

The Catholic Record

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

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OUR READING

That this is in some sort a reading age, that it is vastly important to read wisely, that there are great books with which intelligent persons should be reasonably familiar—these are surely incontestable propositions. They have been reaffirmed by many notable thinkers in various dialects and with manifold illustrations. A gainsaying generation has gone on its way with sublime indifference to the preferences of its mentors. Only an optimistic bookman here and there closes his eyes to the fact that the reading public has a keener relish for pithy scraps of information and highly spiced paragraphs of society gossip than for the literary treasures which have been beguiled by the ages. Far be it from us to justify the perverted tastes of the crowd—they must be tolerated, as other transitional things are. Most people are in a dreadful hurry to-day. Is it to be wondered at that they conform to the "quick lunch" pattern in their mental as in their material practices? It would be censorious to class them with the negligible workings who lay outside the prison-house in the great vision, concerning whom Virgil said to Dante, "Speak not of them, but glance and pass them by."

WHAT DO WE READ?

We are not now thinking of best books and their claims, nor of the competing standards set before the tyroses of the debating societies in city and town. The wails and laments of literature in our modern world is subject to fresh inquiry. Ask the librarian of the nearest free library; glance over the shelves and counters of your bookstores; note the advertising acts now employed by publishers to induce young and old to buy their wares; then say whether re-valuations, wide and deep in their range, are or are not called for in the interest of the unnumbered youths and maidens who are to revise the laws and remodel the social habits of the coming generations.

HASTY JUDGMENTS

Not so very many years ago, judgments filtered down from serene heights of professional criticism, through the channels which magazines and reviews provided. When these passed verdicts upon the poets, so naturalists and historians of the period they were sectionally regarded. Very few of the too abundant opinions hastily dashed off nowadays have any weight with students. They are for popular consumption, and, like the ephemera that buzz for an hour or two in the sunrises, pass unregarded into oblivion. It does not follow that they have no effect upon untrained minds. Like the films of the cinematograph show, they leave a confused sense of familiarity behind them which is apt to produce false impressions of unvisited realms in the Kingdom ruled over by the undying great. If this confusion had no bearing upon the ethical standards which prevail in practical life it might not matter so much. Unfortunately, chance-medley in the common thinking echoes itself in the field of morals and conduct.

OUR HERITAGE

From the Far East leading spirits abroad testify to the preciousness of our literary heritage, and grateful students proclaim their indebtedness to our great authors. The vast Western plains and the cities which rival our own in wealth and culture claim their full share in the old tradition, that millions on the other side of the "unplumbed straining sea" regard the speech of Shakespeare and the principles of Milton as their own highest standard of comparison. Doctor Brandes, the master workman in the Danish field of polite letters, discourses pleasantly to a select audience on the leadership of our great writers, showing a familiarity with their works such as may well shame some of us who are content with shallow and unconsidered views of books which educated foreign-

ers esteem and love supremely. The latest of these distinguished scholars to bring his tribute of admiration is M. Anatole France—a poet, a novelist, and a critic who has evolved a literary form so charming and arresting that readers of all nations delight in his pictures of life; tracking him through his many moods, now serious and anon gay, always glowing with fine feeling for human experiences, always redolent of the fragrance which only an exquisite charity and an imagination alive to all phases of character have power to impart. He speaks with enthusiasm of the works of Swift and Defoe, Scott and Dickens, Thackeray and George Eliot. He hints his high appreciation of our living writers of mark, but his deepest homage is paid to "the vast and profound spirit of Shakespeare and Bacon." He records the fact that "the true France took your institutions as her example and her ideal. Your Shakespeare renewed our poetic inspiration. Our parliamentary system is a child of yours."

CANON'S CHARITABLE REPLY

Editor of The Free Press:—It is charitable to think that Bishop Fallon's zeal for the practices of his church ran away with his judgment, if his sermon is reported correctly in today's Free Press.

1. Bishop Fallon knows well that "Hail" as addressed by the angel to the Blessed Virgin is not a prayer. It is simply a salutation and means "Rejoice," or "Be Glad." The angel congratulates her upon the great favor bestowed upon her. The use of the word as a salutation is no warrant for its use as a prayer, nor does the passage in which it occurs suggest such a thought even remotely.

2. Then as to "special influence." Does the Bishop really mean to imply that the Son of God is amenable to "special influence" in his relations to mankind? The Roman Catholic Church may assign to the blessed Virgin such "special influence" with her Son, but it does so against the whole tenor of the Scriptures recorded of her approaching Him during His public ministry. His answers were the opposite of encouraging to the idea of her possessing "special influence."

3. The most extraordinary statement, however, is the following: "The only difference between Jesus and Mary is that she was the creature, He the Creator; She the redeemed and He the Redeemer. Yet she was the mother of Jesus." The only difference; can any difference be greater than that between the creature and the Creator, the redeemed and the Redeemer? We pray to and worship only the Creator and Redeemer. According to the bishop's own words, the blessed Virgin is a "redeemed creature." Can the bishop quote a single passage in the Bible where prayer and worship are addressed to a redeemed creature? If not, is not all the bishop's zealous eloquence mere words—camouflage, if you will, to tide the utter absence in the Scriptures of any warrant for the addressing of prayers to the Blessed Virgin?

As there is not space to deal adequately with this large subject in a letter I beg to state that I shall take the opportunity, D. V., of preaching on this subject in St. Paul's Cathedral on Sunday evening next.

NORMAN TUCKER.
London, February 10, 1919.

PINNED DOWN!

Editor Free Press:—In your issue of this date Canon Tucker attempts to draw a red herring across the track by making certain comments upon my sermon of Sunday night. I don't propose to allow him to so escape the issue raised by himself. On the 3rd instant, Canon Tucker was reported as having said in the pulpit of St. Paul's Cathedral, on the day preceding, "that the name of the Virgin was substituted for the name of Jesus Christ in the Te Deum and other services of the Catholic Church."

In a public letter of the 4th instant, I characterized that statement as "absolutely false and without any foundation in fact." On the same day Canon Tucker repeated his slander in the following terms: "Leaders of the Catholic Church have been promoting the glories of Mary and ascribing to her the attributes of Christ himself. . . . In societies interested in promoting beliefs in her glories, her name has been substituted in Psalms and in the Te Deum for the name of Christ." On the 5th instant, I publicly called upon Canon Tucker "to show proofs for his indefensible distortions of facts that are within the reach of all."

There the issue still stands: Canon Tucker desires to evade it; he has not accepted the challenge;

he has not produced the proofs. The charge he made is clear and intelligible; it can be established by producing the Psalms and the Te Deum in which the name of the Virgin Mary has been substituted for that of Christ. Until Canon Tucker produces those proofs, or publicly admits that he cannot do so, no other performance of his is worthy the attention of an honest man.

Yours faithfully,
M. F. FALLON,
Bishop of London,
London, Ontario, Feb. 11, 1919.

DEFENDS USE OF WINE FOR SACRAMENTS

REV. FATHER WHALEN REPLIES TO THE "PESTIFEROUS PULPITERS"

Ottawa Journal, Feb. 3
Rev. Father M. J. Whalen, pastor of St. Patrick's Church, in his sermon at High Mass on Sunday replied to criticisms directed against the Catholic Church by "pestiferous pulpiters"—as Father Whalen termed them—who alleged that the use of wine for sacramental purposes was an obstacle in the way of banishing the evil of drink.

His sermon was particularly a reply to one delivered by Rev. W. E. Baker, pastor of the First Congregational Church on Sunday a week ago. He opened his sermon with the following quotation from The Book of Wisdom:
"Let us lie in wait for the just, because he is not to our turn and is contrary to our doings. . . . He is grievous unto us, even to behold. . . . We are esteemed by him as triflers, and he absteins from our ways as from filthiness."—(Wisdom—Cap. II.)

DEAN FARRAR'S WORDS
"Each generation in turn," says Archbishop Farrar, "falls to see that this hatred of the good by the bad, evincing itself by savage deeds or stinging words, is part of the normal history of the world."

"This deprecation," Fr. Whalen continues, "this holding up to contempt by anonymous railers, is part of the tribute which vice pays to virtue. In all ages, cynics, worldlings, envious rivals, and those who hate the righteous, sharpen their tongues like a razor to wound the honest reputations of those whom they count their enemies. A man has been called upon by his duty to take an active part among his fellows, and though he has never desired or done any thing but good, there are many who will pursue him with hurricanes of abuse. He can say nothing true; he can do nothing right; his name is a signal for the hiss of every form of religious hatred and worldly malice. This abuse has happened in its worst forms to all the best men whom the world has ever seen. It nearly drove the Psalmist to despair; it wraped all the prophets in its sulphurous storm; it told John the Baptist that he had a devil; it called the Lord Jesus Himself a glutton, a wine bibber, a deceiver, a Samaritan, a traitor, and a demoniac."

THE DISCIPLE'S POSITION
"The disciple is not above the master, nor the servant above his lord. It is enough for the disciple that he be as his master, and the servant as his lord. If they have called the godman of the house Baalzebub how much more than of his household."—Matt. x—24, 25. It is not surprising, then, that James Cardinal Gibbon, one of the household should be mendaciously assailed, as willing to "let the distilleries continue to distill over the fires of inferno, the death dealing, soul destroying enemy of God and mankind; let our fellow men be tempted and dragged into the mire; let our goals be filled and our courts worked overtime; let our police forces be increased and the hangman made more conspicuous; let Perdition be brought nearer to the abodes of men; rather than raise a voice of protest against the banishment of the foul evil that has carried to untimely graves in every year of its existence more human beings than the cruel war has killed in four and a half years!"

CARDINAL GIBBON'S STAND
"Where there are many dreams there are many vanities, and words without number." (Ecl., 5, 6)
"The simple truth is that not Cardinal Gibbon alone, but the entire American hierarchy, supported by the consensus of Catholic opinion and sentiment, is steadfastly opposed to any and all 'bone dry' legislation that would interfere with the use of wine in the celebration of the Mass. Such legislation was passed in Arizona and Oklahoma. In the former State before the issue was heard in the courts, an amendment was added to the constitution by popular vote making an exception of altar wines. In Oklahoma the Supreme Court, a few months ago, decided that under the constitution of the State the Legislature could not make a law which would prohibit the use of wine for sacramental purposes. Prohibitionists throughout the United States are now declaring in the face of pestiferous pulpiters, that they neither advocate

nor support the prohibition of alcohol for scientific, industrial, medicinal and sacramental uses.

W. J. BRYAN'S STAND
"William Jennings Bryan, always an ardent advocate of prohibition, but never an unreasonable one, said recently:

"All prohibition amendments and statutes should except wine for sacramental purposes. While many denominations have substituted grape juice for fermented wine, it is a matter which should be left entirely to the discretion of the church. Prohibition is not directed against the use of alcohol for scientific, mechanical, medicinal or religious purposes, but against its use as a beverage."

"It is a libel on God and our Divine Master," shrieks our bone dry orator, "to even hint that the presence of God's greatest enemy is essential to true worship. My only regret is that I cannot command language strong enough to express my true feelings in the matter."

"It is written in the Good Book—'Hast thou seen a man hasty to speak? Folly is rather to be looked for than his amendment.' . . . Eminently sane, on the other hand, devoid of the extravagance which often renders the prohibition advocate the most intemperate of reformers, is this pronouncement of the hierarchy of Australasia at Melbourne over a year ago:—'We deem it our duty to cooperate with every wisely directed effort to stem the evil of drink and to promote temperance among the people. We have no sympathy with those who oppose well-considered restrictive legislation or the strict and impartial administration of the laws which regulate the sale of drink. But needless to say, we have as little sympathy with those who do not distinguish between the use and the abuse of alcoholic drink; who seem to regard drink as something essentially evil. No lasting improvement can be based upon false principles, and no good cause can be secured by false charges and intemperate language.'"

WORLD WICKED ENOUGH
"Doubtless the world is wicked enough, but it will not be improved by the extension of a spirit which self righteously sees more to reform outside of itself than in itself. Doubtless there are great sins practiced by multitudes of men, but they will hardly be diminished by those who bring into the enterprise of extermination a greater amount of baggage than they can defend, and try to

"Compound for sins they are inclined to."—Dammings those they have no mind to."

SIR WILFRID LAURIER CRITICALLY ILL

As we go to press the following dispatch has been received from Ottawa:
Ottawa, Feb. 16.—Sir Wilfrid Laurier is seriously ill and the end may be near.

He was stricken with paralysis this morning, and while he still retained consciousness, he is still a very sick man. He is in his seventy-eighth year. While he may survive for a considerable period his political career is over and it is doubtful if he will ever reappear in Parliament.

The Opposition Leader has been in singularly good health all winter, but on Saturday it was noticed that his condition was not up to the mark. People who talked to him remarked an absence of the accustomed lucidity.

Editorially the Free Press says: The news that Sir Wilfrid Laurier has suffered a paralytic stroke and today lies in a serious condition will be received with national regret. Sir Wilfrid is a man of no inconsiderable age, three months of his 79th year having passed over. It is, however, to be hoped, taking his descent from a family of hardy Anjou stock into consideration, together with his own sturdy physique and brilliant, energetic mentality, that the immediate danger attending such an attack may be forced back, that medical skill may save him, if not for a renewal of his political activities, then, at least, for some years more of life.

Wilfrid Laurier, whose career both as a professional man and a politician is so well known in Canada, was born at St. Lin, Quebec, on November 20, 1841. For six generations Quebec had been the home of the Lauriers. His father was Carolus Laurier, a farmer in a forest settlement at the foot of the Laurentian hills, north of Montreal. His mother, who died in his fifth year, was Marcellite Martineau, a woman to whom her biographers attribute a fine mind and artistic talents.

Young Laurier was educated for the legal profession. In 1871 he embarked on his political career, being elected in that year as a Liberal to the Quebec Provincial Assembly. Three years later Mr. Laurier was sent to the Dominion House, where his great oratorical powers soon earned him the title, "Silver-tongued Laurier," and in time were the means of securing for him high rank in the Liberal party.

BISHOP FALLON'S SERMON

"ALL NATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED"

That the Catholic Church is acting according to the inspired word of God in the honor paid to the Blessed Virgin Mary as Mother of God, that the Old and New Testaments gave precisely that place to Mary which is given to her by the Catholic Church, that whether fore shadowed by type in the Old Testament or referred to as actual persons in the New Testament, the Mother and Son are always linked together, was simply, lucidly, and irrefutably proven by His Lordship Bishop Fallon in a masterly and scholarly sermon at the evening service in St. Peter's Cathedral last Sunday.

The position and prerogatives of the Blessed Virgin having been attacked by the Rector of the Anglican Cathedral, who claimed that "the whole Catholic doctrine of the Virgin Mary was directly contrary to the teaching of the Bible," Bishop Fallon leaped to pen and pulpit in defense of the Virgin Mother of God, and taking the words of the Bible as the sole basis for his statements, he established beyond doubt that the Catholic doctrine concerning the Virgin Mary was absolutely in consonance with the teachings of the Bible.

The announcement through the press that Bishop Fallon would refute the charge made against the Church of giving undue honor to the Blessed Virgin, drew to St. Peter's Cathedral such a congregation as has seldom if ever been seen within a church in this city before. Chairs placed in the aisles failed to accommodate the people, who filled the rear of the church, the stairs and the gallery, and remained standing for over an hour to hear quoted from the Bible texts that could not fail to convince, linked together by elucidating commentary. Even without that faith which makes it easy for Catholics to accept unquestioningly the sublime doctrine of religion, many non-Catholics present must have grasped the real meaning of our love and veneration for the Mother of God, and realized the significance of the devotion in the life of the individual Catholic, its power as a bulwark of the Christian Faith, and understanding, perhaps for the first time, the justification the Church has for interposing that devotion in doctrinal terms.

