

The Catholic Record.

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

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THE GOLDEN WAY

In all times and places the necessity of mutual aid in emergencies has been manifested. The newly-born infant is not more dependent than men and women of full growth are in the ordinary and critical stages of their associated life. The family bond is the most indispensable one of course, but this was long since supplemented by social institutions devised to meet extraordinary demands for help in times of unforeseen calamity. The self-righteous assumption that the passion of philanthropy is fed only at a single religious source is easily dispelled by inquiry; all the great faiths, east and west, ancient and modern, proclaim the same underlying truth—not the thing professed, but the sacrificial life lived, has saving efficacy, whether in the personal career, or the promotion of social happiness.

Not to go farther back, we may mention the medieval guilds which were commonly maintained in the principal European countries for the encouragement of trade and industry, high standards of efficiency with corresponding values being secured by provision for mutual support in active service or when laid aside by illness or misfortune. The Poor Law, with its application to spreading populations in town and country, was but an imperfect instrument of relief in distress, and charity organization in its turn fails to cover the whole need. The trade unions are later adaptations of the guild idea to the complex requirements of modern commerce and manufactures. The guilds of help which of late years have enlisted many ardent souls in the conflict with remediable ills, especially in the overcrowded areas of large towns, are only more scientifically organized efforts than older ones devised to meet similar needs. A striking instance has been met with by many visitors to Florence in pre-war days who have not been content with a mere glance at the show places of that famous city. Opposite to the great cathedral, that marvel of sacred art, so radiant with its marbles of diverse colors, Giotto's exquisite lily-tower and its beauty-haunted interior, stands a little undistinguished church, a quiet centre of usefulness witnessing to the fundamental truth that true charity is the finest grace and the bond of all virtues. It is the gathering-place of the Brotherhood of the Misericordia. This compassionate fraternity is six hundred years old, and its operations have never slackened even in the most disturbed times. Its main object is the succour of the sick and wounded. The brethren meet every evening at five o'clock to receive directions and renew their vows of service. Men of all ranks, chosen by ballot, go out on their errands of mercy, some bearing litters in which to carry patients to the hospital, others tending the suffering poor at their lowly homes. All wear a black habit with a hood which obscures the features, for ostentation is banned—in the spirit of the command, "Let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth." A cup of cold water is the only reward allowed to the ministrants by the rules of the order. A bell summons them from their various occupations when any grave accident or calamity occurs. The Brotherhood had a romantic origin, doubtless well known to our readers, but we are chiefly concerned to show that our present-day Red Cross and other life-saving societies are links in an unending chain of beneficent institutions—streams from an inexhaustible fount of goodness that is ever bubbling up from the human heart which responds to the Divine pressure. How wonderful and various are the displays of impulsive affection which prompt even the lowliest and the weakest of human kind to help not only kinsfolk in the narrower sense, but sufferers who lie outside the pale! Leper colonies draw support and devoted service from men and women who would adorn the most cultivated society; dark regions are lighted up by the radiance of religious effort; foul slums, doomed to disappear

under the fiat of reawakened civic enterprise, have witnessed scenes of uplifting that illustrate, more powerfully than debates about doctrines, the genius of the Faith that saves and sanctifies. Names and banners and shibboleths count for little; the allies in the holy war against evil and misery mingle on the battlefield, knowing each other by the sign of a bond that is more potent than any formal uniform. It is no abstract idea or far-fetched cult that is thus presented to each one of us; rather is its password on our lips and its hourly opportunities near to us wheresoever we are.

This Brotherhood of mercy knows no limit of time or space; at once human and divine, it discloses spiritual reserves of power which achieve wonders in sight of all deniers. When Schopenhauer declared that "it was safer to trust Fear than Faith" he only voiced the judgment of cowards. The overwhelming verdict of all the heroes of good causes is against such a counsel of despair. The devouring fire of this latter-day conflict is consuming the stubble of reaped fields; from the outworn fabric of political systems a new growth is springing—already new shoots of hope and gladness are visible. A new vision of the world as a possible paradise, wherein peace and plenty will take the place of violence and ravage, is breaking upon sad and weary eyes. We send our children to school that they may learn the lessons of the past; how in Cromwell's day the graven image of despotic kingship was smitten fatally, while the people's rights were established; how in a later day slavery was abolished and human brotherhood affirmed as the foundation of law and order. Why should it be impossible for any to reject the complete gospel of good-will when so startling a demonstration of its paramount claim is in all men's sight and hearing?

Envy not those who are swathed about with sensuous comfort, secure from shocks that test and toughen character, lulled into luxurious ease and dead to Mercy's summons when dangerous service is needed. There is no discharge in the war against presumptuous wrong; if we would be saved and save others we must endure to the end. The motto of the Florentine Brotherhood embodies the fundamental verity of the truly Christian and Religious life, *qui diligit Deum, diligit Misericordiam*.

WAR WIDOWS ADDRESS POPE

It is true that "the hand that rocks the cradle rules the world," then the future of the Catholic religion in France is safe for generations to come.

The address which a deputation from 200,000 French widows have sent to the Supreme Pontiff through the hands of Cardinal Gasparri has the genuine ring about it. It is one of the documents that will be spoken of by future generations:

"Most Holy Father: The French widows of the War, numbering 200,000, humbly prostrate at the feet of Your Holiness, beg you to be pleased to accept the expression of their unshaken fealty to the Holy See. As heads of families, they take the solemn pledge of Your Holiness' love to educate their children in fear for the Church, and they promise Your Holiness to educate them in the weighty duties which this love, and this attachment stand for. They supplicate you, Most Holy Father, in exchange for this promise, to offer to God their broken lives and all their sorrows, in order that it may please Divine Majesty to change their tears into a torrent of benedictions that may fall on their sons and conduct to your feet a new France."

"Most Holy Father, those who suffer most for France and who hold in their hand her future are happy and proud to be called the most faithful daughters of Your Holiness."

This is short and to the point. It was precisely what was needed. It represents widows, rich and poor, of high and low degree. Such illustrious names as those of the Princess De Clermont Tonnerre, the Countess De Castellanau, the daughter of General Castellanau; the Duchess de Rohan, Princess Murat, Countess Lavisse, wife of General Lavisse, and tens of thousands of other names famous in the history of France, are attached to the address, along with those of seventy-six of the Archbishops and Bishops of that Republic.

Sometime ago, it will be recalled, Pope Benedict promised to say Mass for the intention of the widows of France. Along with the album con-

taining the address and its signatures were sent for the use of His Holiness at this Mass a chalice of solid gold, and a pair of the finest Brussels lace, and an altar cloth of French linen.—The Tablet.

CATHOLIC CANADIAN CHAPLAINS

Information was made public today concerning the role played by the Catholic section of the Canadian Chaplain Service in the Arras Campaign fighting of the past month. It reveals the fact that one priest captured unaided and unarmed 47 Germans, and another led a party and captured a field gun. Three priests were wounded, two gassed, and one buried, though fortunately none were killed.

It was Capt. (Rev.) J. F. Nicholson of Kingston, Ont., who captured the 47 Germans. Advancing with his unit, a C. M. R. Battalion, he walked alone, armed only with a walking-stick, to a German dugout. A German officer came out and said that he and his men would surrender if their lives were spared. This was of course agreed to and a total of 4 officers and 43 men came out of the dugout. At this stage the senior German officer said to Capt. Nicholson: "You are unarmed." Father Nicholson, who as a chaplain carried no arms, answered by putting his hand to his hip, and saying: "Am I?" At this critical moment the M. O. arrived, and as he had a revolver, Father Nicholson told him to disarm the 47 Germans. Two Canadian runners came up, armed also with revolvers, and this slender escort conducted the prisoners to the collecting post. A week later Father Nicholson was gassed, but he has now returned to duty.

An equally remarkable episode was the capture of a field gun by some soldiers of a second Division unit led by Major (Rev.) R. C. McGillivray, of Antigonish, N. S. Father McGillivray went over the top with his battalion, and got caught with another officer and some men by gun fire. The officer was killed and the party took refuge in a shell hole. Here they were still under fire. So Father McGillivray taking command of the party decided that they might as well die fighting. So with a blood curdling yell, he led the men against the German gun which was firing point blank. The Germans hearing this yell and seeing the soldiers coming ran, and the words "Captured by the ——— battalion" were at once written on the gun.

These warlike episodes did not interfere with the purely religious work of the chaplains. As a result of the great secrecy shrouding the operations, and the frequent moves of all units of the Canadian Corps, it was impossible to make any definite plans or give instruction to chaplains for these two eventful battles. This circumstance demonstrated the splendid initiative of the individual chaplains. Before going into action all chaplains worked zealously with their various units, and for their men were prepared for the trials ahead. The chaplains of the various infantry units went with their men into the attack and worked with battalion M. O.'s and stretcher bearers. While their first aim was the administering of the sacraments yet they also profited by every opportunity to minister to the wounded, and after the heavy actions they assisted in burying the dead. The artillery chaplains took their places at the various dressing stations and arranged that too many should not be present at any time and that these important posts should not be neglected. Infantry chaplains as occasion presented provided relief at dressing stations. Of the twenty-one Catholic chaplains in the corps, two devoted all their time to assisting burial parties, six devoted most of their time to dressing stations, twelve devoted most of their time to wounded on the battlefield and Lieut. Col. (Rev.) F. L. French, D. S. O., the senior Catholic chaplain, kept in touch with the chaplains at the important points.

The casualties among the Catholic chaplains during the Arras Campaign fighting up to today, (Oct. 2) consist of Major (Rev.) A. Madden, M. C., Vancouver, wounded (a second time this year) on Aug. 8th, Major (Rev.) T. McCarthy, M. C., London, buried by a shell but remained at duty, Captain (Rev.) J. J. Desjardins, Ottawa, gassed but remained at duty, Capt. (Rev.) J. F. Nicholson, Kingston, gassed but returned to duty, Major (Rev.) M. N. Tompkins, M. C., professor of chemistry at Antigonish University, wounded on October 1st, and Captain (Rev.) J. J. O'Reilly, Kingston, wounded on Oct. 1st. None of these casualties are considered to be dangerous.

HONOR BISHOP OF ARRAS

PROMINENT CATHOLICS ENTERTAIN HIM AT WALDORF DINNER

New York Times

Prominent Catholics honored Bishop Julien of Arras at a dinner yesterday, Oct. 19th, at the Waldorf-Astoria. The Bishop was the guest

of the Knights of Columbus, and Chairman William J. Mulligan of the War Activities Committee was toastmaster.

Among those present were Bishop Hayes of New York, Bishop Muldoon of Rockford, Bishop Schrembs of Toledo, the Executive Committee of the National Catholic War Council; Judge Victor Dowling, Marcel Knecht, Mgr. Dunn, Mgr. Mooney, Mgr. Edward Kelly and Morgan J. O'Brien. Addresses were made by the Bishops, in which they testified to the union of French and American peoples in the cause of victory.

FULL TEXT OF WILSON'S REPLY TO BERLIN

Associated Press Despatch

Washington, Oct. 23.—The full text of President Wilson's reply to Germany's last note, handed by Secretary of State Lansing to Mr. Oederlin, the Swiss Chargé d'Affaires, for transmission to Berlin reads:

"Sir: I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your note of the 22nd, transmitting a communication under date of the 20th from the German Government and to advise you that the president has instructed me to reply thereto, as follows:

"Having received the solemn and explicit assurance of the German Government that it unreservedly accepts the terms of peace laid down in his address to the Congress of the United States on the eighth of January, 1918, and the principles of settlement enunciated in his subsequent addresses, particularly the address of the 27th of September, 1918, when he discussed the details of their application and of this wish and purpose emanated, not from those who have hitherto dictated Germany's policy and conducted the present War on Germany's behalf, but from ministers who speak for the majority of the Reichstag and for an overwhelming majority of the German people; and, having received also the explicit promise of the present German Government that the humane rules of civilized warfare will be observed, both on land and sea, by the German armed forces, the President of the United States feels that he cannot decline to take up with the governments with which the Government of the United States is associated, the question of an armistice."

"He deems it his duty to say again, however, that the only armistice he would feel justified in submitting for consideration would be one which should leave the United States and the powers associated with her in a position to enforce any arrangements that may be entered into and to make a renewal of hostilities on the part of Germany impossible."

"The president has, therefore, transmitted his correspondence with the present German authorities to the governments with which the Government of the United States is associated as a belligerent, with the suggestion that if those governments are disposed to effect upon the terms and principles indicated their military advisers and the military advisers of the United States be asked to submit to the governments associated against Germany the necessary terms of such an armistice as will fully protect the interests of the peoples involved and insure to the associated governments the unrestricted power to safeguard and enforce the details of the peace to which the German Government has agreed, provided they deem such an armistice possible from the military point of view. Should such terms of armistice be suggested, their acceptance by Germany will afford the best concrete evidence of her unequivocal acceptance of the terms and principles of peace from which the whole action proceeds."

"The president would deem himself lacking in candor did he not point out in the frankest possible terms the reason why extraordinary safeguards must be demanded. Significant and important as the constitutional changes seem to be which are spoken of by the German foreign secretary in his note of the 20th of October, it does not appear that the principle of a Government responsible to the German people has yet been fully worked out or that any guarantees either exist or are in contemplation that the alterations of principle of practice now permanently agreed upon will be permanent. Moreover, it does not appear that the heart of the present difficulty has been reached. It may be that future wars have been brought under the control of the German people, but the present War has not been; and it is with the present War that we are dealing. It is evident that the German people have no means of commanding the acquiescence of the military authorities of the Empire or the power of the King of Prussia to control the policy of the Empire is unimpaired; that the determining initiative still remains with those who have hitherto been the masters of Germany."

"Feeling that the whole peace of the world depends on the plain speaking and straightforward action, the president deems it his duty to say, without any attempt to soften

what may seem harsh words, that the nations of the world do not and cannot trust the word of those who have hitherto been the masters of German policy, and to point out once more that, in concluding peace and attempting to undo the infinite injuries and injustices of this War, the Government of the United States cannot deal with any but veritable representatives of the German people, who have been assured of a genuine constitutional standing as the real rulers of Germany. If it must deal with the military masters and the monarchical authorities of Germany now, or if it is likely to have to deal with them later in regard to the international obligations of the German Empire, it must demand, not peace negotiations, but surrender. Nothing can be gained by leaving this essential thing unsaid.

Accept, sir, the renewed assurance of my high consideration.

(Signed) ROBERT LANSING.

"Department of State, Oct. 23, 1918."

VERY RELIGIOUS MAN

FOCH ASKS CHILDREN TO PRAY FOR HIM—AND HE MEANS IT

Chicago American Oct. 24

The fact that Marshal Foch, leader of all the Allied armies, America, France, England, Italy, is deeply religious will interest Americans of all religions and of no religion.

Foch's brother is a Catholic priest. Foch himself is extremely devout. While he leads and directs the armies of more than half the world, his people at home, and even the children in England, pray for him, at his request.

The other day in Baltimore, at a celebration in honor of Cardinal Gibbons' fiftieth anniversary as a bishop, Monsignor William Barnes, Catholic chaplain of the University of Oxford, England, gave three interesting facts about Foch.

The Catholic children of England have recently received Communion on behalf of Marshal Foch, and Catholic children in America are asked to do the same.

When informed of this Marshal Foch wrote to Monsignor Barnes:

"The act of faith which the children of Great Britain have made for my intention has profoundly touched me. Please express my gratitude to them, and beg them to continue their prayers for the victory of our just cause."

Later he wrote:

"I am still depending on the prayers of the children. Ask them to go to Communion for me again and again."

The old idea of a fighter, an Alexander, Cosar or Napoleon, was of one relying on himself and not much else. "Trust in God and keep your powder dry," was supposed to mean be especially careful to keep the powder dry.

Here comes Foch, selected by the four great nations to control and lead their fighters. You find him a man deeply religious, but it need not, however, surprise you.

Read what Napoleon said, in the hearing of O'Meara, his doctor, on the island of St. Helena, where Napoleon thought over his lost grandeur at his leisure and talked sincerely.

Napoleon as a fighter was not equalled, and religion seemed not to interest him. He said he re-established the church "because I need a spiritual police force."

He had, in fact, planned to become a Mohammedan one day after conquering Asia, as he thought the Mohammedan religion the best in Asia, and he intended to rule the world from Asia.

His ideas and his talk were different when from the deck of the British ship he said "good-by" to France and his glory forever and went to his slow death on the bleak, rocky island.

A Napoleon who said, "I intended the Mediterranean to be a French lake," said also to O'Meara: "What a solecism Christianity must be to one who has an undoubted conviction of its truth!"

Again he said: "Religion is the dominion of the soul. It is the hope of life, the anchor of safety, the deliverance of the soul."

Napoleon thought himself an agnostic, but, like others, he believed more than he thought he believed.

He said: "I know man, and I tell you that Jesus Christ is not a man. The religion of Christ is a mystery which subsists by its own force, and proceeds from a mind which is not a human mind."

Alexander, Cosar, Charlemagne and myself have founded empires, but upon what did we rest the creations of our genius? Upon force. Jesus Christ alone founded His Empire upon love, and this moment millions of men would die for Him."

It is easy to understand that deep religious conviction makes a man a better fighter, a surer conqueror. To fight well you must believe that you are right, also that you will be safe hereafter, no matter what happens.

Foch asks the children to pray for him, and believes that when they

take Communion on his behalf they are strengthening his arm and brain, and he fights undoubtedly better than if he did not believe it.

Napoleon, with all his cold-blooded calculation, was religious at the bottom, had real faith, and the same is probably true of 90 per cent of those that call themselves atheists and unbelievers. We are what our fathers were, and our fathers believed, although they expressed their belief in different ways.

