line of railway—cut, and of being besieged there by armies of the allies, which will be continually gathering behind them.—Globe, Oct. 8.

IN FRANCE

London, Oct. 7.—Champagne, the country over which the French made their big gains late in September, is still the main district of contention in the west. The reports are so contradictory, however, that it is difficult to ascertain what is actually happening. The Germans admit that the

French have made slight progress, but on the whole, claim to have repulsed the allied general offensive. On the other hand, the French declare that it is a German offensive which has been repulsed.

The towns mentioned in two official communications show that the French have approached very close to the Challenger Bazancourt Railway, which is their objective. St. Marie, to which the Germans say the French penetrated but was driven out by immediate counter attacks, is on that railway.

The artillery duel continues with unabated violence, and has spread to the Belgian coast again. A fierce artillery bombardment by both sides took place yesterday in the environs of Neuport and farther inland along the Yser. The Germans, fearing a British descent on the coast at Ostend or Zeebrugge, seem to be bringing up more guns to their coast positions.—Globe, Oct. 8.

THE EUCHARISTIC CONGRESS

On Tuesday, Oct. 8th, the Eucharistic League carried out at Sandwich the program already published in the columns of the RECORD.

The Right Rev. M. F. Fallon, D. D., officiated at the High Mass, with the Very Rev. Dean McGee of Stratford and the Rev. F. A. Houck of Toledo as deacons of honor; Rev. E. L. Tierney, deacon of the Mass and Rev. J. A. Rooney, sub-deacon; the Rev. J. Purcell, C. S. B., and Rev. R. H. Dignan were masters of ceremonies.

After the Mass His Lordship Bishop Fallon, presided in French an eloquent and impressive sermon on the text: "He that eateth My flesh and drinketh My blood hath everlasting life and I will raise him up on the last day."

Following the Bishop the Rev. P. J. Howard, C. S. B., preached the sermon in English.

Immediately after the sermons a procession, in which Bishop Fallon carried the Sacred Host, proceeded from the Church through the beautifully decorated grounds where from two Repositories Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament was given to the kneeling multitude.

The congregation was the largest that ever attended a Eucharistic Congress in the diocese of London. Throughout the services it was evident that all were actuated by the deepest spirit of reverence and devotion.

Besides the names of the clergy already mentioned there were present: Very Rev. D. O'Connor, V. G., Very Rev. Dean Downey, Rev. Fathers Brady, Langlois, McKee, Baudouin, Tobin, Semande, C. S. B., Laiselle, James, O. F. M., J. J. Gnam, McCabe, Dantzer, D. Forster, O'Neill, Coté, C. S. B., Kennedy, C. S. B., Gleason, Dean, Lall-Baird, West, Goodwin, Brisson, Piro, Blair, Fuarth, Neville, Quigley, Robert and Ford, Fathers Forster, Murphy, Collins, Burns, Plourde and Murray, of Assumption College, C. A. Parent, Costello, Sharpe, C. S. B., Amherstburg; Sharpe, C. S. B., Sandwich College, were also in attendance together with about two hundred college students.

At the close of the congress proceedings the Right Reverend Bishop proposed a vote of thanks to the Rev. Father Valentini, the zealous and capable Director of the League, and to those unremitting devotion to the duties and privileges of his office the great success of the congress was largely due. An interesting item not on the programme was a helpful and suggestive talk to the priests assembled by the Rev. Father Houck, Diocesan Director of the League in Toledo.

SIDELIGHTS ON THE GREAT WAR

"ILLUMINATION" FOR REFUGEES

The following is taken from a message sent by the Rome correspondent of the Morning Post: Refugees who have arrived at Verona from Roncegno state that that city has been evacuated by the Austrians. Before the evacuation the officer in command called the inhabitants together and told them that if they wished to cross the border into Italy they could do so, and that he would provide illumination for them on the way. During the night the Austrians left, but to their surprise the Austrian batteries had opened fire on them with shrapnel. The Austrians then set fire to the city.

AN AMERICAN EDITOR AND GREAT BRITAIN

In the course of the proceedings in the Manchester City Police Court against Theodore Stinson, a journalist, for sending articles to the American Textile World Record which were calculated to prejudice His Majesty's relations with foreign Powers, the following letter from Mr. Dale, the editor of the paper was read:

You have an entirely erroneous view of American public opinion on England's regulation of ocean traffic. So far as I can judge, the people here are not seriously disturbed by what he British Government has done to interfere with our trade. Personally think the British authorities have in very moderate in the course they have adopted. I consider that the entire ocean traffic is a contemptible bagatelle compared with the priceless possession of human free-

dom which the Allies are fighting to maintain for you and me and the world. I have nothing but pity and contempt for the supporters of a policy that involves the balancing of English and American liberty against dollars and cents, pounds, shillings and pence. Better that every dollar's worth of property in every English speaking country should be destroyed as Mr. Asquith stated, and that the English speaking race should be annihilated, than that we should become subject to Prussian militarism.

THE BRITISH OFF DUTY

An officer tells of his first experience in billets in France: Mine was a farmhouse. After some wrestling with the local patois I succeeded in putting my fifty men into a barn, which would seem to be a villain big enough for five, and there they instantly fell asleep. I snuffed off cheese and an Ox cube, and turned in for my soundest sleep for years. The next day we rested. The men instantly took over the business of the farm, being themselves mostly country hands, and when required to "fall in" were usually discovered milking cows, hoeing potato patches, or weeding the garden. The farm girls superintended them by squads, and worked out an elaborate system of reliefs.

If things come to the worst the French farm girls will evidently make very good sergeants! What can be said to an absentee from parade who is discovered aiding a distressed country by churning the butter?

A BEREAVED MOTHER'S APPEAL

Mr. George Robey made an effective appeal a few nights ago:

Speaking in Trafalgar Square, under the shadow of the Nelson Monument, he told how once again England expects every man to do his duty. It was a fine, manly speech, and it rang true, striking home to those below in the crowd, many of whom came forward in response to the appeal. None the less stirring was the appeal of Mrs. Pe, one of the survivors of the "Lusitania." The baby in her arms was swept from her as the waters closed over her, and she rose again to find herself drifting among the bodies of those with whom, only a few moments before, she had been laughing and talking. She told her moving story to a breathless throng. And at the end of it, between her sobs, she appealed to young men to do their duty and go to end these crimes. "I'll go back again!" shouted an inviolated man down in the centre of the crowd, "I'll go back!" and he climbed up among the lions and subscribed his name for the second time. Others followed, gladly and eagerly, and when the national anthem burst out to mark the end of the hour's work a good harvest had been reaped.

A LONELY SOLDIER AND HIS STAR

A French soldier whose letters are given in the RECORD, and who has had to cut off part of the leg of his trousers in order to supply himself with his corporal's stripes, gives the following description of the friend he has found during his long watches in the trenches:

Then in the same clear blue sky I have a wonderful friend. Unfortunately I do not know her name, but I go to sleep every morning at the same time as she does. I whisper my confidences to her, for I have no other friend here, and I have charged her with all my love for you. You will easily find my wonderful friend. I see her to the left of the Little Bear, and I like to think that she is alone, that she does not form part of any constellation, and that she has only me for confidant. To complete her portrait, I may add this little detail: she is blue, just a little blue; a tear of the Virgin, one might say, shed for the little soldiers who are waging war.

MINISTER ASKS PROOF

The good feeling existing between Catholics and Protestants at Fremont, Neb., was threatened recently. An anti-Catholic lecturer's attempt to stir up religious hatred was frustrated by the prompt and generous action of a Baptist minister and representatives from the local Masonic lodge. The facts as stated are as follows:

At the First Baptist Church when H. George Buss, who called a meeting to organize an American Liberty party, read what purported to be the Knights of Columbus oath, Luke Mundy, clerk of the district court, combated the statement of the speaker. "As a member of the Knights of Columbus," said Mr. Mundy, "I know that no such oath as that is taken by members of the lodge."

Rev. J. George Batzle, pastor of the First Baptist Church, who had sanctioned the meeting, demanded that Mr. Buss furnish proof of his statements, adding that the speaker had devoted his remarks to aspersions upon the Catholic Church without proof supporting them. Mr. Buss replied that the proof was the conduct of the Catholics. Rev. Mr. Batzle regarded this as unsatisfactory, and arose to announce his resignation of the meeting and the speaker. The meeting then adjourned in some excitement.