His Lordship took as his text the words of the Blessed Virgin spoken prophetically concerning herself and recorded in the 1st chapter of St. Luke's Gospel: "And behold from henceforth all generations shall call me blessed." His Lordship continued: "When a few days ago I read in one of London's daily papers that a minister in a prominent Church had preached from his pulpit that the whole doctrine of the Blessed Virgin Mary was contrary to the teaching of the Bible, the first question that came into my mind was,—why can they not leave us alone? We can take care of ourselves; we know what we believe; we are not interfering with the beliefs of others; why can they not play the game fairly with us as with others? Are slander, false witness, misrepresentation, accusations behind closed doors, and whisperings behind closed doors, the method of their dealing with the teaching of the Catholic Church? What good does such an accusation do? Is it an honorable thing for a Christian minister of a prominent church? Did that minister hope to escape without its reaching the columns of public print? Then it was an ignoble thing, since it was whispering behind closed doors. Will it strengthen the faith of any Christian? Does it help Christianity? Will it make the scoffer cease his sneers? Suppose we were,—it is not the case,—somewhat extravagant in our love and devotion to the Mother of God, might they not be to such a fault a little blind?"

His Lordship went on to say that in the Catholic Church are not heard such accusations against other creeds, that the belief of others is not torn to pieces, but that doctrine and dogma are taught in a positive manner. He declared that feelings of angry indignation were aroused that this belief which with all Catholics is a tender devotion from earliest childhood, that this doctrine of love for the sweet and holy Mother of God should have been made the object of slanderous attack.

"To the Bible he has appealed; to the Bible we shall go. What I shall have to say to you tonight shall be taken entirely from the Bible. The Catholic Church asks nothing more for the Virgin Mary than what is ascribed to her in the Bible. For every Catholic devotion has its reason, its basis, its justification and its defense in the holy and inspired word of God. The Bible is composed of two great divisions: the Old and the New Testaments. The Old Testament is the shadow, the New is the substance, the old is the type, the new is the reality, the old is the prophecy, the new is the fulfillment." He stated he would take into consideration no prophecies save these which

speak in thunderous tones and which all agree refer to the Messiah and His Mother. His Lordship proceeded to read from the Bible passages to prove every statement he made, beginning with the first book of Genesis, where in the 3rd chapter is recorded the story of the fall of Adam and Eve, who have drawn upon themselves the anger of God and have lost that original innocence and happiness in which they had been created. Taking only the words over which there could be no controversy, the speaker read: "And the Lord said to the woman, Eve, Why hast thou done this? And she answered: the serpent deceived me and I eat." And the Lord said to the serpent: "I will put enmity between thee and the woman, and between thy seed and her seed."

In this scene we have three parties, the man, the woman and the serpent, and in the fulfillment of the prophecy we likewise are shown three parties; but in the fulfillment, the man is to be the second Adam and the woman the second Eve. Amongst all commentators of Scripture there is not a single dissentient voice that in speaking of the offspring of Eve God was referring to the Messiah to come and his mother. The woman and her son became for prophet, priest, and patriarch the source of inspiration and the subject of meditation in all the years that were to precede the coming of the Messiah. For more than three thousand years this thought filled the world with hope, it alone bore God's people up against despair. Every Jewish mother hoped that her child might be the mother of the Saviour, and every Jewish maiden prayed that she might be chosen for the signal honour. In all the history of the Bible there is not one attempt to separate the mother from the Son; even in the first message of hope after the fall of man they stand united.

Seven hundred years before the event the prophet Isaiah, that inspired mouth-piece of the Most High, spoke these significant words: "Therefore the Lord Himself shall give you a sign,—behold a virgin shall conceive and bear a son, and his name shall be called Emmanuel, (that is, God with us)." This vision which always links together the Virgin and Emmanuel became more distinct as the years went on.

But if the Old Testament gives these undisputed prophecies of the function, dignity and glory of Mary, it is in the New Testament that we shall seek her real picture. The Old Testament gives but the outline. But outside the Catholic Church they are satisfied with a skeleton. For them there is no room for colour, for flesh and blood. They call her Mary when they do not call her worse, seldom the Virgin Mary, rarely the Blessed Virgin, and never the Mother of God. Yet the Bible makes her the Mother of God. And His Lordship made vivid the scene described in the first chapter of St. Luke's gospel, verses 26-37, Luke 1: "And in the sixth month the angel Gabriel was sent from God into a city of Galilee, called Nazareth, to a virgin espoused to a man whose name was Joseph, of the house of David; and the virgin's name was Mary. And the angel began to come in said unto her: Hail full of grace, the Lord is with thee; Blessed art thou among women. Woe, having heard was troubled at his saying, and thought within herself, what manner of salutation this should be. And the angel said to her: Fear not, Mary, for thou hast found grace with God. Behold thou shalt conceive in thy womb, and shalt bring forth a son, and thou shalt call his name Jesus. . . . And Mary said to the angel: How shall this be done, because I know not man? And the angel said to her: The Holy Ghost shall come upon thee and the power of the Most High shall overshadow thee. And therefore also the Holy which shall be born of thee shall be called the Son of God. And, behold, also thy cousin Elizabeth, she also hath conceived a son in her old age; and this is the sixth month with her that is called barren; because no word shall be impossible with God."

After reading the text His Lordship continued: "What comment can any human voice make upon these words of the Bible? What comment is there to make? God sent an Archangel to a humble virgin, and that ambassador from the heavenly court spoke a message, such as no other human ears before or since have been privileged to hear. Coming in to her he said: 'Hail full of grace, the Lord is with thee, blessed art thou among women.' That is all we ask of anyone to believe of the Blessed Virgin,—that she is blessed with the blessedness of her Divine Son. From an angel's lips came the words that Catholics love to say in prayer. And there some who have not known what these words mean. Tell them now and let them know henceforth that you are repeating the words of the Archangel Gabriel. Whether high or humble, whether educated or ignorant, there are no more appropriate words of praise and prayer on Christian lips than the Hail Mary."

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CATHOLIC NOTES

In the Chapel of St. Sigismund in the Cathedral of Prague, the sacred body of that Saint, who died in 625, was found. The Latin inscription bears date of 1865.

The oldest university under the American flag is that of Santos Tomas de Aquinas, the famous Dominican seat of learning in the Philippines. It was founded in April, 1611.

In the Red Cross Magazine for February, 1919, is the following significant statement: "In a census of nationalities at the Red Cross Hospital near Paris, soldiers of Irish descent were twice as numerous as those of any other nationality."

Captain C. J. McCarthy, A. S. C., who has been decorated by the King of the Belgians as Chevalier of the Order of the Belgian Crown, for services in connection with transports and supplies of the Belgian army was formerly Department of Agriculture Inspector for the Southwest of Ireland.

The Rev. Edmund F. Gibbons, Rector of St. Teresa's Church, Buffalo, has been appointed Bishop of Albany, N. Y., to succeed the late Bishop Thomas F. Casack. Father Gibbons will be consecrated in St. Joseph's Cathedral, Buffalo, says the Echo, but definite arrangements will not be made until after the arrival of the official documents from the Holy See.

More than one thousand Catholic war mothers of Toledo, O., received city war medal decorations at the Coliseum recently at the hands of Rt. Rev. Bishop Schrembs. Gold star medals were presented to twenty-two mothers, whose sons had made the supreme sacrifice; and silver star medals were awarded to one thousand mothers, who had given their boys to the service of their country.

The following names should be added to the recent list of honours won by Catholic Chaplains published in this paper:—O. B. E.—Lieut. Colonel (Very Rev.) W. T. Workman, M. C., V. G.; M. C.—Capt. (Rev.) J. F. Nicholson; Mentioned in Despatches—Lieut. Colonel (Rev.) F. L. French, D. S. O. (twice); Major Rev. J. A. Fortier, M. C.; Mentioned for work in England—Lieut. Colonel (Rev.) P. O'Leary, Major (Rev.) John Knox.

Right Rev. Mgr. Andrew Arnold Lambing, rector of St. James Church, Wilkesburg, Pa., and distinguished as historian, scholar and author, had in his home in Wilkesburg, Pa., last week. Dr. Lambing was 77 years old. For forty-five years he had been a resident of Allegheny county and for thirty-three years the rector of St. James' Church. He devoted himself to recording the history of Pittsburgh and Allegheny county, publishing a number of works on these lines. He was also the founder of the Father Lambing Total Abstinence Society.

Mgr. Austin Dowling, Bishop of Des Moines, Iowa, has been appointed Archbishop of St. Paul in succession to the late Mgr. John Ireland. Bishop Dowling was appointed to the See of Des Moines in 1913. At the time of his elevation he was Rector of the Cathedral of St. Peter and Paul in Providence, R. I. Born in New York City, Bishop Dowling spent most of his childhood in Newport, L. I. He received his early education in the college there and studied for the priesthood at St. John's Seminary, at Brighton, Mass., where he was ordained on June 24, 1891.

October 30, 1918, was the ninth anniversary since the Society of the Atonement of Garrison, N. Y., was received into the Church. On that day of reception, the Friars numbered two, one the Rev. Father, who was the Founder, and the other a Lay Brother. The numbers of the Community now at the Mount of the Atonement are: Seven Professed Friars, seven in the Novitiate, and fourteen studying for the priesthood in the Scholasticate. There are, also, one Tertiary Priest and three Tertiary Brothers in residence.

The Academy of the Sacred Heart in Grand Coteau, La., is now in the ninety-ninth year of its existence. The religious of the Sacred Heart were the founders of the school, and they have continued the good work down to the present day, when they are on the eve of entering a new century. The history of this convent means the history of the country round. It is said that the pious, good morals and manners of the colored women who were instructed in their religion by the good Sisters of the Convent at Grand Coteau is noted wherever they go.

The countrymen of that peerless young aviator, Gunvener, affectionately called him "The Bright Sword of France." For some time before the death of this valiant young Catholic his fame had been heralded throughout the world, but the secular press took little notice of the real source of his intrepid bravery. When Gunvener was asked whence he derived strength and courage for his marvelous flights and aerial deeds, he pointed to the Cross of Christ, to the tabernacle of the Catholic altar. Every morning saw him at Mass, at the holy Communion table; and this whether in the cities, the villages, or the battlefields, or in the trenches,

A DAUGHTER OF THE SIERRA

BY CHRISTIAN REID

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CHAPTER XIX.

"I HAVE BEEN CAST OF EDEN"

Into the life of Las Joyas a new element entered when Lloyd was borne senseless across its threshold. It was not only that he was the first of his race to be received there as a friend, since the one who had so basely betrayed the friendship he had found and the love he had won in this spot, but the circumstances surrounding his advent gave it a significance and influence which in their ultimate effect could hardly be exaggerated.

The first immediate effect was the conversion of Arturo Vallejo from an enemy into a friend. Those words of generous reassurance uttered by Lloyd as his mind struggled back to consciousness, not only won the gratitude of the young man, but his affection as well—an affection which he showed in his devotion of personal service that at times annoyed Victoria. For she was not inclined to delegate to any one her right of caring for the man who had incurred his injury as a direct result of service rendered to herself; and she impressed upon Arturo so frequently and so forcibly his responsibility for this injury, that Lloyd was at last driven to beg that the matter might be allowed to be forgotten.

"It was purely an accident," he urged; "and it is not right to make Don Arturo feel so badly about it." "It was no accident which made him deliberately waylay and quarrel with you," said Victoria. "Perhaps not; but it was a foolish, youthful impulse, of which he has thoroughly repented."

"It is right that he should repent," she said inflexibly. "But it is not right that you should continue to drive the occasion for repentance so remorselessly home," he answered, smiling. No great harm has been done. I have neither a broken head nor a dislocated neck—"

"It is no thanks to him that you have not."

"Very true indeed; but our acts must be judged by their intention, and he had no intention of causing either the one or the other. Besides, he is now my amigo."

"Is everyone at Las Joyas," said Victoria, gently.

Which was quite true. For Las Joyas soon discovered that he was entertaining, if not an angel unaware, at least an altogether unique gringo. Don Mariano, who had much experience with the species, declared this solemnly. With the usual type—men who possess no manners worth speaking of, who exhibit a rough contempt for all habits and standards which differ from their own, and who seek with a fierce intensity the precious metal which they hold at a value far transcending that of their own souls—he was familiar. It is a type very well known in Mexico, and considered to be representative of the genus *Americano*. But here was a man who was quiet, gentle, courteous as any Mexican, with a singular indifference toward everything, even the gold he had come so far to find. One and all of these people—so easily won by consideration, so bitterly resentful of rudeness and contempt—opened their hearts to him, and he speedily became "Don Felipe" to them, as to the woodcutters and miners and small rancheros all through the Sierra.

The only exception—in some degree at least—was Dona Beatriz. And it was not strange that Dona Beatriz could not open her heart as the others (even her passionate gringo-hating daughter) opened theirs to this gringo who had suddenly invaded her home in the irresistible strength of his weakness, and taken it by storm. She remembered how another had once entered there. And so subtle a thing is race that Lloyd's accent, voice, manner, constantly reminded her of Trafford; although it would have been difficult to find two individuals less alike. His presence revived memories which even after the lapse of long years had a torturing power. It awakened the old bitterness, the old passions, and drove her to kneel for hours on the hard brick of the chapel floor, praying for strength to overcome these terrible feelings and recollections. This being so, it was natural that she could give no more than gratitude and tolerance to the man who had indeed laid her under the obligation of service rendered, but whose presence recalled so much which she would gladly have given all the wealth of the Santa Cruz to forget.

And there was another reason, stronger yet, for shrinking from him. She had caught now and then a look on her daughter's face which made her ask herself if the old tragedy was, in any form to be repeated. It seemed incredible that it could be so; but life had taught Dona Beatriz with very convincing force that it is often the incredible as well as the unexpected, which happens. She said nothing to Victoria nor to any one else save God; but she carried about with her an abiding fear that the past would repeat itself; and that through association with this alien, her daughter, in one way or another, would be called to follow in her own steps along the *Via Dolorosa* of a broken heart.

It said much for her, and for the traditions under the influence of

which she had been reared, that these feelings and these fears never betrayed themselves in her manner. Toward Lloyd her gentle courtesy was unvarying; and on his side there was no one at Las Joyas for whom he felt such admiration and such deep respect as for this woman, with her noble presence and her eyes of haunting sweetness, who bore her wrongs with a dignity and reticence which a queen could not have surpassed. He had no suspicion of her fears with regard to himself; for nothing was further from his thoughts than that he could ever be suspected of playing the part, however modified, of Trafford; and he would have laughed to scorn the suggestion that Victoria could find anything attractive in one who (he would have said quite honestly) possessed no qualities to win a girl's fancy. They were simply good friends—Victoria and himself—he would have said. He knew that she was grateful to him; and that he was not interested in her from the pathos of her position, but he found a singular charm in her character and companionship. It was the charm which Isabel Rivers had discerned when she quoted Wordsworth's lines about her:

And here shall be the breathing balm,
And here the silence and the calm
Of mute, insensate things.

It was this "breathing balm" this "silence and calm," which Lloyd liked. Under these traits—far in hereditary characteristics of a race living for untold centuries close to Nature, amid the everlasting hills—he knew that there existed a depth of passion which could leap into fire, and a fund of energy which made her the dominating power on the hacienda and at the mine. But this energy, however resistless, was never feverish or restless. Generally speaking, people of much energy have no repose. They not only wear themselves out by the unceasing fret and turmoil in which they live, but they "get upon the nerves" of others to a degree which is very trying. Victoria never got upon any one's nerves. When not in immediate action, she was an embodiment of repose, to which her noble beauty lent itself as a vessel to the use for which it is perfectly fitted. Every movement, every gesture, expressed this repose; and when she spoke—she never chattered—the lovely Spanish words dropped from her lips like slow music.