POPE'S PROTEST

AGAINST GERMAN VANDALISM HEADED BY BERLIN

Rome, Tuesday, Oct. 22.—Baron von der Lancken, chief of the German political department at Brussels, has informed Cardinal Mercier, Primate of Belgium, that when the Germans evacuate that country the deported Belgians and political prisoners will be spontaneously released according to the Osservatore Romano, the semi-official Vatican organ. He told Cardinal Mercier, it is said, that a part of the Belgians who were deported would be free to return to their country on Monday.

The notification was in the form of a letter, handed to the Cardinal personally by Baron von der Lancken. The text of the letter read as follows:—

"You are the incarnation of the eminence of occupied Belgium. You are its venerated and heeded pastor. It is, then, to you that the government general and my local government have charged me to announce that when they vacate your territory they will spontaneously set free deported Belgians and political prisoners. They will be, in part, free to return to their country on Monday."

"This declaration is of a nature that will fill your heart with rejoicing. I am all the happier to make it to you in that I could not have lived four years among the Belgians without esteeming them and without appreciating their patriotism at its true value."

It is understood that this communication has been transmitted to King Albert and President Wilson. An appeal was made to Prince Maximilian, the German Imperial Chancellor, by the Holy See, asking that the Germans refrain from devastating and burning those portions of Belgium through which they are retreating, according to the Osservatore Romano. A reply was received October 19 giving assurances that categorical instructions have been issued by the German General Staff that localities should be preserved and respected in every way possible.

Later the Papal Nuncio at Munich was informed that Lille and other places within the zone of operations had been spared so far as possible by the German armies.

RED CROSS TO PRAY DAILY FOR FIGHTERS

Beginning to-day "The silent Moment," inaugurated recently in Washington was observed in all Red Cross Chapters as a tribute to American fighting men.

The "silent" prayer will be in conjunction with the annual meetings of chapters. The following resolution, which was adopted by the War Council, will be read at the meetings:

Resolved, "That every day at the hour of noon, in every workshop of the American Red Cross throughout the whole of these United States, upon a given signal, all work shall cease for a period of one minute."

"During this time in silence, we, the members of the Red Cross, will solemnly concentrate our minds upon our beloved soldiers and sailors overseas who are so nobly offering their all, even unto their lives, for us. We will think as one—hope as one, for their definite victory and their individual well-being; consecrating ourselves anew to our country and to those who fight, labor and suffer for her, becoming one with them in service."

"May this united Prayer, gathering power from our love and faith, mount to heaven itself, descending thence in the midst of our dear ones wherever they may be, fall upon them as a benediction, to be at all times their comfort and their strength."

Rome, Oct. 9, 1918.—In his solicitude for the interests of the Oriental Church, Pope Benedict has taken another step in regard to it. Through the Sacred Congregation for the Oriental Church he has decreed that the Greek Basilian monks of the venerable Abbey, Grotta Ferrata, in the Alban Hills, shall establish a seminary for youths aspiring to priesthood in the Greek Rite. They will pass from that seminary to the Greek College, Rome, for their theological studies and their ordination; and they can then pursue further studies in the new Pontifical Oriental Institute. This provision will specially benefit the long-existing Albanian colony in the south of Italy who practice the Greek Rite.

CATHOLIC NOTES

With the conferring of degrees upon 213 graduates, St. Louis University (Jesuit), St. Louis, Mo., brought its one hundredth year of educational work to a close on the evening of June 8.

In the days of Christ, Our Lord, Palestine had probably a population of 8,000,000. Today the population may not be 500,000. The Holy Land which Our Savior traversed when on earth, is comprised within 200 by 60 miles.

A letter from a New York clergyman to Secretary McAdoo, received last week contained a check for \$8,500, which sum had been entrusted to him to send to the Government conscience fund.

The Religions of the Sacred Heart of "Marymount" at Taraytown-on-the-Hudson lately received as a gift three buildings and twenty acres of land, aggregating in value \$175,000.

At their college in Washington the Jesuits have opened, at the request of the Government, a school of aviation and the Rev. Walter G. Summers, S. J., Professor of Physics in Georgetown University, is in charge.

Rev. Frank Kelly a Catholic priest from Albany, N. Y., went over the top three times with American soldiers in their recent engagement and when he returned his hair had turned as white as snow, says a press dispatch from the front. Father Kelly carried only a prayer book in his hand during the experience.

By the will of the late John Hanlon, who died at his farm home near Ogdensburg, N. Y., on June 3, the bulk of his property is to establish a home for aged and infirm Catholic clergymen of the diocese of Ogdensburg. The farm on which he lived is to be the site of the proposed home.

The Rev. Joseph F. Boehles, professor of science and mathematics at Cathedral College, died Friday Oct. 11, at New York, from pneumonia after an illness of a week. He was thirty-one years old. Father Boehles was the first student of the college to be made a member of the faculty and had won wide recognition as an orator and through his work as assistant director of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith.

The Right Rev. Frederick William Keating, Lord Bishop of the Catholic Diocese of Northampton, England, arrived at an Atlantic port Sunday, October 20. He was deputed by the Hierarchy of Great Britain to represent it at the golden jubilee of the Episcopate of Cardinal Gibbons, of Baltimore, being co-delegate with Mgr. Stapleton Barnes. After traveling 8,000 miles he arrived only to be informed that the celebration of the jubilee had been postponed on account of the influenza epidemic. Bishop Keating reached Baltimore Friday to pay his respects to Cardinal Gibbons.

A new club for Catholic officers has been opened in London by Lord Edmund Talbot, son of the fourth Duke of Norfolk, and Deputy Earl Marshall of England, to help the minority of the young Duke of Norfolk. The new club, which is to be run very much on American lines, and in which no liquor will be sold, is to provide a social centre for Catholic officers from all parts of the new world, and is open to officers of the Allied armies. It will have a bureau of information in regard to Catholic affairs, and will be a means of introducing Catholic officers to English Catholic life. The club is situated in Russel Square, near the British Museum.

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It is a long cry from 1917 back to 1099, the year in which the Crusaders wrested Jerusalem from the infidel. But our minds are led back to July 15, 1099, the date of the Crusaders' victory, by the discovery of an ancient work in the great Roman library, called "Angelic," which the Italian government confiscated from the Augustinian Order in 1870. This is a sacramental document written toward the end of the twelfth century on membrane, and used in a church of the Augustinians in Jerusalem. La Civiltà Cattolica, describing this ancient treasure, dwells on the beauty of the miniature, letters, and decorations on a gold background. It consists of 213 pages, all well preserved.

The Rev. Edward J. Walsh, S. J., since last May dean of the department of arts and sciences at Georgetown University, has been appointed regional inspector of the colleges of New England which have Student Army Training Corps, and will have his headquarters at Harvard University. His new duties come with the direction of the war department. Father Walsh will have the status of a major in the army, although his duties will not pertain to the progress of the training of students in the army colleges. He will inspect the collegiate work at the different universities and schools which have student military organizations, reporting to the war department any deficiency in progress of students or their general advancement and progress.

A DAUGHTER OF 'THE SIERRA

BY CHRISTIAN REID

Published by H. Bender Book Co., St. Louis, Mo. CHAPTER I.

A MEETING AND ITS RESULT By one of those accidents on which often hinge, or appear to hinge, the destinies of human life, two men—one entering the other leaving the Crocker Building in San Francisco on a certain day—almost ran into each other. They recoiled with mutual apologies, simultaneously recognized an acquaintance and shook hands. One was slender, alert, extremely well dressed, with the keen American business face, clean-shaven in deference to fashion, and wearing eye-glasses above a prominent nose. The other was taller and more sinewy, lean as a grayhound, tanned deeply by the sun, carelessly attired but with the unmistakable air of a gentleman, and an equally unmistakable look of good blood about the clear-cut contours of the face, with its drooping brown moustache and steady gray eyes.

"Lloyd! Didn't know you were in San Francisco," said the first man, whose name was Armistead, "Been here long?" "Since yesterday," Philip Lloyd answered. "And you?" "Oh! I'm here constantly now, except when I am away—which sounds like an Irish ball, but isn't it?" "Not a mining expert," the other laughed. "Have you been away lately?" "I'm just back from Puget Sound, where I have been examining a large property."

"For Trafford, I suppose?" "Yes. All my expert work is done for him at present."

"So I've heard, and—oddly enough—I am just going up to see him. Do you know whether or not he has any place I could fit into?"

Armistead gave the speaker a glance as keen as that of a hawk. "I should say that there wouldn't be much difficulty in finding a place into which to fit a man like you," he answered. "By the way, haven't you been a good deal in Old Mexico?"

"I have been there for the greater part of the last five years."

"Prospecting?" "Part of the time; at other times connected with some large mines."

"Where are you in from last?" "The State of Durango."

Armistead put his hand on the other's arm. "Don't go up to see Trafford," he said. "Come and lunch with me."

"But—"

"Don't you understand? I have something to propose to you—something to your advantage, as the advertisements for missing heirs say."

"In that case, I'm at your service," said Lloyd, turning with an air of decision which matched the clear-cut, sunburnt face and steady eyes.

"They went to a restaurant near by where Armistead called for a private room. Lloyd lifted his brows but made no remark, and when they were alone the former explained.

"I never talk business in a public place," he said, "even when it isn't quite so 'private and particular' as this."

"If the business is private and particular," said Lloyd, "I am afraid I am not the man."

"Oh, yes you are!" Armistead interrupted. "So exactly the man that our meeting strikes me in the light of a remarkably lucky accident. It's astonishing how these accidents happen to me—how people turn up just when I want them! I knew that you were the very person I wanted as soon as I remembered your connection with Mexico."

"What has that to do with it?" "Only this, that I wish you to go immediately—with me."

"You are going to examine a mine?" "Or to recover one—both here comes the waiter: We'll give our order and then you shall hear all about it."

The order having been given, with great concentration of attention on Armistead's part, and great indifference on Lloyd's, the waiter departed, and the successful mining expert, leaning back in his chair looked at the unsuccessful prospector.

"If you are from the State of Durango," he said, "probably you know the districts of San Andres de la Sierra and Topia?"

"Better than I know the streets of San Francisco," Lloyd responded. "Have you ever heard of the Santa Cruz Mine, located somewhere between those two places?"

"Everybody in that country knows the Santa Cruz Mine. It's nearer Topia than San Andres, though, and it can't be bought."

"How do you know that?" "From common report. It's a great ore-producer, and there's no inducement for the owners to sell."

"Who are supposed to be the owners?" "It belongs partly, or wholly perhaps, to a woman—Donna Beatriz Calderon."

"Hum!—What kind of a woman is she?" "Lloyd lifted his shoulders. "Queen sabe!" he said, dropping into a familiar phrase.

"You must have heard something about the owner of the richest mine in Durango," Armistead persisted. "Lloyd sought in the depths of his memory for a moment, and then produced a nugget of information.

"I think I have heard that she is a widow," he said. "Armistead shook his head. "They may call her so," he remarked, "but in point of fact she is a divorced woman."

Lloyd stared. "Impossible!" he said. "The species doesn't exist in Mexico."

"It exists in this case; for the husband was an American, who came to the States, got a divorce and remarried here."

"Do you know him?" "I had just left him when I met you."

"You don't mean Trafford?" "I mean him exactly. It seems that when he was a young fellow, owning no more than his mule and saddle, he wandered down into Mexico, prospecting. Up in the Sierra Madre, back of Culiacan, he ran across some extremely rich mines owned by a Mexican, who had also a daughter. Trafford was always practical, so he made love to the daughter, married her and got possession of the mines—as her wedding portion, probably."

"Then left her where he found her, I suppose?" "No, he must have behaved rather decently—at first. He brought her with him to San Francisco, where, as he states briefly, she cried all the time. So he packed her back to her Mexican home, gave her an allowance, and proceeded to obtain a divorce. He then married the present Mrs. Trafford—woman of fashion, leader of society, all that sort of thing—went on, prospered, and became the man of millions he is today."

Lloyd looked the disgust he felt. "Did the Mexican woman know that she was divorced?" he asked. "I can't say," Armistead answered; "but there seems no particular reason why she should have been informed."

"Did he return her fortune?" "Armistead regarded the speaker with a smile. "You have been so long out of the world that you have become a trifle quixotic," he observed. "I don't imagine that Trafford ever dreamed of such a thing. He kept the fortune to his own great benefit, but he has always paid regularly the allowance of the lady in Mexico. Hence his foolish injury, as well as exasperated by a difficulty which has arisen."

"I hope she has plucked up spirit enough to demand her own."

"I fancy there would never have been any trouble with her, but there's a daughter—"

"So he cast off not only his wife but his child?" "As reasonable!" said Armistead a little impatiently. "What on earth could a man who has it in him to rise as Trafford has risen do with a Mexican wife?"

"If you fancy that Mexican women are uncivilized, let me tell you—"

"You don't need to tell me anything. I know Mexico—if not as well as you do, at least pretty well. And I know that there is no country in the world where class distinctions are more marked. Well, just understand that we are not talking of the daughter of some great Hidalgo, with a princely estate and a pedigree going back to the conquistadores, but of a woman from the wilds of the Sierra Madre, of Maya Indian blood, whose father did not even know the value of the mines he possessed—"

"I should say that she holds possession of the Santa Cruz Mine in the name of her mother, and refuses to recognize any right of ownership in Trafford."

"Good for her!" "Possibly; but not good for Trafford. Consequently he wants me to go down there and recover the mine."

"Do you mean to say that he is going to fight for it?" "We hope that there will be no need to fight, although he has papers signed by the father of—ah—Donna Beatriz, which establish his title."

"I wonder if the father of Donna Beatriz knew what he was signing?" "As you remarked a moment ago, 'queen sabe'! And I may add that the question does not concern us."

"Isn't Trafford rich enough to leave one mine to his rightful possessor, who is also his own child?"

"You ought to know that no man, according to American ideas, is rich enough to give up anything he can hold. And there are reasons why Trafford wants and needs that mine particularly at the present time. I told you that I am just back from Puget Sound. Perhaps you've heard of the big smelter up there, owned by the Puget Sound Reduction Company? Well, Trafford is the company—at least he controls four-fifths of the stock. Now, there are several millions invested in the smelter and the railroad which has been built to some mines up in the mountains, where it was expected to obtain an unlimited supply of ore. But—this is confidential, observe—so far from being unlimited the production of these mines has proved so extremely limited that they are of very little value for supplying the smelter, which has an enormous capacity. I am just back from making an exhaustive examination of them, and when Trafford heard my report he simply said: 'We must get a supply of ore that can be depended on also, where or lose our investment.' Then

he told me about the Santa Cruz Mine, which must be an immense property containing the very class of ores needed."

"Isn't he the whole world to buy ores for his smelter?" "They are already buying ores from Australia, South America and Mexico; but I don't need to point out to him that the profit of buying is one thing and of owning is another. Trafford has submitted for some time to the holding of the Santa Cruz Mine by the enterprising young woman in Mexico, but now that he needs the ore so badly he doesn't intend to submit to it longer. That's the whole case."

"What is he going to do?" "He is sending me to Mexico with diplomatic powers to negotiate for the recovery of the mine; and, as you can see of great assistance to me, I propose to take you along."

"Thanks! But I don't care to assist in such a business."

"Nonsense!" said Armistead, sharply. "What are Trafford's affairs to you? And you will have nothing to do with my work."

"Why do you want me, then?" "I want you because I suppose that you know the country thoroughly, its language, its customs, not to speak of its topography. And we may make the trip profitable in more ways than one. I have long had a fancy to go down there to pick up mining property, but have always lacked time. Now I take it for granted that you can put your hand on some good prospects—"

"On a few, perhaps."

"Well, you can secure them together, and you know whether or not my recommendation will help to sell them."

"I know, of course, that your recommendation will sell anything."

"Then don't turn your back on the opportunity I'm offering you—an opportunity to realize a great profit from the knowledge of the country your years of prospecting in it have given you."

"They were pretty hard years," Lloyd admitted, "and I shouldn't mind realizing something from them—for no man knows better than I what a country of great chances it is; but if I agree to go, you must understand that I'll have nothing to do with robbing these women of their mine by diplomatic or other means."

Armistead laughed. "My dear fellow," he said genially, "I assure you that I should never think of employing you in any diplomatic capacity. And we have no intention of using other means."

TO BE CONTINUED

THE CALL OF BURTON

John Burton sat before Father Paul and looked hard at the point above the head of the aged missionary.

"Well," remarked the good Father, "what are you going to do about it?" "Confession, I suppose you mean."

The pioneer woodman shifted uneasily on his chair. "Yes, and to mend your ways, too, John," gently said the priest.

The man shifted again and then broke out petulantly: "Why, I never killed any one. I never stole anything. I've lived in the community for years and I'm considered eminently respectable. I don't owe a man a penny, and," he added with a smile, "sometimes I find time and money to do a little charity here and there. I can't see why you take things so seriously. I think I'm—"

Father Paul, Benedictine missionary from St. Maurus' Abbey, stared steadily for a full minute at Burton. Slowly the red crept over the face of the rancher.

It was nearly forty years since a bright, energetic young man left his good Catholic home fired with ambition for wealth and adventure, and when John Burton came to the west a trackless forest lay before him. He plunged into the unbroken wood and cleared a homestead for himself amid such hardships as are ever encountered upon entry into a virgin country. Soon after he married. With the years came children and prosperity. For lack of opportunity he had become careless of religious duty until now he scarcely remembered the days when he as a boy, regularly attended Holy Mass and received the Sacraments. True, his children had matters as quite settled except, perhaps, for the hospitality extended at odd and infrequent intervals of time to a pious missionary who journeyed into Hemlock Centers seeking the scattered members of his flock. Deep down and hidden away in Burton's mind lay a thought, of course, that some time he would approach the Sacraments, but he had stored up his thought so long that it had grown almost a second nature to him to argue the old, deceiving device of the evil one—plenty of time; why hurry? And now the troublesome thought was upon him as the priest awaited an answer.

