

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 bore 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 device 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 misadventure 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 proved 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 Concha-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.

MGR. ALBERTI, OF SACRED ROMAN ROTA, DEAD

Rome, Sept. 7, 1915.—There died very suddenly in Rome on Saturday Mgr. 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: Mgr. Heiner, who represents Germany, and Mgr. Perathoner, representing Austria, for the Rota is an international body, there being among the judges seven Italians, the two above named and Mgr. 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, sunporched 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 Sister 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 mourner 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 converted 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. Campeau, 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. Bridgid'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 cavalcade passed, riding rapidly to meet them. 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 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.

the next instant his little company was around him, Hal leading the way.

"Now unlock the door," said Morgan. As the bolt slipped back, he stepped boldly across the portal. The full light that suddenly illumined the small room blinded him for an instant. Then over the awful stillness came the click of a trigger that had fallen back under a paralyzed finger, while a voice cried, in horror-stricken accents:

"Morgan!"

"You!" said Morgan, not even deigning to cover the speaker with his pistol. Hal, pressing forward, saw that the man whose hand had fallen powerless from his gun when he had Morgan at his mercy was the one who had attempted to steal Lucy Menefee's gray horse and fending Morgan's anger in consequence, had deserted.

"Traitor! Pshaw!" hissed Morgan, white with passion, for the one act the soldier gentleman could never palliate was that of a betrayer. His chest was heaving, and those who knew him best knew that he was making a struggle to keep his anger in curb. The man folded his arms and looked at his former chief, but without any of the abject 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." "I 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.

"What else can I do?" she asked, with a ghostly smile. "You forget, Mr. Davidson, that I am now utterly alone, and when you and Hal leave me, as you soon must, friendless also."

"No, don't you say dat, mah honey!" said Chloe, emerging from the shadow cast by the tall trees edging the street, "foh yoh's got yoh ole Chloee!" and she clasped and kissed her mistress's thin, white hand.

"An' look at yoh, honey-chile," she went on, "out yah in dis 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 assist you 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 under a great obligation to me because of your noble conduct, what would we do? Mr. Davidson has told me of your kind provision for my safety and comfort. He will see that I and my woman reach your friend's home."

"I am sorry," said Colonel Morgan, "that I can not accompany you, but my duty bids me return to my command. However, two of these gentlemen will escort you to your destination, Captain Powell and Lieutenant Todd, your friends as they are also mine."

At his name, Virginia started, and turning her fair face toward the group of men she saw, for the first time that night, Clay Powell.

"We meet again," he said, in a low voice as he clasped her hand. And then the thought of both, in the following momentary silence, went back to their last meeting in the old library of Cardome. Tenderly he laid her hand on his arm, as if to draw her forever away from the dangers and sorrows that were clustered so thickly around her.

"Sometime, Miss Castleton," said Colonel Morgan, taking her parting hand, "I hope to have the pleasure of renewing our acquaintance. Until then, if you even think of me, let it be of one who feels that in having been of service to you he has indeed been highly honored."

As he turned to his horse, the man who had been his soldier asked from the place where he stood apart:

"What for me, Colonel?"

"What do you deserve?" asked Morgan, pausing with his hand on his bridle rein. Then he sprang into his saddle, but as he was riding off, the man cried after the retreating figure:

"I shall one day deserve something better of you than your scorn, my Colonel! And he who had disgraced Morgan's command afterward made good his words.

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 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 "Thanks!" 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 V. 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."

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 was 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 V. City. The mines in V. 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 were sent 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.

In V. City it was common talk that many of the miners left their earnings and gold dust with the Fathers for safe-keeping, and that there was a goodly sum stored away in the modest little convent. This report was untrue, as the Fathers dared not risk the safe keeping of such a dangerous treasure. Nevertheless the report persisted and more than once friends begged the good priests to watch out for bandits.

One evening, Father Pedro was in the yard back of the small monastery cutting wood for his fire. After a

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 and more refined. 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.

But civilization should precede culture. It is of much more importance that the boys and girls of our large towns should be protected from the health of their souls, than that they should be able to tell a Rubens from a Murillo, appreciate Beethoven, dress tastefully, or pronounce a pure u. That the pitfalls lying in the paths of children nowadays are by no means few must be clear to everybody. Satan and his agents were not more eagerly endeavoring to rob our little ones of their innocence, their faith, and their spirit of docility. The Church, the State and the home, therefore, should be more vigilant than heretofore in safeguarding from moral dangers our boys and girls. Catholic parents are

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.

Objective 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 with 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 imperfectly 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 ideas 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.

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 breathe 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.

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 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."

