LONDON, CANADA, SATURDAY, JANUARY 30, 1915

crown, and injustice its immediate retribution. But the ways of God are not our ways, the Scripture tells us. Providence gives free way, for a time

neasured by Divine wisdom, to hu-

man passions and the conflict of desires. God, being eternal, is patient.

sires. God, being eternal, is patient. The last word is the word of mercy, and it belongs to those who believe in love. "Why art thou sad, O my soul? and why dost thou disquiet me? Quare

tristis es anima, et quare conturbas me ?" "Hope in God. Bless Him

always; is He not thy Saviour and thy God? Spera in Deo quoniam ad huc3 confitebor illi, salutare vultus mei et Deus meus." (Psalm xlii, 5.)

proached him with incitations to re-bellion; his wife urged upon him a blasphemy and a curse. "Dost thou

blasphemy and a curse. "Dost thou still continue in thy simplicity? Curse

God, and die." (Job ii, 9.) But the man of God was unshaken in his con-

fidence. "And he said to her: Thou hast spoken like one of the foolish

women: if we have received good things at the hand of God, why should

WHAT BELGIUM HAS SUFFERED

seemed to me age-long. By thou-

hospitals, convents in great numb

part of the buildings are down; 1,074

dwellings have disappeared; on the town land and in the suburbs, 1,823

The Catholic Record

LONDON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 80, 1915

A BOOK TO BE READ

We recommend to our reader Father Lambert's "Notes on Ingersoll." In these Notes, a defence of the basic and fundamental positions of Christianity, we can find wit and logic and a merciless exposition of the methods of the revilers of religion. When Father Lambert essayed to arrest the march of Ingersollian blasphemy there were many who either looked at him askance or viewed him with contempt or considered him too mean an opponent of the redoubtable Colonel. For Ingersoll was then at the zenith of his notoriety. He walked up and down the land to the admiration of those who were attracted by his gifts as a popular speaker. They applauded him when he spoke of honor and fair play and brotherhood, and saw Christianity, attacked with arguments taken from Paine and Bolingbroke, dissolve into mist and vanish. Non-Catholic clergymen took up the sword against him, without, however, concentrating public attention on Ingersoll's shallowness and disregard of truth and verbal trickery. His admirers still laughed at his buffoonery and regarded as irrefutable anything he might say in disfavor of Christianity. It was then that Father Lambert began to show what difference there is between a

philosopher and a rhetorician. In an introductory paragraph Father Lambert wrote: "In these Notes I shall follow him through his tortuous windings as closely as possible and that I may not misrepresent him or fall even unintention ally into unfairness, I intend that Mr. Ingersoll shall always speak for himself in his own very words. From this out then it will be a dialogue between him and his com-

ingersoll's statements were sub jected to the fire of logic with the result that his dishonesty and reckless disregard of the rules of debates were revealed to many who had been cajoled by his sophistry. And the Notes" are still an excellent antidote to the charges and misrepresentations of Ingersoll.

THE IMPARTIAL TRIBUNAL

Some publicists are sure that this war will destroy militarism. They say that democracy will not allow its members to be thrust into trenches to shoot and to be shot, and that all friends of civilization must align themselves against the ever increas. ing armaments that burden the people with an intolerable load of taxation. And to keep peace ever regnant they propose the establishment of a tri the Cathedral church of Louvain, bunal that shall be empowered to next of the burning of the Library settle national disputes. After every and of the scientific installations of settle national disputes. After every war something of this nature is formulated; but in a generation or so the horizon is again glimmering with steel and the soldier is ready hand on hilt and impatient for the fray. It seems to us that the only one who can retard the progress of insensate militarism and rescue the world from its baleful curse is the Roman Pontiff. Give him back the one spot on earth which from time immemor. ial has belonged to the Papacy and which the centuries have demonstrated to be indispensable for the promotion of peace and good-will among the nations. He is above all suspicion of partiality. And, with the garnered wisdom of the centuries. his love for the best interests of humanity, and his unwearied solicitude for peace, he is best qualified to allay the anger and rancour that fling men upon the field of battle. The Papal Power saved Europe from anarchy and lawlessness. Politically it was the Saviour of Europe. "In the midst of the conflicts of jurisdiction the Pope alone proved to be the defender of the people, the only pacifier of great disturbances. The conduct of the Pontiffs inspired respect, as their beneficence merited gratitude."

'If the Popes resumed the authority," says Liebnitz, " which they had in the time of Nicholas I. or Gregory VII. it would be the means of optain ing perpetual peace and conducting us back to the golden age."

The Holy See was the only tribun. al that could set any limits to im perial despostism as a second defender of humanity. This is the ver-

dict of history given by laws and monuments which still survive. Men who read this verdict, and their number is increasing, are of the opinion that the power which moulded, inspired and safeguarded civilization in the past, can shield it from the perils which menace it to day.

Statesmen may come together to settle questions in dispute, but however varied their gifts and sincere their motives there is always the suspicion that national interests may becloud their judgment. They may become but glorified special pleaders. But let the Umpire be the Vicar of Christ who covets no territory-a citizen of no country but a lover of all-and the nations must meritably enjoy the blessing of lasting peace.

WHAT HAS BEEN LEARNED Whatever conflicting opinions

thoughtful and observant minds may

hold concerning the future of relig-

ious faith the fate of Protestantism is not doubtful. "The controversies of three centuries," says Spalding have not been wholly barren of re sults. Some truths at least have been made so plain that the blind alone can fail to see them: and among others this: that the Bible alone and unsupported cannot serve as the basis of a corcordant system of belief; that unless it is defended and interpreted by some divinely appointed authority it fatally becomes not God's word but man's word. Supernatural revelation includes the idea of a superna. tural organ through which it is conveyed, interpreted and preserved. . . To reject historic Christianity and to patch up a theoretical Christianity out of Bible texts, and to claim for this scheme of the brain a sanctity and import which are denied to the fountain head of the Bible itself, is a procedure against which commonsense must revolt with scorn and

CARDINAL MERCIER TO HIS PEOPLE

THE SUPPRESSED PASTORAL From the London (Eng.) Tablet

ndignation."

My very dear Brethren,-I canno tell you how instant and how present the thought of you has been to me throughout the months of suffering and of mourning which we have and of mourning which we have passed through. I had to leave you abruptly on the 20th of August in passed through. I had to leave you abruptly on the 20th of August in order to fulfil my last duty towards the beloved and venerated Pope whom we have lost, and in order to whom we have loss, and in order to discharge an obligation of the con-science from which I could not dis-pense myself in the election of the successor of Pius X, the Pontiff who now directs the Church under the title, full of promise and of hope, of

It was in Rome itself that I reour great University and of the deastation of the city, and next of the wholesale shooting of citizens, and ortures inflicted upon women and children, and upon unarmed and un-defended men. And while I was still under the shock of these calamities the telegraph brought us news of the bombardment of our beautiful metropolitan church, of the church of Notre Dame au dela la Dyle, of the episcopal palace, and of a great part

of our dear city of Malines. Afar from my diocese, without means of communication with you, I was compelled to lock my grief within my own afflicted heart, and to carry it, with the thought of you which never left me, to the foot of

the crucifix. A FUNDAMENTAL TRUTH

I craved courage and light, and sought them in such thoughts as these: A disaster has visited the world, and our beloved little Belgium, a nation so faithful in the great mass of her population to God, so upright King and Government, is the first sufferer. She bleeds; her sons are stricken down, within her fortresses and upon her fields, in defence of her rights and of her territory. Soon there will not be one Belgian family not in mourning. Why all this sorrow, my God? Lord, Lord, hast Thou for saken us? Then I looked upon the crucifix. I looked upon Jesus, most gentle and humble Lamb of God rushed, clothed in His blood as in s garment, and I thought I heard from His own mouth the words which the Pealmist uttered in His name: "O God, my God, look upon me; why hast Thou forsaken me? O my God, I shall cry, and Thou wilt not hear." (Psalm xxi, 1.) forthwith the murmur died my lips; and I remembered what our Divine Saviour said in His gospel:
"The disciple is not above the mas-

ter, nor the servant above his lord."
(Matthew x, 24.) The Christian is the servant of a God Who became man in order to suffer and to die. To rebel against pain, to revolt against Providence, because it permits grief and bereavement, is to forget whence and bereavement, is to forget whence we came, the school in which we have been taught, the example that each of us carries graven in the name of a Christian, which each of us honors at his hearth, contemplates at the altar of his prayers, and of which he desires that his tomb, the place of his last sleep, shall bear the

My dearest brethren, we shall return by and by to the providential law of suffering but you will agree that since it has pleased a God made-man Who was holy, innocent, with out stain, to suffer and to die for us who are sinners, who are guilty, who are perhaps criminals, it ill becomes us to complain whatever we may be called upon to endure. The truth is called upon to endure. The truth is that no disaster on earth, striking creatures only, is comparable with that which our sins provoked, and whereof God Himself chose to be the

lameless victim.

Having called to mind this fundamental truth, I find it easier to sum mon you to face what has befallen us, and to speak to you simply and us, and to speak to you simply and directly of what is your duty, and of what may be your hope. That duty I shall express in two words: Patriot-ism and Endurance. PATRIOTISM

My dearest brethren, I desire to utter, in your name and my own, the gratitude of those whose age, vocation, and social conditions cause them to benefit by the heroism of others, without bearing in it any

active part. n, immediately on my return from Rome, I went to Havre, to greet our Belgian, French, and English wounded; when, later, at Malines, at Louvain, at Antwerp, it was given to me to take the hands of those brave men who carried a bullet in their flesh, a wound on their forehead, because they had marched to the attac of the enemy, or borne the shock of his onslaught, it was a word of gratitude to them that rose to my lips.
"O valiant friends;" I said, "it was
for us, it was for each one of us, it was for me, that you risked your lives and are now in pain. I am my thankfulness, to assure you that the whole nation knows how much

she is in debt to you."

For in truth our soldiers are our

they arrested the advance of the enemy upon Calais. France and England know it; and Belgium stands before them both, and before the entire world, as a nation of heroes. Never before in my whole life did I feel so proud to be a Bel-gian as when, on the platforms of French stations, and halting a while in Paris, and visiting London, I was witness of the enthusiastic admiration our Allies feel for the heroism of our Army. Our King is, in the esteem of all, at the very summit of the moral scale; he is doubtless the that fact, as, simple as the simplest of his soldiers, he stands in the the tidings — stroke after of the partial destruction of the serenity of his face, into the hearts of those of whom he requires that they shall not doubt of their The foremost duty of every Belgian citizen at this hour is grati

tude to the Army.

If any man had rescued you from ock or from a fire, you would shipwre assuredly hold yourselves bound to him by a debt of everlasting thankfulness. But it is not one man, it is two hundred and fifty thousand men who fought, who suffered, who fell or you so that you might be free, so that Belgium might keep her independence, her dynasty, her patriotic unity; so that after the vicissitudes of battle she might rise nobler, purer, more erect, and more glorious than before.

Pray daily, my brethren, for these two hundred and fifty thousand, and for their leaders to victory; pray for fallen; pray for those who are still engaged; pray for the recruits who are making ready for the fight to

In your name I send them the greeting of our fraternal sympathy and our assurance that not only do and our assurance we pray for the success of their arms and for the eternal welfare of their souls, but that we also accept for their sake all the distress, whether physical or moral, that falls to our own share in the oppression that hourly besetslus, and all that the future may have in store for us, in humiliation for a time, in anxiety and in sorrow. In the day of final victory we shall all be in honor; it is just that to day we should all be in grief.

To judge by certain rumors that lave reached me, I gather that from have re districts that have had least to suffer some bitter words have arisen to-wards our God, words which, if spoken with cold calculation, would be not far from blasphemous. Oh, all too easily do I understand how natural instinct rebels against the evils that have fallen upon

Catholic Belgium; the spontaneous thought of mankind is ever that virtue should have its instantaneous

one hundred civil prisoners were numbered. History will tell of the physical and moral torments of their long martyrdom. Hundreds of innocent men were shot. I possess no complete necrology; but I know that there were ninety-one shot at Aerschot, that there, under pain of death, their tables retirent were compelled to dis that there, under pain of death, their fellow citizens were compelled to dig their graves. In the Louvain group of communes 176 persons, men and women, old men and sucklings, rich and poor, in health and sickness, were shot or burnt.

In my diocese alone I know that 13 priests or religious were not to

13 priests or religious were put to death (9.) One of these, the parish priest of Gelrode, suffered, I believe, priest of Gelrode, suffered, I believe, a veritable martyrdom. I made a pilgrimage to his grave, and, amid the little flock which so lately he had been feeding with the zeal of an apostle, there did I pray to him that from the height of Heaven he would guard his parish, his diocese, his country.

We can neither number our dead the compute the measure of our When holy Job, whom God presented as an example of constancy to the generations to come, had been stricken, blow upon blow, by Satan, with the loss of his children, of his goods, of his health, his enemies applicable.

nor compute the measure of our ruins. And what would it be it we turned our sad steps towards Liége, Namur, Audenne, Dinant, Tamines, Charleroi, and elsewhere?

And there where lives were not taken, and there where the stones of things at the hand of God, why should we not receive evil? Dominus dedit. Dominus abstulit; sicut Dominus dedit. Dominus abstulit; sicut Domino plaucit ita factum est. Sit nomen Domini benedictum." (Job ii, 10; i, 21.) And experience proved that saintly one to be right. It pleased the Lord to recompense, even here below, his faithful servant. "The Lord gave Job twice as much as he had before. And for his sake God pardoned his friends." (Job xlii, 8, 10.) buildings were not thrown down, what anguish unrevealed! Families hitherto living at ease, now in bitter want; all commerce at an end, all careers ruined; industry at a stand still; thousands upon thousands of working men without employment working women, shop girls, humble servant girls without the means of earning their bread; and poor souls forlorn on the bed of sickness and fever, crying, "O Lord, how long, how long?"

THE SECRET OF GOD

Better than any other man, perhaps, do I know what our unhappy country has undergone. Nor will any Belgian, I trust, doubt of what I There is nothing to reply. The eply remains the secret of God. Yes, dearest brethren, it is the secsuffer in my soul, as a citizen and as a Bishop, in sympathy with all this sorrow. These four last months have ret of God. He is the master of events and the sovereign director of he human multitude. Domini est terra et plenitudo ejus : orbis terrarmown down; wives, mothers, are weeping for those they shall never um et universi qui habitant in co. The first relation between the creature and his Creator is that of abso-lute dependence. The very being of in; hearths are desolate; dire poverty spreads, anguish increases. At Malines, at Antwerp, the people of two great cities have been given over, the creature is dependent; depen dent are his nature, his faculties, his the one for six hours, the other for thirty-four hours, of a continuous moment that dependence is renewed, is incessantly re asserted, inasmuch as, without the will of the Almighty. ombardment, to the throes of death. I have traversed the greater part of the districts most terribly devastated in my diocese (7): and the ruins I beheld, and the ashes were more dreadful than I, prepared by the sadas, without the wind the table instant would vanish before the next. Adoration, which is the recognition of the sovereignty of God, is not, therefore, a fugitive act; it is the dest of forebodings, could have im-agined. Other parts of my diocese, which I have not yet had time to visit permanent state of a being conscious of his own origin. On every page of the Scriptures Jehovah affirms His (8), have in like manner been laid sovereign dominion. The whole economy the Old Law, the whole Churches, schools, asylums, economy the Old Law, the whole history (the Chosen People, have are in ruins. Entire villages have all but disappeared. At Werchterthe same end—to maintain Jehovah Wackerzeel, for instance, out of 380 homes, 130 remain; at Tremeloo two thirds of the village are overthrown; at Bucken, out of 100 houses, upon His throne and to cast idols down. "I am the first and the last. I am the Lord, and there is none else; there is no God beside me. I 20 are standing; at Schaffen 189 houses out of 200 are destroyed—11 form the light and create darkness I make peace and create evil. Woe to him that gainsayeth his Maker, still stand. At Louvain the third

CONTINUED ON PAGE FIVE

ent, Van Bladel, an old man of seventy-one, was also killed; until

now, however, his body has not been

(10) I have said that thirteen ecclesiastics had been shot within the

diocese of Malines. The rewere, to

my own actual personal knowledge,

more than thirty in the diocese of

Namur, Tournai, and Liége; Schlo-

gel, parish priest of Hastiere ; Gille.

parish priest of Couvin; Pieret, ourate at Etaille; Alexandre, curate at Mussy.

la-Ville: Marèchal, seminarist at

Maissin; the Rev. Father Gillet, Ben

dictine of Maredsous; the Rev

Father Nicolas, Premonstratensian

of the Abbey of Leffe; two Brothers of

the same Abbey; one Brother of the Congregation of the Oblates; Poskin,

sh priest of Les Alloux; Georges

parish priest of Tintigny; Glouden

parish priest of Latour; Zeuden, re-tired parish priest at Latour; Jacques

a priest : Druet, parish priest of Acoz

Pollart, parish priest of Roselles; Labeye, parish priest of Blegny Trem bleu; Thielen, parish priest of Hac

court : Janssen, parish priest of Heure le Romain : Chabot, parish

priest of Foret; Dossogne, parish

priest of Hockay; Reusonnet, curate of Olme; Bilande, chaplain of the in-

stitute of deaf mutes at Bouge; Docq,

a priest, and others.

a sherd of the earthen pots. Shall the clay say to him that fashioneth it, What art thou making, and thy work is without hands? Tell ye, and nouses have been burnt. In this dear city of Louvain, peratually in my thoug cent church of St. Peter will never recover its former splendor. The ancient college of St. Ives, the art (9) Their brothers in religion or in the priesthood will wish to know their names. Here they are:-Duschools, the consular and commer-cial schools of the University, the old pierreux, of the Society of Jesus Brothers Sebastian and Allard, of the arkets, our rich library with its Congregation of the Josephites; Brother Candide, of the Congregation collections, its unique and unpub-lished manuscripts, its archives, its of the Brothers of Mercy; Father gallery of great portraits of illustri-Maximin, Capuchin, and Father Vinous rectors, chancellors, professors dating from the time of its founda priest at Boven-Loo; Goris, parish tion, which preserved for masters and students alike a noble tradition and priest at Autgaerden; Carelte, pro-fessor at the Episcopal College of were an incitement in their studies—all this accumulation of intellect Louvain; De Clerck, parish priest at nal, of historic, and of artistic riches the fruit of the labors of five centur at Pont-Brulé. We have reason to believe that the parish priest of Hér

ies—all is in the dust. Many a parish has lost its pastor There is sounding in my ears the sorrowful voice of an old man of whom I asked whether he had had Mass on Sunday in his battered church. "It is two months," he said, "since we had a Church." The parish priest and the curate had been interned in a concentration

Thousands of Belgian citizens have in like manner been deported to the prisons of Germany, to Munsteragen, to Celle, to Magdeburg. At Munsterlagen alone three thousa

(7) Duffel, Lierre, Berlaer Saint lombaut, Konings Hoyckt, Mortsel, Waelhem, Muysen, Wavre Sainte-Caterine, Wavre Notre-Dame, Sempst. Weerde, Eppeghen, Hofstade, Flewyt, Rymenam, Boort Maerbeck, Wes-pelaer, Haecht, Wechter Wackerzeel, Rotselaer, Tremeloo; Louvain and its suburban environs, Blauwput, Kessel-Loo, Boven Loo, Linden, Herent, Thildonck, Bueken, Relst, Aerschot, Wesemael, Hersselt, Diest, Schaffen, Molenstede, Rillaer, Gel-

rode.
(8) Hackendover, Roosbeck, Bau-tersem, Budingen, Neerlinder, Ottignies, Munsty, Wa're, Beyghem, Capelle-au-Bois, Humbeek, Nieuwen-rode, Liezele, Londerzeel, Heyn-donck, Mariekerke, Weert, Blaesvelt. MARQUIS OF ABERDEEN AND TARA!!!

WILLIAM WATSON VOICES ERIN'S INDIGNATION

(Special Cable to the New York Times.)

London, Jan. 18.—The Marquis of London, Jan. 18.—The Marquis of Aberdeen's announced intention of assuming the style of Marquis of Aberdeen and Tara, has excited atrong criticism as being an unwarrantable association of his personal ity with Ireland's historic shrine; and now William Watson has made a straight atrack prime in the following the straight of the stra furious attack upon him in the fol-lowing verses in The Evening News

Tara, the place of Kings, the hill of fate!
Tare, the throne of song, the hallowed shrine!
Tagged as a tassel to your Marquis-

Made an appurtenance of your house

Who cares though you were Marquis ten times o'er Bemarquis'd or bedecked—who cares a straw? But linked with Erin's immemorial

Her memories sacrosanct, her mount

Nay, why so modest? Why so humble? Why
Pause in your too meek flight on Tara Hill?
"Marquis of Aberdeen and Sinai"— Consider: were not this ev'n better still?

God made me English — English through and through— bound to Ireland by one bond supreme, know her soul — something un

known to you— Her vision and her passion and her

reathed her air. How transient, how unrooted in her A mere ephemeral thing of passage there, Were you that in her glories claim

know, as all know who have

and this last insult before gazing This ignominy bitterest yet by farwill remember and forgive not

You in Time's volume an erasure

You soon enough will be by her forgot, Lodged in some suburb of her thoughts were you; But this will as a proverb live of Dull, sightless, soulless statesman

This profanation, blind and coarse and crude, Of things the holiest held from sea to This is immortal as ineptitude;

This is eternal as stupidity. And even to this from all the ages past, Through all the long self-torturing

Ireland came: Left to her disillusions at the last, And Tara fallen a pendant to your name!

THE MENACE

On January 14, the Menace Pub lishing Co., with its officers, Marvin Brown, W. F. Phelps, and the "Rev." T. C. Walker, was indicted by the Federal Grand Jury, sitting at Joplin, Missouri. The indictment charges that the persons named have been guilty of sending improper matter through the mails. Indictment is not conviction, but this belated action of the Federal authorities will give the people of Missouri a chance Bucken; Dergent, parish priest at Gelrode; Wouters Jean, parish priest and indecency, which is a disgrace not only to Missouri, but to the entire country. It is a matter of won-derment that the Federal authorities did not act sooner. Even when a clear statement of the law and precedents applying to the case presented some months ago by Mr. Paul Bakewell, of St. Louis, the postal authorities seemed loath to nove an indictment. However, something has been done at last. It now remains to suppress this spread of pornography, by publishing those who choose it as a means of livelihood.—America.

WANT OF BLESSED FAITH

Anti-Christian scientists are a bane to themselves even. Said Dom Gas quet when here recently: "I was ac quainted with Herbert Spencer; he as a great friend of my brother. Mr. Spencer was well-known in America as an author whose works America as an author whose works ham, Lancashire, England, recently. were hostile to the teachings of The Town Council does not possess eligion. He was the great exponent of agnostic philosophy, a system of philosophy hostile to our faith Spencer went to see my brother when the latter was dying. Afterward he said: 'Oh, what would I give to have that man's faith! I have lived long enough to see that which I rested upon as certain was proved uncertain, and I would give anything to have the faith of a Catholic man!"—The

CATHOLIC NOTES

In Maripur, India, since the year 1900, the Catholic missionaries have baptized over 47,000 heathen chil-dren.

A Catholic grandson of Charles Dickens is serving in the British navy, and a Catholic great-grandson of Sir Walter Scott is an officer in the British army.

Professor van Genachten. of Louvain, who enjoyed a European reputation as a specialist in neuro-pathology, has died suddenly at Cam-bridge, England, where he was re-ceiving hospitality as a refugee.