"I suppose you refer to that marriage ceremony, Father," he said slowly. "Really, I intend to have it looked after by a priest some time, but what's the hurry? After all it's only a matter of form and the judge performed the ceremony all right and—"

The good Father broke in with indignation. "For these years you've been talking this way, John. You are ignorant of Catholic doctrine and you know this is serious, and were you to go before your God this way, I don't know—"

The sentence remained unfinished as Father Paul dubiously shook his head. "Well, Father, next time you come I'll—"

"John, Burton do now what you would wish to have done at the hour of death. You know quite well enough Catholics cannot marry before a judge. You can't plead any excuse now. Moreover, isn't it true that aside from the seriousness of it all you would feel better about it, John? Right here and now let me perform this ceremony. This is your opportunity once more. For the past ten years He has sent one of His servants into this part of the country, and yet you keep putting off righting this serious matter—wonder you have not the grace to go to Confession. You are Catholic enough to know that before you can receive any Sacrament worthily, you must make your peace with God. God had decreed marriage a Holy Sacrament which must be received only at the hands of His priest, you know that. No matter what the world may say, nor how any civil tribunal may enact laws, the Holy Sacrament of Matrimony is not, and can never be a mere simple contract, to be entered easily or set aside according to the whims of the contracting parties. All the judges in the world cannot set you right before God, though, as you say, you are eminently respectable before the eyes of the world. You know all these things, and yet you procrastinate. When are you going to settle your conscience?"

Father Paul arose and paced the room twice and turned facing Burton squarely. "The big rancher looked gloomily into the fire.

Father Paul continued: "Sir, you are trifling with grace. You've been in these woods so long, and you've been away from your duties so long, and you've been so taken up with temporal things that you are a Catholic only in name. You're sliding down an abyss and I know not how much longer God will suffer you. You are taking terrible chances—no Sacraments, no Easter duty, no fasting, no prayer, no penance, nothing. Once again I beg of you before I return to the mission to make your peace with God. Let's have that ceremony performed and you go on—and come up to the Mission and receive Holy Communion—it's many a year since you've done so, John, to Confession right now—it's already within Easter tide—then you make it your business day after tomorrow—it's Sunday, I hope you remember that?"

The good father spoke earnestly and Burton winced under his stinging rebuke.

"But in the eyes of the world?" persisted Burton, "everything is—"

"The eyes of the world are not the eyes of God," interposed the priest. "God is not mocked."

The woodman strode to the window of his mountainous home and gazed thoughtfully into the twilight. A memory of his first Holy Communion came to him. He saw again his dear pious mother, now long at rest with her God, as she fondly caressed him after that happy morning of long ago when he had received his Lord for the first time. He heard her words as she bade him be true to his Church and to his God. He sickened in his heart as he recalled how far he had strayed from that beloved mother's teachings. His eyes moistened and he had difficulty in seeing aright the stamping burro of the missionary as it pawed the ground impatient to be off.

Slowly he turned and spoke. "I know you are right, Father, and I'm determined to settle my conscience with God the very next time you come. I pledge my word, and you know the word of a Burton is—"

"Do it now, John; do it now. God alone knows whether either you or I may be here 'next time,' as you call it."

Burton laughed nervously. "Five minutes is all I ask before I die, Father. And how do you know that God will in His mercy extend to you five minutes after all these wasted moments of grace? Can you answer He will allow you even one minute? John, be careful! These years of service for Him have taught me one great lesson, if no other. God is not mocked. Long will he knock at a man's door, but one day there's a time when He ceases. Then He leaves the soul to follow its own wayward course to its unhappy end. We missionaries have sometimes been witnesses of such things. But I see I cannot persuade you, and the holy old priest sighed and held out his hand.

"May God bestow one more grace upon you, and I pray our Blessed Lady may awaken you to a sense of your danger, trifling thus with God's graces. Good-by."

Father Paul hastily mounted his burro and bounded into the gathering darkness. He had advanced scarcely thirty feet when the voice of Burton brought the priest to a sudden halt. He turned the head of the unwilling burro to the shed and quickly dismounted.

"Father, I'm decided. After all there is no real reason why all should not be made right to-night before you go. I'm rather ashamed to call you back, but maybe it's better."

"Of course it's better—what can be better than making one's peace with God."

Both passed into the house and an hour later a marriage ceremony had been performed after the rites of Holy Mother Church and the weary and ailing Burton sought the peace found only in the tribunal of penance. When Father Paul returned

to his burro his heart was light and he felt his hard trip into Hemlock Centers had yielded precious fruit for the Master. For many a weary mile the missionary wound about the mountain trail, up and up till he reached the little mission Abbey of St. Maurus in the heart of the Nes Perces. He was cold and tired with the journey, but he and his thoughts were lost in the boundless love of God and His infinite patience with sinners. In his heart rang the joyful, saving message: "O Most Precious Blood, source of Eternal Life, price and ransom of the entire world! O Inestimable Balsam springing from the Fountain of Immense Love!" Thus in loving colloquy with the Father, the pious missionary reached the Mission. His faithful burro under cover, Father Paul stole into the little chapel and poured out his soul in fervent thanksgiving over the return of this wanderer to the fold, and an hour later found the good Father in peaceful slumber upon his couch of poverty off the little sacristy.

He knew not how long he had slept when he was suddenly awakened by heavy blows upon the door and amidst the noise he could hear the boyish voice of someone calling: "Father Paul, Father Paul; are you there?"

The priest arose quickly, opened the door and beheld the ten-year-old son of Burton before him, who held the rein of a trembling horse, panting from exertion.

"The boy was crying bitterly. "Can you come, Father?" he sobbed brokenly. "Mother wants you. Papa was instantly killed, a tree falling through the roof of the barn while he was doing chores to-night."

The devoted priest nodded his head in silence while he went to the shed for his burro. In his soul surged the words of Holy Writ: "Watch and pray for ye know not the day nor the hour!"—Z. Marie Hager.

WHAT CONSTITUTES A SAINT

SERMON DELIVERED ON ALL SAINTS' DAY BY CARDINAL GIBBONS

The Guardian, Nov. 1916

"I will tell you this morning what a saint is not, and then what constitutes a saint."

"There are some who imagine that a saint is one of those who read in ancient history and who belongs to an almost extinct species; some antediluvian who flourished like the giants of former ages, or King Arthur's Knights of the Round Table, but whose race is well nigh run out, and whose place is now rarely found on earth."

Now, thank God, the generation of saints is not extinct. They exist in our day. They are to be found in this city and under our own eyes. They are in every congregation of Baltimore. They sanctify their homes by the integrity of their character and by their domestic virtues. Their lives are hidden with Christ in God."

LIKE THE PHARISES OF OLD

"And these noble spirits are as unconscious of their increase in holiness as they are of their physical growth; this is all the better for them. It is only when they begin to view themselves with complacency and to have an exalted opinion of themselves that they take a step backward, and are in danger of imitating the Pharisee who boasted that he was not like the rest of men."

"There are others who fancy that to be a saint one must wear the cowl of a monk, or the habit of a nun, or the surplice and cassock of a priest. But this would be taking a very narrow view of the scheme of redemption. The Gospel says that God wishes 'all men to be saved, and to come to the knowledge of the truth.' Now we know that there can be no salvation without sanctification. The words of Scripture: 'Be ye holy, for I, the Lord, your God, am holy' were addressed to the priests and laymen alike in the Old Law. They certainly apply with equal force to all who live under the New Dispensation."

A few chosen souls are called to the religious and apostolic life. But thank God, saints innumerable are found among the laity who wear no special badge. Their only distinctive garb is the invisible white robe of innocence, or the purple robe of penance, or the red robe of mortification, like Paul, 'die daily' to themselves.

FALSE NOTIONS OF SAINTLINESS

"There are others, again, who entertain the notion that to be saints, persons must spend half their time in prayer, the other half in corporal mortification. This mode of life would suit very well a holy anchorite, or woman like devout Ann, who departed not from the Temple, but by fasting and prayers, worshipped night and day."

"But it would not befit the bulk of Christians whose daily life is devoted to secular and domestic pursuits. For these duties cannot be omitted without violating conscience and deranging the good order of society or of the family."

"A man who would spend in church the time which should be consecrated to his business affairs, would be apt to bring religious exercises into disrepute by performing them out of due season. It is true indeed that Mary, who was given to contemplation, is praised by the Master for 'having chosen the better part,'

but it is equally true that her sister Martha who was occupied in household affairs, had a share in the esteem and benediction of our Lord.

NOT SAD AND GLOOMY EITHER

"There are others who picture to themselves a saint as an individual of a sad or gloomy disposition, of a melancholy and dejected aspect, a knight, as it were, of the sorrowful figure. Our Saviour gives us a different view of a servant of God. He tells us that even in our penitential acts, we should maintain a cheerful demeanor. 'When ye fast,' He says, 'be not like the hypocrites sad, for they disfigure their faces that they may appear to men to fast. But thou, when thou fastest, anoint thy head, and wash thy face, that thou appear not to men to fast but to thy Father who is in secret, and thy Father who seeth in secret will repay thee.'

"The saints are conspicuous for habitual cheerfulness, because they have an upright conscience, and cheerfulness is the fruit of a good conscience, or of a soul at peace with God and men."

"What then is a saint? A saint is one who keeps the Commandments of God and the precepts of the Church, and discharges with fidelity the duties of his state of life."

PATIENT WITH TRIALS OF LIFE

"Another characteristic of a saint is that he bears with Christian fortitude and patience the trials of life, whether imposed on him by the inscrutable visitations of Providence or inflicted by the malice of men, or resulting from the infirmities of his nature. Should he be so unfortunate as to stumble and fall in the spiritual combat, (for even the saints on earth are not exempt from human frailty,) he will promptly rise again, and will cleanse himself from the moral stains he has contracted, and will renew the conflict with redoubled energy."

"Now it is in the power of every Christian, aided by Divine grace, to observe the ordinances of God and of the Church; to comply with the obligations incident to his situation in the world; to carry with resignation the cross laid upon him by his Heavenly Father, and to wage an incessant warfare against his passions and vicious inclinations."

"St. Bernard, after embracing the monastic state, was accustomed to stimulate his fervor by asking himself this question: 'Bernard, why earnest thou hither? We should also ask ourselves this first question of the Catechism: 'Why wert thou created? Why art thou in this world? What is thy mission in life?' And the answer is, God created me that I might know Him and love Him and serve Him in this world, and be happy with Him forever in the next. In other words, God created me that I might sanctify myself; and if I know God, and love and serve Him, I will be a saint indeed. 'This is eternal life,' says our Saviour, 'that we know Thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ Whom Thou hast sent.' Let not the wise man glory in his wisdom,' says Jeremiah, 'and let not the rich man glory in his riches, but let him that glorieth glory in this that he understandeth and knoweth Me.'

WEALTH NOT REAL GOAL

"Let me suppose that you have succeeded in amassing wealth, till you have become as rich as Croesus of old, or as Rockefeller of our day. Let all your affairs prosper. Let every enterprise you engage in become a mine of gold. Let me suppose that you attain the highest honors which this world can bestow; that you are more feared than Alexander; more honored than Caesar; more admired than Washington."

"Let me suppose that you revel in pleasures and delights; that your life is one continuous round of sunshine without a single cloud to darken the horizon; that your pathway is strewn with flowers. Yet if you fall in the one thing necessary of attaining a life of godliness, you have missed your vocation; you have frustrated the end for which God had created you, and are in His sight, 'poor and miserable and blind and naked.' You would be like a splendid vessel which sailed on the ocean with prosperous winds till, on approaching the harbor, it foundered, and its precious cargo was sunk in the depth of the sea. Alas! what will it profit us to have steered our course majestically and with flying colors through the ocean of life, if we bring to the harbor of eternity nothing but a soul shipwrecked by sin?"

"What will it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul, or what will a man give in exchange for his soul?"

EXCELLENCE KINGLY TITLES

"No matter what may be the social distinction existing between you, all of you, whether rich or poor, learned or unlearned, possess in common the one glorious title of Christian. That is a name you would not exchange for all the high sounding titles of kings and emperors. You glory in that appellation and are justly proud of it."

"But the title of Christian is not an empty sound, but is full of solemn significance. It has annexed to it corresponding obligations. For what is a Christian? A Christian, as the very name implies, is a disciple or follower of Christ. A Christian is one who keeps before his mental vision his Divine Saviour that he may endeavor to reproduce in himself the virtues of his heavenly Model. A Christian is one who walks in the footsteps of his blessed Redeemer. In a word, a Christian is another Christ."

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"Would it not be a gross inconsistency, and a contradiction in terms to have nothing in common with our Master except the name? Every disciple aims at imitating his teacher or master. Even the Mohammedan boasts of being faithful to the principles of the false prophet. The Hebrew glories in observing the precepts of Moses; and it should be our constant endeavor to fulfil the maxims of our Lawgiver, Jesus Christ.

CHRISTIANS AND SAINTS

"This is also the meaning which St. Paul attaches to the name of Christian. In his letters to the faithful of his time, he commonly calls them by the name of Saints, indicating that he regarded Christians and Saints as synonymous terms.

"But perhaps you will say to me: If I pursue a life of Christian righteousness, I am liable to be left behind in the race for temporal prosperity. I will be handicapped by the very virtues which I practice because I must carry them with me in my public as well as in my private life. I am bound to be truthful and honest in my dealings with others. I can take no undue advantage of my neighbor. My conscience will be always on guard at the door of my heart, warning me not to lay hands on ill-gotten wealth.

"My neighbor, on the contrary, has thrown Christian principles to the winds. He is a deceiver and a trickster. He is dishonest in his dealings. He has no scruples about overreaching his business competitors. The only God he worships is Mammon. The only gospel he swears by is the gospel of self. His aim in life is to make money by fair means or foul—he cares not which. He stoops to methods in his medical or legal or commercial relations which I spurn and abhor. He is sure therefore to get the upper hand of me and to outrun me in the race for financial success. For the children of this world are wiser in their generation than the children of light."

WEIGHED IN THE SCALES

"Let me grant all this for the sake of argument. What then? Are you not vastly the gainer in the long run? Put into one scale your neighbor's cunning and duplicity, his fraud and injustice, his wealth and pleasure, his bad conscience with his despair of future reward: 'For, amen, I say to you, he has already received his reward.' Like Esau, he has sold his heavenly birthright for a mess of earthly pottage.

"Put into the other scale your truth and honesty, your sense of justice and honor with its temporal drawbacks. Put into your unsullied conscience, your cheerful spirits and your hope of eternal recompense.

"Is not your condition infinitely better than his? Hear the words of St. Paul. The Apostle enumerates the prerogatives and advantages he has enjoyed since he became a Christian. He was a Hebrew of the Hebrews, of the tribe of Benjamin. He was a conspicuous figure in the ranks of the Jewish hierarchy. But he considered all these gains as nothing compared with the knowledge and love of Jesus Christ. Nay, every other privilege such as wealth and station, power and honor, learning and eloquence, all these he regarded as dross in comparison with the inexhaustible treasures he found in Christian holiness.

"And this is also the judgment of the Holy Ghost speaking in the Book of Wisdom: 'I called upon God and the Spirit of Wisdom (or sanctity) came upon me. And I preferred her before kingdoms and thrones, and esteemed riches as nothing in comparison of her, for all gold in comparison of her is a little sand, and silver in respect to her, is counted as clay.'

"RIGHTHOUSNESS CAN BE PROSPEROUS

"But I emphatically deny that the pursuit of righteousness is a bar or hindrance to temporal prosperity. Without searching for examples elsewhere, cast your eyes about you in this city, and you will find a host of men who have been eminently successful in every department of professional and commercial life, without stooping to base or ignoble methods. And while they have acquired fortunes, they enjoy the esteem and confidence of their fellow-citizens; they preserve a pure and upright conscience and are comforted by the blessed hope of eternal life.

"In confirmation of this sense, we may use the words of the Apostle who says that 'piety is profitable for all things, having the promise of the life that now is and for that which is to come.' And our Lord Himself seems to verify what I have said in these words: 'Seek first the kingdom of God and His justice, and all things else shall be added unto you.'

"On this day when we are commemorating the Festival of All Saints cast your eyes in spirit heavenward and contemplate that cloud of witnesses over your heads, inviting you to follow their footsteps and share in their reward. You will see there men and women of every rank and condition of life who have preserved their garments undefiled, who have fought the good fight, have finished their course and kept the faith."

QUOTES ST. JOHN'S WORDS

"I saw," says St. John, "a great multitude which no man could number, of all nations, and tribes, and peoples, and tongues, standing before the throne, and in sight of the Lamb, clothed with white robes and palms in their hands."

And they cried with a loud voice, saying, Salvation to our God Who sitteth upon the throne, and to the Lamb. . . . They shall no more hunger nor thirst, neither shall the sun fall upon them nor any heat. For the Lamb that is in the midst of the throne shall rule them and shall lead them to the fountains of the waters of life, and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes. And the city hath no need of the sun, nor of the moon to shine in it, for the glory of God hath enlightened it, and the Lamb is the lamp thereof."

"No sun, no moon in borrowed light
Revolves thine hours away;
The Lamb on Calvary's mountain slain,
Is thine eternal day."

LOURDES MIRACLES

BY HILAIRE BELLOC

Some thirty to forty years ago what was the attitude towards Lourdes? Among Catholics were those who said: "I am not bound by the Faith to believe that miracles have taken place at Lourdes." The non-Catholic said: "There is a place called Lourdes to which yearly before and after the pilgrimages take place of people who desire to be cured of their ailments by what they believe to be a miraculous or magical water. Certainly, astonishing things do take place, but they take place through what I have been told to call 'auto-suggestion.'"