Rev. Mr. Batzle declared after the meeting that its purpose had been misrepresented to him and that he would not tolerate a denunciation of the Catholic Church or Catholic societies in a church of which he was pastor.—Chicago New World.

THE SUFFERINGS OF POLAND

LETTER OF THE POLISH BISHOPS TO THE ARCHBISHOPS AND BISHOPS OF THE CATHOLIC WORLD

London (Eng) Tablet

This appeal from the Polish Bishops, and Cardinal Gasparri's letter to the Bishop of Cracow, have been communicated by the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster at the request of the Comité Général de Secours, Vevey:

Venerable Brethren—Stirred and encouraged by the fervent and truly Apostolic words of the Sovereign Pontiff Benedict XV., now happily reigning, whose letter, filled with charity, we herewith send you, we hasten to put into execution the admirable and noble suggestion of him, whom we all hold so dear, the Father of all Catholics throughout the world, who "trusts that all his children at the call of the Polish Episcopate will, following that voice, prepare by united prayers and united offerings to alleviate the misfortunes of our people; and we earnestly beg you, therefore, to give us your valuable aid.

Poland, that great Catholic country, in consequence of the present war, passing through unpeppable sufferings, and in for the greater part completely devastated, sunk in a destitution so terrible that the world perhaps has never seen its like. Not only have millions of soldiers since a year been fighting on her territory against one another; not only have the cruel exigencies of modern warfare brought about the complete ruin of hundreds of towns, thousands of villages, and over 1,000 churches; not only are the good stores utterly exhausted throughout a vast region, but over and above all, the unhappy Poles are forced to fight against themselves in three hostile armies, so that many a time—brother against brother, son against father, kinsman against kinsman, friend against friend—they mercilessly take each other's lives.

The Holy Father thoroughly realizes the exceptionally terrible situation of the Polish nation when he says that it, "more than any other nation, has suffered and still suffers from the cruel consequences of war."

That Poland which for centuries was the bulwark of Christendom, and which in the hardest moments never ceased to be the most faithful and true daughter of the Church, in spite of the immense calamity which by inscrutable design and Providence has befallen her, has not wavered in her faith. She is, however, in extreme need of moral support in order that she may bear with unshaken faith and firm hope the sufferings still in store for her, and of material aid in order that she may save hundreds of thousands of her children from the disease, misery, and starvation now calling upon countless victims.

Since, however, in the Holy Father's words, "the sufferings of Poland can now only be alleviated by the Universal succour of all peoples," we, the undersigned Archbishops and Bishops of Poland, turn to you, Venerable Brethren, in full confidence and in tears, begging you, in the name of the Mother of Mercy, and of those great saints in whose name she gave to the Universal Church, to bid the faithful of your dioceses unite their prayers to "the ardent prayers of the Holy Father for the intentions of the whole Polish nation," adding also their offerings to that which "the Vicar of Jesus Christ, in his august poverty, more marked than ever in this terrible hour," has lovingly destined for Poland.

The briefest prayer and the most modest offering will give edifying proof of the charity of Catholics of all nations towards a sister-nation in distress, and will not fail to receive from the merciful God a liberal reward.

Our Divine Saviour assured us of the power of prayer offered up in common when He said—"Where two or three are gathered together in My name there am I in the midst of them" (Matt. xviii, 20). Relying on these sacred words, we request of you that, for the prayers and offerings in favor of Poland, you will prescribe special prayers such as your charity shall suggest, and appoint a certain day, as we propose to you, in order that the whole world be united in common prayer for an unfortunate nation, and may obtain by our prayers the Divine mercy upon it.

Design, therefore, to give order in your dioceses that, on Sunday 14th of November, 1918, the clergy shall announce in all churches that the following Sunday—that is, the 21st of November—has been set apart for those prayers and collections by which all who give in them may become "merciful benefactors of the whole of Poland," earning the special Apostolic Benediction which the Holy Father "imparts with all his heart."

May God in His goodness design to bless our common efforts for the moral and material good of the faithful entrusted to our pastoral care, and heal the wounds of so many sufferers, soon granting to the world, now bathed in blood, a lasting peace and rest after this cruel war.

The peace of our Lord be with you always, Venerable Brethren.

Your Brethren in Christ: Edmundus Dalbor, Electus Archiepiscopus Gnesensis et Poseniensis, Josephus Bilozewski, Archiepiscopus Leopoliensis (Rit. Lat.)

Josephus Teodorowicz, Archiepiscopus Leopoliensis (Rit. Arm.) Alexander Kakowski, Archiepiscopus Varsaviensis.

Franciscus Albinus Symon, Archiepiscopus Tit. Athalienis, Carolus Hryniewicki, Archiepiscopus Tit. Pergensis.

Adamus Stephanus Sapieha, Princesps Episcopus Cracoviensis, Augustinus Losinski, Episcopus Kielcensis.

Stanislaus Castimus Zdzitowiecki, Episcopus Cujavienis seu Calisien-sis.

Antonius Julianus Nowowiejski, Episcopus Plocensis.

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Paulus Jedzink, Electus Episcopus Tit. Themoniensis, Vicarius Capitalaris Poseniensis.

Gulielmus Klosek, Episcopus Tit. Theodosiopolitanus, Vicarius Capitalaris Gnesensis.

Datum Posenaviae, Leopoli, Varsaviae, Cracoviae, die 15 Augusti, anno Domini 1918.

P. S.—Will you be good enough, Venerable Brethren, to send the amount of the donations collected in your diocese to the National Swiss Bank (Banque Nationale Suisse) at Lausanne (Switzerland) to be placed to the account of the General Committee for the Relief of the Victims of the War in Poland ("Comité Général de Secours pour les Victimes de la Guerre en Pologne.") Vevey, this Committee being the only one that has free access to all the Provinces of Poland without distinction.

The list of donations will be published in the Osvestnik Romano.

CARDINAL GASPARRI'S LETTER Secretariate of State of His Holiness. 9 April, 1918.

The Right Rev. Adam Sapieha, Bishop of Cracow.

My Lord,—The misery in which languish all the people of Poland, who more than others have had to suffer, and are suffering, the sad consequences of the war, has long since filled with immense sorrow the fatherly heart of the august Pontiff, and moved him to show by a personal offering and an autograph letter all the grief of his soul and all his fatherly predilection. But the later information that continues to arrive is so painfully grave that the Holy Father cannot but hasten again to the aid of the unhappy Poles, with the utmost desire to mitigate in some way their immense sufferings. Hence His Holiness, while he never ceases to offer up prayers to the Most High that the beneficent beams of peace may again shine on the world, at the same time turns his most ardent hopes and his fervent prayers for the special benefit of the whole Polish people, that generous people who by ancient tradition are so devoted to the Holy See, and who are now being so sorely tried by the greatest misfortunes. Hence, together with his good wishes and prayers, His Holiness is eager to send a new and tangible proof of his interest in all Poland, belonging to the Austrian, German, and Russian Empires. And in view of the urgency of the need, His Holiness, intending to address himself to all the Polish Episcopate, has charged me to send you, My Lord, with whom the Holy See can most easily communicate, the enclosed sum of twenty-five thousand crowns, an amount which is of course altogether disproportionate to the grave necessities of Poland, but which is a clear proof of the most special solicitude which the Vicar of Jesus Christ, in his august poverty, more accentuated than ever at this terrible hour, cherishes for the whole of Poland. In communicating to your lordship, and through you to the other Bishops of Poland, the comforting assurance of the special prayers of the Holy Father, and in sending you at the same time this offering of his charity, which you and the other Bishops of all Poland will kindly distribute, together with words of comfort and hope, where the need is most urgent, I am glad to add that His Holiness would see with satisfaction all the Bishops of Austrian, German and Russian Poland address a brotherly invitation to all Catholics to have them as co-operators and imitators of the common Father of the Faithful in his prayers and in his offering.

