

The Catholic Record.

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

VOLUME XXXX.

LONDON, CANADA, SATURDAY, JULY 27, 1918

2075

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JUST BY THE WAY

There is a great deal of misapprehension as to what is called "sentiment." Most people today pride themselves upon being without it. To many it seems a maudlin condition which has not the excuse of drink. To others, whenever they hear a thought expressed which has some feeling in it—that is condemnable as sentiment, and a man who indulges in sentiment is regarded as a sort of snob of the feelings. Now, if all this censure was kept for the affectation of feeling, and if the word sentiment was kept for that pretence, there would be nothing to be said. But it is not so; indeed, "sentiment" in a condemnatory sense is applied to every feeling that the person having recourse to the dictionary does not understand or does not sympathize with. To understand all the feelings of other people, there is much that is dubbed sentiment which is real feeling, and that instead of being one of the worst is the very best thing we know in this life. The prevalence of this blind censure is due not to the commonness of mock feeling in man, but to the want of genuine sympathy in so many critics.

But there is another truth which underlies this matter which is not unworthy of notice. All feeling seems exaggerated to another who has not the same feeling, and it is because of this belief in the exaggeration that sentiment gets a bad name. The strong man can feel deeply. It is the weak one who shows his feelings by writhings or groans, or tears, or laughter; and when the man is very weak these ebullitions of emotions—which are not the overflow of the full cup of heart—but of hysteria, which is an expression of the emotions through the muscles. When emotion goes so far it is naturally and reasonably resented. But even short of hysterical outbursts the wholesome leakage of our emotions of mirth and sorrow in laughter or tears causes discomfort, and is felt to be incongruous by all who are not infected by the same disease. If you are in a company when all are laughing—and you do not know the joke—you feel a decided rising of resentment. If you are in the house of sorrow and note the tears without knowing why they flow, again you are outside the charmed circle of emotion, and that feeling produces annoyance. All healthy expressions of emotion are social. Every laugh aims at making a convert. Emotions are meant to communicate the same feeling from one to another. Anger is a beacon fire. And the only way to make the expression of the emotions of another congruous to you is to have the same emotion. If you share it to the like extent with the person who is laughing or weeping, then their laughter is music, their weeping a sad echo of your own heart.

But, again, there is a tendency in all emotion to overdo itself, to fall on the other side, like vaulting ambition. Pathos is easily turned to bathos. There soon gets to be a luxury in feeling, in nursing, in exaggerating your emotion—

"There's such a joy in melancholy, I would not, if I could, be gay."

THE HAPPY MEAN

Attention has a way of pointing the instant—it is focusing the mind. It excludes the world, and concentrates the mind upon the particular thing that dominates the moment. But pain and pleasure have the same domineering methods. They insist upon having the room of the moment to themselves. They, too, exclude the world, which is not in the acting toe or the instant's rapture. The poignancy of either the pain or the pleasure is in proportion to the absolute-ness of the monarchy. When we are only temperately moved the pain or pleasure is on the shaky throne of a constitutional monarch. Here, again, unless the critic shares the sentiment to the full, the manifestation has the effect of a stage play; it is put on, it is affected, it is sentimental, and not real feeling. Al-

though sentiment in this sense is not admirable, sentiment in the true sense is most excellent.

And we fear that in these days the ridicule which is thrown on the spurious may have some effect in preventing the genuine manifestations of deep feeling. It is ill for an age when it lives behind a mask, and yet today it seems it is good form to be callous—laughter is to be mellowed to a smile, and sorrow—there is nothing but cards and flowers.

There is, we believe, a happy medium between the sedateness and hardness of a granite rock and the detonations of hysteria, and this age has missed it.

CARDINAL MERCIER

U. S. MINISTER TO BELGIUM GIVES HIS IMPRESSIONS OF HEROIC PRELATE

In Everybody's Magazine for July Brand Whitlock, United States Minister to Belgium, gives a true picture of Cardinal Mercier's heroic stand against tyranny. Mr. Whitlock's story is in part as follows:

On Christmas Day he had sat in his austere study in the gray old ecclesiastical palace in Malines, its roof fallen in from the shells that had rained upon it during the fierce battles of August and September, penning in sorrow, but in lofty courage of an indomitable will, a pastoral letter to his bruised and scattered and tortured flock. It was that great Prince of the Church, the power and clarity of whose intellect, like the rigid austerity of his almost monastic life, recalled the early fathers of Christianity—Désiré James, Cardinal Mercier, Archbishop of Malines.

He was proud of being a Walloon; he had been born in Braine l'Alleud, near the field of Waterloo in 1851; he had been educated at Louvain in the same university that had given Father Damien to history, and now he was the Primate of Belgium. He was called to Rome at the outbreak of the war to render the last homage to the late Pius X., and to participate in the election of the new Pope; he had returned to Belgium to find his land laid waste by the sword, his alma mater destroyed, his diocesan city in ruins and the roof of his own palace open to the sky. And during the months of that autumn and early winter he had been quietly visiting the devastated pastures of his flock.

I had not seen him at that time; it was not until weeks after that New Year's Day that I had the privilege of making his acquaintance, and the ultimate honor of claiming him among my friends. He came in the simplicity that was so implicit an element of his greatness, one February morning to express his gratitude for what America had done for his nation, and to give me an autographed copy of his Pastoral, which at that moment had somehow got out of Belgium and gone around the world and made him famous.

He entered, advanced, tall and strong and spare, in the long black soutane with the red piping and the sash, not with the stately, measured pace that one associates with the red hat, but with the long, quick strides, kicking out with impatience the skirt of his soutane before him as he walked, as though it impeded his movements. He was impressive in his great height and he bent slightly forward with an effect of swooping on, like an avenging justice. But his hand was outstretched and in his mobile countenance and kindly eyes there was a smile, as of sweetness and light, that illumined the long, lean visage.

When he had laid off the low, black, beaver hat, with its cord and tassels of red and gold, and seated himself in one of the Government's ugly leather chairs, he adjusted the little red capote that covered the poll whereon the gray hair had long been thinning, drew off his red gloves, and as he sat, his long fingers that played for an instant with the gold cross and chain that hung before him, found a pair of common steel-rimmed eye-glasses and played with that instead. The detail seemed to be expressive of the utter simplicity of the man in all that concerned him personally; for it, in all that pertained to his high office as a prince of the Church, he was correct, punctilious even, in all purely personal ways he was as simple, as unpretentious, as modest as one of those rugged primeval natures to which one instantly compared him.

His hands were large and powerful and his weathered countenance was full of serene light with little of the typically ecclesiastical about it—a high brow, a long nose, lean cheeks, strong jaw, and a large mobile mouth, humorous and sensitive, the mouth of the orator, but with thin lips that could close in impenetrable silence. The eyes were blue and they twinkled with a lively intelligence and evident humor. Perhaps I could do no better in the effort to give some im-

pression of him than to say that, had it not been for those touches of red in his black garb, he would have recalled some tall, gaunt, simple, affectionate Irish priest whose life was passed in obscure toil among the poor, in humble homes, and lowly lives, whose every care and preoccupation he knew and sympathized with, going about at night alone, in all weathers, unsparring of himself, visiting the sick and the imprisoned, forgetting to eat, accustomed to long weary vigils, and of an independence that needed none of the reliance or approvals of this earth.

There was something primal, original about him, a man out of the people yet above them, one of those rare and lofty personalities who give the common man hope because they are like him, and yet create in him new aspirations and higher hopes because they demonstrate in their sufficient selves what a common man may become if only he have the will by devotion, by abnegation, by sacrifice, and by love. In his mere presence one felt all little things shrivel up, and wondered why small annoyances should fret and irritate; and when he had gone the impalpable influences of his lofty spirit hung for hours about one in the air.

He was the incarnation of the principle that is the antithesis of that upon which the power that had overrun his country was founded and because of this all its armies and all its guns and bayonets and *Kommandanturs* were powerless; its minions who had not hesitated to destroy whole cities and communities, did not dare even so much as to touch a hair of his head. Ultimate history, written at that hour when mankind shall have emerged out of the darkness and savagery of these times into the light of those better days, that must come if there is any meaning or order in the universe, will celebrate the astonishing coincidence that, in the little nation which the most ruthless power of all times chose as the first and most tragic of its many victims, there was a man whose personality, alone and of itself proved the superiority of moral over physical force.

WHY WE FIGHT AND PRAY

Two momentous utterances, within a week, concerning our country's part in the Great War have deeply impressed the American people. One was the address of President Wilson at a great international Fourth of July celebration at Mount Vernon, the home of George Washington, and the other the appeal of our three American Cardinals to the Catholic people of America. President Wilson spoke to those natives of many races who had gone to Mount Vernon with him to pay their tribute to the nation's founder. He declared that there can be but one issue, that the settlement must be final, and that there can be no compromise, and "the ends for which the associated peoples of the world are fighting and which must be conceded them before there can be peace" were thus described by the President:

"I.—The destruction of every arbitrary power anywhere that can separately, secretly and of its single choice disturb the peace of the world; or if it cannot be presently destroyed, at the least its reduction to virtual impotence.