That was the change. They no longer had the sceptical Catholic apologizing as he did twenty years before, and they no longer had the non-Catholic denying the objective reality of the Lourdes miracles; and what others termed "objective reality" Catholics called the truth.

Lourdes was the thing that changed the mind of modern Europe with regard to miracles. Lourdes was the thing that broke up the old materialism of what was called the Victorian Era. Lourdes it was that began to make the mass of sceptical Europe consider whether there was not will rather than matter behind the universe; and, although it was a matter of which nobody could pretend to have any specific knowledge, there was something particularly providential about the way in which the Lourdes miracles were chosen. In putting that thesis before them, he must warn them of the eccentricity, the abnormality, the apparent planlessness of the Catholic point of view. His thesis was abnormal, eccentric and individual, but he was quite determined on it, and he thought it was one that posterity would accept. They must first understand the state of mind in which Europe was from 1845 to 1885; and when he spoke of the mind of Europe, he referred to that select body called in Russia the "intelligentsia" and in France the "intellectuals." The attitude of these people was curiously compounded of materialism and determinism; they said there was a process or sequence in Nature which excluded the action of the will and the personality which were only a function of matter. They denied, implicitly, the existence of a personal God; they certainly denied what he has said in the Bible, and hence they denied miracles. Roman and Huxley converged in the ineradicable faith that what they called the processes of the material world were not present among them.

Upon this state of mind there fell the phenomenon of Lourdes in 1858. It fell just at the moment when the adverse wave of materialism was at what he has said in the Bible, and hence they denied miracles. Roman and Huxley converged in the ineradicable faith that what they called the processes of the material world were not present among them.

The first book which disturbed the "intellectuals"—the scientific mind of Europe as they were pleased to call themselves—was that published at Nancy in 1883 by Bernheim, and in that book was the first solid explanation of the theory of what has since been called "auto-suggestion." That book was the starting-point from which people began to say: "These things do happen after all." 1883 was the date on which the seed

sown at the Grotto of Lourdes began to work; for that was the date when the scientific mind of Europe began to say: "These things do happen." That was what occurred to the "intellectuals." The European mind had been changed from a dogmatic denial of supernatural phenomena to that of admission: "These things do happen after all." The whole materialistic and deterministic attitude had gone by the board, and it was Lourdes, and Lourdes alone that did it; it was the perpetual stream of phenomena at Lourdes that wore down and pressed to the dust and left for nothing the scepticism and the intellectuality of Europe.

Let them suppose for a moment that it had been proposed to someone endowed with the necessary powers to produce a series of miracles which would have converted that sceptical temper of the middle of the nineteenth century! Suppose a great saint had been told that God would give him power to work those miracles most likely to affect the mind of Europe at this materialistic time. He could not have chosen a method more powerful than that which Almighty God chose through the action of Our Blessed Lady in the Grotto and through the water of Lourdes. Had there been the occurrence of sporadic miracles in Europe—among natives universally and habitually devoted, such as the Poles and the Irish, it would have been easy to say, "These people will believe anything!"

Again, had it taken the form of some monstrous mechanical event—something of gigantic immensity, that would not have converted the modern mind. In the presence of such a phenomenon as that the modern mind would have questioned the original evidence. But there was Lourdes, which had providential circumstances connected with it. The phenomenon was reiterated. They were now living sixty years after the first phenomenon, and they were still going on a perpetual—not an increasing—and reiterated stream of facts. The length of the life of a man was covered by what had been done there. Unquestionably Lourdes had attached itself to the human heart. It might sound a paradoxical statement, but it was true that men were more moved to conviction by a miracle consonant with human needs by a purely mechanical, non-human incident or marvel of that type. Had these miracles happened in a Protestant country they would have been boycotted; happening as they did in France—on a place on a railway, in the full light of Europe—they could not be boycotted; they became matter for acute discussion.

There was one particular characteristic of Lourdes which particularly concerned Catholics. This great lever for the change of the human mind and for the conversion of Europe was connected with Our Blessed Lady—God's instrument for that tremendous force. That gave one to think. Supposing that those miracles had happened at the Holy Places in Jerusalem. What a handle that would have been. People would have said: "The tradition of Christ is to us all; and the Catholic Church is but a sect." Had those miracles occurred with ecstasies at the tomb of some local saint they could see how local jealousies would have arisen, and how foreigners would have sneered at the superstition of that place; men would have speculated upon them as psychological phenomena, and nothing would have followed. But they came in direct connection with the Mother of God. They appealed by their objection evidence to Catholics—they appealed subjectively to what was owed to Our Blessed Lady; they stirred our faith and convinced the reason of others; and the two forces converged.

Cardinal Bourne said: I should like to express my own very hearty appreciation of the striking thesis which Mr. Belloc has placed so brilliantly before us. It is an aspect of the work which Our Blessed Lady of Lourdes has done which is not familiar to many, and I am sure that what he has said will remain in your minds, and I trust you will convey his words to others.—The Universe.

EDUCATION

IS CATHOLIC CHURCH ENEMY OF POPULAR EDUCATION

READ ANSWER OF A NON CATHOLIC PUBLICATION

Anti-Catholic orators and editors spend most of their time and energies, says C. A. Windle in Braun's Iconoclast, trying to prove that the Catholic Church is opposed to education for the masses. He then proceeds to refute the charge in the following manner: "This absurd fallacy finds its base in an erroneous understanding of the Catholic attitude toward the public school system.

The Church does not object to this system because it is opposed to popular education, but it believes that the child should have a religious education which the public school cannot give.

As a proof of their sincerity Catholics pay their taxes to the State for the purpose of supporting public schools in which Protestant children are educated, and levy a special school tax against themselves in order to give their own children what they consider proper religious training.

Criticism of our public school system or any other American institution is not incompatible with patriotism.

Freedom of speech and press gives all citizens the right to express their candid opinion on such matters. Criticism is not to be feared. It tends to correct defects and improve standards of excellence.

Parochial schools cost American Catholics \$40,000,000 per annum.

But for these schools Protestants would be paying more taxes, and it would cost many additional millions to provide buildings for the pupils now attending religious schools.

Instead of condemning Catholics, Protestants should feel a sense of gratitude for this relief from higher taxes.

If their enemies could show that parochial schools do not educate, do not prepare the future citizen for his station in life, their protest would have converted that sceptical temper of the middle of the nineteenth century! Suppose a great saint had been told that God would give him power to work those miracles most likely to affect the mind of Europe at this materialistic time. He could not have chosen a method more powerful than that which Almighty God chose through the action of Our Blessed Lady in the Grotto and through the water of Lourdes.

Had there been the occurrence of sporadic miracles in Europe—among natives universally and habitually devoted, such as the Poles and the Irish, it would have been easy to say, "These people will believe anything!"

Both public and parochial schools fall far short of perfection, but their graduates never find the instruction they receive a handicap in the battle of life. Fighting side by side they attain the highest honors in theology, politics, literature, commerce, art and science.

John D. Rockefeller is a product of one system and Thomas F. Ryan is a graduate of the other.

Justice W. R. Day of the United States Supreme Court received his preliminary education in public schools, while Chief Justice White got his start in the parochial school.

A Catholic education did not disqualify Joseph Tammaly from becoming private secretary to the President of the United States, nor did it prevent Dr. J. B. Murphy of Chicago from becoming the greatest surgeon of our time.

The universities of Paris, Salerno, Oxford and Cambridge were founded by the Catholic Church in the thirteenth century.

In the fourteenth she established the universities of Rome, Dublin, Cologne, Heidelberg and others. In

all the centuries of the Christian era her priests have been recognized as the best educated men of their day. Today her scholars, her scientists divide honors with the greatest men of the world. Among these we find the names of Pasteur, Madam Curie and Marconi.

Among the master painters of the world she placed the names of Raphael, Murillo, Rembrandt, Rubens and De Vinci.

Among the immortal poets we find the names of Dante, Dryden, Pope and Shakespeare.

America owes much to the Catholic explorers—the torch bearers of civilization. Without their names and record of gallant deeds the story of this republic could not be told. Here are a few of them: Columbus, De Soto, Joliet, Marquette and De La Salle.

A Catholic education did not make Lord Baltimore an enemy of freedom. He made Maryland a refuge for the oppressed.

A Catholic education did not keep Charles Carroll of Carrollton from adding his name to the American Declaration of Independence, nor prevent General Phil Sheridan from becoming one of the greatest soldiers of the Republic.

Catholic education never made a traitor to the Stars and Stripes. This fact is sealed by the blood of Catholics shed upon every battlefield of the republic from Lexington to Manila Bay.

Guardians of Bigotry who seek to prove that the Catholic Church is an enemy of education must invent their evidence. It does not exist in any authentic record. I challenge Tom Watson, Teddy Walker and the entire array of bigoted orators and editors to name one demonstrable fact in philosophy, economics, astronomy, medicine, or any branch of science which the Catholic Church refuses to accept at its face value.

Among fallacies there is nothing more false or more utterly absurd than the delusion that the Catholic Church is the enemy of popular education.—Church Progress.

ORIGINAL SIN THE PROLIFIC CAUSE OF PHYSICAL EVIL

There is something sadly wrong with this old world. The universe as a whole runs like a clock. There is evidence of order and design everywhere. And yet there seems to be much that is evil physically and morally, so much that is wrong and out of order, especially as regards the human race.

The problem of evil stands no chance of solution except on the hypothesis that there is a God over and above humanity Who can shape things on a scale so grand and magnificent that even the toleration of evil may serve His purpose of final good to all. In other words, if there is a God, evil can finally be righted. If there is no God, evil must leave humanity hopelessly crushed and defeated. Confronted by the problem of evil, it is only a fool who will say in his heart: "There is no God."

We look upon the world war as a great evil to humanity. Why should humanity always be at war? Why should humanity, "my hands to its own destruction"? Why can we not live at peace?

The answer is Original Sin. Evidently humanity is cursed by sin, by hereditary, inherited or original sin, as well as by the actual sins of individuals. All the physical evils that afflict humanity, pain, sickness, war, death, are the result or punishment of sin. Speaking to fallen man in the person of Adam, God said: "Cursed be the earth in thy works." Very conceited man may ridicule the very idea of original sin, they may sneer at it as a medieval doctrine, but it is the only doctrine that ever begins to explain the biggest fact of human life, the fact of evil.—Rev. H. C. Hengell, in Our Sunday Visitor.

GOD BLESS YOU!

From morn till noon: from noon till night;
From night till hours of waking light;
From days to weeks; from weeks to years;
Through rain and shine; through smiles and tears;
God bless you!

When friends are nigh to aid and cheer;
When those unkind to you are near;
When all goes well with what you do;
When life is dark, and lonely, too;
God bless you!

When Joy attends your golden day;
When Grief walks with you on your way;
When Hope your labors will sustain;
When all your efforts seem in vain;
God bless you!

When skies are bright where'er you are;
Or in your firmament no star;
Where'er your path in life may lead;
Be health and strength your gift or need;

In all you think; in all you say;
Though I be near, or far away;
Till at the Judgment Seat you stand,
May angels fall protect you, and
God bless you!
—ABRAHAM, O. S. F.

TRUE CHRISTIANITY ALONE CAN SAVE THE WORLD

Over fifty million men have answered the call of their respective nations to fight, to suffer and, if need be, to die in The Great War. Millions of them have already given up their lives. What is wrong with the world? What does it all mean?

It means first that modern materialism, logically and actually resulting from the Protestant Revolt of four hundred years ago, is ruining and mocking the world. Modern nations have sought their happiness in things material only. Now they are compelled to spend and to waste their material treasures in order to pursue the spiritual ideal of free democracy.

Second, the War means that God is punishing us always, indeed the spirit of Christianity, and yet the only chance that men and nations have for real and lasting peace lies in obedience to Christ. Well does Chesterton say, "We have tried everything else to stop war, but without success. Let us now try Christianity."—Rev. H. C. Hengell, in Our Sunday Visitor.

All modern nations, especially Germany, boasted of their material progress before the War. Now behold the wreck and ruin of material treasure and worldly lives in the Great War! The man is blind who does not see now that materialism cannot save the world, whereas Christianity, as interpreted by the Church can do so.

Unfortunately the spirit of the world has always lacked the spirit of Christianity, and yet the only chance that men and nations have for real and lasting peace lies in obedience to Christ. Well does Chesterton say, "We have tried everything else to stop war, but without success. Let us now try Christianity."—Rev. H. C. Hengell, in Our Sunday Visitor.

It is announced on undeniable authority that Mejr. Camassei, Patriarch of Jerusalem, has just been liberated by the Turks and is returning to the Holy City.

The heart that suffers with resignation sees farther than the mind that reasons.

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STYLISH COAT OF NORTHERN MUSKRAT made from the finest selected skins, length cut full and roomy, finished with full belt. Note the deep sailor collar and the handsome reverse border effect on the skirt. Lined with guaranteed quality MUFF to match cut in reverse effect to match border cut. Size 34 to 44. M 718, Coat Delivered..... \$125.00 M 719, Muff Delivered..... \$2.50

DURABLE WARM COAT OF HANGULIAN FUR, 50 inches long, made from jet black glossy, full-furred skins. It is very full and roomy and just the garment for hard wear and warmth combined. Lined with furmer's satin, finished with patch pocket, fastening with large crocheted buttons. Deep storm collar and lapels' deep cuffs on sleeves. Size 34 to 40. MUFF to match in herald shade trimmed with head and tail, satin cuff and ring. M 720, Coat Delivered..... \$15.00 M 721, Muff Delivered..... \$2.00

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LONDON, SATURDAY, NOV. 2, 1918

GO TO COMMUNION FOR ME AGAIN AND AGAIN—FOCH

Amongst the distinguished representatives of many nations, gathered in Baltimore to do honor to America's great Cardinal on the occasion of the golden jubilee of his episcopal consecration not the least notable was Monsignor Arthur Stapleton Barnes, M. A., Chaplain to the Catholics at England's famous seat of learning, the University of Cambridge.

Leaving the Army while still a young man he studied for the Anglican ministry and filled several important positions in the Established Church. Received into the Catholic Church by Cardinal Merry del Val in 1895 he studied in Rome and was ordained priest in 1898. He is the author of several scholarly works. So much for the man; now for his message.

Monsignor Barnes earnestly urged Cardinal Gibbons to appeal to the Catholic children of America to receive Communion for the intention of Marshal Foch and he told how the English Catholic children had done this when the dark clouds of doubt and danger lowered menacingly over England, France and the Allied cause. General Foch himself is a devout Catholic and daily, when a church is within reach, he spends a quiet hour in humble supplication before the Blessed Sacrament. When told of the Communion of the English children the Generalissimo of all the Allied armies wrote as follows to Monsignor Barnes:

"The act of faith which the children of Great Britain have made for my intention has profoundly touched me. Please express my gratitude to them and beg them to continue their prayers for the victory of our just cause."

That was the time, he it remembered, when things looked darkest. It was hard to suppress the growing conviction that Foch had failed. Envy and malice rejoiced even in France. For the Catholic Foch had enemies and malicious enemies in France. Only a dozen short years ago an anti-clerical Government spied upon military officers and black-listed those who sent their children to convent schools or allowed their wives to practice their religion. When Clemenceau, a nobler type of anti-clerical and a patriotic Frenchman who loved France, named the future Commander-in-Chief to the Ecole de Guerre, in 1906, Foch himself thought the appointment impossible. "You cannot know," he said to the Premier, "that not only my wife and daughters are Catholics but I am a practising Catholic myself, and my brother is a Jesuit priest." Astute politician that he was Clemenceau knew the possible consequences but he had the moral courage and the patriotism to do what he conceived to be in the best interests of France. Foch went to the Ecole de Guerre where he trained in military science the officers now serving under him; Clemenceau is Premier of France; and ex-Premier Caillaux, the anti-clerical political boss of France, is in prison awaiting trial for life on charges of high treason.

Yes, when General Foch, profoundly touched by the English children's act of faith, wrote to Monsignor Barnes, the times were dark and dangerous; and not the least danger was that enemies of his own household should succeed in discrediting and displacing Marshal Foch. He had not been given supreme command until England and France were on the jagged edge of the abyss. He could not work miracles; he would not be hurried into disaster by panic-stricken opinion; he was true to himself and was guided only

by his own military knowledge and experience. He bided his time and now his military genius and achievement will brighten forever the pages of history.

In this hour of his great triumph when the temptation to pride for lesser men might be irresistible General Foch, with faith as simple as a child's, as strong as St. Paul's, in touching humility writes again to Mgr. Barnes:

"I am still depending on the prayers of the children. Ask them to go to Communion for me again and again."

And this suggested another situation.

It was with a thrill of pride and a glow of the most heartfelt satisfaction that Catholics everywhere in Canada read the marvellously consoling letter which His Lordship Bishop Fallon wrote to all the Catholic papers describing the establishment and promotion of the Holy Name Society in the Canadian Corps in France. That letter should be distributed in hundreds of thousands. No one can read it without becoming a better member of the Holy Name Society and no member of the Holy Name Society but should read, mark, learn and inwardly digest it. What is eminently a matter for legitimate pride and congratulation is the unreserved approval and hearty co-operation of all the leading Canadian officers, including General Sir Arthur Currie himself in the establishment and promotion of the Holy Name Society amongst the Canadian troops, Catholic and Protestant. There is not a sentence not worthy of quotation. From the Special Brigade Order of Brigadier General Macbrien inviting all to study the Holy Name leaflet we take the following paragraphs:

"The object in calling this matter to the attention of the Brigade is to emphasize the importance of refraining from blasphemy and vile or indecent language, and to point out that there is a great necessity for the prayers of all that our cause may be victorious. Even the best soldiers gain strength from, and are better for, prayer."