The woes of Poland can now be alleviated only by the universal succour of the peoples, and the Holy Father trusts that all his children, responding to the invitation of the Polish Episcopate, will vie with one another in hearkening to the appeal and in alleviating by their united prayers and their united offerings the calamities of that noble people. And in this hope the august Pontiff, Vicar of that merciful God who has been pleased to count as done to himself what is done for those in affliction and misery, in invoking upon all beloved Poland an abundance of heavenly comfort and of fraternal charitable offerings, imparts with all the affection of his heart a special Apostolic Blessing to all who by their prayers and their offerings show themselves as pitiful benefactors.

With great and sincere esteem, I am, Your Lordship's servant, P. CARD. GASPARRI.

Your Savings

The War has already brought great changes. National leaders in all countries are urging the practice of Thrift. The Prime Minister of Great Britain said recently: "There remains only one course . . . to diminish our expenditure and increase our savings."

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CHRISTIAN OR PAGAN?

"It was absolutely the most beautiful ceremony I have ever witnessed." And then after a pause, "Your Church certainly knows how to put on the manacles." The speaker was an eminent surgeon who assisted a week ago at the wedding of one of the younger members of his staff. He had seen the bride, one of the many September brides, meet the man of her choice at the entrance to the sanctuary, and go with him through the palms and flowers to the foot of the altar, and there in the presence of many priests, pledge herself to love, honor and obey him until death. He had knelt like the others during the nuptial Mass, and wondered to see the wife, within the sanctuary, the only time in a woman's life, when the Church invites her to come so close to the altar. He had felt the beauty of it, as she reverently, hand in hand with her husband, went up close to the holy of holies, where ordinarily only the priest may stand, twice to receive a special blessing, and once to receive the Body of her Lord. And he had been keenly alive to the poetry of it all, but what had struck him most was its grim reality. Catholics had said, "What a pretty wedding." But to him a non-Catholic, the most striking thing about the ceremony was its character of indissolubility. It was not the mere making of a contract in a hovel of orange blossoms, a contract to be rescinded at will, but the forging of a religious bond, in the presence of the God of Gods, a bond that would hold fast for ever. There was an intangible something that seemed to give permanence to the marriage he had witnessed, which consisted although he knew it not, in the Sacrament.

FATHER FRASER'S CHINESE MISSION

Telchowitz, March 22, 1918.

Dear Readers of CATHOLIC RECORD: Yesterday (Passion Sunday) I laid the corner-stone of the church in Telchowitz. The former church was too small for the crowds who are being converted in the city and neighboring towns. Even with the new addition of forty-eight feet and a gallery it will be too small on the big Feast. May God be praised Who designs to open mouths to His praise in the Far East to replace those stilled in death in Europe. And may He shower down His choicest blessings on my benefactors of the CATHOLIC RECORD, who are enabling me to hire catechists, open up new places to the Faith, and to build and enlarge churches and schools. Rest assured, dear Readers, that every cent that comes my way will be immediately put into circulation for the Glory of God.

Yours gratefully in Jesus and Mary, J. M. FRASER.

Previously acknowledged... \$6,165 87 Friend..... 5 00 Friend, Chatham, N. B..... 2 00

resolution that they shall not interfere with the social pleasures of the wife, nor fill the house with children's laughter nor God's heavenly home with pure and unadorned souls. What could be further from the Christian ideal than unions such as these? Why then do we not call them by their proper names? They are pagan pure and simple, pagan in conception, pagan in obligation, pagan in duration, pagan in their disregard of the sanctity of the home and the pitiless pleading of little ones that shall never see God's sunshine. Christian marriage is marriage according to the ideals held up by Jesus Christ. Are we not dishonoring Him by giving His name to a ceremony and a state that are in direct opposition to all He taught?—America.

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FIVE MINUTE SERMON

BY REV. P. PEPPIERT TWENTY-FIRST SUNDAY AFTER PENTECOST

FEAST OF THE MATERNITY OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN

To day, my dear brethren, the Church celebrates the feast of the Maternity of the Most Blessed Virgin Mary. This maternity, or motherhood, is usually taken in one of two senses; first with regard to the glorious privilege by which she was selected to be the Mother of Him who was and is God of God, Light of Light, true God of true God, born of the Father before all ages; secondly, as referring to that gift of her made to us by her Divine Son on the cross, by which she became our Mother, and watches over and defends us with more than a mother's love.

But there is another sense still in which her maternity, or motherhood, may be taken. And this sense is especially conveyed in the lesson read at Mass on this feast, the words of which are applied to the Blessed Virgin by the Church. "I am the mother," we read in this lesson, "of fair love, and of fear, and of knowledge, and of holy hope." By which it would seem, evidently, we are to understand that it is she who brings forth in our hearts those virtues of the love and fear of God, of hope in Him, and of knowledge of His will. And if we read still further, we shall find even more.

"In me," the lesson continues, "is all grace of the way and of the truth; in me is all hope of life and of virtue." Now, our Lord expressly tells us that He Himself is the way, the truth, and the life; if then, indeed, it is true that in our Blessed Lady is all grace of the way and of the truth, and all hope of life, it would seem the same thing to say what some of the saints have said of her, that all the graces of our Lord, who is the way, the truth, and the life, are distributed to us through His Blessed Mother, who thus becomes really the mother of grace in us; and that not only the virtues named, but also all others, come to us by her intercession.

But however this may be, it is very certain that the Church does wish us to understand, at this feast and at all times, that devotion to the Blessed Virgin is not merely an ornament to the Christian religion, but that it enters into its very substance. We should not have had our Lord Himself, except by means of His Blessed Mother. As her co-operation in the work of our redemption was absolutely indispensable, so we may safely say that her operation is practically indispensable in the application of the fruits of that redemption to our souls. Practically, we should not have the superabundant graces which we actually have, and by means of which we are saved, did she not by her loving intercession obtain them for us. No doubt we should have enough in any case by which to be saved if our will was good enough to make use of them. God loves us, and will save us; but the fact is that, though His goodness and love for us is unbounded, He has chosen for His treasures in the hands of His and our Mother, that she may give of them liberally to those that ask.

How foolish, then, should we be if we should put aside devotion to the Blessed Mother of God as something for which we have no special attraction; which is, no doubt, profitable to others, but without which we can get along very well. "No man," says our Lord, "cometh to the Father but by me"; and though we cannot say with truth that no man cometh to our Lord except by His Holy Mother, since He is, no doubt, always ready to receive all that seek Him in any way, still there can be little question that the way He prefers we should come to Him is in her company, and that those who seek Him in this way get nearer to Him than any others. It is, indeed, true that our Blessed Mother will pray for us and try to bring us to her Son, even if we do not ask her, and that we receive many graces unawares for which we have her to thank; but it is equally true that if we make ourselves her loving and devoted children; nay, even so many more that our salvation will be practically assured.

TEMPERANCE

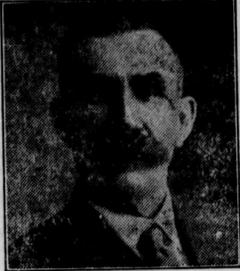
NOT MUCH CHOICE BETWEEN THEM

A good many people seem to labor under the delusion that beer is a temperance drink, or at least much less to be feared than whisky. The Scientific American says excessive beer drinking is even more brutalizing than whisky. "The most dangerous class of ruffians in our large cities are beer drinkers. The very lowest form of insanity follows from beer drinking. A beer drinker may weigh 300 or 400 pounds, but in reality he is most incapable of resisting disease. Compared with inebriates who drink whisky, he is more incurable, more generally diseased."

The great life insurance companies make no special distinctions between the whisky drinker and the beer drinker. Observation seems to indicate that a whisky drinker of the middle and upper classes lives longer than a beer drinker. Among the industrial classes there is slight, if any, difference, be-

WILL WE EVER WALK ON AIR?

Train of Thought Inspired By a Letter About "Fruit-a-tives"



MR. D. McLEAN

Orillia, Ont., Nov. 28th, 1914. "For over two years, I was troubled with Constipation, Drowsiness, Lack of Appetite and Headaches. I tried several medicines, but got no results and my Headaches became more severe. One day I saw your sign which read 'Fruit-a-tives' make you feel like walking on air. This appealed to me, so I decided to try a box. In a very short time, I began to feel better, and now I feel fine. Now I have a good appetite, relish everything I eat, and the Headaches are gone entirely. I cannot say too much for 'Fruit-a-tives', and recommend this pleasant fruit medicine to all my friends." DAN McLEAN.

