

# 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 CHRISTMAS SHIP

The "Christmas Ship," which sailed from New York last week, laden with millions of gifts for children in the European war zone, will benefit others than the little people for whose happiness it is especially intended. It will do this, not simply because it carries such substantial presents as clothing, in addition to the toys that any real child would value far above merely useful things, but because no cheer reaches so wide a circumference as the cheer that is given to children. To do something to bring a smile to the faces of the children in the region where their elders are submerged under the horrors of war is to lift the war clouds for a moment from the minds of everybody. If there are any persons who feel like asking why this money should not have been more "prudently" spent, the answer will be given in the brightened countenances and the lighter voices of the millions who stand in need of nothing so much as the consciousness that good-will among men has not wholly disappeared from the earth.

### SINS OF OMISSION

This seems to be a world of contrasts. We have the rich and the poor, the good and the bad, the young and the old, the wise and the foolish, the happy and the miserable, the sick and the well—all along the line—till we come quite to the quick and the dead as the final antithesis. It has appeared to be the business of society to foster these contrasts. We seem to have needed the poor, the unfortunate and the erring to gauge our own success. Most of us are continually thanking God that we are not as other men, unconscious of being inexcusable pharisees in so doing. We work a great deal off of the people we consider less fortunate than ourselves. We get great satisfaction out of them. If we put ourselves out to be good to them we at once make a mental picture of ourselves as being a noble and generous part, forgetful of the fact that instead of their owing us a debt of gratitude we are really indebted to them for the opportunity of indulging in a very real pleasure—the pleasure of sharing. Some one has said that when we are called to account for our sins at the general judgment the sins of omission will weigh heaviest—the cheering word we might have spoken, the friendly greeting we might have sent, the visit we might have made. The simple priceless good we might do, but do not, weighs heavily against our active charity and daily denial. Yet many of us live thus, year after year, giving to church and charity, and withholding from humanity at large the simple gift of being a genial person with a kind and heartsome word for everybody.

### PEACE CELEBRATION

It is announced that the centenary of the signing of the Treaty of Ghent will be celebrated on Christmas eve, just as if nothing had happened since the beginning of the arrangements for that event. The centenary cannot be expected to attract the attention that was hoped for it at first. In the meantime the whole of Europe has been giving an object lesson of the horror of war beside which the proceedings of the most skilfully planned celebration must seem tame, and yet this very cataclysm will impart a timeliness to the Ghent centenary that it could not otherwise have had. What more contrasting background could be imagined for a celebration of a century of unbroken peace between two nations that had fought two wars than the smoke and flame of the greatest war that has been waged since those two nations laid aside the sword? Napoleonic memories are inextricably intertwined with the memory of the war of 1812, and thus the celebration of the Treaty of Ghent would, under happier circumstances, have been a celebration also of a century through-out which even Old World wars have been made local. The sudden shift in affairs that has negated

that possibility will add force to the honoring of the peace policy and principle.

### THE MONTESSORI METHOD

It is a little hard to account for all the fuss that has been made over the Montessori method. Most informed readers of the "Method" must feel that, while the author is a clever and ingenious woman, her science is decidedly thin, and her consciousness of originality is due to imperfect information regarding the educational developments, not only of the past, but the present. In a thoughtful and well-written little book, "From Locke to Montessori," William Boyd, lecturer at Glasgow, subjects her system to a scholarly criticism. His tone is sober and courteous, with only a touch of irony here and there, but there is little left of Montessori at the end. In "the individuality of the pupil," she adds little to either Locke or Rousseau. Her conceptions both of individuality and of freedom are incomplete and incoherent, and in her schools "the freedom of the child" is largely fictitious. As a matter of fact, her lack of imagination, as shown in her exaggeration of the need of sense-training and her contempt for stories, plays, and games, really prevent her from understanding the child's point of view.

### PRAYER AND WAR

Some time ago "A Mother," writing in the Sun, of New York, with an eloquence that only the heart can dictate, of the accumulating horror across the sea asks: "Have we lost faith?" Many people have essayed to answer her question. Father Wynne, S. J., says that no one who prays has lost faith. Some may lack confidence in their own prayers, but without faith no one can pray. There is no reason for blaming God for not putting a stop to the war in Europe. Almighty though He is He respects the power and freedom of the human will. If men in vast numbers choose to ignore His way of settling differences He is not accountable if they insist on working out their own problems even at the terrible cost of mutual destruction. That God has not chosen to terminate the war in Europe after days of prayer in several countries is not a sign that prayer is to be unavailing in this case. There are necessarily two parties to every prayer; but the trouble is that the human agent as one of the parties too often wants to determine how, when, and under what circumstances the Almighty as the other party should grant the prayer without even asking to know His will in the matter.

### MINISTER THREATENS TO JOIN KNIGHTS OF COLUMBUS

"IF SOME PERSONS I KNOW DON'T STOP SAYING UGLY THINGS ABOUT THE HOUSE OF THE GOOD SHEPHERD,"

From the Denver Catholic Register.

Many interesting episodes are related by the workers in the Good Shepherd home campaign.

W. R. Collett, executive secretary of the Denver Federation for Charity and Philanthropy, spoke last Friday at the daily luncheon, and Father Hugh L. McMenamin told a story about him that "brought down the house."

Mr. Collett is an ordained minister in the Methodist Episcopal Church, and says he expects to die one. "But if some persons I know don't stop saying ugly things about the House of the Good Shepherd," Father McMenamin said Mr. Collett had declared to him, "I'll join the Knights of Columbus."

W. J. Lloyd, chairman of the campaign, evidently does not think the calumny of the good Sisters is going to stop, for he declared: "Maybe we won't give it to Mr. Collett when we put him through the third degree!"

A Jewish woman who keeps a bakery on East Colfax avenue was approached by a committee of solicitors last Friday afternoon and was asked to help.

"Why bless your heart!" said she to the spokesman. "I just finished sending twenty loaves of bread and a big pancake to the House of the Good Shepherd, and I send the Sisters the same kind of a remembrance every week. I know what kind of work they are doing and I try to do my duty by them regularly."

Needless to say, the committee heat a hasty retreat from the store, after every one of the workers had shaken hands with the big-hearted Jewish woman.

### BELGIAN CARDINAL

#### APPEALS FOR FOOD FOR HIS STARVING PEOPLE

Cardinal Francois Joseph Mercier, primate of Belgium, who has just returned to his own country after a visit to England, where he received an enthusiastic reception, sends a stirring appeal through the American commission for relief in Belgium for assistance for his starving parishioners of Malines and the surrounding neighborhood.

In the city of Malines alone, the Cardinal says, 12,000 mouths have to be fed daily. In his telegram to Captain C. F. Lucey of the American commission, the Belgian prelate says:

"Children come to the German soldiers and tear bread from their hands (the soldiers divide their bread with them), they are really famished.

"Every stranger who comes to the city or goes into the country is surrounded by a great number of women and children, begging him for something to eat. There is hardly a single laborer who can find any work to gain his daily bread.

"Everything is lacking—we are in want of potatoes, peas, grain, flour and meat. No petroleum is obtainable; coal can be obtained in the district of Charleroi, but the railways cannot carry the coal because the communications are interrupted. The cattle of the people of the country have been sold to the soldiers, but with the receipts received for the cattle the Belgians cannot obtain any food until after the war is over.

"Cardinal Mercier and all the members of the Belgian clergy hereby make a strong appeal to the American people so that the neighborhood of Turnhout and Malines may be relieved as soon as possible."

Captain Lucey adds that in addition to those in the city there are 25,000 people in the surrounding country who must be cared for, and he says he is forwarding 400 tons of provisions.—Catholic Columbian.

### HEROIC DEATH OF BRITISH FLEET CHAPLAIN

From the London Catholic Times.

The sad news that the Very Rev. Canon Gwydir, O. S. B., late rector of St. David's, Swansea, had perished in the wreck of the hospital ship Rohilla, plunged the Catholic community of that Welsh seaport town into profound gloom Oct. 31. As fuller details transpired, however, sorrow was to some extent lightened by the knowledge that he died the death of a hero—drowned whilst endeavoring to save a helpless patient.

When hostilities broke out Canon Gwydir offered his services as a chaplain to the British fleet, and was appointed to the ill-fated Rohilla.

"This vessel was on her way to Belgium to bring back wounded soldiers, but went ashore on the Yorkshire coast during a terrible gale early on Oct. 30, and became a total wreck. Including the crew, there were about one hundred and eighty souls on board, the majority of whom were saved by lifeboats.

It is stated that when the impact came Canon Gwydir was on deck. He realized the danger immediately and hurried below to the sick bay, where a man lay helpless with a fractured leg. He had hardly gone below when a huge wave struck the vessel and damaged her so severely that the infirmary was flooded, the canon being drowned before he could complete his noble task. His body was not recovered until the ship finally broke up.

### IRELAND AND THE WAR

To the Editor of The Daily News:

I have been in your beautiful country just one week, having arrived in Toronto last Wednesday. In this short space of time many references have been made in effect to Ireland's attitude in the present war in the Canadian newspapers. To day, you have an article on the adventures of Sir Roger Caseman.

Let me begin by saying that to the overwhelming majority of the Irish people this individual is absolutely unknown. He has never been connected with any popular movement in Ireland. He evidently was a member of the Irish Volunteer's Executive, original committee, but this body was repudiated on the call of Mr. John Redmond by the Irish people. Caseman never was, in a political sense, an Irish Nationalist, nor has he the slightest influence in the country.

There is a volunteer movement in Ireland called the "National Volunteer" and the president is the Irish leader, Mr. John Redmond. Mr. Redmond speaks for 95 per cent. of the Nationalists, so people here can safely ignore the actions and statements of mischief-makers, like Sir Roger Caseman. The Canadian people should know that in this present war Ireland is doing her duty. At the outbreak of hostilities Ireland contributed 28 per cent. of the expeditionary force when her population only entitled her to contribute

10 per cent. Since Kitchener called for recruits 50,000 Irishmen have joined in Great Britain, and close on 30,000 Irishmen in Ireland (this latter estimate, of course, includes Unionists as well as Nationalists).

An Irish Brigade has been formed with headquarters at Mallow, County Cork, and recruits are rapidly rolling up headed by such prominent and responsible Nationalists as William Redmond, M. P., Stephen Gwynne, M. P., and Professor Kettle, ex M. P. Mr. T. P. O'Connor is one of the most eloquent speakers at recruiting meetings in Great Britain, and Messrs. John Redmond, John Dillon, and Joseph Devlin, the real, responsible leaders of the people, have already counselled the Irish people to support the allies by sympathy, and in the firing line.

Ireland, through the passing of the Home Rule Bill, is now a source of strength to the Empire, and I appeal to the Canadian people to give their statements of Irish policy, which does not come from the lips of Ireland's accredited leaders, Messrs. Redmond, Dillon, O'Connor and Devlin. To sum up, Caseman and Co. have more influence in Germany than in Ireland and their organs, Sinn Fein, Irish Freedom, Nation, etc., have as much influence in Ireland as the most obscure rural sheet in this country. Ireland has taken her stand with the allies, and is doing her share as the casualty lists of the Irish and Highland regiments will testify. Trusting you will find space for this.

PHILIP KRANE  
Queen's Hotel, Port Hope, Dec. 3, 1914.

### PROTESTANT BACKSLIDING

The New York General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church has received the report that in the last five years an annual average of 51,000 members was placed on the suspension roll which means, being interpreted, that 255,777 Presbyterians of these parts "slipped back into the world, fell away, were relegated to the ecclesiastical scrapheap." The causes assigned for their backsliding were:

The growing love of pleasure, disregard for the Lord's day and the Word of God, the increasing craze for amusements and the influence of worldly company—in short, the modern view of life which is preached by many secular organizations.

These causes are inadequate. Similar defections are taking place in nearly all Protestant churches, especially in their male membership, and worldliness and pleasure seeking which always existed, do not explain them. There was more and viler and more wide-spread worldliness in the Roman Empire, and yet Christianity weaned men away from it, and drew them into its churches, which it had continuously to multiply in order to make room for them; and this continued to be the story of the christianization of all peoples.

The same allurements in New York and elsewhere that draw Protestants away from their churches are also presented to Catholics; but they do not draw these away. Our churches are filled many times on Sunday, our altar rails are crowded with communicants; on week days Holy Mass is offered, our church doors are open and many enter. Why is it that the world's attractions lure away the one and not the other?

Broadly because true Christianity is a stronger attraction, and this Catholics have. It is not that amusements and worldliness lure away the Protestants and the rest, but that they have little Christianity from which to be lured. The Protestants had once a very definite faith; hard and repellent, it is true, but they believed in it. Then they went to church and, where they could, forced every one else to go along with them. But not for long could people be persuaded that, willy nilly, they were damned or saved forever, that joy was sinful and happiness ungodly; and so creeds were pared down to the liking of the membership, until little was left for the members to like or to dislike. Once particularly strong on hell, they have now eliminated it, and as ministers are ordained who will not affirm the Divinity of Christ or the inspiration of Scripture, they have but a very indefinite and unsatisfying heaven to offer to their listeners. Calvin abolished the Mass, and all the sacraments but two, which were allowed to remain as ordinances with some significance. His successors have robbed them of all significance. In other words they have merely the name of Christianity, not its essence. They have words, not truths; no definite belief or guidance, no sacrifice, no altar, no sacramental channels of grace, no book inspired of God, no Christ Who is surely God the Son of God; and therefore no Christianity that will counteract the allurements of the devil, the world and the flesh. Hence their churches can have only the attractions of secular meeting houses; they are not centres of Divine Grace, and consequently repel people who want it or need it.

The same is true to a large extent of all non-Catholic denominations. Some try to compensate by music or

sensationalism or Catholic imitations but all are continually revising their indefinite creeds, which is a definite admission that they have none that is true, for Christ's Truth is unchangeable. There is one church that never changes; that holds all Christ's truth and preaches it; that has an altar and a sacrifice, which is Christ, the Son of God; and that gives Him and His grace through His seven sacramental streams to His people. Therefore people go to His churches for they know that He, their Saviour, is there, the Way, the Truth and the Life, and that from Him they will find sustenance against the allurements and the sorrows of this world.—America.

### A BRITISH ENVOY TO THE HOLY SEE

Canadian Press Despatch.  
Rome, Nov. 24.—The appointment of Sir Henry Howard as envoy from Britain to the Holy See was announced here to-day. Great pleasure at this appointment was expressed at the Vatican, where it was said that it always had been regretted that Great Britain and the United States were not represented among the diplomatists accredited to the Pope.

Sir Henry Howard, born in 1848, entered the diplomatic service in 1865. He has served in the United States, the Netherlands, Guatemala, Greece, Denmark, China, Russia and France. He served as British Minister at the Hague and Luxembourg from 1896 to 1908.

A report from Paris some days ago said: In speculations regarding the reasons for Great Britain's present step it is pointed out that, while the enemies of Britain are represented at the Vatican by three envoys, those of Austria Hungary and the kingdoms of Prussia and Bavaria, the allied countries are represented by only two, those of Belgium and Russia. France has not had an envoy at the Holy See since the Separation Act was passed in 1905.