"The object is to form a Society which, when formed, will be composed of thinking men who realize that morale is as vital to the success of an Army as proficiency in arms and plentiful munitions, and further that morale in its best sense, cannot be separated from religion."

So far as religious sentiment and orthodoxy are concerned, there is no Catholic who will not be in soul-felt agreement with what is here written by the reverent-minded Protestant soldier.

Speaking of the devout Catholic General Foch, Bishop Fallon's letter revealing the sturdy Christian faith of our own Canadian officers, Protestant though most of them be, came insistently to mind. And not without reason, for the religious sentiment of these Canadian officers are intimately related to that revealed by General Foch in his request for the children's Communion. Days of intercession set apart by the nations at war, the mid-day minute consecrated to silent prayer daily by the American Red Cross chapters, the exhortations to prayer and humility by some of the Protestant ministers, are all evidences of that spirit which Catholics must rejoice to see animating the people especially at the present time.

Prayer, as the Catechism teaches, is primarily and above all the elevation of the soul to God, to praise Him, to bless His holy name, to thank Him for all His benefits; prayer is union with God, the source of all strength and power and force. And Holy Communion is the elevation of the soul to God and union with Him when the God-man under the sacred species stoops down to us and gives Himself to be the very food of our souls. Holy Communion is the highest form of prayer. There should not be a day when tens of thousands of Communion are not offered for the great cause which holds the world in the throes of unprecedented struggle. Let the children especially receive Communion for this intention. There is a touching humility in the belief that in their innocence and freedom from the stains of sin the prayers of the little ones for whom Jesus has an especial love will be heard before all others. But let Communion for this intention be not confined to the children. Let Catholics one and all throughout the world take each to himself or herself Marshal Foch's urgent invitation:

"Go to Communion for me again and again."

And at such times let us include in an especial manner the gallant Cana-

dian officers and men who acknowledge, in the words of General Macbrien,

"the great necessity for the prayers of all that our cause may be victorious. Even the best soldiers gain strength from and are better for prayer."

THE VICTORY LOAN AND THRIFT

Commenting on the Bishops' urgent request that Catholics subscribe as far as their means will allow to the Victory Loan we have already pointed out that that way lies the clear path of patriotic duty. This duty is, of course, incumbent on all Canadians; but, like the Bishops, we are chiefly concerned with its fulfilment by Catholics. And there is not a doubt in the world that conscientious fulfilment of civic and patriotic duties by Catholics not only helps materially to promote the general welfare but redounds to the credit and advantage of religion as well. "Fear God, honor the king." In this favored land of our nativity where a free people govern themselves the best safeguard of our rights is a loyal performance of our duties.

Some one has defined patriotism as enlightened self interest; and, despite the cynical perversion of the good and fairly obvious sense, in its best sense the definition is fundamentally true. Enlightened self-interest and sordid selfishness are poles apart. To enlightened self-interest religion addresses itself every time it appeals to the individual to save his own soul, so without further apology, self-interest may be taken as a worthy and appropriate motive for subscribing to the Victory Loan.

One of the lessons which the War has borne in on the most sluggish intelligence is that under the easy going conditions of peaceful prosperity there was, on this continent especially, enormous economic waste. Out of what was ordinarily consumed or wasted on this side of the ocean we were able last year to spare hundreds of millions of bushels of wheat or pounds of flour to feed the heroic armies and no less heroic civilian populations of our gallant Allies in Europe. We are familiar with such statements; we accept them with a more or less vague understanding but as a rule without grasping their tremendous import and significance. Indeed, judging from the not infrequent comments, there are many doubting Thomases who regard the food restrictions, whether compulsory or voluntary, as trivial and futile. Let us examine the question. If every family—not every individual of the population of Canada and the United States—if every family saved one single pound of flour each week there would be a weekly saving of 25,000,000 pounds, which in a year would amount to 1,300,000,000 pounds; the substitution of a pound a week of another cereal for wheat flour would double this enormous total. So with bacon and beef and coal; savings have been effected which have changed the course of history, for without them the War had been lost.

All this has a direct and important bearing on the question under consideration. From the magnitude of national results we realize the importance of individual effort. For the stupendous result of Canadian and American economy in food is but the sum-total of individual saving. What is true of food is true of everything else. We have learned in a way that kindles the imagination that marvelous old truth—old but ever new—that the mighty ocean is composed of drops of water. A deeper realization of this truth and its application to our lives spells happiness and prosperity for the individual, the family, and the nation.

Subscribing to the Victory Loan will, in many cases, compel the practice of those little economies which constitute the difference between self-respecting thrift leading to independence, and that loose and vulgar extravagance which verges on dishonesty and leads to shiftless incompetence.

Ease and self-indulgence are the entrance to the way of perdition. There is no truth more clearly taught by Jesus Christ; those who would be His disciples must take up their cross daily and follow Him. There is no truth more intimately woven into the ideals and practices, into the very life of His Church. In the natural order, too, there is no success, no progress without self-denial. God is the author of nature and of grace. His ways in the supernatural order are a light to our feet in the order of nature.

Thrift brings its own reward in this life; but inasmuch as it means self-denial it should commend itself

to Christians and Catholics for higher reasons; and it is intimately related to God-imposed duties, duties as children, as husbands, as wives, as fathers and mothers. This is self-evident. A little honest examination of conscience, however, might make many a Catholic father and mother blush when they utter the familiar excuse for shirking their duty, for instance, in the matter of the education of their children or of their decent equipment for the battle of life. "They can't afford it." The excuse as a matter of fact is quite true after fifteen or twenty years of slipshod extravagance; it would not be true after twenty years of thrift. Buy a Victory Bond for the boy or girl, the toddler, the baby, and learn that it is possible to provide decently for your children; that being demonstrated the good work will go on.

The times are upon us when not only as individuals or as members of families but as citizens thrift has become an imperative duty. Here self-interest in the narrower sense and patriotism merge into enlightened self-interest, individual and national.

For over four years there has been an utterly unprecedented destruction of the world's capital; we have grown familiar with figures which are beyond the reach of the average intelligence; far and away beyond any experience in human history. These figures represent the mountains of debt under which the nations will stagger when the War is over. The wealth of England invested in an utterly unprecedented destruction of the world's capital; we have grown familiar with figures which are beyond the reach of the average intelligence; far and away beyond any experience in human history. These figures represent the mountains of debt under which the nations will stagger when the War is over. The wealth of England invested in an utterly unprecedented destruction of the world's capital; we have grown familiar with figures which are beyond the reach of the average intelligence; far and away beyond any experience in human history. 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superior in numbers and shaken to the foundations of the State by internal changes. He calls upon his people to offer public prayers.

Deep discontent is spreading everywhere among the German people, the Cardinal writes, and they not only give expressions to their state of mind by what they say, but write disheartening letters to the men at the front, impairing their courage and power of resistance.

In all Protestant churches of Prussia public prayers have been offered for the protection of Germany from the misfortunes which threaten her.

ON THE BATTLE LINE

THREE DAYS of hard fighting in one of the notable battles of the War brought a great and merited victory to the British Third and Fourth Armies. Sir Douglas Haig announced last night that the advance which began on Wednesday has now reached the Valenciennes-Mezieres Railway on the front between Maing, immediately to the south of Valenciennes, and Le Quesnoy. This push out of commission a seven-mile stretch of the principal enemy line of communication in northern France.

The British victory has not been lightly won. The Germans appear to have fought with desperate courage, and to have clung to every point of resistance that afforded even a toehold. Sunken roads, ruined farmhouses and chateaux, clumps of wood-land, the banks of the numerous streams on the battlefield, were all used for the emplacement of nests of machine guns; but despite the best the enemy could do the British made an advance averaging almost five miles in depth along a front of about seventeen miles, took 9,000 German prisoners, captured a hundred and fifty guns, and, by certain the evacuation of Valenciennes by the enemy within a few days to avoid the encirclement and cutting off of its garrison.

IN EXPLANATION of the relatively slow advance of General Debeney's army in the Valley of the Oise, it is stated that the Germans in the region from Guise southward to the vicinity of La Fere have strengthened the natural defenses by flooding the country. Dams prepared long before the enemy began his retreat were used to divert the waters of the Oise and the Serre and spread them over the river valleys and the adjacent low-lying lands. Debeney's army still makes headway. It is expected that the Germans will fight with great tenacity for the possession of Guise, toward which two French columns are now converging.

THE ITALIAN offensive in the Brenta region, on the mountains north of Monte Grappa and on the Piave develops favorably. During the first day's operations the Italians and the British and French troops assisting them, captured 84 officers and 2,791 men. They drove the Austrians from Monte Petica, took Monte Sisonol, on the Asiago Plateau, and several islands in the Piave. The British troops, who carried out this last operation, captured 400 men who garrisoned the islands. The advances appear to be preliminary to a crossing of the Piave in force.

THE PERIOD of cool dry weather that precedes the rainy season in Mesopotamia has arrived, and General Marshall's men are once more on the move. They are advancing up the Tigris toward Mosul, while cavalry on the high road from Bagdad to Mosul, which swings away to the east of the river, have been driving out the Turkish horsemen.

IT HAS BEEN known for some little time on the Pacific coast that the Japanese army in Siberia had penetrated a considerable distance into the interior after the occupation of the Valley of the Amur, but the official report that the Japs reached Irkutsk, on the west side of Lake Baikal, on October 12th, is somewhat startling. Irkutsk is almost eighteen hundred miles west of Vladivostok along the line of the Trans Siberian Railway.

A BRITISH wireless official despatch contains the statement that the Germans are having trouble as regards material. The batteries of heavy guns have been reduced from four to three, and in some cases even to two guns. Steel and copper are both scarce, and substitutes for the latter metal are eagerly collected by the enemy. It is significant that every little bit of brass that could be secured by the enemy at low tide on the British vessels sunk at Ostend and Zeebrugge to block the harbors was removed before evacuation. Every bell in Bruges balfry save one was taken, and that would have been also had it not proved too difficult to remove because of its weight.—Globe Oct. 26.

We do not live to make money, but to save our souls.

THE POPE'S LETTER

REBELLION AND VIOLENCE CONDEMNED IN BILINGUAL AGITATION

LETTER OF OUR MOST HOLY LORD BENEDICT XV. BY DIVINE PROVIDENCE POPE

TO THE ARCHBISHOPS AND BISHOPS OF CANADA

To our beloved son Louis Nazaire Begin, Cardinal priest of the Holy Roman Church, Archbishop of Quebec, and to our Venerable Brethren the Archbishops and Bishops of the Dominion of Canada:

POPE BENEDICT XV. Our Beloved Son and Venerable Brethren Greeting and Apostolic Blessing.

In the Apostolic Letter: Commissio divinitus, which We addressed to you on December 8th, 1916, We most earnestly exhorted the clergy and Catholic people of your country to set aside all contentions and disagreements deriving from a difference of race or language; and at the same time We enjoined that if, owing to such reasons, disputes were to arise in future, they should be settled without a breach of charity, namely as becometh the saints "careful to keep the unity of the spirit in the bond of peace."

We rejoice, that by the grace of God, Our exhortation was not made in vain; for the faithful as a body not only welcomed Our words with due respect, but even with general applause and satisfaction, so much so, as to give reason to hope that peace and concord would reign henceforward among the Catholics of Canada.

However, not long afterwards, some unfortunate events occurred, not due, it would seem, to any malice which disturbed this initial pacification and produced the seed of fresh dissensions. Thus it was that both sides appealed to Us and called upon Us for a decision in the interests of peace.

The matter in question is the education law enacted by the Ontario Government in the year 1913 for the Anglo-French bilingual schools. Whilst on one side it was denounced as unjust and to be combated by every available means, others judged it with less severity and did not think it should be so bitterly opposed. This divergence of opinion was followed by a dissension of sentiments.

When therefore the whole matter was brought before Us for decision We most carefully examined the question, as the gravity of the issue demanded, and We also instructed the Eminent Cardinals of the S. C. of the Consistory to study the subject.

Wherefore, after fully considering it under all its aspects, We have come to the conclusion and now decide as follows: The French Canadians may justly appeal to the Government for suitable explanations of the above mentioned law, and, at the same time, crave and seek every available advantage. Such are undoubtedly, that the inspectors of their separate schools should be Catholics, that during the first years of tuition the use of their own language should be granted for the teaching of certain subjects, chiefly and above all, of Christian Doctrine, and that Catholics be allowed to establish Training Schools for the education of teachers. But all these advantages, and others that may be useful, must be invoked and sought for by Catholics without any form of rebellion and without recourse to violent or illegitimate methods; and let them employ peacefully and moderately all such means as are legally or by lawful custom permitted to citizens seeking advantages to which they considered themselves entitled. This We state with greater security and freedom in view of the fact that the chief State authority has acknowledged that the law enacted by the Ontario Government is couched in somewhat obscure language and that it is not easy to ascertain its true effect.

Hence, within these limits and by such means, French-Canadians are free to seek the interpretation or amendments which they desire in the law of education. But in this matter, they must concern all Catholics, let no one venture to appeal to the civil courts nor promote litigation without the knowledge and consent of his Bishop; and in such questions let the latter not decide anything without consultation with the other Bishops immediately interested.

And now We wish to address all Our Brethren the Bishops of the Dominion of Canada, and to repeat to them with the greatest earnestness and deepest feelings the charge We made two years ago, namely that they be *one body and one spirit*, avoiding all dissensions between each other by reason of either race or language. One and the same Spirit placed them to rule the Church of God, the Spirit forsooth of unity and of peace. Thus being made a pattern of the flock from the heart, (1. Pet., v. 3.) you will be able with greater authority and efficacy to command your priests (as We strictly order you) to command them to preserve concord in their midst and to strive by their words and example to maintain that concord amongst the faithful. With this object in view We wish once more to recommend again and again that which We urged in our previous Letter: let all priests endeavor to acquire the knowledge and use of both languages

English and French, and setting aside all prejudice let them adopt one or other according to the needs of the faithful.

Finally, all faithful Catholics must remember that nothing can or should be dearer to them than to preserve mutual charity, for thus will they prove themselves to be disciples of Jesus Christ: *By this shall all men know that you are My disciples, if you have love one for another* (John, xiii, 35). And this should particularly be made manifest when disputes arise either owing to a divergence of views or to conflicting interests. Moreover, We wish to admonish most severely all those, be they priests or laymen who, in opposition to the Gospel and to Our injunction, venture to foster and embitter the dissensions that are rife to-day in the Dominion of Canada. If any diocese which God forbid, the Bishops should not hesitate to report them to the Holy See ere things become worse.

As a pledge of heavenly grace and of Our special affection We very lovingly bestow upon you, Our beloved Son and Venerable Brethren and to each of your respective flocks, the Apostolic blessing.

Given in Rome, near St. Peter's, on the 7th day of June, Feast of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, 1918, the fourth year of Our Pontificate.

BENEDICTUS P. P. XV.

THE TRAIL OF A SOCIAL SERPENT

By Byron H. Stauffer, in The Christian Guardian

A man staggered to the clerk's desk in a certain fashionable hotel in my vicinity, gasping, "Get a doctor; my wife has shot me!" They hurried him to a hospital, while others ran to the beautiful apartments, to find a frenzied woman pointing a revolver at the door and commanding the intruders to stay out. Disarming her, the police took her to the cells. The morning papers told the story of domestic infelicity which had led to the tragedy. The husband had already been divorced from a former wife. After divorce proceedings had been begun between them and his second wife they attempted a reconciliation, took apartments in the hotel, had a quarrel, with the shooting as a result. It was found that the wife also had had a previous matrimonial mishap. Her daughter by the first husband was also divorced from her husband. After the woman had been landed in the police cell her father came to see her. Also her mother. But as these parents had likewise been divorced, and had not seen each other for a year, the meeting was fraught with some embarrassment. Well, that is the story, with the additional word that the husband did not prosecute when he recovered, and the wife went free. People straightway forgot the double-column newspaper report, for the good reason that the next few days gave them the good old-fashioned war!

Not long ago a couple came to be married whose record was a fine commentary on easy divorce. I trust that those Canadian agitators for this "reform" will note the point. The groom had already three divorces to his credit and the bride two.

I buried a man who had the distinction of having two wives gazed upon his face in the coffin. His son by the first wife and a daughter by the second wife were also present. A neighbor of mine has been authorized by the court which divorced him from his wife to call on his child once a week for a two-hour visit. But it is stipulated that she, the wife, is to be present.

"Easy divorce" has resulted in the granting of three thousand decrees of divorce in one year in a city of Toronto's size. Let me say it again: Three thousand a year! Six thousand weddings and three thousand divorces. In an adjacent county the ratio is two divorces for every five weddings. These divorces are nearly all of native American stock. And as to their social status, they are of all castes.

"Easy divorce" is in the air. The young groom and bride have the possibility of separation before them. "I'll death us do part" is a joke. In half the weddings it should read, "I'll divorce us do part."

"Easy divorce" means empty cradles. Why encumber a divorcee with the presence of children? "Easy divorce" means smaller congregations and puny churches. The divorcees are not usually church people. How can they be?

"Easy divorce" means children abandoned to convents, children put out to board with strangers, children ashamed and humiliated, with an awful handicap with which to begin life's race.

A man was haled into court the other day for not paying his divorced wife the alimony stipulated by the judge eight years ago. His reply to the charge was that he had now married again and couldn't support two wives. The judge said that was no excuse; if his income wasn't sufficient, he could go to the shipyards, where men now got princely salaries as mechanics.

The agitation in Canada, I understand, includes a proposition to give

the provinces the power to control divorce legislation. That is the weakness of United States divorce. Here we have an agitation among thinking men to put the matter into federal control. At present each State has its own grounds for divorce. As a result much confusion and vast migrations for the purpose of acquiring residence to secure separations.