"FRUIT-A-TIVES" is daily proving its priceless value in relieving cases of Stomach, Liver and Kidney Trouble—General Weakness, and Skin Diseases. 50c. a box, 6 for \$2.50, trial size, 25c. At all dealers or sent postpaid by Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.

cause your whisky drinker is more apt to be exposed to inclement weather and other adverse conditions than your beer guzzler. SALOONS OWNED BY BREWERIES St. Paul has four hundred and fifteen licensed saloons, 95 per cent. of which, according to Commissioner McColl, are owned and controlled by brewers, who pay the license fees and allow the saloon keeper to refund it at the rate of \$20 a week. The County Assessor's books show that in their places of business, in most cases the tax on the fixtures is levied against the breweries.

INTOXICANTS IN JURY ROOM All the courts express strong disapproval of the use of intoxicating liquors by jurors, and regard such use as mis conduct which is censurable or punishable, but, with a few exceptions, the cases do not regard the mere fact that a juror has indulged in the use of intoxicating liquor during a trial as in itself, ground for setting aside the verdict. While a few cases seem to adopt the rule that a juror who has drunk liquor will vitiate his verdict, and others adopt such a rule when the liquor was used while the jury was deliberating, the general rule is that a new trial will not be granted because of misconduct in this regard, unless because of the quantity used or of its noticeable effect upon those using it, prejudice may reasonably be presumed. When it appears that any of the jurors were visibly affected by the intoxicants taken the verdict will

generally be set aside, unless the use was at such a time, as during a recess of the court, that it would not be likely to impair the jurors' ability to give intelligent consideration to the case.

The case of Meyers vs. State holds that the consumption, by ten to twelve jurors sitting in a criminal case which results in conviction, of six and a half quarts of whisky during the little more than three and one-half days that the trial lasted is ground for new trial, although there is testimony that none of them were intoxicated and that the liquor did not influence the verdict.—New York Sun.

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THE CONVERSION OF AMERICA

One of the Protestant Missionary Societies has for its watchword "North America for Christ." That sentence stands over its office door, is printed on its letter-heads, and stands forth on the cover of its leaflets of propaganda.

But when Catholics hold up a standard bearing the same words, expressing the same desire, but in the Catholic sense, and send out missionaries and print magazines to affect the same object, immediately they are accused of a political plot to bring about the subjection of North America to "the papal church."

What, then, is the meaning of this phrase, "Make America Catholic"? Our enemies, the people who live by slandering the Catholic Church, make much of the now famous phrase. They claim to have discovered it. It originated, they say, with the old Pontiff on the banks of the Tiber. Looking from his watchtower by the Vatican, he saw how the races of Southern Europe, one by one, were giving up allegiance to the Holy See. With their diminishing faith—so also diminishing his power. Something must be done to prop up his tottering throne. New nations and new people must be mustered to take the place of those who had left, otherwise Roman faith and logic or by any principle of morality. Let us suppose that the seller did not give enough change; will those people let him benefit by his mistake? We judge not; they would quickly call his attention to the fact and demand a recount. Why not also demand a recount when the mistake is the other way?

Another time when people fail to be honest, and when therefore they are unjust, is when they dodge in paying their carfare. In a crowded car has no room left to sit, and he who has no money fails to approach them with "Fare, please." They sit unconcerned and chuckle to themselves; this time they have got one on the car company. But hasn't the car company a right to the fare if you get the ride? And if it is deprived of the nickel isn't it unjust and are we not dishonest?

In the paying of bills some people seem to have no conscience. In the first place, it is dishonest to contract a bill when at the time one has no prospect of being able to pay it. Yet because the credit is so easy to obtain, many do not fail to take advantage of this case to run into debt. It is the dealer, they say, who should suffer because he is so easy a mark, but that does not render the act less dishonest when one contracts a debt he does not intend to pay or has not much hope of paying. It is bad enough to contract one such debt, but to go on piling up one on another in the end amounts to grave dishonesty. Yet these people would resent being called dishonest. Mistakes often occur, and storekeepers may at times forget to charge us with items we have procured. Or they may fail to send us a bill until in their mind it becomes a matter of doubt if we have paid. In these circumstances do we remind them of the omission and of the certainty in our mind that the bill was not paid? If we do not we are dishonest, no matter how much we may pride ourselves on our smartness and good fortune. "Owe no man anything" is an Apostolic injunction. They who fail are actually dishonest.

Many dealers who are reputed to be honorable business men and who would scorn to do dishonest deeds yet are really dishonest in many small ways. They will let us buy goods which they know to be inferior to what we expect to purchase, though we pay the price of the better. They will charge very much more than the article is worth because they think the customer is able to pay the price; they do so because they are often obliged to charge another less for the same kind of articles. Charges are advanced in some instances to make up what is lost on bad accounts or on the failure to sell enough to prevent great deficits at the end of the season. Cheating customers or buyers is not by any means an infrequent occurrence.

There are a number of other small ways of taking what does not belong to us or of depriving others of what belongs to them done by people who think themselves to be honest. They may be honest, but they lack the sense of honesty. They are not honest through and through. They try to reason themselves into just holding on to what they may find, though the finding imposes the obligation of trying to discover the owner. They do not seem to realize the injury they do to others when in little things they cause deterioration in their holdings or destruction to their property. They would not burn down a man's house, though they are not slow to pull up some flowers out of his garden or fruit from his trees. And so on. It should be important for us all to convince ourselves that no matter how small the amount we take from another or how trifling the injury we

WHERE FAITH IS OBJECTIVE

"Her (the Church's) faith is true because God gave it to her, not because she holds it," says the Living Church, an Anglican publication, in its issue of Aug. 21, 1915. True faith is, then, objective.

Catholicism, says the writer, is objective. God's revelation is the faith committed to that Church. That faith embodies itself in a creed and sacramental system. The faith with its creed and system of sacraments are accepted by all the members of the Catholic Church—indeed one cannot be a member unless he surrender unconditionally "his intellect and will. . . to her compelling sweet dominion."

Protestantism, continues the writer, is subjective. The Protestant "treats the faith as his private and personal property." In each person it (Protestantism) takes on a new form.

Anglicanism, according to the writer, is included under Catholicism. But is Anglicanism objective? Does Anglicanism demand the "unconditional surrender" of its members to a definite body of faith? Listen to Robert Hugh Benson, son of the Archbishop of Canterbury, and one-time Anglican clergyman: "Here. . . I found all kinds of teaching and ceremonial. In one church they would wear elaborate stoles; in another vestments would be used at services to which the important Protestants did not come. Teaching on the Real Presence would be skillfully veiled, and penance would be referred to in a heavy aside as the 'sacrament of reconciliation,' or taught explicitly only to a favored few at some small guide service."

"Confessions of a Convert," pp 70-1. This quotation does not illustrate the objectivity of Anglicanism. To one who has capitulated unconditionally to Catholicism, Anglicanism appears wholly subjective. Let one who experienced membership in both

THE TOMB OF FRA ANGELICO

The most lively interest is taken in Roman circles in the identification of the exact place of sepulture of Fra Angelico, the name which the world of art has given to Giovanni da Fiesole, the famous Dominican painter who shed such a luster on his order. It was well known that the remains of Fra Angelico had been laid in St. Maria in Minerva, which the Dominican order has served for many years. But for three centuries the exact spot has remained unknown; the attempt to afford a convenient outlet to the human stream that entered St. Maria in Minerva during the Jubilee year of 1600 had as a consequence the removal of the slab that marked the painter's tomb. However, the efforts of archeologists, among them several Italian members of the Order of St. Dominic, have succeeded not only in identifying the place of sepulture, but as far as excellent evidence can go, all that remains of the body of the famous religious. The venerable relics were discovered after protracted excavations had been made in the chapel which once bore the name of St. Thomas of Aquin, in the vicinity of the "Christ" of Michael Angelo. The Minister of Public Instruction, with other officials of the Italian Government, has taken an active part in the investigation, and an official account of the series of excavations made in the church now lie among the archives of his office.—Catholic News.