Pious Chinese Catholics are as eager as their Irish co religionists to give to God's service some member of their family. The Rev. Leo Ting, of the Catholic mission of Che Kiang, says that of eight brothers and sisters in his family two became priests and

two nuns. The Times (London, Eng.) December 18, announces that the H. Berlyn, lately Anglican chaplain to the Forces at Colchester curate of St. Alban the Martyr, Ful-ham, has, with his wife, been re-ceived into the Catholic Church by the Bishop of Menevia at St. Brides

Abbey, Milford Haven. The Right Reverend Dr. McNally Bishop of Calgary, brought from Rome the decoration of Knight Com-mander of St. Gregory, for Mr. Patrick Burns, in recognition of that weathy gentleman's generosity towards religious and charitable institutions in the Canadian West.

The Abbe Daney, a priest of the diocese of Bordeaux, France, has invented a new kind of fire extinguisher which, it is expected, will revolutionize the means of defense against fire. The advantage of the new invention consists in the ex-treme rapidity with which fires are

To carry out in a small way the educational work started by the su-preme council of the Knights of Columbus, a committee from Denver council No. 539 went to the State university at Boulder and presented o the faculty of that institution sixteen volumes of the Catholic Encyclopedia, Knights of Columbus

The Right Reverend Father Paciflow of Seggiano, ex General of the Capuchins, has been appointed Bishop of Albenga, Italy. His office as preacher of the apostolic palace, which he held a number of years has been conferred upon the Reverend Father Lucas, O. M. Cap., of the Venetica Capuchin Province. of the Venetian Capuchin Province.

A prayer book saved the life of James O'Neill of Revere, Mass., the other day. While walking through an underground footpassage in the North End on his way to Mass at St. Mary's church, Mr. O'Neill was confronted by a man why drew a revolver and fired. The bullet lodged in the confronted back in Mr. O'Neill's in a prayer book in Mr. O'Neill's vest pocket. It caused a slight bruise over the heart. The assailant

The statement having been circulated that Sir Matthew Nathan, the new Under Secretary for Ireland, is a relative of Signor Na han, the ex-Mayor of Rome, who has gained so much notoriety by the bitterness of his attacks upon the Catholic Church. the London correspondent of the Dublin Freeman's Journal says he is in a position to affirm that the state

King Albert of Belgium has telegraphed Pope Benedict expressing great admiration of the conduct of Cardinal Mercier, whose arrest, he says, must have given pain to the heart of his Holiness. dinal," the king's telegram goes on to say, "like the glorious prelates of the past, has not feared to proclaim the truth in the face of error and to maintain the imprescriptible rights of a just cause in the sight of the universal conscience."

The conversion to Catholicity of another Protestant minister is re-ported from Kansas City, Mo. The Rev. C. L. Harbord, pastor of the Christian Church, Rich Hill, Mo., but a resident of Kansas City, Mo., but a resident of Kansas City, Mo., has severed his connection with that church. A letter to his congrega-tion stated that dissatisfied with his non Catholic belief he began the study of Catholic doctrine. "Within six months after I began studying Catholicism," Mr. Harbord wrote 'I knew I had found something that was substantial — something with peace, harmony, unity."

The unusual occurrence of a state visit being paid to a Catholic church by a newly elected Protestant Mayor was witnessed at St. Patrick's, Olda single Catholic, nevertheless Councillor William Lees and Mrs. Lees (Mayor and Mayoress) were accompanied by several members. Great interest centered in the visit, and the route to the church was thronged with people, whilst the church was crowded. The congregation included British soldiers from the Royal Infirmary. Canon O'Callaghan, pastor, welcomed the visitors.

BORROWED FROM THE NIGHT

BY ANNA C. MINOGUE CHAPTER V-CONTINUED

"Mr. Martins was very watchful over "Mr. Martins was very watchrui over his child. The Negro woman told afterwards that he never ceased warning her to watch the baby, and that he would leave the field a doz-en times during the day and hurry to the house to reassure himself that she was safe. The war fever was growing stronger, and men were en-listing by hundreds every day. One morning Martins' negro man came running into town telling every per-son he met that Indians had carried son he met that Indians had carried off his master and the child. The sudden disappearance of Mr. Martins and the baby of course caused great excitement, but after a few days he came back home—alone. Where he had left the child no one knew. Then he enlisted and went with the giment to the north, and perished ith the Kentuckians in the Raisin Massacre. His cousin, George Mar-tins, brought home the remains and buried them under the cedar tree, beside his wife. Then people began to ask for the child. No one knew what had become of her. George Martins went himself to Virginia, thinking the father might have taken her to her mother's relations; but she was not there, and when the grandfather heard of the missing child, he, too, joined in the search. It seemed that his two sons had been killed in the war against the British and as they had left no children, his

and as they had left no children, his great property would go to strangers if little Amy Martins were not found."
"Amy?" repeated Teresa, and down a long silent aiele of memory a mellow, tender voice seemed to be calling "Miss Amy? Miss Amy? "That was the child's name. She was called after her mother," explained Mrs. Helpin, wondering at

plained Mrs. Halpin, wondering at the interruption. "But one day a poorly dressed woman came to town and inquired for George Martins. She told him that several days before he had left for the war, Gerald Martins had come to her house, which was somewhere in Bourbon County. He had known her in Richmond, where she had lived previous to the death of her husband. She had been kind to Mr. Martins, it seems, during a spell of fever and when he heard of her husband's death, through her brother, who had a small store in Paris, he had sent her money enough to bring her and her children to Kentucky, and then had secured a small farm for her in Bourbon. To her he had taken his little girl for safe keeping, while he went to the war. He gave her all the money he had, and made her swear on the Bible never to reveal the identiamy as her own daughter until he should return. If he should not return, he said that he should keep the child until she had arrived at ixteenth year, when she was to go to Lexington and claim her prope for her. He said that he would leave papers that would prove the child's right to his estate. The woman admitted that she had seen he advertisements for General Martins' daughter and the large reoffered for information leading to her discovery; but as she felt that he had some good reason for binding her to this secrecy, she had been faithful to her promise. Now the child was dead. She had died of faver that had carried off one of the woman's own children. She said she felt it was her duty to let the relatives of Amy Martins know of her death and for that purpose she had walked to Lexington from this information. With several of Mrs. Martins' early friends, George Martins went down to Bourbon with the child, and as she had been buried several days, it was of course, im possible to recognize her. Only the soft black hair remained for her identification as the child of Gerald and Amy Martins, heir to her parents' great property in Kentucky and the grandfather's plantation and old Virginia. But they brought the little creature home an laid her, with her father and mother in the graveyard in the clearing, under the cedar tree. As next of kin, of course George Martins, inherited his cousin's rich tract of land, and after a few years he was able to build that beautiful house. I have been told there is not such another house in the country as the Martins mansion. It is said by those who are in a position to know, that he once told his wife he would some day take her to a grander home than the one she was willing to give up for love If he did make that promise to her, he kept it. There is not one thing on earth that woman desire she has not, or may not have, if sh but express the wish. They have one child, a handsome young man he is now, and for him and his nother George Martins lives and toils. Every dollar he adds to his great fortune is for them, every nor he receives is for them. believe dear, he would sell his soul if he could thereby add to their hap

"Oh, that is sad!" said the girl. These words brought them to Mrs Halpin's door, and Teresa entered the house with a grave face, strange ly out of harmony with her pretty toilet. Oh! this world was indeed a place of sorrow and her heart was crying out for Loretto's peace and holy joy.

CHAPTER VI

As day followed day, leading her through the same dull hours of work, the same exacting cares, Teresa began

to feel the sickening despair, known in its fullest by imaginative natures when they find themselves linked to duty stripped of all the ideality with which they had clothed her. Doubtless her pupils were as bright as the majority of girls, but to her they appeared hopelessly stupid, and the time she spent in instructing them seemed to be literally thrown away. It was decreasing to wake each another long day of unloved labor staring into her eyes, and she would turn again to her pillow, while her heart cried out for a relief from her

dreary situation.

In that new world of hers there was one, who, remembering his own sadly desolated youth, realized what was passing in the girl's soul, and an all absorbing pity for her began to creep into the heart of St. John Worthington. He was standing one afternoon by the window of his room, which looked out on the street, and as Teresa unclosed the gate and his eyes fell on the slender hand that for a moment rested wearily on the latch, a pain never wholly laid at "Strange I never noticed her hand until now," he mused. He watched her walk slowly across the yard, and whether because of the memory aroused by the hand, or because something in the girl's lassi-tude appealed to him, he hurriedly left his room and ran down the

"You are home early to-day, Miss

face.
"One of my pupils is sick. I got

out half an hour earlier on that account," she explained.
"I am glad—not that your pupil is ill, but that you have come. The fact is, I couldn't stay in my office. The woods have been calling me all day. I've heard falling accorns and dronning leaves through all its dropping leaves through all its hours; so I closed my law books and came home, intending to go out for a walk. But—I must confess it!—I am a coward. I cannot go into an Oc ober wood alone. Will you take pity on me and come with me?

That wonderful light was slowly creeping into Teresa's dark eyes, brightening them, until they soon brightening them, until they soon were like stars gleaming in twilight's

"I should like to go very much, if Mrs. Halpin has no objection," re-plied Teresa, for that worthy lady was proving herself a most careful ron. Hearing the voices in the hall, the person in question emerged from her sitting room, and Mr. Wor-thington meekly asked her permis-sion to take Miss Martinez out for a walk. She considered the pros and cons, conjectured what Mrs. Brown around the corner would say when she saw St. John Wrthington out walking with the beautiful strange girl, and what Mrs. Colston would think were she to meet teacher of the college with Mr. Wor-thington. Then her own good sense came to the rescue and she gave the desired permission, supplementing it

with the command to return early.
"Mrs. Halpin is altogether too trict," remarked Mr. Worthington, as they turned their faces toward the country. "I am going to enter a pro-test. Several ladies have complained to me that they see so little of you. Why didn't you attend the party at Mrs. Davidson's ? She was quite put

out."
"I didn't care to go," she replied. Then she added, turning her eyes on him and speaking quickly: "They are all kind to me, still I feel I am such a stranger among these people. Everybody has a home, or some one to care for, and I am-I am," choking Lexington from n to give them back a sob, "so alone that it gives me more pain than pleasure to

Pardon me, Miss Martinez, if I speak frankly," said he. "It is the privilege an old man can claim." She looked at him with a contradictory reply to his last self disparag-ing remark, whereupon he smiled and said :

Well, I will say instead, a man old in the experiences of life. Your imagination is making you become morbid, is breeding a host sickly fancies that ultimately will becloud your mind, making you misan thropic, wreck your life and happi ness. Such an imagination as you possess may be a great blessing or dreadful curse. You shut yourself off from the society of these kind and generous people because you find your solitary life a contra theirs, rich in home and its ties. You never realized the difference tween your life and the lives of other girls in your convent home, and now its existence breaks upon you sharp ly, painfully. But in time this would wear away. You would gather to yourself friends, who, in a measure, would make good your other loss. But you resolutely repel the ades of all who would become your friends. Is this right to yourself, generous to others?"
"Perhaps not." she replied, "yet

yet you don't know all.' They had left the town behind them and were now on the edge of

the woodland. "Isn't that a beautiful sight!" he exclaimed, gazing at the trees decked out in October's lavish splendor.

When I was a little girl I used to think the leaves in autumn were big butterflies," she said, laughing.

"Of course you did!" he replied, miling. "Let us take a ramble "Of course you did!" he replied, smiling. "Let us take a ramble through the woods," and he assisted her over the low stone wall that edged the turnpike. "You say I don't know all." he began, after a moment's silence, and the rustle of the leaves under their feet made a sad accompaniment for his words. "Maybe not. Yet I know some things. I know your work is hard

for one so young and untried ; I know

that you are discouraged with it, and that you are whipping yourself like a beast of burden over your road."

She turned toward him an alarmed face. Could this man read her soul or was the state of it apparent to all the world? She felt an indefinable sensation creeping over her, and she wished that she had not come out for the walk. He saw this, too, and a certain expression came to his face. It was like the drawing down of a hard, cold mask. It was then she stretched out her right hand to reak off a bunch of rich red leaves from an oak shrub ; and at sight of the hand, his face changed and was sgain tender, sensitive, alive.

'It is true, Miss Martinez, I am almost a stranger to you," he con-tinued, "Perhaps you resent my words, and yet it is just because I would save you from my own suffer-ing and loneliness that they are spoken. Like yourself, I have known what it is to be an orphs and friendless. Because my father refused to marry the lady chosen for retused to marry the lady chosen for him by his parents he incurred their displeasure, which deepened into hatred and discomment when, later, my father followed Washington to fight against the mother country. But when he and my mother were dead, my grandfather releuted and took me to his home. It was a glor-ious old house, and I was an imagin-ative youth—longing for the things His rich, beautiful voice, as he uttered those last words, fell into

such mournful tones that Teresa felt the tears spring to her eyes. "I lived in that old Virginia manor house from my fifth to my twenty-second year; then, my grandfather married a second time and I was again alone in the world. I came to Kentucky. Here I taught school and wholly in my work, for there was not wholly in my work, for there was no hope to be realized when success should have crowned my labors. I withdrew from society, lived the life of a recluse, until political work forced me into the social world. But those years of retirement have built a well nigh impregnable wall between me and my fellow-creatures, and though I go among them, I do not feel at home. Do you know now, why, even at the risk of forfeit in representations of the state of t ing your regard, I spoke to you this afternoon? The duty was laid upon me, because," he paused, and his eyes involuntarily sought her white hands, but remembering his unfin-ished sentence, he added: "I would save you from my own fate, alone, with old age creeping steadily, sure-

ly in on me."

They walked on for a few pace in absolute silence. A thousan in absolute silence. A thousand thoughts were hurling themselves through the girl's brain. She felt her youth and inexperience painfully in this confidence from, and interest of the renowned man of the world She knew that he had, in that hour drawn aside the veil and permitted her to look upon the ruins of a life never before gazed upon by other eyes than his own. There were emotions stirring in her heart, vain ly trying to express themselves in words; but the words refused to answer the call made on them, Then she let the bunch of leaves fall from her hand, and holding it timid ly toward him, said.

Thank you, Mr. Worthington!" He clasped the little hand, saying, with the familiar smile in his dark gray eyes :

This means that you forgive m for inviting you out for a walk for the purpose of reading you a lecture tween us? I scarcely dared hope for such graciousness, and intend trying Then he stooped, and gathering up her leaves, said, returning them to her. "I am going to champion your cause against Mrs. Halpin's rigid rules, and I shall expect you to spend such a gay winter, that you will regret the swift passage of time. Work is hard, I know," he went on, but it will end sometime; and it is by doing disagreeable tasks well that we prove ourselves worthy of being called to perform higher and holier ones.

CHAPTER VII

By protest and flattery, his influence and the efforts of several ladies who were his friends, Mr. Worthing ton gradually gained Mrs. Halpin over to his way of thinking in regard to Teresa's social life. At first, the girl took up society half heartedly, but pleasure and admiration speedily win over the young, and soon she was entering with animation into the life of the refined Southern town. With the approach of the Christmas holidays, its gayety increased, and as no function failed to include an invitation for Miss Martinez, Teresa was beginning to taste some of the sweets of social success. Her work ad not grown any more agreeable but the pleasure of the evening made mends for the dreariness of the day. Mr. Worthington met Teresa agai

in the hall one crisp December after noon. The sleigh, with its party of gay young people, was flying down the street, after having deposited her at Mrs. Halpin's door, and the tinkle of its silver bells came merrily to his ears, as he escorted her to the parlor and drew up a chair for her before the wide hearthstone. The long ride through the brisk air had brought a made the dark eyes sparkle like dia-

You look positively radiant!" he exclaimed, taking her hat and gloves. same fearlessness, the same How far did you go ?"

Almost to Georgetown," she red. "It was glorious! I never

my life. I wish it were winter all

e time."
Provided there was always heavy snow on the ground, a sleigh, good horses and agreeable company at one's command," he added with a

smile.
"O certainly!" she replied. Then she turned her face toward him and and said: "Do you know what I thought this afternoon? That if it hadn't been for you, I should be miss-ing all the pleasure I am having this

She leaned forward, and held her chilled hands toward the red flames that were leaping around the well-seasoned logs. He gazed from her face to her hands and the old pain smote his heart. Not only were her the action also. How often he had seen those other hands, that long since were dust, held thus before a wood fire, each slender finger out-lined against the red light. His eyes went back to her low brow, where, of late, he had begun to think another and the dead woman showed. glances, smiled, and—what a cruel lancy! Gerald Martins looked on him in that smile. He made a rest-less movement in his chair, and

of me during your pleasure trip. I am going to test your kindness faryou have no previous en gagement, will you honor me by ac-companying me to Mrs. Barton's New Year Party? Yes, I really am going," e finished, smiling at the surprise that flashed into her face, for he rarely participated in social doings.

After accepting the offer of his company, Teresa, with a little nervous laugh, added :

"All the girls are talking about Mrs. Barton's New Year party, and what a grand affair it will be. I am

afraid of grand affairs.' Teresa was more troubled about her appearance at Mrs. Barton's party than she cared to admit, even to herself. The lady entertained rarely, but those occasions were events in the social history of the Rina Grass Belt, and so the girl to herself. The lady entertained looked forward to it with mingled feelings of fear and pleasure. Her magination reveled in the prospect of the magnificence of the entertainment, and she indulged in many a beautiful dream on her lonely way to and from | if I may.' the college. She selected her gown with great care. Jouett painted her portrait afterward in the dress she wore on that eventful night. As she looks from the painted canvas she is like a child who had decked herself out in the rich attire of a woman : again, she looks down with the face and attitude of one of the queenly hero ines of historical tragedy, disporting hereolf in the ungraceful fashion and simple silks of a modern costume. But the first impression lingers longest; perhaps because of the red roses that show against the cream bodice

and in the raven curls. In those early days it was not regarded as an indication of good mar-ners to keep a hostess waiting for her guests, and at 9 o'clock the halls and parlors of Mrs. Barton's house were filled with men and women, who represented the culture of the West. As the grand march was forming, Mr. and Mrs. Martins were an ounced, and the hostess' pleasure in greeting these guests was evident. Mr. Martins was the leader of the husband's family were ardent sup-porters. It was quite among the ossibilities, moreover, that the lady who came here to-night as her guest would in another year be ruling in

" I scarcely hoped that you would come, even if you arrived to day, be-cause I knew you would be weary after your long journey," said Mrs Barton.

"We reached home in time to drees," replied Mrs. Martins, in a soft, low. Southern voice. "Though low, Southern voice. "Though somewhat fatigued, we could not deprive ourselves of the pleasure of seeing you, assisting at your enter

Mrs. Barton murmured her appre ciation of Mrs. Martins' kindness then asked:

Did Preston return with you?" "Yes. He was detained by a friend

lowntown." TO BE CONTINUED

THE UNSEEN SIDE

There is always some embarrass ment and some pain when those meet who were once intimate and through years have kept in their hearts lace sacred to each other. Ofter the long dear friendship ends in such an hour. Both are disappointed; the years have made changes, ravages erhaps, or the two minds and hearts are startled to find that they have grown far apart. But it was not so when at last, after twenty years separation, Marion Chester came to pay me an oft deferred visit. After I had recovered from the shock of seeing her much changed—a woman of forty whom sorrow had not spared nor deep joy defrauded, and after the passing of the shyness of our first half-hour tete-a-tete, I began to recog nize, one by one, and with delight all the little traits that had made her so dear to me when we were thoughttinge of color to the pale cheeks and less, giddy girls, always together and neually in mischief. There was the same frequent smile, sweeter even than of old, if less mischievous; the pendent view of men and things, the same deep reverence, veiled from all plied. "It was glorious! I never but loving eyes, for all that is noble enjoyed anything so thoroughly in and all that is holy.

Seated on the verands all through the long summer atternoon, we found much to say — who can doubt it? There was old fun and fooliehness to be recalled, old troubles and perplexities, too, for life is not all sunshine even at eighteen. We reviewed and discussed the stupendous changes time had wrought, merciful changes, most of them, even to our purblind eyes. At last we drifted away from our reminiscences and our stories of the fate of former friends to the discussion of some topic of the hour. I enjoyed keenly Marion's sensible view of the matter, expressed in a quaint, whimsical way that was charm ing. She had always talked so whe only half in earnest, and in the old days it had been rare indeed to find her more so. We were interrupted by my shy little housemaid, who tell me that some one, whose name she had not understo to speak to me over the telephone. I hurried into the house, and five minutes later came back more slowly dreading to tell Marion the purpor of the message. I felt certain it would annoy her, but I was obliged

May God forgive me!)
"It was Father Frost, a cousin of ours, who wished to speak to me," I explained. "He is passing through the city, and telephoned to say that he will call within the hour. I—I

to repeat it, and without delay. I remember that I spoke apologetically.

don't think he will stay long." Marion made no comment, but took into her hands the afghan that all afternoon had lain untouched in her lap, and began to crochet with frantic energy. Because the silence was growing long, and to me, at least very uncomfortable, I explained fur-

"I have seen him only to or three times, and not at all for ten years. He belongs to the English branch of the family, which is much more devout than ours. His father was killed at Balaclava—you remember that a photograph of him in uni-form hung in the library at home. seminary where students are pre-pared for the foreign missions, and when his time came was sent to India. years, except for a few trips such as this, to England and America, to beg funds for the support of his work."

"He must be interesting," Marion said. "I shall be giad to meet him,

I was greatly relieved. All her family were prejudiced, but not one of the others as rapidly so as Marion. She had ever been careful to say nothing that could wound or anger me, but I had always realized that she hated Catholicity. What, then, was my amazement when, after a long pause, she dropped her work and, looking up at me, said slowly

'It seems strange now, even to me, but I once thought seriously of becoming a Catholic."

You, Marion!" I exclaimed. My very evident astonishment amused her. "Am I such a heathen?" she laughed, and after a moment, speaking more and more seriously, she went on : "It was a queer notion of all people! But something I heard unsettled my mind, and the more read in regard to the matter, the more clearly I imagined I saw that

you Catholics are right."
"Oh, Marion!" I exclaimed, "why did you stop short? You were on the right road. You were seeing a great light! Why didn't you per severe ?"

"Do you truly want to know? You won't be offended?" And when I said. "Certainly not," she continued: meaning of the service you call "Benediction." The idea is beautiful; the Lord blessing His people as went one evening to see it, prepared Wednesday, and when the priest entered the sanctuary he turned to the people to say that after the service he would distribute ashes to those who had not received them in the morning, and he directed that, to avoid crowding and confusion, all should go up the middle sisle and return by the side ones. About this he was very emphatic, although very gentle. He was an old man, or grow-ing old. I shall never forget his face. And though what he said was entirely commonplace, I could see, or rather feel, that each member of his flock was dear to his heart.

"Well, the service was short, to short, I found it, but—oh, Edith, in all my life nothing ever filled me with such joy and peace as that blessing given over our bowed heads—for my lead was bowed like the rest !" Marion paused, gazing absently

cross the lawn to the distant pine alad bills. Her eyes were shining and there was a smile upon her lips; then suddenly her face hardened, and when she turned to me again she spoke bitterly:

"It had been but a sweet fancy from first to last! I was sorely disappointed. I thought I had found something real. Edith, he began to put ashes on the foreheads of the people. All went smoothly until an old man and woman, feeble they were and poorly dressed, tried to force their way up one of the side aisles. Of his congregation, but in the very course they made confusion. The priest saw them and his face flushed he would have given his life to have priest saw them and his face flushed scarlet. Instantly, he became furi-ously angry, and he spoke to those old people not merely sharply or imously angry, and he spoke to those old people not merely sharply or impatiently, but savagely—for so little—a mere trifle. When he had no more to say he turned on his heel and left the sanctuary. Those who were left received no ashes. So, Edith, my castle in the air collapsed.

day by day, hour by hour, during the six months that he remained where he was, he had felt more keenly that he had disedified his people and more deeply did he grieve over the irreverence of it. Two or three milestone nearer our goal—past one more landmark on the river of life that leads to the ocean beyond.