"II.—The settlement of every question, whether of territory, of sovereignty, of economic arrangement or of political relationship, upon the basis of the free acceptance of that settlement by the people immediately concerned, and not upon the basis of the material interest or advantage of any other nation or people which may desire a different settlement for the sake of its own exterior influence or mastery.

"III.—The consent of all nations to be governed in their conduct toward each other by the same principles of honor and of respect for the common law of civilized society that govern the individual citizens of all modern States in their relations with one another, to the end that all promises and covenants may be sacredly observed, no private plots and conspiracies hatched, no selfish injuries wrought with impunity, and a mutual trust established upon the handsome foundation of a mutual respect for right.

"IV.—The establishment of an organization of peace which shall make it certain that the combined power of free nations will check every invasion of right and serve to make peace and justice the more secure by affording a definite tribunal of opinion to which all must submit and by which every international adjustment that cannot be amicably agreed upon by the peoples directly concerned shall be sanctioned."

The whole American people are back of their President in the determination to attain these ends. They are ready to go to any lengths and to make any sacrifice for the triumph of American principles.

And, as the three Cardinals point out in their appeal to their people, none more enthusiastically and wholeheartedly accepts its full share of work and sacrifice than the Cath-

olic population of America. We Catholics are ready to put forth all our resources "to stand with all other Americans to the defense of our sacred principles of right and national duty." Speaking for American Catholics our Cardinals say that our President has clearly stated the high principles upon which the sacred cause for which we fight rests, and that we battle for the welfare of men of every nation, asking no special indemnities for our sacrifices other than those which all free men seek. And for this reason, our Cardinals point out, we turn with fullest confidence to the God of justice and mercy, beseeching Him to accept our sacrifices, guide our rulers, and give success to our arms. With our righteous cause God will be our surest help as He must be our strongest hope. We shall all fight and pray till our victory is won and peace is again restored to the world.—N. Y. Catholic News.

GERMAN RECIPROcity

We now have from the Government itself the facts about the German behaviour on Corpus Christi Day, which has done so much to exasperate Allied feeling, if that were possible, about the manner in which this War is being conducted by our principal enemies. Shortly before Corpus Christi Day the Holy Father, acting not in the partisan interests of the Germans, but as the intermediary, according to his custom, of any humane proposal from any belligerent transmitted to our government a petition from Cardinal Hartmann that Cologne should not be subjected to aircraft attack on that day. In agreement with the French Government and with the acquiescence of the Air Ministry the request was granted, and the Germans were left free, by the withdrawal voluntarily of our military arm, to have their processions of the Blessed Sacrament in peace. It seems incredible, but on that self-same day the Germans deliberately carried out a long range bombardment of Paris, killed and wounded 13 people, and damaged a church in which the self-same worship as at Cologne was going on. Also on that very day they continued their abominable practise of bombing from the air with every circumstance of deliberation the mained and bed-ridden and the nurses and doctors in hospitals at the bases in France.

One expects nothing different from the Kaiser and his satellites. Such conduct is entirely in their line. But even at this period one cannot help being shocked when one comes across new exhibitions of the theory and practise of Prussianism. And one is still left wondering at the folly of people who do not see when they are doing a thing which marks them down in the eyes of the world as savages, and alienates from them any remnants of consideration which the spiritual power they wish to have on their side might be able to extend to them. The statement was published on Tuesday, though not in the Times, that the Holy Father has expressed his strong indignation, and telegraphed to that effect to the Archbishop of Cologne. We can well believe that this is the truth, or even less than the truth. As to the British action, we believe it to have been at once generous, and in the long run wise, and it is encouraging to see from the general tone of the press, apart from the notoriously anti-Catholic organs, that our feeling is shared by the mass of our Protestant fellow-countrymen. And we say this with full knowledge of the attempts of the Times, the Morning Post, and similar organs to misuse the incident in the interests of the favourite campaign. Cardinal Gasparri expressed on Friday to the Count de Salis the Holy Father's thanks to the British Government for their action, and in that expression of gratitude all Catholics are thankful to be able to join.

Unfortunately, we, without French, American, and Italian brethren in the Faith, cannot associate ourselves even in the week of Corpus Christi with those who have benefited by the kindness of the Holy Father and by the decent standards of thought and action followed by the Allied Governments. Unless or until there is some sign that the Catholics of Germany through their leaders, ecclesiastical or lay, repudiate the code of morals adopted on their behalf by their rulers, they must be held to be, if not partakers, condoners of crime. We can quite believe, as we have often said, that they may be as a mass misrepresented and misled. But, after all, they can only represent themselves through their own representatives, and mankind can only judge of them as so represented. And, unfortunately, it is no new story. For nearly four years they have looked on, as Cardinal Mercier says, "with folded arms, unmoved looks, and closed lips at the torture of a friendly people that have never wished Germany anything but good," and for nearly four years abomination after abomination, culminating in the despicable trick on Corpus Christi Day, has found them equally unmoved. Have not we Catholics of the Allied countries the right to be angry, the right to

determine that vengeance shall be exacted to the utmost by every lawful means? Let that eminently exact theologian, Cardinal Mercier, answer in the words of his pastoral on the feast of St. Francis of Sales last year. "The will to avenge an evil is properly a virtue. To wish a physical evil to someone who has committed an injustice and obstinately perseveres in his unjust course, and to wish this physical evil, not as an end in itself, but as the means of attaining an ulterior moral end; to wish that the guilty should suffer so that, under the pressure of suffering, there shall come about the conversion which he refuses to effect voluntarily—this is not to hate him, but on the contrary to love him rationally."

The last thing we should desire to see is a blind campaign of wild "reprisals" upon the innocent, the aged, and the suffering. The evil is to be sought out and uprooted at its centre—in the German High Command and the military forces at its disposal. In such circumstances as those of today, and with such forces in the enjoyment of a temporary ascendancy, it is useless, and it would be merely a condonation of evil, to talk about negotiating with such people. They are no more fitting parties for negotiation than is a poisonous snake to the traveller that crosses its path. If any think that the reptile is physically irresistible, they had better make the best fight they can against it, and go down honourably, than meet the same end as cravens. But while the essential business of the Allies is to bend all their force to the reduction of the enemy, where alone he can be effectively reduced, it is both their right and their duty to neglect no auxiliary operations that can conduce to that end. And amongst these undoubtedly is the carrying of war into his own country, by aircraft attack upon military objectives, even though such attack involves incidentally the loss of innocent life. If in the manner of such attack the Germans have chosen—as so often in other details of war—to treat as scrap paper the humane provisions of the laws of warfare, those who are engaged against them cannot be bound by such provisions so far as contracts and conventions, or upon the feelings natural to humane persons. Nor will it be open to the Germans a second time to obtain such immunities for such reciprocity as were taken and given last week.—The Universe.

MOST REV. ARCHBISHOP DOUGHERTY

ENTHRONED AS METROPOLITAN OF PHILADELPHIA

CARDINAL GIBBONS OFFICIATES AT SOLEMN CEREMONIES

Philadelphia Standard and Times
Home, back home, amid the scenes of his youth and early priestly labors, whence he went forth fifteen years ago in humble obedience to the voice of the Vicar of Christ to become a successor of the Apostles in the far-distant Philippine Islands the Most Rev. Dennis J. Dougherty, D. D., was solemnly enthroned as Archbishop of Philadelphia and Metropolitan of the Province of Pennsylvania in the Cathedral of St. Peter and Paul on Wednesday, July 10.

His Eminence James Cardinal Gibbons, the venerable Archbishop of Baltimore, officiated at the ceremony, which surpassed all previous functions held in this illustrious see, one of the most important in all Christendom.

The circumstances could scarcely have been surpassed. The day was ideal. The stately Cathedral, resplendent with flowers and ferns and potted plants and brilliant with electrical illuminations was thronged. High above the main altar was a great Cross of incandescent bulbs, and in illuminated letters, the significant message: "In hoc signo vinces" (In this sign thou shalt conquer). More than three times as many as the vast edifice could accommodate thronged Logan Square, the Parkway and the adjoining thoroughfares anxious to greet the new Chief Shepherd of the diocese by their presence and view the magnificent procession of prelates and priests. Every paw was filled and hundreds were forced to stand or kneel during the three and a half hours consumed by the authorization and the Pontifical Mass.

In addition to the universally loved Cardinal Gibbons were present another Archbishop, the Most Rev. Jeremiah J. Hart, D. D., Bishop of Omaha, almost a score of Bishops, a mitred abbot, many monsignori and approximately eight hundred of the reverend clergy, including members of various religious orders and virtually every one of the diocesan priests who could be spared from parochial duties.

The Right Rev. Michael J. Hoban, D. D., Bishop of Scranton, was the celebrant of the Solemn Pontifical Mass. The Right Rev. Thomas J. Shahan, S. T. D., J. U. L. LL. D., Bishop of Germanopolis, and Rector of the Catholic University of Amer-

ica, Washington, D. C., preached the sermon.