"Easy divorce" means many divorces on British politics designed to get people will settle down as husbands and wives can do in nine thousand nine hundred and ninety-nine cases out of ten thousand. If Canada does not want the ten thousandth case grow to five thousand, let her take heed how she tinkers with her present laws. These may work hardship to a few. "Easy divorce" will work havoc with the many.

How would our Canadian agitators for "easy divorce" like to see Toronto with a court calendar of three thousand divorce suits every twelve-month? How long would the city's wonderful home districts survive? The second-hand furniture dealers would have their war-rooms flooded; furnished apartments would become very popular. In ten years there would be no crowded schools, save among foreigners.

THE FREE PRESS MYTH

Every day Canadian opinion is being moulded by Times despatches, and by cabled editorial comment on British politics designed to swing opinion in the Dominion on the side of Lloyd George and the Imperial Protectionists. When Lord Northcliffe entertained Canadian newspaper men in Printing House square, during their recent visit to England, he proceeded to dilate on the influence he wielded through his network of syndicated newspapers:

"From this place radiates a vast service of news throughout the whole world. We issue not only The Times itself, but our news is scattered throughout the United States by the Philadelphia Public Ledger, through Australasia by the Sydney Sun, throughout France and other Continental countries by La Matin, through Italy by the Corriere della Sera, and throughout South America by that fine pro-Ally paper, La Nacion. So that if we are ancient in our surroundings, we are quite modern in our ways."

The purchase of The Chronicle adds another page to the story of the Great Dope Scandal. Its exposures of the British Cellulose Company were so destructive to the Government—involving as it did one of the Ministers—that steps had to be taken to silence the editor, Mr. Robert Donald. Beverbrook negotiated for the purchase of the paper, with a costly crucifix. The following autograph letter from the Holy Father accompanied the gift:

"To Our Beloved Son, James Cardinal Gibbons, Archbishop of Baltimore, Health and Apostolic Benediction. "We have lately received the good news that during the coming October, on the happy occasion of the Golden Jubilee of your Episcopate, your fellow citizens purpose to honor you with signal marks of their affection and joy. Indeed in so illustrious a manner have you won the high esteem of men in the sight of all your fellow Americans that it can hardly be a matter of surprise that not only your clergy and people, bound to you by ties of affection, but also men of every order, should join in paying you honor. With so great a throng of well-wishers may you enjoy the fruits of your piety and religious observance, bearing in mind that an abundant measure of reward is to be expected from Him who rendereth unto every man according to his works."

"As for Ourselves, we join our great thanks with yours to the God who has sustained you, and moreover we wish your joy to be augmented by Our own congratulations, for indeed it is pleasing to us to fold in Our fatherly embrace those who, like yourself, have labored long in the offices of the Good Shepherd. We are sending to you a souvenir of the happy day, which, at the same time, is a testimony of Our affection for you."

Moreover, beseeching God to favorably regard your applications, We empower you, in Our name, on the day of your jubilee, at the Solemn Sacrifice, to bless those present, announcing a plenary indulgence to be gained by following the usual conditions. And as a pledge of heavenly rewards and as proof of Our Own affection for you, Beloved Son, we lovingly in the Lord impart to you and yours the Apostolic Benediction.

Given at Rome, at St. Peter's on the fourth day of September, in the year of Our Lord, one thousand nine hundred and eighteen, and the fifth of Our Pontificate.

BENEDICT P. P. XV.

On Sunday morning the Prelates from abroad attended the simple jubilee celebration held at St. Mary's Seminary.

Cardinal Gibbons was escorted from his residence on Charles street to the seminary, and the exercises in his honor were opened by the Very Rev. E. R. Dyer, president of the Seminary. Addresses were made by a representative of the seminarians, and by two members of the faculty of St. Mary's Seminary, and at the close of the exercises Cardinal Gibbons thanked the Commissioners from the

we should be suffering from every form of war and misery. We owe Him, then, unmitigated love, worship and service. Decent gratitude would offer nothing less.

It behooves us, therefore, not to permit ourselves to become lax in the discharge of our religious obligations when necessity deprives us of those great helps to recollection, inspiration and fervor, afforded by the enjoyment of our churches and by the public exercises of our sanctified and Catholic practices by the parades. The test of true faith, the proof of one hundred per cent. Catholicism, is the loving worship of God under adverse conditions. That is the test, that is the proof, which our boys "Over There" are undergoing to their eternal honor and glory. Let us emulate their splendid example! Let us show ourselves worthy exponents of Catholic doctrine and Catholic practices by increased fervor at our devotions in our homes, as long as the prevailing epidemic prevents the reopening of our churches.—Catholic Telegraph.

CARDINAL GIBBONS

QUIETLY OBSERVES EPISCOPAL JUBILEE

HIERARCHY OF FRANCE AND ENGLAND SEND REPRESENTATIVES TO EXTEND GOOD WISHES.—DECORATION CONFERRED BY FRENCH GOVERNMENT

Cardinal Gibbons quietly observed the fiftieth anniversary of his consecration as Bishop in Baltimore on Sunday, Oct. 20. All arrangements had been made to celebrate the occasion with great solemnity, but in view of the prevailing epidemic of influenza, the Cardinal concluded that it was best to cancel the arrangements. This action was taken because he felt that it was not proper to hold ceremonies of rejoicing when so many of his fellow citizens are pining in suffering and sorrow.

Representatives of the hierarchy of France, England and Canada had come to this country to take part in the jubilee celebration, and the action taken by the venerable prelate has therefore caused disappointment. Even the King of Belgium, amidst the engrossing problems of war, sent a Monsignor to represent him.

On Saturday the representatives of Great Britain, France and Italy extended their good wishes and congratulations. The Rt. Rev. Frederick William Keating represented the hierarchy of England, and Msgr. Eugene L. Julien, Bishop of Arras, and Msgr. Baudrillet, Rector of the Catholic University of Paris, represented the French Episcopacy and French Government.

Msgr. Nicola, Secretary of the Apostolic Delegation at Washington, presented the Cardinal with a costly crucifix. The following autograph letter from the Holy Father accompanied the gift:

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foreign countries for their presence. The Cardinal also reviewed his early life and spoke at some length on the remarkable growth of the Catholic Church in the United States during the last half-century, and referred to the amicable relations existing between the Church and the Government.

"We have friendly relations with the Government today," the Cardinal said. "But we do not want a Government that will subsidize our churches, our clergy and our schools, and I pray to God that we will always live in a country where Church and State are separated. We know from our own experience what it is to have our temporal rulers act as friends, but we know what it is from the experience of other countries to have rulers who act not as friends, but as enemies, and who keep the Church in a state of upheaval."

Cardinal Gibbons was the recipient of congratulations and testimonials from all parts of the world. Ambassador J. J. Jusserand, notified the Cardinal the French Government had conferred the order of the Legion d'Honneur upon him. Ambassador Jusserand, in his letter, said that the decoration was bestowed upon the Cardinal as an evidence of the great esteem in which he was held by the French people and in recognition of his "great influence ever exercised in favor of noble causes and in these latter years in favor of the noblest of all, that of the reign of justice in the world."

In accepting the distinction conferred upon him, Cardinal Gibbons spoke of his love and admiration for the French people and declared that without their timely aid "our glorious country could never have been a nation."

"As it was when the soil of your beloved country, uniting Latin culture to the northern races, was first welded together," the Cardinal said, "so again upon the soil of France has this last terrible conflict been fought in which the cause of civilization and liberty has been assured."—Buffalo Echo.

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH EXTENSION SOCIETY OF CANADA

OUR FUNDS

In our official organ "Register-Extension" we publish the amounts received each week from our generous helpers.

From every nook and corner of the well settled sections of Canada we receive for distribution a large number of Mass intentions.

On account of the H. C. of L. we find that the dioceses throughout the country have regulated that the stipend for low Mass is to be at least One Dollar. We expect therefore that the many friends of Extension will bear in mind when they write us on this subject, to send at least the diocesan stipend as required by the regulations. We should never expect the poor missionaries to give their services to us except under the conditions required of us by our own priests. In fact the extraordinary difficulties under which our missionaries labor ought to compel us to be more generous to them than to our own priests for services rendered.

Mass Intentions are a great assistance to the missionary and in very many cases the donations thus received are his main source of supply. In sending Mass Intentions to the Extension Society, you are certain that they will not only be acquitted but that they reach the priests most in need. The missionary Bishops of the West and North are our agents of distribution.

We have already completed two bureaus for the education of students destined for the missionary priesthood. These two bureaus are worth \$10,000. This amount is invested and gives us for educational purposes about \$500 each year. In addition we have commenced the building of another bureau named "St. Anthony." Donations are coming slowly to the Extension Office, 67 Bond St., Toronto, in favor of this third bureau.

We hope through the generosity of our readers to complete this before the end of the year. A donation to missionary bureau means that the donor is to a certain degree the cause of all the good works, Masses offered up, prayers said, conversions made, etc., by the priests ordained by means of the bureau. How meritorious then is this work! We ask you to participate in it.

Through the generosity of Extension friends we have received, too, various sums for educational purposes; for example, \$250 pays the educational expenses of a seminarian for one year. A number of our friends give this amount each year. No matter how great or small the amount donated we have a glorious and blessed use for it.

The Ruthenian Bishop has under his charge about 250,000 Ruthenians but only 26 priests. In this difficult situation his newspaper is a great auxiliary and the only sure and satisfactory medium of contact at all times with his people. The support of this journal, so necessary in the disorganized condition of the people, is no easy task. The Extension Society gives aid when necessary. We have opened a special fund for the Ruthenian Press and although the results have not been so far too encouraging, nevertheless we have been of some assistance in sustaining this journal in the fight against eight or nine anti-Catholic Ruthenian Journals.

Donations to the general Fund of the Society are regularly received and the amount is very substantial. The amounts received week after week are used for the general work of the Society. We loan money at three or four per cent. to poor churches; we help schools; and from time to time we find it necessary to draw on our general fund to aid in some special charitable work, such as saving a church from the auctioneer or buying an old church for some new congregation.

By means of these various funds we expect our total this year to reach about \$85,000 or \$90,000. This seems a large sum but in reality it means very little when we know the needs and the demands of all the dioceses in Missionary sections of Canada.

Your assistance—no matter how small—will be most thankfully received. Make your offering and sacrifice for the Souls in Purgatory, particularly for your own friends and for those who have no one to pray for them.

Donations may be addressed to: Rev. T. O'Donnell, President, Catholic Church Extension Society, 67 Bond St., Toronto.

Contributions through this office should be addressed to: EXTENSION, CATHOLIC RECORD OFFICE, London, Ont.

Previously acknowledged..... \$888 00 In memory of late Nelly G. Cripps..... 2 00 MASS INTENTIONS P. G. M., Ottawa..... 3 00 Subscriber, Verdun..... 2 00

FATHER FRASER'S CHINA MISSION FUND

Dear Friends,—I came to Canada to seek vocations for the Chinese Missions which are greatly in need of priests. In my parish alone there are three cities and a thousand villages to be evangelized and only two priests. Since I arrived in Canada a number of youths have expressed their desire to study for the Chinese mission but there are no funds to educate them. I appeal to your charity to assist in founding bureaus for the education of these and others who desire to become missionaries in China. Five thousand dollars will found a bureau. The interest on this amount will support a student. When he is ordained and goes off to the mission another will be taken in and so on forever. All imbued with the Catholic spirit of propagating the Faith to the ends of the earth, I am sure, contribute generously to this fund.

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

I propose the following bureaus for subscription:

SACRED HEALT BURSE Previously acknowledged..... \$227 50 J. A. McLellan, Balcarres..... 5 00 J. J. C..... 10 00 Lover of the Sacred Heart..... 2 00 A Friend, St. Stephen, N. B..... 5 00 A Friend, Pembroke..... 20 00

QUEEN OF APOSTLES BURSE

Previously acknowledged \$1,017 00 Friend, Ottawa..... 20 00 Michael McDonald..... 1 00 R. L. McDonald..... 1 00 Red. O'Handley..... 1 00 Angus P. Walker..... 60 Peter Campbell..... 1 00 Collin Almon..... 1 00 Dan McCormack..... 1 00 Collin McCormack..... 1 00 Jos. McNeil..... 2 00 Jas. Jessome..... 1 00 Michael O'Handley..... 50 Jas. Marmon..... 1 00 Martin McKinnon..... 1 00 John Martin..... 1 00 Angus McLellan..... 50 Daniel N. O'Handley..... 1 00 John D. McKinnon..... 1 00 Mrs. R. L. McDonald..... 50 Malcolm Beaton..... 1 00 John McLeod..... 1 00

ST. ANTHONY'S BURSE

Previously acknowledged..... \$17 00 Mrs. D. A. Harquail, Campbellton..... 2 00

IMMACULATE CONCEPTION BURSE

Previously acknowledged..... \$13 50

COMPONER OF THE AFFLICTED BURSE

Previously acknowledged..... \$6 50 Subscriber, Verdun Que..... 1 50 A Friend, Pembroke..... 1 00

BLESSED SACRAMENT BURSE

Previously acknowledged..... \$12 00 Mr. B. Pembroke..... 2 00

ST. FRANCIS XAVIER BURSE

Previously acknowledged..... \$20 00 Friends, Pembroke..... 5 00

HOLY NAME OF JESUS BURSE

Previously acknowledged..... \$19 00

HOLY SOULS BURSE

Previously acknowledged..... \$23 00

LITTLE FLOWER BURSE

Previously acknowledged..... \$13 00

ONE ON FATHER

"Dad," began the son of a physician the other day, "I want to ask you something."

"The doctor laid down his paper and said: "What do you want to know, my son?"

"Which has more legs, one pig or no pig?"

"The father frowned and picked up his paper again. "I didn't know you wanted to ask me a silly question of that kind," he said irritably. "One pig, of course."

"No, he hasn't," said the younger chucked. "A pig has four legs and no pig has six legs. See?"

FIVE MINUTE SERMON

Rev. F. F. Hickey, O. S. B. TWENTY FOURTH SUNDAY AFTER PENTECOST

SINS OF OMISSION

The unprofitable servant cast ye out into the exterior darkness. (Matt. xxv, 30). Ordinary good Catholics, my dear brethren, are sometimes tempted to think that they can scarcely be included amongst those who need dread the Judgment Day. Great and notorious sinners, scoffers, and unbelievers, such may well dread the horror and dismay of the Judgment; but they themselves, though by no means Saints, have they any real cause of fear, or is it hysterical emotion or pious exaggeration? Would that it were an idle fear! The Judgment will be a searching one; things will be brought to light that will dismay many a poor, self-satisfied soul, and the holiest of us in consternation will find how leniently we have regarded many a thing that has angered the good God. Yes, we shall see then that "hardly the just is secure."

And this surprise and consternation will chiefly be caused by one class of sins. Not the drunkenness, impurity, wilful neglect of Mass—no, those that do such things are "already judged"; they know and own that if they die unrepentant they will be condemned. They that do such things shall not obtain the kingdom of God. (Gal. v. 21.) No, it is a class of sins we think very little of, have never looked into, and perhaps have no idea of their number or their gravity. I refer to our sins of omission—the things that we might and should have done for God.

You may well inquire, how are such things sins if we have broken no commandment? Are we all bound to be Saints? If I have kept out of mortal sin, how can I be condemned? My dear brethren, has any one of us kept the First and the great Commandment? Our Blessed Lord asked the lawyer: "How readest thou?" And he repeated the Commandment from the law of Moses: "Thou shalt love the Lord Thy God with thy whole heart, and with thy whole soul, and with thy whole strength." And it goes on: "And these words that I command thee shall be in thy heart: and thou shalt tell them to thy children, and thou shalt meditate upon them sitting in thy house, and walking on thy journey, sleeping and rising. Take heed diligently lest thou forget the Lord." (Deut. vi. 5 et seq.) Which of us can claim heaven for having observed all this? Rather should we not be humble and tremble reading those words, "Thy whole heart, whole soul, whole strength, and these words to be in thy heart, meditating on them. Take heed, diligently lest thou forget the Lord!" How earnest and devout we might have been! How easy-going and careless we have been! What things we might have done for God if we had only taken heed! What things we have neglected, because we have forgotten the Lord! Yet these sins of omission are the very ones that figure so prominently in the Gospel account of the Judgment.

Let us look into the Gospel; they are our Divine Lord's own words, and He meant us to ponder over them, learn their lesson, and be wise in time. The parable of the Talents (Matt. xxv. 14 et seq.) tells us of a man going into a far country, who called his servants, and delivered to them his goods. To one he gave five talents, to another two, to another one, to every one according to his proper ability. The servants who had received the five and the two talents traded with them, and gained other five and two respectively. But he that had received the one talent, going his way, dugged into the earth, and hid his lord's money. On the master's return the first two servants were commended and rewarded. But he that had received the one talent came and said: "Lord, I know that thou art a hard man, and being afraid, I went and hid thy talent in the earth; behold, here thou hast that which is thine." Now what harm had this man done? He was no thief; he had not broken the Seventh Commandment. And yet his lord answering, said to him: "Wicked and slothful servant, thou oughtest to have committed my money to the bankers, and at my coming I should have received my own with usury. The unprofitable servant cast ye out into exterior darkness. There shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth." My dear brethren, what had that man done but altogether omitted to do good with his grace and his opportunities?