If your churches and the Blesse Sacrament mean no more than that to you, no more even to your priests well, I have never since considered becoming a Catholic, never for one instant! He had just handled, so he instant! He had just handled, so he thought, the Body of the Lord, and had just received His blessing. Evidently it all meant nothing to him."

I did not know what to say; I could think of no adequate excuse or

explanation. "You were not quite logical, it seems to me," I protested lamely; "and he had explained, and the mistake made confusion, you ad-

mitted that."
"Oh, yes, but it was of little conse quence. That is no excuse. You haven't an idea how angry he was or how he spoke. But I am glad I was there. The incident opened my eyes, and but for it, who knows—you're not offended are you, Edith? I have great respect for your belief.
I know you are sincere, but I—oh,
let's talk of something else. I am
sorry I mentioned the matter. I never did before. It was the coming of your cousin that brought it all back, and with you, dear, I always said what was uppermost in my

It was at this instant that Father Frost opened our gate and came towards us, smiling broadly. I have never seen him without being im-pressed with a sense of his happy heartedness, his share of that childlike joy which seems to be one of the peculiar gifts of foreign missionar-

ies. He was then not far past middle age, but looked old, so hard had his life been. Marion was quiet at first and a little stiff, but he appeared unconscious of the fact. I, eager that he should make the most avorable impression possible, begged him to tell us something about his life in India. I had once heard him talk of it and hoped that his simple, unboasting story would edity Marion as it edified me.

So you wish me to tell you som thing of our mission," he replied with his merry smile. "But where shall I begin? India is a big country and most interesting, and I've lived there for more than twenty years so it's a dangerous thing you ask. may never stop talking if I get a fair

We laughed, saying that we were willing to run the risk.

"Since you cannot tell everything, at least tell us what impressed you most," I urged, and directing his conversation to Marion rather than to ne, he began, still smiling, though in earnest now : What impressed me most? I

shall tell you. More than all the

natural loveliness I have seen and

all the sombre magnificence : more han all the suffering I have wit nessed, patiently, even heroically borne: more than all the conversions, each a special, beautiful work of God's grace, more edifying than all these was—my assistant! Just a little old man, not at all learned, but a saint. We labored side by side for nine years. My work h come too heavy for one pair of hands, and month after month the Bishop had been promising me the first available assistant. He arrived on foot, in the middle of a stormy night, with a smile and a jest on his lips. I was appalled. He was so thin and frail that I could not account for the fact that a whiff of wind had never blown him away, and worse, he was old—a grav offense where the life taxes th strength of the youngest. At first, in my stupidity, I considered him commonplace and uninteresting. I soon changed my mind, I found that he was full of boyish fun. There was no annoyance to which he could "In a Catholic prayer book I not find a funny side; in fact, dis anced across an explanation of the other side for him. There pain he did not joke about no de gree of work he did not smile over And I never never knew any one so gentle and kind, especially old. They were his special predilection. But it was his patience that in our long intercourse I learned to admire most of all. He was quick in his movements, quick in all he said and did, the very man, I should have judged, to lose patience often and easily, but I never saw him angry or even ruffled. And he was old, you remember, all unused to the climat and to the strange, often incompre hensible natives. Then when his last illness came it was only from the doctor I learned that his pain was excruciating.

Father Frost fell into a reverie forgetting us. I glanced at Marion. She was impressed, I saw, in spite of herself, both by Father Frost and by his story. Neither of us spoke, and presently he continued:

" He is in heaven now. The even ing before he died the pain left him for a while and we had a long talk. He had never before talked about himself, but that night, in the lonely darkness, he told me a little. His life, he said, had been one long unsuccessful struggle against his hot temper. I almost laughed and told him that nothing he could say would convince me that he had the ghost of

"It hasn't been as bad of late years," he answered humbly, and then, after a silence, he said that once, over a mere trifle, he had be come furiously angry, not only before been able to undo that scene, and day by day, hour by hour, during the time. And as such the celebration

promised to try very hard, and it was before His tabernacle that I acted so.' At last, to do penance, he begged his Bishop to allow him to offer himself for the foreign missions, old though he was. And so he came to me." Again Father Frost was silent for a

few minutes, and when he spoke it was to begin a little humorous anecdote relating to the children of his mission. He thought, I suppose, that already he had talked too long about his friend. Suddenly, in the middle of a sentence he was inter-rupted by Marion.

"Father, your assistant's name—was it Masterson?" "Yes. Did you know him? Some how I imagined you are not a Cath

I am not, and I never met Father Masterson. I saw him three or four times—and I was in his church that night. I was shocked. I thought he proved to me that there is nothing in it-in your faith, I mean. But he was sorry, you say, and he went to India and worked cheerfully there until his death, in spite of hardship and discouragement, and he was pat ent, always patient!"

Marion turned her eager, shining eyes away from him to gaze once more upon the distant hills. Father Frost watched her for a few seconds before he made some irrelevant rethe moment@that he spoke in a low. though in truth I was thinking less of him than of Marion. "Father," she said at last, looking

into his face with a bright, childlike smile. "Father, I want to be a Cath-olic—the sooner the better!"—Florence Gilmore in the Magnificat.

LIVE SOBERLY, JUSTLY, GODLY

SAYS ARCHBISHOP GLENNON

In a recent sermon His Grace Most Rev. Archbishop Glennon gave expression to some appropriate and forceful thoughts of great value and profit to all serious minded people at this particular time. The complete text of the sermon was as follows:

"For the grace of God our Saviour hath appeared to all men, instruct-ing us that, denying ungodliness and worldly desires, we should live sober-ly, and justly, and godly in this world, looking for the blessed hope and coming of the glory of the great God and our Saviour Jesus Christ. who gave Himself for us that He might redeem us from all iniquity, and might cleanse to himself a good acceptable, a pursuer of good works. These things speak and exhort, and rebuke with all authority. Let no

man despise them." (Titus 2:11 15.) Man is surrounded by mysteries:-Why the heart beats, we do not know. What life is, we cannot say. Whether we wake or sleep it is still the same mysterious undefinable. The mind within is a mystery -- the thought expressed is mysterious in its formation; and mysterious also, that the mind of the other may comprehend it expressed as it is by words which are only symbols. We walk on mysteries; and around us earth and air and sky are full of mysteries, as they are themselves mysterious. We speak the word "space" cannot define it. but neither can we define it, nor is there any rule for its measurement.

And yet, in face of all these, we live and walk and talk and think with the unconcern of children playing with toys: or if we desist from the playing it is to plume ourselves on the thought that we know it all. And especially in these modern times when many who in reality have not even begun, claim to have the solution of all life's mysteries and lecture us accordingly; for they say, it is all just a combination of matter and force served up to suit the individual if he has any sense, and to crush him if he has not. Now, the opposite is or should be our Christian position, namely, that we feel the dread mysteriousness of it all, and with eyes of faith struggle to penetrate the veils that hang before our eyes, and see back of them the uthor of all mysteries, the Master of Life and Death, and reverently bowing, to walk from mystery to mystery until we reach our home, at last, with that Father whose presence shall be the explanation of all

I have said that "time" is a mystery, and its definition impossible-its measurement only conven tional; yet we have had our New Years eve a short time ago, and the 12 o'clock signal, and the noise and the whistling and clanging of bells, and the toasts to the old and the welcome to the new, treating it with a definiteness—a sureness and the certainty of a calendar based on exact science, which claims to have measured and weighed the sun and set in place for all time the earth with its every movement.

And yet, with all our proposed ex-

actness, the new year is only conven-tional marking; it does not separate time into distinct portions, fo is not only indefinable, but indivisible. It is only in an objective sense—in the sense that the events that occur in time, and the move-ments of the planets that take place in time, and the recurring of the seasons, that gives a reason for and a value to such things as divisions of

So that in this sense as a record of things done and not done, as an all sufficient reminder of our pro-gress through life to death and etergress through life to death and eternity, the new year deserves from us
more than a passing notice: For instance, for some of us it will be the
last landmark till the ocean is
reached—the last milestone on the
way to death—the last year in the
course that we may run, and if so,
surely, it is time we who are
thoughtless, should think—we who
are improvident, to look out, we
who are careless and fatibless, should
face the fact that soon the end will who are carees and the end will be here—that soon the solution will come to the riddle we refuse to solve come to the riddle we refuse to solve the answer to the question we refuse to answer, and the judgment that may have been heretofore spurned. And if it be not the very last New Year, then, for certain, it brings us by one large measure nearer the end; for the longest life is fast and fleet in ending; and the years thereof are few, and with accelerated pace they pass as we advance along the way. Consequently, for us all, there is the lesson that if we would prepare for the "eternal years," we should take this opportunity of not only starting properly we tunity of not only starting properly, but of persevering in all things we

have started to do.

The new year is noted for the resolutions we are supposed to make; but, unfortunately, the succeeding days are noted for the facility with which the start to break them. And so the we start to break them. And so the seriousness of it all fades away in

the cynicism and fun making.

Let us turn, then, to the lesson
that the Epistle has for us; and while that the Epistle has for us; and while thinking over the days that were and the days that yet may be, and seeing in time and things the mysteries, let us look upon them as the means whereby the great God partly conceals and partly discloses the might and mystery of His being, fitting things to our weak and finite minds, and teaching through them the mystery of His being, and the depths of Hisloye. Reverence for Him should His love. Reverence for Him should mark our entrance into this new

year.
The Epistle says, "Denying ungoon about liness and worldly desires, we should live soberly, quite a commentary on the way that many celebrated the advent of the new year, and particular-ly quite a comment this year, in that while many feasted in clubs, hotels and restaurants, quite a larger num-ber of men—we call our brethren— starved and shivered, crowded in tenements and barracks waiting for only hope of joy for them that the new year would bring. the bread line of the morrow, as

The Epistle says that we should live "soberly;" and this means not alone for the beginning, but to continue living soberly through the entire year. Hence, a resolution made on backer is quite of little account. oken is quite of little account. The duty, here, is of a character enduring and unchanging. That sobri-ety taught by the Apostle is not alone to be referred to the drinking or the eating, but it is to be referred to the entire sphere of living ; for, he says We are to live soberly," then, he ays, "We are to live justly and godsays, we are to live justly and god-ly," making, as it were, the law of our our being one of ever extensive growth from sobriety into justice and from justice unto God.

When we look at the ills around us to-day, the sufferings of the poor, the narrowness and apparent hopeless-ness of their lives, when we inquire into the causes thereof, while there may be many exceptions yet, it will be found that antecedent to their poverty and helplessness was written, the defaulting to this rule, namely; to live soberly, justly and godly.

And when we consider on the other oppressions it has wrought on humanity—the crimes it has com-mitted, and the curses it has brought upon its possessors, we are liable, again, to see antecedent to its crimes and curses the violation of this law to live soberly, justly and godly.

When we read of the slaughter of men, and hear the orphan's cry or see the widows tears, as they stand by the ruined homes, the blood stained fields crying and weeping for those who shall return no more; and ask ourselves what is back of the diplomatic exchanges and their ulti-matums, we will find that more than one of the nations of Europe have gone on their way to death because they no longer lived soberly, justly

It is yet but a few weeks of the new year, and quite irrespective of how the new year was ushered in, or how its early hours were spent, it is not only not too late, but it is just the time when we, assembled before the altar, should promise that our ways shall be those of sobriety—that our deeds shall be marked by justice, and our lives be modelled upon Him who is our exemplar and our God.

The Epistle continues : "Looking

If you walk westward on Lindell boulevard some evening in the later autumn or early spring you will see the end of the way suffused with the great golden light of the setting sun. Well, such also is the Christian's Well, such also is the Christian's way, westward as the years go, but at the end the glory of God, which he has been "looking for" and which, reached at last, shall mark his faith's fruition—his hope's realization. ation.—Church Progress.

How much of life's joy we lose from want of a fearless and cheerful spirit. The brave and glad hearted, like the beautiful are welcome in all

GENERAL INTENTION FOR FEBRUARY

RECOMMENDED AND BLESSED BY HIS HOLINESS PIUS X.

"There must be a beauty in one's thought if one would have beauty of expression," is a well-known literary axiom, one, however, of which writers cannot claim a monopoly. When expressed in other and more ample terms the axiom has a world-wide application and may be truthfully applied to the life of the human soul which does so much to fashion the body it inhabits. If the soul does not rise above the sordiddoes not rise above the sordid-ness of its surroundings, it will ness of its surroundings, it will ultimately reveal in outward conduct the hideousness that lurks within. On the contrary, habitual elevation of thought and sentiment molds, as nothing else can, one's personal conduct and one's relations with the outer would and gives that do the outer world, and gives that de-corum without which social relations would be primitive indeed. The delicacy of some virtues is such that, like polished mirrors, the slightest breath tarnishes their brilliancy.

The heart is the seat of human passions, those sources of energy which stimulate us to good or to evil which stimulate us to good or to evil, according to the end we make them subserve. God intended our strong natural inclinations to help us in the practice of virtue. He left to our free will the task of controlling and guiding them in the right direction, a task sometimes hard to perform but the importance of which no one will questi

ne need this guiding hand more None need this guiding hand more than the passions of pride and pleasure. At every twist and turn of life man is face to face with the seductive influences of those two passions. The victims of pride and pleasure are legion: their votaries browse freely in the pastures set before them: the gates are always open, so them ; the gates are always open, so that he who runs may enter. Why is this? Because man does not use his free will to curb these two in-clinations. The lack of the check-rein gives them a free field, allows them to draw down into the vortex millions of souls; for personal liberty was never so great as it is in the present age, and the occasions to abuse it were never so numerous.

Rigid discipline of the senses,

Rigid discipline of the senses, backed up by a strong will, is required of all who wish to conquer pride and pleasure. This discipline is called modesty, the daughter of humility and temperance. Modesty is the virtue that holds our natural inclinations in leach and submitted. inclinations in leash and submits them to the dictates of reason. Here again the beauty of one's expression should be the reflection of one's thoughts; the soul should be the mirror of things affecting us exter-nally. External modesty should re-ceive its life and substance from the modesty which has its seat in the soul, the cultivation of which, while controlling the external in man and controlling the external in man and cossibly keeping him within bounds loss not diminish his merit. Rather does modesty give beauty and strength to his merit, and make it stand out in bolder relief; for there is no hypocrisy in the man who is a foe to pride and pleasure, and who has disciplined his soul in humility

and temperance.

External modesty has a wide range and passes in review our whole conduct as it appears to the eyes of our fellowmen. Our conversation, our fellowmen. Our conversation, our carriage, our gestures, our movements, the use we make of our senses, are all involved if we wish to edify those who live and converse with us. The externally modest man takes to heart the counsel of St. Augustine: "Let there be nothing offensive in your exterior." of St. Paul: "Not long age I was nothing offensive in your exterior." of St. Paul: "Not long age I was strolling on a summer evening along strolling on a summer evening along one of the streets in the upper town discourses to draw the respect and discourse the respect and discourses to draw the respect and good will of all whose good will and respect are worth having. External modesty is an argument of interior peace reigning in the soul, just as the hands on the placid dial of a clock are a sign of the exact and results. regular movement of the wheels

It will always be true that our face It will always be true that our face is the mirror of our soul, as St. Jerome says somewhere, and "our eye, though silent, the revealer of the secrets of our heart." A classical instance is left us in history which illustrates the truth that "the lineaments of a man's face is the discoverer of his humor." Here is St. Greg. ments of a man's face is the discover-er of his humor." Here is St. Greg-ory Nazianzen's portrait of Julian the Apostate: "A great many did not know Julian till he made himself know Julian till ne made himself known by his infamous actions, and by his abuse of sovereignty: but for my part, when I first knew him, and lived and conversed with him at Athens, I never could perceive the least mark of goodness in him. He least mark of goodness in him. He carried his head extremely high; his shoulders as well as his eyes were The Epistle continues: "Looking of for the blessed hope and coming of the glory of our Lord." This marks the glory of our Lord." This marks the end of the journey—the end of the journey—the end of the journey—the end of the glory them in the frequently them in the frequently disdain drew them in ; he frequently played the buffoon. His conversa-tion was very scurrilous, his laugh-ter was ungraciously loud. He would very freely grant and deny the same thing with the same breath. His discourse was neither methodical nor rational: his questions were imporrational; his questions were impor-tune and his answers impertinent but why do I dwell so long in describ-ing his exterior in detail? To conclude, then, I knew him by these ex-terior marks before I had heard any.

was bringing up a dangerous and pernicious serpent. This I then said, and at the same time I heartily wished I might be mistaken; and without doubt it had been much better that I had been so, since we then should not have seen those evils which have rendered the world almost desolate."

This example is perhaps an extreme

almost desolate."

This example is perhaps an extreme case, but in it we have a proof that a man's soul is mirrored in his features. An irregular exterior is the sign of a disordered interior, as an external case of the state disordered interior, as an external modesty, when sincere, is a proof of a composed interior. External decorum cannot exist without its corresponding counterpart in the heart. Men may, by an extraordinary act of the will, play a part and deceive others, but they can do it only for a time. No one can keep up appearances for a long while. Virtue is too delicate a flower to live long without supernatural watering, too frail out supernatural watering, too frail a bark to sail far in dangerous

For these reasons all who desire to practise Christian modesty are urged, first, to cultivate temperance which is the antidote of pleasure, and secondly, to cultivate humility which is the antidote of pride. Temperis the antidote of pride. Temperance bridles the concupiscible appetites and moderates the assaults of passion, leaving the soul free to regulate the movements of the body. Humility, which is the outcome of self-knowledge, does a similar duty for the soul and teaches us that we are of little account of ourselves, that we came from God, that we belong to God, that we are destined for God, that we depend upon God, that our talents and our fortunes are gifts of God. When this conviction of our weakness and our mediocrity grows weakness and our mediocrity grows on us our whole demeanor will under go a change ; external modesty will

be the expression of our souls.

It we are in earnest, external modesty, proceeding as it should from interior gravity of soul, will control our movements in their relation to place, time, business, and other circumstances. It will preserve grace of gait, voice and look. It will control the equipment of the body, dress, furniture, according to the require-ments of things and persons. It will set a reasonable limit to the desire for sport and relaxation of mind. It will control studiousness and repres an inordinate desire of knowing ; for who would care to set more value on science than on conscience? or who would indulge in the greed for knowl edge of things that may be beyond his position and ability? This super-ficial catalogue shows how far Christian modesty may regulate the entire man. How satisfactory to know that voice, dress, manner, food, look, movement, may be controlled by the application of the virtues of temper-

ice and humility! It would be useless to give motives for the cultivation of Christian modesty. The Holy Scriptures, laden with the wisdom of the ages, the examples of the saints, the voice of reason, are unanimous in proclaiming the necessity of this virtue. Our own expansions will bell us that own experience will tell us that we must guard our souls from the contion of our environment and keep them in an atmosphere of plety. Since each one of us is responsible for his own soul, our highest interests demand that we take the precaution necessary to strengthen weaknesse if they exist and prepare curselves for the struggle which ends all. E. J. DEVINE, S. J.

STORY OF ARCHBISHOP IRELAND

The following story is said to have seen related by Archbishop Ireland f St. Paul: "Not long age I was mine was seen hammering a piece of

doing here?' 'Industrying,' answered he, 'putting some last touches to this house of mine.' 'This house of yours,' I replied. 'Have you had the money to pay for this building?' 'Yes, indeed,' he answered, 'this house is paid for, and so is the next house, mine also—one to live in the other. mine also—one to live in, the other to be rented to some neighbor.

"My wonder grew. 'Why, how is this, Patrick? I remember, well

when you had very little money.
'So do I remember,' replied Patrick but I have found money. You, Father Ireland, gave it to me.' Still more did my wonder grow. 'Come inside,' continued Patrick, and in an instant following his quick pace, I was upstairs in Patrick's bedroom, 'Look here,' he said, 'here is the deed of gift.' I looked. On the wall shove the had picely transed was the above the bed, nicely framed was the above the bed, nicely framed was the document: 'I promise to abstain, during my lifetime from all intoxicating drinks.—Signed Patrick ——.' Witnessed, John Ireland.' The mystery of the two houses, the property of Patrick, was explained. With gladsome heart I prayed for further success to the cause of total abstinence." abstinence.

PLEASE "MENTION" ONE

Bishop Schrembs once said: Bishop Schrembs once said: "I defy the world to mention to me a single good, unselfish, disinterested, practicing Catholic, a man faithful and tried in virtue, who has ever abandoned the Church. It is not good and decent Catholics who leave the Church; it is the rubbish, the man who are unterior marks before I had heard anything of his impiety, which now confirms my former judgment of him. Those who lived with us then at Athens, were they here present, would testify that having observed his manners, I said that the Roman Empire



the Church, either voluntarily or, in the case of priests, by compulsion. The ex-priest is he that has been silenced, ex-communicated, thrown out of the Church because of a scandalous life. There is the fact! I boldly issue the defiant challenge boldly issue the defiant challenge to mention to me one single name of a man who left the Church for disinterested motives in order to better himself spiritually. Protestantism cannot point to a single irreproachable and unselfish convert from Catholisism."

PIGEONS IN TIME OF WAR

The "homer" pigeon has two careers. One is of peace, and the other of war. In almost every fort-ress of the world the "homer" is a valued member of the garrison. The valued member of the garrison. The world first really awakened to the possibilities of the "homer," or carrier pigeon, during the Franco-Prussian war, when the practical value of the bird as a messenger was descibled in the practical during the single of Paris

developed during the siege of Paris.
The communication was established
between the outside world and the city by means of pigeons. The mes-sages were microphotographed upon thin films of collodion, being reduced five hundred times. These films were enclosed in quills, sealed at the ends, and the quills were attached to the pigeon's tails. If necessary thirty thousand dispatches could be placed in one quill. One bird car-ried the record load of forty thou-

sand dispatches.

Germany, which suffered from this phase of pigeon usefulness, was prompt to profit by the lesson. Every German fortress now has a pigeon-loft, and pigeons are trained to fly to Berlin from every fortress in the Empire.

France has a military pigeon serv-

France has a military pigeon service, arranged with special reference to the forts on the German frontier. Great Britain, Spain, Italy, Austria, Switzerland, Russia, Denmark and Sweden have also adopted the system. Africa is connected with Spain by pigeon service, with stations at Ceuta and Melilla. The United States War Department has long been experimenting with "homers," with most satisfactory results.— Church Prosatisfactory results. - Church Pro-

> WHY PROTESTANT CHURCHES ARE EMPTY

The New York Weekly Witness, one of the most virulent of the anti-Catholic papers in the United States, has the following editorial on the emptiness of Protestant churches:

"Judge by church attendance there

wood in front of a new and neatly wood in front of a new and neatly built cottage. I approached with the salute, "Well, Patrick, what are you might have had a fairly wide acquaint-mithout knowing anybody that ance without knowing anybody that could not be found in church on Sunday morning at least, and it was customary to attend the evening serv-

But in those old days religion was authoritative. People differed greatly over religious questions, but very few questioned, even in their own ninds, the authority of the Bible; the only question that was common ly considered open to debate was whether this or that way of inter preting it was the right way. Now, on the contrary, it is customary to repudiate, all authority, and to as-sume that whatever one chooses to accept as truth must be true. And, of course, it follows that one is not under obligation to accept any truth that he does not like, or to adopt any practice which does not seem to him

advantageous or desirable.