Every father and mother ought to read these lines and ponder on them. "Early education." "The return to religious ideas." Here is the strongest sort of an argument for the thor-

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 beats 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.

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!

My little girl, in years to be
When I shall know eternity,
Should you to grim temptation bark,
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!

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.

As a matter of fact, with the scantiest kind of appreciation, financial or otherwise, the editors of our Catholic papers are giving, week by week, the very best at their command. And bear in mind that this "very best" is of a quality that will win instant recognition and generous remuneration in any other field than that of Catholic literature.

In the first place, a great many editors are priests, and therefore men of high culture and wide experience. They think for themselves, because their minds have been logically trained by long years of study. They are not afraid to look facts squarely in the face, because in their priestly ministrations they have learned the true of judging all things at their true value. Hence, the editorial page of most of our Catholic papers is eminently just to persons and institutions. Take, for example the case of the present great war. Whilst Catholic editors doubtless have their personal preferences—they have on the whole been able to maintain an admirable neutrality, in contrast with the bitter partisanship of the secular press. They have made no attempt, as have the editors of many of the daily papers, to create a sentiment for war, regardless of its dire consequences. Being priests, and therefore men of deep experience in the workings of human passions, they know very well that in the madness and lust of war it is inevitable that many things should occur which are not to be justified even by military standards. They have probed the depths of human weakness too thoroughly to be surprised even by such a temporary reversion to barbarism. It is therefore always a relief to turn from our big secular dailies,

which dance to the tune of the monied trust, 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 Anglo-Americans 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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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...

It may be as well to reproduce here the extract from the address in question 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..."

It may serve more than one purpose. 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 meeting writes us as follows:

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

This jumble of words bears intrinsic 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 constitutionally 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 educational 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 glorious whole."

There would be separate school buildings even were there no Separate schools. In urban municipalities Separate schools work no injury to Protestants. On the contrary, 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 comparatively 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 children of foreign-born parents into good Canadians.

Outside of the Separate schools Catholics have perhaps an equal number 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 complaining, but we are not going to be read out of the ranks of Canadian citizenship by the Riddifords who are invited to speak at Teachers' Institutes.

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

The Department of Education issues a volume entitled "Regulations, 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 regulations governing Teachers' Institutes 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 Inspectorates constituting an Institute, shall become members thereof, and shall attend all the meetings promptly and regularly."

"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 occasions. And it is only fair, but perhaps 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 whose attendance is left optional it is strongly recommended by the Minister of Education. Obviously, recommendation is a wise one and might well be developed into an obligation. The work of the Teachers' Institutes is intimately related 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 until 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 protected from such insolent and boorish incidents as the Riddiford address before the East Middlesex Institute.

Inspector Thompson, it is true, at the conclusion of Mr. Riddiford's address, 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 individuals 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 incidents in any part of Ontario.

The overbearing brutality of the man of wealth and power and the envious and hateful malice directed against wealth and power are really at root merely different manifestations 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 ceremonies. 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 William Roach of the community of St. Basil, and Father S. McGrath, the present pastor of Schomberg, Ont. The fifth priest is Father John Sheridan, C. S. B., who was ordained on Sept. 26 and celebrated his first solemn Mass on Oct. 3. This latter occasion was the more notable because nearly all the clergy who assisted 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 subdeacon, whilst Fathers T. Roach, C. S. B., and S. McGrath assisted in the sanctuary, the latter preaching 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 unprecedented, it is not even unsurpassed. Yet there are many parishes in Canada, composed of good practical Catholics of clean blooded stock, which have given not even one son to the service of God's Altar. Without attempting to determine the extent 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 considerable length of time. The force of example draws others. Boys receive a powerful incentive to think of consecrating 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 Sacrifice 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 conceived 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 supporting the pro-German propaganda in America.

"Those of us who are intimately acquainted with America know the individuals concerned and their remarkable 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 are, exceptions, merely shriekers and kickers who have never given us anything except annoyance and trouble all through the Irish movement."

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. Redmond gives some surprisingly convincing 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 exaggerations 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 profound 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 obscurity 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 addressed myself, and from the time the war started until now not a single voice has been raised in 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 consideration of another class of British subjects who publish literature quite as objectionable as any to be found in the suppressed Irish sheets.

Before us are some pamphlets published by the National Labour Press, Limited, 30 Blackfriars Street, Manchester; 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 fanatical 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 workman has not benefited by these expansions of Empire, though he has played a great part in depriving the owners of land in depriving the owners of land. It is surely becoming plainer to the average Englishman that, supposing Britain conquered 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 interest. There is no such act of patriotism 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 Policy" of John Bright:

"Listen to Mr. John Bright speaking in 1859 words which ring as true today 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 'neutrality 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 reproduce here.