Another point which is brought up as a possible explanation of the move is the political unrest in Ireland due to religious differences.

### THE LONDON IRISH RIFLES

A farewell concert was given at the Territorial Barracks, White City, London, to the draft of some 800 men of the Reserve Battalion, London Irish Rifles, who, headed by the pipers of the Second Battalion, proceeded between long lines of cheering troops to entrain for the headquarters of the First Battalion.

After a most enjoyable programme, Major Scott Allen, second in command, addressed the men, and in the course of his remarks said: "The commanding officer has asked me to express his regret that circumstances beyond his control prevent his presence at this leaving-taking of our comrades. They are happily destined for foreign service a little in advance of ourselves, and we know they will maintain the high reputation of the London Irish Rifles for efficiency and esprit de corps, and loyal service to King and country. Everyone who knows the moral and material of our men of the Second Battalion feels confident they will uphold our great traditions wherever they may be placed. In Colonel Walter Mathews our Second Battalion has a commanding officer who is not second to any in the service, and whose exercise of common-sense in matters of training is wholly refreshing. It may, indeed, safely be said that the difficult problem of training under adverse conditions could not have been solved in a more efficient and sensible manner than it has been by Colonel Mathews and Captain Curtis, who, himself a Territorial officer, is the most capable adjutant within my experience of twenty years. Major Scott Allen continued: Comrades of the foreign service draft, all your officers feel that it is opportunity for you will justify our confidence, and will earn fresh laurels for the glory of our island race. You will show yourselves worthy of being comrades in arms with the gallant troops whose obedience and discipline, conduct and courage, have never been equalled in the history of the world. You also are brave men. You come of the bravest of races. Good luck to every man of you. Faugh a ballagh! Clear the way!—The Tablet.

### FIVE PRIESTS SLAIN

El Paso, Texas, November 19.—Five Catholic priests have been executed in Michoacan by General Joaquin Amara, commander of Constitutional forces in that State, according to stories printed in the military bulletins of Guadalajara. The priests were captured by detachments sent out to suppress an uprising in Tlaxcala.

The troops suppressed the uprising in a few skirmishes, during which they made prisoners the five priests, who, it is alleged, were caught carrying rifles. All were executed after court-martial.

Several similar uprisings of the people against confiscation and desecration of church property have been reported from several points in Southwestern Mexico.

### GENERAL BULFIN WOUNDED

A distinguished name in the recent returns of wounded is that of Major General Edward Bulfin, C. B., C. V. O. (Stonyhurst), a man who can ill be spared from the leadership of his division. The Morning Post reports that "he has done exceedingly well in the war, and was promoted a few days ago in recognition of his distinguished service. His rise has been rapid, for he only became a temporary brigadier-general a year ago at Aldershot. He had long been noted by Sir John French, and the pity is that he should have been wounded only a few days after receiving the signal honor of advancement on the field to major-general." In the Times of Tuesday, the leader-writer took a recent Brigade Order of General Bulfin's as his text for a renewed appeal to the Censors to allow more of such literature to be published for the information and encouragement of all concerned in the prosecution of the war.—The Tablet.

### THE FRENCH AND THE WAR

The action of the French government in compelling clerics to undergo military training for service in the fighting ranks was part of the general hostility of the rulers of France towards the Church. The clergy have had their revenge—the sweetest revenge that earnest Christians could desire to take. By their conduct during the war they have exercised an apostolate. They have fought and prayed and ministered to others. Many touching stories are told of their courage and devotion. They have been cool in moments of the gravest peril, and always anxious to help those around them. At a Paris railway station, a priest, wounded and dying, made a heroic effort to give absolution to another wounded soldier. He succeeded, with assistance, and then passed to his eternal reward. Many of the French clergy have been mentioned in despatches and have received military medals. The Abbe Huftier, formerly a student at the French Seminary in Rome, and a doctor of philosophy, was twice mentioned in despatches and proposed for enrollment in the Legion of Honor, but he has not had time to enjoy his honors, for he has been killed whilst faithfully discharging his duties as a soldier and a minister of God. On the battlefield the priests of France have proved to their fellow-countrymen how true is the patriotism and how fraternal are the sentiments that the Catholic religion inspires.—Liverpool Times.

### A BLOW TO BIGOTS

GOVERNOR FERGUSON OF TEXAS SCORED THE UN-AMERICAN METHODS OF ANTI-CATHOLIC DEFAMERS.

During the pre-election campaign the Honorable J. E. Ferguson, a non-Catholic, who was elected Governor of Texas by a majority of 40,000 votes was made the target of anti-Catholic agitators who imagined their appeal to religious prejudice would injure him because he was friendly to Catholics. The Governor elect lost no opportunity to denounce them and their methods. This is what he told his hearers on more than one occasion:

"They tell you maliciously that I am a Catholic; suppose I were, would I not have the right as such, according to the Constitution of the United States, to be a candidate for the Governorship of Texas?"

"But I am not a Catholic. Then they tell you that I am friendly to the Catholic priest in Temple, and even have given him money to assist him in his free night school work for the boys, to buy books for them—the boys of the street."

"Of this I am proud, and I would sooner have the friendship of the good priest in Temple than be President of the United States."

His brave utterances have always brought forth applause from his hearers. And this in a state which has no small number of the so-called Guardians of Liberty. Governor Ferguson is worthy of any office the right-minded citizens of his state can confer on him.—St. Paul Bulletin.

### WHERE THE JEWS BEAT US

"Here at our very doors Catholics are undergoing a persecution of a most atrocious character," says the Freeman's Journal, in an editorial on the Mexican situation, "and Catholic Americans have done nothing to put a stop to it. A few years ago Jews in far off Russia were subjected to similar injustice, but they did not have to wait long before they received assistance from their co-religionists in the United States. The Jews in this country are less numerous than Catholics, and yet, before many months had passed they succeeded in enlisting the influence of the United States Government on the side of their persecuted Russian brethren. In this matter they set an example to Catholics worthy of their imitation. On the other side of the Rio Grande acts are perpetrated that stamp those guilty of them as fiends in human shape."

### CATHOLIC NOTES

The aged Emperor of Austria insists on personally visiting the hospitals in Vienna, and speaking to the wounded soldiers. He speaks to them in German, Hungarian, Polish, Slovak, Bohemian or Italian.

The Rev. Dom Patrick Nolan, O. S. B., of Enderington Abbey, England, is at present in Ireland looking out for a suitable foundation for a Benedictine monastery. Dom Patrick is the author of the well known "History of the Irish Dames of Ypres."

Among those whose names appear in Field Marshal Sir John French's despatches for special mention for services in the field is the Right Reverend Mgr. Bickerstaffe. Drew better known in Catholic literary circles as "John Ayscough."

Forty-two pieces of tapestry of great value were saved from the Rheims Cathedral. They depicted the history of Christ, by Feppesock; the life of the Blessed Virgin and Acts of the Apostles; and were given to the Cathedral in 1830, and 1829-1841.

The work on the revision of the Vulgate has been seriously impeded by the present war in Europe. His Eminence, Cardinal Gasquet, who is in charge of the work, has been unable to secure help in several of the countries now at war and must wait until peace once more is restored.

A state paper by the name of the "Caravel" is to be published by the Iowa Knights of Columbus at Davenport. Al. F. O'Hern, sporting editor of the Davenport Daily Times, will be editor of the publication, the first monthly issue of which will come out next month. It will be the official organ of the Knights of Columbus of Iowa.

Dr. Casartelli, Bishop of Salford, England, has announced that the University of Louvain will accept, in part, the invitation of Cambridge to continue its session at the English university. Fifteen professors of the Faculties of Theology, Philosophy and Law, will resume their courses at Cambridge. It is also reported that the University of Chicago will engage one or more professors as special lecturers.

Paul Fuller, who was recently sent to Mexico by President Wilson on a special mission, is a convert to the Church. He is dean of the Fordham University school of Law and took part in the settlement of the Venezuela boundary, the Philippine tariff, the Porto Rico and Philippine church and other cases, and has served as consul for the French and Russian governments.

A dispatch to the Havas agency from Venice says that Cardinal Aristides Cavalari, patriarch of Venice, on Tuesday, November 17, served Cardinal Cavallari was born at Chloggia in 1849. He succeeded Pope Pius X. at Patriarch of Venice and was raised to the Cardinalate in 1907. On various occasions he expressed himself against the immodest dress of women.

Although Pope Benedict XV. expressed a desire that there should be no festivities or manifestations on the occasion of his sixtieth birthday, Nov. 21, because of the war, many telegrams and addresses of greeting have been received from throughout the world. Those who have sent messages include sovereigns and the heads of various States. Many of the messages contain expressions of hope that through the efforts of Pope Benedict peace soon may be realized.

The war has been the cause of the official banishment from Switzerland of the loathsome Roman weekly, the Asino. For years it has insulted the Holy Father and blasphemed, but Switzerland has been one of the numerous countries that has not said anything. Now it has taken on itself to insult the German Emperor, and Switzerland is neutral and impartial, and has served in the same way a German comic paper, which is not noted for refinement, though it could not be, of course, as bad as the Asino.

Cecil Chesterton, who is the younger brother of G. K. Chesterton, the well known writer, is coming to America next January for a lecture tour. Unlike his brother, who has remained a High Church Anglican, Cecil Chesterton joined the Catholic Church about three years ago. With the possible exception of Hilaire Belloc, his most intimate friend, he is the most forceful Catholic speaker in England. At present he is the editor of the New Witness, one of the most original weekly papers in London, in which, incidentally, he exposed the now notorious Marconi scandals.

An opinion seems to have gained ground that along with the rest of the priceless manuscripts destroyed at Louvain, was the famous collection of beautiful Celtic manuscripts belonging to the Irish College. But happily this is not the case, as they were removed from Louvain to Rome about forty years ago and afterwards to the Franciscan convent in Dublin. At the same time a mass of Irish Manuscripts dealing with the lives of the saints was removed from Louvain to another place, which, however, is at present within the theatre of war.



SO AS BY FIRE

BY JEAN COGNOR

CHAPTER XIV

THE GLITTER AND THE "GAIN"

Seated in the heavily curtained window of his son's library, Judge Randall was looking out at the winter storm. It had been snowing all day long, softly, steadily, silently, and now the tall gray houses across the street had taken on fairy pinacles, and battlements, the sharp iron railings seemed hedgerows of May day bloom, while high above all the towers and dome of the old cathedral rose white-crowned against the leaden sky.

But no such softened wintry touch had fallen upon the old man seated by the window. The Judge was falling sorely, as his best friends agreed. Yet he was not making his last fight bravely. The sunken eyes were keen and clear, the thin, worn face had lost nothing of its dignity; though he used a cane now he still held himself erect and proud as of old.

"I am undermined, the doctors tell me, Gilbert," he was saying to his son, "but I can stand for years yet, they say, for a round decade of years yet. I'd like to see my little girl settled in life before I go. You and Marian will be good to her, I am sure, and I will leave her plenty, but for all that, I feel anxious about her, Gilbert, she is not like Milly, not like any Randall, I never knew. With all I do and have done for her, I don't think she is happy, Gilbert."

"Not happy!" echoed the other, in amazement. "Not happy! My dear sir, to me she seems absolutely radiant."

"Glitter, my boy, only glitter! There's no real light or joy in it. It's the rainbow spray of the water, fall, I fear, with the little stream breaking fiercely against the rocks beneath. This marriage with de Lausanne for instance. Of course I didn't want to give her up to a foreigner, though it was what is called a most brilliant match, and for a while she seemed to feel the triumph of it. Then one night, when he had sent her home a casket of beautiful jewels, she flung herself down on her knees at my feet, and begged me to take her away before she sold herself to a man she would hate. And then—then about the Church. I have known her to spend hours with the altar, to attend retreats, sermons, until poor Madame Charrette felt all was right with her, and suddenly to plunge into a wild round of gayety and seemingly forget there is a God."

"Oh, she will come out all right," said Gilbert, with his good humored cheerfulness. "I suppose her pretty head is a little turned just now, and I rather think you've spoiled her with over-indulgence. But really, I can't blame you. She is as bewitching a little creature as I ever saw. And I don't think you need worry about settling her," the gentleman added, laughing. "Already she could have her pick of the finest fellows in town. Here she comes now, and as surely happy enough to ease all anxiety."

The merry music of bells came gaily to the listener's ears, a sleigh dashed up to the door, and in a moment the wide old house echoed with glad voices and happy laughter, as Mildred, Nellie, Cecie Daval, Allston Leigh, and Dr. Vance came trooping up the wide polished stairs into the fire-lit library. They had all met at the Duval's country home for luncheon and were back in time for the dinner which Mrs. Gilbert Randall was to give to a dozen or more guests to-night. For the Judge had his wish, no anxiety for him had apparently marred the brightness of his little girl's return. The last month had been a round of hospitable entertainments, in her honor. And struggle against it as he might, Allston Leigh was drawn into the circle of her charms. For Madame Van was managing matters; that wise and wary old lady who usually saved her strength and her money during the winter season, had flung profusion to the winds and plunged recklessly into the swim, and Allston was called upon to uphold her. Madame Van had not ruled all her men-folk for half a century to lose her grasp on this last of her lines. She must steer him into safe waters before she crossed that dark sea whose beacon lights, to do Aunt Van justice, had always shone for her above all the glitter of earth. Even now in the midst of her unusual disposition she was attending a triduum at the Cathedral.

"I took Nellie with me last night," she confided to her escort as they rolled through the darkened streets to the Randall dinner. "And, oh, Allston, she was shaken. I could see her shaken to the soul! And really I never heard a more powerful sermon. Father Lane held his audience breathless. His text was 'What doth it profit a man to gain the whole world and lose his own soul?' and he fairly scorched us poor worshipping with his fiery eloquence. 'There are lost souls before me now,' he said, 'souls that have bought the world, its wealth and power, at the price no finite mind can reckon. Souls whose fair seeming is a living lie.' Really, Allston, it was terrible. I began to look back into my own misdoings and to thank the Lord the west wing of the Manor was down and I had the safety of the impetuous. And Nellie, as I said, was shaken to the soul. She was trembling like a leaf beside me. I gave a hint of it to

Marian and advised her to contrive a meeting with Father Lane. She said she would invite him for to-night."

"My dear Aunt Van, you are the most delightful paradox," said the young man, laughing.

"A paradox? Not at all," answered the old lady, bristling. "The girl ought to be a Catholic, as you know. The faith is in her blood, and in her heart too, as I firmly believe. But she is fighting against it, God only knows why. And I am out in all my old war paint this winter to settle things for both of you, dear, and a spell of rheumatism, I know, but I'm in the battle, Allston, to convert her, and to marry you. The Duke is out of the way, I understand, but there will be scores of others pressing for his place—for your place, Allston."

"My place!" he echoed in amazement.

"Yes, yours. If you claim, hold, fight for it, Allston. Oh, you won't be won lightly, I warn you."

"She has her heart to win," was the hard answer. "She told me that plainly last summer at Biarritz when I pleaded with her like the madman that I was. She bewitched me from the first, Aunt Van, drew me across oceans and continents. But she is like the Undine of your fete, she has neither heart nor soul."