CARDINAL GIBBONS' ADDRESS AT THE LUNCHEON

In response to the toast "Our Holy Father and Our Country," Cardinal Gibbons replied as follows:

I am asked to respond to the toast, "Our Holy Father and Our Country." My heart at the present time, my friends, goes out to our great soldiers who are fighting in the trenches in France and who are constantly giving their lives to their beloved country, and our hearts go out also, naturally, to those who are to become or who have become enwidowed through this terrible and destructive war. But, as the toastmaster has said, very properly, there is one majestic figure that looms up above all others—one majestic figure commands our sympathy and our admiration, and that figure is Benedict XV. I see him now in spirit with uplifted hand like Moses on the mountain, praying for his children on both sides. We all know well the criticisms that have been passed upon the Holy Father; he is opposed in England, especially the complaint has gone out that our Holy Father has not taken sides with the Allies against Germany and Austria. That would be impossible. Our Holy Father cannot be a partisan; his exalted position forbids it; he is the Father of all; the others are his children. But if the Pope is not a partisan he is not a blind witness or an indifferent spectator of the crimes to which the Bishop referred to day in his discourse; he is not a blind witness to the crimes that have been committed and are committed against humanity and against civilization. The Holy Father has time and again protested; he has protested against the forced invasion of Belgium; he has protested against the deportation of Belgian subjects; he has protested against the destruction of churches and libraries in Belgium and in France, and he has labored not without success in affecting the exchange of prisoners. My friends, we cannot too much exalt the Pope. The Pope is the highest personage today on the face of the earth. This is not a figure of speech, and why? The Pope is the perennial ruler; Leo may die, Pius may die, Benedict may die, but the Papacy lives forever. The Pope in his day has seen kingdoms rise and fall; he has seen kingdoms change into republics and republics lapse into monarchies. He has seen the rise and the development of every kingdom and every power in Europe, and it is not improbable that he will live to see the death of some of them, and chant their requiem. The Pope has looked on calmly while the Goths and the Vandals and the Huns, the Visigoths and the Saxons invaded the fairest portions of Europe, uprooted and replaced the thrones, while the divine constitution of which he is the guardian stands as firm as the rock on which it is founded.

I thank God, my friends, that the spiritual children of our Holy Father in the United States are second to none in loyalty to our beloved country, and our service to our country is manifested more by deeds than by words, and while we form about 17% of the population, I dare say we form some 35% of those fighting in the army. What makes Catholicity so strong a power for the countries today? What is it? It is the teaching that you received and that I received. You were taught and you teach from your pulpits that the State is supreme in the civil domain, just as the Church is supreme in the ecclesiastical or spiritual domain. You have been taught when you were young that every man that is elected to office, whatever that office may be, from President down to the humblest official, as soon as he is elected, becomes a representative of Almighty God Himself and is clothed with divine authority. This is the thing that gives strength and courage to our young men and teaches them that our obedience is not an act of servility we pay to man, but an act of homage we pay to God Himself.

I do not wish to detain you much longer, but the question of Church and State reminds me of a thought here. With regard to the union of Church and State the question may be asked as to whether we should love to be united to the Government. I do not desire, my friends, that a union of Church and State be had in our country, but if there is a union of Church and State—an official union, the civil authorities would have the right—they would be apt to dictate to us what doctrines we should preach—put a padlock on our mouths and make us like dumb dogs—but I wish from my heart that the same happy condition of things existing among us today may continue for all time to come; that the priests of the United States may conserve their time and talents and their energy—and their life-blood if necessary, to the cause of Christianity and the enlightenment of the faithful; they will receive in return the gratitude they received today and the homage and love and affection and the free will offerings of a devoted and grateful people.

CATHOLIC NOTES

The entire graduating class of Loyola Jesuit College, Montreal, says Truth, have joined the colors.

Since last report, sixty additional graduates or students of Georgetown University have joined the army or navy. The great school's roll of honor now embraces more than 1,900 names. Its men are in every branch of the service.

The war cross of France has already been given to 123 soldiers from Massachusetts. All but five of these belong to the One Hundred and Fourth Regiment—the Catholic regiment.

The Rev. T. J. Glynn, a priest of Beaver Falls, Pa., has invented a large powerful, triple-propeller airship. It is kite-shaped and much larger and much more powerful than the machines now in use.

In the War Cyclopedia issued by the Secretary of State, the Secretary of War, the Secretary of the Navy and George Creel, chairman, it is stated under the heading, "Knights of Columbus": "The Knights of Columbus represent the Catholic communicants, who will constitute perhaps 35 per cent of the new army."

The English papers have recently been glorifying that gallant Catholic soldier General Carton di Wiart, whose name appears in the latest casualty list, and who had been wounded on the thirteenth time. In giving his splendid record in the Boer War, Somaliland and the present struggle, in which he has lost both a hand and an eye and gained the V. C., they withhold one detail, that General Carton di Wiart is a fervent Catholic.

Edmonton, July 8.—Very Rev. Hippolyte Leduc, O. M. I., Vicar General of the Archdiocese of Edmonton, has gone to his eternal reward. He breathed his last at 5:30 Saturday afternoon, June 29th. He had often expressed the wish to die on "Our Lady's Day," and the Saturday on which he was called from this "valley of tears" happened to be also the last Saturday of the month of the Sacred Heart. He was fortified for the last long journey by all the rites of Holy Mother Church. "Precious in the sight of the Lord, is the death of His saints."

Dr. Washington Gladden, whose death was reported last week from Columbus, Ohio, was known throughout the country as a first bigory, says the Catholic Transcript. During the A. P. A. excitement twenty years ago and again during the recent anti-Catholic craze he stood manfully against the campaign of slander and proscription. At the national Catholic Federation meeting in Columbus seven years ago, Dr. Gladden, the Congregational minister, occupied a seat on the platform during the program.

Catholic chaplains are mentioned in latest dispatches for distinguished conduct and particularly personal bravery. They are Father Noblet, Father Evans, S. J., Father Vincent Schully C. R. L., and Father Whitfield. Another priest, Father MacIvaine has in the cause of duty. After serving in France and being badly gassed, he was invalided home and insisting in going out again, was attached for a time to a hospital ship. It happened to be the Glenet Castle and he went down with it. He came from Glasgow Archdiocese, where his loss is deplored.

Washington, D. C.—Secretary Daniels last week approved an opinion of the judge advocate general of the navy setting the order of precedence of American Admirals as follows: William S. Benson, Henry T. Mayo, Wm. B. Caperton and Austin M. Knight. Admiral Benson holds the chief rank, under the naval act of August, 1916, which made him rank next to the Admiral of the navy, a position which has been vacant since the death of Admiral Dewey. The other officers rank according to the dates of their commissions.

News comes from London that a Protestant "Wayside Cross Society" has been organized, with Lord Shaftesbury as its president to set up crucifixes throughout England, to revive the faith and cheer the spirit of the people in the midst of their sorrows and sufferings due to the great War. The shrines to be found on the highways throughout France and Belgium, and the consolation derived by the faithful who openly pray there for Divine help and grace, have made a profound impression on the soldiers from Great Britain.

Albany, July 12.—The Right Rev. Thomas F. Cusack, Bishop of the Catholic Diocese of Albany, died this afternoon. Bishop Cusack, who was fifty-eight years old, had been in poor health since June, 1917, but had been able to perform his diocesan duties at intervals until recently. Cancer, induced by intestinal trouble, was the cause of death. Gov. Whitman sent the following telegram to the Episcopal residence when he learned of the Bishop's death: "In the death of Bishop Cusack the whole community suffers a great loss. I knew Bishop Cusack for many years both in New York and Albany. He was big minded, public spirited, a devout man and priest. We all feel his death as a great personal bereavement."

THE RETURN OF MARY O'MURROUGH

BY ROSA MULLOHLAND
Author of "The Tragedy of the 'Nanna,' 'Onora,' etc.

CHAPTER I
A GREEN-ROAD DANCE

The green district of Killageh lies in the high country above Killarney; a place of pastures, blue mountain distances, swift-sailing clouds dropping rain in the very face of the sun, and only one town in the summer landscape, the town of the cragged brow of Mangerton looking solemnly down on the laughter of the lower hills.

A few little homesteads of the better class lie folded between up and downs of the fields, and around and among them the cabins of the poorest of the population stand here and there, this way and that way, their gables set against the coldest wind, their bushes gathered round them, and their tin sheds erected like barricades against an enemy. Over yonder a gilt cross gleams against a grey cloud, with birds perching on it. When the angelus bell rings the birds do not fly, so accustomed they are to the sound. The priest's thatched cottage is beside the chapel yard, and from it can be seen, about a quarter of a mile across the fields, Mrs. Dermody's modest farmhouse.

In the long evenings when night is only a name, and light never leaves the wide firmament with its fringes of gold, and litter of stars glittering big in delicate green ether, there would be, some years ago, dancing at Killageh cross-roads; after the little as-carts had come home, and boys and girls had finished work in the fields and haggards, washed up, and snatched a mouthful of supper, then, away with them down the hedges, and across the hills to the spot where the red blaze from Tom Donohoe's forge makes a constant landmark for the traveller!