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

and over-developed class consciousness 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-countrymen 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 interview 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 Osnabrück, 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 archbishopric 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 Inniskillings, who have died in the same trenches for us and each other.'"

"We Irish Church clergy don't forget that the first Irish chaplain to be killed was a Roman Catholic chaplain 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 antagonism 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 judgment refused to approve, but it is unthinkable that Irishmen should draw a sword on Irishmen because of political 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 newspaper 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 Dominion. 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 developments 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 England. 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 irreconcilables 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 word. 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 dishonor.

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 denounced 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 misgovernment 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 Ireland to England's side. The reasoning 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 England 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 hyphenated 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 remains 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 children would be admitted to the Public schools of that city, a member of the Board stated that it was the "better class of Roman Catholics" who avail themselves of this privilege. 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 correct. But if it be taken to mean those who have a living interest in their Faith, and who are more concerned 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, unfortunately, 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 columns last week. The utter fallacy of the notion finds additional illustration 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 managed 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 has 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 formal denial of this by proclamation. Quite contrary to the disposition of other Belgian prisoners, the Governor announces, Mme. de Wiart has made no endeavor to have her penalty mitigated, but rather otherwise,

and must, therefore, continue to languish behind prison bars. The incident lying back of this determination on the part of the authorities has not, it need hardly be said, appeared 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 made to interfere with her personal movements, but she was subjected to rigid surveillance, and every time she left the house a German officer followed her. Becoming tired of this annoying espionage she one morning, accompanied by some of her children, issued forth very early, and made her way to one of the parks in the outskirts. The officer, who was still enjoying his bed, when informed of this, hastily donned his uniform and set out in pursuit. Locating his quarry after a long chase, he was just in time to see them sit down upon the grass in a pleasant spot and begin a good breakfast—to which, of course, the "Boche" was not invited.

THERE BEING NO restaurant nearby, the officer, rather than risk losing sight of the lady, remained fasting, buoyed up by the hope that she would presently make up her mind to return home. Not so, however, for Madame and her companions were out to make a day of it. They did not remain in one spot, it is true, but took another long walk and then sat down to lunch. This operation was repeated in the afternoon, and the evening meal partaken of in the same way, and finally, late in the evening, the little party made its way back to Brussels, the Colonel, mad with rage and hunger, still dogging their footsteps. It was this incident, reported with embellishments to those in authority, that prompted the arrest of Madame de Wiart, and her deportation to Germany, under the pretext that it was crime enough against the majesty of German rule, and a sufficient reason why she should be detained until the end of the War.

ATTENTION has been called to the remarkable prognostication of current events made by the late Cardinal Manning more than forty years ago. In the "Internal Mission of the Holy Ghost," commenting upon the iniquitous May Laws, then being put into force against the Church by Bismarck, the Cardinal thus expressed himself: "We see a country which, intoxicated with an excess of material power, is now daring, as a precursor to its own chastisement, to persecute the Church of Jesus Christ. A fatal extinction of supernatural light, the aberration of false philosophy, the inflation of false science, the pride of unbelief, and a contemptuous scorn of those who believe, are preparing Germany for an overthrow or suicide." And again: "The intellect of man, in revolting from God, loses its own perfection; it thereby darkens itself, and having lost the light and the knowledge of God, loses also the knowledge of His law."

WHAT NATION, it may well be asked, has gone further in deifying materialism, and in leading other nations to the very brink of the same chasm, than the Kingdom of Prussia—"as a precursor to its own chastisement!" And it is not a little remarkable, as a contemporary sane remarker, that it should have been left to a great Catholic prelate to discover the German mind long before any of the world's statesmen even cared to give it a serious thought.

THERE IS a newspaper edited, printed and circulated in Belgium which is said to have baffled at discovery every effort of that heroic little country's present masters. It appears regularly without the knowledge of the censors as to its origin, and, necessarily, without their permission. And it is said not to mince matters with the oppressors. The military Governor, Von Bissing, never fails to get his copy, nor are other German officials passed over. A reward of 15,000 francs (\$3,000) has been offered for the name of its editor, but, notwithstanding that several individuals under suspicion as being answerable for its appearance, have been arrested, *Libre Belgique*—for such is its name—continues to appear. If sought for by the authorities in Brussels, the paper appears in Liege; when looked for there it turns up in

Antwerp, and when the pursuit groups warm in Antwerp, the papers bobs 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 EUCHARISTIC CONGRESS

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

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.

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 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.

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.

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:

SIDE LIGHTS 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.