"And from this point of view, why should men go to church? They can hear better music elsewhere, and in very many cases they can hear much more entertaining lectures elsewhere than they would hear in church.
"It is the changed attitude toward

religion that has caused the falling off in church attendance, and the theological seminaries are primarily responsible for that changed attitude. responsible for that changed attitude.
Under their tuition the preachers
have kicked the pulpit from under
their own feet and by so doing have Bishop Schrembs once said:

defy the world to mention to me a single good, unselfish, disinterested, practicing Catholic, a man faithful and tried in virtue, who has ever abandoned the Church. It is not good and decent Catholics who leave the Church; it is the rubbish, the rank weeds, the men who are unwilling to square with the Church's morality. These are they who leave the Bible which does not agree with the days of the Sower of Shepherd Christ. A little later artisans and mechanics on their way to workshop or factory, stand before the statue of the Sower or Shepherd Christ. A little later artisans and mechanics on their way to workshop or factory, stand before the statue of the Sower or Shepherd Christ. A little later artisans and mechanics on their way to workshop or factory, stand before the statue of the Sower or Shepherd Christ. A little later artisans and mechanics on their way to workshop or factory, stand before the statue of the Sower or Shepherd Christ. A little later artisans and mechanics on their way to workshop or factory, stand before the statue of the Sower or Shepherd Christ. A little later artisans and mechanics on their way to workshop or factory, stand before the statue of the Sower or Shepherd Christ. A little later artisans and mechanics on their way to workshop or factory, stand before the statue of the Sower or Shepherd Christ. A little later artisans and mechanics on their way to workshop or factory, stand before the statue of the Sower or Shepherd Christ. A little later artisans and mechanics on their way to workshop or factory, stand before the statue of the Sower or Shepherd Christ. A little later artisans and mechanics on their way to workshop or factory, stand before the statue of the Sower or Shepherd Christ. A little later artisans and mechanics on their way to workshop or factory, stand before the statue of the Sower or Shepherd Christ.

their theories of boldly assert that these teachings were only the personal ideas of the men who know s much as the twentieth century

That sort of teaching cannot have "That sort of teaching cannot have any authority over men's consciences. The man on the street has every bit as much right to construct a religion for himself and to reject any teaching which he does not like as the preacher has, and the man on the street knows it, and acts accordingly. If he likes the preacher he may go and listen to him when he feels like it, but there is no reason why he should go when he does not feel like it.

Then, too, the preachers will reach all around these fundamental truths; they will even preach as if they believed them, but they cannot come out boldly and preach the gospel as Peter preached it and as Paul preached it, because they are not onite sure whether they than not quite sure whether they themelves believe it or not.

"And even the preacher does not

give any expression to his doubts or questionings, the lack of depth in his preaching will necessarily lead to superficiality in the beliefs of all those ong his audience who in any meas ure lock to him for religious instruc-

"The churches cannot regain their lost hold on the consciences of men until they regain their faith in the authority of the teaching of the Bible, and are able to preach an authorita-

tive gospel."
What an admission of the failure of the so-called Protestant Reforma-tion!—Intermountain Catholic.

THE DUCHESS AND THE ROSARY

The Duchess of Norfolk made suggestion that is meeting with general approval. She recommends special attention to the rosary in this time of trial. A correspondent of the London Tablet refers to this piece appropriate to the suggestion in these reads.

oious suggestion in these words :
Our Lord has said, "Where two or three are gathered together in My Name there am I in the midst of

How few households nowadays keep to the good old custom of family prayers! How few meet as of old and say the rosary in common! And yet is there the same unity at home; the same happiness in family the same respect for parents and authority in general, the same morality and charitableness that used to exist in our homes? I think

I hope that every priest will take up the Duchess of Norfolk's sugges-tion, and in the pulpit and out of it impress upon his flock the benefit of united family prayer and the great blessing to be derived from it and from frequent or, where practicable, daily attendance at Mass. Some of us, in our fulness of cul-

ture, may be in danger of thinking that the rosary is only for the poor and the unlettered. Perhaps if we will not listen to the Church on this matter we may be inclined to listen to a real live Duchess—a good and pious woman withal, who in this advocacy of the rosary is in strict and loving accord with the mind and heart of the Church.—Sacred Heart Review.

A SCHOOL OF VIRTUE

Holy Communion is more than remedy. It is, says Pere Eymard, a strengthening power, aiding us to become good, virtuous and holy. It is, indeed, a different thing to acquire a Christian virtue. A virtue is a quality of Jesus with which we must clothe ourselves. It is a divine eduin the past sixty years. Time was when, in some cities at least, all respectable people were supposed to be churchgoers. No doubt there were always some respectable persons who did not attend any church, but one might have had a fairly mide someint. factor, the desire to remember Him, the thought of the happiness there is imitating Him, and living of His life. What charms virtue has in school of Communion. How easy is humility when we have seen the God of Glory humbling Himself so far to enter a heart so poor, a mind so ignorant, a body so miserable! How easy is gentleness under the action of the ender kindness of Jesus giving Him self to us in the sweetest of His Heart! How beautiful the dear neighbor becomes in our eyes when we behold him feeding on the same Bread of Life, seated at the same Divine Table, and loved with so much effusion by Jesus Christ! Penance mortification and sacrifice lose their bitterness when we have received Jesus Crucified! — Intermountain

A WONDERFUL BRIDGE

TWELVE STATUES OF CHRIST ON ITS PARAPETS IN AUSTRIAN CITY

In an ancient Austrian city there is a wonderful bridge, on the parapets of which stand twelve statues of Christ. He is represented as Prophet, Priest, King, Physician, Pilot, Shephed, Sower, Carpenter and so on.

In the early morning just after dawn the country people coming into town with fruit pray with bowed heads before the statue of the Sower or Shepherd Christ. A little later

the infirm and the halt and the blind comes with tottering steps out of their homes to stand and pray in the shadow of the Great Physician.—St. Paul Bulletin.

BEETHOVEN'S TENDER HEART

Rugged as was Beethoven's out-ward appearance, he had a kind and tender heart. Once a child of his friend Madame Ertmann died, and she was surprised that Beethoven did not pay her a visit of condolence. Finally she received a message from him, asking her to call at his residence at her earliest convenience. This she did, and found him too deeply his she did, and found him too deeply moved to speak. He pointed to a chair, and the lady sat down, he meanwhile seating himself at the

For an hour he played to her, bring ing forth from the old instrument sounds of sympathy, and finally of comfort and resignation. It seemed to Madame Ertmann as if an angel were speaking through the music.
At length he stopped; and she, weeping happy tears, went away, feeling
greatly strengthened and consoled.
She could never tell of this touching
incident without amotion although incident without emotion, although she lived to be an old woman.—The Ave Maria.

A JEST OF FAITH

"I can not get my maids to come up here," querulously complained a lady on the hotel veranda. "You see, there is no Catholic church her, and hose Irish girls will not spend the summer in any place where they can not go to Mass. So our cottage beyond stands idle and empty, and we are forced to live at the hotel." The remark was overheard by one sitting by who thanked God for the faithfulness of "those Irish girls" to he religion of their forefathers.

Keep young, keep innocent. Innocence does not come back, and repentance is a poor thing beside it.

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LONDON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 80, 1915

ENGLAND AND THE VATICAN

The announcement of the appointment of Sir Henry Howard, a veteran British diplomat and a Catholic, on a special mission to the Holy See was received throughout the Empire without much adverse comment It is not altogether unprecedented in recent times. In 1887, on the occasion of Queen Victoria's Golden Jubilee, an Envoy Extraordinary from the Vatican presented the con gratulations of Leo XIII. Mgr. Rufo Scilla was accorded a gracious reception at the Court of St. James; and later the Duke of Norfolk was commissioned as Representative of Her Majesty to convey the Queen's congratulations and good wishes to the Pope on the occasion of his Episcopal Jubilee. Purcell, in his Life of Manning, thus comments:

"Such an interchange of official courtesies, limited though it was to a special occasion, marked an epoch in the relations between England and the Holy See; it bore witness, likewise, to the good understanding which now exists between Her Majesty's Catholic and non-Catholic subjects. There can be little doubt that the Special Mission of Mgr. Rufo Scilla would in due time have led to the establishment of diplomatic relations between the Court of St. James and the Vatican.

'The semi-official, semi-diplomatic, but unaccredited and unacknowledged mission of Mr. Errington, afterwards created a baronet, entrusted by Mr. Gladstone with the duty of making or receiving private communications to or from the Vatican was in itself neither a dignified proceeding nor agreeable to the people of England.

What the people of England before all things admire and approve of is openness and straightforwardness If public policy demands the estab lishment of Diplomatic Relations with the Vatican, let it be done open. ly and above board. On account of its secret and underhand character the Errington mission was a failure It irritated the people of England in Ireland it excited suspicion and

Statesmen of both parties a leading politicians have long recognized the fact that, in an Empire with possessions so vast and varied, which numbers millions of Catholic subjects of the Queen, Diplomatic Relations with the Holy See was a matter of policy dictated by the nature of things. The example of other nations, of a Protestant State like Prussia or the German Empire, which have not such wide and varied relations with Catholics as the English Empire has, points to the wisdom of open and official relations with the Holy See. . . .

"But Diplomatic Relations with the Holy See are to-day not within the range of practical politics, a Lord Salisbury soon discerned on discovering that the Irish Catholic members to a man, in their blind jealousy of English influence at the Vatican, would oppose by their votes in the House of Commons, a Bill for the establishment of Diplomatic Relations with the Holy See. . . Irish Catholics and Orange bigot would, moreover, be helped and blessed in their hostility to the Pope by the Nonconformist Conscience in England, awakened once more by a proposal to establish Diplomatic Re-

Cardinal Manning, also, was bitterly, almost savagely, opposed. This is not merely his biographers' opinion, which was often unsympathetic and not always just, but is recorded emphatically by the Cardinal himself in

lations between England and the

Mr. Purcell calls the "blind jealousy" of Irish Catholics may have been prudent and open eyed determination o safeguard their ecclesiastical in dependence. "Hostility to the Pope," is a ludicrous misnomer for the well-known attitude of Irish Catholics on this question during the troubled imes of the last century. Now they have won their way not only to national recognition but to the warm hearted steem and confidence of the democracy of Britain. "Blind jealousy on both sides is rapidly becoming s mere historic memory; a memory however, which will go far to pre vent future mistakes. The No formist Conscience, less biased and better informed, is no longer the dreaded political factor it once was in English politics. Even unreason ing Orange hostility may soon become less unreasonable. That there should still be some evidence of traditional Protestant uneasiness in the premises is natural and to be expected; nor is it surprising to find lingering traces of Irish Catholic mistrust.

At all events, Sir Henry Howard's mission is one of much greater importance than, as was stated gener ally in announcing his appointment, merely to convey His Majesty's congratulations to Benedict XV. on his accession to the Throne of the Fisherman. This is quite evident from what Sir Henry said when presenting his credentials. The Morning Post gives the text of the Envoy's speech for the reproduction of which we are indebted to the Tablet :

Addressing the Holy Father, Sir Henry Howard said :

"In delivering the letter which the King, my august master, has addressed to Your Holiness, I am charged by His Majesty in the first place, to offer his cordial congratulations to Your Holiness on your accession to the Pontifical and to assure you of his sincere friendship. Moreover, in view of the numerous questions which have arisen, and in which Your Holiness and the King have common interest, His Majesty has desired to place him-self in direct relations with Your Holiness to facilitate the discussion of these and any other questions that may arise, and has done me the great honor to name me his repre sentative to Your Holiness. In com municating to Your Holiness wishes on the King's part, I desire to assure you that I shall do all in my power to fulfil the high mission entrusted to me."

The Pope, in a most cordial reply, said he highly appreciated Great Britain's attitude towards the Holy See, and he hoped the presence of the British Envoy would further cement the good relations between the Catholic Church and the great realm in which so many Catholics lived in prosperity.

A PASTORAL LETTER MADE WORLD-FAMOUS

Our readers will have read the re ports of the arrest of Cardinal Mercier ; the denials of the German military authorities : the dignified but emphatic protest of the King of the Belgians to Pope Benedict against ated was a fact despite official de niale.

The facts which appear to be substantiated beyond question are that the printer of the pastoral was fined 600 marks (\$125); that the pastoral was peremptorily sup pressed; that a German officer with a guard of soldiers called on His Eminence with some ready-made form of retraction which the Cardinal was requested to sign. On promising an answer after a reasonable time for consideration, the officer and soldiers, acting on instructions from headquarters, refused time to consider and took up their quarters in the Cardinal's residence.

Cardinal Mercier refused to retract He was "invited" not to leave his

The dignified and fearlessly truthful Pastoral Letter of martyred Belgium's dauntless Primate is one of the finest evidences of simple but unflinching devotion to duty during a war relieved by many deeds of glorious heroism as well as blackened,

alas! by unspeakable brutality. Thanks to the Tablet we are able to place before our readers this week the full text of the famous and his toric Pastoral. Let no reader of the RECORD fail to study it.

Following are the Tablet's comnents which we need not apologize for reproducing in full :

Cardinal Mercier, the dauntless ted by the German troops, and his glorious Pastoral to his people has a note in his diary dated July 10th, 1887.

However, much water has flowed under the bridge since 1887. What

at once futile and foolish. The first and immediate result has been to source the instant publication of new ditions of this great moral instruc-on in French, Flemish, English, an Spanish—in all the languages that count—and effective arrangements for their distribution throughout the world. This brutal attempt to gag the freedom of the Catholic pulpit, and to put a muzzle upon the mouth of the representative of the Belgian hierarchy, shall have only this re-sult, that ten men will read the for-bidden Pastoral for every one who would have heard of it in ordinary circumstances. The German troops may threaten as they please, they may set sentries in the churches, they may imprison priests, and they may drag others from the sacristy and even from the confessionals, but the Cardinal's minded. the Cardinal's winged words are afloat on all the winds, and will pass to the ends of the earth. The Pasoral may be read in the churches of Belgium, perhaps, only by stealth, but thanks to the Germans, every private soldier now serving in the Belgian Army will receive a separate copy for his own individual use. And why should these violators of

the neutrality of Belgium be so frightened at the appearance of this eloquent but simple exposition of elementary Christian truths? Here and there come passages which may make the invaders wince, but they tell us nothing that is new. many," exclaims the Cardinal, "violated her oath; England kept hers. These arc the facts." Quite so The Germans may wince—but could they deny? Again, in ringing words the Cardinal says to his sorely tried flock: "I hold it as part of the obli gations of my episcopal office to in-struct you as to your duty in face of the Power that he invaded our soil and now occupies the greater part of our country. The authority of that Power is no lawful authority. Therefore in the soul and conscience you owe it neither respect, not attachment, nor obedience." The Fermans know all that as well as we do, and so armed men must be set do, and so armed men must be set around Catholic pulpits to prevent and intercept this message from a Bishop to his flock.

And one thinks the German

authorities might well have been grateful to the Cardinal for the extreme care and circumspection he observes when he is dealing with the wholesale atrocities committed by their troops in Belgium. He speaks only of what he knows and of what he has been able personally to ver-ify. "Hundreds of innocent men were shot. I possess no complete necrology; but I know that there were ninety one shot at Aerschot, and that there, uuder pain of death their fellow citizens were compelled to dig their graves. In the Louvain group of communes one hundred and seventy six persons, men and women old men and sucklings, rich and poor in health and sickness, were shot of burnt. In my diocese alone, I know that thirteen priests or religious were put to death." He will not speak of the massacre of prieste which took place in the dioceses he has not visited, but adds: "There were to my own actual knowledge more than thirty priests shot in the dioceses of Namur, Tournai, Liege." It is surely well that these things should be and therefore that the futile attemp to suppress Cardinal Mercier's word ce should have been made. One result is that the Pastoral will be read aloud in every Catholic church in the diocese of Westmin That the German authorities should have done their best to inter cept correspondence between Car-dinal Mercier and Cardinal Bourne at least shows an intelligent antici-

THANKS OF THE SOLDIER LADDIES

The Catholic members of the 18th Battalion desire to thank most heartily the Knights of Columbus and the Catholic Club for their kindness during their sojourn in London. The religious articles supplied by the K. of C. will be useful souvenirs of Catholic interest in their welfare. The Catholics of the Battalion, one and all, wish to give expression to their grateful appreciation of the Rev. Father O'Connor's constant, unfailing and sympathetic attention to their spiritual needs.

MIRTH AND SANCTITY

We have in mind a certain religious-and there are many such in every community as there are among the laity in every parish-who is ever bubbling over with humour, who radiates smiles and laughter wherever she goes. She isself sacrificing and exemplary in the strict observance of the rule and in the performance of her duties. She is, in a word, a model nun, a true imitator of Christ. Hence the conundrum, which we shall try to solve, suggests itself to us. How can she who is conspicuous for her smiles and mirth, be an imitator of Him Who never smiled and Who even said "woe to you who laugh now, for you shall mourn and weep ?"

Apropos of this question two pasages from recently published books occur to us. The first is the closing paragraph in "Orthodoxy" by Chesterton. "I say it with all reverence."

he says, "there was something which those who possess a lively faith Christ hid from all men, when He Nature demands recreation after went up a mountain to pray. There nething that He covered constantly by abrupt silence or by impetuous isolation. There was some one thing that was too great for God to show us, when He walked upon our earth; and I have sometimes fancied that it was His mirth." The other is a sentence from one of Mc-Manus' tales of Irish folk-lore wherein he tells of the origin of the Fairies According to this tradition when the great battle was fought in heaven ome of the angels did not take sides -remained neutral, like some of the nations in our present war, waiting to see which side would likely win. The sentence imposed upon them was that they could not enjoy the beatific vision, for they did not fight for God, but that they did not deserve to go to hell because they did fight against Him. They were given their choice of any other abode and they chose to remain till the end of time on the heathery moors and in the wooded glens of Ireland, whose people are kind and compassionate owards the little exiles from heaven. 'And they pay you back in kind," adds the author, "for they are gentle and genial with you. Only tricksome

There are many good reasons why we do not associate laughter and merriment with the person of Our Lord. First of all it would be out of keeping with His Divine Personality, It is true that He shed tears for others' sins and sorrows, but this accords with His mission, which was to wipe away our tears, to bear our infirmities and to carry our sorrows Manifestations of mirth had no place in the life of Him who chose to be "Man of Sorrow," to be a victim for our sins and to spend His whole life upon earth under the shadow of the cross. But as there is a sorrow too deep for tears, so there is a joy too great for laughter. Such was the joy that Our Lord experienced, even during the bitter hours of His passion. Only for a moment did He sacrifice even that, when on the cross His human nature, voluntarily deprived of the Divine support, forced from His lips the agonizing cry "Eli, Eli, lamma sabacthani? Chesterton, therefore, is right when he surmises that the great thing that Our Lord hid from men was His mirth. Albeit that mirth far tran-

at times-for when they left heaven

they did not leave love of fun be-

hind."

scends our human concept. Experience proves that mirth and anctity go hand in hand. Where will you find persons that enjoy their recreations better than old religious, whose lives of self-sacrifice and obedience are drawing to a close? What body of men are so jolly and nossessed of such a keen sense of humour as the Catholic clergy? What nations have been more noted for their love of innocent fun and trolic than Catholic Quebec, Catholic Ireland and England in the days when she was "merrie England?"

A kind Providence has bestowed two fold purpose, as a reward of virtue and as a necessary relaxation in our spiritual warfare. If you wish to see an illustration of this just watch a Catholic congregation enjoy a social evening after a week's mission. They are like a lot of little shildren-that is those of them that made the mission. They are just bubbling over with merriment, ready to laugh on the provocation of an obsolete joke or on no provocation at all. Surely this is not the laughter that Our Lord condemned; for it is the human expression of the spiritual peace that reigns in their hearts. No, what Our Lord said woe to" is the worldly laughter of those who rejoice not in the Lord, or who would fain stifle by hilarity the voice of a reproving conscience.

But apart from the expression of joy there is another reason for this perhaps abnormal merriment. During the week these people have been face to face with the eternal truths, death, judgment, heaven and hell hence there is a tendency to relax the strain to which their minds and very souls have been subjected. This is in accordance with God's will, for while He desires that we should de vote special consideration to these subjects at times and never forget them; yet having regard to the weak ness of our nature He provides us with safety valves, by way of diversion and recreation, to avoid a condition of morbidity that would be dangerous. Those who give little thought to eternal things, or who dwell in a low spiritual plane may never have known this sensation which is a common experience with

Nature demands recreation after labor, and there is no labor so hard as genuine prayer and meditation because they are beyond the scope of

our natural faculties. We may conclude, therefore, that since joyousness is one of the outstanding characteristics of the blessed, that since even the little exiles from heaven (in Irish folk-lore) still retain their love of fun, those who are on their way to heaven should surely be merry. It is true that the saints in glory need not the feeble expression of joyous transports that efit those who are still uncertain of their salvation, and with whose smiles tears and fears are so often mingled. The difference, however, is but one of degree. As grace is the germ of glory, so Christian mirth is the forerunner of eternal peace. "THE GLEANER."

MR. REDMOND AND HIS

CRITICS In a special article in the RECORD of December 19th we went thorough. ly into the question of Ireland's participation in the present war. The facts we then adduced to justify Mr. Redmond's alliance with England are still fresh in our readers' memory We believe that the tone of that article met with general approbation as is evidenced by the many congratu latory letters we received from very competent critics. Moreover, if imitation be the sincerest flattery, ther the fact that an American college professor "lifted" our article, and without the alteration of a commi delivered it as a special oration on "Ireland's Position in the Present War" should induce us to forgive such barefaced plagiarism. Even if a prophet is said to have no honor in is own country, the RECORD is evidently accepted as the last word in orthodoxy in educated circles across the border. The onslaught on Mr. Redmond still

ontinues. A noisy little band of exemists of the class that the Dublin Leader once called "tin pike rebels still denounce him with the bitterest nvective. The role of critic is inborn in certain natures. There are those whose delight is to destroy but who could not build up anything if their very lives depended upon it. and of course if one makes sufficient noise he will always succeed in attracting a certain mob following. Now it seems to us that senseless hate is but a poor gospel to preach to the masses. We cannot understand how any journal of importance or man of weight should be guided by the theory that because England has persecuted Ireland Ireland should there fore go on hating England in saecula saeculorum. We are not living in the seventeenth, eighteenth, or nineteenth centuries, but in the twentieth. And we believe that, even were there no scriptural injunction about forgiving our enemies, it would nevertheless be good policy to let the

dead past bury its dead. the cradle land of our race. But we more by ignoring facts. The applease of the crowd never appealed to us as a guarantee of infallibility. It is easy to draw cheers from the mob provided you do not ask them to think. We remember some years ago during the celebration of the centenary of the Rebellion of 1798. the "Memory of The Dead" was a very popular feature at patriotic gatherings. One stanza of the ballad reads :

'We bravely fought and conquered And if we lost at Vinegar Hill Twas drink that brought us down.

Many a time, after the speech making and the flag waving was over, did we hear these lines chorused from the bar of a hotel The poor fellows who had shouted of the Irish Leader. themselves hoarse over the recital of the valorous deeds of their forefathers no doubt needed a little refreshment. And it never struck them as incongrous to be denouncing the curse of strong drink the while they quaffed the brimming glass. So much for the thinking power of the mob.

Mr. Redmond adopted a bold ar statesmanlike attitude in face of the new situation that confronted him in Ireland at the outbreak of hostilities. He realized that a change had taken place in the relations between his country and Great Britain. The passing of Home Rule had sealed the union between two peoples that should never have been estranged, and like the other responsible states men of the Dominions, the Irish leader at once declared that when England was at war Ireland was at progress.—St. Francis.