"Nonsense," said Aunt Van, sharply. "They may lie too deep down for your seeing, Allston, but I know women, she has a double share of both."

"They reached the Randall home as she spoke, and were ushered into its warmth and light."

"The long drawing-room was cheery and homelike, with its soft, shaded lamps and its open fires, and a pleasant company were already gathered. Leonie, Dr. Vance, and some half dozen of the older set. Judge Randall sat in his great armchair by the fire talking to Father Lane, who had just come in, bright eyed and ruddy, from his brisk walk through the snow. Aunt Van dropped her fur-lined pelerine and floozy headwrap into the hands of the maid in the hall and joined the old folks. Allston Leigh, stepping forward to put hat and coat on the antlered rack at the bend of the winding stair, was startled by the sight of the slender, white-robed figure, standing there breathless, hesitant, her eyes fixed on the group visible through the half parted portieres of the drawing room. She turned at his footsteps, her gray eyes blazing with a fire he had never seen before.

"What is that priest doing here?" she asked fiercely.

"Father Lane?" he asked, in surprise. "He has come to dinner with the rest, I suppose."

"They did not tell me," she said, excitedly. "Why did they not tell me? Why is he here like—like this?"

Leigh looked at her in bewilderment. Her head was thrown back defiantly, her eyes glowing, her slender form quivering. She was like some wild thing at bay. Then suddenly a seeming explanation flashed upon him. Miss Nellie, "shaken to the soul" as she had been the night before, had had no mind to meet the preacher who had so painfully impressed her.

"He is here by your aunt's invitation, no doubt, and I am afraid it is too late to escape him. But you'll find Father Lane quite harmless, I assure you. He only thunders in the pulpit," said Leigh, lightly.

"I have heard him," she said.

"And I heard him once before—at St. Barnabas."

"Remember," Leigh continued in the same light vein, to soothe her strange excitement. "We went to church together. You were a pale, bewildered little girl taking your first steps in a new world. How you have changed! Almost beyond recognition."

"Beyond recognition!" she repeated, slowly. "You are both flattering and reassuring, Mr. Leigh. Let me see, and she lifted her eyes with the usual laughing light in them to the tall mirror that stood between the antlers of the hat-rack. For a moment she stood facing the reflection, the slender, graceful figure in its rich sweeping draperies, the red-gold hair dressed high over the delicate, mobile face, the exquisite taste and faintness of every touch and line of the beautiful picture."

"I am a fool!" she said, and there was a note of triumph in her silvery laugh. "But preachers are my blackest of *bete noirs* and I felt vexed at confronting such a death's head through a charming dinner. But there is no escape, as you say. Let us go on and face the inevitable."

"And lifting the velvet portieres she stepped into the drawing-room. The old Judge looked up with tender pride.

"Ah, here she is at last. I was just wondering where you were, little girl. My granddaughter, Elinor, Father Lane."

And the unconscious he passed the old man's lips, a swift flush she could not control swept over the young beauty's face and the gray eyes fell under the priest's clear quiet gaze. But only for a moment; then Madame Charrette's pupil recovered all her charming grace and poise, and was at her brightest and best again. Through the pleasant home dinner where Father Lane had been given place at her side, she found topics of mutual interest. Rome, Florence, the ancient palace of the Frescailli's where she had been a guest, the Cardinal who had been a friend of Father Lane's in his student days. Bianca and Francesco, who had been only

dark eyed little romps when he left fifteen years ago, were charming signorinas now. She chatted gaily of them all. But all the while under the light play of their words, there sounded in the girl's soul the surge of deep waters, the grave blessing spoken at the Road House, the clear warning tones of the preacher at St. Barnabas, the thunder that had echoed from the Cathedral pulpit only last night. Was it the voice of God calling her in ever deepening tones by this man's lips? This man who had stood at Elinor Kent's dying bed, who held so many secrets of the sorrowing, the sinful, buried in his priestly heart?

Did he know? Did he guess? Was he holding her secret with the rest? And when at last, excusing himself on the plea of his nightly sermon, Father Lane took an early leave, Allston Leigh found Nellie in a new mood. She was standing alone in the deep, curtained window in the drawing room looking out at the storm, all the light and glow of the evening gone from her gray eyes and her voice hard and cold.

"Tired out?" he asked, gently, pushing up a chair for her and dropping on the window-seat beside her. "Considering your aversion for preachers you did nobly. But it was exhausting, no doubt."

"Yes," she answered. "I feel as if I had been climbing a mountain top. And now there is going to be bridge until midnight. Better bridge. Think of intelligent beings sitting for hours with the whole universe narrowed down to a pack of cards."

"Yes if I remember right you came out a triumphant winner at the Stuarts three nights ago."

"Of course. If I must play anything, I play to win. But it isn't worth the candle. Nothing is to-night."

"Nothing!" he echoed. "Have you reached that point already? You!"

"Oh, it is only for the night, I suppose," she said, with her little laugh. "But is the game worth the while, Mr. Leigh? Dressing, dining, dancing, riding the crest of the waves as we do?"

"No, that is not worth while, as I think I told you when we stood on the cliffs of Biarritz last year, and you were dazzled by the glitter and sparkle of a dual coronet."

"Dazzled!" she repeated. "Do you think I was dazzled? Oh, no! It was the solid anchorage, Mr. Leigh, the anchorage of the ten generations that would hold safe, I knew, though the stars fell. If I only could have stood it! But the chains heard, and I broke loose. And the old chateau, with the tombstone waiting for me, so solid and sure, and the good duke himself, so dull and slow. I had a letter from Madame Charrette to-day. He is still *desole*, she declares, and begs me to consider my madness."

"Marriage being entirely a matter of cold consideration," he said, bitterly.

"Of cold consideration—yes," she answered.

"And yet Aunt Van, who pretends to know women, declares you have both heart and soul."

"Dear Aunt Van!" the voice grew soft for a moment; "she has been my friend ever since she flung me her sweet-scented old shawl for my enfolding the first day we met. But she does not know me, Mr. Leigh. There is no one in all this wide world who knows me as I am. And that is—shall I call it my pride or my curse? I stand alone, alone—apart from God and man."

"Not alone," he said, passionately. "Never alone while I live. Reject them as you may, my life, my love will be yours and no other's. My heart, bitter, wounded, aching, is in your hold. I cannot break away, I can not."

"Oh, do not say it again—again," she said, in a low pained voice. "It hurts. I have tried to turn you from me."

"You have indeed," he answered. "Then why do you torture me?" she asked, with sudden impatience, "Have I not told you I must stand alone—apart? And you would want my heart and all its secrets, you would read my soul and all its thoughts, you would come into my life as lord and master. And then, then," she paused, "Oh, no! If I ever marry it will be on cold consideration," Mr. Leigh."

"Nellie!" something in her tone, her word, had made the dead hope in Leigh's breast start into quivering life again.

"Aunt Van is looking for a partner," she said, and she snatched the hand he had caught, and was gone to join the bridge-players, leaving Leigh dazzled and bewildered. For one moment the mocking, veiling, rainbow spray had parted, and he had caught sight of storm-lashed waves and depths beneath.

"Impossible!" she exclaimed. "Monsieur l'Evêque de la procession here on le fête Dieu!" reiterated during recreation, some of the horrors he had heard of; priests imprisoned to extort money from them; sacrilegious profanations of churches and sacred vessels; ribald soldiers donning the Mass vestments and dancing during wild orgies in the sanctuary."

When the visitor had departed, to be the first to spread the news in other quarters, Marie hastened to the curé, who was in the garden, bending over a bed of his favorite flowers. "Is it true, mon Père," she inquired, "that the Bishop will be here for the feast of Corpus Christi?" The aged priest smiled at the rapidity with which the news had spread and bowed his assent. The officious mother continued: "Then, mon Père, you must let my Jacques and Jean serve His Lordship's Mass and be with him in the procession, one at

"My invite?" repeated the other. "I'm glad to see so good a client as ways, Mills, but really I don't remember—"

"Not about Buck Graeme—poor little Wesens's dad?" interrupted Duffy, eagerly. "Him that was put in for a lifer? You said if you could do anything to help me—"

"Oh, yes, yes," and the new hope kindled in his own heart roused Allston Leigh into quick sympathy with this faithful, simple loving man. "I remember now—and I'll be as good as my word. What can I do for you, Mills?"

"Well, first thing, Judge, look straight into my eyes for a minute, will you? You don't see anything queer or nutty about me, do you?" Leigh looked into a pair of keen, clear orbs, that he would have trusted to see through any murk or gloom.

"No," he laughed. "I could swear your being altogether straight, Mills."

"I did think of going to a doctor," said Mr. Mills, thoughtfully, "but not being sure of your Eastern ways I was afraid they might clap me into a sanitarium or water cure, and give somebody charge of my wad. For I've been seeing things, Judge," he added, in a lower tone, "seeing things, sure."

"What sort of things?" asked Leigh, lightly.

"I've been seeing Wesens, Judge," the words came almost with a gasp. "Your little sweetheart?" said the "Judge," softly, thinking of the gray eyes hunting him night and day. "Ah, Mills, when a face is graven like hers on a man's deepest heart, one is apt to see it. It is only natural."

"I know that, Judge. But this here ain't natural—it's unnatural. It's the sort of seeing that gives you a cold shaking—like you had the seven days' ague. The fast time was that day I saw you in the park, and you came home from one of the big game that night, and I passed a house where they were having some kind of a blow out, and crowds of grand folks were coming out and I got sort of jammed in the push. Sudden I looked up and saw her standing right above me in the doorway all in shimmering white, Judge, like an angel from the skies. It struck me sick and dizzy for a moment, and when I looked again she was gone. The next time was worse still, Judge. I was in Baltimore. Spellman and Co. had a hitch in their Graystone Grinder, and I went over to look into it. There was a sort of revival at one of the big churches, and I heard it was led by a preacher I knew at home for a No. 1, so I dropped in to hear him one night. And I seen her again. Just for a moment under one of the stone pillars that were blazing with lights. She was all in black this time and she was pale as the dead."

"A fancied resemblance, my dear Mills," said Leigh, kindly, "nothing more."

"Fancied!" echoed Duffy. "Lord, Judge, do you think I could fancy anything about Wesens? I'd know her again all the world—know her anywhere—in life or death. No, Judge, I don't believe in spook raisers but I have a sort of feeling that Wesens is restless 'bout her poor dad, a-lying there in his prison cell, and is looking to me to help him out. And I'm ready to do it if it takes every cent I've got. Stand by me and you can have the whole darned Graystone Grinder pile."

"My dear Mills, as I told you before, this ain't in my line, and I won't touch a cent from you. But—but there is a face, living or dead, that would haunt my dreams and thoughts Mills—and I understand. I'll stand by you as you ask—Bring me the papers you have and I'll do what I can."

TO BE CONTINUED

THE CHALICE OF BITTERNESS

A TRUE STORY OF THE RELIGIOUS PERSECUTION IN MEXICO

From the Little Messenger

L—is a very picturesque little fishing village near Loix, on the coast of France. Here, lying within the shadow of the village church, was the snug farmhouse of Pierre Beauval, the father of Jacques a boy of fourteen, and Jean, a lad of twelve, whom the age curé playfully termed the "Sons of Thunder!"

Early in June, Marie, the mother, stood in the doorway of her home, engaged in an animated discussion with one of the village gossips. "Impossible!" she exclaimed. "Monsieur l'Evêque de la procession here on le fête Dieu!" reiterated during recreation, some of the horrors he had heard of; priests imprisoned to extort money from them; sacrilegious profanations of churches and sacred vessels; ribald soldiers donning the Mass vestments and dancing during wild orgies in the sanctuary."

At last the rebels advanced upon the city where Jean was and captured it. It was Friday in June, the feast of the Sacred Heart. The Blessed Sacrament was exposed in the chapel. He was in the act of adorning the altar for the feast of Corpus Christi!" The aged priest smiled at the rapidity with which the news had spread and bowed his assent. The officious mother continued: "Then, mon Père, you must let my Jacques and Jean serve His Lordship's Mass and be with him in the procession, one at

his right hand and one at his left." The curé smiled at the maternal pride of Marie as she demanded these coveted honors for her sons, and playfully asked: "And what about the chalice of bitterness: will you drink that, too?" "Yes, mon Père, I will drink that too," said the mother, smiling, little realizing how literally her words were to be fulfilled.

The procession of Corpus Christi in which the Bishop took part, is still spoken of at each recurrence of the festival; and the splendor of the occasion has never since been equalled at L—. Marie had washed and ironed the surplices for Jacques and Jean with much concern; and it was with pardonable pride that she gazed upon her boys, holding aside the cope of the venerable Bishop, as he carried the Sacred Host. When the procession was over, Marie came for the Bishop's blessing, and the curé presented her as the mother of his "Sons of Thunder." The saintly Bishop placed his hand on the head of each of her boys, and the happy mother was the envy of the parish that day.

Not long after this event, Louis, the brother of Marie, and Director of the Novitiate at N—, came to visit his sister, and when he departed, Jacques and Jean accompanied him, to be enrolled among the sons of St. La Salle.

Busybodies, of course, censured Marie's heroic sacrifice in giving her two sons to the Lord, and the luckless critics who aired their opinions within her hearing brought a storm of abuse upon their heads from the caustic tongue of the generous mother.

"If the good God gave them to me, why should not I give them back, if He wants them? Perhaps you would have me like old Mariotte? He would not let his son go when the good God called him, and the boy was drowned, so that he has not now even the consolation of praying at his grave." Nevertheless, the mother's heart was torn with grief at the separation. "It is the chalice of bitterness, Marie," said the curé.

Then began the forebodings of the troublous time in France. The Superiors of the Brothers, anticipating the coming storm, organized new districts in Central America, and at the end of his novitiate, Jacques was assigned to labor there, under the apostolic Visitor. Letters came from Jacques at regular intervals, telling of his success and happiness, and the life of Marie went smoothly on until the day the Director of the Novitiate came to bring her sad tidings. With great gentleness the big-hearted man prepared her for the ordeal, and then told her of the awful affliction the Lord had placed upon her. Jacques had been shot by a bandit while at recreation in the mountains. The novice master gave her the letters her brother had forwarded, and a little brass crucifix that Jacques had received on taking the habit. The right hand of the figure was shattered where the bullet had grazed it. The chalice of bitterness was filling up.

Then the storm against the religious orders in France broke out in all its fury. The novices and postulants were returned to their families, but Jean, pledged to be sent away. He wanted to be a Brother; he would send him. He wrote imploring letters to his uncle, the Visitor, and along with the delicious odor of fresh doughnuts, Mary entered the kitchen, laid the letters on the table and with an if you please smile took a warm doughnut from the dish.

"Did you get any letters, Mary?" asked Mrs. Barton, otherwise Aunt Eleanor, as she dropped a fresh supply of dough into the skillet.

"Yes, Auntie, dear, I got two," replied Mary between bits, "one is from Matilda and the other is from papa."

"Matilda was your chum last year at school, I believe?" "You are a right believer, she was my best friend and is yet."

"Take another doughnut and go upstairs to read your letters, for if you stay here I won't help you get in that dish. Sent? Mary helped herself to two and escaped through the door just in time to avoid a tea towel that her aunt in pretended anger had thrown.