On a certain summer evening, Mrs. Dermody was made aware that there was a dance at the Cross roads by finding herself alone in the house with Finn the Irish terrier, who stood at the open door wagging his tail violently and gazing in the direction of the forge, but with no intention of going a step further unaccompanied by his mistress. To his great satisfaction she began at last to cover the red ashes on the hearth, threw her blue Kerry cloak over her shoulders, and stepped out into the open, despite his obstructing gambols, and heralded by his rapturous barking.

"Glory be to God, such a night! What'll Heaven be after this, at all, at all?"
For a few minutes she stood quite still. The golden arc of a round rising moon began to appear above the darkening purple of the mountains, while over in the direction of the forge there was a warm glow of lingering or approaching day; up in the high blue dome the reigning stars. The glamour of beauty had seized her unexpectedly, and softened away impatient thoughts.

"I declare Mrs. Mulquin's house might as well be thatched with silver!" she muttered. "And oh, God be wid you, poor Mary O'Murrough, god your old home is the ruined wreck! Stan'in' there like a grey ghost, cheek by jowl wid the white faces in the elder trees!"

As the now risen moon poured its splendor over the landscape, illuminating the paths at her feet, Mrs. Dermody moved on in a different direction from that to which Finn was urging her with short sharp barks. She plucked a bit of wild sweet-brier and pressed it to her nostrils as she walked, and her gaze went once towards the chapel with its cross, visible from the glint of the moonlight on its shafts.

"Not that you're there, Matthias Dermody," she whispered. "Yourself isn't in it, my dear man!"
After a minute's silence she went on talking to herself.

"It was you, sure, that loved the step-dance on a night like this. An' who would you dance wid, only Winnie? You hadn't the land when I married y', but still an' all, God sent it to y'. An' I'll keep the childer on the land too; never fear but I will!"

"The change in her thought broke the spell of her dream, and she turned round, to Finn's delight, and set her face toward the Cross roads.

"She went along slowly, for she was not as angry as she had intended to be. She was a woman with a soul to be soothed by moonlight and the memory of a grave-yard, or softened by a glance at the comely face of her daughter Bess; a kind neighbor with an open hand for the hungry poor, and ready to help a fellow-creature at an emergency. There was nothing of the martyr about Winnie Dermody; but still an' all, as some would say, she was a hard woman in the regard of the tight grip she kept of the half-dozen acres that Matthias left her. An' if she did want a husband with a farm for her daughters, an' a gran'son to lave her own to, seein' that she had no son, who's to blame her? Anne Bridget disappointed her, an' for the matter o' that she disappointed Anne Bridget, puttin' a spoke in the wheel of the only boy that the girl would ever let speak to her. She has Bess to the fore, now, an' if she doesn't plant her well somewhere between Bantry Bay an' Glengarriff, I wouldn't be in Bess's shoes, not for the fullest haggard between this an' the town of Killarney."

"Why then, Winnie'll have trouble over it, for nobody'll make or mar Bess but her own notion. An' if she doesn't give the girl her way, she'll have neither chick nor chail' to lave her own bit o' lan' to, let alone grab at another's!"

Headless that such gossip might be going forward among a few witch-like elders sitting "on the top of the ditch," Mrs. Dermody made her way through a little crowd on the outskirts of the dancing ground, old men and children playing "ring-a-ring-a-roses" with scampering feet and peals of laughter. She was pushed about and caught in the game unwillingly, as not being in the humor for it; and clutching her cap with both hands she put it straight, and retired to the side of the road, waiting an opening to proceed further.

"Oh, Mrs. Mulquin, is it yourself? But sure the very cats wouldn't stay in the house on such a night. Is that my Bess at the melodeon?"

"It's nobody else, Mrs. Dermody. There isn't one in the country can make them foot it like herself."

"Your own girls aren't had at it, Mrs. Mulquin?"

"Oh, Bess has to get a dance sometimes an' then Kate comes in well enough," said Mrs. Mulquin modestly.

The lively strains of "The Wind that Shakes the Barley" were vibrating in the air, emphasized now and again by the more distant ring of the blacksmith's hammer from the forge.

The "sets" were in lively movement, and the earlier dancers sat by, clapping their hands and singing to the measure of the tune and the dancing feet. Mrs. Dermody got on a vantage ground, from which she could see Bess sitting high on the bank waiving her melodeon as she played, with her chin in the air and the moonlight on her face; and the man beside her, bending forward with his hands locked together behind his knees and his eyes on her, was Miles Donohoe, whose shadow was threatening to cast a blight on all Mrs. Dermody's plans and prospects.

The tune of "The Wind that Shakes the Barley" capered and danced in the air, the step dancers sprang higher and higher, and the tune was marked by an occasional groan from Mrs. Dermody, as well as by that distant ring of the hammer from the forge, which seemed to be driving home the assurance to her mind that bitter disappointment was in store for her."

"She's too old to be slapped," said the mother to herself, "an' she laughs at everything. What am I goin' to do wid her at all, at all?"

She heard a familiar dry cough beside her, and looked round to see a "neighbor man" seated by her on the bank.

"Mrs. Dermody's brow cleared. "Well now, Pether Flynn, it's good to see a sight o' you. How's every bit o' you? It's late for y' to be out with your rheumatis."

"May be that. May be that. But a man doesn't mind a little risk if he has an object," Mrs. Dermody.

"True for y'," said Mrs. Dermody. "You're not askin' me what my object is, is it?"

"I'm not too curious about other people's affairs, Pether Flynn."

"No more y' arn't. You're the prudenest woman from this to anywhere else y' like to name. My object is that I'm feelin' lonely, an' I wanted a little company. I was talkin' to Father Fahy last night, an' says he, 'Sarve y' right, Pether Flynn,' says he. 'Why didn't y' get marriet twenty or thirty years ago, Pether Flynn?' says he. 'An' you'd have your tall sons an' daughters all stan'in' round y' to-day, like young larch trees,' says he."

"An' no, I wouldn't Father Fahy, says I, 'for they would all ha' been in America,' says I, 'and myself in the work-house!'"

"Look at Tom Donohoe the blacksmith," says he, "with his fine family, an' not one o' them in America or the workhouse yet."

"Wait a bit, Father," says I. "For all Tom has a fine business in the forge, there's a lot o' trouble before him. See that rake of a son o' his—Miles, I mane—what is he but a shaughraun, pickin' up jobs?"

"I believe y', Pether Flynn," said Mrs. Dermody with a groan. "An' what had the Father to say about that?"

"Oh, y' know the laughy way he has; an' he began jokin' about his jokin'."

"Look at Tom," he says, "with all he has round him; he says, 'that's always ready; an' to see all the trouble I had thryin' to get that shillin' out o' yourself at Easter; an' I haven't got it yet,' he says. An' no more he hasn't. It'll be time enough when Christmas comes round again, your reverence," says I, "when I mane to get the sellin' of a little call I mane."

Mrs. Dermody repressed a disgusted movement of the heart within her, and said:

"Y' were always a steady, industrious man, Pether Flynn, an' signs on y'!" It was no part of her policy to offend the thrifty owner of any thriving farm. "An' what did the priest say to y' then?"

"Yer a naygur, Pether Flynn," says he.

"It's aisy to be callin' a man names, Father," says I, "but it's better to have a few naygurs about the place than reeved roofs an' cowl'd floors." But still an' all, what he said to me about marryin' sot me thinkin'.

"An' I'll put it plain to y', Mrs. Dermody. The time's come when I might be able to make a mane to have a wife about the place. An' there's no one I'd look to sooner to get me out of the hobble than yourself."

The communication was not alto-

gether unexpected by Mrs. Dermody, but she said:

"Now I am surprised. Will y' tell me what y' think I could do for y', Pether Flynn?"

"Y'Ve two daughters, Mrs. Dermody; which o' them are y' goin' to give me?"

"Y' must give me time to think of it, Pether. There's a deal to be said. Anne Bridget's a good girl, an' knowledgeable about a place."

"If I'm to take my pick, I'll have Bess," said Peter.

Anne Bridget's the eldest, an' there's many a look on her face. "Is there any one with a place like mine to settle her into? But I'll tell y' what it is, Mrs. Dermody. I'll take Bess without a thraesen o' fortune, but y''ll have to give me the money if I take Anne Bridget."

It was the answer expected by Mrs. Dermody, and she was no way disturbed by it.

"Y' must see you again," he said hastily. "I want my wife to know you; perhaps we can arrange a time."

Miss Breen was a frequent guest at the Shields home during the next few weeks. She was making an in definite stay in Cincinnati, where she was visiting a niece, and making flying trips to nearby towns in the interest of the work in which she was engaged in France. In the intervals the Shields claimed her for days at a time, and Brian, Mrs. Shields declared, was perking up wonderfully and visibly renewing his youth.

"This is what he has always missed, I think," she remarked to Rosalie one day. Mr. Shields had just hurried away after a prolonged luncheon during which he and their

guest had indulged in many laughing reminiscences.

Miss Breen looked at her inquiringly.

"Meeting old friends—old school friends, the companions of his young days," she explained. "After all, there's nothing like it. I have been asking him, she went on presently, as Miss Breen nodded, 'why he had lost track of all his old friends, when you appear to have kept in such close touch with them.'"