That was his position then novel stand for an Irish Nationalist eader to take, but conditions were themselves novel. When fighting had to be done Mr. Redmond did not shirk the challenge. His agitation against English rule in Ireland had made him acquainted with the inner walls of a British prison. For more than a generation he had made warrelentless war, upon the misgovernment that was strangling his native land. But now peace had been made and he was a party to the treaty. And because he chose the path of honor and prepared to keep his word

he is denounced as a traitor. But

time will vindicate his stand. If it is to the eternal credit of Mr Redmond that he faced the danger of possible hostility from his followers in the stand he took, it is no less to the credit of the people of Ireland that they approved his attitude. The hates of centuries are not obliterated by the stroke of a pen, and English rule in Ireland had left of the people realized that the old days had passed forever, and equally with their leader did they resolve to forgive and forget. Never was faith for difference. in a people's loyalty so signally rewarded. The memories of old wrongs were buried in the sea of oblivion, and not a single voice of any importance was raised in criticism of Mr. Redmond's attitude. But, like a certain class mentioned in the Scriptures, cranks and extremists we will have always with us. In Ireland they were a neglible quantity. Half-baked Socialists, "tin pike rebels," Ireland had long laughed at their antics. They had never been supporters of the parliamentary movement, and now they thought they saw a chance to finally discredit it. The critics of Mr. Redmond might be expected to produce some constructive plan of their own. But what has Sir Roger Casement ever done for Ireland? When there was

fighting to be done he was enjoying the ease of the British Consular Service. What have Arthur Griffith and Bulmor Hobson ever done for Ireland? At least one of them was prominently identified with the disastrous attempt to introduce Socialism into Ireland under the guise of the Dublin strike, and to rob the children of Ireland's capital of their faith in return for a loaf of bread. Ireland took their measure and decided that if they had to exchange Mr. Redmond it would not be to enthrone in his place the Socialistic economists of "Liberty Hall." The attack on Mr. Redmond carries more weight in the United States from the fact that a journal of the influence and past record of the Irish World was deceived into abetting it. Then, too, the Irish in the States are mainly the descendants of those who had to flee from Ireland in the dark and evil days now happily over and done with. They imbibed hatred of his life for his country. A wounded milk. They knew nothing of the

can life are hostile to Mr. Redmond's "new departure." These elements are by no means the most influential. In the sheaves of letters pouring into the Irish World office we seek in vain for the name of any prominent Irish-American. And we note with pleasure that the veteran Patrick Egan, ex-United States Minister and Land League hero, wrote to the dying and the devotion of priests in organ of his friend, the late Patrick Ford, upbraiding it for its betrayal his eyes and he asked for the Sacra-Up to the present Ireland has had an unhappy habit of throwing over her pilot when just in sight of land. O'Connell was thrown over by the Young Ireland Party, and the flasco of '48 was the result. Parnell was

in the relations between Ireland and

England, and hence they were more

liable to be deceived by the argument

that now, as in the past, loyalty to

England meant the betrayal of Ire-

land. When all this is taken into

account it should excite no wonder

that certain elements in Irish-Ameri-

deserted by his following at the dictation of an English minister, and Ireland paid for her betrayal by more than twenty years of travail. The men who now advocate a like desertion of Mr. Redmond are no friends of the Irish cause. But Ireland has learned a lesson from the book of the past, and if for no higher reason, then from motives of policy Mr. Red mond's position is secure.

COLUMBA.

Brethren, let us now begin to good, and to become better, for hitherto we have made but little

NOTES AND COMMENTS

MUCH HAS been written since the outbreak of the War of the participation, enforced or voluntary, of Catholic ecclesiastics in its campaigns. For the first time in history. on a large scale, scholastics, priests and even bishops have, under the laws now in force in France and Germany, been obliged to respond to the call of these nations to the colors by taking their place in the ranks and bearing arms like other soldiers. There are said to be fully 25,000 of such in the French Army alone, and of these, very many have responded to their country's summons from the very confines of the earth. From the Far North of Canada, from the interior of China, from the depths of African jungles and from every other mission field, French and Belgian priests, faithful to their obligations as Army Reservists, have hastened home to take their places in the ranks and to do their part in repelling the invader. There may be differences of opinion as to the justice an evil legacy. But the good sense or propriety of such an obligation, but as to the quality of priestly patriotism and fidelity to duty, as thereby manifested, there is no room

> WE PROPOSE this week to devote a few paragraphs to the part these priestly patriots have born in the succession of hostilities which from from their magnitude and calamitousness have shocked the world, The spectacle of a priest bearing arms as a common soldier is not from the nature of things a pleasant one to contemplate, but that he has by that very fact, been placed in a position to render unexampled service to his fellows has been so often demonstrated as to have passed out of the region of the debateable While serving an earthly King he has found unprecedented opportunities for exercising his functions as the anointed ambassador of the King of Kings. Just how many souls he has saved by reason of his place in the ranks, earthly chronicles will never show, but they are recorded in letters of gold in the Book of Life, and will be revealed to all on the Last Day. If they that instruct or turn many to justice shall " shine as stars for all eternity," what may not be said of those who snatch them from the very jaws of hell?

AN INCIDENT is related by the Semaine Religieuse of Lyons. A seminarist of that city, enrolled in the 30th Infantry, was mortally wounded in the battle on the Aisne and died later of gangrene in a Paris hospital. During the eve of Rosary Sunday he was given the last Sacraments. During his delerium he spoke of the Holy Ghost, whom he had received as deacon, of the Blessed Virgin, to whom he commended France, of Our Lord, whose priest he had longed to become, and of the sacrifice he joyfully made of We yield to no man in our love for all things English with their mothers' soldier close by, who has professed out-and-out atheism—the only one of n that had taken place the group who had not made his neace with God-was so touched by what he heard that he turned to the priest in attendance and asked for the Sacraments. They were given to him, and he died two hours later.

A SOMEWHAT SIMILAR incident is related by the Geneva Courier. A soldier in the ranks, who was by profession a school master, was particularly outspoken in his hatred of priests and religion. When his company first entered the trenches he was offensively violent in his abuse of Pope, priests and everything sacred. A few days worked a change. The sight of the wounded and the the ranks to their comrades opened ments, which, as a foreign contemporary remarks, goes to show that fire purifies more things than gold or silver, and that one learns in ad versity who are his truest friends.

As To the bearing of priests under fire. A young Franciscan from Canada, Father Gonsalve de Bellaing, belonging to the 18th Infantry, so distinguished himself in action by his coolness and bravery, that besides being mentioned in despatches he was promoted on the field to the honorable office of Ensign of his regiment. Sergeant Pierre Pinard, of the 135th Regiment, who was a subdeacon, was, after distinguishing himself in a charge, wounded in the stomach, thigh and head by a bursting shell. When told that he could not live he exclaimed : "Oh, how I suffer! But it is well. It is for the love of the good God, for my wounded

ne had boasted of their infidelity were converted by the spectacle and asked for priestly ministrations.

A FEW other examples of priestly fortitude may be mentioned. Father Henri Laurent, aged twenty six, who had been ordained only eight days previously, was killed while giving bsolution to a wounded comrade This young priest was a sergeant in the second battalion of Chasseurs. The Abbé Georges Maillet, of the Diocese of Mons, a volunteer regimental brancardier, had just left a little Belgian country church after saying Mass when a shell burst, kil. ling him, with a brother priest, an adjutant and a corporal. Father François Marie, Quartermaster Sergeant of the 22nd Terretorial Infantry, fell on the field of Langue val. These are but a few examples culled from a long list of priests killed while fulfilling their double duty as priests and soldiers.

As SUPPLEMENTING these testi monies from their own people, the experiences of a Scottish soldier may comingly find its place here. Corporal Johnston, of the First Gordon Highlanders, writing from a hospital

in Boulogne, says : "It would bring the tears to one's to picture the houses and surches out in Belgium, as they are nothing but ruins; but the best thing about it is—every house you go to that has been shelled, you will lways see the holy pictures, Blessed Virgin and Our Lord, always hang-ing on the wall, with nothing the matter with them, though all the ordinary pictures are lying smashed on the floor. The priests and nuns out here deserve some credit for the grand work they are doing, as they are never off their feet — running here and there, in frost, rain or snow -it's all the same with them.

THERE ARE three or more Bishops serving with the colors in the French Army. Some of them have already been mentioned in these columns One of them is Mgr. Perros, Vicar Apostolic of Siam; another Mgr. Ruch, coadjutor Bishop of Nancy, and the third Mgr. Moury, Bishop of the Ivory Coast since 1909. The latter, who is forty one years of age, and comes from the Diocese of Puy, has become a territorial soldier of the second class. The mobilization found him at his post without hesitation, and with him came eleven of his missionaries. He might have pleaded exemption by reason of his age, position, etc., but he preferred to act up to the letter of his duty as a reservist. The Prefect Apostolic of Dzibout, Father Pascal, a Capuchin. is also in the Army. The Trappist Monastery at Mont des Oats has sent eight of its fifty-five priests to the colors, and with them three lay brothers. The Jesuits, as is wellknown, are represented in every regiment, and the other religious orders of France, expatriated or at home are not far behind. Sergt. Papin, young priest from the African Mission of Lyons, has won the military leading his men in a recent action.

CONCERNING THE Jesuits, even the War, and the enthusiastic identifica tion of these Fathers with the cause of France, has not spared them th threadbare calumnies of their traditional enemies. It might, however, have been expected that a periodical representing any portion of the Anglican body would have refrained in this international crisis. Not so. It remained for the Churchman's Magazine to give currency to a silly canard. To the Jesuits it attributed malign influence in bringing about the war, and as proof cited the departure from England of "four hundred" members of the Society, the day before War was declared by Great Britain. That fact "suggested to the writer" in the magazine that troubled by the evil example. How they knew the War was coming before it was actually declared, and that they "controlled German Imperial policy."

MANY MEMBERS of the Society of Jesus left England it is true on the third day of August, and, being Frenchmen, they did so in response to the call of their country, for they were reservists. They had been exiled from France by anti-clerical laws, which proscribed their community life, and the exercise of their duty as Catholic priests. They might, therefore, very properly have refused to answer the call. But this was not their way, Their country

WE MIGHT go on and cite similar xamples from the experiences of oldiers, Catholic and non-Catholic, in the ranks of the British Army, but space forbids, and there will be occasion to return to the subject again The part borne by Catholics, priests and laymen, in Britain's cause is no less honorable, and will in due time, no doubt, find capable historians. In no boastful spirit, but in the abiding consciousness that the Catholic Faith is ever the truest inspiration to patriotism and devotion these foregoing incidents have been assem-

FATHER FRASER'S MISSION

Editor CATHOLIC RECORD :

In the last issue of the RECORD the number of contributions to this good work dwindled to three. Of course there is encouragement in the fact that the total amount continues to grow, however slowly; but there is a call for more in the further fact that this year the chief sources of that this year the chief sources of funds for Catholic missions are blocked by the war. France, Ger-many, Belgium and Austria contri-buted regularly and largely for the propagation of the faith. While the war lasts it is scarcely possible for them to continue this work, and it is them to continue this work, and it is well known that gmany Catholic missions are suffering through falling off in supply of funds. On the other hand, collections for Protestant missions continue large. Many of the countries from which draw, though affected hey war, are still undevastated by A few months ago the steamer Man churia was on the Pacific Ocean bound for Asia. On board were one undred and sixty-two missionaries. Of these just two were Catholic priests. All the others were Protest-ant missionaries. The Protestant Churches of Toronto published their annual financial statements this week. Taking ten of them as samples, lve Presbyterian and five Baptist, find that these ten congregations contributed \$44.821 for missions, or an average of nearly \$4,500 per church. Part of this amount is for home missions or extension work in Canada; but even half the amount is a substantial aid to foreign missions. The total con-tributed by the hundreds of churches in Toronto must be very large. Some days ago I noticed a list of wills in a daily paper. One of them told how a retired farmer had disposed of an estate valued at \$18,000 The deceased farmer bequeathed over \$7 000 to Presbyterian missions. Such results have been reached only by dint of hard work during many years in urging people to give fo missionary enterprises, and we should be grateful to those who con-

We Catholics of Canada have l pitifully backward in this matter! †N. McNeil, Archbishop of Toronto. Jan. 21, 1915.

ribute to Father Fraser's Chinese

mission for the example they give

CARDINAL MERCIER TO HIS PEOPLE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE ONE

come, and consult together. A just God and a Saviour: there is none

Ah did the proud reason of mankind dream that it could dismiss our God? Did it smile in irony when, through Christ and through His Church, He pronounced the solemn words of expiation and of repentance? Vain of fugitive successes, O light minded man, full of pleasure and of wealth, hast thou imagined that thou couldst suffice even to thyself? Then was God set aside in oblivion, then was He misunderstood, then was He blasphemed, with acclamation, and by those whose authority, whose influence, whose power had charged them with the duty of causing His great laws and His great order to be revered and obeyed. Anarchy then spread among the lower ranks of mankind, ong, O Lord, they wondered, how long wilt Thou suffer the pride of this iniquity? Or wilt Thou finally justify the impious opinion that Thou carest no more for the work of Thy hands? A shock from a thunderbolt, and behold, all human fore-

sight is set at nought. Europe trembles upon the brink of destruction. The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom.

Many are the thoughts that throng

the breast of man to-day, and the chief of them all is this; God reveals Himself as the Master. The nations that made the attack, and the nations that are warring in self-de-fence, alike confess themselves to be in the hand of Him without whom nothing is made, nothing is done. Men long unaccustomed to prayer are turning again to God. Within

mrades and for France." Some ore this paid the penalty with their blood. Yet this is not sufficient to stop the wicked tongues of fanatics of man is a whole offering to God, of the very sacrifice of life. The being of man is a whole offering to God. Who, hating the religion of Catholics, heap untold calumnies upon its valiant defenders.

A PEW other examples of priestly serve. And even those who murmu serve. And even those who murmur and whose courage is not sufficient for submission to the hand that smites us and saves us, even these implicitly acknowledge God to be the Master, for if they blaspheme Him, they blaspheme Him for His delay in closing with their desires.

But as for us, my brethren, we will adore Him in the integrity of our souls. Not yet do we see, in all its magnificence, the revelation of His wisdom, but our faith trusts Him with it all. Before His justice we are humble, and in His mercy hopeful. With holy Tobias we know that because we have sinned He has chasised us, but because He is merciful

SOMETHING TO EXPLATE

It would, perhaps, be cruel to dwell upon our guilt now, when we are paying so well and so nobly what we owe. But shall we not confess that we have indeed something to expiate? He who has received much, from him shall much be re quired. Now, dare we say that the moral and religious standard of our people has risen as its economic prosperity has risen? The observance of Sunday rest, the Sunday Mass, the reverence for marriage, the restraints of modesty—what had you made of these? What, even within Christian families, had become of the simplicity practiced by our fathers, what of the spirit of penance, what of respect for authority? And we, too, we priests, we religious, I, the Bishop, we whose great mission it is to present in our lives yet more than in our speech, the Gospel of Christ, have we earned the right to speak to our people the word spoken by the apostle to the nations: "Be ye followers of me, as I also am of Christ?" We labour indeed, we pray indeed, but it is all too little. We should be, by the very duty of our state, the public expiators for the sins of the world. But which was the thing dominant in our lives—ex piation, or our comfort and well being as citizens? Alas! we have all had times in which we, too, fell under God's reproach to His people after the escape from Egypt: "The be-loved grew fat and kicked; they have provoked me with that which was no god, and I will provoke them with that which is no people." Neverthe-He will save us; for He not that our adversaries should boast that they, and not the Eternal, did these things. "See ye that I alone am, and there is no other God beside me. I will kill and I will make to live, I will strike and I will

God will save Belgium, my breth en ; you cannot doubt it. Nay, rather, He is saving her.

PATRIOTISM IN ACTION Across the smoke of conflagration across the stream of blood, have you not glimpses, do you not perceive signs, of His love for us? Is there a patriot among us who does not know that Belgium has grown great? Nay, which of us would have the heart to cancel this last page of our national history? Which of us does not exult in the brightness of the glory of this shattered nation? When in her throes she brings forth heroes, our Mother Country gives her own energy to the blood of those sons of hers. Let us acknowledge that we needed a lesson in patriotism. There were Belgians, and many such, who wasted their time and their talents in futile quarrels of class with class, of race with race, of passion with personal

Yet when, on the 2nd of August, mighty foreign Power, confident in its own strength and defiant of the faith of treaties, dared to threaten us in our independence, then did all Belgians, without difference of party, or of condition, or of origin, rise up as one man, close ranged about their own King and their own Government and cried to the invader: "Thou shalt not go through!"

At once, instantly, we were con-scious of our own patriotism. For down within us all is something deeper than personal interests, than personal kinships, than party feeling, and this is the need and the will to devote ourselves to that more general interest which Rome termed the public thing, Res publica. And this profound will within us is Patriot-

Our country is not a mere con-

course of persons or of families in-habiting the same soil, having themselves relations, more or less intimate, of business, of neighborhood, of a community of memories, happy or unhappy. Not so; it is an association of living souls subject to a social organiza-tion to be defended and safe guarded at all costs, even the cost of blood. under the leadership of those pre-siding over its fortunes. And it is cause of this general spirit that the people of a country live a common life in the present, through the past, through the aspirations, the hopes, the confidence in a life to come, which they share together. Patriotism, an internal principle of order and of unity, an organic bond of the members of a nation, was placed by the finest thinkers of Greece and Rome at the head of the was not their way. Their country was in dauger, and needed them, and they responded joyfully to the summons and are now taking their part in its defence. Many of them have

Whence, in truth, comes this universal, this irresistible impulse which carries at once the will of the whole nation in one single effort of co-hesion and of insistence in face of the hostile menace against her unity and her freedom? Whence comes it that in an hour all interests were merged in the interest of all, and that all lives were together offered in willing immolation? Not that the State is worth more, essentially, than the individual or the family, seeing that the good of the family and of the individual is the cause and reason of the organization of the State. Not that our country is a Moloch on whose altar lives may lawfully be sacrificed The rigidity of antique morals and the despotism of the Cæsars sug gested the false principle—and modern militarism tends to revive it

that the State is omnipotent, and that the discretionary power of the State is the rule of Right. Not so, replies Christian theology; Right is Peace—that is the interior order of a nation, founded upon Justice. And Justice itself is absolute only because it formulates the essentia relation of man with God and of man with man. Moreover, war for the sake of war is a crime. War is justifiable only if it is the necessary War is means for securing peace. St. Augustine has said: "Peace must not bela preparation for war; and war is not to be made except for the attain ment of peace." In the light of this teaching, which is repeated by St. Thomas Aquinas, Patriotism is seen in its religious character. Family interests, and the material good of the individual take their place, in the scale of values, below the ideal of Patriotism, for that ideal is Right, which is absolute. Furthermore that ideal is the public recognition of Right in national matters, and of national honour. Now there is no Absolute except God. God alone, by His sanctity and His sovereignty, dominates all human interests and human wills. And to

o Justice, and to Truth, is implicitly to affirm God.

When, therefore, humble soldiers whose heroism we praise answer us with characteristic simplicity, only did our duty," or "We were bound in honor," they express the eligious character of their Patriot Which of us does not feel tha Patriotism is a sacred thing, and that a violation of national dignity is in a manner a profanation and a sacrilege.

affirm the absolute necessity of the subordination of all things to Right,

THE REWARD OF THE SLAIN

I was asked lately by a Staff officer whether a soldier failing in a righteous cause—and our cause is such, to demonstration—is not veritably a the rigorous theological meaning of the word, inasmuch as he dies in arms, whereas the martyr delivers into the hands of the executioner the eternal salvation of a brave man who has consciously given his life in defence of his country's honour and in vindication of violated justice I shall not hesitate to reply that without any doubt whatever Christ crowns his military valour, and that death, accepted in this Christian spirit, assures the safety of that man's soul. "Greater love than this no man hath," said our Saviour. that a man lay down his life for his friends." And the soldier who dies to save his brothers, and to defend the hearths and altars of his country reaches this highest of all degrees of charity. He may not have made a close analysis of the value of his sacrifice; but must we suppose that God requires of the plain soldier in the excitement of battle the methodical precision of the moralist or the heroism doubt that his God welcomes him with love?

Christian mothers, be proud of our sons. Of all griefs, of all our numan sorrows, yours is perhaps the most worthy of veneration. I think I behold you in your affliction, but erect, standing at the side of the Mother of Sorrows, at the foot of the Cross. Suffer us to offer you not only our condolence but our congratulation. Not all our heroes obtain military honours, but for all we expect the immortal crown of the elect. For this is the virtue of a single act of perfect charity: it cancels a whole lifetime of sins. It

transforms a sinful man into a saint. Assuredly a great and a Christian comfort is the thought that not only amonget our own men, but in any belligerent army whatsoever, all who in good faith submit to the discipline of their leaders in the service o a cause they believe to be righteous are sharers in the eternal reward of the soldier's sacrifice. And how many may there not be among these young men of twenty who, had they survived, might possibly not have had the resolution to live altogether well, and yet in the impulse of pat-riotism had the resolution to die so

Is it not true, my brethren, that God has the supreme art of mingling His mercy with His wisdom and His justice? And shall we not acknowledge that if war is a scourge for this earthly life of ours, a scourge where-

We may now say, my brethren, without unworthy pride, that our little Belgium has taken a foremost place in the esteem of nations. I am aware that certain onlookers, notably n Italy and in Holland, have asked how it could be necessary to expose this country to so immense a loss of wealth and life, and whether a verbal manifesto against hostile aggression or a single cannon-shot on the fronpose of protest. But assuredly all men of good feeling will be with us in our rejection of these paltry coun els. Mere utilitarianism is no suffi cient rule of Christian citizenship.

was signed in London by King Leo one part, and by the Emperor of Austria, the King of France, the Queen of England, the King of Prussia, and the Emperor of Russia, on the and its seventh article decreed that Belgium should form a separate and perpetually neutral State, and should be held to the observance of this neutrality in regard to all other States. The co-signatories promised, for themselves and their successors upon their oath, to fulfil and to ob serve that treaty in every point and every article without contravention, or tolerance of contravention. Bel-gium was thus bound in honour to defend her own independence. kept her word. The other Powers bound to respect and to pro were bound to respect and to pro-tect her neutrality. Germany violated her oath ; England kept hers.
These are the facts.

The laws of conscience are sover-eign laws. We should have acted unworthily had we evaded our obliga-tion by a mere feint of resistance first resolution; we exult in it. Being called upon to write a solemn page in the history of our country, we resolved that it should be also a sincere, also a glorious page. And as long as we are com-pelled to give proof of endurance, so long we shall endure.

All classes of our citizens have devoted their sons to the cause of their country; but the poorer part of the population have set the noblest ple, for they have suffered also privation, cold, and famine. If I may udge of the general feeling from what I have witnessed in the humbler quarters of Malines, and in the most cruelly afflicted districts of my diocese, the people are energetic in their endurance. They look to be righted; they will not hear of sur

Affliction is, in the hand of Divine Omnipotence, a two-edged sword. It him who is willing to endure.

God proveth us, as St. James has told us, but He "is not a tempter of All that comes from Him is good, a ray of light, a pledge of love. "But every man is tempted by his own concupiscence. . . . Blessed is he that endureth temptation, for when he hath been proved he shall receive the crown of life, which God hath promised to them that love Him.