One day she came out to Lloyd on the corridor which ran along the front of the house. Here had been placed for his benefit one of the couches peculiar to the Sierra—a wooden frame about two feet high, on which was tightly stretched the hide of a bull. Such a couch makes a Spartan bed; but sweet is the sleep which comes to the wanderer who rests on it, especially if he lies under the stars of heaven, in the forest-scented air. Stretched out now on the drum-like frame Lloyd was lying, his arms forming a pillow for his head, and his eyes fastened on the distant hills, in a state of dreamy ease of mind and body, when Victoria's shadow fell over him and he looked up at her with a smile.

"Well, Lady of Silence," he said, for neither her footfall nor her garments had made the least noise. "Have you come to share my *dolce far niente*?"

She smiled. The Italian term was new to her, but the beautiful sister tongues of Latin birth are so much alike that she had no difficulty in understanding it.

"Yes, if you wish," she answered and sat down on a chair near by. Then after a moment, added: "Do you find it sweet—this doing nothing?"

"Very," he replied concisely. "It is not usual with gringos—Americans to like to be idle, is it?" she asked. "I have heard that they are always in what you call a hurry."

He laughed at the familiar words on her lips. "There are Americans and Americans," he answered. "I come from the South, where life still flows in easy, reposeful fashion; and where the people have not yet learned—although I grieve to say the lesson is being taught very fast—that existence is given us merely to be spent in a mad, breathless, demoralizing chase after money."

"You are not chasing it, then?" she asked again, with interest. "Not very breathlessly, as you perceive. Man that is born of woman hath but a short time to live, and I could never believe that it is well to spend that short time in laboriously gathering together a little wealth which must all be left behind when we go hence. There are, it seems to me, better and higher things to do with life's short golden hours."

"And that is why you like the Sierra?"

"It is one reason. In the Sierra there is no sordid struggle of man with man for low and perishable ends; but there is the great majesty of Nature, which has power to uplift the mind and the soul to noble and eternal things." Then to himself he murmured:

"What now to me the jars of life,
Is petty cares, its harder throes?
The hills are free from toil and strife,
And clasp me in their deep repose.

"They soothe the pain within my breast
No power but theirs can ever reach;
They emblem that eternal rest
We can not compass in our speech."

Victoria regarded him curiously. "What are you saying?" she inquired. "I do not understand English."

"I was merely quoting some fragments of verse which have lain in my memory a long time," he explained. "They express better than I can the charm which the Sierra holds for me. When I am among the great hills and the deep woods, I feel that there is a healing process going on within me, as if balm were being poured into all my wounds."

"Have you many?" asked Victoria, with the directness to which he had by this time grown accustomed. "Who has not?" he asked in turn, evasively. And then, more from desire to change the subject than from curiosity, he added, glancing at her hand: "But what have you brought with you? It looks like a letter."

It is a letter—from the senorita of the Caridad. What is it you call her—Miss Rivers?"

"You would call her Dona Isabel," said Lloyd, lifting himself up to take the letter which she extended to him. It was indeed from Miss Rivers, stating that she would leave Topia for Las Joyas on the next—no, on the present day. Lloyd stared for a minute or two at the graceful writing on the pale gray paper, as if he found it hard to decipher. Then he looked up.

"You lost no time in following my suggestion about asking her to visit you?" Victoria returned. "I could not do anything to please you too soon."

"You are very good—much too good," he answered; but—er—there was really no question of pleasing me in this matter. I am glad that Miss Rivers is coming; I know you will like her; but it chances that I must leave Las Joyas tomorrow."

"Leave—tomorrow?" Victoria was aghast. "It is impossible. You are not able to go."

"Oh, yes, I am thoroughly able! Nothing but your kindness and my own indolence has kept me here for a week past."

"I am sure that your head is not 'all right' yet," she said, using the English expression which she had caught from him. He gave the head in question a shake, as if to test its condition.

"It feels as right as I have any reason to hope that it ever will," he assured her.

"Not as well as it did before your accident?"

"Yes, quite as well, I think."

"There was a pause, during which Victoria regarded him with the intentness which characterized her. He was conscious of the steady observation of the dark eyes, but he did not meet them. Sitting on the side of the couch, he drew a pipe from his pocket and began to charge it with "short cut," which required to be pressed down in the bowl with great care and attention.

"I do not understand why you should go away as soon as you hear that the senorita is coming," Victoria said at length. "I thought you liked her."

"So I do—very much." Lloyd replied quickly; and I regret not to have the pleasure of seeing her. But I was due at San Andres ten days ago, and I must really go tomorrow."

"I am sorry that I asked her to come, if her coming is to be the cause of your leaving," Victoria went on.

"But why should you think it the cause?" Lloyd asked. "On the contrary, I have business at San Andres—"

Victoria waved the business aside with an imperious gesture. "You had not thought of going before you read that letter," she said with positiveness. "And I do not see why the senorita should drive you away."

"She is not driving me away," Lloyd interposed, with what he felt to be perfectly futile protest. "Unless you dislike her—" Victoria proceeded.

"I assure you that I like and admire her extremely," he now interposed eagerly. "Or you are in love with her," Victoria ended calmly.

"I am in love with her!" Lloyd was vexed to feel the blood mount in a tide to the roots of his hair, so entirely was he unprepared for this. "Why should you think anything so absurd?" he demanded almost angrily. Victoria continued to regard him for a moment longer, and then she looked away—out over the green valley to the steadfast heights. "I have seen it in your face and heard it in your voice, when you spoke of her," she answered quietly. "There was again a silence, in which it was Lloyd's turn to stare at the speaker. He knew well this power of reading the primitive emotions which children, savages, the unlearned, and some persons who share the traits of these—their simplicity of character and feeling—possess. He felt that to argue against such divination, however much it overlaid the actual truth, was useless; and, moreover, a sudden idea, a sudden flash struck him with a sharp shock. What expression it was on the face somewhat turned from him which suggested this idea, this feat, it is impossible to say; but under a compelling impulse he spoke very gravely:

"Why not?" she asked peremptorily.

"Because, for one thing, the power of it has been burned out of me," he answered. "I will speak to you very frankly, because I think—I am sure—we are friends."

Her eyes met his with a gaze full, frank, direct. "Yes," she said, "we are certainly friends."

"And friends should know the truth about each other, so as to avoid mistakes like this you have made in thinking—"

"In feeling," she said, as if to herself. "That it is possible for me to fall in love with any one." He paused a moment. It was evidently hard for him to go on. "I would rather not tell you what happened to me long ago. But it was an experience which has made me an exile from my home for years, and which has also made it impossible for me ever to make another home for myself. So I have wandered here and there—a lonely and unhappy man—until I came into the Sierra, and the Sierra gave me peace."

"I know that you had suffered," said Victoria. "I have thought: 'Perhaps he has lost that which he loves best.'"

"There is a sorrow deeper than losing, I said, with stern bitterness. It is learning that one never had anything worth losing; it is learning that there is nothing in the world worth striving for, and nothing that gives any satisfaction after one possesses it. That is a sickness of the soul which not even the Sierra can heal. But I do not want to talk of myself," he added quickly and impatiently. "I only want to make you comprehend that the things called love and happiness are not for me. They lie far behind me. I have been cast out of Eden long since, and there is no flaming sword necessary to warn me from its gates; I would not enter them again if I could. The fruit of the tree of knowledge is too bitter."

Victoria leaned toward him with the almost divine pity, which women are quick to feel for wounds such as these, shining in her eyes. "I feel as if I could help you!" she said in a low tone.

Low as it was, there was a passion in which started Lloyd.

"No one," he answered, with the sternness which had been in his voice before, "can help a man who has ruined his own life. I have done that, so waste no compassion on me. And don't think that I complain; I only want you to understand."

"I think I understand," she said. Her glance turned again toward the great hills, the deep, compact, living woods. "I am glad the Sierra has given you peace," she said softly. "Some day it may give you happiness as well."

"If so," he answered—and his gaze turned also, with something of longing, toward the mountains and the forest—"it will only be, I think, in the form of the deepest peace which can come to man."

TO BE CONTINUED

"DEMPS"

A TRUE STORY
By R. J. Murdoch in *Rosary Magazine*

We were seated in a little low hut, built of sand-bags and corrugated iron that had no floor other than the natural earth covered in two or three places with old canvas rat-trap sacks. A large empty five-gallon creosote tin laid horizontally on a foundation of brick and dried mud, with a piece of pipe joined to it and running up through the low roof, made a very serviceable stove. A fire of charcoal and small pieces of wood burned in it now, and as there was no door to open or shut, the fire glowed through the opening of the tin which we sat facing. In one corner of the hut a small carbon lamp stood on an upturned biscuit box and gave a bright steady light. Different pieces of military equipment and small khaki medical bags with red crosses on them hung from pegs or nails driven into the bags of sand. Near one wall lay a number of folded military stretchers. It was the hut of the stretcher-bearers, and I had stepped in out of the rain to visit them.

No one had spoken for a few minutes and it was rather quiet in the little hut, save for the faint tinkle of the rain on the corrugated iron roof, though at intervals from many siege batteries not far distant came the thunder of our guns. Suddenly an extra loud roar of a No. 12 made the earth tremble and extinguished the flame of the lamp. Simultaneously, shadows of different objects in the hut appeared on the darkened walls in the dim red glow of the fire.

One of the stretcher-bearers stood up quickly, tore a strip from a newspaper that had come in the mail, touched it to the fire and carried it, flaming to the little lamp and lit it. And as he did so I noticed, lying on the upturned biscuit box, a rather unusual looking crucifix. The cross was of split sapling, unpainted, from which the bark had been removed; at certain intervals there were little protrusions from the wood which resembled the thorns of a rosebush. The figure was of oxidized silver, beautifully moulded, and on the face of the crucified Christ there was a look of intense appeal and sorrow. The lad, as he squeezed out the lighted paper in his closed fist, noticed me looking towards it. A

moment later he passed it to me in silence. I examined it for a few seconds, without making any comment. Then as I returned it to him he spoke.

"It belongs to Demps," he said; "he found it up around St. Pierre. He uses't to work much at his religion, but he's doing much better lately."

I was very glad to infer that Demps had become a little more religious, for I knew him well and I was aware that he caused his chaplain more anxiety than any other person in the section. He had followed up attack after attack, seeking the wounded to bear them away to safety, and not once had he received the sacraments before going into the danger zone. No wonder that he was a source of constant worry to young Father Hall, who had charge of all the Catholics of the brigade to which the Ambulance section was attached.

But every one that knew Demps liked him. Tall, slight, blue-eyed and rather delicate looking, he was of a whimsical turn of mind, and was quick to see the humorous side of an incident; that is, if it so happened that there was a humorous side.

The name that he gave the recruiting officer was Charles Arthur Dempsy and there is no reason to believe that this was not his real name. In time, however, his comrades re-christened him "Demps," and every one called him Demps, even the medical officer. He was not long in the Ambulance section before he became a general favorite, and whenever the name of Demps was mentioned, his comrades smiled pleasantly, but to the face of Father Hall, and two little lines came above the nose and a worried expression looked out from his eyes.

It seemed strange that such a genial, pleasant lad should be so lax in the observance of his religious duties. He was thoughtful, however, for one night after Father Hall had heard over one hundred confessions, Demps came forward to confess. He saw Demps bring the priest a bowl of hot beef tea which he had made on the little primus stove that belonged to the stretcher-bearers; but the boy himself had not been among the number who had gone to confession. "He does everything but the essentials," sighed Father Hall when I spoke to him of Demps' kindly act.

He was always going or coming from somewhere with his little medical case under his arm. In many country places where we stopped, I saw Demps bring the priest a bowl of hot beef tea which he had made on the little primus stove that belonged to the stretcher-bearers; but the boy himself had not been among the number who had gone to confession. "He does everything but the essentials," sighed Father Hall when I spoke to him of Demps' kindly act.

Every child in the neighborhood knew and loved him, treating him as a kind and indulgent elder brother. One day—I suppose he had been waylaid coming out of the house—I saw him sitting on a chair before the front door of a little low white stone house with a red roof, along the eaves of which ran wisteria vines, with a great profusion of beautiful purple flowers hanging like bunches of grapes from them. A little child was standing in front of him with a yellow comb in her hand, trying to arrange his untidy hair. She was prattling away in her childish French and although Demps did not understand her, whenever she paused for breath and stood back to survey critically her handiwork, he filled in the pauses with his own strange French. "Out! marvelous! tres bonne, tres bonne!" And as I continued on my way I wondered again why such a lovable lad was so careless about his religious duties. But now, judging from the words of the stretcher-bearer, Demps had become more religious. Just as I was about to ask him how it had been brought about, the door of the hut opened and Demps himself walked in carrying a bottle of some white liquid in his hand. He bowed to me with a roguish twinkle in his eye and asked if I would have a glass of milk.

Before I could answer the stretcher-bearer cried out: "Don't let him fool you, Father. It's not milk, but white liniment!" Demps, unabashed, just smiled whimsically, as he laid the bottle in the corner behind the little biscuit-box. Then he took some small packages from a medical case, placed them in his tunic pocket and went out again.

I waited awhile and then I asked the stretcher-bearer about Demps' conversion. I shall try to write down as well as I can remember what he told me that night sitting in the little hut on the Western Front.

Just about six weeks previous there had been fierce fighting on the line and the stretcher-bearers were busy from morning till night carrying the wounded to a little concrete cellar which had been fitted up as an advanced dressing station. The Catholic chaplain, Father Hall, was there with the doctors, waiting to minister to any of his lads who might be brought in. It had been a hard day, and Demps and his comrades were very tired. It was almost time for their relief to come when they heard the call, "Stretcher-bearers! Stretcher-bearers!" coming from a shell-hole about fifty yards away.

When they found the wounded soldier, a glance was enough to tell these lads, so experienced in the school of war, that the man was dying. And as they placed him gently yet quickly on the stretcher and raised it shoulder high, he began to call out: "A holy Roman Catholic priest!" "A holy Roman Catholic priest!" The other three stretcher-bearers looked at Demps, who was the only Catholic. Demps, who was carrying head, inclined slightly and told the lad that the priest was waiting for him at the dressing station. He was quiet for a while, then as the bearers stopped to rest for a few seconds he began to call again: "A holy Roman Catholic priest!" "A holy Roman Catholic priest!" "A holy Roman Catholic priest!" It was just here, while they rested, that Demps found the crucifix lying intact among a pile of debris. He picked it up and passed it to the wounded lad, who, holding it tight to his breast, remained quiet till they reached the dressing-station. But as soon as he reached it he asked the first officer he met, who happened to be the doctor, if he were a "holy Roman Catholic priest."

The doctor beckoned to Father Hall. "Are you a holy Roman Catholic priest?" asked the boy.

"Well," said the good priest, "I can't speak for the holy part of it, lad, but I think I'm the person you are looking for. I am a priest."

"Oh," he cried, "I'm so grateful! Will you please baptize me, Father? I want to die a Roman Catholic."

The priest looked at the wounded lad and asked him if he knew anything about the Catholic Church.

"No, not a great deal, Father, but I believe everything that you believe and I know it is the true Church."

The priest asked him a question or two and explained briefly the principal mysteries of religion. Then there in the little concrete cellar he was baptized, and Demps stood sponsor.

Father Hall was called away, but Demps—whose relief had come—remained holding the crucifix that he had found to the lad's lips and praying with him.