"Too busy, I dare say," Miss Breen responded lightly. "As a boy Brian was like that—he could only be interested in one thing at a time. It's a quality that belongs to genius, I believe," smiling at her hostess, "and no doubt that's the reason he's made such a tremendous success of iron."

But only she had been wondering the same thing, though she was almost sure she knew. When he had left Ernerville he had been ashamed of them all. Was he now ashamed of himself? She wondered, but she could not tell. She was destined, however, soon to find out.

She was spending her last weekend at the Shields before her departure for the East and was to remain until Monday night, when she received an urgent telephone message to go home. Her niece's first Communion in the morning, it seemed, instead of the Sunday following, and Aunt Rosalie, of course, must be there. As a few people were dropping in to see her on Saturday evening, Mrs. Shields prevailed upon her guest to stay that night, promising to send her out to the little suburban church as early in the morning as she wished to go.

"And Brian shall escort you," his wife said, with a mischievous smile. "He loves to get up early."

Thus six o'clock in the morning found the two pacing up and down beneath the pergola waiting for the car to come around. The well-kept and extensive grounds sloped gradually down to a cultivated ravine, overlooking which was the garage and the gardener's house. A road wound picturesquely through the grounds and up to the porte cochere at the side.

"That road has as many twists as the road to success," Rosalie remarked idly.

"Did yours have many?" her companion asked.

"Oh, yes, quite a good many. How about yours?"

"Mine? Oh, not any, I think. No, it was a long, straight road."

"After you left Ernerville, you mean?"

The man winced. "Of course, after I left there, he made answer rather harshly. "I shouldn't have had much success had I stayed there."

"I don't know. Some of us there found the way to success, though not, I grant you, over a very straight or easy road."

"After you left Ernerville, you mean?"

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swung around a sharp corner, and then her companion spoke.

"That sounded quite like old times, Rosalie," was what he said, his equal tone expressive only of amusement.

"You used to call me during long sleepless nights,—remember my mother's patient figure dragging at her heavy tasks, in her eyes the love that was too blind to see!

"Listen, my dear... no one forgets! That's the way life gets back at you—mocking you at a full board with the happiness of empty days!

"Oh, my God!" He covered his eyes with his hand for a moment, then went on more quietly: "Do you think I never look at my boy and wonder if he will requite me as I requited her?"

"Oh, Brian, I am so sorry!" Rosalie's eyes were over flowing. "Let me say so before we say goodbye, won't you? I didn't mean to hurt you—I didn't understand."

PAGANIZING THE PHILIPPINES

An appalling spirit of religious indifference is settling upon the Philippines. The rising generation is growing up without religion and without God.

The news of the founding of this asylum for hopelessly disabled fighters by Catholics in England should prove to be a new incentive to American Catholics to increase their interest in soldiers' welfare work.

Yesterday I went during morning recess to two different schools and urged all the little fellows, some 200, to be present in the afternoon.

HUN SHELLS AN OLD MONASTERY

London—Some mention has already been made of the Trappist monks whose monastery is perched on the summit of Catsberg, Mont des Cats, some seven miles west of Kemmel Hill, where some of the fiercest fighting is still in progress.

supplant the highly efficient weather bureau conducted by the famous Father Algue, S. J., and worse still a bill has been introduced into the Philippine Congress calling for the taxation of churches, the money obtained thereby to be applied to the support of the public schools.

CATHOLICS OPEN HOME FOR DISABLED ENGLISH SOLDIERS

An interesting item appeared recently in the Tablet, of London, England, which should open the eyes of many in our own country to the tasks Catholics must meet in the field of soldiers' and sailors' welfare work.

SEEING THE LIGHT

PROTESTANT WOMAN HAS MASS OFFERED FOR SOUL OF DECEASED CATHOLIC

Many non-Catholics would love the beautiful pious practices of the Catholic Church at which they now look askance if Catholics would take the trouble to explain them.

MAN-MADE RELIGION

Lieutenant Kenneth Cassidy, a Baptist, strange to say, contributes to the Baptist Standard the story of how he kept Easter Sunday.

"Anyhow you have a picture of me at Mass at 6 a. m. on Easter Sunday, standing silent through a simple but impressive service with a thousand Irishmen, heads bared, faces earnest."

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At present the monastery is being subjected to a systematic bombardment by the German artillery as the church and buildings stand out and make a very clear target for the guns.

During the fighting at the beginning of May a succession of eight-inch shells tore their way through the roofs of the church and monastery, sending up one great column of white smoke from the high explosive, and another of brick dust, red and gray, according to the fabric which was struck, with thick showers of shattered beams and stones.

WHAT RESULTS MAY BE

ENGLISH CHURCH TREMBLING WAITS AFTER WAR VERDICT

London, June 1, 1918.—When the War is over, competent judges prophesy, there will arise a great wave of questioning in this country, how extending to almost every department of national life.

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be either prophet or the son of a prophet to foretell that the position of all Christian churches in this land will be seriously worsened.

The Methodist woman deeply felt her friend's death but had learned from her of the Catholic belief that a soul must be entirely pure before it can enter heaven and that, if it is not completely pure at the time of death, yet it is not damned, it must pass thru purgatory.

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REVERENCE IN CHURCH

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arranged. Already more than \$7,000,000 has been expended upon work in Europe by the K. of C., and in American camps there are about 200 club-houses and buildings. Construction has been much expanded of late, and huts and barracks are now erected in parts of the American sector where our soldiers are posted.

ize the highest value of praying for the dead. They pray because their lonely hearts yearn for communion with the loved ones gone from earth, but Catholics pray, first of all, for the eternal repose of the souls of the departed.

justice, right and liberty and rear upon the ruins of irreligion a true Christian Democracy.—Boston Pilot.

down to a question of authority, would you rather believe the Church than yourself or the mutually self-contradicting modern philosophers? If the question regarding man's destiny is merely a matter of authority, the Church, with her wonderful democracy of faith embracing over two hundred and fifty millions of people and covering centuries of experience, surely wins by miles and miles.

With the priest chaplains went the Catholic Sisters as nurses. They were the only trained, organized and disciplined body of women in the country ready then to meet the grave emergency that the clash of arms precipitated on the nation.

To mention only the letters received from the missionary Bishops: we have their letters to support us in this statement that, the Extension Society is the only Society in Canada giving them substantial aid in the organization of their vast and sparsely settled dioceses.

IRELAND DOING HER FULL DUTY

NEARLY 60% OF HER MAN POWER VOLUNTEERED UP TO JANUARY

If Ireland were pro-German do you suppose 58.1%—not 17 or 20% as I have seen in some papers here—of her man power would have volunteered up to last January?

If she were pro-German can you imagine 40,000 or 50,000 men enlisting since the uprising in Dublin?

If you knew what the men who have been through the battles believe—officers of all ranks in all armies—who know of forlorn hopes turning the tide to victory, of impregnable places captured, of divisions, yes whole armies being saved by Irish troops, you would have a ready answer to those who seem to think that we have done little, and are doing nothing now.

"We are doing our fighting in the present big push. We need no apologies, no defence. Our standards tell the story."

These were a few of the statements made to Mr. James F. Sullivan of the Boston Globe at the University Club by Capt. Thomas F. McMahon of the Irish Guards, a man who has been through the hell of warfare. He is an Oxford man, and went from Australia to enlist.

As a memento of one of the battles a piece of his skull was torn away. He is now on recruiting duty with the British mission here. He does not like to talk except to his close friends, but he has heard and read so much about the Irish that he cannot help expressing himself strongly at times. The interview covers three columns of the Globe of June 30.

"It's a pity some of our American newspaper men were not with the forces in the first couple of years of the War," he said. "I mean, close up where you could get the stories first hand, and not after they had filtered through. There would be something worth writing about."

"Now, mind you, I am not making comparisons, for all our troops fought with the greatest spirit—Scotch, English, Welsh, and Dominion forces. But somehow or other it seemed that little attention was paid to the Irish; and undoubtedly it is due to this fact, and to the ignorance of the whole Irish question by the papers here, supplemented by cables from across that are often based upon imaginings of the writers, that today our race is placed in a doubtful position."

"But what I am getting at is the parent feeling that because conscription was held up for Ireland so many people here seem to think we have done nothing. The issue has been clouded here. If you were to read the big papers at home you would see that there was a considerable antagonism against the plan among big men in England in the Commons and the Lords; that it was not Ireland alone that objected."—Boston Pilot.

TURNING HOMEWARD

"The prejudice against prayers for the dead will vanish with the War" writes a department editor in The Living Church (Episcopalian). "A Churchwoman who had lately met a heavy loss said: 'I never quite approved of the idea of prayers for the dead; it seemed superstition; but, when I enter church, where I sat so long with my husband, my first prayer is for him. It could not be otherwise.'"

"And so it will be with thousands. We don't believe in prayers for the dead until it happens to be Our Dead—that makes the difference. God does not need these prayers—these holy dead do not need them. But our prayers, connecting all we love best with God are pleasing and acceptable to Him, and are a link between ourselves and Him, perhaps more tender link. How can we cease to pray for them?"