CAN BE SAVED AND CURED OF DRINK

Good News to Mothers, Wives, Sisters

To have seen one you love, going down this road to ruin, and to have heard him try to laugh and joke away your fears, while you watched the drink habit fasten on him; is to have known suffering and to have borne a sorrow to which physical pain is nothing. And when at last he comes to that turn in the road that, sooner or later must come, the waker to the fact that he is a slave to the drink you think everything will come right. He will fight the habit and you will help him escape it; but he can not do it. Drink has undermined his constitution, inflamed his stomach and nerves until the craving must be satisfied. And after you have hoped and then despaired more times than you can count you realize that he must be helped. The diseased condition of the stomach and nerves must be cured by something that will soothe the inflamed stomach and quiet the shaking nerves, removing all taste for liquor.

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CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

THE CHOICE OF A PROFESSION

The choice of a profession is of supreme importance, as it means our entrance into effective citizenship, says Mr. George Russell, in his "Milestones." This choice is one of the decisive events of life. It comes much later to rich boys than to poor ones, the latter having in many cases little or no choice. Poor boys have to face it as soon as they leave school or before, and the importance of the choice lies in the fact that in the profession adopted, each man who chooses it claims to have made it his own—professes to understand it and to be qualified to work in it. It is right that all men should be free to choose their profession, and no man should prescribe under what influences another shall spend his years of productive activity in the world. Mr. W. E. Gladstone once addressed an audience of Scottish students on the matter, saying: "Be assured that every one of you has his place and his vocation on this earth and that it rests with himself to find it. The business of modern education and legislation for educating the masses has in all countries been in the main to set free the individual man that he may reach out his vocation without wanton hindrance."

That word "vocation" is important, says Mr. Russell. In its ordinary sense it has come to mean simply occupation. It is thus used by Shakespeare who urges each of us to "labor in thy vocation." For Christians, however, it means the call of God, and with it us it has come to mean occupation, because our work should be that particular business to which God has called us. Sooner or later according to temporal circumstances, this call of God comes to all. It comes as a question and as a command. Perhaps, says Russell (who is one of the first living authorities on educational matters) these simple counsels may help to a proper decision. If there is one particular occupation or pursuit for which a man has (1) Inclination (2) Fitness (3) Opportunity, then that seems to be the occupation or pursuit to which God calls him, and these three factors serve to distinguish it from mere whims or fancies of our own. Says Mr. Russell:

(1) Inclination.—To parents, teachers and friends, I would say, "Be very careful not to force a young life into ungenial lines. If a boy has a passionate love for an outdoor life, don't force him into a store or office. If he has a marked love of books or longs to be a doctor, or a soldier, or a sailor, or a musician, encourage him to follow the bent of his inclination."

(2) Fitness.—Special aptitudes for special occupations are often developed very young. Be on the look-out for them. Inclination without aptitude may be an uncertain guide.

(3) Opportunity.—When a signally favorable opportunity (especially if not sought) for entering some particular calling comes in the way of a youth looking out for his life's work, and the Opportunity is coupled with Inclination and Fitness, we may reasonably conclude that it is sent by God; and the occupation for which he has a natural liking, requisite gifts and a favorable opportunity seems to be that to which God has called him.

Here is further what Russell calls a negative indication of a Vocation. If, he says, a particular occupation does not give fair play to our moral nature, we may be sure that God does not intend it for us. He will not call us to a career which involves dishonest, or dishonest or immoral conditions. This is perhaps a specially needed caution at a time when Commercial Morality is at a very low ebb. Contrary-wise, as long as an occupation gives fair play to our moral nature, we shall not count it common, or unclean or beneath our dignity because it may be in a worldly point of view, humble or undistinguished, or because it requires us like Our Lord in the carpenter's shop, or St. Paul at his tent making to work with our hands.

So far, says Russell, he has only spoken of the choice of a profession. He has also a word to say on the hardly less important point of changing one's profession. How often one hears the sad complaint that if one only had one's time over again, matters would have been different. Putting aside very exceptional cases, he would say to those who are dissatisfied "Don't change, but make the best of it." But at the same time, a Christian may perceive opportunities for doing better in the world, not so much for himself, but for others, and we must all be careful not to let business become an idol. Each man must be on his

guard against ambition that overleaps itself and is purely personal and selfish; we must all be thankful for successes but be also prepared (and sometimes thankful) for failures, and though all his schemes miscarry and all his ambitions miscarry, and even though one's whole professional life seems to be, as men judge, a failure, yet a man must look forward and fortify himself by such looking forward to the full development and satisfying exercise of his powers in a world more real than this. Russell quotes Father Faber's words apropos of this:

God judges by a light which baffles mortal sight, And the useless-seeming man the crown hath won; In His vast world above A world of broader love God hath some grand employment for His son.

School, he concludes, is the first Milestone. Up to that, we have been led. Thence forward we must walk alone. And Confirmation is the second Milestone. From it we set out as fully equipped Christians ready for the fight.—N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

"SUFFER LITTLE CHILDREN TO COME UNTO ME"

"Why aren't you doing your sums, Hans?"

The one addressed was a frail-looking boy of about nine years, who turned his head quickly at his mother's question, and looked at her with an expression of perplexity and alarm. "The figures have all suddenly disappeared, mother. I can't see them any more."

"You young shirker!" exclaimed his two brothers, who were busily at work at their own tasks; "get him a pair of spectacles, mother!"

The mother had already risen and laid aside her fine lace-work; she understood her children too well to suspect Hans of deceit or pretence. Only a year before she had lost her husband, a captain in the army, who had died of paralysis, and now a great fear gripped at her heart. "My God!" she cried to herself, "what fresh trouble does this fore-shadow?" Her husband's long illness had swallowed up her small means, and her widow's pension and the money allowed for her children's education were not enough to provide for their general upbringing, and she was obliged to add to her income by her skillful needlework. And she did so with a courageous and uncomplaining heart, for she was still young, and had a genuine unselfish love for her children.

She went up to Hans. "Let me look, child," she said; "perhaps something has got into one of your eyes."

But the boy's eyes were bright and open, with no shadow upon them but that look of fear.

"And my head aches so, too, mother."

So the mother carried her boy to bed, and sent for the doctor who had known her husband and had been a friend of the family for many years. He came and made a thorough examination of the child, and his face was very grave when it was over. "It is impossible, as yet," he said, "to speak positively as to the nature of the malady, but it is certainly not a case to be lightly treated. The brain appears to be affected, and the child must for the present remain in bed, and above all must be kept from all mental exertion."

When the doctor had closed behind the door Hans turned his face to the wall. His mother knew that he was crying and that he did not wish her to see his tears. And the very thought of his tears nearly broke her heart, for her Hans, noble, headstrong, and gay, so seldom gave way to them. What a soldier, happy little lad he had been! What a sunshine he had made for her during the long dark days of her sorrow!

Conquering her emotion, she tried to speak cheerfully to the child, but she could with difficulty control her voice.

"My little Hans must lie quietly in bed for a day or two, and then, God willing, all will be well again."

But Hans lay all that day in listless indifference to everything that was going on around him, hardly rousing himself to swallow his food; but toward evening he became restless.

"Mother, do you think I shall be able to go to school again next week?"

"I hope so with all my heart, dear child, but why do you ask?"

"Next week they begin the preparation classes for the First Communion, and I was wondering if I should be able to join them."

With some difficulty he drew himself nearer to his mother so that he might lay his head on her shoulder. "I do so want to be prepared, mother! Jesus Himself enters into our hearts at Holy Communion, and I have one very particular prayer I want Him to answer, and He can not refuse me then."

His mother drew him closer to her heart, too moved to speak.

"What I want Him to do is to take away all your care and anxiety, dear mother, so that you may not have to sit up late at night as you do now. And I shall pray, too, that I may be able to learn more quickly, and be able later on to work for you."

The mother could only bow her head. She hoped against hope with her child.

There could be no thought, however, of Hans taking part in the preparation classes. The insidious disease crept slowly on, and a nerve specialist was summoned for consultation. It did not take him long to perceive that the whole of the little body must soon be rendered helpless, and when the poor mother heard his verdict she felt as if all the world around her had gone to wreck.