When he had passed away peacefully, his soul filled with the sweet grace of the regenerating waters, Demps continued to kneel, the crucifix still in his hands. Then he beckoned to Father Hall, who had returned, and when the priest had slipped the little purple stole over his shoulders and seated himself upon an upturned box, Demps reverently went to confession. As Father Hall walked up and down that night in the little concrete cellar saying his beads, every once in a while he would stop. Perhaps he was thinking of the soul that had been cleansed and had gone forth heir to the Kingdom of Heaven; perhaps he was thinking of Demps, but if he was, there was no worried look on his face, for Father Hall was very happy—and there was joy among the angels.

UNFOUNDED CHARGES

ACCUSATIONS RAISED AGAINST "CHURCHES" DO NOT APPLY TO CATHOLIC CHURCH

When the Great War began there were many who spoke of the bankruptcy of Christianity and the churches. Now that the war has come to an end, the same cry is raised in a different version. In the face of the reconstruction problems which we must meet, Harry Emerson Fosdick, in the "Atlantic Monthly" (January issue) repeats the implication of the previous inefficiency of the churches in a lengthy article, and demands that the leaders of religion must cease "making men suspicious that religion is nothing more than a bribe for protection by a benevolent God!" Christianity, the churches, should do more than this, he says, thus taking for granted that the churches have not pursued anything more positive or constructive than a merely negative policy of cajoling the public into membership in a quasi soul-insurance association. And the "New Republic" in a recent editorial ("The Greatest of These") boldly accuses the churches of having done nothing "before or during the war," to "diminish the social bankruptcy." They are charged with having "permitted the subordination of religious to political authority . . ." and with having "consented to the secularization of all human activities. . . ."

These accusations are unjust, even as applied to the non-Catholic churches, and as for the Catholic Church, we deny them flatly. But even if we concede that an awakening of "the churches" to the duties of their broader religious and social mission might be necessary, yet they should not unqualifiedly be held responsible for inaction or inefficient action when the sources and causes of their seeming dereliction can be so easily discerned. Many who now assail the churches are "de facto" opponents of their spiritual work; they have permitted or even encouraged their "secularization." Instead of being the religious center, many churches have been made the "social center" in the conventional sense, not in the socio-economic sense; and the policies of the ministers and of their congregated bodies have been dragged down by the secular thoughts and wishes of the congregations; many of those who patronize the churches and profess membership in them are but the eager pupils of masters who have been endeavoring for centuries to cripple the churches,—and primarily the Church—to neutralize their influence, to relegate them to the rank of

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THE SUSTAINING PROPS OF SOCIETY

By Thomas F. Conley, D. D., in Extension Magazine

Because the Catholic Church has an object entirely supernatural she directs her gaze not to this world but to the next...

The "New Republic" maintains that "they (the Christians and the churches) have not sufficient apprehension of the danger to the human spirit of the concentration of such enormous authority in the hands of irresponsible classes and States..."

The Catholic Church that made possible the whole splendid structure of International Law. Not until the Catholic people began to tug at their hearstrings...

The Catholic Church has been the most splendid example of democracy in the entire history of the world. Her highest offices are open to her humblest and least conspicuous children...

The hospital is an invention of Catholic charity. Mercy and compassion for the sick, their systematic and tender treatment, was a thing unheard of before Christ came among men...

The "New Republic" also claims that the churches have "suffered the secularization of human activities." This accusation also does not hold good as applied to the Catholic Church...

In view of these facts it is utterly unfair to hold the Church responsible for not exercising that wholesome influence which her opponents have ever been seeking to curtail.

servant, rather than his honored consort. At length in the fulness of time, Christ came to restore the human race in its entirety by becoming man, and when the Son of God became the Son of Mary, woman, by the very fact of the divine maternity, attained to an unparalleled dignity.

It was the Catholic Church that first softened slavery, and then finally abolished it. Slavery was the rule of society when the Catholic Church was born...

Nowhere is the influence of the Church upon society seen and felt more than in the home. A Catholic home should be a sanctuary, modeled upon the Holy House at Nazareth. The sanctity of family life is a cardinal doctrine of the Catholic Church...

When family life is strong and virtuous, great nations repose securely upon its strength; where family life is weak, so are nations, for the whole can never exceed its component parts.

The sense of human brotherhood is a creation of the Catholic Church. "Love one another" was a new and startling idea that Christ introduced into the decadent pagan world.

No other Society has been so potent a force for stability, tranquillity and order as the Catholic Church. Before Christ, laws were obeyed only where the police system was efficient, or the armed legions of a tyrant forced an unwilling populace into submission.

The dignity and the sacredness of human life is a direct creation of the Catholic Church. Christ came to show us that we might have life and have it more abundantly.

The Catholic Church has championed the cause of the poor in every place where she has been able to get a hearing. Before the time of Christ, to be poor was to be disgraced, to be a social outcast.

The condition of woman through-out the earliest antiquity was based upon the fact that the companion of man had become his tempter, and that through her, evil had entered into the world.

floating bodies of pure, innocent, holy childhood.

Such was the condition of the earth, when a voice was heard from an obscure hamlet in Palestine. A plaintive cry was heard from a village night to an ancient oriental city. It was the cry of infancy from the stable of Bethlehem.

Whatever progress we observe in the modern world is due to Catholicity. This is the great law of the Philosophy of History. The Catholic Church alone makes progress possible and permanent.

During the influenza epidemic the hospitals were overcrowded with patients. Among those who had the disease in all parts of Canada...

When the minister and his wife arrived the following day an Irish clerk happened to be at the desk. "I have been called to see Mrs. So-and-so," began the minister with an assurance he did not possess.

"I am her pastor," corrected the visitor with some misgivings, "and this is my wife." In an instant the clerk was all attention. "It is so kind of you to come," he began with a roguish twinkle he could not conceal.

"Flock or no flock," replied the minister's wife, "I will not see the patient. I have a flock of little ones at home."

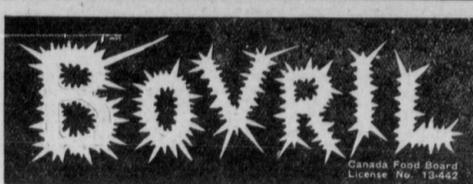
"Very well, madam," continued the clerk. "In that case I will make out the permit for one." "You take your life into your own hands by entering the ward, even when you wear the gown and mask. But don't let that worry you. Surely every true shepherd is expected to do that for the members of his flock."

"I'll phone for him now, if you don't mind," replied the nurse. "You see he lives close by and requested to be called any hour his services are required, and we don't know what the morrow may have in store for you."

A PROTESTANT TRIBUTE

ADMIRE SEVEN THINGS "What Do I Admire in the Catholic Church?"

There are seven things which the Protestant Church might imitate and which I admire in the Catholic Church, and they are these: First, emphasis of the sanctity of the marriage vow; second, the pomp and heraldic parade of the Church; third, the central unifying authority of the Church, fourth, the tone of conviction; fifth, femininity, as exemplified in the honor paid the Blessed Virgin Mary; sixth, purgatory; and lastly, confession.



"I want to tell you, and I speak just for myself, what I admire in the Catholic Church. I can imagine, to begin with, that there are those, even in this day who say that I have no business to admire anything in that Church."

"There is another thing I remember, and that is that the Protestants also persecuted the Catholics. Servetus was burned at the stake, and John Calvin gave his sanction to the execution of a man whose only crime was that his religious theories did not agree with those of Calvin.

INFLUENZA VICTIM BECAME CONVERT

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LONDON, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 22, 1919

IS IT A QUESTION OF RELIGION AT ALL?

In a letter to the Globe the other day Mr. W. H. Griffith Thomas writes:

"In the various letters which have recently appeared in your columns on this subject I have failed to notice any recognition of the fact that the Irish problem is fundamentally religious, not political."

And as an illustration of his meaning he says: "Ontario would not like to be dominated by Quebec, or Quebec by Ontario." Perhaps the Irishman's privilege of answering one question by asking another may serve to show how irrelevant and silly is such an illustration of the Irish problem. Would Mr. Thomas hold that the Protestants of Quebec should have the permanent right to veto the will of the Catholic majority? or that the French Canadians of Ontario should occupy a similar privileged position? or that Quebec should be able to determine the national destiny of all Canada even if all the English provinces were unanimously opposed to Quebec on the matter? Any of these illustrations in terms of Canada is a much truer parallel of the Irish problem than that of Mr. Griffith Thomas.

But the writer, who doubtless is an eloquent democrat on occasion, quotes a reason which appears to him conclusive and irrefutable. Briefly it is that England's interest demands Irish enslavement. Ireland flanks all the trade routes of England. The assumption underlying this argument is amusing. The danger comes of course from a hostile Ireland. Those for whom Mr. Thomas speaks never dream of fixing the responsibility for that hostility elsewhere than on the perverse, unprovoked, and ungrateful Irish themselves, though a whole series of England's greatest political writers have pointed out the imperative necessity not of an enslaved but a friendly Ireland. This solution requires courage, and statesmanship; and an eradication of stupid prejudice which makes it possible for an Englishman to proclaim the principles of liberty, democracy, the rights of small nationalities and the rest, without ever thinking of Pharisees or whitened sepulchres.

It happened that we were reading Francis Hackett's "Ireland" just as Mr. Griffith Thomas was informing the Globe readers that the Irish question is fundamentally religious. A great many misinformed people will agree with him; but Francis Hackett emphatically does not. What may be the religion of the author of "Ireland" we cannot say; but he is savagely anti clerical, a fact which may recommend him to Canadians who know more about the Czecho-Slovaks than they do about Ireland, and who are quite convinced that the whole question is fundamentally religious. In passing it might be remarked that Canadians as a rule know nothing of the Czecho-Slovaks and hence have no prejudices confirmed by smatterings of misinformation.

But our author who on the religious question cannot be suspected of undue sympathy with the "Catholic" side of the "religious question," says:

"It is for an economic reason that Belfast, and the Ulster which it represents, is the sorest problem of Irish democracy. Its wealth makes it shrink from agricultural Ireland. Powerful and affluent, it affirms an imperative will as regards Home Rule, and that will is largely the evidence of capitalism in power."

That is worth while repeating. Unionist Ulster's will is the expression of Ulster capitalism in power.

Mr. Hackett continues:

"Before the development of capitalism the Belfast bourgeoisie was a hot-bed of republicanism. But with Andrew Mulholland's introduction of yarn machinery in 1830, its republicanism finally faded away. Labor was cheap in Belfast, and on cheap labor plus machine efficiency Belfast, without one natural advantage, became a typical industrial capitalist community. Its rulers' interests thereafter became identical with the interests of the British plutocracy. The supreme guardian of those interests is the British Parliament. Belfast became riveted to the union."

reasons, it became imperialist and unionist.

"The Presbyterianism of the North, and especially of Belfast, had long been inclined to republicanism," remarks Lecky of the year 1790. "In July, 1791, the anniversary of the French Revolution was celebrated at Belfast with great enthusiasm. . . . Indignation at the war was at this time the dominant sentiment of the Belfast party. . . . Prayers for the success of the French arms had been offered up at Belfast from the pulpit. . . . It is an undoubted and most remarkable fact that almost the whole guiding influence of the seditious movement in 1793 was Protestant or Dissident, while the Catholic gentry, the Catholic prelates, and as far as can now be judged, the bulk of the Catholic priesthood were strongly opposed to it."

Thus far Lecky; Mr. Hackett remarks:

"When, however, Belfast became homogeneous with the rest of capitalistic England, its ideology underwent a complete revolution."

So far from claiming that their unionism is based fundamentally on the religious ground the Belfast Chamber of Commerce state their reasons with sincerity. Our author thus quotes them:

"The fact that our industrial growth is due to the development of trade with England and Scotland and is also of an international character, and further that the amount of trade done by our ship building and manufacturing concerns for Irish clients is comparatively trivial, amply justifies our desire for the maintenance of the closest relations with Great Britain and complete association with the world wide prestige of the United Kingdom in which we freely participate."

Whereupon our author remarks: "The thought of Home Rule makes the blood of capitalism run colder."

One branch of Ulster trade unionists are with their masters for similar reasons; they think that united with their fellow-trade-unionists in Great Britain they are more likely to benefit from labor legislation passed by the Parliament of the United Kingdom. But their reasons also are avowedly economic, not religious.

Mr. Hackett presents "one frank and brutal argument why Ireland should not have Home Rule." It is the argument of Mr. Austen Chamberlain contributed to the case Against Home Rule prepared in 1912 by Lord Londonderry, Sir Edward Carson, Mr. Balfour, Earl Percy and Lord Charles Beresford.

It is given in Mr. Chamberlain's own words:

"We do not always sufficiently realize that on the other of St. George's Channel lies a country whose annual imports amount to sixty-five millions sterling. Even less do we realize that one-half (thirty-two millions sterling) is the value of the imports of manufactures, mainly British, into Ireland. This trade in manufactured goods is not only already enormous, it is rapidly growing. It has increased by more than four millions in four years. Any ill-considered legislative measure [Home Rule] which interfered with or disturbed this great volume of trade would no doubt cause serious loss to Ireland; but it would bring bankruptcy and disaster to many British firms and their workmen."

"You perceive the statesmanship," comments Mr. Hackett, "Ireland consumes £32,000,000 worth of British manufactures a year. It is an excellent market for the British manufacturer. If an 'ill-considered' measure like Home Rule should be passed this consumption of manufactured goods might be 'interfered with or disturbed.' Therefore, British workmen, see where your interests lie. Vote against Home Rule. . . . Real 'disturbance' could only mean one thing to Mr. Chamberlain, the building-up of Irish manufactures under Home Rule, and the consequent falling off of imports. It is here that the frank brutality of the Birmingham millionaire came in. As a British statesman, an apologist for the union and an exponent of its benefits to the Irish, he preferred to see the Irish kept in an artificial non-productiveness to seeing them taken out of the zone of British ministerial supervision and costly private bills and placed in a zone of self-knowledge and self-help."

This is the sort of "fundamental religion" that is at the bottom of the Irish question. The world is shocked at the cynical and brutal selfishness of the Germans in deliberately attempting to destroy French and Belgian competition. England just as deliberately, just as cynically, just as brutally destroyed Irish industry and commerce. And Mr. Austen Chamberlain gives frank and brutal expression to that "religion"

which inspired this destruction and which is determined to prevent a revival.

Still in spite of the "enormous amount of sweated labor in Belfast as has been established beyond doubt by a Government committee of inquiry" "the whore of Babylon, the Kirk malignant is always a good battle-cry there."

Speaking of the Solemn League and Covenant Mr. Hackett says "as astonishing degree of irreverence and dishonesty. It pretends that God is closely identified with the Belfast Chamber of Commerce." In the ex-Kaiser this sort of thing did not meet with the same enthusiastic approval as some democrats give to the Ulster "religion."

"Under all this flummery, however," Mr. Hackett admits, "there is a genuine determination and it is with this, not with 'the sure confidence that God will defend the right,' that the democratic Irishman is concerned."

"The essence of the determination is that the native Irish be given no chance to retaliate on Ulster. The minority of Ulstermen—St. John Ervine and Robert Lynd testify for them—repudiate that fear. Speaking in London in 1912, an Ulsterman, Canon A. L. Lilley, pointed out that there was no practical reason for retaliation. He said to his fellow-Ulstermen:

"You know that in all these counties the Protestants and Catholics live side by side with one another; that, except in the towns, and especially in the city of Belfast, there is no segregation of the members of the rival religious communities in separate districts. And you know, too, that, with the same exception, they are all alike members of the same social class, and engaged in the same industries. . . . I think that I have shown that the opportunities for indirect pressure upon or discrimination against the Protestant population of Ulster are so remote that the fears grounded upon their supposed existence may be described as in the last degree chimerical. . . . The truth is that Ulster is hag-ridden by the prejudices of a bygone time. It does not quite realize that we are living in the twentieth century. It lives with the prejudices of self-suggested fears derived from the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries and the wars of religion. The greatest blessing to which we can look forward in a self-governing Ireland is that those fears will be finally allayed and those prejudices finally eradicated by the mutual understanding and tolerance which only the partnership of all in the work of National regeneration is at all likely to procure."