A Catholic cannot read these words without a feeling of thankfulness that those outside the fold are beginning to realize something of the sacred consolation of prayer for the dead, even though as yet their thoughts are so unsettled and so far from the Catholic understanding of the benefit of prayer for the dead. Evidently our Protestant friends find comfort for themselves in praying for their dead—which is certainly a great spiritual advance from the earlier impression that such prayers are but "a superstition."

But they have not yet fathomed the depths of consolation, nor real-

ILLITERACY RAMPANT

The movement on foot to remove illiteracy in this country is in many ways commendable. At the same time, it shows that our secular institutions have not achieved the results that were claimed for them in the years past. There are many causes for the present deplorable larger number of illiterates in this country. It may safely be said that negligence has gained its toll. There has, too, been a spirit of commercialism that has pervaded the capitalistic class. The one end for all was to make money. It was nothing to the employer how his employee was fed, housed or educated. The mad race for money eclipsed all other considerations until the man, power and its earning power came to be recognized as efficient factors in the furthering and financing of this great world war.

A TOUCH OF PATHOS

There is a real pathos in a brief telegram stating that the shortage of food has compelled the monks of the famous Alpine Monastery to kill their St. Bernard dogs. This is not the first time that the Monastery kennels were threatened with extinction. An avalanche once swept away all but three of the dogs and at another time a plague caused the death of all but one. The pitiful sentence this time had to be pronounced by the monks themselves and probably they were the executioners. From time to time they hopefully postponed the evil day by dividing their own scanty food with the dogs. Now the inevitable is a kindness not only to the community's hungry proteges but to the dogs themselves, who have reached the verge of starvation. It must have been a touching scene, the farewell between the sorrowing monks and these noblest specimens of the dog family.

A St. Bernard Monastery without its dogs will present a picture with something lacking. When better times come no doubt there are many owners of these splendid animals who will deem it a privilege to send some back to the original home of this celebrated animal.—Providence Visitor.

"THE LIVING PRESENT"

This present hour, says Cardinal Manning, is all we have. Tomorrow may be today before we can use it; and day after day we squander it in the hope of a tomorrow; but tomorrow shall be stolen away, too, as today and yesterday. It is now we must be patient, now we must be holy. This hour has its duty which cannot be done the next. Tomorrow may bring its opportunities, but will not restore today's. The convictions of this hour, if unheeded, will never come back. God may send others, but these will be gone forever. The very strength and life of all self-discipline is order, certainty and decision. Our true safeguard against temptation is to be the same at all times, in all companies in all places; not to vary and adapt ourselves to the humor of others, thereby adopting their temptations and their habits, but to be always and everywhere ourselves, and to oppose to the temptations of the world the consistency of a matured and practised habit of self-control.—Catholic News.

BEAUTIFUL CUSTOM OF THE ALPINE SHEPHERDS

In certain parts of the Alps, where the people live scattered about as shepherds, there prevails a beautiful and touching custom which softens somewhat the dreary loneliness of their solitary life. Just as the sun leaves the valleys, and his last rays faintly gild the snow capped summits of the mountains, the shepherd whose hut is situated on the highest peak takes his horn, and with trumpet voice cries: "Praise the Lord!"

Instantly all the other shepherds, standing at the thresholds of their cabins, repeat one after the other, the same appeal, until the echo resounds far and wide, from rock to rock and deep to deep. "Praise the Lord!"

A solemn silence succeeds the last notes as they die away, and each shepherd kneels, bareheaded, in deepest reverence and prayer. Later on, when the mantle of night completely envelops the mountains, once more the horn is heard to resound with the words "Goodnight!" and the shepherds peacefully retire to their solitary abodes to rest from the labors of the day.—The Pilot.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF THE CATECHISM

In his book "Orthodoxy," Gilbert K. Chesterton, the brilliant London essayist, says he learned his catechism when a small boy, that he forgot it later and studied the various philosophies of modern times, that he finally constructed a philosophy of his own out of their mutual contradictions, but that he found, with a great mutual shock, that this system of philosophy was not his own after all. It was the Christian system of philosophy, and he might have spared himself a lot of laborious study by sticking to his catechism in the first place.

Unfortunately there are not many men so brilliant and so unprejudiced in the pursuit of truth as Chesterton. Not many have both the ability and the courage to penetrate through the mists of error and the fogs of sophistry of a Kant, Hegel, Spencer, Haeckel, and other so called philosophers. Even Catholics sometimes get lost in these mists and fogs, because they ignore or neglect the deeper meaning of the catechism which contains a philosophy of life that is old and yet always new. Catholic philosophy satisfies common sense. It is the applied philosophy of the average man in the street.

For example, a man asks himself about his own origin, about his relation to others and to the universe and about his destiny or his end and purpose in life. To find the answer he may study the works of all the philosophers until his brain wears out, but nowhere will he find an answer more definite, more positive, and more satisfying to common sense than the answer which he reads in the catechism: "God made me to know Him, to love Him, to serve Him in this life and to be happy with Him forever in the life to come."

In other words, "From God, to God, and for God," is the only reasonable answer to the riddle of existence. Tell me not the answer is based upon faith only. It is also based upon the right use of reason. For that matter all answers which essentially differ from this one are also based upon faith, not in God, but in fallible human philosophers. Agnostics dogmatically insist that we can know nothing about our origin and destiny, but say, must depend upon faith; that is to say, upon the authority of others. Even if this unfounded assertion were true, wouldn't you rather take a chance of being right with the Church than wrong with your mere individual views? If the enquiry as to your origin and destiny must simmer itself

THE LAY APOSTOLATE

While the world is passing through this gigantic strife, there is an insistent call for men whose lives and actions will act as a leaven upon their fellow citizens and give strength and courage to those whose ideals have fallen far short of what Christian civilization demands. There is urgent need of men who will place the standards of right and justice above worldly gain and ambition. Their compelling force will lift the world from the sordid and enoble it with high purposes. We may wish confidence look forth to a world imbued with lofty ideals and striving for that perfection that is the divine command only if the laity show a high example of Catholic and Christian endeavor. Thus the responsibility we have to individual perfection is the responsibility to our age and country.

Amid the turmoil of war we seek the lasting foundation of peace and happiness. We seek the true basis for international harmony and look forward to the day when class will not clash with mass, and fraternal love and charity will forever put to an end the frenzied ambition for personal and national aggrandizement that has brought about this historic upheaval. While the roar of cannon distracts the world, those agencies that appeal to the peaceful instincts of men are at the bar of public opinion. They must stand or fall according as they show themselves true to the standards of justice or false to the ideals of Christian peoples.

CATHOLIC ACTIVITIES

IN OUR TWO GREAT WARS

Few in this electric era can form any comprehensive idea of conditions, social, religious and political, at the dawn of the sixties. It is difficult also to make absolutely conclusive statements of the details of adopting their temptations with their habits, but to be always and everywhere ourselves, and to oppose to the temptations of the world the consistency of a matured and practised habit of self-control.—Catholic News.

THE SOLDIER PRIEST'S MESSAGE OF HOPE

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For none has shown greater love To a brother, a friend, or a wife When, to protect his loved ones He lays down his own dear life. Now, Christian hope it tells you That the dear ones from us flown We shall meet in the hereafter, And in Heaven know our own.

A GOOD CONSCIENCE

It is quite true that the presence of a strong yet delicate conscience that loves God and the right, that hates sin and the wrong, that seeks the higher and better paths of Christian virtue for righteousness sake—it is quite true that such a conscience is found in Christian hearts throughout the various denominations. Herein lies a great, strong and all-pervading bond of sympathy. The Decalogue is the same for me as for you. I worship in spirit and truth the same Lord that you do. The road to heaven for me is obedience to my Christian conscience just as it is for you, and when we reach that much desired end through fidelity to our consciences, in the land of many mansions there will be no distinctions of rank or race.—Rev. A. P. Doyle, C. S. P.

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THE CATHOLIC CHURCH EXTENSION SOCIETY OF CANADA

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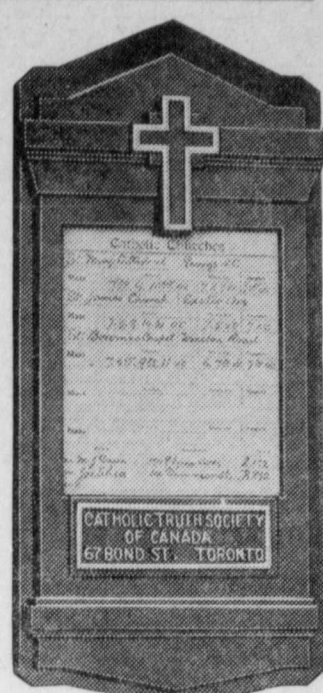
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CATHOLIC TRUTH SOCIETY HOTEL CHURCH REGISTER

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FIVE MINUTE SERMON

REV. F. F. HICKER, O. S. B. TENTH SUNDAY AFTER PENTECOST ENEMIES OF THE CHURCH: THE DEVIL

The arch-enemy of the Church and of the souls of men, my dear brethren, is the devil. He is the instigator, whereby the world is full of wickedness and turns against God; he is the seducer of the human race, the cause of that fall, the result of which is the flesh lusteth against the spirit.