He, her Hans, wild, frolicsome, little Hans, was never to rise again from his bed of pain, never again to see the sun shining on the flowers, or hear the wind, or the birds singing in the wood, or the brook rippling through the meadow grass! Never again could he see his friends run out to join his school friends in their games, he who had been always first at their sports and had delighted in running and jumping! And as she thought on these things her heart was sick with anguish.

But she had no time to spend in grief; now more than ever was it necessary to earn money, for her Hans must not lack for anything that might lessen his suffering. Alas! Neither a fond mother's care nor the best skill of the physician could stay the relentless ebbing of the young life.

Christmas was over, and the New Year was two days old. Hans had not spoken again of the preparation for Communion, and his mother had earnestly besought those who came to see him not to touch upon the subject. Outside all nature was reviving under the keen fresh breath of spring; small white clouds were driven before the east wind, and the sun began to look out with laughing eyes from behind his winter veil. Then the blackbird came and sang his first song near the window of the sick child's room, and Hans heard it, though his senses were fast falling him. "Mother," he said, and he spoke with effort, but with an unmistakable tone of happiness in his voice, "it will soon be spring now, and then Laetare, when we shall go to the First Communion."

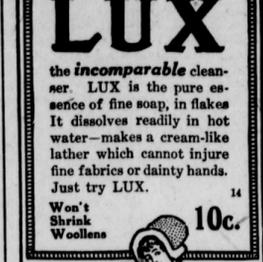
Laetare! Laetare! how sad the words were for the mother. She looked at the child, who had already fallen asleep again. His long dark lashes lay like the silk fringes of a pall on his wasted cheeks, which fever painted each evening with the sad beautiful roses of death. He was lying with an expression of unearthly joy on his face—perhaps some beautiful dream had come to him in the night, and his mother thanked God for it. It was already growing dark before the sufferer awoke. He felt for his mother's hand. "Where are you, mother? I cannot see you."

She quickly lighted the lamp; he could no longer distinguish between light and darkness, but he became aware of her presence and was pacified. "Never mind the lamp, mother, I only want to know you are there. I have had such a lovely dream. I thought I was far away in a meadow full of flowers beside the Sea of Genesareth; many other children were there with their mothers, playing with flowers and bright colored pebbles, along the shore, and over the blue waters. Suddenly it seems as though the sun had fallen from heaven and was coming toward us over the sea, and there was a light in the air and on the water which I can not describe. But the light was not from the sun, it was from Jesus, Who was coming toward us across the water, and His face shone like the sun and His eyes were like two stars, but I was not afraid, for he looked so kindly at me, just as kindly and sweetly as you do when you tuck me up at night. When he reached the shore He sat down on a large stone and beckoned to me; so I ran quickly to Him, and oh! mother, my limbs felt just as light and free as they did before I was ill. Then, He drew me to His side and kissed me on the forehead, and I felt so glad—I cannot say how glad—and I gathered up courage and said, 'Dear Jesus, let me go First to Communion on Laetare. I have so much I want to ask you to do for mother, and He put His arm round me and said in a loud voice, so that all the children and mothers could hear, 'Suffer little children to come unto Me.' Then the other children came up to Him and I awoke, but I still feel so happy mother, as if I was soon going to fly up to heaven."

These are all simple ingredients that you can buy from any druggist at very little cost, and mix them yourself. Apply to the scalp once a day for two weeks, then once every other week until the mixture is used. A half pint should be enough to rid the head of dandruff and kill the dandruff germs. It stops the hair from falling out, and relieves itching and scalp diseases.

Although it is not a dye, it acts upon the hair roots and will darken streaked, faded, gray hair in ten or fifteen days. It promotes the growth of the hair and makes harsh hair soft and glossy.

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amid her tears she told the priest the dream her child had had as he lay sick unto death.

The dying boy received the Blessed Sacrament with the devout fervor of an angel; it was to be his last, his spiritual food for the journey into eternity.

"Mother," he whispered that evening with falling voice, "you need not trouble any more; Jesus will answer my prayers for you and my brothers. He Himself has hidden me come."

The next morning he died. On the face of the dead boy lay the reflection of an unexpressed and endless bliss.—Catholic Opinion.

ABOUT MIXED MARRIAGES

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH YIELDS RELUCTANTLY, BUT EXPECTS CATHOLIC PARTNER TO REMAIN LOYAL

It sometimes becomes necessary in an organization to remind the members of the duty of loyalty. For it happens that many allow themselves to act as if they retained not membership or as if they had lost devotion and affection. Secular organizations are obliged to call attention to such a decline in interest or loyalty and to demand more show of attachment than may have been given on the part of some members. At times some Catholics act as if they were no longer Catholics and neglect the practice of the faith that may be in them. One thing or other draws them off and they are not seen at Mass or at the Sacraments. Eventually they drift away so far that not until they are no longer doing they feel the need of priestly ministrations.

We have particularly in mind many who have entered into mixed marriages and allow the prejudices of the non-Catholic partner to influence them to such an extent that for the time they hold not to the practices which should distinguish them. Not seldom do we bewail the temporary defection at least of one from whom greater loyalty was expected. When a priest with a dispensation assists at the marriage of a Catholic with a Protestant, the condition is understood that the Catholic be free and determined to be faithful to the requirements of the Catholic religion; and the promise is exacted from the Protestant of non-interference with this right of the Catholic. Yet the Catholic unfortunately sometimes is affected by the positive prohibition of the Protestant. Now we want to say that the Catholic man or woman, especially the latter, has at least as much right to attend to the demands of the Church as the Protestant to his; and he exercises a tyrannical power when he tries to prevent her. And the Catholic manifests a weakness which is unpardonable, when he or she yields, and becomes afraid to obey the laws of the Church. We strongly say to such Catholics whose Protestant consort seeks to detain them from loyalty to

their training, that they should be independent and stand up for their rights, and demand religious freedom. We have found many Protestants married to Catholics, while demanding liberty of conscience for themselves, refuse to allow the same to their Catholic consorts.

Politics and religion are prolific sources of trouble and disagreement. For this reason we are sorry to be obliged to marry our Catholic men and women to Protestants; chiefly because we know the frequent cause of contentions and unhappiness resulting. We would rather that Protestant marry Protestant, and Catholic marry Catholic. We are not narrow-minded, nor illiberal. We respect and honor Protestants. But we know how difficult it is for them to understand the Catholic viewpoint, and hesitate when they want to marry members of our Church. When we do consent, it is with the distinct provision that they stand not in the way of the Catholic's duty and practices of religion. We trust to their sense of honor and to their fairness. Our trouble is not so much with them, except it be to condemn their attitude of refusal or ill will when it is a question of the freedom for the Catholic in the practice of the Catholic religion. Our contention is rather with the Catholic, for not standing on the right of liberty of conscience, and for not demanding non-interference in this particular. Again we say that in all mixed marriages Catholics must be loyal to Church and religious duties and allow nothing to draw them away from either, and must see to it that they be allowed the same liberty of conscience as the Protestant claims and exercises for himself. It is becoming imperative to insist in all mixed marriages that the issue be clearly understood at the beginning and for the Catholic in such marriage to show that he or she will determinedly use the individual right of freedom and liberty of conscience in the practice of the Catholic religion.—Baltimore Catholic Review.

HOW A PRIEST RESCUES ST. LOUIS DERELICTS

"Sure I know where it is," said a shoe string peddler on one of the main streets of St. Louis, Mo. "I stop here—1121 North Seventh street. He's a great big guy, an' all you gotta do is sit him, and he will trust you for a bed, and you don't have to sing a hymn to get it."

The little man who asked the location of Father Dempsey's hotel was pale and emaciated. His shoes were in tatters and he wore a miserable overcoat, so large for him that it dragged the ground like a woman's train. He shuffled off in the direction indicated by the peddler, and when he was received at the hotel and asked for Father Dempsey he was almost exhausted with fatigue. He had "beat" his way, and arrived in St. Louis that morning.

"I haven't any money," said the man. "I was told to see Father Dempsey."

"Just register," said the clerk. "Go into the parlor and wait if you wish to see Father Dempsey personally."