Our Blessed Lord continues: "When the Son of man shall come in His majesty, and the Angels with Him, after blessing the just and bidding them come and possess His kingdom, then He shall say to them also that shall be on His left hand: 'Depart from Me, you cursed, into everlasting fire which was prepared for the devil and his angels.' Is it not a mistake? Hear the agonized appeal of those poor souls; they are not adulterers or murderers or drunkards! The Judge simply says: 'For I was hungry, and you gave Me not to eat; a stranger, sick and in prison, and you did not visit Me. Then they also shall answer Him, Lord, when did we see Thee thus, and did not minister to Thee? Then He shall answer them saying: Amen, I say to you, as long as you did it not to one of these least, neither did you do it to Me. And these shall go into everlasting punishment.'"

We see now how we must dread these sins of omission. These are the surprises the devil has in store for the last day. How he must despise and ridicule the self-satisfied, the steady Church-goer with the hard and selfish heart, the habitually and grievously slothful and negligent, who are quite content if they avoid the pitfalls of sins against the express commandments of God. Our only safeguard is to do all for the love of God, and with a loyalty and earnestness that will refuse nothing that God wishes and demands. We must never be content and think we have done enough. We cannot measure ourselves by what we know of others. We have to be as good and holy as God would have us be. We have to take the grace that is given to us, and trade with it to the best of our ability, lest we be cast out as unprofitable servants.

NEW YORK REGIMENTS RETAIN RECORDS

HEROISM OF NOTED IRISH AND CATHOLIC NATIONAL GUARD TROOPS IN FRANCE

The following correspondence by John M'Hugh Stuart of the European staff of the International News Service accounts in detail the heroism of the noted Irish and Catholic national guard regiments of the States of Massachusetts and New York. The article, which appeared in the Chicago American, follows: Paris, Sept. 13. "Will the Irish fight?" The same old answer may be made. They will. It can be made on the records of two famous Irish-American regiments in France. It is a record that makes men of Irish blood hold their heads high. It is a record that betters the brightest page of America's most glorious military annals.

These two regiments, one used to be the old Ninth Massachusetts and the other the Fighting Sixty-ninth of New York, were in every bad scrap the American army has been in. The tales of their prowess are just now filtering back to Paris. They may be told because the censor at headquarters has now ruled that regiments may be named for their part in such fighting as preceded that on the River Vesle. The Ninth and the Sixty-ninth were in almost all of it. The story does not come from official reports. It comes from the lips of two men, one a doctor in the Ninth and the other a chaplain in the Sixty-ninth, who saw what they relate. These two have seen many soldiers die. They know what bravery and courage and cheerfulness are.

LIEUTENANT TELLS STORY

Lieut. Simon Kelleher of the Ninth was in Paris today. He tells the story of his boys. And most of the time he sits, laughing or tears involuntarily creep out the corners of his eyes and drop unashamed down his bronzed cheeks. Lieut. Kelleher's stories show that the Irish boys of his regiment, the boys of Boston, South Boston, Roxbury, Cambridge and Charleston, fought with the cool courage that held the fire on Bunker Hill until those Americans of an earlier day "saw the whites of their eyes." They show that these boys—and most of them were mere boys—died face to the front, a grim smile on their lips, fighting doing their soldiers' duty to the last breath of ebbing life. Each heartbeat of the all-too-few left throbbled but to one purpose—to light.

No man of the Ninth died, says Lieut. Kelleher, without taking toll and more of enemy lives with him. They show the names of these heroes may not be mentioned. But "Kelly and Burke and Shea" are there, all of them, and many more. Lieut. Kelleher says nothing of his own gallantry. But his stories show that he, too, served. He was not called on for the supreme sacrifice. But he offered his life a thousand times on the first aid dressing expeditions to the farthest outpost beyond.

KILLS SIX; WOUNDED

"I'd been told there was a wounded man in an advance traverse," he says. "I crawled slowly up to get him. I heard his labored breathing in the hills of the gun fire. And then I rounded the corner of the trench. There he sat, propped against the wall. His breath came in tearing gasps and with each one the blood gushed from his chest: for he had been shot through the lungs. He was a boy I had known all my life. 'They got you bad, Pack,' I said as I tried to help him. 'They sure did, Sime,' he replied. 'But looka there.' 'I followed the wave of the empty pistol he still held in his hand, and there stretched across the opposite parapet were six dead Germans, one for every shot in his gun. They had got him only when the gun had emptied. I stopped the bleeding as best I could and we got him back to an ambulance. But he died four hours later. I guess his life was well paid for.'"

"It was this same sharp raid of the Germans that produced one of the coolest bits of desperate courage I ever saw. One of our boys had been captured by three Germans and he was being led off as they retreated, one on either side of him and one behind. Suddenly one of our shells lit within a few yards of the party. The three Germans ducked. I thought at first our boy had. But no; he had reached into his hip pocket. He dropped a hand grenade directly at his own feet and those of his captors—and the three Germans were killed. 'I got there quickly afterward to where he lay. He smiled up at me. Yes, he smiled, though his arm and half his side had been blown off. 'My boy,' I said, horrified, 'why did you do that?' 'Saw me get 'em, did you, Doc?' he answered. 'Yes, but—I didn't know what to say as I tried to dress that frightful wound. 'Well, doctor,' he said, gravely, 'I'd been to Communion this morning and I guess I was ready to die. But I wasn't ready to go to Germany. They searched me, the three of them and they took those out of my bag and out of my side pocket. 'But I always carry one tucked into my pants when I go out here, just in case of—well, anything like this. And when those three Germans ducked it came through my mind a lot quicker than I can tell it that three dead Germans and one dead American was a lot more on our side of the score than three live Germans and an American as good as dead in Berlin. So I let her go. 'He tried to raise his head and looked around. 'GOT THEM ALL' 'Never mind, boy, you got them all,' I assured him. 'Any—any chance for me, doc?' he said. 'I didn't answer and he knew. His remaining hand crept beneath his blood-soaked tunic, gripped something tight and stayed there. After a moment he spoke again. 'Doc,' he said, 'you know all the boys around our square. I wish they could know I was gone. 'And, doc,' his voice was weaker, 'will you—will you tell my mother I had—I had this when—I went.' 'Slowly his hand came out; slowly it opened; that boy's hand strangely old and worn with the bloodstains and grime. Slowly it opened and there in the blackened palm glistened a tiny, bright silver crucifix. He was dead.'"

SUFFERED TERRIBLE AGONY

"Fruit-a-lives" Alone Gave Him Quick Relief

Buckingham, Que., May 3rd, 1915. "For seven years, I suffered terribly from Severe Headaches and Indigestion. I had belching gas from the stomach, and I had chronic Constipation. I tried many remedies but nothing did me good. Finally, a friend advised 'Fruit-a-lives'. I took this grand fruit medicine and it made me well. To everyone who has miserable health with Constipation and Indigestion and Bad Stomach, I say take 'Fruit-a-lives', and you will get well."

ALBERT VARNER. 50c. a box, 6 for \$2.50, trial size 25c. At dealers or sent postpaid by Fruit-a-lives Limited, Ottawa, Ont.

PRAY FOR THE DEAD

"Who will remember thee after death, and who will pray for thee" asks the author of the "Imitation of Christ." If the individuals forget their duty to the dead, the Church does not, and her exhortations at this particular time are persuasive to remind the living to assist by suffrages and good works the suffering souls in Purgatory. Thousands of men and women in the battle fields of Europe, should be included in the intentions of Catholics that to these also, who are being taken off with such startling suddenness, He may grant a place of refreshment, light and peace.

The existence of Purgatory is a leading Catholic dogma. There are texts enough in Holy Scripture to warrant all Christians in believing it to be a holy and wholesome thought to pray for the dead. If there are sins, as we are told, that shall be forgiven, neither in this world nor in the next, and into heaven nothing defiled can enter, salvation would be a hopeless prospect for most of us now in this vale of tears, were there no Purgatory in existence. Extremes are rare, even among human beings. The great bulk of mankind is made up of men and women, neither illustrious for their sanctity nor notorious for their crimes. Ordinary God-fearing people live and die without very many heroic deeds to their credit, and without very many pronounced vices clamoring for their eternal damnation. They leave the world too good to be sent to hell for all eternity, and too bad to be admitted immediately into heaven. It is as reasonable then as it is scriptural to accept the doctrine of an intermediary state, where souls may suffer and atone for venial sins, and enjoy the justice of God for the temporal punishment due to mortal sins.

OFFICERS BAD AS MEN

"The officers are as bad as the men," he declares. "The day I got this wound I was working up with Capt. Hurley's company. They'd been driven back a little by a vicious German barrage and they were on a little ridge. They got orders to hold it, and they did, for four days. When they left it they were ahead of me. 'Well, I was up there this day and I heard of a wounded man ahead and a little on one side, just over the edge of the hill toward the German lines. 'I told the captain I'd better go to him and he wanted to detail a couple of men to help me. I declined and started off by myself, crawling on my stomach underneath a stream of machine gun bullets that would have clipped me had I raised on my elbow. 'I'd gone perhaps fifty yards when I heard a rustle in the grass behind me, and there were two of Hurley's boys. They said the captain had sent them to carry me back if anything happened. Now listen to the rest of it. I sent them chasing back to their company and crawled ahead. 'Just as I got to this ridge the bullet got me. My wounded man was across an open space and I knew I couldn't get to him. I was afraid if I waited till dark I'd bleed to death, so I put a tourniquet on my leg and started back. 'Now all of this is just preliminary. They got me back to a hospital a day later and I'd hardly got settled in my cot when should they put down in the cot next to me but Capt. Hurley himself. He was badly smashed up in the leg, too. The leg had been dressed at the dressing station and when they had got him settled they started to take off his clothes. As they pulled at his shirt he let out a howl. 'The shirt was stuck to his chest with blood. He had a wound there that the doctors at the dressing station had never discovered. 'Why, captain,' said the doctor, looking puzzled at the casualty tag, 'it don't say anything about the chest. When did you get this one?' 'What day is this?' asked the captain. 'Wednesday,' said a nurse. 'Now, let's see,' said the captain. 'Chaplain, you were up there yesterday. I must have got this on Monday.' 'All the time he'd been sending men out to take care of me he'd had that hole in his own chest and the shirt frozen over his big heart with his own blood. 'You're a captain,' I said to him. 'You're always cautioning the boys to report wounds and get them cared for. You stayed up there two days and you never even told me about it.'"

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generally prevails. The propaganda of enlightenment which is being carried on, especially in Georgia, ought to do much to break down the barrier of prejudice. Familiarity with the Church, her teachings and her representatives, is what is needed most, it would appear to aid in the spread of her benign influence.—Catholic Transcript.

A MOTHER'S SACRIFICE

Why should I moan or murmur at my loss, Or shudder at the sacrifice I make? Did not Christ's mother long foresee the Cross, Yet bravely hid her sorrow for His sake?

Did she not day by day at Nazareth, Thro' the long sweetness of His hidden years, Live in the shadow of His coming death. Yet masked with smiles the pain of unshed tears?

I must play woman's age old tragedy, The patient mother's immemorial part: To wear life's roses lightly to the eye Nor show the thorns that rankle in the heart.

For this with Christ's sweet mother makes me one: Martyr to love maternal, even as she, To wounds and death I freely give my son That thro' my sorrow earth may happier be.

To honor's task I dedicate my boy When duty calls and freedom is at stake, And make surrender of mine earthly joy For God, for truth and for my country's sake. —P. J. COLEMAN

CHARITY

If but the world would give to Love The crumbs that fall from its table fall, 'Twere bounty large enough for all The famishing to feed thereof.

And Love, that still the laurel wins Of Sacrifice, would leveler grow, And round the world a mantle throw To hide its multitude of sins. —FATHER TARI

CONTRITION

Plead Thou my cause; yet let me hear thy pain, Lord, Who hast done so much to ransom me, Now that I know how I have wounded Thee, And crucified Thee, Prince of Life, again, Yea, let me suffer; Thou wilt not disdain To let me hang beside Thee on the Tree

And taste Thy bitter Cup of Agony, Let it not be that Thou hast died in vain. Ah, awful Face of Love, bruised by my hand, Turn to me, pierce me with Thine eyes of flame, And give me deeper knowledge of my sin. So let me grieve; and when I understand How great my guilt, my ruin, and my shame, Open Thy Sacred Heart and let me in! —ROBERT HUGH BENSON.

Economy!

"SALADA" TEA

is not only the most economical on account of its great strength but you have the refreshing and delicious qualities as well. Ask your Grocer. In Sealed Metal Packets.

THE ETERNAL MOTHER

Strange things happen even in the prosaic depths of the subway. Once in a while the curtain of conversation draws away and for an instant one looks deep into life itself before the jealous curtain falls again. He was a private of artillery. His boyish face held lines of weariness and as he slumped down into a corner seat of the car his red corded hat fell off, revealing that his hair was yellow and curly. He did not stoop to pick it up, for he fell asleep almost as soon as he hit the seat.

Few noticed the gray-haired woman who sat opposite, watching him. She was gaunt and shabby. One wondered what she was doing abroad at that early morning hour. She never took her eyes off the sleeping lad. Presently she arose as the train jolted into a station.

As she passed the boy she bent, lifted the battered campaign hat, laid it on his lap and then kissed him softly on his tumbled yellow hair. He did not stir and she almost ran from the car.—New York Tribune.

PAT'S COME-BACK

Pat was serving in the army, and his two companions happened to be an Englishman and a Scotaman. The two gave their Irish friend a lively time with their jokes and teasing. One day Pat was called away, and left his coat hanging on a nail. The Englishman and Scotaman, seeing some white paint near, seized the opportunity of painting a donkey's head on the back of Pat's coat.

The latter soon returned, and looking first at his coat and then fixing his eyes on his chums, said slowly: "Begorra, and which of you two has wiped his face on my coat?"

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CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

LIVE ONE DAY AT A TIME
Lord, for tomorrow and its needs
I do not pray;
Keep me, my God, from stain of sin
Just for today.

Five years' service there he spent
many years as Pastor of St. Peter's
church at Bownville, Pa.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

SHORT SKETCH OF LIVES OF
HEROES OF THE WEEK

OCTOBER 29.—ST. NARCISUS, BISHOP
St. Narcissus was consecrated
Bishop of Jerusalem about the year
130.

THE KEY TO HAPPY LIVING

The rewards of life are for service.
And the penalties of life are for self-
indulgence. Human service is the
highest form of self-interest. It is a
movement in the line of self-preser-
vation.

STRANGE INCIDENT OF
PARIS BOMBARDMENT

HOW A WORKMAN AND HIS
FAMILY WERE SPARED
Paris Correspondence of The Catholic Times
In connection with the bombard-
ments of Paris by "Bertha," I have
been told a story, strictly true, that
excited a very lively interest in a
suburb where the German cannon
has caused more than one tragedy.

OUR CHIEF WORK

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60c. Each, Postpaid
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Adventure of Post Young Americans. By Henrietta
E. Delaney. This book describes the strange
travels during their trip abroad, and the experiences
of Johnny who was lost in the Catacombs.

ST. ROCH

UNIVERSAL PROTECTOR AGAINST
CONTAGIOUS DISEASES
Belief in the intercession of the
saints has always been taught in the
Church, and the faithful have ever
been encouraged to pray to them for
assistance, especially in times of sore
distress.

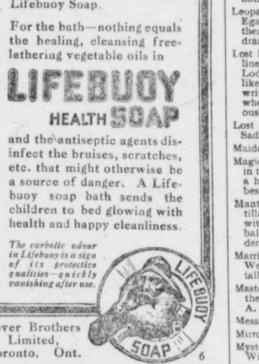
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or stuttering overcome positively. Our
natural methods permanently restore
natural speech. Graduate pupils every-
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Canada the children must be
kept healthy now. Protect them
from the germs and
microbes of disease by using
Lifebuoy Soap.



Old Dutch
Cleanser
for cleaning and scouring—
Tinware
Graniteware
Woodwork
Oilcloth
Enamelled Sinks
and Bath Tubs
Cutlery
Refrigerators
Better and cheaper
than Soap.

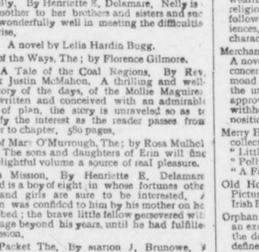


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Chances
Dirt

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Ask for Quantity Discount
The Catholic Record
LONDON, CANADA

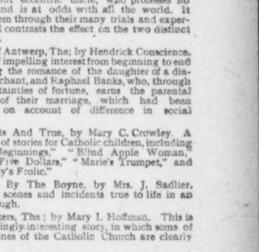
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CATHOLIC PROSPECTS IN RUSSIA GOOD

SAYS ABBE TRZCIAK OF PETROGRAD

(Catholic War News Service)

London, Sept. 21, 1918.—Although the general state of affairs in Russia at the present moment is more appalling than ever before there is some indication that so far as Catholics are concerned the outlook might be a great deal worse. Some light is thrown upon the position of Catholics in Russia by the Abbe Stanislaus Trzciak, who is a professor in the Ecclesiastical Academy in Petrograd, according to Professor Trzciak, the Government over which M. Kerensky presided is to be credited with having liberated the Catholic Church from the restrictions which fettered it under the Government of the Tsar. The nomination of Bishops and the education of the clergy are not interfered with by the State. Suppressed dioceses are allowed to be restored, and new ones to be founded, and in addition the religious Orders are permitted to open houses in Russia wherever they are able, though the present time is very unsuspicious for such foundations. The present Government in Russia, such as it is, has left the arrangement brought about by M. Kerensky untouched. But whilst Kerensky permitted the allowance made to the Catholic Church to be continued, the Soviet Government has suppressed it altogether, which it has done in the case of the allowance made to the Russian Orthodox Church. Whilst the present form of Government shows no preference in the matter of religion, it leans somewhat towards leniency in its dealings with the Catholic Church in comparison to the Russian Church; the reason for this being that it is inclined to favor those who suffered under the former regime, which the Catholic Church most certainly did. Also there is the fact that a great body of the clergy of the National Church are in favor of a return of the monarchy. Catholic prospects are good, says the Abbe Trzciak, the clergy are full of hope for the future, and there are many conversions to the Church of persons prominent in the ranks of the aristocracy and the learned professions, and many members of old Catholic families who had converted to the Russian Church are now returning to the Faith, a step they are able to take since the dominating influence of the Schismatic Church has been entirely broken down.