"For all Canon Lilley," Mr. Hackett comments, "the fear was and is potent, and it is Sir Edward Carson's stock-in-trade."

And with this we may leave the statement that "the Irish problem is fundamentally religious." True, as everyone knows, the politicians have belittled the Ulster electorate on the question of religion; but that is an election method which will wear out in Ulster as in Ontario with the progress of education in and practice of the fundamental principles of democracy. If the War is to have any lasting positive influence at all on the world it will deepen the people's understanding of those principles and make it more difficult for selfish and undemocratic interests to seduce them from those safe-guards of liberty even by specious appeals to racial and religious prejudice and distrust.

As well try to dam Niagara with words as to prevent principles, once generally accepted, from working out to their logical conclusion in practice.

THE CHARITABLE CANON'S REPLY

Elsewhere in this issue we give the Bishop of London's sermon called forth by Canon Tucker's assertion that the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin Mary is the "greatest aberration in the history of Christendom."

We publish also Canon Tucker's reply in the press. This little effusion will hardly seem quite so crushing to those who heard Bishop Fallon as it does to the learned self-assurance of the writer. Canon Tucker's criticism is conveniently arranged under three heads. We shall comment on each separately.

THE CANON.—1. Bishop Fallon knows very well that "hail," as addressed by the angel to the Blessed Virgin, is not a prayer. It is simply a salutation, and means "rejoice" or "be glad." The angel congratulates her upon the great favor bestowed upon her. The use of the word as a salutation is no warrant for its use as a prayer, nor does the passage in which it occurs suggest such a thought even remotely.

"hail," so does every Catholic child. And not in all our life did we ever meet a child who thought "the use of the word as a salutation was any warrant for its use as a prayer."

Somehow we seem compelled to think in the terms of childhood for, in addressing Bishop Fallon, the Canon's tone is that which a very busy and vastly learned man might use in speaking to a dull and unreasonable child.

What mental process brought the Canon to conclude that Catholics regarded the word "hail" as a prayer we are quite unable to guess. But there it is; in the public print he points out that "hail" is not a prayer. If Canon Tucker had taken a child's Catechism he would have found there a fair summary of what all Catholics believe about the Blessed Virgin, and he would have been better equipped to criticize it. In the whole thirty chapters of the Catechism here is all that he would have had to learn:

Q. Who made the Hail Mary?
A. The Angel Gabriel and St. Elizabeth made the first part of it. St. Luke i. 28.

Q. Is it lawful to honor the Virgin Mary?
A. Yes; whereas God Himself so much honored her; and the Scripture says, All nations shall call her blessed. St. Luke i. 48.

Q. What honor do we give our blessed Lady?
A. We honor her more than all the other saints, because she is the Mother of God—but we never give her divine or supreme honor, which is due to God alone. Phil. ii. 29; Rom. ij. 10.

Q. Why do Catholics so often repeat the Hail Mary and Holy Mary?
A. To honor the mystery of the incarnation, which that prayer expresses; and to show their great respect and devotion to the Mother of God, and their special confidence in her assistance, particularly at the hour of death. St. John i. 14; xix. 26, 27.

Q. And why do you always say the Hail Mary after the Lord's Prayer?
A. That, by her intercession, we may more easily obtain what we ask for in the Lord's Prayer. St. Jac. ii.

Prayer, according to the same handbook of religion, is an elevation of the soul to God, to adore Him, to bless His holy name, to praise His goodness, and to return Him thanks for His benefits. It is also a humble petition to God for all necessities for soul and body.

In recalling the stupendous mystery of God's mercy in the Incarnation by addressing again to Mary in heaven the very words of the Angelic Salutation in which the Most High announced to His humble handmaid that she was to become the Mother of God the Son and the Redeemer of the human race, and adding thereto the inspired words of St. Elizabeth, Catholics find a very effective means of elevating the soul into union with God which is the very essence of prayer. And then to her whom God chose to be the medium of the Incarnation we say, in all humility and in all love—oh that all Christians might understand the sweetness and depth of that love—the words: "Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for us sinners, now, and at the hour of our death. Amen."

The Hail Mary not a prayer! It is the sweetest, tenderest, most scriptural of all prayers after the Our Father itself.

THE CANON.—2. Then as to "special influence." Does the Bishop really mean to imply that the Son of God is amenable to "special influence," in his relation to mankind? The Roman Catholic Church may assign to the Blessed Virgin such special influence with her Son; but it does so against the whole tenor of the Scripture record, for on the few occasions recorded of her approaching Him during His public ministry His answers were the opposite of encouraging to the idea of her possessing "special influence."

COMMENT.—We have not a doubt in the world that the Bishop really meant to imply just that. Had he not assumed that every single soul listening to him admitted that much he would no doubt have explicitly and emphatically asserted it. What is all prayer but influence on the very counsels of the most High God? God does not need prayer, but He knows that we do; so He has told us in innumerable passages of Holy Writ that He deigns to be moved by prayer; yea He binds Himself by promises to us that He will be so moved. Is it the qualifying word "special" that agitates the Canon? Why, any Catholic will admit that even when Canon Tucker prays he exercises a "special influence." But the Scripture indicates that there are degrees of such influence: "The constant prayer of a just man availeth much;" and "the prayers of

the wicked are an abomination unto the Lord."

And we assign to the Blessed Virgin the superlative degree of such special influence. That is all.

"Against the whole tenor of the Scripture record!" Read the Second Chapter of the Gospel of St. John where is recorded that marvelous instance of the special influence of Mary at the wedding feast of Cana.

THE CANON.—3. The most extraordinary statement, however, is the following: "The only difference between Jesus and Mary is that she was the creature, He the Creator; she the redeemed and He the Redeemer, yet she was the mother of Jesus." The only difference! Can any difference be greater than that between the creature and the Creator, the redeemed and the Redeemer. We pray to and worship only the Creator and Redeemer. According to the Bishop's own words, the Blessed Virgin is a "redeemed creature." Can the Bishop quote a single passage in the Bible where prayer and worship are to be addressed to a redeemed creature?

The most extraordinary thing about this is not the reporter's slip—for, for this report of the sermon, as well as the other, was quite evidently honest,—but the Canon's pounce upon it. But the superior tone of the learned man talking to the unreasonable child falls away from him in the crafty and shifty dishonesty of this challenge: "Can the Bishop quote a single passage in the Bible where prayer and worship are to be addressed to a redeemed creature?"

Every one in the vast congregation knows that the Bishop did not use the term, "worship"; it is not in the newspaper reports; it is not in the Catechism when there is reference to the saints or the Queen of Saints; it is not used by Catholics in speaking of the Blessed Virgin. It is true that the word might be used, and is used by some Catholic writers, when its meaning is carefully defined. But just because it is susceptible of different meanings we avoid it; the Bishop did not use it; and we leave to honest men the qualification of the Canon's interpolated use of it.

Just in passing it may be noted that in the Marriage Service of his own Church the Canon will find "worship" addressed to a redeemed creature when the man says: "With my body I thee worship." As for prayer addressed to a redeemed creature, that occurs every time pious parishioners ask Canon Tucker to pray for them.

No difference can be greater than that between Creator and creature. No greater difference can be conceived. And Mary is a creature. The Bishop recognized and emphasized this fact; the Catholic Church recognizes and emphasizes it also; and that precisely constitutes the enormity of Canon Tucker's charge that Catholics "substitute the name of the Virgin for that of Christ in the Te Deum and other services of the Church." Every Catholic child learns that the First Commandment commands him "to adore one God, and to adore but Him alone;" and forbids him "to give to any creature the honor due to God alone." Every Catholic knows that the infinite distance between Creator and creature separates Mary from God. Absolutely without qualification she is a creature, just as truly as any one of us is a creature. And to give to any creature the honor due to God alone is idolatry. But we know too that of all the creatures of God's omnipotence she occupies a unique position. We Catholics recognize that position of Christ's mother and ours; yes, and we glory in the honor and love and veneration and devotion we show her, realizing that at best all our honor is but as shadow to the substance, compared with the honor paid to her by God Himself.

SIGNS OF THE ACTIVITY OF SATAN

By THE GLEANER

In our last issue we pointed out how the gradual devolution of Protestantism has finally ended in the neo-paganism of today. Before considering the signs of the devil's victory that we see about us, it might be well to disabuse the minds of some of our readers of a very common but erroneous concept of what paganism is associated with savagery, uncouth manners and Bolshevik whiskers. The definition of a pagan found in the Standard Dictionary is this: "a worshipper of false gods; one who is not a Christian." Now, as Baptism makes us Christians, those who have not been baptized—and there are many such in our day—are pagans. Again, how many are

in the same category because they have abandoned belief in God's teaching, and in the words of St. Paul "have made to themselves idols" of wealth, of power or of pleasure?

The modern pagan, like his prototype in the days of Caesar Augustus is often cultured, suave, well-groomed and a member of the best society; but he is intellectually blind, especially as regards the things of eternity, and amenable to no law because of its divine sanction.

Never was there among so called civilized peoples so much darkness of the understanding as is in evidence today. This is especially true in the sphere of religion. Men do not seem to see the absurdity of hundreds of jarring sects each teaching a different doctrine. Churchmen try to explain away absurdities that occur in efforts at compromise, and give expression in print to religious views that will not stand the test of the simplest principle of logic. The War has brought into bold relief the barrenness of Protestantism. It has revived in men's minds an interest in the world beyond the grave, about which Protestantism can give no definite answer. Hence we find the people seeking that information through forbidden sources. Necromancy is in the ascendant. The seance, the medium and the ouija board are holding the centre of the stage. Spiritism became popular in the United States sooner than in Canada because Protestantism divested itself of the supernatural sooner in the former country than with us. But now we have in this age of enlightenment university professors who scoff at the idea of God's appearing to the patriarchs of old, as recorded in Holy Writ, and who ridicule the later revelations of God's saints, seriously telling us of conversations they have had with Plato or with Shakespeare. All of which leads a writer in Toronto Saturday Night to say: "They have applied the acid test to everything in the Bible till there is nothing left for them to believe in except the name of the publisher. They pitch out the miracles of the saints as so much medicinal flummery. But tell them how people live on an astral plane a few million miles above the earth; whisper to them some of the secrets that Spinoza or Dante confided to you in your back-parlor the night before, and they'll positively drool on you in their eagerness. It is a horrible blow to one's faith in human progress. Have we got rid of the old-fashioned religion for this? Personally, we are going right back to Father Murphy and we are going to ask his pardon for any jokes we may have made in our more reckless moments about the lives of the saints."

The same eclipse of reason is manifest in our political life. Thirty years ago the opposing candidates for parliament, many of whom were Scotchmen who have studied the shorter catechism in their boyhood, met on the same platform and argued their case before the people. Now there is scarcely ever an appeal to the intelligence of the multitude. The Protestant electorate of Ontario never votes on the issue, but is corralled by some appeal to racial or religious prejudice. Catch-words, slogans, canards and flamboyant posters are addressed not to the intelligence but to the senses and the passions. That they are so effective is significant of the subordinate role to which reason has been relegated.

Weakness of the will is another symptom of the absence of positive religion. When the mob rules, when the multitude can be stampeded like a herd of cattle, when public men will abandon their principles for "siller," when money will buy anything from a title or a seat in parliament to a hockey match, is it any wonder that the devil finds plastic material with which to fashion his designs?

The most outstanding sign, however, of the activity of Satan is the decay of morals. The devil is said to be the father of lies and surely he has begotten a numerous brood in our day. We have come to a sorry pass when a leading journalist declares that he is paid to keep the truth out of his paper. The rustic commenting on the words of David "I said in my haste every man is a liar" was not so far from the mark when he said "Bedad, if he lived now he could have said it at his leisure." When things that would have scandalized a worlding of a generation ago are now commonplace, when fifty-six applications for divorce from Ontario alone are being made to parliament, when our jails and

prison farms, in spite of prohibition, are full to overflowing, we may well ask ourselves if the State-manufactured brand of morality is not a failure.

Yes indeed the devil is very active, and not the least of his activities are carried on under the guise of morality or humanitarianism. It behooves Catholics to study well the popular movements of the day before giving their support to them; for "When the devils will the blackest sins put on, they do suggest at first with heavenly shows."

NOTES AND COMMENTS

A THIRD PARTY—a Returned Soldier's Party—is in process of formation in the Legislature of British Columbia. There are several returned men already in the House and the election of others is looked for. It is an important experiment, the development of which will be watched with interest in other Provinces. The men who have fought and endured for Canada have certainly a right to be heard in the nation's councils.

THE SPECTACLE of police officials and ex aldermen having pipe line connection with confiscated liquor in the capital city of Ontario furnishes the public with a scandal of a peculiarly disgusting character. It certainly will give pause to many in their adherence to prohibition as a principle for permanent adoption. The narrowing of the sphere of legitimate liberty to the individual ever did carry in its train evils not a few. The Toronto revelations are in this regard not uninteresting.

THE LETTER of a Toronto physician to the Star on the subject of "Bacon" should be of widespread interest. It comes as an illuminating sidelight upon what has profoundly agitated the public mind throughout the period of the War—food conservation and the food supply. "Chemically-cured Bacon," that is the subject of some interesting reflections by one whose profession should enable him to speak with some degree of knowledge and authority.

IT WILL be recalled that sedulous efforts were made during a certain official enquiry to assure the public that the newer and more economical methods devised for curing meats were altogether in the public interest, even with bacon verging on a dollar a pound. This economical curing process apparently went on, but the price of bacon has not yet come down. The welfare of the soldier was the plea, and under cover of it the food barons have been given a free hand. Hence it is that while the mere millionaire of the pre-War period has grown into the multi-millionaire, the patient public has continued to pay through the nose for the most necessary articles in its food supply. To what extent the man in the trenches has benefited meanwhile, Dr. McCullough's letter, herewith reproduced, helps to an understanding. It should be read, marked, digested (the letter, not the bacon) by every Canadian.

"In the halcyon days before the war I used to consider bacon an article of food. I used it daily at my breakfast table, and sometimes had a rasher at my evening meal. Bacon, generally speaking, was edible and non-poisonous, digestible and agreeable to the taste—some better than others, but nearly all good. I am leaving you a three or four pound sample today which I wish you would place in your window, and, as it looks nice, you might be able to persuade an enemy, preferably a German, to eat a slice of it. For a long time I refrained from eating bacon in order that our soldiers might have it. If I had only known, the kindest thing I could have done would have been either to make a bonfire of it or send it to Germany. I don't know whose cure it is, but it is certainly cured if chemicals can cure. It is a beautiful sample of case-hardening. The lean, chopped into square chunks, would have been deadly if used for filling shrapnel shells, and the fat, I'm sure, would still be convertible into nitroglycerine. It was evidently meant for our soldiers. It has a lot of good qualities. It can never be as meat any more spoiled. I'm sure it would be proof against fly-blowing, the larvae would perish in the hatching. It looks well. It might stay forever in the larder so that one would always have bacon on hand. Unwelcome visitors served with a rasher for our breakfasts. The packer must be responsible for many a casualty in France and in Canada. Make them stop destroying good food."

THE VENERABLE Dean Harris, whose title to the gratitude and respect of his countrymen is already well established has added to it by his new book on the occult. Its pub-

lication is peculiarly timely just now, when the excitement created by a much advertised book is in danger of sweeping many shallow and unthinking people into the menacing vortex of spiritualism.