The man registered and went into the parlor. It is a long room, with plenty of light and ventilation. There are no tiled or rug covered floors in that parlor, but it contains a great number of comfortable chairs and tables for writing. An immense stack of books was in one corner, while newspapers were provided on racks for the guests. There were probably half a hundred men waiting for Father Dempsey, and every race and religious cult was represented, but most of them had no religion, Jews, blue-eyed Swedes, dark skinned Greeks, a penniless, though spoken Russian, an excited Frenchman, a Belgian immigrant and soon after, Father Dempsey, who is an Irishman, entered to complete the circle.

When the little man's turn came he asked Father Dempsey if he could have a bed for the night. "My poor little fellow! Indeed you can have a bed, and some supper, and a bath, too."

"But I have no money and no job; and I don't know how I can pay you, Father Dempsey."

"Your credit is good. Stay with me till you get a job, and you can pay me then."

And thus Father Dempsey acquires his "guests"—men who have tasted the dregs, the kind who can handle you on the streets for a nickel. He trusts them, and strange to say, they very seldom "beat" him. Some are crooks, but a great many of them are laboring men down on their luck. He never forgets their faces, and never questions their past. Former bank clerks, mining engineers, and even a member of the British parliament have been his guests.

The hotel was established in 1906 to give a clean, cheap lodging house to those who need such an institution. In the last annual report it was shown that 32,684 men had slept in the hotel since its opening; 74,875 meals been served. In addition 38,000 free meals have been served. Work has been found for 5,607 men. The hotel is not a religious institution, and there are no rules to observe. The guests have as much liberty as do the guests of the Ritz. It is supported chiefly by donations. The difference between the few cents charged for a bed and meal and their cost means a big deficit. The fame of the hotel has spread to many lands; a money order for \$15 was received from Dr. Ludwig Bramer of Dresden, Germany

with the explanation that it was what was left of a Boer relief fund, and that he did not know of any more worthy recipient than Father Dempsey's hotel.—The Tablet.

THE LAITY SHOULD HELP INSTRUCT CONVERTS

Of the place of the laity in making converts much has lately been written; and not too much. For as the human frame must gradually perish if the surface of the body be filled by the little arteries, so must the Church's propaganda be gradually enfeebled and finally become extinct if the laity, who are the only distributors of the truth of God in men's homes and hearts, are not healthfully at work helping non-Catholics into the Church. But it is not of the activities of zealous lay people for making converts we intend here to speak. Rather we would call attention to what they can do when conversion has been effected and the task of instruction for actual reception only remains.

To illustrate our theme. Early this summer we came across the pastor of a good sized city parish in the middle West. Naturally (especially as he was an old and much esteemed friend) we asked him about conversions. He answered: "During the year now elapsed we have instructed and received into the Church just seventy converts, all adults, mostly young people, a majority of them men, none of them 'petty converts,' that is to say entering Catholicity on occasion of marrying a Catholic."

The same our other question: "How did you manage to instruct so many?" The answer: "Only by prodigious labor; for barring a few cases, I and my assistant must prepare all of them one by one. Their hours of work crowd them all for instruction into the evenings, better say the nights of the week, and not a few can only come Sunday nights. They greedily devoured our best time—that commonly assigned for reading up for our sermons, for hunting up obstinate sinners, for a taste of the open air, for finishing the daily recitation of the breviary—all devoured by the teaching of the catechism to our converts." He would quickly add that he did not grudge his time and toil to so noble a cause, but just the very reverse. It was to him—we know it well—a glorious monotony of incessant repetition in redemptive phrase of the reason why of human existence and divine clemency, a heavenly drudgery comparable only with the ceaseless but exquisitely joyful care of a mother for her helpless babes. But as mothers are heroes of watching and loving and toiling with their children, so are parish priests heroes in instructing converts when their number is considerable. Bright ones (and they are nowadays by no means scarce) test his brain and tax his memory of his books with crucial problems; dull ones agonize him with their ill but ingenuitous stupidity, faith being in their case a lamp shining in a dark place; others are men and women wholly exhausted by their day's labor—noting but their eagerness and gratitude sustaining them from falling asleep, compelling him to drive in every word with painful emphasis and constant repetition. How painful the pleasure, how sad the privilege of instructing converts every night of the year but confession nights! We knew it of old; but that conversation with our friend brought it back vividly.

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We have particularly in mind many who have entered into mixed marriages and allow the prejudices of the non-Catholic partner to influence them to such an extent that for the time they hold not to the practices which should distinguish them. Not seldom do we bewail the temporary defection at least of one from whom greater loyalty was expected. When a priest with a dispensation assists at the marriage of a Catholic with a Protestant, the condition is understood that the Catholic be free and determined to be faithful to the requirements of the Catholic religion; and the promise is exacted from the Protestant of non-interference with this right of the Catholic. Yet the Catholic unfortunately sometimes is affected by the positive prohibition of the Protestant. Now we want to say that the Catholic man or woman, especially the latter, has at least as much right to attend to the demands of the Church as the Protestant to his; and he exercises a tyrannical power when he tries to prevent her. And the Catholic manifests a weakness which is unpardonable, when he or she yields, and becomes afraid to obey the laws of the Church. We strongly say to such Catholics whose Protestant consort seeks to detain them from loyalty to

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Politics and religion are prolific sources of trouble and disagreement. For this reason we are sorry to be obliged to marry our Catholic men and women to Protestants; chiefly because we know the frequent cause of contentions and unhappiness resulting. We would rather that Protestant marry Protestant, and Catholic marry Catholic. We are not narrow-minded, nor illiberal. We respect and honor Protestants. But we know how difficult it is for them to understand the Catholic viewpoint, and hesitate when they want to marry members of our Church. When we do consent, it is with the distinct provision that they stand not in the way of the Catholic's duty and practices of religion. We trust to their sense of honor and to their fairness. Our trouble is not so much with them, except it be to condemn their attitude of refusal or ill will when it is a question of the freedom for the Catholic in the practice of the Catholic religion. Our contention is rather with the Catholic, for not standing on the right of liberty of conscience, and for not demanding non-interference in this particular. Again we say that in all mixed marriages Catholics must be loyal to Church and religious duties and allow nothing to draw them away from either, and must see to it that they be allowed the same liberty of conscience as the Protestant claims and exercises for himself. It is becoming imperative to insist in all mixed marriages that the issue be clearly understood at the beginning and for the Catholic in such marriage to show that he or she will determinedly use the individual right of freedom and liberty of conscience in the practice of the Catholic religion.—Baltimore Catholic Review.

HOW A PRIEST RESCUES ST. LOUIS DERELICTS

"Sure I know where it is," said a shoe string peddler on one of the main streets of St. Louis, Mo. "I stop here—1121 North Seventh street. He's a great big guy, an' all you gotta do is sit him, and he will trust you for a bed, and you don't have to sing a hymn to get it."

The little man who asked the location of Father Dempsey's hotel was pale and emaciated. His shoes were in tatters and he wore a miserable overcoat, so large for him that it dragged the ground like a woman's train. He shuffled off in the direction indicated by the peddler, and when he was received at the hotel and asked for Father Dempsey he was almost exhausted with fatigue. He had "beat" his way, and arrived in St. Louis that morning.

"I haven't any money," said the man. "I was told to see Father Dempsey."

"Just register," said the clerk. "Go into the parlor and wait if you wish to see Father Dempsey personally."

The man registered and went into the parlor. It is a long room, with plenty of light and ventilation. There are no tiled or rug covered floors in that parlor, but it contains a great number of comfortable chairs and tables for writing. An immense stack of books was in one corner, while newspapers were provided on racks for the guests. There were probably half a hundred men waiting for Father Dempsey, and every race and religious cult was represented, but most of them had no religion, Jews, blue-eyed Swedes, dark skinned Greeks, a penniless, though spoken Russian, an excited Frenchman, a Belgian immigrant and soon after, Father Dempsey, who is an Irishman, entered to complete the circle.

When the little man's turn came he asked Father Dempsey if he could have a bed for the night. "My poor little fellow! Indeed you can have a bed, and some supper, and a bath, too."

"But I have no money and no job; and I don't know how I can pay you, Father Dempsey."