"Aunt Eleanor is just like a girl," mused Mary as she mounted the stairs and entered the room. She went over to the window where the morning sunshine came pouring in with all its gracious warmth, and drawing the dainty scrim curtains aside, sat down to read her letters. Before opening them, however, she looked up to the little statue of St. Joseph, at whose feet she had placed a bowl of fresh crocuses from the garden.

"Dear St. Joseph, I don't know which to open first. I am a little anxious about papa's and yet I wonder what Matilda can be doing at Hilton Crest. I didn't know she had friends so near the convent," she said not addressing the statue, but her favorite saint whose image it was.

"Wouldn't it be delightful if papa would consent to my becoming a Sister while she is there? Wouldn't she be surprised?" With this Mary opened her friend's letter and started to read it.

As she read the sun changed each one of her Titian locks into threads of purest gold and when she raised her head it turned the tears in her eyes into sparkling diamonds. Wiping them away on the corner of her apron she began to reread the letter aloud.

Dear Mary, I am writing for the first time from my new home, where I have come in obedience to our

Suddenly a band of soldiers burst into the house to place the Brothers under arrest, and a gang of looters following them, scattered throughout the house in search of articles of value. Jean heard the noise, and ran downstairs to discover the cause. He was motionless with terror as he stood at the refectory door and heard the officer give the command to place the Brothers under arrest. The officer, looking toward the open door at the end of the refectory, saw Jean's blanched face, and motioned to a soldier. "There is another." Then the young Brother thought of the Blessed Sacrament upstairs, and fled, the soldier in hot pursuit. Jean reached the chapel first, and snapped the lock on the door. The soldier beat violently on the panel with the butt end of his gun, whilst Jean mounted the altar and seized the monstrance; but there was no escape. Already the door was swaying under the vigorous blows. Jean opened the lunette and swallowed the Sacred Host which was to be his Viaticum. The brutal soldier had battered down the door, and in rage at being outwitted, fired upon the defenceless Brother. With a cry Jean fell upon the altar, amid the crashing vases, pierced through the heart.

Again the crucifix on Jean's breast was sent across the waters to the sorrowing Marie. This time the left hand was shattered. "The chalice of bitterness! I have drunk it," wailed the heartbroken mother, as she knelt at the feet of the aged curé and kissed the mutilated crucifix. And now the lonely mother of martyrs sits in her quiet cottage near the church, and years for the day when her sorrow shall be changed into joy; and her joy, no one shall take from her. She shall sit with her sons, one on the right hand and one on the left, in the Kingdom of the Father.

B. A. GABRIEL.

THROUGH ENTREATY OF ST. JOSEPH

The robins in the tall locust trees that lined either side of the driveway tried to out rival the happy meadow larks in a neighboring field. As the joyous birds called echoed back and forth Mary smiled while she loved and carefully loosened the soft, dark earth about each tender crocus plant. Perhaps it was the same enchanting breath of spring that had coaxed the crocuses to open their purple and yellow flower cups and that filled the birds with such ecstasies of happiness which caused the smile to scampar over her sweet face and hide itself in the depths of her dark blue eyes. Or it might have been the warm sunshine in her own girlish heart.

Whatever had been the source of the smile it still caressed Mary's lips as the shrill whistle of the mail carrier caused her to abandon her pleasant task and to go after the mail.

Among the dozen or so letters that the mail man handed her Mary found two that were addressed to herself, one of which received a little loving squeeze and the other on which the girl recognized her father's handwriting, changed the smile into a look of anxious expectancy. As Mary entered the front hall she called in the direction of the kitchen: "Aunt Eleanor, here is the mail."

"Bring it out here, dear," was the answer wafted from the kitchen door, along with the delicious odor of fresh doughnuts. Mary entered the kitchen, laid the letters on the table and with an if you please smile took a warm doughnut from the dish.

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As she read the sun changed each one of her Titian locks into threads of purest gold and when she raised her head it turned the tears in her eyes into sparkling diamonds. Wiping them away on the corner of her apron she began to reread the letter aloud.

Dear Mary, I am writing for the first time from my new home, where I have come in obedience to our

Divine Master's call. I know you will be surprised to learn that He has chosen me to become the spouse of His Sacred Heart, overlooking in His wonderful love and mercy all my unworthiness. I never told you, dear, for we never had a talk on this subject while at school. I am so happy here in my convent home."

Mary could read no farther, for her eyes were full of tears of joy and thankfulness.

Perhaps if you had been near enough and had listened very attentively you would have heard the breeze that stirred the curtain whisper the name at the end of the letter, Sister Mary Dorothy.

Mary put the letter back in the envelope and opened the other one. This time, as she read, a look of trouble came into her blue eyes. Just as she finished reading the letter Mrs. Barton entered the room, and seeking the look on her niece's face, asked: "What did your father say, dear? Is he willing that you should enter the convent the 1st of August?"

"He isn't willing I should enter at all, Auntie. Listen to this: 'My dear daughter. I was both surprised and displeased to learn the trend of your childish fancies. I perceive that your head has been crammed full of these ideas by the nuns where you attended school last year, and have I wish you to understand that no child of mine shall ever become a nun. Your dear mother, on her death-bed, five years ago, asked me to educate you for the best in life. This I have done, but the best is not found in a community of nuns. I know my daughter will be obedience itself in regard to this matter. Your loving father.' What am I going to do?" exclaimed the girl with a sob in her voice.

"You poor child, just put on your hat and go down and have I wish you to understand that no child of mine shall ever become a nun. Your dear mother, on her death-bed, five years ago, asked me to educate you for the best in life. This I have done, but the best is not found in a community of nuns. I know my daughter will be obedience itself in regard to this matter. Your loving father.' What am I going to do?" exclaimed the girl with a sob in her voice.

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Mary did as her aunt advised and soon the kind hearted priest, who had known the girl from infancy, was tactfully finding out the trouble.

"Perhaps, my dear child, God has sent you this cross to try your vocation. The only thing to be done is to submit to His holy will. Why don't you make a novena to Saint Joseph, your favorite saint? You know the feast of his patronage is just two weeks from to-morrow."

"I will, Father, and will you please say a prayer for the same intention?" asked Mary.

"I will remember you every morning in Holy Mass and I'm sure all will come out right," answered Father Curtis.

It was with a light heart that Mary thanked her kind director and returned home. Next morning she posted a letter to her friend, Sister Dorothy at Holy Ghost convent, Hilton Crest asking her to make a novena to Saint Joseph for her intention.

The sunny April days passed and each morning found Mary kneeling at Saint Joseph's shrine in the little church two blocks from her home. She did not answer her father's letter for he was expected home within a week.

On the day her novena ended, Mary received into her heart the King of Kings, whom she knew was calling her to a life of closer union with Himself. As she asked Him to grant her prayers in union with those of Saint Joseph, a feeling of confidence that all would end right calmed the troubled waters of her soul.

When Mary reached home after Mass her aunt, Mrs. Barton, met her at the door with a smile.

"If you're not too hungry, Mary, I have something to tell you."

"What is it, Auntie? Has papa come home ahead of time?" questioned the girl, for she dreaded to meet her father so soon.

"You're a poor guesser! Come inside and I'll tell you, while we have breakfast."

As they seated themselves at the table, Mary asked, "What is it you have to tell me? Nothing bad I hope."

"No, not very bad. Just after you had left for Mass a messenger boy brought me a letter by special delivery. It was from your father. He said to tell you







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LONDON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 12, 1914

CATHOLIC FRANCE

An English officer with our army in the field, in a letter in the Evening Standard, writes:

"As an officer in His Majesty's service" also—and on active service—may I say how impressed I have been by the extraordinary religion of the people among whom we are campaigning. I have seized every opportunity of attending churches wherever we have been, and of observing the people and their habits. I find everywhere a magnificent piety, a religion which guides and fills out the lives of these people.

Hundreds of such reports as this come from the soldier priests: "Many officers and men come to confession during the night in intervals of the fighting and I have a crowd at the Military Mass on Sundays." Another recites that on ten different occasions of danger he had given public absolution to the kneeling soldiers at their own request; and the substance of many narratives is thus voiced by the Abbé Castelin:

"War is a great mission. The men here no longer know what human respect is; they have become fervidly religious. They make their confession in the streets, on the roadside; they attend services, sing hymns and recite the rosary. All wear medals, not round their necks or in their pockets, but in their caps or on their tunics."—America.

That France is Catholic despite its anti-clerical government there is abundant and gratifying evidence. Letters like the foregoing have been published by the score in English and French papers. In our own columns we have reproduced many, and even the secular papers contain from time to time similar testimony. Long before the war, the revival of religion in France called forth eloquent tributes from Anglican observers. We have quoted the splendid tribute of the Bishop of Oxford in the House of Lords on the occasion of the debate on Welsh Disestablishment. Recently we quoted the words of the Anglican headmaster of Eton who a year ago regarded the French religious revival as "the most momentous event occurring in Europe for at least a century."

The article in America from which we clipped the extract given above was sent us marked with the request that we comment on it and answer some questions which the sender wrote on the margin. "Is it not a pity that England should have such an ally?" was one of these questions. The article in question calls for no further comment than this. It over-emphasizes the importance of the anticlerical government. This government is not France. To see France look on the two millions of the flower of French manhood who are challenging the admiration of the world by their unsurpassed courage and—where they were believed to be deficient—their obstinate tenacity and heroic endurance. And "human respect" is gone; "they have become fervidly religious." The English officer pays tribute to their "magnificent piety"; "they pray aloud in action, not in fear, as we very well know, but with a high courage and a great trust."

In the face of all this there is a strange perversity in regarding an anticlerical government as France.

On the eve of the Revolution France was politically Catholic. "The State wore Catholic clothes as it were: the public occasions of pomp were full of religious ceremony." And yet religious life at that time in France was moribund. "The very fact that the Church had thus become in France an unshakable national institution, chilled the vital source of Catholicism." Hilaire Belloc from whom we are quoting, adds: "France, in the generation before the Revolution, was passing through a phase in which the Catholic Faith was at a lower ebb than it had ever been since the preaching and establishment of it in Gaul."

This War has already dealt anticlericalism its death blow. Political Catholicism did not prevent the Revolution; political atheism will never stem the rising tide of sincerely spiritual Catholicism. The epiteuil anticlerical sputterings to which America gives such importance are in reality a corroboration of all the other evidence of the revival of religion in France. But the most significant evidence of all is found in the new circular issued to Generals Commanding which in effect safe guards Catholic liberty of conscience and practice from official and officious anticlerical interference. Here is the Table's summary of the recent instructions of the French Minister of War:

He points out that his previous circular, the object of which was to ensure respect for liberty of conscience and State neutrality, have not been interpreted uniformly. In no case were they intended to deprive the wounded or the hospital staffs of the opportunity of practising their faith or of receiving the consolations of religion as they would at home. He therefore says that, in cases where the hospitals are at some distance from the churches, he sees no objection to services being held in the hospitals, subject, of course, to the regulations and to permission being duly obtained, and provided that no room necessary for the work of the hospital is permanently set apart for religious worship. Funeral services of those who have died in hospital may be celebrated there without any special permission. M. Millerand concludes by telling the Generals Commanding that they must do all they can to carry out the circular "in the spirit of concord, moderation, and tolerance which has dictated it, and which ought in all circumstances to regulate their actions." This is indeed a new note to be struck by a French Minister.

It may be interesting and instructive to our correspondent and others to read America's concluding comment on this famous circular:

Thus, it would seem, one must be wounded or attached to a sanitary corps, before he may, as a soldier of France, exercise his liberty of conscience by performing religious services, or receiving "religious blessings."

The whole reference is in the same spirit. Now read the Table's summary of the letter of the Bishop of Valence to President Poincaré:

How profound is the satisfaction with which the circular of M. Millerand, the French War Minister, on the practice of religion in hospitals has been received by Catholics in France may be gathered from a letter addressed to the President of the Republic by Mgr. Gibergeres, Bishop of Valence. His Lordship assures M. Poincaré that the circular has come as a real relief and gratification, and expresses the hope that it will put an end to the difficulties which had arisen on every side during recent weeks. Knowing the heavy anxieties and responsibilities of the Government, Catholics would not on any account do anything to add to them or to introduce any germ of discussion. Their desire is for the fraternal union which they are glad to see now reigning in the country. They have shown their readiness to forget the injustice and persecution of which they have been the victims, and they place the care of their interests in the hands of their Father who is in heaven, confident that a day will come when a loyal and sincere understanding on disputed points will be arrived at. "That day," continues M. Gibergeres, "they await calmly and without bitterness, assured of the justice of their cause. Their one desire is that, having done their share of sacrifice for the achievement of victory, mingled their fatigue, tears and blood with their countrymen on the field of battle, they may, in the most complete understanding and loyal co-operation, go forward hand in hand with all the sons of France."

Whether our inquiring correspondent was desirous of information, simply curious, or adopting the Socratic method of airing a little fine pro-German sarcasm we think he can find the answer to most of his queries in this article. That England and France are allies in this war is the surest guarantee that out of the dangers which threaten it European civilization will emerge triumphant and secure.

"PROPHECIES" CONCERNING THE WAR

A reader sends us a copy of an English paper containing an account of the "Prophecy of Brother Johannes" and asks what credence may be given to it. In this twentieth century there are credulous and easily duped people who see in this alleged prophecy the present war and its outcome foretold three hundred years ago. It is not worth while reproducing here this widely circulated "prediction." Suffice it to say that the Kaiser is clearly indicated as Antichrist and a son of Luther who is finally overthrown.

Father Thurston in the Month has investigated this and other similar prophecies and prophecies that find easy currency in these troubled times. "To begin with," says Father Thurston, "it lacks any sort of reliable authentication." It was given for the first time in print in the Figaro of September 10th and 17th. Obviously it required no great prophetic attributes to concoct such a "prophecy" last September. As for finding a plausible story of its being handed down unpublished through centuries Sir Walter Scott and other romance writers have always been fertile in such expedients.

"As for the supposed author, Brother Johannes," continues Father Thurston, "no information is furnished regarding his manner of life, or the place in which he lived, or the Order to which he belonged, or the circumstances under which this revelation was made to him. In glancing through some thirty odd volumes of this kind of literature which I have been able to consult I have not come on the least trace of Brother Johannes' wonderful seventeenth century prophecy."

Then the document under consideration incurs the gravest suspicion because it made its first appearance in print, in September as has been noted, with Joseph Peladan as its sponsor. This eccentric genius who loves to attire himself in long robes of oriental fashion and texture "may be described as a sort of medley of Richard Wagner, Cagliostro and Madame Blavatsky rolled into one." The Dictionnaire national des Contemporains gives this account of him:

"Peladan, Josephin, called 'le Sar' (i. e. the Ser), novelist, art-critic and dramatic author, born at Lyons, Oct. 20th, 1859. The son of a religious writer, he has devoted himself to a style of literature which is partly mystic and partly erotic, while the titles he has bestowed upon himself of Mage and Seer serve to direct attention to his own personality, just as his wish to seem different from the rest of the world is made clear to all by his eccentricities of manner and costume."