Rev. Dr. W. H. Griffith Thomas, whose capacity for giving vent to "rough stuff" in regard to Catholic faith and practice has received ample demonstration in the last decade has recently "buted in" on the "Irish Question."

THE WORLD has had numerous illustrations of the quality of French patriotism since that fatal August morning of 1914, but we have not met with one that breathes a purer or more selfless spirit than that of a youthful soldier of Pétain's Army who, lying in a hospital bed, had just had his shattered arm taken away.

BISHOP FALLON'S SERMON

CONTINUED FROM PAGE ONE

After this announcement of the angel of the glory in store for her as Mother of God, the Blessed Virgin Mary visited her cousin St. Elizabeth. I shall give you no words save those of sacred text. In the same first chapter of St. Luke, we read: "And Mary rising up in those days went into the hill country with haste into a city of Judaea, and she entered into the house of Zachary and saluted Elizabeth."

These words, brethren, seem to call for no comment. And yet some comment I must make. Mary came to visit her cousin St. Elizabeth, the mother of St. John the Baptist, who was at that time within three months of his birth and of whom Christ Himself said that a greater than he hath not arisen among the children of men; St. Elizabeth spoke to her cousin inspired words. "She was filled with the Holy Ghost," her words were therefore prompted by the Holy Ghost; they were in a very special sense the words of God Himself. If the response the Blessed Virgin uttered to the salutation of her cousin at that time were not true, then it is a wonder God did not strike her dead; and if they are true, then all Catholic praises of the Virgin Mother fall short of the truth. Men sometimes wonder that we call Mary "Our Life, Our Sweetness and Our Hope," "Mother of Mercy," "Queen of Heaven," but what are all these titles to that one name, Mother of God? What homage, what dignity, what reverence in that title, Mary, Mother of God? And Mary is the Mother of God; the Bible tells us so. That child born of her and foretold in this chapter was the Second Person of the Blessed Trinity made man. He who does not believe this

is not a Christian; whatever he may be, he is not a Christian. For the fundamental doctrine of Christianity is that God the Son became man, that in Him were two natures; that He came down from heaven and took not a human personality, but a human nature, and raised it to consort with the divine nature, supported by the divine person. Mary is the woman who brought that person into the world. No woman is the mother of anything save a person. My mother is not the mother of my body, nor is she the mother of my soul; she is the mother of the person who is speaking to you. In the 4th century the fathers of the council of Nicea proclaimed the greatness of the Mother of God had been questioned, declared it to be a doctrine of Christian faith that Mary was the Mother of God.

"My soul doth magnify the Lord," exclaimed Mary. Magnify means to make greater. What a startling expression on the lips of her who but a moment before had declared that the Lord had regarded the humility of his handmaid. But Mary did make the Lord greater. If the heavens are telling the glory of God, if all creatures proclaim the greatness of the Creator, then must she who was the masterpiece of God's creative power in a manner all her own magnify the Lord. She alone reaches the highest sanctity of created beings, she alone is the mother of the Saviour. And Mary adds, when speaking to her cousin— with unbearable forwardness if the words are true—"And behold, from henceforth all generations shall call me blessed." Do all generations call her blessed? asked the speaker. Was it calling her blessed to attack the position given her by the Catholic Church? To say that she has no place in the Word of God? We Catholics have always maintained her in that place which the Bible gives her; we have contended and will contend to the end of time, for the glory, the dignity and the divine maternity of Mary, and for all the truths connected therewith. Do those who assail these truths call her blessed? If not, how can they face the Bible? What right have they to appeal to the Bible? They belie the Bible. The man who dares to speak one word against the Mother of God had better tear the Bible to pieces and burn it. The only generation that has always called her blessed, that has stood true to the prophecy of Mary concerning herself is the generation known as the Catholic Church. Our consistent cry has been "Blessed Mother of God."

Again quoting from the Holy Scriptures His Lordship read from the first chapter of St. Matthew: "When as Mary was espoused to Joseph, before they came together she was found with child, of the Holy Ghost. Whereupon Joseph, being a just man, and not willing publicly to expose her, was minded to put her away privately. But while he thought on these things, behold the angel of the Lord appeared to him in his sleep, saying: Joseph, son of David, fear not to take unto thee Mary thy wife, for that which is conceived in her, is of the Holy Ghost. And she shall bring forth a son: And thou shalt call his name Jesus. For he shall save his people from their sins. Now all this was done that it might be fulfilled which the Lord spake by the prophet, saying: Behold a virgin shall be with child and shall bring forth a son, and they shall call his name Emmanuel, which being interpreted, is God with us. And Joseph rising up from sleep did as the angel of the Lord had commanded him."

You see, commented Bishop Fallon, early in her life Mary barely escaped calumny. In her earliest years the voice of the evil one prompted men to slander. Who saved Mary? Even her own husband was minded to put her away privately. Showing the watchfulness that God exercised over the chosen Mother of His Son, the voice of God Himself spoke to Joseph in sleep through an angel, who told him that the child to be born of his wife was created in her womb by God himself, even as Eve had been created, and that that child was the hope of the people, the expected of nations, the redeemer of the world, for whose coming they had watched during four thousand years.

The next place we find them is in that pathetic scene in the second chapter of St. Luke. It is not necessary to read the words, let me recall the scene: A young girl, and Mary at that time was very young, she could not have been more than sixteen years old, is going with her husband, a man in middle age, much older than herself, from Nazareth to Bethlehem. And Mary's delicate condition called for shelter and rest; but no place could be found for her; there was no room for them in the inn. Ah, there are many places today where there is no room for Mary. There are hearts in which there is no room for her. There are churches in which she has no room. But this will never be true of the Catholic Church, for in the humblest chapel or in the most glorious Cathedral there will always be room for Mary. There were many that far-off night who, if they had known who she was would have gladly made room for her though they themselves went shelterless and cold. Many now turn her out through a like ignorance.

Reading further in this same chapter from St. Luke: "And she brought forth her first born son and wrapped him up in swaddling clothes and laid him in a manger, because there was no room for them in the inn. And there were in the same country shepherds watching and keeping the

nightwatches over their flock. And behold an angel of the Lord stood by them, and the brightness of God shone about them and they feared with a great fear. And the angel said to them, Fear not, for behold I bring you good tidings of great joy, that shall be to all the people. For this day is born to you a Saviour, who is Christ the Lord in the city of David. And this shall be a sign to you. You shall find the infant wrapped in swaddling clothes and laid in a manger. And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly army, praising God and saying: Glory to God in the highest and on earth peace to men of good-will. And it came to pass that after the angels had departed from them into heaven, the shepherds said to one another, let us go over into Bethlehem and let us see this word that is come to pass, which the Lord hath showed to us. And they came with haste, and they found Mary and Joseph, and the infant lying in a manger. And seeing, they understood of the word that had been spoken to them concerning this child. And all that heard wondered; and at those things that were told them by the shepherds. But Mary kept all these words, pondering them in her heart." Commenting on the words of the text, His Lordship called attention to the fact that as in the very first words of Genesis the Mother and child are prophesied, so here in the New Testament we find them united. As the Old Testament foreshadowed them together so the reality of the New Testament brings and keeps them together.

Referring to the presentation of the Child Jesus in the temple according to the Law of Moses, His Lordship said that Simeon, the holy prophet who was waiting for the consolation of Israel, and who had received an answer from the Holy Ghost that he should not see death until he had seen Christ the Lord, Simeon, the devout man, blessed them, mother and child. Holding the Messiah in his arms, He said to Mary, his mother, "This child is set for the fall and for the resurrection of many in Israel, and for a sign which shall be contradicted. And thy own soul a sword shall pierce." What a sword of grief pierced the Blessed Mother's soul in the passion and death of her Divine Son! And who can not see that some of the bitterness of that soul-piercing sword of grief came from the knowledge of the ingratitude of men, yea, even of those who would put asunder what God had joined together, who would honor the Son by dishonoring the Mother, who would deny to her the place which was given her by God Himself, both in his inspired word and in His divine plan of redemption.

Commenting upon the visit of the three wise men from the east as recorded in St. Matthew's gospel, His Lordship emphasized the words, "and entering in they found the child with Mary, his mother; and falling down they adored him," and the speaker added: always they found Mother and Son, Jesus and Mary together. We Catholics, like the shepherds and the Magi find Mother and Son together, and like them we adore the Son, but we also honor the Mother. We fall down to adore Him, but we do not fall so low that we fail to see that Mary is also there.

Taking up next the relation by St. Matthew of the flight into Egypt as another instance where Mother and Divine Son are found in closest human bonds, where the angel appears in sleep to Joseph and admonishes him "to take the child and his mother and fly into Egypt, and there until I shall tell you. For it will come to pass that Herod will seek the child to destroy him. Who arose and took the child and his mother, by night and retired into Egypt, and he was there until the death of Herod." Bishop Fallon asked: Who would divorce these, Mother and Son? Do men think they will walk more readily into the presence of the Divine Son by disregarding His Mother? Is it not true that the higher you place the Mother the more respect you show the Son. And the speaker referred to the evidences that had been given throughout all the Christian ages, in art, in music, in sculpture and in architecture, of the reverence felt for Mary the Mother of God: the highest forms in which human genius expressed itself had been inspired by the glories of Mary.

What was Mary's power over her Divine Son? Answering his question, His Lordship read from the second chapter of St. John the story of the first recorded miracle of our Lord, the water made wine at the marriage feast of Cana: "And the third day there was a marriage in Cana of Galilee, and the Mother of Jesus was there. And Jesus also was invited, and His disciples to the marriage. And the wine failing the Mother of Jesus said to him: They have no wine. And Jesus saith to her: Woman, what is it to me and to thee? My hour is not yet come. His mother saith to the waiters: Whatever he shall say to you, do ye. Jesus saith to them: Fill the waterpots with water. And they filled them up to the brim. And Jesus saith to them: Draw out now, and carry to the chief steward of the feast. And they carried it. And when the chief steward had tasted the water made wine and knew not whence it came, but the waiters knew who had drawn the water; the chief steward called the bridegroom and saith to him: Every man at first setteth forth good wine, and

when men have well drunk, then better is that which is worse. But thou hast the good wine until now. This beginning of miracles did Jesus in Cana of Galilee: and manifested His glory, and His Disciples believed in Him." Mary realized that what she was asking was outside His province, as it were, at the time, since His public life had not begun, and Jesus clearly proves that this miracle was not in the order of the divine economy when he said to her, "My hour is not yet come," yet to show that He could not refuse her any request He yields to the suggestion she makes. He supplies the needed wine. The most startling fact about the miracle of the marriage feast, is that Jesus performed it before the opening of His public life, and only at the request of His Mother.

There are places, added His Lordship, where Mary's silent presence is as tangible as if the real figure were before us, for instance at the foot of the Cross, as recorded in the 19th chapter of St. John: "There stood by the Cross of Jesus, his mother, his mother's sister, Mary of Cleophas, and Mary Magdalene. When Jesus therefore had seen his mother and the disciple whom he loved, he saith to His Mother: Woman, behold thy son. After that, he saith to the disciple: behold thy mother. And from that hour the disciple took her to his own."

At that last moment, said the speaker, as the Blessed Saviour hung in agony on the Cross, His divine Heart overflowing with love for all mankind, He looked down and saw His Mother, and standing beside her, the beloved St. John. And he gave her, through St. John, to be a mother to the whole human race. Hence, have we taken her as our mother, and neither height nor depth, length nor breadth, slender or truth, praise nor insult, shall ever separate us from her.

Reading from the last book of the New Testament, the Apocalypse or Revelation: "And a great sign appeared in heaven; and a woman clothed with the sun, and on her head a crown of twelve stars. And being with child she cried, travelling in birth, and was in pain to be delivered. And there was seen another sign in heaven; and behold a great red dragon having seven heads, and ten horns, and on his head seven diadems. And his tail drew the third part of the stars of heaven, and cast them to the earth: and the dragon stood before the woman who was ready to be delivered; that, when she should be delivered, he might devour her son. And she brought forth a man-child, who was to rule all nations with an iron-rod; and her son was taken up to God and his throne."

Commenting on these words from scripture, the Bishop pointed out that here in the last book of the New Testament we have the mother, son and the dragon, as in the first book of the Old Testament, we found the serpent, and her offspring and the serpent. In the briefest way, he continued, in which it could be done in keeping with the subject, and based solely on the words of holy writ I have outlined the position of the Catholic Church concerning the doctrine of belief in the Blessed Virgin. To the Bible did they appeal when they attacked the Church on this question? Dare they appeal to the Bible again? Do they know their Bible? If they do appeal to the Bible, there is not a non-Catholic who hears the charge, who has been present tonight, and I see several whom I know, who has not laid upon him the duty of refuting the charge; who is not bound to say; wait a moment. I have heard this matter explained from a Catholic pulpit, and I have heard read from the Bible the very words upon which Catholics base their claim for this belief, and I think it were to examine it a little more closely before contemptuously condemning it.

In conclusion His Lordship said: I have placed before you briefly and imperfectly the Bible picture of the Blessed Virgin Mary; permit me to draw therefrom a few conclusions: if the Incarnation of Jesus Christ is the sole fountain of blessings for all God's rational creatures does it not seem reasonable that she in whom this stupendous miracle was actually accomplished should have received a fuller measure of these blessings than others who are far removed from it? If the Incarnation of Jesus is the sole hope of mankind for salvation, and that is the foundation of Christianity,—does it not follow that she who was to be the mother of God made man must have been superior to other women? If to touch the hem of the garment of Jesus was sufficient to cure the sick could she who held him in her arms and caressed him with her lips, not have been transfused by so intimate a union. If at the sound of the voice of Jesus the winds were hushed, the waves were stilled, the dead arose, and the demons fled away is it within the bounds of common sense that Mary could have listened to that voice for more than thirty years and not have thence derived spiritual blessings beyond the power of human thought to conceive? If to look into the face of Jesus for one brief instant means salvation,—and that is what salvation is, and what each one of us is working for,—what shall we say of her who lovingly gazed for years upon that sacred countenance of Him who was at once her Saviour and her Son. If the precious blood of Jesus shed

on the Cross satisfied the justice of God and blotted out the handwriting of the decree that was against us, is it not a sublime reason for our love and reverence that this saving blood had its source in the heart of Mary, His Mother?

If Jesus was subject to Mary while on earth, and the Bible tells us that He was, does it not follow that He grants the requests she presents to Him in heaven as readily as He obeyed those which she addressed to Him on earth? If to be a servant of God will bring us glory such as eye hath not seen nor ear heard, nor hath the heart of man conceived, what must be the glory of her, who was not His servant, but His mother?

The Bible picture takes us from the first book of the Old Testament, through the prophecies, through the psalms, to the New Testament, where we read of her time after time, and see her always with her Divine Son. In the beginning, in the first pages of Genesis, there was a man, a woman and the serpent, and in the first book of the New Testament, there is a man, a woman and a dragon. The man is the Son of God, the woman is Mary and the dragon is the devil. Always the Bible places Mary in this intimate association with Jesus in the divine scheme of the Redemption of the human race. Immeasurable the distance which separates them inasmuch as He is the Creator, she the creature; He the Redeemer, she the redeemed. But impossible to conceive of a more intimate union since she is the Mother, He the Son.

We Catholics love and reverence the Blessed Virgin Mary. For she is supremely beautiful, the Queen of angels and of men, standing next to her Divine Son in the Kingdom of His glory and sympathizing with Him in the great work of the Redemption. Her very name a-saves in our hearts the tenderest memories. 'Twas she who showed us in childhood's years the little Jesus of the manger of Bethlehem. Almost the first prayer that we uttered at our mother's knees was couched in the words the Angel and St. Elizabeth spoke to her: "Hail Mary full of grace the Lord is with thee, blessed art thou among women and blessed is the fruit of thy womb, Jesus." And when the shadows lengthen and the night comes on may that same blessed Jesus enable us, if not with failing lips at least with faithful hearts, to utter, "Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for us sinners, now, and at the hour of our death. Amen."