AN AMERICAN EDITOR AND GREAT BRITAIN

In the course of the proceedings in the Manchester City Police Court against Theodore Stington, 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:

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:

THE SUFFERINGS OF POLAND

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

This appeal from the Polish Bishops, and Cardinal Gasparr'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 unpeakable sufferings, and is 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 food 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 it, 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 with tears, begging you, in the name of the Mother of Mercy, and of those great saints in the name of whom she has sent the Holy Spirit 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," meaning the special Apostolic Benediction which the Holy Father "imparts with all his heart."

May God in His goodness deign 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 basked in blood, a lasting peace and rest after this cruel war. The peace of our Lord be with you always, Venerable Brethren.

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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."

What are you going to do with YOUR SAVINGS? You cannot keep your cash in a stocking. You must either put it in a Bank; invest in a Bond or Stock; or purchase Life Insurance with it. Some men will do all three.

By Putting YOUR SAVINGS INTO LIFE INSURANCE

You will be practising Thrift in its best form. You will be making definite provision for your family. In the event of your early death, they will receive many times more than you have paid in. If you live, you will be adding each year to the value of your security.

Let us sell you a Policy in the Capital Life Assurance Company. We have all kinds, at all prices, with valuable privileges and perfect security always.

Write us, giving the date of your birth

The Capital Life Assurance Company of Canada

Head Office - Ottawa

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

Tachowts, March 22, 1918. Dear Readers of CATHOLIC RECORD: Yesterday (Passion Sunday) I laid the corner-stone of the church in Tachowts. 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 deigns 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 unheavenly 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 pitious 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.

Thornton-Smith Co.

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Make Your Will The importance of providing for what depending on you is obvious. Do not deprive them of the protection a Will affords. Above all, select an Executor, such as the Capital Trust Corporation, competent to carry out the provisions of your Will. We invite correspondents and will send on request our special booklet on Wills.

FIVE MINUTE SERMON

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

FEAST OF THE MATERNITY OF THE
BLESSSED 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 supernatural 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 when He prefers we should come to Him 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

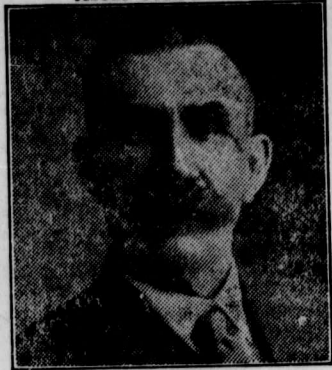
NOT MUCH CHOICE BETWEEN THEM

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 licenses 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.

This is the story in every large city in the country. The brewers and not the saloon-keepers are primarily responsible for the evils of the liquor traffic. They could, if they would, make the saloon business at least law-abiding; but their greed stands in the way, and they will not wake up until an aroused public opinion will insist upon punishing not only the saloon but the brewery from every State in the Union.—Sacred Heart Review.

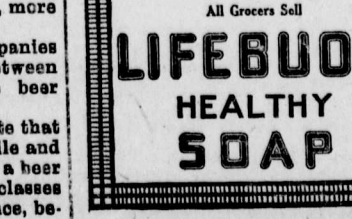
INTOXICANTS IN JURY ROOM

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 any use of intoxicants by a juror will vitiate its 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

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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.

SENSE OF HONESTY

There are dishonest people, who will not scruple or hesitate to take what does not belong to them, whether it be large or small. But there are very many men and women who are not dishonest, yet have not a deep sense of honesty, who would not steal any sum or article of value, or retain another's property, but who all the same are guilty of dishonesty in small matters without any qualm of conscience.

A dealer in New York recently, one of the papers told us, took a trial of the virtue of his customers and gave them an excess of change. To his amazement very few were honorable enough or honest enough to call his attention to the fact of their return the amount. He stated in this connection that the men showed up better than the women. How many who read this will feel their consciences pricked? We fear only too many people will find themselves in the category of those who do not hesitate to retain whatever excess change may be handed to them in stores. They may attempt to justify themselves by the consideration that, after all, it is the seller's business to see that he gives the exact change, and that he ought to suffer by his own mistake. That is a way of reasoning that is not supported by any rules of 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 there is no room for the conductor 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 in 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

inflict, it is stealing all the same. And to an honest man nothing is trivial or trifling.—Right Rev. Mgr. Thomas in the Baltimore Catholic Review.

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. We never heard that anyone objected to the use of the phrase, or thought it an abuse of the Gospel Commission to make an attempt to carry out the plan it proposed: That of saving for Christ, in the Protestant meaning of the term, the entire North American Continent.