CARDINAL O'CONNELL'S PRAYER

The influenza epidemic has been particularly severe in Boston and vicinity where hundreds of deaths have occurred in the past few weeks. Cardinal O'Connell has issued a pastoral letter urging his people to pray and to confidence in God. He concludes the letter as follows: "I trust the civil authorities will be spared the necessity of closing the churches. The consolations of religion, more than anything else, strengthen the human heart in time of trial and danger. Should, however, that become absolutely inevitable, then we hope that open air Masses will be permitted each district, providing if the weather and circumstances permit, thus to give the whole community the consolations which religion affords in trials and the actual and real sanctification which the presence of our blessed Lord unflinchingly works in those who seek Him in the holy Sacrifice of the Mass. "Let us, beloved children in Christ, do everything which human counsel directs, but above all and over all, let us bow humbly to God's just decrees and, acknowledging our own infirmities and offenses, look up with perfect trust and unshakable confidence to our Creator, our Ruler and our Father. "In health and in sickness, in life and in death, His Holy Will be also ours. "O Almighty and Eternal Master my Lord and my God, spare my people further affliction. My life has no value except it be for Thy glory and their service. "Strike, if it is Thy Divine Will, me, their unworthy shepherd. Take me, if Thou wilt, but spare my faithful flock. I offer now my life willingly, freely, for their welfare and consolation. Judge me, dear Master, but stretch out over my dear beloved children the powerful hand of Thy divine protection. Amen."—True Voice.

FIRST CATHOLIC CHAPLAIN TO DIE AT FRONT

The first American Catholic chaplain to sacrifice his life on the battlefields of France was the Rev. Edward A. Wallace. Gassed while attending to the wounded at the front he succumbed to pneumonia in the base hospital to which he was brought from the field. With the hand of death upon him and in sight of "the glare of the cannon," he wrote his final letter home to his mother and sister—and what mother and sister might not be proud to receive such a letter! "My thoughts and feelings are of you and that dearest spot on earth called home. I have recommended myself to the Sacred Heart of Jesus, which has been my greatest comfort and consolation all through life. Next to God, I owe you, dearest mother and sister, all that I am. Your good and holy life was a model which I strove to imitate. Your love

and teachings led me to God's altar, and in my way I have tried to follow your holy counsel. God has been exceedingly kind to me in giving me first such a mother and sister and choosing me to be one of His disciples. I have tried to fulfill my duties as a priest of God to the best of my ability. Realizing my many shortcomings and defects, I humbly ask God's pardon if I have offended Him in any way. I have found a refuge of consolation in His Divine Heart in life, and I have the same hope that He will grant me an eternal refuge in that Sacred Heart in Heaven."

Asking them again to be resigned to God's holy will, he rejoices that he dies for God and country. His heart is filled with gratitude for his priestly vocation and he remembers, too, his soldier boys:

"Dearest mother and sister, I have already told you of my love for my regiment and my work among my soldier boys. They have been a comfort and consolation to me. I can't tell you too much of what splendid fellows they are, and I know they will be a credit to their Church and country."

Who can fail to be touched by the simple affection and ardent devotion of his heroic soul? "He was so young, only thirty-three!" exclaimed the mother. But in dying, as he did he has amply fulfilled all his promise of a great career.—America.

OBITUARY

REV. BASIL KINGSLEY, D. D.

On Saturday evening last death suddenly cut short the earthly life of Rev. Father Kingsley, D. D. He had come to his home only a week before

to enjoy a short holiday, and was stricken by the fatal influenza. His funeral was held this morning at ten o'clock, from the family residence on Glenelg St. to St. Mary's Church. The impressive ceremonial of the Catholic Church was fully carried out on this sad occasion, when the Church mourned the death of one of her gifted and consecrated sons. Solemn Requiem Mass was celebrated by the Right Reverend Monsignor Casey, V. G., assisted by Rev. M. L. O'Brien, deacon, and Rev. J. V. McAuley, subdeacon. His Lordship, Bishop O'Brien, presided at the throne. In the sanctuary were many priests of the diocese.

At the conclusion of the Mass, His Lordship Bishop O'Brien delivered an instructive and impressive sermon on the dignity and the duties of the priesthood. The priest is invested with wonderful powers. He presides at the ceremony of baptism when a child is received into the Catholic Church and is present to administer the last rites to the dying. All the intermediate needs of the faithful find in the priest's ministrations solace and grace. His Lordship dwelt briefly upon the career of the departed Dr. Kingsley, who so recently terminated a brilliant course of studies at the College of the Propaganda in Rome, where he obtained his Doctorate in Theology. In his short priestly life much had been accomplished and a bright future had been suddenly shortened by the dread disease that is now ravaging the land. To the broken-hearted father and sorrowing sisters he extended words of consolation in their bereavement, directing them to look beyond the grave where Father Kingsley, we may reasonably hope, is now happy, united in ever enduring bonds with the Great High Priest.

Her pastor paid a high tribute to

who called him to his everlasting reward. The late Rev. Basil D. Kingsley was born in Allandale about 27 years ago, a son of Edward J. Kingsley, chief despatcher of the G. T. R., Lindsay. He received his early education in the Separate School and the Collegiate Institute, Lindsay. Having matriculated from the local Collegiate Institute he entered Toronto University and after a brilliant course of studies graduated with the degree of B. A. in the year 1913. In November of the same year he entered the celebrated University of the Propaganda in Rome, Italy. At the end of a four years' course there he obtained the degree of Doctor of Divinity, and was ordained priest on June 2nd, 1917. He returned to Canada during the same summer, and was appointed assistant to Father O'Leary, in the parish of Bracebridge, where he labored successfully until his recent illness.—Lindsay Post, Oct. 21.

MRS. PATRICK MCGRATH

The death occurred at Stratford, on Saturday, Oct. 12th, of Bridget Darlin, relict of the late Patrick McGrath, at the age of eighty-four years.

The late Mrs. McGrath was born in County Down, Ireland, and came to Canada when but a child, her father being one of the early pioneers of Fullerton Township. Of a kind and cheerful disposition she had many warm friends who will regret to hear of her death.

She was a fervent Catholic, her greatest happiness being in the practice of her holy religion. She had the consolation of the priest at her bedside, but a few moments before she died.

Her pastor paid a high tribute to

OFFICIAL PROSPECTUS

The proceeds of this Loan will be used for War purposes only, and will be spent wholly in Canada

THE MINISTER OF FINANCE OF THE DOMINION OF CANADA offers for Public Subscription the

Victory Loan 1918 \$300,000,000. 5 1/2% Gold Bonds

Bearing interest from November 1st, 1918, and offered in two maturities, the choice of which is optional with the subscriber as follows:

5 year Bonds due November 1st, 1923
10 year Bonds due November 1st, 1928

Principal payable without charge at the Office of the Minister of Finance and Receiver General at Ottawa, or at the Office of the Assistant Receiver General at Halifax, St. John, Charlottetown, Montreal, Toronto, Winnipeg, Regina, Calgary and Victoria.

Bonds may be registered as to principal or as to principal and interest, at any of the above-mentioned Offices.

Interest payable, without charge, half-yearly, May 1st and November 1st, at any branch in Canada of any Chartered Bank.

Principal and interest payable in Gold. Denominations: \$50, \$100, \$500 and \$1,000.

Issue Price: 100 and Accrued Interest. Income Return 5 1/2% per Annum.

Free from taxes—including any income tax—imposed in pursuance of legislation enacted by the Parliament of Canada.

The proceeds of the Loan will be used for war purposes only, including the purchase of grain, foodstuffs, munitions and other supplies, and will be spent wholly in Canada.

Payment to be made as follows: 10% on application; 20% January 6th, 1919; 20% December 6th, 1918; 20% February 6th, 1919; 20% March 6th, 1919.

The last payment of 31.16% covers 30% balance of principal and 1.16% representing accrued interest at 5 1/2% from November 1st to date of the respective instalments.

A full half year's interest will be paid on May 1st, 1919, making the cost of the bonds 100 and interest. Subscriptions may be paid in full at the time of application at 100 without interest; or on any instalment due date thereafter together with accrued interest at the rate of 5 1/2% per annum.

This loan is authorized under Act of the Parliament of Canada, and both principal and interest are a charge upon the Consolidated Revenue Fund.

The amount of this issue is \$300,000,000, exclusive of the amount (if any) paid for the surrender of bonds of previous issues. The Minister of Finance, however, reserves the right to allot the whole or any part of the amount subscribed in excess of \$300,000,000.

Conversion Privileges. Bonds of this issue will, in the event of future issues of like maturity, or longer, made by the Government, during the remaining period of the War, other than issues made abroad, be accepted at 100 and accrued interest, at the equivalent of cash for the purpose of subscription to such issues.

Payments. All cheques, drafts, etc., covering instalments, are to be made payable to the credit of the Minister of Finance. Failure to pay any instalment when due will render previous payments liable to forfeiture, and the allotment to cancellation. Subscriptions must be accompanied by a deposit of 10% of the amount subscribed. Official Conveyancers will forward subscriptions or any branch in Canada of any Chartered Bank will accept subscription and issue receipts.

Subscriptions may be paid in full at time of application at 100 without interest; or on any instalment due date thereafter together with accrued interest to time of making payments in full. Under this provision, payment of subscriptions may be made as follows: If paid in full on or before Nov. 16th, 1918, pay without interest, or 100% (\$90.45 per \$100). If remaining instalment paid on Dec. 6th, 1918, balance of 90% and interest, (\$90.45 per \$100). If remaining instalments paid on Jan. 6th, 1919, balance of 70% and interest, (\$79.80 per \$100). If remaining instalments paid on Feb. 6th, 1919, balance of 50% and interest, (\$51.91 per \$100). If remaining instalment paid on Mar. 6th, 1919, balance of 30% and interest, (\$31.16 per \$100).

Denomination and Registration. Bearer bonds, with coupons, will be issued in denominations of \$50, \$100, \$500, and \$1,000 and may be registered as to principal. The first coupon attached to these bonds will be due on May 1st, 1919. Fully registered bonds, the interest of which is paid direct to the owner by Government cheque, will be issued in denominations of \$50, \$100, \$500, \$1,000, \$5,000, \$10,000, \$25,000, \$50,000, \$100,000, or any multiple of \$100,000.

Payment of Interest. A full half year's interest at the rate of 5 1/2% per annum will be paid May 1st, 1919.

Form of Bond and Delivery. Subscribers must indicate on their application the form of bond and the denominations required, and the securities to be delivered by the bank upon payment of the subscription in full. Bearer bonds of this issue will be available for delivery at the time of application to subscribers desiring to make payment in full. Bonds registered as to principal only, or fully registered as to principal and interest, will be delivered to subscribers making payment in full, as soon as the required registration can be made. Payment of all instalments must be made at the bank originally named by the subscriber. Non-negotiable receipts will be furnished to all subscribers who desire to pay by instalments. These receipts will be exchangeable at subscriber's bank for bonds on any instalment date when subscription is paid in full.

Form of Bonds Interchangeable. Subject to the payment of 25 cents for each new bond holder, holders of fully registered bonds without coupons, will have the right to convert into bonds with coupons and holders of bonds with coupons will have the right to convert into fully registered bonds without coupons, at any time, on application to the Minister of Finance or any Assistant-Receiver General. Forms of application may be obtained from any Official Conveyancer, from any Victory Loan Committee, or member thereof, or from any branch in Canada of any Chartered Bank.

Subscription Lists will close on or before November 16th, 1918. DEPARTMENT OF FINANCE, OTTAWA, October 28th, 1918.

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WE ARE IN NEED OF A LADY (ROMAN Catholic) in every parish in Canada and Newfoundland, to act as our representative to introduce our beautiful line of religious pictures, size of each 16x20 inches, finished in that beautiful delicate brocade. Sent in quantities of 100 per cent. to dealers in art and picture galleries. A delight to lovers of art. These pictures are all of the delicate tints and high lights which are dominant in the original paintings, and they are excellent value for the money, and please the most exacting buyer. No experience is required in selling these pictures, as they sell at sight. For particulars apply to The Catholic Supply Co., Publishers of Religious Pictures, 48 St. Alexander St., Montreal, Que.

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WANTED IMMEDIATELY, A PRIEST'S housekeeper in town of 1,500, not far from Toronto. A curate kept. Must be good plain cook and tidy housekeeper. A row is kept but looked after by man. Apply to Box 100, CATHOLIC RECORD, London, Ont.

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HOUSES ARE WANTED AS SPEEDILY AS possible for four children of one family. Three aged two, twelve, eight and six, and one aged four years. These are all bright, intelligent healthy children who would grow to be a credit to the home in which they might be placed. We would like to place two or three of the children in one home if possible. Applications received by William O'Connor, Children's Branch, 183 University Avenue, Toronto.

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Alvira, or The Heroism of Venustus, by Rev. A. J. O'Reilly. A thrilling story of the seventeenth century. Between Friends, by Richard Aumenle. Joe Gavin is a leader among the boys of St. Nicholas' boarding school and the hero of a sensational game. He is thinking of the past, because so unhappy that he runs away. He has many adventures in the city, is arrested as a thief, sent to a reformatory from which he escapes, and finally gets back to St. Nicholas'.

Captain Ted, by Mary T. Waggoner. Captain Ted is a Catholic college boy forced by circumstances to leave beloved home. Lines and plumes into the battle of life. His youth is against him, but his honesty and perseverance win him a place at the top. Children of the Log Cabin, by Henriette Eugenie Delamare. The story of a struggling home, bright, thoughtful children, and all the trials and hardships of existence. The best of various places of interest will be found instructive.

Home Determines Her, by Mrs. L. G. Carrol. A home determines her. Her cutting up at home among the gentle ones, there to have her harmonious propensities satisfied, it possible, in a not in the convent twenty-four hours before she begins to happen. Freddy Carr's Adventures, by Rev. R. P. Carroll, S. J. This is a fine college story, full of healthy vitality, and it will assure all the boys who are lovers of the adventures of a college boy.

Freddy Carr and His Friends, by Rev. R. P. Carroll, S. J. This is a fine college story, full of healthy vitality, and it will assure all the boys who are lovers of the adventures of a college boy. Fred's Story, by Mrs. L. G. Carrol. A home determines her. Her cutting up at home among the gentle ones, there to have her harmonious propensities satisfied, it possible, in a not in the convent twenty-four hours before she begins to happen.

Harmony First, The Gifts of a Tenement House Fairy by S. S. Whitmore. The author's sympathetic insight into the lives and characters of little, neglected children, forced by economic circumstances into the poverty and squalor of a New York tenement house, is commendable. Heines of Crotonston, The, by Countess Hahn-Hahn. An exquisite story of life and love told in a touchingly simple way.

Honor of the House, The; by Mrs. Hugh Fraser. Mrs. Fraser tells the story of a young girl who is sent to a convent school. How They Worked Their Way; and Other Stories, by Mrs. F. Egan. A short story, all entertaining and as befits their audience, not too imaginative, and too remote from the ordinary surroundings of child life in the city and country to fail to interest intended mark.

Idle's Secret of the Rue Chausse d'Antin, by Raoul de Navery. The story is a romance, clever one; it is well constructed and evinces a master hand. In Quest Of The Golden Chest, by George Barton. An absorbing tale of real adventure—young, fresh, and full of life. To the boy who loves the romance, the broods over ocean pathways will be the most interesting of tales. The Golden Chest will fire his ambition to many deeds.

In God's Good Time, by H. M. Ross. This is a story that grips the heart, stirring in it the liveliest sympathy for what is human and good. Jack Hilditch On The Nile, by Marion Ames Taggart. Jack Hilditch, the hero of the story, has been received as a chief among the Apache Indians. He is the kind of hero that is dear to the boyish heart, young and powerful, fearless, and daring in disposition, and at the same time thoroughly upright and honest.

Junior Of St. Bede's, The, by Rev. Thos. H. Bryson. An excellent story in which the rough, poorly bred, but manly boy puts himself against the smooth, well bred, and powerful boy. The story is full of sterling character to his own discomfort. This is really a new style of Catholic tale. Klondike Picnic, A, by Eleanor Connelly. Here we find a camp filled up with a stove, and all appliances for fishing, teaching, and reading, and a holiday. These sports are varied by the reading of letters from real gold seekers on the trail to Dawson City.

Lady Of The Tower, The; and Other Stories, by George Barton and others. This is a collection of short stories which will please the most fastidious tastes. The volume comprises eleven stories which are worthy to live in short-story collections. They are of them are delicate little tales; the others stories of adventure and mystery. Little Marshals At The Lake, The, by Mary F. Nixon-Roulet. The seven marshals children spend a week at a lake side. They have many adventures and fun. Plenty of funny bits and pieces make life for the boys and girls. Fishing and swimming help to make a most enjoyable holiday.

Milly Aveling, by Sara Traylor Smith. The story of a helpless young girl's bearing her cross with patience and courage. By doing good she finds a source of education and an inspiration to better things. The story is full of interest and is a find great favor with ladies and ladies. Mystery of Homby Hall, The, by Anna T. Sadler. A story of a young girl who is sent to a convent school. How They Worked Their Way; and Other Stories, by Mrs. F. Egan. A short story, all entertaining and as befits their audience, not too imaginative, and too remote from the ordinary surroundings of child life in the city and country to fail to interest intended mark.

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