Truce, then, my brethren, to all murmurs of complaint. Remember St Paul's words to the Hebrews, and through them to all of Christ's flock when, referring to the bloody sacri fice of our Lord upon the cross he reminded them that they had not yet resisted unto blood. Not only to the but also to that of the thirty thou sand, perhaps forty thousand, mer who have already shed their life ison with them, what have you en dured who are deprived of the daily comforts of your lives, your news papers, your means of travel, com nunication with your families? Let the patriotism of our Army, the hero em of our King, of our beloved Queen n her magnanimity, serve to stimulateus and support us. Let us bemoan ourselves no more. Let us deserve the coming deliverance. Let us hasten it by our virtue even more than by our prayers. Courage, breth ren. Suffering passes away; the crown of life for our souls, the crown of glory for our nation, shall not

DUTY UNDER INVASION

I do not require of you to renounce any of your national desires. On the contrary, I hold it as part of the obligations of my episcopal office to instruct you as to your duty in face of the Power that has invaded our soil and now occupies the greater part of our country. The authority of that Power is no lawful authority. There-fore in the soul and conscience you owe it neither respect, nor attach ment, nor obedience. The sole lawful authority in Belgium is that of our King, of our Government, of the tial Wisdom which draws good from elected representatives of the nation. This authority alone has a right to our affection, our submission

Thus, the invaders' acts of public administration have in themselves no authority, but legitimate authority has tacitly ratified such of those act this ratification, and this only, gives them juridic value.

Occupied provinces are not conquered provinces. Belgium is no more a German province than Galicia is a Russian province. Never theless, the occupied portion of our country is in a position it is com-pelled to endure. The greater part of our towns, having surrendered to the enemy on conditions, are bound to observe those conditions. From the outset of military operations the civil authorities of the country urged upon all private persons the necessity of abstention from hostile acts against the enemy's army. That in-

patriotism a positive law; there is no perfect Christian unselfish no perfect Christian who is not also a perfect patriot. For our religion exalts the antique ideal, showing it to be realizable only in the Absolute. We may now say, my brethren, without unworthy pride, that our duty of national defence. Let us army, and our army solely, in Jeague with the valiant troops of our Allies, that has the honour and the duty of national defence. Let us entrust the army with our final deliverance.

Towards the persons of those who are holding dominion among us by military force, and who assuredly cannot but be sensible of the chivalrous energy with which we have de-fended, and are still defending, our independence, let us conduct our selves with all needful forbearance Some among them have declared themselves willing to mitigate, as far as possible, the severity of our situation, and to help us to recover Let us observe the rules they have not violate our personal liberty, nor our consciences as Christians, nor our duty to our country. Let us not take bravado for courage, nor tumult for bravery.

A WORD TO THE PRIESTS

You especially, my dearest brethren in the priesthood, be you at once the best examples of Patriotism and the best supporters of public order. On the field of battle you have been magnificent. The King and the Army admire the intrepidity of our military chaplains in face of death, their char ity at the work of the ambulance

You have suffered greatly. have endured much calumny. be patient; history will do you justice. I to-day bear my witness

Wherever it has been possible have questioned our people, our clergy, and particularly a considerable number of priests who had been deported to German prisons, but whom a principle of humanity, to which I gladly render homage, has since set at liberty. Well, I affirm upon my honor, and I am prepared assert upon faith of my oath, that until now I have not met a single ecclesiastic, secular or regular, who had once incited civilians to bear arms against the enemy. All have loyally followed the instructions of their Bishops, given in the early days of August, to the effect that they to use their moral influenc over the civil population, so that order might be preserved and miliary regulations observed.

I exhort you to persevere in this ministry of peace, which is for you the sanest form of Patriotism; to accept with all your hearts the pri vations you have to endure; to simplify still further, if it is possible, your way of life. One of you who is duced by robbery and pillage to a state bordering on total destitution, said to me lately: "I am living now as I wish I had lived always."

Multiply the efforts of your charity corporal and spiritual. Like the great Apostle, do you endure daily the cares of your Church, so that no man shall suffer loss and you not suffer loss, and no man fall and you not burn with zeal for him. Make yourselves the champions of all those virtues enjoined upon you by civic honor as well as by the Gospel of Christ. "Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever modest, whatsoever whatsoever holy, whatsoever lovely, whatsoever of good fame, if be any virtue, if any praise of discipline, think on these things. So may the worthiness of our lives justify us, my most dear colleagues, in repeating the noble claim of St. Paul: "The things which ye have learned, and received, and h seen, in me, these do ve, and the God of peace shall be with you."

CONCLUSION

Let us continue then, dearest brethren, to pray, to do penance, to attend and to receive Holy Communion for the sacred intention of our dear country. . . . I recom-mend parish priests to hold a funeral service on behalf of our fallen soldiers, on every Saturday.

Money, I know well, is scarce with you all. Nevertheless, if you have little, give of that little, for the succour of those among your fellow countrymen who are without shelter, without fuel, without sufficient bread. have directed my parish priests to form for this purpose, in every parish, a relief committee. Do you second them charitably and convey to my hands such alms as you can save from your superfluity, if not from your necessities, so that I may be the distributor to the destitute who are known to me. Our distress has moved the other

nations. England, Ireland, and Scotland, France, Holland, the United State, Canada, have vied with each other in generosity for our relief. It is a spectacle at once most mournful and most noble. Here again is a revelation of the Providenevil. In your name, my brethren. and in my own, I offer to the Govern ments and the nations that have succoured us the assurance of our admiration and our gratitude.

With a touching goodness our Holy Father Benedict XV. has been the as affect the general interests, and first to incline his heart towards us. When, a few moments after his elec tion, he deigned to take me in his arms. I was bold enough then to ask that the first Pontifical Benediction he spoke should be given to Belgium already in deep distress through the war. He eagerly closed with mywish. which I knew would also be yours To day, with delicate kindness, His Holiness has taken the step to renounce the annual offering of Peter's Pence from Belgium. In a letter dated on the beautiful festival of the Immaculate Virgin, Dec. 8th, he assures us of the part he bears in our sufferings, he prays for us, calls down upon our Belgium the protection of

Heaven, and exhorts us to hail in the then approaching advent of the Prince of Peace the dawn of better days. Here is the text of this valued message :

LETTER FROM THE POPE

"To our dear Son, Désiré Mercier, Cardinal Priest of the Holy Roman Church, of the title of St. Peter in Chains, Archbishop of Malines, at

OUR DEAR SON

HEALTH AND APOSTOLIC BENEDICTION

"The fatherly solicitude which we feel for all the faithful whom Divine Providence has entrusted to our care, causes us to share their griefs even more fully than their joys. "Could we then fail to be moved

by keenest sorrow at he sight of the Belgian nation which we so dearly love, reduced by a most cruel and most disastrous war to this lament-able state.

"We behold the King and his august family, the members of the

Government, the chief persons of the country, bishops, priests, and whole people enduring evils which must fill with pity all gentle hearts, and which parental love, must be the first to compassionate. Thus, under the burden of this distress and this an end to such misfortunes. May Meanwhile we strive to mitigate, as far as in us lies, this excessive suffering. Therefore the step taken by our dear son, Cardinal Hartmann, Archbishop of Cologne, at whose re-quest it was arranged that French or Belgian priests detained in Ger-many should have the treatment of officers, gave us great satisfaction, and we have expressed our thanks him for his action.

'As regards Belgium, we have been informed that the faithful of that nation, so sorely tried, did not neglect, in their piety, to turn towards us their thoughts, and that even under the blow of so many calamities they proposed to gather this year, as in all preceding years, the offer-ings of St. Peter, which supply the necessities of the Apostolic This truly incomparable proof of of attachment with admiration; we accept it with all the affection that is due from a grateful heart; but having regard to the painful position in which our dear children are placed, we cannot bring ourselves to favour the fulfilment of that project, noble though it is. If any alms are to be gathered, our wish is that the money should be entirely devoted to the succour of the Belgian people, who are as illustrious by reason of their nobility and their piety as they are to day worthy of all sympathy.

"Amid the difficulties and anxieties of the present hour we would remind the sons who are so dear to us that the arm of God is not shortened, that He is ever able to save, that His ear

"Let the hope of Divine aid increase with the approach of the festival of Christmas and of the mysteries that celebrate the birth of our Lord, and recall that peace which God proclaimed to mankind by His.

angels.
"May the souls of the suffering and afflicted find comfort and consolation in the assurance of the paternal tenderness that prompts our prayers. Yes, may God take pity upon Belgian people, and grant them the abundance of all good.

"As a pledge of these prayers and good wishes, we now grant to all, and in the first place to you, Our dear son, the Apostolic Benediction. "Given in Rome, by St. Peter's, on the feast of the Immaculate Concep-

MCMXIV, the first of Our Pontificate. BENEDICT XV. POPE." One last word, my dearest breth-

ren. At the outset of these troubles I said to you that in the day of the liberation of our territory we should give to the Sacred Heart and to the Blessed Virgin a public testimony of our gratitude. Since that date I have been able to consult my colleagues in the Episcopate, and, in agreement with them, I now ask you to make, as soon as possible, a fresh effort to hasten the construction of the national basilica, promised by Belgium in honour of the Sacred Heart. As soon as the sun of peace shall shine upon our country, we shall redress our ruins, we shall restore shelter to those who have none, we shall rebuild our churches, we shall reconstitute our libraries, and we shall hope to crown this work of reconciliation by raising, upon the heights of the capital of Belgium, free and Catholic, that national basilica of the Sacred Heart. Furthermore, every year we shall make it our duty to celebrate solemnly, on the Friday following Corpus hristi, the festival of the Sacred Heart.

Lastly, in every region of the diocese the clergy will organize an annual pilgrimage of thanksgiving to one of the privileged sanctuaries of the Blessed Virgin, in order to pay especial honor to the Protectress of our national independence and uniersal Mediatrix of the Christian commonwealth.

The present letter shall be read on the following dates—on the first day of the year and on the Sundays following the day on which it shall severally reach you.

Accept, my dearest brethren, my wishes and prayers for you, and fo the happiness of your families, and receive, I pray you, my paternal be diction.

D. J. MERCIER Archbishop of Malines

FIVE MINUTE SERMON

FOURTH SUNDAY AFTER EPIPHANY

DETRACTION AND CALUMNY "Owe no man anything, but to love one another; for he that loveth his neighbor hath, fulfilled the law." (Rom. xiii, 8)

In order to bear fruit, the spirit of charity must be felt in the heart of the Christian. Christianity does not consist in external forms and ceremonies alone. Praying, giving alms and other good works are but the external manifestations of what the feelings of the heart should be. They are resorted to in order to excite these feelings in the heart. Still a person may pray, fast, give alms liberally, and appear outwardly good and pious and at the same time be bad, impious, rotten to the core.

Let us not deceive ourselves, then, the impairing that we are acceptable.

imagining that we are acceptable God because we do those good works and appear outwardly to be good. The Pharisees believed them selves to be good because they fasted and prayed; still Our Lord declared that they that they were "white sepulchres full of dead men's bones and all

If we do all kinds of good works and have not charity we are nothing. Charity—love is the fulfilling of the law. If we love God, we love our neighbor, and if we love our neighbor, we will say and do nothing to

A person's good name, his char-A person's good name, his char-acter, is more precious than gold and silver. It is surprising how many apparently good Christians, who fast, pray and attend to their other re-ligious duties—it is surprising, I say, how many there are who do not scruple to detract, to backbite, to calumniate, to talk uncharitably of calumniate, to talk uncharitably of their neighbor. Such persons are like the Pharisees, rotten on the in-side. They have not the spirit of Christianity. They are not true Christians. They do not love God; for if they did, they would love their neighbor. They who love their neighbor will say nothing to injure him

him
Detraction or backbiting injures
the good name of our neighbor by
revealing things that are true. Calumny injures him by telling what is
false. Slander is malicious circulation of calumny or detraction. Every one has a right to his good name, though he may have done sin-ful things that are not public.

They who make public those things ibute to him things that he ither did nor thought of, take away his good name, which to him is more than money, temporal possessions, or maybe more than life itself. "A good name is better than great riches." says Solomon, "and good favor is above silver and gold."

Remember how you have felt when hings were said of you that lowered you in the estimation of those around you, whose opinion you valued.

This thought will assist you in

inderstanding the injustices you are, serhaps, daily inflicting upon others by your busy, ungovernable, uncharbale, tonger ole tongue. You cannot be too careful about what you say of your neighbor. If what you say lessens your neighbor in the opinion of others you are guilty of the sin of detraction. You have inflicted an injury which may ruin him or her forever. You have sown discord where there was peace, disturbed the quiet of families and caused trouble, nsions and quarrels among

By the sin of detraction, by backbiting, calumny and talebearing is caused an injury which it is difficult, almost impossible, to repair. But reparation must be made, or heaven will be lost. The detractor must not conly restore the good, name universal. only restore the good name unjustly taken away; but he must also make reparation and restitution for all the temporal damage caused to the person. Simple detraction or backbiting may be repaired by saying before the same persons who listened to the de-traction that you did wrong in speak ing badly of the person; but calumny cannot be repaired without retracting all that was said, even, if by so doing you do an injury to yourself.

doing you do an injury to yourself.

The difficulty, impossibility, of repairing the sins of the tongue—backbiting, calumny, talebearing,—is well illustrated by a penance which, it is said, St. Philip Neri imposed upon a certain logueoious woman who was said, St. Philip Neri imposed upon a certain loquacious woman who was continually talking uncharitably of her neighbors. Although the story has often been told, it is such an apt illustration that it will bear repetition. This woman, so the story goes (and she no doubt told it herself) was she no adult to the suit of requestly talking uncharitably of others, saying things that were untrue, things that were true but not public, things that injured others in their reputation and in

She was told by St. Philip Neri, as a penance to get a fowl, kill it, and on a windy day go through the field scattering the feathers in all directions. Having done so he told her to return to him and he would complete the reserve plete the penance.

When she returned he told her to go and gather up the feathers she had scattered. She said it was impossible to do so, as they had been blown far and wide by the wind.

The saint thus gave her a beautiful and a useful lesson, and she was never afterwards known to talk uncharitably of her neighbors; for the truth was indelibly impressed upon her mind, that as the feathers were wafted by the wings of the wind to the four parts of the world, so slanderous conversations, uncharitable remarks, backbiting and calumny are watted by the wings of gossip to all parts, and as it was impossible to

gather together again all the feathers, so, too, is it impossible to repair all the injury done by the long, intermin able tongues of gossips, meddlesome persons and scandal mongers.

If you hear scandal and keep it to yourself but very little harm is done. If you talk about it, unknown harm will be done to thousands by the evil thoughts occasioned; you act the part of the Pharisee yourself, by trying to show your innocence in being shocked at another's sin: you show your lack of love of your neigh

bor by your insatiable craving to abuse, to injure him; and you do him an irreparable injury—an injury you would not like others to do to you if plead in similar size. you if placed in similar circum-stances. And "let him who stands beware lest he fall." To repeat a scandal may be more criminal than to give it; and the person who de lights in talking of the faults of others is in nine cases out of ten worse than those talked about.

The person who listens willingly to detraction, to scandal, to uncharit able talks about neighbors, sins al most as grievously as the one who does the talking. If possible, we should defend our neighbor; or we should show by our looks, our dis-

Let us do on such occasions, as we would wish to be done by. Let us condemn not, that we may not be condemned.

In this, as in everything else re lating to justice or charity, we should follow the golden rule and do unto others as we would have others do

Let us, my dear friends, ask God to impress deeply upon our hearts those maxims of justice and charity; those maxims of justice and charity; never to do unto others, what we would not wish to have done to ourselves; never to say of another what we would not wish to have said of ourselves; never to speak of another as we would not have a the work have said of another as we would

not have others speak of us. Let us, in imitation of our Divine Model, be humble and kind of heart and never say of our neighbor an un kind, an ungenerous, or uncharit-

A HARD NUT TO CRACK

This utterance from the Rev. K. A. Bray, pastor of St. Peter's Episcopal Church, Geneva, N. Y., is well worthy of space in a Catholic publication: To those who are forever harping on the power of the Pope, meaning thereby not his spiritual but his temporal power, the problem set by this war must be a hard nut to crack. Here Roman Catholic fights his brother, each owing allegiance to the same spiritual head, yet each with his life protesting allegiance to different and opposing temporal rulers. Austria, one of Rome's most faithful children neglecting the pressure of Rome, along with Germany so largely independent of Rome, fighting France still very largely Roman Catholic; England dominantly Anglican aided by Ireland herself divided as by a line into Roman Catholic and non-

Roman Catholic camps. If to be a Roman Catholic meuns loyalty to the Pope in antagonism to loyalty to one's country, what is the answer to the present situation?"—Sacred Heart

TEMPERANCE

IF USED IN OTHER INDUSTRIES The number of men employed in the liquor industry is about 100 to \$1,000,000 of capital. This is less than one fifth of the number employed for the same amount of capital in for the same amount of capital in other industries. It is estimated that it the capital used in the liquor business and the money spent on drink were turned into useful channels, it would give employment to over 3,000 000 more men and support 15 000 000 more men and support 15,000,000 more population in the United States.

AN UNMITIGATED EVIL

The Pharmacopoeia of the United States, a book containing the formulas and methods of preparation of medicines for the use of druggists is being revised at the present time by a representative body of physicians and pharmacists. Harvey W. Wiley, best known to the general public through his connection with national pure food law, is chairman of this committee. The National Advocate

quotes Dr. Wiley as saying:
A most interesting discussion has A most interesting discussion has lately taken place respecting the ad-visability of eliminating brandy and whisky from the pages of the Ninth Revised Pharmacopoeia of the United States. As chairman of the Pharma copoeial Convention and a member of the Committee on Revision, I have engreatly interested in this matter The arguments which have been advanced in favor of the deletion of these articles are, in my opinion, sound and convincing in so far as principle is concerned.

principle is concerned.

In brief, the argument is as follows: namely, that brandy and whisky are no longer used as medicines in sufficient quantities to warrant their retention by the Pharmaco-poeia. This fact has been ascer poeia. This fact has been accer-tained by consulting large numbers of acting practitioners, who have re-sponded in such a manner as to show that brandy and whisky are rarely found at the present time in the pre-scriptions of the most progressive physicians. What the final decision on this matter will be; of course, am unable to say; but at any rate, I may say that if brandy and whisky are retained in the Pharmacopoeis it will be on the ground that there are a few physicians who sometimes prescribe them, and hence, as they are sometimes used as medicines, it would hardly be fair to remove from the Pharmacopoeia, where they have

found a place for many years. Aside from the practice of medicine what is the general trend of scienti ught on this question? I may answer that in my opinion the gree weight of scientific evidence an force of scientific opinion at the present time lead to the conclusion that alcohol in its various forms is an unmitigated evil.

His Wife Was

Like an Icicle

All winter long she suffered from

the cold. One day in March she said to her husband, "If you really love me, Tom, you'll have that anti-

quated heating system downstairs chucked out and a good one put

Gates out to our plant to learn about

Safford

Boilers and Radiators

For over two hours we talked to

Gates. He was from Missouri.

He had to be shown our plant. He

had to be shown the Safford heating

system section by section. But a

Safford is being put in his house now.

Gates discovered that the

Dominion Radiator Company is an

organization of specialists, devoted

exclusively to the manufacture of

hot water and steam heating sys-

tems. The moulders, for instance,

have to be specialists in their line,

because the Safford boiler is designed

very differently to an ordinary boiler.

skill to cast it. You see, the whole

boiler is most scientifically con-

structed. It is built to keep Gates'

wife, and your wife, warm and comfortable, and burn less coal than

Starting with the water cold, a

Safford system heats the water and

circulates it through an 11-room

has 111% fewer parts, which means

DOMINION RADIATOR COMPANY

ches at Montreal, Winnipeg, Calgary, Vancouver, St. John, Hamilton

TORONTO, CANADA

house in 12 minutes. Others require three times as long. A Safford boiler

others.

moulders must acquire great

And that's what sent Tom

it is 111% less likely to

Those are but two

features briefly told.

But such facts cannot

fail to set you thinking.

So you might just as

well relieve your mind.

Put your name and

address on a post-card-

request for our "Home

Heating" booklet. It

will only take a minute

or two of your time-

time never better in-

vested. And you'll get

full particulars about

the Safford system by

return mail.

get out of order.

Cured Both Stomach Trouble and Headaches PALMERSTON, ONT., JUNE 20th. 1913.

"FRUIT-A-TIVES"

PALMERSTON, ONT., JUME 20th. 1913.

"I really believe that I owe my life to "Fruit-a-tives". Ever since child-hood, I have been under the care of physicians and have been paying doctor's bills. I was so sick and worn out that people on the street often asked me if I thought I could get along without help. The same old Stomach Trouble and distressing Headaches nearly drove me wild. Sometime ago, I got a box of "Fruit-a-tives" and the first box did me good. My husband was delighted and advised a continuation of their use.

Today, I am feeling fine, and a

sed a continuation of their use.

Today, I am feeling fine, and a physician meeting me on the street, noticed my improved appearance and asked the reason. I replied, "I am taking Fruit-a-tives". He said, "Well, if Fruit-a-tives are making you look so well, go ahead and take them. They are doing more for you than I can".

MRS. H. S. WILLIAMS.

"Fruit-a-tives" are sold by all dealers at 50c. a box. 6 for \$2.50, trial size 25c. or sent postpaid on receipt of price by Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa

Personally I would be glad to se nation wide and world-wide prohibi-tion. While I am not a testotaler I am a prohibitionist. I am firmly convinced that the evils produced by alcohol so far outweigh any of its supposed advantages as to lead logically to but one conclusion, namely, the absolute prohibition of the use of alcohol for any but indus-

TOO BAD!

The proud citizen drinks on whisky and then another. He looks around slowly with his eyes a little out of focus, and says "You must excuse me to night, boys. This is not usual with me. But my little boy is awful sick."

And the sympathetic friend says: "Too bad; have another." Meanwhile the wife is at home with that sick boy, kneeling beside him, enduring the agony without whisky's help. She is up all night, and white faced the next day she takes care of the other children. She takes care even of the brute who ome with his grief thoroughly drowned, disturbs the house blubbers in self pity.—Chicago Amer-

BAPTIST PROFESSOR'S VIEW

Professor Henry C. Vedder, who holds the chair of Church History in the Baptist Theological Seminary of Crozer, Pa., recently wrote a book in which he fails to show the usual idolatrous admiration of Martin Luther exhibited by so many non-Catholics. "The reformation was not a great ethical force," Professor Vedder says; "instead of this ethical revolution Luther offered novelties in doctrine, a theological reform, not an ethical." Speaking of the Reformation, he says: "The immediate results of the movem are disappointing; it did almost nothing for social reorganization, for civil and religious liberty, for the enlightenment of the world and its advance in civilization." Writing of the personality of Luther, Prof. Vedder says: "If Luther himself, as a passage in his "Table Table 19. a passage in his 'Table Talk' tells us, did not so much as know that there was a Bible, until he found one in the Erfurt Library, he must have taken great pains to keep himselt in such a state of ignorance." And again: "The common impression that Luther invented German Hymnology is utterly wrong." As for Luther's scholarship we are told: "Luther's was not a systematic mind; at bottom he was neither philosopher nor theologian, and at no time of his life did he show himself capable of working out a system atic and complete expression and defense of any doctrine."—The Mis-

PRIDE

Ever since the wicked angels fell, says Bishop Hedley, pride has been the curse of spiritual and rational beings, and has turned them from their God. Pride means conceit, vainglory, disobedience and rebellion. These evil dispositions characterize the world as we know it at this moment. Men will tell you they believe in a God; but they will reject with scorn the idea of obeying God's commands or those of His Church. They will tell you that what pass for God's commandments are probably nothing more than the ideas of men. They will protest that neither Church nor priest nor book has any Church nor priest nor book has any title to command them; and they will declare that they intend to be free in thought, word and deed, so the story of the free in thought, word and deed, so the story of the free in thought, word and deed, so the story of the free in thought, word and deed, so the story of the free in thought, word and deed, so the story of the free the free of all peoples: far as they do not interfere with civil society. We cannot too clearly and definitely face the fact that this spirit of disabellaria. and definitely face the fact that this spirit of disobedience and rebellion, vainglory, and pride in all its branches, is 'the exact contradiction of the spirit of Jesus Christ. It is the very essential mark of what He denounced as "the world." The impulse to refuse to obey, to scorn dictation, to criticise, and to set up as our own masters in religious and moral matters—this spirit may be natural; it may extremely human; no doubt it is so. But we have to make our choice. Either we give in to it,

and then we range ourselves in the army that is opposing Christ; or we elect to be Christ's disciples, and then we must repress and resist it to the utmost. The Gospel spirit is that of humility, child like docility and obedience. In all that concerns religion and morality, it is most essentially the Gospel spirit to obey, not only the commandments of God, but the instructions of men whom Christ has appointed to teach.

ants, receiving, desire to carry lighted to magnify Thy name; that, by offering them to Thee, the Lord our God, being worthily inflamed with the holy fire of Thy most sweet charity, we may deserve to be presented in the holy temple of Thy glory."