"Your credit is good. Stay with me till you get a job, and you can pay me then."

And thus Father Dempsey acquires his "guests"—men who have tasted the dregs, the kind who can handle you on the streets for a nickel. He trusts them, and strange to say, they very seldom "beat" him. Some are crooks, but a great many of them are laboring men down on their luck. He never forgets their faces, and never questions their past. Former bank clerks, mining engineers, and even a member of the British parliament have been his guests.

The hotel was established in 1906 to give a clean, cheap lodging house to those who need such an institution. In the last annual report it was shown that 32,684 men had slept in the hotel since its opening; 74,875 meals been served. In addition 38,000 free meals have been served. Work has been found for 5,607 men. The hotel is not a religious institution, and there are no rules to observe. The guests have as much liberty as do the guests of the Ritz. It is supported chiefly by donations. The difference between the few cents charged for a bed and meal and their cost means a big deficit. The fame of the hotel has spread to many lands; a money order for \$15 was received from Dr. Ludwig Bramer of Dresden, Germany

with the explanation that it was what was left of a Boer relief fund, and that he did not know of any more worthy recipient than Father Dempsey's hotel.—The Tablet.

THE LAITY SHOULD HELP INSTRUCT CONVERTS

Of the place of the laity in making converts much has lately been written; and not too much. For as the human frame must gradually perish if the surface of the body be filled by the little arteries, so must the Church's propaganda be gradually enfeebled and finally become extinct if the laity, who are the only distributors of the truth of God in men's homes and hearts, are not healthfully at work helping non-Catholics into the Church. But it is not of the activities of zealous lay people for making converts we intend here to speak. Rather we would call attention to what they can do when conversion has been effected and the task of instruction for actual reception only remains.

To illustrate our theme. Early this summer we came across the pastor of a good sized city parish in the middle West. Naturally (especially as he was an old and much esteemed friend) we asked him about conversions. He answered: "During the year now elapsed we have instructed and received into the Church just seventy converts, all adults, mostly young people, a majority of them men, none of them 'petty converts,' that is to say entering Catholicity on occasion of marrying a Catholic."

The same our other question: "How did you manage to instruct so many?" The answer: "Only by prodigious labor; for barring a few cases, I and my assistant must prepare all of them one by one. Their hours of work crowd them all for instruction into the evenings, better say the nights of the week, and not a few can only come Sunday nights. They greedily devoured our best time—that commonly assigned for reading up for our sermons, for hunting up obstinate sinners, for a taste of the open air, for finishing the daily recitation of the breviary—all devoured by the teaching of the catechism to our converts." He would quickly add that he did not grudge his time and toil to so noble a cause, but just the very reverse. It was to him—we know it well—a glorious monotony of incessant repetition in redemptive phrase of the reason why of human existence and divine clemency, a heavenly drudgery comparable only with the ceaseless but exquisitely joyful care of a mother for her helpless babes. But as mothers are heroes of watching and loving and toiling with their children, so are parish priests heroes in instructing converts when their number is considerable. Bright ones (and they are nowadays by no means scarce) test his brain and tax his memory of his books with crucial problems; dull ones agonize him with their ill but ingenuitous stupidity, faith being in their case a lamp shining in a dark place; others are men and women wholly exhausted by their day's labor—noting but their eagerness and gratitude sustaining them from falling asleep, compelling him to drive in every word with painful emphasis and constant repetition. How painful the pleasure, how sad the privilege of instructing converts every night of the year but confession nights! We knew it of old; but that conversation with our friend brought it back vividly.

ABOUT MIXED MARRIAGES

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PROTESTANTISM CRUMBLING

It was only very recently that the subject for the General Intention for the Sacred Heart League, selected by our Holy Father, was the conversion of Protestants.

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shifting towards a larger Catholic percentage, so much so that even Protestant writers admit that in another hundred years Germany will have a preponderance of Catholics.

LATEST ANGLICAN CONVERSIONS—CLERGYMEN AND LAYMEN

A London journal recently made the pleasing announcement that two more Anglicans of some importance had been received into the Church.

CARDINAL BOURNE

PAYS TRIBUTE TO CANADIANS

During the week-end Cardinal Bourne paid a visit to the Canadian soldiers encamped at Shorncliffe. His Eminence had been invited by the Catholics of the Second Division, and travelled from town on Saturday evening accompanied by Father George Oote.

CARDINAL LOGUE ON THE ROSARY

I have on more than one occasion joined in the Rosary with the Pope in his Court at the Vatican; I have joined in the Rosary in the cottage of the peasant; I have seen the beads slip through the fingers of the most learned men I ever met; I have seen them in the hands of the ignorant, and I have seen in all the same earnest, unquestioned reverence.

had done their part already—to emulate and perhaps surpass their noble deeds.

Two things were necessary to enable a man to offer his life for his country willingly and without fear. First to know that he had to fight in a just cause, and secondly to feel that his heart was true, and that he was prepared to enter into the presence of his Maker.

AN UNCHRISTIAN FEELING

Just now, more than ordinarily, we hear men say that they dislike or hate whole nations. They have no use for French or German or Italian or English.

HARVARD TO HAVE CATHOLIC SAVANT FOR FIRST TIME

VICARIOUS SACRIFICE

Vicarious sacrifice, that is to say, our Lord's suffering in our stead and for our salvation, stands out as the great central doctrine of redemption.

FATHER FINN'S NEW BOOK

It will be glad news to many to learn that Father Finn has found time from his many duties to write a new story. And such a story!

SEVENTEEN IRISH V. C.'S

The city of Dublin has contributed, in proportion to its population, more soldiers to the service than any other city in Great Britain or Ireland.

OUR DAY

An urgent appeal has gone forth from the Marquis of Lansdowne, President of the British Red Cross, to all parts of the British Empire for funds for the relief of the sick and wounded sailors and soldiers from all the British possessions now defending their King and Country in Belgium, France, the Dardanelles, Mesopotamia and elsewhere.

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TEACHERS WANTED

WANTED FOR C. S. S. N. O. STANLEY Second or Third Professional Teacher, Salary \$250 per annum. Duties to commence Sept. 1st. Small attendance. Apply to J. Collins, Sec. Treas., R. R. 2, Zurich, 1915-16.

WANTED FOR C. S. S. N. O. NEELON, two assistant teachers and first of second class certificate. For further information apply to Box 3, Catholic Record, London, Ont. 1915-16.

WANTED CATHOLIC DENTIST WANTED FOR A thriving town in Eastern Nova Scotia. Excellent opening. For further information apply to Box 3, Catholic Record, London, Ont. 1915-16.

WANTED POSITION WANTED AS ORGANIST AND music class. Two years experience. Also position wanted as stenographer. Obtained diploma at Christmas. Apply Box Y, Catholic Record, London, Ont. 1915-16.

POSITION WANTED THE SUBSCRIBER OFFERS FOR SALE his farm at Antigonish Harbour, 6 miles from Antigonish, containing 100 acres, 24 of which are in good state of cultivation; pasture well watered; hard and soft wood timber on east; large buildings in good repair; public and picturesque situation in summer resort district; telephone; daily mail; one-quarter mile from school; in cathedral parish but equally convenient to churches of three other denominations; 1 mile from Bay where help is collected, and where Salmon, Lobsters and Mackerel are fished; game plentiful, especially wild geese; an ideal country location. Further particulars with a photo sent on application to A. Macquillan, Box 154, Antigonish, N. S. 1916-17.

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THIS WASHER MUST PAY FOR ITSELF

A MAN tried to sell me a horse once. He said it was a fine horse and had nothing the matter with it. I wanted a fine horse, but I didn't know anything about horses.

Well, I didn't like that. I was afraid that I might be misled by his words. I wanted to be sure that I was getting a good horse.

I know it will wash the clothes, without wearing or tearing them, in less than half the time they can be washed by hand or by any other machine.

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BOY WANTED

WANTED A GOOD BRIGHT BOY FROM fourteen to seventeen years old, with knowledge of piano or violin preferred, for light work around rectory of country priest. Board and clothing given. Plenty of time for study. Reply giving particulars, age and photo to Box W, Catholic Record, London, Ont. 1915-16.

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The Catholic Record, London, Ont.