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 effect the same object, immediately they are accused of a political plot to bring about the subjection of North America to "the papal church." Archbishop Glennon, of St. Louis, sets this forth most admirably:

"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 in to take the place of those who had left. Others—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?

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must bring and they shall hear My voice and there shall be one fold and one Shepherd" (John x, 16).—The Missionary.

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 uncompro-misingly to Catholicism, Anglicanism appears wholly subjective. Let one who experienced membership in both

communion, contrast the two on this score:

"First, there is absolutely none of that diversity of opinion on matters of faith (in the Catholic Church) which the Anglican, in his own case, apparently accepts as his 'cross'; there are no 'schools of thought' in this sense, at all; there is not the faintest dogmatic difference between these two groups of temperaments into which the whole human race may be more or less divided—the maximizers and the minimizers." "Confessions of a Convert," p. 148.—New World.

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 pro-longed 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 wake 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.

My marvelous remedy—Samaria Prescription—has done this for hundreds of cases in Canada. It can be given with or without the patient's knowledge as it is tasteless and odorless and quickly dissolves in liquid or food. Read what it did for Mrs. G. of Vancouver: "I was so anxious to get my husband cured that I went up to Harrison's Drug Store and got your Remedy there. I had no trouble giving it without his knowledge. I greatly thank you for the peace and comfort it has brought already into my home. The cost was nothing according to what he would spend in drinking. The cure of drink was putting me into my grave, but now I feel happy. May the Lord be with you and help you in curing the evil. I don't want my name published."

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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...

guard against ambition that overleaps itself and is purely personal and selfish; we must all be thankful for successes but be also prepared...

God judges by a light which baffles mortal sight, and the useless-seeming man the crown hath won...

School, he concludes, is the first Milestone. Up to that, we have been led. Thence forward we must walk alone...

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...

"You young shirker!" exclaimed his two brothers, who were busily at work at their own tasks...

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...

(1) Inclination.—To parents, teachers and friends, I would say, "Be very careful not to force a young life into ungenial lines..."

(2) Fitness.—Special aptitudes for special occupations are often developed very young. Be on the look-out for them...

(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...

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...

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...

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

"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..."

The 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..."

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...

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.

Christmas was over, and the New Year was two days old. Hans had not spoken again of the preparation for Communion...

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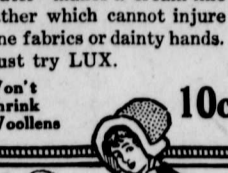
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their training, that they should be independent and stand up for their rights, and demand religious freedom.

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...

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...

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."

The next morning he died. On the face of the dead boy lay the reflection of an unspesakable and endless bliss.

"Sure I know where it is," said a shoe string peddler on one of the main streets of St. Louis, Mo.

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.

We have particularly in mind many who have entered into mixed marriages and allow themselves to act as if they retained not membership or as if they had lost devotion and affection.

Let us! Let us! how sad the words were for the mother. She looked at the child, who had already fallen asleep again.

She could no longer distinguish between light and darkness, but he became aware of her presence and was pacified.

When the doctor had closed behind the doctor 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.

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

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

STOP FALLING HAIR

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Although it is not a dye, it acts upon the hair roots and will darken streaked, faded, gray hair in ten or fifteen days.

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.

To illustrate our theme. Early this summer we came across the pastor of a good-sized city parish in the middle West.

The man registered and went into the parlor. It is a long room, with plenty of light and ventilation.

"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."

But now we touch the layman's share in this final process of conversion—final, and most important and most holy of all.

This should not be so. It is a grotesque commentary on our Lord's words: "It is one who soweth and another who reapeth" (John iv, 88).

And yet multitudes of the laity are perfectly competent. Without the laity no Sunday School is possible; yet what is taught to a convert for his reception is hardly a tithe of what is usually taught a little child in Sunday School to prepare it for First Communion.

We do not advise that all converts should be prepared by men and women of the laity, for the pastor should reserve to his own care those who need more than a layman easily can give them either because they are troubled by difficulties of more than usual seriousness, or because their dispositions are not beyond question.

But by far the greater number may be confided to zealous and well informed members of the laity, such as are to be had for the asking, and easily may be organized systematically for this work.

Systematic aid on the part of the laity is positively needed if we are to cope with this superabundance of souls seeking admittance into the Church.—The Missionary.

Ask Your Doctor about this food formula. It's Dr. Jackson's Roman Meal. 30% whole berries of wheat. 35% whole berries of rye; both granulated, not crushed. 25% deodorized and tasteless flaxseed and 10% wheat bran.