The greatest mistake in warfare is to undervalue, to hold your enemy too cheaply. To have any chance of escaping the wiles of the devil we must study and realize the depth of his malice, his craft, his powers, and how he even manages to make men do his work for him.

Why should the devil hate us, and seek to ruin our souls? Out of hatred and spite to Jesus Christ our Lord. The evil spirit was cast out of heaven for pride and disobedience; and it is another hell to him to see men restored to the favour of God, and his own former glorious position in heaven occupied by them.

But he can dissemble. His craft is more to be feared than his power. If our souls felt the breath of his hatred and malignity, we should draw back terrified, and seek protection from our Lord.

And his powers are far beyond ours. He is a spirit. He knows no weariness, never relaxes; his knowledge and his experience are masterful. But, thank God! his powers have been curtailed, and he has been chained up, to a certain degree, since the coming of our Lord.

Who, then, are the workers—the co-operators with the devil? Who are his secret assassins, murdering the souls of men? To mention a few: Those who indulge in bad talk, who sully the innocence of young souls, and corrupt them by foul and immodest conversation, lewd jokes and songs.

Those, again, who pass from hand to hand bad books and pictures, teaching wickedness in its most degrading forms. And what about those who write or sell such books? Knowledge is a good thing, and reading too, but not impure knowledge and reading.

But there are some who, as St. Paul says, "give place to the devil" worse than this. They bring him into the home, they let him live amongst their children, and only laugh when they learn his ways and wickedness. Bad parents, remember our Lord's words: you will do so for ever, unless you do so now and repent.

and save? In very truth, are they not the friends and tools of the devil? No man likes to be made a tool of for another man's gain and end. The devil's taunts will not cease for all eternity, when once these dupes, these tools, have lost their own souls, and perhaps ruined their children.

We see, then, the enemy; the reason why he hates us with so much malice; his craft, his powers; the depth of degradation to which he drags us, making us his tools, making us ruin ourselves and the souls of those most dear to us.

Seeing all this, let us be on our guard and resist the evil one. "Resist the devil, and he will fly from you," says St. James (iv. 7). Prayer is the weapon. "Our help is in the Name of the Lord." (Ps. cxliii. 8)

DRAWING DOWN VENGEANCE

The infidels of France have done their best for forty years to bring God's vengeance on their country; and they are persisting in that, right up to this moment. The legislation passed to make the war orphans wards of the State, and to exclude Christianity from their education was a direct slap at God's face.

What has the world adored, these fifty years since the last important European war? God? No, but the works of men's own hands; and the works of their own hands are crushing them now to death by millions. We need not speak of the sins of the world. Those sins are myriad.

And the works of men's own hands are crushing them now to death by millions. We need not speak of the sins of the world. Those sins are myriad. Think of the sins of London, Berlin, Paris, New York, in the last fifty years; a mountain range of iniquity that would reach around the Earth.

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Those, again, who pass from hand to hand bad books and pictures, teaching wickedness in its most degrading forms. And what about those who write or sell such books? Knowledge is a good thing, and reading too, but not impure knowledge and reading. In the Apocalypse of St. John we read of the woman "having a golden cup in her hand"—that is, education—but, alas! it was "full of abomination and filthiness." (Apoc. xvii. 4.) Foul talk, bad books, are the devil's agents.

Christian teaching. With the Hun at the gate in good earnest now, she turns her face still unrepentant and unashamed in defiance to her God.—Antigonish Casket.

HEAVEN WITHIN

Did you ever notice those heavy fogs that cover land and sea during the days of April and May? When it snows and rains alternately, and it sometimes looks as though half the night still hung in midair at noon? We look up with a sigh and a longing for better days, and we wonder whether God Himself is hesitating or has forgotten about sending us another Spring.

What a pleasure and joy enlivens our very beings when things brighten up and a clear blue sky begins to smile at us. How the warm spring sun transfigures the hilltops and floods the valleys with light and cheer; our hearts beat faster and we feel as though new life were coursing through our veins.

The little blades of grass lift up their drooping heads and dry their tears; the buds begin to swell on tree and shrub; a fresh perfume permeates the air, and everything seems to be in a hurry to make up for lost time. All Nature is one vast, immense temple in which countless angels are running to and fro, decorating whatever they lay hands on, in preparation for the Lord's great holiday that we call Spring.

So much for the outside. Something similar, but far grander, takes place within; when a frozen, sin-laden heart begins to thaw and new life unfolds its tender shoot. What a sight the very rays of spring-time in the heart of a converted sinner must be. No wonder that even the angels rejoice at the sight of such change. There's the ever welcome and prayed-for return of a famished prodigal to the wealth and joy of his Father's mansions; there are the biting frosts and festering sores soothed and healed by the love of a Brother, whose heart he broke on Calvary; there's the gloom of lowering clouds and heavy mists, dispelled by the gentle breathings of a Spirit that fill the deepest depths of heart and soul with heavenly peace and gladness!

That inspired exclamation of St. Augustine, in which he proclaims and portrays the peace he found, is the life story of every heart—"Thou hast created us, O Lord, for Thee, and restless is the heart, until it rests in Thee!"

A VITAL QUESTION

At the beginning of the War, The Spectator, London, wanted to know "What are the fathers and, above all, the mothers, doing?" This was in reference to the large number of young girls who frequented the streets of the city and other places where they would encounter men in uniform.

This question comes to the mind of every thoughtful citizen, noting similar conditions in our country. The young men assembled in camps and training schools are there to learn the business of war. It does not help them any to have their minds distracted by the attentions forced upon them by feminine friends. So much has been written to incite young girls to write to the boys in service to "adopt" them and to "mother" them that it is not surprising to find even ordinarily retiring young women in places where they should not be unless accompanied by a chaperon.

We run the risk of being laughed at for our old-fashioned notions in suggesting that mothers or Aunt Mary should accompany girls in the teens even if they are truly calling to see their brothers or cousins. The public does not know of the relationship and is not inclined to be charitable in its judgments. The boys in uniform deserve everything that can be done for them and that is good for them. It is not good for them to be the targets of empty-headed busybodies who want to "amuse" them every spare minute they have, nor does it help them to have young women following them up: some from the genuine, though misguided, desire to brighten their spare hours, others through sheer frivolity and yet others to run them down and entrap them in matrimonial snares, with a view to allotments, etc.

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."

according to his wont before the war. As to the chair. Perhaps it is as well not to investigate that charge. Doing so might start a "drive" for chairs as a vital need of the boys. But, to return to The Spectator's question: "What are the fathers and, above all, the mothers, of those young girls doing, to allow their daughters to frequent the gathering places of soldiers and sailors?" The War is forcing us to go back to some good old practices; thrift has returned to the home and discipline is being restored to its former place in the family life.

AN IRISH MOTHER'S HEART

There is beauty in her mountains and a charm in Erin's hills, A glory in her inland lakes, a music in her rills. But your inland lake and mountain rill, your charm can ne'er impart An image of the beauty in an Irish mother's heart. I've heard your thrushes singing 'neath the whitened hawthorn tree, And the Shannon's joyous music rolling onward to the sea. But a sweeter singing haunts me as I sit from men apart, 'Tis the love song of my childhood from an Irish mother's heart. What seek ye, sons of Erin, roving sadly o'er the earth, In the heap of gold that glitters or in stones of priceless worth? Sure you'll never find a jewel in the big world's busy mart Like the one you left behind you in an Irish mother's heart.

APPALLING IGNORANCE OF RELIGIOUS KNOWLEDGE

An Eastern college professor recently experimented with public school children by presenting to them a picture of Leonardo da Vinci's "Last Supper" for the purpose of finding out how familiar they were with the central figure and personality of our Lord. Professor Fred Newton Scott discovered an appalling ignorance of religious knowledge as no one recognized the Saviour, although one little girl ventured the opinion that it might be George Washington at a "party."

A writer in "America" relates a similar experiment with the primary grade of Catholic children at the Cathedral school of New York and gives the following consoling information: "Not one child failed to recognize the picture as a representation of Our Lord and His Apostles. Each one pointed out the figure of Christ. Two of the twenty-eight said they were 'eating,' but gave no further explanation. Twenty-six said they were 'eating the Last Supper.' Twenty-one said, 'Our Lord is changing the bread and wine into His Body and Blood.' One said, 'Our Lord is making the Blessed Sacrament.' Another said 'Our Lord is giving the Apostles Holy Communion.' One boy, aged eight, attempted to quote from memory the words of institution, saying: 'Jesus took bread and gave it to His disciples, and said, This is My Body. And then He took the chalice and said, This is My Blood.' One little girl, aged seven, said it was a picture of the Last Supper on Holy Thursday. Eight children failed to recognize the Apostles individually. Twenty pointed out St. John, and fifteen identified Judas. The important point is this: Not one child failed to grasp the religious significance of the picture. Only two failed to realize what was being done. Every child in the room was able to recognize the figure of Jesus Christ."