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH EXTENSION SOCIETY OF CANADA

THE REWARD OF MISSIONARY HELPERS

The Great West is calling for aid for the scattered Catholic Missions there. It cannot expect aid sufficient for its needs from the Western Provinces. The Catholic population there is sparse and scattered. Parishes are only just being organized in most places. It is almost as virgin a missionary field as the Chinese provinces. The astonishingly abundant, the opportunities are golden, but the laborers and the means are few. When our Divine Lord sent out His Apostles upon their arduous task of conquering a hostile world to His Cause, He did not leave them to their own individual resources. He knew that those would be inadequate. He associated with them in the great work, a chosen body of helpers and workers. Helpers who had money and means at their command, and who gave freely and ungrudgingly to the individual missionaries. They were to see that the Apostles had the means of travelling, and of eating and sleeping. They were in fact the commissariat department of the army of Salvation. How do we know this? We know it from the words of thanks addressed to the helpers by St. Paul himself, when he sends his gratitude to Evodia and Syntyche, and to the other chosen ones who were associated with him in the glorious work of the salvation of souls. He added the tremendous words of everlasting reward, and said that the names of these unselfish helpers would be "written in the Book of Life."

What wonderful words are these! To whom else have such great words, pregnant with divine promise, been uttered? The Apostle means to say that because these people, who had so worldly a cause of helping and aiding His missionaries in the business of the salvation of souls, they would assuredly enter into the Kingdom of Heaven. Remember—that St. Paul was not sure of entering that Kingdom. He said he had to work out his salvation in fear and trembling. He said that he had to chastise his body and bring it under subjection lest he himself become a castaway. For him the issue was uncertain as yet. But the great Apostle of the Gentiles had no such hesitation when speaking of those who had aided him generously in his missionary work. He said of them, without any qualifying phrase whatsoever, "Their names are written in the Book of Life." Those whose names are written in the Book of Life are absolutely sure of Heaven. Like a hotel guest who has signed the register and has received the key of his room, all they have to do is to enter into possession. Wonderful and happy privilege was surely this! Because they had been faithful to few things God had placed them over



THE REMAINS OF A CHURCH NEAR THE FRONT

many. Souls are just as valuable to God today as they were in those early Christian days. The work of the missionary is just as necessary and as dear to the Heart of Jesus. His Kingdom must ever be extending. His apostles must go forth into strange and dangerous lands. All the world must be evangelized. Today His Promises hold good to those that help His missionaries in the West of Canada as well as in the West of Greece.

Let us work then for this reward. The Western Missionaries need our generosity as badly as the Apostles needed the generosity of Evodia and Syntyche. Let us seek for this great reward of having our names written in the Book of Life, and give generously to the cause of the Catholic Extension Society.

Donations may be addressed to: Rev. T. O'Donnell, President, Catholic Church Extension Society, 87 Bond St., Toronto. Contributions through this office should be addressed: EXTENSION, CATHOLIC RECORD OFFICE, London, Ont. DONATIONS

Previously acknowledged...\$1,744 00 A Friend, Mallorytown..... 1 00 A Friend, West Monkton..... 30 00 In honor of St. Rita..... 2 00

HIERARCHY COUNSELS AGAINST SOCIALISM

The Catholic Bishops of Holland have issued a warning against the ever-spreading menace of Socialism, and a Pastoral Letter from the Archbishop of Utrecht, and the four Bishops of his Province, was read in all the churches, denouncing Socialist doctrines in regard to ownership of property, marriage, family authority, and human society, as "taking into no account the eternal and unchangeable laws of God." The Pastoral Letter of the Bishops declares that "Socialism is in conflict with the Catholic religion. It is therefore forbidden to Catholics to be members of, or to support, Aherchist or Socialist associations, and the Sacraments must be refused to any Catholic so long as he remains an adherent of Anarchism or Socialism."

FATHER FRASER'S CHINA MISSION FUND

Dear Friends,—I came to Canada to seek vocations for the Chinese Missions which are greatly in need of priests. In my parish alone there are three cities and a thousand villages to be evangelized and only two priests. Since I arrived in Canada a number of youths have expressed their desire to study for the Chinese mission but there are no funds to educate them. I appeal to you charitably to assist in founding burses for the education of these and other who desire to become missionaries in China. Five thousand dollars will

found a bursar. The interest on this amount will support a student. When he is ordained and goes off to the mission another will be taken in and so on forever. All imbued with the Catholic spirit of propagating the Faith to the ends of the earth will, I am sure, contribute generously to this fund.

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

I propose the following burses for subscription: SACRED HEART BURSE Previously acknowledged...\$1,465 67 John Brady, Eganville..... 1 50 Miss C. McCabe, Bainsville..... 1 00 Reader CATHOLIC RECORD, Plate Cove West..... 16 00 Very Rev. Pean Moyna, Toronto..... 20 00 J. A. MacD..... 1 00 "Thanksgiving, E. G."..... 2 00 Mrs. E. J. Edwards, Lawn..... 5 00 J. A. Chisholm, Macleod..... 5 00

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The Church of the Holy Comforter of Charlottesville, Va., has just been favored with a munificent gift of \$80,000. The donor of the money is Mr. Thomas Fortune Ryan of New York. The only condition attaching to the gift is that the parish itself raise \$8,000.

Advertisement for 'Earn Big Money Selling Beautiful Catholic Pictures'. Includes an illustration of a man and a woman, and text describing the quality and value of the pictures, along with contact information for The Gold Medal Company, Catholic Picture Dept. C.R., 311 Jarvis Street, Toronto, Ont.

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FIVE MINUTE SERMON

SEXAGESIMA

THE WORD OF GOD

"The seed is the word of God." (Luke viii. 11.) On other Sundays, my dear brethren, you may sit in judgment on the preacher, object to his arguments, doubt his correctness, or grudgingly own that he is right; but to-day our Blessed Lord not only speaks the parable, but actually explains it. So we are all taught the lesson to-day, and no one can escape knowing what God means and what we are bound to accept.

Our Lord was sitting in the boat, and a very great multitude crowded the banks. (Mark iv. 1.) Behind them, on the gentle slope of the hillside, there was doubtless taking place that to which our Lord called their attention. "Behold, the sower went out to sow." And it was all just as our Blessed Lord said. The sower, passing along, would skirt the pathway; and on the undulating ground boulders of rock would jut out here and there, hollows full of thorns and nettles would be found, and these got their share of the seed, as well as the good and fertile soil.

And afterwards, when He was alone, the twelve that were with Him asked Him what the parable might mean. And the Lord of truth and wisdom explained it. The parable is this: The seed is the word of God. My dear brethren, we know without being told that the sower was none other than Christ our Lord Himself. And from His own lips we learn that, out of four classes of men who listened to Him, in one only did His preaching bear fruit.

And our Blessed Lord explained the divisions separately. "They by the wayside are they that hear; then the devil cometh and taketh the word out of their heart, lest believing they should be saved." In St. Matthew it says: "And whilst he soweth some fall by the wayside, and the birds of the air come and eat them up." Where there is no caring, watching over, safeguarding the word of God is lost, as this seed by the wayside. The devil comes from him, lest a good beginning should be made. He does not want it to be remembered, practised, put into execution, lest believing they should be saved.

Now they upon the rock are they who, when they hear, receive the word with joy, and these have no roots. There was not much earth, and they sprang up immediately; and they were scorched by the heat of the sun, and because they had no roots they withered away. They believe for awhile, and in time of temptation they fall away. In these there was feeling, sentiment, but no depth of character. They fall away, deceived by their carnal desires, the vanities of the world, or the suggestions of the devil. They give up what they had begun so well. They abandon God, they consent to temptation. Were not many of the Jews themselves like this? They received our Lord with joy in their various cities, they crowded after Him; but at the time of His Passion, how they all fell away! When tribulation and persecution arose they were presently scandalized.

And that which fell among thorns! My dear brethren, remember it is our Blessed Lord who explains this. If it were anyone else, what an outcry there would be! How can pleasures and riches and cares of this life be likened to thorns? Choose either St. Mark's or St. Luke's words. The one says: "These are they who hear the word, and the cares of the world, and the deceitfulness of riches, and the lusts after other things entering in choke the word, and it is made fruitless." (Mark iv. 18, 19.) And St. Luke puts it: "And that which fell among thorns are they who have heard, and going their way are choked with the cares and riches and pleasures of this life, and yield no fruit." (Lk. vi. 7.) "Alas! the word of God in our hearts is smothered by superfluous cares, and the immoderate love of riches, and the pleasures of this life." "For they that will become rich fall into temptation, and into the snare of the devil, and into many unprofitable and hurtful desires, which drown men into destruction and perdition." (1. Tim. vi. 9.) "Go not after thy lusts, but turn away from thy own will. If thou give to thy soul a joy to thy enemies." (Eccles. xviii. 30, 31.) Whether we look back to history, or look around us in our own days, countless are the examples we see of the truth of all this—religion, God's service, the Holy Faith, all choked by the cares and riches and pleasures of this life.

"But that on the good ground are they who in a good and very good heart, hearing the word, keep it, and bring forth fruit in patience." Let us resolve to belong to this one class. The rest all wasted and lost the word of God. Our duty is first to hear it. The more we hear it the more our hearts will be drawn towards it and improved by it. A good heart by natural disposition, the very good heart by the grace of God. Hear the word and keep it. Keep it—yes, in memory, and keep it by obedience. "Be ye doers of the word, and not hearers only, deceiving your own selves." (Jas. i. 22.) "They words have I hidden in my heart, that I may not sin against Thee." (Ps. cxviii. 11.) Keep the word of God, and it is a safeguard to us; keep the word of God, and it directs us on our way; keep the word of God, and the strength of obedience is imparted to us that we may go on day by day

and keep the sacred word more and more. But fervour and alacrity merely will not suffice, for we bring forth fruit in patience. How many have lost heart in that work of patience! We cannot see the corn growing; God can. We grow weary of our own selves; we seem no better, no nearer heaven than we were years ago. Has the devil plucked the word from our hearts? Have there been no roots, and is our religion withered away? Have worldly cares and pleasures choked it? Praise God, no. But all our lives we must humbly hear the word, steadfastly keep it, and patiently—yes, so patiently—wait for the hundredfold.

AFTER THE WAR

The announcement that the Protestant bodies are to ask ten million dollars for postbellum reconstruction work has an interest for the Catholics of the country. It is proposed, as we take it, that a drive, after the manner of those to which we have become so accustomed, will invite those in sympathy with their cause to place at the disposal of the churches this vast sum for constructive plans to meet the needs of the coming years. That those needs have been somewhat multiplied and variously changed is not sufficient to contend with the world conflict, hence the absolute necessity of preparing for the future by finding the ammunition before time.

Whatever one may think about some of the changes which the war has brought to the religious world, as explained by these outsiders, it is confronted, or soon shall be, with the problems she has never before faced in this country. In the first place the boys who went across are returning with an entirely different view of the faith we profess. Our own faithful lads have had their visions broadened, let us hope, and the word, Catholicity, will mean something more comprehensive hereafter than it ever did in the past. From the letters which we have all had the good fortune to read the faith of the Catholic soldier has been made doubly strong even by the disaffection he witnessed on the other side. Because the defenders of other nations were remiss in their duty the Catholic warrior from the United States seems to have taken added glory from his staunch fidelity. The dangers that were encountered drove into his soul a sense of deeper dependence upon God and those who might have been very recent are coming back reconverted to the faith. If the new spirit is to endure it must not be permitted to lack cultivation.

Not only our own boys but those who were not adherents of the faith have undergone a marvelous transformation in their attitude towards the Catholic Church. We are not speaking here of the effect that must have been produced when those young men witnessed the ceremonies in the great cathedrals and had their spirits thrilled by the sight of the glorious monuments reared to the faith of which so many of them previously entertained nothing but despotic thought. The heroism of the chaplains must have impressed the boys in their souls as they saw these men of God sharing their perils, risking their dangers, and often meeting the fate of the common soldier. Then the atmosphere of piety created by the good example of their partners who prayed in the trenches and grasped their crucifixes as they held their guns for action could not have been without some salutary influence on the minds of those who had no symbols of salvation, possibly, knew not how to pray. So these lads come back with new conceptions of Catholicity and with the souls half-plastic to receive the impression of the faith. If their good-will can be made a means of grace, there will be a terrible reckoning if the opportunity be lost.

When we say that the Church has new problems we are not confining the activities of the clergy. From the very nature of the situation there are avenues which the priests cannot enter and to which only laymen gain admittance. The duty of the coming hour, therefore, is not an exclusively clerical burden. The laity have the chief contact with these returning boys and through the laity must the opportunity brought by this war be embraced. We to us if the harvest which has been ripened under the planet Mars is not garnered for the true God of heaven.—The Guardian.

SPIRITUAL LONELINESS

A PROTESTANT TRIBUTE
"Sometimes amid the struggling forces of the twentieth century there comes over the soul of the bravest Christian a sense of spiritual loneliness. The forces that are opposed to righteousness seem so strong and so united. The forces of goodness are so separated and divided. Then there comes something of relief in standing under the mighty dome of St. Peter's and looking about on those twenty-seven confessionals where the children of men of every tongue come and forsake their sins. Then there comes a feeling of strength and unity and one looks up and reads the motto which runs in gigantic letters around the fane of that dome: 'Thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build My Church,' and one adds in silence the rest of the sentence: 'The gates of hell shall not prevail against it.' Then there is a wistfulness to creep under the shelter of one who

CONSTANT PAIN AFTER EATING

The Tortures of Dyspepsia Corrected by "Fruit-a-lives"

St. MARTIN'S, N.B.
"For two years, I suffered tortures from Severe Dyspepsia. I had constant pains after eating; pains down the sides and back; and horrible bitter stuff often came up in my mouth. I tried doctors, but they did not help me. But as soon as I started taking 'Fruit-a-lives,' I began to improve and this medicine, made of fruit juices, relieved me when everything else failed."

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is a true holy father, in the fulfillment of the Master's prophecy that there shall be one fold as there is one Shepherd. And the man of faith hesitates not to say that, in some way, a fast uniting Protestantism may some day come face to face with a fast spiritualizing Catholicism, in one Holy Church under one Lord, and united for the one purpose of making the kingdom of this world the kingdom of our Lord. For such a consummation may every Christian work, and pray.—Rev. Dr. Forbush.

FOREIGN MISSION NOTES

Bishop McNicholas of Duluth had hardly entered upon his new work when he sent to the American Foreign Mission Seminary at Maryknoll a generous gift to start a Diocese of Duluth Bure. We quote from The Field Star these apostolic words:

"We are short of funds to prepare young men for the priesthood but I am entirely convinced that when there is a shortage we must not hoard the seed but plant it. It is simply Catholic to have an interest in the great foreign pagan mission field, where opportunities for the Kingdom of Christ are to-day perhaps the greatest in the history of the Church. By giving to a cause more in need than our own, we will win from the Lord, in His own good time, the material means and the vocations necessary for the diocese. It may take ten years to complete the bureau, but even if it should, with God's help I shall keep up my interest until the work is completed. Count on me to help you in any way that I can. I shall be very happy when the diocese of Duluth has its first priest ordained for your great mission field of China."