This should be sufficient with regard to the "Prophecy of Brother Johannes." We may add that Father Thurston after serious investigation finds not a trace of reason to doubt that the alleged prophecy is spurious, there being no shred of evidence that either the "prophecy" or "Brother Johannes" ever existed before the war was well under way.

Useful and relevant is Bishop Daponloup's warning issued about the time of the Franco Prussian War: "Prophecy arise and wonder-workers too: visions, oracles, prodigies are multiplied; with fanatics in good faith knives get mingled. Nevertheless, souls in their craving for light turn eagerly to any source which offers it, a curious ear is lent to those marvellous tales and to those voices which profess to come from on high; the credulous, and sometimes the sceptical themselves, through that deep need of penetrating the unknown which is inborn in the human soul, are swept off their feet; a whole generation feeds on chimeras, and at one time seized with vain fears trembles before the calamities announced as at the approach of the millennium, at another, following the dominant craze, is filled with exaltation, or goes to sleep without misgiving, buoyed up by hopes equally baseless."

We have also received some published sermons based on "fanatical explanations of Holy Scripture." These are numerous enough at present. Terse and to the point is this extract from a papal bull drawn up during the fifth council of Lateran in 1516, the council approving:

"As regards the time at which the calamities to come are to happen, the coming of Antichrist and the day of judgment, let no one allow himself to announce them and to fix their date, for Truth has said that it is not for us to know the times and moments which the Father keeps in His own power. All who up to the present have dared to make such predictions have been found to be liars, and it is certain that their conduct has done no small injury to the authority of those who are content to preach without predicting. For the future, then, we forbid all and any to

announce future events in their public discourses by means of fanciful explanations of Holy Scripture

Without subscribing to papal infallibility or surrendering their cherished private judgment there are preachers in the twentieth century who might learn a useful lesson from this papal bull of four hundred years ago.

THE WAR'S OBJECT LESSON IN EDUCATION

From the Ontario School for the Deaf, Belleville, comes The Canadian containing an account of the visit to that institution of the Premier and Minister of Education. The occasion was the opening of two new "hand-some, commodious comfortable and sanitary" residences which have just been completed. This marks an important step achieved in the intelligent and comprehensive plan of bringing the buildings and equipment of the whole institution abreast of the requirements of the great educational work which the province commits to its charge. Great as is the work accomplished and projected in the matter of housing, accommodation and equipment it is but the outward and visible sign of the still more remarkable development in the educational work of the institution. The Superintendent, Dr. C. B. Coughlin, by his whole-hearted devotion to the duties of his office, and by his thoroughly well informed zeal, has attained first rank amongst the executive heads of provincial institutions.

It is not to the work, however important, or to the recognition of that importance by the presence of the Premier and the Minister of Education, but to certain pronouncements made on that occasion, that we desire chiefly to call attention.

In the course of his reply to Dr. Coughlin's address of welcome Premier Hearst said:

"It would be difficult to speak too highly of the zeal, the tact, the patient determination and persistence with which Dr. Coughlin had kept the needs of this School before the Government, and urged their urgent necessity for better accommodation. To Mrs. Coughlin, also, was due their gratitude and praise for the share she had had in bringing these improvements about, and for the splendid work she had in many ways done for the School. On his first visit here, as well as on this occasion, she had lost no opportunity of pointing out the numerous defects of the old buildings and the great need there was of a better equipment. Probably Dr. Pyne had had a similar experience, and for the results they had witnessed that day a large share of the credit was, no doubt, due to her winning importunity that would not be denied. This was not his first visit to this School, and the interest he had felt on the first occasion had this day been intensified. It would not be possible for him to exaggerate their appreciation and delight at what they had seen in the class-rooms they had visited. The work being accomplished was little short of miraculous, and he could not conceive of any nobler vocation that any band of men and women could be engaged in than that being so splendidly done at this School. No work could be greater, more worthy, more enduring. It should be the first duty of any government, of any community, to see that the children are properly educated."

The foregoing we could hardly omit without violating the Scriptural injunction "Honor to whom Honor." Note what immediately follows:

"The development of their mental faculties is not enough, is not the most important consideration; we must inculcate in them the principles of truth, honor, justice, morality. The world is having a sad illustration to-day of the disastrous consequences of a system of education that develops the intellect only, and neglects those faculties that make for the highest and best things. So we have in Germany the deification of brute force, a form of so-called culture that eliminates every sentiment of humanity, and regards the very thought of mercy and good will and charity as an intolerable weakness. Let us not make the same mistake."

This would be a common-places, perhaps, in the columns of a Catholic paper or from a Catholic pulpit. Coming from the Premier of Ontario it is a pronouncement of great importance and deep significance. Important and significant not so much as a vindication of the Catholic position on the question of education as an evidence of the assent to the Catholic contention, an assent fast becoming general amongst those who think and observe and especially amongst those on whom public spirit and the sense of responsibility enforce a wider outlook than that usually taken by the self-complacent adherents of the stagnant philosophy: "Whatever is, is best."

Premier Hearst indicates the great outstanding and compelling objective of the greatest and bloodiest war in all history. Nor is it Germany alone that has been obsessed with the narrow and radically defective ideal of education which has so long prevailed. The world-war proclaims the failure of the world's educational policy. Yet gone astray after false gods there are those who will not see the educational idol's feet of clay. After divorcing Education from Christianity; after driving from schools and colleges and universities, from the life of the individual and of the State, the Christian religion which created—and which can alone maintain—Christian civilization, they fatuously ask "Is Christianity a failure?"

Our brothers and sisters deprived of hearing may not be so badly off as we are who have ears and hear not, eyes and will not see. At any rate their excellent little publication, The Canadian, concludes an editorial on education with these clear-sounding observations:

"The world is having a terrible example to-day of the lamentable effect of emasculating the moral and spiritual faculties, of scorning the cultivation of the fruits of the Spirit—love, joy, peace, justice, truth—and deifying the body and the intellect alone. This ought the Germans to have done, and not have left the other undone. The body may justly claim due care and moderate gratification; the intellect should be developed as fully as opportunity permits, but both of these should be secondary. He only has attained to the fulness of the stature of the perfect man of the who, while not neglecting either the body or the mind, gives first place to the heart and soul, and is fully persuaded that 'the fear of the Lord is the beginning,' and also the end, 'of wisdom.'"

AN ADVENT THOUGHT

Long ago two weary strangers waited outside the doors of Bethlehem. And they waited in vain. Gold would have opened a door to them, but silver and gold they had not, and so "there was no room for them in the inn."

Who that has heard these words but has felt for the forlorn child-mother? And which of us has not condemned the heartlessness of Bethlehem that would not share a roof with the homeless wayfarers? And we think had we been there they would not have sought in vain. Do we think rightly? The chances are we would have acted as the people of Bethlehem did. Like them we would see no profit in housing two beggars, and so would refuse to put ourselves out to help them. Ah no, you say, we would not be so hard-hearted. But pause a while. Are we not busy about many things and, albeit unconsciously, have we not sometimes asked ourselves what profit is there in receiving Jesus? Has it never happened that Mammon and Christ stood together at the door of our hearts, and have we ever opened to Mammon in preference to Christ? It would have caused a little inconvenience to admit Mary and Joseph on that first Christmas night, and the people of Bethlehem did not want to be disturbed. So to-day to admit Jesus we must put ourselves out a little. We must overhaul the chamber of our hearts, and we shrink from that unpleasant task because there are things housed in that chamber that we are unwilling to dispossess. And there are other things we do not care to look upon, and whose presence we would gladly ignore. All of which seems to confirm our opinion that we, too, would have closed our doors upon Mary and Joseph on that first Christmas night.

But the question is not what we would have done, but what are we going to do? Christ comes again this Christmas. He comes as a little Babe in the arms of Mary. Are we going to open to Him? Or with the world's voices in our ears will we be deaf to the still small voice of the Babe of Bethlehem? With the world's cares in our hearts will we tell Him there is no room. There is a danger that it may be so, and so the Church in her divine wisdom sets aside this season of Advent as a time of preparation for His coming. She knows very well that if left to ourselves we would be very likely to forget that coming, and so by prayer and fasting she would have us prepare the way of the Lord. Let us enter into the spirit of the Church and spend this holy time as she would have it spent. For the measure of our keeping Advent will be the measure of the reception we will give Jesus and Mary on Christmas night. COLUMBA.

NOTES AND COMMENTS

THE REV. DR. CLIFFORD, the venerable English Nonconformist leader whose visit to Canada a few years ago may be remembered, is reported by the cable to have uttered a warning against inculcating race hatreds in the rising generation in Great Britain. Special care, he said, must be taken that children do not grow up with a hereditary hatred of the Germans and Austrians as in former generations they imbibed hatred of the French. This is wise and salutary counsel which may be followed with advantage by those to whom, presumably, it was especially addressed—the Nonconformist public.

DR. CLIFFORD is an old man whose long life has been largely devoted to stirring up hatred and distrust in his own country. Catholics, and those who think with them on the subject of education, have been especially the objects of his recriminations. It is gratifying to know that his grey hairs have signalled some change of heart in this regard, and that since the War has occasioned the fact being made public, it is, after all, notwithstanding all its horrors, not wholly without its compensations.

FROM THE publishers, Messrs. Longmans, Green & Co., comes Rev. Dr. Peter Coffey's latest contribution to the literature of metaphysics. "Ontology, or the Theory of Being," is the second instalment of the author's philosophical trilogy intended to place within the reach of students an introduction and general survey of metaphysics from the scholastic standpoint. The first, the "Science of Logic," was an enquiry into the principles of accurate thought and scientific method, considered under the two headings: "Conception, Judgment and Inference," and "Method, Science and Certitude," and the present volume is to be followed by a third on the theory of knowledge which will complete the series.

DR. COFFEY'S NAME is too well known to students of philosophy to require introduction at our hands. As Professor of Logic and Metaphysics in Maynooth, and as translator of De Wulf's "Scholasticism Old and New," and the "History of Medieval Philosophy," he has won an enviable reputation among European scholars and brought to his Alma Mater something of that renown which in former centuries distinguished the schools and schoolmen of Erin. He may be considered as one of the products of Leo XIII.'s great encyclical on the philosophy of St. Thomas Aquinas. Through his hands, since his accession to the chair of Logic in Maynooth in 1906, has passed almost a generation of aspirants to the priesthood in Ireland, and we may be sure that he has stamped upon them something of that enthusiasm for philosophical enquiry and of the art of expression which are so pre-eminently his own possessions. The volume before us deals with a difficult subject, but it is not a difficult book to read. The problems discussed are stated so clearly and the significance and bearing of his solutions brought out with so much lucidity as to hold the attention of the reader from beginning to end and to greatly widen his circle of his knowledge. We shall return to the subject again. Meanwhile to those interested we commend this very valuable and very interesting volume.

THAT GENERAL JOFFRE is the idol of France to-day and that he has well earned all the enthusiasm and gratitude with which he is regarded is an assertion scarcely calling for emphasis or proof. He may be said to have already vindicated his claim to be regarded as one of the great commanders of history, and, whatever the duration of the war, to have been the chief instrument in shattering the proud boast of the Kaiser, four months ago, that all the German armies had to do was to march in Paris in order to bring hostilities to a speedy end. Paris is much further from becoming a German prize than it was on September first, and if signs point to anything it is rather to the occupation of Berlin and Vienna than to the boasted dinner party on the Seine.

FOR ONE who is so much in the limelight it is remarkable how little is known outside of France of General Joffre. He is known as a great soldier who knows how to hold his tongue, and as an exceedingly humane leader who, for the time

being, considers himself the guardian of every man under his command, and that is about all. His past career and his personal characteristics have never been heralded abroad and his native modesty has not, even in the hey-day of success, for a moment deserted him. The world will not be satisfied long to leave it so and in due time, no doubt, will know all, and more than all, that he has ever said and done.

THE FOLLOWING few particulars regarding the French Commander-in-Chief may therefore be of interest. He was born in 1852 and was educated chiefly at the Ecole Polytechnique, where all aspiring officers for the artillery and engineers receive their training. In September, 1870, the year of the War with Prussia, he was gazetted a sub-lieutenant in the Field Artillery and in that capacity received his baptism of fire in the operations in defence of Paris. When Paris had fallen and peace was declared, Joffre rejoined the Ecole Polytechnique, and passed out with a commission in the Engineers. Joining the 2nd Pioneers he was gazetted captain in 1878. In 1885 he was ordered to China, and served in Formosa and Tonquin. In 1904, on the death of his superior, Colonel Bonnier, he took command of the relief column that entered Timbuctou. He served as colonel in Madagascar, and created the fortifications of Diego Suarez.

In 1901-1902, General Joffre served in the War Office as Director of Engineers. In 1905 he became Governor of Lille, in command of the 6th Division. From the Second Army Corps (Amiens) he was promoted to a seat on the Superior Council of War and Inspector of Military Schools. In August, 1911, General Joffre became Chief of the General Staff of the Army, and at the outbreak of the War with Germany, General in Command of the North Eastern Group of Armies. Technically the title Commander-in-Chief is retained by the Minister of War. But General Joffre is Generalissimo Designate.

WE HAVE no information as to General Joffre's attitude towards the questions concerning Religion which, in late years, have so greatly convulsed his country. Nor do we know anything of his personal convictions. However, in the notable revival of religion in France since the War broke out we would fain hope that her greatest soldier has had a part. He, at any rate, appears to have given every facility to the many priests in the army to exercise their functions as such. And his inspiring address to the people of Alsace does not point to either a materialist or a worldling.

THE WIDESPREAD character of the European War and the traditional ubiquitousness of the Scot and the Irishman in regard to military matters as thereby once more exemplified is recalled by a cutting from an old scrap book which has come under our notice and which in the present crisis will bear republication. It tells of an English interpreter in the Levant was abusing the Scots to a Turkish officer, Hassan Bey, when Hassan broke out:—"I'll tell ye what my man, gin ye lowse yer ill-scrapit tongue on my country like that I'll gie ye a clout on the lug that'll gar it ring frae this to hallow-e'en!" "Why, my good man, I thought you were a Turk!" "And sae I am a Turk the noo, yet when I gang hame I'll just be Wully Forbes, son o' auld Duddy Forbes o' the Gorbals."

PRESENTLY—so runs the story—a splendidly dressed Hungarian came up and said to the Turk, "Wully man, there's a truce the noo for 'two hours; just come we' me and we'll hae a glass o' whusky together." "My word!" exclaimed the interpreter, "is everybody on earth a Scot?" But when the Russian General Tarasoff said: "Eh, Donal' Cameron, are you here?" and Ibrahim Pasha burst forth simultaneously, "Man, Sandy Robieson, is that yer?" The Englishman fainted and was borne away to the hospital tent to be treated by a Scots physician and a Scots nurse. It is safe to say, however, that no broad Scots is to be heard in the Turkish or German armies of to-day.

I ask this seriously. It is a question which each of us should ask of self more or less regularly. If we should undertake to answer it seriously, quite a number of us might be happier and more useful.—Leigh Mitchell Hedges.



OMNISCIENCE UNMASKED

The omniscient Doctor Crane has given himself away. On Saturday, November 14, the St. Paul Dispatch published one of his oracular editorials entitled, "What We Do Not Know."