The obvious moral is that religion can be taught properly to Catholic children only in the atmosphere of the parochial school. While the public school children could point out the counterfeit presentations of popular movie stars such as Mary Pickford and Charlie Chaplin, they fell down in the test on vital moral and religious problems because religion as a rule never enters deeply into their lives.—The Monitor.

PILATE, THE PROTOTYPE OF DOUBTERS AND SCOFFERS

Nearly nineteen hundred years ago Jesus Christ, on trial before Pilate, solemnly proclaimed, "I should give I into the world; that I should give I testimony to the truth" (John 18, 37) With a sneer Pilate asked, "What is truth?" Then he left the court room at once without waiting for the answer.

This scene between Christ and Pilate well typifies the constant conflict between Christianity and doubt. Despite the sarcasm and ridicule of many modern Pilates, Christianity still confronts the world of doubt and bears solemn witness to truth. What truth? The truth about religion, the truth about man's relation to God. The truth about man's origin, fall redemption and supernatural destiny. The truth about his only safe guide, the Catholic Church.

Christianity is the greatest, the most constant phenomenon of European and American history. It is the biggest, the most absorbing idea that has ever confronted the human mind. No human theories or systems of philosophy opposed to Christianity have ever become lasting or popular among active and aggressive peoples and nations. Christ is a bigger fact in history than all the world's systems of philosophy combined. Pemyson expressed this thought beautifully in a stanza of "In Memoriam" "Our little systems have their day. They have their life, and then they cease to be. They are but broken lights of Thee And Thou, O Lord, art more than they."

REAL SOURCES OF COURAGE

One of the leading British Generals, Sir Hubert Gough, writes: "As a soldier, I am convinced that no man can bear the terrific strain he is called to stand in war if he trusts entirely in his own will and strength. He must be able to feel that after he has done his best, made all his plans, made all arrangements, the result is in Higher and Greater Hands. That knowledge supports, men and leaves them calm and fearless."

Charred Wood

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Gerald de Lacey's Daughter

An Historical Romance By Anna T. Sadler NO Catholic writer of fiction in English is more widely known and more deservedly popular than the author of this book, which will probably add more to her fame than anything bearing her name. For the time of her story, she has chosen one of the most interesting periods in this country's history, that immediately following the accession to the English throne of William of Orange, a time of bitter memories for those of the Faith, filled with deadly persecution and with glorious heroism. It is a strong, virile story, brimful of action, and highly dramatic in parts. The love scenes are charming. Every Catholic should read it. 450 PAGES Price, \$1.35 Postage 15c.

The Catholic Record

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CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

THIS, TOO, SHALL PASS
Look back through life, to the heaviest load
Of worry and grief and care;
And the greatest burden of sorrow,
It was ever your lot to bear.

when he says, "He was little in the habit of resisting skillful and urgent importunity."
And that statement in itself goes a long way toward proving Monmouth's unfitness to wear a crown and to rule a great nation.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

SHORT SKETCH OF LIVES OF SAINTS OF THE WEEK

JULY 22.—ST. MARY MAGDALEN
Of the earlier life of Mary Magdalen we know only that she was "a woman who was a sinner."
From the depth of her degradation she raised her eyes to Jesus with sorrow, hope, and love.

JULY 26.—ST. ANNE
St. Anne was the spouse of Joachim, and was chosen by God to be the mother of Mary, His own blessed Mother on earth.
They were both of the royal house of David, and their lives were wholly occupied in prayer and good works.

JULY 28.—ST. APOLLINARIS, BISHOP AND MARTYR
St. Apollinaris was the first Bishop of Ravenna; he sat twenty years, and was crowned with martyrdom in the reign of Vespasian.
He was a disciple of St. Peter, and made by him Bishop of Ravenna.

JULY 29.—ST. CHRISTINA, VIRGIN AND MARTYR
St. Christina was the daughter of a rich and powerful magistrate named Urbain.
Her father, who was deep in the practices of heathenism, had a number of golden idols, which our Saint destroyed, and distributed the pieces among the poor.

JULY 31.—ST. PANTALEON, MARTYR
St. Pantaleon was physician to the Emperor Galerius Maximianus, and a Christian, but, deceived by often hearing the false maxims of the world applauded, he unhappily succumbed into an apostasy.
But a zealous Christian called Hermolaus awakened his conscience to a sense of his guilt, and brought him again into the fold of the Church.

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Creedless Religion
In these days, when one might be led to expect that the cataclysmal war would lead people to think rationally and seriously, we still hear stale, maudlin sentimentalism about religion.

SACRILEGE
We sometimes hear the talk of one who indulges in blasphemy referred to as "sacrilegious," a characterization that has more or less foundation, inasmuch as a sacrilege, in its wider sense, is any sin against religion.

THE SACRED VESSELS
Certain of those metal vessels which are used in the service of the altar are called sacred, either because they have been consecrated by the Bishop and immediately touch the Sacred Species, or, even though they have not been consecrated, do come in contact with the Blessed Sacrament.

OUT OF RESPECT
Because of the intimate use made of them in the service of the altar, the Church has taken precautions to prevent any irreverence towards certain of the liners used by the priest.
Thus the corporal, on which the Blessed Sacrament rests, the pall, which covers the chalice, and the purifier, with which the latter is cleaned, must be first washed by a cleric in holy orders, before they can be laundered by lay hands.

SACRED PLACES
He would be guilty of what is termed "local" sacrilege who committed in a sacred place, any act especially repugnant to the purity or holiness of that place, or who used it for purposes not befitting its sanctity.
We may note that not only churches, whether solemnly consecrated or simply blessed, are deemed sacred, but even such places as cemeteries, which have been solemnly set aside for the burial of the faithful, convents of religious communities, hospitals and other institutions erected by episcopal authority which have attached a chapel for the celebration of Mass.

QUALITY
In the Catholic Church there is a certain thing—what I call a quality—that arrests every open-eyed man who scans her.
It is that quality that preaches, louder than any preacher in any pulpit.
Polemics, controversy, special pleading would simply bore you and set all your opposition alert on guard.

POPE CELEBRATES MASS AT MIDNIGHT
The Feast of St. Peter and Paul, June 29, was observed by Catholics throughout the world as a special day of prayer for the restoration of peace.
Pope Benedict XV, celebrated Mass in St. Peter's shortly after midnight, and in every country Catholic priests united their intention with the Holy Father's.

CREEDLESS RELIGION

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Men, who seem sane enough regarding the material business of their bodies, are downright crazy when they come to discuss the spiritual business of their souls.

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tempt for religion, the added sin of blasphemy would be incurred.
AT COMMUNION TIME
It goes without saying that one is not guilty of sacrilegious treatment of the Blessed Sacrament through some irreverence which is not intended.

Every 10c Packet of WILSON'S FLY PADS
WILL KILL MORE FLIES THAN \$8.00 WORTH OF ANY STICKY FLY CATCHER
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WELL-FED SOLDIERS WILL WIN THE WAR

By S. Roy Weaver. The necessity for conservation and substitution for foods needed overseas...

Production and conservation in Canada and the United States have helped until the 1918 harvest becomes available...

Our Allies' live-stock has been decreased by about forty six million head since the beginning of the war...

The necessity for continued food conservation on this continent is demonstrated by the recent activity of submarines off the coast of the United States...

North America is now supplying about fifty per cent of the food imported by the Allies...

Two distinct incidents indicate that the nation is coming to appreciate how vital it is that the battle for victory and peace be accompanied by prayers for victory and peace...

Prayer is the wing wherewith the soul flies to heaven, and meditation the eye wherewith we see God, says Saint Ambrose.

AN APPEAL FROM THE WEST

To the Editor of CATHOLIC RECORD: Would you kindly insert the following in your valuable paper...

On my arrival from Rome, I was made aware that a great misfortune, in fact a real disaster had come upon our missions of the Mackenzie district...

Our annual supply was in a shed, at the foot of the rapids, awaiting the breaking up of the ice; unfortunately, when the ice broke, last May, a jam was formed three miles from Fort McMurray...

Three years ago, a similar accident occurring on the Peace River obliged us to use whatever small reserve each mission had in store...

Identically the privations usually imposed on our missionaries and nuns were increased. Still, I heard no complaints...

Actually, the appeals to public charity are so numerous that I hesitated a long time before having recourse to these means...

I do not believe anybody can find fault with my exposing our condition as it is, or with my making known to the public devotedness that borders on heroism...

With my sincere thanks for your kindness, I remain, Mr. Editor, Yours very truly, G. BREYANT, O.M.I., D.D., Vicar-Apostolic of Mackenzie.

EVERY CATHOLIC MUST JOIN HIMSELF TO THE NUMBER WHO NEVER SEND A PETITION HEAVENWARD BUT THAT IT CARRIES WITH IT AN INTENTION FOR VICTORY AND PEACE.

SUPREME NEED OF CATHOLIC READING

It is needless to discuss the supreme worth and need of Catholic reading matter. The words of our late Holy Father, Pius X., urging Catholics to support the Catholic press, are sufficiently impressive...

Catholics ought to know thoroughly well the teachings of our Holy Faith, and how these teachings apply to everyday life and its problems...

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