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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. What a prodigious theme, and what food for reflection as we pass through four centuries of Church! Can we see in Protestantism to-day what it was in the beginning of the sixteenth century? In the days of Luther, Calvin, Zwingli, Melancthon, Knox, Oecolampadius and other refractory lights the authority of the Church as a divinely instituted organization was trampled on, many of its teachings were rejected arbitrarily, many of its practices were abolished, but the essence of Christianity, its very foundation in the statement of Christ as the Son of God, was tenaciously retained. The divine inspiration of the Scriptures was upheld, the Bible pronounced the sole rule of faith, without any need of tradition, or the authoritative, infallible voice of a teaching Church. With all its errors Protestantism clung to the vital constituents of Christianity. But Protestantism in the lapse of four centuries has lost its identity. The Reformers, if they could rise from the dead, would not be able to recognize their progeny. There are hundreds and hundreds of denominations, calling themselves Christian—and yet most of them deny even the divinity of Christ. In spite of recent efforts to accomplish unity, they are still far apart from each other. With all the incongruities between them, it is useless to expect harmony. It is partly colored patchwork without beauty of design or color—a jumbled mass of contradictory shapes. Sometimes intelligent men see themselves in the question: Is not Protestantism disintegrating? There is every sign that it is crumbling from the original of the sixteenth century. It is more and more losing the earmarks of genuine Christianity. But having lost the substance, it may keep the name, and with the boast of lifting on high a progressive, modern Christianity, float to the breeze the standard of "indifferentism" and "Ethical Supremacy"—proclaiming that all religions are equally good and that ethics may desirably fill the place of positive religion.

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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. It is easy enough to see that with its tendency to indifference Protestantism in the end will become only a champion of Christian ethics, giving its followers the privilege of making their own creeds, of believing whatever they please, and that is the course which is largely being mapped out to day by its leaders of thought. Thousands upon thousands of Protestants are becoming agnostics in the sense of believing still in the Supreme Being, but ignoring all claims of divine revelation. Let us hope that many of these, groping in the dark, may return to the light that dwells in the home of holy Mother Church.—Intermountain Catholic.

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. One was a clergyman whose name meanwhile, for prudential reasons, is not disclosed, and who admits that the last link that bound him to the Anglican Church was snapped through the reading of an article on the Anglican claims by Mr. (ately the Rev.) H. E. Hall, himself a noteworthy convert, in the Catholic Review. "I read," he writes to a correspondent, "and it was like the blast of silver trumpets ringing sweet and clear, as the walls of my Anglican Jericho collapsed in a shower of dust and bits of stones." The second convert is Mr. John Cox, brother of Father Cox, I. C., who was received into the Church by Father Wonnacott at Lee. Mr. Cox, it seems, had been intimately connected with several highly ritualistic societies in the Church of England, especially the Catholic League, which recently incurred Episcopal displeasure, and has since its foundation sent not a few of its members into the Church.—Edinburgh Catholic Herald.

Our present subject matter does not call for a discussion of whether or not Protestantism will eventually go the way of all other religious revolutions of the past. But when our Holy Father asks us to pray at this time for the conversion of Protestants, one of the principal thoughts must be that Protestantism now as compared with what it was at the beginning, has far less influence among its own people, and that never before has the weakness of its hold been more apparent than it is to day. It is a great question of the Protestant community have withdrawn, as they unquestionably have, from active church participation, because the Protestant church has ceased to appeal to them, then it is a particularly fitting time for the Catholic world to pray that this secession may not lead into the ranks of the infidels but back to the bosom of Mother Church. Giving a brief resume of Protestant history he says: "Thirty five years after the first break with Rome the Protestant cause was triumphant over two thirds of Europe. Not only was it in complete possession of England, the Scandinavian countries and northern Germany; it had gained the ascendancy also in Poland, in Bohemia, in Hungary. It seemed to be surely drawing France away from the Church, it had acquired a strong foothold in the Austrian Archduchy, it had penetrated even into Spain and Italy. Then about the year 1555 there came an amazing change. The newly organized Society of Jesus, under St. Ignatius Loyola had begun what is known in history as the Catholic Counter-Reformation. There had been a great revival of religious life within the Church. The Council of Trent had met and had renewed and restated in convincing fashion the truths of Christian Doctrine. Finally the people had had time to see that the Protestant flood left no millennium in its wake, but that economically and socially the rank and file were not as well off as they were before. The reaction to the Catholic Church in the short interval of ten years following 1555 is one of the marvels of history. Rapidly as Protestantism had spread in the first instance, its repulse was equally swift. In this one decade it disappeared completely or in greater part from nearly half the territory it had won. Austria, Bohemia, Hungary, Poland—the vast majority of their people—were brought back to the Faith. And the ground recovered by the Church in these few years has never since been lost. Since the middle of the sixteenth century Protestantism has not been able to launch in Europe another forward move. It has gained nothing over what it held in 1565; it has lost enormously as compared with what it held in 1555. On the other hand, the rise of Catholicism, especially during the last seventy-five years, has been very pronounced in all the Protestant countries. In England, Scotland and Wales conversions average 8,000 a year. In the United States they run close to 40,000 a year. The population of Germany, not so much by conversions as by the effect of a superior birth rate, is steadily