And still more beautiful is this prayer:

"O Lord Jesus Christ, the true Light, Who enlightenest every man coming into this world; pour forth

(A Transcript from Life

I only poor old Dago, I clean the street front of Cap' How'd's house. He stop me one day, ask me; "You married? How many children you got?" I tell him, "Seven children." He tell him, "Seven children." He say, "You good man, work good; how much you get?" I tell him. He says, "I try get you better job, better pay." He goes around two weeks to get me better job. I remem' Cap' How'd when I am a thousand years deed." The young father in Italy would dead; my own father in Italy would not have done it for me.

not have done it for me.
One day they tell me. Cap' How'd dead. I go to City Hall and tell, "No more work to day; Cap' How'd dead."
I go right up Cap' How'd house.
Girl opens door, not knows me.
Think only dirty street man. Close door. I go home. Put on best clothes. Go back Cap' How'ds house. Girl say Mis' How'd too busy. Can't see no one. I go to minister, tell him I want see Cap' How'd. He tell Mis' How'd. She sends man tell me

This time Mis' How'd opens door Brings me right up to room where Cap' How'd lying. I take my beads out and show them to Mis' How'd. She cries and smiles, says "Yes." kneel down and say prayer for Cap' How'd. Then she let me kiss him on his forehead. "Goodbye," I say. "He was my father. He was my father."—The Congregationalist.

GREAT MEN AND THEIR

All remember O Connell's answe when he was upbraided for reciting his beads in the corridor of the English House of Commons, while his colleagues were in hot debate in the interests of their faith and of their

"I'm helping them more than you

M. de Castelnau, a French Senator whose death has just been chronicled was an ardent a lover of the beads as the great emancipator. He was a Catholic who believed in frequent Communion; every Sunday and all feast-days saw him at the altar.

The secret of his power was fervent prayer, and not content with the beads, he often recited the fifteen decades of the Rosary, the little office of the Blessed Virgin Mary, and besides, he went daily for advice to his Friend in the Tabernacle. His beads brought him victory at the polls. "What do you want us to do with adeputy who says his beads every day?" said one; but these beads did not prevent him from being listened to with attention every time he spoke in the Chamber, where he often breated with rare ability questions of law, finance and agriculture.—Catholic News.

THE FEAST OF THE PURIFICATION

The feast of the Purification occurs this year, on Tuesday, February 2, and on that feast comes the well-" blessing of the candles," known from which it gains its other name of Candlemas Day. Yet, when we the well known blessing," are we so sure that it is truly known to many among us? Do we realize the occasion from which it takes tits rise? Do we know the beauty of the Divine office which are recited for this feast? Do we understand how suitable they are for our own souls and their salvation? See what the Gradual says :

We have received Thy mercy, O "We have received Thy mercy, O God, in the midst of Thy temple; according to Thy name, O God, so also is Thy praise unto the ends of the earth. As we have heard, so have we seen, in the city of our God and in His holy mountain. Alleluia, alleluia. The old man carried the Child; but the Child governed the

old man. Alleluia." These words are explained by the gospel, which tells us how the stainless and immaculate Mother Mary went, nevertheless, humbly to the temple like an ordinary mother, for her ceremonial purification after the holy birth of her Divine Child ; and how aged Simeon took Him in his arms and blessed God, and said, in the sublime chant now known as the Nunc Dimittis:

Now Thou dost dismiss Thy servant, O Lord, according to Thy word tiles, and the glory of Thy people Israel."

This "Light" is symbolized by

Light, Who enlightenest every man coming into this world; pour forth Thy blessing upon these tapers, and sanctify them with the light of Thy grace; and mercifully grant that as these lights, enkindled with the visible fire, dispel nocturnal darkness, so our hearts, illumined by invisible so our hearts, illumined by invisions fire—that is, the brightness of the Holy Spirit—may be free from the blindness of all vice; that our mental eye being purified, we may perceive those things which are pleasing to Thee and profitable to our salvation; so that, after the dark perils of this world we may deserve to arof this world, we may deserve to ar or this world, we may deserve to arrive at never failing light; through Thee, Jesus Christ, Saviour of the world, Who in perfect Trinity livest and reignest God, world without end. Amen."

We have shown, here, only a part of the beauty and appropriateness, and of the applicability to our own spiritual needs, that the divine offices for the feast contain. May it lead us to seek more earnestly into the treasures of the Missal and thus to keep in touch more and more completely with the mind and spirit of our Mother, the Catholic Church -The Sacred Heart Review.

BACK TO GOD

"Of evil cometh good." Our foreign exchanges have columns tell-ing us that the war has already brought back the thought of higher things to many minds and hearts. the Catholic countries from the first day of mobilization, churches have been filled, confessionals besieged and the Communion rails crowded. Priests have heard confessions in the military wagons, in the streets and in the barrack yard. No doubt, the fear, the just fear of death, has tend-

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ed this, but still more effectual has been the need felt of having recourse to the Almighty upon Whom depends the fate of each one and the fate of the country.—Pittsburg Catholic.



If the urine is hot and scalding—is too free or too scanty—or shows brick dust deposits or mucus—get Gin Pills to-day and cure yourself of Kidney and Bladder troubles, "Made in Canada". 50c. box, 6 for \$2.50. Free treatment if you write National Drug & Chemical you write National Drug & Chemical Co. of Canada, Limited, Toronto. 270

FOR ROUGH SKIN, SORE

Campana's Italian Balm is soothing, healing and pleasant. Send 4 cents for sample — 27 years on the market. E. G. WEST & CO., 80 GEORGE ST., TORONTO.

For Sore Muscles. Strains, Sprains, Bruises

Rub in a few drops of Absorbine, Jr. and you will be agreeably surprised at the prompt relief. It reduces inflammation and swelling — allays pain and

tion and swelling—allays pain and swelling—allays pain and soreness.

Used as a Rub-Down after violent exercise or physical exertion it puts vim and energy into jaded muscles, limbers the joints and gives the body the glow of health. Rub-down made by adding one ounce Absorbine, Jr. to a quart of water or witch hazel.

Absorbine, Jr. is more than a liniment—it is a positive germicide and therefore its uses and efficiency are doubled. Applied to cuts, wounds, sores, it kills the germs, makes the part aseptically clean, and promotes rapid healing. Economical as only a few drops are required at an application.

application.

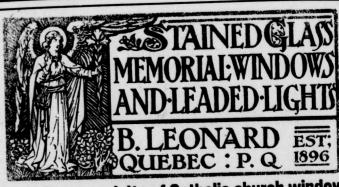
Made of herbs and safe to use any

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At all druggists, \$1.00 per bottle or postpaid. Manufactured only by W. F. Young, P. D. F., 299 Lymans Bldg., Montreal, Can.

It Stamps One "Out of Date" To Use "White Phosphorus" Matches

It is now illegal to make "White Phosphorus" Matches In a year's time it will be unlawful to sell them. If you're strong for efficiency, for "Made in Ganada," and "Safety First," you will use

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Center of business on Grand Circus Park. Take Woodward car, get off at Adams Avenue ABSOLUTELY FIREPROOF

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CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

A SUMMIT START

How to get a start upward towards access, is what puzzles some young ien. Here is a fine suggestion for

"All I need is a start in life," said a young man who thought more of himself than other people thought of him, and who complained daily of how little "luck" he had. "Give me that, and I will soon show the world that is in me!"

You will be attracted toward this holy man when we tell you he was the third general of the Jesuits and the fourth Duke of Gandia. You will be more interested in him as general of the Jesuits than as a great duke.

what is in me!"
"Why not take a summit start, to then?" said his listener. has that in his power, you

Mountain climbing?"

"In a way it is. You furnish your own mountains, though. A summit start means putting into practice the motto of a great order, a motto that has been found to fit all sorts and conditions of men. It is such a valditions of men. It is such a valuable motto that it ought always to e written in capitals:

"'THE HIGHEST POINT OF ACHIEVEMENT OF YESTERDAY, IS THE STARTING POINT OF TO-

"You see, the more you do one day, the better start you can have the next, and no one can hinder you. There's no luck about it—it's as sure and scientific as anything can be. Better try it."

The young man did.
The first day, he discovered—for he was not by any means a fool—that yesterday's summit was almost un verable on account of its close-to sea level. He could hardly That was illuminating, and did him good, though it hurt. He went to vork at once to make to day into a better yesterday when its turn came. better yesterday when its turn came.
Then to morrow became a better
yesterday still to start from. Soon
the whole dead level of his days became a varied set of ascents. He was mountain climbing, and nobody could stop him from going up in the world, because, as the other man had truly remarked, he furnished his own mountains as he went along, and was beholden to nobody.

The motto that gave him his start good motto for every-It belongs to everybody. No one can monopolize it. Everyone's opportunity to make a summit start is bound up in his own place and personality. It can-not be taken away, or even limited except by his own will and action.

There is always some best point of departure in every yesterday. There is some better moment than the rest, some glimpse of possibility, some act of kindness or self-control. That is the thing to pick out and start from
upward and on. Just to look over yesterday, and try to pick out its best and highest summit, is an exercise of real moral value. It may humiliate a man to find that his highest bit of yesterday was only a hairbreadth above failure. Never mind—a hairbreadth will do to begin with. It's the highest thing there, anyhow, and so it is the best thing to start from in sight.

Once started, the nearest possible summit is the one to make for and conquer, and have ready to start from to morrow. There are no air castles on this practical route; everything is solid and substantial, what there is of it. The smallest hillock on which one has actually stood yesterday is better than all the cloudland peaks of to morrow that ever were imagined, as far as actual never lift life's level. They only make it look more dreary and dusty, and set people to complaining and longing baselessly for vague and un-deserved happiness. Firm ground half a foot high is better, every time.

"He never does less than his best," was the explanation given of the steady rise and success of a young man, the other day, "and he betters his best most of the time." What had luck to do with such a marcher as that? He outpaced it up the hills. And the lives of earth's great men, indeed, emphasize the summit

THE GENTLEMAN BOY

An eminent educator, addressing an assemblage of parents, said in

"Let your boy with the first lispings of speech be taught to speak ac-curately on all subjects, be they triv-ial or important, and when he becomes a man he will scorn to tell a

lie.
"Early instill into your boy's mind
Undecided, decision of character. Undecided, purposeless boys make namby pamby men, unless to themselves and to

everybody else. "Teach your boy to have an object in view, the backbone to go after it, and then stick.

'Teach your boy to disdain revenge. Revenge is a sin that grows with his strength. Teach him to write kindness in marble, injuries in dust.

" There is nothing that improves a boy's character so much as putting him on his honor—trusting to his honor. I have little hope for the boy who is dead to the feeling of honor. The boy who needs to be continually looked after is on the road to ruin. If treating your boy as a gentleman does not make him a gentleman,

nothing also will. Let your boy wait upon himself he has to depend upon himself the more manly a little fellow he will show himself. Self depend ence will call his talents. The wisest charity is to help a how to help him. charity is to help a boy to help him-

"Happy is the father who is happy in his boy, and happy is the boy who is happy in his father."—Catholic Columbian.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

SAINT FRANCIS BORGIA

You will be attracted toward this

You remember that the general of the Jesuits, Father Wernz, died a few weeks ago or just after the death of Pope Pius X. You see, from the first founder, Saint Ignatius, down to the present day, there has been an unbroken line of generals of the Order of Jesus. Many of them have been canonized.

Saint Francis Borgia was given the name Francis, after Saint Francis of Assisium. His pious parents had great love for Saint Francis of Assisium, and at an early age the little child was taught to honor him.

He was always a pious child and grew in love of God. As he grew to manhood this love increased. His companions were carefully selected y his pious parents; and grew to maturity he had no desire to associate with the vicious. One of his dear friends was Garcilas de Vega, a famous poet, who is honored to day by all who know his writings. The death of the pious empress, Isabel, was indirectly the cause of making Saint Francis Borgia give up the world. He was one of the friends of the emperor, who was asked to accompany the body to Granada. When they arrived at Granada those who had charge of the body had to who had charge of the body had to vouch that it was really the body of the late empress. When the coffin of lead was opened, instead of the beautiful face they had seen so often, was sure the coffin before him contained the same body as the one

entrusted to his charge.

This proof of the nothingness of this life so affected the Duke of Ganda that he turned his whole attention to preparing for his eternal salvation. His duties towards his people were afterwards performed with more carefulness, his life was moulded more and more after that of Saint Ignatius Loyola. To aid him he placed himself under the instructions of Father Peter Le Fevre, who was at one time associated with Saint

to leave the world, or to retire to some Order. An account of how he prepared for this new life would be most interesting. He left Gandia in 1849, with a song of joy on his line. 1549 with a song of joy on his lips. He was ordained a priest of God in the year 1651. Ever after when it was possible he chose the most difficult tasks, the most lowly places in the Order. Often he went the streets ringing a bell and calling the children to study the catechism

What a grand teacher he must have Father Laynoz, second genera of the Jesuits, die in 1565, and Saint Francis Borgia was elected superior of the Order.—Sunday Companion. WHAT THE ALTAR BOY SHOULD REMEMBER

Nothing can be small or unimportant which is connected with a dignity the angels covet. The first requisite is punctuality. Who would keep royalty waiting his own con-

When one is invited to a dinner much party he dresses, not to gratify his own vanity, but to honor his host. You recall the fate of one who neglected to clothe himself in the wed. ding garment. There should be no carelessness or untidiness in the

Every article worn by the priest when saying Mass has a deep religious significance: so too, have the garments of the server a special meaning and are to be treated with the reverent care due to sacred things. Punctuality and proper attire are only the preparation for pub-lic worship — which consists out-wardly of reverent attitudes and of adoring and supplicating words placed upon the lips by Holy Church her-

All this, the altar boy, in his conspicuous place in the sanctuary, should consider, and remember

especially when making the responses in the Mass.

So great is the care of Holy Church to treat the Word, when He becomes flesh and dwells among us, with proper deference, that she has set apart a language for this purpose. In the House of God our mother-

tongue is forgotten, and the noble Latin language is used. Respect for a superior can be shown in no way so manifestly as in the tone and manner of our address. We strive to speak deliberately, gramatically, distinctly. With an equal one may use contractions and colloquialisms; but when God is publicly addressed in the language
He Himself has chosen, each word
should be perfectly enunciated, dropping from the lips like beads of

spoken by him. Words have wings, and once they are set free, like wild birds, can never be recalled. "Set a watch, O Lord, before my mouth, and a door round about my lips," was the prayer of quick tempered King David, and might well be the prayer of each holy bishop, after suffering many in the first place?"

Indeed! Well, you took your time before answering my question. Couldn't you have given me this in the first place?"

No, sir; how could I? I hadn't seen how fast you were walking. Shortly after this occurrence the holy bishop, after suffering many now that I know your pace—"

of us; but most especially of him who serves the priest at the altar and whose lips utter sacred words.— Sacred Heart Review.

MEXICO'S APPEAL

The Catholics of Mexico have appealed to the Catholics of the United States. Down from the caves in the mountains, out from the dismantled and polluted temples, up from the ruins of the desolate convents they are calling for help. There are tears in the voices of their bishops and priests, their religious and nuns. They are homeless and hopeless and hungry. They who chose a single day in the house of the Lord above a thousand years in the dwellings of sinners have been driven forth from the abode of their desires. Mass is the abode of their desires. Mass is not said at many an altar, the light has gone out of their sanctuaries, the door of the tabernacle stands open, and they are exiles from their churches and convents. And all this has come to pass because they love God. They have been tried in the fire and not found wanting, they have given proof of their faith, they have shown their fidelity in suffering. They have been persecuted for ing. They have been persecuted for justice's sake. Theirs has been a glorious part, and like the Christians of old they are proud to have been found worthy to suffer something for

Christ. So much for them, but what of ourselves? What of ourselves? What have we done in the matter? Oh, we have expressed our indignation, but indignation is cold comfort to those in sorrow. We have felt undoubted shame that we should even unwittingly have had some share in the wrong, but our shame has affected only ourselves. Sympathy, too, has welled up in our hearts, but with some notable exceptions it has remained in our hearts, it has borne no fruits; and we know that by its fruits it shall be tested. So far we have done little for the Catholics in Mexico, and this although we are wrong, but our shame has affected Mexico, and this although we are certain that they are the suffering members of Christ. They are those members of Christ. They are those of whom Christ said, "Amen I say to you, as long as you did it to one of these my least brethren, you did it to me." Surely we should be happy to give our Lord to est and to drink, and to take Him in, if He were a stranger without a place whereon to lay His head. What a mysterious thing it is, that what we do for His friends, He counts as done to Himself, as a personal favor writ-ten down in the book of life against the dread day of judgment! And the converse is true as well, if we refuse. In both cases He says, did it to me." The appeal of Mexico is not, indeed, so urgent or so in-In both cases He says, timate that it involves for us the extreme penalty or even the slight displeasure of Christ; but it is a retusal all the same to do it for Him And if our reason for doing so is mere thoughtlessness or selfishness, ought we not to be ashamed? We have given Christmas presents to our friends. Why not offer a present now to the Christ Child, to be given to His brethren who are in bitter need? A blessing will come from the Master for all those who put it in His power to say, "You did it for me." Nor is it only the rich who should take this to heart. We know should take this to hears. We know that our Lord rejoiced exceedingly over the widow's mite. Children, too, might do something, for Christ is the children's King, and little babes are dying in Mexico of hunger and pestilence. Some slight act of self denial, a pleasure foregone, a luxury deferred, will mean little to

ties of life.—America. A WORD ABOUT ST. BLAISE

It is at this season of the year when "the grippe" is so generally prevalent, that the devout Catholic nother, with a sigh of relief, antici pates the approaching feast of St. Blaise, through whose intercession she trusts her flock of little ones may be preserved, during the coming year, from ailments of the throat.

Yet, nothwithstanding the prompt-ness with which the children, at the proper time, are hustled off "to have their throats blessed," it is likely that but few, even of the saint's clients, know anything about him, or the origin of the custom of blessing

throats in his honor.

Alban Butler, in his "Lives of the Saints," tells us that St. Blaise lived n Armenia, towards the close of the third century, and in the earlier part of this life and its transient pleasures and while practising the medical profession, God revealed to him the utter emptiness of this life, inspiring him with the resolution to devote his remaining years to the pursuit of sanctity, and the salvation of souls. In the course of time he was made a bishop, and won the affection of his people by his shining virtues and the many miracles he performed in be

half of the ill. Persecutions of the Christians being renewed around him, he was finally apprehended and conducted to On his way there he was beping from the lips like beads of gold.

Surely this was one of the ways in which St. John Berchmanns performed his duties perfectly. No unbecoming word, we know, was ever spoken by him. Words have wings, and once they are set free, like wild birds, can never be recalled. "Set a watch, O Lord, before my mouth, and ailments, which are usually thereby

MANY BRANDS OF BAKING POWDER CONTAIN ALUM WHICH IS AN INJURIOUS ACID. THE INGREDIENTS OF ALUM BAKING POWDER ARE SELDOM PRINTED ON THE LABEL. IF THEY ARE, THE ALUM IS USUALLY REFERRED TO AS SULPHATE OF ALUMINA OR SODIC ALUMINIC SULPHATE. MAGIC BAKING POWDER THE ONLY WELL-KNOWN MEDIUM-PRICED BAKING POWDER MADE IN CANADA THAT DOES NOT CONTAIN ALUM. AND WHICH HAS ALL ITS INGREDIENTS

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WINNIPEG TORONTO, ONT. MONTREAL.

True enough," said the other-"true enough. You are the most circumspect informant I ever met in

all my life. Here's a coin for a smoke and a glass of wine, when

you're through with your day's work."

And as the learned professor con-tinued his journey he kept repeating to himself: "A most uncommon

stamp of mind. I maintain that."—
Ave Maria.

MOTHER

Backward, turn backward, O Time in

Make me a child again, just for to

In what has not at some time

sweet old song, bringing with it may.

be, the half forgotten accents of a voice long hushed and turning and

the light again to the tear-dimmed pictures that have hung so long on the walls of the past. And as the

wizard, Memory renews the scenes of the long ago, how we long "for touch of a vanished hand and the sound of

Though the frosts of many win-ters have falled upon our heads and Time's relentless fingers have graven

their records upon our faces the

glance is backward cast o'er the well-remembered forms that lie in

the silence of the past." In the cen-

ter of every picture, the light of every scene, there stands forth one face and one form, that of "Mother."

The source of every flood, the center

of all the love and consolation and

lessing of childhood, the inspiration

of the vigorous years of hopeful youth and of manhood's time of

achievement, the tender memory of

life's autumn years, the love of mother is born earliest, lives longest

It may be that we can thank God that no word of ours ever added to her burdens caused her a heart-

ache; if so, even God Himself

could give no greater consolation to declining years. But if remorse brings back the record of cruel word

or unloving act only God's forgive-

Though far may be separated the

scenes of early years, though our eyes may first have opened upon the

north, we have in common the love

gone before, and is watching and

derly where her dear dust lies the garlands of our loving memories

dedicating to her the white flower of purer living.

If her presence still adds its light

to our lives let us not keep back the

flowers to place upon her tomb, but

give them into her living hands that

brighten life's afterglow as the

shadows of evening fall.—The Casket.

THE IRON CROSS

HISTORY OF GERMAN DISTINC-

TION FOR VALOR ON THE

BATTLEFIELD

Shortly after the opening of hos

tilities the German Kaiser following the precedent established by William

I, reinstituted the famous Order of the Iron Cross. The New Yorker Staats Zeitung furnishes an inter-esting history of this coveted mak

of distinction which is awarded solely for the performance of deeds of the highest valor on the field of battle.

King Frederick William III. of

Prussia founded the order on March

10, 1813, as a reward for services rendered to the Fatherland in the

Napoleonic wars. The plainness of

the iron insignia was intended to

a narrow silver band just inside the

mounted by a small crown, and the date 1813. As is customary in the case of royal orders, there were two

classes and a grand cross, the latter

twice the regular size. In 1841 a permanent endownment was added paying fixed annual sums to the wear-

originally instituted. At that time the three oak leaves were dropped

and the letter W, the crown, and the date 1870 were substituted for the original marks, but the leaves were restored by an order of the Imperial Council in 1895. The decoration as

oun of the south or the snows

of home and mother. If she

waiting our coming, let us pla

burden of the years falls away

ed the haunting refrain of that

Thy flight:

a voice that is still."

and dies last.

ness can wipe it out.

night.

ruel torments, died at the hands of his executioners and is honored by

MAGIC

BAKING

POWDER

TAINS NO ALUN

his executioners and is honored by
the Church as a martyr, his feast being celebrated February 3.