JOHN T. MCNICHOLES, O. P., Bishop of Duluth.
What follows is taken from a letter recently received by the light of Patrick J. Hayes, Chaplain-bishop, from Rev. George Caruana, Chaplain at the Canal Zone:

"I am just going to give you a small incident which happened at the Midnight Mass on Xmas Day. The altar was erected on the parade ground against the Post school building, which is surrounded by palm trees. A line of electrical lights was stretched around these trees and they illuminated the open space to a good distance. The regimental band took its position on the Gospel side and the choir on the other. The soldiers formed a semi-circle from one extremity to the other, and we had the altar and the men. There is a little hill on one side of the ground and this was occupied by the Catholic colored population of the neighborhood, and they turned out strong. The Chinese Catholic family got in between the lines of soldiers and a look of surprise came over every face as the whole Chinese family advanced towards the altar leading the other devout look on their faces that one could not help feeling warmed up to the treasures of our Faith. I was so glad that there were many American soldiers present for it taught them that the Chinese made as good Catholics as anyone in the world. It was a lesson in the Propagation of the Faith, and maybe it will produce results in the near future which will rejoice the hearts of Mgr. Dunn and Father Walsh. Their piety and devotion formed quite a contrast to the blank and formal one of the poor Porto Ricans, most of whom had not been to Mass since last Xmas. The old and new Catholics are very different from each other when exemplified by these two races. So I say again that there is a great hope for the triumph of our Faith in China!"

The thousands of Catholics in this country and abroad who have read in The Field Star during the past year the travels of the Maryknoll Superior, will welcome the promised appearance of these letters in book form. They will be entitled "Observations in the Orient," and are expected from the press about Easter. Fr. Spencer, S. M., of Yokohama is deeply interested in the story of early Christianity in Japan. He is accumulating notes that will prove most valuable and deserves more of a backing than he can possibly get

in Japan itself. Lately while in Sendai for a short rest, Fr. Spencer was conducted by Bishop Berling to the tomb of a distinguished Japanese named Hasekura Rokuemon, who served as ambassador to the Pope in 1618. As they were looking at the inscription the keeper of the place, a house (a pagan priest), said to the bishop: "This man died a Catholic, his sons also, and his grandsons, who were martyred. A cross should be set on his tomb." Fr. Spencer has relatives at Dayton, Ohio.

WHY HE LOVES THE CATHOLIC CHURCH

"I want to tell you in a very simple way why I love the Roman Catholic Church, and why I believe it is the duty of every Christian to love that Church sincerely:

"First I love the Roman Catholic Church because of what she has been. It is the mother church. Let me emphasize that. Our churches are all the offspring of the church. A few ultra Protestants will try to claim that they trace their genealogy through some stray erratic movements back to the Apostles, without touching the Church of Rome, but this is largely imaginary.

"For more than a thousand years Rome preserved the integrity and transmitted the vitality of the Christian gospel before ever anything like Protestant secession was dreamed of; and when the Protestant movement came it was made possible as a branch is made possible on the vine; it grew out of the strong vitality of the mother church.

"Now I hold that it is a matter of simple decency to be loyal to one's mother. I could not respect myself if I could forget that as a Christian, I owe my very being as a Christian, I owe all the light and joy and liberty in Christ I enjoy, to the mother church. To her I owe the very existence of that Bible which I love; to her I owe the sacraments which are the symbols of our faith; to her I owe the lives of saints whose footsteps have pressed the earth, making it a holier and happier place because they have lived and died to love a church that has done all that and much more for me as a Christian. For fifteen hundred years the preaching and pastors, the hymn writers and the church builders, the social reformers and the mystics, the theologians and the poets of all Europe west of Russia were Roman Catholics. All our spiritual wealth as Protestants is an inherited wealth: inherited through the Roman Catholic Church.

"Secondly, I love the Roman Catholic Church for what she is. We do not know what beautiful Christians there are among the Catholics, because we do not know them, and they do not know how sincerely Protestants are trying to be followers of the same Christ whom they serve.

"But it is not true that the Roman Catholic Church is an un-American and is seeking to overthrow our government, and all that? I hesitate not to say that I believe it is a foul and hateful calumny. The people who say these things have not one solid fact upon which to base their monstrous indictment. It is an utterly unworthy frame of mind for brethren of Christ to have towards each other. We must get this miserable slander out of our heads. By every test which can be fairly applied, the Catholic citizen stands on a par with his Protestant brother."—Rev. E. E. Snell (Congregationalist).

LINCOLN WAS BORN IN CATHOLIC FAITH

GREAT PRESIDENT FELL AWAY DUE TO JOINING SECRET SOCIETY

(By a Pioneer Priest)

At every anniversary of President Lincoln's birth, we hear much of his life. His boyish pranks are yearly repeated, but his religion in his youth is seldom mentioned. This can be accounted for by the fact that, in his youth, Lincoln was a Catholic, a member of a Church that takes not into consideration earthly honor, power, or glory, extolls only for virtues that lead to Heaven. While it is true she has on her list of saints, thousands of kings, queens and others in high station, they are not there because of their accidental positions of power in this world but for the way they served God.

Lincoln's father and his step mother were Catholics. Some dissent the religion of his father, but Father J. M. J. St. Cyr, in whose parish the Lincolns lived, says Thomas Lincoln was a Catholic, and he adds, "I often said Mass in his house and heard the confessions of his children."

Father Lefever, who, when stationed at Indian Creek Monroe County, Mo., had for his parish four counties in Missouri and five in Illinois, always said Mass in the Lincoln home when visiting Clarys Grove, Ill. The Lincolns came to Clarys Grove from Rolling Fork, Ky., where young Abe was born.

Father Lefever, afterwards Bishop Lefever of Detroit, was in Paris, France, at the time of Lincoln's assassination. To a reporter for the "Mode," published there, he said, "I am pained to hear of poor Lincoln's death." He declared the affair might not have happened,

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had he but taken the advice I gave him when he was a boy living in New Salem, to avoid all places of public amusements during the Holy season of Lent. 'Say your beads, Abe,' I told him. Here now he has been killed in a theatre on Good Friday. Poor Abe was a good, kind boy. He used to help me fix a place to say Mass. He once made six chairs and gave them to me. After I left there, I lost track of him. I was told he married a Presbyterian and fell away from the religion of his young days, otherwise he would not have been where he was when assassinated. I hope they will get the murderer."

Archbishop Ireland of St. Paul, who was chaplain in the army, said in the New York Tablet in 1869 that "Lincoln never denied his religion but having joined some society condemned by the Church, he naturally fell away."

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CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

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The happiest heart is simple,
None dares to call it wise;
It sees the beauty of its life
With frank and truthful eyes;

TRUE FRIENDSHIP
Let all friendship be founded
and maintained in the love of God,
and they will be lasting, proof against
any difficulty that may arise;

YOUTHS WHO BECAME ARMY OFFICERS.
Alexander the Great was a celebrated soldier at 20.

THE SILVER MADONNA
Majestic yet serenely sweet
in the Virgin held in her arms
the Divine Child.

FORGET IT
Don't forever be raking it up,
thinking it over, wishing you had
done differently.

THE CATHOLIC PRIEST
We Catholics love and venerate
our priests; love for the love they
put into their work, and veneration
for the exalted station they occupy.

TWO OFFICE GIRLS
It was on Saturday morning when
Mr. Barker, manager of a large city
office, employed two new office girls

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

SOMEWHERE
Take Thou my hand! this is my hour
of need,
The night is here and where my path
may lead

THE SILVER MADONNA
Majestic yet serenely sweet
in the Virgin held in her arms
the Divine Child.

FORGET IT
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BECAUSE OF THE BLESSED SACRAMENT

The heroism of Catholic lives is
one of the standing miracles God has
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with personal liberty.

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CLERICAL POLITICIANS

There are Protestants who are obsessed with the idea that the Catholic Church is unduly meddling in politics...

Though as everyone knows it is not necessary to go abroad to find instances of Protestant clerical politicians...

BEFORE THE SENATE COMMITTEE

"Captain Lester said that Dr. Albert and Dr. Fisher directed the propaganda carried on through the Lutheran Church..."

"For the information of the committee," he continued, "I should state that the Lutheran Church in this country is divided into a number of large synods..."

"The propaganda among the Lutheran pastors was directed entirely through the channels of pastors who had been born in Germany..."

"In addition to these direct investigations there were two or three prominent Lutheran clergymen who assisted the Government in getting information..."

"The foreign mission work of the Lutheran Church in the world is enormous. It extends through practically every civilized country in the world..."

"We have had conferences—I personally conducted a number of conferences—with representatives of these large synods and pointed out to them the facts of reference to individual cases..."

"The difficulty of approaching the subject is obvious," the witness continued. "These men are clergymen of the Christian religion and have the protection which is due them..."

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ating the use of the German language in their churches?" Captain Lester: "That, I am informed by one of the leaders, is the big vital question in the Lutheran Church in America today..."

Senator King—When we were conducting the National German-American Alliance hearing, a gentleman who is in the service of the Government stated that there was evidence that Germany paid some of these Lutheran ministers. Have you any information as to that Captain?

"That is the fact, as we found in a few cases," Captain Lester said. "They handled the Lutheran clergymen in much the same way as they did the college professors of the higher educational groups..."

"There were instances of the subsidizing of a branch of the Lutheran Church, which is not denied, through what is known as the Kropp Institute in Germany..."

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each instalment from date of its payment at the rate of 8 per cent. so that shareholders who pay in advance on April 1 will receive their dividend in full on the new as well as on the old shares...

Shareholders will thus benefit both directly and indirectly by the move decided upon and will, upon receipt of their additional stock, which goes to shareholders of record today at 2:30 p.m., not only receive a good-sized bonus, but a largely increased yield on their investment.

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the last, and had always lived a devout Christian life. The bulk of her estate has been bequeathed to various charities. She is survived by a daughter, Sister Raphael, of the nursing staff of St. Joseph's Hospital, Guelph, and by a son, Dr. J. M. Keane, Brantford.

REV. W. TURNER, S. T. D. DISTINGUISHED SCHOLAR AND AUTHOR APPOINTED BISHOP OF BUFFALO

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OBITUARY

REV. BROTHER A. P. KENNEDY

Rev. Brother A. P. Kennedy, master of novices in this country of the teaching order of the Christian Brothers of Ireland, died Wednesday evening, February 12th, at St. Mary's Novitiate, Mamaroneck, N. Y., in his sixty-fourth year.

Brother Kennedy was born at Killmallock, County Limerick, Ireland, on April 8, 1851. He received his early education in the National School at Limerick, the Royal University of Ireland, and Mangret College, near Limerick.

He studied for the priesthood in the American College at Rome where he was ordained in 1883. After his ordination he went to the Catholic Institute at Paris. A year later, he was appointed a professor in the College of St. Thomas in Rome.

In 1895 he was selected as a Professor of Philosophy at St. Paul Seminary, where he remained until 1903. In 1903-1904 he spent a year in research work on medieval philosophy in Germany, France and America.

Upon his return to the United States he was chosen Rector of St. Luke's Church, St. Paul, and in 1906 he was appointed to the Chair of Philosophy at the Catholic University of America.

He is prominent as an author and editor. As a tribute to his commentary on St. Thomas' De Anima he received the Benemerenti Medal in 1893 from the Academy of St. Thomas. He is also the author of a History of Philosophy, published in Boston in 1908, and Lessons in Logic, published at Washington in 1909.

As an editor Father Turner's works have been widely read and studied. He is a contributor to the American Ecclesiastical Review, American Philosophical Review, Journal of Philosophy, the Irish Theological Quarterly, American Catholic Quarterly Review and the Catholic World.

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DEATH OF SISTER MARY

Sister Mary of the Immaculate Conception, formerly of Good Shepherd, Ottawa, died at Texas, on Jan. 18th.

She is mourned by several relations in the Community of the Grey Nuns, of the Holy Cross and of the Good Shepherd. She is survived by her mother Mrs. P. O'Brien of Templeton, one brother, Edward, six sisters, Rev. Sister Margaret, Principal of the Indian School at Fort Chipewyan; Mrs. James McNulty, Quinville; Mrs. Glynn, Regina; Miss Ethel Teresa and Sara O'Brien. May her soul rest in peace.

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CHRISTIAN HEROISM

Reference has already been made in America to the consoling message sent by the Holy Father to the exiled Mexican Archbishop Orzoco, now helping in the duties of a little suburban parish of Chicago.

The persecution inflicted upon him by the Mexican Government, without any assignable reason, and the fortitude of soul with which he bore his trials, make of his life a true romance of Christian heroism. It will suffice to quote a single instance taken from a very interesting account written by the Right Rev. A. E. Burke, P. A., for the December number of the Extension Magazine, Driven from Mexico by the cruelty and injustice of the robber Government, Archbishop Orzoco at first fled for Europe to protest against the murders and outrages from which his nation was suffering. This duty done, he bravely

ly determined, at the risk of liberty or life, to re-enter his own diocese. "The joy which his presence again afforded to his devoted flock was intense, and only tempered by the fear that he might fall into the hands of the Carranzista soldiers whom all knew to be had never done anything to merit such treatment. Quietly communicating with his officials he secreted himself in one remote mountain fastness or another, only coming forth when faithful friends apprised him that it was safe to exercise his episcopal functions in the smaller parishes adjacent to his retreat. For five months he was hidden in one of these recesses, and for three months in another. The mountainers are, perhaps, the poorest of the peoples of Mexico, but they are rich in the love of God, which surpasses all earthly possessions, and full of charity for His representative amongst them; so they readily did whatever tender piety and unqualified devotion could suggest for his comfort, going even as far as to construct, with infinite pains and full hearts, a chapel where he could decently celebrate the Divine Mysteries, and a workroom where he might repose in safety by night and give himself to the administration of his diocese by day. A sentinel always stood at the mouth of the defile to watch for enemy approaches, so the Bishop could abandon himself to his devotions and the preparation of disciplinary letters without fear. Never in one single instance did those rude mountain dwellers divulge the secret of his place, or utter even his name to anyone without their own little community. Not less were the penal days of Ireland afforded him examples of greater fidelity than this. And the holy Bishop in these remote surroundings, and partaking of the simple nourishment those poor people could afford with patience the day when he might be free and unhampered to move amongst his spiritual children and administer to them the rites and sacraments entrusted to his hands for their sanctification."

Yet this was only the beginning of still greater persecutions under the name of Christ. Is it not high time that the nations of the earth should effectively protest against a regime of tyranny and barbarism unequalled in recent times except by the rule in Armenia of the unspeakable Turk?—America.

FINAN.—At Ottawa, Ont., on Wednesday, February 5, 1919, William Thomas Finan, son of Mr. and Mrs. Robert J. Finan, 99 Rochester Street, aged eighteen years and seven months. May his soul rest in peace.

BOSS.—On Saturday, February 1st 1919, James F. Boss, funeral from the residence of his father in law, James McQuarrie, Ottawa. May his soul rest in peace.

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Between Friends, by Richard Assmerle Joe Gavin is a leader among the boys of St. Nicholas' board-school and the hero of the story. He is an orphan, but, thinking of the past, becomes a very real and interesting character. He has many experiences in the "C" society, is arrested, sent to a reformatory, from which he escapes, and finally gets back to St. Nicholas.

Children of the Log Cabin, by Henriette Eugenie Delanoue. The story of a struggling home, bright, thoughtful children, and all the trials and hardships of misfortune. The trials of various places of the world are shown in a very interesting way.

Freddy Carr's Adventures, by Rev. R. P. Garrard, S. J. This is a fine college story full of healthy vitality, and it will interest all the boys who are lovers of the adventures of a college life.

How They Worked Their Way, by Rev. R. P. Garrard, S. J. Freddy Carr and his friends, by Rev. R. P. Garrard, S. J. Freddy Carr and his friends, by Rev. R. P. Garrard, S. J.

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