"What we do not know what anything is. Nobody knows. Probably nobody ever will know. . . We do not know what God is, nor what religion, fear, hope, courage and goodness are."

It is not of small consequence to know the meaning of the editorial "we." We know it and we know it definitely. Behind it the Doctor has hitherto modestly hidden his omniscience. Now he uses it to display, to confess his ignorance.

A shallow agnosticism is popular just now. Start out by assuming that nobody knows if there be a God, a future life, a difference between good and evil, virtue and vice. It will save the trouble of thought and study for writer as well as for reader.

The child who learns his catechism knows a good deal about God, his own soul, eternity. This knowledge grows and is extended as one gives time and attention to the study of theology. It is real knowledge.

The man who has not studied these matters has no right to pose as the omniscient one about them. Because Calvinism has repelled some men, it does not follow that Calvin's horrible caricature is the only possible concept of God.

ON THE BATTLE LINE

THE FIGHT FOR THE CHANNEL PORTS

London, Dec. 4.—Fierce fighting is now taking place along a considerable portion of the battle-line. The Germans have anticipated the concerted forward movement of the allies of making a spirited attack themselves.

In the dark hours before dawn yesterday morning a large force of Germans crossed the flood waters of the Yser by means of big broad rafts. But before dawn came the plot was discovered, and when daybreak did arrive the artillery of the allies met the advancing Germans with devastating effect.

covered by the heavy cannonade of their field artillery and until midway still perished in their plan. Several rafts were upset in midstream by the fire of the French guns, and great numbers of Germans were drowned as well as shot.

GERMANS USE A NEW GUN

As I have mentioned in previous despatches, the Germans have withdrawn their heavy artillery on account of the muddy nature of the country, but they have now brought into action a new weapon which is exceedingly well adapted to the changed nature of the warfare.

GERMAN WAR FACTORY IN DANGER

London, Dec. 3.—A foreign aircraft yesterday dropped bombs on the Krupp factory at Essen, Germany, the great plant at which are manufactured the famous German siege guns, as well as smaller arms and ammunition.

ON THE RUSSIAN FRONT

Berlin, via London, Dec. 3.—Major Morhart, the military writer, in discussing the eastern situation in The Tagblatt, says: "The operations around Lodz seemed to foreshadow the surrounding and annihilation of the Russian main body, but the Germans themselves were surrounded by strong Russian reinforcements from the east and south."

TOUCHING MANIFESTATION OF FAITH

From an exchange we learn the following touching story of Catholic devotion, as recorded in the Catholic Register of Denver, Col. "Recently, in a little northern Colorado mission church, it was Communion day for the children of the parish."

GERMAN WAR VOTE

Berlin, Dec. 2, via London, Dec. 3.—A momentous war session of the Reichstag was held to-day and was marked by the unanimity of feeling that prevailed among the members in regard to prosecuting the war to the end.

kind are happening more rarely as facilities for church attendance increase, but the early days of Catholic settlement in every part of the country saw manifestations of faith that puts to shame present day hardships.

A GREAT CATHOLIC SOCIETY LAUNCHED

INTERNATIONAL FEDERATION OF CATHOLIC ALUMNAE ASSOCIATIONS HAS ENDORSEMENT Toronto World New York, Nov. 29.—Surpassing all expectations was the success of the organization convention of the International Federation of Catholic Alumnae Associations, which has just closed in New York.

WAR SUMMARY, DEC. 5

"We have come to stay," said the silent Joffre to the Alsations a week ago. He is making his words good. The French advance in Alsace over a wide front is the big feature of the western campaign.

BUSINESS MEETING

The business meeting opened in the blue room of the McAlpine at 11 o'clock. Rev. John L. Belford of Brooklyn presided. Addresses were given by His Lordship Bishop McFaul of Trenton, N. J., on the benefits of federation; by Mrs. Mary Wade Traibach, hon. president of the Alumnae Association of St. Joseph's College, Boston.

TRIBUTE TO CANADA

In his address Father Burke paid tribute to Canada and to its Catholicity with its grand traditions and great promise of the future. One of the things most enjoyed by the delegates in New York was the beautifully harmonized singing of the sanctuary choir in the church of the Paulists.

RACE-PREJUDICE

HAS NOTHING IN COMMON WITH CHRISTIAN TEACHING We are all most deeply stirred by this war which is destroying thousands of men and devastating some of the fairest countries on the globe.

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the white American. To a Christian all men are of one stock. So, using the word in its strict etymological sense, we are all brothers, born from the one father, born by the one mother.

The opening reception held in the blue room of the great McAlpine Hotel, was a brilliant scene. Beautifully gowned women, occasional men in evening dress, and ecclesiastics among whom the episcopal purple was not lacking, were all present.

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struck deep at first and can never be altered. We can see the action of physical relationships on every page of history. That action in our own day is less clear. But it is none the less going on.

The opening reception held in the blue room of the great McAlpine Hotel, was a brilliant scene. Beautifully gowned women, occasional men in evening dress, and ecclesiastics among whom the episcopal purple was not lacking, were all present.

BUSINESS MEETING

The business meeting opened in the blue room of the McAlpine at 11 o'clock. Rev. John L. Belford of Brooklyn presided. Addresses were given by His Lordship Bishop McFaul of Trenton, N. J., on the benefits of federation; by Mrs. Mary Wade Traibach, hon. president of the Alumnae Association of St. Joseph's College, Boston.

TRIBUTE TO CANADA

In his address Father Burke paid tribute to Canada and to its Catholicity with its grand traditions and great promise of the future. One of the things most enjoyed by the delegates in New York was the beautifully harmonized singing of the sanctuary choir in the church of the Paulists.

RACE-PREJUDICE

HAS NOTHING IN COMMON WITH CHRISTIAN TEACHING We are all most deeply stirred by this war which is destroying thousands of men and devastating some of the fairest countries on the globe.

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE The most remarkable thing about "Christian Science" is that it is not Christian and it is not science.

Another Book Announced FROM PEN OF MGR. BENSON In spite of the fact that Oddfish is only just issued to the public, novel readers have not quite seen the end of Mr. Benson's masterpiece in fiction.

FATHER FRASER'S CHINESE MISSION

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

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Church Decoration THE Thornton-Smith Company have a long and varied experience in this branch of their work. They will be pleased to put you into communication with the authorities of Churches which have passed through their hands for Decoration during the past six or seven years.

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE The most remarkable thing about "Christian Science" is that it is not Christian and it is not science. It denies the Divinity of Christ and the Personality of God. It affirms Pantheism and Manichaeism.

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FIVE MINUTE SERMON

THIRD SUNDAY OF ADVENT

JOY IN GOD'S BLESSINGS

"Rejoice in the Lord always: again I say, rejoice." (Epistle of the day.)

Brethren: It seems to me like a reproach from God that we should have to be reminded to rejoice. It is as if a friend made you a haughty, ingratitude, requested and urged you again to be thankful. Blessed is the man who remembers—the man who is thankful for favors received, for there is much in that remembrance to make the heart thoughtful, cheerful, hopeful.

Now, Catholic men and women, living in a Catholic atmosphere, you have much to remember, much to be thankful for and much to rejoice over. With the Prophet Isaiah, you have good reason to say to yourselves, "I will remember the tender mercies of the Lord," and remembering them, the command to "rejoice and again rejoice" will come home to you with profitable results.

I say it is like a reproach that God should have to call upon us, as He does in the first words of the holy Mass to day, to rejoice. And why? Because, as a matter of fact, we do not rejoice half enough over the blessings God is constantly bestowing on us. I take it for granted that those words are spoken to Catholics who have the greatest and inestimable privilege of living in a Catholic atmosphere, of living where they have ample opportunities of attending Mass, of hearing the Word of God, of having every desire of their Catholic hearts fulfilled—and to such Catholics, I maintain, it is a reproach that God should be obliged to command them to rejoice. And brethren, is it not too true that we do not rejoice as we should over these advantages and blessings God bestows upon us? Who are we? What are we better than our fellow-men that we should enjoy the many blessings of which they are in part or wholly deprived? We think it a great sacrifice to walk a few blocks to attend Mass at any hour we please, while there are thousands of Christians who rejoice to hear Mass even though they have to travel miles to enjoy this blessed privilege. They who really make the sacrifice rejoice, while we sluggards fancy we are doing great things if we fulfil the ordinary and easy duties of religion.

No wonder, then, that God would be obliged to command us to rejoice. We are fools and ingrates if we do not, because of the advantages that are at our very doors. We seldom realize them until we are deprived of them, as the man who never realizes the value of money until he feels the pangs of hunger and discovers that he has not the means to supply his wants. Oh! God forbid that we should be ungrateful, for we have abundant reason to rejoice. Think, my brethren, of all that God is doing for you. You might have been an outcast, you might have been brought up without the faith; circumstances might have placed you where the consolations of religion would be removed far from you—all these you have, the faith, the sacraments, the Mass, the frequent hearing of the Word of God—in fine, you have the Emmanuel, God with you, and with all these blessings you have reason to rejoice.

Be joyous, then, from the bottom of your hearts; be thankful for the opportunities placed at your disposal, and if at times the difficulties you encounter discourage you, again I say, rejoice and think of those who have all these same difficulties without the advantages which you enjoy. Let your hearts be filled with joy on this mid-Sunday of Advent, this season of expectancy, of hopes and joys to be fulfilled. Let the tender mercies of the Lord remind you of your great privilege, as well as duty, to rejoice always in the Lord.

TEMPERANCE

ALCOHOL AND INHERITANCE

The influence of alcohol as a detrimental factor in inheritance is one which has not readily lent itself to convincing experimental proof in the past. During the last four years Prof. Stockard of the Cornell University Medical School in New York City, has been engaged in a study of the effects of alcohol in heredity. He has demonstrated conclusively that the germ cells of male guinea pigs can be so injured by allowing the individuals to inhale fumes of alcohol that they give rise to defective offspring although mated with vigorous females. The extension of these unique investigations, in which the offspring from the treated animals which reach maturity are usually nervous and slightly undersized, have further shown that the effect of the injury of the germ cells is not only exhibited by the immediate offspring of alcoholized animals, but is conveyed through their descendants for at least three generations. There are many instances of matings followed by negative results or early abortions, still born young or defectives.

An instructive illustration was afforded in a case in which two of the four young animals were completely eyeless, the eyeballs, optic nerves, and chiasma being absent. Such defects result, according to Stockard from the injury originally inflicted on the germ cells by the experimental treatment. Yet this injury may have been received by earlier generations only. Thus the parents

of the guinea pigs mentioned were untreated, their four grandparents were also untreated, but their great-grandfathers were all normal animals. The defective eyes of descendants are due to impaired development, not to direct action of alcohol.

Plainly the germ cell is actually weakened, if not disabled, by the alcohol treatment and all individuals arising from combinations involving such a germ cell are likely to be below normal. As the Journal of the American Medical Association says, there is food for reflection in these facts.

A STRANGE-ACTING LIQUID  
One autumn my father and I camped near a pretty lake in Southern Minnesota. In the grove of trees where our tent was pitched was the home of a prosperous farmer. This man had a good wife, who kept his home neat and clean; he also had several bright, happy children. His barn, his sheds and fences were in good repair.

While in town one day with some friends, he innocently swallowed a glass of a peculiar liquid. The first drink he took called for more. The strange thing about this liquid was that as he continued to take it into his stomach, it began to take the point of his barn and to remove the boards from his fences. It made the weeds grow on his fields; his horses and cattle were neglected. The more he applied to his stomach the more shabby his clothes became.

But the effect of this liquid went even farther. It made the tears stream down the face of his devoted wife. I saw them flowing freely many times. It took the bread out of the mouths of his children. It took all joy and love out of that home, and finally completely wrecked it.

Can you guess what that liquid was that created such havoc with this man and his home? It was alcohol. Beware of it! It is no respecter of persons, and will use you the same way if you have anything to do with it.

Alcohol will preserve anything that is dead and will kill anything that is living. It is useful in a museum; but keep it in a bottle and not in your stomach. The man who has an ambition to become anything, from a ditch digger to President of the United States, should leave alcohol alone.—C. E. Holmes in Youth's Instructor.

GERMANS ASSAIL ALCOHOL

ONCE MORE

The report of Professor Elster to the Prussian Minister of Public Health has caused considerable comment in Europe because of the sweeping character of the charges against alcohol and the position of the man making the report.

The Elster report declares that there is hardly a known disease that is not developed and strengthened by the drinking habit, that alcohol causes 80 per cent. of insanity, that it lessens the efficiency of labor, that the organization of young clerks of Berlin is burdened with an annual sick fund bill of \$500,000 solely for the support and cure of men suffering because of drink, that 50 per cent. of the poverty in Prussia is due to the use of alcoholic beverages, that crimes of cruelty, assault, negligence, etc., are almost entirely due to this cause, that thousands more of infants die in the first few weeks because of paternal indulgence, and that numerous specified illnesses are caused by these-called harmless beer which Americans are told has solved the problem of temperance in Germany.

RUSSIA BARS LIQUOR

INDUSTRY  
The Russian government never again will embark in the manufacture and sale of alcoholic drinks. This statement, confirming previous reports was made in the name of Emperor Nicholas on October 30.

The Russian Union of Abstinence, which devotes its energies to combating alcoholism, addressed to Emperor Nicholas a solicitation that he forbid forever the sale of spirituous liquors in Russia. His majesty replied in a telegram sent in the name of Grand Duke Constantine and addressed to the president of the alliance, in which he said: "I thank you; I long ago decided to interdict for all time in Russia the sale of alcoholic drinks by the government."

THEIR REASON

Dr. Stephen S. Wise, at the Free Synagogue in Carnegie Hall on Sunday, challenged the issue in plain words on the question of religion in politics in America. He said: "The Guardians of Liberty, wherever they are, stand during the last campaign that it is dangerous to the public welfare to have a Roman Catholic Governor. They gave no reason. I said that the leadership in Protestant churches in America must deny this issue, disavow it, or honestly admit it. Above all, they should not keep silent and admit their cowardice. I say to you that if you think it is dangerous to have a Roman Catholic in public office it is your business to say so and give your reasons. If you cannot give reasons, and reasons exist, then you must be ashamed of them."

They have no reasons except reasons of bigotry and intolerance—the same that the Orangemen in Ireland have for their hatred of the Pope and their Catholic fellow-countrymen. The Orangemen never give reasons because they have none to give that honest people could approve.

THE BLOOD IS THE STREAM OF LIFE

Pure Blood is Absolutely Necessary To Health

"FRUIT-A-TIVES" PURIFIES

These Wonderful Tablets, Made of Fruit Juices, Are The Best Of All Tonics To Purify And Enrich The Blood.

Pure, rich blood can flow only in a clean body. Now, a clean body is one in which the waste matter is regularly and naturally eliminated from the system. The blood cannot be pure when the skin action is weak, when the stomach does not digest the food properly, when the bowels do not move regularly, when the kidneys are strained or overworked.

Pure blood is the result of perfect health and harmony of stomach, liver, bowels, kidneys and skin.

"Fruit-a-tives", by their wonderful action on all these organs, keeps the whole system as clean as Nature intended our bodies to be clean.