CARDINAL BOURNE

PAYS TRIBUTE TO CANADIANS (From the London Universe)

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 O'Coole. The Cardinal said Mass at 7:30 on Sunday morning in the Catholic chapel but, several of the Canadians receiving Holy Communion. His Eminence assisted at the parade Mass, celebrated at 11 o'clock in the field in which the Canadian troops were recently reviewed by the King, 1,500 soldiers attending the impressive ceremony, the majority being French Canadians from Quebec. An altar was placed upon a platform supported by pontoon boats, and during the Mass the men joined in the singing of hymns. The celebrant was the senior Catholic Chaplain, Father T. C. Doyon, O. P. Addressing the troops, the Cardinal said he had been privileged to speak to the men of His Majesty's Forces, and the fact that he had been with the men in France should convince his hearers of how gladly he associated himself with those who, through love of God, King and country, were offering their lives in defence of the sacred rights of Christian civilization. The war, said His Eminence, had brought about many wonderful things. Men had come from north, south, east and west to offer their lives, to sacrifice ease and comfort—to do all that any man could do. The wonderful Canadian nation had done its due share. He was glad to pay a public testimony to the part the Catholics were taking in this war; men out of all proportion to their numbers had entered the Army. This country had given nobly of her sons, and now he gave before him such splendid representatives of Canada. Canada had done magnificently to the admiration of the whole world. They were going to take the place of those who

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. They are altogether un-Christian feeling. We must love our fellow-men, and if we have had an opportunity to get acquainted with persons of different nationalities, he has found very many among them fine and charming. Occasionally you may have come across a disagreeable one. Every nation, including your own, has such.—Fortnightly Review.

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. And yet some of the people who we meet in our Missions to non-Catholics tell us that the doctrine is not found anywhere in Holy Scripture. Here is an interesting biblical fact: In the fifty-third chapter of the prophecy of Isaiah there are no fewer than eleven expressions that clearly describe the vicarious character of our Lord's sufferings: He bore our infirmities; He carried our sorrows; He was wounded for our iniquities; He was bruised for our sins; The chastisement of our peace was upon Him; By His bruises we are healed; The Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all; For the wickedness of My people was He stricken; When Thou shalt make His soul an offering for sin; He shall bear their iniquities; He bore the sins of many.—The Missionary.

HARVARD TO HAVE CATHOLIC SAVANT FOR FIRST TIME

UNIVERSITY, SEVERAL HUNDRED YEARS OLD, BREAKS ALL PAST PRECEDENTS. Professor Maurice de Wulf, formerly of the Faculty of the University of Louvain, Belgium, has accepted the invitation of Harvard University to the chair of the philosophy of medieval history. He is the first Catholic ever to occupy such a position in the oldest of American secular universities. On his arrival at Cambridge recently, Dr. de Wulf spoke of his work at Harvard: "I am to lecture as a scientific historian, not as a Catholic. In my lectures I shall adhere strictly to the historical point of view. But I shall try to make plain that the Middle Ages were strikingly alive and interesting philosophically. Do you know that there were one hundred different systems of thought in the thirteenth century? "All the problems that you call modern were spiritedly discussed, and there was the broadest diversity of ideas. There was no one system you could call Scholasticism; for the more you study those much maligned periods the more you will see that they did not make the mistake of confusing theology with philosophy. They kept the two distinct—as they should be kept. That is something to hope to bring out very strongly—the theistic and philosophical side of Scholasticism as a part and dried theory, half religion, half philosophy, will be removed. The men in the thirteenth century had just as lively discussions—quarrels, if you will—of the philosophers of to-day."—Buffalo Echo.

FATHER FINN'S NEW BOOK

It will be glad news to many to learn that Father Finn has found time from his many other duties to write a new book. The plot turns on a prize contest for a piano offered by a newspaper to a number of composers. Of course this call for keen competition on the part of the young people through-out the country and in this contest that Michael Desmond, "That Old Boy," figures prominently. The Chicago and Chicago are the publishers of the book, the price of which is 85 cents postpaid. This book can be ordered from the Catholic Record, London, at above price.