The candles used in the ceremony
on that day are specially blessed for
the purpose, the formula translated
into English being as follows:

"Almighty and most merciful God,
Who by a single word didst create all
the various things in the world; and
Who didst wish that that same Word
through which all things were made

through which all things were made should become Incarnate for the re formation of mankind; Who art great and immense, terrible and deserving of all praise, and the Maker of won derful things, for the confession of whose faith the glorious martyr and bishop Saint Blaise, despising different kinds of torments, did happily attain the palm of martyrdom; and Who among other graces, did bestow upon him the special gift of curing by Thy power all ills of the throat, we humbly beseach Thy Majesty that regarding not our guilt, but rather appeased by his merits and prayers, Thou wouldst deign to bless and sanctify this wax candle, imparting to it Thy grace, in order that all whose throats are touched by it in the spirit of faith, may be delivered, by the merits of his sufferings, from all ills of the throat; and restored to health, may with joyful hearts give thanks to Thee in Thy Holy Church and praise Thy glorious
Name which is blessed forever and
ever. Through Our Lord Jesus
Christ, Thy Son, Who livest and
reignest with Thee in the unity of
the Holy Ghost, God, world without

end. Amen."
All who wish to receive the benefit of the blessing assemble in the church at an appointed hour; when the priest, bearing two of these candles, lighted, and fastened together in the form of a cross, places them under the chin of the child or person to be lessed, pronouncing in Latin the following invocation:

By the intercession of St. Blaise, bishop and martyr, may God deliver thee from disease of the throat, and from every other ill. In the name of the father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Amen."—Church Progress.

THE AGNOSTIC

The ordinary agnostic has got his facts all wrong. He is a non-believer for a multitude of reasons but they are untrue reasons. He doubts be-cause the Middle Ages were barbaric. He is a non-believer but they weren't; because Darwinism is demonstrated, but it isn't; because miracles do not happen, but they do; because the monks were lazy, but they were very industrious; because luxury deferred, will mean interection us who have many good things, but nuns are unhappy, but they are particularly cheerful; because Christian art was sad and pale, but it was picked out in peculiarly bright colors, gay with gold; because modern science is moving away from the supernatural, but it isn't—it is moving towards the supernatural with the rapidity of a railway train.—Gilbert K. Chesterton.

A CIRCUMSPECT INFORMANT

A gentleman, presumably a German A gentleman, presumably a German professor, who was traveling on foot from Brussels to Ostend, by way of Ghent, had just left the last mentioned town when he came upon an old roadmender seated, head bent, by the westle and engaged in broadmender. the wayside and engaged in breaking

"How long will it take me to get to Bruges, my good fellow?" asked the pedestrian stopping beside the old

There was no reply, nor was a remind its wearers of the hard times second inquiry any more successful; that had broughtit into being. It was the road mender answered never a small iron maltese cross inlaid with

"He's deat," said the professor to himself. "The administration ought to have more sense than to hire such employees. They can't give one any information, or help one in any way." And continuing to grumble, he pro-

ceeded on his journey.
Scarcely had he walked fifty yards, however, when the old fellow called

out to him:

"Sir! I say, sir!"

The surprised traveler turned around, exclaiming, as he walked back: "Oh, ho! So you are no longer deat! You've recovered your voice perfectly I see. Well, what is it? What do you want of me?" ers of the decoration.
On July 19, 1870, the day that
France again declared war on Prus
sia, the order was revived by King
William I. on the same conditions as it? What do you want of me?"
"Sir, it will take you at least two

hours to get to Bruges."
"Indeed! Well, you took your

The Grand Cross is conferred only on commanding officers who have won a decisive battle followed by the forced retirement of an enemy, for the capture of an important fort, or for successfully defending a fort against the enemy's capture. In addition to the soldiers who have won the cross for individual acts of distinguished water it has been successful. inguished valor, it has been granted to all the members of regiments that have performed especially meritorious service. There is no decoration for a German military man that carries with it greater glory than the iron Cross, and it is significant that the thousands of veterans who pos sess this priceless decoration always been looked upon with the most profound respect by the entire German public.—St. Paul Bulletin.

Hatred is active displeasure, envy passive. We need not wonder that envy turns so soon to hatred.



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you a sample, free? Address LUX Dept., Lever Brothers Limited, Toronto. All grocers 10c.

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[Estab. 1837]. E. Second St., Chicheldall, G.



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There are wheat foods and wheat foods, some "flaked," some "krumbled," some "puffed," some ground into meal-but there's only one

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Il King St. West, Toronto

ON THE BATTLE LINE

AERIAL RAID (Canadian Press Despatch)

London, Jan. 20.-German airmen delivered their long predicted attack on England last night. From a base presumably in Germany they flew over the North Sea to the eastern coast of England, where, for nearly four hours, from 8:20 p. m. until about midnight, they encircled over a group of some six English towns only a little more than 100 miles from London, apparently dropping bombs at will.

So far as has been learned to-day, four or five persons were killed by these missiles, and about as many

more were wounded Whether these airships were Zeppe lin dirigible balloons or aeroplanes has not yet been definitely established. There is increasing belief in London this morning that possibly only aeroplanes took part in the

There has been no news so far to day to confirm the report current last night that a Zeppelin had been brought down on the English coast. On the contrary, it now appears as though all the German raiders have returned whence they came.

The most important towns over which the German airmen appeared were Sandringham, Yarmouth, Sher-ingham, Hunstanton, Cromer, Hea-cham, Dersingham and King's Lynn. King George had left Sandringham only a few hours before the Germans

visited it.

Most of the damage inflicted appears to have been on private houses and shops; few public buildings or docks seem to have been

The raiding airmen showed excellent ability to pilot their vessels as well as good marksmanship. In spite of the darkness of the night, they seemed to find their way over the country with remarkable directness, and the accuracy of their aim with bombs was greater than generally had been believed possible.

Special Cable by Central News

London, Jan. 20.—The accurate knowledge of the movements of the British Royal family possessed by the Germans, as shown by the bombs dropped about Sandringham Palace last night but a few hours a George and Queen Mary left there, is the outstanding feature of the comments in London on the air raid

present situation is pretty accurately indicated by Saturday's Globe

One other important and decisive German victory must be noted. The enemy has succeeded in driving the Aisne, capturing some very strong reason to justify it. During the past

Paid-up Capital

ositions hitherto considered almost

GENERAL BOTHA CHECKED SOUTH AFRICAN INVASION

(Special Cable Despatch to the Globe) London, Jan. 22.—A statement by the Governor-General of the Union of South Africa, issued to night by the Official Press Bureau, reviews recent operations to repel the attempted German invasion. The statement

The line of the Orange River is now entirely in our possession, and the enemy's advance into our terri-tory near the eastern border of Ger-man Southwest Africa has been

Globe Summary Jan. 23.

The week end sees the Terrible
Turk beginning to smash the china—
at home; Hungary wondering
whether she can save herself by a
separate peace, and the Austrian
malcontents figuring on offering Galicia and Bosnia to Russia and the
Serbs now instead of being forced
later on to give Galicia to Russia. later on to give Galicia to Russia, Istria to Italy, Transylvania to Roumania, and Bosnia and Herzegovina to the Serbs and Montene-grins. To be shorn of her territories in that wholesale fashion would leave the Dual Monarchy a sorry

Of serious fighting there is still little save in northern Poland, where the Russians press their advance towards Thorn against a growing army of defence. The Germans are now taking the Russian movement seriously, and are trying to stop it by attacking both flanks — the right towards and the left by accession. from Mlawa and the left by crossing the Vistula a little above Ploci There is no information yet as to whether the river is frozen over or the ice is strong enough to hold against bombardment should the Germans attempt to cross upon it. Heavy shells thrown into the air and let fall upon the ice would probably break it up upon explosion. If the Germans, massed on the south bank of the Vistula between Plock and the mouth of the Bzura, could cross the river in force one of the great battles of the war would follow the Russian drive toward Thorn.

In France and Belgium the war of the trenches goes on with gains and losses for both the Allies and Ger-mans. The fighting is keenest again nant. The lighting at the line. At Nieuport the enemy are violently bombarding the Allies' positions on the east bank of the Yser and in the Vosges, where the Germans by some necromancy have been able to bring up great guns, and are shelling the advanced French positions.

A New Yorker, who is not too

neutral to say a word for Britain, has sent to a Toronto friend some rather startling information as to the operations of German incendiaries and other agents in the United States. The factory of the John A. Roebling Co. of Trention, New Jersey, was burned by an incendiary last week while the company were completing an order for 15,000 sets of trace chains and for barbed wire for the French Government. He adds that, following as this does upon the outrages at sea — the mutiny upon the first American Red Cross ship, the destruction by burning of several hundred cavalry horses bought for the British army the numerous and important con-The progress of the week and tracts for supplies for the Allies. An even more startling fact than the Roebling fire is the assertion that German spies are interfering with cable communication. "Much," he says, "is done under the guise of says, "is done under the guise of alleged censorship, which is purely French troops back over the river malicious interference without any

\$7,000,000

week, out of sixteen prepaid cable messages sent from New York by friends of mine to England, nine were delivered and seven fell by the way. Yet all referred to supplies and foodstuffs to be furnished to the Allies. The hand of the German spy in this work is evident, but how to eatch him is the proble

The sinking of British merchant-The sinking of British merchantmen by German submarines will be difficult to meet. If the attempt is made to convoy small fleets of trading vessels by British surface war vessels the German submarines may transfer their activities from the sheep to the shepherds. If British submarines are used for convoy submarines are used for convoy pur-poses there is not likely to be much result. Submarines cannot fight submarines under water. The moment they dive they become buries. moment they dive they become blind.
It is only by rising to the surface and disclosing for a few moments its own location, perhaps by a tell-tale flash on the mirror of its periscope, that a submarine can learn when and where to strike. Some day a very powerful searchlight for use by under-water craft will enable them to search out and destroy one another without rising to the sur-face, but that day is not yet. If many British merchant ships fall a prey to German submarines the naval designers will assuredly have to set about the production of an under-water destroyer of submarines.

The crisis in Egypt comes somewhat sooner than had been anticipated. A report from Cairo announce what sooner than h that an advance guard of the Turkish army has arrived at a point 28 miles east of the Suez Canal, and that large bodies of Turkish troops are at El Arish, a town on the boundary of Palestine and the Syrian desert, 80 miles east of the canal. The Turks as had been anticipated, are taking the coast road for their main advance while a smaller body, chiefly Bedouins, is being concentrated in the Peninsula of Sinai for a movement upon Upper Egypt.

While the Turkish army of Syria is toiling through the desert Enver Pasha is sitting on the safety valve at Constantinople. An Odessa de-spatch says there has been a mutiny in the Turkish capital, and that, following upon its suppression, seven-teen officers hostile to Enver's pol-icies have been shot. The feeling against German domination is grow-ing, however, and it would be no surprise to learn of the assassination of Enver Pasha and the other leader of the Young Turks who plunged their country into what is already seen to be a suicidal war.

CANON SLOAN DEAD

LATE PASTOR OF ST. BRIDGET'S CHURCH, OTTAWA

The Ottawa Citizen, Jan. 18. The death occurred at his residence 179 Murray street, at 10 40 last night of Rev. Canon J. A. Sloan, rector of St. Bridget's Roman Catholic Church. The end was not unexpected for he had been critically ill for several

weeks past. Canon Sloan's death, which will be felt by a very wide circle of friends in the city, was indirectly the result of a regrettable accident which hap-pened to him while driving a rig at the corner of Rideau and Cu land streets on November 1st last. The late Canon Sloan was driving the rig across Rideau street at the horses bought for the British army and at sea two days out from Baltimore, the destruction of Italian army horses, and the stranding at horses, and the stranding at over and throwing Canon Sloan at Slo only last week—it opens up the grave question of the danger of employing Germans or German sympathizers at all in connection with been regaining strength from the accident until three weeks ago, when he took a weak turn and had since been gradually sinking. The late canon received the last sacrament on canon received the last sacrament of Friday when he was anointed by Archbishop Gauthier. Prayers were offered for his spiritual strength in St. Bridget's church last night. His Grace will celebrate the Requiem Mass at the funeral service which will take place at St. Bridget's church on Wednesday morning after which the remains will be trans-ferred to his home, Vinton, Que., by special train engaged by the Knights of Columbus.

WAS BORN AT VINTON, QUE The late Reverend Canon John Andrew Sloan was born at Vinton, Que., on April 28th, 1855, being the third son of John Sloan. He received his education at tae Ottawa College and the Ottawa Seminary of Theology. He graduated from the college in 1879 with the degree of B. A., he having the distinction of being the first to obtain that honor in the college. On October 30th, 1881, he was ordained priest and for some years following was stationed at the Basilca at Ottawa, holding the position of chancellor of the diocese and curate for the Irish congregation. His next appointment was as priest in the parish of Fallowfield, township of Nepean. His ministry there ex tended over fourteen years and in every sense of the word was successful. Among his achievements at Fallowfield was the building of the

at South March. From Fallowfield he went as parish priest of St. Mary's, Hinton-burg in 1901. His ministry here was also marked by notable progress in every direction. When he entered in every direction. When he entered the parish it was heavily in debt, but before the late reverend father left it he had placed it on its feet. Later, in 1904, he was transferred to St.

Barret pontificates excessively.

SACRED IMAGES UNTOUCHED Corporal Johnston. 1st Gordon Highlanders, writing from Hospital at Boulogne, says:

Bridget's, Ottawa, as parish priest, succeeding the late Rev. Canon McCarthy, which position he held at the time of his death. During his ten year's ministry there he carried out many important improvements, among which was the redecoration of the interior and the installation of the fine new organ. The present curate is Rev. Father F. Corkery, who is looking after the parish. Rev. Father Sloan was made a canon of the dioceseby Archbishop Duhamel. He was a member of Ottawa council Knights of Columbus.

The priests who assisted Rev. Canon Sloan as curates at St. Bridget's church were Father Richard, now parish priest at Perkins Mills, Rev. Dr. Foley now in St. Michael's College Toronto.

Rev. Dr. Foley now in St. Michael's College, Toronto, and Father O'Gor-man, of the Blessed Sacrament Church, Ottawa.

Church, Ottawa.

The deceased was always deeply interested in charitable work and was ever ready to extend his influence and aid in any effort which was calculated to improve the condition of the poor. He devoted his life almost wholly to purely parochial matters and in pursuing the career which had been chosen for him he had won innumerable friends and had become intimately acquainted had become intimately acquainted with the spiritual and material needs of his congregation. He was in every sense a good citizen, whose loss will be felt by all who knew him.

The late Canon Sloan leaves his mother and five brothers and one sister. His mother still lives at Vinton, Que., and is one hundred and two years old. One of the brothers is Mr. B. J. Sloan, sheriff of Pontia county, Que. A nephew, Father Thomas J. Sloan, is parish priest in Whitney, Ont., and is expected in Ottawa this evening.

SIDELIGHTS ON THE GREAT WAR

THE GRATITUDE OF BELGIANS

Mr. W. W. Stratton, one of the Oxford Rhodes Scholars, sent to Brussels by the Commission for Relief in Belgium, 3, London Wall Buildings, E. C., has forwarded an interesting report after visiting the country be tween Antwerp and Brussels, for the purpose of observing the actual dis-tribution of food, and of ascertain ing, in so far as possible, the mos that district. He writes:

The actual work of distribution is in the hands of the Belgian Comité National, and I have found the local organizations of this committee thoroughly efficient and well man aged. Up to the present, although doing our best, we have fallen far short of providing for the actual needs of the people. In order to be able to live each Belgian should have one half litre — a little over a pint—of soup and 6 oz.—one half loaf—of bread per day; also about 7 lb. of potatoes per week, a little coffee, and 9 lb. of coal per week to cook the same. At present we can not supply on the average anything approaching this amount, and many are hungry. But they do not com-plain. They do not beg of us — but when other nations can spare them a little bread, how grateful they are!

Cardinal Mercier received me at his palace in Malines. His Eminence expressed deep and sincere appreciation of the relief work in gium, but was unwilling to speak of the remaining needs of his people cause he feared that, as he had al ready written two letters concerning conditions in Belgium to his fellow Churchmen, people would begin to look upon the Belgians as mendiolic priest who was travelling from place to place to help and comfort his took my leave, and there were tears in his eyes as he said : "Go—thank the people for all they are doing for us. The very presence of members of your commission here in this, our

time of misfortune, gives our people confidence. It makes us feel that there are people in the world whose hearts are with us. We can never repay our debt of gratitude, but Belgium will never forget."

IN A TRAPPIST MONASTERY

A Chaplain with the 1st Field Ambulance of the Division of the Expeditionary Force writes:

I have been over to the Trappist nonastery, at the Mont des Cats. Of their community of 55 priests, 8 are serving with the colors, as are also 3 other members of the com-munity. The whole monastery was rebuilt some twenty years ago on a worthy scale, with a stately chapel For the last seven years they have been in fear of expulsion, and had provided themselves with a farm cross the frontier as a safeguard A regenerate France will appreciate such men too highly to part with them. In the monastery grounds lie buried four German soldiers and four English, viz., Capt Gatacre, Lieut. Levita, another officer, and "Private Jones" of the same regi-

A JABBING NOTE French Syndicalism is said to be silent during the war, but French Socialism would seem to be true to Fallowfield was the building of the its anti-clericalism, to judge from parish church and the priest's house the following in the Humanite:

It will be necessary to occupy our selves a little with "laicizing the front." The priests are too busy officiating there, and M. Maurice Barret pontificates excessively.

It would bring the tears to one's eyes to ploture the houses and churches out in Belgium, as they are nothing but ruins; but the best thing about it is—every house you go to that has been shelled, you will always see the holy pictures, Blessed Virgin and Our Lord, always hanging on the wall with nothing the matter Virgin and Our Lord, always hanging on the wall, with nothing the matter with them, though all the ordinary pictures are lying smashed on the floor. The priests and nuns out here deserve some credit for the grand work they are doing, as they are never off their feet—running here and there, in frost, rain, or snow—it's all the same with them.

> ITALY'S GREAT EARTHQUAKE

LOSS OVER SIXTY MILLIONS-RELIEF WORK NOW THE CHIEF CONCERN - POPE

GATHERS \$4,000,000 Rome, Italy, Jan. 18.—Rescue work throughout the wilderness created by the earthquake last Wednesday continues slowly, and under great difficulties. Reported excavation serves to verify earlier reports of the probable casualties, though here and there, despite the fact that five days have elapsed since the catastrophe living victims are being released from their prisons of crumbling plaster and fallen timbers. Thousands of soldiers and civilians

in great numbers, including many members of nobility, gradually are systematizing the relief work and are getting food and shelter supplies over the obstructed roads to stricken towns and villages. The relief work now,however, overshadows the rescue

POPE HAS \$4,000,000 FUND

The Pope, according to the Osserva-tore Romano, has sent aid to all the bishops of the diocese in the earth-quake zone. A fund of 20 000 000 lire (\$4 000,000), has been received by the Pontiff thus far. About 7,500 refugees 2,000 of them injured, have sched Rome to date.

The property loss probably involved is indicated by one estimate that it will exceed 300,000,000 lire \$(60,000,-000). 000). No official figures are as yet

In dozens of villages citizens who escaped with their lives are still in poignant fear that new shocks will umble their buildings about their heads, and are camping out to avoid further danger. Gradually, however, the seismic disturbances are lessen ing, and none has been reported since

yesterday.

The greatest care is being exercised to avert disease epidemic threatened by interrupted water supplies and e abnormal manner in which the people are now living. Physicians, in addition to the work of caring for the wounded are busy putting health measures into effect.

Parents still continue to effect renions in isolated instances with their children, and children with their parents, but in most cases soldiers, after frantic efforts, come upon bodies of nembers of the families and faint hope is transformed to sorrow.

MAN BURIED ALIVE FOUR DAYS
Paris, Jan. 18.—The Rome corres pondent of Matin, telegraphing de-tails of the scenes in the earthquake

district, says: The resoue work continues with great difficulty. A man still living was taken out of the ruins at Avezzano Sunday morning. The railroad s now repaired and supplies are arriving regularly. Prince Scipione orghese, who, in an automobile, was the first to reach the scene with blankets, food, and bandages, has under-taken the task of cabling the names of survivors to their ralatives abroad.

"The frequency of the shocks is diminishing. The seismograph has registered only 11 in the past twentyfour hours in the region of Avezzano and Sora, and none in Rome.

The material damage, it is estimated, will exceed 300,000,000 lire

MANUFACTURES WIPED OUT Avezzano, via Rome, Jan, 18 -- More than 2 000 soldiers are at work on the ruins of Avezzano, which may be described as the wilderness extend ing for several square miles. Lieut. General Marini is in command of the

trocps. Signor Ciufelli, Minister of Public Works, estimates that the number of dead in the Avezzano district will reach 20,000 and that 10,000 persons are injured

So altogether ruined is the city that it is difficult for inhabitants to recognize even streets, much less in-dividual houses. Prince Giovanni Torlonia, while clambering with the Associated Press correspondent over piles of broken masonry, which was once the Via Della Stazione, one of the principal residential streets of the city, remarked: "Almost every housein that long street was occupied by my friends. They were people of importance, forming the intellectual life and enterprise of the city."

Avezzano was extremely important as a manufacturing and trade centre. The sugar works cost \$1,250,000. Some of the machinery may still be of value when it is dug out. Other mills, less important, represented a property value of some \$3,000 000.

PRINCE LABORED WITH REST Prince Torlonia, one of the great

est land proprietors in Italy, is the largest loser financially, but he de-clined to consider that at this time. When seen by the correspondent h had been up all night working personally among the wreckage. great Roman prince looked rather like a coal heaver as he had actually been laboring physically in the work of rescue.

Among the titled women who have come here to aid the injured is the Marchesa di Sostegno of Florence. She is washing the wounded and working as a nurse in one of the seven military hospitals erected in seven military hospitals erected in the park near the new railroad sta-

NO HOPE FOR IMPRISONED NOW

Avezzano, Jan. 18. (By Courier to Rome.)—What was once the pros-perous city of Avezzano, to day is a tomb of the dead. The list of dead is now believed to be complete, as not a single person imprisoned in the ruins can still be alive. At dawn to day, however, survivors and num-erous refugees from the outlying country are refusing to leave the ruins until their relatives are located, living or dead. Men, women and even children of tender years are frantically digging in the debris in the hope that someone might be alive. They are complaining that the work of rescue is needlessly slow and that hundreds have perished who might have been saved.

Frenzied criticisms are unwar-ranted, however. The soldiers have kept at the digging night and day since they arrived, and they have gone without food in order that they night feed the refugees.

FATHER FRASER'S CHINESE MISSION

Taichowfu, China, June 7, 1914. Dear Mr. Coffey, - When I came here two years ago I only had five catechists, now I have twenty one. I owe this rapid progress principally to my dear friends of the CATHOLIC RECORD. God bless them and your worthy paper !

It takes about \$50 a year to sur sum I receive I will place a man in s new district to open it up to the Faith. During the past few months I have opened up quite a number of new places and the neophytes are very pious and eager for baptism You will appreciate the value of my catechists when I tell that I baptized eighty-five adults since the begin ning of the year as a result of their work. I have even brighter hopes for the future if only my friends abroad will continue to back me up financially.

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