"Fruit-a-tives" tones up, invigorates, strengthens, purifies, cleans and gives pure, rich, clean blood that is, in truth, the stream of life.

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

Dr. Wise also appeals to "Roman Catholic leaders" in reference to parochial schools. "If you are convinced," says he, "that parochial schools should be supported, wholly or in part, from public funds, come out and tell us so."

The answer to this suggestion may here be brief—"Roman Catholic leaders" are convinced that for the value in secular education given to the State by parochial schools, there should be compensation or remuneration by the State in some shape or form.—N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

SOCIOLOGY OF THE CHURCH

It is to be deeply regretted that the study of sociology to-day is almost exclusively in the hands of infidel teachers in our colleges and universities—at least they are avowed unbelievers in the supernatural. They pay very little, if any, regard to the attitude of the Catholic Church on this science. In fact, some of them openly charge that the Church does not promote the study of social subjects because she is only seeking to promote her own wealth and power. They accuse her of opposing the free investigation of scientific truths and deductions from observed phenomena. But this calumny is easily disproved, for the Church welcomes all scientific research for the reason that science and religion proceed from the same eternal sources of truth, and when properly understood, cannot contradict each other.

THEIR FATHER'S EXAMPLE

"The father who sets a good example to his sons is their best instructor in religion," says the Catholic Columbian. "They see him go to Mass every Sunday, abstain from meat on Friday, receive the Sacraments frequently, observe the fast of Lent, go to the meetings of his Catholic society, treat his wife with loving kindness, act like a good neighbor to all his acquaintances, pay his debts, avoid profanity and drunkenness, use every available opportunity to do good, and advance in gentleness, kindness, justice and

DRUNKENNESS Can be Cured

It is a Disease, Not a Habit

"Some years ago I was a heavy drinker. Friends, business, family, were slipping from me. Ruin stared me in the face. "But one friend remained, a physician. Through his efforts

I WAS SAVED

"This man had made a scientific study of drunkenness as a disease. He had found a cure for it."

It was a case like this that made me realize how many others were in need of relief and determined me if possible, to offer Samaria Prescription to the world.

IT CURES

In a few days. All craving for alcohol is gone and the patient is restored to health, happiness, family and friends, and the respect of all.

FREE SEND NO MONEY

Just send me your name and address, saying: "Please tell me how I can cure drunkenness." That is all you need to say. I will send you my free book, telling you all about my wonderful cure for DRUNKENNESS, and will also send you a TRIAL PACKAGE which will show you how the treatment can be given without the patient's knowledge. All I ask is you ABSOLUTELY FREE in a plain sealed package at once.

Do not delay, send me a post-card, or write me a letter to-day. Do not be afraid to send your name. I always treat correspondence as sacredly confidential. WRITE NOW.  
E. R. HERD, THE SAMARIA REMEDY CO., 1425 Mutual Street, Toronto, Canada

lar mission to fortify mankind against the false deductions of reason, adulterated by the passions and prejudices of a sinful life. The American writer says:

"Before the coming of Christ no philosopher ever attained to that complete and all satisfying truth which He teaches; not that He did not teach and reinforce many moral precepts that already obtained, but it required His teaching in all its fulness to fortify mankind against the errors of natural reason. Imperfectly as the world has actually put in practice the ideals which He revealed to them, the most superficial student cannot ignore their effects upon human conduct."

The line of demarcation between Catholic and secular sociology is supernatural truth, the one upholding it as the foundation of true sociology, and the other ignoring or regarding it with unmitigated condemnation. And the surprise is that these modern teachers hold to their system not only with tenacity but with absolute dogmatism, and they regard the Catholic way with utter contempt.

It can hardly be realized how evil is the influence of such teachings upon the minds of the young. They become imbued with the conviction that the Christian religion is not up to date and that its mysteries are mere fables or myths.

A Catholic writer, Forester, observes: "Catholica non leguntur. Exaggerated and perverted accounts of Christian teaching are taken at third and fourth hand, and not the slightest effort is made to understand the real official teaching of the Church. . . . The fundamental Christian position was defined with such absolute clearness by Dante that any misunderstanding should have been impossible. It is not Nature herself who is corrupt; false guidance is it which has darkened the face of the world."

Reason, unaided by revelation and God's grace, is always liable to go astray, for it is not self-sufficient, and its guidance must be supernatural. The results of merely naturalistic teachings will ever be disastrous. The false teachings of Nietzsche and other philosophers of the infidel school are largely responsible for the indescribably horrible war in Europe to-day. What we sow, we shall reap.

On the other hand, the Catholic Church has always been the foster parent of true science and her children are numbered among the most eminent scientists of history—but while her own mission according to the will of her Divine Founder was not the teaching of human science as such, but the propagation and perpetuation of His precepts, the observance of which makes for happiness here and hereafter, she has been keenly alive to her duty of championing the truth, built upon eternal principles and not upon the aberrations of the human mind, unaided by Divine revelation. Reason is ever weakened by sin and nothing is so liable to error as the human mind, self-conscious, proud of its achievements, and unsupported by God's grace. "God resisteth the proud."—Intermountain Catholic.

mercy from day to day. He is the Christian life and practice. He is the Catechism fulfilled and the Mission sermons carried into action. He is the proof of the beauty of grace, and the evidence of the daily miracle of God's love to man. The boys look to their father to learn from his conduct what is right and what is wrong, knowing that he will follow the good and avoid the evil. Happy the sons who are not disappointed, misled and scandalized."

DAYS OF ANXIOUS QUESTIONING

There never was a time perhaps, says America, when the world has so insistent need of renewing its faith in the doctrine of original sin. The catastrophe which is looming so large in Europe is making men listen to doubts about the goodness and providence of God. Those who have held high places and so command a hearing are discrediting the influence of religion, because it has not prevented the outbreak of war. Christianity is held up to scorn, as if its authority had been wholly undermined and its claims discovered to be groundless and all because it has failed to exercise a sovereign influence over human passions and human freedom. Pages which are fearlessly blasphemous in their denunciation and repudiation of Almighty God, are applauded for their outspoken frankness. The problem of evil is obtruded on the public's eye, and a morbid emphasis is laid on life's suffering and sorrow. Unfortunately nothing is proved, no explanation is offered, only false deductions are drawn. If men think of God at all, they declare Him cruel.

We have good reason to believe that our Catholics have in no way been tainted by this blasphemous unbelief, and yet there is need of watchfulness. Each one must look to himself lest he too give lodgment in the hidden depths of his inmost thoughts to evil questioning of the wisdom and benignity of the Lord God of all. Life's pain is not an unsolved and impenetrable mystery; it leads to us. Others may peer into the darkness and find no answer, but it is not so with the Church's children. We have the solution of revealed truth. We accept and believe the doctrine of original sin. Poverty and desolation, the wasting of tissue and the breaking of hearts, crime and death and war, all have their explanation in the transgression of God's law by the father of the human race. In these days, therefore, of growing and distressing doubt, Catholics would do well to search their hearts and minds and ask themselves how firm is their grasp on this fundamental dogma of the faith.

WHERE OUR GIRLS MAKE A MISTAKE

It has for some time been current comment among observing people that in the question of dress it has become almost impossible on the street to distinguish one class of girls from another. The Parisian fashions that come to America are not those that the nice women of Paris wear; they are essentially the styles of the mannequin and the Parisian underworld. The American counterparts of these French women know this, and copy their foreign sisters, as it is perfectly proper that they should do so. What is the hallmark of a particular class of women on the streets of Paris, known to every Parisian, becomes the hallmark of the same class in America. But the French girl of modesty never wears these styles, and that is where our American girl of modesty goes astray. She does not dress like her French sister, but like the girl whom her French sister despises. We have got things mixed up a bit in this country, as far as Paris fashions are concerned, and the time has come when we should wake up to the fact. It is not at all an impossible transition from the Parisian imprint upon the hat or the dress to the Parisian imprint upon the character of the wearer.

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200 " " " 2.00 " 3.00 "

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Total 600 Outside Rooms

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Two Floors—Agents' Sample Rooms

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brothers? Have you been exactly fair to us? Or do you regard Catholics as outside the jurisdiction of the golden rule?—Catholic Telegraph.



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TO THE Wives and Mothers of Canada

There are in our Dominion one hundred and eighty thousand widowed women, of whom doubtless, many, on the death of their husbands, were left on their own resources. And in addition there were, doubtless, in numerous cases children left to be supported and educated. Fortunately indeed were those women whose responsibilities were lightened by life insurance.

The Mutual is strictly a Canadian Company, insuring ideal home protection policies. We would like to see a MUTUAL Policy in every Canadian home.

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DECEMBER 12, 1914

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

GOOD ADVICE FROM A GREAT MAN

A friend of Thomas Jefferson, third President of the United States, admired the statesman so deeply that he named his young son after him.

TO THOMAS JEFFERSON SMITH

This letter will, to you, be as one from the dead. The writer will be in the grave before you can weigh its counsels.

Monticello, Feb. 21, 1825. To this personal advice, Mr. Jefferson appended the following:

THE PORTRAIT OF A GOOD MAN BY THE MOST SUBLIME OF POETS FOR YOUR IMITATION

Lord, who's the happy man that may to Thy blest courts repair; Not stranger-like to visit them, but to inhabit there?

'Tis he whose every thought and deed by rules of virtue moves; Whose generous tongue disdains to speak the thing his heart disapproves.

Who never did a slander forge, his neighbor's fame to wound; Nor hearken to a false report by malice whispered round.

Who vice in all its pomp and power, can treat with just neglect; And piety, though clothed in rags, religiously respect.

Who to his plighted vows and trust has ever firmly stood; And though he promise to his loss, he makes his promise good.

Whose soul in usury disdains his treasure to employ; Whom no rewards can ever bribe the guiltless to destroy.

The man who, by his steady course, has happiness ensured, When earth's foundations shake, shall stand by Providence secured.

WHY IS TIME SO SHORT

Have you ever met a man, be he a student, an artist, a merchant or professional man who did not complain of want of time to read all that he desired, to put the finishing touches to his work, to fulfil all his engagements?

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

HE WANTED TO LEARN

More than a hundred years ago a stout, freckle-faced awkward boy of eighteen years, dressed in a ragged waistcoat and short breeches, without stockings or shoes, rapped one evening at the door of a humble cottage in northern England, and asked to see the village schoolmaster.

The schoolmaster glanced at the boy's homely face and rough clothes scornfully, and said: "Very well, you may attend, but an awkward, bare-legged laddie like you would better be doing something else than learning his letters."

born one hundred and thirty-two years ago—on June 9, 1781, to be exact. His birth-place was a hovel, with a clay floor, and walls and bare rafters.

When he called at the school-house he was plugman of a pumping engine, and, though he knew nothing of reading or writing, he had studied the engine until he had a complete knowledge of the machine.

Not discouraged by the advice given him by the schoolmaster, he made application and attended the evening school. At the end of about two years he had learned all this school could teach him.

But his locomotives were too slow; he wanted them to run faster. He proposed to build one which would run at the rate of twelve miles an hour. Everybody laughed at him.

Well, he succeeded in making his locomotive, and at a trial which took place near Liverpool, it attained to the unprecedented speed of fourteen miles an hour!

THE LITTLE GRAY LAMB Long, long ago there was a flock of beautiful white sheep, except one little gray lamb.

He wished so much to be white. He asked the wind: "Can you make me white?" "No, little gray lamb."

It asked the clouds. "It begged the rain to wash it white, but it was just as gray after the storm."

THE CHURCH AND LABOR Very Rev. John P. Chidwick, D. D., in the course of his address to four thousand men and women, members of about forty different labor unions in the City of New York, assembled in St. Patrick's Cathedral, Manhattan for the annual "Labor Sunday" services, said:

"The Church of which you are members is not responsible for the hard conditions under which labor groans and grieves despairingly. The present capitalistic system by which the masses have been exploited and pauperized for the enrichment of the few was not a development of her spirit nor her history."

He made the sign of the cross—and lo! the gray lamb became as white as snow.

Across the ocean in one of the great, beautiful churches you may see this pictured in a lovely stained glass window.

GOOD RULES FOR SCHOOL GIRLS A teacher in one of the schools in Baltimore dictated the following to her pupils:

1. To be polite is to have a kind regard for the feelings and rights of others.

2. Be as polite to your parents, brothers, sisters and schoolmates as you are to strangers.

3. Look people fairly in the eyes when you speak to them or when they speak to you.

4. Do not bluntly contradict any one.

5. It is not discourteous to refuse to do wrong.

6. Whispering, laughing, chewing gum or eating at lectures, in school or at places of amusement, is rude and vulgar.

out to them, laughing or making rude remarks about them. Do not stare at visitors.

BLOSSOMS THAT NEVER FADE

Of late years Catholics in many places have begun to copy the pagan custom of decorating the dead. Flower wagons seem to form a necessary part of most funerals.

But flowers are not for the dead. They take away the thought of death. The sacredness of that solemn moment is lost amid the fragrance of flowers.

What comfort will it be to you, kind reader, to have flowers lavished on your remains? Your poor soul will be craving in the cleansing fires of purgatory, not for flowers, but for prayers, for the Precious Blood in the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass.

Flowers for the living! Prayers and Masses for the dead! Some one has said: "One rose in a sick man's room is worth more to him than a hundred on his coffin."

THE K. OF C. OATH AND THE CONGRESSIONAL RECORD

Many people who read the alleged oath of the Fourth Degree, Knights of Columbus, which has been so industriously circulated in many quarters, are inclined to believe that it is true because the leaflet containing it states that it is copied from the Congressional Record, of Feb. 15, 1913.

CATHOLIC BELGIANS IN ENGLAND

At the time of the French Revolution, England, then much more intensely Protestant than now, welcomed the Catholic refugees, many of them priests and nuns, driven out of France.

NOBLE BELGIAN PRIESTS Another phase of the matter worth recording in our pages is referred to in a letter which appeared recently in a Nottingham English daily paper.

DEGREE ON INDULGENCES

The clergy and laity will find much consolation in a decree of the Sacred Congregation of the Holy Office, which has just been issued conceding a plenary indulgence to be applied to the Holy Souls as often as the faithful visit a church or public semi-public oratory on the Feast of the Holy Souls, in November.



MOST PERFECT MADE

THE INCREASED NUTRITIOUS VALUE OF BREAD MADE IN THE HOME WITH ROYAL YEAST CAKES SHOULD BE SUFFICIENT INCENTIVE TO THE CAREFUL HOUSEWIFE TO GIVE THIS IMPORTANT FOOD ITEM THE ATTENTION TO WHICH IT IS JUSTLY ENTITLED.

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has ever known. She has filled every age and every hand with hospitals, asylums, homes, refuges of every kind for the unfortunate, weak, injured, impoverished and even out-cast of society.—St. Paul Bulletin.

THE CHURCH AND LABOR

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Advertisement for Metal and Wood Old Dutch Cleanser, featuring a large 'M' and 'W' logo and text describing its uses.

and libelous article referred to in the paper of Mr. Bonniwell and which was the spurious Knights of Columbus oath, a copy of which is appended to the paper." Congressional Record, Vol. 49, Pt. 4, Feb. 15, 1913, P. 3221.