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. After stating this fact at a recent recruiting meeting in Dublin, Lieutenant Alderman McWalter declared that, speaking in the shadow of the old House of Commons, he felt sure if the voices of Gratian, Floid and O'Connell could be heard, they would say that it was the duty of the men of Dublin to act and to help their kith and their kin and to offer their services to the Government, knowing their wives and children were safe and would be taken care of. Referring to Irish heroism on the battlefield in times past, he said it had been surpassed within the past twelve months. Out of the hundred V. C.'s which had been won, seventeen had gone to Irishmen. Two of these V. C.'s, Sergeant O'Leary, the hero of Gaihoir, and Private Dwyer, have been given commissions in the Army, and will henceforward be among the officers of the Northumberland Fusiliers. Both these young men are Catholics.—The Republic.

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. Now, it appears to me impossible that this or any other form of devotion could be so widespread, or indeed so deeply appreciated by men in every walk of life, if those that practiced it did not know from their own experience, that it was a fruitful source of spiritual favors. The history of Irish Catholicity is the history of devotion to the Holy Mother of God. We can trace it in those churches that have been founded by the early Irish Saints in every land which has been blessed by their teaching. In dark and evil days it has been the solace and support of our fathers, drawing

Give on Oct. 21 "OUR DAY" For Sailors and Soldiers

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 suffering of 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. Our own Canadian sailors and soldiers will share in the benefits. This appeal is being seconded by His Honor, the Lieutenant Governor of the Province of Ontario in Official Proclamation in the Ontario Gazette of October 16, 1915, and the 21st of October, 1915 ("Tratfalgar Day") is appointed as a day for street and other collections of funds for the British Red Cross. No need to urge the supreme worth of this cause. Our heroic sailors and soldiers who keep the door against the Hun and the barbarian must not be allowed to languish in their wounds and their sickness for the lack of medical necessities, appliances and comforts. Give and give heartily. Your money will go direct to British Red Cross headquarters, where it will be officially and wisely handled. This is the first direct appeal of any kind made on us by the Mother Land, and our response should be most hearty and liberal. The Mayor of every town and city and the Reeve of every municipality has been appointed by the above Proclamation organizer and director of such steps as may be necessary to make "Our Day for Sailors and Soldiers" a memorable one and a tremendous success.

The Aim for the Province of Ontario is \$500,000 Give your share: Give it on Trafalgar Day—Remember what your Sailors and Soldiers are doing for YOU! Watch your local papers for further announcement or make your subscription payable to your Mayor or Reeve and mark it "British Red Cross."

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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. And I didn't know the man very well either. I wanted to try the horse for a month, but he wouldn't let me. So I didn't buy the horse, although I wanted it badly. Now I see what he was thinking. You see I was washing my clothes in the "1900 Gravity" Washer. "Our Gravity" design gives greatest convenience, as well as ease of operation. My Washing Machine as I wash my clothes, I thought about the horse, and about the man who owned it. I didn't know, because they wouldn't write and tell me. You see, I will wash my clothes with my "1900 Gravity" Washer. I have sold over half a million that way. So, thought I, it is only fair enough to let people try my Washing Machine for a month, before they pay for them, just as I wanted to try the horse. So, I know what our "1900 Gravity" Washer will do for you. I know it will wash the clothes, without wearing them by hand or by any other machine. I know it will wash a tub full of very dirty clothes in six minutes. I know no other machine ever invented can do that without wearing the clothes. Our "1900 Gravity" Washer does the work so easy that a child can run it almost as well as a strong woman, and it doesn't wear the clothes, fray the edges nor break buttons, the way all other machines do. It just drives soapy water clear through the fibres of the clothes like a force pump might. So, I will do with my "1900 Gravity" Washer what I wanted the man to do with the horse. Only I won't wait for people to ask me. I'll let me send you a "1900 Gravity" Washer on a month's free trial. I'll pay the freight out of my own pocket, and if you don't want the machine after you've used it a month, I'll take it back and pay the freight, too. Surely that is fair enough, isn't it? Doesn't it prove that the "1900 Gravity" Washer must be all that I say it is? And you can pay me out of what it saves for you. It will save its whole cost in a few months in wear and tear on the clothes alone. And then it will save 50 to 75 cents a week over on washwoman's wages. If you keep the machine after the month's trial, I'll let you pay for it out of what it saves you. If it saves you 60 cents a week, send me five a week till paid full. I'll take that cheerfully, as I'll get for my money what I want. Drop me a line to-day, and let me send you a book about the "1900 Gravity" Washer that washes clothes in six minutes.

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The Catholic Record, London, Ont.