This shows very clearly what the Congressional Record itself is the best refutation of the assertion that the Knights of Columbus "oath" printed in its pages is true. Of course, the bigots who use this "oath" to stir up sectarian strife state only one-half the truth and, by implication, would have their dupes believe that the presence of the "oath" in the Congressional Record is undeniable evidence of its truth.—St. Paul Bulletin.

INHERITED RESPECTABILITY

We sometimes meet with persons who affirm that one can live as correct a life without religion as with it, and they point to concrete examples which seem to bear out the statement. We might reply to such in these words of a dignitary of the Episcopalian church: "Do you realize that they are living on an inheritance of morality and respectability handed down from previous generations? That is in the world a great deal of this left-over piety, bequeathed by godly ancestors, earned by fathers and grandfathers and easily squandered."

Brownson touches on this subject when he says: "The natural elevation of the soul comes of the interior, to all persons brought up in Christian countries, even though not baptized. Reason in Christian lands has an elevation, a Christian sense, which brings it in some degree into relation with the teachings of the Church," and enable it to fore-feel them as the complement of itself, and the natural response to its wants and its aspirations. In some sense, reason in Christian lands, even in men who regard themselves as unbelievers, is Christianized, and tends to Christian truths. With cannot converse five minutes with a non-Catholic, whether Protestant or infidel, without detecting in him the elements of Catholic thought; and whenever he speaks spontaneously, without reference to his heresy or his unbelief, he talks like a Catholic. It is thus that in a Christian community, that natural reason becomes infused, as it were, with Catholic light and the elements of Christian morality become instilled into his heart."—Intermountain Catholic.

HEROISM OF A SPANISH SISTER OF CHARITY

The following facts speak for themselves; not to chronicle them would be culpable negligence, writes the Madrid correspondent of the Irish Catholic: To the hospital of Pontevedra, in the north west of Spain there was brought a little girl of fourteen years, Juana Abejon, suffering from such extensive burns on the right arm that it was deemed necessary to amputate in order to save the life of the child. Touched by the state of the child, who would thus have to go through life in a maimed condition, a devoted nun, Sister Gertrude, of the Order of Charity, offered to allow the necessary pieces of skin to be cut from her arm, and so saved the child from a dangerous operation and from the loss of such an important member. May God reward such unselfish Christian heroism.

for the intention of the Pope. It will be interesting to the many faithful who make it an object in life to gain as many indulgences, even partial ones, as circumstances will permit, to learn that now the partial indulgences can be gained as often in the day as the conditions, etc., required by the Church to gain them are fulfilled.

AN IMPOSITION

"For some time," writes a correspondent of America, "I have been annoyed by receiving through the mails copies of The Monac. My complaint to the post office authorities, so far from mending matters, has only made them worse. The sheet still comes to our office, enclosed in envelopes with postage due. As we cannot afford to neglect letters we are forced to pay the extra charges, but only to find that we have been deceived again into paying to receive a sheet that we would gladly pay money to have suppressed. The matter has angered me greatly, but so far I have been able to get no redress. There must be some means of obtaining protection from such an imposition, and I intend to discover it, cost what it may."

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RIGHT

CONVERT'S IMPRESSION OF PRIESTS

There believe no body of man more libelled and slandered than the priests of the Catholic Church. I for one deeply feel that I owe an apology to that splendid body of men, for there was a time when I believed myself in the accusations made against them, and against the hierarchy of the Catholic Church. About six months ago, before I joined the church, a friend of mine kindly told me that if I became a Catholic the priest would always be begging of me and I should never have a cent to bless myself with. This view is I believe generally held by Protestants, coupled with this the priest is looked upon as a severe task master. Did I find this true when I saw the priest Father Lalonde on two occasions? No, and nothing to bear out this statement. The first time when I visited St. Lazare with an Irish friend, we visited the mission and received a royal welcome from the priest. He made no over to his house and would not think of letting us board at the hotel. We stayed there Saturday and part of Sunday, and when we left it was as much as we could do to get him to accept a little money from us for his kindness; in fact we had to insist on leaving it with him. The Sunday before last I went to High Mass with friends again at St. Lazare, bringing our dinner with us, as the return drive was thirty three miles. When we saw the priest, however, to say without having a dinner with us, he would not let us go him, with a splendid cup of tea, and the altar boys to wait on us. So I find the priest not an avaricious person as I supposed, but a man with a kind and a large heart. In fact I have no respect for persons who do not support their priests, ministers and church well whether they be Catholics or Protestants. Some people declare their religion does not cost them more than \$2 or \$3 a year. Thank God I value my religion more than that. People forget that the church has to be kept up and its work should not be at a stand still, but ever going forward. You hear some persons say sometimes when asked for a small donation for church purposes, "how much shall I have to give," instead of asking themselves "How much am I able to give?" I received a letter some time ago from another convert and what does he say concerning the priest who received him and his brother in the Church. He says: "The priest who received my brother and me, the Very Reverend Canon Baigent, is another typical Churchman, white haired, wonderful face, splendidly built, a convert and a splendid preacher. He is secretary to the Bishop of Nottingham, Eng., and always very busy, but always has dozens of young men to see him and gives freely of his time and interest. I once said to him, "I am afraid you are too busy to be bothered with me." He laughed heartily as he replied, "I always make time to see my boys." Another convert, whom I asked some time ago concerning his experience with priests said: "I have met a large number of priests and have not come across a bad one yet. There was Father West, a splendid fellow who would give an Orange man or any enemy of the Church a dinner any time, if the man was in need; in fact he would take the very cost off his back for him. There was the Rev. Father Kerr of Wimbledon, London, Eng., who died about two years ago, who it is said did more good among the poor than any other man in Wimbledon. I believe they are going to erect a memorial to him. Wimbledon itself is a Protestant town nearly as large as Winnipeg, has two Catholic churches, a college and a school, while there are about thirty Protestant churches."

ORDINATION

The Evening Telegram, St. John's, November 25. The ordination of the Rev. John Enright to the sacred office of the priesthood took place at the Catholic Cathedral this morning in the presence of a large congregation.

The ceremony was performed by the Right Rev. Bishop March, who was assisted by the Right Rev. Mgr. Roche, Adm., and Rev. Dr. Whalen, P. F., North River; Rev. Dr. Green was master of ceremonies, and the other priests in the sanctuary were Rev. Dr. W. P. Kitchen, Rev. Fathers McCarthy, Witless Bay; P. Kelly, P. Sheehan and T. Nangle.

Minor orders had been conferred during last week, and yesterday this young man who has given his life to the service of his Divine Master was made deacon. To day he was vested with that power which was given to the apostles by Our Lord Himself, when He said: "Receive ye the Holy Ghost: whose sins you shall forgive they are forgiven them, and whose sins you shall retain they are retained."

Rev. Father Enright was born at Abbeyfeale, County Limerick, the same county which produced the late illustrious Bishop Mullock and the late lamented Monsignor Scott. He was educated at St. Kyran's College, Kilkenny, and is in his twenty sixth year. He has been here for some time past, but his presence in the city was scarcely known, as his time was wholly taken up in preparation for that event which stands out amongst all others in the life of a priest, that event which gives him power to perpetuate the Sacrifice of Calvary.

To Father Enright, who comes from the Island of the Saints, Newfoundland extends a hearty welcome, and it is the earnest prayer of the Catholics of the Archdiocese that his ministry may be a lengthy one.

WHAT MONSIGNOR BENSON OWED TO THE CHURCH

In an interesting letter, a correspondent of the London Tablet refers as follows to the part the Church played in the development of Monsignor Benson's genius:

From the day he finished his convert's honeymoon, he was with us in our churches, on our tables and on our shelves. He was a striking exception to the unproven proposition that Catholicism swamps genius and mental tasks. Father Benson never realized himself until he merged himself in the Universal Church. It is difficult to say on the surface which owed the other most. The Church gave him his all in all.

She satisfied the searcher and primed the theologian. She fulfilled his sense of divination, and caressed his love of the supernatural. She gave him the material and setting, found his labor and readers for his books. She gave him his inspiration from beginning to end. Never was a chrysalis hatched with more jubilant and brilliant celerity than when the Benjamin of Lambeth Palace became the free lance of the Pope.

When he presented himself to Peter he was practically unknown. For staff he carried a penny cashism, and for scrip the plans of several novels. He has left more than memories behind him,

never descended to the level of a low, vile ex-priest. Renan says "the fact is that what is commonly said about the immorality of the clergy, is so far as my experience goes, is absolutely devoid of foundation. I spent thirteen years of my life under the charge of priests and I never saw the shadows of a scandal. I have known no priests except good ones. Pere Hyacinth Loysen says: "I am well aware of the true state of our clergy, and I know of the self sacrifice and the virtue within its ranks."

Father Tyrrell, the Modernist, exclaimed when approached by men who questioned him on this point: "Sir, I would have you know that the virtue of the Catholic priesthood is unblemished."

Here we have the testimony of four real ex-priests, men who are well known, and whose word cannot be gainsaid. We readily admit that a Judas may creep into the priesthood here and there, but the great body of Catholic priests are not to blame. You will find the like in Protestantism. Why only a short while ago a Methodist minister in the States, heavily insured his library and household effects, and retired to the parsonage, wrote a distance, and sent them from a distance, claiming that the fire had been caused by Catholics. Do we take this Methodist minister and call him a type of the average Methodist parson? No, friends, we know and readily believe that the average Protestant ministers are real good men, and sincere in their views, and we do not condemn the whole body because a few here and there disgrace themselves. I have met many Methodist ministers and consider them splendid fellows, the only lack of self-denial and sacrifice and this I believe is chiefly due to the fact of their being married men with families. I will now draw to a close, and I pray that any Protestants who may read this article will try and be more just to their neighbors, and more reasonable and charitable in their views.

Yours sincerely, GEO. HAMMOND, Miniota Man.

DIED

AUSTIN.—At the family residence, 57 Oxford St., Hamilton, Ont., on Monday, Nov. 16th, 1914, Anna Bernadette Austin, aged twelve years; dearly beloved child of Agnes and the late John J. Austin, formerly of London, Ont. May she rest in peace!

DEATH OF SISTER ANNIE DIAMOND

Sister Annie Diamond, for forty years a member of the Daughters of Charity of St. Vincent de Paul and for the past ten years stationed at St. Rose's Orphan Asylum in Milwaukee, Wis., died on November 17. Her funeral was held on the morning of the 19th, with services in the chapel of the asylum. John Diamond, a brother of the deceased, arrived in Milwaukee the morning following her death, having left Chattanooga, Tenn., immediately on hearing of her sudden illness. The deceased religious was a native of Philadelphia. Before going to Milwaukee she was stationed at Emmitsburg, Md. Earlier in her religious life she served in St. Vincent's Home and St. Joseph's Asylum, Philadelphia. Among her surviving relatives are two brothers, John Diamond, of 8416 Havertford avenue, and Patrick Diamond, of Gwynedd, Pa., and a nephew, the Rev. Joseph H. Diamond, of Warren, Pa.—Philadelphia Catholic Standard and Times.

A CORRECTION

The Encyclopedia Press Inc. 16 East 40th St., New York. New York, Dec. 3rd., 1914.

Editor CATHOLIC RECORD, London: Dear Sir,—We regret to note that our advertising agent failed to put in that the Canadian price of the Knights of Columbus edition of The Catholic Encyclopedia would be increased \$8.00 where we had to pay duty, brokerage and freight, and thought possibly you would be willing to correct this in your next issue.

Our publicity agent sent out a large number of ads. to Catholic papers, and neglected to make this note for duty, delivery, etc. In the "Columbian" the official organ of the Order, this is noted as you will see from the clipping herewith attached. We will ask you to kindly right the matter as far as you can, and we will appreciate your kindness in this direction. Very truly yours, W. J. CROWLEY, Manager.

A SONNET

Oft have I seen, at some cathedral door, A labourer, pausing in the dust and heat, Lay down his burden, and with reverent feet, Enter, and cross himself, and on the floor Kneel to repeat his "Pater Noster" or The loud vociferations of the street Become an undistinguishable roar, So, as I enter here, from day to day, And leave my burden at this minister gate, Kneeling in prayer, and not ashamed To inarticulate murmurs dies away, While the eternal ages watch and wait.

—H. W. LONGFELLOW

OUR NUNS

Stories of brave nuns grow in number. The Paris journal La Croix, tells of a Sister of Charity, who asked permission to remain with the wounded in a fort. "But what if the commandant should surrender?" queried the Superior. "Why, then," said the Sister, "we shall all go up together, and the good God will receive us, since it would have been for Him and for France." The London Evening News prints a story given to it by a British officer in France, who saw some fine scenes of devotion and heroism among the nursing Sisters. A Sister of Mercy with a deep flesh wound in her arm, would not let go of a dying cuirassier whom her right arm supported. She made the doctor bind up the wound while she kept at her post. The Manchester Guardian recounts the experiences of an English lady at a convent of Notre Dame, Namur, which was fitted up with a hundred beds for the wounded. The Sisters gave their charges the most devoted care. It is only fair to note here a good word for the Germans: "They were really very considerate to us," says this eyewitness of the arrival of the Germans and their occupation of the place.

Fortune, sickle even at the best often brings depression in its wake. The man is yet to be born in whose life sorrow has not alternated with joy, failure with success, disappointment with prosperity.

We must be patient with ourselves, and patient with others; patient in serene evils, and patient with a headache or toothache; patient with a pen that will not write freely, as well as when a great loss of property has happened to us.—Mgr. de Segur.

It is proof of nobility of mind to despise insults.

NEW BOOKS

- "Rambles in Catholic Lands" By Michael Barrett, O. S. B., author of "Up in Armistand," etc. Published by Benziger Brothers, New York. Price \$2.50.
"Short sermons on the Gospels." By Rev. F. Peppert. Published by Joseph F. Wagner, New York. Price \$1.25.
"Confessions For Boys." By Rev. Reynold Kushnel. Published by Joseph F. Wagner, New York. Price \$1.75.
"Short Sermons for the Children's Mass." By Rev. Frederick Reuser. Published by Joseph F. Wagner, New York. Price \$1.25.
"Five Birds in a Nest." By Henriette Eugenie Delamarre, author of "Children of the L. G. Cabin," etc. Published by Benziger Brothers, New York. Price 60 cents.
"Oddefish." An historical novel. By Robert Hugh Benson, author of "Come Back! Come Rope!" "Initiation," "Lord of the World," etc. Published by P. J. Kennedy & Sons, New York. Price \$1.35 net.
"Shipmates." By Macky T. Waggaman. Published by Benziger Brothers, New York. Price 60 cents.
"The Sunday Gospels Explained to Children." For use in school and church. By Rev. M. Parks. Published by Joseph F. Wagner, New York. Price \$1.75.

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"Mustard Seed." Some pungent paragraphs. By Francis P. Donnelly, S. J. Published by P. J. Kennedy & Sons New York. Price \$1.00.
"The Hand of Mercy." By Rev. Richard W. Alexander, author of "A Missionary's Note Book," etc. Published by P. J. Kennedy & Sons, New York. Price \$1.50.

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